The Romaut of the Rose.
The Romaunt of the Rose.
The Romance of the Rose.

A REPRINT OF THE FIRST PRINTED EDITION
BY WILLIAM THYNNE.
A.D. 1532.

EDITED BY
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INTRODUCTION

BY PROFESSOR SKEAT

This reprint of Thynne's first edition of the Romaunt of the Rose (being one of the pieces printed in the edition of 1532) was mainly prepared and edited by the late Dr. Furnivall some years ago, but the issue of it has been, from various causes, delayed till now. It is, I think, necessary to explain, with all due brevity, what is the precise value of the present reprint, which represents Thynne's edition with all reasonable accuracy, i.e. with the exception of such possible errors as have escaped the eye of the reader and reviser of the proof-sheets. I have not observed many inaccuracies, and it is extremely unlikely that they can amount to much. I only venture to refer to this because a reader who has any doubt as to any reading may consult one of the excellent facsimiles of the whole edition of 1532 published conjointly by A. Moring, at the De la More Press, and Henry Frowde, at the University Press, Oxford.

The present print reproduces all Thynne's peculiarities, such as the almost total absence of punctuation, the occasional introduction of bars such as that after the words "An authour" in l. 7, and his arrangement of the paragraphs.

The chief use of this reprint lies in the fact that there are only two authorities in existence for the text of this poem, viz. the Glasgow MS. no. V, 3. 7, and Thynne's text of 1532.

The Glasgow MS. (which I call G) is, on the whole, the slightly better authority, but it must be remembered that it has lost several leaves, and, consequently, that, for such lines as were contained in them, Thynne's text (which I call Th.) is the sole authority. Briefly, we have nothing but this to trust to for the following lines: 1-44, 333-380, 892, 1387-1432, 1553, 1892 (where G. is badly supplied in a later hand), 2395-2442, 3136, (perhaps) 3490, 3595-3690, 4856, 6688, 6786, 7092, 7109 (?), 7383-7574, and the last 5 lines. The

1 See the Errata, p. xi.
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sum total comes to about 539 lines, which is rather serious, and proves at once that Th. is indispensable. But by placing the present reprint side by side with Kaluza’s excellent edition of G., which is accompanied by the French original, the student has before him at a glance all the available material for establishing the text of the poem.

The chief points that concern the text are given and discussed in my six-volume edition of Chaucer’s Works, vol. i. pp. 1–20. It may suffice to give here a brief abstract of the results.

1. The Poem consists of three distinct Fragments, which may be called A, B, and C.

   Fragment A.—Lines 1–1705.
   Fragment B.—Lines 1706–5810.
   Fragment C.—Line 5811 to the end.

2. I believe Fragment A to be Chaucer’s work. Fairly considered, it conforms to such grammatical usages and to such habits of rime as we find elsewhere in his genuine works. It ends abruptly in the middle of an uncompleted sentence; and it is remarkable, as Kaluza first observed, that the French word bouton, ‘a bud,’ which in ll. 1675, 1683, 1685, 1691, and 1702 is uniformly translated by knoppe, is in ll. 1721, 1761, 1770, 1786, 1789, translated by botoun, which suggests another translator.

3. Fragment B differs widely from A in many respects. I note some of these,

   (a) The translation is more diffuse. In A, there are, on an average, 101·6 lines to every 100 of the French text. In C the proportion is as 102·1 to 100. But in B, the proportion is much higher, viz. as 117·5 to 100.

   (b) Fragment B contains numerous examples of the use of a Northern dialect. This is obvious, when the attention has once been called to it.

   (c) Fragment B frequently rimes a word which (in Chaucer) etymologically ends in -y with one which etymologically ends in -y-e; whereas A observes Chaucer’s usage throughout, in this respect.

   (d) Fragment B has several rimes which are merely assonant, such as kepe, eke, 2125; shape, make, 2259; escape, make, 2753; take, scape, 3165; storm, corn, 4343; doun, town, 5469.

   (e) It even has such desperate rimes as desyre, nere, 1785, 2441; ioynt, queynt, 2037; abrede, forwered, 2563; desyre, manere (Th. manyre l) 2779.
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4. Fragment C is free from Northern forms and rimes, so that it was not written by the author of B. Neither does it seem to have been written by the author of A. It contradicts Chaucer's rule as to the riming of -y with -y, and -ýe with -ýe, at least six times. See covertly, *Hypocrisy(e), 6111; company(e), utterly, 6301; loteby, company(e), 6339; why, tregetry(e), 6373 (where Th. has whye!); company(e), I, 6875; mekely, trechery(e), 7319. For further considerations that tend to the same result, see my edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

5. I think Fragment C was originally an independent poem, and existed at first in a different MS., in which it began with the first page of that MS. See further below.

6. Note that the texts of G. and Th. are so much alike that they must have been copied from the same source, which may be called O. (their common original).

7. This original (O) was made up of two distinct parts at least, which may be called M and N. M contained Fragments A and B, which had been brought together by some process to which we have but little clue, and of which I offer no explanation. But N was complete in itself, and existed independently. It is not really "a fragment" in the true sense, and formed no part of a complete translation of the Roman de la Rose; but was executed by some rather ingenious translator (I am afraid it was not Chaucer) who selected a particular episode that occurs in the French poem, beginning at the right place (as nearly as possible), and ending at the right place, and thus giving us a poem which is complete in itself. The passage is certainly a lively one, and fully develops the story of False-Semblant (or Hypocrisy), who is introduced at l. 5848, and thoroughly discussed throughout; and when, at the very close, False-Semblant offers to give Wicked-Tongue absolution, the story of False-Semblant's hypocrisy comes to an end; he soon reveals himself as an open traitor. No doubt, the introduction is rather abrupt; but it is difficult to see where else the beginning could so well be made. Observe particularly, that between Fragments B and C there is a gap of more than five thousand lines in the French text, which is a very complete severance. To versify a particular passage in the French poem was a sensible and natural undertaking, when we consider the enormous length of the prolix original.

8. I suppose that the part M (i.e. A and B) was made up by the scribe, who naturally (but forcibly) brought these Fragments together
for the sake of completeness. I assume that he had access to two translations of the Roman de la Rose, viz. one by Chaucer and one by a Northern poet. Chaucer's was incomplete, but he followed it as far as it went, and he then added more from another translation, suppressing so much of it as he did not require. He joined them on as well as he could, leaving, however, Chaucer's last sentence so incomplete that it has no verb; for dide is only auxiliary. But even B failed him at l. 5810, corresponding to (about) l. 5169 of the French text (ed. Méon); so that A and B together give us little more than a quarter of the whole.

9. But the scribe of O. also discovered a MS. (N.) giving a translation of another portion altogether, containing the story of False-Semblant, and beginning near the middle of the poem. And while he was about it, he transcribed that also, for which we are much obliged to him. The fact that some of the leaves in N. were transposed prove that the number of lines on a page were usually 24, and sometimes (but rarely) 25. Assuming that, in the course of the first three quires (each of eight leaves) one of the leaves contained 50 lines, and all the rest 48, we see that these three quires contained the first 1154 lines (made up of $8 \times 48 + 8 \times 48 + 7 \times 48 + 50$). The fourth quire began, accordingly, at l. 1155, or if we add on the 5810 lines of A and B, at l. 6965—‘Thus be we dradde of the people, ywis.

10. It is now easy to calculate the contents of each leaf of the fourth quire; as follows. Leaf A; 6965–7012 (48 lines).¹ Leaf B; 7013–7060 (48 lines). Leaf C; 7061–7108 (48 lines). Leaf D; 7109–7158 (50 lines). Leaf E; 7159–7208 (48² lines). Leaf F; 7209–7256 (48 lines). Leaf G; 7257–7304 (48 lines). Leaf H; 7305–7352 (48 lines). Of course the original order of the leaves was A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H; and A was joined at the back to H; B to G; C to F; and D to E. What happened was that the middle pair of leaves, viz. D and E, was displaced so that D followed A and E preceded H. The order thus became A, D, B, C, F, G, E, H. And this is precisely the order in which the lines occur, viz. A (6965–7012); D (7109–7158); B, C (7013–7108); F, G (7209–7304); E (7159–7208); H (7305, &c.). It follows that the original assumption was almost certainly correct, viz. that the MS. N began with line 1, and was originally quite independent of the other Fragments.

¹ I refer to the true numbering, not to that in the present reprint; see p. ix.
² Not 50; because ll. 7173–4 are omitted in both copies, viz. Th. and G.
11. All the black-letter editions, including every edition down to Urry's in 1721, have the lines dislocated in the manner above described. It was Tyrwhitt who made this discovery, simply by comparing the translation with the French original. Who first put the lines into the right order I do not exactly know, but this right order appears in vol. i. of Chalmers' edition of The English Poets, in 1810, in spite of the fact that he merely followed a black-letter edition (that of 1561, or later). It is also right in Pickering's print of Chaucer's Poems in 1845 (edited by Sir H. Nicolas), and in later editions.

12. It remains to be added that, in the present reprint of Thynne, the lines are numbered continuously, and therefore incorrectly, when due regard is paid to the originals. In the numbers given above, the reference is to my six-volume edition of Chaucer's Works, or to the Student's Chaucer. This numbering agrees with Kaluza's down to l. 7172, after which Kaluza's numbering is less by 2, which does not much matter. The Globe edition follows Kaluza.

The reader is, accordingly, earnestly requested to bear in mind, or to refer to, the following statement of the facts.

(a) Thynne's numbering is correct as far as l. 7012.
(b) Th. 7013, 7014 really occur twice over, viz. as Th. 7013–4 and Th. 7159–60; with a difference in the wording. Both couplets are equivalent to ll. 7109–10, as truly numbered.
(c) Disregarding (b), we may state the following equations.

\[\text{Th. } 7013-7062 = D = 7109-7158.\]
\[\text{Th. } 7063-7158 = B, C = 7013-7108.\]
\[\text{Th. } 7161-7256 = F, G = 7209-7304 (K. 7207-7302).\]
\[\text{Th. } 7257-7304 = E = 7159-7208 (K. 7206).\]

After which, Th. 7305 is really l. 7305 (K. 7303); and there is no more difficulty. By 'K.' I mean the numbering in Kaluza's edition of the Glasgow MS. (G.).

It is worth remarking that G. usually has 24 lines to the page, in spite of the fact that this leaves quite a wide margin, both above and below.

Cambridge, March 15, 1911.

Walter W. Skeat.
ERRATA.

The numbers refer to the lines.

360. For due and dywned read drie and dwyned
428. For fore read for
847. sefe (so); but an error for lefe
919. For always read always
933. twthitten (so); but an error for thwitten
995. For If. 132, col. 2 read If. 133, col. 2
1214. For As read But
1219. downe (so); but an error for dowue
1270. For That read The
1440. For gardyn read garden
2561. For groff read groffe
3513. For can read canne
3602. The note after 3608 (l. 3602 ... is left out) is due to some oversight. For Thynne really has this line, in the form—Daunger is daunted and brought lowe. It is MS. G. that omits it.
3968. For drede read Drede
3984. For us read vs
4044. For me read ne
4114. For muche read moche
4500. For soth read sothe
4802. For fele read selfe
4891. For The read And
4892. For And read The
5046. For haunte read haunt
5150. For I read It
5190. For they read thy
5201 (rubric). Aunsete (so); but an error for Amiste (i. e. Friendship).
5330. For byddeth read bydeth
5484. For rychese read rychesse
5704. For geten read getten
5717. For him read hym
6085. For tel read tell
6371. For sleights read sleightes
6381. For symplnesse read symplesse
6412. For The read This
6484. For hathe read hath
6568. For lyuedon read lyueden
6740. For getten read geten
6999. For hem read him
7036. For horyble read horryble
7224. For not read nat
The Romance of the Rose.

Ed. Thynne 1532. Fo. C. xxviii.

Any men sayn that in sweueninges
Ther nys but fables & lesynges.
But men may some sweuen sene
Which hardly that false ne bene
But afterwarde ben apparaunt
This maye I drawe to warraunt
An authour / that hight Macrobis
That halte nat dremes false ne lees
But vndothe vs the ayusioun
That whilom mette kyng Cipioun
And who so saith / or weneth it be
A iape / or els nycete
To wene that dremes after fal
Lette who so lyste a fole me cal
For this trowe I / and say for me
That dremes signification be
Of good and harms to many wightes
That dremen in her slepe a nyghtes
Ful many thynges couertly
That fallen after al openly
Within my twenty yere of age
Whan that loue taketh his corage
Of yonge folke / I went soone
To bedde / as I was wonte to done
And faste I slepte / and in slepyng
Me mette suche a sweuening
That lyked me wonders wele
But in that sweuen is neuer a dele
That it nys afterwarde befal
Right as this dreme wol tel vs al.

Nowe this dreme wol I ryme a right
To make your hertes gaye and lyght
For loue it prayeth / and also
Commaundeth me that it be so
And if there any ask me
Whether that it be / he or she
Howe this booke / whiche is here
Shal hatte / that I rede you here
It is the Romance of the Rose
In whiche al the arte of loue I close.

If the mater fayre is of to make
God graunt me in gree that she it take
For whom that it begunne is
And that is she / that hath ywis
So mokel prise / and therto she
So worthy is beloued to be
That she well ought of prise and right
Be cleped Rose of every wight
That it was May me thought tho
It is fyue yere or more ago
That it was May / thus dremed me
In tyme of loue and iolyte
That al thyng gynmeth waxen gay
For there is neyther buske nor hay
In May / that it nyl shrouded bene
And it with newe leues wrene
These woddes eke recoueren grene
That drie in wynter ben to sene
And the erthe wexeth proude withall
For swote dewes that on it fall
And the poore estate forgette
In whiche that wynter had it sette
And than becometh the grounde so proude
That it wol have a newe shroude 64
And maketh so queynt his robe and fayre
That it had hewes an hundred payre
Of grasse and florues / ynde and Pers
And many hewes ful dyuers 68
That is the robe I mene ivys
Through whiche the grounde to praysen is
The byrdes that han lefte her songe
Whyle they han suffred colde ful strong
In wethers grylle / and derke to sight
Ben in Maye / for the sonne bright
So gladde / that they shewe in syngyn
That in her herte is suche lykyng 76
That they mote syngyn and ben lyght
Than dothe the nightyngele her myght
To maken noyse / and syngyn blythe
Than is blysful many a sythe 80
The chelaundre / and the popygay
Than yonge folke entenden aye
For to ben gaye and amorous
The tyme is than so saurious 84
Harde is his herte that loueth nought
In May / whan al this myrthe is wrought
When he may 'on these braunches here
The smale byrdes syngyn clere 88
Her blysful swete songe pytous
And in this seson deyltous
Whan loue affirmeth al thyng 91
Me thought one night / in my slepyng
Right in my bedde / ful redlyly
That it was by the morowe erly
And vp I rose / and gan me clothe
Anon I wyssh he myn hondes bothe 96
A syluer nedyl forthe I drowe [ff. 128, bk.]
Out of an aguyler queynt ynowe

And gan this nedyl thredes anone
For out of towe me lyste to gone 100
The sowne of briddes for to here
That on these buskes syngen clere
That in the swete season that lefe is
With a thredes bastynge my sleuos 104
Alone I wente in my playeng
The smal foules songe herkenying
That payned hem ful many a payre
To syngn on bowes blossomed fayre 108
Iolyfe and gaye / ful of gladnesse
Towards a Ryuer gan I me dresse
That I herde renne faste by
For fayrer playeng none saugh I 112
Than playen me by that ryuere
For from an hyl that stood there nere
Come downe the streme full styffe and bolde

Clere was the water / and as colde 116
As any welle is / sothe to sayne
And somdele lasse it was than Sayne
But it was strayter / wele away
And neuer saugh I er that daye 120
The water that so wele lyked me
And wonder gladde was I to se
That lusty place / and that ryuere 123
And with that water that ran so clere
My face I wysshe / tho sawe I wele
The botome ypaued everylede
With gravel / ful of stones shene
The medowes softe / sote / and grene 128
Beet right on the water syde
Ful clere was than the morowe tyde
And ful attempre out of drede
Tho gan I walken thorowe the Mede
Downwarde aye / in my playeng 133
The ryuers syde coystynge
And when I had a while ygone
I sawe a Garden right anone 136
Ful longe and brode / and euerydele
Enclosed was / and walled wele
With hye walles enbatayled 139
Portrayed without / and wel entayled
With many riche portreytures
And bothe the ymages and peyntures
Gan I beholde besely
And I wol tel you redely 144
Of thilke ymages the semblaunce [129 lye., 2]
As ferre as I haue remembraunce.

¶ A mydde sawe I hate stonde 147
That for her wraethe and yre / and onde
Semed to be a mynoresses
An angry wight a chideresse
And ful of gyle / and fel corage
By semblaunt was that ylke ymage 152
And she was nothyng wele arayde
But lyke a wode woman afrayde
Yrounced foule was her visage
And grynnyng for dispitous rage 156
Her nose snorted vp for tene
Ful hydous was she for to sene
Ful foule and rusty was she this
Her heed ywrighten was ywis
Ful grymly with a great towayle.

