Political, Religious, and Love Poems.

FROM

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 306, AND OTHER SOURCES.

EDITED BY

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## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Preface</td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes on &quot;The Stacions of Rome,&quot; by W. M. Rossetti, Esq.</td>
<td>xxii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Political Poems, &amp;c.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Twelve Letters That Shall Save Merry England</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwardus Dei Gratia</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Receyving of Kyng Edward the IIIrd At Brystowe</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Jake Napes Sowle, Placebo and Dirige</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Satirical Proclamation</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hors, The Shepe, and The Gosse</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rats Away</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelve Points for Purchasers of Land to Look to Lyke Thy Audience,</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So VtYr Thy Langage</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proverbys of Howsolde-Kepyng</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Height of Christ, Our Lady, etc.:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Longitude of Mey Folowyng</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>List of Books Proscribed in 1531</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tale of Ryght Nought</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Medicine to Restore Nature in a Man</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For to Dystroy a Wrang Nayle, Othewyse Callyd a Corne</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of the Seats of the Passions</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS.

### LOVE POEMS, &c.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A GREETING ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO MY HEART'S JOY</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO MY LADY DEAR</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UNTO MY LADY, THE FLOWER OF WOMANHOOD</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEWTE WILL SHEWE, THOW HORNYS BE AWAY</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LA BELLE DAME SANZ MERCY</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### RELIGIOUS POEMS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY TO PRESERVE KING HENRY</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRENTALLE SANCTI GREGORII</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ADULTEROUS FALMOUTH SQUIRE:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROLOGUE, SIR WILLIAM BASTERDFELD'S WARNING</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE STORY</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JHESU, MERCY FOR MY MYSDDEDE</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALYA CANTICA</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHE ART THOW FROWARD SITH I AM MERCIBLE</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INCYPYT THE STACYONS OF ROME</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GAUDE FLORE VIRGINALI</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGINA CELI LETARE</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUA AMORE LANGUEO: PART I.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(THE VIRGIN'S COMPLAINT BECAUSE MAN'S SOUL IS WRAPPED IN SIN)</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUA AMORE LANGUEO: PART II. TWO TEXTS:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. FROM THE LAMBETH MS. 853; CHRIST'S COMPLAINT FOR HIS SISTER, MAN'S SOUL</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. FROM MS. UNSV. LIB. CAMB. HH. 4. 12. (FROM THE SONG OF SOLOMON)</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**CONTENTS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Complaynt of Criste: Two Texts:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. From Lambeth MS. 306</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. From Lambeth MS. 853. a. Goddi's Own Complaint:</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Whi art thou to thi freend vnkinde?&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>β. Christ's Own Complaint:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Man, make amendis or thou die&quot;</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>**The Virgin's Second Complaint, or &quot;Filius Regis Mortuus Est:&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. From the Harleian MS. 3954</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. From the Lambeth MS. 853</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Part of a Meditation of St Augustine:</strong></td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Seven Deadly Sins, or &quot;Gyf me lysens to lyve in ease&quot;</strong></td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Short Religious Poems from MS. Harl. 7322.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ on the Cross</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All is lost on death</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All too late</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three certainties of the day of death</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sins of our time</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some go up, and some go down, in this world</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four Proverbs</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nota de Mirabilibus Mundi</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signs of Death</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Covetous Man</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ announces his coming</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learn love from Christ's sufferings</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Christ who loves thee</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Virgin's Song to her Baby Christ</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The vanity of this life</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man made God's Brother</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In wealth think of woe</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# CONTENTS

SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS FROM MS. HARI. 7322.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE EVILS OF THIS TIME</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A TRIAD</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INSCRIPTIONS</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE END OF PRIDE</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE HUMBLE MAN</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EVE'S AND MARY'S WORK</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MALENCOLIE</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SIGNS OF FAITHFUL LOVE</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIST COMES</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOVE</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CUPIDITY</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POVERTY</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LUXURY</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHASTITY</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SINNERS' LAMENT</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIST'S WOE</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A LOVER'S COMPLAINT</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIST'S CALL TO LOVE</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRUE LOVE</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOUR INSCRIPTIONS</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRUST NOT THE WORLD</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PURITY</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MORTALITY</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRIDE</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCY</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIST, MAN'S HELP</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE KING'S LETTERS TO HIS SON</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ILLS OF OUR TIME</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOOK TO THE END</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A LOVER'S SAYING</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WARE THE WHEEL!</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE LION</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WARE BEAR'S PLAY!</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**CONTENTS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS FROM MS. HARL. 7322.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE DRAGON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FORTUNE'S WHEEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOOLISH LOVE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE TEN STAGES OF MAN'S LIFE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOUR INDUCEMENTS TO REPENTANCE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOD'S GOODNESS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AGAINST TEMPTATION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOB SAID</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SAVED SAYS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE LOST SAYS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SAVED SAYS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE LOST SAYS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE REWARD OF THE MEEK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MATTHEW'S FEAST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE VIRTUES SERVE US</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LORD, COME TO MY FEAST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HINDRANCES OF THE DEVIL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALAS THAT WE EVER SINNED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AN A-B-C POEM ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE FIFTY-FIRST PSALM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOSSARY</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This book is somewhat of a medley, partly for the reason that the Lambeth MS. whence it is mainly drawn—and for the loan of which I am deeply indebted to the Archbishop of Canterbury—is so too. The two first poems, and part of the third, should—and, had its editor known of them, of course would—have found a place in the second volume of Mr Thomas Wright's Political Songs for the Master of the Rolls; some of the rest might have gone into any collection of Love or Religious Poems, and others into any Miscellaneous volume. Of the pieces now issued some have been printed elsewhere, and of most, perhaps better texts exist; but the time that it takes to ascertain whether a poem has been printed or not, which is the best MS. of it, in what points the versions differ, &c., &c., is so great, that after some experience I find the shortest way for a man much engaged in other work, but wishing to give some time to the Society, is to make himself a foolometer and book-possessor-ometer for the majority of his fellow-members, and print whatever he either does not know, or cannot get at easily, leaving others with more leisure to print the best texts. He wants some text, and that at once.¹ This will explain why Lydgate's Hors, Shepe, & Gosse, for instance, appears here. The title has been worrying me for years, but till the revise of the present version reached me, I had never found or made a spare half-hour at the Museum to take the Roxburghe Club reprint out and read it.

¹ This excuse is not intended as a justification for an Editor to take no trouble about his work. It only asks that he may be allowed to judge how the trouble he can, and must, take, can be best applied.
Now some fresh hundreds of people as well as myself have a troubleless opportunity of knowing what the poem says, though in the late Lambeth MS. it has lost its head and tail, and many readings are bad. *La Belle Dame sans Mercy* may be in the same condition, but it is given for lovers of Keats, who are not owners of black-letter Chaucers.

I intended at first to print only certain of the pieces in the Lambeth MS. 306, but on looking through the Piers Plowman MSS. in the British Museum with Mr Skeat, to choose the best for the Society's three-text edition, he pointed out to me the Political Poems in Vespasian, B xvi. These I copied, and then cancelled—with the exception of the *Satirical Proclamation* (pp. 12-13), on finding that they were in Mr Wright's volume of Political Songs. Then a comparison of the Lambeth texts of *Sent Gregorys Trentalle and The Stacions of Roomes* with those in the rather earlier Museum MS., Cotton Caligula, A ii., showed that the latter must be preferred to the former, and they were accordingly copied. After this a friend at Cambridge kindly sent me transcripts of some seemingly anonymous poems from the University Library, one of which proved to be a version of a ditty of Lydgate's against Women's Horns, printed in *Reliquiae Antiquae* (vol. i. p. 79) and twice by the Percy Society, and the rest inferior copies of others of Lydgate's Poems; nevertheless, as two of these had been set up they are included here (pp. 25-8, 45-7), for they are sure to meet some eye that has not seen them before. As a substitute for the other cancelled poems, Mr Skeat with much good will copied *Whi art thou Froward* (pp. 111-12), and (on Mr Bradshaw's recommendation) *The Parliament of Love* and *The Seven Deadly Sins*, printed here pp. 48-51, 215-19, and has seen them through the press. Mr W. Aldis Wright has performed the same kind offices for the two poems in the Northern Dialect on pp. 103-10; and Mr Edmund Brock for *The Fifty-First Psalm*, pp. 251-56, besides helping me in other ways. Mr Cockayne gave me the first

1 There is a kind of comfort in narrating one's little troubles. The reader will sympathize if he knows how very small a man feels when he looks at his eagerly-made copy of a good poem, by the side of an after-found print of it.

2 I hope to print the unedited pieces from this MS. next year.
verse of Rats Away (p. 23), and Mr George Parker, of Rose Hill, Oxford, the second verse, and a revise of the whole. Mr G. Parker is also responsible for the text of the Prologue to the Adulterous Fal- mouth Squire. A reference in Reliquiae Antiquae sent me to the Harl. MS. 7322, and the early date of the English Poems mixed with its Latin prose more than justifies their reproduction here, pp. 220-42. To Mr Bradshaw's acquaintance with the Lambeth Catalogue I owe my introduction to the excellent MS. 853, which has furnished complete texts of two poems opposite which they are printed here (pp. 161 and 150), including one of two Complaints of the Virgin, of the other of which a most interesting variation (see p. 204) occurs in Harleian MS. 3954, between copies of Mandevill's Voiage and Piers Plowman. From the latter MS. I have also taken a curious A-B-C Poem on the Passion of Christ, though it has, I believe, been printed elsewhere.

Now as to the contents of the Poems themselves;—the allusions in the first were not at the outset explained with certainty, even with the help of Mr James Gairdner, of the Record Office. A man saw Twelve Letters that should save Merry England, in Edward the Fourth's time. These Twelve letters then turn into Eight,—R, W, two E's, F, M, Y, S,—but the R multiplies into three R's (Ares) of three Lords' names, and a fourth and fifth, the Rose that's fresh and will not fade, and the Ragged Staff that no man may escape. The Y, M, S, and W, were explained in the poem to mean the nobles York, March, Salisbury, and Warwick, and the F and E the Feterlock and Eagle. Thus we had four Richards, four nobles, and four badges, of which two, the Rose and Eagle, seemed to mean Edward IV. Did then this triad of fours mean twelve different persons, or ten, or four, or two? An unexpected meeting with an old friend, who proved to be that wonderful being, Rouge Dragon,—of whom I had the vaguest possible notion before, not knowing even whether he had not been

1 The whole of this MS. is in type for the Society.
2 See The Wright's Chaste Wife, p. 20, l. 670.
3 The Cornysshe Chough offt with his trayne.

buried hundreds of years—produced the following happy solution of the problem.

“There can, I think, be little doubt that the Twelve Letters refer to the Christian names, the Titles, and the Badges or Cognizances of the following Four Men—

E. M. F.
Edward, Earl of March, with the badge of the Fetterlock. Afterwards Edward IV.

R. Y. R.
Richard, Duke of York (1415 to 1460), with the badge of the White Rose of the house of York, Father of Edward IV.

R. S. E.
Richard (Nevill), Earl of Salisbury (1442 to 1460), with the badge of the green Eagle of Monthermer.

R. W. R.
Richard (Nevill), Earl of Warwick (1449 to 1471), the Kingmaker, with the badge of the Ragged Staff belonging to that House.

“The Fetterlock, with a falcon inside it, was a badge of Edmund of Langley (son of Edward III.), who re-built his Castle of Fotheringay in that shape, and was consequently assumed by his great grandson Edward IV.

“The arms of Monthermer (an eagle displayed) were always quartered, both by the Montacutes and Nevills, Earls of Salisbury. In the ‘Rows Roll’ (pub. by Pickering, 1845) is a portrait of Richard, Earl of Warwick above-named, who succeeded his father in 1460 as Earl of Salisbury—with the eagle standing at his feet, as a badge.

“The date of the poem is between 1460 and 1471, as Edward is spoken of as King (line 63), and Richard, Duke of York, in the past tense ['He reynye'd' (line 44), and that he 'hathe sofferde grete vexacion'—sc. been slain (line 28)]; so likewise Lord Salisbury, who was beheaded in 1460, is never spoken of in the present tense, while the Earl of Warwick, who lived till 1471, is spoken of as alive.—G. E. Adams, Rouge Dragon, Heralds College.”

That this is the true conclusion, and that the Twelve letters represented four persons,—two dead (Richard of York and Richard of
Salisbury), and two living (Edward IV. and Richard of Warwick, the King-maker),—I have no doubt. But if the poem is to be taken as referring to living men only (see line 60, &c.), then the four men must be reduced to two; and this can be easily accomplished, because as Edward IV. united in himself his father's title of the Duke of York and his own of Earl of March, so Richard the King-maker united in himself his father's title, Earl of Salisbury, and his own, Earl of Warwick. For the King-maker was Earl of Warwick before he succeeded to the Earldom of Salisbury in 1460, when his father, the then Earl, was beheaded at Pontefract Castle subsequent to his capture after the battle of Wakefield, in which Edward the Fourth's father, Richard Duke of York, was defeated and slain. In this case the poem would describe only Edward the Fourth, and Warwick, who made him king; but no doubt their fathers were included too, as Mr Adams says.

The second Poem sounds strange to modern ears, dulled by non-intervention talk, accustomed to the threat without the blow, the bark without the bite, the scold without the scratch. But its tones fell differently on Edward's ears, we may be sure; and if there had been no Towton, Hexham, Edgecott, Erpingham, Barnet, and Tewkesbury, to fight on English soil, and drain the country of its best blood, we should have heard, I doubt not, of the daring young king in France in other wise than when he was there in 1475, and perchance he would have taken the English flag beyond the southern bounds that the Black Prince so bravely bore it to.

The third piece records how Edward the Fourth was received at Bristol; and the fourth Poem tells how the Duke of Suffolk, the unpopular favourite of Henry VI., was caught at sea by the ship Nicholas, and beheaded; and calls on many of the chief clergy and laymen to help sing his Dirge and bury him. Of these the following are mentioned in the list in the faded Cotton Roll (Cott. Charters, ii. 23), printed by Mr Wright (Pol. Poems, v. 2, pp. lvi—lvii, notes), of unpopular "namys that were enditede at Rowchestro afore the cardinalle of Yorke, bysshoppe of Canturbury, and the Duke of Bokyngham, etc., in the festo of the Assumpcioun of oure lady and (?) festo Laurencii, anno r. r. Henrici xxix°."
Johan Trevyliane, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.
Johan Say, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.
Johannes Polsforde [? Pulford, 1.111], nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.
Johan Penycole, nuper de London., armiger.
Thomas Hoo, de Hastynge in comitatu Sussex., miles, of, 2.

Reginaldus, abbatus Sancti Petri Glosestriei, of, 2.
Jacobus Fynys, dominus de Say, j.
T. Stanley, miles, of, j.
Thomas Thorppe, gentilman, j.
Johan Blakency, gentilmane, j.
Dominus Johannes Forstkew, of, j. miles.
Walter Liarde, episcopus Norwic., j.
Richardus Wodvile, dominus de Ryvers, j.
Willelmus Booth, episcopus Cestriæ, j.

Our version has sixty lines not in the Cotton copy (Vesp. B xvi) printed by Mr Wright, but omits sixteen lines of the latter. It is, Mr Gairdner tells me, in the handwriting of John Stowe, the chronicler, to whom the Lambeth MS. 306 once belonged, and in whose handwriting there are many entries scattered through the volume. Three characteristic ones I copy below. ¹

[Fol. 47, back.]

¹ Anno 1564 . . . The 20 of November, beynge Monday, in ye mornynge a-bout .vj. of ye clocke, throghe negligence of a mayden with a candell, ye snoffe ther-of fawlyng in to an hundryd-wayght of gonne-pothar, thre howssys in bucklers-bury war sore shaken, and ye backar partes of ye same howsyr wer all to-blowne & shattard in pecis, & ye aforesayd mayde was so byrnt yt she dyde ther-of with-in ij dayes aftar, yt this powthar had bene in a sellar, as it was in a garret, it had done more harme.

. j. This yere 1564. was a sharpe frost, whiche began on seynt Thomas daye before cristmas, on ye .21. daye of desembary, beynde thursdaye, & contynewyd tyll ye .3. day of Janewaric, beynge wednys-daye, on ye whiche wedynseday it thawyd bothe ye daye & nyght folowynge, & ye morow, beyng thursdaye, also. this forst, as before is sayde, begynynge on sent Thomas day before cristmas, was so sharpe that on neweyers even men went over the Thams as saffe as on ye dry land, not only betwyxt westmystar & lambythe, but in all places betwyxt lambethe & ye olde swane, they wente bothe ove ye thames & alonye ye same, from london to westmystar, & from westmystar to london, comynge a lande salffelly (thankis be to god) when they wold, between westmystar and ye olde swan whiche is very nere vnto ye brydge; & ye same newyers even, beynge sondaye, people playd at ye footte ball on ye...
To explain the fifth piece in this Text, the Satirical Proclamation, nothing better has been proposed by the friends I have consulted than Mr Adams's suggestion on p. 14, that it is a satire by the party of Cardinal Beaufort on the pretensions of René Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Jerusalem, &c., whose daughter Margaret afterwards married Henry VI.

The sixth piece is Lydgate's Horse, Sheep, and Goose, less its head and tail, or Introduction and Moral, both of which will be found in the Roxburgh Club reprint; the Moral alone being given in Mr Halliwell's edition of Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 117 (Percy Soc. 1840).

The seventh piece (p. 22) is the "Rats Away" already alluded to. I cannot construe all the lines, and the MS. is so nearly illegible that Mr Parker, and Mr Macray who kindly helped him, had much difficulty in making out so much of the MS. as they have done.

The wise advice given by the next three pieces to purchasers of land, to all mixing with their fellows, and to housekeepers, are in great thams by great nombars: on newe yeers day, beynge mondaye, & on twesday & wednyseday, dyvars Lentylmen & others set vp pryckes on ye Thams, & shott at ye same, & great nombars of people beholdynge ye same, standynge at ye prykker as boldly and thankis be gvyyn to god a[s] saffly, as it had bene on ye drye lande. And I my selffe who wrate this notte, wentte on ye wedynsday before namyd frome lambythe to westmyster, & ther dynydd with Master burre who went thetar with me, & then we went agayne to ye comon stays of westmyster, & so vpon ye Thames to ye baynards castell, where we went a land (thankys be to god) as saffly as evar I went in eny place in all my lyffe, where we sawe men shewte at a payre of prykes set vp a-gaynst ye queens cowrte vpon ye Thames, & costardmongars playnge at ye dyssse for aples; & ye people went on ye thams in greater nombars then in eny strete in london. The people went ovwar ye thams on ye thursdays at nyght; & on ye morow, beyng frydaye, was no yee on the thams to be sene, but ye all men myght rowe ovwar & a-longe ye same, it was so sodaynly consumyd.

[Fol. 71, back.]

Anno 1563. ye 26. of Iune was a mynyster, parson of sent marie abechurche, of sent martyns in larmongar lane, & of one oother benifice in ye cuntrie, takyn at dystaffe lane, vsvynge an oother mans wyffe as his owne, whiche was dowghtar to ser Myles partryge, & wyffe to wyllyam stokebrege, grosar; & he beyng so takyn at ye dede dyoyng, (havynge a wyffe of his owne,) was caried to brydwell thrughe all the stretes, his breche hangynge aboute his knes, his gowne & his (kyvar knave) hatt borne aftar hym with myche honor; but he lay not longe ther, but was delyveryd with owt punishment, & styll Intoyed his beneffysis; they were greatly blamed that prehended hym and commited hym.

1 Of this "Like thyn awliens," Mr Skeat says: "There are two better copies of it
part applicable now. The six following little bits were put in, either for their oddity, or because I fancied them, not because Directions how to cram Chickens with black Slugs were considered to be a Political Poem. There are plenty more medical recipes in the Lambeth volume.

The Love Poems begin on p. 38, continue to p. 80, and include Lydgate's before-printed appeal against the woman's horns then in vogue—a bonnet trimming seemingly, like a pair of cow's horns, with the junction stuck as a curtain to a woman's bonnet, the horns curling up on each side of the bonnet, and high above it into the air.

The division of Religious Poems starts with a Hymn to the Virgin "to preserve nobyl Kyng Henry." Saint Gregory's Trental exalts the power of the Mass, and tells how by singing thirty Masses,—three on each of the ten chief Festivals,—the Saint rescued from hell to heaven, his mother, damned for having two bastard children and strangling them. The moral teaching of the next Poem is of a

in print—one by Wynkyn de Worde, with several misprints, but with better readings, and one by the Percy Society, Early English Poems, vol. ii. p. 173, from Harl. MS. 2235, which is better all round, has the Latin verses at top, and shows what is translated and what original. It is one of Lydgate's.

To a printed note of Mr Halliwell's I owe the reference to MS. Ashmole 61, which supplies the Prologue to the story, and identifies the sinner with Sir William Basterfield.

In this poem are certain terms of the Roman Catholic service which Lord Denbigh has kindly explained to me. The secrete, p. 91, l. 224, are the Secreta, or Secret Prayers, which when more than half through "The Ordinary of the Mass," and before he has received 'the Host' and 'Blood,' the Priest recites (in a voice not audible) with outstretched hands, and which differ on different days. The Post Comen, p. 91, l. 229, is the Post Communion, or the portion of the Ordinary after the Host has been given to the laity. See the Missal for the Laity, pp. xviii, xxx, &c. Lord Denbigh is anxious that the Roman Catholic doctrine of Indulgences, much misunderstood and misrepresented by Protestants, should be stated in the words of a book of authority among his fellow-believers. I therefore give the following extracts from the Full Catechism of the Catholic Religion, 1863, which he has sent me.

Pages 293-6.

Question 84. What is an Indulgence?

An Indulgence is a remission, granted out of the Sacrament of Penance, of that temporal punishment which, even after the sin is forgiven, we have yet to undergo either here or in Purgatory.

85. How does the Church remit the punishment due to our sins?

By making to the Divine Justice compensation for us from the inexhaustible Treasure of the merits of Christ and His Saints.
different order, warning adulterers that they shall be tortured in hell; and that such teaching was wanted in England in earlier times, when rich men used poor men’s wives and daughters even more freely than they do now, no one who knows our history or literature can doubt.

*The Stacyons of Rome* is simply (to me) a puff of the merits of the Papal City as a place for getting pardons and indulgences, in comparison with Santiago and Jerusalem. What is the good of going so far as either of those places—says the writer, in effect,—when you can get more of the article you want, and on easier terms, in Rome? Every time you go to one church you get 7000 years’ pardon; every time you give alms at another you get 14,000 years; in every church, more or less of it. Lents are to be had for the asking; relics may be seen without end, from the Virgin’s milk to the hay the donkeys ate at Christ’s birth. What would you have more? Why should any penitent go elsewhere? Rome is the place for him!

For a set of very valuable and interesting notes on this Poem of *The Stacyons*, containing much curious and suggestive illustration of its statements, the Society is indebted to one of its members, Mr

86.—What is generally required to gain an Indulgence?

It is required, 1. That we should be in the state of grace, and have already obtained, by true repentance, forgiveness of those sins, the temporal punishment of which is to be remitted by the Indulgence; and, 2. That we should exactly perform the good works prescribed for the gaining of the Indulgence. . . .

To assert that, by an Indulgence, the Church forgives sins past or future, or that she grants Indulgences for money, is a gross calumny. . . .

91.* Is it then not true that the Church, by Indulgences, frees us from the obligation of doing Penance?

No; she does not free us from the obligation of doing penance according to our capacity, since, the greater is our penitential zeal and love to God, the more do we participate in the Indulgence; she will only assist us in our inability to expiate all temporal punishment in this life, and thus, by a generous Indulgence, effect what in ancient times she endeavoured to attain by the rigorous Penitential Canons.

92. How many kinds of Indulgences are there?

There are two kinds: A *Plenary* Indulgence, which is the remission of the whole debt of temporal punishment due to sin; and a *Partial* Indulgence, which is the remission of a part of it only.

93.* What is meant by an Indulgence of forty days, or seven years?

A remission of such a debt of temporal punishment as a person would discharge if he did penance for forty days or seven years, according to the ancient Canons of the Church.
William M. Rossetti, the well-known art-critic and translator of Dante, whose words on this subject will come with an authority that those of few other writers in England could command. To one who, like myself, has received for years the untiring aid of this accomplished scholar in the compilation of the Philological Society's Dictionary, his help in the present volume has been doubly grateful, and I desire to express my warmest thanks for it.

The next Poems are to the Virgin,—the first said to be written in 1508 by a D. T. Mylle—and serve to introduce the series of Complaints which contain, in parts, a truer pathos, and touch deeper chords, than anything else in the volume. The pleadings of Christ with the sinner are often beautiful, even to an unbeliever's mind; and who that has heard a mother's passionate cries for her lost one,—those terrible appeals that cut to the heart, can refuse his sympathy with the stricken mother (though he holds her only a poet's fancy), who swooned at Calvary when her 'dear child' died?

I am sorry that the way in which the text of one of these Poems is here printed, has led one learned and much-esteemed friend—who (unluckily for us) devotes his spare energy to denouncing the Committee in general and me in particular, instead of editing texts for us all—into calling this volume a pig-stye. Admitting that beings of the species "gruntare, grunnitor" can find space for the exercise of their calling within the leaves of the book, I yet believe that, as the matter stood, it was right to leave the first part of the even-page text of The Complaynt of Criste (pp. 160, 162, 164, 166, 168,) as the scribe copied it. Having secured at a later period a good text and right arrangement of the poems from the earlier Lambeth MS. 853, the question was, What was to be done with the already-in-type poor text, and incorrect arrangement of it, from the later Lambeth MS. 306, the MS. which gave us The Wright's Chaste Wife, and of which I had in gratitude resolved to print as much as I could, without seeking for better texts of its contents? Was this poor text, and arrangement of 12-line stanzas in 8, to be cancelled; or to be corrected by the good one opposite it, and retained; or was it to be left as an instructive instance to readers in general, and a caution to careless people like myself, of how one of those scribes to whom we
owe almost all our knowledge of our forefathers' minds, had chanced to go astray? Without contending for the position of the greatest scholar, I know "that the errors of Manuscripts are sacred, and must be preserved." I still think that readers who are kept from mistake as to the original text by the good version of the Lambeth MS. 853, will be glad to see the most instructive variations and mistakes that time and repeated copyings have brought into the later text of the MS. 306, especially when the writer of it may have argued that as the two poems purporting to be by God and Christ were both in fact by Christ, they had better have one title, and the 12-line stanza of the shorter poem be made symmetrical with the 8-line of the longer one. Should this decision make any reader or reviewer grunt again "Pig-stye," I can assure him that the repeated exclamation will be taken as good-humouredly as the first one was.

Asking again attention to the contrast of the continued wail of The Virgin's Second Complaint, "Filium Regis mortuus est," with the triumphant change of the Harleian version "Resurrexit, non mortuus est," and also recalling readers' notice to the A B C Poem already mentioned, I repeat again thanks to the kind friends who have aided me with this collection, and hope it may help a little towards a better understanding of "the English mind" of former days.

Egham, 31 May, 1866.
CORRIGENDA.

Page 22, line 208, dele is

Page 71, line 571, for hosithe, ? read losithe

Page 116, line 98, for Stephen both MSS. read Sythe

Page 125, line 337, for one read sone
NOTES

ON

THE STACYONS OF ROME.

BY

W. M. ROSSETTI, ESQ.,

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, ETC., ETC.

HAVING some—though only a scanty—personal knowledge of the Roman Churches, I have been invited to write a few remarks by way of elucidation of the statements made in "the Stacyons of Rome." In attempting to revise, confirm, or illustrate, those statements, the books to which I have referred are chiefly three: viz.—


It may first be expedient to say a few words regarding the term "stations." A station may be defined as the appointed visitation of some church, altar, shrine, or other the like ecclesiastic locale, for pious purposes, and with certain spiritual graces annexed. Francino, whose book first received papal approval in 1587, gives a somewhat long—and, I presume, a complete—list of these stations as then exist-
NOTES ON THE STATIONS OF ROME.

ing. I translate the first half-dozen entries, as a specimen. "The Stations which are in the Churches of Rome, both for Lent and all the year, with the accustomed Indulgences. In the month of January. The 1st day of the year, which is the Circumcision of our Lord, there is a station at Santa Maria in Trastevere ad fontes ocli. That same day there is a station at Santa Maria Maggiore, and at Santa Maria in Araceli. And there is a Papal Chapel at Santa Maria del Popolo. 6th, the day of the Epiphany of the Lord, there is a station at St Peter's, and a Papal Chapel. 7th, to St Julian, in his Church. 10th, at the Church of the Trinity, to St Paul the first Hermit. 13th, the octave of the Epiphany at St Peter's. 16th, to Pope St Marcellus, in his Church." And so on. The number of stations throughout the year thus specified by Francino is about 389, or one may say in round numbers 400. The reader will perceive therefore that, ample as seems the allowance mentioned in the poem of the Stations, these form in reality but a small selection of the whole; and the thousands and hundreds of years of indulgence or "pardon," and the plenitudes or percentages of remission of sins, which the poem specifies, will in like manner be found, though often differing from the allowances indicated by Francino, by way of excess, to differ also, about as often, by way of deficiency, and not probably to be at all overstated on the whole. Such of our readers therefore as feel incited to obtain "a M° yere and tou hit crave," may set off for Rome in tolerable confidence that they will not, in the long run, find themselves put off with a sorry hundred. Inscriptions over altars, such as "Indulgentia Plenaria pro Vivis ac Defunctis," will show them where to go to, if they are not otherwise aware.

Thus much premised, I proceed to details, following the order of the poem, and limiting myself almost entirely to such points as bear directly upon its statements. To diverge into collateral information concerning the churches would be tempting, but endless, work.

Line 1 to 24. The statement that there were 147 churches in Rome at the date of the poem seems to be rather under the mark than over. In 1587 there were 108 parishes, each, no doubt, with its own special church, and others to boot in no small number.
Murray's Handbook speaks to 45 parish churches within the walls of Rome, and 9 without, and to more than 300 churches altogether, besides the 13 basilicas, of which 5 are classed as great or "patriarchal," and 8 minor. The asserted number of chapels, 10,005, seems startling: it would be more than 61 chapels apiece to the 147 churches—or, to the present number, about 31 apiece (subject to some deduction for isolated chapels or oratories). The latter may be a not unlikely number: it is true that the greatest Basilica of all, St Peter's, has only 28 chapels above-ground, but few or none of the other edifices are laid out on so spacious and uncrowded a plan. Of the next item, "A-bowte pe walle to & fourty," I scarcely understand the bearing: it appears to affirm that the city of Rome is environed by 42 walls, of which I do not find, nor can surmise, any confirmation. The walls, as at present existing, are from 12 to 13 miles in circuit, including the Trastevere and Vatican. "Grete towres pre hondredde & syxty" are quite credible: there are said to have been 633 in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and nearly 300 are yet standing. The 24 chief gates show less falling-off from the imperial time: Pliny speaks to 30, of which, however, 7 were then walled up: 18 only were open in 1587: at the present day, 20, with 7 still walled up in addition.

Line 25 to 101. The Basilica of St Peter, named also Basilica Vaticana. I need hardly remind my readers that, in perusing our old poem, they must not have in their mind's eye the present world-famous building on which Bramante, Michael Angelo, and other men of renown, have left their sign-manual. The old Basilica was founded by Constantine—it is said, in A.D. 306: its façade, as recorded by Raphael in the fresco of the "Incendio del Borgo," would probably have been nearly the same as that known to our poet. This ancient building had become ruinous by 1450, and new works were then begun. In 1506 Julius II. laid the foundation of Bramante's edifice, which may be considered the nucleus of the one now existing. The 29 steps which our poet speaks to had by 1600 become 35 steps (of marble). The 7 years' pardon, or indulgence, for each step ascended or descended, is confirmed by Francino, who adds, however, the obligation of going up the steps to St Peter's Chapel.
The Pope Alexander who granted this indulgence is not clearly identified: it may perhaps have been either Alexander IV., who reigned from 1254 to 61, or Alexander V., 1409-10. I find nothing to elucidate the interesting statement that the solitary chapel of St Peter, standing at the head of the steps in question, was the one wherein that saint sang his first mass. The 100 altars in the church are reduced in the note (from the Lambeth MS.) to 80: as I have already said, the number of altars, or chapels, in the present building is far below either of these figures. The poet next tells us that 7 of the 100 altars are of more especial honour. This was still the case in 1587, the ordinary indulgences being doubled on the respective feast-days for these altars: and doubtless these privileges have since continued or increased. The 1st altar is "pe vernake," on the right hand. As Francino says, "In the tabernacle to right of the great door is the Veronica, or sacred countenance;" which (in Biondo's words) "is the true likeness of our Saviour preserved upon a veil by St Veronica." The reader, no doubt, knows the legend that, as Christ was going to Calvary, a Jewish lady handed Him her veil to wipe His face, the image of which was transferred thereto. This is the Veronica, which is exhibited on Holy Wednesday, on Good Friday, and on the 18th January, the day set apart in 1557 for the dedication-feast of St Peter's Cathedral. There is not now any altar to St Veronica (though there is her statue) in the upper church of St Peter's; but one remains in the crypt. The 2nd chief altar named is that of the Madonna; to whom indeed there are at present two—that of the Virgin, and of the "Madonna del Soccorso." The 3rd, to St Jude—or, as the note from the Lambeth MS. says, to Sts Simon and Jude. The remains of both these saints were in 1587, and doubtless still are, in the church; but it does not appear that an altar dedicated to St Jude has remained. The 4th altar was to St Andrew, to whom there is now a chapel in the crypt, and another, to this saint along with St Peter, in the upper church. His head is there also, having been brought to Rome by the Prince of the Morea, in the time of Pope Pius II. (1458-64). The 5th altar was, and still is, to St Gregory the Great, there buried.
The 6th, to Pope St Leo, now accompanied by a very conspicuous bas-relief of the repulse of Attila by that pope. The 7th is an altar of the Holy Cross, or, as now also termed, of the Crucifix: this chapel contains the principal relics of the church. Our poet next gives some details of indulgences. The statement that, from Holy Thursday to Lammas-day (1 August), you can obtain 14,000 years' indulgence per day, is modified by Francino to 12,000 years and as many lents, and remission of one-third of your sins, daily from the Feast of the Annunciation, 25 February, to Lammas-day. Similarly as to the "gret pardon" when the Veronica is shown: 4000 [Francino, 3000] years' indulgence to citizens of Rome, 9000 [6000] to those who come from without, and 12,000 to such as have crossed the seas, with one-third of sins remitted in each case: Francino adds as many lents, and, on the 18th January, plenary remission. All these graces are, according to the poem, doubled in lent; according to Francino, on the festival of St Peter (29 June), the feasts of the seven principal altars, and all double feasts. Next we have an account of the relics in this Basilica. Bones of St Peter and St Paul. Francino affirms that half of Peter's body, and half of Paul's, were then (1587) under the high altar of St Peter's—the other halves being under the high altar of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. Murray's Handbook differs somewhat: saying that "the body" of Peter has, since the middle of the 4th century, been in the confessional of the crypt of St Peter's, whither it was brought from the crypt of St Sebastian's in the Via Appia; while the tomb of St Paul used, before the burning of the Basilica of San Paolo, to be under the high altar of that edifice—the earliest traditions testifying to his remains having been buried there, after removal from the Vatican in A.D. 251. The present resting-place of St Paul does not appear to be further defined in Murray. To the best of my recollection, the local account given to the visitor is that both St Peter and St Paul lie in the crypt of St Peter's. Francino confirms our poet in saying that the bodies of Sts Simon and Jude (as already stated), and of St Gregory, are in St Peter's: as to St Leo he is silent. "Seynt Parnelle pat holy vyrgyn" is no doubt St Petronilla, daughter of St Peter, to
whom again Francino testifies as lying here. As for "Seynt Sythe put poled pyne,"* I cannot trace such a saint, nor bring the name into harmony with my authorities, unless (which I strongly suspect) it ought to be "Stephen," of whom, according to Francino, the church contains a shoulder-blade.

Line 102 to 128. The Basilica of St Paul, termed San Paolo fuori le Mura, or the Basilica Ostiensis. This edifice stands on the Ostian Road, about a mile out of Rome, being founded in A.D. 388 on the spot where the truncated head of St Paul is said to have been miraculously discovered. It remained as the only specimen of a Basilica resembling the earlier St Peter's, until its lamentable destruction by fire on the 16th July, 1823. Some portions, however, escaped; and the building has been re-constructed on the same interior plan. Our poet states that, on the feast of the conversion of St Paul, 25 January, one may have at this church 1000 years' pardon (which he seems always to use in the sense of "indulgence," as now more generally termed). The note, however, from the Lambeth MS. cuts this down to 100 years; which is confirmed by Francino, who adds as many lents, and plenary remission of sins. The 2000 years on St Paul's day, 29 June, figure in Francino simply as plenary remission; and the 4000 years on Childermas-day (28 December) are not named by that author, but merely that there is then a station in this Basilica. "On Seynt Martyn pe viij day" means, I suppose, during the octave of St Martin, when, as the text says, this church was consecrated. The 14,000 years and lents, and remission of one-third of your penance, are reduced by Francino to 1000 years and lents, but with plenary remission. In the next item the Lambeth MS. appears again to be correct: it is by going to this church on all the Sundays—not necessarily all the days—of the year, that you obtain the same pardon as by a pilgrimage to St James's shrine.

Line 129 to 156. The Church of St Anastasius, or of Sts Vin-

* This name stands printed "Stephen" in our text, p. 116. That is an accidental substitution of a merely conjectural reading for the actual reading of both the Cotton and Lambeth MSS., which is "Sythe," and which would have been retained in our printed text but for an inadvertence.
The Chapel Scala Coeli stands near the foregoing Church of St Anastatius. It was built over the cemetery of St Zeno, and has undergone restorations from 1582 onwards. It derives its name from a vision of St Bernard's, who, while celebrating a funereal mass, saw the souls for whom he was praying going up to heaven by a ladder. The text seems to ignore this legend, and to imply that the name "Scala Coeli" is used merely as one of the mystical or figurative names of the Madonna. One feels sceptical as to the 10,000 martyrs slain in the time of Tiberius. Francino confirms the number, without assigning any date, but adding as a relic "the knife which they were killed with:" it must have been a well-tempered one. Murray terms these martyrs the 12,000 Christians said to have been employed in erecting the Baths of Diocletian—a less unlikely era, at any rate. Our poet seems now in the vein, and strides from bold to bolder assertion; saying that he who sings mass in this chapel for a friend releases him "fro helle," passing him into purgatory, and thence into paradise. At least the term hell appears to be used here in its exact current sense, as against purgatory; though possibly it is intended rather for an equivalent, which might seem to be the case in line 565, "To abate the peyne off helle." Taken in the sense I understand, the assertion is an exceed-
ingly daring one; no pope even, so far as I am aware, having ever professed to release a soul from hell,—the power of the keys is over two keys only, those of purgatory and heaven. As an instance in point may be cited the famous legend of the salvation from hell, at the instance of Gregory the Great, of the long dead and doomed Trajan. It is propounded, not that Trajan passed from hell into either purgatory or heaven; but that God restored him for a while to mundane life, wherein becoming a Christian, he died again and went to heaven—or, as an annotator of a MS. of Dante tersely phrases it, "brevi resuscitatus est, et postea salvatus." A still more obvious, though jocular, instance may be cited regarding the papal master of the ceremonies, Messer Biagio di Cesena, whom Michael Angelo, in his Last Judgment, painted among the condemned. "Biagio," says Murray, "complained to the pope in order to have the figure removed: who declared that it was impossible, for, though he had the power to release from purgatory, he had none over hell." Moreover Francino, who could scarcely have omitted so grave an ingredient in this grace at the Scala Coeli, says nothing of hell, but simply, as in any other purgatorial case, "there is the liberation of a soul" upon celebrating mass under the altar on the 29th January. In his next statement, however, our author appears needlessly modest: his "3000 years granted by six popes buried at St Sebastian's" become in Francino 10,000 years' indulgence daily.

Line 183 to 198. The Church of St Mary Annunciate, standing midway between those of St Anastasius and St Sebastian, was consecrated in 1220. The legend mentioned in the text "of our lady yn þe way" (i.e., I suppose, Santa Maria in Vià, the title of another of the Roman churches), and which, as I understand the poem, is inscribed on this Church of St Mary Annunciate, is not elucidated by Francino. In that writer, the 500 years' pardon of the text swells into 10,000 years' indulgence daily, and plenary remission on Annunciation-day. It will be right to bear in mind, in this and other cases, that the privileges may very well have augmented between the dates of our poet and of Francino, but are not likely to have decreased.

Line 199 to 267. "Fabyane and Bastyane" is the Basilica of
St Sebastian, called also the Basilica Appiana, being one of the eight minor Basilicas: I cannot find any authority for giving it the name of Fabian. It stands about two miles beyond the gate of St Sebastian on the Via Appia. Its foundation has been ascribed both to Constantine and to St Lucina; but the building, as it now exists, is new from 1611. Our text states that Pope Gelasius endowed this church with 40 years' pardon and many lents: Francino does not mention Gelasius, but speaks to many indulgences, including 6046 years and lents daily. The pardons, equal to those at St Peter's, on account of the bones here buried, are to be obtained by entering the catacombs into which the church leads, usually termed "the Cemetery of St Callixtus,"—though this would appear, from modern researches, to be a mistake, and the catacomb under St Sebastian's to be unconnected with that of Callixtus. Our poet appears to be considerably out in saying that the bodies of St Peter and St Paul lay here "five hundred yer or pey were founde:" 19 months is the space of time assigned in Murray, and Francino, though only using a vague term, seems to contemplate some such moderate period. They lay "in the underground chapel, opening out of the ambulatory behind the tribune," having been placed there after being recovered from some Grecian kidnappers or enthusiasts in the reign of Vespasian: and, in the time of Heliogabalus, who was constructing a circus at the Vatican, the remains of Peter, which had been transported thither, were again for a while deposited in this spot—which hence acquired, specially and individually, the name of "Catacumbæ," afterwards so widely applied. The statement which follows in the text as to six popes, mentioned by name, giving here 1000 years' grace each to all shriven persons, appears to relate to the indulgences appertaining (according to Francino, as above cited) to the church. The subterranean chapel next referred to must be the catacombs, or a chapel therein; the 46 martyr popes do not appear in Francino, but 18 popes amid the large number of 174,000 martyrs. Both statements may be regarded as considerable exaggerations; and the former is certainly a monstrous one—for there had only been 32 popes altogether up to the time of the conversion of Constantine, A.D. 312. (This date may be used as a cor-
rective to a previous statement as to the foundation of a Christian church by Constantine—St Peter’s—in the earlier year 306.) Francino confirms the plenary remission, but not the salvation consequent upon dying in this subterranean chapel. "Pe palme," next mentioned ("Palmete" in the Lambeth M.S.), should evidently not be understood to mean a palm-tree, but a footsole; and the term is here applied to a very famous relic still to be seen in the Church of St Sebastian—a slab of white marble with an impression somewhat rudely resembling that of human feet, or rather with an inartistic imitation of such an impression, for it seems impossible that any eye which has looked at the relic should admit its actual authenticity as a footmark. The beautiful legend connected with this relic is briefly related in the text:—the faint-heartedness of that most human, fallible, and sympathetic of apostles, Peter, in the prospect of death, which he was fleeing Rome to escape; the apparition of the cross-bearing Saviour to him on the Via Appia, at a spot now marked by the small church of Domine Quo Vadis; the question put to Him in those words by Peter, with the reply that the Saviour was coming to Rome to be crucified anew, as His apostle shrank from the martyrdom; and the return of Peter, contrite, compunctious, and heroic unto death. (Our National Gallery contains a frigid yet observable small picture of this subject by Annibal Carracci.) Here, says the poem, one may obtain remission of sins (confirmed by Francino), and 1000 years' pardon.

Line 268 to 277. The Church of San Giovanni a (or "dinanzi") Porta Latina was founded in A.D. 780; but its present form dates from the end of the 12th century. On the festival of the saint, 6 May, a soul may be saved from purgatory—or, as Francino puts it, there is plenary remission of sin—with 500 years' indulgence daily. There is also a grace, says the poet, to those who go into the place where St John was sodden in oil—more strictly, where he would have been sodden in boiling oil but for a miraculous interference. This place is a round chapel outside the Church of the Porta Latina; it marks the spot where the caldron of oil was set, and dates, in its present condition, from 1509. It bears the separate name of San Giovanni in Oleo.
Line 278 to 289. The Church of "Stye Thomas of ynde" is not noticed in Murray; but this is no indication of its not being still extant. It must be the same church which Francino terms St Thomas the Apostle, or San Tommaso in Parione (which is the name of one of the Rioni, or Districts, of the City of Rome). The original church was consecrated in 1139, but had been entirely renewed, somewhat about Francino's time, on the old plan. The pardon of more than 14,000 years, with remission of one-third of one's sins, is not confirmed by Francino: who says, however, that on four feasts (not including the feast of St Thomas, 21 December), there is plenary indulgence in this church for all sins, and a full jubilee, which had been granted by Pius IV. (about 1560).

Line 290 to 293. These four lines affirm that there is great pardon "wher ye stacyones cleped ys," ratified for ever by Pope Boniface. The statement does not appear to have any relation to the immediate context (though it might possibly belong to the sequel, concerning the Lateran Basilica): it seems more appropriate as a general announcement proper to the opening of the poem.

Line 294 to 477. The Basilica of St John Lateran, or the Lateran Basilica, occupies in the poem, it will be observed, more than double the space accorded even to St Peter's. In fact, this is the church of highest traditional rank in all Rome, and even in the whole Latin-Christian world, being the pope's own diocesan church: it stands inscribed "Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput." The popes are crowned here, and "the Chapter of the Lateran still takes precedence of that of St Peter's." This church was built by Constantine; nearly destroyed in, or shortly before, the time of Clement V., whose reign began in 1305; restored and enlarged by him and his successors. It is dedicated to the Saviour, and the two Sts John, Baptist and Evangelist. Its name, Lateran, comes from the house of the senator Plautius Lateranus, of the time of Nero, on the site of which it is built. The poem intimates that this house was one of the palaces of Constantine at the time of his being healed and converted by Pope Sylvester, and that the Emperor gave the edifice to the Bishop, to be converted into a church: this is, for legendary purposes, nearly enough correct. The "Saluator"
in the roof over the pope's see, or the tribune of the high altar, is
an image of Christ which is said to have appeared there miraculously
at the consecration of the church, 9 November, and to have survived
two conflagrations of the building unscathed. The next relic men-
tioned is the table of the Last Supper, "That Cryste made on his
monde." The phrase might at first be understood to mean that
Christ, either in His parental calling as a carpenter, or by the exer-
cise of miraculous power, actually made this table; but I do not
find any such tradition elsewhere, and should suppose the phrase to
mean rather "On which Christ made His maunday" (mandate, or
eucharistic institution). "The table stands in a recess opening out
of the corridor called the Portico Leonino, surrounding the tribune:
it is of cedar wood, and was once encased in silver." The two
tablets whereon Christ wrote the law for Moses appear in Francino
by the name of the "area foederis" (ark of the covenant), which
ark, in the Jewish temple, was said to contain these tablets: per-
haps the two writers mean substantially the same thing, especially
as our poet proceeds to name Aaron's rod (the rod of Aaron and
Moses, in Francino), and "Angelles meat," which one may suppose
to be the pot of manna, both preserved in Jerusalem in connection
with the ark. Francino is silent as to the remains of the five loaves
and two fishes wherewith Christ fed the multitude. Our poet is
clearly not quite right about the four brass pillars brought by Ves-
pasian and Titus from Jerusalem: some other relics are said to have
been so brought, but not these. They are, on the contrary, four
pillars of gilt bronze, at the altar of the Sacrament, reputed to have
been made by Augustus from the rostra of the galleys taken at
Actium, and set up in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, whence
they were brought to this church: Francino, however, has it that
they are filled with consecrated earth from Jerusalem. The chains
which bound St John are those used when the evangelist was
brought a prisoner from Ephesus to Rome. The vessel which they
gave him to drink from, but harmlessly, was a poisoned cup pre-
sented to him by order of Domitian. The text next specifies a kirtle
of the man who was raised from the dead on that same occasion:
this is modified, by the note from the Lambeth MS., into St John's
own kirtle which raised three men from the dead, and Francino concurs in this statement. The "clopis of Ihesu-criste" are the red robe which Pilate put on Him, stained with His blood. Francino confirms "pe askes [ashes] of Iohne pe baptyste," adding a piece of his haircloth. The next item again appears more correctly, to trust Francino, in the Lambeth MS.; it should be, not the table-cloth of the Last Supper, but the towel wherewith Jesus wiped the disciples' feet. The sark made for Christ by the Virgin, and the blood and water from His side, are confirmed by Francino. That author is silent, possibly through a sentiment of decent retene, regarding the "mylke of Marye pe vyrgyne," and "pe flesch of his eyrcumsyce" (Christ's): he specifies, instead, some of the hair and garments of Mary. The rather earlier author, Biondo da Forli, upholds our poet in showing, as regards his latter-named relic, that "men hit holde yn grete pryse." He mentions both this, and the "vase di latte bianchissimo di Maria Vergine gloriosa;" and not only mentions them, but includes them in those few and choicer Roman glories which need to be ushered in with the following peroration, as he winds up his eloquence and his book:—"There are in Rome, however, certain things peculiar to itself, so great, so marvellous, that neither are they found elsewhere, nor can they be transferred elsewhither: and he who has not seen Rome, what has he seen? of a surety he has seen nought to marvel at." To return to our text. The foot of the Magdalene is not particularized by Francino, only certain relics of her: "pe clopis pat criste was woneden In" are reduced to the face-cloth. The heads of Peter and Paul are said to have been found among the ruins of the older Lateran church in the reign of Urban V. (1362-70): they are over the high altar, in an iron grating. Francino confirms our poet in saying that, when these heads are publicly exhibited, which is done on six several days of the year, there are the same indulgences as at the exhibition (already mentioned) of the Veronica. The author next ushers us into the Pope's Hall, connected with the Lateran. This would appear to have been already more or less destroyed in the time of Francino (1587), who speaks of it as "the old palace," and of its contents as things of the past: the present palace was built by Sixtus V. It seems somewhat
NOTES ON THE STACYONS OF ROME.

singular that the writer of the "Stacyons" should not mention, among the treasures of the old Pope's Hall, its now sole surviving relic (save the chapel Sancta Sanctorum), the famous Scala Santa, said to be the staircase of Pilate's court, which Christ descended after His sentence: no one may go up it save on his knees. Omitting this, he informs us that the Hall has three doors, on passing through any of which you may, if shriven, obtain 40 years' pardon: these vanished doors, says Francino, had been in Pilate's court, and Jesus had passed through them. The next 12 lines, 448 to 459, seem to have dropped somewhat out of their place, and to be more proper to the passage just preceding (430-37) concerning the heads of Peter and Paul. The present passage is of value in tending to fix the date of our poem. It speaks of the indulgences granted by Pope Urban V. when these sacred relics were discovered and first exhibited; and proceeds to say

"There ys no man now y-bore,
Nor his fadur hym be-fore,
That of pe heddes have a sy3th
At pat tyme but be grace of God almy3t."

Urban had found the heads in or before 1365. Now the writer of the "Stacyons" assumes that persons living at the date when he wrote might in the year of discovery have seen the heads. Suppose (which seems an ample allowance of time) that he assumes that a person now aged 90 might have seen the heads when aged 10; this would leave an interval of 80 years, which, added to 1365, would bring out 1445 as the latest admissible date of the poem, and probably some few years later than in fact. We are next escorted to the chapel Sancta Sanctorum—already referred to as being, with the Scala Santa, the sole remaining portion of the old Lateran Palace of the popes: it is a handsome Gothic work, consecrated by Nicholas III. (1277-81) to St Lawrence. No women, as notified by the poet, are allowed to enter. The "Saluatowr" in this chapel is a painting 5 feet 8 inches in height, representing the Saviour at the age of twelve. Our author says that the portrait was sent to the Virgin Mother by her re-glorified Son after His ascension. This memori-
able detail does not appear in Francino, who attributes the picture to St Luke as designer, and to an angel as executant: the less believing Murray speaks of it as of Greek workmanship.

Line 478 to 513. *The Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* (one of the 8 minor ones); termed also *The Sessorian Basilica*, being founded on the site of the Sessorian Palace of Sextus Varius, the father of Heliogabalus. It was built, in 331, by Constantine, at the request of his mother, St Helena, famous as the heroine of the "Invention of the Cross,"—or rather perhaps, as our text says, by Constantia, daughter of Constantine. Some earth from Jerusalem was mixed with the foundations, whence the special name of the church. Its present form dates from 1774. Pope Sylvester consecrated the building on the 10th March. The indulgences, 2005 years every Sunday and Wednesday, are reduced to 300 years and lents every Sunday, with remission of one third of sins, by Francino: the Lambeth MS. gives only 100 years. The daily indulgence of 100 years, however, rises in Francino to 6046 years and lents, and remission as above. That author confirms the statements as to the sponge of gall and vinegar offered to Christ, the nail from His cross, and the title written thereon by Pilate: this was covered by St Helena with silver, and adorned with gold and gems. The portion of the true cross here deposited by Helena is still to be seen; also the portion—Francino terms it a half—of the Penitent Thief's cross.

Line 514 to 535. The Church of St Lawrence here mentioned is *San Lorenzo fuori le Mura*: there are in Rome at least five other churches dedicated to the same saint. This, which is one of the five larger Basilicas, is on the road to Tivoli, about a mile beyond the Porta di San Lorenzo. It was built by Constantine, and enlarged and altered by Honorius III. in 1260. The catacombs of St Cyriacus are entered hence. The daily indulgence of 7000 years is reduced in Francino to 748, with lents and remission as in the text. The assertion that the church was consecrated by Pope Pelagius seems to refer, not to the original dedication, but to some re-consecration by Pelagius II., who partly rebuilt the edifice in 578. Sts Lawrence and Stephen rest here, in a marble urn in the confessional. The statement in the text,
"And unper he awter ys made a stone,
There a-bowte hey may gone,"

may perhaps relate to this urn; or perhaps to one of two relics here preserved—a stone cast at Stephen, and a stone whereon Lawrence was laid after death, marked with his fat and blood. Probably, however, the first explanation is the true one—the passage being followed up by a reference to the "swete smelle of bodyes pat per be," by which the relics of Stephen and Lawrence would appear to be indicated; I do not find any other bodies recorded. The grace as to release of a soul from purgatory is confirmed in Francino.

Line 536 to 547. The Church here named, of "seynt sympylle, Fawstyne [Lambeth MS. "Fastym"] and Betrys" ["Beatrice"] may be probably rendered The Church of Sts Simplicius, Faustinus, and Beatrice. I find no account of it in my authorities. Francino does indeed name a church of Sts Faustinus and Jovita, the patrons of Brescia; but this was a new foundation of Julius II. (1503-13), and is therefore too late in date, even if otherwise acceptable.

Line 548 to 553. The Church of St Julian is at the head of the Via Maggiore, at the spot where the so-called "Trophies of Marius" were found.

Line 554 to 565. The Church of St Eusebius is in the same neighbourhood. The inscription on a stone, "I wole the halowe or I goone," seems to suggest something special, but I do not find it elucidated.

Line 566 to 571. We here return to the aforenamed Church of St Julian.

Line 572 to 581. The Church of San Matteo in Merulana is on the road between the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore.

Line 582 to 590. "The Chirche of uyght and modeste" is the Church of San Vito in Macello, near the arch of Gallicenus. It does not appear that the building is dedicated to Modestus as well as Vitus; but there is a station there, on the 15th June, to Sts Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentius—or Crescentia, as quaint old Topsell, the naturalist, says in his account of the king of beasts: "Primus and Faclicianus, Thacus, Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentia, all martyrs, being cast unto lions, received no harm by them at all; but the
beasts lay down at their feet, and became tame, gentle, and meek, not like themselves, but rather like doves." The forgiveness of a quarter of one's sins in this church is not named by Francino, but 6000 years' indulgence on St Vitus's day. The 7000 martyrs buried here in the time of Antoninus are, no doubt, the same as Francino's "infinite number" of martyrs who were killed on a stone at the same spot. Line 590 runs—

"This is the vij parte of py synne ondooone,"

and remains without a rhyme to match. It also appears—though not to a certainty—to conflict with the previous line 584, announcing remission of a fourth part of sins. Possibly 590 ought to be transferred to follow 723—

"Suche bed of penaunce I not no moo,"

which seems also bereaved of its proper rhyme-sequence, and with which 590 would rhyme, were we to read "ondoo" instead of "on- doone." The first word of the line, "This," would also appear to be a mistake for "There" or "Thus."

Line 591 to 654. The Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also called the Liberian Basilica, ranks third among these great churches. It was founded on the summit of the Esquiline, in 352, by Pope Liberius, and by a Roman patrician named John, and his wife. These three persons had, on the night of the 5th August, a vision enjoining them to build a church on the spot where they should find snow lying next morning: they obeyed, and hence the church was first called Sancta Maria ad Nives. It was enlarged in 432, and the plan then adopted has been preserved in subsequent alterations, so that this church has, more than any other intramural one, retained the characters of the larger Basilicas. The text states that the body of St Matthew lies at (or below) the high altar. Murray concurs in this statement; but probably Francino is more exact in speaking of the body of St Matthias, and an arm only of St Matthew. In another part of the church lies St Jerome. I am not clear as to the statement that the remains of this saint were brought "frome the Cyte of Damase;" which may be presumed to mean Damascus,
may fairly reject the date of the reign of Antonine; St Praxed having been converted by Peter in or before A.D. 50, and the earliest of the Antonines not having succeeded to the throne till 138. A farther number of martyrs, set down as 40, are buried in the chapel named of old the Orto del Paradiso, now the chapel of the Colonna Santa, or of St Zeno: among them, it is said, are 11 popes. The pardon of 1 year and 40 days, with remission of a quarter of one's sins, doubled in lent, swells in Francino into 12,000 years and lents daily, and one-third remission. The pillar to which Christ was bound is of white and black marble, and was brought from Jerusalem in 1223 by Cardinal Colonna.

Line 703 to 723. The festival (1 August) and Basilica of San Pietro in Vincoli, in commemoration of the fettering of the saint in Jerusalem. Francino confirms the plenary remission on this day in the church: he is silent as to the daily indulgence of 500 years and lents. The church stands on the Esquiline, not far from the Baths of Titus: it is one of the minor Basilicas, and is entitled the Basilica Eudoxiana, having been built in 442 by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian III. It was repaired by Pelagius I. in 555, and has undergone other changes, up to 1705. This church has two special claims to remembrance: Hildebrand was here elected pope in 1073, under the name of Gregory VII., and Michael Angelo's Moses is inside it. Our poet, in saying that the church contains a piece of the cross of Christ, is probably less correct than Francino, who speaks only of a part of the cross of St Andrew. The latter writer does not elucidate the curious legend in the text as to a bed of St Martin, in this church, insensible to sight and touch. The chains of St Peter, from which the church receives its name, are enclosed in a bronze tabernacle in the outer sacristy, and are only exhibited from the 1st to the 9th August.

Line 724 to 741. The "place of the postyllis twoo" must be the Basilica of the Holy Apostles or Basilica Constantiniana, now dedicated, it would appear, to all the twelve Apostles without distinction, but originally to Sts Philip and James. It stands in the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli, behind the Corso; and is stated by Francino to have been founded by Constantine, though the present edifice,
in its earliest condition, is only ascribed to Pelagius (555-60), and a re-building took place in 1420. Sts Philip and James ("Jacobe") are buried here. "Seint Sabasabyne" appears to represent the names Sts Saba and Sabina, female saints, of whom each has a church of her own in Rome: according to Francino, however, the saint buried in the Church of the Apostles is of the male sex, St Sabinus. He confirms the tabard of St Thomas the Apostle, and the arm of St Blaise. As to indulgences, all that he names is plenary remission on the 1st May.

Line 742 to 745. The Church of San Bartolomeo in Insula was built in the Isle of the Tiber, on the site of a temple of Jupiter (or perhaps Æsculapius), by Paschal II. in 1113: it received its present form in the reign of Gregory XIII. (1572-85). The substructions used to give the island the form of a ship, as shown, with quaint attractiveness, in Francino's woodcut. That writer does not confirm the 1000 years' indulgence of our text; but speaks to plenary remission on St Bartholomew's day, 24 August, and 20 years' indulgence on Palm Sunday. The relics of Bartholomew are preserved in an urn under the high altar, having been brought from Benevento to Rome by the Emperor Otho II.

Line 746 to 809. The Church of Santa Maria Rotonda, or Sancta Maria ad Martyres, being the antique Pantheon, stands in a Piazza between the Corso and the Piazza Navona. This circular edifice, one of the most famous of antiquity preserved for the admiration of modern architects, was dedicated by Agrippa in B.C. 27, and was afterwards worked upon by some of the heathen emperors. Agrippa, our poet informs us, founded the building "for sabillis [I suppose 'the sibyls' or 'a sibyl's'] and neptuno-is sake," and named it "Pantheon," which appears to have been a very illogical proceeding. There is, however, some considerable conflict of opinion as to the deities to whom the temple was in fact dedicated. Some authorities say Mars and Jupiter; others, Jupiter Ultor; others, Mars and Venus; others, all the gods—which attribution is of course favoured by the name Pantheon. Dion, nevertheless, does not leave even this point clear; for he says that the motive for using the term Pantheon was simply that the temple, being round or round-roofed
(θολοκούστες), resembled the vaulted heaven, abode of all the gods. Other investigators again, still less easily satisfied, believe the building to have had little or nothing to do with worship at all, but to have been connected with the baths which Agrippa constructed in this neighbourhood—the form (apart from the portico, which seems to be a later addition) being simply that of a "calidarium." Leaving these controversies, our memories may retain one authenticated fact—that Raphael is buried here. Our poet tells a curious legend: That the heathen worshipers made a golden idol of Neptune, and set it up on the roof, peering through an opening thereof; and that the brass covert on this statue's head blew off "with A wynde of helle" to St Peter's Basilica, where it might still be seen before the church door. I am left to guess at the modicum of foundation which there may be for this little episode; and I conceive it to be as follows—amounting simply to two misapprehensions, or gratuitous assumptions. 1st, the roof of the Pantheon is not entirely closed, but has an opening, 28 feet in diameter, which supplies the whole of the light which the edifice receives. Some legendary imagination, contemplating this orifice, and not reasoning upon any questions of antique architecture, jumped to the conclusion that it must have been made for something to be inserted or to project through it; if something, it must have been a statue; and if a statue, why not Neptune? 2nd, a gilt bronze pine-cone, hollowed, and 11 feet in height, used once to be at the summit of the Sepulchre or Mole of Hadrian (now the Castle of Sant' Angelo); it was removed by Pope Symmachus (498 to 514) to the quadriporticus before the Basilica of St Peter, probably to the steps of the building. Dante saw it there, and speaks of it under the name it still retains, "la pina di San Pietro:" it is now in the garden of the Vatican Palace. There was a story, not probably true, that this pine-cone had been set atop of the campanile of St Peter's, and had been hurled thence by lightning down to the steps. This, I have little doubt, is the object in which our author is content to see a head-dress of Neptune's [imaginary] statue, blown from the roof of the Pantheon, over half the width of Rome. He next informs us how the pagan temple, the Pantheon, was converted, in or about 609, into the Christian Church of Santa
Maria Rotonda, at the prayer of Pope Boniface (the fourth) to "the emperoure Julius, that was forsope A wele goode man"—in reality, the Emperor Phocas, whom history indicates to have been a most fearful ruffian. The Christian consecration of the building is assigned in the poem to the 1st November, All Saints' day, and the church is stated to have been dedicated to St Mary and all Saints: Francino names the 12th May instead.

Line 810 to 817. "Seynt Mary Transpedian" can only, I conceive, be the Church of Santa Maria Traspontina: I am unable to account for the corruption of the name. The church used to stand near the Castle of Sant' Angelo; but that earlier building was destroyed by Pius IV. (1559-66) with a view to the fortification of the Castle, and he gave orders for constructing another in the Borgo Nuovo, near the Via Sestina, preserving the old indulgences, &c. Francino does not confirm our poet as to the two stone pillars to which Sts Peter and Paul were bound; but he mentions as in this church a figure of the Crucified Saviour reputed to have appeared to those saints while under flagellation.

Line 818 to 821. The Hospital of Santo Spirito, near St Peter's, in connection with the Church of Santo Spirito in Sassia, is the chief hospital in Rome. It is spoken of as almost a town in itself, and is so richly endowed as to pass by the name of "Il Primo Signore di Roma:" it now receives nearly 13,500 patients in a year. The church was originally built by Innocent III. (1198 to 1216), but a new building was erected towards the end of the 16th century.

Line 822 to 825. "Seynt Iamys uppon the flome" is probably the Church of Sant' Jacopo Scossacavallo (jog-horse), in the Trastevere: there are in Rome at least two other churches dedicated to St James. The building was erected on the spot where are said to have died the horses which were transporting to St Peter's, by command of the Empress Helena, the stone whereon Christ was presented for circumcision, and the one upon which Isaac was to have been sacrificed: relics which no efforts availed to move from this spot, and for whose guardianship the church was therefore founded.

Line 826 to 831. The Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere,
or ad Fontes Olei (also called, in some early documents, simply “Fons Olei”) is stated to have been the first church erected in Rome to the Virgin Mary. It is said that on the night of Christ's nativity, a great well of oil (two wells in our text) sprung up on this spot, and continued all next day running down to the Tiber: hence the name given to the church, which was founded by Pope St Calixtus I. in or about 224, and often afterwards altered; the present building belongs almost wholly to the time of Innocent II., 1139, with modifications by Nicholas V. (1447-55). The site is the same as that of the ancient Taberna Meritoria, or hospital for old soldiers. The seven years' indulgence named in the text is not specified by Francino; but 25,000 years' indulgence, with plenary remission, on the feast and octave of the Assumption. Our poet seems to state that the miraculous oil still runs, either permanently or every Christmas night: I do not find this confirmed.

Lines 832, 3. The Church of St Cecilia, at the end of the Trastevere, near the Quay of Ripa Grande, was built on the site of the saint's own house, in 230; re-built by Pope Paschal I. in 821, and dedicated to God, and Sts Mary, Peter, Paul, and Cecilia; and altered to its present form in 1599 and 1725. In the former of these years, 1599, the body of the saint was found on the spot, with a contemporary inscription identifying her: the celebrated statue by Stefano Maderno, now in the church, represents her in the attitude she was discovered lying in. Francino does not name the 100 years' indulgence of the text, but plenary indulgence on St Cecilia's day.