¶ An ymage of another entayle
A lyfte halfe was her fast by
Her name aboue her heed sawe I 164
And she was called Felony

¶ Another ymage that Vyllany
Ycleped was / sawe I and fonde
Vpon the wall on her right honde 168
Vyllany was lyke somdele
That other ymage / and trusteth wele
She semed a wicked creature
By countenaunce in portreyture 172
She semed be ful dispytous
And eke ful proude / and outrageous
Wel conde he paynt I vndertake
That suche an ymage coude make 176
Ful foule and chorlych semed she

And eke vyleynous for to be
And lytel coulde of nurtur
To worshippe any creature. 180
¶ And nexte was paynted Couetyse
That eggeth folke in many a gyse
To take and yene right nought agayne
And gret tresours vp to layne 184
And that is she / that for vsure
Leneth to many a creature
The lasse for the more wynnyng
So couetous is her brennyng 188
And that is she for pennes feele
That tetcheth for to robbe and steele
These theues / and these smale harlotes
And that is routhe / for by her throtes
1Ful many one hongeth at the last 193
She maketh folke compass and cast
To taken other folkes thynge 195
Through robbery / or mysconeytyng
And that is she that maketh trechours
And she maketh false pledours
That with her termes and her domes
Done maydens / children / and eke gromes [1 Fo. C.xxix.] 200
Her heritage to forgo
Ful croked were her hondes two
For couetyse is euer wode
To grypen other folkes goode 204
Couetyse / for her wynnyng
Ful lefe hath other mennes thynge
¶ Another ymage sette saugh I
Nexte Couetyse fast by 208
And she was cleped Auarice
Ful foule in payntyng was that vice
Ful sadde and caytife was she eke
And also grene as any leke 212
So yuel hewed was her colour
Her semed to haue lyued in langour
She was lyke thynge for hunger deed
That ladde her lyfe onely by breed 216

B 2
Kneden with eysel stronge and egre
And therto she was leane and megre
And she was cladde ful poorely
Al in an olde torne courty
As she were al with dogges torne
And both behynde and eke beforne
Clouted was she beggarly
A mantel honge her fast by
Vpon a benche weyke and smal
A burnette cote honge there with al
Furred with no menyure
But with a furre rough of heere
Of lambe skynnes heuy and blake
It was ful olde I undertake
For Auarice to clothe her wele
Ne hasteth her neuer adele
For certainly it were her lothe
To wearen ofte that ilke clothe
And if it were forweared / she
Wolde haue ful great nyceete
Of clothyng / er she bought her newe
Al were it badde of wol and hewe
This Auarice helde in her hande
A purse that honge by a bande
And that she hydde and bonde so stronge
Menne must abyde wonder longe
Out of that purse er there come ought
For that ne cometh in her thought
It was not certayne her entent
That fro that purse a penye went
And by that ymage nygh ynhough
Was paynted Enuye / that neuer lough
Nor neuer wel in her herte ferde
But if she eyther sawe or herde
Some great mischaunce / or great diseese
Nothyng may so moche her plese
As mischefe and misaunture
Or whan she seeth discomfytuere
Vpon any worthy man fall
Than lyketh her wel withall
She is ful glad in her corage
If she se any great lynage
Be brought to naught / in shamful wyse
And if a man in honour ryse
Or by his wytte / or by his prowesse
Of that hath she great heuynesse
For trusteth wel she gothe nye wood
When an chaunse happeth good
Enuye is of suche cruelte
That faythe ne trouthe holdeth she
To frende ne felawe / badde or good
Ne she hath kynne none of her blood
That she nys ful her enemy
She nolde / I dare sayne hardly
Her owne father fared wele
And sore abyeth she ev ery dele
Her malyce / and her male talent
For she is in so great turment
And hate suche / whan folke dothe good
That nygh she melteth for pure wood
Her herte kerneth and so breketh
That god the people wel awreketh
Enuye iwys shal neuer let
Some blame vpon the folke to set
I trowe that if Enuye iwys
Knewe the best man that is
On this syde or beyonde the see
Yet somewhat lacken him wolde she
And if he were so hende and wyse
That she ne might al abate his prise
Yet wolde she blame his worthynesse
Or by her wordes make it lesse
I sawe Enuye in that payntyng
Had a wonderful lokyng
For she ne loked but a wrie
Or ouertwharte / al baggyngly
And she had a foule vsage
She might loke in no vsage
Of man ne woman / for the right playne
But shette her one eye for disdayne
So for enuye brenned she
When she might any man se
That fayre / or worthye were / or wyse
Or els stode in folkes prise
That sorrowe was paynted next Enuye
Upon that wal of masonrye
But wel was sene in her colour
That she had lyued in langour
Her semed to haue the iaundice
Not halfe so pale was Auaryce
No nothyng lyke of leanesse
For sorrowe / thought / and great distresse
That she had suffred day and nyght
Made her yelowe / and noothyng bright
Ful fade / pale / and megre also
Was neuer wight yet halfe so wo
As that her semed for to be
Nor so fulfylfled¹ with yre / as she [I 19]
I trowe that no wight might her plese
Nor do that thynge that might her ese
Nor she ne wolde her sorrowe slake
Nor conforte none vnto her take
So depe was her wo begonne
And eke her herte in angre ronne
A sorowful thyng wel semed she
Nor she had nothyng slowe be
For to cratchen al her face
And for to rent in many place
Her clothes / and for to teare her swyre
As she that was fulfylled of yre
And al to torne lay eke her heers
Aboute her sholders / here and there
And she that had it al to rent
For angre and for male talent
And eke I tel you certaynly
Howe that she wept ful tenderly
In worlde nys wyght so harde of herte
That had sene her sorowes smerte
That nolde haue had of her pyte
So wo begone a thyng was she
She al to dassht her selfe for wo [1295 2]
And smote togyder her hondes two
To sorowe was she ful ententyfe
That woful rechelesse caytyfe
Her rought lytel of playeng
Or of clypping or kissyng
For who so sorowful is in herte
Him luste not to play ne sterle
Ne for to dauncen / ne to synge
Ne may his herte in temper bringe
To make ioye on euen or morowe
For ioy is contrarie vnto sorowe.
That shorter was a foote iwyss
Than she was wonte in her yonghede
Vnneth her selfe she might fede
So feble and eke so olde was she
That faded was al her beauté
Ful salowe was waxen her colour
Her head for hore was whyte as flour
IWyss great qualme ne were it none
Ne synne / al though her lyfe were gone
Al woxen was her body vntelde
And due and dywne al for elde
A foule forwelked thyng was she
That whylom rounde and softe had be
Her eeres shoken faste withall
As from her heed they wolde fall
Her face frownded and forpynd
And both her hondes lorne fordwyned
So olde she was / that she ne went
A foote / but it were by potent
The tynde that passeth nyght and daye
And restlesse trauayleth aye
And steleth from vs so priuely
That to vs semeth sykerly
That it in one poynst dwelleth euer
And certes it ne resteth neuere
But gothe so faste / and passeth aye
That there nys man that thynke may
What tyme that nowe present is 377  
Asketh at these clerkes this  
For men thynke it redily  
Thre tymes ben passed by 380  
The tyme that may not soiourne  
But gothe / and may neuer retourne  
As water that downe renneth aye  
But neuer droppe retornne maye 384  
There may nothyng as tyme endure  
Metal / nor erthly creature [1 Po. C. xxx.]  
For al thing it frette and shal  
The tyme eke that chaungeth al 388  
And al dothe waxe / and fostred be  
And al thyng distroyeth he  
The tyme that eldeth our auncestours  
And eldeth kynges and emperours 392  
And that vs al shal ouercomen  
Er that dethe vs shal haue nömen  
The tyme that hath al in welde  
To elden folke had made her elde 396  
So inly / that to my wetyng  
She might helpe her selfe nothyng  
But turned ayen vnto childhede  
She had nothyng her selfe to lede 400  
Ne wytte ne pythe in her holde  
More than a chylde of two yere olde  
But nathelesse I trowe that she 403  
Was fayre somtyme / and fresshe to so  
When she was in her rightful age  
But she was paste al that passage  
And was a doted thyng becomen 407  
A furred cappe on had she nömen  
Wel had she clad her selfe and warme  
For colde might els done her harme  
These olde folke haue alway colde 411  
Her kynde is suche / whan they ben olde.  
Another thyng was don there writ  
That semed lyke an Ipocryt  
And it was cleped Pope Holy  
That ilke is she / that priuely 416  
Ne spareth neuer a wicked dede  
Whan men of her taken none hede  
And maketh her outwarde precious  
With pale vysage and pytous 420  
And semeth a symple creature  
But there nys no misaunventure  
That she ne thynketh in her corage  
Ful lyke to her was thilke ymage 424  
That maked was lyke her semblancce  
She was ful symple of countenaunce  
And she was clothed and eke shod  
As she were fore the lone of god 428  
Yolden to relygion  
Suche semed her deuocioun  
A psaunter helde she faste in honde.  
And besyly she gan to fonde 432  
To make many a faynte prayere [130, col.2]  
To god / and to his sayntes dere  
Ne she was gaye / fresshe / ne iolyfe  
But semed to be ful ententyse 436  
To good werkes / and to fayre  
And therto she had on an hayre  
Ne certes she was fatte nothyng  
But semed wery for fastyng 440  
Of colour pale and dede was she  
From her the gates aye werned be  
Of paradyse / that blysful place 443  
For suche folke maken leane her grace  
As Christ saythe in his Euangyle  
To gette hem prise in towne a whyle  
And for a lytly glory veigne  
They lesen god and eke his regne. 448  
And alderlast of euerychone  
Was paynted Pouert al alone  
That not a peny had in holde  
Al though she her clothes solde 452  
And though she shulde an hunged be  
For naked as a worme was she  
And if the wether stormy were 455  
For colde she shulde haue dyed there
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

She ne had on but a strayte olde sacke
And many a cloute on it there stacke
This was her cote / and her mantele
No more was there never adele 460
To clothe her with / I yndertake
Great leyser had she to quake
And she was put / that I of talke 463
Ferro fro these other / vp in an halke
There lurked / and there courde she
For poore thyng where so it be
Is shamfaste / and dispysed aye
Acursed may wel be that daye 468
That poore man conceyued is
For god wote al to selde iwys
Is any poore man wel yfedde
Or wel arayed or yclede Or
Or wel beloued / in suche wyse
In honour / that he may aryste.
† All these thinges wel auysed
As I haue you er this deuysed 476
With golde and asure ouer all
Depaynted were vpon the wall
Square was the wall / and hygh somdele
Enclosed / and ybarred wele 480
1 In stede of hegge / was that gardyn
Come neuer shepherde therin [1 lk. 130, bk.]
In to that gardyn / wel wrought 483
Who so that me coulde haue brought
By ladders / or els by degre
It wolde wel haue lyked me
For suche solace / suche ioy / and pley
I trowe that neuer man sey 488
As was in that place delicious
The gardyn was not daungerous
To herberowe byrdes many one
So ryche a yere was neuer none 492
Of byrdes songe / and braunches grene
Therin were byrdes mo I wene
Than ben in al the realme of Fraunce
Ful blysful was the accordaunce 496
Of swete pytous songe they made
For al this worlde it ought glade
And I myselfe so mery ferde
When I her blysful songes herde 500
That for an hundred pounde wolde I
If that the passage openly
Had be vnto me free
That I nolde entren for to se 504
Thassemble / god kepe it fro care
Of byrdes / which therin ware
That songen through her mery throtes
Daunces of loue / and mery notes. 508

When I thus herde foules synge
I fel faste in a waymentyng
By whiche arte / or by what engyn
I might come in to that gardyn 512
But way I couthe the fynde none
In to that garden for to gone
Ne nought wyse I if that there were
Eyther hole or place where 516
By whiche I might haue entre.
Ne there was none to teche me
For I was al a lone I wys
For wo and anguisshe of this 520
Tyl at laste bethought I me
That by no way ne might it be
That there nas ladder ne way to pace
Or hole / in to so fayre a place
Tho gan I go a ful great paas 525
Enuyron / euen in compas
The closyng of the square wall
Tyl that I founde a wycket small [130, bk. 2]
So shette / that I ne might in gone 529
And other entre was there none.

Vpon this dore I gan to smyte
That was fetys / and so lyte 532
For other way coulde I not seke
Ful longe I shofe / and knocked eke
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

And stode ful longe al herkenyng
If that I herde any wight comyng 536
Tyl that the dare of thylke entre
A mayden curteys opened me
Her heere was as yelowe of hewe
As any basen scoured newe 540
Her flesshe tender as is a chyke
With bent browes / smothe and slyke
And by mesure large were
The openyng of her eyen clere 544
Her nose of good proporcioun
Her eyen gray / as is a faupon
With swete brethe / and wel sanoured
Her face whyte / and wel coloured 548
With lytel mouthe and rounde to se
A cloue chynne eke had she
Her necke was of good fassyon
In length and gretnesse by reson 552
Without bleyne / scabbe / or royne
Fro Hierusalem vnto Burgoyne
There nys a fayre necke iwys
To fele howe smothe and softe it is 556
Her throte also whyte of hewe
As snowe on braunce snowed newe
Of body ful wel wrought was she
Men neden not in no countre 560
A fayre body for to seke
And of fyne Orfrays had she eke
A chapelet / so semely on
Ne wered neuer mayde vpon 564
And fayre aboue that chapelet
A rose garlande had she set
She had a gay mirour
And with a ryche golde tressour 568
Her heed was tressed queyntly
Her sleues sewed fetously
And for to kepe her hondes fayre
Of glones whyte she had a payre
And she had on a cote of grene
Of clouthe of Gaunt / withouten wene

Wel semed by her apparayle 576
She was not wonte to great traualye
For whan she kempt was fetously
And wel arayed and richely
Than had she done al her iournee
For merry and wel begon was she 580
She ladde a lustye lyfe in May
She had no thought / by night ne day
Of nothyng / but if it were onely
To grayth her wele, and vncothe 584

What that this dare had opened me
This May / semely for to se
I thonked her as I best myght 587
And asked her howe that she hyght
And what she was / I asked eke
And she to me was nought vnmeke
Ne of her answere daungerous
But fayre anwerde / and sayd thus 592
Lo sir / my name is Idelnesse
So clepe men me / more and lesse
Ful mighty and ful ryche am I
And that of one thyng namelie 596
For I entende to nothyng
But to my ioye / and my playeng
And for to kembe and tresse me
Aquaynted am I and priue 600
With Myrthe / lorde of this gardyne
That fro the lande of Alexandrine
Made the trees hyther be fette
That in this garden ben ysette 604
And whan the trees were woxen on
hyght
This wall / that stante here in thy syght
Dyd Myrthe enclosen al aboute
And these ymagis al without 608
He dyd hem both entayle and peynte
That neyther ben iolyfe ne queynte
But they ben ful of sorowe and wo
As thou haste sene a whyle ago. 612
And ofte tyme him to solace
Sir Myrthe cometh in to this place
And eke with him cometh his meyne
That lyuen in luste and iolye 616
And nowe is Myrthe therin / to here
The byrdes howe they syngen clere
The mauys and the nyghtyngele 619
And other ioly byrdes shame
And thus he walketh to solace [131, col. 2]
Hym and his folke / for swetter place
To playen in / he may not ynde 623
Al though he sought one in tyl Inde
The alther fayrest folke to se
That in this worlde maye founde be
Hath Myrthe with him in his route
That folowen him alwayes aboute. 628

Whan Idelnesse had tolde al this
And I had herkened wel iwys
Than sayd I to dame Idelnesse
Nowe also wisly god me blesse 632
Sythe Myrthe / that is so fayre and fre
Is in this yerde / with his meyne
Fro thylke assemble / if I may
Shal no man werne me to day 636
That I this nyght ne mote it se
For wel wene I there with him be
A fayre and ioly companye-
Fulfyld of al curtesye 640
And forthe without wordes mo
In at the wicket went I tho
That Ydelnesse had opene me
In to that garden fayre to se. 644

And whan I was in iwys
Myn herte was ful glad of this
For wel wende I ful sykerly
Haue ben in paradise erthly 648
So fayre it was / that trusteth well
It semed a place espyrituell
For certes as at my deuyse
There is no place in paradise
652
So good in for to dwell or be
As in that garden thought me
For there was many a byrde syngyng
Throughout the yerde al thringyng 656
In many places were nightyngeales
Alpes / fynches / and wodwales
That in her swete songe delyten
In thilke places as they habyet 660
There might men se many flockes
Of turtles and lauercokes
Chalaundres fele sawe I there
That wery nighe forsongen were 664
And thrustels / teryns / and mauise
That songen for to wynne hem pri
And eke to surmount in her songe 667
That other byrdes hem amonge [131, col. 2.
By note made fayre seruyse
These byrdes / that I you deuyse
They songe her songe / as fayre and well
As angels don espirituell 672
And trusteth me / whan I hem herde
Ful lustry and wel I ferde
For neuer yet suche melodye
Was herde / of man that might dye 676
Suche swete songe was hem amonge
That me thought it no byrdes songe
But it was wonder lyke to be
Songe of Meremaydens of the see 680
That for her syngyng is so clere
Though we mermaydens clepe hem here
In englishe / as is our vsaunce
Men clepe hem Sereyns in Fraunce. 684

E

Ententyfe weren for to synge
These byrdes / that not vnkonnyng
Were of her crafte / and aprentyse
But of songe subtyl and wyse 688
And certes / when I herde her songe
And saw the grene place amonge
In herte I wex so wonder gay
That I was neuer erst / er that day
So iolyfe / nor so wel bygo
Ne mery in herte / as I was tho
And than wyste I / and sawe ful wel
That ydnellesi me serued wel
That me put in suche iolyte
Her frende wel ought I for to be
Sythe she the dore of that gardyn
Had opened / and me lette in.

From hence forthe / howe that I
wroght
I shall you telle / as me thought
First wherof Myrthe serued there
And eke what folke there with him were
Without fable I wol discryue
And of that garden eke as blyue
I wol you tellen after this
The fayre fassyon al iwys
That wel wroght was for the nones
I may not tel you al atones
But as I may and can / I shal
By order tellen you it al

1 Ful fayre seruyce / and eke ful swete
These byrdes maden as they sete
Layes of loue / ful wel sownyng
They songen in her iargonyng
Some hye / and some eke lowe songe
Vpon the branchnes grene ispronge
The swetenesse of her melodye
Made al myn herte in reuelrye
And whan that I had herde I trowe
These byrdes syngyng on a Rowe
Than might I not with holde me
That I ne went in for to se
Sir Myrthe / for my desyng
Was him to sene ouer al thyng
His countenaunce and his manere

That syght was to me ful dere.

Tho went I forthe on my right honde
Downe by a lytel pathe I fonde
Of myntes ful / and fenell grene
And faste by without wene
Syr Myrthe I founde / and right anon
Vnto sir Myrthe can I gon
There as he was him to solace
And with him / in that lusty place
So fayre folke and so fresse he had he
That whan I sawe / I wondred me
Fro whence suche folke might come
So fayre they weren al and some
For they were lyke / as to my syght
To angels / that been fethered bright.
These folke / of which I tel you so
Vpon a karole wenten tho
A lady karoled hem / that hyght
Gladnesse / blysfull and lyght
Wel coulde she syng and lustely
None halfe so wel and semely
And couthe make in songe such ro-
fraynyng
It sate her wonder wel to syng
Her voyce ful clere was and ful swete
She was not rude ne vnmete
But couthe ynoough of suche doyng
As longeth vnto karolllong
For she was wonte in euery place
To syngen first / folke to solace
For syngyng moste she gan her to
No crafte had she so lefe to do.

Tho mightest thou karolles sene
And folke daunce and mery bene
And made many a fayre tournyng
Vpon the grene grasse springyng
There mightest thou se these floutours
That wel to synge dyd her payne
Some songe songs of Lorayne
For in Loreyne her notes be
Ful swetter than in this countre
There was many a tymbestere
And saylours / that I dare wele swere
Couthe her crafte ful parfetly
The tymbres vp ful subtelly
They caste / and hente ful ofte
Vpon a fynger fayre and softe
That they fayled neuer mo
Ful fetys damosels two
Right yonge / and ful of semelyhede
In kyrtes / and none other wede
And fayre tressed every tresse
Had Myrthe done for his noblesse
Amydde the carole for to daunce
But herof lyeth no remembraunce
 Howe that they daunsed queyntly
That one wolde come al priuely
Agayne that other / and when they were
To gyther almoaste / they threwe yfere
Her mouthes so / that through her play
It semed as they kyste alway
To dauncen wel couthe they the glyse
What shulde I more to you deuyse
Ne bode I neuer thence go
Whythes I that sawe hem daunce so
Vpon the karoll wonder faste
I gan beholde / tyl at laste
A lady gan me for to espye
And she was cleped Curtesye
The worshipful / the debonayre
I pray to god euer fall her fayre
Ful curtesysly she called me
What do ye there Beau sire (qu? she)
Come / and if it lyke you
To dauncen / daunseth with vs now
And I without taryeng
Went in to the karollying

I was abasshed neuer a dele
But it to me lyked right wele
That Curtesy me cleped so [Ed. 1532, col. 1]
And bade me on the daunce go
And if I had durste certayne
I wolde hane karoled right fayne
As man that was to daunce right blythe
Than gan I loken ofte sythe
The shap / the bodyes / and the cheres
The countenaunce and the maneres
Of al the folke that daunsed there
And I shal tel what they were.

Ful fayre was Myrthe / ful longes & hygh
A fayrer man I neuer sygh
As rounde as appel was his face
Ful roddy and whyte in every place
Fetys he was and wel besey
With metely mouthe / and eyen grey
His nose by mesure wrought ful right
Cryspe was his heere / and eke ful bright
His shuldres of a large brede
And smallysshe in the gyrdelstede
He semed lyke a purtreyture
So noble he was of his stature
So fayre / so ioly / and so fetys
With lymmes wrought at poynyt deuyse
Delyuer / smerte / and of great myght
Ne sawe thou neuer man so lyght
Of berde vnmeth had he nothyng
For it was in the first spring
Ful yonge he was / and mery of thought
And in samette / with byrdes wrought
And with golde beten ful fetously
His body was clad ful richly
Wrought was his robe in straunge gyse
And al to slyttered for queyntyse
In many a place / lowe and hye
And shode he was with great maystry
With shone decoped / and with lace 844
By drury / and by solace 844
His leefe a rosen chapelet
Had made / and on his heed it set
And wete ye who was his sefe 847
Dame Gladnesse there was him so lefe
That syngeth so wel with glad corage
That from she was twelue yere of age
She of her loue graunt him made
Sir Myrthe her by the fynger hade 852
Daunsyng / and she him also
Great loue was a twyxt hem two [132 bk.] 854
Both were they fayre and bright of hewe
She semed lyke a rose newe 856
Of colours / and her flesse so tendre
That with a brere smale and tendre
Men might it cleue / I dare wel sey
Her forheed fronuceles al pley 860
Bent were her brows two
Her eyen gray / and glad also
That laugheden aye in her semblaunt
First or the mouthie by couenaunt 864
I wot not what of her nose I shal discryue
So fayre hath no woman a lyue
Her heere was yelowe /and clere shynaung
I wot no lady so lykyng 868
Of Orfrayes fresshe / was her garlande
I whiche sene haue a thousande
Sawe neuer iwys no garlande yet
So wel wrought of sylke as it 872
And in an ouergylte samyte
Cladde she was / by great delyte
Of whiche her leefe a robewere
The meryer she in her herte ferde 876
And next her went / on her other syde
The god of loue / that can denyde
Loue / and as him lyketh it be
But he can cherles daunten / he 880
And maken folkes pride fallen
And he can wel these lordes thrallen
And ladyes put at lowe degre
When he may hem to proude se. 884
This god of loue of his fascioun
Was lyke no knae / ne quystroun
His beutie greatly was to prise
But of his robe to deuyse 888
I drede encombrd for to be
For not ycladde in sylke was he
But al in floures and flourettes
Ypaynted al with amorettes 892
And with losenges and scochons
With byrdes / lyberdes / and lyons
And other beestes wrought ful wele
His garnement was euerydele 896
Ypurtrayed and ywrought with flours
By dyuers medelyng of colours
Floures there were of many gyse 899
Yset by compase in a syse [1 132 bk., col. 2]
1 There lacked no floure to my dome
Ne not so moche as floure of brome
Ne vyolet / ne eke peruyne 903
Ne floure non / that men can on thyne
And many a rose lefe ful longe
Was enternedled there amonge
And also on his heed was set
Of roses reed a chapelet 908
But nightyngales a ful great route
That flyen ouer his heed aboute
The leaus felden as they flyen
And he was al with byrdes wrien 912
With popingay / with nightyngale
With chalaundre / and with wodewale
With synche / with lærke / & with arch-angell
He semed as he were an angell 916
That downe were komen fro heuen clere
Loue had with him a bachelere
That he made always with him be
Swete Lokyng / cleped was he 920
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

This bachelor stode beholdyng
The daunce / and in his honde holdyng
Turke bowes two / ful wel denysed
had he
That one of hem was of a tree
That beareth a fruite of sauoure wicke
Ful croked was that foule stycke
And knotty here and there also
And black as bery / or any slo
That other bowe was of a plante
Without wemme / I dare warrante
Ful euen and by proporcioun
Trectes & longe / of ful good facyoun
And it was paynted wel and twhitten
And ouer al diapred and written
With ladyes and with bacheleres
Ful lyghtsome and glad of cheres
These bowes two helde Swete Lokyng
That seemd lyke no gadlyng
And ten brode arowes helde he there
Of whiche fyue in his righthonde were
But they were shauen wel and dyght
Nocked / and fethered aryght
And al they were with golde begon
And stronge poynted euerychon
And sharpe for to keruen wele
But yron was there none ne stele
For al was golde / men might se
Out take the fethers and the tree.

That heuy for to shoten is
But who so shoteth right iwys
May therwith don great harme and wo
The fyfte of these / and laste also
Fayre Semblaunt men that arowe call
The leest greuous of hem all
Yet can it make a full great wounde
But he may hope his sores sounde
That hurte is with that arowe iwys
His wo the bette bestowed is
For he may soner haue gladnesse
His langour ought be the lesse.

These arowes were of other gyse
That ben ful foule to deuyse
For shafte and ende / sothe for to tell
Were also blakc as fende in hell
The first of hem is called Pride
That other arowe next hym besyde
It was cleped Vlyanye
That arowe was / as with felonye
Enemymed / and with spytous blame
The thirde of hem was cleped Shame
The fourthe Wanhope cleped is
The fyfte the Newe thought iwys.

These arowes that I spoke of here
Were al fyue on one manere
And al were they resemblable
To hem was wel syttyng and able
The foule croked bowe hydous
That knotty was / and al roynous
That bowe semed wel to shete
These arowes fyue / that ben vnmete
And contrarye to that other fyue
But though I tell not as blyue
Of her power / ne of her myght
Herafter shall I tellen right
The sothe / and eke signyfyaunce
As ferre as I haue remembranace.

Th' swytest of these arowes fyue
Out of a bowe for to drive
And best fethered for to flye
And fayrest eke / was cleped Beautie
That other arowe / that hurteth lesse
Was cleped (as I trowe) Sympless
That fethered was Fraunchyse
With valour and with curtesye
The fourthe was cleped companye.
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Al shal be sayd I vndertake
Or tyl her folke / in werke or dede
Er of this booke an ende I make.
He were ful hardy out of drede
Nowe come I to my tale agayne
For bothe she helpe and hyndre may
But alderfirst / I wol you sayne 1000
And that is not of yesterday 1040
The fassyon and the countenaunces
That ryche folke haue ful great myght
Of al the folke that on the daunce is
To helpe / and eke to grene a wight [13314.]
The god of Loue iolyfe and lyght
The best and greattest of valour
Ladde on his honde a lady bright 1004
Dydden Richesse ful great honour 1044
Of hygh preise / and of great degrs
And besy weren her to serue
This lady called was Beaute
For that they wolde her loue deserue
And an arowe / of whiche I tolde
They cleped her Lady great and smal
Ful wel thewed was she holde 1008
This wyde worlde her dredeth al 1048
Ne she was derke ne browne / but bright
This worlde is al in her daungere
And clere as the moone lyght
Her courte hath many a losengere
Agayne whom al the sterres semen
And many a traytour enuyous
But smale candels / as we demen 1012
That ben ful besy and curious 1052
Her flesshe was tendre as dewe of floure
For to dispreyse / and to blame
Her chere was symple as byrde in boure
That best deseruuen loue and name
As whyte as lylye or rose in ryse
To forne the folke hem to begylen
Her face gentyl and tretysse
These losyngeours hem preyse and smyllen
Fetys she was / and smale to se
And thus the worlde with worde anoynten
No wyntred browes had she 1018
But afterwarde they prill and poynten
Ne popped her / for it neded nought
The folke / right to the bare bone 1059
To wyndre her / or to paynte her ought
Behynde her backe whan they ben gone
Her tresses yelowe / and longe straughten
And foule abaten folkes prise
Vnto her heles downe they raughten
Ful many a worthy man and wyse
Her nose / her mouthe / & eye and cheke
Han hyndred / and ydon to dye
Wel wrought / and al the remenaunt eke
These losyngeours with her flaterie 1064
A ful great saunour and a swote 1025
And maketh folke ful strauenge be
Me thought in myn herte rote
There as hem ought ben pruye
As helpe me god / when I remembre
Wel yuel mote they thryue and thee
Of the fassyon of euery membre 1028
And yuel aryued mote they be 1063
In worlde is none so fayre a wight
These losengeours ful of envy
For yonge she was / and hewed bright
No good man loueth her company.
Sore plesaunt / and fetys with all
Rychesse a robe of purple on hadde
Gent / and in her myddell small 1032
Ne trowe nat that I lye or madde 1072
Besyde Beaute yede Rychesse
For in this worlde is none it lyche
And hyght lady of great noblesse
But who so durste to her trespace 1036
And great of price in euery place
Ne by a thousande dele so riche
Ne none so fayre / for it ful wele
With Orfreys leyde was everydele 1076
And purraymente in the rybanynges
Of dukes stories / and of kynges
And with a bende of golde tassyled
And knoppes fyre of golde amyled
About her necke of gentyl entayle
Was shette the riche Chenesayle 1082
In whiche there was ful great plente
Of stones clere / and fayre to se.
½ Richesse a gyrdel had vpon
The bokell of it was of a ston 1086
Of vertue great / and mokel of myght
For who so bare the stone so bright
Of venym durst him nothyng doute[133 bk., col.2]
Whyle he the stone had hym about
That stone was greatly for to loue
And tyl a riche mannes behoue 1092
Worthe al the golde in Rome / and Fryse
The Mourdant wrought in noble gyse
Was of a stone ful precious
That was so fyne and vertuous 1096
That whole a man it couthe make
Of palsy / and of tothe ake
And yet the stone had suche a grace
That he was seker in every place 1100
Al thylke day not blynde to bene
That fastyng might that stone sene
The barres were of golde ful fyne
Vpon a tyssye of Satyne 1104
Ful heuy / great / and nothyng lyght
In eueryche was a besaunt wyght
Vpon the tresses of rychesse
Was set a cercle for noblesse 1108
Of brende golde / that ful lyght shone
So fayre trowe I was never none
But he were konnyng for the nones
That coulde deuyse al the stones 1112
That in that cercle shewen clere
It is a wonder thyng to here 1114
For no man coulde preyse or gesse
Of hem the value or richesse
Rubyes there were / Saphirs / Ragounces
And Emeraudes / more than two ounces
But al before ful subtelly 1119
A fyne Charboncle sette sawe I
The stone so clere was and so bright
That al so sone as it was nyght
Men myght sene to go for nede 1123
A myle or two / in length and brede
Suche lyght sprang out of the stone
That Richesse wonder bright shone
Bothe her heed / and al her face
And eke about her al the place 1128
Dame Rychesse on her honde gan lede
A yonge man ful of semelyhede
That she best loued of any thyng
His luste was moche in housholdynge
In clothyng was he ful fetyse 1133
And loued wel to haue horse of prise
He wende to haue reproued be
Of thefte or murdre / if that he 1136
Had in his stable an hackenay [Fo.c.xxxiiii.]
And therefore he desyred aye
To ben aqueynted with Richesse
For al his purpose / as I gesse 1140
Was for to make great dispence
Withouten warnyng or defence
And Richesse myght it wele sustene
And her dispences wele mayntene 1144
And hym alway suche plentie sende
Of golde and syluer for to spende
Without lackynge or daungere
As it were pourde in a garnere. 1148
And after on the daunce went
Largesse / that sette al her entent
For to ben honorable and free
Of Alexanders kynne was she
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Her most ioye was ywis
When that she yafe /and said : haue this
Nat Auarice the foule caytife
Was halfe to grype so ententyfe 1156
As Largesse is / to yeue and spende
And god alwaye ynowe her sende
So that the more she yane awaye
The more ywis she had alwaye 1160
Great loos hath Largesse / and great prise
For bothe wyse folke and vnwyse
Were wholy to her bandon brought
So wel with yeftes hath she wrought
And if she had an enemy 1165
I trowe that she couthe craftely
Make hym ful soone her frende to be
So large of yeftes / and wyse was she
Therfore she stode in loue and grace
Of riche and poore in every place
A ful great foole is he ywis
That bothe riche and poore / and ny-
garde is 1172
A lorde may haue no maner vyce
That greueth more than auarice
For nygarde neuer with strength of hande
May wynne hym great lordship or lande
For frendes al to fewe hath he 1177
To done his wyl performed be
And who so wol haue frendes here
He may nat holde his tweasour dere
For by ensample tel I this 1181
Right as an adamant ywis
Can drawen to hym subtelly [II. 134, col. 2]
1 The yron / that is layde therby 1184
So draweth folkes hertes iwys
Sylyer and golde that yeuen is
Largesse had on a robe fresshe
Of riche purpure Sarlyynysse 1188
Wel foured was her face and clere
And opened had she her colere
For she right there had in present
Vnto a lady made present 1192
Of a golde broche / ful wel wrought
And certes it missate her nought
For through her smooke wrought with
sylke 1195
The fleshe was sene as whyte as mylke
Largesse / that worthy was and wyse
Helde by the honde a knyght of prise
Was sybbe to Arthour of Breteigne
And that was he that bare the enseigne
Of worship / and the Gousfaucoun
And yet he is of suche renoun
That men of hym say fayre thynges
Before barons / erles / and kynges 1204
This knyght was comen al newly
Fro tourneyeng faste by
There had he done great chyualrie
Through his vertue and his maystrie
And for the loue of his lemmun 1209
He caste downe many a doughty man
And nexte hym dounced dame Fraunch-
chise
Arayed in ful noble gyse 1212
She nas nat browne ne dunne of hewe
As white as snowe yfallen newe
Her nose was wrought at poynt denyse
For it was gentyl and tretyse 1216
With eyen glade / and browes bent
Her heer downe to her heles went
And she was symple as downe on tree
Ful debonayre of hert was she 1220
She dust neber saye ne do
But that / that hyr longeth to
And if a man were in distresse
And for her loue in heynnesse 1224
Her herte wolde haue ful great pyt
She was so amyable and free
For were a man for her bestadde
She wolde ben right sore a dradde 1228
That she dyd ouer great outraye
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 17

But she hym holpe his harme taswage
Her thought it al a vylanye
And she had on a suckeny [134 bk.] 1232
That nat of hempe heerdes was
So fayre was none in al Arras
Lorde it was ryddeled fetysly
There nas nat a poynt trewly 1236
That it nas in his right assyse
Ful wel yclothed was Fraunchise
For there nys no clothe sytteth bette
On damosel / than dothe rokette 1240
A woman wel more fetysly is
In rokette / than in cote ywis
The white rokette ryddeled fayre
Betokeneth that ful debonayre 1244
And swete was she that it bere
By her daunced a Bachelere
I can nat tellyn you what he hyght
But fayre he was and of good hyght
Al had he ben / I saye no more 1249
The lorde sonne of Wyndesore.