Line 834 to 841. “Seynt Petyr and Poullys preson” is the actual Oratory of San Pietro in Carcere Tulliano, at the foot of the Capitol. It is a portion of the ancient Mamertine Prisons, commenced by Ancus Martinus, and is consequently one of the very oldest monuments in Rome. Peter and Paul are said to have been imprisoned here by Nero, on which account the building was consecrated as above named by St Sylvester (314-36): over it stands the Church of San Giuseppe de' Ealegnami. The 2000 years' indulgence daily figures in Francino as 1200 years' indulgence, and remission of one-third of sins, doubled on feast days. A well is said to have
sprung up on the spot at the prayer of Peter and Paul, to enable them to baptize their converted gaolers, Processus and Martinianus ("Martuman" in our text), whose bodies are still preserved here. However, if we may trust Plutarch—not perhaps a much better authority on such a point than a church legend—this well existed in the time of Jugurtha.

Lines 842, 3. The Church of Santa Maria Nuova, near the arch of Titus, was built by Leo IV. (845-55), and restored by Nicholas V. (1447—55).

Line 844 to 847. The Church of St Alexius is on the site of the house of that saint, on the Aventine: Francino speaks of certain stairs, then extant, on which the saint, after returning from a pilgrimage, performed penance during 17 years up to his death, unrecognized by his father and the other inmates of the house. The first church on this spot was erected in the 9th century, and dedicated to St Boniface. The 2200 years' daily indulgence diminishes in Francino to 100 years and lents.

Lines 848, 9. "Seynt Cosme and Demiave" is the Church of Sts Cosmas and Damian, in the Forum, near the site of, or transmuted from, a Temple of Remus (or perhaps Romulus): the church was dedicated by Felix IV. (526-30), and restored by St Gregory (590—604). In this instance Francino exceeds our text as to the amount of indulgence; naming 1000 years daily, instead of 300.

Line 850 to 863. The Church of St Eustace was built by Celestin III. (1191-8). The remains of the patron saint are here, together with those of his wife, Theopista, and his son and daughter, Agapetus and Theopista ("ij. sonnes," as in the text, does not seem to be absolutely accurate). "The salvator" next mentioned I understand to be an image of Christ in this church: Francino, however, does not specify any such image, but some of the blood and clothes of the Saviour, some thorns from His crown, and some of the wood of His cross. One might suppose the separate Church of San Salvatore to be intended; but that was only built about 1450, and would consequently appear to be too late for the date of our poem, or, at any rate, not likely to be therein mentioned without some intimation of its being a perfectly new building; moreover, I am not aware that
this church contains any such image. Another conjecture might be hazarded:—that all this paragraph about the Salvator has dropped out of its right place, and belongs properly to the Church of Ara Coeli (lines 882-91), in which is a highly venerated image of the Infant Christ, named the "Santissimo Bambino," much bejewelled, and endowed with miraculous curative powers. It is carried about to the sick in an old brown coach, and has a festival of its own from Christmas day to Epiphany. This image is said to have been carved by a pilgrim out of a tree on the Mount of Olives, and to have been painted by St Luke after the pilgrim had dozed off.

Line 864 to 867. Here we revert to a church already named, that of St Cecilia (lines 832-3). I do not find any elucidation of the statement that "the Mawdlene" is to be seen in this church.

Line 868 to 873. These lines relate to a chapel near the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, either dedicated to San Salvatore, or containing a venerated image of the Saviour. It is not mentioned in my authorities.

Line 874 to 877. Four separate churches: 1st, St Jerome (either the one near the Farnese Palace, or the one in the Via di Ripetta, near the Mausoleum of Augustus); 2nd, St Gregory; 3rd, St Ambrose; 4th, St Augustine. Francino does not confirm our poet in saying that there is 1000 years' indulgence at each of these churches; but he speaks of daily plenary indulgence and remission of sins at St Jerome's near the Farnese Palace,—plenary remission at St Gregory's on the day and octave of all souls,—great indulgences granted by Clement VII. (1523-34) at St Ambrose's,—and plenary remission on three several days at St Augustine's. The Church of St Gregory stands on the Caelian Hill. It was the paternal house of that pope, and was dedicated by him, as a church, during his pontificate in 591, to St Andrew; the edifice was re-built in 1734, and is now connected with the head-quarters of the Camaldolese Monks. The Church of St Ambrose is in the Corso, having been built by the Milanese. The Church of St Augustine, in the Via della Scrofa, was entirely renewed in 1483 by Cardinal d'Estouteville, and was again restored in 1740.

Line 878 to 881. The Church of San Lorenzo in Damaso
(Murray says, "San Lorenzo e Damaso,"—Sts Lawrence and Damasus), close to the Palace of the Cancelleria, was built by Pope St Damasus in 370, and termed the Prasianian Basilica: the building now extant, however, is the work of Bramante, erected in 1495, at the bidding of Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV.

Line 882 to 891. "Seynt Mary Rochelle" must be a much corrupted form of the name Santa Maria di Ara Coeli, a famous Church on the Capitoline Hill, built on the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius, and of a palace of Augustus. The present building is probably as old as the 6th century, when the church was dedicated by Gregory the Great, under the title of Sancta Maria in Capitolio. The origin of the term "Ara Coeli" has been much debated. The popular account is that an altar was erected on this spot by Augustus, to commemorate the prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl concerning the advent of Christ—which altar was inscribed "Ara Primogeniti Dei." Another, and more matter-of-fact, account is that the church was termed in the middle ages Sancta Maria in Aurocoelio. The "many greses" are 124 (or probably, in our author's time, 121) marble steps leading to the church, made out of the ruins of the Temple of Quirinus on the Quirinal Hill: this staircase was constructed in 1348. Francino does not mention the 2000 years' indulgence; but speaks of plenary remission on the festival of the Circumcision, and infinite other indulgences and privileges, especially on New-Year's day. The image of the Virgin painted by St Luke represents her as she stood at the foot of the cross. The Friars Minor are still in the adjoining convent, which is the head-quarters of the order of Reformed Franciscans, or Grey Friars.

Line 892 to 895. "Seynt Mary Merle" would appear to be another verbal corruption, meaning the Church of Santa Maria de' Miracoli, so named from the many miracles here wrought: it stands by the wall of the Porta del Popolo, and, in its present form, is a modern building, of the reign of Alexander VII. (1655-67). The 1000 years' indulgence is modified in Francino into plenary indulgence and remission of sins.

Line 896 to 906. The Church of St Andrew here referred to is probably the parish church dedicated to that saint, between the
Porta del Popolo and the Capitol, connected with the Company of Clothiers named "di Sant' Uomo-bono:" there are at least four other churches of this saint in Rome. The graces accorded to persons here buried, and otherwise, are not elucidated by Francino.

Line 907 to 914. Our poet has now vamped his holy wares, as far as his opportunities allow; and can only add that any quantity more of them remain behind,

"And that I shalle with alle my myght
    There-off wryte bope day & nyght."

A formidable promise for any commentator: but, as it remains unfulfilled so far as our text is concerned, I can here conclude my imperfect illustrations of "the Stacyons of Rome."

W. M. Rossetti.

St Pernelle. See her Life in the Vernon MS. (Bodleian Library), fol. 31 vs β.
St Agas; in the same MS., fol. 12 vs β. 'Seint Agace, that gode maide, in Cisyle was ibore.'
The Twelve Letters that shall save Merry England.

[Lambeth MS. No. 306, fol. 134.]

1 Early in a someristide
    y sawe in london, as y wente,
    A gentilwoman of chepe-side
4 workinge on a vestment.

She sette xij lettrs on a Rowe,
And saide, if yat myght it vnderstond,
Thorough pe grace of god, ye schule it knowe,
8 This lettres xij schalle save mery Englonnd.

A litil while yf ye wille duelle,
And yeve avdenes vnto me,
what lettres they be y shall you telle,
12 they were drawe oute of pe . A. b. c.

They were nether A. b. nor C.,
Of any clarke y take wittnes,
Hit was R. w. And ij ees
16 F. M. 3.¹ and S.

Than stode y stille a litile sesone,
And constred this lettres or y wente thens,
And Exspoundide theim after myn owne wesdone
20 After the forme of Experience.

¹ There is a space left for a large E, but only a little e is written, as a guide to the capital-maker.
iiij are for iiij Richardes 

A E. for Edward, men wote it is soo,

This ben the letters of the iiij lorde names

24 The whiche alle Englonde is myche bounden too.

A. 3. for yorke that was manely & myghtfulle,

The whiche Grewe be pe grace of god & grete reuelacion,

Raynyng with Rewles\(^1\) resenable and Rightfulle,

28 The whiche for oure sake hathe sofferde grete vex[a]cicon.

An .M. for marche, treue in euери titelle & trialle,

Growinge be eistricion, that worthi and wis is,

Concayued in wedlocke, & comen of blode rialle,

32 Ioyning vnto vertu, devode of vices.

An S. for Salisbery, without any avision,

Riall in his reynyng, and riche in his Rente,

Brynging a man to a good conclucion,

36 Called for his wisdome patris Sapiente.

A Doble W. for warwike, pat god be his gide,

Who is called with pe comens their childe & pe 

defence,

The boldest vnnder baner batelle to a-bide,

40 for pe righte of Englonde he dothe his deligence.

An F. for pe feterlock pat is of grete substance,

That hathe amendide many maters porow his 

mediacion ;

In yrlonde & in walles, in englonde and in fraunce,

44 He Reynyed with Rewelis of Rialle Repetacion.

An R. for the Rose pat is frische and wol nat fade,

Bothe pe rote & the stalke pat is of grete honoure, 

from normandie vnto norway pe leues do springe, 

from irlonde vnto Estlonde me reioise pat floure.

\(^1\) A long f with a stroke through it stands here.
An E. for pe egile put grete worship hath won
Thorowe pe spreadinge of his wengis put neuer
begane to flee,
There was neuer birde brede vnder pe stone

Mere fortunabule in a felde pan put birde hath be.
An R. for pe Raged staff put no man may a-skape,
from scotlonde to Calles perof they stonde in awe,
he is a stafe of stedfastnes bothe erly & latte

To Chastes siche kaytifes as don ayenst pe lawe.
Nowe haue y declared you this lettres all xij
Accordyng to their condiskiones whereuer pei ride
or goo[n];
nowe thei be declared eche lorde be him self,

Their entent and purpos groundeth all in oon,
That is, for to distroy tresson, & to mak a treue
trialle
Of theym that be-fawte & hurte vs all fulle sore,
And for pe welfare of Edward Rex moste rialle,

That is pe verie purpos that we labure fore.

And nowe, my frendes in euery cost,
The grace and goodnes of pe holigost
Kepe you in sted[fa]ste charite,

And after this life bryng you & me
vnto euery-lasting Ioie; amen for charit[e]!

EXPLICIT.

1 The Bere is bound that was so wild
For he hath lost his ragged staf.[f]

[The poem on Women follows, which is printed in The Wright's Chaste Wife.]
Edwardus Dei Gratia.

A A Edwardeus Dai gracia,
Sithe god hathe chose pe to be his kny3t,
And posseside pe in thi right,
Thoue hime honour with al thi myght,
Edwardes Dai gracia.

Oute of pe stoke pat longe lay dede
God hathe causede the to sprynge & sprede,
And of al Englund to be the hede,
Edwardes Dei gracia.

Sithe god hathe yeuen the, thorough his my3te,
Owte of that stoke birede in sight
The floure to springe, a Rosse so white,
Edwardes Dai gracia,

Thoue yeve hem lawde and praisinge,
Thove vergyne knight of whom we synge,
Vn-Deffiled sithe thy begynnyng,
Edwardes Dai gracia.

God save thy contenewaunce,
And so to prosede to his plesance
That euer thyne Astate thou mowte enhaunce!
Edwardes Dai gracia.

Rex Anglie & francia, y say,
Hit is thine owne, why saist pou nay?
And so is spayne, pat faire contrey,
Edwardis Dai gracia.

1 The big initial is wanting, as in the last poem.
Fy on slowtulle contenewaunce
Where conquest is a noble plesance,
And Regesterd in olde remembrance,
Edwardes Day Gracia.
Wherefor, prince And kyng moste my3t3,
Remembere pe subdeue of pi Regaly,
Of Englonde, frawnce, & spayn trewely,
Edwardes Dai gracia.

Explicit.

THE RECEVYNG OF KYNG EDWARD THE IIIJTH
AT BRYSTOWE.

[MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 132. The heavy letters mark the red of the MS.]

First atte the comyng ynne atte temple gate there stode
Wylliam conqueror with iij lordis, and these were his wordis
Welle-come, Edwarde, oure son of high degre!
Many yeeris hast pou lakkyd owte of this londe:
I am thy fore fader, Wylliam of normandye,
To see thy welefare here thrugh goddys sonde.
Over the same gate stondyng a greet Gyaunt deluyerlyng the
keyes.

The Receuyng atte temple Crosse next folowyng.

There was seynt George on horsbakke vppone a tent fyghtyng
with a dragone, And pe kyng & pe quene on hygh in a castelle,
And his doughter beneth with a lambe. And atte the sleyng of
the dragone ther was a greet melody of aungellys.
For Jake Napes Sowle, Placebo and Dirige.

HERE FOLOWYTHE A DYRGE MADE BY THE COMONS OF KENT IN THE TYME OF THER RYSYNGE WHEN JAKE CADE WAS THEVR CAPPITAYN.

[MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 51.]

In the moneth of may whan gres growes grene, fragrans 1 in there flourres with 2 A swet savor, Jake napis in 3 the see A maryner for to bene, 4 with his elogge and his cheyne, to sell more tresour.

suche A thynge 5 prykkyd hym, he axid A confessour:

nycolas of the towre seyd "I am redy here to se;" he was holde 6 so hard, he passyd the same howre;

for Jake napes sowle, placebo and dirige.

who shall execute 7 ye fest of solempnite?

bysshoppis and lords, as gret reson is, Monkes, chanons, and prestis, 8 with all ye clergy, 12 prayeth for 9 hym that he may com to blys,

And that nevar such Anothar come aftar this!

his intersectures, 10 blessid mot they be, and graunt 11 them to reygne with aungellis!

for Jake napys sowle placebo & dirige.

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1 MS. Cott. Vesp. B. xvi. Flagrant 2 Without 3 wold ouer 4 seke 5 payn 6 so that he ne 7 his exequies 8 & other 9 this Dukes soule | pat it might 10 interfectours 11 them for ther dede
"placebo," begynneth the bishop of hereforthe;
"dilexi," quod ye bishop of chester, "for my
Avaunser;" 2
"hew michi," seyd salysbery, "this gamo gothe
Salisbury, ferforthe;" 3
20 "Ad dominum cum tribularer," seyth ye abbot of

glocester.
"dominus custodit," thus seyþ ye bishoppes of
Rouchestre.
"leuani oculos meos," seyþ frere stanbery,
["volavi."5]  
"Si iniquitates," seyth ye bysshope of worcester;
for Iake napis sowle, "de profundis clamavi."
24 "Opera manium tuarum," seyth ye cardinall the Cardinal,
wysely,
"hath wronge,6 confitebor," for all Iake napis
wisdome,7
"Audiui vocem," seyd Ihesu crist8 on lyce, and Jesus Christ.
28 "Magnificat anima mea Dominum."

Now to this dyryge most we nedys come
this Ioyfull tyme, to say brevely,12
ix spalmes (sic), ix lessons, to sey all & sum14
32 for Iake napys sowle, placebo & dirige.
Executor of this office, dirige for to synge,
shall begynne ye bisshope of seynt as.
"varba mea Auribus," seyth the abbot of
Redynge,
36 for all our hope and Ioy is come to Allas.

1 Herford
2 Dilexi, for myn anauncement | saith pe bishopp of Chestre
3 to ferre forthe; 4 Abbot 5 volavi is from MS. Cott.
6 that brought forthe. 7 this Napes reason.
8 songe Allemightty god 9 MS. Cott. prefixes 4 And perfore syngye we'
10 gon & 11 pascalle 12 veryli. 13 Thre
14 but alle is and somme.
"Convertere\(^1\) domine," for vs wantyth\(^2\) grace, thow\(^3\) abbot of seynt albonys, full sorely syngye : \(^4\)

The abbot of the towre hyll, with his fate face, tremelyth and quakythe, for "domine, ne in furore."

Master watyr lyard schall sey\(^5\) "nequando."

the abbes of seynt alborghe,\(^6\) "domine, deus meus, in te sperau ;"

"Requiem eternam, god graunte hem to,\(^7\)
to sey\(^8\) A patar nostar," [sai\(^9\)] the bysshop of seynt davi.

For the sowles of thes wyse and wurthy,\(^10\)
Adam Molens, suffolke, sir Robert Ros, thes thre;
And specyally for Jake napis sowlle yat evar was sly,\(^11\)
48 for his sowle, placebo & dirige.

"Rys vp, lord say, and rede "parce mihi domine,
Nichil enim sunt dies mei," that shalt thou singe ;
the bysshope of carlyyll seyth "credo videre\(^12\)
52 all\(^13\) fals traytors to come to evyll\(^14\) endynge."

Dwelle thou shalt\(^15\) withe grete mornynge,
Rede "tedet animam meam vite mee ;"

\(^1\) MS. Cott. is read by Mr Wright, Commitere \(^2\) yet graunte vs
\(^3\) Sai\(^4\) MS. Cott. omits syngye ye. \(^5\) syngye
\(^6\) Abbot of Westmynstre. \(^7\) them alle in to come to. \(^8\) herto
\(^9\) From MS. Cott. \(^10\) mighty. \(^11\) wyly.
\(^12\) syngis Credo ful sore. \(^13\) To syynche \(^14\) foule
\(^15\) The baron of Dudley
FOR JAKE NAPES SOWLE, PLACEBO AND DIRIGE. 9

“Manus tue,” danyell, thou shalt synge.

For Jake napis sowle, placebo & dirige.

“Qui lazarum resussitasti,” Treuilyan shall Trevillian, singe;
Hungerford, “manus tue fecerunt me; vyby me abseondam for dred this day?”

Iohn say, synge “dominus regit me.”

“Nichyll mihi decrit,” for owt yat I can se;
“ad te domine levavi,” Master somerset schall somerset, rede:
Iohn penycoke, “delycta Juventutis mee, Allas, whythar may I fle for dred?”

“Dominus, illuminacio, help, for now is ned,”
scyth mayster wyll say, “I trow it wyll not be:”
“credo videre,” sir thomas stanle, take hede;
for Lake napis sowle, placebo & dirige.

Who but Danyel, qui lasarum shal synge

The Cotton MS. ends shortly thus:

Iohn Say redeth, “Manus tue fecerunt me.”
“Libera me,” syngeth Trevillian | warre the rere.
That thei do no more so. Requiescant in pace.
Thus pryses alle Englund | ferre & nerre.

Where is Somerset, whi apores he not here
to synge | Dies ire & miserie.
God graunte Englund. alle in fere.
for thes traitours. to synge Placebo & Dirige.

Meny mo þer be behynde. þe sothe for to telle.
þat shall messes | oppon thes do synge.
I pray som man | do rynge the belle.
þat þese forsaiden. may come to þe sacrynge.

And þat in brief tyme. without more tarienge.
þat þís messe may be ended | in suyche degre.
And þat alle Englund. ioyfulle may synge.
þe commendacione. with Placebo & Dirige.
Thomas Kent, “In memoriam eterna,” seyth Mayster Thomas Kent, "now schall owre treson be cornicled for evar;" "patar nostar," seyd mayster Gerveyse, "we be all shent,

72 for so fals A company in englond was novar."

Master Gerveyse, The abbot of barmondsey, full of lechery, “Quantas habeo iniquitatys,” take for thy lesson; Gabull of the chancery begynyth “heu mihi!" that is his preve bande, and detent of treson.

the Abbot of Bermondsey, "Homo natus de mediare," seyth ye Mayster of sent lawrence, "repletus multis miseriæ," and yat shall be wayll of lake napes sort that hath don gret offence, 80 and ever whill be lyvyd, cheffe of his counceyll.

Gabull (f) of the Chancery, [Fol. 52 back.] "Ne recorderys," stephen shegge shall synge, "quis mihi tribuat for wichcraft," seyth stace; "Domine non secundum actum meum, for then shall I hynge;"

Stephen Shegge, 84 for lake napys sowle placebo & dirige.

the Master of St Lawrence, Sir Thomas Hoo, John Hampton, “Expectans expectauui," seyth sir thomas hoo, "complaceat tibi," begynmeth Iohn Hampton; "beatus qui intelligit, and dredit also," 88 seyth Iohn fortescu, "all this fals treson."

John Fortescue, "sana, domine, oure wittes with reson," the lorde sudely devoutly prayth, "quem ad modum," desiderat ye lord stowrton 92 "situit anima mea," for him lyeth.

Lord Sudeley, The lord ryvers all onely seythe, "Requiem eternam god graunt us to se;" 96 for lake napys sowle, placebo & dirige.

Lord Rivers,
"spiritus meus attenuabtur," blakeney shall Blakeney,
begyn,
"pecantem me cotidie," seyth myners;
"pelle me consumptus carnibus to the nynne,"
100 Robart horne, alderman, that shall be thy vers. Alderman Horne,

"Requiem eternam," for the respons,
Phylip Malpas, be thou redy to syng;
It wexyth derke, thou nedyst A scows;
104 com forth, Iude, for thou shalt in brynge."

"Quare de unlua eduxisti,"
ser Thomas tudnam, that rede ye:
Abbot of westmystar, com, stond by
108 in thy myter & cope, & sey "libera me."

A-rys vp thorp and cantelow, & stond ye to-
geder,
and syng 'dies illa, dies ire;'
pulford and hanley yat drownyd ye duke of
glocestar,
112 as two traytors shall syng 'ordentes\(^1\) anime.'

And all trew comyns ther to be bolde
 to sey 'requiescant in pace,'
for all the fals traytors yat engelond hath sold,
116 And for lake napis sowle, placebo & dirige. finis.

Amen—writn owt of david norcyn his booke by
John stowe.

\(^1\) MS. ordetes. ? for ardentes.
Satirical Proclamation.

(MS. Cott. Vespas. B. xvi. Fol. 5.)

TO alle you. I sende gretynge. Wot ye that I am kyng of alle kynges. Lord of alle lordes. Souden of alle Surry. Emperour of Babillon. Steward of Helle. Porter of Paradise. Constable of Jerusalem. Lord of Certoff's, that is to say, lord of pe parties of pe world. Cousyn to youre crist. that was nailed on pe rode. And if ye wol witen. whi that I am kyng of alle kynges I lete you wite that I haue vnder my lordship of youre cristen kynges xxxvij kynges crowned. And whi that I am lord of alle lordes. semyng to me. per is none so worthi as I am. And whi that I am Emperour of Babillon. I lete you wite. that I wedded pe Emperourys doughtter. whiche was Erle of Surry. Her fader died, Wherfor I am Erle by her. And whi that I am Stiward of Helle. I lete you wite I haue alle gouernauice of wicked mawmentries & wicked spirites. And whi that I am Porter of Paradis. I lete you wite. I am keper of pe stremes of Paradis. whiche may no man come to. but he haue my lordship & gef me a gret tribut. And whi that I am Constable of Jerusalem. I lete you wite. per may no man come to Port Jaffe but he gef me a gret tribut. And whi that I am flooure of alle pe worle. I may wel sai. I haue that cristen men prayn fore. that is, pe holi cros. that your lord my cosyn died on. whiche ye may not haue without me. And that I am cristes cosyn. I let you wite. I was cristen made in England born. & for certeyn poyntes of lollerdy I
myst abide per. & so I wende to Rome & after to Rodes. & per I was with Sarasens & tuene to her lawe or be ded. And for my cartesie I was put to pe Soudenys house & was made vssh er of halle. & pen died pe Souden & his heire, And I wedded his wiff. & so I was souden. & pen died my wiff. and I wedded pe Emperourys doughter. & was Emperour bi here. & bycome Souden of Surry. but I sende gretyng to Henry kyng of England, pe frenshe womman sone. & so be pat he wol wed my daughter. I wel becom crist'en, & alle my meyne. And wol get hym iij Milions of gold. And deluyere hym pe holy cros with al pe Reliques in my kepyng. And I shal make hym Emperour of xxxvij kynges crist'en. pat is, Anglond. France. Irland. Scotland. Denmark. norwey. portugale. Cicile. Sipres. Spayn. Swhen. Castel. Orsorial bene. hungry. Magon. Naples. Cshresy. And to stonde with hym agaynst alle Cristen kynges. Writen in pe yere of youre gret god my cosyn. MCCCCxvj yere.

Dated a.d. 1416.

[Mr James Gairdner, of the Record Office, tells me that 'Henry kyng of England, pe frenshe womman son,' can only mean Henry VI., born in 1421, son of Catharine, daughter of Charles VI. of France. Henry's marriage with Margaret of Anjou, suggested by the Earl of Suffolk in 1444, took place in 1445. Mr Gairdner therefore thinks the date of 1416 (the third of Henry V.) a mistake of the copier of the MS. In this Mr G. E. Adams agrees, and would fix the date at 1436, believing that 'pe frenshe womman son' would not have been used after her death, in 1438. But the difficulty is to settle what the Proclamation is intended to satirize. The possession of Jerusalem, Joppa, the Holy Rood, &c., the being Souden of Surry or Syria, and the like, point to the Sultan. The Porter of Paradise, the Cousin of Christ, the opposition to Lollardy, might have been thought to hint at the Pope, if the marriages (unless allegorical ones are alluded to) did not prevent that. Professor Brewer suggests Antichrist, that is, the representative of the Antichristian powers. The allusion to Lollardy may point to Sir John Oldeastle, Lord Cobham's rising, for which he was executed Dec. 25, 1417. "Curiously enough, Henry III. was also King of England for some time during the lifetime of his mother, a
French woman; but of course the text could not apply to so early a date, besides that the taking away from the date is a greater sin than adding thereunto. I am inclined to think the whole thing a satire by the party of Cardinal Beaufort on the poverty of, and want of any real power in, René, Duke of Anjou, titular King of Jerusalem, Sicily, Naples, Aragon, Valence, &c., &c., who had succeeded his brother Louis in all these and many other high-sounding titles in 1434, and was probably at that time displaying them to the utmost advantage in hopes of getting something more solid by so doing—which came to pass in 1444 and 1445 by the betrothal and subsequent marriage of his daughter Margaret with King Henry. Jerusalem, &c., were considered by René as belonging to him. Remember, too, this was before the conquest of the Eastern Empire in 1453. Of course René's marriages do not apply. He married twice, but his first wife did not die till 1453. I have not time to go into the subject fully. Other points ought to be looked into—viz., Henry vij. was, in his 23rd year, wished by the Duke of Gloucester to marry a daughter of the Count of Armagnac. Who was he? Could he be meant? I do not think so, because at that time Catherine was dead, and probably Henry would not be spoken of as the son of the Frenchwoman, it being usual for English kings to marry French princesses, and every king (excepting Edward III.) having done so from John downwards, though some had English wives as well. In 1425 John Palaeologus II. was Emperor of the East, till 1448. What sort of man was he? He had probably many titles and (titular) kingdoms, and little else. I have not time to pursue him, liking René better."—G. E. A.]

1 Constantinople was taken 29th May, 1453, by Mahomet II., and Constantine XIII. (Palæologus) slain, with whom ended the Eastern Empire.—Haydn's Diet. of Dates.
The Hors, the Shepe, and the Gosse.

(OR THE PRAISE OF CHRIST, OF WOOL AND OF THE SHEEP.)

This pascale Lambe with-owte spott, alle whyte;
By his passione in brosa streyned Rede
Whiche come frome Edome! his lambe moste deyte,

that gave his body to man in forme of brede
On shreefe thursday to-forne or he was dede!
was there euery fownedyn In scripture,
Of horse or goos so solempne A fygure?

8 This lambe was cryste whiche lynally doune came
Be dissent conveyed the pedegrowe
Frome the patryarke Abrahaame
By Isaak, Iacob, so doune to Iesse,

whiche by the vertu of humelyte
lyst to be called oure blessyd lorde Ihesu,
for his mekenesse the lambe of moste vertu.

And to Reheresse worldly comodytes,

16 In RepupHica make no comp[ar]icon ;
there is no beste whiche in alle degrees—
Neydyr tygur, ne holyfaunt, ne gryffon,
Alle thyng Rekynnyd thorowe euerie Regyon—

20 Dothe so grete prophete, horse, gose, ne swane,
As dothe the shepe vnto the case of man.

Lat hyt be thy booste, horse, and py Ianglyng,
lay doune thy trappurs forgyd of plate & mayle,

[1 bosra steyned] Was ever found in Scripture so solemn a figure of Horse or Goose as of the Paschal Lamb?

[2 de] This Lamb was Christ, descended from Abraham and Jesse,

and called for his meekness, the Lamb.

Of worldly goods none profits so the Common Weal

as does the Sheep.

Horse! let be thy pride.


What avail thy bosses? 

The Lamb has vanquished Satan.

The Goose may cackle, the Horse may prance,

but for the common profit they are nothing like the Lamb.

Wool is England's greatest wealth (excepting corn), and none better is in the world.

From Sheep come fur and skins, enriching men—furs black and white, garments and gloves against the cold,

What cast of thy sadynle of golde so Fresche shynnynge; what may thy bossis or brydylle nowe A-vayle? thy goostely lambe hathe Doone A grete batayle; By hys mekenes he ofyrde vpe for man, Clade in pure purpylle, venquesshd hape sathan.

The goose may calke, the horse may pryk and prauce, Nowe-there of hem prowessse may atteyne for to be put or sett In Remembraunce Agayne the lambe, thowe they per-at hane disdeyne: To the comyn prophete he passithe booth the tweyne; weyede and consydyrde by-twene [pore &] Ryche, To hym In valewe they be no-thyng lyche. Of brutus Albyon, his wole is cheffe Richesse, In presse surmountyng eny othyr thynge Save greyne of corne; merchaundty's alle expresse wole is cheffe Ryches in this lande growynge, to ryche and to poore this beste fyndythe clothyng; Alle Nacioons Aferme hit vp to the Fulle, In alle this worlde is there no better wole. Off shope also comythe the pelt and eke Felle, Gadyrd in this londe for A grete merchaundyse, Caryed over the see where men may hit selle; the wole skynnes cawesythe men to Ryse to grete Ryches in many sonedry wyse; the shope also turnyng to grete prophyte, to helpe of man berythe furres blake and whyte. There is also made of the shepys skyn Pylchis and glovy's to dryve A-waye the colde;
there is also made goode parchemyne
to wryte on bokis and quayres many folde.
the Ram of golches bare A flesse of golde ;
the Flees of Edome with dewe delectable
was of marya A fygure fulle notabulle.

Hhis Flesche also is naturalle Resturacion ;
As sum men sayne, after grete sykenes,
Rosted or sodone, holsum is motune ;
Boylyd with growelle foysune, alle expresse,
Fulle Nutr[it]jyffe after A grete Axsesse ;
Of his nature lovythe Reste and pees,
the shepe also concluydythe douteles.

Of the shepe is cast A-way no thyngle :
his horne for nokkys, to Asshis gothe his Boone ;
to lord[s] grete prophete doth his tyrde lyenge ;
his talowe also servythe for plastyrts mo than fat,
one :
for harpe stryngis his Ropys servythe the Ichoone ;
of whose hede boyled, hole wole and alle,
There coomythe A Iely, An oynment fulle Ryalle ;

For ache of bonys and also for brusure,
hit Remedyethe and dothe ease blyve,
Causithe men sterke pynttlis to Recure,
Dede senewys Agayne Restorythe to lyffe.
Blake shepsy wole with Fresche oyle & olyve,
these men of Armys with charmys preew hit goode,
At A strayte neede they can wele stanche bloode.

Unto the wolffe contrarye of nature,
As seyne Auctours, is this oumbbylle best
that love[th] ne debate, for with eche creature
for his party he woulde lyve in Reste ;
"Where-for, yee Ingis, I holde hit for the best
since Peace is better than War,

84 Alle wey consyderying that pees is better than wer.

"In this mater, brevly to conclude,
pees to profyr,¹ as to my Devyce,
By many olde prevyde symelytuede,
give the sheep the prize,
and stop all war.

[1 preferre]

88 Makythe no delaye, yevythe to be shepe be pris
of one Assent: sitthe at yee be wyse,
lett alle werr and stryfe be sett A-syde,
And vpon pees dothe with the shepe Abyde."

"No," says the Horse, "the Sheepe is the cause
of war.

92 "Nay," quode the horse, "youre Request is wronge;
Alle thyng consydyrd, me were lothe to Err;
the shepe is cause, and hathe beene longe,
For his wool the Duke of Burgundy

96 the Syrcumstaunce me lust nat to defer:
thy wole was cause of grete occasione
why that the prowde Dewke of Burgoyne

attacked Calais;

100 whiche gave the sakk/es & sarpelers of that towne
[To gaunt & bruges his fredom for to shewe,]
of thy wolles hyghte [he] hem poscissione.
his boysteous bastylle was fyrst bett A-downe,

104 hym selfe onnethe scaped with the lyffe:
What but thy woll/és was cause of pat stryfe?

[Fol. 143, back.]

108 and where wool is plenty, there reckless men
gather to plunder.

Without war, too, great Horses would be no good."

112 lytylle or nought grete horssis woulde Avayle."
"No," quod the goose, "nor the fethurs whyte withowtyn werr shoulde do noone Avauntage, nor hokyd Arowy[s] prophytt but a lyghte to mete oure Enemyes, magre theyre vyseage; And of oure Enemyes to save us from damage; Flyghte of my fedurs, dispyte of shepe Ichone, Shalle us defende Agayne oure mortalle foone."

"Sothe," quode the horse, "as in myn Inwarde sylght, withowtyn werr, aforne as I yowe tolde, wee may nat saue and kepe our Right, Ouere garnessoins, ne oure castellis olde."

But here this shepe, Rukkyng in his folde, Sett lytylle stoore of swerde ne of Arowys keen, Whan he with peas may pastur on the grene;

"So yff hit stoode that no wer ware, loste were the craffte of Armoreres. what shoulde Avayle swyrde, palox, or spere, Or dagars wrought by the cutlers, Bowes, crosebowys, Arowys, or fethers? Alle these Insturmenttis for the werres wrought, yff wer shoulde stynte, shoulde serue of nought!

In theyre ocupacion they shoulde have no cres, knyghthode shoulde nat floure in his estate;

In every cuntrey, yf that there were pease, No man of Armys shoulde be fortunate. I preve that pease is grounde of alle debate, For of fyte spokys, lyke as on A whele,

Turnythe alle the worlde, who can consydyr wele.

Synne fyrst Atuppyas whiche causithe Richesse, And Riches is horygynalle of pryde, Pryde causithe, for lak of Ryghtwysnes,
Pride causes wars,
wars produce poverty,
and when men have lost their treasure,
then they cry out for Peace."

"Is the Horse mad," says the Sheep, "to say that Wool does no good?"

The Sheep causes no wars.

Men wrongly blame their benefactors.

Is the Sheep to blame because men shear him and fight for his wool?

144 Warre by-twene Reamys one euery syde; hartës contrarye in peas cannat Abyde. thus, fynally, ho can consydyr and see, werre is cheffe cause and grounde of pouerte.

148 "Pouerte be werre hathe brought by dycensyon, for lak of tresoure thowe he can no moore, Save onely this, he crythe afster peasse, And compleynnythe vppon þe werres sore. he seythe ' by werre he hathe godis lorne, Can no Recouer, but gruchen and disdeyne ; Seythe that he woulde haue peas Agayne.'"

152 "Here is A Ientylle Reson of An horse ! I trowe he be falle in Dotage Whiche of madenes by wolles sett no forsse ! falsly Afermyng Dothe noone Avauntage, Vertues plente may do no damage.

156 A shepe berythe his frysse, I tolde so whan I began, Nat for hym-selffe, but for the prophyte of man.

"Dyners comedytees that comyn of the shepe causythe no werre,what so men Iangyllëor muse, As in her gyld the Iuges take kepe, What that I saye her innocentës to excuse, of couetyse falsely men may muse there benefettës, and wrongely hyr at-wyȝte, of suche occa[.]on where she is nat to wyghte.

160 A shepe berythe his frysse, I tolde so whan I began,
Nat for hym-selffe, but for the prophyte of man.

164 As in her gyld the Iuges take kepe, What that I saye her innocentës to excuse, of couetyse falsely men may muse there benefettës, and wrongely hyr at-wyȝte,

168 of suche occa[.]on where she is nat to wyghte.

172 Causeles to stryve folcs wole nat sparę ; where peas Restythe, there is alle welefare,
And, sayeth the shepe lousythe peas of Innocence, yeuythe for her parte deffenutyffe sentence."

The Ryalle Egle, the lyon off Assent, Alle thyng consydyrd Rehersyd here to-forne, of alle these ij by goode Avyseen— of hors, and goose, or Rame with his grethorne— Saw in Repuplica myght nat be for-borne, By shorte sentence to voyde alle discord, Caste A meene to sett hem Anon at A-corde.

This was the meane to voyde theyre stryves And alle olde gruchchyng, and her hartis to glade, "yowese" theyre Ryghtis & theyre prerogatyys, to that eende that there were made, where-with presompcon theyre bakkis be nat lade,

[un]devyded in harte with wyll and thought to do theyre office as nature hathe be wrought.

"The horsse by kynde to lyve in travayle, the goos with her gosselyng ij to swyme in the lake, the shepe whose wollis do so myche A-vayle, In his pasture grass and mery make, theyre compairisonis of on Asent to for-sake, Allway Remembryng howe god and nature to A goode eende made Every creature

"That noone of odor shoule do wronge, the Ravenus wolffe the selly lamente to opresse; And thowe on be more that Anoder stronge, to the feabler do no froward dures. Alle extorcion is grond of falsnesse, wylle is nowe lawe wheuer hit be wronge or Ryght, trouthe is put downe, is put to Flyght.
Comparisons are odious;

let him who has most of virtue's gifts share them with his friends,

[Fol. 145.]

one supplying another's lack,

and no man disdaining any other.

"Odyous of olde been comparisonis,
And of comparisonis engendyr'd is haterede,
Alle folke be nat [lyke] of condicionis,
Nor lyke disposyde in wylle, thought, and deede;

For whiche is [this fable], as I Reede,
Contreyyd was, that ho hade grettest parte of vertues yeefis, shoulde with his frendis parte.

"As thus alle vertues hathe nat o man,
that oone lakkyth, nature haþe yeve Anoder ;
that thowe cannyst nat, percaase Anoder can,
to entyrecomyn as A brodyr dothe with A-noder.
yff charyte governe wele the Rother,

Alle in oone vesselle, to speke in wordis pleyne,
that no man shoulde of odyr haue disdeyne."

Explicit the hors, the Shepe, and the gosse.

[The Complaynt of Criste follows.]
Rats Away.

[MS. Rawl. C. 228, fol. 113, fly-leaf. The writing on this page is very illegible.]

I comawnde alle þe ratons þat are here abowte, I ðorde no rats to dwell here,
þat non dwelle in þis place with-inne ne withowte,
þorð þe vertu of ihesu crist þat mary bare abowte,
þorð þe vertu of ihesu crist þat mary bare abowte,
4 þat alle c[re]aturs owyn for to lowte, and the Four Evangelists,
þorð þe vertu of mark, mathew, luke, anion,— alle foure awangelys corden into on,—
þorð þe vertu of sent ærætrude, þat mayde clene, St Gertrude
8 god graunte þat grace
þat [non] raton dwelle in þe place
þat her nanis? were nemeled in ;
þorð þe vertu of sent kasi
12 þat holy man
þat prayed to god almyty for skafhes,2 þat þei deden
þei medyn
16 be dayes & be nyȝt
god bad hem flen & gon out of euery manesse by virtue of Christ,
syȝt,
dominus deus sabaot, emanuel, þe gret gods name,
I be-tweche þes place from ratones & from alle
þorð þe vertu of sent ærætrude, þat mayde clene,
20 god sauc þis place fro alle op er wykked wytes
boþe be dayes & be nytes, & in nomine patris
þorð þe vertu of sent ærætrude, þat mayde clene,
& filii, &c.

[FOLLOWS: S 8. GOOD MEDICEYN POUR LE DROPESY, &c.]
Twelve Points for Purchasers of Land to Look to.

[fol. 203, col. 1, ms. lambeth 306.]

Who-so wylle be ware of purchasyng,
Consyndre theese poyntes folowyng:—

1. Fyrst se that the lande be cleere,
2. And the tytle of the sellere,
3. That it stonde in no dawengeer
   Of no womans doweere;
4. And whethir the lande be bonde or free,
5. And the leese or releese of the feoffe.
6. Se that the seller be of age,
7. And whethir it be in any morgage;
8. Looke if ther-of a tayle be fownde,
9. And whethir it stonde in any statute bownde;
10. Consyndre what servyce longyth ther-to,
11. And the quyterent that there-of owte shalle goo:
12. And yf thon may in any wyse
    Make thy charter on warantyse
    To thyne heyres & assynges alle-so,
    This shalle a wyse purchaser doo:
    And yn tenne yere, if ye wyse bec,
    ye shalle a-geyne youre syluer see.
If thou wilt live in peace,

Counselle, what-so-euer thou be
Off polyeye, foresight, and prudence,
Yf yow wilt lyffe in pease and vnite,

Conforme thiself and thynk on yis sentence,
Whersoever thou hold residence;
Among wolys thow be wolysch of corage;
A leoun with leounys; a lambe, for Innocence;

lyke thyn audience, so vtyyr thy langage.

The vncombe is cawght with maydysn song,
By disposition record of scripture;

with cormerantes make thy nek long

In pondys depe thy pray to recouere;
Among foysys be foysische of nature;
Among rauenours thynk for avantage;

with empty hand men may no hawkes lure,

And like thy audience, so vtyyr thy langage.

With holy men speke of holynesse,
And with a glotyn be delicate of thy fare;
With drownkyn men do surfettes by excesse,

And among wasters no spendyng that poux spare;
With wodcokkes lerne for to dare;
And sharp thy knyfe with pilowers for pilage;
like the market so prayse thy chafare,

And like thy audience, so vtyyr thy langage.
With ferrets, rob rabbit burrows;

with thy fellows,
[Fol. 82. h.]
spare not thy life.

 Remember
Daniel's case,

and fear not to be in caves with drageous.

With wise men, 
talk of Wisdom;

with poets, of poetry; but be not presumptuous.

In everything conform to thy company,

and like thine audience utter thy language.

With an ottyr spare ryuer none ne poude, with hem that fyrrettith robbe conyugherthys; A blode-hounde, with bowe and arrow in honde,

Mawgre the wache of fosters and parkerryss. like thy felischyp spare no dawngers, For lyfe ne dethe, thy lyfe to putt in morgage; Among knythys, squyrlys, chanownys, monkes, frelys,

like thy audience, vtttyr thy langage.

Daniel lay, a prophet full notable Of god, preservyd in prison with lyouns; Where god list spare, a tygre is not vengeable, And yf thow be in cavys wyth dragownys, Remembre how Abacuk browght pe potage So ferre to danyel thorow many regionys;

As case requirith, soo vtttyr thy langage.

With wise men talke of sapience, with philosophers speke of philosophye; with schipmen, sailyng that haf experience, In trobly seys how they schall hem guye; And with poetys talk of poetry; Be not presumptuose of chere ne of visage, But where thow cumyst in any compamy, like thyn audience, so vtttyr thy langage.

Thys litlely ditty concludyth in menyng, Who that cast hym thyss reule for to kepe, Mot conforme hym like in euery thyng, Where he shall byde, vnto the felyshypye; with wachemen wake, with sloggy folkys slepe, with wode men wode, with frentyke sauage; Renne with bestys, with wyld wormys crepe, And like the audience, vtttyr hys langage.
LYKE THYN AUDIENCE, SO VTTYR THY LANGAGE.

If Mong alle thys I counselle jyt, take hede,
Where thow abydist or rest in any place,
In chefe loue god, and with pi loue haf drede,
60 And be fereful agayne hym to trespace;
with vertuose folk encrese shall e pi grace;
And viciose men am cause of gret damage;
In every feliship so for pi-self purchace.
64 Where vertu regnyth, there vttj-r thi langage.

By Be payed with litelle, content with suffisance;
Clyme not to hygh, thus byddlyth socrates,
Glad pouert is of tresours most substance;
68 And Catoura seyth, is none so gret encrese
Of worldly tresowre as for to lyve in pease,
Which among vertues hath pe vasselage;
I take record of diogenes,
72 which to Alysaunders had thys langage.

But Hys palace was a lityl poore tonne,
Which on a whele he gan with hym cary,
Bad thys emperowre ryde out of hys sonne,
76 which1 demyd hymself richar than kyng dary;
kept with hys vesaile from wyndes contrary,
Where-in he maad daily hys passage;
Thys philosophre with princes list not tary,
80 Ne in theire presence to vttjr no langage.

Be content with little.
Peas is of more worth than money.
Diogenes told Alexander.

Thou see, though he lay in a tub; and soon Fortune gav Alexander a fall.

A-twene theis tweyn a gret comparison;
kyng alysaunder, he conquerryd alle;
Dyogenes lay in a smalle dongeon,
84 In sondre wedyrs which turnyd as a balle;
Fortune to Alisaunder gaf a sodayne falle;
The philosophre despised hys coignage,
he thought vertu was more imperialle,
88 Than hys aquayntance with alle hys proud lan-
gage.

1 MS. which.
Antony and Paul despised all riches; lyuyd in desert of wilfull pouert; Cesar and pompey of martialle wodnesse.

By theyr emyose compassyd cruelte, Twene germany and affrik was gret enmyte; Noo comparison twene good grayne and forage; Praye every thyng like to hys dege,

Antony and Paul despised alle richesse, lyuyd in desert of wilfull pouert;
Cesar and pompey of martialle wodnesse,

By theyr emyose compassyd cruelte,
Twene germany and affrik was gret enmyte;
Noo comparison twene good grayne and forage;
Praye every thyng like to hys dege,

And like pe audience, so vttyr pi langue.

I founde a liknesse depict vpon a walle,
Armyd in vertues, as I walkyd up and downe,
The hede of thre fulle solempne and roiall,

I saw a picture armed with virtues,
with eyes and ears of discretion, mouth and tongue avoiding detraction,

hand and arms

I founde a liknesse depict vpon a walle,
Armyd in vertues, as I walkyd up and downe,
The hede of thre fulle solempne and roiall,

with eyne and erys of clere discretion,
Mowth and tongge avoydyng alle outrage,
A-gaye the vice of fals detraction,

To do no surfett in word ne langue;

hand and arms with thydiscretion,
Where so man haf force or febilnesse,
Treuly to mene in hys affeccon;

I founde a liknesse depict vpon a walle,
Armyd in vertues, as I walkyd up and downe,
The hede of thre fulle solempne and roiall,

Hand and armys with thydiscretion,
Where so man haf force or febilnesse,
Treuly to mene in hys affeccon;

For fraude orfavour, to solow ryghtwisnesse;
Entrainlys, inward deuoeion with mekenesse.

Passyng pigmalion, which grauyd hys ymage,
Prayd to venus, of louers chef goddesse,

To grant it lyfe and qwiknesse of langage.

Off hole entent pray we to crist ihesu,
To qwik a figure in owre conscience,
Reason as hede, with membres of vertu

A-forne rechersyd breudy in sentence.
Vadir support of hys magnificence,
Crist list so gonerne owre worldly pilgrmage,
Twene vice and vertu to set a difference,

To hys plesaunce to vttyr owre langage.

Explicit.
Proverbys of Howsolde-kepyng.

[Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 64; ? ab. 1530 A.D.]

THE DOCTRYNALL PRINCYPLIS & PROVERBYS YCONOMIE, OR HOWSOLDE KEYPNG, SENT FROM SAYNT BERNARDE, VNTO RAYMONDE, LORDE OF AMBROSE CASTELLE.

Attende that if thy chargis of thy houce & thi Rentis be egalle. A soden chavnce may sone distroye the of yt. A Ruynoys houce is the state of a negligent man. The neglygens of a Ruler ys compared vnto a gret fyre brymnyng vp-an a houce. Peyse wisely the besynes & the purpose of them wich ammynyster thy goodes. To hym that is in the wey of povertie, & not fully power, it is lesse shame to spare, than vtterly to fawle. It is wysdome, ofte to se thin owne goodis, how they bene dysposid. Chargeabyl mariagis cause hurte withoute wurshype. Charge or expense for chyvalrye is wurshypfulle. Charge for helpyng of freudys is resonabyl. Charge for helpyng of wasters ys but losse. Consyder the mete & the drynke of thy bestys, for though they hungyr, they aske not. Feede thi hownce with groce, & not with delycate meete. The glotone onethis chaungyth hym before his deth. Glotony of a vyle neglygent man is but corruptione. Glotony of a besy man is to hym a solace. Feede thy hownce at pryn[n]cipalle festes, plentifully, but not delycatly.
Make a plee betwyx glotony and thy pursse. Nevyrthelessee be ware to which of thise two thow be advocate, or what sentens thou gene betwyx them, for glotony hath effectualle wytnes.

The pursse alle-so provith evidently for hyr, be cofrys & celerys wastynge.

Thow demyst a-mysse a-gens glotonye, whan covetyse byndith or knyttith thy pursse.

Covetyse shalle nevyr deme ryght be-twycz glotonye & the pursse, For covetyse is distroyer of hym selfe.

The pursse alle-so provith evidently for hyr, be cofrys & celerys wastynge.

Covetyse is not ellys, but evyr in powre lyving, and evyr to be a-ferde of povertes.

The covyrous man lyvith ryght wysli in him selfe, in that he lesith not, but kepith to othirs advayle. Bettyr it is to kepe for othir than to leese in hym selfe.

In Plente of corne, desyre no derth, for he that lovith it is a distroyer of power men.

Sel thi corne at a lowe price, & not whan yt may not [be] bought of powre men: Not oonly to thy neyghbours, but allso to thyne enmyse, for litel pryce, for ofte the enmy is easelyer venuquisied with seruice than with stroke of swerde.

Pride ageyste frende or neyghbour, is as a bath where men feer the thondyr strooke.

Be ware of straungers while thou haste an enmye, & se welle to his wayes.

Debylite of an enmye is no sure peace, but truce for a seasone.

Iffe thou suppoce the sure whille thou haste an enmye, thow puttyst thi sellfe in perylle.

Be not cyryouys to whe or knowe what thin suspect women do. Thow shalte nevyr be cyryd if thowe oonys knowe the cryme of thyne owne true wyfe.

In hering of othir mens wyfes thow shalte aswage the sorowe of thyne owne.

A nobyle and a wurshipfulle hert nevyr askyth of womens dedys.

Thowe shalte bettyr chastise a shrode wyfe with myrthe then with strokes or smytyng.
An olde commyn woman, if the lawe woulde suffyr, shulde be buryed quyke.
A costefulle clothe is tokyn of povertie.
A sity garment is yrkesome to neybors.
Please with thi dedys rathir than with thy clothis.
A woman havyng clothis, & evir desyrmyng mo, lakkyth stede-fastnes.

Holde hym thy bettir frende, that rather genith his goodys, than hym whiche offerth the his persoone.

Yff thou counceyl thy frende, folowe reason, & not his plesure.

Put from the a proude servaunte, as hym that shulde be thy enemye.

Sel thyne howce to hym that wylle geue moste.

Nota. Se what folowth to them that love mynstrels.
Bettir it is to suffyr greate hungyr than sale of patrymonye.
Selle no parte of thyne heritage vnto thy bettyr, but for lesse pryce selle yt to thy subiecte.
What is vsure, but venyme of patrymonye, and a lawfulle thefe that tellyth ys entent.
By right nought with felawshippe of thyne bettyr.
Suffyr patiently thy power felowshippe, & coople the not to the strawnger.
Evyr-lastyng god oonely ys sobyr yn plente & scarsnes of wynes.
Drunkespippe doyth ryght nought evynly, but whan yt ovyr-throughith.
Yf thow felyst stronge wynes, fle felyshippe; seke slepe rathir than talkyng.
The drunke man with wordys accusith his owne excesse.
It besemyth not a yonge man to be a tasteoure of wynes.
Fle & estchue A leche that is drunkelewe.
Nota. Be ware of that leche which by the woulde take experyens howe he myght hele a-nothir.
Smale whelpes leeve to laddyse & clerkys.
Waker howndes been profitable.
Howndes of venery coste more then they aveyle.
Make not thy sonne stuarde of thy goodys.
Say not in thy selfe, ‘what a-vaylith alle doctrine yf fortune lyste not to favoure.’ I haue scene folys leevyng contyngence, accuse them-selfe infortunat, of whom the wyse man seledom complaynith.
Wyse laboure & myshappe seldom mcte to-gyder, but yet slugyednes & myshappe be seledome dysseyvrde.
The slugge lokyth to be holpe of god that commawndyth men to waake in the worlde.
Peyse the eee of thyne expence with the laboure of thy getynge.
Commytte thyne age [to] thy god rather than to thy sonne.
In dysposyng thy legatys [sic], pay firste thy servanntis.
Nota. Commytte not thi soule to swych as loun thy persone, but rather to them which loun her owne sowles.
Dispose thi goodys or sykenes take the.
He that is a servant to sykenes may no testament make.
Free, therefore, & in helth, make thowe thy testament.
Here what thi chyldern wylle doo aftyr thy deth. Peraventure thei seke departysion of ther heritage.
If thi chyldeyme bene gentilmenye, it ys bettyr they be dyvydide in the worlde, then her heritage shulde be deuydide.
If thi childryn be laborers, let them do as th[e]i wylle.
Yf thei be mercyauntes, dyvision of heritage is bettyr than communyon, that the infortune of oone hurte not the other.
If the mothir of them seke to be maride, she doth follyly, and, woulde god, in to the bewailyng of her, for her trespas, she myght be weddid to a yonge mane, For suche oone shulde sone caste her a-way & consume her goodes, and so oone cuppe of sorowe shulde be comvne to them bothe.

The Height of Christ, our Lady, &c.

[Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 203, col. 2.]

THE LONGITUDE OF MEN POLOWYNG.

Moyses .xiiij. fote & viij ynches & dimidium.
Cryste .vj. fote & iij ynches.
Our lady .vj. fote & viij ynches
Crystoferus .xvij. fote & viij ynches.
Kyng Alysaunder .iiij. fote & v ynches
Colbronde .xvij. fote & iij ynches & dimidium
Syr Gy .x. fote. iij ynches & dimidium.
Seynt thomas of Caunterbery .vij. fote sune a ynche
Long Mores, a man of yrelonde borne, & servaunt to kyng Edward the iiiijth .vj. fote & x. ynches & dimidium.

[Printed in Reliquie Antiquae, v. 1, p. 200, with Ey for Gy, and "half" for the contraction di.]
List of Books Proscribed in 1531.

[MS. Lambeth, 306, fol. 65, col. 2.]

Memorandum, the firste sonday of Advent in the yere of our lorde M 1 fyue hundreth & xxxi th these Bokes folowynge were opynly at poules crosse by the autorite of my lorde of london vnder his Autentycal scale, by the doctor that that day prechide, prohibite, and straytely commaunded of no maner of man to be vsed, bought, nor solde, nor to be red, vnder payne of suspencion, and a greter payne, as more large apperyth in for-sayde autoryte.

The first boke ys this,
1. The disputacioii betwixte the fathyr and the soñ.
2. The supplicacioii of beggars.
3. The Revelation of Antechriste.
4. Liber qui de voti & novicio deo inscribitur.
5. Pre Precaciones.
7. The burying of the masse in english yn ryme.
8. An Exposition in-to the vij th chapter to the Corinthians.
9. The Matrimony of Tyndale.
10. A. B. C. ayenst the Clergye.
11. Ortulus anime, in English.
13. A Boke made by freer Roye ayenst the sevyn sacramentis.
15. A Disputacion of Purgatorye, made by Johu Fryth.
16. The Firste boke of Moyses called Genesis.
17. A prologe in the ij de boke of moyses, called Exodus.
18. A prologe in thyrde boke of Moyses, called Leviticus.
19. A prologe in the iiiijth boke of Moyses, called Nvmeri.
20. A prologe in the vth boke of Moyses, called Detronomye.
21. The Practyse of Prelates.
22. The Newe testament in englissh, with a Introduction to the Epistle to the Romaynes.
23. The Barable of the wyked mammonde.
24. The Obeliens of A Chrysteñ man.
25. A boke of thorpe or of John Oldecastelle.
26. The Some of Scripture.
27. The Prymer in English.
28. The Psalter in English.
29. A Dyalog betwixt the gentylman and the plowman.
30. Ionas In English. And alle other suspect bokes, bothe in English and in laten, as welle now printed or that here-after shalle be printed, and not here afore namyd.

A Tale of Ryght Nought.

[ Egerton MS. 1995. ]

There was a man that hadde nought;
There come theuys & robbed hym, & toke nought;
He ranne owte, and cryde nought.
Why shoulde he crye? he loste nought.
Here ys a tale of ryght nought.
A Medicine to Restore Nature in a Man.

[Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 65 back, col. 2.]

Put three Chickens in a coop.
Soak some wheat,
collect snails
or black slugs, and boil them with the wheat;
then take out the wheat,
and feed the Chickens with it and bread, and the snail-water.
Eat a chicken every two days.

Take iiij Chekyns or .iiij. as ye lyke, & put them in a coope to feede, as I shalle teche you. Fyrste take a quantyte of whete, & put yt in cleue watyr, & then gadyr a good quantyte of snayles that beer howses on them, & put them therto as they be, shelles & alle; and yt ye canne fynde no soche snayles, thanne take blak snayles, and so thanne boyle alle these to-gyder, the whete & the snayles in water, with the shelles of them that haue shelles; & for lakk of them that haue shelles, boyle the blakke snayles. And whan it is welle boylid to-gedyr, then take oute the whete by hymselfe, & the watyr by hym-selfe, & caste awey the shelles & the corruptyon of the snayles, And with that whete fede the checons, and with brede a-monge, And let them dryanke of the watyr, & of none other watyr. And when ye be dysposyd, etc a Chekyyn, one day rostyd, And ij. days after a-nother, & so contynue as ye fynde yt doth you good.

Probatum est.

For to Dystroy a Wrang Naple, othewyse callyd a Corne.

Take wylye tansey, and grynede yt, and make yt neshe, & ley it therto, and it wyl bryng yt owght.
Of the Seats of the Passions.

[**Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 118.**]

The bones in a man ben in nombre .iij C. xvij. The veynes ben .iij. C. lxv. The tethe in perfyte Age .xxxij. The mynde is in the Brayne. The vndyr-stondying in the fronte. The Ire in the gawle. Auaryce in the kyndey. Loue in the harte. Brethyng in the lownges. Gladnes in the splene. Thought in the harte. Blode in the body. Hope in the sowle. The mynde in the spyrit. The harte in the mynde. The Feyth in the harte. And cryst in the feyth. And whylth it noryssh the body, it is cawlyd **Anima**, the sowle. This worde **Anima** hath many significacions, for when it is in con- templacyon, it is sayde a spyrit, Spiritus. And when it savyrth, it is saide Reson or wytte, **Anima**. And when it felith, it is sayde felyng, sensus. And when it vnderstondyth, it is callyd mynde, Mens. And when it demyth, it is called Reson, Racio. And when it consentyth, it is callyd wylle, Voluntas. And when it recordyth, it is sayde mynde, Memoria.
A Greeting on New Year's Morning.

[\textit{Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 136 b.}]

This New Year's morn, for good-hap I send you my heart, and wishes that you may live 100 years.

Iuellis precious cane y non fynde to selle

to sende you, my souerein, pis newe yeres morowe,

wher-for lucke and good hanselle

my hert y sende you, & seynt Iohn to borowe,

that an C yeres withouton aduerssit[e] & sorowe ye mowe live: y pray to god pat ye so mote, And of all your Dessires to sende you hastely bot.

Take this poor gift, dear one, graciously,

(all friends give gifts on New Year's Day),

for my heart always remem-bers you;

8 Beseeching you, Dere heret, as Enterly as y cane,
to take en gre this poure gifte Onely for my cane, as is the custome, & hath ben ma[n]y a Day, Oo frend to a-nother yeve and take.

12 Riche is it nat, grete boste of to make,
Saue an hert is reme[n]bratyf to you in eueri stounde
the whiche periusschide ones, yet grene is pe wonde.

That it be yours, trewele it is my liste;

16 my possesioon and my parte per-of y denye;
and as towcheing to pis olde worlde called hadywiste,
Vnto my lives ende fuly y Deffie.
palaman gafe his herte to emely;

20 He fuched it no better, ne repentide it les thanne y do of this gifte, god y take to witnes.
my purpos hath the ben longe my hert thus to chast,
And til this yeres day ye ne durst for schame.

24 men sei that no thinge is so free as gyfte,
And to take it ayene y were fulle to blame;
But as in that deffaute y wille not lese my name,
So that y yeue ones be yeve for euermore,

28 For this hath loue and trouth y-lerned me pe lore,

Euermore without chaung for euer
til body and soule parte and disseuere.
To my Heart's Joy.

My heart's Joy!

May this verse
find favour with
and I

May this verse
4
find favour with
you, the Flower
of Beauty.

Though well in
body, I am ill in
heart
till I see you.

I pray the Trinity
to keep you in all
adversity,

My hertes Ioie, all myn hole plesaunce,
whiche that y sare, and schall do faithfully
with trene Entente and humble observaunce
you for to please in that y cane treuely,
besechinge yone this litil bille and y
may hertely with som pleasance & drede
be Recomaundide moste specially
8
unto you, the floure of goodely-hede.

And yf ye liste to haue knoweliche of my part,
I am in hel, god thanked mote he be,
as of body, bute treuely nat in herte,

12
nor nat schalle be til tyme y may you see;
but thynketh that y as treuely will be he
that for youre Ease schalle do my pouere & myȝte,
And schalle be youre Deffence in all aduerssite

16
As though that y were dayly in youre sight.

I write no more to you for lacke of space,
but y beseche the holy trin[i]te
you kepe and save be sopporte of his grace,

20
and be youre Deffence in alle aduerssite.
go, litil bill, and say thone were with me
this same day at myne vp-Ryssinge,
where that y be-sought god of merci

24
tho to haue my souerein in his kepeing.

As wyssely god me save
as y am onely yours
what payne so euer y haue,
And will be at all owres.

for I am only
yours,

and will be at all
hours.
To my Lady Dear.

Frische flour of womanly nature,
ye be fulle gentille and goodly one to se,
And all so stedfaste as any criatur

that is lyuynge in any degre,
fullfyled with alle benyngnete,
And an Exsample of all worthynes,
And they that to you have nessesite

be gracious euer thorough your gentilnes.

But y am so bowndon, y may nat stert,
to you complaynyng in this manere,
Besechinge you euer with myn enterly hert,

And humbly also y you Requer
As that bethe onely withowten pere
of goodely-hede and of assuraunce,
y that am yours, whethe[r] ye be fare ore ner,

Reffuse me nat oute of your Reme[m]braunce.

Concedire, ladi dere, of your pete,
the highe complaynt of my desses,
my gref and myn aduerssite!

ye be my bote pat may me best please;
schewe me your meke sprite in my desses,
for other louere hane y non,
And euere y well be Redy yone for to plesse,

neuer none to haue bute you alone.
None bute you, lady and maistres,
fro whos herte with lyue myn may no disseuer,
so faste it is lokyn in pe locke of stedfastnes
that in your service it schalle abide for euer.
ye wete welle my woo ye may recouere;
my paynes to Reelis may non bute yee,
my lyfe And deth litle in you euer,
Right as it plesithe you to save or to flee.
I care but to please you.
lothe to offende! so y may my lady pleas,
welcome payne, And Fie one ease.

[On the next folio (139), "Her begyneth the Retenewe of the
dowty kynge k Edward the thirde, and howe he went to the sege of
Callis with his Oste, &c."]
Unto my Lady, the Flower of Womanhood.

That passante Goodnes, the Rote of all vertve, which Rotide is in youre femynete, whos stepes glade to Ensue

4 ys euery woman in their degre ! And sethe that ye are floure of bewte, Constreyned y an, magre myn hede, hartely to lawe youre womanhede.

8 Your sade, Demewre, appert, goueronance Of eliquens prengnavnt sauns colore, So it Renyth in my Rememberaunce that dayly, nyghtly, tyde, tyme, and owre,

12 hit is my will to purches youre favoure, whiche, wilde to Crist I myght atteyn, As ye of all floures Are my Souerayn.

When Reste And slepe y shulde haue noxialle,

16 As Requereth bothe nature and kynde, than trobled are my wittes alle, so sodeynly Renyth in my mynde your grete bewte ! me thynketh than y fynde you as gripyng in myn armes twey ; Bute whan y wake, ye Are away.

Entirmet this with woo And gladnes, bothe Ioye and sorowe in woo memoralle,

24 for than me thynkithe y see youre likenes : Hit is nat so, it is fantasticalle ;
unto my lady, the flower of womanhood.

and I shall die.

the whiche my herte with pe swarde mortalle
that nothinge is save very Dethe,

28 my wette is thynne, so schortitthe my brethe.

[Fol. 138.]

But, lady mine,

Nowe, lady myn, in whome Vertus Alle
ar Ioinede, and also comprehendidde,
as ye of al women y call moste principalle,

32 lette my gref in youre herte be entenderde,
And also my veri treue loue Rememberde;
And, for my treve loue, ayene me to loue,
As welethe nature, and god that setithe Above.

Go, verse, and
tell her

Go litille bill, with all humblis
vnto my lady, of womanhede pe floure,
and saie hire howe newe troiles lithe in distre;
All onely for hire sake, and in mortalle langoure;

36 And if sche wot nat whoo it is, bute stonde in erore,
Say it is hire olde louer 1 pat loueth hire so trewe,
hir louynge a-lone, not schanginge for no newe.

her old love,
loving her alone.

Explicit.

1 The word looks like loli in the MS., but u, with the contraction for er, is written the same way at the end of disseuer (p. 42, l. 26), showing that louer is the right reading here.
Lewte will Shewe, thow Hornys be Away.

(A LITELLE SHORT DITEY AGAYNE HORNES.)


Of god and kynd procedyth alle beaute;  
Crafte may shew aforen apparenece,  
But nature ay must haf pe soueraynte.