And next that daunced Curtesy
That preysed was of lowe and hye 1252
For neither proude ne folc was she
She for to daunced called me
I pray god gyue her good grace
For when I come first in to the place
She nas nat nyce / ne outrageous 1257
But wyse and ware / and vertuous
Of fayre speche / and fayre answere
Was neuer wight myssayde of here
She bare no rancour to no wyght 1261
Clere browne she was / and therto bright
Of face and body aunsaunt
I wotte no lady sopleasunt
She were worthy to for bene 1265
An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by her went a knyght dauncyng
That worthy was and wel spekyng
And ful wel conde he done honour

That knyght was fayre and styffe in stour
And in armure a semely man 1271
And welbeloued of his lemmyn.

Fayre Idelnesse than saugh I
That alwaye was me fast by
Of her haue I without fayle 1275
Told ye the shappe and appareyle
For (as I sayd) Lo / that was she
That dyd to me so great bounte
She the gate of that gardyn 1279
Vndyd / and let me passen in [f. 134, bk., col. 2]
And after daunced as I gesse
And she fulfyllde of lustynesse
That nas not yet .xii. yere of age 1283
With herte wylde / and thought volage
Nyce she was / but she ne mente
None harme ne sleight in her entente
But onely lust and iolyte
For yonge folke / wel weten ye 1288
Haue lytel thought / but on her play
Her lemmyn was besyde alway
In suche a gyse that he her kyste
At al tymes that him lyste 1292
That al the daunce myght it se
They make no force of preuyte
For who so spake of hem yuel or wele
They were a shamed neuer a dele 1296
But men might seyne hem kyssy there
As it two yonge dowues were
For yonge was thylke bachelere
Of beaute wot I non his pere 1300
And he was right of suche an age
As Youthe he lefe / and suche corage
The lusty folke that daunced there
And also other that with hem were
That weren al of her mayne 1305
Ful hende folke / wyse / and free
And folke of fayre porte truely
There were al comenly 1308

When I had sene the countenaunces

ROMAUNT.
Of hem that ladden thus these daunces
Than had I wyl to gon and se
The gardyn that so lyked me
And loken on these fayre Laurelles
On Pyne trees/Cedres/and Olmeres(sic)
The daunces than ended were
For many of hem that daunced there
Were with her loues went away
Under the trees to haue her play.

A Lorde they lyued lustely
A great foole were he sykerly
That yolde his thankes suche lyfe lede
For this dare I sayne out of drede
That who so myght so wel fare
For better lyfe durst him not care
For there nys so good paradyse
As to haue a lune at his deyuys
Out of that place went I tho [leaf 135]
And in that gardyn gan I go
Playeng a longe ful merily
The god of Loue ful hastely
Unto him Swete Lokyng clepte
No lenger wolde he that she kept
His bowe of golde / that shone so bright
He had him bent anon right
And he ful sone sette an ende
And at a brayde he gan it bende
And toke him of his arowes fyue
Ful sharpe and redy for to druye
Nowe god that sytteth in maieste
Fro deedly woundes he kepe me
If so be that he had me shete
For if I with his arowe mete
It had me greued sore ywis
But I that nothyng wyste of this
Went vp and downe / ful many a way
And he me folowed faste alway
But no where wolde I rest me
Tyll I had in al the gardyn be.

The gardyn was by mesuryng
Right euene and square in compasyng
It as longe was as it was large
Of fruite had every tree his charge
But it were any hydous tree
Of whiche there were two or thre
There were / and that wote I ful wele
Of Pome garnettes a ful great dele
That is a frute ful welle to lyke
Namely to folke whan they ben syke
And trees there were / great foysson
That baren nuttes in her season
Suche as men notemygges call
That swote of sauour ben withall
And Almandres great plente
Fygges / and many a date tre
There weren / if men had nede
Through the gardyn/in lenth and brede
There was eke wexyng many a spyce
As clowe gylofre / and lycorice
Gygere / and greyn de Parys
Canell / and setewale of pris
And many a spyce deelytable
To ecnet whan men ryse fro table
And many homely trees ther were
That peches / coynes / and apples bere
Medlers / plommes / peeres / chesteynis
Cheryse / of whiche many one fayne is
Notes / aley / and bolas
That for to sene it was solas
With many hygh laurer / and pyne
Was renged clenel al that gardyne
With Cipres / and with Olyueris
Of whiche that nygh no plenty here is
There were Elmes great and stronge
Maples / ashe / oke / aspe / planes longe
Fyne ewe / popler / and lyndes fayre
And other trees ful many a payre
What shulde I tel you more of it?
There were so many trees yet 1388
That I shulde al encombr be
Er I had rekened every tree
These trees were sette that I deuyse
One from another in assyse
Fyue fadome or sixe / I trowe so
But they were hye and great also 1394
And for to kepe out wel the sonne
The croppes were so thicke yronne
And euery braunch in other knytte
And ful of grene leues sytte
That sonne myght there none discende
Lest the tender grasses shende 1400
There myght men Does and Roes y se
And of sqyrels ful great plente
From bowe to bowe alwaye lepynge
Connes there were also playenge 1404
That comyn out of her clapers
Of sondrie colours and maners
And maden many a tourneyeng 1407
Vpon the fresshe grasse spryngyng
In places sawe I welles there
In whiche there no frogges were
And fayre in shadowe was euery wel
But I ne can the nombre tel 1412
Of streynys smal that by deuyse
Myrthe had done come through condysse
Of whiche the water in rennyng
Gan make a noyse ful lykyng 1416
About the brinkes of these welles
And by the streynes ouer al elles
Sprange vp the grasse / as thicke yset
And softe as any veluet 1420
On whiche men myght his leman ley
As on a fetherbed to pley [leaf 135, back]
For the erthe was ful softe and swete
Through moisture of the wel wete
Spronge vp the sote grene gras 1425
As fayre / as thicke / as myster was
But moche amended it the place

That therthe was of suche a grace 1428
That it of fllures hath plente
That bothe in somer and wynter be
There sprange the vyolte al newe
And fresshe peruyke riche of hewe
And fllures yelowe / white / and rede
Suche plente grewe there neuer in mede
Ful gaye was al the grounde and queynt
And poudred / as men had it peynt
With many a fresshe and sondrie floure
That casten vp ful good sa nour 1438
I wol nat longe holde you in fable
Of al this gardyn diectable
I motte my tonge stynten nede
For I ne maye withouten drede
Naught tellen you the beautie al
Ne halfe the bounte there with al 1444
I went on right honde and on lefte
Aboute the place / it was nat lefte
Tyl I had al the garden bene
In the efters that men myght sene 1448
And thus while I wente in my playe
The god of loue me folowed aye
Right as an hunter can abyde
The beest / tyl he seeth his tyde 1452
To shoten at goodmesse to the dere
Whan that hym nedeth go no nere
And so befyl / I rested me
Besydes a wel vnder a tree 1456
Which tree in Fraunce men cal a Pyne
But sithe the tyme of kyng Pepyne
Ne grewe thare tree in mannes syght
So fayre / ne so wel woxe in hight 1460
In al that yarde so high was none
And spryngyng in a marble stone
Had nature set / the sothe to tel
Vnder that pyne tree a wel 1464
And on the borde al without
Was written in the stone about
Letters smal / that sayden thus
Here starfe the fayre Narcisus. 1468
Narcisus was a bachelere
That loue had caught in his dangere
And in his nette gan hym so strayne
And dyd him so to wepe and playne
That nede him must his lyfe forgo 1473
For a fayre lady that hight Echo
Him loued ouer any creature
And gan for hym suche payne endure
That on a tym she him tolde 1477
That if he her louen holde
That her behoued nedes dye
There laye none other remedy 1480
But nathelesse for his beaute
So feirs and daungerous was he
That he nolde graunte her askyng
For wepyng / ne for fayre prayeng 1484
And when she herde hym werene her so
She had in hert so great wo
And toke it in so great dispyte
That she without more respyte 1488
Was deed anon : but ere she deyde
Ful pitously to god she prayde
That proude herted Narcisus
That was in loue so daungerous 1492
Might on a day ben hampred so
For loue / and ben so hote for wo
That neuer he myght to ioye attayne
Than shulde he fele in eueri vayne 1496
What sorowe trewe louers maken
That ben so vilainously forsaken.

This his prayer was but resonable
Therfore god helde it ferme & stable
For Narcisus shortly to tel 1501
By aventure came to that wel
To rest him in the shadowyng
A day / whan he come from huntyng
This Narcisus had suffred paynes 1505
For rennyng al day in the playnes

And was for thurst in great distresse
Of herte / and of his werynnesse 1508
That had his brethe almost be nomen
When he was to that wel yeomen
That shadowed was with braunches grene
He thought of thilke water shene 1512
To drinke / and fresshe hym wele withal
And downe on knees he gan to fal
And forthe his necke and hoed out straught
To drynke of that wel a draught 1516
And in the water anon was sene [LC 136]
His nose / his mouthe / his eyen shene
And he thereof was al abassshed
His owne shadowe had him betrasshed
For wel wende he the forme se 1521
Of a chylde of great beaute
Well couthe loue him weke tho
Of daunger and of pride also 1524
That Narcisus somtyme him bere
He quytte him wel his guerdon there
For he mused so in the well
That shortlye the sothe to tell 1528
He loued his owne shadowe so
That at laste he starfe for wo
For whan he sawe that he his wyll
Might in no manner way fullfyll 1532
And that he was so faste caught
That he him couthe conforte naught
He loste his wytte / right in that place
And deyde within a lytell space 1536
And thus his waryson he toke
For the lady that he forsoke
Ladyes I praye ensample taketh
Ye that ayens your loue mistaketh
For if her dethe be you to wyte 1541
God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

When that this lettre / of whiche I tell
Had taught me that it was the welle 1545
Of Narcisus in his beaute 1545
I gan anon withdrawe me
When it fell in my remembraunce
That him betyd suche mischaunce
But at the laste than thought I 1549
That seathlesse / ful sykerly
I myght vnto the welle go
Wherof shulde I abasshen so 1552
Vnto the welle than went I me
And downe I louted for to se
The clere water in the stone 1555
And eke the grauel / whiche that shone
Downe in the botome / as syluer fyne
For of the welle / this is the fyne 1558
In worlde is none so clere of hewe
The water is euer fresshe and newe
That welmeth vp / with waves bright
The mountenaunce of two fynger hight
Aboute it is grasse springyng 1563
*For moyste so thycke and wel lykyng
That it ne may in wynter dye* 1563
No more than may the see be drye.

**D**

Two cristall stones craftely sawe I 1568
In thilke fresshe and fayre well
But o thynge sothly dare I tell
That ye wol holde a great meruayle
When it is tolde / withouten fayle 1572
For when the sonne clere in syght
Caste in that welle his bernes bright
And that the heete descended is 1575
Than taketh the cristall stone ywis
Agayne the sonne an hundred hewes
Blewé / yelowe / and reed that fressh
* & newe is 1578
Yet hath the meruaylous cristall
Suche strength / that the place ouer all
Both foule and tree / and leues grene
And all the yerde in it is sene

And for to don you to vnderstonde
To make ensample wol I fonde 1584
Right as a myrrour openly
Sheweth al thynge that stondeth therby
As wel the colour / as the fygure
Withouten any couerture 1588
Right so the cristall stone shynyng
Withouten any discuyynge
The entrees of the yerde accuseth:
To him that in the water museth 1592
For euer in whiche halfe that ye be
Ye may wel halfe the gardyne se
And if he turne / he may right wele
Sene the remenaunt every dele 1596
For there is none so lytel thynge
So hydde ne closed with shyttyng
That it ne is sene / as though it were
Paynted in the cristall there 1600
This is the myrrour perillus
In whiche the pronde Narcisus
Sey al his fayre face bright
That made hym sithe to lye vpright
For who so loke in that myrrour 1605
There maye nothing ben his socour
That he ne shal therse somthyng
That shal hym led in to laughtyng.
Ful many a worthy man hath it
Yblent / for folke of greatest wyt 1610
Ben soone caught here and wayted
Withouten respyte ben they bayted 1610
Here cometh to folke of newe rage
Here chaungeth many wight corage.
Here lythe no rede ne wytte therto
* For Venus sonne / dan Cupido 1616
Hath sowen there of loue the sede
That helpe ne lythe there none / ne rede
So cercleth it the welle aboute
His gyynes hath he set withoute 1620
Right for to catche in his pantes
These damosels and bacheleres
Lone wyl none other byrde catche  
Though he set eyther nette or latched  
And for the sede that here was sowen  
This welle is cleped / as wel is knownen  
The welle of Loue / of very right 1627  
Of whiche there hath ful many a wight  
Spoken in bokes dyuersely  
But they shul never so verily  
Discipcion of the welle here  
Ne eke the sothe of this matere 1632  
As ye shul / when I haue vnso  
The crafte that her belongeth to.

Allway me lyked for to dwell  
To sene the christall in the well  
That shewed me ful openly 1637  
A thousand thynge faste by  
But I may say in sory houre  
Stode I to loken or to powre 1640  
For sythen I sore syghed  
That Myrrour hath me nowe entriked  
But had I first knownen in my wyt  
The vertue and strengthes of it 1644  
I nolde not haue mused there  
Me had better ben els where  
For in the snare I fell anone  
That had bytreshed many one 1648

In thylke Myrrour sawe I tho  
Amonge a thousande thynge mo  
A Roser chargd ful of rosis  
That with an hedges aboute enclosis 1652  
Tho had I suche luste and enuye  
That for Parys ne for Pauye  
Nolde I haue lefte to gone and se  
There greatest heape of roses be 1656  
When I was with this rage hente  
That caught hath many a man and shente  
Towarde the Roser gun I go  
And when I was not ferre therfro 1660  
The sauour of the roses swote  
Me smote right to the herte rote  
As I had al enbaumed me  
And if I ne had endouted me 1664  
To haue ben hated or assayled  
My thankes wol I not haue fayled  
To pull a rose of al that route  
To bene in myn honde aboute 1668  
And smellen to it where I went  
But euer I dreddie me to repent  
And leste it greued or forthought 1671  
The lorde that thylke gardyn wrought  
Of roses there were great wone:  
So fayre ware neuer in Rome  
Of knoppe close / some sawe I there  
And some wel better woxen were 1676  
And some there ben of other moyson  
That drowe nygh to her season  
And spedde hem faste for to sprede  
I loue wel suche roses rede 1680  
For brode roses / and open also  
Ben passed in a day or two  
But knoppe wyl freshe be  
Two dayes at leest / or els thre 1684  
The knoppe greatly lyked me  
For fayrer may there no man se  
Who so might haue one of all  
It ought him ben ful lefe withall 1688  
Might I garlond of hem geten  
For no richesse I wolde it leten  
Among the knoppe I chese one  
So fayre / that of the remenaunt none  
Ne preyse I halfe so wel as it 1693  
When I auyse in my wytt  
For it so wel was enlumyned  
With colour red / as wel fyned 1696  
As nature couthe it make fayre  
And it hath leaes wel foure payre  
That kynde hath set through his knowyng  
Aboute the redde roses springying 1700
The stakke was as rysshe right
And theron stode the knoppe vpright
That it ne bowed vpon no syde
The swote smell spronge so wyde 1704
That it dyed al the place aboute
When I had smelld the saour swote
No wyly had I fro thence yet go [ll. 137]
But somdele nere it went I tho 1708
To take it / but myn honde for drede
Ne durste I to the Rose bede
For thystels sharpe of many maners
Netles / thornes / and hoked briers 1712
For moche they disturbled me
For sore I dradde to harmed be.

The god of Loue / with bowe bent
That al day set had his talent
To pursue and to spyen me 1717
Was stondyng by a fyngge tree
And when he sawe howe that I
Had chosen so ententifly 1720
The bothe more vnto my paye
Than any other that I say
He toke an arowe / ful sharply whette
And in his bowe when it was sette 1724
He streight vp to his sere drouch
The stronge bowe / that was so tough
And shotte at me so wonder smerte
That through myn eye vnto myn herte
The takel smote / and depe it wente
And therewithal suche colde me hente
That vnner clothes warme and softe
Sythen that day I haue chyuered ofte
When I was hurte thus in stounde
I fell downe platte vnto the grounde
Myn herte fayled / and faynted aye
And longe tyme in swoone I laye 1736
But when I came out of swooneyng
And had wytte / and my felyng
I was al mate / and wende ful wele 1739
Of bloode haue lorne a ful great dele
But certes the arowe that in me stoode
Of me ne drewe no dropp of bloode
For why / I founde my wounds all drely
Than toke I with myn honde tewe
The arowe / and ful faste it out plyght
And in the pullyng sore I syght
So at the laxe the shafte of tree 1747
I drough out / with the fethers thre
But yet the hoked heed wyis
The whiche Beaute called is
Gan so depe in myn herte pace
That I it might not arace 1752
But in myn hert styl it stooed
Al bledde I not a droppe of bloode
I was bothe anguysshous and trouble
For the peryll that I sawe double 1756
I nyste what to say or do
Ne get a leche my woundses to
For nyther through grasse ne rote
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote 1760
But to the botheum euer mo
Myn herte drewe / for al my wo
My thought was in none other thyng
For had it ben in my kepyng 1764
It wolde haue brought my lyfe agayn
For certes euenly / I dare wel sayne
The sight onely / and the saour
Aleged moche of my langoure 1768
Than gan I for to drawe me
Towarde the Bothum fayre to se
And Loue had get him in his throwe
Another arowe in to his bowe 1772
And for to shote gan hym dresse
The arowes name was Symplesse
And whan that Lone gan nygh me nere
He drowe it vp withouten were 1776
And shotte at me with al his myght
So that this arowe anon right
Throughout eygh as it was founde
In to myne herte hath made a wounde
Than I anon dyd al my crafte 1781
For to drawen out the shafte
And therwithal I syghed eft pe
But in myne herte the heed was lefte
Which aye encresed my desire 1785
Unto the bothome drowe I nere
And euermo that me was wo
The more desire I to go 1788
Unto the Roser / where that grewe
The fresshe bothome / so bright of Hewe
Better me were to haue letten be
But it behoue nedle me 1792
To don right as myne herte bade
For euere the body muste be laddde
After the herte / in wele and wo
Of force togyder they muste go 1796
But neuer this archere wolde fyne
To shote at me with al his pyne
And for to make me to him mete

The thirde arowe he gan to shote 1800
When best his tyme he myght espye
The whiche was named Curtesye [137, back]
In to myne herte it dyd anuale 1803
Aswoune I fel / bothe deed and pale
Longe tyme I lay / and styred nought
Tyl I abrayde out of my thought
And faste than I ayused me
To drawe out the shafte of tree 1808
But euere the heed was lefte behynde
For aught I couthe pull or wynde
So sore it stycked whan I was hytte
That by no crafte I myght it flytte 1812
But anguysshous and ful of thought
Illefte suche wo / my wounde aye wrought
That somoned me alway to go
Towarde the Rose / that plesed me so
But I ne durste in no manere 1817
Bycause the archer was so nere

For euermore gladly as I rede
Brent chylde of fyre hath moche drede
And certes yet for al my peyne 1821
Though that I sygh / yet arowes reyne
And grounde quears / sharpe of steele
Ne for no payne that I might fele 1824
Yet might I not my selfe with holde
The fayre Roser to beholde
For Loue me yaye suche hardyment
For to fullyll his commaundement 1828
Upon my fete I rose vp than
Feble / as a forwounded man
And forthe to gon might I sette
And for the archer nolde I lette 1832
Towarde the Roser faste I drowe
But thornes sharpe / mo than ynowe
There were / and also thystels thicke
And breres brimme for to pricke 1836
That I ne myght get grace
The roughe thornes for to pace
To sene the Roses fresshe of Hewe
I muste abyde / though it me rewe 1840
The hedges aboute so thychke was
That closed the Roses in compas
But o thynglyk me right wele
I was so nyghe / I myght fele 1844
Of the bothome the swothe odoure
And also se the fresshe colourhe
And that right greatly likedy me
That I so nere mighte it se 1848
Such ioye anon therothad I
That I forgate my maladye
To sene I had suche delyte
Of sorowe and angre I was al quyte 1852
And of my wounds that I had thore
For no thynglyk me myght more
Than dwellen by the Roser aye
And thence neuer to passe awaye 1856
But whan a whyle I had be thare
The god of Loue / whiche al to share
Myn herte with his arowes kene
Casteth him to yeue me wondres grene
He shotte at me ful hastily 1861
An arowe named Company
The which takell is ful able
To make these ladyes merciable 1864
Than I anon gan chaunget hewe
For greuance of my woundes newe
That I agayne fel in swoonynng
And syghed sore / in complaynyng 1868
Sore I complayned that my sore
On me gan greuen more and more
I had non hope of allegaunce
So nygh I drowe to disperaunce 1872
I rought of dethe / ne of lyfe
Whether that loue wolde me drifte
If me a martyr wolde he make
I myght his power not forsake 1876
And whyle for anger thus I woke
The god of Loue an arowe toke
Ful sharpe it was and pugnaunt
And it was called Fayre semblaunt 1880
The which in no wyse wol consent
That any lover hym repente
To serue his loue / with herte and all
For any peryll that may befall 1881
But though this arowe was kene grounde
As any rasour that is founde
To cutte and kerue at the poynte
The god of Loue it had anoynt 1888
With a precious oymtment
Somdele to yene alegement
Upon the woundes that he hade 1891
Through the body in my herte made
To helpe her sores / and to cure 1893
And that they may the bette endure
But yet this arowe / without more
Made in myn herte a large sore 1896
That in ful great payne I abode
But aye the oymtment went abrode [L 138]
Throughout my woundes large & wyde

It spredde aboute in evey syde 1900
Thorough whose vertue / and whose myght
Myn herte joyful was and lyght
I had ben deed and al to shent
But for the precious oymtment 1904
The shafte I drowe out of the arowe
Rokying for wo right wonder narowe
But the heed / whiche made me smerte
Lefte behynede in myn herte 1908
With other foure / I dare wel say
That neuer wol be take away
But the oymtment halpe me wele
And yet suche sorowe dyd I fele 1912
That al day I chaunged hewe
Of my woundes fresche and newe
As men might se in my vysage
The arowes were so ful of rage 1916
So varyaunt of diuersyte
That men in everyche might se
Bothe the great anoysye / and eke swetnesse
And ioye meynt with byterneesse 1920
Nowe were they easy / nowe were they wood
In hem I felte bothe harme and good
Nowe sore without allegemen
Nowe softyng with oymtment 1924
It softned here / and prickeith there
Thus eas and anger togyther were.

The god of Loue delyuerly
Come lepande to me hastily 1928
And sayd to me in great iape
Yelde the / for thou may not escape
May no defence anayle the here
Therfore I rede make no daungere 1932
If thou wolte yelde the hastily
Thou shalt rather haue mercy
He is a foole in sykernesese
That with daunger or stoutnesse 1936
Rebelleth / there that he shulde plese
In suche folyse is lytel esse
Be make / where thou muste nedes bowe
To stryue ayen is nought thy prow
Come atones / and haue ydo 1941

For I wol that it be so
Than yelde the here de bonairly
And I answered ful humbly 1944
Gladly sir / at your bydding
I wol me yelde in al thyng
To your seruyce I wol me take
For god defende that I shulde make
Ayen your bydding resystence 1949
I wol not don so great offence
For if I dyd / it were no skyll
Ye may do with me what ye wyll 1952
Saue or spyll / and also slo
Fro you in no wyse may I go
My lyfe / my dethe / is in your honde
I may not lasye out of your bonde 1956
Playne at your lyste I yelde me
Hopyng in herte / that somtyme ye
Comforete and ese shul me sende
Or els shortly / this is the ende 1960
Withouten helthe / I mote aye dure
But if ye take me to your cure
Comforete or helthe / how shulde I haue
Sythe ye me hurte / but ye me saue 1964
The helthe of love mote be founde
Where as they token first her wounde
And if ye lyst of me to make
Your prisoner / I wol it take 1968
Of herte and wyll fully at gre
Holy and playne I yelde me
Without feynynge or feyntysse
To be governed by your emprise 1972

Of you I here so moche price
I wol ben hole at your deuyce
For to fullfyll your lykyng
And repente for nothyng 1976

Hopyng to haue yet in some tyde
Mercy / of that I abyde
And with that couenaunt yelde I me
Anon downe knelyng vpon my kne 1980
Proferying for to kysses his fete
But for nothyng he wolde me let.

And sayd / I loue the bothe and preise
Sens that thy answer dothe me ese
For thou answered so curtesly 1985
For nowe I wote wel vitterly
That thou arte gentyl by thy speche
For though a man ferre wolde seche 1988
He shulde not fynden in certayne
No suche answere of no vilayne
For suche a worde ne myght nought
Isse out of a vlyayns thought [N. 138 back]
Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche 1993
For thy helpyng wolle I eche
And eke encresen that I maye
But first I wol that thou obaye 1996
Fully for thy auantage
Anon to do me here homage
And sythe kysses thou shalte my mouthe
Whiche to no vilayne was neuer couthe
For to aproche it / ne for to touche 2001
For saufe of cherles I ne vouche
That they shal neuer neig it nere
For curteys / and of fayre manere 2004
Wel taught / and ful of gentynyssse
He muste ben / that shal me kyssse
And also of ful hygh fraunchysse
That shal atteyne to that emprise 2008
And first of o thyng warne I the
That payne and great aduersyts
He mote endure / and eke traunayle
That shal me serue / without fayle 2012
But there agaynst the to conforte
And with thy seruyce to disporte
Thou mayst ful glad and joyful be
So good a mayster to have as me 2016
And lorde of so hygh renoun
I beare of loue the Gonfenoun
Of Curtesy the banere
For I am of the selfe manere 2020
Gentyll / curteys / meke / and fre
That whoeuer ententyfe be
Me to honour / doute / and serue
And also that he hym obserue 2024
Fro trespace and fro vilanye
And hym goure in curtesye
With wyll and with entencion
For whan he first in my prison 2028
Is caught / than muste he utterly
Fro thence forthe ful besyly
Caste hym gentyll for to be
If he desyre helpe of me 2032
Anon without more delay
Without daunger or affray
I become his man anone
And gane hym thankes many a one 2036
And kneled downe with hondes ioynt
And made it in my porte ful quenyt.
The ioye went to my hert rote
When I had kyssed his mouth the so
swote 2040
I had suche myrthe and suche lykyng
It cured me of languysshynge
He asked of me than hostages
I haue he sayd taken fele homages 2044
Of one and other / where I haue bene
Disteyned ofte / withouten wene
These felons ful of falsyte
Haue many sythes begyled me 2048
And through her falshed her luste
achewed
Whereof I repent / and am agreed
And I hem get in my daungere
Her falshed shul they bye ful dere 2052
But for I loue the / I say the playne
I wol of the be more certayne
For the so sore I wol nowe bynde
That thou away ne shalt not wynde
For to denyen the couenaunt (sic) 2057
Or done that is not auenaunt
That thou were false / it were great ruthen
Sythe thou semest so ful of truthe 2060
Sir / if the lust to vnderstande
I meruyale the askyng this demande
For why or wherfore shulde ye
Hostages or borowes aske of me 2064
Or any other sykernesse
Sythe ye wot in sothfastnesse
That ye me haue surprised so
And hole myne herte taken me fro 2068
That it wol do for me nothyng
But if it be at your byddyn
Myn herte is yours / & myn right nought
As it behoueth / in dede and thought
Redy in al to worche your wyll 2073
Whether so turne to good or yll
So sore it lusteth yon (sic) to plesse
No man thereof may you disese 2076
Ye haue theron sette suche iustyse
That it is werreyed in many wyse
And if ye doute it nolde obey
Ye may therof do make a key 2080
And holde it with you for hostage
Nowe certes this is none outrage
(Quod loue) and fully I accorda
For of the body he is ful lorde 2084
That hath the herte in his tresore
Outrage it were to asken more.

Than of his aumenere he drough [I.192]
A lytel key fetise ynoough 2088
Whiche was of golde polysshed clere
And sayd to me / with this key here
Thyne herte to me nowe wol I shette
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

For al my iowel loke and knette 2092
I bynde vnder this lytel key
That no wight maye cary awy
This key is ful of great poste
With whiche anon he touched me 2096
Under the syde ful softly
That he myne herte sodainly
Without anoye hadde spereed 2099
That yet right nought it hath me deered
When he hadde done his wyl al out
And I had putte hym out of dout
Sir I sayd: I haue right great wyl
Your luste and pleasure to fulfyl 2104
Loke ye my seruyce take at gree
By thilke faythe ye owe to me
I saye nought for recreundyse
For I nought doute of your seruyce 2108
But the seruaut tranuleth in vayne
That for to seruen dothe his payne
Upto that lorde / whiche in no wyse
Conne him no thanke for his seruyce.

L
Syth thou forsocour hast mesought
In thanke thy seruyce wol I take
And highe of degree I wol the make
If wyckednesse ne hynder the 2117
But (as I hoope) it shal nought be
To worshippe no wight by anenture
Maye come / but if he payne endure 2120
Abyde and suffe thy distresse
That hurteth nowe / it shal be lesse
I wotte my selve what maye the saue
What medicyne thou woldest haue 2124
And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe
I shal vnto thyne helpyng eke
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene
Where so they be olde or grene 2128
Thou shalte be holpen at wordes fewe
For certainly thou shalte wel shewe
Where that thou seruest with good wyl
The sothfastnesse that nowe is hydde
Without couerture shal be kydde 2172
When I vndone haue this dremyng
Wherin no worde is of leasyng.

Ullany at the begynnyng
I wol saye loue ouer al thyng 2176
Thou leauie / if thou wolde be
False / and trespace ayenst me
I curse and blame generally
Al hem that louen villany 2180
For villany maketh villayn [1 129, back]
And by his dedes a chorle is seyne

These vilayns arne without pyte
Frendshyp / loue / and al bounte 2184
I nyl receyue vnto my seruyce
Hem that ben vilayns of emprise

But vnderstonde in thyn entent
That this is not myn entendement 2188
To clepe no wight in no ages
Onely gentyl for his lynages
But who so is vertuous
And in his perte not outragyous 2192
Whan suche one thou seest the biforne
Though he be not gentyl borne
Thou mayste wel seyne this is in sothe
That he is gentyl / by cause he dothe
As longeth to a gentylman 2197
Of hem none other deme I can
For certaynly withouten drede
A chorle is demed by his dede 2200
Of hye or lowe / as ye may se
Or of what kynrede that he be
Ne say nought for none yuell wyll
Thing that is to holden styll 2204
It is no worship by missey
Thou mayste ensample take of Key
That was somtyme for missayeng
Hated bothe of olde and yonge 2208
As ferre as Gawyen the worthy

Was praysed for his curtesye
Kaye was hated / for he was fell
Of worde dispytous and cruell 2212
Wherfore be wyse and aquyteable
Goodly of worde / and resonable
Bothe to lesse and eke to mare
And whan thou comest thern men are
Loke that thou haue in custome aye 2217
First to salue hem if thou may
And if it fall that of hem some
Salue the first / be not doome 2220
But quyte hem curtesly anon
Without abydyng / er they gon

For nothynge eke thy tonge applye
To speke worde of rybaudye 2224
To vilayne speche / in no degre
Late neuer thy lyppe vnbounden be
For I nought holde him in good gaythe
Curteys that foule worde saythe 2228
And al women serue and preyse
And to thy power her honour reyse
And if that any missayere 2231
Dispyse women / that thou mayste here
Blame him / and bydde him holde him
styll
And sette thy might / and al thy wyll
Women and ladys for to plese 2235
And to do thyng that may hem ese
That they euer speke good of the
For so thou mayste best praysed be

Loke fro pride thou kepe the wele
For thou mayste bothe parcyewe and fele
That pride is bothe foly and synne 2241
And he that pride hath him within
Ne may his herte in no wyse
Meken ne souplen to seruyce 2244
For pride is founde in every parte
Contrarye vnto loucs arte
And he that loueth trewly
Shulde him conteyne iolyly 2248
Without pride in sondrie wyse  
And him disgysen in queyntyse  
For queynte aray / without drede  
Is nothyng proude / who taketh hede  
For fresehe aray / as men may se  
Without pride may ofte be  
Mayntayne thy selfe after thy rent  
Of robe and eke of garnement  
For many sythe fayre clothynge  
A man amendeth in moche thyng  
And loke alwaye that they be shape  
What garnement that thou shalte make  
Of him that can best do  
With al that parteyneth therto  
Poyntes and sleues be well syttande  
Right and streight on the hande  
Of shone and bootes / newe and fayre  
Loke at the leest thou haue a payre  
And that they sytte so fetously  
That these rude may ytterly  
Meruayle/sythe that they sytte so playne  
Howe they come an (sic) or of agayne  
Weare straye gloues with aunere  
Of sylke/and alway with good chere  
Thou yeue / if thou haue rychesse  
And if thou haue naught spende the lesse  
Alway be mery / if thou may  
But waste not thy good alway  
Hauue hatte of floures / as fresshe as May  
Chapelet of Roses of Whitsunday [II. 146]  
For suche araye ne costneth but lyte  
Thyne handes wasche / thy teth make white  
And lette no fylthe vpon the be  
Thy nayles blakke / if thou mayst se  
Voyde it away deluyerly.  
And kembe thyne heed right iolyly  
Farce nat thy visage in no wyse  
For that of loue is nat themprise  
For loue dothe haten / as I fynde  
A beaute that cometh nat of kynde  
Alwaye in hert I rede the  
Gladde and mery for to be  
And be as ioyful as thou canne  
Loue hath no ioye of sorouful manne  
That ynel is ful of curtesy  
That knoweth in his malady  
For euer of loue the sicknesse  
Is meynte with swete and bytternesse  
The sore of loue is meruaylous  
For nowe the lourer ioyous  
Nowe can he playne / nowe can he grone  
Nowe can he syngen / nowe maken mone  
To day he playneth for heuynesse  
To morowe he playneth for iolynesse  
The lyfe of loue is ful contrayre  
Whiche stoundemeale can ofte varye  
But if thou canstes myrthes make  
That men in gro wol gladly take  
Do it goodly / I cömaunde the  
For men shulde where so euer they be  
Do thynges that hem syttyng is  
For therof cometh good loos and pris  
Wherof that thou be vertuous  
Ne be not straunge ne daungereus  
For if that thou good ryder be  
Pricke gladly that men may se  
In armes also if thou conne  
Pursue tyl thou a name hast wonne  
And if thy voyce be fayre and clere  
Thou shalt maken no great daungere  
Whan to syngyn they goodly pray  
It is thy worshyp for to obey  
Also to you it longeth aye  
To harpe and gyterne / daunce and playe  
For if he can wel fote and daunce  
It may him greatly do aunaunce  
Amonge eke for thy lady sake  
Songes and complayntes that thou make  
For that wol meuen in her herte
Whan they reden of thym smerte 2328
Loke that no man for scarce the holde
For that may greue the manyfolde
Reson wol that a louner be
In his yeftes more large and fre 2332
Than charles that ben not of louyng
For who therof can any thyng
He shal be lefe aye for to yeue
In londes lorn who so wolde lene 2336
For he that through a sodayne syght
Or for a kyssyng anon ryght
Yayne hole his herte / in wyl and thought
And to hym selfe kepeth right nought
After this swyfte / it is good reson
He yeue his good in abandon

Nowe wol I shortly here rehere
Of that I haue sayd in verce 2344
Al the sentence by and by
In wordes fewe compendously
That thou the better mayste on hem
thynke
Whether so it be thou wake or wynke
For the wordes lytel greue 2349
A man to kepe / whan it is breue
Who so with lown wol gon or ryde
He mote be curteyes / and voyde of pride
Mery / and full of iolyte 2353
And of largesse a losted be.