4 Thyng countirfetyd hath non existence;  
Twene gold and gossomer is gret difference;  
Trewe metalle requirith non alay;  
vnto purpose by clere experience,

8 Bewtey wille shewe, thow hornys be away.

Riche attyrys of gold and perry,  
Charbunclys, rubeys of most excellence,  
Shew in derknes lyght wheresouer jey be

12 By theire natural heuenly influence;  
Doblettes of glasse yeue a gret euidence,  
Thyng countirfet wyl faile at assay;  
On thys mater concludyng no sentence,

16 Bewte wyllle shew, thow hornes be away.

Aleyne remembryght, hys complaynt whoso list see,  
In his boke of famose eloquence;  
Cladd alle in flowris, and blossummys of a tre,

20 he saw nature in hyr most excellence,
to prove that
Beauty will show though horns be away.

Vpon hyr hede a kerchef of valence,
None othyr riches of countryfet aray;
Texemplifye by kyndly prudence,
24 Bewte wyll shew thow hornys be away.

Famose poeties of antiquite
In grece and troy, renownyed1 of prudence,
wrote of qwene helene, and penolope,
28 Of policene with hyr chast innocence;
For wyfys trew calle hurece to presence;
That they were fayre, ther can no man say nay, kynd wroght hem with so gret diligence,
32 Theyre bewte cowde shew, thow hornys were cast away.

Clerkes record by gret auctortite,
hornys wer gyffe to bestis for diffence;
A thyng contrary to feminite,
36 To be mad sturdy of resistance;
But archwyfes, eger in ther violence,
Ferse as a tigre for to make affray,
They haf, despite and agayne conscience,
40 list not of pride theyre hornys cast away.

Noble princesse, thys litell short ditye,
Rudely compilyd, lat it be none offence
To 3owre womanly mercifulle pyt, 
44 Thow it be radd in 3owre audience.
Payse every thyng in 3owre iust aduertence.
So it be no displesance to 3owre pay,
Vndir support of 3owre pacience,
48 Yeueth example hornes to cast away.

Grettest of vertues is humilite,
As salamon sayth, sôn of sapience,

1 MS. "remowmyd."
Most was accept[ed] to the deite.

52 Take hede here-of, gefe to thy word credence,
How maria, which had a preeminence
Aboute alle women, in bedlem whan she lay,
At cristis byrth, no cloth of grete dispence,

56 She weryd a keuerche; horns were cast away.

Of byrth she was hyghest of degre,
To whom alle angelles did obedience,
Of dauides lyne which sprong out of Jesse,

60 In whom alle verteu is by iust conuenience;
Made stable in god by gostly confidence.
This rose of price, ther growth non such in may;
Pure in spirite, perfite in pacience,

64 In whom alle horns of pride were put away.

Moder of ihesu, myrrour of chastite,
In word nor thought that neuer did offence;
Trew examplire of verginite,

68 Hede-spryng and welle of perfite continence!
Was neuer clerk, by retoryk or science,
Cowde alle hyr verteu reherse to pis day.
Noble princesse, of meke beniuolence,

72 By example of hyr, sowre horns cast away.

["This Ballad," says Mr. Halliwell, (who printed it in his edition of Lydgate’s Minor Poems, p. 46—9,) "has been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas, and in the ‘Reliquie Antique.’ The present version is from MS. Oxon. Land. D. 31, N. 683, Bernard, 798; other copies are in MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86; MS. Bibl. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. R. 8, fol. 27; MS. Harl. 2255; MS. Voss. Lugd. 359; and the first four stanzas in MS. Harl. 2251." It was reprinted in the Percy Society’s "Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume," 1849, with a woodcut of a woman in a horned bonnet on p. 52.]
The Parliament of Love.


What so euyr I syng or sey,  
My wyll is good too preyse here well.

Now sey that wull of loue here,  
I counsell yow þat 3e cum nere ;  
To tell yow now is myne entent,

4  
Houth loue made late his parleament;  
And sent for ladyes of every londe,  
Both mayde, and wyfe þat had housbonde,  
Wythe gentyll wymanen of lower degre,

8  
and marchauntz wyfes grete plente,  
Wythe maidenes eke þat where theym vndre,  
Of wyche there were a ryghte grete numbre.

And all tho men þat louers were

12  
They had there charge for too be there,  
And when they were assembled all,  
(ýf I the werre soth sey schall),  
with-in a castell feyre ande stronge,

16  
And as y lokyd them amonge,  
I sawe a ryghte cunpany  
of gentill-wymmen that were there by,  
The whyche, as the custum was,

20  
Songe a balad stede of the masse  
For goode spede of thes folkys all  
þat where assembled in the hall ;  
and ýf þe lyst ley too yowre ere,

24  
Ryghþþ they songe, as 3e schall heyre.
"O god of loue! wyche lorde hart and so-
nereyne,  
Send downe thy grace a-monge thys louerys all,  
Soo put pey may too thy mercy atyeune.  
28 At thys parlament most in Asspeciall;  
as peu ar oure Iuge, so be egall  
Too euery wyght put louyth feythefully,  
And aftyr hys dyssert grante hym mercy!"

32 And whan this songe was songe and done,  
Then went these ladyes eneryschone  
Vn-too A schambyr where thys scholde  
Take thair places, yong and olde,  
36 like as put they where of astate  
For teshene all maner debate.  
There sawe I first the goddesses of loue  
In here see sitte, righf ferre abone,  
40 And many othyr put ther where.  
yitt for too tell whem y sawe there,  
It passit now righf ferre my wytte;  
But, among all, I sawe one sitte  
44 whiche was the feyryst creature  
put ener was furmyd by nature;  
and here beaute now too dyscryvyve  
Ther can noo mannies vyettes alywe.  
48 yet as ferre as y can or may  
Of 1 here beaute sum-what too say,  
I will applye my wittes all;  
For here I am & euyr schall  
52 Too speke of schape and semelynesse,  
Off stature & of goodlynnesse;  
here sydes longe with mydyll smale,  
here face well coulord and not pale,  
56 With white and rode ryth well mesuryd;  
And ther-too schee was well emyred,
And stode in every mannes grace,
This goodly yong and freshe of face;
and too speke of condicion,
Coude noo man fynde in noo region
One of soo grete gentillnesse,
Of curtaise and lowlynesse,
Of chere, of port, and dalyaunce,
And mastres eke of all pleasaunce;
All-soo welle of secretenesse,
That none il worde from here scholde stert.
And thus on here y set my mynde,
And left all othere thyng by-hynde
As touchyng too these loures all,
whysche on here causes fast kan call.
and for too tell their all cumplayntes,
In sothe too me the matire queynte is;
For as too hem i toke none hede.
But in myne nowne \(^1\) causes \(^2\) to prosede,
I drowe me by [my] sylf allone,
And into a corner gan too gone,
And there I satte me downe a while,
A little bill for too compile
Vn-too thys lady wych was soo faire,
and in here deyng soo debonaire.
And if ye list too hyre & rede,
Theffect of whych was thus in dede.

\(^{1}\) Sic in MS. \(^{2}\) Sic in MS. \(^{3}\) MS. "soouereyn."

"O souereyn\(^3\) prince of all gentillnesse,
Too whom I haue and euyr-more schall bee
Trewe servant with all maner humblenesse;"
What peye I haue or what aduersyte,
yet ye schall enyr fynde suche fyth on me
but I schall doo that may be your plesaunce,
If god of his grace list me so a-vauce.

"And yow I pray, as lowly as I can,
To take my sernice if hyt myth yow please;
And if ye schall too reward thus yowre man,
Than myght he say he were in hertis easee;
For by my trouth y wulde not yow displese
For all the goode but euer I hadde or schall,
By my goode wille, what euere me be-fall.

"And if I haue seide any thynge amysse
Toe pardon me I yow be-sech and pray;
For as wischh as euer y cum too blisse,
My will is goode what euer y write or say."
Go, thow litle songe, thow hast a blisful day;
For sche but is the floure of womanhede
At her owne leyser schall the syng and rede.

1 MS. "my."
Half in a dream

I rose,
and suddenly remembered

that I was bound

to translate the

La Belle Dame Sanz Mercy,
that Aleyn (Chartier) Secretary to the King of France, wrote.
I stood a while

considering my want of skill,
and, on the other hand, the strait command laid on me:

What wise I sholde parfourme this seid pro-
cesse,

by good advysement
myn vnkunnyng and my symplesses,
And ayeinward the streit commandement
which that I hadde; & þus in myne entent

yet at the last, as in Conclusyoun,

* The big initial H is not in the MS., only a small central one.
I cast my clothis on, and went my way,
this forsaid charge haung in remembrance,
til I come in-to a lusty green valey
ful of flowers; to see, a grete plesaunce.
and soo booldid, with their beingene suf-
freunce
that rede this booke, towchyng the seid matiere,
Thus I begynne, if it please you to here.

Not long a-goo, ridyng an easy pas,
I fel in thought of toye ful desperate
with grete dysease & peyne, so pat I was
of alle lovers the most unfortunat,
Sithe with his darte most cruel, ful of hate,
the deth hath take my lady & maistresse,
and lefte me soole, thus discomfyt & maate,
Soore languysshyng, & in way of distresse.

Thenne seid I thus, "It fallith me to cesse
Eyther to Ryme, or ditees for to maake;"
& I, suerly, to make a ful promesse
To laughe no more, but wepe in clothis blake.
Mi joymfule tyme, Allas, now is it slate,
for in my yelf I fel no manere case;
lete it be wrytene, such fortune I take
which neijjer me, ner dothe noon oper, please.

If hit were soo, my wille or myn entente
were constreyned a joyfullе thynge to write,
myn eyen coude haue [no] knowlege1 what it
mente;
To speke per-of my tonge hath no delite;
& with my monthe if I laugh moch or lite,
Myn yen sholde make a contynuance vn-trewe,
myn hert also wolde hau[e] per-of despite,
the wepyng teres hau[e] so large yssewe.
I sympathize with sad lovers.

She who was my joy and my delight, has all my heart with her in the grave.

Henceforth I hold my peace.

Let other lovers strive, my day is gone.

Time has unlocked my treasure house;

Thus in great trouble I rode alone,

but soon I heard minstrels playing in a garden.

_Thise seke lovers, I love that to hem longes, which lede her lyve in hope of allegiance, that is to say, to make balade or songes._

_Eueriche of them as thei fele per gревance._

_For she pat was my loy & my plesance, whose soule I pray god of his mercy save, She hath my wille, myn hertis ordynance, which lithe with hir vndir hir tombes in grave._

_FROM PIS tyme forth, tyme is to holde my peas; hit werieth me PIS matier for to trete; lett oper lovers put hem selfe in peas_

_There seson is, my tyme is now for-yete; Fortune with strengthe the forcere hath vnshete where-yume was spradde al my worldly richesse, & alle pe goodes which pat I haue gete._

_IN my beste tyme of youthe and lustynesse_ 

_Love hath me kepte vnder his gouernaunce, yef I mysdede, god grant me foryifnes; if I did wele, yet felt I no plesance,_

_Hit causid nother loye nor heynesse; For whan she died that was my maistresse, alle my weelfare made than the same purchas; the deth hath sette my boundys, of witnes,

_WHICH FOR NO THYNG MYN hert shalle neuere pas._

_IN this grete thoughtis, sore troubled in my mynde, allone thus rode I alle the morwe tide, til at the last it happid me to fynde_

_the place where-yune I purposid me to bide whanne pat I hadde noo farther forth to ride; & as I went my loggyng to purveie, righte soone I herd but litle me beside_

_IN a gardeyn where mynstrels gan to pleye._
With that a-noon I went me bakkeriome; my silf & I, me thoughte were I-nowe; But tweyne pot were my frendis here be-fore had me espied, and I wot not howe þei come for me; a-wayward I me drowe Som-what bi force, som-what bi þer requeste, pot in noo wise I cowthe my silf rescowe, but nede I must come Inne, & se þe feeste.

At my comyng the ladies euerychone bade me welcome, god wote, right gentilly, & made me chere, eueryche by one & one, a grete dele better than I was worthy, & of þer grace shewed me gret curtesy with good disporte, bi-cause I shold not morne. þat day I bode stille in þer companye, which was to me a gracious soiourne.

The boordes were spred in righte litle space, the ladies sate, eche as hem semed best; were none þat servedyd in that place but chosen men, righte of the goodliest, and some þei were, parauneture freshest, that sawe there Iuges, sittyng fulle demvre, with out semblant, othir to moste or leest, notwithstandyng þei hadde them vnder cure.

Among alle þer, one I gan espye which in grete thought ful ofte come & wente as man þat hadde ben ravesshede vetterlye, In his langage not greteley dyligente, his Countynaunce he kept with grete tormente, But his desire ferre passid his reason, for euer his yee yode after his entente At many a tyme when it was no season.
They made him sing,
but the tone of his sadness came unsought into his voice.

He was pale and lean, his speech faltered,
and I saw his heart was not his own.

His mistress had such power over him that he could not speak, but only gaze on her beauty.

[Pol. 62, b.]
Others he might turn to,
but she drew back his eyes.

[1 Margin, short.]
[2 Margin, I or jet; MS. 'there that l.']

To make good chiere, righte sore hym self he peyned,
and outeward he feyned grete gladnes;
to syngen also, bi force he was constreyned,
for noo plesance, but verray shamefastnes,
for pe Compleynte of his most heuynes
Come to his voice alway with-oute reueste,
lyke as pe sowune of birdis doth expresse
whanne thei syngen lowde, in frith or forste.

Othir per were that serued in the halle,
but not like hym, as after myne advice,
for he was paale, & sumwhat lene with-alle;
his speche also trembled in ferefulle wise,
and euer alone; but whan he did seruyse,
al blakke he ware, and noo devyce but pleyne.
me thought bi hym, as my witt couthe suffice,
his hert was noo thyng in his owen demayne.

To feste hem alle he did his diligence,
and wele he couthe, righte as semed me,
But euer-more whanne he was in presence,
his chiere was doo, it wolde noon other be.
his scolmaister hadde suche auctorite
That alle the while he bode stille in the place,
Speke coude he not; but vp-on hire beaute
he lokid stille with righte a pituous face.

Withe that, his heed he turned at pe laste
for to be-holde the ladies euerichone;
But euer in oon he sett his yee faste
On hire the which his thoght was most vppon;
and of his yeen pe sighte\(^1\) I kneuha a-noon,
which fedired was with righte humble requestes;
Than to my silfe I seide, "bi god allon,
Suche on was I that there\(^2\) sawe these gestes."
Owte of pe prease he went ful easely
to make stable his hevy contenance,
and witt ye wele he signde tendily

For his sorows and wofulle Remembrance.
Thanne in hym silf he made his ordenance,
and forth-with-al come to bryng Inne pe mes ;
but for to juge his raful semblance,
god wote it was a pitous entemes.

After dynere a-none thei hem avauenced
to daunce a-bowte, those folkes euerichon,
and forth-with-al this hevy lover daunscd,
sum tyme with tweyne, and sum tyme but
with on ;
vn-to hem alle his chier was after one,
now here, now there, as felle by aventure ;
But euerre among, he driewe to hir allone
which he most dredde of lyuyng creature.

To myn Aduys, god was his purveance,
whan he hir chase, to his maistresse allone,
If pat hir herte were sett to his plesance
as moche as was hir beautevous persone ;
For who pat euer sett his trist vp-on
the reporte of there yeen with-owte more,
he myghte be deele, & graue vnder stone,
or eure e he sholde his hertis ease restore.

In hir failed nothyng, as I koude gesse,
On vice,4 ner othir prive, or perte,
A garnyson she was of alle goodnesse
to make a fronter for a lover-is herte,
Right yong, & fresshe, a woman ful conerte ;
assured weel here perte, & eke hir chiere,
weel at hir ease, with-oute woo or smerte,
Al vndernethe the standart of dangiere.
To see pe feeste, it weried me fulle soore;
for hevy loye dooth soore the hurte truaile.
Owt of the pres me with-drewhe per-fore,
and sett me down by-hynde a traile
Fulle of levis, to see, a grete meruaile;
with grene wythyves y-bounden wonderlye,
pe levis wore so thicke with-oute faile

That thorough-oute myghte no man me espye.

To his lady he come ful curteisly
whanne he thought tyme to dance with hir a trace;
sithe 1 in an herbier made ful plesantly
thei restid them from thens but litle space;
nygh hem were none, a corteyne of compace,
but onely thei, as ferre as I couthe see,
and sane pe traile, per I had chose my place,
there was no more betwix them tweyne & me.

I herde pe lover sighyng wonder soore,
for ay pe neer, pe sorere it hym soght;
his Inward peye he couthe not keep in store,
ne for to speke, soo hardly was he noughte,
his leche was nere, pe grettir was his thoughe;
he mused soore to conquere his desire;
For noo man may to more penance be broghte
Thanne in his hurt 2 to brynyge hym to the fyre.

The herte began to swelle with-ynne his cheste,
soo sore streyned for anguysshe & for peyne
pat alle to pecis almoste itt to-breste;
whanne both at ones, so soore it dide constreyne,
Desire was bolde, but shame it can refreyne.
pe toon was large, pe toper was fulle cloos;
Noo litle charge was leide on hym corteigne

To kepe suche werre and haue soo many foos.
Ful ofte tymes to speke, hym sif he payned, but shamefastnes and drede scid euere nay; yet at þe last soo soore he was constreynd 216 whanne he ful long hadde put it in delay, To his lady right thus thanne gan he say with dredefulle voice, wepyng, half in a rage; "For me was purveid an unhappy day 220 whanne I first hadde a sichte of youre visage. "I suffre peyne, god woot, fulle hoote brennyng, to cause my deth, al for my trewe servyce; and I see weel ye rechehe þer-of no thynge, ner take noon hede of it in noo kyns wise; But whanne I speke aftir my beste avise, ye sett it nought, but make þer-of a game; And thow I sewe soo grete an enterprise, 228 It peyreth noughte your worship nor your fame. "Alas! what sholde 1 be to you prejudice if þat a man dothe love you feithfully to your worship, escusyng 2 euery vice? 232 Soo am I yours, and wil be verily; I chalenge not 3 of righte, and resen why, For I am hoole submytt to your servyce; Righte as ye liste it be, euyn soo wil I, 236 To bynde my selfe where I was in Franchise. "Thow it be soo, I can not deserre to hane your grace, but ay to lyve in drede, yet suffre me you to loue and serue 240 with-oute maugre of your moste goodlihede; Bothe feithe and trouthe I gif your womman-hede, and my servyce, with-oute a-yein callyng; love hath me bounde with-outghtyn wage or mede 244 To be your manne, and leve alle other thyng."
The Lady answered,
quietly,
"You are very foolish, for I shall never love you."

The Lover said,
"You alone can give me peace.
Your eyes and pleasant look made me put all my trust in you."

"A man must have a great fancy for woé who is put out by a look.

Our eyes are made for looking. Why shouldn't we use them?"

"But since you have caused me so much pain, why don't you keep this in mind?"

Whanne p's lady had herd alle this langage, She yafe answere fulle softe and demurely, With-out chaunging of colour or corage, 218 Noo thynge in hast, but mesurably; "Me thynkeh, sir, ye doo fulle grete folly. purpose ye not your labour for to ceas? For thyn ke ye not, whil pat ye lyve & I, 252 In this matier to sett your herte in peas."

LAMANT.
"There may none make the peas but only ye which ar the cause & ground of alle p's werre, For with your yeen the letters written be be which I am defied and putte a-ferre; your plesaunte loke, my verray loodsterre, was made Heraulde of thilke same defiance which utterly behighte me to forbarre 256 Mi feithfulle truste and alle myne affiance."

LA DAME.
"To lyve in woo he hath grete fantasie, and of his herte also hath sliper holde, that only for he biholdlynge of an yee 264 Can not abide in peas, as Resoun wolde; Other, or me, if ye liste to biholde, Our yeen ar made to looke; whi shulde we spare? I take noo keepe nother of yong nor oolde; 268 whoo felith smerte, I counsel hym be ware."

LAMANT.
"If it be soo, on hurte an othir soore, In his defaute that felithe the grevance, of verry righte a man may doo noo more, 272 yet Reason wolde it were in Remembrance;
LA BELLE DAME SANZ MERCY.

and sithe fortune, not oonly bi his \(^1\) Chance
hath caused me to suffre alle the peyne,
but \(^2\) your beaute with al the circumstance,
276 whi liste ye haue me in soo grete Disdeyne?"

LA DAME.

"To your persone ne haue I noo disdeyn,
er neuer hadde, nor neuer wille haue,
nor righte grete love ner hatrede in certeyn;
280 nor your counsail to knowe, soo god me saue;
yf suche bileve \(^3\) be in your mynde y-grave,
That litelle thyg may doo you plesance
yow to beguyle, or make you for to rave,
284 I wil not cause noon such encombrance."

LAMANT.

"What euere it be \(^4\) pat me hath this purchased,
wenyng hath not disseived me, certayne,
But fervent love soo sore me hath y-chaced
288 \(^5\) pat I, vnware, am castyn in your chayne;
and sithe soo is, as fortune list ordelyne,
Alle my weelfare is in your handes y-falle,
In eschewyng of more myscheyvous peyne,
292 Who sonnest dieth, his care is leeste of alle."

LA DAME.

"This sikenes is righte easy to endure;
but fewe puple it causith for to dye;
but what pei mene, I knowe it very sure,
296 Of more conforte to drawe pe Remedeye;
Such ben por noughte pleynyng ful pitously
that fele, god wote, not alther gretest peyne;
And, if so be, love hurte soo greuously,
300 lesse harme it were, one sorowfulle, than
tweyne."
"Nay, surely; better
[1 Margin puts in it]
[2 Margin, sorry]: put two in case
than destroy the one who suffers.
Make two joys instead of one pain."

"But I don't want any trouble about love, and don't
care whether you're ill or happy.
I am free, and am not going to put
myself under any man's rule."
[3 that is from Margin.]

"Love makes
ladies
lords and rulers,
and their lovers
only homagers."

"Ladies are not such fools as to be
taken in by pretty speeches.
[5 M., daily]"
But soone þei can þer hedy a-way wyre,

332 And to faire speche lightly ther crys close."

LAMANT.

"There is no man that Iangelithe busily,

and settithe his hert and alle his mynde þer-fore,

that by Reason may playne so pitously

as he that hath moche heynes in store ;

whos hede is hoole, & seith it is sore,

his feyned chiere is harde to kepe in miewe,

But thought, which is vnfeyned euermore,

340 The woordes preven, as the werkes sewe."¹

LA DAME.

"Love is subtille, and hath a grete abaite,²

Sharp in worsching, in gabbyng grete plesance,

and can hym venge of such as by disceite

344 wolde knowe & fele his secrete gouernance,

and maketh hem to obeye his ordynance

by cherefulle weies, as in hym is supposed ;

But whanne þut þei fallen in to repentance,

348 Thenne in a rage theire counseil is disclosed."

LAMANT.

"Sithe for-as-moche as god & eke nature

hath avaueced love to soo highe degre,

Moche sharper is the poynte, þis am I sure ;

352 hit grevith more, the faulte, where enere it be.

whoo hath no colde, of heete hathe no deynte ;

þe toon for þe tothir askid is expresse,

and of plesance knowith noon the certainte

356 But it be wonnen³ with thoughte and heuynesse."²

LA DAME.

"As for plesance, it is not alway on ;

that yow is¼ swete, me thynketh a bittir peyne ;

³M., one]

²M., awaye

¹M., show

₃M., thinke
ye may not me constrayne, ne yit righte noon
360  After your lust to love, that is but veyne;
To chalenge love, be right was neuere seyne
but hert assent bi-fore bonde or promyse,
For strengthe, ner force, may nat atteynye cortayne
a will stant enfelfyd in Fraunchise."

"Righte, fair lady, god myghte I neuere please
if I seehe ope right, as in this caas,
But for to shewe you pleynly my disease,
and your mercy abide, and eke your grace.
If I purpose your honour to deface,
or euuer dide, god and fortune me shende!
and that I neuer rightwisly purchace
372  Oon only joye vn-to my lyvys ende!"

"Ye and othir that swere suche othis faste,
and soo condempe & cursen too & froo,
ful sekerly ye weene your othes laste
376  No longer thanne the wordis ben a-goo;
and god & eke his seynte; langhe alsoo;
In suche sweryng peir is no stedfastnesse,
and these wretchis pot haue ful trust peir-too,
380  Aftir, pei wepe and waylen in distresse."

"The man who would dishonour
woman's reputation is not worthy
to live."
384  The erthe to touche, the heire in no kynswise;
A trusty hert, a mowthe with-oute feyntise,
theise ben pe strenthe of euery man of name,
and who that latithe his feithe for litle price,
388  he losithe bothe his worship and his fame."
"A kurreshe herte, a mouthe but is curteise, 
Ful wele ye wote thei be not accordlyng; 
yet feyned chere ful sone may them appeise, 
where of malice is sette alle there weryng, 
Ful fals semblant, thei bere a triewe menyng;" 
Ther name, per fame, per tongis, be not feyned; 
Worship in hem is put in foryeting, 
Not repentid, ner in no wise compleyned."

LAMANT. 
"Who thynkethalle Ille, no goodmay hym be-falle; 
God of his grace graunte eche maune his deserte; 
But, for his love, a-mong your thoughtis alle 
As think vp-on my wofulle sorowe smerte; 
For of my peyne, where youre tendre herte 
Of swete pyte, be not per-withe agrevid, 
and if youre grace to me be Discouert, 
Thanne be your meane; soon shulde I be relevyed." 

LAMANT. 
"Who hath a bridde, a faucoun, or a hounde 
that folowithe hym for love in euery place, 
he cherisithe hym, & kepithe ful sounde; 
Owt of his sighte he wil not [hym] enchace;"
but me, who love you above all others.

[1 Margin, Am; MS. And] you set less by than you do by strangers."

"Though I am pleasant to other men I shan’t be so to you.

Love

will have his own way and do as he likes."

[ Fol. 65. b.]

"I did hope that you would be pitiful, but now all hope is gone.

One thing only is sure, that I must suffer."

"I do advise you give this matter up:

for never can you win my love."

And I that sette myn wittes in pis case
On you allone, with-outene any chaungene, Am I put vnder muche ferther owte of grace, And sette lesse by, thanne ower that be straunge."

"Though I make chire to every man a-boughte for my worship, and of myn owen fraunchise, to you I nil do soo with-owte doughte In eschiewyng of al maner prejudice; For wit pe weel, love is soo litel wise, and in bieve soo lightly wil be brought, That he take the alle at his owne devise, Of ping, god wote, that servithe hym of noughte."

"I have myn hoope soo sure and soo stedfaste that suche a lady shulde not faile pyte; but now, alas! it is shitte vp so faste that Dangier shewith on me his cruelte, and if she see the vertue faileth in me of trewe servitie, thanne she to faile alsoo Noo wonder were; but pis is the surtee, I must suffre, which way that euer it goo!"

"Leve pis purpos, I rede yow for the beste; For lenger that ye keep it pus in veyne, pe lesse ye gette, as of your hertis reste, and to reioise it shal ye neuer atteyne; whanne ye abide good hoope to make you fayne, ye shal be founde assotted in dotage, And in the ende ye shal know for certeyne that hoope shalle paye the wretchys for per wage."
"Ye say as falleth most for your plesaunce, and your powere is grete, al this I se, but hoope shalle neuer owte of my remembrance. By which I felte soo grete Aduersite, For whazne nature hath sett in you plente Of alle goodnesse, by vertu and bi grace, he neuer assembled hem, as semeth me, To put pyte owte of his dwellynge place."

"But I must hope that when Nature set all goodness in you, he never left out Pity."

"Pyte of righte aughte to be resonable, and to no wighte of grete dysauntage ; There as is nede, it shulde be profitable, and to the piteous shewynge noo dammage ; yf a lady doo soo grete outrage to shewe pyte, and cause hir owen debate, Of suche pyte cometh dispetuous rage, and of the love also right dedly hate."

"Pity must be reasonable; and if a lady were to let pity lead her love astray, it would turn to deadly hate."

"To conforte hem that lyve al comfortlesse, that is noo harme, but worship to your name ; But ye that bere an herte of suche duresse, a faire body formed to the same, If I durst say ye wynne al this diffame by crueltie, which sittethe yow ful ylle, but if pyte, which may al this attaine, In your high herte may reste & tary stille."

"To comfort the comfortless would add honour to you; but this crueltie will defame you unless Pity dwell in your heart."

"What euer he be that seith he loveth me, and paraventure I leve that it be soo, Ought he be wrothe, or shulde I blamed be, Though I didie noght as he wolde have me doo?"
If I gave in to him, 476
[1 Margin, Maner-les pyte.]
I should be miserable afterwards, and repent it then too late."

[Rem. 60. a.]

"My heart is so true that I can believe nothing which does not mean truth. 480
[2 M., erased out and I see put in.]
"You will pity me."

"He is wise who can quit his folly when he likes; 484
but he who will not take advice  
[2 Mar., ousted.]
must be set aside as dead."

"Lady, I will love you while I live; 492
and if I die,
[4 M., than]
I'd rather die
than live as a false lover."

"Well, you'll get nothing from me; 500
I don't care for you.

If I medeled with suche or other moo,
It myght be called pyte manerles,  
and afterward, if I shulde lyve in wo,

Thanne to repente it were to late, I gesse."

LAMANT.

"This your counsell, be oughte that I can see, 488
is better saide thanne doon, to myn aduys;  
though I believe it not, for-yif it me,

My herte is suche, soo hoole, with-out Fayntise,  
that it may yef credence in noo wise  
to thynge which is not soundyng vn-to trouthe;  
other counsell, it ar but fantaisise,
save of your grace to shewe pite & rourke."

LADAME.

"I holde hym wise that worshith folily, 496
and, whanne hym liste, can leve & parte per-froo;  
but in kunnyng he is to lerne truly
that wolde hym self conduyte, & can not soo,  
and he pat wil not after counsell doo,  
his suerte he putteth in disesperaunce,  
and al pe good which shulde falle hym too

Is lefte as dede, elene oute of Remembraunce."

LAMANT.

"Yit wil I sue this matier faithfully 504
whiles I may live, what euer be my chaunsee;  
and if it happe that in my trouthe I dye,  
that deth shal not doo me noo displesaunce.  
But whaune pat I, by your harde suffraunce  
shal dye soo triew, and with soo grete a peyne,  
yit shal itt doo me moche lesse grevaunce
Than for to lyve a fals lover, certeyne."

LADAME.

"Of me gete ye righte noughte, pis is noo fable; 512
I nyl to yow be nothir harde ne streight;
and righte wol not, nor manere customable,
504 to thynke ye shulde be sure of my conceyt.
who sechith sorwe, is by ¹ the receyte ;
Othyr counsail can I not fele nor see,
Nor for to lern I cast not to awayte ;
508 who wył pér-to,² lete hym assaye for me."

LAMANT.

"Ones must it be ³ saied, that is noo nay,
with such as bethe of Reputacioun,
and of trewe love, the right duetes to pay
512 of fre hertys geten by due raunsoun ;
For fre wille heldith this opynyon,
that it is grete duresse & discomforte
to kepe an hert in soo streight a prisoun
516 that hath but oo body for his disporte."

LA DAME.

"I, knowe soo many caases⁴ merueyleux
which I mvst nedys of Resoun thynke certeyne,
that suche entre is wonder perilieux,
520 And yett wele more the comyng bak ageyne ;
Good or worship pér-of is seeldom seyne ;
where-fore I wil not make no suche aray
As for to fynde a plesaunce but barayne,
524 whenne it shal cost soo dere, the first assay."

LAMANT.

"Your yeen hathe sette the prynt which pat I
feel
withynne myne herte, that where-sum-euer I goo,
If I doo thyng that sowndithe vn-to weele,
528 nedys mvstte it come from you, and fro no moo.
Fortune wil thus that I, for weel or woo,
My lif endure, youre mercy abidyng ;
and verry right wil that I thynk also
532 of youre worship a-bove al othir thynge."
"You'll waste your time, then; don't be foolish; bridle in your fancies."

Yim'll waste your time, to be foolish; bridle in your

By your folly to putte your self in peyne. To overcome is good, and to restrayne an herte which is deceyved follyly; For worse it is to breke thanne bowe, certeyne, and better bowe thanne stable to sodenly."

"Oh, Lady, think how I have been always true to you, and always will be, I cannot change."

"That is no gift which is refused and discarded. Cool your desires and save your anxieties."

"A lover must be anxious; and I am not worthy of reproof."

"To your worship see well, for that is neede, but ye your sesoun spende not al in veyne; as touchynge myne, I rede you take non heede 536 By your folly to putte your self in peyne. to overcome is good, and to restrayne an herte which is deceyved follyly; For worse it is to breke thanne bowe, certeyne, and better bowe thanne stable to sodenly."

"Nowe, faire lady, thynk, sithe it first began, that love had sette myn herte vndir your cure, I neueer myght, ne truly I me can, 544 Noon othir servce, whiles here I shal endure; In moste fre wise ther-of I make you sure, which may not be withdrew; p/s is no nay; I muste a-bide al manere aventure, For I may not put too, nor take away."

"I holde it for no yifte, in soothfastenesse, that on offrith, where that it is forsake, For suche yefte is Abandonnyng expresse 552 that with worship a-yein may not be take. he hathe hurte ful fele that list to make a yifte lightly, that put is in refuse, but he is wise that such conceyt wil slake, so that hym nede neuer to stody ne [to] muse."

"Who shulde not mvse, that hath his servise spent On hir which is a lady honorable? and if I spende my tyme to that entent, yet at the leeste I am nat repreveable;"
of feylied herte, to thynk I am vnable,
Or me mystoke whanne I made p's requeste,
be which love hath of enterpryse notable
564 Soo many hertis goten by conqueste.”

LA DAME.

“If that ye liste doo aftir my counsell;
sechith faire, & of more higher fame,
which in seruice of love wil yow prevail
568 After youre thought, accordin to the same.
he hurtith bothe his worshipe & his name
that folily for twyne hym sylf wil trouble,
and he also Jisithe his after game
572 that surely can not sette his pointis double.”

LAMANT.

“Al be it soo on doo soo grete offence,
and be not dede, ne put to no Layse,1
Riglithe wele I wott hym gayneth no diffence,
576 but he must ende in ful myschevous wise,
And alle that euer is good wole hym dispise ;
For falsheede is soo ful of cursidnesse,
that her worship shalle neuer haue enterpryse
580 where it Reigneth and hath the wilfulnesse.”

LA DAME.

“If that haue thei noo2 fere now a daies,
such as wil say, and maintene it ther-to,
that stedefast trouthe is noo thynyng for to preys
584 In hem that keep it long for weel or woo ;
there busy hertis passen to and froo,
thei bene so weel reclamed to the lure,
So wel lerned hem to with-holde alsoo,
588 And al to chaunge when luf shuld beste endure.”
"When a man hath set his heart in stable wise, he should not change, but ever be true.

For me, I'll never alter while I live."

"That is well enough when you are loved again, but you have made a mistake with me, and had better give up at once."

"Reason and good advice are set aside in love."

"If you'll not pity yourself, you'll get pity from no one else. I mean to have a better man."

"Who loveth not hym self, what euere he be in love, he stant for-yete in euery place; and of youre woo, yf ye haue noo pyte, Others pyte blyeve not to purchase, but bethe fully assured in this caas, I am alwaies vnder an ordynance"
To haue better; trustith not after grace;
And at lenfe take to youre plesaunce."

LAMANT.

"Ye haue noo cause to doute of this matiere, 
ner you to meve with noo suche fantasye
to put me ferre al ought 1 as a strangere;
for your goodnesse can thynk and weel Advise
that I haue made a prefe in euery wise
by whiche my trouthe shewith open evidence.
Mi long abidyng, and my trewe servaise,
may weel be knowe by pleywe experience."

LA DAME.

"Of verrie righte he may be called trewe,
and soo muste he be take in euery place,
that can deserve, and lete as he ne knewe,
and keep the good if he it may purchase.
For who pat praicthe or sueth in eny cace,
Right weel ye woote in pat noo trouthe is previd;
Suche hath peri bene, and are, pat getithe grace,
and leese itt soone whan thei it hane atchenyd."

LAMANT.

"If trouth me cause by vertu souereyne
to shewe good love, and alway fynde contrarye,
and cherissh he pat that slethe me with the peyne,2
This is to me a louely aduersarye
whan pat pyte, whiche long a-slepe doothet tarye,
hath sett the fyne of al myn heuynesse;
yet here 3 conforte to me more necessarie
shulde sette myn wille more sure in stableness."

LA DAME.

"The woful wighte, what may he thynk or seye?
the contrarie of alle loye and gladnesse;
a seke body, his thought is al a-waye
from hem that fele no sorwe or siknesse.
Thus hurteth ben of dyuerse busynesse
which love hath put to right gret hinderamee,
and trouthe alseoo put in foryetefulnesse
whanne thei soo sore begynne to sighe as-
seaunce."

LAMANT.

"Now, god defende but he be haueles
of alle worship or good that may befalle,
that to pe weyrste turneth by his leudenesse
a yyte of grace, or any thyng at alle
that his lady vouchith sauf vp-one hyme calle,
or cherishe hym in honorable wise:
In that defaute, what euere he be put falle,
Deseruethe more thanne dethe to suffir twise."

LA DAME.

"There is no Inge y-sette of suche trespace
by which of right one may reconeered be;
One curseth faste, anoijc/ dooth manace,
yet dieth none, as ferre as I can see;
but keepe her corse alway in one degre,
and euere newe there laboure dothe encrease
to brynge ladies by there subtilee
For othirs gilte in sorowe & disease."

LAMANT.

"Ye I, be love and be my trewe service,
lesse the good chiere that strangiers haue alway,
where-of shuld serue my trouthe in ony wise
lesse thanne to hem that come & go al day,
which holde of you noo pinga pat is non nay?
also in you is loste, to my semyng,
alle curteisie, which of Reson wolde say
that love by love were lawefulle deserynyng."

LA DAME.

"Curtesye is allied wonder nere
with worship, which hym lonethe best & tendirly.
and he wil not be bounde for noo praiere nor for [no] yfte, I say you verily, but his good chiere departe ful largely where hym likithe, as his conceyte wil falle: Guerdon constreynte, a yfte doo thankfully, These tweyne may not accorde, ne neuere shalle."

LAMANT.

"As for guerdon, I seche none in this caas, for that deserte to me is to highe, where-fore I ashe you perdoun and youre grace, Sithe me behoveth deth or youre mercye, to yf pe good where it wantithe truly, that were Resoune, and curtesye manere, and to youre owene moche better were worthi, thane to straungiers to shewe hem louely chere."

LA DAME.

"What calle ye goode? sayn wold I that I wiste: that plesith one, a-nothir smertithe soore; but of his owen to large is he that liste yeve moche, and lose al his good fame per-fore. On shulde not make a graunte, litle nor more, but the requeste were right weel accoryng; yf worship be not kepte and sette bi-fore, alle that is loste is but a litle thyng."

LAMANT.

"In-to this worlde was neuere fourmed none, ner vnder heven o creature y-bore, ner neuere shal, sauf only your persone, to whom your worship touchithe half so soore; but me, which haue no seson lesse ne moore of youthe ner age, but stille in youre seruise,

will not be bound by any prayers, but distributes its gifts as it will."

"I ask no reward; only your grace; and Reason would that you should show it to me rather than to strangers."

"What pleases me, pains another; and no grant should be made unless it were sure to be acceptabile."

"There is no creature under heaven to whom your good name is so dear as tome."
I have no kenes that are not yours."

"Each one's good name is enough for himself to look to.

If he troubles about others, he has less of his own."

[Fol. 68. b.]

"O marble heart!

would you rather see me die for your amusement than give me some comfort?"

"Your disease can soon be cured; mine is nothing. It would give me no pleasure to see you die;"

[\text{M., I will not hurt my self[es]} and none of you shall be able to make a boast about me."

I cannot sing.

I haue non yeen, no Witt, no mouthe in store, that ne alle ar yeyyn to the same office."

"A ful grete charge hath he with-outyne failo that his worship kepith in sikernesse; but in dangier he settith his travaile that seith it with others busynesse, to hym \text{pot longethe honoure and noblesse}, yp-on non othir shulde not be a-wayte, For of [his] owene soo moche hathe he the lesse that of othir muche folwithe the conceyte."

"O marbil herte, and yet more harde, parde, whiche mercy may not perce for no labourere, more strong to bowe thanne is a myghti tre, what vaileth you to shewe soo grete rigoure? please it you more to see me dye this housre be-fore your yeen, for youre disporte and playe, thanne for to shewe som conforte or socoure to respite dethe that chaseth me alwaye?"

"Of youre disease ye may haue allegiance; and as for myn, I lete it ouere shake; also ye shal nat dye for my plesaunce, Ner for your heele I can no suerte make, I nyl not hate myn herte\footnote{I cannot sing.} for othris sake; weepe thei, laughe thei, or syng, pis I warante, for pis matier soo weel to underteke that none of you shal make \text{per-of avaunte}."

"I can noo skille of song; by god allone, I haue more cause to weepe in your presence,
and wele I wote, A vauntoar am I none, 736
for certeynly I love better silence;
On shuld not love, by his hertis credence,
but he were sure to keep it secretly,
for a vantoar is of noo reuence 740
whanne that his tongue is his most enemy.”

LA DAME.

“Malbouche in courte hath grete com Amanda-
Eche man studieth to sey the worste he may.
these fals lovers, in this tyme now present,
thei serve to boste, to Iangle as a Lay; 744
the moste secrete wil wele that sum men say
how he mystrustid is on som party[es];
where-fore to ladies what men speke or pray,
It shal not be bilevid in noo wise.”

LAMANT.

“Of good & ill, shal be, and is alway,
the worlde is suche ; the dethe it is not playne, 752
thei pat be good, the preve shewithe every day
and othirwise grete velany certayne ;
It is reson, thoughe one his tongue distayne
with cursid speche, to doo hym sifl a shame,
that suche refuse shulde wrongfully remayne
vpon the good, renommeed in her fame.”

LA DAME.

“Suche as ben noughte, whanne pei herde
that eche trespas shal lightly haue pardoun,
thei that purposen to be good and trewe, 760
weel sette by noble disposicion
to contynue in good condicion,
Thei are the first that fallen in damage,
and ful frely theym Abandoun;
To litle feith with faire & softe langage.”
"Then, though a man be true, he is to be ruined because ladies have neither justice nor pity.

"Vice and virtue fare alike."

"I have no power to injure any one,

but I mean to keep clear of men.

They are snares,

and ladies must keep a good look out."

"Since you will give me no grace,

I appeal to God against your hardness."

"I have never given you any pledge whatever, and,

once for all, your desire shall never

NOW knowe I wele of verry certeynte, thoghe one doo trewly, yet shal he be shente, sithe al manere of Justice and pyte is banchid out of a ladies entente, I can not see but al is at oo stente, the good and ille, pe vice and eke pe vertue; suche as be good shal haue pe punysshement for pe trespace of them pat ben vntrewé."
ye noye me soore in wastyng al p's wynde,  
796 For I have seide y-noghe, as semeth me.”

Verba Auctoris.

This woeful man rosse vp al in his peyne,  
and soo departid with wepyng contynance;  
his woeful hert, almoste it brest in twyne,  
800 Ful like to dye, forth walkyng in a trance,  
and seide, “now deth, come forth, thi siff’ avancée  
or that myn herte forgete his proprete,  
and make shorte al p’s woeful penance  
804 of my pore lyfe ful of aduersite.”

From thens he wente, but whider wist y noghte,  
ner to what parte he drowhe, in sothfastnesse;  
but he noo more was in his ladies thoghte,  
808 for to pe daunce anoon she gan hir dresse;  
And afterward, one tolde me it expresse,  
he rente his here for anguysshe & for peyne,  
and in hym siff took soo grete heuynesse  
812 that he was dede withynne a day or twyne.

Ye trewe lovers, pis I beseche you alle,  
suche aventure, fle them in euery wise,  
and as puple defamed ye them calle,  
816 for thei truly doo yow grete preiudise.  
Refus hath made for alle suche flaterise  
his Castelles stronge, stuffed with ordenance,  
for thei haue hadde long tymne bi theire office  
820 the hool Contre of love in obbeisaunce.

And ye ladies, or what estate ye be,  
In whom worship hath chose his dwellyng place;  
for god is lone, doo noo suche cruelte,  
824 Namely to hem that [have] deserved grace,
who is rightly named

La belle Dame sans Mercy.

God give this book a fair way,

and may those who read it correct its faults,

and pardon my boldness,

taking kindly this rude translation,

destitute of eloquence and metre.

I ask help of those who asked me to write it.

God grant that no true man be vexed now like our Lover:

but may all fare well!

ner in no wise ne folwe ye not the trace
of hir that here is named rightwisly,
which bi resson, me semeth in this caas,

828 Maybe called Lebelle Damesanymercy. Explicit.

Verba translatoris.

Goo, little book, god sende the good passage;
Chese wele thi way, be symple of manere,
look thi clothynge be like thi pilgrymage,

832 and specially lete pis be thi prayere
vn-to hem that the wil rede or here,
‘Wher pous art wrong, after per helpe to calle,
the to correcte in eny parte or alle.’

836 Praye hem also with thyne humble service
thi boldenesse to pardon in this caas,
For elles thou arte not able in noo wise
to make thi sylf appere in any place;

840 and furthermore besech hem of per grace,
by there faavour and supportacione
to take in gree this rude translation,

The which, god wote, standithe ful destitute
de eloquence, of metre, and of colours,
wilde as a beeste, nakid with-oute refute,
vp-on a playne, to bide al maner shoures.
I can no more, but axe of hem socourers
at whos requeste thou made was in pis wise,
Comaundyng me with body and servise.

Righte thus I make an ende of this processe,
besechyng hym that al hath in balance,

852 that noo trewe man be vexed causelesse
as this man was, which is of Remembrance;
And alle that dothe there faithful observancie,
And in there trouthe purpose hem to endure,

856 I praye god sende hem better aventure. Amen.

Qui legit, emendat scriptorem, non reprehendat.
A Hymn to the Virgin Mary to preserve King Henry.

O blessed mary, the flowre of virgynite!
O queene of hevyn Imperyalle!
O empres of helle, and lady of chastyte!
4 To the obey alle aungels celestyalle!
For the hevynly kyng enteryd thy close virgynalle
Man to redeeme from dedely synne,
That by his deth, hevyn he myght wynne.

8 Hayle bryght starre of Jerusalem!
Heyle ruddy roose of Jerico!
Heyle clerenes of bethlehem!
To the alle synners do go,
12 Mercy callyng, and besechyng to & fro
Them to dyrect in this stormy se
As thou art parfyte rodde of Jesse.

O clere porte of paradysye!
16 O spouse of salamon so eloquent!
O queene of most precyous pryce!
Thou art a pyller of feyth excellent!
My townge is not suffycient
20 Thy clerenes to comprehende,
Yf everey membre a tunge myght extende.

Heyle fleece of gedion, with vertu decorate!
Heyle plesaunt lyly, most goodly in bewty!
24 Heyle towre of Dauid & vyrgyn immaculat!
A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY TO PRESERVE KING HENRY.

Save men from misery,
and hear my moan.

Redres mans sowle from alle mysery,
That he may enter the eternal glorye.
As thou art cyte of god, & sempiternal throne,

Here now, blessyd lady, my wofulle tone.

O plesaunt Olyne!

O plesaunt olyne with grace circundate !
O lemyng lawmpe, in light passyng nature !
How greately is thy name glorificate !

To the geuyth praysynges euery creature !
As thou art goddys modyr & virgin pure,
Grant to man the blyssse eternalle
When he passith thys lyfe terrestryalle !

Grant man eternal bliss.

To the guryth praysynges euery creature !
As thou art goddys modyr & virgin pure,

To preserve nobyl kyng herry
And alle hys holy realme,

Syttyng in hevyn most triumphantly!

Heyle blasyng starre withowte peere !
I beseche the as thou art moder of mercy,

I beseche the as thou art moder of mercy,

Heyle blasyng starre withowte peere !

Heyle virgyn mary surmountyng clere tytan !
Syttyng in hevyn most triumphantly!

[The Wright's Chaste Wife follows, though headed by "A medycine for the tothe ache."]
A nobulle story wryte y fynde,
A pope h'it wrote to haue yn mynde
Of his modur, (& of her lyf)

That holden was an holy wyfe,
Of myrthes sadde, & mylde of mode,
Hat alle men held here holy & gode,
Bothe deuowte & mylde of steuene.

That holden was an holy wyfe,
Of myrthes sadde, & mylde of mode,
Hat alle men held here holy & gode,
Bothe deuowte & mylde of steuene.

That holden was an holy wyfe,
Of myrthes sadde, & mylde of mode,
Hat alle men held here holy & gode,
Bothe deuowte & mylde of steuene.

This noble story was written by a Pope about his mother; who was held to be a holy woman, worthy of heaven.

But the Devil made her lustful, and she conceived a child.

As soon as it was born, she killed it.

1 So sade of maneres
2 gesshed
3 travailede
4 So sfer that she was with childe.
5 her
6 MS. Cot. tule, L. case.
7 Be the necke the child she wried.
And pryuely she hit byryede.

per was she combred yn a carefullc case,

24 And vnshryuen per-of she was;¹

She ne tolde no preste here privyte,

For she wolde holy holden be.²

Efte sones she felle in þe same case

28 Ryþ th as befor hæ he-tydde was;

For she was comen of hyʒ³ parage,

Of gentylle⁴ kyne & worþy⁵ lynage,⁶

perfore she wolde not here synne⁷ shewe,

32 Nor yn schryfte hit be⁸ knowe,⁹

And so here dedes were not a-spyed,

But afterwarde sodenly¹⁰ she dyed.

When she was seyn so sodenly¹¹ dye,

36 Men hoped she was yn heuen hye;

They helde here so holy & deuoA,i,e,

Þat of here deth þey made no dowte,

But sykurly men wende y-wys¹²

40 þat she was worþy¹³ heuen blys.

Then aþur with-Inne a shorte¹⁴ tyme,

Vpon a day soone aþyr pryme,

The pope as he at his masse stode

¹ She shewed neuer shryfte þerof, alas!

² L. transposes this and the line above, and adds,

Alle folke were fayne of hir name,

So holy she was holden, and of gode fame.

Twyes

³ price.        ⁴ Riche       ⁵ gentille

⁶ L. adds,

Hir sone was Gregory the pope;

Men helden hir holy with alle her hope.

⁷ durste she no shryft     ⁸ lest be schreft hir case were

⁹ L. adds,

So shame maketh men to hide ther shryfte,

And les the grace of god alle-myghte,

And sethen to lyve synfully,

And fallen to dethe sodeynly.

¹⁰ sothely    ¹¹ softly    ¹² wenden witterly al to wysse.

¹³ sett in    ¹⁴ litelle
Vpon his moder he hadde pow3t goode,
Praynyng to god with conciens clere
The sope to knowe as hit were; 1
And sodenly yn myddes hys masse

Per pow3t 2 to hym suche a 3 derkenesse
Pat he lukede ner 4 pe dayes ly3t,
For hit was derke as mydny3t;
In pat derkenes was myste among.

Alle a-stonyed he stode, so hit stongke; 5
Be-syde he loked vnpar hys lere;
In pat derkenes a pyng pow hym 6 nere,
A won3r-fulle gryesly creature,

After a fend fyred with alle here fature, 7
Alle ragged & rente, bope elenge & 8 enelle,
As orrybulle 9 to be-holde as any 10 develle:
Mowthe, face, 11 eres & yes,

Bremede alle 12 full of brennyng lyes.
13 He was so agast of pat grysly goste
That yn a swonyng he was almo3te;
He halsed hit porow 13 goddes my3yte

That pe fende he putte to fly3te, 14
And be pe vertu of hys blode
That for mankynde dyed on Rode,
" Sey me sykerly pe sope soone

What pou hast yn p3's place to done;
What ys py cause pou cursed 15 wrecche,
Thus at masse me for to 16 dreche?"
Be gost answered with drury 17 chere

he prayed God to
tell him the truth
about his mother;
and suddenly a
great darkness
came over him,
which stank,
and from it came
a gressome thing
like a fend,
as horible as any
devil,
all adhame.

He conjured the
spectre
to tell him why
it came
to trouble him at
Mass.
The ghost
answered,

1 L. omits these lines. 2 drewe 3 a grete 4 That blacked all
5 It., Stonyed he was of a synche fulle stronge.
Ther-of so gresely he was a-gaste
That in swonyng he was alle-moste.
6 that pat drewe on 7 But as a sifende was hir fature.
8 rent and also 9 dredfulle 10 helle 11 and nose
12 Flammynge 13-13 He asked fullyche bi
14 That alle develis shulde drade by right.
15 the cause that pu weled 16 do der and 17 drery
72 "I am by modur put pe beere, 
put for vschryuen dedes so derne 
In byttyr paynes pis y breame."
Then sayde pe pope, "alas! Alas!"
76 Modur, pis ys to me a wondur case. 
A! leef modur! how may pis be 
In such paynes 'pe for to se?
For alle men wende y-wys.
80 That pou hadde bene wordy heuen blys,
And fulle good put pou were
To praye for vs put ben here.
Sey me, modyr, with-onten fayne
84 Why art pou put to alle pis Payne."
She sayde, "sone, sykerly I 
shall pe telle pe cause why:
For y was not such as y semed,
88 But mycho worse pen men wened;
I lynede in lustes wykkydly in my lyfe,
Of pe whych e yolde me not shryfe;
And tolde hym trewly alle pe case
92 Fro pe bygynnyng how put hit wase.
12 The pope lette teres a down Renne,
And to his modyr he sayde pen,
"Telle me now, modur, for lone of mary flour,
96 If any pyng may pe help or sokoure?
13 Bedes, or masse, py penanece to bye,
Or ony fastynge py sorowe to alyce;
What curste, or caste, or any opur pyng
100 The may help, or be py Releuyng."13

1 A-Raye 2 Men wendyne witterlyche I-wis 
3 were worthy to haue 4 fulle wolfe with god 5 leven
6 sothefastlye. 7 Butt wended and 6 I synned
9 durste me newer 10 She 11 From one tille other as
12-13 L. omits these lines.
13-15 Whener fastynge or penamece may pe alegge, 
Redes or masses thi paynes to brygge, 
With cost, and crafts, and other thinge 
To the be helpe of Any savynge.
“My blessed sone,” sayde she,
“Fulle welle y hope hat hit may be;
Syker & saf my th y he welle,

104 Who-so trewly wolde take a 3 trentelle
Of ten chef festes of pe zere,
To syng for me yn pis manere,
Thre masses of crystys natyuyte,

108 And of pe xij day 4 opur pre,
Thre of our ladies purfyacioun,
And opur pre of here Annunziacioun,
Thre of crystes gloryous Resurreccioun,

112 And opur pre of his hy3 Ascencioun,
And of pentecoste opur pre,
And pre of pe blessed trinite,
And of our ladyes Assunpcioun, opur pre,

116 And of here joyfulle natuine pre;
These ben pe chefes 5 festes ten
That sokour pe sowles het ben fro heuenn.6
Who so7 sayth pese masses with-out fayle,

120 For synfulle sowles pey shalle a-vayle;
Alle A 8 zere, with-outene trayne,
They deluyere a solew 9 out of payne.
Lette say pese masses be your hestes

124 With-Inne pe 10 vtas of pe 10 festes ;
And he het shalle pese masses do,
Sey he per-with pis oryson also, 11
‘Deus qui es nostra Redempcio’

128 With alle pe opur pat longen per to.”
The pope was gladde here-of in fay,
And to his modur ben gen he say,

1 welle y-holpen y myght   2 Holpen and said
3 vnder-toke a trewe  4 Epuphanie. L. compresses the next eight lines into four.
5 like 6 That soverenly soucren synfulle men.
7 Whate præste 8 In one 9 sowles 10 every
11 For the next four lines the Lambeth MS. (fol. 112) reads:
Trewly with-owten any were
Every day thorowe-oute the yere;

“Ye, I should be safe
if any one would
sing 30 Masses for
me on ten Chief
Feasts:
3 at Christmas,
3 at the Circum-
cision,
3 at Mary’s Purifi-
cation,
3 at the Annuni-
cation,
3 at Christ’s Re-
surrection,
3 at His Ascen-
sion,
3 at Pentecost,
3 on Trinity
Sunday,
3 at Mary’s Ass-
sumption,
and 3 at her
Nativity.

These Masses
said in one year
[Fol. 85, back, col. 1.]
deliver a soul
from torment;

but with them should be said the
prayer ‘God who
art our Redemp-
tion.’”

The Pope was glad, a4d
promised that
"Modyr," he sayde, "his shalle be do,
For y am most bounde to perto;
Thou were my moder, I was py sone,
Thys same yer hit shalle be done;
God graunte me grace to stonde in stede

Ayeys alle be synus pat cuur pou dede;
I communade hooly, my moder dere,
put pis tyme twelfmonep pou to me apere,
And hooly to me py state pou telle,

That how pou fare y may wyte welle." 3
"My sone," she sayde, "y wolle yn fay;"
And with pat worde she wente here way.
Day by day be 3ere gon passe,
The pope for-sate neuer 10 his masse
The same dayes pat were a-syned,
To helpe his moder pat was pyned;
And toke be orysons alle-way per-to

Rysth as she bad 12 hym for to do.
xij monep after 13 as he at masse stode

Do hem it to saye cuor daye,
Or he that dothe thes masses to saye,
Whoso wilt knowe this orison clene,
Hit is in Englishe this myche to mene.
Oraicio, 4 Deus qui es nostra Redempcio
"God, that arte oure verray Redempeion,
To owre sowlis sothefast saluacion:
That chessest, alle opor londis be-forne,
The lond of hest in to be borne,
And thi dethe suffrest in that same,
Delyuere the soules from helle blame!
Brynge hem oute of the fendas bonde,
And that lond oute of heten men honde!
And that pepille that levith not on the,
Throwe thi vertue a-mendid may be,
And alle that trustyn on thi merce,
Lord, save hem alle for thi pite!"

1 holdynge 2 arte 3 am
4 To synge these masses y shalle not shonue 5 me moder the
6 pray the 7 shewe 8 mowe it knowe 9 she vanished awaye
10 lete neuer to say 11 was soo 12 As his moder praise
13 That time a twelmothe
With gret denocioun & holynesse gode,¹
At pat same tyme fulle Ryghte ²

152 He sawe a fulle swete ³ syghte:
A comely lady dressed & dyghte,
That alle þe worlde was not so ⁴ bryȝt,
Comely ⁵ crowned as a qwene,

156 Twenty Angellys here ladde ⁶ betwene.
He was so Raueshed of þat syghte
That nyȝ ⁷ for Loye he swoned ⁸ Ryghte;
He felle down flatte by-fore here fete,

160 þat denowtly teres wepynge he lete,
And grette here with a myldre steuen,
And sayde pere, "lady, qwene of heuen,
Modyr of Ihesu, mayde marye,

164 For my modyr mercy I crye." ⁹
⁹ At þat worde, with myldre chere
She hym answered on þis manere,
"Blessed sonne, ¹⁰ I am not she
But certes ¹¹ as þou seest me here
I am þy modyr þat þe bere,
That here by-fore, ¹² þou wyste welle,

172 I was wordy payne yn helle,¹³
And now y am such as þou seest here
Þorow help of þe vertu of þy prayere;
Fro derknesse I dresse to blysse clere;

176 þe tyme be blessed þat y þe bere!
And, for þe kyndenesse of ¹⁴ þy good dede,
Heuen blysse ¹⁵ shalle be þy mede.
And alle þo þat leten þese masses be ¹⁶ do,
appeared to him" ¹⁰ a comely lady
crowned like a Queen, and led by 20 Angels.
He fell down before her, and said,
"Virgin Mary,
[Fol. 85b. col. 2.]
have mercy on my mother."
The lady answered, "I am not Mary,
but thy mother,
who was worthy of hell, but now from thy prayers
shall enjoy
heaven's bliss.
And all those who have Masses sung

¹ Holy in prayers, with devocions gode
² tide a-plaint ³ wonder sly ⁴ alle the place of hir shone
⁵ Comly and ⁶ Two Angilleshelden hir hem ⁷ allemoste
⁸ felle downe ⁹-⁹ Do way, she saide ¹⁰ Ne whom ¹¹ sothe
¹² Be-forne y ferde ¹³ Right foule as a deville of helle,
¹⁴ and, sonne, for ¹⁵ Sovereyn Joyce ¹⁶ this
shall save themselves and their shining friends.

Preach this, my son."

Then an angel bare the Pope’s mother into heaven.

Such is the power of St. Gregory’s Trenal.

But the priest who sings the Mass should say the Commendation the eve before, the Dirge too,

and the 7 Penitential Psalms,

for every Psalm quenches a sin.

180 Shalle save hem self & oper 1 mo ; 
bus may pey helpe here frendes alle 
That Reche-lesly yn synne falle :
Therfore, sone, pis story pou preche ;
184 And almyghty god y pe be-teche."

2 At pe endyng of her wordes euene
An Angelle her ber yn to heuen :
In-to pat place god vs sende,
188 To dwelle with her with-ontene ende !

\[Thys ys pe vertu, y pe telle,\]
Of scynt gregory trentelle ;
But who so wylle do hit trewely,\]
192 He moste do more sykurly :*
pe preste pat pe masse \(^5\) shalle syngye,
At eche feste pat he dop hit mynge,\(^6\)
He moste say with good deuocioun,
196 Ouere \(^7\) Euene pe commendacyoun,
Placebo & dyryge \(^8\) also,
The sowle to brynge out of woo ;
And also pe salmes \(^9\) seuenne
200 For to brynge pe sowle to heuen,
Among oper prayeres pey ben good
To brynge sowles fro helle f[l]ode,\(^10\)
For euery psalme qwencheth \(^11\) a synne
204 As ofte as a man both hoyn mynde.\(^12\)

1 and the soules. L. omits the next two lines.
2.3 When she hadde this saide A-none,
The Angelle to hevyn with her,con gone ;
To that place god vs sende
That wonneth in blysse with-owten ende !
Now haue we herd fayre and wele
The vertus
3 parfitely \(^4\) therto trewely \(^5\) this trentalle \(^6\) mynde \(^7\) Euer
c & the direges he most sey \(^9\) spalmes \(^10\) flode
11 dothe qwynche \(^12\) be-gynne. L. adds:
And with gode Devocion scith pean to the ende,
Then may the soules to hevyn wende ;
Therfor this Salme haue ye in thought ;
The xv Salmes for-yete ye nought ;
The letany also ye haue in mynde,
Loke thou leve hit not be-hynde.
Saint Gregory's Trental.

Loke with good denocyon þou hem say,
And to alle halewes þat þou 1 pray,
To 2 helpe þe with alle here myȝte

208 The sowle to brynge to heuen bryghte
There euur ys day, and neuer nyghte ;
Cryst graunt vs parte of þat lyghte !3
Loke þese ben sayde alle in ferre

212 Everie day yn 4 þe þere ;
Neuer a day þat þou for-ȝete,
These to say þou ne lette ;
Also in þe vtas 5 of everie feste

216 Al so longe as hit doth 6 lestye—
viiij dayis mene calleþ þe vtas—
þe presté moste say in hís masse,
(A nobulle orysoune hit ys holde,)

220 þe colette þat fyrst y of tolde ;
And after þe fyrste orysoune,
þer ys an-opur of gret Renoune
þat to þe sowle ys wonþur swete,

224 Mene calle hit þe 'secret.' 7
When þe presté hath don 8 hís masse,
Vsed, 9 & hís hondes wasche,
A-nopur orysoune he moste say

228 þat yn þe boke fynde he may,
þe 'post comen' 10 men don hit calle,
That helpeth sowles out of pralle ;
And þat þís be don at eche a feste

232 As þe trentelle speketh moste & lestye ;
Then may þou be sykur & certayne
To brynge þe sowle out of payne
To endeles Ioye, þat lesteth aye,

[Fol. 86, col. 1.] He should pray also to all the Saints,

and say all these prayers every day in the year.

And in the octave of every feast

the priest must

say the Collect I spoke of first, and after the first orison,

the Secret;

and after Mass

the Post Communion.

If this be done, assuredly

the soul will be brought from hell to endless joy.

1 hallowyn ther-wiþ to
2 Pray hem to
3 grace to se that sight
4 thorowe
5 vtas
6 they do
7 L. has the side note, Secret[am.] Omnipotens sempiterne deus.
8 sacred
9 And said
10 L. side note, post communionem. Deus exults nomine (?)
May God bring us to everlasting joy in heaven! Amen!

236 That God dyed fore on good Friday.\(^1\) To that joy he\(^2\) vs brynge that ys in heuen with-oute endynge! Pray we alle hit may so be,

240 And say Amen for\(^3\) charyte!

**Explicit.** [Sent Gregorys Trentalle, l.]

[Here after foloweth medycynes of Lechecrafte, fol. 114 l.]

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\(^1\) He vs graunte that for vs Dyed on gode Frydaye.

\(^2\) god

\(^3\) Amen, Amen per
The Adulterous Falmouth Squire.

(A story of too skwyrys that were brethren, the wyche dwellyd here yn ynglond, yn the toune of falmoutht, yn dorset schere; the tone was dampnyd for brekyng of his wedlok, the tother was sauyd.)

PROLOGUE.

From MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 136.

SIR WILLIAM BASTERDFELD'S WARNING.

All crysten men þat walke me by,
Be-hold and se þis dulfull syȝht!
It helpys not to calle ne cry,

4 For I ame damned, a dollfole wyȝht.
Some tyme in Ingland duellyng—
Thys was trew with-oûten lesyng—
Y was callyd sir Wylliâm Basterdfeld, knyȝt;

8 Be-were be me, both kyng and knyȝht,
And amend ȝou whyle ȝe haue space,
For I haue lost euer-lastynge lyȝht,
And þus of mercy can I gete no grace.

12 When I was now as ȝe be,
Y kepyd neuer óper lyffe,
I spendyd my lyffe in vanyte,
Y[n] veynglory, bate, and stryffe;

16 Grete othes with me were fulle ryffe;
THE ADULTEROUS FALMOUTH SQUIRE.

I had no grace me to amend,
Y sparyd noper meyd ne wyffe,
And pat hath brouȝt me to pis ende.

20 Y hade no hape whyll I was here
Forto a-ryse and me repent,
Tyll pat I was brouȝt on bere;
Than was to late, ffor I was schente.

24 All-wei with þem I ameyde,
In fyre of hell I schall cuer be brente;
Alas! þis world hath me deseuyde,
Fore I had no grace me to amende.