First I ioyne the here in penaunce
That euer without repentaunce 2356
Thou set thy thought in thy louyng
To laste without repentyng
And thinke vpon thy myrthes swete
That shal folowe after whan ye mete.

And for thou trewe to loun shal be
I wyl / and cõmaunde the

That in one place thou set al hole
Thyn herte / without halfen dole 2364
For trecherye and sykernesse
For I loued neuer doublenesse
To many his herte that wol departe
Everyche shal haue but lytel parte 2368
But of hym drede I me right nought
That in one place setteth his thought
Therefore in o place it sette [leaf 140, back]
And lette it neuer thens flette 2372
For if thou yeuest it in lenyng
I holde it but a wretched thyng
Therfore yeue it hole and quyte
And thou shalt haue the more meryte
If it be lent / than after soone 2377
The bounte and the thanke is done
But in Loun / free yeuen thyng
Requyret a great guerdonyng 2380
Yeue it in yefte al quyte fully
And make thy gifte debonairly
For men that yfte holde more dere
That yeuen is with gladsome chere 2384
That gifte nought to praysen is
That man yeueth maugre his
Whan thou hast yeuen thyne hert (as I
Hawe sayde) the here openly 2388
Than auentures shul the fal
Whiche harde and heuy ben with al
For ofte whan thou bethynkest the
Of thy louyng / where so thou be 2392
Fro folke thou must departe in hye
That none perceyeue thy malady
But hyde thyne harme thou must alone
And go forthe sole / and make thy mone
Thou shalte no whyle be in o state 2397
But whylom colde and whilom hate
Nowe reed as Rose / nowe yelowe and fade 2399
Suche sorowe I trowe thou neuer hade
Cotidien / ne quarteyne
It is not so ful of peyne
For often tymes it shal fal
In loue / among thy paynes al
That thou thy selfe al holy
Forgottenshalte so vterly
That many tymes thou shalte be
Styl as an ymage of tree
Domme as a stone / without steryng
Of fote or honde / without spekyng

Than soone after al thy payne
To memorye shalte thou come agayne
A man abasshed wonder sore
And after syghten more and more
For wytte thou weele withouten wene
In suche astate ful ofte haue bene
That haue the yuel of loue assayde
Wherthrough thou arte so dismayde.

A
That thy loue is to ferre the fro
Thou shalt saye (god) what may this be
That I ne maye my lady se? [\ 140 bk., col. 2]
Myne herte alone is to her go
And I abyde al sole in wo
Departed fro myne owne thought
And with myne eyen se right nought
Alas myne eyen sene I ne may
My careful hert to conuay
Myne hertes gyde / but they be
I prayse nothynge what euer they se
Shul they abyde than / nay
But gone and visyten without delay
That myne herte desyreth so
For certainly / but if they go
A foole my selfe I maye wel holde
When I ne se what myne herte wolde
Wherfore I wol gone her to sene
Or eased shal I neuer bene
But I haue some tokenyng

But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre
Er thou mayst come her any nere
And wastest in vayne thy passage
Than fallest thou in a newe rage
For want of syght / thou gynnest murne
And homwarde pensyfe thou dost returne
In great myschefe than shalte thou be
For than agayne shal come to the
Sighes and playntes with newe wo
That no itchyng pricketh so

Who wote it nought / he maye go lere
Of hem that byen loue so dere

No thynge thynge herte appesen maye
That ofte thou wolte gone and assaye
If thou mayst sene by auenture
Thy lyues ioye / thynge hertes cure
So that by grace / if thou myght
Attayne of her to haue a syght
Than shalte thou done none other dede
But with that syght thynge eyen fede
That fayre fresshe whan thou mayst se
Thyne hert shal so rauysshed be
That neuer thou woldest thy thankes lete
Ne remove / for to se that swete
The more thou seest in sothfastnesse
The more thou couytest of that swetnesse
The more thyn herte brenneth in fyre
The more thyn herte is in desyre
For who consyndreth euery dele [\ Fo. c.xii.]
It may be lykened wonder wele
The payne of loue vnto a fere
For euermore thou neyghest nere

Thought / or who so that it be
For very sothe I tel it the
The hotter euer shal thou brenne
As experyence shal the kenne
Where so comest in any coste
Who is next fyre he brenneth moste
And yet forsothe for al thyn hete
Though thou for lone swelte and swete
Ne for no thyng thou felon may 2481
Thou shalt not wyllen to passe away
And though thou go / yet muste the nede
Thynke al day on her fayre hede
Whom thou behelde with so good wyll
And holde thy selfe begyled yll 2486
That thou ne haddest none hardyment
To shewe her aught of thyh entent
Thyn herte ful sore thou wolte dispysse
And eke repreue of cowardyse 2490
That thou so dull in every thyng
Were domme for drede / without spekyng
Thou shalt eke thynke thou dyddest
folye 2493
That thou were her so faste bye
And durste not aunte the to say
Some thyng / er thou came away 2496
For thou haddest no more wonne
To speke of her whan thou begonne
But yet she wolde for thy sake
In armes goodly the haue take 2500
I shulde haue be more worthe to the
Than of tresour great plente
Thus shalt thow morne and eke com-
playne
And get encheson to gon agayne 2504
Vnto thy walke / or to thy place
Where thou behelde her flesshly face
And neuer for false suspention
Thou woldst fynde occasyon 2508
For to gone vnto her house
So arte thou than desyrouse
A syght of her for to haue
If thou thyn honour myghtest saue
Or any erande mightest make 2513
Thyder / for thy loues sake.  [1 141, col. 2]
1 Ful fayne thou woldst / but for drede
Thou goest not / leest that men take hede
Wherfore I rede in thy goyne 2517
And also in thyng agayn commynge

Thou be wel ware that men ne wyt
Feyne the other cause than it 2520
To go that waye / or faste bye
To heale wel is no folye
And yf so be it happe the
That thou thy love there mayste se
In syker wyse thou her salewe 2525
Wherwith thy colour wol transiwewe
And eke thy bloode shal al to quake
Thy hewe eke chaunggen for her sake
But wordes and wytte / with chere ful pal
Shul wante for to tel thy tale 2530
And if thou mayste so ferforth the wynne
That thou reson durste begynne
And woldest sayne thrynges or mo
Thou shalte ful scarsly sayne the two
Though thou bethynke the neuer so wele
Thou shalt foryte yet somdele.  2536

But if thou deale with trecherye
For false bouers mowe al folye
Sayne what hem luste withouten drede
They be so double in her falshede 2540
For they in herte can thynke o thynge
And sayne another in her spekynge
And when thy speche is ended all
Right thus to the it shal befall 2544
If any wordes than come to mynde
That thou to saye haste lefte behynde.
Than thou shalt brenne in great martyrre
For thou shalt brenne as any fyre
This is the stryfe and eke the affraye
And the batell that lasteth aye 2550
This bargayn ende may neuer take
But if that she thy peace wyl make
And when the nyght is comen anon
A thousanddes angres shall come vpon
To bedde as fast thou wolde the dyght
Where thou shalt haue but smal deligght
For when thou weneste for to slepe 2557
The Romaunt of the Rose.

(Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

So ful of payne shalt thou crepe. 2558
Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde
And turne ful ofte on every syde
Nowe downwarde groff / & nowe vp-
right. [1 Fo. C.xii, back] 2561

And walowe in wo the longe nyght
Thyn armes shalt thou sprede a brede
As man in werre were forwerede
Than shal the come a remembrance
Of her shappe and her semblance 2566
Wherto noone other may be pere
And wete thou wel without were
That the shal se somtyme that nyght
That thou haste her / that is so bright
Naked bytwene thyn armes there 2571
Al sothfastnesse as though it were
Thou shalt make castels than in Spayne
And dreme of ioy / al but it vayne [eo]
And the delyten of right nought 2575
Whyle thou so slombrest in that thought
That is so swete and delytable
The whiche in sothe nys but a fable
For it ne shal no whyle laste 2579
Than shalte thou sygne and wepe faste
And say dere god / what thyng is this
My dreme is turned al amys
Whiche was ful swete and apparent
But nowe I wake it is al shent 2584
Nowe yede this mery thought away
Twenty tymes vpon a day
I wolde this thought wolde come agayne
For it alegeth wel my payne 2588
It maketh me ful of ioyfull thought
It sleeth me that it lasteth nought
Ah lorde / why nyl ye me socoure?
The ioye I trowe that I langoure 2592
The dethe I wolde me shulde slo
Whyle I lye in her armes two
Myn harme is harde withouten wene
My great vnease ful ofte I mene. 2596

B

Vt wolde Loue do so I might
Haue fully ioye of her so bright
My payne were quyte me rychely
Alas to great a thyng aske I 2600
It is but foly / and wronge wenyng
To aske so outragyous a thyng
And who so asketh folily
He mote be warned hastely 2604
And I ne wote what I may say
I am so ferre out of the way
For I wolde haue ful great lykyng
And ful great ioy of lasse thyng 2608
For wolde she of her gentynnesse
[141 bk., col. 2]
Withouten more / me ones kesse
It were to me a great guerdon
Relroe of al my passyon 2612
But it is harde to come therto
Al is but foly that I do
So hygh I haue myn herte sette
Where I may no conforte gette 2616
I wote not where I say wel or nought
But this I wote wel in my thought
That it were better of her alone
For to stynte my wo and mone 2620
A loke on her I caste goddely
That for to haue al vtterly
Of an other al hole the play
Ah lorde where I shal byde the day
That euer she shal my lady be 2625
He is ful cured / that may her se
A god / whan shal the dawnyng spring?
To lyggen thus is an angry thyng 2628
I haue no ioy thus here to lye
Whan that my loue is not me bye
A man to lyen hath great disese 2631
Which may not slepe / ne rest in ese
I wolde it dawed / and were nowe day
And that the nyght were went away
For were it day / I wolde vp ryse 2635
Ah slowe sonne / shewe thyn enprise
Spede the to spede thy beemes bright
And chace the derknesse of the nyght
To put away the stoundes stronge
Whiche in me lasten al to longe

The nyght shalt thou contynue so
Without rest / in payne and wo
If euer thou knewe of lone distresse
Thou shal move lerne in that sickenesse
And thus enduryng shalt thou lye
And ryse on morowe vp erly

Out of thy bedde / and harneys the
Er euer dawnyng thou mayst se
Al priuely than shalt thou gone
What whyder it be thy selfe alone
For reyne / or hayle / for snowe / for slete
Thyder she dwelleth / that is so swete
The whiche may fall a slepe be
And thynketh but lytel vpon the

Than shalt thou go / ful foule aferde
Loke if the gate be vsperde [1 Fo. C.M.III]

1 And wayte without in wo and payne
Ful yuel a colde in wynde and rayne
Than shalt thou go the more before
If thou mayst fynde any shore

Or hole / or riste / what euer it were
Than shalt thou stoupe / and lay to eere
If they within a slepe be
I mene al saue thy lady free

Whom wakyng if thou mayst aspye
Go put thyself in iupardy

To aske grace / and the bymene
That she may wete without wene

That thou nyght no rest haste had
So sore for her thou were bestad

Women wel ought pytse to take
Of hem that sorowen for her sake
And loke for lone of that relyke
That thou thynke none other lyke
For whan thou haste so great annoy
Shal kysse the er thou go awey

And holde that in ful great deynete
And for that no man shal the se
Before the house / ne in the way
Loke thou begon agayne er day
Suche commyng / and suche goyng
Suche heuynesse / and suche walkyng
Maketh louers withouten any wene
Vnder her clothes pale and lene
For Lone leueth colour ne cleernesse
Who loueth trewe hath no fatnesse
Thou shalte wel by thy selfe se
That thou must nedes assayed be
Falsely her ladyes for to betray
It is no wonder though they be fatte
With false othes her loues they gatte
For ofte I se suche losengeours
Fatter than Abottes or priours

Yet with o thynge I the charge
That is to says / that thou be large
Vnto the mayde / that her dothes serue
So best her thanke thou shalt desere
Yeue her yeftes / and get her grace
For so thou may thanke purchace
That she the worthy holde and fre
Thy lady / and al that may the se
Also her seruauntes worshyp aye
And please as moche as thou may

Great good through hem may come to the

Bycause with her they ben priue
They shal her tel howe they the fande
Curtesys and wyse / and wel doande
And she shal preys wel the more
Loke out of londe thou be not fore
And if suche cause thou hane / that the
Behoueth to gone out of countrie
Leaue hole thyn herte in hostage
Tyl thou agayne make thy passage
Thynke longe to se the swete thyng
That hath thyn herte in her kepyn
Nowe haue I tolde th/ in what wise
A louer shal do me seruyce
Do it than/ if thou wolte haue
The mede / that thou after craue. 2720

W
Han Loue al this had boden me
I sayd him / sir howe may it be
That louers may in suche manere
Endure the payn je haue said here 2724
I meruayle me wonder faste
Howe any man may lyue or laste
In suche Payne / and suche brennyng
In sorowe and thought / and suche sighyng 2728
Aye vnrelesed wo to make
Whether so it be they slepe or wake
In suche anoy contynuelly
As helpe me god this meruayle I 2732
Howe man / but he were made of stele
Might lyue a monyte / suche paynes to fele.

T
The God of loue than sayd me 2735
Frende / by the faythe I owe to the
May no man haue good / but he it bye
A man loueth more tenderlye
The thyng / that he hath bought most dere
For wete thou wel without were 2740
In thanke that thynge is taken more
For whiche a man hath suffred sore
Certes no wo ne may attayne
Vnto the sore of loues Payne 2744
None yuel therto ne may amounte
No more than a man counte
The droppes that of the water be
For drie as wel the great see 2748
Thou myghtest / as the harms tell
Of hem that with Loue dwell [1 H. 142, bk.]
1In seruye / for payne hem sleeth 2751
And that eche man wolde flye the dethe
And trowe they shulde neuer escape
Nere that hoope couth hem make
Gladde as man in prison sete
And maye nat getten for to ete 2756
But barlye breed / and water pure
And lyeth in vermyn and in ordure
With al this yet canne he lyue
Good hope suche conforthe hath hym yene 2760
Whiche maketh wene that he shal be
Delyuered and come to lyberte
In fortune is ful trust
Though he lye in strawe or dust 2764
In hoope is al his sustaynyng
And so for louers in her wenyng
Whiche loue hath shytte in his prisoun
Good hope in her saluation 2768
Good hope (howe sore that they smerte)
Yeueth hem bothe wyl and herte
To profer her body to martyre
For Hope so sore dothe hem desyre 2772
To suffre eche harm that men deyse
For ioye that afterwarde shal aryse.

H
Ope in desyre catche victorie 2775
In hoope of loue is al the glorie
For hoope is al that loue maye yene
Nere hoope / there shulde no lenger lyue
Blessed be hoope / whiche with desyre
Auaunceth louers in suche manyre 2780
Good hope is curteyse for to please
To kepe louers from al disease
Hoope kepeth his londe / and wol abyde
For any peryll that maye betyde 2784
For hoope to louers / as most chefe
Dothe hem endure al myschefe
The Hoom is her helpe whan man myster is
And I shal yeue the eke ywis 2788
Thre other thynges / that great solace
Doothe to hem that be in my lace
The first good that maye be founde
To hem that in my lace be bounde 2792
Is Swete thought / for to recorde
Thyng wherewith thou canst accordre
Best in thyne herte / where she be2795
Thynkynge in absence is good to the
Whan any louver dothe complayne
And lyueth in distresse / and in payne
Than Swete thought shal come as blyue
Awaye his angre for to dryue 2800
It maketh louers to haue remembrance
Of comforte / and of highe plesaunce
That Hoope hath hight hym for to
wynne 2807
For thought anone than shal begynne
As ferre god wotte / as he can fynde
To make a myrrour of his mynde
For to beholde he wol nat lette
Her persone he shal afore hym sette
Her laughyng eyen persaunt and clere
Her shappe / her forme / her goodly chere
Her mouthe / that is so gratious
So swete / and eke so sauerous 2812
Of al her feyters he shal take hede
His eyen with al her lymmes fede.

Thus Swete thynkynge shal aswage
The payne of louers / and her rage 2816
Thy ioye shal double without gesse
Whan thou thynkest on her semelynesse
Or of her laughyng / or of her chere
That to the made thy lady dere 2820
This comforte wol I that thou take
And if the nexte thou wolte forsake
Whiche is nat lesse sauerous 2823
Thou shuldest nat ben to daungerous.