28 Yn lechery I lede my lyfe,
For I hade gode and gold at wylle;
I schenye my selue with-outene knyffe,
And of glotony I hade my fylle;

32 Yn sleuth I ley, and slepyd stytle.
I was deseuyed in a reyste,
A dolefulle deth þat dyde me kyll e;
Than was to late off had-I-wyste.

36 Thus ame I lappyd all a-boute;
With todys and snaks, as þe may se,
Y ame gnawyn my body a-boute.
Alas, alas! full wo is me,

40 It is to late, it will not be.
I know welle women, more and myyne,
For hym þat dyzed for þou and me,
Aryse, and rest not in your syne!

44 For when I was in my flowres,
Than was I lyȝht as byrd on bre re;
Ther-fer I suffere scharpe schoures,
And by þat bergayne wonder dere, 

48 And byde in peynes many and sere;
Ther-fer þus I make my mone.
Now may helpe me no prayer,
Y have no gode bot god alone.

52 Wo be þei, who so cuer þei be,
And have þer v wyttis at wylle,
And wyll not be wer be me,
And knaw gode thinge fro þe ylle.

56 The pore, for faute late þen not spylle!
And ȝe do, ȝour deth is dyȝht;
ȝoure fals flessch ȝe not fullfylle,
Lost with lucyfer fro ye lyȝht.

60 Yn delycate mets I sette my delyte,
And myȝhty Wynes vn-to my pay;
That make þis wormys on me byte,
There-for my song is well-y-wei!

64 I myȝht not fast, I wold not praye,
I thought to amend me in myn age,
Y droffe eyer forth fro dey to dey,
Ther-þor I byde here in þis cage.

68 Thys cage is eyer lastynge fyre;
I ame ordeynþ þer-in to duelle;
Yt is me gyuen, for myne hyre,
Eyer to bryne in þe pytte of helle.

72 Y ame feteryd with þe fends selle,
Ther I a-byde as best in stalle;
Ther is no tonge my care cane telle,
Be were ȝe haue not sych a falle!

76 Alas þat eyer I borne was,
Or moder me bore! why dyde sche so?
For I ame lost for my trespass,
And a-byde in euer-lastynge wo;

80 Y haue no frend, bot many a fo.
Be-hold me how þat I ame tourne,
For I ame rente fro tope to to;
Alas þat euer I was borne!

84 Gode broþer, haue me in mynd,
And thinke how þou schall dyȝe all wey,
And to þi soule be not vn-kynde,
Remembyr þt boþe nyȝt and dey!

88 Besly loke þat þou praye,
AND BE-SEEKE \(p\)ou heuen kynges
TO SANC PE ON \(p\)AT drefull dey
THAT EVRY \(\text{man}\) schall gyffe rekening;
FOR NO \(\text{lords}\) schall for \(\text{pe}\) praye,
NE \(\text{Justys}\), ne \(\text{per}\) \(\text{no}\) man of \(\text{lawe}\);
THER CHARTER \(\text{help-ys}\) \(\text{pe}\) not \(\text{pAT}\) dey,
THER PLETYN is NOT \text{worth an haue.}

100
MAN, FROMO \(1\) \(\text{myscheffe thou pe A-mende,}\)
AND TO MY TALKYNGE THOU TAKE \(\text{gode hede,}\)
FRO \(\text{synnes vij thou the defende,}\)
The leste of alle is FOR TO DRED;
FOR OF THE LESTE Y WILLE YOU SPOKE,
AND FOR TO FALBLLE I WILLE YOU NOUGHT;
BE WARE, MAN, GOD WILLE HIM WREKE
OFF HIM THAT IS CAUSE SPOWSODE TO BREKE.

104
THET \(4\) FIRST SACREMENT THAT EWER GOD MADE,
THAT WAS WEDLOK, IN GODE FAYE;
KEPE \(5\) THOU HIT \(6\) WITH-OUTE DRED,
FOR HIT LASTITH TILLE \(7\) DOMES DAYE.

108
FOR HIS BONDE WE MAY ALLE BREKE,
HIS OWN WORDE, AND \(9\) WE WILLE HABLE,
TO \(10\) DETHE COME THAT SHALLE WREKE,
AND BE CAST IN CLAYE FULLE COLDE.

112
THE GRETTER \(13\) KYNGE OF ALLE THE WORLDE
BY SOM CAUSE HIS CROWNE MAY FORGONE,—

1 MS. Ashmole, fro 2 fro hell I wyll you tech
3 his teching do breke 4 The 5 Be-leuc 6 \(p\)AT
7 \(p\)AT schall last to 8 This line omitted. 9 if 10 Tyli
11 all shall werke 12 VS all in cley to fold 13 gretyst
I take witnesse of olde and yenge, 1
Off kyng Sacre and kyng Salamond, 2

120 Off Davit 3 that made the Sauter booke, 4 —
Criste of 5 hym his crowne con 6 take, 7
The grettest Clerke that Euer thou seste,
To take hym vnder heuen cope, 8

124 He may neuer take order of preste
But he have licence 9 of the pope
And he be gotten in bawdre, 10
Or ull's a bastard he be borne, —

128 This cause I telle welle for the, 11 —
The order of preest-hode 12 he has forborne.
The 13 begger at the townes ende,
To hym wedlok is as fre

132 As to the Richest kyng or quene, 14
For alle is but one 15 dignyte.
Man, yf thou wist whate it were
To take a-noper then thi wyffe,

136 Thou wolde 16 rather suffre here 17
To be quycke 18 slayne with a knyffe ;
For yf thou take a-noper manes wyffe,
A wronge aire 19 thou moste nedis gette

140 And this (sic) thou bringest iij sowles in stryfe,
In helle fyre to bren 20 and hete.
But write thes thinges in thine 21 herte
That felis the 22 gilty in this case,

144 With shryfte of monthe and ponnance smerte,
They were ther blis for to vnbrace, 23
But and thei dye a sodeyne dethe

1 kyng rycherd 2 And kyng Sabe and Absalome 3 And kyng Davyd 4 Add, " For synne hæt he dyde with bersabe " 5 fro 6 he 7 Add, " Thus holy wryte tellys me " 8 This line is from MS. Ashmole. 9 leue 10 vowtry 11 Thus I casse well telle to ye 12 preste 13 And the 14 be ryall kyng of kyne 15 a 16 woldeyst 17 it 18 Omitted. 19 eyere 20 ly 21 erre 22 sele hem
they'll go to hell. 148

I'll tell you an instance.

In Falmouth, 39
years before
[Fed. 168.]
the Black
Death,
dwelt two
brothers,

the elder of whom
had a lovely wife,

but he lived a
cursed life,

and had every
woman he could,

the devil
evoked him,

One day both
brothers were
slain;

the elder went to
Hell, and the
younger to
Paradise.

The elder left a
son

With-outen shreft or peneunce,1
To helle they gone 2 with-outen lesce,3
For they can chese none oþer chaunce.

A gode Ensampille4 y will5 telle;
To my talkyne ye6 take gode7 hede,

In Falmowthe8 this case be-felle.
Thirty wynter be-for9 the deth
er dwellyd two breperen in a10 towne,
by on Fadir and moder goten and borne,11

Squiers thei were of gret Renowne,
12 As the story telle13 me by-forne.
The elder broþer had a wyfe,
The fairest woman in any14 londe,
And yett he15 visd a cursid lyfe,
And brought his16 soule in bitter bonde;
He Rought not whate woman he toke,
So litelle he sett by his spoushode,17

To18 the deville caught him in his19 croke,
And with grete myschefe marked his mede.20
Thes two breperen vpon a daye
With Enmyse were slayne in fight;
The elder to helle21 toke the waye,
The younger to paradise bright;22
And this was knowne in sothefastnes;23
Herkyns,24 sires, whate y wille25 saye!

Take gode hede bothe more and lasse,
For godis loue ber this26 a-waye!
The elder broþer hade a sonne to27 clerke,
Welle of fyftene wynter of age;28

He was wyse &29 holy in 30 worke,

1 repentans 2 go 3 lte 4 sampull 5 heu inserted.
6 tale if 3e 7 Omitted. 8 fullanownte 9 seyne 10 be
11 getyne 12 This line follows line 154 in MS. Ashmole.
13 tellys 14 all pet 15 Omitted. 16 hyre 17 wyffe
18 Omitted. 19 A 20 And marked his mede with, &c.
21 helle he. 22 ryght 23 sothnes 24 Herkyns 25 schall
26 this tale. 27 a 28 fully xv 3ere of Age 29 ryght
30 in hys.
To 1 hym shulde falle the Eritage.
For his Fader he made grete mone,
As fallis a gode childe euer 2 of kynde ;

180 Eiche 3 nyght to his Fadir grave wolde he gone,
To 4 have his soule in specialle mynde, 5
Thus he prayed bothe the day and nyght
To god and to his modir dier,

184 Off his Fadyr to have a sight
To wytt 6 in whate place that he 7 were.
The childe that was so nobille and wise
Stode at his Fadir grave at eve ; 8

188 Ther come in 9 oone in a white surprice,
And prieuely toke him by the sleve,
And sayd, "Childe, come on with me, 10
God 11 have herde thy prayer ;

192 Child, thi Fader thou shalt see,
Where he brenys 12 in helle fyre."
He led him to A comly hille,
The Erthe opened, and in thay yode ; 13

196 Smoke and fire ther con 14 oute falle ; 15
And many gostis glowinge on glede, 16
In peynes stronge, and trouville with-all.e 17
Ther he sawe many sore torment,

200 How saules were putt in grete pyne ; 18
He sawe his Fader how he brett,
And by the membrys how that 19 he henge ; 20
Fendis black 21 with Croki's kene

204 Rent his body fro lithe to lyth.22
"Child, pu comyste 23 thi Fadir to sone,
Loke vp nowe, and speke him with." 24

"Alas, Fadyr, how standis 25 this case

and heir,
and heir,
a good child,
a good child,
who prayed
to know where his father was.

[Fol.108 b.]

An Angel in white came to him,
told him he
should see his father in Hell-fire,
and then took him into Hell.

The son saw
spirits in torment,
and his
father burning,
hung up by his
sinning members,
and torn by fiends
with sharp hooks.
The father repented of his sin against his fair, good wife, and says that no saint or angel can rid him of his pain.

208 That ye bene in this paynes stronge?"
"Sonne," he said, "y may semy alas That ever y did thi moder wronge,
For she was bothe fayre and gode,

212 And also bothe tresi and trewe.
Alas! y am worse than wode
Myn owne bale for to brewe."
"Fadir, is ther no saint in hevyn

216 That ye were wonte to haue in mynde
That myght you helpe oute of this payne,
Our lady mary, or some gode frende?"
"Sonne, alle the saintes that bethe in hevyn,
Nor alle the Angilles understhe the trinite,
For to redde me of this payne
They haue no power for to helpe me.
Sonne, and euery gresse were a preeste

220 That growith vpon goddis grownde,
Off this paynes that thou me seste
Canne never make me vnbounde.
Sonne, þu shalt be a preeste, y wote it wele;
Onys or this day seven yere—
Att messe ne maties, mette ne mele,—
Thou take me neuer in thi prayer:
Loke, sonne, þu do as y the saye!

224 Therfor y warne the wele before,
For ever the longer þu prayes for me
My paynes shalle be more and more.
Fare wele," he saide, "my dere sonne,

228 but he must warn all against breking their wedlock.
The Angel then takes the son up

232 The Fadir of hevyn be-teche y the,
And warne euery man, where-so þu come,
Off wedlok to breke; ware to be."
The Angille be-ganne þe child to lede

1 was 2 þer I dyde 3 Whether 4 any 5 loose
6 prison 7 skye 8 one oure space oute
9 to lyst me 10 if 11 payne 12 At 13 ne At
14 more 15 brekyng
240 Oute 1 of that wrecchidly 2 wone
In-to a forest was longe in brede ;
The same was vp, and bright it shone.
He led him to a fayre Erbere, 3
244 The yatis 4 were of clene Cristalle
That to his sight were passyng fayre.
And as 5 bright as any beralle ;
The wallys semed of gold bright,
248 With dorrys that were high and longe, 6
Thay harde vp on the yatis on high, 7
Mynstralsy and Angelle 8 songe :—
The pellycan and the papynjaye,
252 The tymor and the turtlle trewe,
An honeder thousande in 9 her laye, 10
The nyghtyngale with notis newe.
On a grene hille he sawe a tre, 11
256 The savoure 12 of hit was stronge & store,
Pale it was, and wanne of ble,
Lost hit had bothe 13 frute and flour.
A Ruthefull 14 sight that child con see,
260 And of that sight he had grete drede,
"A ! dere 15 lady, howe may this bee, 16
The blode of this tre bledis 17 so rede ?"
The Angille saide, "childe, 18 this is the tree
264 That God, Adam, the frute for-bede,
And therfor drewyn oute was hee,
And in the Erthe his lyfe to lede.
In the same place ther yt feste it blode, 19
268 Grewe 20 the appille that Adam bote,
And that was thorough Evys rede
And the deville of helle, fulle welle y wote. 21
When Any synfulle comys here in,

1 Sone oute. 2 wrecchyd 3 abour 4 pathys 5 als
6 dorys and with tourys strong 7 hyht 8 with Angelles
9 on 10 rew 11 an hyllc 12 fauour 13 hat be
14 renfull 15 god 16 le 17 lokys 18 Omitted.
19 For in the place ther thou seys it spreth
20 Grow 21 it knewote
which bled afresh whenever a sinful person came near it.

Then the Angel takes the son to a shining tent, and there he sees a man whom

272 As thou sest nowe here\(^1\) with me,
For vengeance of that cursyd synne,
The blode wille Ranne\(^2\) oute of the tre."
He ladde him forthe vpon a\(^3\) playne,

276 He was ware of a pynacle pight,—
Suche on had\(^4\) he neuer sayne,\(^5\)—
Off clothes of gold burneysshed bright;
Ther vnder sate a creature

280 As\(^6\) bright as any sonne bene,
Angillis\(^7\) did him grete honour;
"Lo, child,\(^8\)" he saide, "this is thy nome;
Ther,\(\text{Fader}\)^\(^9\) brother thou may senne in heuen,\(^10\)

284 In heuen\(^11\) blisse with-oute Ende;
So myght thi\(\text{Fader}\) haue\(^12\) bene
And he to wedlock had ben kynde,
But\(^13\) therfor he has getten him hello

288 Endles in the\(^14\) depe dongeon
Ther ever more for to dwelle;
Fro that place is\(\text{per} \) no\(^15\) Redempcion."
Man, from myschefe thou\(^16\) pe a-mende,

292 And\(\text{pu}\) may sitt fulle\(^17\) safe from care:
From dedely synne thou\(^18\) the defende,
And stryghte to\(^19\) blisse thi soule shalle fare.

Explicit

20 A story of too skwyrys that were brethorn, the whyche dwellyd here yn ynglond, yn the towne of Falmowtht, yn Dorsetscheere; the tone was dampnyd for brekyng of hys wedlok, the tother was sawyd.

HERE FOLOWITH SENT GREGORIS TURRENTALI:\(^{29}\)

1 chyld\(^\text{Omitted}\) 2 rymeth\(^\text{Omitted}\) 3 pe\(^\text{Omitted}\) 4 saw\(^\text{Omitted}\) 5 none
6 Als\(^\text{Omitted}\) 7 The angell\(^\text{Omitted}\) 8 son\(^\text{Omitted}\) 9 Thy fyr\(^\text{Omitted}\)
10 Omitted.\(^\text{Omitted}\) 11 heuess\(^\text{Omitted}\) 12 well a\(^\text{Omitted}\) 13 Omitted.
14 but\(^\text{Omitted}\) 15 in helle is no\(^\text{Omitted}\) 16 Omitted.\(^\text{Omitted}\) 17 all
18 god\(^\text{Omitted}\) 19 And\(\text{vnto}\) 20.26 These words are in a later hand.
Ihesu, Mercy for my Mysdede!

A DEVOYT MEDITACIONE.


Ihesu, mercy! mercy, I cry:
myngly sones pou me forgyfe,
pe werde, my flesch, pe fende, folly
my besale both strange & styfe;
I hate ful oft to paim consent,
& so to do it is gret drede;
I ask mercy with gud entent;

Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede!

pe werde thurgh his fals couetyse,
pe fende with pryde, wreth, ire, envy,
I have, ihesu, bene fylde oft sythys,
my flesche with sleuth & lechery,
And opere many ful gret synes:
with repentance, ihesu, me fede,
for euere my tyme open me rynnes:

Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede!

Turne not pi face, ihesu, fro me,
pof I be worst in my lyfynge;
I ask mekely mercy of pe,
for pi mercy passes al thynge.
In pi fynge wondes pou sett my hert,
pat for mankynde on rode walde blede,
& for pi dede vgly & smert,

Ihesu, mercy for [my^1] mysde!^1

Jesu, forgive me my sins!
The world, the flesh, and the devil,
I have oft consented to them.
Jesu, mercy!
Pride, wrath, sloth, and lechery have filled me.
Feed me with repentance.
Jesu, mercy!
Turn not thy face from me;
meekly I ask mercy.
Set my heart in Thy five wounds
and have mercy on my sins.

^1 Omitted in MS.
Give me grace to love Thee;

To pi lyknes pou has me made;
pe for to lufe pou gyfes me grace!
pou art pe lufe pevene sal fade;

28 mercy I ask whils I hafe space.
I trust thes of forgyfines
of al my synnes, pe is my crede;
I me betake to pi gudnes;

thesu, mercy for my myse dede!

I trust Thee for forgiveness,
and yield myself to thy goodness.

Als touchande grace, bot ask & hafe:
pas has pou het in pi beheste,
parfor sum grace on pe I crafe;

36 with outen grace I am bot beste,
& warre pan beste defyled with syne;
pou graunt pe grace may in me brede,
put I pi lufe, thesu, myst wyn:

Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

I crave thy grace;
without it I am
but a beast;

with it I may win
Thy love.

Al worldly lufe is vanite;
bot lufe of pe passes al thynge.
par is no lufe with outen pe;

44 & pe to lufe I aske syghyng.
Ihesu, me graunt lufe pe forthy,
& in pi law, thesu, me lede.
put I myshufede, I aske mercy:

48 Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

Thy love passes
all things.

Grant it to me,

and have mercy
on me for my
misdeeds.

It is Thine to forgive sins, it is
mine to commit them.

It is of pe for to forgyfe
alkyn tryspas both more & mynn;
It is of me, whys I here lyfe,

52 or more or lesse ilke day to synne,
And of pe fende to duell pe in:
pou gyfes me grace to take gud hede
put I pi lufe, ihesu, myght wynne!

56 Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

! Inserted in a different hand.
Dispyce me nost, swete lorde ihesu,
I am pe warke of pin aghen hende,
pef I hafe bene to pe vntrew;

60 Ihesu, pou kan me sone amende;
pou has me made to pi lyknes,
thurgh syne I hafe loste hehenly mede;
Now, lorde, I aske of pi gudenes,

64 Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

pou walde be borne for syñful man,
for syn pou take no wreke on me.¹
My comforth be pi harde passione;

68 Ihesu, por of hafe I gret uede;
For syne pou graunt me contrycione:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

After my dedes pou dame me nost;
72 after mercy pou do to me;
If pou me dame als I hafe wroght,
in bytter payns I drede to be.
My lyfe to mende, & hafe mercy,

76 my lorde ihesu, pou be my spede,
luf pe, & drede, put syttis on hy:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

If I had done ilke cursede warke,

80 & alken synees wer wrogt in me,
pou may pain sleke, als is a sparke
when it is put in myddes pe see;
& par may no man sleke my myse

84 bot pou, ihesu, of pi godhede;
when pou wouchesafe, pou sone forgfese:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

Who sal pe lone in fynyal blyse

88 bot trow mankynde & aïngels fre?
¹ Two lines apparently omitted here in the MS.
Mercy, Jesu!

Thou desirdest not man to sin,
but to turn and amend.
Give me Thy grace
and love for ever.
Mercy, Jesu!

Thou art my God,
help me!

Thou shalt judge me when all people shall arise.

Mercy, Jesu!

Thou helpedst Susan in her trouble;
put too my soul at ease!

Jesu, mercy!

My baptismal vow
I have not kept,

Myne heretage forsooth pat is:
thurgh gude lyfeynge & grace of pe,
pe ou me restore vnto pat lyse;
beholde frelete of my manhede
pat makes me oft to do of myse:

Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

pe[a] wil no dede of synful man:
pe[s] says peou, lorde, in haly wryt;
Ful wele wote peou coneytis pean
he turne his lyfe & sone mende it:
peou gyfe me grace my lyfe to mende,
beswylyde in sym als wyckede wede;
grant me pi lyfe with outen ende:

Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

peow art my god, I pe honour;
peou art pe sone of maydyn & moder,
In my dysese peou me succure;
peou art my lorde, peou art my brother;
peou sal me deme, my cryatour,
when vp sal ryse euere ilke a lede.

Mercy, Ihesu, my sanyour!

Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

peou helpe me, lorde, in my dysese,
peot walde susan helpe in hir tyne;
Ful gret clamour pean gon peou pese
when scho acusede was of crime.
peou sett my saule, myn hert, in ese,
& soferandely pe for to plese:

Ihesu, mercy for my mysedede!

In my baptym I mayde behest
pe for to serue leedly & wele;
Of pi scruyse oft hafe I seste,
with synnes thowsandes servied vnsele;
Bot þi mercy nedes moste be seen
per moste synn is & wyckededede;
þe moste synful I am, I wene;
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

For synful man walde þou be borne;
for ryghtwys not þou wil recorde;
when man had synnede, he was forborne,
& þan him kyndely þou restorde;
þou sufferde paynes corônde with thorne,
nakede with outen cloth or schrede,
with mykel sorue þi body torne:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

þou art my hope, my way ful sure,
ay lastande hele, both streng[t]h & pese;
þou art pyte þat ay sal dure;
þou art gudenes þat neuer sal sese;
þou art clennes, both mylde & mure;
me þe displesse, ihesu, for bede,
Als þou was borne of virgyne pure:
þou was of virgyne pure:
ihesu, mercy for my myse dede.

þou byddes ilke man zelde gud for ille,
not il for il to zelde agayne;
þan I beske þe þat þou wil
graunt me mercy in stede of payne!
þou me forgyte, & mercy graunt,
& in my saule þou sawe þi sede,
þat I may, lorde, make myne auuunt:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

Bot, worthy lorde, to þe I cry,
& I in synne stonde obstynate;
parfore þou heres noþt me forthy,
þou wil noþt here me in þat state.

but Thy mercy is seen where most sin is.
Have mercy on me!
Thou wast born for sinful man,
and sufferedst pain and thorns.
Jesu, have mercy on my sins!
Thou art my hope and my salvation.
Prevent me from displeasing thee.
As man should return good for evil,
grant me mercy instead of punishment.
I cry to Thee, but Thou wilt not hear one obstinate in sin;
Jhesu, mercy for my mysedede!

Give me therefore grace to change, and love Thee!

Have mercy on my sin!

Only they shall have thy bliss

who repent and work Thy will,

Let me experience Thy mercy, Lord.

Thou who art merciful to sinners, keep me.

Make me burn with Thy love,

and grant me mercy for my misdeeds.

Jesu, mercy for my mysedede!

Pou gyfe me grace lefe my soly, & fe[r]ently p[e] lufe & drede, p[an] wate I wete I get mercy:

Jhesu, mercy for my myse dede!

Noght enere-ike man p[e] cales p[e] lorde or mercy askes, sal hafe pi blise, his conscience but he remorde, & wirke pi wil, & mende his lyfe. to blyse sal I sone be restorede

if I my saule p[us]gates wil fede ; Of pi mercy late me recorde :

Jhesu, mercy for my mysedede!

I me betake to pi mercy

pat mercy gyffes to synful men ; pou kepe me, lorde, for I sal dye, & wot enere where, ne how, ne when.

In pi hote lufe me graunt to brene, & pat lesson trewly to rede ;

Mercy pou graunt! amen! amen!

Jhesu, mercy for my myse dede! Amen!
Ives, pi name honourde myst be
with al pet any lyfe is in.
Nov, swet ihesu, als pou made me,
4 pou kepe me ay fro dedely synne!
Ihesu, pe sone of mary fre,
pe ioy of heaven pou graunt me wynne;
My saule, ihesu, take I to pe
8 when my body & it sal twyne.

Ihesu, pi name in me be sett
als pou art kynge & lorde of lyght,
& graunt me grace ai bett & bett
12 my lyfe to mende & lyf ay ryght.
Ihesu, pi sydes with blode war wett,
& dulefully for me war dyght;
pou kepe me oute of syne & dett,
16 now, swete ihesu, ay moste of myght!

Ihesu, pi name is hegh to neuen,
& zit I, kattyfe, cry & kalle,
Ihesu, me helpe & brynge to heaven
20 with pe to won my synful salle.
Myghty ihesu, pou here my steuen
als pou me boght when I was thralle,
& forgyfe me pe synnes seuen,
24 for I am gilty in pain alle.

Jesu, keep me
ay from mortal sin,
and grant me the joy of heaven.
Set Thy name in me; grant me grace to mend my life,
and keep me out of sin.
Jesu,
help me to heere: todwell with Thee,
and forgive me the Seven Sns.
Jesu, my love, make me sing 'A lovely King is come to me';

My trust is all in Thee.

Help me evermore at need;

fix my soul in love of Thee:

wash away my sins, and grant me endless bliss.

Ihesu, me helpe euere more at need, & fro pe fende pou me defende;

pou sett my saide in lufe & drede, & al my myse pat I may mende.

Ihesu, pi blude pat pou walde blede, fro pis fals lyfe or pat I wende pou wescche a way al my mysdede,

& graunt me blyse with outen ende. Amen.

1 Omitted in the MS.
Whi art thow froward sith I am Merciable.

[MS. Univ. Libr. Camb., IIh. iv. 12. fol. 85 a; handwriting of the 15th century. In every case a stroke is drawn over the final on. Sometimes the preceding i is omitted, in which case it is here inserted in italics. The final e after ll indicates, as usual, that the ll is crossed like a t.]

In cruce sum pro te, qui peccas; desine, pro me,
Desine, do veniam; die culpam, retrahò penam.

1 "Vpon a crosse naylyd I was for the,
Soffred deth to pay thy rawnison;¹
Forsake thy synne for the losse of me,

4 Be repentant, mak playne confession.
To contrite hertis I do remission;
Be nat dispayryd, for I am not vengeable;
Gayn costly enmys thynk on my passion;

8 Whi art thow froward sith I am merciable?

¹ "My blody woundis downe raylyng by thys tre,
loke on hem well, and haf compassion;
The crowne of thorne, þe spere, and nailys thre

12 Percyd hand and fote of indignacion,
Myn hert ryuen for thy redempcion;
lat us tweyn in thys thyng be greable,
losse for loss, by inst connencion;

16 whi art thow froward sith I am merciable?

¹ or, rawmson
I pitied Peter
and Thomas.

I am kind
and merciful.

Think on My humility,
and love;
My blood spilt drop by drop
as balm against thy spirit's poison!

My blode alle spilt by distillacion;
whi did I thy to safe the fro prisoun,
aforne thyn hert hang thy sityll table,
Swetter than bawme gayn alle gostly poysn;
Be pow not froward sith I am merciable.

Lord, we are mindful of thy death,
grant us Thy mercy, for Thy Mother's sake!

"Thynk, a-gayne pride, on myn humilete;
Ren to secole, record welle thyss lesson,
Gayn fals enuy, thynk on my charite,
My blode alle spilt by distillacion;
whi did I thy to safe the fro prisoun,
aforne thyn hert hang thy sityll table,
Swetter than bawme gayn alle gostly poysn;
Be pow not froward sith I am merciable."

"Lord, on synfulle knelyng on ther knee,
Thi deth remembryng of humble affeccion,
O ihesu, grant of thy benignite,
That tho .v. wellys plenteouose of fuyson,
Callyd thy .v. wondis by computacion,
May wach in vs alle surfetis reprouable.
Now, for thy moders meke meditacion,
At hyr request be to us merciable."

Explicit.

NOTES.—L. 11, Naylys Thre, because one was put through the two feet, and one through each hand. L. 19, Thomas Indes:— Thomas was said in old legends to have preached in India; see "The Complaynt of Criste" in this volume, l. 53, and "Piers Plowman" (v. 2, p. 405, l. 13283), "Thaddece and ten mo: with Thomas of Inde."

1 A word is here lost.
Inuypt the Stacynys of Rome.

[Cott. Calig. A ii. fol. 81, and Lambeth 306, fol. 152, back. The text, to line 553, is that of the Cotton MS.: the readings of the Lambeth MS. are in the notes.]

He þat wyll þys sowle leche,
Lysetheth to me, and y wolde þou teche.
Pardon ys þe sowle bote,

4 At grete Rome þer ys þe Rote:
Pardon, yn frensh a worde h'it ys,¹
Forgenesse of synnes y-wys.
The³ Duches of troye þat sum tyme⁴ was,

8 To Rome she come with grete pres,⁵
Of hyr came Romyrus⁶ & Romulus
Of whom Rome ys cleped ȝyt ywys ⁷
Hethen hit was, & ȝristenyn ⁸ nowȝt

12 Tylle petyr and paule hadde h'it bowȝt,
Wyth golde, syluer, ne ⁹ with good,
But with here flesh & ¹⁰ her blode,
For þer þey suffredo bothe dethe,¹¹

16 Here sowles to save fro þe qwede,¹²
In Rome Y shalle þou steune
And honyrede kyrkes fowrty and seuen;
Chapelles þer ben many mo,

20 Tomne þowsand & fyfe; also

¹ wolle be his soullys ² Pardon, A worde in trouthe is.
³ A ⁴ whilom there ⁵ moche solace. ⁶ Remus
⁷ thus. ⁸ Rome was hethen, and crysten
⁹ Neydwy with syluer, neydwy ¹⁰ and with
¹¹ to be dede. ¹² qwede. L. omitted the next eight lines.
The Stacyons of Rome.

A-bowte pe walle to & fourty,  
Grete towres pre honredde & syxty,  
Fowr & twenty grete gates pre be

Pryncypalle euer opur, y telle pe.  

At seynt petur whiche shall be-gynne

To tell of pardon pat slacketh\(^1\) synne:

A fayr mynstyr men may pat\(^2\) se,

Nyne and twenty greys pre be;\(^3\)

And al so ofte as pou gost up or downe,

Begynnet\(^4\) of gode deucyoun

Thow sha[l]\(\)t haue at eche a gree,\(^5\)—

Man or woman whe[pur] pou bee,—

Seneume zere of\(^6\) pardon,

And per-to goddes benysoue;\(^7\)

Pope Alyxandur hit graunted at Rome

To man or woman pat dedur come,

A-bouene pe greece as pou shalte gone,

Stondeth a chapelle hym self a-lone,

In pe whyche song petur his fyrst masse,

As pe Romayn\(\)'s seyn more & lasse.

As often as pou wylt pydur come,

Seneume powsand 3er pou getest of pardon;

And as mony lentones mo

Every day 3yf pou wylt pedur go.

In pat mynstyr may pou fynde

An honyped\(^8\) Auteres by-fore & be-hynde;

And when pe\(^9\) Auters halowed were,

He 3af & graunted to pardon,

And ther-to goddes\(^10\) benesoue.

---

\(^1\) quenchithe  \(^2\) there pou myght  
\(^3\) xxxix Auters there be spesally  \(^4\) Be cause  
\(^5\) degree.  
\(^6\) to  \(^7\) And of thy synes Remyssyon. The next two lines are,  

\(^8\) fowre score  \(^9\) Alle the  \(^10\) xvij  

\(^11\) by-foore  \(^12\) crystys
A-mong þe anters vij þer be

52 More 1 of grace & dyngynte:
The Auter of þe vernake ys þat on
Vpon þe Ryth hond as þou shalt gon,
2 The secounde yn honour of our lady ys,

56 The þrylde of seynt symon y-wys,
The iiiij of seynt Andrew þou shalt haue,
þe .v. of seynt gregour þer he lys yn graue,2
The syxte of seynt leon þe pope 3

60 There he song masse yn hiþ cope;
Of þe holy crosse þe seuenyte ys,
In þe whych no wommon cometh yywys.
At eche on of þese Auteres þere

64 Is euery tyme of pardon vij þere,
And as mony lontones mo
To alle þat wylyle depur goo,
At þe ly3 Auter þer petur ys done,

68 Pope gregory graunteth a pardon
Of synnes for-gyffe4 & opes 4 Also,
Seuenne & twenty þere5 he þaf þer-to,
Fro holy þorsday yn-to lammas

72 Is euery day more & lasse,
Fowrtene 6 þowssand þere.
To alle þat cometh to þat mynstere
7 On our lady day þe Assumpcioun

76 Is a þowssand þer of pardon.
On seynt petur & powle day 7
þat mynstere was halowed, as y say,

1 moste
2-2 þe secunda is symonde & lude, þou myght haue,
there of seynt gregorye there he is grave.
the iiiij of oure ladye I-wys,
of whom the covent synyghthe messe;
the fyrithe of seynt Androue is.
3 leo papa I-wys.  L. omits the next seven lines, and transpose
the eighth and ninth.
4 for-yett and odar  5 MS. þef; L. and vij yere
6 there is xiiiij 7-7 omitted.

There are 7 chief altars.
1. The Veronica one,
II. Our Lady's,
III. St Simon's,
IV. St Andrew's,
V. St Gregory's,
VI. Pope Leo's,
VII. that of the Holy Cross.

At each you get 7 years and 7 Lents,

At the high altar you get pardon of sins
for 27 years,
and from Holy Thursday to Lammas
14,000 years,
and on the Assumption of the Virgin 1000 years.
On Peter and Paul's day you get

*
THE STACYONS OF ROME.

14,000 years of pardons and
Lent, and are let
off one-third of
your penance.

[Vol. 81, back, col. 2.]
When the Veronica
is shown, the
residents in the
City get 4000 years' pardon; outsiders
9800 years;
sen-cressing
visitors 12,000
years,
and one-third of
their sins-forgiven.
In Lent all pardons are doubled.

In that place are
many holy bones,
of Peter, Paul,
Gregory, Leo,
St. Petronilla,
St. Stephen,
and others
dear to Christ.

Pass we over four
miles to St. Paul's.

Saul was his first
name,

\[ \text{Jen ys } \text{per xiiiij} \]
\[ \text{browsand } \text{zer } \& \text{ le[n]tons } \text{per-to,} \]
\[ \text{& pe prydde part of } \text{by penanus vndo,} \]
when pe vernacle shewed ys,
Gret pardon for sope per ys,\(^3\)
Fowr\(^4\) browsand zere, as y zou telle,

80 To men \(\text{pat } \text{yn } \text{pe } \text{eyte } \text{5 dwelle ;} \)
And men \(\text{pat dwellen } \text{be-sydwarde,} \)
xix \(\text{browsand } \text{zer } \text{shall } \text{be here part ;} \)
And \(\text{you pat passen ouer } \text{pe see } \)

88 xij \(\text{browsand } \text{zer } \text{ys graunted pe ;} \)
And \(\text{per-to you shall haue more,} \)
\(\text{pe prydde parte forzuenesse } \text{of } \text{by sore.} \)
In lenton \(\text{ys more } \text{grace,} \)

92 Eche pardon ys dowbled \(\text{yn } \text{pat place.} \)
In \(\text{pat place } \text{per be done} \)
Holy bones mony on,
Of \(\text{petur, } \text{powle, } \text{& saynt } \text{10 symon,} \)
Seynt Iude,\(^{11}\) gregowur, and leon,
Seynt parnelle \(\text{pat } \text{holy vyrgyn,} \)
And saynt Stephen \(\text{pat } \text{poley } \text{13 pyne,} \)
And mony mo \(\text{per are yn fere} \)

100 \(\text{pat to } \text{Ihesu bethe lene } \& \text{ dere,} \)
No mon kan \(\text{pe } \text{sope } \text{say.} \)

\(\text{perfore passe we forth an } \text{opur way} \)
To saynt powle, as y wene,

104 Fowr myle \(\text{ys holder } \text{14 be-twene;} \)
In \(\text{pat place } \text{15 ys grette pardon,} \)
And of many symnis remyssyouw ;
Sawle was his name\(^{16}\) by-four

108 Syth \(\text{pe } \text{tyme } \text{pat he was bore ;} \)

\(^1\) is \(\text{vij} \)
\(^2\) lent\(\text{is} \)
\(^3\) is there \(\text{I-wys} \)
\(^4\) thre
to hem that in Rome \(\text{were thyddyrwarde.} \)
\(^5\) wynne, \(\text{For-yevenes of alle thy synne.} \)
\(^6\) that holy
\(^7\) Iude and \(\text{11 of sent} \)
\(^{12}\) L. inserts,
Seynt Iohn and saynt Boneface,
Processe[2 r] and Martyn in that place

\(^{13}\) suffyrde \(\text{15 waye} \)
\(^{11}\) been \(\text{16 name} \)
Hepen he was, & cristened no3the  
Tylle oристe hit putte yn his pow3the ;  
And pat holy mon Ananyas ¹  

112 Crystened hym porow gouldis grace,  
And called ² hym paule, petur brodar,  
pat eche of hem shuld conforte opur ;  
And yn pe worshyp of pat ³ convergeyoun

ys graunted a M⁴  4 zere of pardon,  
And at pe feste of his day  
Two ⁵ M⁶  3ere hane pou may, ⁶  
On chyldermasse day yn cristemasse

120 Is iiij M⁷  3ere to ⁷ more & lasse ; ⁸  
And on seynt Martyn pe viij day  
That mynster was halewed as y you say,  
Ther ys xiiiij powsand 3ere, & lentones per-to,  
124 And pe prydde part of py penauns vn-do, ⁸  
And 3yf pou be 3ere alle pe 3er  
Eche a day ⁹ yn pat mynster,  
10 Thow shalt have as moche pardon

128 As pou to seynt Iame wolde gon. ¹⁰  
Her may we no lengur be, ¹¹  
To seynt Anastase moste we ; ¹²  
Two myle per ys be-twene

132 Of fayr way & of elene ; ¹³  
And eche a day 3yf pou wolte trace, ¹⁴  
Seweze ¹⁵ M¹⁶  3ere per pou hase ;  
And per-to shalt pou have also

136 The prydde parte of py penaunce vn-do.  
Pope vrban pat holy syre  
So rewarlenth men for here hyre ;  

till Ananias christened him.

In honour of his conversion you get 1000 years' pardon, and on his Festival 2000 years.

On Chyldermas Day you get 1000 years;  
[Fol. 82, col. 1.]  
at Martinmas

14,000 years, and Lent, and one-third of your penance excused.  
A year's daily visit to St Paul's is as good as a pilgrimage to St James's.

Next we go 2 miles to St Anastasius's.  
and for a daily visit there you get 7000 years' pardon, and one-third of your penance off.

¹ an holy man Amas ² cleped ³ In that Ilke  
⁴ Is an humdyrede ⁵ A ⁶ the saye ⁷ Be xl. yere more  
⁸⁸ omitted ⁹ soneday ¹⁰-¹⁰ thowe hatt pardone all and some  
as thowe to seynt Iamiis had gon & comyn.  
¹¹ nat longe dwelle ¹² of seynt Austyn must I telle ¹³ a green  
¹⁴ crave ¹⁵ viij.  L. omits the next two lines.
If you are contrite, you are quit of all your sins.

The Lord ben shryuen & verry contrye,

Of alle here symes he maketh hem qwyte.

Pope siluester & to pylegrymes

That pytur come ym þere tymes,
Penans broken, & othes also,

His holy help he putte Þerto;
Wrathyng of fader & modur, þ'jf hit be,
In goddes name he for-zenez hit þe
So þou smyte not with þyn honde;

Ryȝth so hit ys, I vaperstonde.
Be-forde þat dore stondeth a stone,
Seynt powle hedde was layde þer on,
A traytur smote of his hede

With a swerde þat þer-by ys layde;
Ther sprong welles þere—
Who so ys þere welle may hi's se,—
Of watyr bothe fayr ðe & good,

Menne & wymmen haue þer boote.
In þat place a chapelle ys,
Scala celý called hit þe,
Laddere of heuen men clepeþ hit

In honour of our lady, be my wytte.

Ther ys two chapelles of her more,
As menne in Rome tellys þere;

1 yf men be shreffe and 2 god make
3 L. inserts, to alle tho that are Redye

In alle þe festis of our ladye,
of þere, powle, and seynt Iohn,
Evangelystis baptysyd, & many one,
of mary mawdelyn, and katerynye,
Seynt Marget, Annes þe holy vyrgyne
three thouesand and fyffty þere
of penaunce ben for-yevyn there;
Syluestre and gregorye and odur moo,
pope Nicholas confirmeth thoos.

gregorye 6 hande of helphe he doþe
wrette 8 a tyraunt comythe there he may

In that watyr that is fresche [col. 1] l-clepyd I-wys hit is sett
the seconde chapelle, I telle the,
In the name of her þer þou myght see
Manye ys pe holy bone

That vnþur pe hy3 awter ys done
Ten þowsand Marteres with honour
In pe tyme of tyberyo pe emperour
They suffred dothe alle yn Rome,

Her sowles yn heuene for to wone,
þer men may helpe boþe qwykke & dede,
As clerkes yn her bokes Rede;

Who-so synge masse yn þat chappelle
For any frend (.) he loseþ hym fro helle,
He may hym brynge þor pe purgatory y-wys
In to þe blys of paradys
Ther sowles abyde tyllle domis day

In myche løyre, as y 30u say;
And ii M þer ar graunted more
Of holy popes þat have ben þore:
And syx popes graunted þat þaune

That lyen at seynt sebastyan,
Pope vrban, siluester, & benet,
Lyon, Clement, confermythe hit.
Passe we forth on our þate

To saynt marye Annunciate;
Two myle ys bytwene, y vnþurstonde,
But þey be somdele large & 100000 Martyrs
Ther ys wryten, as y 30u say,

Of owr lady yn þe way
Down she come with angelus
To a brodur of þat hows,
And sayde to hym þat eche manne

are the bones of 10,000 Martyrs
slain in Tiberius's time.
A mass sung there for any friend looses him from hell;
and 3000 years' further pardon have been granted by six Popes.

Let us next visit St. Mary Annunciate, two long miles off.

Our Lady came to a Brother of that house, and told him

boowe alle and some forty and viij popys grauntuþe the
that lyethe at seynt Bastyan;
poþe syluestre, Orban, and benett,
seynt leo, and clement, confermythen hit.

with devocyon Annunciacone L. omits large &
11 A downe she come in to þat place,
to a frere, by goddes grace.
That whatsoever came there, she would save from hell; and Popes have granted to repentant men 500 years of pardon.

We pass on, 3 miles, to St Fabian and Sebastian, where an Angel appeared to St Gregory, and said [Foot. 82, back, col. 1.]

the light of heaven and remission of sins were there.

Gelasius too gave 40 years' pardon and Lents.

The pardons are equal to St Peter's on account of the holy bones.

Peter's and Paul's lay for 500 years before they were found.

192 That out of dedely symne pydur\(^1\) camme, Fro pe fyr of helle she wold hym shylde As she was mayden & modur mylde. 2 And pis pardon papes han granted

196 To hem pat ben verry Repentaunt, Fyse hondereth 3er of pardon, And pe-to goddes benyson.\(^2\)

To fabyane & bastardye moste\(^3\) we, 200 Thypur hane we myles pe.

An Angelle from heuene pydur kamme To seynt gregory, pat holy manne, As he songe masse at pe\(^4\) Aweter

204 Of seynt fabyane, pat\(^5\) holy martyr, And seyde, 'her yn pys place Is lyyth of heuen porow goddis grace, And of mony synnes Remyssyoun;'

208 And fourty 3er of pardon, And also mony lentones\(^6\) mo, Pope Gelacyns\(^7\) jaf pe-to. As moche pardon ys there

212 As yn saynt petur mynstere, By cause of\(^8\) pe holy bones That were buryed pe\(^9\) at ones. And pe lay petur & powde vnapur grounde

216 Fyse\(^10\) hondred 3er er\(^11\) pey were founde, And after-warde\(^12\) porow goddes grace They wer founden yn pat place\(^13\) As pey Awyte for to be.

220\(^14\) Pope pelagynus, y telle pe,

\(^1\) wouldle 2-2 omitted in L. 3 sebastyan passe 4 sange at an 5 of Sebastyan the 6 as many lentis 7 glasius 8 that is for 9 alle 10 vi\(\) 11 afor 12 than 13 L. inserts, In tyme of glasius the pope, with-owten dowte this is hope, and than with grete devosyon they were broughte to Rome towne, And worshupped with grete solemnnyte.
(Of syxe popys telle y wylle, On after an oper as hit ys skylle,)
Gregory, Sylvester, per hen pre

224 Alysaunde & nycholle per ben fyue
Honoryus was pe sixte whylle he was alyue.
Eche on hem 3af hys grace,
A powsand 3er yn pat place

228 To alle pat per bune
Of dedely syne shryuen clene;
For ellis hít may not hís sowle vaylen
Of dedely syne but he be shryuen.

232 A lytyle besyde pou may go,
There standes a chapelle yn a Roog; 4
Six 5 & fourty popes somtyme were
Verrey marteres, & lyene 6 per,

236 Eche of hem 3af hís benyson; 7
Of alle pe synnes pat pou haste done
Sywne 8 pou yn to pe worlde kom,
Forjeuennesse hast pou ̲̲̲̲ per-a-non,

240 Alle hit ys forjeuen pe;
So harde y a clerke say pat per hadde 9 be.
And 3yf pou dye dydurward,10
Heeneuse blys shalile be by part;

244 Thow shalt go as derk as nyth;
And perfore pou most haue condelle lyt,
For vnper pe erpe pou most wende,
þou shalt not [see 12] be-fore ny be-hynde;

11-14 Of odyr popes I telle the,
And so forthe of odyr three,
pope Gelasius as hit is see.

1 tho that there hane
2,2 thy soule may nought lyve
But thowe of dedly synne be shryne
3 be-hynde 4 woo 5 thre 6 that lyythe
7 L. inserts, There is playne Remysyon 8 sythe
9 and alle odyr that there bee. 10 thyddyr-warde
11 But þou must haue candyllyght
Or ellis þou goest as derke as nyght.
12 L, see
Then we go to the Palm (i.e. foot-sole,) Peter about to leave Rome, through fear of death, met Jesus, Who told him He was going to Rome to die anew on the Cross; which rebuke strengthened Peter to return for martyrdom.

A print of His foot is still to be seen on a marble stone; and you get 1000 years' pardon every day you are there.

On the Festival of St John of the Latin Gate

you may, in his Church there, recover a soul from purgatory, and get 500 years' pardon for every day you pray.

248 For pydne fledde mony a man
For drede of deth to save hem,
And suffred payne harde & sore
In heuen to dwelle for euer more,

252 To þe palme wylle we goo,²

‘Domine quo vadys?’ men clepe hit so,
And þer mette petur with Ihesu,
And sayde, ‘holw, wheþur³ wyl þou? ’

256 Cryste Answered to petur þo,
“In to Rome,” he sayde, “y⁴ go,
Esfe to dye on Rode for þe,
For þou dredest to dye for me.”

260 “Lorde,” he sayde, “mercy y cry,
To take þe deth ḵ y am Redy.”
Ther ys scette a syne of his⁵ fotc
On a marbulle stone þer as he stode ;

264 Eche a day, a powsand þer
Of pardon þou may haue þer ;
In a stone ys wryten, gret pardon
Ther ys, of symnis Remyssyoun

268 At seynt Iohn þe porte latyn
Is a chapelle fayr & fyn ;
At þe feste of hís day
A sowle fro purgatorye wynne þou may ;

272 And euer day ȝyf þou wylt ereane,
Fyne hondred þere þer may þou haue,

¹ holy ² Now weende wee to þe palmete ³ whydyr
⁴ A-yeen I wyle ⁵ to dye for the ⁶ crystis
⁷ ⁸ that stoon is vndyr An Awerter
Palysyd with Irena and stele,—
that is for drede of stelynge,
that no man shoulde hit A-way bryng ; —
As ofte as thowe comyst thare,
xl. thowesande yere þou hast thare.
At seynt Iohn porte latyne
Soulys þou myghte brygne owte of pyne
In the daye of the feste of hym,
As þou shalt fynde hit wryttyyn,
In honoure of
He pat goth yn-to pat place
Where he yn oyle soden was

276 The power ys of crystis grant
To hem pat be verry Repentaunt.
At saynte Thomas of ynde
A kyrke ou may per fynde ;

280 Putte to by honde with Almesdede
(And shat haue gret mede,)
To helpe hem pat ben there
In pe holy fond or elles where,

284 Nyste & day to pray for the
For pe help of the charyte ;
Of mony popes pat per haue be
Thys pardon ys granted clene to pe,

288 Fourtene M more, and pe pryldle parte forgeneys of pry sore.
Ther ys gret pardon y-wys
Wher pe stacyones cleped ys ;

292 Pope bonyface conferred alle,
And euur more laste hit shalle.
To saynte Iohn latronense moste we,
A whyle ther for to be,

296 To telle of pardon pat ys pore ;
In alle Rome ys no more
Then ys per graunted of Ihesu cryste
Porow pe prayer of Iohn pe euangelyste

300 And sayut Iohn pe baptyste also,
To alle pat pydyur wylle goo.
For sumtyme was a emperour

1 fayre place 2 thyddyyr 3 of 4 this
5 And 6 sevenythe

7-7 Pope gregore, Alysaundy, & Vrban, Alle thre graunted than the pardon that is so grete, the ‘stacyons’ men clepe hit.

8 latene 9 there 10 L. omits porow, and transposes the Johns.
Cunstantine was a pagan and unbeliever, and a leper till Christ healed him.

Pope Sylvester converted him, and baptized him, and the water washed away his sins and his disease. On this, he confessed his errors, promised to become God's clerk, gave up his palace for a church.

That leued Rome with grete honour, Kyng constantyne men dede hym calle Bothe yn bour & yn halde; In mahunde was alle 7 his powythe, For why, on 3 cryste he leued nowythe;

A meselle we fynde he was Tylle 4 cryste sende hym bettur 6 grace, Pope syluester gon hym preche, 9 Crystes lawe for to 7 teche;

per leued he welle yn goddís 8 son, And a crysten 9 mon he wolde be-come; He dyde 10 hym crystene, as y 11e telle, And 12s myraculle hit 11 be-felle:

be watur wysh a-way his 12 syme, And 13 alle be fylthe hat he was inne. 14 Then spoke 15 he emperour To pope syluester with gret honour, "Syluester," he sayde, "goddys klerke, I may se now 16 hat ere was derke; My mys-belene blyndede 17 me That y myȝte not pe mote 18 se

Of goddes myȝth & his werkes: Now y wylle be-come one of his clerkes." Then 19 tanked he cryste with gret honour, Kyng constantyne 20 emperour, 19

"My place," 20 syluester, y ȝene pe to honde, Of me ȝou shalt hit vaperfonge, And make 21-of goddys hows, For y wylle hit 22 hit be þus;

I wylle hit leue with alle my myȝtes, For y wolde be on of goddís knyȝtes; 22
And when you haste so do,
And if grete beneoun 1  
336 To alle pot wylle pydwr come  
To honour 2  
And saynit Iohnpe evangelyste,  
Petur, powle, & Iohnpe baptyste."  

Pope sylverste þen sayde he, 3  
"Of petur, powle, & of me,  
They shalle be clene of synne & pyne 4  
As cryste clensed 5  
And as þe fylthe felle þe fro,  
As clene of synne shalle be alle  
Of alle maner kyn of synne  
That dwelleth þe 6 sowle with-Inne."  

Pope boneface telith þis tale,  
And y tell ythe forth with-outene fayle.  
Hit were no nede to no mon yn crystyante  
To passe yn 7 to þe holy lond ouwr þe see,  

To ierusalem nor to seynte kateryne,  
To brynge sowles out of 8 pyne;  
For þer ys pardon with-owten ende;  
Welle his hym þat pydwr may wende!  

Pope boneface telith the more  
Of mykyll pardon þat ys þore: 9  
Who-so come þe þe chapelle of Ion baptyst 10  
That dere ys to Ihesu cryste,  

1 thy blessyng  2 worshepe  
3 sayde aye  4 be purgyd clene of synne  
5 sporgyd  6 that moone shalle dwelle her  
7 7 the pardone of Sylvester, Every dele  
the poope gregorye confermythe wele,  
Boneface the poope seyde this tale;  
yff men wyst grete and [s]male  
the pardon that is at Rome,  
they wold sey in theyre doome  
hit were no nede for the  

8 men to helle  9 in his lore  10 To John Evangelyste
And hathe ony 1 deucroyon,
That þymur wyll go with oryson,
þorow his prayer þey may be clensed of synne.2
What tymne þey entre þe chapelpe 3 with-In;
4 Pope boneface maketh hem clene
Of alle synnis þat þey in bene.
In þat mynster þat ys so hende,
Fowr dores shalt þou fynde;
5 As some as þou be In at one
And passes powr * everychone,
Plener Remysyon may þou haue
Of alle þe synnis þat þou wylt craue.4
6 Reliques þer ben mony on
In worship of críst & of scyynt Iohn6;
In þe Roos6 oyur þe popes see,
A saluator may þou see,6
7 A tabulle þer ys þat 10 men mey se
That cryste made on his monde,11
On shereporsday 12 when he breke brede
By-fore þe tymne þat he was dede;
“To here of þis 13 hit doth you gode,
Hit ys my flesh and my blode;
When þe shalle here me not fynde,
Hit shalle 14 you kepe fro þe fende.”

1 goode
2 By oure poope wec purgythe his synne
3 he comythe the chirehe 44 omitted.
4 A chapelle
5 is, I telle thee.
6 As the story
7 stoode there by
8 L. inserts,
9 Anodyr chapelle is in house,
10 there-in
11 Maundee.
12 Shrofe thursday
13 And said “etythe one of hit
14 I wole
Also per ben 1 two tabelest, y vnþurstonde, 
That criste wrote on 2 with his honde, 
And toke 3 pe lawe to moyses 
To kepe pe pepulfle yn goddis pece. 4

392 A 5 yeande of aaron þat was gode, 
Hit 6 turnde water yn-to blode, 
And fro blode to watre a-gayn, 
To shewe þut þey were goddes meane.

396 Angelles mete, þey seyn 7 per ys ; 8 
Also of þe fyue loues & of þe feshe, 
And Relene þat leued after hem, 
That criste feed with fyfe þowsand meane. 8

400 Fowyr pylers of bras per bene strong 9 
That have stonden per fulle longe,10 
Ther ben none suche yn alle Rome; 
Wonþur hit ys how þey þedur come:

404 But vaspasyon þat holy 11 kyng, 
And tytus 12 his sone þat was so synge, 
From ierusalem he dede hem come 
In-to þe holy place of Rome.

408 Ther ben þe 13 chaynys of saynt Iohn 14 
When he was bownden, & myȝt not gone; 
And þe vesselle þat þey saf hym drynke In,—15 
Moche þe more was her pyne; 17

1 Above An Auter made of tree 
lyche A tabylle, I telle thee, 
vndyr the Auter An Arche of stoon 
with holy Relykys many one.

2 wrought 3 tolde 4 his pepullen for to holde in pease 
5 The 6 he 7 fulle sothe

8 8 And fyue lovys and ij fflyshys 
with whiche eryste feld v thowesande men, 
xij baskettis fulle of Relyeeff lefte then; 
Ho-so is there, the sothe may sec. 

9 there bec. 

10 A-boute the hyghe Auter stande; 
they been styffle and stronge

11 Vaspasius the nobyle 12 tutus 13 ij 14 where-wiþ 
15 the venyn was in 16 alle 17 synne
128

THE STATIONS OF ROME.

412 He dronke hit vp, hit grened hym nowst,
For ye Ihesu 1 was alle his powsthe ;—
2 And a kertelle of put maunne
That fro deth was Reveyled 3 pan. 2

416 Ther be 3 clopis of Ihesu criste,
And pe askes of Iohne pe baptyste ;
5 Also pe cloth put Ihesu gan lede
Hys dysseypes on to fede,

420 9 And a serke put our ladye gon make
† For her swete soones sake ;
§ Of pe blood & watyr also
‡ That out of crístes syde gane go ;
424 And mylke of marye pe vyrgeyne,
And a foote of marye Magdeleyne, 5
And pe clopis put crístes was woneden In 6
When he shulde dye 7 for maunés syn ;

428 || And of pe flesh of his cyreumsyce ;
Men hit holde yn gryte pryse.
Of petur & powle pe heddy bens perce,
Welle closed a-bowte pe hy3 Auter ;

432 When pe heddis shewed shalle be,
Then ys per pardon gret plente,
As mych pardon y-wysse
As when pe vernaculle shewed ys ;

436 And put ys graunted certaynly
Of pope Vrban & of gregory.

1 on cryste
2-2 of A curtyle of Seynt Iohn
that iij men frome be dethe a-Ryse be-goone
3 Of the
4 assis of seynt
5-5 And of the clothe that cryste wypyd on foote & hande
On schrocessadays his Dissypyls to foonde
6 wrapped
7 was ded
8 § of bloode and watyr also there is
† that owtie of crystis sydde gongo I-wys ;
* And the shyrte that our ladye made
† for hyr swete sonmys saake ;
|| of Ihesu cryste the Syrcymsyce ;
of the clowe of seynt Iohn baptyste,
and odyr Relykys many oone
The Stacyons of Rome.

In worship of Criste & of seyn John.¹

Her may we no longe be,
In to pe popes alle moste ² we;
In pe alle alle dores pe be;
Eche a day open you may hem se,³

As ofte as youe gost porow ony of hem
And you be of synne clene,
And interest porow any of hem þre,⁴
Fowrty yer of pardon ys graunted to de,⁵

The pope vrbane, y you say,
In lenton þe first þoresday
Shewede petur & powle heuedes two
Byfore þe Romans and opur mo,

And graunted a hondred þere of pardon
Seuen myle abowte Rome towne;
And also mony lentes mo
That same tyme he 3af þer-to;

There ys no man now y-bore,
Nor hyse fadur hym be-fore,
That of þe heddes haue a synþt
At þat tyme but be grace of god almyt.

Ther ys a chapelpe of gret pardon
And of mony synnis Remysyon,
Menne calle hit sancta sanctorum;

1.  L. inserts: On the mynystere ende iiij duryys there bee—
     Whan thowe art there þou mayst see;—
     As oft as thy be opynnyd to thee,
     And þau passithe thorowe any of hem thre,
     pleyne Remysyon þou myght have
     of alle thy Synmys yf þou wolte hit crave.

2 pase

3.  As ofte as þou passyste one of hem
     And entyste by A-nodyr A-yceen,
     And passythe every of the three,

4.  they stonde opyn vnto thee

5 grauntyd thee

6.  Nowe pase wee to sancta sanctorum swythe,
     that manmys hart makythe the blythe.

7.  the letter over the þ is blurred.

[Fol. 81, col. 1.]
In that chapel shall no woman come.  
Ther yn ys A salvatowr  
To whom men do get honour,  
The whyche was sent to our lady  
(Whyle pat she was her vs by)  

From here some pat ys a-bonen,  
Aftur pe tyne of his ascencion,  
Ther may no womman entre þor  
By-cause of her þat symmed sore;  

She brouȝt vs alle to þe qwede  
Tylle cryste on crosse suffered dede,  
Every day seven powsand þere  
Of þardon þou may have þere;  

She brouȝt vs alle to þe qwede  
Tylle cryste on crosse suffered dede,  
Every day seven powsand þere  
Of þardon þou may have þere;  

And also þry þou wylt crave,  
Plener Remysyon þou may haue.  

* At þe chappelle of þe Roode  
Is an offrynge fayr & gode;  
† Men calle hyt Jerusalem;  

1 yee shall do  
2 in corthe  
3 after his  
4† the hedys of petyr & poule be þe there,  
wele I-closyd vndyr An Awter;  
And odyr Relykys many one  
been closed in Irten and in stooné.  
who-so is poope of Roome,  
the keyys þer-of with hym doþe nome  
that no man may hem see  
But he hym selfe in presence bee.  
In that chapelle, yt þou wolte crave,  
vii M' yere þou myghtest have,  
And so many lenttis more  
vff thowe be strefte, þou mayste have soo;  
And yet therere is grauntyd therio  
the thyrde parte of pennaunce vndo.  

* the pardone of holy Roode chyrche,  
which is the name of þe scyde kyrke,—  
† Jerusalem, men clepe hit sertayne,  
§ Saynt Elyn hit made with noble mayne,  
And put there-in Relekys felle,  
As I can shewen swythe wele;  
hit was her house and her socoure  
god to serve withe honoure.
§ Seynt Elene latte make hem.¹
Constance pe holy wommon,
Of kyng constantyne she kam;

434 Hys powstur ¹ she was, & pat was sene,
For porow pe prayr of seynt Elene
That holy place she ² made thus
In honour ³ of pe holy crosse.

488 ⁴ Pope sylvestor hit halewede fo,
And gret pardon he ʒaf per-to;
For eche sonday yn pe ʒer,
And eche wednesday, ʒyf ʒou be ʒer,

492 ⁵ Is two ąowsand & fyše ʒere,
And yeche a day on hondred ys ʒer.⁵
Relykes ʒer be mony & fele; ⁴
The sponge of galle & of eyselle

496 That ⁶ be Iowes profered cryst to ⁷
When ⁸ he sayde seicio;
‡ ⁹ And a nayle when Ihesu criste was

for eche day in that mynstre,
of pardoune is xxvij yere;
Also as many lentit ʒoo moo
Certenly is grantyd ʒerto,
At the hye Awter shalt ʒou have Also
foryt yere, and lentit ʒoo moo,
for Anastace, cesar the martyr,
Bothe were buryede there.

¹ daughter ² he ³ worshupe
⁴⁴ transposed, and put after seicio, (spelt sissio) l. 497. [L. sitio,
I thirst.]

⁵⁵ An humdyrde yere myght ʒou have
of pardone ʒif ʒou wylt hit crave,
⁶ is there for sothe to telle
When

⁷ to drynk ⁸ Whan that
⁹⁹ And yeet moore I wolde the telle:
there is A coorde In one chapelpe,
Ane highe in the Roofe hit is doo,
for no man shoulde come ʒer-too.
that ylke coorde, they say hit is,
with whiche cryste was led to pe crosse I-wys;
‡ And A nayle that smyte cryst Ihesus

by St Helena.
The holy Con-
stance, Constan-
tine's daughter,

made it in
honour
of the Holy Cross
Sylvestor
hallowed it,

and every Wed-
nesday you get
2065 years' pardon.

Its reliës are:
1. The Sponge of
gall and vinegar
offered to Christ.

2. A Nail He was
nailled to the cross with.
3. A piece of Christ's cross, and

4. Of the Penitent Thief's cross.

5. The Title written over the cross by Pilate:
'This is Jesus the King of the Jews;
and it hangs like a bow by a cross in the middle of the church.

500 Don on þe Rode for our trespass; 9
And yyn þat cherche ys also
Of þe crosse þat he was on Ido,
And of þe tre þat þe þenes 1 henge on by
That of his symis askede 2 mercy;

504 3 And a titylle of syr pylat,
He may hit Rede þat ys 4 þer-at,
"Thys ys Ihesu of nazareth,
Kyng of Iewes, þat polede 5 dethe;"

508 The titylle ys honged, y wylle not 6 lye,
By 7 a crosse þat ys hym bye, 8
In þe maner of a bowe
In þe myddes of þe kyrke, y trowe, 9

512 In þat maner hit ys do
For no man shulde come þer to.
Of more pardon y wylle you say
That at seynt laurence ys eche day;

516 Seuen pensand 3er, & lentones þer-to,
And þe pryulde parte of þy penauns vn-do. 10
Pope pelagius, 11 þat holy man,
That chyrche to halowe firste be-gan,

520 And graunted þer-to hys pardon 12
And also goddes 13 benyson,
Thorow prayers of two martires 14

whane he suffyrde Dethe for us;
And the hede of seynt vynsent;
the clothe of bapetyse whan he was brent.

1 the crosse þat þe thecle 2 when he cryed, Lorde
3 L. inserts:
the tethe Also there been of seynt blase,
And odyr Relykys many oone,
I cannot telle hem everychone.

4 made hit Red þat was 5 suffyrde with-owten
7 In 8 hangithe lye 9 menystre Roofle
10 L. inserts:
In tyme off the Emperoure
kynge constantynue of grete honoure

11 honorius 12 the pardoune he granutyd to alle Anoone
13 there-to his 14 the holy marter
And upur pe awte ys made a stone,  
There a-bowte pey may gone,  
An hole on pis awte pou may fynde;  
Knele down pe with good mynde,

Putte yn py heed or py honde,  
And pou shalt fele a swete gronde,  
A swete smelle of bodyes put per be  
Here sowles be with god in trinite.

If you are at St Lawrence's every Wednesday, you can free a soul from Purgatory.

And 3yf pou be per alle pe zere,  
Eche wednesday yn pat mynster,  
Thow may haue of eristes powere  
A sowle to drawe out of purgatory fyre.

At seynt symplle, fawstynye, & betrys,  
That ben alle martyres of cryste.  
Seynt symplle, pope of Rome he was,  
And god hym sente a fayr grace;

Put 700 holy bones in his church, and gave 5000 years’ pardon to all who are shriven and visit it.

And he 3af pardon to alle po  
That be shryuen & pydbur wylle go,  
Fyse powsand zer & more  
Thorow prayeres of hem pat lyen bore.

Who-so wolde dwelle in halle,  
And go eche Daye to seynt lawrence mynstyr,  
he may there deluyer with orysone  
A sowle owte of purgatory presone.

The Chirche of faistine, simple, beatrice,  
be very Martyrs of Ihesu 6 vj M [=6000] holy mennyys  
allesykyr he was that they were savede. (Sowle is in a later hand.)  
10 lygg
Outside St Julian's is a stone saying that 6000 years' pardon is given to all who gather.

548 1 With-owte þe kyrke of Iulyan 2 Ther ys wryten yn a stone That honoryus, þat holy pope, That kyrke 3 halewede yn his cope,

552 And six 4 powsand þere he þat to pardon To alle þo þat þyldur wyllc comne.  5

EXPLICIT þE STACIONES OF ROME.

[Here the Cotton MS. ends, but the Lambeth MS. (fol. 160) continues.]