The seconde shal be Swete speche
That hath to many one be leche
To bringe hem out of wo and were
And helpe many a bachelere 2828
And many a lady sent socour
That haue louted paramour
Through spekyng / whan they might here
Of her loueres to hem so dere 2832
To me it voydeth al her smerte
The whiche is closed in her herte
In herte in maketh hem glad and lyght
Speche whan they move haue syght
And theerfore nowe it cometh to mynde
In olde dawes as I fynde
That clerkes writen that her knewe
There was a lady fresshe of hewe 2840
Whiche of her loue made a songe
On him for to remembre amonge
In whiche she sayd / whan that I here
Spoken of him that is so dere 2844
To me it voydeth al smerte [Fo. CIII]
Iwys he syyteth so nere myn herte
To speke of him at eue or morowe
It cureth me of al my sorowe 2848
To me is none so hygh plesaunce
As of his person dalyaunce
She wyste ful wel that Swete spekyng
Comforteth in ful moche thyng 2852
Her loue she had ful wel assayde
Of him she was ful wel apayde
To speke of him her ioye was set
Therfore I rede the that thou get 2856
A felowe that can wel concele
And kepe thy counsayle / and wel hele
To whom go shewe holly thyn herte
Bothe wel and wo / ioye and smerte
To gette comforte to him thou go 2861
And priuely bytwene you two
Ye shal speke of that goodly thyng
That hath thyn herte in her kepyng
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

1. The thirde good of great conforte
   That yeueth to louers moste disporte
   Cometh of syght and beholdyng
   That cleped is Swete lokyng
   The whiche may none ese do
   Whan thou arte ferre thy lady fro
   Wherfore thou presse alway to be
   In place / where thou mayst her se
   For it is thyng moste amorous
   Moste delytable and fauerous

Of her beaute and her semblaunce 2865
And of her goodly countenaunce
Of al thy state / thou shalt him say
And aske him counsayle howe thou may
Do any thyng that may her plese 2869
For it to the shal do great ese
That he may wete thou truste him so
Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo 2872
And if his herte to loue be sette
His companye is moche the bette
For reson wol he shewe to the
Al vttterly his priuye 2876
And what she is he loueth so
To the playlny he shal vndo
Without drede of any shame 2879
Bothe tel her renome and her name
Than shal he forther ferre and nere
And namely to thy lady dere
In syker wyse / ye every other
Shal helpen as his owne brother 2884
In trouthe without doublenesse
And kepem close in sykernesse
For it is noble thyng in fay
To haue a man thou darst say 2888
Thy priue counsayle evere dele
For that wol conforte the right wele
And thou shalt holde the wel apayed
When suche a frende thou haste assayed.

For to aswage a mannens sorowe
To sene his lady by the morowe 2904
For it is a ful noble thyng
Whan thyne eyen haue metyng
With that relyke precious
Wherof they be so desyrous 2908
But al day after sothe it is
They haue no drede to faren a mys
They dредen neythyer wynde ne rayne
Ne non other maner payne 2912
For whan thyne eyen were thus in blysse
Yet of her curtesye ywyss:
Alone they can not haue her ioye
But to the herte they conuoye 2916
Parte of her blysse to him thou sende
Of al this harme to make an ende

The eye is a good messangere 2919
Whiche can to the herte in suche manere
Tydynges sende / that hath sene
To voyde him of his paynes clene
Wherof the herte reioyseth so
That a great partye of his wo 2924
Is voyed / and put away to flyght
Right as the derknesse of the nyght
Is chased with clereness of the moone
Right so is al his wo ful soone 2928
Deuyded clene / whan that the syght
Beholden may that fresshe wight
That the herte desyreth so
That al his derknesse is ago 2932
For than the herte is al at ese
When they sene that may hem plese
Nowe haue I declared the al out
Of that thou were in drede and doute
For I haue tolde the faythfully
What the may curen vttly
And al louers that wol be 2939
Faythful / and ful of stablyte[11f.143,bb.]
1. Good hope always kepe by thy syde
And swete thought make eke abyde
Swete Lokynge and swete Speche
Of al thyne harmes they shal be leche
Of every thou shalt haue great plesaunce
If thou canst byde in suffraunce 2946
And serue wel without fayntise
Thou shalt be quyte of thyne emprise
With more guerdoun / if that thou lyue
But al this tyme this I the yeue. 2950

To me / a lusty bachelere
Of good stature and of good height
And Bialacoil forsooth he height 2984
Sonne he was to Curtesy
And he me graunted ful gladly
The passage of the vvter hay 2987

The god of Loue whom al the day
Had taut me / as ye haue herd say
And enformed compendiously 2953
He vanysshed awaye al sodainly
And I alone lefte al soole
So ful of complaynt and of doole 2956
For I sawe no man there me by
My woundes me greued wonderfully
Me for to curen nothyng I knewe
Saue the bothom bright of hewe 2960
Wheron was sette hooely my thought
Of other confort me I nought
But it were through the god of Loue
I knewe nat ele to my behoue 2964
That myght me ease or conforte gete
But if he wolde hym entermete
The roser was withouten dout
Closed with an hedge without 2968
As ye to forne haue herde me sayne
And fast I besyed and wolde fayne
Haue passed the haye / if I myght
Haue getten in by any sleyght 2972
Vnto the bothom so fayre to se
But euer I dradde blamed to be
If men wolde haue suspicioun
That I wolde of ententioun 2976
Haue stole the Roses / that there were
Therfore to entre I was in fere
But at the laste / as I bethought
Wheder I shulde passe or nought 2980
I sawe come with a gladd chere

And Bialacoyle me serued wele
When I so ngyhe me might fele
Of the bothom the swete odour 3013
And so lusty hewed of colour
But than a chorle / foule him betyde
Besyde the roses gan him hyde
To kepe the roses of that Rosere 3017
Of whom the name was Daungere
The chorle way hyd there in the greues
Couered with grasse and with leues
To spye and take whom that he fonde
Vnto that Roser put an honde
He was not soole / for there was no
For with him were other two 3024
Of wicked maners / and yuel fame
That one was cleped by his name
Wicked tonge / god yeuhe him sorowe
For neyther at eue ne at morowe 3028
He can of no man good speke
Of many a iuste man dothe he wreke
There was a woman eke that hyght
Shame / that who can reken ryght
Trespace was her fathers name 3033
Her mother Reson / and thus was shame
Brought of these ylke two [Fo. C.xiiii.] 3034
And yet had Trespace neuer ado 3036
With Reason / ne never ley her by
He was so hydous and so ugly
I meane this / that Trespace hight
But Reason conceuyeth of a sight 3040
Shame of that I spake aforne
And whan that Shame was thus borne
It was ordayned / that Chastite
Shulde of the Roser lady be 3044
Whiche of the bothoms more and las
With sondrie folke assayled was
That she ne wyste what to do
For Venus her assayleth so 3048
That nyght and day from her she stal
Bothoms and Roses ouer al
To Reason than prayeth Chastyte 3051
Whom Venus hath flemed ouer the see
That she her daughter wolde her lene
To kepe the Roser fresshe and grene
Anone Reason to Chastyte 3055
Is fully assented / that it be
And graunted her / at her request
That Shame / bycause she is honest
Shal keper of the Roser be 3059
And thus to kepe it / there were three

That none shulde hardy be ne bolde
(Were he yonge or were he olde)
Agayne her wyl awaye to bere 3063
Bothoms ne roses / that there were
I hadde wel spedde / had I nat bene
Awyted with these thre and sene
For Bialacoil / that was so fayre
So gratious and debonayre 3068
Quytte hym to me ful curtesly
And me to please badde that I
Shulde drawe me to the bothom nere
Pres in to touche the roses 3072
Whiche bare the roses / he yafe me leue
This graut ne myght but lytel greue
And for he sawe it lyked me
Right nygh the bothom pulled he
A leafe al grene / and yauie me that
The whiche ful nyege the bothom sat
I made of that leafe ful queynt
And whan I felte I was aquynt 3080
With Bialocoil / and so pryue
I wende all at my wyl hadde be
Than wext I hardy for to tel [Ff. 144, col. 2]
To Bialocoil howe me befel 3084
Of Loun / that toke and wounded me
And sayd / Sir so mote I the
I maye no ioye hane in no wyse
Vpon no syde / but it ryse 3088
For sithe (if I shal nat feyne)
In herte I hane had so great peyne
So great anoye and suche affraye
That I ne wotte what I shal saye 3092
I drede your wrathie to deserue
Leuer me were / that knyues kerne
My body shulde in peces smal
Than in any wyse it shulde fall 3096
That ye wrathed shulde ben with me
Saye boldely thy wyl (quod he)
I nyly be wrothe if that I maye 3099
For nought that thou shalte to me saye.
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Him that so nyghe the Rosere

Thou worchest in a wronge manere

He thynketh to dishonour the

Thou arte wel worthy to haue maunge

To lette hym of the rosere wytte

Who serueth a felonne is yuel quytte

Thou woldest haue done great boute

And he with shame wolde quyte the

Flye hence felowe / I rede the go

It wanteth lytel he wol the slo

For Bialocoyl ne knewe the nought

Whan the to serue he sette his thought

For thou wolte shame him / if thou

myght

Bothe agayne reason and right

I wol no more in the afuye

That comest so slyghly for tespy

For it proueth wonder wele

Thy sleight and trayson every dele

I durst no more make there abode

For the chorle / he was so wode

So ganne he thrette and manace

And through the haye he dyd me chace

For feare of him I trymbled and quoke

So chorlisshly his heed he shake

And sayd / if etfe he myght me take

I shulde nat from his hondes scape

Then Bialacoil is fledde and mate

And I al soole disconsolate

Was lefte alone in payne and thought

For shame to dethe I was nychg brought

Than thought I on my highe foly

Howe that my body vittery

Was yene to payne and to martyre

And therto hadde I so great yre

That I ne durst the hayes passe

There was no hoope / there was no grace

I trowe neuer man wyste of payne

But he were laced in loues chayne

Ne no man / and sothe it is
The Romaunt of the Rose.  (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

But if he loue / what anger is 3180
Loue holdeth his heest to me right wele
Whan payne (he sayd) I shulde fele
No herte maye thyinke / ne tonge sayne
A quarter of my wo and payne
I myght nat with the angre last 3185
Myne herte in poynt was for to brast
Whan I thought on the rose / that so
Was through Daunger caste me fro
A longe whyle stoode I in that state
Tyl that me sawe so madde and mate
The lady of the highe warde
Whiche from her towre loked thiderwarde.  3192

Reason men clepe that lady
Whiche from her toure delyuerly
Come downe to me without more 3195
But she was neyther yonge ne hore
Ne hygh ne lowe / ne fatte ne lene
But best / as it were in a mene 3198
Her eyen two were clere and lyght
As any candell / that brenneth bright
And on her heed she had a crowne
Her semed wel an hygh person 3202
For rounde enuyon her crownet
Was ful of ryche stones fret
Her goodly semblant by deynse
I trowe was made in paradyse 3206
For nature had nother suche a grace
To forge a werke of suche compace
For certeyne / but if the letter lye
God him selfe / that is so yxe 3210
Made her after his ymage
And yafe her sythe such auauntage
That she hath mighty and seignorie
To kepe men from al folye 3214
Who so wol trowe her lore
Ne may offenden neuermore.

And whyle I stode this derke and pale
Reson began to me her tale 3218
She sayde / Alhayle my swete frende
Foly and childhode wol the shende
Whiche the haue put in great affray
Thou haste bought dere the tyme of May
That made thyn herte mery to be 3223
In yuel tyme thou wentest to se [Fo. C.xiv.]
The gardyn / wherof ydelnesse
Bare the keye and was maistresse
Whan thou yestest in the daunce 3227
With her and had aqueyntaunce
Her aqueyntaunce is peryllous
First softe / and after noyous
She hath trasshed without wene 3231
The god of Loue hadde the nat sene
Ne had Idelnesse the conuyde
In the verger / where Myrthe him pleyde
If folly haue suprised the
Do so that it recouered be 3236
And be wel ware to take no more
Counsayle / that greueth after sore
He is wyse / that wol hym selfe chastysse
And though a yonge man in any wyse
Trespasse amonge / and do folly 3241
Lette hym nat tary / but hastily
Lette hym amende what so be mys
And eke I counsayle the ywis
The god of Loue holly foryte 3245
That hath the in such payne settet
And the in herte tourmented so
I can not sene howe thou maist go
Other wayes to garysoun 3249
For Daunger / that is so feloun
Felly purposeth the to werrey
Whiche is ful cruel the sothe to sey.

A

And yet of Danegere cometh no blame
In rewarde of my doughter Shame
Whiche hath the Roses in her warde
As she that maye be no musarde 3256
And wicked tonge is with these two
That suffreth no man thyder go
For er a thynge be do he shal 3260
Where that he cometh ouer al
In fourty places / if it be sought
Say thyng that neuer was don ne
Wrought
So moche trayson is in his male
Of falsnesse for to sayne a tale 3264
Thou delest with angry folke ywis
Wherfore to the better is
From these folke awaye to fare 3267
For they wol make the lyne in care
This is the yuel that loue they cal
Wherin there is but foly al
For loue is folly every dell [145, col. 2] 3271
Who loueth / in no wyse maye do wel
Ne sette his thought on no good werke
His schole he leseth / if he be a clerk
Or other crafte eke / if that he be
He shal nat thryue therin / for he 3276
In loue shal haue more passyoun
Than Monke / hermyte / or chanoun
This payne is herde out of measure
The ioye maye eke no whyle endure
And in the possessyoun 3281
Is moche trybulatyon
The ioye it is so shorte lastynge
And but in happe is the gettyng
For I se there many in trauayle 3285
That at laste fonle fayle
I was nothyng thy counsayler
Whan thou were made the homager
Of god of Loue to hastely 3289
There was no wysdom but foly
Thyn herte was ioly / but not sage
Whan thou were brought in suche a rage
To yeld the so redily 3293
And to Loue of his great maystry.

I
Rede the loue away to drive
That maketh the retche not of thy lyne
The foly more fro day to day 3297
Shal growe / but thou it put away
Take with thy tethe the bridel faste
To daunte thyn herte / and eke the caste
If that thou mayst to get the defence
For to redresse thy first offence 3302
Who so his herte alway wol leue
Shal fynde amonge that shal him grene.

When I her herde thus me chastyse
I answerde in ful angry wyse 3306
I prayde her cesse of her speche
Eyther to chastyse me or teche
To bydde me my thought refreyne
Whiche Loue hath caught in his demeyne 3310
What wene ye Loue wol consente
(That me assayleth with bowe bente)
To drawe myn herte out of his honde
Which is so quickly in his bonde
That ye counsaye may never be 3315
For whan he first arsted me
1He toke myn herte so sore hym tyll
That it is nothyng at my wyll [1 145, bk.]
He thought it so him for to obey
That he it sparred with a key 3320
I pray you let me be al styll
For ye may wel / if that ye wyll
Your wordes waste in ydelenesse
For ytterly / withouten gesse
Al that ye sayne is but in vayne 3325
Me were leuer dye in the payne
Than Loue to mewarde shulde arette
Falshed or treson on me sette
I wol me get pris or blame
And loue trewe to saue my name 3330
Who that me chastyseth / I him hate
With that worde Reson went her gate
Than she sawe for no sermonyng
She myght me fro my foly bring
Than dismayed I lefte al soole 3335
Forwery / for wandred as a foole
For I ne knewe no cherysaunce [so]
Than fel in to my remembraunce
Howe Lone made me to puruey
A felowe / to whom I might sey 3340
My counsell and my priuyte
For that shulde moche auayle me
With that bethought I me / that I
Had a felowe fast by 3344
Treuwe and syker / curteys / and hende
And he was called by name a frende
A trewer felowe was no where non
In haste to him I went anon 3348
And to him al my wo I tolde
Fro him right nought I wolde withholde
I tolde him al without were
And made my compleynyt on Daungere
Howe for to se he was hydous 3353
And to mewarde contrarious
The whiche through his cruelte
Was in poynte to haue meymed me
With Bialacoil whan he me sey 3357
Within the gardyn walke and pley
Fro me he made him for to go
And I belefte alone in wo 3360
I durste no lenger with him speke
For Daunger sayd he wolde be wreke
Whan that he sawe howe I wente
The fresshe bothom for to hente 3364
If I were hardy to come nere [145 bk., col. 2]
Bytwene the hay and the Rosere.

This frende whan he wyst of my
thought
He discomforted me right nought 3368
But sayd felowe / be not so madde
Ne so abasshed nor bestadde
My selfe I knowe ful wel Daungere
And howe he is fiers of chere 3372
At priame temps / loue to manace
Ful ofte I haue ben in his case
A felon first though that he be
After thou shalt him soule se 3376
Of longe passed I knewe him wele
Vngoodly first though men him fele
He wol meke after in his bearynge
Ben / for seruycye and obeyssyng 3380
I shal the tel what thou shalt do
Mekely I rede thou go him to
Of herte pray him specially
Of thy trespace to haue mercy 3384
And hote him wel here to plesse
That thou shalte neuer more him displesse
Who can best serue of flatery
Shal plese Daunger moste vttterly. 3388

My frende hath sayd to me so wele
That he me eased hath somdele
And eke alegged of my turment
For through him had I hardement 3392
Agayne to Daungere for to go
To preue if I might meke him so.