At St Eusebius's

556 Eusebius is there name,— to telle of hym hit is goode game,— hit is wryttyyn in A stoone 'I wole the halowe or I goone,'  

560 that pope gregory with his hande that chirehe halowed, I vndyrstande, and yave pardoun, I yowe saye, A C yerts and fourty daye

564 and there to mo I wole yowe telle to abate the peyne off helle.

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1 Cott. MS. With-owte owte. L. inserts: Whane he was dole, þer was he grave; Cryste his soule kepe and save! A stoone dofe stande in þe weye By-twyx the chyrehe and martyrs twey, Seynt Iulyan and seynt vurban, there was men and women, In that stoone wryttyyn is grete pardoon, soothe I-wys, Every daye in the yere vij thowesande yere þou myght have there.

2 chirehe of seynt vyuyen  3 chirehe  4 thre  5 And there-to goddis beny-one lastynge for ever-more to alle men that been there.
and In the chyrche of seynt Iulian there is his chykk, and tethe þer-one;

A thorne thyrld in crystis hed, when he suffyrde for us to be ded, And odyr Relykys many and dere; Go thyddyr and haue vij C yere.

572 Anodyr chyrche for-sope there is, Of seynt Mathewe worshupe I-wys, In the Right hande as þou shalt goone to the chyrche of seynt John:

576 An hole Arme of seynt Christofre, goddis knyght, [In a chiste right there is dyght,] In that same chyrche hit is I-doo, And grete pardone yeve thertoo, for cryste hym selfe there-on stooode. when he bare hym one the Floode.

In the chyrche of uyght and modeste, there men mowe have, moste & leste, the iiiijᵉ partë of for-yevenes of syn, what tymë he come the þe chyrche with-in. vij M⁴ martyrs lyggythe there, As hit is wryttyn in that mynystre;

588 In tymë of Emperoure Anthony[n]e that tyrant was, and paynyme; this is the vij partë of þy synne ondooone. At seint mary maioure

592 Is A chyrche of grete honowre; As the lye Auter, hit is seyde, there is the body of mathewe leyde: In the chyrche, Anodyr partye, lyethe seynt Jerome sykerlye; frome the Cyte of Damase, ¹ he was brought in-to þet plase; by-foore A plase he was pyght,

1 A long initial letter which looks like I, stands before he.

At St Julian's are his cneckbone, and a thorn stuck in Christ's head, and other relics: the pardon is 709 years.

At St Mathew's is an arm of St Christopher's, on which Christ stood when the Saint carried him [Vol. 190, back.]

At St Vitus and Modestus you get one-fourth of your sins forgiven, — 7000 Martyrs lie there, —

and lose one-seventh of your sins. At St Mary the Greater are buried Matthew, and St Jerome, who was brought from Damascus, and l put before a place
called the Pres- 
sepe (boards from 
the Manger of the 
Nativity).

At the chapel of 
St Agas, ten years 
of pardon are to 
be had.

Its' relics are, 
1. The cloth on 
which the Christ 
was put in after 
His birth;

2. His foreskin 
wheneircircumcised;  
(Fol. 161.)

3. The hay He lay 
in before the ass;

4. An arm, and 
5. A bit of brain of 
Thomas a Becket;

6. His rochet;

7. An Image of 
Our Lady,  
(see p. 114, 1. 
886-9.)  
which St Luke 
was about to 
paint, 
but when his 
colours were all 
ready, he found 
one painted 
by Angels' hands.

600 'precepe' men healpe hit.  
vppon his grene lyethe A stooone, 
And a crosse is leyde there-one ; 
A-bowte that stooone a grate there is 
of Irne strong made I-wys. 
In that place is A chapel 
of seynt Agas, pou wott hit wele ; 
x yere of pardone is grauntyd there,

604 lygyng there-to evyr-more. 
A lytylle clothe lyethe there too 
of whiche cryst was fyrste in do 
of his modyr, whan he was bore 
of his Flesche the Syrcensye, 
Men hit holdythe of grete pryse ; 
And of the hey, more and lasse,

608 that cryste lay on by-fore pe asse. 
An arme is also there 
of seynt thoms the marter, 
and A party of the brayne of his hede 
for alle holy chirche-is saake. 
And An Image sykurryl 
wondyr fayre of oure ladye ; 
seynt luke, whyles he was in londe, 

612 to save man that was for-lore. 
of his Flesche the Syrcensye, 
Men hit holdythe of grete pryse ; 
And of the hey, more and lasse,

616 that cryste lay on by-fore pe asse. 
An arme is also there 
of seynt thoms the marter, 
and A party of the brayne of his hede 
for alle holy chirche-is saake. 
And An Image sykurryl 
wondyr fayre of oure ladye ; 
seynt luke, whyles he was in londe, 

620 At caunterbury there he was dede, 
And Rochet that is goode,— 
hit was sprongyn with his bloode— 
which he had one whan he was take 
for alle holy chirche-is saake. 
And An Image sykurryl 
wondyr fayre of oure ladye ; 
seynt luke, whyles he was in londe, 

624 for alle holy chirche-is saake. 
And An Image sykurryl 
wondyr fayre of oure ladye ; 
seynt luke, whyles he was in londe, 

628 woulde haue payntyd hit with his hande ; 
And whane he hade ordeynyd hit soo, 
alve his colourse there too, 
he founde An Image alle Redy, 

632 Neuer noone syche in eorthe he sy, 
with Angelli's handis, & nought with his : 
the story in Roome wyttnessithe this 
that is wryttyn every dele
At the hye awter in A tabylle, there is pardone, men may see, of many popys pat there hathe bee; vpon the chyrche halydaye

At the liye awter in A tabylle, there is pardone, men may see, of many popys fat there hathe bee; vpon the chyrche halydaye

And thereto yff thou wilt more, the thyrde parte of alle bye lore, And vii C yere there-too;

welc is hym that thyddyr may goo. In eche feste of oure ladye, to pat grauntythe seynt gregorye, he yaffe therto A C yere of pardone, And thereto crysti-s benysone. In oure ladyjs daye assiimpsione There is tlian grete pardone; frome pat fest tylle Jhesu was bore, And the thyrde parte of alle lore, And vii C yere there-too; wele is hym that thyddyr may goo. In eche feste of oure ladye, to pat grauntythe seynt gregorye, he yaffe therto A C yere of pardone, And thereto crysti-s benysone. In oure ladyjs daye assiimpsione There is tlian grete pardone; frome pat fest tylle Jhesu was bore, And the thyrde parte of alle lore, And vii C yere there-too;
Bothe were harborowed there.

A lytyll chapelle yee there is,
I-clepyd 'titulus pastoris;'
As you comyst at the chyrche-is ende,

that chapelle you shalt fynde;
The pope of Rome pat was than,
seynt peius

and holowed [sic] hit with his honde;
And vppon An estyr daye—
As I telle you nowe I maye—

Syxty soules and xvij there-to,
to Crystyn-dom he brought thoo.

Of praxed, the holy woman,
able the sothe telle I can,
A thowesande bodyes with-owten moo,

And ij hundyrd there-too,
In pat place buryed shee—
her sowelys bethe with cryst so Fre—
that suffyrde dethe in pat tyme

Of the emperoure Anthonyne.
pope Innocent, for love of hem,
graunte tho to alle men
O yere, and xl dayes there-to,

And the iiiij parte of penaunce vnde.
And there is of the pyllur A party
that cryste was bounde to sykyrly ;
And yff you come in lent to chyrche,

Double pardoone you myght wyrche.
there lyethe bodyes of sylvester & seynt marysty,
the story of Rome wytnessith the hit myne.

Anodur Day in the yere

of seynt petre men clepythe there
Ad vincula in londe,

1 MS. peius or peenis. Pius it must be; but the stroke for the
t is the mark used for an cr contraction.  
2 M.S. And
THE STACYONS OF ROME.

139

Lammasse day poun vndyrstonde,

whan petur was bounde with Irmys grete,

708 As wee in oure bokis Reede,

that days is grete pardloone,

of alle thy symys remyssyon;

And every day, yff poun wolt crave,

712 fyve hundyrd yere there poun myght hace,

And so many lenttis moo

pope gelasius hate grauntyd perto.

there is a pese of the Roode

716 that cryst was on do for oure goode,

And the bed of seynt Martyne,

An holy man bat tholyd pyne;

In that bed shalle no man lye,

720 for he wole not bat hit be seye,

Ne touche hit with no manis hande,

for hit is prevy, I vndyrstande.

Suche bed of penance I not no moo,

724 to A plase of the postyllis twoo—

cryste us kepe owte of woo!—

fyrste of constantyne hit was sett,

And sythen herytykis done hit bett;

elagius and pope Iohn,

they dede hit Rere vp Anone,

And yave there-to grete pardloone,

for therel the many A seynt of grete Renowne,

732 phylype and Iacobe in shrynne,

Sent eugenie pe holy vyrgyne,

Seint sabasabayne, wrecwe wee fynde,

And the tabarde of thomas of Inde:

736 An arme of seynt blase is there,

And odyr relykys many and sere.

two thowesande yere, yf poun wolt crave,

Lammas Day, when he was bound in irons,

is great pardon, remission of all sins; and every day you can get

500 years' pardon,

and Lents.

The relics are:
1. A piece of Christ's Cross.
2. St Martin's bed,

in which no man may lie.

[Fol. 162, back.]

In the Church of the Twelve Apostles,

(built by Constantine, destroyed by heretics, and rebuilt by Pelagius and John.)

St Philip and James,
St Eugenia,
St Sabasablnus,
Thomas's cloak,
St Blasius's arm, &c.

You may get here 2000 years' pardon.

1 MS. hed 2 This line is repeated after the next.
3 MS. of of 4 Seemingly l. 725 should follow 723, and be followed by a line like 'Now lat us forthe goo.'
Eche day there myght þou have,

And on eche Apostyllis day
this prædoon is dowbyld, I the saye,

At seynt bartylmewe þou myyte have
A throwesande yere yf þou wolte crave;

there lyethe his bodye on þe hye Auter:
wele is hym that comythe there.

at seynt mary Rotunde
there is A chyrche fayre I-founde;

there is wryttyn, I yowe saye,
In o sonday that is in maye;
when the sonday is I-come,
there is fulle Remyssyone,

And eche daye in the yere
grete pardon þou myght have there:
Agrypa ded hit make
for sabillis & neptuno-is sake;

Modyrs they were of cursyd men,
And false fendi folowed hem.
he yave hit name of pantheon;
In alle Rome was syche noone;

A fygur they made of golde Reede,
More than god they gan hit drede;
'Neptune ' clepyd hit was I-wys;
to leve there-one they were nat wysse;

An hye on the tempyllle hit satt,
And lokyde forthe lyke A katt,
vpon the Roofe in an holle
hit brent as helle cole:

vpon his hed A covent of brasse;
to seynt petyr blowen hit was
with A wynde of helle, I trowe,

for no man myght hit thedard throwe;

there standythe [hit,] I telle thee,
by-fore the mynysyer dor þou myght hit see;
the Roofe is opyn there he stode;
there stondythe, and dope no goode.
and the pope boneface
was full-sylyd with goddes grace;
In hym selfe he was dismayed
that mannys soule was so betrayed:

780 to the emperoure Julius sone he came,
that was forsoke A wele goode man;
"that tempylle," he sayde, "grant hit me,
I the praye for seynt charyte,
784 that men clepe pantheon, I leve,
that mannys soule hit dope greve."
he sayde "take hit every dele;
that you hit have, me lykythe wele."
788 And the fyrst day of november,
pope boneface with harte tendyr
the pepulle of Rome ded calle,
And bade assemble in his halle,
792 In pantheon alle in same,
for to chaunge pat ylke name
In honowre of oure ladye
and alle halowen pat bethe fyr-bye;
796 this was noster dame la Rounde
In pantheon fyrste I-founde;
And sange hys mase pat ylke daye,
And yave grete pardone, I yowe saye,
800 And comawndyd all crystyn men
that daye to halowe, for love of hem
that bethe in hevyn with swete Ihesus,
Night and day to praye for us.
804 And on the morowe he hett also
that men shoulde to chyrche goo
to praye for hem that ded bee,
that cryste on hem have pyte,
808 And one us whan wee dye;
Amen, saythe alle for charyte.

At seynt mary transpedian

Pope Boniface
asked the Emperor Julius for this
[Phocas, A.D. 602.]
Pantheon:
he gave it him.
Boniface assembled the Romans there,
changed its name in honour of Our Lady and All Saints,
sang Mass, gave pardons, ordered the day to be kept holy,

At St. Mary Transpontine are
two pillars that
Peter and Paul
were bound to.

400 years' pardon
is given for every
visit there.
At the Hospital
of Santo Spirito
you have 7 years' 
pardon and one-
seventh of your
penance et off.

At St James on
the River, 200
years' pardon, and
Lents.

[Fol. 154.]
At St Mary
Trastevere 7 years'
pardon.
Two wells that
spout oil on
Christmas day,
are there.

At St Cecilia's 100
years' pardon.

At St Peter and
Paul's Prison
2000 years' pardon
every day.

At St Mary
Nova, 100 years'
pardon.

At St Alexis'
2200 years.

there been ij pillars made of stone

812 to whiche petyr and poule bounden were
when the leyyd in corthe there.
there they stonde, I telle thee;
whan you Art there you mayste hem see;

816 Eche day yf you comyste there,
soure hundyrd yere you haste there.

At seynt speryte hospytalle,
there men mowe haue, gret and smalle,

820 vij yere of pardonne,
the vijte parte of penaunce ondone.

824 At seynt Iamys vppon the flome
Be thre hundyrd yere of pardonne,

And so many Lentis moore
for-sote the ben I-grauntyd there.

828 At seynt mary tryst-inere
thowe shalt have sevyn yere:

two wellis there bethe, I telle thee,
that spyrnggythe oyle, there men may see,
that ylk nyght pet cryst was boore
to save man that was forloore.

832 At sesyle, the holy marter,
thowe myght have A C yere.

At seynt petyr and poullys preson
thowe myght have grette pardonne,
two thowesande yere, I telle thee,
Eche day yf thowe there bee.
thorowe the vertu of her orysune
A welle spronge there in prisune,

840 with whiche water baptysyd were
processe and martuman, crystis dere.

A t seynt mary la noue you myght haue
an hundyrd yere if you wolt crave.
at the chirche of seynt Alext
there wee mowe have, moste & leste,
two thowesande and ij C yere,
eche day yf thowe come there
thowe myght have v C yere.

1 MS. hau
2 MS. yf thowe
At St Mary Ara Culii,
2000 years' and more.

Here is an image of Our Lady made by St Luke.

Minorites live there.

At St Mary Merle [de Miracoli ?]

you can get 1000 years' pardon.

At St Andrew's [Fol. 165.]
40 years' pardon.

Believers buried there
shall not be damned, however they have sinned, but shall be saved.

If you don't believe me, you can see it on the church door.

Of the rest of the pardon I shall write day and night.

Christ grant us part of it, and His blessing!

At seynt mary Rochelle there is many greses, I wete wele ; there is ij thowesande yere & more to hem that wole thyddyr goo.¹

there is An Image, I vndyrstonde, of oure ladye pet Lewke wrongt with his honde, 888

I-closed alle withe syluer clere, I-payntted Abowte withe colours dere ; there dwellythe Frere menowrse, And servyn owre ladye with honowrse.

At seynt Mary Merle bethe dwellynge Frere prechourse to Rede and syngye : Sykyrly there pou myght have A M¹ yere and pou hit crave.

At seynt Andrewys holy chyrche sykyrly Been yeerys grauntyd fulle fourty, And seynt gregory purchased syche grace, what man or woman is biu'yed in fat plase, 900

yf he beleve in god & holy chyrche also, he shalle not be damned for nought pat he hath the doe,

But be saved frome the payable of helle :

this is the sothe that I the telle.

yf pou tryste no pyng to me, On the chyrche-dore pou mayst hit see. pardone is there myche moore

than I have Reseyned² here byfore, And that I shalle with alle my myght there-off wryte bofe day & nyght, By gode that was of mary boore

912
to save mankynde pat was for-loore, Graunt vs parte of this pardoone, And there-withe gyve us his benysone !

EXPLICIT DE STACIONES OF ROOME.

[Follow: A Medeeyne for the Pestylens, &c., The maner to kepe hankes, &c.]

¹ For fore or fare.

² resigno, I reveal, disclose.
Gaude Flore Virginali.

(Lambeth MS. 306.)

1 Gaude. the flowre of virginyte,
   In hevyn thow hast a principalite
   Off worship and honowre ;
4 Thi blys is more in dignite
   Then alle the sayntis that euer may be
   Or aungelis in hevyn towre !
   Gaude flore virginali.

2 Gaude. goddys spouse so deere !
9 Was there neuer sonnye day so cleere
   Nor of so grete lyght !
   There myght neuer son shyne heere
12 As thow fyllist heuyn empere
   With bemys that ar so bryght !
   Gaude sponsa cara dei.

3 Gaude. vessel of vertue & grace,
16 I-Crowned quene in that place
   Where thy sonne is kynge !
   Angels alle in his presence
   Ar vndyr thyn obedyence,
20 And do the worshippynge !
   Gaude splendens vas virtutum.

4 Gaude modyr and mayden fre,
   Throw the bonde of charyte
24 To god so holy and knytte,
   That what so euer thi askyng be,
   Alle the holy trynite
   Ful goodly grauntyth the hitte.
28 Gaude nexe caritatis.

[Bot. 133.]
Hail, flower of Virginity,
above all saints and angels !
Hail, God's spouse,
brghter than sun in heaven !
Hail, Queen of Heaven,
whom all angels worship !
Hail, Mother of God,
whose every prayer He grants !
5 Gaude frute of alle flowres!
For who so euer the honowryth
With preyour nyght or day,

32 The fadyr of heuyn, of his godhed
He graunt them to ther mede
The blysse that lastyth aye!

Gaude virgo, mater pura.

6 Gaude the modyr of cryst iesu,

37 So graeyous and ful of vertu
That for thi holynesse
So highe arte nowe in dignite!

40 Thowe sitteste next the trinite
In grete honowre and blysse.

Gaude virgo, mater Christi.

7 Gaude mayden clene and pure,

44 Enyr beynge secure and suere
That these yoies seuyn
Shalle neuer swage nor sesse,
But euermore endure and encresse

48 While god regnyth in heuyn. Amen.

Scriptus Anno Domini 1508 per
D. T. Mylle.
Regina Celi Letare.

[ Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 132, back. ]

[The thick letters mark the red ones of the MS.]

Regina celi letare. alleluya.
quia quem meruisti portare. alleluya.
resurrexit sicut dixit. alleluya.

ora pro nobis deum. alleluya.


saluum me fac deus. Quartum idem est. quia pater, et filius, et spiritus sanctus.

Regina celi le ta re
Quene of hevyn, make thou myrth

alleluya. lauda deum natura.
And prayse god wyth alle thy myght.
quia quem meruisti portare.
For of the. he toke his byrth.

alleluya. salus. vita. lux
That is. heele. lyfe. and lyght.
resurrexit sicut dixit
he rose from deth. so sayde he

alleluya. Saluum me fac deus.
Saue vs god. in nede moste
ora pro nobis deum.
Pra for vs the trynyte.

alleluya. pater et filius et spiritus sanctus
Fader. and sonne. and holy goste.

Queen of heaven,
praise God.
Of thee He took His birth.
He rose from death.
Pray for us.

10 *
Quia Amore Languo. (Part I.)

(The Virgin's Complaint because Man's Soul is Wrapped in Sin.)

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D.]

In a tabernacle of a tour,
As ye stood musynge on pe moone,
A crowned queene moost of honour
Me pouzte y si; sittinge in trone.
Sehe made hir compleynt bi hir oone,
For mannis soule is wrappid in synne:
"Y may not leue mankynde a-loone,
Quia amore languuo.

I loke for lone of man my brof;e:
I am his avoket on euerie wise,
I am his moder, y can noon opir,
Whi schulde y my dere child dispise?
I houz he me wra|pe in diuerse wise,
Poru; freelte of fleisch be falle me fro,
It muste y rue til pat he rise,
Quia amore languuo.

I abood & abide with greet longynge,
I lone & loke whanne man wole craue,
I pleyne me for pitee of pinynge;
Wolde he aske merci, he schulde it haue;
Seie to me, soule, y schal pee saue;
Bid me, child, & y wole goo;
Praiedist me newere, but y forgae,
Quia amore languuo.

[Page 4.]
As I pizetl ouHin, incthoukli
I saw u Queen on a throne,
lamenting because man's soul was wrappid in sin.

[Page 5.]
She said, "I am Ills advocate and mother, why should I despise him tho' he falls from me?

I languish with love.
I wait and long for the time when he will ask mercy;
Iet him speak, and I will save him; he never prayed, but I forgave him.
M oder of mercy y was for pee made:
Who nedip mercy but pou a-loone?
To 3eue grace & merci y am more glade
28 Pan pou to aske; whi nyst pou noon?
∀ Whanne seide y nay? tel me to whom!
Neure 3it to freend nc foo!
Whanne pou askist not, pan make y moon,
32 Quia amore languete.

0 wrecche, in pis world y loke on pee
Whanne y se pee trespase day bi daye
Wip lecheri azen my chastite,
36 With pride azen my meeke aray.
∀ My lone abidip pee; yra is away;
Mi lone pee callip, & pou stelis me fro;
3it sue to me, synner, y pee pray,
40 Quia amore languete.

M y sone was outlawid for pi synne,
His body was beten for pi trespase,
3it prickip it myn herte pat so ny3 my kyane
44 pat so schulde be disesid, a sone, a-las!
∀ Mi sone is pi fader, his moder y was,
He soukide my pappis; he loued pee so,
He is deed for pee; myn herte pou has,
48 Quia amore languete.

∀ My sone deede for pi lone,
His herte was persid with a spere
To bringe pi soule to heuene aboue,
52 For pi lone so diele he here.
∀ perfpor pou must be to me moost dere,
Sipen my sone louned pee so;
pou proies to me neuere but y pee here,
56 Quia amore languete.
My son shall grant me for his sake every merciful prayer that you would have, for he would no vouchsafe take

60 If you ask mercy for me, but that you shall have.

I long for mercy that you shaldist crave,

64 Quia amore langudeo."

---

Quia Amore Langudeo. (Part II.)

(or Christ's complaint for his sister, man's soul.)

[Follows the last poem, as a continuation.]

In a valey of his restless mynde
I southe in mounteyne & in myde,
Trustynge a trewe love for to fynde.

4 Upon an hil þan y took hede;

A voice y herde—& neer y jede—
In huge doleour complaynynge þo,
"Se, dere soule, how my sidis blede,

8 Quia amore langudeo."

Upon þis hil y fond a tree,
Vndir þe tree a man sittynge,
From heed to foot wounded was he,

12 His herte blood y sì3 bledinge:—

A semeli man to ben a king,
A gracious face to loken vnto;—
I askide whi he had peynynge,

16 He seide "quia amore langudeo.

I am true loue þat fals was neuere,
Mi sistyr, mannis soule, y loued hir þus;
Bi-cause we wolde in no wise discueere,

20 I lefte my kyngdom glorious.
Quia Amore Languo.

(From the Song of Solomon.)

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ihh. 4. 12, fol. 41 b. Handwriting of the latter half of the 15th century.]

In the vale of restles mynde,
I sough in mounteyn & in mede,
trustynge a treulofe for to fynd;

4 Upon an hyll than toke I hede,
a voise I herd (and nere I yede)
in grete dolour complaynyng tho,
"see, dere soule, my sydes blede
8 Quia amore languo." 1

Vpon thys mount I fand a tree,
vndir thys tree a man sittynge ;
from hede to fote woundyd was he,
12 Hys hert blode I saw bledyng ;
a semely man to be a kyng,
a graciose face to loke vnto.
I askyd hym how he had paynyng,
16 He said, "Quia amore languo.

I am treulove that fals was neuer,
my sistur, mannys soule, I loued hyr thus ; 2
by-cause I wold on no wyse dissenere,
20 I left my kyngdome glorious ;

1 Solomon's Song, ii. 5 and v. 8 (Vulgate).
2 Sol, Song, iv. 9.
Quia amore langueo. (Lambeth Ms. 853.)

*Quae* purificare for hir a paleis precious; 
Sche sleyth, y holoawe, y souȝte hir so, 
I suffride þis peyne piteuous 
24 Quia amore langugeo.

**My** fair spouse, & my loue briȝt, 
I saued hir fro betynge, & sche hap me bet; 
I clopid hir in grace & heuedi list; 
28 þis bloodi scherte sche hap on me sette, 
þ For longynge of loue þit wolde y nɔt lette; 
Swete strokis are þese; lo, 
I haue loued hir euere as y hir het, 
32 Quia amore langugeo.

I crowned hir wip blis, & sche me with þorn; 
I ledde hir to chaumbir, & sche me to die; 
I brouȝte hir to worschipe, & sche me to scorn; 
36 I dide her reuence, & sche me vilonye. 
þ To loue þat loueþ, is no maistrie; 
Hir hate made neuere my loue hir foo, 
Axe me no question whi, 
40 Quia amore langugeo.

Loke vnto myr hondis, man! 
þese gloues were ȝoue me whan y hir souȝte; 
þei ben not white, but rede & wan, 
44 Onbroudrid with blood my spouse hem brouȝt. 
þei wole not of, y loose hem nouȝte, 
I wove hir with hem where-euere sche go; 
þese hondis for hir so freendli fouȝte, 
48 Quia amore langugeo.

Meruellous nouȝte, man, þouȝ y sitte stille; 
Se, loue hap sched me wondir streite, 
Boclid my feet, as was hir wille, 
52 With scharp naile, lo, þou maiste waite.
I purued hyr a place full precious;  
she flytt, I folowyd, I luffed her soo;  
that I suffred thes paynes pitcuose

24 *Quia amore langueo.*

My faire love and my spouse bryght,  
I saued hyr fro betjng, and she hath me bett;  
I clothed hyr in grace and heuenly lyght,

28 this blody surcote she hath on me sett;  
for langyng, love I will not lett,  
sweete strokys be thes, loo;  
I haf loued euere als I hett,

32 *Quia amore langueo.*

I crownyd hyr with blysse, and she me with  
thorne,

I led hyr to chambre, and she me to dye;  
I browght hyr to worship, and she me to skorne,

36 I dyd hyr reverence, and she me velanye.  
to love that loueth, is no maistrye,  
hyr hate made newe my love hyr foo;  
ask than no moo questions whyc,

40 but *Quia amore langueo.*

loke vnto myn handys, man!  
thes gloues were geuen me whan I hyr sowght;  
they be nat white, but rede and wan,

44 embrodred with blode my spouse them bowght;  
they wyll not of, I lefe them nowght,  
I wowe hyr with them where euere she goo;  
thes handes full frendly for hyr fowment,

48 *Quia amore langueo.*

MarueU not, man, thof I sitt stylly,  
my love hath shod me wondyr strayte;  
she boklyd my fete as was hyr wyll  
with sharp nailes, well thow maist waite!
Quia amore langueo. [Lambeth Ms. S.33.]

"In my lone was neuere desaite,
Alle myn humours y haue opened hir to,
Here my bodi hap maad hir hertis baite,
56 Quia amore langueo.

In my side y haue made hir neste;
Looke in! how weet a wounde is heere,
This is hir chambre, heere schal sche reste,
60 But sche & y may slepe in fere.

Heere may sche waische, if ony filpe were,
Heere is sete for all hir woo;
Come whanne sche wole, sche schal haue chere,
64 Quia amore langueo.

I wole abide til sche be redy,
I wole hir sue if sche seie nay;
If sche be richilees, y wole be gredi,
68 And if sche be daungerus, y wole hir praye.

If sche wepe, But hide y ne nay,
Myn armes her hired to clippe hir me to;
Cric onys; y come: now, soule, asay,
72 Quia amore langueo.

I sitte on pis hil for to se fer,
I loke into pe valey my spouse to se;
Now renne sche awayward, 3it come sche me neer,
76 For out of my siste may sche not flee.

Summe wayte hir pray to make hir to fle,
I renne bfore, and fleme hir foo;
Returne my spouse azen to me,
80 Quia amore langueo.

Fair loue, lete us go pleye!
Applis ben ripe in my gardayne,
I schal thee clope in a newe aray,
Quia amore langueo.

In my love was nouer dissait,
for all my membres I haf opynd hyr to;
my body I made hyr hertys baite,

56 Quia amore langueo.

| In my syde I haf made hyr nest, |
| loke in me, how wyde a wound is here! |
| this is hyr chambre, here shall she rest, |
that she and I may slepe in fere, |
here may she wasche, if any filth were; |
here is socour for all hyr woo; |
cum if she will, she shall haf chere,

60 Quia amore langueo.

| I will abide till she be redy, |
| I will to hyr send or she sey nay; |
| If she be rechelesse, I will be redy, |
If she be dawngerouse, I will hyr pray. |
If she do wepe, than byd I nay; |
myn armes ben spred toclypp hyr to; |
crye onys, "I cum!" now, soule, assaye!

68 Quia amore langueo.

| I sit on an hille for to se farre, |
| I loke to the vayle, my spouse I see; |
now rynne she awayward, now cummyth she narre,

72 Quia amore langueo.

yet fro myn eye syght she may nat be;
sum waite ther pray, to make hyr flee,
I rynne tofore to chastise hyr foo;
recouer my soule agayne to me,

80 Quia amore langueo.

| My swete spouse, will we goo play, |
| apples ben rype in my gardine; |
I shall clothe the in new array,

1 MS. "make," corrected to "waite."  
2 Sol. Song, iv. 16.
Quia amore languo. (Lambeth MS. 853.)

84 Quia amore languo.

88 Quia amore languo.

92 Whi wolt pou not, fair loue, with me dele?

96 Quia amore languo.

What schal y do with my fair spouse,
But abide hir of my gentilnes
Til pat sche loke out of hir house

100 Of fleischli affeccioun? loue myn sche is.

Hir bed is maade, hir bolstir is blis,
Hir chaumbir is chosen; is per non moo.
Loke out on me at pe wyndow of kyndenes,

104 Quia amore languo.

My loue is in hir chaumbir: holde 30ure pees,
Make 3e no noise, but lete hir slepe:
My babe y wolde not were in disese,

108 I may not heere my dere child wepe.

With my pap y schal hir kepe.
Ne mercueil 3e not pou3 y tende hir to;
Bis hole in my side had neuere be so depe,

112 But quia amore languo.

Longe pou for loue neuere so hi3,
My loue is more tan pin may be;
84 thy mete shall be mylk, honye, & wyne;\(^1\)
now, dere soule, latt us go dyne,
thy sustenance is in my skrypp, loo!
tary not now, fayre spouse myne,
88 Quia amore langueo.

92 if thow be fowl, I shall make clene,
if thow be seke, I shall the hele;
yf thow owght morne, I shall be-mene,
spouse, why will thow nowght with me dele?
thow fowndyst never love so lele;
what wilt thou, sowle, that I shall do?
I may of vnkyndnes the appele,
96 Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse?
abyde I will hyre iantilnesse,
wold she loke onys owt of hyr howse
of flesschely affecc^'ons aud vnclennesse;
hyr bed is made, hyr bolstar is in blysse,
hyr chambre is chosen, suche ar no moo;
loke owt at the wyndows of kyndnesse,\(^2\)
100 Quia amore langueo.

Long and love thow never so hygh,
yit is my love more than thyū may be;
thow gladdyst, thou wepist, I sitt the bygh,
yit myght thow, spouse, loke onys at me!
spouse, shuld I alway fedethe
with childys mete? nay, love, nat so!
I pray the, love, with aduersite,
108 Quia amore langueo.

My spouse is in chambre, hald 3owre pease!\(^3\)
make no noyse, but lat hyr slepe;
1 Sol. Song, v. 1.\(^1\)
2 Id. ii. 9.\(^2\)
3 Id. ii. 7 and viii. 4.
Quia amore, longe.

116 Sit woldist, I wolde, leef, loke vn-to me!
    Schulde y alwey fade pee,
    With children mete? nay, lone, not so;
    I wole preue pi lone wip adversite,
120 Quia amore, longe.

Weeke not wery, myn owne wijf!

What mele is it to lyne euer in comfort?

In tribulaciou, y regne moore rijf
124 Ofttymes pan in disport.

In wele & in woo y am ay to supporte;
    Myn owne wijf, go not me fro!
    Bi meede is markid whan you art mort,
128 Quia amore, longe.
my babe shall sofre noo disease,

116 I may not here my dere childe wepe,
for with my pappe I shall hyr kepe;
no wondyr thoughg I tend hyr to,
thys hoole in my syde had neuer ben so depe,
120 but Quia amore langueo.

Wax not wery, myn owne dere wyfe,
what mede is aye to lyffe in comfort?
for in tribulacion, I ryñe more ryfe.

124 efter tymes than in disport;
In welth, in woo, euer I support;
than, dere soule, go neuer me fro;
thy mede is markyd, whan thow art mort,
in blysse; Quia amore langueo.

Finit.
The Complaynt of Criste.

[Christ's First Complaint against men.

[Lambeth MS. 306, ab. 1460-70 A.D., fol. 145, written in 8-line stanzas, though to l. 135 it is in 12-line ones.]

T

his is the comepleynt off god
Fro man to man that he hate bouste,
And thus! he seyethe to here Ateynt,

"Myne owne pepulle, what have yee wrought
that thowe to me Art so feynt,
And I thy love so sore have sought ?
In thyn Answer no thpig thowe peynte

Who have dor call
for thee,

have made thee
like to Me,
putting all My
works in thy
dowter !

I delivered thee
from Pharaoh,

I dried the Red
Sea for thee,

[Fol. 145, back.]

10 have I nat Do alle that me oughte ?
why wrathyst pou me ? I greve pe nought ;
why arte thowe to thy Frende onkynde?
I shewed the Love ; and that was scene
whane I made the lyke to me ;
On erthe my werke's bothe quyk & grene,

I put hem vndyr in thy poweste.

"And frome pharos (that was so keene)
Of egpyt I deluyerd thee,
I kylyd hym and his by-deene.
the Red see for the in to flye,
I bad that hit drye shoulde bee ;
I scassid the water and the wynde,
I ledde the ouer, and made pe Free :

why art thowe to thy freende onkynde ?
Goddis owne Complaynt.

“WHI ART THOU TO THI FREEND VNKINDE?”

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., fol. 81, written without breaks.]

This is goddis owne complaynt
To euery man pat he hap bouzt,
And pus he seip to hem ataynt,

4 "Myne owne peple, what han ze wrouzt
If pou pat to me art so faynt,
And y pi loue so fer haue souzt?
In pine answere no ping pou paynt

8 To me; for whi, y knowe pi pouzt.
" Haue y not doon al pat me ouzt?
Haue y left ony pyng bihynde?
Whi wrappist pou me? y greue pee nouzt;

12 Whi art pou to pi freend vnkinde?

I schewid pee loue, & pat was sene
Whanne y made pee lijk to me;
On erpe my werkis bothe quycke & grene,

16 I putte hem vndir in pi poste.
And fro farao—pat was so kene—
Of egipt y delyuered pee,
I killid him & hise bidene.

20 pe reed see atwo to flee
If I bad, pat drie it schulde be;
I cessid pe watir & pe wynde,
I ledde pe ouer, & made pee free:

24 Whi art pou to pi freend vnkinde?
I fed thee with angels' food, and shed My heart's blood for thee!

"And xl yere in wyldurnesse with angels foode I the Feed; Into the londe of grete Ryches, to schewe the love, there I the led. to do the more of kyndenes I toke pe kyndely, and nothyng drel, I left my myght, ant toke mekenes, And my harte bloode for the I bled.

"Thy soule to save, this lyffe I led, I bounde Myself to unbind thee; I gave thee a place in Paradise; and yet thou sinnedst and agreedst with mine enemy! No friend hadst thou but Me, torn on the Cross.

I loved thee, and thou slewest Me! Yet turn to Me, come home again! I will welcome thee.

"And to synne In vij Maner wyse, and to myne Enemy so soone Assent! he put the Downe, thowe myghtyst nat Ryse; thy strenkythe, thy wytt, A-way is went! poore, naked, shamed, and shent, that Frendeshype myghttest pou nat fynde, But me that on the Roode was Rent; why art pou to thy freende onkynde?

"Man, I love the! whome Lovyst thowe? I am by frende; why wolt pou feyne? I for-yave, and put me slew: ho hath departydoure lowe A tweyne? Turne to me! by-thenke the howe thowe haste go mys! come home Agayne! And thowe shalt be as welcome nowe

As he that synne never ded fayne.
And fowti peer in wildirnes
Wip auangelis fode y pe pedde;
Into pe lond of greef richesse,
28 To schewe pe loue, y pe pedde.

To do pe more of kyndenes
I took pi kinde, and noping dreedde,
I lefte my myyt, & tooke meekenes;
32 Myn herte blood for pe y bleed.

Thi soule to saue pis lijf y ledde,
I boond my silf pe to vubinde,
Bus with my wo pi nedis I spedde;
36 Whi art pou to pi freend vnkinde.

For pe y ordeyned paradijs;
Ful riche was pin enfeffement;
How myytist pou me ony more dispise,
40 Pan to breke my comauudement,

And synne in seuen maner of wise,
And to myn enemy so soone assent?
He putte pe doun, pou myytist not rise;
44 Pi strengbe, pi witt, awei is went!
Pore, nakid, schamed, & schent,
Dat fnendschip myytist pou noon fynde
But me pat on pe roode was rent;
48 Whi art pou to pi freend vnkynde?

O Man, y loue pey! whom lonest pou?
I am pi freend; whi wolt pou feyne?
I for-zaf, & pou me slou;
52 Who hap departideoure loue a twyne?

Turne te me! bipinke pey how
Pou hast goon mys! come hoom ageyne!
And pou schalt be as weylcume now
56 As he that synne neuer dide steyne.
"Wayte what ded Mary Mawdeleyne,
And what I seyd to thome of lnde;
I graunte the blysse, why lovys 
why art pou to thy Frende onkynde?

for nothing was
ever so dear to me
as man.

To ease thy soul
I was uphung;

I was thy comfort
in thy distress.

Why art thou to
thy Friend un-
kind?

Wounding Him
every day anew,

following Vice,

persecuting the
Poor,

tempting Him,

"For the I suffyrde grete repreffe:
In hyghe hevyyn thy soule to casse
I was on-hanged as A theeffe;
thowe dedest the deede, I had 
deisease.
thowe canst me neyder thank nor pleasse,
Ne do goode deede, ne haue me in mynde;
I am thy leche in thy Disease,
thowe cannyst me nowder thanke nor pleasse,

"Ne do goode deede, we have in mynde,
I am thy leche in thy disease,
Why art thou to by Frende on-kynde?
vinkynde,—for thowe killyd thy lorde,
And euery day pou woundesty hym newe,
for thowghe wee ben brought to oone Acorde,
In conunaunt, wrecche, pou art one-trewe,

And Redy also to Resorte,

"To folowe vycs and sle vertu;
Alle Rybawdry thowe canste reporte,
And Day by daye hit to Renewe;

And redy also to pursewe
the poore peepulle with sleyghtis blynde;
thowe shalt owte of this worlde remewe;
why art thowe to thy Frende onkynde?

The devyll me tempttyd neuer but thrye,
But pou me temptyst frome day to daye
Waite what y dide to marie maundeleyne,
And what y seide to thomas of ynde;
I graunte pee blis, whi lovest pou peyne?
Whi art pou to pi freend vnkinde?

Of a freend the first preef
Is lone wip drede, & nou3t displesse.
There was neuere ping to me so leef
As mankinde put nou3t may pese.
For pee y suffride greet repreef:
In hi3 heuene pi soule to ceese
Y was an-hangid as a peef;

You dedist pe dede, y hadde pe disese.
You canst me neuere panke ne please,
Ne do no good dede to haue me in mynde;
Y am pi leche 1 in pi disese,
Whi art pou to pi freend vnkinde?
[Page 85.]

Vnkinde! for pou haste slayn pi lord,
And every day pou woundist me newe,
For pou3 we ben brou3t to oon acoord,
In couenaunt, wrecche, pou art vntrewe,
And redy also to resorte
To folewe vicis & flec vertu;
Al ribaudie pou canst reporte,—

Woo is him pat pi wrappye may not eschewe!—
And redi also to pursue
Pe poore peple with sleijtis blynde.
Pou schalt out of pis world renewe
Bi-casue pou art to pi freend vnkinde?

The deuel me temptide neuere but priec,
But pou me temptist from day to day
with curses, to
take vengeance.
Thou wouldst be-
tray me worse
[Fol. 146, b.]
than Judas did,
and bind me too,
hast thou power
'or me as I o'er
thee.
And yet I bought
thy love full dear:
I gave thee My
heart and blood.

Unfaithful
homager, thou
servest my foe;

but whilst thou
dost I will shut
thee out.

Man, think
whence thou
camest:

how I may put
thee down!

Have pity on My
sufferings,
and yield thy Will
wholly to me.

whythe cursyng after venegance to crye,
to styr my wrathe pou wylt assaye,
thowe woleydyst, and ony woulde me by,
Wole worse than Judas me be-traye;
at my werke pou haste c[n]ye;
that wole me woo, is to ly paye.

"And thowe me myghttyst, as I pe maye,
wele byttyryl thowe woldyst me bynde;
I for-yave, and pou seyst nay,
why arte thowe to pe frende onkynde?
I have bought thy love fulle dere:
Onekynde! why for-sakis pou myne?
I yave the myn hart & bloode in Fere
Onkynde! why wolt pou nat yeve me jyne?

"Thowe art on-kynde homagere,
for with my Fo pou makest me fyne;
thowe servyst me with febullle chere;
to hym thy hart wolte fully enclyne.
And I am lorde of blysse and pyne,
and alle thyng may I louste & bynde,
Ayenst the wole I my yat's tynde
Alle whyle pou arte to ly frende onkynde.

"Man! by-thenk the what pou Arte,
fro whens pou com, & wheder pou mone,
for thowze pou to-day be in hele & quarte,
to-morowe I may put pe A-doune.
lezt mylde mekenes melt in jyn hart,
that pou Rewe on my passyone,
with my woundis depe and smarte,
with crosse, maylys, spere, & crowne.

"Let god and discretion
thy wyl holy vp to me sende:
Wiþ cursynge, aftir venience doop criþ,
To stire mi wrappe þou wolt a-saye,
þou woldist, & ony wolde me bie,
Weel worse þan iudas me bitraie;
At my werk þou hast enuye,
þat weel ne woo may þee noon paye.
For & þou ouer me mystist, as y ouer þee may,
Weel bitirli þou woldist me bynde:
I forþaf, & þou seiest naye;
þus y am frend, & þou vnkynde.

I haue bouȝt þi loue ful dere:
Vnkinde ! whi forsakist þou myn?
I þaf þee myn herte & blood in fere;
Vnkinde ! whi nyl þou zeue me þin?
þou art an vnkynde omagere,
For with my foo þou makist þi fyn;
þou servest me with febil chere;
To him þin herte wolt hooli encline.
And y am loud of blis & pyne,
And al þing may y lose ' & bynde,
Azen þee wolde y my þatis tyne
Al þe while þou art to þi freend vnkynde.

Man ! bipinke þee what þou art,
From whens þou come, and whidir þou art boun,
For þouȝ þou to-day be in hele & qwart,
To-morowe y may putte þee dowu.
Lete mylde & meekenes melte in þin herte,
þat þou rue on my passiouu,
With wide woundis depe & smerte,
Wiþ crosse, nailis, spere, & crowne.
Lete drede & good discresioun
þi wil holli up to me send:
Man's First Answer.

Lord, we have deserved hell fire.

[Fol. 147.]

Chastise us for our sins, but let no fiends chase our souls.

Mary! help us!

Alas for our unkindness!

124 "A! lord, A-yeest the wee wole nat plette, for as pou wouedyst, hit is, and was, And wee have deservyd helle hete, But nowe wee yeilde us to thy grace.

128 "Wee wole boowe, and thowe shalt bete, And Chastice us, lorde, foroure trespase, And lett mercy for vs entrete that neuer no feondis oure soweles chase.

132 A! blysfulle lady, fayre of face, helpe! for wee been fer be-hynde; that wee nowe with weepyng crye ‘alas, for that wee were to oure frenden onkynde.’"

Explicit [in a later hand. The original goes right on with the continuation.]

Christ’s Second Complaint.

Thusoure gracius god, prince of pyte, whos myght, whose goodenes, neuer by-gan, at whose wylle alle by-hovythe to bee, Compleynnynghym thus to synfulle man:

My people, why servest thou Satan?

140 "Myne owne pepulle, Answer me, Excuse thy selfe yf pou can: what haue I trespassyd vnto the? thowe for-sakyst me, pou servyst Sathan.

I loved thee so,

I made thee last that thoungthest want nothing;

144 "Mane! suche A loute to the I hade! this worlde in vj dayes whan I wrought, thou was the last thyng that I made By-cause I woulde pou wantyd nought.

148 what thyng the myght helpe or glade, [2 lines wanting] to thy be-hoffe alle forthe is brought.
GODDIS OWNE COMPLAINT, (LAMBERT MS. 553.)

And if you wolt, you maist be kynde.”

A! lord, azens pee wole we not plete,
For as you wolt, it is, & was;
We han desuered helle hete,

But now ²we zeelde us to pi grace.

We wolen bowe, & you schalt bete,
And chastice us, lord, for our trespace,
And lete merci for us entrete

but neure no feendis ourue soulis chase.

A!.blissid lady, fair of face,
help! for wee be fer bihynde;
but wee wip weepynge moue crie, alas!

For that we were to ourue freend vnkinde.” A-M-E-N.

Christ’s own Complaint,

“MAN, MAKE AMENDIS OR YOU DIE.”

(OTHERWISE CALLED THE REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.)

Thus ourue gracious god, prince of pitee,
whos miȝt, whos goodnes, neuree bigan,
At whos wil al bihouette to be,

Compleyneth him þus to synful man:
“Myn owne peple, answere þe me,
Excuse þi sylf if þat þou can:
what haue þu trespasid vnto þee

þat þou forsakist me, & seruest sathan?

“Man! such a lone to þee y hadde!
þe world in sixe daies whanne y it wrouȝt,
þou were þe laste þing þat y maad

By-cause y wolde þee wantid nonȝt.
What þing myȝte þee helpe or glade,
What þat þou nedidist durst nonȝt be souȝt;
Foul, fische, al þing þee to glade,

To þi bihouette al was forþ brouȝt.
I gave thee power,

"More-ower I yave the suffraunt [powste] that alle bestes shoulde bowe pe vntylle

I made the also lyke to me,

And yaffe the connyng 1 of Fre wylle, me to serve, that thowe myght see,

god chese the gode, and leve the ylle.

I ax no thyng Agayme of the

But be my servaunt, as hit is skylle.

Aloone one-lefully that love is lent

thy hart be-holdythe nat hevyn on e.

For alle the goodenesse I have the sente,

The lyst nat onys to saye gramecyye.

"But vnto this, takyf thowe no tent
thowe wyrchyst A waye fulle onkyndely,

Aloone one-lefully that love is lent;

thy hart be-holdythe nat hevyn one hye,

For alle the goodenesse I have the sente,

The lyst nat onys to saye gramecyye.

But thou dost not;

thou never once
said'st thanks.
[Vol. 147, back.]
Repent before
thou diest !

Lord, mercy;

I acknowledge
my treachery and
sin.

I want words to
express Thy
kindness;

I have deserved
the pit of hell.

But Thou know-
est how frail man
is,

"I want word's and Also wytte,
of thy kyndenes to carpe A clawse ;

Alle that I haue, pou gave me hytt
Of thy goodenesse with-owten cause ;
thowe I have grevyd the, and do yeett,
thowe thy benefitt's nought with-drawes ;

I haue deserved to haue helle pytty,
So haue I levyd Ayenst thy lawes.

crysten soule conseyyvyd with synne
Resceyyvyd in consyence pis compleynt ;
he fylle downe flatt with dulfulle synne,

And seyd, "lorde, mercy, souerayn seynt !
I, moste vnkynde wreche of mankynte,
I knowelege I am thy traytuir atteynt ;
this wykkyd lyffe that I lyve in,
I may hit nat frome py knowyng glent :

"I want word's and Also wytte,
of thy kyndenes to carpe A clawse ;

Alle that I haue, pou gave me hytt
Of thy goodenesse with-owten cause ;
thowe I have grevyd the, and do yeett,
thowe thy benefitt's nought with-drawes ;

I haue deserved to haue helle pytty,
So haue I levyd Ayenst thy lawes.

"But, lorde, pou knowest manny's sebullnes,
howe Frelle he is, and hafe been aye,
More-over ye saie pee souereynte
But alle beestis schulde bowe pee vntille;
I made pee also lijk to me,

And saie pee kunnynge and free wille,
Me to serve pat pou mystist se,
To chese pee good, and leue pee ille.
Y aske no ping azen of pee

But be pi souereyn, as it is skille.

But vnto pis, takist pou no tent,
But wripest awey ful vnkindely,
On loue onleesful pi loue is lent;

pin herte biholdip not heuen an hi,
For of al pee good y haue pee sent,
pou list not to seie oonys gramercy.
In tyme comynge lest pou repente,

Man! make Amendis or pou dye."

A Cristen soule conceyued with synne
Recceyued in conscience pis compleynt;
Fallyng doune flat with doolful dynne,

And seide, "lord, mercy, moost souereyne seynt!
I, moost vnkinde wretche of mankyne,
Y knouliche y am pi traitour atent;
pis wickid lijf pat y lyue yyne,

Y may it not from pi knowyunge gleynyt:

I want wordis and also witt;
Of pin kindenes to carpe oon clause;
Al pat y haue, pou zaue me it

Of pi goodnesse wip-outen cause;
pou3 y haue greued pee, & do zitt,
pou pi benefetis not wipdrawis;
I haue deserued helle pitt,

So haue y lyued azens pi lawis.

But, lord, pou knowist mannis febilnes,
How freel he is, & hap ben ay,
172 THE COMPLAYNT OF CRISTE. (LAMBETH MS. 300.)

184 for thow3e the sowle have thy lyknesse,
Man is but lothesum corthe and etye,
In synne conseyned, and wretchcydnes,
And to the soule Rebell Alleweye.

growing as grass,

fading like hay.

188 forst A man growys As A gras,
And Aftyr-warde welkythe as flowre or hay.

"sithe man is than so frelle A thyng,
And thy power so grete in kynde,
this worlde, man, aye twynkelynge
thowe maye distroye, noone may defende,
with that god mercy wole meenge,
and to my soule gostely pou sende;
Sore me Repentythe my mys-levyng;
Mercy! lorde! I wole A-mende."

Man, I sende the bodyly helthe
that thowe shouldyst spend hit in my
servyce,

fayrenes and Also feturs fele:
But, man, what doste pou with alle this?
thowe doest the deulyts of pe devylle,
thy deyle is to me to dispysye,

204 thowe levyst A lecherous lyfe one-lelle,
frome yere to yere pat lyst nat to A-Ryse.

"Thowe stodyest after more Araye,
And makest gret cost on clothyng,
to make the semely, as who shoulde saye
thowe cowdest Amend thy makynge,
thowe cannyst Dyght the Rychely day be day
to steere the peopulle to synnyng,

212 thy wretchyd wylle pou folowyyst alle daye;
what ende syn hathe, thowe thenkyst nowght."

"In noyes tyme, by-cause of synne—
for lechery In Especyalle—

1 The rhyme requires no thyng.
For þou; þe soule haue þi lijknes,
52 Man is but whatsum erþe and clay,
In synne conceyued & wretchidnesse,
And to þe soule rebel alwey.
First a man growth as dooþ a gras,
56 And anoon after welewith as flouris of hay.

Sipen man is þan so freel a þing,
And þi power, lord, is so fer ykend,
þis world, in an ies twynkeling
60 þou maist distroic, noon may defende.
Wip þi rïst, lord, mercy mynge,
And to my soule goosteli saluc þou sende,
Sore me repetiþ my mys-lyuynge,
64 For, merciful lord! y schal amende."

"A Man, y þaf þee bodili hele
þot þou schuldist it spende in my seruice,
Fairnesse also, and feturis fele:
68 But, man, what doist þou with alle þeise?
þou doist þe delicis of þe deuel,
ði delite is me to dispise,
þou lyuest a letcherouse lijf vnleel,
72 From þeer to þeer þou list not rise.

þou studiest aftir nyce aray,
And makist greet cost in cloþing
To make þee semeli, as who schulde say
76 þou cowdist amende my making.
þou atirist þee richeli day bi day,
To stire þe peple to synnynge,
ði wreecchid wil þou folewist alway;
80 What eende synne hap, þou þinkist noþing.

In noes tyme, by-cause of synne—
And for letcheri moost in special—
What veniaunce came þanne to mankytte!
what vengeaunce can fan to mankin !
Save viij persowenys they were drowneyd alle.
Of sodome and gomer the ought to meene,
howe I made fyre and brymston falle
frome heven on men that bade there in ;
for synne were distroyed hope grete & smalle.

"Man, wenyst thoue my myght be lesse
than hit was than, or elis I
hathe nat as myche wykkydnesse
As whan I smote so spiteously ?
But yett I wylle thy fawtes Redresse,
theowe I nowe spare for my mercy ;
Man, thenke vppon my Rgyhtwysnes,
And make A-mendis or that pou dye."

Man's Third
Answer.
I know sin must
be punished, but Thy mercy
exceeds my misdeeds.

[Fol. 118 b.]

I have not served
Thee ;

I have misspent
my youth

in gluttony and
lechery ;

I deserve to dwell
in endless woe,

But, Lord, thou
forsakest no re-
pentant sinner,

I wott wele, lorde, pou Rgyhtfulle arte,
And pat synne mut be ponysshed need,
But o thyng holdythe hope in myn harte,
that mercy passith my mysede ;
I knowe wele I may nat withl-starte,
I have so doone, I ought to dreede.

"I haue mysspendyd my yonge age
In synne, and wantonnehed also,

I have been slowe and lovyd outerage ;
A gloton, A lechur, I was bothe to.
I am worthy noon odyr wage
But for to dwelle in cendeles woo ;

Alas! why haue I been so outerage,
And servyd the fende pat was my Foo ?

"But, lorde, in holy wrytt Rede wee
that pou for-sakyst no wreechchyd wyght
that leuythe his syn and turnythe to the,
84 Saue viij. persones drowned were al.
     On sodom and gommor thou ouste to myyne,
     How y made fier & brynstoone falle
     From heuene on men put abood pyrne ;
88 In synne were distroyed bope greet & smal.

\[ Page 125. \]

| Man, wenest thou now my myst be lesse |
| \[ Page 128. \] |
| Pan it was thanne? or ellis y |
| hate not so myche wickidnesse |
| As whanne y smoot so spiteousely? |
| But sit y wolde pi fautis redresse |
| thou y now spare for my mercy ; |
| Man, pinke vpon my riȝtwiȝnesse, |
| And, man, make amendis or thou die." |

"I Woot weel, lord, thou riȝtful art, |
And put synne mote be ponyschid neede, |
But oon pinf holdip in hope myn hart, |
100 pi merci passip my mysdeede ; |
I knowe weel y may nat with-start, |
I haue so doon, me ouȝte to drede. |
With bewte & with bodily qwart |
104 To serue pee y took noon hede. |

I haue myspendid my somg age |
In synne, & wantownesse also, |
Y haue be slow, and loued to rage; |
108 A glotoun, a letchour, y was bope two. |
I am worpi to haue noon oþir wage |
But for to dwelle in eendelcees woo ; |
Alas! whi haue y ben outrage, |
112 And serued pe feend put was pi foo? |

\[ Page 130. \]

\[ Page 132. \] But, lord, in hooli writt rede we |
put thou forsakist no wretchid wiȝt |
put leucp his synne & turnep to pee, |
and I now turn to Thee,

And I to the turne have tyght.

and will fight against my flesh;

fulle prowde and Rebelle haue I been,

and I will suffer what punishment soever Thou sendest.

But at Doomsday thou shalt give account,

"My Flesche to felle I wole faste,
My louys to travelle I wole sende,
And I haue sende the yssue & golde,
And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,

And I haue sende the yssue & golde,
And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,

"Man, I haue sende the yssue & golde,
And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,

but thou rivest with a heavy heart,
fearing to fall into poverty.

but thou rivest with a heavy heart,
fearing to fall into poverty.

In almy dar pou Do nothyng
for Drede pou falle in pouerte,
In wordis and in vayne spekyng,
what ene pou wastyst, mary pou arte;

But at Doomsday thou shalt give account,

"than shalt pou yeve A-counte fulle strayte
howe thowe come by thy goode, eche dele,

Of suche I wole haue Rekenyng;
A Domys day pou shalt nat starte.

Of suche I wole haue Rekenyng;
A Domys day pou shalt nat starte.

In wordis and in vayne spekyng,
what ene pou wastyst, mary pou arte;

In wordis and in vayne spekyng,
what ene pou wastyst, mary pou arte;

"yff pou yeve for my love A ferthyng,
thowe doest hit with An hevy harte,

"yff pou yeve for my love A ferthyng,
thowe doest hit with An hevy harte,

And the Resedewe many one
tho myghtyst pou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;

And the Resedewe many one
tho myghtyst pou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;

My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,
Rellefe of the yeet haue I noone.

My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,
Rellefe of the yeet haue I noone.

And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,
And with the Resedewe many one
tho myghtyst pou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;

And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,
And with the Resedewe many one
tho myghtyst pou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;

My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,
Rellefe of the yeet haue I noone.

My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,
Rellefe of the yeet haue I noone.

And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,
And with the Resedewe many one
tho myghtyst pou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;

And alle the welthe within py woone, to susteyne the and thy houssolde,
And with the Resedewe many one
tho myghtyst pou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;

My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,
Rellefe of the yeet haue I noone.

My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,
Rellefe of the yeet haue I noone.
116 And y to turne to þee have tijȝt.
   Full proud and rebel haue y bee,
   But y wole meeke me in my siȝt,
   From hens forward y purpose me
120 Aȝen myn owne fleisch to fiȝt.

"MAn, y haue sente þee siluer and golde,
   And al þe welþe withynne þi woon,
   To susteine þee and þin householde;
132 And with þe residue, manye oon
   þou myȝtist han holpe, þong & colde
   þat ben disesid and woo-bigoon;
   My servauatys suffren hungir & coold;
136 Releef of þee ȝit haue þei noon.

If þou ȝeue for my love a ferþinge,
   þou doist it with an heuy harte;
   In almesse þou darist ȝeue no þing
140 For drede þou schuldist falle in pouerte.
   In wordis and in veyn spekynge,
   what euere þou waastist, þou myrie art;
   Of such y wole haue rekenyng,
144 On doomysday þou schalt not starte.

þane schalt þou ȝeue acontys ful streite
   How þou come to þi good, every deel,
   Wheþir þou it wan with trouþe or with discete,
and as thou hast wrought, so shalt thou fare.

No pounds then will profit thee, but a pure conscience,

Make amends, then, ere thou die.

Men's Fourth Answer.

Lord, I have grieved thee,

but leave not my soul in the cave of hell.

[Fol. 149, back.]

I will cut off my wastefulness and vainglorious expenditure,

which would have earned me reward if spent in

And howe thou spendyst hit, evylle or wele.
Noone odyr grace than afftyr wayte:
As thou haste wrought, so shalt thou fele.

"what shalle than prophyte pi gowne purfylled,
Poundes and markes of the I perle?
A clene conscienc shall have pat daye
More prophyte be, & more sett bye,
than alle thy muke and alle py moneye
that ever was, or shalle be vndyr pe skye.
than wole nat helpe plete nor playe,
for ar Right-wole than Deme shalle I:

And there-for whylle pat thou may,
Make Amendis or thou dye."

wote wele, lorde, frome yere to yere
fulle gretely grevyd the I have;
that I wete wele; nor, by mercy were,
My modyrs wombe hade be my grave.
for what profyttythe my levyng here
But thou wolt after-wande me save?
But Theseu, as thou boughttest me dere,
Lewe nat my soule in helle Cave!

"My waste expensis I wylle with-drawe,
Nowe sertayne waste wele colyd pei be,
for thou were spent my boste to blowe,
My name to bere by londe and ssee.
wele I wott me thought nat trewe
with many A man of my cuntre;
yff they me mett, they me nat knewe,
Ne neuer yett harden speke of me.

"fondely haue I wrought & wyrchyd on wyse;
I myght haue goton myche meede
had I spent hit in goddis servyce,
And how jou spendist it, yuel or weel.
For as jou hast wrouzte, so schalt jou seele.
What schal joune profite pi gowne y-pleite,
Poundis or markis pat ye of pe peple beelee?

A clene conscience schal in pat day
More profite, & be more sett by,
Jan al pe muk & pe money
pat enere was or schal be vndir pe sky.
Joune wolde not helpe to plete ne pray,
perfore, as rjit wolde, joune deme schal y:
And per-fore, man, whilis jou may,
Man, make amendis or jou die.

"Woot weel, lord, from 3eer to 3eer
Ful gretli greened pee y haue;
but y wolde neer pi mercy were,
My modirs wombe had be my graue.
For what profitip my lyuynge heere
But y my3te afterward be saaf?
But ihesu, as jou bonztist me deere,
Lete not my soule come in helle saaf!

My waast expensis y wolde with-drawe;
Now, certis, 'waast' weel callid pei be,
for pei were spent my boost to blowe,
My name to bere bope on londe & see.
Weel y woot me dare not trewe,
bou3 many a man of my countree,
If pei me mette, pei me not knowe,
Ne neure zit herde speke of me.

Fonnedli haue y wrouzt as a wretche vnwijs
Where y my3te haue gete me myche meede
Had y it spend in god-is seruyce,
On men disesyd and almys deede.
But thorowe thy grace I wylle A-Ryse,
for, haue I and myne oure bare mede,
with the Remnannt, lorde, at py deuyse.
the poore, the nakyd, to clope & fleede.

"Syk men that lyen in goddes bondis,
they haue no syluer for to spende,
And prisonners bounden with fete and bondis,
Oft for to veseyte I wylle hem Amende,
Sute as I haue I shalle hem fynde ;
But, lorde, lett py worke be py bondis ;
A, mercy, Thesu, I wylle Amende !"

Christ's Fifth Complaint.
Make amends by doing alms,
and taking no vengeance.

Now thou oppressed the Poor;
but thou buildest churches and mendest roads.
Banish falseness from thee.
Moths eat thy clothes, and the poor go bare:

The Complaynt of Criste. (Lambeth Ms. 365.)
CHRIST'S OWN COMPLAINT. (LAMBETH MS. 853.) 181

180 On men diseesid, and almesdeede.

But *poru* pi grace, lord, y wole rise;
For haue y or myne oure bare neede,
with the remenamte, lord, at pi dyuyse,
184 *pe* poore & nakid y wole clope & fede.

If Sijke men *pat* liggen in god-is boondis,
*pat* han noo siluer for to spende,
And prisoners bounden feet and hondis,
188 Ofte for to visite y wole to hem tende:
Whanne y se how it *with* hem stoondis,
Such as y haue y schal hem sende;
But, lord, lete *pese* werkis be pi sondis;
192 *For, merciful lord, I wole amende!*”

God. "*An*, if *pou* wolt amendis make,
*pat* do *pin* almes of *pin* owne good,
And waite *pou* worche no man wrake,
196 to venge anotthir man-is mood.
And *pou* vntruli from oon take,
*And* perwith fynde fourty her foode,
Al suche sacrificis y forsake,

200 For *pei* ben to me as sour as sood.

If *pe* poore peple *pou* doist oppresse
Wip sleitis and wils ful manye also:
*pou* makist chirchis, and doist singe messe,
204 And mendist weies, men on to go;
And sum men *pec* banne, & summe blesse:
Which schal y heere of *pese* two?
If *pou* wolt haue grace as *pou* doist gesse,
208 Lete al falsnes be fleemyd *pee* fro.

If *pee* moppis *pat* pi clopis etc,
*And* *pou* letist poore men go bare,
*pi* drinkis *pat* sowren, & *pi* mowlid mete
where-with the febulle myght wele fare.
thy Rustes pot thy syluer sreeete,
thy goodi's that euylle goton are,

they cryen vppon the vengeaunc grete,
there-for to spylle yeect I pe spare.

"with-holdyn hem A-ynest the Ryght
thoowze thy servaunti's vppon pe crye ;
And, man, oftynes pon hast me hyght
thowe woulde Amende, & leve folye.
thowe spekyst soore by day and nyght,
thowe brekyst couinaunt contenually,
yett is me lothe with the to fyght ;
yett make Amendi's, man, or pon dye."

[The MS. runs on with p. 186, and transposes Man's Answer
opposite, to the end, pp. 194 and 196.]
Christ's own Complaint. (Lambeth MS. 855.) 183

212 Wherewith pe febil myste weel fare,
pe rust pat pi siluer doip freete,
pi goodis pat yuel gote are,
pei crien vpon pee venniaunce greete
216 pee for to spille, but sit y spare.

With-holden hire azen pe ript
Of pi seruanatis vpon pee crye ;
And, man, ofte tyme pou hast me hipt
220 pou woldist amende, & leue folie ;
pou spekist faire bope day & nyght,
pou brekid conenaunt contynuely ;
Me is ful loop wibe pee to fight,
224 perfore make amendis, man, or pou die !"

Man. "Sweete lord, y may not azen say,
Y hauen not holten pat me hette :
Y greued pee greetli euery day,
228 Y do not as y am in dette ;
I wolde do weel ; but, welle-away !
Wip enemies y am euere bisette !
Whanne y wolde pee faynest pay,
232 My fleisch is pe first pat wole me lette.

Euere pe fattir pat y it feede,
Euere pe freischer it is my foo,
3it y muste bere it a-boute nede,
236 Ful febil it is, it wole me sloo.
pe world, pe feend, me beede,
Sumtyme with weele, sumtyme with woo ;
What may y do with a welkid wede
240 To figt azen pree enemies soo ?

Whanne y enforsophe me opir whilis,
And pinke y wolde lyue a trewe lijf
And forsake alle batailis & gilis,
And the world bids me fight, and the common voice mocks me.

[1 The other version ends here, l. 568, p. 196.]

Nevertheless I purpose to forsake sin, to restore all falsely gotten goods, pay my debts, and give alms to all who need them.

Christ's Answer.

Man, I sent thee understanding and Holy Writ to show thee how to resist sin.

Why hast thou shut thine eye?

If worldly riches and jewels, and birds seem comely to thee,

[Page 207.]

thou may'st well know that I am fair, of Whom all have their beauty.

But thou ever lookest downward like a beast, and delightest in

God. 'Man, y sente thee kindeli in-si3te
Of vndir-standyng, skil, & witt,
To rewle thi silf bi resoun ri3t;

More-ouer pou hast holii writt
pat clerli schewi3 thee goostli li3t
How pou schuldist deedli synne with-sett,
And how pou me please myght:

What eilip thee, man, thi ige to schett?

If Wordli riches, & rial reipare,
Jewels, and tingis, and myrpe of iolite,
Fischis, beestis, briddis of thee eir,

these pinkip thee semelii for to se.
If to tingis pat schulen perische & paire,
Vnto pi sighte this semeli bee,
Weel maist pou wite y am weel faire

Of whom ech ping had his bewte.

But, man, as pou wittlees were,
From lokist ever downwarde as a beast;
It heeuyeth thee of me to heere,
Man's Fifth Answer.
I cannot answer; only cry for mercy.
Man is worse than reasonless beasts.

I was made to know my Maker,

[Fol. 150, back.]
but have minded only trifles:

my spirit's eye has been blinded with covetousness;

"S"wete Ihesu, answer I [ne] can,
But oft I crye mercy with hart stable;
'Alas for woo! why is man
wele woore than beste ouresonable?

Alle bestis sithe this worlde by-gan
In kyndely wyrching be durable,
364 Save onely I off wyttyes wanne,
that wofulle many dedis dampnable.

"I, man, was made to knowe my maker
And to love hym ouer alle thyng;

368 And I, A wrecche, was neuer maker
to cache kynde knowyng of my kynge;
to tryffyis have I be tent taker.
A songe for sorowe wele may I synge,

372 for hade I of syn be for-saker,
of cryst shoulde I have hade knowynge.

"My gostely than blysefull off duste,
Curssyd covetyse hathe so blyndedyd me,
376 they been shotyn with fleschely luste,
276 Foule speche is to pee a feeste.
I counte forthe pee and make pee cheere,
And thou azenward louest me leest ;
I calle pee to me seeer and seeer,
280 3it wolt thou not come at my request.

As from pi foo thou from me flees,
Y folowe faste, and on pee cye,
Thou wrappist pee wip vanytees,
284 And jinkist my speche is but folie :
For jing pat noujt is thou wolt leese
My joie pat lastip euere eendeleesly.
Man, 3it leue vice, and vertu chese,
288 And amendis make or thou die."

Man. "SWeete iheshu, answere noon y can,
But ofte cry mercy with herte stable :
Alas for woo! whi is a man
292 well worse pan a beeste vnresonable ?
Alle bestis siben pis world bigan
In kindeli worchinge ben durable,
Saaf oonly I, of wittis wan,
296 pat haue doon manye dedis ful dampilable.

I, man, was made to knowe my maker
And to loun him aboue al ofir jing ;
And y, a wrecche, was neuere waker
300 To catche kinde knowing of my kyng ;
To triflis y haue be a greet tent taker.
A song of sorewe well may I synge,
For hadde y of syune ben a verri forsaker,
304 Of crist schulde y haue had knowyn.

Mi goostli ijzen ben ful of dust,
Cursid coucitise haip so blyndid me,
[188] THE COMPLAYNT OF CRISTE. (LAMBETH MS. 306.)

than hevenly thynges may I noone see.
But, lordes, thowye I have been onest,1
thorowe helpe of thy Benyngnaye
I hope to Rube A-waye the Ruste
with pennaunce frome my gostely syhte.

"And where that I haue A-fore this
My worldely synyns spente,
frome hens forwarde my purpose is
to lerne thy lawe to my lvyys ende.
thy x commaundentis I-wys,
hem for to kepe I wyll me bende,
And there as I haue doone A-mys,
Mercy, Ihesu I wyll Amende."

"Man, my mercy, yf pou it mende,
I have the hit shewed in many wyse
Sythen the tyme that pou fyrst synned
Ayenst myne hest in paradyse.
In helle preson when pou were pynyd
for doyng of the develys devyse,
396 owte of thy teene for to be tenyd,
Mercy and love pe holpe or this.

for thee have
taken flesh,

"Mercy was thyne advocate cheffe
that I for the tooke Flesche & bloode;
400 loun made the to me so leffe
that I for the was Rente on Roode;
I suffyrde dethe to chaunge by greffe,
And In-to helle than doune I ycede;
I brought pe to preffie to the blysse:
Man! I haue been thy frende fulle goode.

I became poor to
make thee rich,

"I be-gan poore, the Ryche to make;
to make the whyte, I was made Rede;
408 my sorowe, my syknes, made the to slake,
Christ's own complaint, (Lambeth ms. 853.) 189

Page 200.

īeI ben blood schoten with fleischli lust,

308 but heuently þingis may y noon se.
But, lord, þou3 y haue ben vniust,

3it þou3 þe help of þi benigne
I hope to rubbe aweye þe rust,

312 With pennaunce, from my goostli þe c;

And where þat y haue to-fore þis
My witt in wordli þingis spende,
From hens forþward my purpos ys

316 To leerne þi lawe to my lyues eende.
þi ten commandentis, so hane y blis,
Them for to kepe y woole me bende ;
And þere as y haue a-fore doon mys,

320 Now, merci, God, y woole amende."

MA2n, my merci, if þou it myned,
Y haue schewid it þee on many wise
Sipen þat tyme was þat þou first synned

324 A2ens my precept in paradijs.
In helle prisoun whane þou were pyuned
For doinge of þe develis deuyce,
Out of þat prisoun for to be twynned,

328 Mercy and love þee halp; þinke on þe e.

Mercy was þin aduoket cheef
þat y for þee took fleisch & blood;
Loure made þee to me so leef

332 þat y for þee was rent on roode ;
I suffride deep to chauce þi gref,
And vnto helle þan dow þoode ;
Y brouȝte þee to blis from repreçef :

336 þus haue y be, man, þi freend ful good.

I bicame poore, þee riche to make ;
To make þee whiȝt, y was made reed ;
Man's Sixth Answer.
Lord, when I think on Thy death and wounds,
[Lines 424 and 423 are transposed, and 425 repeated wrongly.]
I feel my heart is harder than iron.

Why shouldst Thou be slain for Thine enemy?

Why didst thou not smite me?

[Fol. 151, back.]
[1 MS. year]
I see Thou loveth me.

My hunger book the blysfulle brede.
I bonde my selfe, by bondis I braake;
to gett thy lyffe I suffryrd dede;
what shoulde I do more for thy saake?
to hele thy foote, hurt was my hede.

"yff pou thynk I myght more do
for thy saake, saye, I am Redy
to dye A-yeen, yff neede were there-too,
Suche love, man, to the haue I.
I hyght the myrthe & Ioyes moo,
But pou Art thy moste Enemy,
for nought that I do but pou wylt so;
Man! make Amends or thowe dye."

Lorde, when I thinke on by pouerte,
and how wylfule pou were and fayne;—
to sle my syn pou were slayne,—
to suffyr for me woundis smarte;
And howe wylfule pou were and fayne;
harder than Iren is my harte
that hath no pyte of thy payne!
Euer the kynder to me pou arte,
the more vnkynder I am A-gayne.

"why wouldest pou, lorde, be slayne for me?
than Am I thyne Enemye moste vnhende,
Sithen no man hath more charyte
than deethe to suffyr for his Frende?
what skylle is pou shouledyst slayne bee,
Sythen I made pe thralle to pe Fende?
I trespasseyd, lorde, why smottis pou nat me?
Nowe, blessyd be pou with-owttyn eende!

"I see wele, lorde, that pou loveth us
for oure profyte, & nought for pyne!"
Mi sorewe, my sijknesse, made pin to slake,

340 Myn hungir book pi blisful breed.
I boond my silt, pi boondis y brake ;
To gete pee lijf y suffride pee deede ;
What schulde y more do for pi sake ?

344 To hele pi foot, hurt was myn heed.

What woldist pou, man, pat y schuld do
My mercy to pee is ful redy
Yf pou wolt dispose pee perto ;

348 Such lone to pee, man, hae y,
I hiyte pee myrpe and ioies moo,
But pou art pin owne moost enemy ;
for oujt pat y pee bidde, pou wolt so ;

352 Man ! make amendis or pou die ."

Man. "L Ord, whanne y pinke on pi pouert,
And how wilful pou were & sayn
To suffre for me woundis smert ;—

356 To ssee my synnes pou were slayn,—
Hardir than iren is myn hert
Which hap no pitee of pi payn !
Enere pe kyndir to me pou art,

360 pe more vnkyndir am y agayn.

Whi woldist pou, lord, be slayn for me
pat am pin enemy moost vnhende ?
Sipen no man hap more charite

364 pin deep to suffre for his freende,
What skile is pou schuldist so slayn be,
Sipen y made pee pral to pe feend ?
I trespaside, lord, whi smoot pou not me?

368 Now, blessid be pou wip-outen eende !

I se weel, lord, pat pou louest us
For our profite, & not for pine ;

[Page 212.]
But, alas, we are so vicious that we leave our gracious and merciful God.

Have mercy, though, sweet Lord,

help thy son; I will amend!

Christ's Seventh Complaint.
If thou wantest mercy, why dost thou crucify Me daily with thy great oaths,

 rending my limbs,

tearing me to pieces with thy tongue?

Thou pitiest thy toe when it bleeds more than Me.

for what were 

though alle wee were in eendeles payne.

Alas, wee been so vysyous,

And so onkyndely frome hym deelyne that is oure god so gracius,

And is so lothe mannys soule to tyne.

"But, swete lorde, as 
haste bygoone,

so lett thy mercy forthe extende;

Put thy crosse and thy passyone

By-twene my werkis, they ought to be brent,

And thy doome that I may nat shoone,

that bondis of helle can me nat hende.

Who but the fader shoulde helpe pe soone?

Mercy, Ihesus, I wylle Amende."

"M

an, yff 
wolte my mercy gete,

thorowe my passyom of grete vertu,

why lovyst nat 
mee for to bete?

Eche day on crosse 
doest me newe.

with deadly syn at morne, at mete,

thowe turmentis me on-trewes,

And namely with thyne othis grete
to swere 
wolte nat me eschewe.

"No lym on me, man, 
for-beryste:

why doyst 
evylle Ayenst goode?

By my soule thowe offt-tyme sweryst,

by my body, and by my bloode.

with thy tunge me alle to-teryst

whan 
arte wrope & wel ny woode;

Man, with thy onkyndnes more me derest

than they that rent me on 
Roode.

"thowe haste more pyte vpon 
yff hit be hurt, and lytylle bleede,
For what were þou þee worse, ihesus,

Alas, whi ben we so vi[ei]ouse,

And so vnkyndeli from þee declynne

þat our god art so gracious,

And so loop art mannis soule to tyne?

But, sweete lord, as þou hast biguanne,

So lete þi mercy forþ extende:

Putte þi crosse & þi passioun

Bitweene my werkis worþi to be brende,

And þi doom þat y may not schouwne,

þat þe boondis of helle come me not hende.

Who but þe fadir schould helpe þe sonne?

Merciful ihesu, y wolde amende.”

God. “M[An, if þou wolt my mercy gete]

þoruþ my passion of myche vertu,

Whi leuest þou not of me to bete?

Eche day on crosse þou doist me newe

With deedli synne at morn, at meete,

As a turmentour to me vntrewe,

And nameli with þin opis greete

To swere þou wolt not eschewe.

No lyme on me, man, þou forbeerist:

Whi doist þou yuel azens good?

By my soule þou ofte tymwe sweerist,

Bi my body, and bi my blood.

Wip þi turge þou me al to-teerist

Whanne þou art wroþp as wjst moost wood.

Man, with þin vnkindenes þou more me deerist

þan þei þat diden me on þe roode.

þou hast more pitce on þi too

If it be hurt, and a litil bleede,

þan euere þou haddist for al þe woo
But thou shalt soon be sorry for thy needless swearing.

[Fol. 132.] 476

[1 MS. kepe]

Thou liest loudly on me to get a halfpenny,

and oftenswearerest wrongfully.

Man, make amends.

Man's Seventh Answer.

And, Lord, I have not kept my vow,

but I am beset with foes;

my flesh binders me;

and with it about me,

how can I fight the world and the devil?

When I resolve to live a true life,

than ever thou hastyd for alle pe woo that ever I sufferde for by mysdecede,
when thou arte tought, than thou shalt woo of sweryng, but yf hit were neede: thowe scorenest hem than seyne pe soo, thowe takest to my heste no heede.¹

" Lowde lesyngis on me pou makyst Some tyme to wynne An halpenye, what tyme to wynes pou me takyste, And yecst the for-sweryst pe wytttyngly. Byng and sylllyng, pou nat for-sakyst, bothe veyne & wronge pou sweryst wronge; whan pou doest thus, there bale pou bakeste; Man! make Amendis or thowe dye."

S wete lorde, I may nat Ayenst pe saye, I have nat holden pat I the heete; I grove the greteley every daye, I do nat as I am in dett,

I woulde do wele, but wele-A-waye, with Enemyes I am ever by-sett; when my soule woulde paynest pe paye, My flesche is the fyrst pat wole it lett.

"Euer the fatter that I Feede,

Euer the Fressher hit is, my foo, yett must wee bere hit Abowte nede, But fbulle hit is, hit wole me sloo. the worlde, the fende, my batayle byde Some tyme with wele, some tyme with woo; whate may I do with a wykkyd weede to fyste A-yeen my enemys soo?

"when I in-force me wother wyles, And thynke I woulde lyve a trewe lyffe
404 Pat cuere y suffride for bi mys-deede.
Whauné pou art tauzt pat pou schuldist hoo
Of sweering, but whanne it were neede,
Pou scornest hem pat sayn pee soo;
408 To myn heestis takist pou noon hede.

"Lowde lesyngis on me pou makist
Sum tyme to wyane an halpeny,
What tyme to witnes pou me takist,
412 And hit pou forsweerist pee wityngly.
Biyng & sillyng peu not forsakist,
Rope veyn & wrong to sweere me by;
Whauné pou püs doist, jî bale pou bakist,
416 Man! make pou amendis or pou die."

Man. "Sweete ihesu, how schulde y azen say,
But pat y caitiffe am more curst
Pan po pat doon pee on pe crosse eche day
420 With greet oopis & werkis wurst,
And myche more pee greeuep jan pei
Pat on calueri slowen pee firste,
For hadde pei knowe pee for god verray,
424 Pee to deep pei hadde not durst.

But y knowe, aftir my bileuee,
Pat pou art god omnipotent,
And hit y ceesse not pee to greue!
428 Weel worpi am y to be schent!
How maist pou, lord, suffre me to meeue?
Alle creaturis Owen me to turfemt;
Merueile it is pat y not myscheeue,
432 Pat y neere kild, drowned, or brent.

The erpe opened and swelewid al quicke
Daton & abiron for her synne;
And y weene pei were neure so wick
and for-sooke alle batayllis & gylys,  
the worlde byddythe me batell blyve,  
And, but I wolc vse wrenchis wylys,  
508 to comyn wyse as I shalle nat stryve,”

[Ends, and is incomplete.]

[“The Stacyons of Rome” follows on fol. 152, back.]
As ye, moost caithe of mankyne!
In deedly synne men dien now picke;
Disees ful greet now doop bigynne,
And hit in my synne y stonde and sticke,
Yuel custum ys ful hard to blyynne.

If I wolde be wantowne and do ill,
But y wolde noon me reprehende,
But let me lyue aftir my wille:
Wolde wantowne and do ill,
But wolde noon me reprehende,
But let me lyue aftir my Aville:

Disese ful greet now doop bigynne,
And hit in my synne y stonde and sticke,
Yuel custum ys ful hard to blyynne.

I wolde be wantowne and do ill,
But wolde noon me reprehende,
But let me lyue aftir my Aville:
Wolde wantowne and do ill,
But wolde noon me reprehende,
But let me lyue aftir my Aville:

"Man, of pi sylf it schal be-long
If so be pi soule be spilt;
Forgyeue pou hem pat worchen pee wrong,
And y schal forgyeue pee pi gilt;
And if pou be of herte so strong,
And on no wise forgyeue pou wilt,
But venge pi sylf with herte & tunge,
As a traitour pou schalt be ouer tilt.

Pou getist no merci pi sylf to saue
Pat no mercy on opir has:
How may pou me of merci craue,
And pou wolt graunte no man grace?
Mercifull men schulen mercy haue;
Fel folk schal y fleeme fro my face;
What ensaumple pat y pee saue
Whanne y deep suffride, no tent pou taas.

I praied for hem pat me disesid
Pou3 y myyte hem haue dampned for ay;
For and pou be a litil displeside,
those who cursest
displease thee,
and desirest
revenge on them.

Thou art wroth
with thy friends
without reason
when they advise
thee to give up
sin.

Still I am loth
to lose thee,
Make amends.

**Man's Eighth
Answer.**

Lord, it is Thine
to have mercy on
sinners.

Have mercy, then,
on me, and kindle
me in Charity.

[Page 218.]
For though I
gave all my goods
among the poor,

and my body to
be burned,

all would be
nought if I were
not in Charity.

And it is more
pleasing to Thee

468 Thou bannest & cursist nyght and day;
For no preching wolst thou be pleside,
But for to venge thee is wi wil alway;
Ful foule schulde pi foes be fesid

472 If thou myste ouer hem as y ouer pee may.

Without cause ofte art thou wroop
Vnto pi freendis vnskilfully;
Whanne pi pee techen & councele bope

476 To lene pi wrappe and pin enuye,
With wordis greete and spatifull ooip
Thou defendist thee of pi foule folie;
But thee to leese y am ful loop,

480 Man, make amendis or thou die."

"Sweete lord, pinke thou madist us alle,
And how kinde and proprit it is to thee,
On synful men pat to thee calle,

484 On hem to haue mercy and pitee.
Thou y haue be as bettir as galle,
For pi greef merci haue mercy on me,
And fro pi loue pat y no more falle,

488 But kindele thou me in charitee.

For thou y cowpe al kunnynge ken,
And speke with aungils tunge cleer,
And thou y delide among poore men

492 My wordli goodis alle in seer,
And zaf my bodi for to brenne
For loue of thee pat bouist me dere,
3it al pis profitip me not pen,

496 In loue and charite but if y weere.

And y woot it is more plesyng
To thee, ihesu, my sourecyne lord,
But if ye love, ye gete no confort.

Alas! why will not Love come to my heart? I have been full of hate;

But if ye love, ye gete no confort. That I should love Thee and be in charity with my neighbours, than that I should go wool-gathering and hearing masses.

But thou dost not penance except thy heart aches.

Thou siest for worldly loss; and for bodily pain takest bitter medicine;

But thou siest for worldly loss; and for bodily pain takest bitter medicine;

But thou dost not penance except thy heart aches.

But thou dost not penance except thy heart aches.
To do such penance, thou art not fayn,

532 As pi schrift-falir pee conuellis.

Thou wolt neuere restore agayn

Fals gotten good pat thou wip melliis:

Man, thou must perfore sufure payn

536 For pi synnes, heere or sumwhere ellis.

It is impossible, and may not be,

To passe fro ioie to ioie: for thi,

Take pi crosse to pee and folewe me

540 If thou wolt to my blis up stige.

Greet sijnkesse and al adnersite,

What-so-euer comepee, sufure paciently;

Hate alway synne, and euere it flee,

544 And, man, make amendis or jou die.'"
what herte may pinke, or tungfe telle,

564 The payne, the anguische, & the strijf
hat damped men schulen haue in helle
The eendelee wo & sorewis ben riyf?
Y wolfe forsake my synnes so felle,

568 & to a discreet preeste y wolfe me schryue.

'In trewe penaunce is myn entent
Fro hens forward my tyme to spende,
And kepe y wolfe pi commaundement,

572 Ellis in helle fier y schal be brende.
Rial reipere, riche roobis, and rent,
What mowe pei helpe me at myn eende?
But y pei serue, y schal be schende;

576 Mercy, lord ihesu, y schal amende.'

"Man, do penaunce whilis pou may,
Lest sudeynli y take veniaunce:
Do y not abide pei day bi day

580 Because y wolde pou dide penaunce?
Man, y am more redy alway
To for3eue pei pi mys gouernance
Ban pou art mercy for to pray,

584 For my wille were pei to enhaunce.

'Whanne pou alle pi frendis hast saied,
Pou schalt fynde no freend lijk me;
'Pou wolt amende,' pou ofte pou seide,

588 And a3en amendis wolde y not be;
Do trewe penaunce, & y am payed,
From eendelee peine y wolfe make pei free;
For whi? for pi loue my lijf y laied:

592 What freend wolde haue so doon for pei?

With soruful herte pi synne pou schryfe,
Make amendis with pi my3t & mayn,
And if thou leue pi wickid lijf,
Myn aungils wolde be perof sayn.
Thynke thou ofte on lottis wijn,
And turne not to pi synne agayn;
Lete not dispeire pe deud drijf,
Thynke on petir & on mawdeleyn.

Man, tus wipe away pi wickidnes,
And kepe my biddynge bi and by,
And pous schalt hau in my blis
Worschip wipomte ony velonye,
No pouet, but al richesse,
Hele, strenpe, & wijsdom eendelesly;
Thou schalt be ful of al swettesse
Where thou schalt lyue & neuer die.

"Graunte mercy, lhese, crop & roote
Of al frenschip, for pous neuere failis;
Azens pee nyle y not moote,
But as ofte as me yue[1] aylis
I wole falle flat to thi foote
To helpe me in goostli batailis.
Azens al bale, lord, pous be my boote,
Whanne synne & sorowe me sore asailis.

I will hide me
in the wounds
there secure
against all the
I will not despair
if thy anges

And if thou leue pi wickid lijf,
Myn aungils wolde be perof sayn.
Thynke thou ofte on lottis wijn,
And turne not to pi synne agayn;
Lete not dispeire pe deud drijf,
Thynke on petir & on mawdeleyn.
To kepe me pat y not mys fare,

628 And pi modir, myldest of mood,
pat schewip to pee hir pappis bare
(For me) of which pou soukedist foode;
And to-fore pi fadir, [&_] mere¹ meree,

632 pou schewist pi wounded rent on roode.

How myste y of pi mercy mys,
Sipen to helpe man pou art so hende?
Now, ihesu, lord, pou weel us wisse,

636 And, whilis we lyue, such grace us sende
pat we may bide wiþ pee in blis,
And wiþ aungils, world withouten eende,
pat to be chosen ordeyned ys

640 To leeue al synne & hem amende.


[“In my jounge age” follows, p. 226.]

¹ ? cuere.” MS. not clear.
As I wandered I,
found a solemn city,
and met a lady who mourned,
sighed, and swooned.

I dashed water on her. She cried “The King’s Son is dead.”

His Father is God,
His mother I:
I bare Him in Bethlehem;
I offered turtle-doves for him,
I took Him into Egypt,
and found Him in Cana of Galilee.

A reson hathe rulyd my reecles mynde:
Be a wey wandryng as I went,
A solom cite me fortunyd to fynde.

To turne þer-to was myne entent;
A louely lady, a maydyn hende,
I met here mornyng; but wath sche ment
I kowde noþt knowyn, but fast sche pynyd,

Sche swōnyde, sche seyd, & was nere schent.
þat blissid beere fro grownd I hent,
Wyth water I wesche here face & brest;
Her here, her skyn, sche raside & rent,

And seyd “filius regis mortuus est.

Þe kynges sone,” sche seyd, “is dede!
Hyest in heuenes his fader is;
I am his moder þorowe his mazhede,

In bedlem I bare þour alderes blisse,
In circumsicion I saw hym blede,
þat prince present I-wys.
In a tempille, as lawe gan lede,

Tirtildovys I offerid a-bouyn al þis;
In-to egipt I fled, as m[o]der his,
And lost hym, & fond hym at a fest
þer he tornyd water in-to wyn I-wis;

And nowe: filius regis mortuus est.
The Virgin's Second Complaint,

or

Filius Regis Mortuus est.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 74, written without breaks.]

As resoun rewlid my richeles mynde,  
Bi wielde waies as y hadde went,  
A solempne citee me fortuned to fynde ;

To turne perto was myne entent.

A maiden y mette, a modir hynde,  
Sobbinge & sisyng, sche was neer schent ;  
Sche wepte, sche wailid, so sore sche pined ;

Hir hewe,hir face, sche tuggid & rent,

Sche tuggid, sche taar with greet turment,  
Sche raicde hir skyn, bothe body & brest;  
Sche seide peise wordis euere as sche went,

"Filius regis mortuus est."

My joy is gone.  
It cut my  
my son whom I  

"The kingis sone," sche seide, "is deed,  
pe ioie, pe substaunce of my lijfe :

pe modir to se hir sone so blede,

It kittpyn herte as with a knyf.

My sone yat y was woont to fede,  
To lulle, to lapp, with songis rijf ;  
Out of hir herte his blood to schede,

Makip me, his modir, in myche strijf.

I am bope maiden, modir, & wijf,  
And sones haue y no mo to souke my brest ;  
I may make sorewe without relij;

For 'filius regis mortuus est.'

[Page 75.]

No more sons  
have I to suck my  
The King's Son  
is dead;
When He was on the Cross

I cried out, full of care, to Him,

and prayed Death to smay me,

now that my Son is dead.

I come from His grave, He who lay on my lap.

Alas!

[Fol. 90, back.]

He is dead.

The sun lost its light,

dead men arose, and said, 'The Son of the King is dead.'

Why did He die?

I marvel why, for wisdom was given Him.

When he was ded & hang on a tre, iij flodes of paradice fro hym ran;
I cried, ' dere sone, seist hy noyt me,

28 Thi karefule moder blo & wann? 1
A dolesful loke I an lokede he
That percyd myn hert bope blode & bon;
I criede on deth, why wilt hy ile?

32 Cum sle his moder, hy morder main !
Why slest hy mone? cum, sle me hy !
Why comst hy noyt at my request?
I mord takist fro me alle hat I wan,

36 Nowe filius regis mortuus est.'

What wonder is it hyowe I be wo
For he is dede hat soke my pappe ?
His cors-is graue I come nowe fro

40 hat sumtyme lay quyke on my lappe.
A-las ! for sorwe I haue no mo ;
I, ka[r]fulle moder, where is myn happe ?
Nowe ligiȝt he dede bope blok & blo !

44 Be soune lost his lith, be clowdes gan clappe,
The elementes gone to rutsche & rappe,
And smet downe chirches & templis with crak
Dede men out of here graue gan skappe,

48 And seyd filius regis mortuus est.'

Why deyed þi sone, þou maydyn cha[s]t ?
þe seconde persone, & þe godhede nowt,
Nore þe thirde persone, þe holigost,

52 þis merueliȝt me meche in my thowt.
For wysdome to þe sone was be-tawte 2
Whan Adam to synne was browt,
iij for iij hat we xulde trespace nowt ; 2

1 MS. wannme.

2 These lines do not rhyme with 1 and 3 of this stanza, as the others in the poem do.
The Virgin's Second Complaint. (Lambeth MS. 853.) 207

Thus filius regis, myn owne dere child,
Hangë on pe croos, y stoonde and se
How he is wounded & defilid
28 With spittinge & speeris so piteuousli.
I cried upon him as y were wielde,
' Mi swete dere sone, seest pou not me
pine owne dere modir?' I he me beheld,
32 And seide, 'moorne not, modir, pi sorowe lete be ;
I schal be pin & come to thee.'
He spak ; y swowned, y neuere ceest ;
A! sone myn, sone myn, upon a tree !
36 Filius regis mortuus est.

He diep, he diep, pat is my blis ;
He swelte, y swowned, y cried a-las !
No wondir is of my greet heuynes !
40 Mi fadir, my broþir, my spouse he was,
My modir, my socour, & al pat ys !
Now fadirlees & modirlees y mai forþ passe,
Brotherlees, spouslees, ful wrecchid y-wis,
44 As a ping forsaken pat no ping has !
A! gabriel, pou clepidist me ful of grace.
Nay ! ful of sorowe pou now me seest ;
de teeris trikilen downun on my face,
48 For 'filius regis mortuus est.'

Lokide up," sche seid, "vn-to my child,
I cried on pe iewis, & bad hem hang
be modir bi pe sone pat neuere was filid :
52 O deep, deep, pou doost me wrong !
Mi babe pou sleeest, pat neuere was wielde ;
Come, sle pe modir ! whi tariest pou so long ?
pou morþer man, whi art pou now myelde
I saw Him on the cross, defiled with spitting, wounded with spear.
I cried to my own dear son.
He said, 'Mourn not, I shall come to thee,' and I swooned.
My bliss is dead.
No wonder I am wo!
He was my Spouse, my [Page 76.]
Brother, my all. Now I am fatherless ;
a thing forsaken, not full of grace,
but full of sorrow, weeping tears,
The King's Son is dead.
I asked the Jews to hang the mother by the son.
O Death, thou killedst my babe ;
Murderer, why
He was before we were created.

He fought to fell our foes, and is dead.

St Paul says He died for all.

St Augustine says, for all believers.

Unbelievers will not credit this.

But for His blood that was shed I cry, "The Son of the King is dead."

Go and see Him."

So I went to the Cross, and met three women, who said, [Fol. 91 a.] "The Son of the King is dead."

Then I went to His grave, 56 But maker of redemption was or we were wrot.

Adam to a tre his handes cawt;

Cristis handis to a tre were fest;

To felle our for our frensis fawt,

60 And per filius regis mortuus est.

Seynt poule seythe he deyed for alle;

Why were not alle men sauyd pan?

Sent austyn answerid in generalle,

64 He deyid for euer leyung man.

Hym selfe pat wille not god calle,

He wylle not leue pat he hym whan 1;

What wonder is it powe he be thralle

68 That byndi3t hym selfe, & not vn-lose can?

pe blod pat fro his sydes ran

Whan alle pis werlde was derke est & west,

Ther for I syng as I be-gan,

72 Filius regis mortuus est.

Go, loke," sche seyid, "whille you mayst se,

I may no lenger taryon out of towne."

I toke my gate up to pe tre

76 per pe blod was remnyng downe:

iiij dayis I dithe me to be

For pete of his passion,

Sithen to his graue he went a-lone fro me.

80 iiij women I met with precession,

I askyd hem whedir pei were bone;

Fulle sone pei toke sorowe with-ou tyn rest,

3et pei answerid with dollefulle sone,

84 And seyd, Filius regis mortuus est.

So to his graue I went ful rythe,

And pursuyd after to wetyn an ende;

1 for wan.
56  \text{Vu-to pe modir pat wolde deep song?}
   \text{pat pynest my sone with peynes strong;}
   \text{Pyne pan pe modir at hir reqwest!}
   \text{Alas, y may syng a sorful song,}
   \text{pat 1 filius regis mortuus est.}

A! \text{pou erpe! on pee y clayme apeel}
   \text{pat pou recyuedist his giltices blood.}
   \text{pou stoon! whi woldist pou be so freel}
64  \text{To be pe morteis pere pe crosse stood?}
   \text{He made pe erpe and stoonis feele,}
   \text{And 3e ben instrumentis now to pe roode}
   \text{To sle,3oure maker! 3e wite ful weel}
68  \text{He did neure yuel, but enermore good.}
   \text{he was euere mecke & mylde of mood;}
   \text{Now is he stikid as it were a beest!}
   \text{Alas my babe, my lyues foode,}
   \text{Flius regis mortuus est!}

\text{Thou tree, pou crosse, how durst pou be}
   \text{A galow to hang thi maker so?}
   \text{Vnto his fadir y may apeele pee}
76  \text{pat woldist be cause of pe sones woo;}
   \text{Not cause, but help pat he deed be!}
   \text{3e trees! erie mercy, 3e be my foo;}
   \text{Hadde 3e be ordeyned 2a roode for me,}
   \text{To hang me bi him, it hadde ben weel doo.}
   \text{But what may y seie? whidir schal y do?}
   \text{pe tree hap hangid a king, a preest;}
   \text{Of alle kingis suche ben no mo}
   \text{As filius regis mortuus est.}

\text{O 3e creaturis vnkynde! pou iren, pou steel,}
   \text{pou scharp forn!}
   \text{How durst 3e slee 3oure best frend,}
\text{[1 Page 77.]}
I saw Angels, Seraphim, descend from heaven, who told the women that Christ was risen.

He is not dead.

I hastened to spread the tidings; and by a temple met the Mother. I had seen before.

Sad she was, but I told her, 'The Son of the King is not dead.'

To Her, His Mother, did He first appear, and saluted her, saying, Hail, holy parent!

I am risen, not dead.

I saw angels with great light

88 Of seraphim's order adowne gan sende.

The women, pe sobbid, & morrnyd sore in sithe; pe seyd, "we leyd hym here with our hande."

90 pe angelis answeryd with wordis rythe,

92 And seyd, "is not here pat se wende; He is resyn, as he jowe kennyd,

And in to galalye forthe is prest." Here chere & comfort gan a-mende,

96 For resurrexit! non mortuus est!

To telle pis tale I hied me fast,

That filius regis, was resyn a-geyn; Be a tempiile as I forthe past

100 I herd wepyng with meche peyn; A woman I sawe pere at pe last That I first met, with-outyn layn, Ful doofully on me here eyn sech cast;

104 But howe sech ferl, fast I gan frayn: "A-las," sech sayd, "I am vn-fayn To se my sone in pis disesse."

Jan to pat ladi I answerid a-gayn,

108 And seyd, "filius regis non mortuus est."

Seynt thomes seythe, & oder doctours an heppe,

112 For sche was most of his chere; So bryth, so gloriously, pe sorne increppe, His schynyng merkes here bodi bare, He salutyd his moder with gret worchepe,

116 pat salutacion I herd neure are, "Salue, sancta parens!" I trowe it ware,— In latyne is wretyn fulle honest,— "My blissid moder for euer-mare!

120 For resurrexit! non mortuus est!"
The holiest child that euere was born?

88 If 3e haue him woundid, ye haue him pyned;
Spere & nail his bodi hap schorn!

fou spere! whi suffridist pou be smyth pe
grynede
So scharpe pat al his herte pou hast to-torn?
92 If I may crie out on jee bope euen & morn,
A wenlees maydens sonde pou sleest!

I wringe & wepe as pinge for-lorn!
Filius regis mortuus est.

96 Thou scourge maad of ful tou3 skyn,
Knottid & gnaggid, y crie on jee!

fou 1beest my barn pat neuere dide symne:
Whi beest pou him & forbare me?

100 If Made he jee nou3t? my3te pou not blyne?
For ouermyche pou fraiedist pat free;

bou3-out his bodi no place was iane,
Bope fleisch & blood pou pullidist with jee:

104 If pou madist ful blac pat was bryt of blee,
Pou schalt oonis come to oure conquest.
O fadir of heuene! now haue pitee
pat filius regis mortuus est.

108 Also pou beest must bere pe galle
pat he schulde drinke; pou pynest him more!

Vpon my kees here dowun y falle,
And axe iuggement of heuene perfore;

112 If And moost y crie on 3ou iewis alle,
For 3it my3te noon of hem so him haue to-tore

Of alle jee pe instrumentis pat y on calle,
But 3e hem made to greue him so sore.

116 If He made 3ou iewis: 3ou to restore
He come to 3e erpe; & now 3e encreest

His pyne: 1las, pat euere 3e were bore!
For filius regis mortuus est.
"\(\text{his was grete merovyle for to be,}\)
\(\text{pe erdly moder pat kyng to susteyne ;}\)
\(\text{Sweche ioy and solemplnite,}\)

124 Be-forn ne after was neuer seyn ;
The erde is glad, \(\text{pe sunne is fre,}\)
\(\text{pe sunne is glad pat it brythe xalle bene,}\)
And neuer after so blac to sene.

128 \(\text{pe welede is glad, & hath grace sene,}\)
Alle cristen pepille glad xal bene
\(\text{pat crist is hope k[i]ng and prest ;}\)
Nowe is seyd \(\text{hec dies for ioye, I wene,}\)

132 That \text{resurrexit! non mortuus est!'"}

"\(\text{Syn he was lord & k[i]ng over alle,}\)
Had mythe & powere of good & ille,
Whi wolde he not at oo word calle

136 \(\text{pe soulis fro heuene at his owyn wille,}\)
But \(\text{pus to be ded & thralle ?}\)
To \(\text{pis our e gloce wylle answerwe tyllle :}\)
He leet his mythe at \(\text{pat tyme falle,}\)

140 And wroft wisdomys folle sotylle,
To bie \(\text{our soulis pat were hese with skille.}\)
\(\text{pe fende of mankende had gret tryste ;}\)
There lost he his cause ; \(\text{pat lekid hym ille,}\)

144 \(\text{When filius regis mortuus est.}\)

Explicit Filius Regis . . .

\footnote{1 So in MS.}
120 0 3e fals iewis ! whi dide 3e bus,
Him bus to slee, 3oure sauyour ?
Whanne he sittip for inge, whidir Wolfe 3e trus?
3e mouu not hide 3ou from his reddour.

124 128 Alle opere creaturis ben petenose ;
be suzne, pe cloudis, for his dolour
Schewith her moornynge ; but 3e viciose,
3oure lauzinge doop him dishonour.

128 128 To bere 3ou synful, proud, & prest ;
be suzne 3ene 3ou no li3t pis hour,
For filius regis mortuus est.

132 Now mortuus est my fair lord !
Now deed is my dere child, alas !
Now y may walke in pis world
As a wrecche pat wantip grace !

136 Al pis y seie to bere recorder ;
Noo lengir my3te y loke in his face ;
bus y come fro calueriward,
Weping & wailing pat y born was.

140 If ony man loue me, lene me a plase
Where y may 2 wepe my fille & reste,
And my sone wolde graunte him sum pat he has:
Filius regis mortuus est.
Part of a Meditation of St Augustine.

In the 1866 issue of the stereotyped edition of Mr Craik's "Compendious History of the English Language," v. 1, p. 193, is the following passage quoted from Sir Frederic Madden's Preface to *Havelok*: "Between the years 1244 and 1258, we know, was written the versification of part of a meditation of St Augustine, as proved by the age of the prior who gave the MS. to the Durham Library, MS. Eccl. Dun. A. iii. 12, and Bodl. 42." On my applying to the Librarian at Durham for further information about this piece of verse, the Rev. W. Greenwell answered, "It is upon a small piece of vellum, inserted, and forms no part of the original volume. I send you a correct copy." The Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodleian Librarian, has also kindly sent me a copy of the Bodleian version, which I print side by side with the Durham one. Mr Coxe dates the Oxford copy at from 1300 to 1320 A.D.

**MS. Eccl. Dun. A. iii. 12.**

Wyth was his halude brest
and red of blod his syde
Bleye was his fair handled
his wund dop ant wide

And his arms ystreith
heuy up-hon þe rode
On fiff studes on his body
þe stremes ran o blode.

**MS. Bodl. 42, fòl. 250.**

Wit was his nakede brest
and red of blod his side
Blod was his faire neb
his wden depe an uide

Starke waren his armes
Hi-spreed opon þe rode
In fiff steden in his bodi
Stremes hurne of blode.

(P. S. See Sir F. Madden's print of the Oxford copy, with the original Latin, in Warton, v. 1, p. 24, note, ed. 1840.)
The Seven Deadly Sins,

OR "GYF ME LYSENS TO LYVE IN EASE."

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. I. 6, fol. 56 b. Handwriting of the xv. century. Every ll has a stroke through it, and most of the final w's have a stroke over them as here indicated.]

As I walkyd apoñ a day
To take the eyre of fylde & floure,
Apon a mylde mornying of may,

4 when floures ben full of swete savoure,
I harde on say, "o god! for ay?
hough long shall I leve in my doloure?"
Apoñ hys kneys he gan pray,

8 "Swete Iheu, sende me sum socoure,
Maryes soñ, most of honoure,
That ryche & pore may ponyche & please,
lys me now in my longoure,

12 And gynf me lysens to lyve in ease.

To lyve in ease, thy lawes to kepe,
Graunt me grace, lorde in blys soo bryght,
That I neuer in that caban crepe

16 Ther lusifer ys lokyû with-outyû lyght.
My myddell woundys they ben derne & depe,
Ther ys no plaster that persyth aryght,
hers smertyng wyll not suffre me to slepe,

20 Tyll a leche with dewte have them dyght.
hit most be a cnect, a crowned wyght,
That knowth that quaysy from ben & pese,
Or ellys theyre medysyns they haue no myght

24 To geve a mafi lysens to lyve in ease.
Of the seven wounds,

Pride is the principal, and is bitterer than gall.

[Fol. 57.]

The best remedy for it is called Humility.

Lord, send it me!

Another wound, which is called this World, hath scored me, and left me black and blue.

Had I not been baptized in water and salt, it had never left me.

The 3rd wound (or 2nd sin) is

Envy, which burns my breast.

The remedy for it [Fol. 57, b.] is Charity, or Love.

This wound norysshyth woundes sevyn;
Superbia ys the most prinsipall,
pryde pertyl in englysshe seveñ,

28 For he ys more byttyn than euere was gall.
I haue had ther-to leechysh aleven,
and they gave me medysyns all.
The souereynyst medysyn that ys vnder heven,
hyt growes nother in ground nother wall;
vmylitas I hard a clerkke it call;
had I hit, I were at ease.
larde ! sende it vnto the syke thrall, cousin

32 and gyff me lysens to lyve in ease.

A wycked wound hath me walled,
And traveylld me from topp to too;
This wracched worlde hit may be called,
hit hath many a blayne black and bloo.
hit hurtys my soule, it makes me to halt,
In hed, in hond, in hart al-soo.

40 Nad I beñ babtyzyd in water and salt,
This ferdyly fester wolde neuer me froo.
This leche lyssyd me, lazars, & moo,
Davith and danyell, of her dyscase.
Amend my wound that doth me woo,

44 And gyff me lysens to lyve in ease.

Invidia the therd wound ys,
A wyckkyd gnawer, or venym, or gowt;
he ys a wyckyd wound, I gess,

52 Ther he hath power to Reyne or Rought.
The condyssion of the wound ys this,
To breñ my brest with-in and with-out;
I asked a lech what myght me lyss,

56 he toke me carytas, and put it in a clout,
And bade me bame me well aboute,
when hit wolde other water or wese;

1 MS. "tharlle."
And sone after, with-outyn doute,

60 Than shold I have lysens to lyve in ease.

Ira ys a wyckyd wound,
he ravesshith me, both raw and rede;
And all my cors he woll confound,

64 so sore he swellyth in hart and hede;
There ys non erbe that growyth on grounde,
Nor no coresy may queth that qued,
Set amor cum paciencia, in a littyll stound;

68 For he wyll drey ham and make haín ded.
Lord! sende me sum amor sede,
In my gardyn to rote and ryse;
Or ellys, as seker as mên ete bred,

72 I shall never have lysens to lyve in ease.

Auxyssia ys a [balefull bane,]¹
he bladdyth and byldeth all in my boure;
he makyth me to swell, both fleshe and veyne,

76 And kepith me low lyke a cochoiu-e.
I have herde of an erbe to lyss that peye, 
Meñ seyth it bereth a doubyll floure;
vigilate, et orate, vse well they tweye, 

80 That shall help the of thy doloure, 
As sekere as bred ys made of floure, 
Smell theín in sesyn with thy nese; 
The sweetnes of that savoure 

84 Shall geve the lysens to lyve in ease.

Accidia ys a souking sore, 
he traveylyth me from day to day, 
And ever he wyll have more and more 

88 Plasters than he purvey may. 
I axst a mayster of fysyke lore, 
what wold hyûn drye and dryve away? 
Elymosina ys an erbe ther-fore, 

¹ MS. "a souking sore," copied from 1. 85.
92 Oon of the best that ever I say;
Noynt heñ ther-wyth ay when thou may,
Thingk that Requiem shall in the rent & sease,
And some after, with-in a nyght & a day,
96 Thou shalt haue lysens to lyve in case.

Gula ys a grevous gall,
he bereueth my rest all in my bed;
So sore I streyne my stomake with all,
wyth many festys when I am full fed;
I walow as worme doth in wall,
I may nat trest tyll a schamely sched.
Mercy! lorde! to the I call,

104 For vs thou lettest thy brest be bled.
A leech hath layd hys hed to wed
To make a plaster that wolde me please,
Off'abstinaunce; and I it had,

108 Then sholde I haue lysens to lyve in case.

Luxiria ys a lyther mormale;
Mercy! lorde! full of pite;
Thou bringest my body in bitter bale,

112 And fraiU my sowle with thy frailte.
Suntyme a surioune tolde me a tale,
This was the lessyñ that he lerned me;
The rote of an erbe I sholde vp hale,

116 Men call it chastite; ¹
and pounde it with penytencie;
When heñ the ryb wode wyll on the rese,
Drayne it and drincke it with confessione,

120 Thenñ shalt thow haue lysens to lyve in case.

other Erbys ther ben alsoo,
That suffer the sores they may nat swell;
Orys confession ys on of thoo,

124 he wyll nat suffre no ded flesche for to dwell;
¹ This line and the next are written as one; cf. l. 128.
Cordys contrycio ys the too,
A wasslyth the woundes as doth a well;
Opereys satisfaccio the souereyne saucetyff,

128 For soth as I yow tell."

God, that made both hevyn and hell,
geve vs grace to sorrue and please,
In that worthy blys that we may dwell,

132 And gyff vs all lysens to lyve in case!

Explicit in veritate
Da michi quod merui  }  Quod lewestoñ.
SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS
FROM MS. HARL. 7322


The full stops are mostly those of the MS.

---

Christ on the Cross.

Ho pat sip him one pe Rode.
Jesus his lennon.
And his moder bi him stonde
Sore wepinde, and seynt iohan.
And his syden istonge sore.
For pe loun of pe: man.
Wel shulde he his sunne forsake.
Wete terces and eke leten.
Hat of loun can.

All is Lost on Death.
[See page 221.]

Memento nouissima tua, quia hec sunt signa mortis. videlicet.

Whanne pe siet coldet3.
and pe tunge holdet3.
And pe shyne sharpet3.
4 And pe prot Rotelet3.
SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS FROM MS. HARL. 7322.

And þe heþ ñiañewet3.
And þe Eþen dasnewet3.
And him atroket3 his bret3.
8 And þe soule a-eway get3.
And on flore me him strecchet3.
And litel of him þanne mo recchet3.
And he þas er so proud.

12 Ne shall he haue bote a cloud.
And of þat erer was his
Nou shall he hauen mys.

Et nichil de mundo portabit.

All too Late.

[See page 224.]

Wonne þin ðren dinet : and þi nese scharpet.
And þin heþ dunnet : and þi sennewess starkeret.
And þin eyen synket : and þi tunge foldet.
4 And þin honde stinket : and þin fet coldet3.
And þin lippes blaket : and þin teth ratilet.
And þin hond quaket : and þi prote rutelet3.
—Al to late, al to late. þen is te wayne atte yate.
8 For may þor no man þenne : penance make.

Three Certainties of the Day of Death.

H it beþ þreø tyme on þo day
pat sope to witen me mai:
þat on ys, þat i shal henne ;
4 þat oþer, þat y not whenne ;
þat þridde is my moste care,
þat y not whider i shal fare.

1. I shall hence,
2. I know not when,
3. or whither.
Sins of our Time.

[Written as prose.]

Our Covetousness, Backbiting, and Uncleaness, bode harm.

Sinsinge and glosinge and felsship beon riue.
Upur lustes ouer floten. with fals gile and strif\/hardnesse and bakbiting wip scornes out bersten

\[Fol. 64.\]

4 Bote almus dede and troupe wip semli plei pei resten.

\[Fol. 79 b.\]

vnkundenesse, vnkunninge, vnclannesse, beon arend

so pat harmes pei boden, as ich am aferd.

Some go up, and some go down, in this World.

[Printed in Rel. Ant., v. 1, p. 64.]

"Kinge i sitte, and loke aboute,
to morwen y mai beon wipoute."

"Wo is me, a kinge ich was ;
his world, ich louede bote pat, ilas !
Nouth longe gon i was ful riche
Now is riche and pore iliche."

"Ich shal beo kinge, pat men shulle seo,

\[Fol. 91 b.\]

8 When pou, wrecche, ded shalt beo."

Four Proverbs.

[See Wright’s Political Songs (Camden Soc., 1839), p. 386-7.]

\[Fol. 91 b.\]

primus dixit \(\frac{\text{Mith}_3}{\text{Rith}_3}\) is \(\frac{nith}_3\)

Secundus dixit \(\frac{\text{Fith}_3}{\text{flith}_3}\) \(\frac{\text{On}}{\text{two}}\)

\(\frac{\text{frend}}{\text{foo}}\) \(\frac{\text{wil}}{\text{wo}}\)
SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS FROM MS. HARL. 7322.

Not of mirabilius mundi.

Narrat solinus de mirabilius mundi de quadam aue, que in nido suo facit duo foramina, vnum versus orientem, et alius versus occidentem, vt per primum ciecius videat solem de mane, & per 2um dicius de sero. Et per primum exit de mane, & per secundum intrat sero. Spiritualler aus iste est quilibet fidelis qui sibi facit duo foramina in nido, 1. in corde suo, & in prima porta orientali, per quam ingreditur mundum, inuenient tres 'welcomeres' horribiles, videlicet,

Welcomers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>nuditas</th>
<th>nakednesse</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fletus</td>
<td>Anglice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>debilitas</td>
<td>Reminge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>feblesse</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vel aliter sic quilibet intrat per portas, seilicet nasty

| Et certe clamat .A. quod est primum nominis Ade; in qua litera sunt Anguli ad designandum tria incomoda. que quilibet nostrum incurrit quando nascitur, vnde quilibet nostrum quando flet & clamat .A. quasi dolens diceret in Anglico sic, videlicet, Wip wo & drede i am born. Al for adam y am lorn. To wo and sorwe brou3t y Am. |

[Fol. 106.] Among the Wonders of the World is a Bird that makes one Eastern and one Western hole in its nest, to see the sun rise and set. This typifies the Christian who makes two doors in his heart, at the eastern of which are found three horrible welcomers—

1. Nakedness,
2. Crying,
3. Weakness,

crying A!

When each of us is born we cry A! as if saying, [Fol. 106, back.] I am born in woe!
Trouble and travail shall be my life!

4 hat hap mad þi sinne, Adam.
Teone and travail shall beo my lif.
3erupe, Adam, haue þe stip.

Vt pro isto dici potest istud psalms. In peccatis concepist me mater mea iob.

Signs of Death.

[Printed in Rel. Ant., v. 1, p. 64-5. See p. 220-1 of this Text.]

Alle his frendes he shal beo lop,
And helud shal ben wip a clop.
Hyse eres shullen dewen.

4 & his eyen shullen dymmen.
& his nese shal sharpen.
& his skyn shal starken.
& his hew shal falewen.

His colour shal fade,

his teeth shall rattle;

his heart break,

and the proud man have but a clout.

8 & his tonge shal stamere. oper famelen.
& his lippes shulle bliken.
& his hondes shulle quaken.
& his topo shulle Ratelen.

12 & his prote shal Rotelen.
& his feet shullen streken.
& his herte shal breken.
& of al þis wordes b[ll]isse.

16 ne woldy jene a pese iwis ;
þou þat art so proud.
Ne shalt þou haue bote a clout.

The Covetous Man.

On hit is, and ne haueþ noþer
sone, ne suster, ne nonþer broþer;
Ne he were blympe of travaullinge;

4 he nis no child of god halewinge,
for one him self he ne penkep.
for wham he wakep and harde swinkep,
he wakkep bope dai and nuit,
& letep his soule ben vuel dijt.

Death.

mendacissima
Est enim mors
occultissima
repacissima
seuerissima

po. deditur. so is fals and falendo
Stille and eke stalkinge,
Gredy and Crepynge,
8 steorne and eke stellende

Christ announces his Coming.

“Nou 3e alle beo glad and blipe
For i come to leden on swipe.”
In quibus verbis quatuor proponam questiones...
4 “Ho art pou pat comest so litel. and so mithful.
Ho art pou pat comest so dreadful. And so Rithful.
Ho art pou pat comest so jonge And so con-
nynge?
Ho art pou pat comest so pore And al wel-
dynge?”

8 | Ad primam reponem, & ad omnes alias,
   “ich am a knyth for ou to sisthen ;
ich am a ple donor ou lede to Rithte ;
ich am a maister to teche pe lawe ;
12 ich am an emperour, a god fclawe.”
Learn Love from Christ's Sufferings.

Biholt þou man wip Routhful herte
þe sharpe scourge wip knottes smerte;
Mi blodi bak wip hit his beten.

4 Leorne, mon, þi lust to leten.
For wip þis sper þat is so gril
Min herte was stoungen, so was my uel;
For loue of þe þat was so dere,

8 Wel aȝtest þou of loue to lere.

Love Christ who Loves Thee.

Leorne to loue as ich loue þe;
On alle my lymes þou mith seco
Hou sore ich quake for colde;

4 For þe ich soffre mucho colde & wo;
Louve me wel and nomo,
To þe i take and holde.

Et Regina mater sua nichil habuit vnde posset cum induere, ideo dixit sibi,

(The Virgin's Song to her Baby Christ.)

Iesu, swete sone dere!
On porful bed list þou here,
And þat me greuep sore;

4 For þi cradel is ase a bere,
Oxe and asse þep þi fere;
Woopo ich mai þar-fore.
Iesu, swete, beo noth wrop

8 þou ich nabbe clout ne cloþ
þe on for to folde,
þe on to folde ne to wrappe;
For ich nabbe clont ne lappe;
12 Bote ley þou þi fet to my pappe,
And wite þe from þe colde.

The Vanity of this Life.

[þe lif of þis world
Ye Reuled wip wynd.
Wepinge, derknesse,¹ a[n]d steriyng;
4 Wip wind we blowen,
Wip wind we lassun.
Wip weopinge we comen,
Wip weopinge we passun.

8 Wip steriinge we byginnen,
Wip steriinge we enden;
Wip drede we dwellen,
Wip drede we wenden.

Man made God's Brother.

[þis time man hap overcome
þe fend, and Robbed helle;
Loke þat on his seruise
4 Lenge þat þou ne dwelle;
þis time man is mad kniþth
And shuppere ouer alle þinge;
Loke on non erliche þinge
8 þou sette þyn endinge;
For now is erlich man bicone
Godes owene broþer;
Loke, man, on none wyse
12 þou chaunge for non óþer.

¹ derknesse probably for drednesse. The Latin has Flatum, Fletum, Motum, Metum.
15 *
In Wealth think of Woe.

In die honorum non inmemor sis malorum
yn time of wele penke on pi wo.
for pe wele of pis world wole sone go.

The Evils of this Time.

Loue is out of lond iwent;
Defaute of loue pis lond hap shent.
Reuthpe and treuthpe and charite,
4 Beḥ out of lond alle preo:
Prude, enuye, and leecherie,
Couctise, and tricherie,
Habbe p pis lond one here bailye.

A Triad.

Frendsship
serte
wonyinge
 pat is
{worshipful
blisful
joyeful

Inscriptions.

pi wyckede dedis pe broutte to care. bot is pe for-
join,1 pou sinne no mare.
pe wickede dedis pe made syke sore. bot al i
for-ziue pe & sinne no more
Alins rex s1 dedit coronam auream memoratiunm in
qua sic sculpebatur.
þeng wat pou art, & wat pou was, & pat al pi
worsepe of me has.
Propugnator dedit anulum in quo sic scribabitur per girum.

Sic ut te dilexi disce me diligere / nam in toto corpore poteris illud cernere.
Lere to loue as Ic loue pe ; on al my lemes pou maite it se
For pe I suffrede mikel wo. pou loue [me] treuli ant no mo
Anulum in quo sic insertum erat.
Noble pou art pat were a file. be war be onis pat nout pe gile.
Mediator dedit ei terciunm anulum in quo sic scribabitur.
Wou michel, ant wat, & werfore. wat I haue poled for loue of pe.
Germanus proprius sibi dedit quartum anulum in quo sic erat scriptum.
I am pl broper, be nout in wer ; be nout agast to come me ner ;
I am pl broper, be nout agast ; be hende, & trewe, & stedefast.
A sponso proprio dabatur sibi sigillum vnum per quod hereditas sibi assecurabatur in quo sic.
Here I take pe to my liue ; tac pou non oper to terme of liue.
Here I take pe to my spouse; & ziue pe bope land & house.

The End of Pride.

Hey priuet3 gritliche,
Hey Robbet3 holliche,
Hey endet3 shameliche
4 Hey drawepe dreedfulliche.
The Humble Man is

[Fol. 141, back.]

A token of godes louinge,
A shield of mithful wynninge,
A Celer of siker kepinge,
4 A keye of Redi vundoinge.

Eve's and Mary's Work.

[Fol. 143.]

ibe sates of parais
Poruth eue weren iloken,
And poruth oure swete ladi
4 Azejin hui bœp noupe open.

Malencionie.

[Fol. 143, back.]

Hit

\begin{align*}
\text{Rote}\, \text{and brenne}\, \\
\text{hit fretep,} \\
\text{and twynep,}
\end{align*}

& ideo est sicut anglice dicitur, videlicet.

\begin{align*}
\text{pe worm on pe treo,} \\
\text{and pe hul on pe see,} \\
\text{and roust on pe knife,} \\
\text{and ase dep to pe life.}
\end{align*}

The Signs of Faithful Love.

[Fol. 144 b.]

Nam quatuor sunt signa fidelis amoris, que ostendit
\textit{christus} in quibus nobis exemplum reliquit, videlicet,
On word, zijuinge,
On werke and sôffringe.
Christ Comes.

Wat is he pis pat comet so brith
Wit blodi clopes al be-dith?
respondentes superiores dixerunt

4 "He is bope god and man:
swilc ne sawe neurec nan.
for adamus sinne he suffrede ded.
& perfore is his robe so red."

Rode.

Hit is lawe pat saillep noth,
Hit is ouer al pat mai beo wrouzth,
Hit werkep wonderliche,

4 And ermes theep sikerliche.

Cupidity.

hit falsep
hit reynep}
hit fallep
hit shendep

Cupiditas.

Poverty.

hit restep
hit richep

hit quemepe
hit demep

Luxury.

hit wastep
hit Filep.

hit wrappep
hit bigilep.
Chastity.

Castitas est

\begin{align*}
\text{A tresour of gret Richesse.} \\
\text{A vertue of douhtynesse,} \\
\text{And is a worshipful Cloppinge} \\
\text{And an help of gret wynn[ing].}
\end{align*}

The Sinners' Lament.

al pe 103e of oure herte nou is went a-vey:
for into serve & into wo, tornid is al oure pley.
pe crowne of oure heued is felle to gronde:
4 pat euere we sennede, weylawey pe stonde!

Christ's Woe.

ze pat be pis wey pace,
abidid & behaldit my face;
& loket wer ani wo or pine
4 may be licnit nou to mine!

A Lover's Complaint.

Loue, pou art of mikel mit;
Mi day pou tornis into nit,
& dos me sike sore;
4 and al for on so swete a wit
pat onis porw loue me troupe plit,
to ben myn cuere more.
Christ's Call to Love.

Lere to loun as i. loue pe,
for on al mi lemes pou mait it se.

True Love.

pey loue be stro[n]g & mikel of mith.
for wele, for wo, trewloue mat lith.

treuloue is large fre & hende,
& loue 3if allepang blepeli to his frende.

in wele & wo loue sto[n]dit faste,
for lif, for det trewloue wil laste.

fer & frey loue hat on heu.
for trewloue is fress & euere neu.

Four Inscriptions.

fir & watir, wind & lond.
i desire bo haue vnnder myn hond vel bond.

bede faste for i. come sone.
yif pou serwe onli for me
sikerly pou tit pi bone.

wil 3e biddin, redi. i am.
3if 3e leuin, i go you frum.
Trust not the World.

worldis blisse, strif hat wrout.
for it is wit serwe to ende brout.
worldes catel passet sone.
pat wacset & wansit rit as te mone.
trist nout to ys wonder world pat lastit bot a wile:
for it is not bot wiles of wo a hasardour pat wil pe gile

Purity.

He is wel siker pat hat clennesse:
for al pat oper renenant is not bot wrechedenesse.

Mortality.

allas in gret sinne alle beyecte we were:
stronge pines poleden pe moderis pat vs bere.
here we line bisiliche wit strong serwe & care:
deze we ssulin sikerliche, bot god wot wannge & were.

Pride.

in alle maner prifte y. passe alle pingge;
ziif oni ping be lic me, to det i ssal him bringe.
Mercy.

zif sinne nere, merci nere non.
wan Merci is cald he comet anon.

per merci is rediest wer sinne is mest.
4 per merci is lattest were sinne is lest.

Merci abidet & loket aldai.
wan mon fro sinne wil torne away.

Christ, Man's Help.

god help hastou man & prest;
pe moder here sone sewet here brest;
pe sone his fadir ssewet his side,
4 hise wondir wondis depe & wide;
jaune mai per be no maner werning,
per of so gret loue is so gret toening.

The King's Letters to his son.

Fulgencius in gestis romanorum: quidam rex duos habuit filios quorum senior cum patre in pallacio fuit. Junior vero in castro pernoctavit periculoso. cui pater litteras 5. transcrisit. prima erat ista.

sinne & fulpe onli for-sake,
to clennesse of lif for mi loue tac.
2ª fuit ista sic
loue god bope wit herte & pou.
4 for to his lienesse pou art wrout.

3ª erat ista sic
wit-outin loue pou art lorn.
wose hat nout loue were bettre on-born.  

[Fol. 158 b.]
SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS FROM MS. HARL. 7322.

4 tur ista sic
of al pi wele i bidde non oper.
bot loue me wel as dot pi broper.
vcl sic
of al pi richesse i bidde no more
bot loue me wel for cuere more.
5 tur ista
Come nou my swete chilt wan pou come wilt,
for redi is pi heritage, & foryouin is pi gilt.

The IIs of our Time.

Charite, chaste, pite, arn waxin al colde.
Couetise, Lust, & maistrie, arn be-comin al bolde
Consel, godacord, & wedloc ben nou noping of
tolde.

4 Stronge, trewe, & corteis, kepte pe land;
Bot now feynyte, false, folis it han vndir hand;
Peues, liers & fowlwimmen boldeli forth stand

Vnder derenesse darket lit of stedefastnesse.

8 vnder sleupe darkit pe loue of holinesse.
For faute of rit domusman pe lauwe slepit of
ritwisnesse.

wif, wille, and richesse, han pe maistrie ta[/ke];
vertu, godede, & almisdede, arn al for-sake;
12 Oker, lieying, & wantonesse, nickel serwe make.

Look to the End.

pis is a wondir merie pley & longe ssal laste:
bot for pi sete is perilous, war pe ate laste.
A Lover’s Saying.

me ping Rit thou art so loueli, so fair, & so swete, 
pat sikerli it were mi det pi companie to lete.

Ware the Wheel!

pis wondir wel vndir pis trone, 
it changit ofte as dot be mone; 
al pat euere come per on, 
4 it fondit forto gile: 
& bot pey be war be-forn, 
it zelt hom eucle her wile. [Fol. 163.]

The Lion.

pe lion is wondirliche strong, 
& ful of wiles of wo. 
& weper he playe 
4 oper take his prese, 
he can not do bot slo.

Ware Bear’s Play!

war pe from pe bere plei auantir / last he bite. 
for selde he stintit of his pley bot yif he bite or 
smite.

The Dragon.

I wile 3ou alle swelewe wit-outin oni both: 
dot1 some wile y saue, & some wile y noth. [Fol. 163.]
**Fortune’s Wheel.**

pou most fort wit wele or wo;
be pou lef ower be' pou lot
forto gon vp on pis wel
pat euermore aboute got.

3if pou be cointe pou ssalt liue:
& ellis decdis diint i ssal pe 3iue.
vel sic
3if pou go cointeli on pis wel,
pou ssalt liue euermore:
bot 3if pou falle & go amis,
wit dulful det i wonde pe sore.

**Foolish Love.**

I am a fol, i can no god:
ho pat me louit, hi halde him wod;

.1. brenne hote, I smite sore,
4. ho pat me louit ssal pe no more.

dreadful det out of me sprong,
fo[r] i am welle of wo:
I slou a wis king fair & strong
S & 3it i. ssal sle mo.

**The Ten Stages of Man’s Life.**

Vita hominis \( \{ \begin{align*}
10. \text{horis.} \\
10 \text{dictis} \\
10 \text{radiis}
\end{align*} \)
\{ ten times of pe day \\
\{ ten stappes of our way \\
\{ ten spokes pat tornen ay
waith & wreschede pou art in sith;
of alle maner beste lest is ti mith.

2 Al pis world pe tornit to play;
pe more pou playst, pe more pou may.

3 Richesse makes man beholden aboute,
forto pe riche men bowe & louthe.

4 Nou hastou fondin pat tou hast sout:
be wel war; it lastit nout.

5 strong pou was, nou failit pi mith,
pou waxist heui pat was wel lit.

6 Al mi lif ic sorwe & care,
for det comit some pat noman wil spare.

7 Lore pou hast bope tonge & minde:
as tou hast liuid, pou ssalt sone finde.

8 al pis wol[r]ld pou ssal forsake,
for det is comun pat wil pe take.

9 man & wimman han on ende.
for esye he commun al. esye ho 1 ssuln wende.  [1 or he]

10 Of pi lif nou litil lete.
for pou art tornid to wormis mete.

Four Inducements to Repentance.  [Fol. 166, back.]

[Vatuor moment ad penitentiam, videlicet]
God's Goodness.

he abit polemodliche,
he fur-geft litliche,
he vnder-fenget freliche,
and he fur-pet holliche.

Written at the foot of the page in pale ink.

Hou pi fairnisse is bi-spit
Hou pi swetnisse is i-betin and ipit
Hou pi lotleschipe to scharp det3 is of set

Against Temptation

of vr vife wittes : a wel witiynge.
of ping pat vs egget. a vast vleynge
and of pe laste ende : a bisi bïpenkynge

Job Said:

pat ylke day be out of Muinnde
pat y was bron do Mounes kuynde.

The Sâbel Says:

For foule lustes .I. witstod
In blisse .I. were 3ys garlond
The Host Says:
Alas! worldes yissing Me haueth seeheint,
at euere My soule in helle beth brent.

[Fol. 182.]

The Saved Says:
In heuene blisse I am in hele,
For I forsok 3ys1 worldes wele.

[Fol. p58]

The Host Says:
Alas! helle me hath in holt in ruyde;
se deuel in pine for worldes pride.

[Fol. 183.]

The Reward of the Meek.

For pou were Meke, an laftuste pruyde,
Wite blisse in heuene I schal pe scruyde.

[Fol. 183 b.]

Matthew's Feast.

Matheu hat mad a grete gesteny[n]g
te Ihesu at home in his whonyy[n]g

The Virtues serve us.

vs preyen billeue, god wille, & pite,
vs kepyn god hope, Mekonesse, & kaste;
vus sit by, pouert, wisdom, & god lousy[n]g,
vus serven, clannesse, ryeh & feyr bery[n]g.

16
Lord, come to my Feast.

Lord, I. bidde bose day & nyth
cum to my feste yat I. haue dyte.

Fol. 181 b.

3if hit queene Mi lord 3e ky[n]g 3y[n]g 3at I him
preye.
I bidde he come to My gesteni[n]g wit yus to
gomen & pleye.

3if in pi sith i grace haue fonde,
3if me Mi wille at 3is stonde.

Hindrances of the Devil.

promissio fallax.
Fol. 155.

promoci mendax. } anglice { A fals by-hety[n]g.

prolacio Mordax. } A lyeres auansyng.

Alas that we ever Sinned.

Strong it hus 1 to slitte
Fro worldes blisse to pitte;
Strengore is to misse
4 Heuene riche blisse;
Strengest is to wende
To pine wit-outen ende.

1 Written thus, Ʒניק meaning is, I suppose.
The Second Treatise of the MS. from which the latter extracts above are taken has, like the First Treatise, English pieces mixed with the Latin.
An A B C Poem on the Passion of Christ.

[Harl. MS. 3951, fol. 87. The A B C, &c., are not rubricated in the MS., but are made black here to catch the eye. The initial p and y are the same.]

When a child is put to school, a book called an A B C is given him, nailed on a slab of wood, and rubricated on the outside with five paragraphs,

and rubricated on
the outside with five paragraphs,

and rubricated on
the outside with five paragraphs,

In token of Christ's death. (Red letters tempt a child to look at them.)

By this book we may understand that Christ was put on the Cross with Five Wounds,

when nails were driven through His feet and hands,

[1]N place as man may se,
Quan a chyld to seole xal set be,
A bok hym is brouyt,

4 Naylyd on a brede of tre,
bat men callyt an abece,
Pratylych I-wrout;
Wrot is on þe bok with-outyn,

8 .V. paraphys grete & stoute
Bolyd in rose red;
bat is set with-outyn doute,
In tokenyn of cristis ded.

12 Red letter in parcheny
Makyth a chyld good & fyyn
Lettrys to loke & se.
Be þis bok men may dyuyne

16 þat cristis body was ful of pyne
þat deyid on rode tre;
On tre he was don ful blythe
With grete paraphys, þat be wondis .v.

20 As ye mou vnder-stonde.
Loke in his body, mayde & wyfe,
Qwon híc guus maylys dryue
In fot & in honde:

24 Hond & foun þær was ful woo,
And þær were lettrys many moo
AN A B C POEM ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

With-in & with-oute,
With rede woundis & strokis blo
28 He was dryue fro top to pe too,
Hys fayre body aboute.
About pis a pece I wyel spede,
Pat I myth pis lettrys rede
32 With-outyn any distantee;
But god pat let hys body sprede
Up-on pe rode for manys nede,
In heene vs alle auaunce.
36 God with spere was wonnyd for vs;
Fals iudas, to mendyn hys purs,
To ded hath hym sold:
On goodfryday clerkys seyn mus,
40 "Mortuus est, ded is Ihesus
In ston is ded & cold."

A madful mone may men make
Quan pat suete Ihesu was take!

44 Lystyn a lytyl pas:
pe iewys wroutyn hym wo & wrake¹
Hee ledyn hym forth a gret shake
Aforn busshop Cayfas.
48 Bondyn he was for our bounte,
And suffryd strokis gret plement
Be-forn cayfas pat myth.
On pe morn, I tel pe,
52 Eft was he betyn at pe tre
Be-forn pylanis synth;
Cananis hym crodyyn to heroudis kyng,
Per had he gret scornyng,
56 pei bodyn hym turne pe gate.
Hee leddyyn pat maydynam sone yng
For to takyn hys damnyng
Be-forn instice pylate.
60 Dempt he was on a stounde,
Sethen betyn with many wonde.

and He was covered with wounds and stripes from top to toe.
I will tell you about this,
and may God bring us to heaven!
Christ was sold to death by Judas to fill his purse.
On Good Friday clerks say, 'Jesus is dead.'

¹[MS. warke.] The Jews took Him before Bishop Caiaphas:
bound Him,
and beat Him before Pilate.
Canaanites mocked Him before Herod,
and led Him for judgment to Justice Pilate.
Doomed He was, and beaten,
246 AN A B C POEM ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

wrapped in a clout,

thrown on the ground, and His skin rent.

Even in His grey eyes they spat,

and He looked tenderly on them. Mary went to Calvary.

For faintness Christ fell, carrying His cross;

streaming with blood,

He swooned.

God, great was Thy suffering!

Laid on the ground,

[Fol. 57 b.]

nailed through foot and hand.

Hard they bound the Cross, and hung Him, bloody, on it.

driven into a mortice of stone.

Jesus, great was Thy suffering! Hand and foot torn, sinew and vein burst!

Magdalene saw the wounds.

He tokyn a clout as it is founde,
And wondyn hus body per-inne.

With dry blod quen was he bounde,
Tho iewys, egre as ony hounde,
Threwyn hus body to þe grounde,
And rentyn of cloth & seyne:

Euene in hus cyne greye
Hee spyttyd on hym, þe sope to seye:
He lokyd on hem ful mylde.
Mary lys moder went þe weye

To caluery per he xuld deye,
And waytyd per here chylde.

For sceintyce fel þat fayre fode,
Nakyd he bar þat hard rode

To-ward caluery
Al be-ronne with red blod;
Among þe iewys wylde & wod
He suonnyd eckerly.

God! with iewys gret was þi pyne,
Naylyd on rode, soth for to seyne.
Hee leydyn þe on þe grounde
And ryuyn þi body holy & dygne,—

On þe he madyn a gret sygne,—
Hee naylyd þe fot & hoonde;

Harde þei bondyn þet heny rode;
Per on hys body heng al on blode,

As beryt wytnessse sen Ion.
þe wyckyd iewys wyld & wode,
Hard þei dryuyn þet heny rode
In-to a morteys of ston.

Theu, with iewys gret was þi pyne!
Hand & fot, for sope to seyne,
Al to-torny in þat tyde,
Al to-broste synwe & veyne,

As beryt wytnesse Maudeleyne;
She sau þe wondis wyde.
Kynge Crist was klad in poure wede,
Al þe syn of manys deede
100 He hath bout wol dere;
To byȝyn vs heuene, þat mery mede,
Al hys blod he gan blede,
And sythyn water clere.

Lone made Crist fro heuene to comyn,
Lone made hym with man to wonyn,—
As clerkys in bokys rede,—
Lone made hus hert to blodyn,

With hus blod oure soulys to fedyn,
To bryngyn vs to oure mede.

Man, for þi mekel mercy,
Maydynnas sone Mary
112 On godfriday þus devide!
þus he heng on caluery
With wondis weyde eckerly,
A thif on eyper l syde.

Nout he hadde at hys nede
To restyn hus hed, as clerkys rede,
But al was hym be-reuyd.
Fox & foul may reste & hede,

But Crist þat deyid for manus nede
Hat nout to reste in hus had.

Out ran hus blod þat was so bryth;
Þan seyde our lord god almyth
124 A word of grete pete,
"Al þus with iewys I am dyth,
I seme a wyrm to manus syth."
Man ! for loue of þe,

Pryckis hym peynyd, þe may here;
Hys hed was broydyn on a brere,
Þis is þe sope to seyne;
With red blod was wet hus lere,
132 þo pryckis poru hus paume so dere
Wentyn in to þe brayn!
Queen of heaven, woe was she
To sen hangyn on rode tre
Thy heart burst in three when thou saw'st Him die.

Rent, with red blood streaming, hung He on the Rood.

Worse than mad were the Jews to slay Jesus so good.

Slit was His flesh, limb torn from limb.

Tugged with trouble was our Lord, and yet spake no angry word,

while the Jews cast lots for His clothes.

Wide were His wet wounds from hand to foot,

His blood will conquer our foe,

Xt. (Christ) on Cross was slain, and cried to God, [Fol. 88 a.]

'Father, why hast thou forsaken Me?'

Off. (Christ) on Cross is sleynt; To His father He made a pleynt,

Hys cry was, "hely! Fader god in trynity!"

Qwy hast pou forsake me?"

Cryst seyde on caluery.
AN A B C POEM ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

Y for I, in wryt is set.
Cryst for vs on croys was knet,
172 Nalyd on pe rode:
Out of thraldam he vs set
Bat we porou syn hadde get,
And bout vs with hys blode.

Bet he was in suffryng
Of trokys & maylis elnykyng,
Tyl it was pacyd non;
Ne blenchyd he neuer for betyng;
180 To dede hec dede heene kyng;
His was a raful mon.

X is to seyn, god is ded,
Of hys blod hys body is red.
184 He ros on estryn morwe;
To helle he 3ede with-outyn abod
For to stroyn pe fenylys wod,
To saunyn vs fro sorwe.
188 Loke pat we ben seker & kende,
And kepe his apecy in oure mende,
Pan seker be we of blys with-outyn ende
In tyme quan we xul dey;
192 Afterward men xal vp-ryce,
And wende for, hobe fol & wyce,
To Iosaphat sekerly;
And west, nort, & south,
196 Evrey man, hophe fremyd & kouth,
Xul comyn with-outyn ly.
Per xal be gret asyce
Be-forn ihesu, pat hey Instyce,
198 With woundis al blody.
Quan mannus soule hat in mynde
Pe blod pat cryst let for mankende
With terys & woundis smerte,
202 Masse man the pat non vykyndnesse
Quan he wey of suetnesse

(Stands for I).

Christ

Brought us out of the thraldom of sin,
and bought us with His blood.
Zen, or still, did He suffer

till past noon,

and heaven's King was slain.

& means God is dead.

He rose on Easter Morn, to destroy the fiends in hell,

and save us from woe.

Let us remember this when
[for abec]

we die.

Hereafter all shall rise,
and go to the Valley of Jehoshaphat,

friend and stranger too,

to the Great Assize before Jesus with bleeding wounds.

Man, when thou thinkest on the blood Christ shed for thee,
say, "Ah, Jesu,
why wert Thou
hurt for my sin?
I am a thief,
and Thou payest
so great a ransom
for so vile a thing.
What benefit hast
Thou by this?
Thy great goodness alone made
Thee hang on the
cross for man's soul.
Lord, I beseech Thee, make me
weep night and
day for Thy pains,
and that love for
Thee may be
stuck as fast in
my heart as the
spear was in
Thine when Thou
diest for me."

Wyl entryn in-to þin herte;
Sey, "a, ihesu! quot hast þou gylt?
Qwy art þou for my syn spylt,
Flour of lowenesse?
I am a thief, þou for me devyst,
I am gyltly, & þou abeyst
For my wykyndnesse;
So gret raunson for so wyl thyng!
Quat hast þou wonne with þi peunyng
þou heyn in blysse aboue?
Gret godnesse hat þe makyd
For to hangyn on rode nakyd
For mannes soule loue!
But, lord ihesu, I kan no more
But þe besekyn with al my myth
þat I mote wepyne sore
Thyn harde peynus day & nyth,
And þat loue mote also faste
In-to myn herte stykyd be,
As was þe spere in-to þin herte
Quan þou suffrydyst ded for me. Amen.
The Fifty-First Psalm.

[Miserere mei deus secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Mercy, god, of my mysdede!
For pi mercy pat mychel ys,
Late pi pite sprynge and sprede,
4 Off pi mercy pat I ne mys.
Aftur gostliche grace I grede;
Good god! pou g rant me pis,
That I may lyue in loue & drede,
8 And neuer efter to do more amys.

Et secundum multitudinem miseracionum tuarum, dele iniquitatem meam.

And after pi mercies pat ben fele,
Lord, fordo my wickyndnesse.
3yue me grace to hyde & hele
12 The blame of my bruchelnesse.
3if any sterynge on me stele,
Out of pe clos of pi clennesse
Wysse me, lord, in wo & wele,
16 And kepe me fram vnkyndnesse.

Amplius laua me ab iniquitate mea: & a peccato meo munda me.

More-ouer, wasche me of my synne,
And of my gultes clanse pow me;
And serche my soule with out & jinne,
20 That I no more defowlid be.

Have mercy on me, O God!
I cry for grace
that I may sin no more.
Blot out my wickedness,
and guide me in wo and weal.

[Wol. 97 a.]
Wash me from my sin.
Let me do nothing but what pleaseth Thee.

I acknowledge my sin.

Small and great will be glad of Thy mercy at the day of judgment.

Against Thee only have I sinned.

Him that trusts in Thy mercy, Thou keepest ever in mind.

I was conceived in sin;

but since Thou wast laid in the stable, no sinner ever cried in vain for mercy.

And as byu hert ael of atwrynne
With doleful death on þe rode tre,
Late me never no werke bigynne,

Lord, but þif it lyke þee.

Quam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco: & peccatum meum contra me est semper.
For al my wickidnesse I knowe,
And my synne is ever me aȝeyn;
Therfore late þi grace growe,

Thou, þat was with iewis slyen.
Ryche & pore, hye & lowe,
Smale & gret, in certeyn,
Atte domesdaie when þou schalt blowe,

Of þi mercy schul be ful feyn.
Tibi soli peccau, & malum coram te feci: ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis &c.
To þee only trespassed have I,
Wrouȝt wickidly aȝens þi glorie
With wordes & eke with trecherie.

Thou demyst rjȝt, & hast þe victorie,
Therfore þee biseche now I;
For tolde hit is in many story,
That who so trustþ þo þi mercy

Is endeles in þi memorie.
Ecce enim in iniquitatis conceptis sum: & in peccatis concepit me mater mea.
Biholde, in synne I was conceyuen
Of my modre, as we ben alle:
Off my fadre I nouȝt conceyuen

But flesche ful frol, & fayn to falle.
And sithe þi flesche, lord, was furst perceyuen,
And foroure sake haid streiȝt in stalle,
Was never synful man deceyuen

That to þi mercy wolde calle.
Ecce enim oritatem dilexisti: incerta & occulta sapiencie tue manifestasti mihi.
Lo! thou hast louyd ry3t,
And sechewid me counseeil of pi wyt,
How þorw mercy & þorw my3t
Two kyndes ben to-gidre knyt:
Thral ys fre, & knaue is kny3t,
And god is man, as gospel wyt ;
And 3it my soule in perel be py3t,
Mercyful god, help þou yt.

Aspeynes me ysopo, & mundabor: laun-bis me, & super niuem dealbabor.
With holi water þou schalt me springe,
And as þe snowe I schal be whyt ;
And 3if my soule in synne stynke,
With wepinge water I may it quyt.
Dedly drauþtes al-pou3 I drynke,
Of repentaunce 3yue me respit.
For who-so on þi prowes þynke,
In worldes welpe is no delit.

Auditui meo gaudium & leticiam: et exultabunt ossa humiliata.
To myn heryng þou schalt 3yue
Gladnesse, to glade bones meke.
In Iownnesse lerne me to lyue,
Leue lord, I pee by-seke.
The þenes gult, hit was for3yue
On rode wher his bones breke.
A contryt hert, & elene yschryue,
Saueþ soule & body eke.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis: et omnes iniquitates meas dele.
Fro my symes turne þi face,
Do al my wickidnesse a-way ;
Grete is my gult, gretter is þi grace,
And ellis, faileþ al oure fay.
And fawtes fele þat me dop face,
Makeþ þat I may noþt say

Thou hast showed me how two natures are knit together.
If my soul is in peril, God, help it.
Sprinkle me, and I shall be white as snow.
He that thinks' on Thy throes has no delight in worldly wealth.
Cause me to hear gladness.
The thief was forgiven on the cross.
Turn Thy face from my sins.
My faults face me, and make me cry for mercy.
But cry mercy when I trespass;

80 I wis I wote no better way.

Cor mundum crea in me deus: & spiritum rectum innoua in uisceribus meis.

God! make thou myn hert cleene,

And a rystful spirit in me newe:

Fro seucne synnes thou make me schene,

84 That where thou go I may see seewe.

Al pí torment and pí tene,

Thi bodi blacke, pí bones blewé,—

Now greamt, cryst, pat it be sene

88 In myn hert, pat hidowes hewe.

NE præcias me a facie tua, & spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.

Cast me not fro me pí visage,

Take nost fro me pí holigost.

To byholde pí faire ymage,

92 Of alle murþes hit is most.

A blissful bryd was born in cage,

Cowþe ykid in euery cost,

96 When he were drawe in tendre age,

To dryue adoum þe deueles host.

Redde midi leticiam salutaris 1 tui:

& spiritu principali confirma me.

Of þine helþe þyue me þe blisse,

And strengþe me with þi spirit cheef;

And alle my fyuþe wittes þou wisse,

100 That I may lyue as þee is leef,

And þou maist my langor lyse,

That brouþest man to greet boncheef;

So late me neuer þi mercy myss,

104 When I am gurt with gostly greef.

Docebo iniquos nias tuas; & impij ad te co[n]uertentur.

To þe wickid I schal þe 2 waies teche,

The synneful schulle to þee commerte.
Synful man, be war of wreche,

And þenke on crystes hede & herte!
Brest & hert was bete to bleche,
On bare bodi with-oute sherte;
To rewe on him I wol þee preche,

But alas! þer wolde no teer oute sterte.

Líbera me de sangúinisibus, deus meus salutís mee: & exaltabit lingua mea iusticiam tuam.

Delyuere me fram blameful blode,
My lord, god of myn helpe;
And my mouþe schal with mylde mode

Apertely schewe þi sely selþe.
Thi riȝtful blode ran down on rode
To waschen vs from oure fleischly felpþe;
Agayn manþ a storme þou stode

To wyssen vs fro þe worldes welþe.

Domine, labia mea aperiþes: & os meum annunciabit laudem tuam.

Lord, my lippes þou schalt vndo,
And my mouþe schal þi prechinge Þ spelle;
Thi mercy & þi myȝþt also,

Sopfastly no tunge may telle;
For when we dedly synne do,
Thi riȝt vs demþ down to helle;
But when we ceessen & wol saie ʻho!'

Thi mercy is oure waschinge welle.

Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium dedissem utique: holocaustis non dilectaberis.

Iþef sacrificce hadde ben offrynge,
I hadde to þee ȝyuen with hert fre;
But certeyaly hit is none suche þinge,

Thar to þi plesaunt may be.
Thi self was offrid a child ful ȝynge,
And afterwarde on þe rode tre
Oute of þin herte þat blode gan sprynge,

And þer-fore myn hert I offre to þee.
It is a sacrifice to God when a sinner sorrows.

I have neglected Thy service and Thy lore; but I repent.

Do good to Zion, and build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. Jerusalem is holy church;

Christ, the corner-stone.

Then shalt Thou accept sacrifice; calves shall be laid on Thine altar.

For Thy mother's tears, shield us from the fiend!

Sacrificii
deo精神us contributatus:
cor contritum & humiliatuum, deus, non despicies.
To god lit is a sacrifice,
A synful spirit to sorwe sore;
A meke hert [pou] schalnost despice,

When repentaunce hit wol restore.
I haue for sleupe [left] pi seruyce,
And litel lyued aftur pi lore;
But I repente, & wille now aryse;

Mercy, god! I wolle no more.

Benigne fac
domine in bona volutta-
te tua syon: & edificentur muri ierusalem.
With benygne wil do to syon,
That ierusalem walles were wrouȝt.
Ierusalem, as tellep seynt Ion,

Is holy churche pat erleþ nouȝt:
Tho testamentis cordiþ in on.
The walles were to-gidre brouȝt
When cryst hym self was corner ston,

That mannes synne hap dere ybouȝt.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium iusticie
oblaciones & holocausta: tunc im-
ponent super altare tuum [vitulos] 1 domine
Than schalt pou sacrifice acceyte
Of riȝtwisnesse & treuþe entere;
And calues [a]ftur pi precepte

Schulle be leide on pine autere;
On caluariæ a calf þer crepte,
Cryst on crosse boþe clene & clere!

For þo teeris pat þi modre wepte,

Thow schelde [us] fro þe fendas fere. Amen!
GLOSSARY.

Abcaite, p. 63, l. 341, ? slynness
Abeyst, p. 250, l. 211, sufferest, payest the penalty; A.S. abic-gan, to redeem, pay for.
Advyale, p. 30, avail, benefit.
Aghen, p. 105, l. 58, own.
Aire, p. 97, l. 139, heir.
Alay, p. 45, l. 6, alloy.
Aleven, p. 216, l. 29, eleven.
Alken, p. 105, l. 80, all kinds of.
Allegeance, p. 54, l. 54; p. 76, l. 725, alleviation; O.Fr. allege-ment.
Alther, p. 61, l. 298, of all.
Appele, p. 156, l. 95, accuse.
Ares, p. 2, l. 1, R's.
Ashe, p. 75, l. 687, ask.
Askes, p. 128, l. 417, ashes.
Asyce, p. 236, l. 198, assize, trial.
At, p. 18, l. 89, that.
At-wyhte, p. 20, l. 167, blame; A.S. odwortan.
Atroket; p. 221, l. 7, fails; A.S. trucan, to fail, grow weak, die away; getrucian, diminish.
Avaunser, p. 7, l. 18, advancer, patron.
Avdenes, p. 1, l. 10, audience.
Autentycal, p. 34, l. 4, authentic, genuine.
Aweyde, p. 94, l. 24, ? weighed down.
Axcesse, p. 17, l. 61, illness.
Baillye, p. 228, l. 7, rule, control.
Bame, p. 216, l. 57, ? salve, smear, ‘he's all baunt wi' it,’ Cambridgeshire, said of a man with his hands covered with treacle (E. Brock). Not for baine, bathe.
Besale, p. 103, l. 4, assail.
Beswylede, p. 106, l. 100, absorbed; A.S. swilgan, to swill, drink; swilian, to swill, wash.
Be-teche, p. 90, l. 184, commit, entrust to.
Be-tweche, p. 23, l. 19; A.S. betbean, to assign, appoint, put in trust.
Bidene, p. 161, l. 19, suddenly, at once; Du. bi dieren, by that.
Blaundysli, p. 31; O.Fr. blandir, to flatter.
Bleyc, p. 214, l. 3. See Bio.
Blijf, p. 185, l. 244, quickly.
Blikou, p. 224, l. 9, blacken, become black.
Bnocheef, p. 254, l. 102, good fortune, happiness.
Blyve, p. 17, l. 513, cease, stop.
Blyve, p. 17, l. 72, quickly.
Bodyn, p. 232, l. 56, bade, ordered.
Bolyd, p. 244, l. 9, ?embellished; O.Fr. bel, beau.
Boncheef, p. 254, l. 102, good fortune, happiness.
Bot, p. 38, l. 7, satisfaction; p. 41, l. 20, remedy, A.S. bot.
Both, p. 237, bot, remedy.
Brest, p. 79, l. 799, burst.
Bruchelnesse, p. 251, l. 12, ?brittleness, frailty; not A.S. broc, disease, affliction, misery.
But if, p. 190, l. 504, except.
Calke, p. 16, l. 29, cackle.
Can, p. 58, l. 209, did.
Caste, p. 86, l. 99, device.
Chast, p. 39, l. 22, ?purify.
Ceese, p. 165, l. 66, give seizin, possession.
Ceesid, p. 161, l. 22, caused to cease, stopt.
Cloud, p. 221, l. 12, clout.
Cochure, p. 217, l. 26, ?codger, cadger
Coiguage, p. 27, l. 86, dwelling?
Con, p. 97, l. 121, did.
Corage, p. 64, l. 381, heart.
Coresy, p. 217, l. 66, ?corrosive, caustic (E. Brock); not It. coreggia, a strap, scourge.
Cornicled, p. 10, l. 70, chronicled.
Cowpe, p. 254, l. 94, familiarly, ?A.S. cud, known, familiar.
Crippe, p. 156, l. 86, ?bag.
Crody, p. 232, l. 54, shoved, 'crowdy or shownen. Impello.' Promptorium Parvulorum.
Daunergius, p. 154, l. 68, 'dawningrowse or strange, Daunegerosus, domigeriosus,' P. Parv.
De, p. 129, l. 447, thee.
Ded, p. 244, l. 11, death.
Deerest, p. 193, l. 399, injurest.
Delics, p. 173, l. 69, delights.
Delys, p. 248, l. 153, delight.
Demayne, p. 56, l. 132, disposal, control.
Departyng, p. 72, l. 611, parting, separation.
Derist, p. 173, l. 69, injurest.
Derne, p. 86, l. 73, secret.
De por, p. 115, l. 66, thither.
Dewen, p. 224, l. 3, deafen, become deaf.
Disese, p. 156, l. 107, discomfort.
Disesid, p. 197, l. 465, put to discomfort, torture.
Dispose, p. 32, dispose of.
Distayne, p. 77, l. 753, stain.
Dithe, p. 208, l. 77, prepared.
Do, done, p. 116, l. 93, put.
Drecche, p. 94, l. 70, trouble, vex; A.S. drecan.
Dresse, p. 57, l. 175, go, pass.
Drey, p. 217, l. 68, dry; see l. 90.
Dunnet, p. 221, l. 2, becomes dun.
Durable, p. 187, l. 294, continuing.
Duresse, p. 67, l. 463, hardness.
Dydurward, p. 121, l. 242, thitherward, ? on the journey there.
Dyght, p. 215, l. 20, dressed.
Elenge, p. 85, l. 57, ? frightful.
Eistracion, p. 2, l. 30, ? O.Fr. estreicisson, A streitnesse or streit; a shrinke, pinch, contraction. Cotgrave.
Emyred, p. 49, l. 57, admired.
Entemes, p. 57, l. 156, ? Fr. entremes, entremets, certaine choice dishes servd in between the courses at a feast or banquet. Cotgrave.
Entirmet, p. 43, l. 22, alternate.
Entyrecomyn, p. 22, l. 214, intercommunicate, share.

Eyer, p. 221, l. 13, ere, formerly.
Erlep, p. 256, l. 148?
Erlich, p. 227, l. 9, earthly.
Ernes, p. 231, second l. 4, A.S. geornes, earnestness, diligence, care.
Executor, p. 7, l. 33, performer.
Eyselle, p. 131, l. 495, vinegar.

Fayne, p. 86, l. 83, feigning.
Fellowshippe, p. 32, companions.
Felshhip, p. 222, l. 1, falseness.
Fere, p. 91, l. 211, company.
Fesid, p. 198, l. 471, harassed; A.S. fesian, drive away.
Feyntyce, p. 233, l. 74, faintness.
Ffalewetz, p. 221, l. 5, fallows, pales.
Filep, p. 231, defiles.
Fiilid, p. 207, l. 51, filthed, defiled.
Fleemyd, p. 181, l. 208, banished.
Fleme, p. 154, l. 78, drive away; A.S. fluman, to banish.
Flome, p. 142, l. 822, river; L. flumen.
Fode, p. 246, l. 74, man, Christ.
Follep, p. 229, Cupidity, l. 3, ? befools.
Fonding, p. 242, A.S. fandung, temptation, trial.
Forbarre, p. 60, l. 259, bar out.
Forcer, p. 54, l. 65, casket; 'fo(r)sar, or casket, escrain, forcer, a little cofer.' Palsgrave, and Pr. Parv.
Forfeyte, p. 79, l. 789, injury.
Forthi, p. 52, l. 3, for that reason.
Forsse, p. 20, l. 157, force, value.
Fosters, p. 26, l. 28, foresters.
Fosyns, p. 17, l. 60, plenty; Fr. foison.
Fremyd, p. 236, l. 196, A.S. fremed, foreign, strange.
Frith, p. 56, l. 154, 'a Wood; also all Hedge-wood except Thorns.' Phillips.
Frounter, p. 57, l. 176, O.Fr. frontiere, façade, frontispice, ornement du front.
Fryse, p. 20, l. 160, frieze, wool.
Fuched, p. 38, l. 20?
Fuyson, p. 112, l. 36, abundance; Fr. foison.
Furjet, p. 240, forgets.
Fyn, p. 167, l. 102, end, peace, agreement.
Fyne, p. 73, l. 642, end.
Garnyson, p. 57, l. 175, place full, cornucopia.
Gestenyng, p. 241, feast.
Glede, p. 99, l. 197, live coal; A.S. gléd.
Gleyn, p. 171, l. 40, conceal, hide.
Granerey, p. 171, l. 30, great thanks.
Gloe, p. 212, l. 138, gloss, comment.
Gre, en, p. 38, l. 9, favourably.
Grecys, p. 114, l. 28 (greses, p. 144, l. 883), steps.
Grede, p. 251, l. 5, cry.
Grec, p. 114, l. 31, step.
Gresse, p. 100, l. 223, blade of grass.
Grette, p. 89, l. 161, greeted.
Hadywiste, p. 38, l. 17, Had I wist (how it would have turned out), after-regret, sorrow, and care.
Halowen, p. 141, l. 795, saints.
Halsed, p. 85, l. 63, adjured; A.S. halsian.
Hansselle, p. 38, l. 3, present, fortune.
Hasardour, p. 234, gambler, cheat.
Hauncles, p. 74, l. 653, destitute.
Hee, p. 245, l. 46, they.
Hele, p. 173, l. 65, health.
Helud, p. 224, l. 2, covered.
GLOSSARY.

Hende, p. 126, l. 366, fair.
Hende, p. 193, l. 382; p. 199, l. 306, near, comp. 'handy.'
Her, p. 154, l. 70, are.
Het, p. 152, l. 31 (hette, p. 183, l. 226), promised.
Hett, p. 141, l. 804, ordered;
A.S. hātan, to command.
Hey, p. 228, l. 1-4, she, it.
Hijt, p. 183, l. 219, promised.
Hired, p. 154, l. 70, spread.
Hoo, p. 195, l. 405, cease.
Hu, p. 228, l. 4, they.

Iangelithe, p. 63, l. 333, chatters.
Ido, p. 132, l. 501, put.
Insame, p. 141, l. 792, together;
A.S. insomnian, to assemble.
Intersectures, p. 6, l. 14, cutters off, executioners.
Iuyse, p. 71, l. 574, judgment, trial.

Kaste, p. 241, chastity.
Kende, p. 199, l. 508, showed, did.
Kepe, p. 20, l. 164, heed.
Kinde, p. 198, l. 482, natural.
Kinde, p. 163, l. 30, nature.
Kindeli, p. 187, l. 294, natural.
Kouth, p. 236, l. 196, known.
Kynde caitif, p. 185, l. 248, ? natural fool.

Lassun, p. 227, l. 5, ? lash.
Layn, p. 210, l. 102, concealment;

p. 248, l. 151, to hide, O.N. leyja.
Leche, p. 113, l. 1, doctor, heal.
Lede, p. 204, l. 19, teach, require.
Leevyng, p. 32, believing, trusting to.
Legatys, p. 32, ? legacies, leaveable property.
Lemmon, p. 220, l. 2, loved man;
A.S. leōf, beloved one.
Leten, p. 226, l. 4, leave, give up.
Leuyng, p. 208, l. 64, believing.
Lithe, p. 99, l. 204, limb; A.S. lid.
Lomeber, p. 248, l. 161, ? A.S. lomber, a lamb.
Lore, p. 137, l. 642, A.S. leoran, lose, for-lór, destruction.
Lore, p. 239, l. 7, lost.
Lotleschipe, p. 240, littleness, small self?
Lowte, p. 23, l. 4, obey.
Lyes, p. 85, l. 60, flames; O.N. log.
Lynge, p. 17, l. 65, ? for bring.
Lys, p. 215, l. 11, comfort; A.S. līs, sb. favour, comfort.

Maate, p. 53, l. 351, O.Fr. mat, triste, abattUj, faible.
Madful, p. 232, l. 42, maatful, sorrowful.
Maistrie, p. 152, l. 37, hard craft, difficulty.
Maugre, p. 59, l. 240, ill will.

17 *
Mawmentries, p. 12, l. 16, devilies.

Medyn, p. 23, l. 15, ? 'medecyn: that holy man that prayed to God Almighty for a medicine (cure) for the skathes (harms) that they (the rats) did (?)' R. Morris.

Meen, p. 199, l. 509, mind, disposition.

Meene, p. 156, l. 91; ?A.S. gijman, take care of.

Mellis, p. 200, l. 534, mixest, dealest.

Miewe, p. 63, l. 338, mew, stall, control.


Mormole, p. 218, l. 109, gangrene.

See P. Parv. Mormad, note.

Mote, p. 124, l. 323, ? might, importance.

Mowis, p. 185, l. 247, make mouths, mock.

Mowlid, p. 181, l. 211, mouldly.

Mure, p. 107, l. 139, ripe?

Myldre, p. 167, l. 113, mildness.

Mynge, p. 90, l. 194, ? mix, say.

Mynge, p. 173, l. 61, mix, mingle.

Mynne, p. 90, l. 204, mind, remember.

Mynne, p. 94, l. 41, less.

Myscheene, p. 195, l. 431, come to mischief, meet with a calamity.

Neme, p. 102, l. 282, for ente; A.S. cám, uncle.

Nemeled, p. 23, l. 10, named; 'nemelyn, idem quod namyn.' P. Parv.

Neuen, p. 109, l. 17, name; A.S. numan.

Nokkys, p. 17, l. 65, notches, 'nokke of a bowe, or a spundyle, or other lyke. Trunculus.' P. Parv.

Not, p. 211, ll. 4, 6, know not.

Noxiale, p. 43, l. 15, nightly.

Nyst, p. 149, l. 28, ?for nylt, wilt not.

Nynne, p. 11, l. 99?

Oker, p. 236, l. 12, usury; O.N. okr, from auka, to increase.

H. Coleridge's Glossar. Index.

On, p. 21, l. 199, one.

One, p. 228, l. 7, in, under.

Omethe, p. 18, l. 104, scarcely.

Outrage, p. 175, l. 111, outrageous, mad.

Paire, p. 185, l. 269, impair, become worse.

Palox, p. 19, l. 129, pole-axe.

Palysyd, p. 122, n. 8, palisadoed.

Panne, p. 247, l. 132, brainpan, skull.


Paraffys, p. 244, l. 8, 'paraf of a
booke (or paragraft). Paraphus
paragraffius.‘ Catholicon.
Parage, p. 84, l. 29, O.Fr. parage
(de par), rang, extraction.
Parkerrys, p. 26, l. 28, park-
keeper, gamekeeper.
Passith, p. 82, l. 35, passes from,
quits.
Pay, p. 46, l. 46, satisfaction,
pleasure.
Payed, p. 27, l. 65, satisfied;
O.Fr. paier, satisfaire, from
paeare.
Pele, p. 78, l. 783, appeal.
Pelt, p. 16, l. 43, 'the skin of a
beast.' Phillips.
Perry, p. 45, l. 9, O.Fr. pierrie,
precious stones.
Perte, p. 57, l. 174, loss.
Pese, p. 106, l. 113, appease.
Peyreth, p. 50, l. 228, impairs.
Peyse, p. 29, weigh.
Power, p. 32, poor.
Prevail, p. 71, l. 547, forward.
Priuyte, p. 84, l. 25, secret.
Prive, p. 57, l. 174, ? want, fault.
Prophete, p. 15, l. 20, profit.
Prosperd, p. 4, l. 19, go forward.
Purchas, p. 54, l. 74, course, de-
parture.
Purfylled, p. 178, l. 284, orna-
mented.
Pylchis, p. 16, l. 50, 'Sax. pyle,
toga pellicea. A cyrtell of wol-
len, and a pylehe,' in P. Parv.
note, p. 397.
Pynacle, p. 102, l. 276, tent.
Quaysy, p. 215, l. 22, sickness.
Queth, p. 217, l. 66, ? talk over,
quiet; A.S. cwedan, speak, call.
Quik, p. 28, l. l, 14, quicken.
Qwart, p. 167, l. 111; p. 175, l.
103, heart, good case.
Qwepe, p. 113, l. 16, wicked one
devil; Dutch quaad.
Raylyng, p. 111, l. 9, trickling;
'rayle vynys, reitico.' P. Parv.
Recouere, p. 42, l. 29, cure.
Recure, p. 17, l. 73, recover.
Reddour, p. 213, l. 123, roideur,
might, strength, force, power.
Cotgrave.
Rede, p. 101, l. 269, counsel.
Redres, p. 82, l. 26, relieve.
Refute, p. 80, l. 845, ? refuge.
Reioise, p. 2, l. 48; p. 66, l. 440,
enjoy, Fr. rejouir.
Relene, p. 127, l. 398, remnants,
fragments.
Remewe, p. 72, l. 593, remove.
Remorde, p. 108, l. 161; O.Fr.
remordre, martyriser, dechirer.
Repaire, p. 185, l. 265; p. 201,
l. 573, ? O.Fr. repaire, retraite
asyle, demeure.
Repede, p. 72, l. 601, give up.
Reseyned, p. 144, l. 908, l.
resigno, reveal, disclose.
Respite, p. 76, l. 724, put off,
delay.
Reymeth, p. 231, 'rayme, rule, lord it.' H. Coleridge.
Reyste, p. 94, l. 33, 'attack, combat; A.S. res, rush, onset, attack.
Ropys, p. 17, l. 68, guts; A.S. roppas, the bowels, entrails.
Rukkyng, p. 19, l. 124, 'rakun, or cowre down, Incureus,' 'to ruck, to squat, or shrink down.'
Forby, Pr. Parv.
Ruyde, p. 241 ?

Sadde, p. 83, l. 5, sober.
Salle, p. 109, l. 20, self.
Sale, p. 173, l. 62, salve.
Sarpelers, p. 18, l. 100, 'Sarples, of Wool, a quantity of Wool, otherwise called a Pocket or a Half-Sack; a Sack containing 80 Tod, a Tod 2 Stone, and a Stone 14 Pounds.' Phillips.
Sauetyff, p. 219, l. 127, safeguard, preventive.
Schamely, p. 218, l. 102, shamef ul.
Schene, p. 254, l. 83, bright, clean.
Schent, p. 195, l. 428, punished.
Scons, p. 11, l. 103, candlestick, light.
Scruryde, p. 241, shroud, clothe.
See, p. 49, l. 39, seat.
Seere, p. 200, l. 550, several, many.
Seewe, p. 224, l. 84, follow.
Selle, p. 95, l. 72, saddle.

Sende, p. 210, l. 88, descend.
Sere, p. 139, l. 737, several.
Serke, p. 128, l. 420, shirt.
Sethe, p. 43, l. 5, since.
Shake, p. 76, l. 726, go, pass.
Shuppare, p. 227, l. 6, shaper, creator; A.S. scapan, to shape, create.
Sikernesse, p. 76, l. 710, security.
Sity, p. 31, ? sooty.
Skille, p. 171, l. 24, reason; O.N. skil, 'skyl, racio;' Pr. Parv.
Sleke, p. 105, l. 81, slake, quench.
Sloggy, p. 26, l. 53, sluggish.
Sone, p. 208, l. 83, sound, voice.
Sood, p. 181, l. 200, soot.
Sore, p. 116, l. 90, sorrow, pen ance; A.S. sore, sorrow.
Sowedeurs, p. 18, l. 108, soldiers.
Spitcouseli, p. 175, l. 92, merci lessly.
Splene, said on the, p. 62, l. 327.
Springe, p. 253, l. 57, sprinkle.' Springyn, p. 136, l. 622, sprinkled.
Starken, p. 224, l. 6, stiffen.
Stellende, p. 225, second l. 8, still ing.
Stente, p. 78, l. 769, ? stop, stay.
Sterynge, p. 251, l. 13, impulse, temptation.
Steven, p. 216, l. 27, speech, lan guage.
Steuen, p. 83, l. 7, voice; A.S. steuen.
Steuen, p. 113, l. 17, name, tell of.
Stige, p. 200, l. 540, ascend; A.S. stigan.

Stip, p. 224, l. 6, A.S. stid, firm, stiff.

Store, p. 101, l. 256, A.S. stör, great, vast.

Stounde, p. 232, l. 60, instant.

Stynte, p. 19, l. 133, stop.

Stynte, p. 19, l. 133, stop.

Subdue, p. 5, l. 31, subdual.

Sue, p. 154, l. 66, follow.

Swelte, p. 207, l. 38, died; A.S. sweltan, to die.

Syngeden, p. 243, l. 11, sinned; A.S. syngian, to sin.

Synne, p. 121, l. 238, since.

Tayle, p. 24, l. 8, entail.

Tayle, p. 24, l. 8, entail.

Teen, p. 199, l. 507, injury; A.S. teōna.

Tent, p. 171, l. 25, heed.

Pas, p. 221, l. 11, pe was, who was.

Thi, p. 200, l. 538, that (reason), abl. of the.

bolied, p. 116, l. 98, suffered; A.S. bolian.

bolemodliche, p. 240, patiently; A.S. bolmód, patient.

bralle, p. 91, l. 230, thraldom.

brow, brow, p. 85, ll. 54, 48, drew.

Thyrlyd, p. 135, l. 568, pierced; A.S. pyrlian, to drill, pierce.

Tift, p. 177, l. 116, resolved, A.S. tihian, to resolve.

Trace, p. 117, l. 133, go, journey (thither).

Traile, p. 58, l. 184, screen; treille, An Arbor, or walke, set on both sides with vines, &c., twining about, a Treillis, or latticed frame. Cotgrave.

Trappurs, p. 15, l. 22, trappings, armour of mail.

Trayne, p. 87, l. 121, deceit.

Triacle, p. 112, l. 23, remedy.

Trokys, p. 249, l. 177, strokes, or A.S. trega, vexation, torment.

Twynne, p. 109, l. 8, separate.

Tynneth, p. 229, last line, divides, separates.

Tymor, p. 101, l. 252, what bird.

Tyne, p. 167, l. 107, shut, A.S. tijnan.

Uel, p. 226, l. 6, skin.

Vaileth, p. 76, l. 720, avails it.

Valence, p. 46, l. 21, fine stuff made at Valentin.

Vasselage, p. 27, l. 70, chief place, highest estimation. O.Fr. vasselage, courage, valour, action de valeur. Burguy. 'In th' auncient Romans tis used for valour & a valiant or worthie deed.' Cotgr.

Vast, p. 240, fast.

Vaylen, p. 121, l. 230, avail.

Vleyne, p. 240, fleeing.

Vmbrace, p. 97, l. 145, embrace, secure.

Vnhende, p. 191, l. 362, ungentle.

Vnsele, p. 107, l. 122, badly,
miserably; A.S. unosel, unhappy.

Unskilfully, p. 198, l. 474, without reason, causelessly. See Skille.

Vsed, p. 91, l. 226, received the Sacrament.

Vtas, p. 87, l. 124, octave, 8 days; Fr. huit, eight, see p. 91, l. 217.

Vuel, p. 225, l. 8, foul.

Waake, p. 32, A.S. wæccan, to watch.

Waite, p. 165, l. 55, watch, see, look.

Waith, p. 239, l. 1, woe.

Waker howndes, p. 32, watchdogs; A.S. wæccer, watchful.


Wakkep, p. 225, l. 7, watches.

Walled, p. 216, l. 37, waled, scored, striped.

Wanne, p. 234, A.S. wanian, take away, cause to wane, [our sin.]

Wansit, p. 234, wane.

Warantise, p. 24, l. 16, warranty.

Warre, p. 104, l. 37, worse.

Wedde, p. 31, pledge.

Welewith, p. 173, l. 56, fadeth; A.S. wealcere, a fuller.

Welkid, p. 183, l. 239, faded, worn-out.

Wemlees, p. 211, l. 93, spotless; A.S. womleas; wom, wem, spot, sin.

Wenyng, p. 61, l. 286, thinking, fancy.

Wer, p. 230, doubt, dread; A.S. wer, a fine for slaying a man; wer, a caution, compact.

Were, p. 234, A.S. werian, protect, defend.

Wese, p. 216, l. 58; A.S. wesan, macerate, soak.

Wette, p. 44, l. 28 ? for woel.

Wick, p. 195, l. 434, wicked.

Wisse, p. 203, l. 635, A.S. wissian, instruct, guide, direct.

Wite, p. 226, l. 13, protect.

Withsett, p. 185, l. 262, withstand, oppose.

Witiynge, p. 240, perceiving, understanding; A.S. witian, to know.

Wlatsum, p. 173, l. 52, loathsome; A.S. velutian, to nauseate, loathe.

Wollewarde, p. 199, l. 502, wool-gathering.

Wone, p. 119, l. 168, cause to dwell.

Woon, p. 177, l. 130, dwelling.

Wordy, p. 83, l. 8; p. 86, l. 80, worthy.

Wose, p. 235, whoso.

Wot, p. 234, will.

Wreschede, p. 239, l. 1, wretchedness.

Wyghte, p. 20, l. 168, blame; A.S. witan.

Wyl, p. 237, l. 213, vile.
Wyryede, p. 83, l. 21, wyrwyn, 
strangulo, suffoco. P. Parv.
Wytes, p 23, l. 20, ?wights creatures, A.S. wiht; or A.S. wite, torment, plague.
Ykid, p. 254, l. 94, ?known.
Yowese, p. 21, l. 185, use.
Ypleite, p. 179, l. 151, plaited.
Ystreith, p. 214, l. 5, stretched.
Ywys, p. 86, l. 79, certainly; A.S. gewis.
The
Stacions of Rome,
(In Verse from the Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., and in Prose from the
Porkington MS. No. 10, ab. 1460–70 A.D.,)

and the
Pilgrims Sea-Voyage.
(From the Trin. Coll., Cambridge, MS. R, 3, 19, t. Hen. VI.)

A SUPPLEMENT TO "POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND
LOVE POEMS,"
(Early English Text Society, 1866.)

EDITED BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.,
TRIN. HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

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MDCCCLXVII.
PREFACE.

The Catalogue that Mr Halliwell printed of the contents of the Vernon MS. was, unluckily, one of his own making, and not a copy of that prefixed to the magnificent Southern-dialect volume by the Scribe who wrote it, and which will, I hope, be printed in the next Text that the Society issues from this MS. One result of the non-publication of it before, was, that when searching for other copies of the Stations of Rome, for the volume of "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," edited by me in the early part of this year for the Society, I saw nothing like the Stations in the printed Catalogue, and felt sure that the Poem was not in the Vernon MS., notwithstanding Mr Halliwell's warning that his notices "must be accepted as very imperfect." But as there were two entries in that gentleman's Catalogue of "117, Short Religious Poems, f. 298, r° β.; 128, Short Religious Poems, fol. 319, r° a," and I had long contemplated continuing the small instalment of these pieces edited by me for the Philological Society (Trans. Pt. II., 1858), I commissioned our Oxford copier to transcribe from the MS. the first and last lines, and burdens if any, of all these Short Poems. The execution of the order was delayed for some months, but when it was completed, and I was turning over the leaves of the copy, what should appear on three of the foolscap sheets, for fol. 314, r° γ, to fol. 315 r° γ, of the MS., but the first and last lines of the different paragraphs of the Stations,—thus explaining Mr Halliwell's entry, "Short Religious Poems." A longish piece, evidently A Dialogue between the Virgin and the
Cross of Christ, followed, treated in the same way. What was to be done? Nothing but groan, say "mistakes are natural to man" (I know they are to me), and print the earlier text. Here accordingly it is, and printed with all its metrical points, and guard-stops on each side of figures and single letters, as in the MS., for an experiment how Members like these points and stops reproduced.

This early Vernon version has not several passages which later transcribers have introduced into the Cotton and Lambeth MSS. It shows that the Lambeth continuation of the Cotton MS. was not a late addition, but that the Cotton had lost its tail. It shows the Lambeth text to be more like it than the Cotton, in the passages which all three contain; and though it does not clear up any of the puzzles of the later copies, it is interesting, as well for its earlier language as for the new Churches it mentions. These are eleven in number,

| St Anthony’s, l. 473 | St Adrian’s, l. 701 |
| St Martin’s in the Mount, l. 563 | St Clement’s, l. 704 |
| St Marcelle’s, l. 609 | St Stephen’s, l. 705 |
| St Grisogon’s, l. 680 | The Virgin’s Chapel, where Thomas à Becket kept school, l. 717 |
| St Tyre and St John’s, l. 681 | St Urban’s, l. 720 |
| St Angelo’s, l. 693 | |

and on them Mr William M. Rossetti has, as on those of the former volume, kindly added notes, which follow this Preface. Thus far I had written when I learnt from Sir F. Madden’s Appendix to his Preface to his Syr Gawayne that (the late) Mr Ormsby Gore’s Porkington MS. No. 10, contained a copy of the Stations in prose, beginning “In Rome bethe it’ paresche churches.” I at once applied for leave to see the MS., and the present Mr Ormsby Gore forthwith obtained it for me from his mother. Its Stacions proved to be a short and incomplete abstract of our long Poem, in 7½ pages of a very small MS., wisely wound up with an Et C., and I have therefore printed it here for completeness and contrast sake.

The allusion to the sea-voyage to the Holy Land in the Stations, 3if men wuste, grete and smale 
be pardoun pat is, at grete Rome.
PREFACE.

hei wolde telle . In heore dome.
Hit were no need . to mon in cristianete
To passe in to øe holy lond . ouer øe see.
To Jerusalem . ne to kateryne.

has induced me to add to this Text the most amusing Poem on "The Pilgrims' Sea-Voyage and Sea-Sickness," from MS. Trin. Coll., Camb., R. 3, 19, first printed by Mr Halliwell in Reliquiae Antiquae, vol. 1, p. 2, 3, and to which the present Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, Mr Thomas Watts—encyclopedic in knowledge and gracious in speech—called my attention some twenty years ago. Mr Aldis Wright has himself read the transcript with the MS., and I do not think that any readers will regret its reproduction here.

The cause of Clone Maydenhod appearing in this Text is Mr Cockayne's edition of that most vivid sketch of an English girl's temptations to forsake marriage and maternity in 1220 A.D., Hali Meidenhod. It is long since I have been so interested in any treatise; and seeing that Clone Maydenhod was in the Vernon, I could not resist the temptation of printing it, for illustration and contrast sake. The texts are paged separately, so that they may be bound, if wished, with those that they refer to; and for the same reason the Index to the names of Men and Churches in Stati7ons refers to the Cotton and Lambeth versions printed in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," 1866. Mr George Parker, of Rose Hill, Oxford, has read both the Vernon texts with the MS., and my thanks are due to him for his care.

3, St George's Square, N.W.,
Dec., 1866.

P.S.—The reviewer in The Saturday Review of Dec. 22, 1866, does not understand in what sense we publish our Texts. We print them mainly for our Members; but, remembering the times when we wanted single volumes of the books of the Camden and Percy Societies, the Abbotsford, Bannatyne and other Clubs, and could not get them, we resolved, when starting the Society, to sell each of our texts separately to any person wanting it, at the publisher's
profit on its cost: this—though it would be a great nuisance to us by spoiling our sets—to benefit some poor students who might need help. We sell, perhaps, an average of five copies of each Text separately, against 400 odd issued to Members. This is why I conceive myself entitled to write Prefaces as to a circle of my friends; for such I look on Subscribers as being. Did I consider a Saturday Reviewer and the public as part of my audience, I should certainly write in a different tone to them. To the Saturday man I should say, that the libertinism* of his comments was often unworthy of a Free man;

* This called forth the following remarks—reprinted with the heading, "The Saturday's Insolence and The Saturday's Ignorance"—from one of our literary journals now discontinued: "Last Saturday's Punch contains the following paragraph (p. 33, col. 2, No. 349):—'Some fiddler advertises himself in the Musical World as 'Paganini Redivivus.' One would not notice his blunder but for his cheek.' That is our own feeling about a ludicrous blunder occurring in a review of Dr Kingsley's 'Thynne on Chaucer,' in the Saturday Review of the week before, written in that tone of ungentlemanlike assumption and petulant insolence for which one writer, at least, in that journal has long been notorious, and which, at a certain period of its existence, drove men like Professor Pearson and Mr Bowen from its columns. Dr Kingsley—evidently not a careful corrector of the press—passed over his printer's error of printing the Anglo-Saxon thorn, or sharp th, ð, as r, n. For this he was jeered at by his reviewer in the regular vulgar-little-boy fashion; and then, by way of displaying his own learning, the little boy went on to explain the difference between th and r. But as strutting daws unwittingly drop the peacock's feathers out of their tails, so this unlucky boy either did not know, or did not notice, that he or his printer had put an Anglo-Saxon ð (p) for the th (b); so that there, while he (the clever reviewer) was pointing at Dr Kingsley for his ignorance or carelessness, he was all the time displaying his own, and deliberately forcing every one's attention to the display. Scholars at the Museum, Bodleian, Cambridge, Lambeth, and elsewhere, have enjoyed the self-inflicted punishment that the reviewer's nasty-tempered notice of a book by a courteous, well-read, and widely-esteemed gentleman and man of letters has met with. We make it public on Punch's principle—'One would not notice his blunder but for his cheek;'—but we trust we shall have no more such exhibitions in the Saturday's pages; and for the benefit of the reviewer we reprint for him the judgment he passed on his better,—commending to him the study of his 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar,' the 'Printer's Guide,' and 'The Book of Courtesy.'—Of course, we shall be told that all these things are trifles [one 'thing' was the putting a comma for a full stop], most likely misprints. We answer that accuracy and inaccuracy are not trifles, and that a [writer] of a philological [review], who is either so ignorant that he cannot read his text, or so careless that he lets pass misprints which turn that text into nonsense, displays exactly the same erassa ignorantia as an architect who can do everything except build a house, or a surgeon who can do everything except cut off a leg." —The Reader, Feb. 3, 1866. What wonder that this man calls my masterly
that wandering through Summer Meads he should be greeted in eye
and ear by sights and sounds that should bring him into sweet accord
with them, and prevent his always printing every “nasty-tempered”
thing he can lay tongue on; that instead of leaving a set of men—
of whom the chief workers are all poorer than himself—to do a work
of much help to him, without his help, but with his sneers, it would
be more like a generous gentleman to send his subscription to the
Society, and print a text for it with his Saturday pay. I should
ask of the chief Cook who presides over the making of the weekly
pudding that tickles so many palates and disturbs so many inwards,
that he should pick out the bits of grit in the dab of pabulum con-
tributed to his seventh-day compound by the reviewer I have been
addressing. To the public on the other hand I should say, what a
very stupid public it is for not supporting more vigorously the best and
most liberal Early English printing Society that has ever existed: that
there are several thousand well-to-do men in this country who can
easily spare a guinea a year each to make their forefathers’ speech
and thoughts better known to this and future generations; and
they ought so to spare it. To the Historian and Antiquary the
Society’s work yields rich fruit; to the Tory who glories in the
past, it appeals with strongest claim; to the Liberal who pleads,
as cause for modern justice, the ancient tale of poor men’s wrongs
that starts before the Conquest, the Society makes heard the
voice he listens for. Every man of culture is bound to sup-
port us; and yet hardly any do. The Sanskrit Text Society
starts—most rightly—with a first year’s subscription of over £1200.
The Early English Text Society with a miserable £152. In its
third year its income is not much over £600; and when it asks for
money to print nineteen Texts in one year, it hardly gets money
for eleven. The apathy of English lettered men on this subject
is a disgrace to them; and a journal like The Saturday, which has
a chance of rousing them from it, would be much better employed in

strokes of irony (N.B.), nonsense, and my brilliant satire (N.M.), bad jokes? When
you hear a little boy on Hampstead Heath call to a known cross-country rider,
“Why don’t you get inside?” need you ask whether the ingenuous youth is a judge
of a seat, or is—a little boy?
doing so than in picking out little blemishes in the Society's Texts, and holding them up to show off a reviewer's fancied cleverness, which, as has been shown in some instances, and can be shown in others, has often turned out to be ludicrous ignorance. If we (as we do) point out some of our own shortcomings, we are thankful enough to have others shown us in the right spirit and the right way. The wrong in both,* I for one will protest against as best I can.

F. J. F.

* The later review of Mr Perry's edition of Hampole's *Short Prose Treatises* is written in the right and gentleman-like spirit.
NOTES ON THE STATIONS OF ROME,

BY W. M. ROSSETTI.

The notes which I wrote to the previous publication of the Early English Text Society, the "Stations of Rome" printed from the Cotton and Lambeth MSS., apply in great part to the present earlier version of the same poem from the Vernon MS. There are, however, considerable differences of detail between the MSS., of most of which I must leave the reader to take count for himself; and some churches, not named at all in the previously published version, are mentioned in the one now printed. On these churches, and on another point or two here and there, I proceed to offer a few notes upon the same plan as in the former instance.

Line 40. I must take this opportunity to rectify a slip of the pen in my notes upon the Cotton MS. copy, at the corresponding line, No. 56. The altar mentioned in that line is to "Seynt Symon," or, in the Lambeth and the present Vernon MSS., to "Seint Symo\nx; Jude;" I made the slip of saying that the Cotton MS. specified an altar "to St Jude."

Lines 55-6. The statement here made is that St Peter’s Basilica was consecrated “Of Seint Martin \at eis\x27;le day." In the Cotton MS., lines 121-2, this same statement is made concerning the Basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura; and St Peter’s is stated on the contrary to have been consecrated “On Seynt Peter & Powle day." It appears that the Vernon MS. is correct, and that the two statements made in the Cotton MS. ought to be inverted.

Line 118. Scala Celi. Compare this from “God speed the Plough,”
Then commeth prestis that goth to rome.
For to hane siluer to singe at Scala celi.

Lansdowne MS., 762, fol. 6.

Line 126. “In tyme of Tibian \xe Emperor." This potentate, unrecorded by historians, in whose reign 10,000 martyrs suffered in Rome, may perhaps be conjectured to be nominally compounded out of Tiberius, Trajan, and Julian—
a very Cerberus of tyranny, persecution, and apostasy. The Cotton MS. limits itself to the first of these three, "Tyberyce"—whose reign was assuredly free from any such wholesale persecution.

Line 160. The "holy bones" here named are to be understood as the bones of Sts Peter and Paul. As I pointed out in my former notes, neither the Cotton MS. in saying that these bones lay undiscovered 500 years, nor yet the Vernon MS. in assigning 100 years as the period, can be trusted: the true time being probably more like 19 months.

Lines 153-4 speak of 44 martyr popes who "liueden" in a chapel in the catacombs; in the Cotton MS. it is 46 martyr popes who "lywe" there. I presume that "lywe" is the correct word—if indeed any item of so preposterous an assertion can be termed correct.

Lines 333-4 speak of

"he clop pat crist was wounden Inne
When he was child for monnes sinne;"
which seems to mean the swaddling-clothes of the Nativity. These lines correspond to 426-7 in the Cotton MS.,

"And he clopis pat criste was wonden In
When he shulde dye for manye syn";
this latter statement appears to be the more correct, the actual object in question being the face-cloth.

Lines 357-8. According to the position of these lines in the context, the heads of Sts Peter and Paul were under the high altar in the Chapel Sanctorum in the old Lateran Palace of the Popes. It may be inferred that the lines have slipped a little out of their proper place; and that the high altar really spoken of is that of the Basilica of St John Lateran, which would make the statement about the heads correct. These heads were discovered in or about 1365, in the reign of Pope Urban V., which commenced in 1362. The date of the Vernon MS. is about 1370, when the discovery must still have been an interesting novelty to actual or intending pilgrims to Rome: and, in accordance with this date, we find that the lines of the Cotton MS., 456-9,

"There ys no man now y-bore," &c.,
which my previous notes cited for the purpose of fixing the date of the poem at not later than 1445, do not appear at all in the Vernon version of the poem.

Line 427. The Church here (and also in the Lambeth MS.) named "of Seynt venian" (Vivian) is termed "of Julyan" in the Cotton MS. I am not aware that any Church of St Vivian exists in Rome.

Line 437. St Eusebius is here introduced as connected with the aforenamed Church of St Vivian. The Lambeth MS., however, line 551, speaks of the Church of St Eusebius himself, which I presume to be correct; but the poem hereabouts in all the three MSS. is obviously a good deal muddled. Compare l. 442 Vernon with l. 559 Lambeth.

Lines 463-4 are new in the Vernon MS. My old authority, Francino, confirms the statement that a (daily) indulgence of 1000 years and Lents is to
be obtained at St Matthew’s Church—to which he adds the remission of one-seventh of one’s sins.

Lines 473-4. The Church of St Anthony is named in the Vernon MS. only, l. 473 having evidently slipped out of the Lambeth MS. by mischance. There are in Rome two Churches of St Anthony;—one near S. Maria Maggiore and St Praxed’s, with a Hospital; the other named Sant’ Antonio de’ Portoghesi, near La Serota, dedicated by Pope Gelasius to Sts Anthony and Vincent. To it are annexed a hospital for the Portuguese, and many indulgences and privileges for that nation. The particular grace mentioned by our poet, the remission of one-seventh of one’s penance, is not, however, confirmed by Francisco with regard to either of these churches.

Lines 529 to 532 set forth the indulgences attaching to S. Maria Maggiore from Assumption-day to the feast of the Virgin’s Nativity (15 August to 8 September). The Lambeth MS. says, Assumption-day to Christmas-day, which is an error.

Line 536. Here the name “Prudencian” is erroneous; it should be, as in the Lambeth MS., “Pudencianum”—St Pudentiana.

Line 548. The Vernon MS. reads “hostelled,” instead of “harbored,” as in the Lambeth MS.; confirming the inference in my former notes that the statement applies “rather to the house of Pudens than to the cemetery.”

Line 558. The extraordinary term “Empour seint Antonine” seems to point to some corruption of the text. As observed in the former notes, the incident referred to could not, by comparison of dates, have happened in the reign of any of the Antonines.

Lines 563 to 568. The Church of San Martino in Monte, called also San Silvestro e San Martino, was built by Synumachus I. in a.d. 500, on the Esquiline Hill, upon the ruins of the Thermae of Trajan, and was modernized in 1650. There had been an earlier church on the same spot, founded by S. Silvester in the time of Constantine. I know of no particular reason why the text should specify that the edifice “is not round.” The text states that Popes Silvester and Leo are buried under the high altar. I do not find Leo named elsewhere; Murray’s Handbook mentions Silvester and Martin I., and Franciso concurs in this statement, adding the names of three other Popes.

Lines 569 to 572. There is a Church of San Salvatore del Lauro which stands on the site of the laurel-grove near the Portico of Europa. It was founded in 1450, nearly a century later than the date of our Vernon MS., so that one cannot refer to this Church the allusion in the text. This is the only Church “of seint Saluator” known to me in Rome.

Line 601. Our present text seems to be correct in here naming “Seint Sabyne” (Sabina), instead of the “Seint Sabasabyne” of the Lambeth MS.

Lines 609 to 612. The Church of St Marcellus, in the Corso, was built by a Roman lady in the 4th century, in honour of Pope St Marcellus, who, by order of Maxentius, was confined in this spot over a stable, the stench of which is alleged to have killed him. It was rebuilt in 1519 by Sansovino, the façade being of a later date. The ceremony of the Exaltation of the
Cross is held here on 11 September. Francine does not specify the 1000 years' indulgence of our text, but plenary remission on St Marcellus's day.

Lines 655-6 state that the good knight sometime named Placidas lies at the Church of St Eustace. In the Lambeth MS. the person thus named is St Eustace himself; and, as I can find out nothing about Placidas, I am disposed to infer that he and Eustace are one and the same person.

Line 664 clears up the difficulty in the corresponding line, 866, of the Lambeth MS., which states that "the Mawdleane" is in the Church of St Cecilia. We now learn that this is a foot of the Magdalene.

Line 680. The Church of St Grisopono (Chrysogonus), a saint who was martyred at Aquileia under Diocletian, is in the Trastevere, and supposed to date originally from the time of Constantine; rebuildings took place in 1129 and 1623. An Englishman may like to remember this church in connection with Archbishop Langton, who was its titular Cardinal. The 400 years' indulgence of our poem is not confirmed by Francine, but plenary remission on the day of St Chrysogonus.

Lines 681 to 688. I cannot clearly identify the "churche of seint tyre and seint Ion;" but should suppose it to be not improbably the Church of Sts John and Paul. There are at least six other churches in Rome bearing the name of St John. The Church of Sts John and Paul—not the apostles, but martyrs of the reign of Julian—was built on the Cæliam Hill, in the 4th century, on the site of the house of these Saints.

Lines 693 to 696. "Seint Angel" may be either the Church of Sant' Angelo in Borgo, or that of Sant' Angelo in Pescaria, close to the Portico of Octavius, and interesting in connection with the enterprise of Rienzi. I should rather suppose it to be the former church, which was built by a beatified Pope Gregory in consequence of his having seen the Archangel Michael sheathing his blood-stained sword above the citadel, or Mole of Hadrian. Francine does not name 1000 years' indulgence as applicable to either of these churches; but plenary remission, at the first, on the octave of St Michael, and, at the second, on the 15th July and 29th September.

Line 701. The Church of St Adrian is in the Forum, and is said to be the ancient Ærarium consecrated to this Saint by Pope Honorius.

Line 704. The Church of St Clement, between the Colosseum and the Lateran, is built over a still more ancient church, which was discovered in 1858, with results of great importance to Christian archaeology; the upper church dates probably from the beginning of the 12th century. The traditional origin of the whole foundation was an oratory built by Clement the third Bishop of Rome, a fellow-labourer with St Paul. Instead of the 2000 years' indulgence of the text, Francine specifies plenary remission on the Monday following the second Sunday of Lent, as well as a daily indulgence of 40 years and Lents, doubled during Lent.

Line 705. The Church of "seint Stenece" is probably the Church of santo stefano Rotondo, on the Cælian Hill, now generally supposed to have been originally the circular portion of the Macellum Grande, or Butchers'-
meat Market, erected in Nero’s time. It was consecrated by Simplicius I. in A.D. 467, and restored by Nicholas V. towards 1417. Rome contains at least two other churches to St Stephen.

Lines 707 to 712 revert to the Church of “seint salvatour”; see l. 569. The “Bethleem” here mentioned is, I suppose, a Chapel of the Nativity.

Lines 717 to 719. I have been unable to trace the “Chapel of vre ladi” at which St Thomas of Canterbury kept school. It may be a separate building; or it may possibly be merely a chapel in the church last previously mentioned, that of St Alexius, which does, it seems, contain (as Francino relates it) “that image of the most blessed Virgin, on the high tabernacle, which used to be in the city of Edessa—before which the most blessed Alexius, being in the said city, often made prayer. And, going one day to the said church to pray, he found the doors closed; and the said image said twice to the porter, ‘Open and give entrance to the Man of God, Alexius, who is worthy of heaven.’”

Lines 720 to 726. The Church of St Urban, here mentioned, does not appear in my authorities.

The last service I can tender for my reader’s acceptance may be to refer him to a book bearing very closely upon the subject-matter of the “Stacions of Rome,” and which I find thus entered in a Bookseller’s catalogue:—“Mirabilia Romae; a German Block-book of nearly 200 pages, being a Handbook for the Pilgrims at Rome in the 15th century. With the most curious descriptions of the relics kept in the Churches; among them the head of St Peter, milk of the Virgin, the circumcisions of Christ, &c.—and of the indulgences given by the priests of the various Churches. Small 8vo; 12 copies only reprinted in facsimile by J. Ph. Berjeau.” One regrets to read this last item, suggesting the small number of people that will ever be able to benefit by the reprint of so curious a book.

W. M. Rossetti.

P.S.—On the Porkington MS. I observe:
1. S. Sylvester in 1303, in connection with the heads of Peter and Paul, is a blunder.
2. S. Benyan’s Church near S. Gellyau’s. This Benyan is Julian in one MS. and Vivian in another: of Beuyan I know nothing, but investigation might possibly bring something to light.
3. Placidas, the same person as Eustace: so I had guessed in writing on the Vernon MS.; and that conjecture may now be put positively.
The Stacions of Rome.

[Vernon MS., fol. 314, col. 3. The metrical points, and stops on each side of figures and after single letters, are those of the MS. Hyphens are put in by the Editor. The lines in the foot-notes refer to those of the Stacions in Political, Religious, & Love Poems, pp. 113-44, E.E.T.Soc. 1866. C. stands for Cotton MS., Caligula A ii: L. for Lambeth MS. 306. This Vernon poem has been crossed through with the pen; also two lines have been drawn through the word pope in nearly every place where it occurs. The paragraph sign is alternately red and blue.]

Hose wole his soule leche.
Lustne to me .I. wol him teche
Pardoun . Is ði soule bote.
4 At grete Rome . þer is þe Roote.
Pardoun . a word in frensch hit is.
Forynenesse . of ði synnes i-wis.
Æ þe Duchesse of troye . þat sum tyme was.
8 To Rome com . wip gret pres.
Of hire com Romilous . and Romilon.
Of whom . Rome furst bi-gon.
Heþene hit was . and cristned nouȝt.
12 Til petur . and poul . hit hedde l-bouȝt.
Wip Gold . ne seluer . ne wip no gode.
Bot wip heore flesch . and wile heore blode.
For þei soffrede boþe dede.
16 Heore soule to saue . fro þe quede ¹

¹ The Cotton MS. inserts here lines 17-24, which the Lambeth MS. 306 follows the Vernon in omitting.
At St. Peter's
are 29 steps.
at each of which
you get 7 years' pardon.

When the 100 Altars are blessed,
you get 28 years' pardon and Lentis,

There are 7 chief Altars, those of
I. the Vernicle,
II. Our Lady,
III. St Simon and Jude,
IV. St Andrew,
V. St Gregory,
VI. St Leo,
VII. Holy Cross.

At St. Peter's Altar

At seint peter, we schul bi-giunne.
to telle of pardon, pat skalep simne.
A seir Munstre, men mai per se.

20 Nigene and twenti greces per be.
As ofte, as pou gost vp or doun.
Bi cause of denomion, 
pou schalt hane, at vche gre.

24 Mon, or Woman, whether pou be.
Seuene yer, to pardon
And per-to, godes benisoun.

Pope Alisaundre hit grantited at Rome

28 To alle men, pat pider come. 
In pat Munstre, men may fynde.
An hondred Auteres, bi-foren and be-hynde.
And whon pe Auters I-halewed wore.

32 xxviiij, yer, and so mony lentones more.
He 3af, and grantited, to pardon.
And per-to, godes benysoun.

Among pe Auters, seuene per be.

36 More of grace, and dignite.

pe Auter of pe vernicle is on.
Vp-on pe riht hond, as pou schalt gon .

pe seconde, in pe honour of vr ladi is.

40 pe priddle, of seint Symon and Jude I-wis.
pe Fearpe, of seint Andrea, pou schalt hane.
pe Fifpe of seint Gregori, pe he lyth in graue.
pe Sixte, of seint leon pe pope.

44 per he song masse, in his Cope.

Of seint Crois, pat seuenpe is.
In wyche, no woman schal comen I-wis.

At pe Auter, per peter is don.

pe pope Gregori, 3af gret pardon.

1 l. 37-44 inserted.
2 xxviiij Cotton MS., xvij Lambeth.
3 l. 63-6 inserted.
THE STATIONS OF ROME. (VERNON MS.)

Of sunnes forseten, and open also.

From holy Thursay. In to lammas.

52 Eueriche day, more and lassse.

Henne is xiiij pousend zer.

To alle pat come, to pat Munster.

Of seint Martin, pat viijtepe day.

Pat Munstre was halwed, as Lou say.

Henne is xiiijM zer, and lentones per-to.

Be pridded part, of pi penanne vndo.

When the vernicle schewed is.

60 Gret pardon, forsope per is. I.-wis

Preo pousend zer, as I. ow telle

To Men pat in, pe Cite dwelle.

And men pat dwelle be sydeward.

64 Nyne pousend zer, schal ben heore part.

And pou pat passest ouer pe see.

Twelve pousend zer, is graunted to pe.

And per to, pow schalt winne more.

68 Be pridded part for-jiuvenes, of al pi sore.

In lentone is, an holy grace.

Vche pardon is doubled, in pat place.

To seint paul, as I. wene.

72 Foure Myle is, holde bi-twene.

In pat wey, Is gret pardoun.

And of mony sunnes, Remissioune.

Saul was his name, be-foren.

76 Sijjen the tyme, pat he was born.

Hepene he was, and crisnt net nou3t.

Til crist put hit, in his pou3t.

Pat holy Mon. Ananias.

80 Him crisntet, þorw godes gras.

And cleped him Poul, petres broþer.

For pe ton schulde, cumforte pe toþer.

1 l. 75-7 instead of this.

2 l. 93-102 inserted.
On St. Paul's Conversion day is 100 years' pardon; at his Festival 100 years.

On Childermas-day, 4000 years,

and for a whole year's Sundays

as much pardon
as for a pilgrimage

to St. James's.

At St. Anastasius's.

daily.

7000 years' pardon

Pope Urban

for gi ves contrite
men all their sins.

Silvester forgives
pilgrims to this
church

broken penance
and oaths.

Outside is the
stone on which
St. Paul was
beheaded,

whence 3 wells
spring

that heal the sick.

In that like, commercium.

81 He saf an hundred 3er. to pardoun.
And at þe feste. of his day.
A pou send 3er. haue þou may.

† On childermas day. In cristemasse

88 Is foure pou send 3er. to more and lasse. And if þou beo þere. al þe 3er.
Vche sunday. in þat minster
þou shalt haue. as mucho pardoun.

92 As þou to seint Jame. went and com.

Her may we. not longe be
To seint Anastace. moste we.
Two Myle. is holde be-twene.

96 Of feir wey. and of grene.
Vche day. 3if þou wolt crane.
Seven pou sent 3er. þer may þou haue 2
Pope Urban. þat holy syre.

100 So rewarded. men heore huyre
Men þat ben schriuen. and verrey contrit.
Of alle heore synnes. god 3 makeþ heom quit.

† Pope Silu stre. to pilgrimes.

104 þat pider comeþ. diverse tymes.
Penance broken. andopes also.
His oune helpe. he putte þerto.
Wrapping of Fader. or Moder. 3if hit be

108 In godes nome. he for3iueþ þe. 4
Bi-fore þe dore. stout a ston.
Seynt poules hed. was leyd þeron.
A traitur. smot of his heued.

112 Wip a sword. þer hit was lened.
þer aftur sprung welles þre.
Hose is þere. wel may he se.
Of water. boþe feir and gode

116 Men. and Winnmen. han had heore bote

1 l. 121-4 inserted.
2 l. 135-6 inserted.
3 Cott. he [Pope Urban]
4 l. 147-8 inserted.
IN that place, a Chapel is.
Scala celci, clepet hit is.
Laddere of heuene men cleped hitte.

120 In pe honour of vr ladi, be my witte
that is seconde chapel, of here.
that men in Roome, tellen pere.
Mony is, that holy bone.

124 that vnder pe heige Auter is done.
Ten thousand Martyres, with honour.
In tyme of Tibian, pe Emperour.
As he suffrede deth, alle in Rome.

128 Heore soules in heuene for to ccome.
In men may helpe, quike, and dede
As pe clerkes, in bokes rede 2
Foure and fourti popes, granted pan.

132 that liggen, at seint Sebastian.
Pope Vrban, Siluestre, and Benet.
Leon, Clement, confermede hit.

Nou passe we forp, in vre gate

136 To seinte Marie, pe Nunciate
Two Mile is bitwene, I. vnder-stonde.
But i aren, sundel longe.

140 Of vre ladi, in pat way.
A-doun heo com wiþ Angeles.
To a Frece of pat hous.
And scide to pat ilke mon.

144 that out of dedly syme, pider com.
Fro pe faur of helle, heo wolde him schilde.
As heo was Mayden, and moder Mylde 3.

TO Fabian and Bastian, passe we

148 pider we hane, Myles pre
An Angel from heuene, a-doun com.
To seint Gregor, that holy mon.

1 For Tiberian  2 l. 171-9 inserted.  3 l. 195-8 inserted.
As he song masse, atte heije Auter.

Of seint Sebastian, pat holy Marteer.
And seide here, in pis place.
Is list of heuene, bi godes grace
Per is, of mony sumnes, remissioun

And Fourth zer, to pardoun
And also monye leutones mo.
Pope Gelasius, 3af per to.

As muche pardoun, is pere.

So is, in seint peteres Munstere.
Be pe enchesun, of pe holy bones.
Pat pere, weore buried at ones.
And pere lay. vnder grounde

An hundred zer, er pei weore founde
Afturward, lorw godes grace
Pei weore founden, ln pat place
And worshuped, with gret Solempnite

As pei ougte for to be.

Of sixe popes, tellen I. wil. On aftur opur, as hit is skile.
Pope Pelagius, I. telle pe.

Gregor, and Siluester, per beoP pre.
Alisaundre, and Nichole, per beoP fyue.
Honorius pe sixte, while he was on lyue
Vche of hem, zaf his grace.

A pousend zer, in that place
To alle pat enere, pat per beone.
And of dedly sumnes be clene.
For elles may pi soule, not lyue.

Bot of dedly sumnes, pou be schriue.

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1 Cotton MS. inserts 'petur & powle,' and makes the 'an' of next line 'Fyfe.'
2 This line is omitted in the Cotton MS.
3 This line is erased by a later hand in the Vernon MS. C. puts l. 171 here before l. 169.
A lutel be-hynde. þou maist go.
þer stont a Chapel. in a wro.
Foure and fourti popes. sum time were.

184
verrey Martirs. þat liueden þere.
veche of hem. 3af his benisoun.
For þer is plener remission.\footnote{C. omits this line.}
Of alle þe sauues. þou hast I.-don.

188
Sin þou in þis world. coom.
Al is. for-þeuen þe.
So I. kerde of clerkes. þut þer han be.
And þif þow dye. piderward.

192
Heuenblisse. schal ben þi part.
But þou most take. Candel liht.\footnote{C. transposes and slightly alters these lines.}
Elles þou gost. Merk as niht.\footnote{C. transposes and slightly alters these lines.}
For vnder þe corpe. most þou wende.

196
þow maist not seo. bi-fore ne bi-hynde.
For pider fledde Mony men.
For drede of dep. to sauen hem.
And suffred peynes. harde and sore.

200
In heuene to dwelle. for euer more

204
No wende we. to þe palmalle.
domine quo nialis. men hit calle
þer Peter mette with Ihesu.
And seide lord. whoder wolton.
Crist onswerde. to peter þo
In to Rome. he seide I. go.
Eft to dye. on Rode for þe

208
þou dredest to dye. peter for me.
Lord he seide. Merci I. erie.
To take my dep. I. am redie.
þer is a signe. of his foot.

212
On Marbel ston. þer he stod.
Vehe day. two þousent þer
Of pardoun. þou mai haue þer.
The Stacions of Rome. (Vernon Ms.)

216 Per is written on a stone, great pardoun
Per is of alle sinnes. Remission 1.

At saint thomas pe Apostel of Inde,
a chirehe i-wis. Peou mai per fynde
put pin hond. with almes dede

220 And pe sault hane. per gret mede
To helpe hem. pat ben pere.
In pe holi lond. or elles where.
Niht and day. to preye for pe

224 For help of pe charite.
Of moni popes. pat per han bene.
His pardoun to pe. is granted elene.
Fourtene pousend per. and sum del more

228 pe pridde part forguenesse. of pi sore.
And pardon in Rome. pat is gret.
pe Stacions. per men hit clepe
Pope Bonefas. confirmed alle.

232 For euuer more. lasten hit schalle.

To seint Ion lateran. moste we.
A while pere. for to be.
To telle of pardoun. pat is pore.

236 For in al Rome. ne is no more.
Ben per is granted. of Ihesu crist.
Horw preyer of seint Ion pe Ewangelist.
And seint Ion Baptist also.

240 To alle. pat pider wol go.

For sum tyme was. an Empourer.
Pat liuede in Rome. with gret honour.
Kyng Costantyn. men dude him calle

244 Bope in boure. and eke in halle.
In Mahoun. was al his pouht.
For in crist. ne leecede he nouht.
A. Mesel forsope. we fynde he was.

248 Til crist sende him. of his gras.

1 C. I. 268-77 inserted, about St John of the Latin gate.
Pope Siluestre. gon him preche.
Cristes lawes. forte teche.
So leeuede he wel. In godes sone.

252 And cristene mon. wolde he bi-come.
He dude him cristne. as I. ou telle
In pis Miracle. pus hit bi-felle
\( \text{pat } \text{pe } \text{water wesch. a-vey his sinne} \)

256 And al \( \text{pe fulpe. pat } \text{he was Inn.} \)
\( \text{\^penn spak pe Empavour.} \)
To pope siluestre with gret honour.
Siluestre he seide. godes clerke.

260 I. mai seo nou. pat er was derke.
Mi misbileue. ha\( \text{p} \) blyndet me.
\( \text{\^pat I. mihte. pe [sope]} \) not se.
Of godes mihtes. ne of his werkes.

264 I. wol bi-comen. on of his clerkes.
Mi paleys I \( \text{\textit{\$ine hit. to } \text{pin honde.}} \)
Of me \( \text{\textit{\$ou schalt hit vnderfonge}} \)
And mak \( \text{\textit{\$er-of. godes hous.}} \)

268 For I. wole. \( \text{\textit{\$at hit beo } \text{\textit{\$ous.}} } \)
I. wol him lone. \( \text{\textit{\$ith al mihtes.}} \)
And preie him to ben. on of his knihtes.
And whon \( \text{\textit{\$ou hast. so } \text{I.-do.}} \)

272 \( \text{\textit{\$if } \text{\textit{\$i benyson. } \text{\textit{\$er-to.}}}} \)
To alle hem. \( \text{\textit{\$at } \text{\textit{\$ider come.}} } \)
To honoure. godes sone.
And seint Jon. \( \text{\textit{\$e } \text{\textit{\$e Evangelyst.}} } \)

276 Peter and poul. and seint Jon \( \text{\textit{\$e } \text{\textit{\$ Baptist.}} } \)
\( \text{\textit{\$ope siluester. } \text{\textit{\$enne seide he.}} } \)
Of peter and poul. and of me
\( \text{\textit{\$ei schal be clene. of symne and pyn.}} \)

280 As crist clanset. \( \text{\textit{\$e of } \text{\textit{\$yn.}} } \)
And as \( \text{\textit{\$e fulpe. } \text{\textit{\$el fro } \text{\textit{\$e.}} } \)
So clene of sumne. schal \( \text{\textit{\$ei be.}} \)

\(^1\text{C. inserts mote, and L. soothe.}\)
The Stacions of Rome. (Vernon MS.)

Of alle maner clausyng of synne.

284 Pot non schal dwellen, heore soule with-inne

Pope Bonefas. telleþ pis tale

1 If men wuste. grete and smale

pe pardon pe is. at grete Rome.

288 pe wolde tellen. In heore dome.

Hit were no neod. to mon in cristiante

To passe in to þe holy lound. ouer þe see.

To Jerusalem. ne to kateryne.

292 To bringe monnes soule. out of pyne

For pardon per is. with-outen ende.

Wel is him. þat þider may wende

Rerikes per beo. monyon

296 In worschupe of crist. and seynt Ion.

In þe Rof. ouer þe popes se.

I. A Saviour, not painted by man;

[fol. 315, col. 1.]

300 As men I. Roome. tellen con.

Whon Seluestre halwed þat place.

Hit apeered þer. þerw godes grace.

4 Another chapel is. in þat hous.

304 Per-Inne beoþ Relikes. precious.

þe Table. þer men may se.

Þat cristi made. on his maundde

On scherporsday. whon he brak bred.

308 Bi-føre þe tyme. þat he was ded.

Eþeþ of þis. hit dop 3ow good.

Hit is my flesch. and my blod.

Whon 3e schul me. here not fynde.

312 Hit schal 3ou kepen. from þe feende.

1-1 For these three lines C. has one, l. 349, 'And y tell ythe forth with-outene fayle.'

2 See the poem at the end of this about the miseries of the Pilgrim's sea-sickness.

3 l. 356-71 inserted.

4 Omitted by C., see l. 380: L. has them.
A-bouen an Auter is made of tre.

Is a table I. telle pe
Vnder pat auter. In a whucche is done.

316 Wip holy Relikes. monione. 1

Two tables pe is. I. understonde.

Pat crist wroth on. with his honde.

And tok pe lawe. to Moyses.

320 His folk to kepen. in godes pes.

Pat zerde of AAron. pat was good.

Hit turmed watur. in-to blod.

And from blod. to water a-zen

324 To schewe. pat pei weore gode men.

Angel mete. men seip pe is.

And of the bones. and pe fisch.

Pat crist fedde. fine pousend men.

328 And Relief lafte. aftur hem. 2

Per beop clopes. of Ihesu crist.

And askes. of seint Ion pe Baptist.

And pe clor. pat crist gon wip him lede

332 On scherpersday. his disciples with to fede.

And pe clor. pat crist was wouaden Inne

Whon he was child. for monnes sinne. 3

Of Blod. and Watur. pe is also.

336 Pat out of cristes sydes. gan go. 4

And of his Flesch. pat circumcise

Men hit holden. in gret a prise. 5

And ojer Relikes moni on.

340 In worschupe of crist. and seint Ion.

Here mai we. no lengore be.

In to pe popes halle. moste we.

In pat halle. pre dores pe be.

344 Vche day open. pe may hem se

1-1 Omitted by C.—see l. 388—not by L.
2 C. transposes this and the line above, and inserts after it l.
400-15, about the four Pillars of Brass, and St John's Chains.
3 C. alters these; see l. 426-7. 4 C. inserts l. 424-5.
5 C. inserts l. 430-7.
passing through them gives

40 years' pardon.

In Sancta Sanctorum is a figure of the Saviour

sent to Our Lady from heaven by Christ;

and the heads of Peter and Paul locked in a stone, of which the Pope keeps the keys.

Full remission is to be had there.

At Holy Rood Church is a Chapel that Constance built.

As often as you passest, you may of hem.
And entrest, you a-nother pen.
And passest you a-nother of hem pre.

Fourti yer. is granted to ye.\(^1\)

\[\text{Nou passe we. to sancta sanctorum. Pat is ye Chapel. of Clericorum.}^2\]
\[\text{Pr Inne is. ye salvateur.}\]

To whom men do. great honour.
\[\text{Ye whuche was sent. to vre lady. Whon heo was. in corp the bi. From hire sone. pat is a-boue.}\]

After ye tyme. of his Assencione.\(^3\)

\[\text{Of Peter. and Poul. heore hedes ben where. Wel I.-closed. vnder ye heige Autere. And ope Relikes. mony on.}\]

\[\text{Hose is ye. pope of Rome. Ye keyes with him. he hape I.-nome. Pat no mon may hem yer I.-seo.}\]

\[\text{Bot he him self. present beo. In pat chapel. 3if you wolt crauc. Plener remissioue. you maijt haue.}\]

\[\text{At ye chirche. of ye holy Roode.}\]

Is a chapel. feir and gode.\(^4\)

\[\text{Constance. pat holi wommon. Of kyng Constantin. heo com. His dougter heo was. and pat is scene.}\]

\[\text{For porw preyer. of seynt Elene. Pat holy place. heo made pay. In ye honour. of pat holy crois. Pope Siluestre. hit halewed po}\]

\[\text{And gret pardoun. he zaf yer-to}\]

\(^1\) C. inserts l. 448—461.
\(^2\) C. has 'In pat chapelle shalle no womon come,' l. 463, p. 130.
\(^3\) C. alters the next eight lines; see l. 470-6, p. 130.
\(^4\) C. inserts l. 480-1, p. 130-1.
THE STATIONS OF ROME. (VERNON MS.)

Vche Soneday, in pe 3er.
And Wednesday, 3if pou beco per.
Of pardoun two hundred, and fifty 3er.
380 And eneri day, an hundred is per.
And a sponge of galle, and Eysel.
Of pat venyn, is per gret del. ²
pat Jewes profred him, to drinke po
384 Whon he seide, Ciscio.
And a nayl, whon Crist Ihesu was.
Don on Rode tre, for vere trespas.

I. In pat Chirche, is also
388 Of pe Croys, he was on do.
pat heng on Rode, him by.³
And of his sunnes, hedde Merci.
And a Titil, of sire pilat.
392 pei may hit rede, pat beo perat.
is Ihesu, of Nazareth.
Kyg of Iewes, pat polede deth.
pat titel is hud, hit wol not ley.
396 In A Croys, pat hongeþ hey.
In pe Maner, of a bouwe.
In mideward pe chirche rof, I. trouwe.
In pat maner, hit is do.
400 For no mon schulde come per to.

Of more pardoun, I. wol you say.
At seint Laurence, vche a day.
Senen pousend 3er, with lentons per-to.
404 And pridd part, of pi penaunce vndo.
Pope pelagius, pat holy mon.
pat chirche, halewen he bi-gon.
And graunted al pat pardoun.
408 And per-to, his Benisoun.⁴

1 C. two thousand and fyfe.
2 C. substitutes 'Relykes per be mony & fele,' l. 494, p. 131, for this, and puts it before l. 401 here.
3 C. makes it Christ's cross and the Thief's: l. 501-3, p. 132.
and, for a year of Wednesdays, power to free a soul from Purgatory.

At St. Simplicius' Eusebines

are 7000 holy bones,

and all men shriven there get 7000 years' pardon and more.

At St. Vivian's

are 2000 martyrs buried, and the pardon is 7000 years.

At St. Eusèbines's

and, for a year of Wednesdays, power to free a soul from Purgatory.

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At St. Vivian's

are 2000 martyrs buried, and the pardon is 7000 years.

At St. Eusèbines's

and, for a year of Wednesdays, power to free a soul from Purgatory.
Hit is writen . in a ston.
I. wol 3ou telle . or 3e goun.
Pope Gregori . þer he dude stonde

444 þe churche he halewed . with his honde.
And þaf pardoun . as I. ow say.
An hundred 3er . and fifti day.
And þeо 3er more . I. ow telle.

448 Forte Abate . þe peynes of helle.

At þe chirche . þer seint Iulian lieth.
þer is his chin . with his teth.
And þer Relikes . mony and dere

452 To hem is graunted . Eij3te þousend þere

A nophur chirche . 3it þer is.
Of seint Matheii . men seyn hit is.
In þe wei . as þou schalt gon.

456 To þe Churche . of seint Ion.
þer is an holy Arm . wel I.-diht.
Of seint Cristofre . Godes kniht.
In þat churche . hit is do.

460 And gret pardoun . is graunted þer to.
For crist him selue þer-onne stod.
Whon Cristofre him bar . oner þe flod.
þer is a þousend þere . withouten mo.

464 And as mony lentones þer to.

IN þe Churche . of Viti . and Modesti
þer mowe 3e sitte and resti.
þer is for-zenuen . þe friddle þart of þi sinne

468 What tyme þou comest . þe chirche with-inne
Seeue þousend Martirs . ben buried þere
As hit is writen . in þat Munstere.
In tyme of þe Emperor . Antony.

472 Hit is written þer apertely1.

IN þe Churche . of seint Anton1
Is seeue þart . þi penance vndon.

11 For these lines L. has one, l. 589, 'that tyrant was, and paynyme.'
At St. Mary the Major

I. The Cloth Christ was put in when He was born;

II. The Hay He lay on before the Ass;

III. An Arm of St. Thomas a Becket;

IV. Part of his brain;

V. His Rochet;

VI. An Image of Our Lady;

Its Relics are—

I. The Cloth Christ was put in when He was born;

II. The Hay He lay on before the Ass;

III. An Arm of St. Thomas a Becket;

IV. Part of his brain;

V. His Rochet;

VI. An Image of Our Lady,

At seinte Marie, pe maigour.

476 per is a chirche, of gre therourne.
At pe heize Anter, hit is seid.
Dat pe bodi of seint Mathew, is leid.
And the bodi of seint Jerom.

480 An holy doctor, he was on.
From pe Cite, of Damas.
He was brougt in to pe plas.
Bi-foren a chapel, he was pit.

484 Presepe, men clepe hit.
Vpon his graue, lith a ston.
And a Crois, is graue per on.
Aboue pe ston, a gredyl is.

488 Of Iren strong, I. wot hit is.
And Relikes per ben, mony one.
In honur, of vr ladi, and hire sone.

≪ A luztel clop, per is per-to.

492 In whuche cristes bodi, was furst in i-do
Of his Moder, when he was born
To saue pe world, pat was for-lorn.

≪ And of pat heij, more and lasse.

496 Dat crist lay on, bi-fore pe Asse.

≪ And an Arm, men seyn is per.

500 At Canterbury, he was slayn.

≪ And a Rochet, pat is good.

504 For al holi churche sake.

≪ And an ymage, sikerly.

Wonder feir, of vre ladi.

1. L. varies; see l. 595-6, p. 135.
2. For these lines L. has l. 605-8, p. 136.
3. L. inserts l. 613-14 (about Christ's foreskin).
Seint Luik, while he lynede in londe. 

508 Wolde haue peynted hit, with his honde
    And whon he hedde, ordeyned so.
    Alle colours, pat schulde þer to.
    He fond an ymage, al a-pert.

512 Non such þer was, middelert.
    Mad with Angel hound, and not with his.
    As men in Rome, witnesse þis.
    And writen hit is al þere.

516 On a table, atte hei¾e Autere
    Pardon þer is, þat men may se.
    Graunted of popes, þat þer han be.

520 A þousand þer, þer haue þou may.
    And þer to þou schalt haue more.
    Forgœnueness, of al þi sore.
    And ei¾te² hundred þer þer to.

524 Wel is him, þat þider may go.
    In eueri feste, of vre ladi.
    þer graunted, seint Gregori.
    An hundred þer, to pardon.

528 And þerto goðes Benysoun.

532 Neuer a day, schal beo for-lorn.
    In þat tyne, þer is fourtene þousend þer.
    To alle þat come, to þat Munster.

536 Prudencian, clepet hit is.
    For-gœnueness, of al þi synne
    At þat place, þer may þou winne.
    Seint Gregori, telleþ þus.

540 In þat place, and in þat hous.

which St. Luke meant to have painted,

but one done by Angels' hands was put in its place.

On every Church Holy Day is 1000 years' pardon,

forgiveness of sorrows, and 800 years' more pardon.

At every Feast of Our Lady 100 years' pardon.

From the Assumption of the Virgin to her Birthday

is 11060 years' pardon.

At St. Prudençian's

1 Altered in L. 1. 624, p. 137. ² vii L. ³ L. tylle Ihesu.

4 L. inserts l. 657-8, p. 137 here, alters the two next lines, and adds two, l. 661-2, about St Preselle's churchyard, after them.
Ben buried per I. vnderstonde.
Fourti 1 pousend . of diuerse londe.
For cueri bodi . pow wolt of spelle

4000

for every

body mentioned by

buried

and 4000 people:

pilgrims, they

get 1000 years' pardon.

At St. Praxed's

1300 martyrs

are buried.

Pope Innocent

granted every man

1000 years' pardon, &c.

At St. Martin's in the Mount

lie Popes Silvester and Leo,

and 800 saints,

800 years' pardon.

At St. Savioir's

1000 years' pardon.

544 Hit is written . as I. ow telle.

forw preyere of hem . pat per be.

His pardoun . is graunted to pe

For Peter and poul . pat sum tyme were

548 Bope pei weoren . hostelled peere

forfore alle piligrimes . pat come pore. 2

Hen is graunted a pousend 3er . to hele her sore. 2

Aat seint praxede . pat holy wommon.

552 riht pe sope . tellen I. con.

A pousend bodies . with-outen mo.

And proo hundred . 3it perto.

In pat place . buried pei be.

556 Heore soules with god . in dignite

per suffredde dep . in his tyme.

Emperor . seint Antonine.

Pope Innocent . after pan.

560 per be graunted . to cueri man.

A pousend 3er 3. to pardoun.

And priddle part . pi sinnes remissioun.

'At seint Martin . in pe mount.

564 per stont a chirche . is not round.

Vnder pe heie Autor . lip selvester . and . leone

pat weore popes . bope in Rome

With opere seyntes . monye I.-fer e

568 Eistte hundred at ones . and as fele 3ere.

IN pat wei . a Chirche per is.

Of seint Saluatur . I. wot hit is.

Whon pou comest per . pou maijst haue

572 A pousend 3er . zif pou wolt craue

1 L. thrive, and alters the two next lines.
2 L. omits these lines, but inserts l. 673-84, on Titulus Pastoris.
3 L. 'O yere and xi dayes.'
4 For the ten next lines L. has l. 697—702, p. 138.
Another day in þe yer.
Of Seint peter. þe holy Marter.
A vincula. in þat londe

576 Lammasse day. I. vnderstonde.¹
For in þat day. is gret pardoun.
For þer is plener. remissiou[n].
And eueri day. 3if þou wolt cranoe

580 FYfe hundred þer. þer maiȝt þou haue
And as mony lenties mo
Pope gelasius. 3af þer to.
²þe Cheynes þere. men may se.

584 Sikertliche .I. telle þe
þer peter was bounden. sikerly.
While he was. in corpe vs by.

To a noþer. moste we go.

588 þere Apostles. liggen two
Crist vs kepe alle from wo
preyþe alle. þat hit beo so.³
Furst with Costantyn. hit was set.

592 And sipen with heretykes. doun I.-bet
Pelagius. and pope Ion.
þei duden hit maken vp anon.
And 3af þer to. pardoun gret.

596 Te alle þat pider comeþ. be stret.⁴
For þer is. mony a noble seinte
þer þei liggen. and not beon peynte³

⁸ Seint Jacob. and seint philip lip in schrine

600 And mony a noþer.⁵ holy virgine
And seint Sabyne. writen we fynde
And a Tabart. of seint Thomas of Inde ⁶
Two þousand þer. þer may þou haue

604 þi soule hit mai. from helle saue

¹ L. inserts l. 707-8, p. 139.
² For the next five lines L. has l. 715-23, on the Relics.
³ L. omits this line.
⁴ L. omits these lines.
⁵ L. Sent Eugenie þe.
⁶ L. inserts l. 736-7, p. 139.
doubled every Apostle's Day.

At St. Marcelle's is 1000 years' pardon.

At St. Mary the Round.

on May 13, All Saints Day,

is full remission.

Agrippa built it for Sibyl's and Neptune's sake,

[Fol. 315 b. col. 2.]

and called it Pantheon.

made an image of gold,

called it Neptan,

put a cover of brass on its head, which was blown to St. Peter's,

And vche day, whon you comest pare, you must delinere, a soule from care. And on vche apostles' day.

608 pis pardon is doubled, as I. ow say.

' A pousead yer, you must tell
At pe churche, of seint Marcelle
that was sum tyme, pope of Rome

612 For holi churche, he soffrede Martirdome.'

At seinte Marie, pe Rounde
per stont a churche, on pe grome
per is writen, as I. ow say.

616 pat, at, pe prettenepe day, of may,
At al halewe day, whon hit i-come
per is plener, Remissione
A. Grippa, dude hit make.

620 For Sibyl, and Neptune's sake.

Modres pei weren of corsede men.
False fendes, ladden heom.
He zat hit name, pantheon.

624 In al Rome, was such non.

A vigour he made, of gold rede.
More pe God, he dude hit drede.
Whon hit, in pe temple sat.

628 Hit loked for, as a Cat.
He called hit Neptan, aftar his a-vys.
He leenuede per on, he was not wys

632 To seynte petres, blowen hit was.
With a wynt of helle, as I. trouwe
For no mon milte hit, pider haue provhe.
Per hit stont I. telle pe.

1-1 L. has l. 742-5, p. 140, about St. Bartholomew's, given l. 711-12, p. 22, here.
2 L. alters these lines.
3 L. inserts 752-3.
4 L. puts l. 649 before l. 648, and inserts two (l. 766-7, p. 140) after the latter.
636 If you go pider. you may hit se.  
   At holy pope. Bonifas.  
   Was folsfuld. of Godes gras  
   To pe Emperour. sooner he cam.  

640 Julius. A wel good man.  
   bat Temple he seide. you zene hit me  
   I. preye hit pe. for Charite.  
   I. zene hit pe. he seide. for euermore  

644 In Amendement. of my sore.  
   be Fauste day. of Nouembre.  
   Pope Bonefas. with herte tendre.  
   be folk of Rome. he gan to calle  

648 And made hem semble. in bat halle  
   He gedered hem to-gedere. alle in-same  
   For pei woldde change. pe halles name  
   In pe honour. of vre ladi.  

652 And alle pe seintes. bat sit hire bi.  
   *bis halle schal hette. seinte Mari rounde  
   He chaunged pe nome. in bat stounde  

   At seint Eustas. lihp a good kniht.  

656 Placidas. sum tyme he heilht.  
   He and his wif. and his twoi sones I-fere  
   liggen buried. vnder pe heije Autere.  
   Vche day. two þousend þer.  

660 Pope Siluestre graunted þer.  
   5 At seint saluatour. is writen openly.  
   A. þousend þer. and þrilli.  
   At seint Celey. is an hundred þer.  

664 A. fot of Marie Magdaleyn. is þer.  

and there you may see it,  
Pope Boniface  
asked the Em-  
peror Julian for the Pantheon,  
got it,  
and on November 1  
changed its name to  
St Mary the Round.  
At St Eustace's,  
Placidas, his wife,  
and sons, lie.  
Pardon daily,  
2060 years.  
At St Salvadorz,  
1059 years'  
pardon.  
At St Celicia's  
is a foot of Mary  
Magdalene.  

1 L. inserts l. 773-4, p. 140-1.  
2 L. inserts l. 778-9, p. 141.  
3 L. inserts l. 784-5, and alters the two next lines here.  
4 L. alters the two next lines, and inserts l. 798, &c., here, and  
gives St Eustace's, altered at l. 850-55, p. 143. What follows l.  
810 L., is represented here by l. 685-8, p. 22.  
5,6 L. has l. 856-63, p. 143.  
6 L. has first, l. 832-3, p. 142, and secondly, l. 861-7, p. 143.
At St Mary Transpontine, 300 years' pardon.

At San Spirito, daily, 500 years' pardon.

At St Mary Trastevere daily 2000 years' pardon.

At St Gregory's 300 years.
At St Grisogono's 400 years.
At St Tyre and St John's 500 years' pardon, &c.

At St Lawrence's 500 years.
At St Bartholomew's 2000 years.

At St Angelo's

1 And pre hundred yer, atte chichre faste bi. De nome is seint Marie transpedi. 

2 At pe chichre. of seynt spirit. 

3 At seinte Marie In trismere ful riht. Vehe day. two pousend yer.

4 At seint Gregories chichre pre hundred yer.

5 At seint laurence in Damas.

6 Per is of pardoun. two pousend yer.

7 At seint Angel. as I. pe say

1 L. gives this, altered, at l. 810-17, p. 141-2. 
2 L. gives this, altered, at l. 818-21, p. 141. The Vernon MS. omits the L. St James, l. 822-5. 
3 L. gives this, altered at l. 826-31, p. 142. 
4 See L. l. 874-5, p. 143. 
5 L. l. 878-81, p. 143. 
6 L. l. 742-5, p. 140. 
7 New. Not in L.
A thousand 3er. per haue poun may.
Graunted of holi fadres. her bi-form.

696 To saue soules. pat weere forborn.

1 At seint Marie rochel zif poun wolt cran
Two thousand 3er. per may poun haue.

2 At seint petres prisoun.

700 Two thousand 3er. of pardoun.
And an hundred 3er. at seint Adrian.
And as monye. at Cosma and Damian.
A thousand 3er. at seint Marie pe newe verrement.
And two thousand 3er. at seint Clement.

A Ml. 3er at seint Steuene certeynyly.
And at seint Andreuz . zeres pritten.
At seint salvautour. to pardoun. Ml. 3er.

708 Veche day in Bethleem. is granted per.
Of Popus. pat per han bene
To alle Men. pat ben clene
And to pat place. dop eny good dede

712 He schal hit haue. to his mede.

7 At seint Alexto . zif poun wolt gon.
Per poun mai3t haue. to pardon.
Elleuene hundred 3ere

716 Veche day. poun mai3t haue perere.

8 At a Chapel. of vre ladi.
Per held scele seint Thomas of Canturburi.
Viiij C. 3er. is graunted pore.

720 And at seint vrbanvs chirche . iiiij pousend more.
Eueriche day . to pardoun.
And pridde part . pi sinnes remission.
And zib per is . more onere.

724 Pre hundred 3ere . foure score and and foure.

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1 L. 1. 882-91, p. 144. 2 L. 1. 834-41, p. 142.
2 L. 1. 818-9, p. 143. 3 L. 1. 842-3, p. 142.
3 L. 1. 896-906, p. 144. 6 L. 1. 856-63, and see l. 3 above here.
7 L. 1. 844-7, p. 142-3. 8-8 New. Not in L.
Much pardon is there in Rome that I can't tell it.

God grant us some of it, and His blessing!

In Rome, is much pardon more than I have told, here before.

Or telle schulde, with al my miht.

Theo I. weore her, bope day, and niht.

Now God, that was in Bedlem bore.

To saue pe world, that was for-lore.

Grant vs part, of his pardoun.

And per to, his Benisoun, Amen.

The end is slightly altered in L. l. 907-14, p. 144.
INDEX OF NAMES AND CHURCHES.

[The references preceded by C. refer to the Cotton Text, by L. to the Lambeth Text, as printed in Political, Religious, and Love Poems, E. E. T. Soc., 1866, 113—144. The other References are to this Vernon Text.]

Aaron, the rod of, p. 11, l. 321; C. p. 127, l. 392.
Adrian's, St, p. 23, l. 701.
Agrippa, p. 20, l. 619; L. p. 140, l. 754.
Alexto's, St, p. 23, l. 713; L. p. 142, l. 844.
Alisaundre, Pope, p. 2, l. 35; C. p. 14, l. 35; p. 9, l. 173; C. p. 121, l. 224.
Altars, the 7 chief at St Peter's, p. 2, l. 35; C. p. 115, l. 51.
Amas, St, L. p. 117, l. 111, note l.
Ambrose's, St, L. p. 143, l. 875.
Anastace's, St, p. 3, l. 79; C. p. 117, l. 111.
Anastace's, St, p. 4, l. 94; C. p. 117, l. 130; L. p. 131, top note.
Andrew, St, altar of, p. 2, l. 41.
Andrew's, St, p. 23, l. 706; L. p. 144, l. 896.
Angelo's, St, p. 22, l. 693.
Annes, St, L. p. 118, note 3.
Anthony's, St, p. 15, l. 473.
Anthonyne, Emperor. L. p. 135, l. 588; p. 15, l. 471; p. 18, l. 558.
Apostles, Church of, p. 19, l. 588; L. p. 139, l. 724.
Assumption-Day, C. p. 115, l. 75; p. 17, l. 529; L. p. 137, l. 649.
Austin's, St, p. 143, l. 875.
Bartholomew's, St, L. p. 140, l. 742; p. 22, l. 691.
Bastian's, St, p. 5, l. 147; L. p. 119, note 7; C. p. 120, l. 199.
Beatris's, St, p. 14, l. 413; C. p. 133, l. 536.
Bethlehem, p. 23, l. 708; p. 24, l. 731.
Blase, St, arm of, L. p. 139, l. 736.
Bonefas, Pope, p. 8, l. 231; p. 10, l. 285; C. p. 125, l. 348; p. 21, l. 637, 646; L. p. 141, l. 775, 789.
bones, 7000 holy, p. 14, l. 417.
brass, four Pillars of, from Jerusalem, C. p. 127, l. 408.
Cecilia's, St, p. 21, l. 663; L. p. 142, l. 832.
Cesar the martyr, L. p. 131, top note.
Chapels, 10,005 in Rome, C. p. 113, l. 20.
INDEX OF NAMES AND CHURCHES.

Childermas Day, p. 4, l. 87.
Christopher's arm, p. 15, l. 458; L p. 135, l. 576.
Christ, mark of his footsole in Rome, p. 7, l. 211; C. p. 122, l. 252; relics of: his clothes, &c., p. 11, l. 329-338; p. 13, l. 381, &c.; p. 16, l. 491, &c.; L p. 136, l. 607; L p. 138, l. 698.
Clement's, St, p. 23, l. 704.
Clericorum, Chapel of, p. 12, l. 350.
Constance, p. 12, l. 369; C. p. 131, l. 482-5.
Constantyn, Kyng, p. 8, l. 243; C. p. 124, l. 304; p. 12, l. 370; p. 19, l. 591; L p. 139, l. 726.
Cosmo's, St, p. 23, l. 702; L p. 143, l. 848.
Cross, Christ's, p. 13, l. 386; C. p. 132, l. 499.
Cross, the penitent Thief's, p. 13, l. 388; C. p. 132, l. 501.
Damas, city of, p. 16, l. 481; L p. 135, l. 597.
Damas, St Lawrence's in, p. 22, l. 689; L p. 143, l. 878.
Damian's, St, p. 23, l. 702.
Demiave's (=Damian's), St, L p. 143, l. 848.
Elene, St, p. 12, l. 372; L p. 130, note §; C. p. 131, l. 481.
Eugenie, St, L p. 139, l. 733.
Eusebius, St, p. 14, l. 439; L p. 134, l. 556.
Eustace's, St, p. 21, l. 655; L p. 143, l. 850.
Fabian's, St, p. 5, l. 147; C. p. 120, l. 199.
Faustin's, St, p. 14, l. 413; C. p. 133, l. 536.
Friars Minors, L p. 144, l. 890.
Gelasius, Pope, p. 6, l. 158; C. p. 120, l. 210.
Gregory, St, Altar of, p. 2, l. 42; gives pardon, p. 2, l. 48; p. 5, l. 150; p. 6, l. 172; p. 15, l. 463; p. 17, l. 526; L p. 137, l. 646; p. 17, l. 539; L p. 137, l. 663.
Gregory's, St, p. 22, l. 679; L p. 143, l. 875.
Grisogoni's, St, p. 22, l. 680.

hay that Christ lay on before the ass, p. 16, l. 495; L p. 136, l. 615.
Holy Roode chireche, p. 12, l. 367; C. p. 130, l. 478.
Honourius, Pope, p. 14, l. 431; C. p. 121, l. 225.
Innocent, Pope, p. 18, l. 559; L p. 138, l. 693.
Jacob, St, p. 19, l. 599; L p. 139, l. 732.
James's, St, p. 4, l. 92.
James's, St, uppon the Flome, L p. 142, l. 822.
Jerome, St, p. 16, l. 479; L p. 135, l. 596.
Jerusalem, p. 10, l. 291.

———the Church, C. p. 130, l. 480, and Pref. C. p. xxxv.
John the Baptist, p. 8, l. 239; p. 9, l. 276; ashes of, p. 11, l. 330; C. p. 128, l. 417; chapel of, C. p. 125, l. 358.
John the Evangelist, p. 8, l. 238; p. 9, l. 275; C. p. 125, l. 338; chains of, C. p. 127, l. 408.
John Lateran, St, p. 8, l. 233; C. p. 123, l. 294.
Johm, Pope, p. 19, l. 593; L p. 139, l. 728.
John the porte Latyn, St, C. p. 122, l. 268.
Julius, Emperor, p. 21, l. 640; L p. 141, l. 780.
INDEX OF NAMES AND CHURCHES.

Julyan's, St, C. p. 134, l. 548; p. 15, l. 449; L. p. 135, l. 566.

Kateryne's, St, p. 10, l. 291; C. p. 125, l. 352.

kyrkes, 147 in Rome, C. p. 113, l. 18 (i.e. parochial churches in the Porkington MS. No. 10).

Lammas, p. 3, l. 51; C. p. 115, l. 71; p. 19, l. 576; L. p. 139, l. 706.

Lawrence's, St, p. 13, l. 402; C. p. 132, l. 515.

Lawrence's, St, in Damace, p. 22, l. 689; L. p. 143, l. 778.

Lent, pardon doubled in, p. 3, l. 69.

Leo, Pope, altar of, p. 2, l. 43; bones of, C. p. 116, l. 96.

Loaves (?) and Fishes, relics of, p. 11, l. 326; C. p. 127, l. 397.

Luke, St, p. 17, l. 507; L. p. 136, l. 627.

Magdalene, Mary, her foot, C. p. 128, l. 425; p. 21, l. 664.

Mahoun, p. 8, l. 245; C. p. 124; l. 306.

Maunde, p. 11, l. 325; C. p. 127, l. 396.

Marcelle's, St, p. 20, l. 610.

Martin, St, minster of, p. 3, l. 55; bed of, L. p. 130, l. 717.

Martin's, St, in the Mount, p. 18, l. 563.

Martyrs' Chapel, underground, p. 7, l. 181-200; C. p. 121, l. 233.

Mary, see Virgin.

Mary's, St, the Major, p. 16, l. 475; L. p. 135, l. 591.

Mary's, St, Merle, L. p. 144, l. 892.

Mary's, St, Nunciate, p. 5, l. 136; C. p. 119, l. 184.

Mary's, St, the New, p. 23, l. 703; L. p. 142, l. 842.

Mary's, St, Rochelle, p. 23, l. 697; L. p. 144, l. 882.

Mary's, St, the Round, p. 20, l. 613; L. p. 140, l. 746.

Mary's, St, Transpedi, p. 22, l. 666; L. p. 141, l. 810.

Mary's, St, Trismere, p. 22, l. 673; L. Tristinere or Tristinuere, p. 142, l. 826.

Mathew's, St, p. 15, l. 454; L. p. 135, l. 573.

Maunde, p. 10, l. 306.

Modestus's, St, p. 15, l. 465; L. p. 135, l. 582.

nail of Christ's Cross, p. 13, l. 385; C. p. 131, l. 498.


Nichole, Pope, p. 6, l. 173; C. p. 121, l. 224.


Palme, C. p. 122, l. 252.


Pantheon, p. 20, l. 623; L. p. 140, l. 758.

pardon, explained, p. 1, l. 5-6.

Parnelle, St, C. p. 116, l. 97.

Paul, p. 1, l. 12; christened, p. 3, l. 89; stone he was beheaded on, p. 4, l. 109; p. 9, l. 276, 278; his head, p. 12, l. 357; his Prison, L. p. 142, l. 834.

Paul's, St, p. 3, l. 71; C. p. 116, l. 103.

Pelagius, Pope, p. 6, l. 171; p. 13, l. 1405; C. p. 132, l. 518; p. 19, l. 593; L. p. 139, l. 728.

Peter, p. 1, l. 12; Peter's brother, p. 3, l. 81; p. 9, l. 276, 278; his head, p. 12, l. 357; his
Chapel, C. p. 114, l. 38; his Prison, p. 23, l. 699; L. p. 142, l. 834.

Peter, St, a Vincula, p. 19, l. 574; L. p. 138, l. 704.

Peter's, St, p. 2, l. 17; p. C, l. 160; C. p. 114, l. 25; p. 20, l. 632; L. p. 140, l. 769.

Philip, St, p. 19, l. 599; L. p. 139, l. 372.

Pilate, Sire, p. 13, l. 391; C. p. 132, l. 504.

Pius, St, L. p. 138, l. 678.

Placidas, p. 21, l. 656.

Pope's Hall, the, p. 11, l. 342; C. p. 129, l. 441.

Popes, the Martyr-Popes' Chapel, p. 7, l. 181; C. p. 121, l. 233.

Praxedes, St, p. 18, l. 551.

Preselle's, St, L. p. 137, l. 662.

Presepo (boards from the Manger of the Nativity), p. 16, l. 484; L. p. 136, l. 600.

Purgatory, p. 14, l. 412.

Prudencian's, St, p. 17, l. 536.

Pudencyam, L. p. 137, l. 656.

Relics, p. 10-11, p. 12-13; C. p. 126-8, p. 131-2; L. p. 139.

Rode (Christ's Cross), p. 12, l. 367; p. 13, l. 386; C. p. 130, l. 478; L. p. 139, l. 765.

Rome, p. 1, l. 4, 8, 10, &c., &c.

Romilus and Romilon, p. 1, l. 9.

Sabyne, St, p. 19, l. 601.

Sabasabyne, St, L. p. 139, l. 734.

Salvador (Crucifix), p. 12, l. 351; C. p. 126, l. 375; C. p. 130, l. 464; Chapel of, L. p. 143, l. 868.

Salvator, St, p. 18, l. 570; p. 21, l. 661.

Salvator's, St, p. 23, l. 707.

Sancta Sanctorum, p. 12, l. 349; C. p. 129, l. 462, and note 6, L.

San Spirito,church of, p. 22, l. 669.

Saul, p. 3, l. 75.

Scala Cali, the Chapel, p. 5, l. 118; C. p. 118, l. 158.

Scherthorslay, p. 10, l. 307.

Sebastian, St, p. 6, l. 152.

Sebastian's, St, p. 5, l. 132; L. p. 120, note 3. See Bastian.

Sesyle's, St, L. p. 142, l. 832.

Silvester, Pope, p. 4, l. 103; p. 6, l. 172; p. 9, ll. 249, 277; p. 12, l. 375; C. p. 124, l. 310, 320.

Spirito, Santo, Hospital of, L. p. 142, l. 818.

Sponge offered to Christ, C. p. 131, l. 495.

Stephen, St, C. p. 116, l. 98; p. 133, l. 524.

Stephen's, St, p. 23, l. 705.


Supper, the Last, Table of, p. 10, l. 325; C. p. 126, l. 380.

Symon, St, altar of, p. 2, l. 40.

Symple's, St, p. 14, l. 413; C. p. 133, l. 536-8.

Sysely's, St, L. p. 143, l. 864.

Tables of the Law, Moses's, p. 11, l. 317; C. p. 127, l. 388.

Thief, the penitent, his Cross, p. 13, l. 388.

Thomas's, St (the Apostle of India), p. 8, l. 217; C. p. 123, l. 278; p. 19, l. 602; L. p. 139, l. 735.

Thomas à Becket, relics of, p. 16, l. 497; L. p. 136, l. 618; his School, p. 23, l. 718.

Tiberian, the Emperor, p. 5, l. 126.

Titulus Pastoris, L. p. 138, l. 674.

Trismere, p. 22, l. 670, 673.

Tristiuere, or Trismere, L. p. 142, l. 826.

Troy, Duchess of, p. 1, l. 7.
Urban's, St, p. 23, l. 720.

Vernicle, Altar of, p. 2, l. 37; pardon when V. showed, p. 3, l. 59; C. p. 116, l. 81; C. p. 128, l. 435.

Vevian's, St, p. 14, l. 427; L. p. 134, note 3.
Virgin Mary, second Chapel of, p. 5, l. 120-1; two chapels of, C. p. 118, l. 161; p. 5, l. 140; day of her Assumption, C. p. 115, l. 75; her milk, C. p. 128, l. 424; her image, p. 16, l. 505; L. p. 136, l. 625; her chapel where Thomas a Becket kept school, p. 23, l. 717.
Vitus's, St, p. 15, l. 465; L. p. 135, l. 582.
Wells, the Three, from St Paul's blood, p. 4, l. 113; C. p. 118, l. 153.

St Kateryne, p. 10, l. 291; Polit., Rel., and Love Poems, p. 125, l. 352.
The Saturday Review of Dec. 22, 1866, p. 765, col. 1, suggests that this is "no doubt St Katharine on Mount Sinai, mentioned along with Jerusalem as an alternative point within the Holy Land." The Penny Cyclopædia says, "In the midst of the [Sinai] hills, on the height of Jebel Musa, surrounded by higher mountain-tops, and near the summit considered as the proper Sinai of Scripture, is situated the convent of St Catherine, founded, according to the credited tradition, by Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the fourth century." The most approved Legend, says Mr Morton, makes her sister to Constantine (p. xi., Pref. to "The Legend of St Katherine of Alexandria," Abbotsford Club, 1841). The Virgin is said to have married this Saint to Jesus Christ; Maxentius (by some writers), or Maximinius (by others), is said to have tortured her, and put her to death. No contemporary writer mentions her (Morton, p. xi.).
Here bethe the stacyons of Rome.

[From Mrs Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS. No. 10, fol. 132, ab. 1460-70 A.D.]

IN rome bethe ij c. paresche churches, & vij & x c. chapellis and v. The Cytty his about p* wallys xlij myllys, and ouer them byn ij c & lx tourvis.

In p* Cetty byn xiiiij prynsepalle gattis. ❞ Before p* mynstur of sent pettur ys A steyre of xxvij greeys. Pope Alysaundure granttyd vij 3ere of pardon at euer 3ere of pardon, as oft as hit ys vesete witt devosyon. ❞ In p* mynstur byn a C autorris, & at euer autorys xxvij 3ere of pardon, and so mony lenttis, as oft as hit ys vesete witt devosyon. ❞ But vij byn moche & most of dygnyte, pat is to say, forst on p* ry3tt hond ys p* autor of p* varnaulle. ❞ The ij of p* honoure of oure lady: The pred of sent symon & Iude: The iiiij of cent androw: The v of sent gregorye, & per he lythe: The vj of sent leoo p* pope: The vij of p* holly cros, & perin commythe no woman. And Euerby autorys euerday vij c 3ere, & so mony lenttis, of pardoun. ❞ And at p* hy hautur ys fore-3eyfnys of synmys pat be fore-
getyn, & sowys; & xxviiiij 3ere of pardon granttyde of gregory pope: from holly-rode daye to lammas ys euery day xiiiij M i 3ere of pardon.™ On our lady day pope somsyon ys a M [3]ere of pardon™ On sent pettuer and paullis day ys ij M i 3er of pardon™ On sent merttayn pope vij day was pat place hallowyd. Then ys xxviiij M i 3ere of pardoon, & so mony lenttis, & pope prede part & of pennesance vndo™ When they schowe warnakoll, ys iij M i 3ere of pardon; to pepule of oper placys ix M; & 3e he pase pope see xiiiij M, & pope prede part of synmys force™ And in Lent euery pardoon ys dovbullyd™ And per byn holly bonnys of seynt pettuer, & poule,™ & symond, & iude, gregorye, lyon, perrcell, & oper mo: pope pardon can no man tell pat per is™ Frow sent pettuer vn-to poules is iij myle: to pat pardoun pope pardoun fulle gret™ And in pope conurecyoun of poulle is ij M i 3ere, & in his daye I M i 3ere, & at chyldormas day in crysftyynnas ij M i 3ere. On sent merttayn pope Xiiiij day pat mynsteyre was hallowyd: Then ys xxviiij M i 3ere of pardoun, & pope prede part of pennesance vndo; & he pat is per euery sondaye in pope 3ere hape as moche pardoon as 3eyf he went to sent Iamis™ Frow sent paullis™ to sente austens is iij myle of feyvre waye: per is euery day viij M i 3ere of pardoun, & pope pred part of paynance vndo, granttyd by pope vrban; & sylvester grant for-geyfnis of wraethe-pinge of fadore & modore, so he hyde no voyent honde on hem™ Be-fore pope stok pat sent paullis hede lay on; & per be iij wellis™ of gret vertu™ And per ys & A chappelle pat men calle schalla cely, pat ys ofoure lady, & fele holly bonnys byn vndur pope autur; x M i merturis in pope tyne of tybere-rya pope emparoure. he pat saythe a mase per witt good devossyon may brynge a soule out of pul-catorry to heyyyn, & gretly helpe his frende pat is alyue & iij M i 3ere of pardon ys granttyde by popys
xlvij pat line at sent sebestyanide. Conformyde be
rhume, seluester, bennet, leoni, & element & Frowe
sent austensto uore lady pe annucyvat ys ij longe myle:
per ys v C 3ere of pardoon. A mercucyle of uore lady
was per schewyde & Frow sent marye anucyant to
fabyan & bestyan per aperyd a nangelle to sent
gregory at p° hlyhe autur at mase, & sayde per was
reymysion granutyde of gode, xl Mi 3ere of pardoon;
& so mony lenittis pope pallaygus 3alle perto & There
lay pettur & paule ij C 3ere ore they were fonde: per is
more pardou pen is at sent petturis 3ehe of dyneris popis,
for pat place is havillowyl witt p° bonnis 2of monny
seyntris. A lyytyle be syde ys a chappelle, & per lyne
xxvij popis marturis, & per is playn reymysion, & he
pat dyithe p°der-warde schall be sawyde fore his good
entent. & Thus chappell ys vnder p° ground, & men
most go to hit witt candyl lygte; fore sum tyme men
pat wer holly, hyde fem perin to do gret pennaunce
fore p° love of gode & Frow fabyan & bestyan to sent
Iohn p° lattron: per is pardoon granutyd be p° prayere of
sent Iohn p° vangelyst, per is not more pardou in
alle rome, & be p° prayere of sent Iohn p° Babtyste
& The Emparoure Costantyn was convuertyd by
pope sylvestur; he saufe hym his palles to make hit
p° hous of gode, & p° holly pope sylvestur saufe perto
pardon to hem pat is cleyne confessyde, & reypentaunce
of his synne, & vesettythe pat place devotyly; as cleyn
as p° soule parttythe frow p° flesche, so cleyn he be of
alle his synmys; & as sent bonfynce wytnysythe, he pat
wyll truly fette pardou, 3they nedythe not to go to
p° holly land. & There is p° tabulle pat cryst made on
his maunday, & ij tabulleis pat he made witt his one
hond, & wrot his lawis pat he toke to moysses; &
p° clothis of seii Iohn, & p° scherte pat cryst weryde,
pat oure lady mad; & p° syrenmisyse of crystys flesche.

Our Lady the Annunciation.

St Fabian's and
Bestian's.

The Martyrs' Chapel
under-ground.

St John Lateran.

The Emperor
Constantine
converted by
Silvester.

Christ's Table,
and Moses's
Tables of stone.

St Saviour's.

[1] MS. senatoure. & There ys a chappell of sent senatoure: every day
ix M 3ere of pardoñ ys at pot place & There ys a saluatur pot was sent to our lady froo heyyyn. And sent syluestur clossen yd pot heldis of pettur & poulit in pot hy autur on sent Iohnys day y 3ere of ourl lorda a M 1 CCC & iij 3ere, & hit fell on a þorsday, & in pot rofe ourer poys popys see ys a fayre saluatur pot neuer vas peyt in witt mans honde & And at pot chappell of pot holly rood ys euery sonday & wenmisday ij C & l 3ere, & euery daye a C 3ere to pardoñ & At sent lawrence ys euery day viij M 3ere of pardoñ, & so mony lentiis, & fore-geyfnyys of penanne vndo: & who-so be euery Wenmnsday per in pot 3ere, he hathe pot grace of gode to be in cleyn lyue. pot place hallowyd sent gregorye & At sent Benyan pot lythe [neer] sent gellyaun, per is a C 3ere of pardoñ & At sent vytte & modesce ys for-geyfnyys of pot iij part of youre synyss & At sent antony ys fore-geyfnyys of pot viij parte of synyss. & At sent praxsede pot iij parte of synyss ys fore-geyf & At sent mary pot maioure, at pot hy autur ys pot body of sent mapewe & Ierone pot holly doctur, & a nāre of sent Thomas pot merttur, & his breyñ, & a rocket pot was spronge witt his blod pot he werryd at his takynge, & of pot hey pot cryst lay in be-fore pot asse: & per is a ymage of ourl lady, of angellis werke & At sent prudencian byn byrind v M 1 marturis: per is fore-geyfnyys of pot iij parte of synne, & fore euery body of þem is a C 3ere & xl dayis pardoñ & At pot mount of sent marttayn ys viij c 3ere to pardoñ & At sent pettur ad vyncele euery day iij c 3ere to pardoñ, & at lammas fulle reymyssyoz & At alle pot paleis, at euery apos 3tyllys day ys iij pot 3ere of pardoñ & At sent mary pot rounde ys a churche vn duże pot vrthe; & per pot xiiiij day of may & alle haillowyn day, is fulle reymyssyñ, & euery day I M 3ere of pardoñ. & At sent austens lythe placydas pot was callyd, & nowe he ys sent Eustas, & his wyfe, & his iij sonnyss vn duże
p. hy autur; pope pylagius grantide iij M\(^1\) zero of pardon. 

At 1 p. blacke saluatur be iij M\(^1\) iij C & xl zero of pardon. 

At sent Celce ys I C zero of pardon; per is a foott of mary madelen. 

At sent mary in trasponti is iij C zero of pardon, Et C.

Explecyt tractus de indulgencia romana sine apostolica.
The Pilgrims Sea-Voyage.

(From the Trin. Coll., Cambridge, MS. R, 3, 19, t. Hen. VI.)

A SUPPLEMENT TO

"THE STATIONS OF ROME."
Men may lene alle gamys,
That saylen to seynt Jamys!
Ffor many a man hit gramys⁴,
When they begyn to sayle.
Ffor when they haue take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee.
At Brystow, or where that hit bee.
Their hertes begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in alle the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Their takelyng to make.
With "howe! hissa!" then they cry,
"What, howe, mate! thow stondyst to ny,
Thy fellow may nat hale the by;"
Thus they begyn to crake².

A boy or tweyn Anone up styen,
And ouerthwart the sayle-yrde lyen;—
"Y how! taylia!" the remenaunt cryen,
And pulli with alle their myght.

¹ A.S. _gram_, troublesome; _gramian_, to anger.
² to boast, hector.
"Put the boat ready; our Pilgrims will groan ere night."

"Haul up the bowline!"

Poor Pilgrims, can't eat!

Steward, a pot of beer!

"Bestowe the boote, Boat-swayne, anoñ, That our puylyrms may pley theron; For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone Or hit be full mydnyght.

"Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete:— Cooke, make rely amoñ our mete, Our puylyrms haue no lust to ete, I pray god yene hem rest!"

"Go to the helm! what, howe! no nere? Steward, fellow! A pot of bere!"

"Ye shalle have, sir, with good chere, Anoñ alle of the best."

"Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles! Thow halyst nat, be god, thow fayles!

1 I suppose that Bestowe has not here its present provincial meaning of Stow away.

2 Bowling, or rather Bow-line, is a Rope made fast to the Leetch, or middle part of the out-side of a Sail, by two, three, or four other Ropes like a Crow's Foot, which is termed the Bowling-bridle; the use of it being to make the Sails stand sharp, or close, or by a Wind. Sharp the main Bowlings, Hale up or set taught the Bowling, are Sea-phrases us'd when the Bowling is to be pull'd up harder, or hal'd forwards on: And To ease, check, or run up the Bowling, is to let it out more slack. Phillips.

3 To Veer out a Rope, is to put it out by Hand, or to let it run out of itself; as Veer more Cable, i.e. let more of it run out. But this Word is not apply'd to any Running-Rope except the Sheats. Sheats (in a Ship) are Ropes bent to the Clews of the Sails, which serve in all the lower Sails to hale aft or round off the Clew of the Sail; but in the Top-Sails they are made use of to hale home, i.e. to draw close the Sail to the Yard-Arms (Those Planks under Water, which come along the Run of the Ship, and are clos'd to the Stern-post, are also call'd Sheats). To Ease the Sheat, is to veer it out, or to let it go out gently. To Let fly the Sheat is to let it run out violently, as far as it will go: so that the Sail will then hang loose, and hold no Wind. Phillips.

4 no nearer, that is, don't go closer to the wind. G. M. Hantler.

5 Brails (Sea-term), small Ropes put thro' Blocks, or Pulleys fastenc'd on either side of the Ties, so that they come down before the Sails of a Ship; their use being, when the Sail is furled across,
O se howe welle owre good shyp sayles!"

And thus they say among.
"Hale in the wartake!!" "hit shall be done."
"Steward! couer the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt therone,
And tary nat to long."

Then cometh oone and seyth, "be mery;
Ye shall haué a storme or a pery."
"Holde thow thy pese! thow canst no whery,
Thow medlyst wondry sore."
Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
And hauetheyrbowlys fast theym by,
And cry aftyr hote maluesy,
"Thow helpe for to restore."
And som wold haué A saltyd tost,
Ffor they myght ete neyther sode ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
As for oo doy or twayne.
Som layde theyrbokys on theyrkne,
And rad so long they myght nat se;
"Allas! myne hede wolde cleue on thre!"
Thus seyth another certayne.

How well she sails!
Steward, lay the cloth;
give 'em bread and salt for dinner."
"Storm's coming."
The poor Pilgrims have their bowls by them, and cry out for hot Malmsey;
they can neither eat boiled nor roast.
"My head will split in three," says one.

1 There is no such word in our modern sea-terms. If war is the war of warfare, take may mean tackle, and refer to some nettings or apparatus outside the vessel. But if, as is more probable, the take means tock, the rope running from the clew or corner of the lower square-sail, to fasten it inboard through a ring or the like in the deck—(the sheet runs also from the corner, but fastens the sail outside the bulwark, through which it runs to a cleat inside)—then war may mean left or right [guard], according to the tack to be hauled in. The boeeline runs from the perpendicular edge of the sail, a third down, to the mast in front, and pulls the sail against the wind so as to keep it bellied. G. M. Hantler.
Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde.
And speketh many A Royall worde,
And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
To see alle thyng be welle.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
To make the cabans here and there,

With many a febylle celle;

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
Ffor som must lyg theym in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,

Without mete or drynk;
For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumpe was nygh oure beddes hede,
A man were as good to be dede

As smell therof the styunik!

Explicit.