T O Daungere came I al a shamed
The whiche aforne me had blamed
Desyring for to pese my wo 3397
But ouer hedge durste I not go
For he forbode me the passage
I founde him cruel in his rage
And in his honde a great burdownd
To him I kneled lowe adown 3402
Ful meke of porte / and symple of chere
And sayd sir / I am comen here
Onely to aske of you mercy
That greueth me ful greatly 3406
That euery my lyfe I wrathed you
For though thou loue thus euermore  
To me is neither softe ne sore  
 Lone where that the lyst / what retcheth me  
3447
So ferre fro my Roses be  
Trust nat on me for none assaye  
In any tyme to passe the haye  
3450
Thus hath he granted my prayere  
Than went I forth withouten were  
Vnto my frende / and tolde hym al  
Whiche was right joyful of my tale  
(He sayd) nowe gothe wel thyne affayre  
He shal to the be debonayre  
[Leaf 144, col. 2]
Though he aforne was dispitous  
3457
He shal herafter be gracios  
If he were touched on some good veyne  
He shulde yet rewen on thy peyne  
3460
Suffre I rede / and no boost make  
Tyl thou at good mes mayst him take  
By sufferaunce / and wordes softe  
A man maye overcome ofte  
3464
Him / that aforne he had in drede  
In bokes sothely as I rede  
Thus hath my frende with great com-  
forte  
3468
Anounced me with high disporte  
3468
Whiche wolde me good / as moche as I  
And than anone ful sodainly  
I toke my leaue / and streight I went  
Vnto the haye for great talent  
3472
I hadde to sene the fresshe bothom  
Wherin laye my salutioun  
And Daungere toke kepe / if that I  
Kepe him couenaunt trewly  
3476
So sere I dradde his manasyng  
I durst nat breke his byddying  
For lest that I were of him shent  
I brake nat his commandement  
3480
For to purchase his good wyl  
It was for to come there tyl

\[45\]  
\[3450\]  
\[3457\]  
\[3460\]  
\[3464\]  
\[3468\]  
\[3472\]  
\[3476\]  
\[3480\]  
\[3484\]  

The Romaunt of the Rose.  
(Ed. Thynne, 1532.)


His mercy was to ferre behynde
I kepte / for I ne myght it fynde 3484
I complayne and sighed sore
And languysshed euermore
For I durste nat ouer go
Vnsto the Rose I loued so 3488
Throughout my demyng vterly
That he had knowlege certainly
Than Loue me ladde in suche a wyse
That in me there was no feytynse 3492
Falsheed / ne no trechery
And yet he ful of villany
Of disdayne / and cruelte
On me ne wolde haue pyte 3496
His cruel wyll for to refrayne
Tho I wepte alwaye / and me complayne

And while I was in this tournament
Were come of grace / by god sent
Frauncheise / and with her Pyte 3501
Fulfyld the Bothom of bountye [1 146 bk.]
They go to Daungere anon ryght
1To forther me with al her myght 3504
And helpe in worde and in dede
For wel they sawe that it was nede
First of her grace dame Frauncheise
Hath taken of this emprise 3508
She sayd / Daungere great wronge ye do
To worche this man so moche wo
Or pynen him so angerly
It is to you great villany 3512
I can not se / why ne how
That he hath trespassed agayne you
Saue that he loueth / wherfore ye shulde
The more in cherete of him holde 3516
The force of lone maketh hym do this
Who wolde him blame he dyd amys
He lefeth more than ye maye do
His payne is harde / ye maye se lo 3520
And Loue in no wyse wolde consent
That ye haue power to repent 2

For though that quicke ye wolde him slo
Fro loue his herte may nat go 3524
Nowe swete sir / it is your ease
Him for to angre or disease
Alas / what mayt it you aunace
To done to him so great greuaunce 3528
What worshippe is it agayne him take
Or on your man a werre make
Sithe he so lowly euer wyse
Is redy / as ye luste deuyse 3532
If Loue haue caught him in his lace
You for to bey in eueru caas
And ben your subiecte at your wyl
Shulde ye therfore wyllen him yl 3536
Ye shulde him spare more al out
Than him that is bothe proude and stout
Curtesy wol that ye socure 3539
Hem / that ben meke vnder your cure
His hert is harde that wol nat meke
Whan men of mekenesse him beseke.

This is certayne / sayd Pyte
We se ofte that humylyte 3544
Bothe yre / and also felony
Venquyssheth / and also melancoly
To stonde forthe in suche duressse
This cruelte and wickednesse 3548
Wherfore I pray you sir Daungere
For to mayntene no lenger here
1Suche cruel werre agayne your man
As holly yours as euere he can [1 146 bk., col. 2]
Nor that ye worchen no more wo 3553
Vpon this caytife / that languyssheth so
Whiche wol no more to you trespace
But put him holly in your grace 3556
His offence ne was but lyte
The god of Loue it was to wyte
That he your thrall so greatly is 3559
And if ye harme him ye done amys
For he hath had ful harde penaunce
Syth that ye refte him thaquateyntaunce
Of Bialacoil / his moste ioye
Whiche al his paynes might acoye 3564
He was before anoyed sore
But than ye doubled him wel more
For he of blyss hath ben ful bare
Sythe Bialacoil was fro hym fare 3568
Lone hath to hym great distresse
He hath no nede of more duress
Voydeth from him your yre I rede
Ye may not wynnen in this dede 3572
Maketh Bialacoil repayre agayne
And haueth pyt vpon his payne
For Fraynchyse wol / and I Pyte
That mercyful to him ye be 3576
And sythe that she and I accorde
Hau vpon him misericorde
For I you pray / and eke moneste
Nought to refusen our requeste 3580
For he is harde / and fel of thought
That for vs two wol do right nought
Daunger ne might no more endure
He meked him vnto mesure. 3584

I wol in no wyse / sayth Daungere
Deny / that ye haue asked here
It were to great vncurtesye
I wol ye haue the companye 3588
Of Bialacoil / as ye deuyse
I wol him let in no wyse
To Bialacoil than went in hye
Fraunchise / and sayd ful curteslye
Ye haue to longe be deignous 3593
Vnto this louer / and daungereous
Fro him to withdrawe your presence
Whiche hath do to him great offence
That ye not wolde vpon hym se
Wherfore a sorowful man is he [Po. c.a.xvii.]
Shape ye to paye him / and to please
Of my loue if ye wol haue ease 3600
Fulfyl his wyl / sithe that ye knowe1
Through helpe of me and of Pyte
You dare no more aferde be 3604
I shal do right as ye wyl
Saith Bialacoil / for it is skyl
Sithe Daungere wol that it so be 3607
Than Fraunchedi hath him sent to me.
[1 L.3602 'Daunger is daunted & brought lowe' is left out.]

Byalacoil at the begynnynge
Salued me in his commynge
No straungenesse was in him sene 3611
No more than he ne had wrathed bene
As fayre semblaunt than shewed he me
And goodly / as aforne dyd he
And by the honde without dout
Within the haye right al about 3616
He ladde me with right good chere
Al ennuyron the vergere
That Daunger hadde me chased fro
Nowe haue I leue ouer al to go 3620
Nowe am I rayed at my deuyse
Fro hel vnto paradise
Thus Bialacoil of gentylnesse
With al his payne and besynesse
Hath shewed me onely of grace 3625
The estres of the swote place
I sawe the Rose when I was nygh
Was greater woxen / and more high
Fresshe / roddy / and fayre of hewe
Of colour eruer yliche newe 3630
And when I hadde it longe sene
I sawe that through the leues grene
The Rose spredde to spauynysshinge
To sene it was a goodly thynghe
But it ne was so sprede on brede 3635
That men within myght knowe the sede
For it couert was and close
Bothe with the leues and with the rose
The stalke was euyn and grene vpright
It was theron a goodly syght 3640
And evil the better without wen
For the seed was nat sene
Ful fayre it spradde the god of blesse
For suche another / as I gesse 3644
Aforne ne was ne more vermayle
I was abawed for marueyle [1 147, col. 2]
For euer the fayr was that it was 3647
The more I am bounden in loues laas
Longe I abode there sothe to saye
Tyl Bialacoil I ganne to praye
When that I sawe him in no wyse
To me warnen his servuye 3652
That he me wolde graunt a thynge
Whiche to remembre is wel sytynge
This is to sayne / that of his grace
He wolde me yene leysar and space
To me that was so desyrous 3657
To haue a kyssynge precious
Of the goodly freshe Rose
That so swetely smelleth in my nose
For if it you displeased nought 3661
I wolde gladly / as I haue sought
Haue a cosse therof freely
Of your yeft / for certainly 3664
I wol none haue / but by your leue
So lothe me were you for to greue

He sayd / frende so god me spede
Of Chastyte I haue such drede
Thou shuldest nat warned be for me
But I dare nat for Chastyte 3670
Agayne her dare I nat mysdo
For alwaye byddeth she me so
To yene no louer leave to kyss
For who therto maye wynnen ywise
He of the surplus of the praye 3675
My lyfe in hoope to gette some daye
For who so kyssynge maye attayne
Of loues payne hath (sothe to sayne)
The best and most auenaunt

And ernest of the remenaunt. 3680

Of his answere I sighed sore
I durst assaye him tho no more
I hadde suche drede to greue him aye
A man shulde nat to moche assaye 3684
To chafe his frende out of measure
Nor putte his lyfe in auenture
For no man at the first stroke
Ne maye nat fel downe an oke 3688
Nor of the reysyns haue the wyne
Tyl grapes be rype and wel a fyne
Be sore empresse / I you ensure [147 bk.]
And drawen out of the pressure 3692
But I forpyned wonder stronge
Though that I abode right longe
After the kyssse / in payne and wo
Sithe I to kyssse desyred so 3696
Tyl that rennyenge on my distresse
There come Venus the goddesse
(Whiche aye werryeth Chastite)
Came of her grace to socour me 3700
Whose myght is knowe ferre and wyde
For she is mother of Cupyde.

The god of Loue / blynde as stone
That helpeth louers many one
This lady brought in her right honde
Of brennyenge fyre a blasying bronde
Wherof the flame and hote fyre
Hath many a lady in desyre 3708
Of Loue brought / and sore hette
And in her servuye her hert is sette
This lady was of good entayle
Right wonderful of apparyle 3712
By her atyre so bright and shene
Men myght perceyue wel and sene
She was nat of Relygioun
Nor I nyl make mencioun 3716
Nor of robe / nor of tresour
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 49

Of broche / neither of her riche attour
Ne of gyrdel about her syde
For that I nyl nat longe abyde 3720
But knoweth wel / that certainly
She was arrayed richely
Deuoyde of pride certayne she was
To Bialacoil she went a paas 3724
And to hym shortly in a clause
She sayd / sir: what is the cause
Ye ben of porte so daungerous
Vnto this louver / and daynous 3728
To graunt him nothyng but a kysse
To warne it him ye done amysses
Sithe wel ye wotte / howe that he
Is loues seruaunt / as ye maye se 3732
And hath beaute / wherther is
Worthy of loue to haue the blys
Howe he is semely beholde and se
Howe he is fayre / howe he is free 3736
Howe he is swote / and debonayre
Of age yonge / lusty / and fayre [147 bk., col. 2]
There is no lady so hawtayne
Duchesse / countesse / ne chastelayne
That I nolde holde her vngoodly 3741
For to refuce him vtterly
His brethe is also good and swete
And eke his lyppes roddy and mete
Onely to playne / and to kysse
Graunt him a kysse of gentylnesse 3746
His teth arne also white and clene
Me thynketh wronge withouten wene
If ye nowe warne him / trusteth me
To graunt that a kysse haue he
The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste
And the more tyme shul ye waste 3752
When the flame of the very bronde
That Venus brought in her right honde
Hadde Bialacoil with his hete smote
Anone he badde me withouten lete 3756
Graunt to me the rose kysse

Than of my payne I ganne to lysses
And to the rose anone went I
And kyssed it ful faithfully 3760
There nede no man aske / if I was blythe
Whan the saunour softe and lythe
Stroke to myne hert without more
And me alleged of my sore
So was I ful of ioye and blysse . 3765
It is fayre suche a flour to kysse
It was so swote and fauerous
I myght nat be so anguysshous 3768
That I mote gladde and ioly be
Whan that I remembre me
Yet euer amonge sothly to sayne
I suffre noye and moche payne. 3772

The see may never be so styl
That with a lytel wynde at wyl
Ouerwhelme and tourne also
As it were woode in wavys go 3776
After the calme the trouble sonne
Mote folowe / and chaunghe as the moone
Right so fareth Loue / that selde in one
Holdeth his ancre / for right anone 3780
Whan they in ease wene best to lyue
They ben with tempest al fordryue
Who serveth Loue / canne tel of wo
The stoundmele ioye mote ouergo 3784
1 Nowe he hurte / and nowe he cur eth
For selde in o poynyte loue endureth.
[1 Fo. C.xlviii.]

Nowe is it right me to procede 3787
Howe Shame gan medle and take hede
Through whom fel anges I haue hade
And howe the stronge wall was made
And the castell of brede and length
That god of Loue wan with his strengthe
Al this in Romaunce wyll I sette 3793
And for no thyng ne wyll I lette
So that it lykyng to her be
That is the flour of beaute 3796
For she may best my labour quyte
That I for her loue shal endyte
Wicked tongue that the counye
Of euer louer can deuyne 3800
Worste / and addeth more somdele
(For wicked tonge saythe neuer wele)
To mewarde bare he right great hate
Espyeng me erly and late
Tyl he hath sene the great chere
Of Bialacoil and me yfere
He might not his tonge withstonde
Worse to reporte than he fonde 3808
He was so ful of cursed rage
It satte him wele of his lynage
For him an Iriishe woman bare 3811
His tonge was fyled sharpe and square
Poignaunt and right keruyng
And wonder bytter in spekyng
For whan that he me gan espye
He swore (affirmyng sykerly) 3816
Bytwene Bialacoil and me
Was yuel aquayntaunce and priue
He spake therof so folilye
That he awaked Ielousye 3820
Whiche al afrayde in his risyng
Whan that he herde ianglyng
He ran anon as he were wode
To Bialacoil there that he stode 3824
Whiche had leuer in this caas
Hauo ben at Reynes or Amyas
For foote hote in his felonye
To hym thus sayd Ielousye 3828
Why haste thou ben so neglygent
To kepen / when I was absent
This verger here left ein thy warde? [so]
1To me thou haddest no regarde 3832
To truste (to thy confusyon) [1 H. 145, col. 2]
Him thus / to whom suspicion
I haue right great / for it is nede

It is wel shewed by the dede 3836
Great faute in the nowe haue I founde
By god anone thou shalte be bounde
And faste loken in a tourre
Without refuyte or socoure. 3840

F
Or shame to longe hath be the fro
Ouer soone she was ago
Whan thou hast lost bothe drede & fere
It semed wel she was rat here 3844
She was besy in no wyse
To kepe the and chastic
And for to helpen Chastite 3847
To kepe the Roser / as thynketh me
For than this boye knaue so boldly
Ne shulde nat haue be hardy
In this verge hadde suche game 3851
Whiche nowe me tourneth to great shame.

B
Ialacoil nyst what to saye
Ful fayne he wolde haue fledde away
For fear haue hydde / nere that he
Al sodainly toke him with me 3856
And whan I sawe he had so
This Ielousye take vs two
I was astoned / and knewe no rede
But fledde away for very drede. 3860

Than Shame came forthe ful symply
She wende haue trespaced ful greatly
Humble of her porte / and made it symple
Wearyng a yvale in stede of wyme
As nonnes done in her abbey 3865
By cause her herte was in affray
She gan to speke within a throwe
To Ielousye / right wonder lowe 3868
First of his grace she besought
And sayd sir / ne leueth nought
Wicked tonge / that false espye 3871
Whiche is so glad to fayne and lye
He hath you made / through flateryng
On Bialacoil a false leasyng
His falsnesse is not nowe a newe
It is to longe that he him knewe 3876
This is not the first daye [leaf 148, back]
For wicked tonge hath custome aye
Yonge folkes to bewrye
And false lesynges on hem lye. 3880

Yet neverthelesse I se amonge
That the loigne it is so longe
Of Bialacoil / hertes to lure
In loues seruyce for to endure 3884
Drawyng suche folke him to
That he hath nothyng with to do
But in sothnesse I trowe nought
That Bialacoil had euery in thought 3888
To do trespace or vilanye
But for his mother Curtesye
Hath taught him euery to be
Good of aqueyntaunce and prine 3892
For he loueth none heynnesse
But myrthe and play / and al gladnesse
He hateth al trechours
Soleyne folke and enuouis 3896
For ye weten howe that he
Wol euer glad and joyful be
Honestely with folke to pley
I haue be neglygent in good fey 3900
To chastye him / theryfore nowe I
Of herte I crye you here mercy
That I haue ben so recheles
To tamen hym withouten lees 3904
Of my foly I me repente
Nowe wol I hole set myn entente
To kepe bothe lowe and styl

Bialacoil to do your wyll. 3908
Shame Shame (sayd Ielousy)
To be bytrasshed great drede haue I
Lechery hath clombe so hye
That almoste blered is myn eye 3912
No wonder is / if that drede haue I
Ouer al reigneth lechery
Whose myght groweth nyght and dey
Bothe in cloystre and in abbey 3916
Chastyte is werreyed ouer all
Theryfore I wol with syker wall
Close bothe roses and rosere
I haue to longe in this manere 3920
Lefte hem vnclosed wyfully
Wheryfore I am right inwardly
Sorouful / and repente me 3924
Vnclosed / and yet I drede sore
I shal repent furthermore
For the game gothe al amys
Counsayle I must newe iwys 3928
I haue to longe trusted the
But nowe it shal no lenger be
For he may best in euery coste
Disceyue / that men trusten moste 3932
I se wel that I am nyghe shent
But if I sette my ful entent
Remedye to puruey
Wheryfore close I shal the wey 3936
Fro hem that wol the rose espye
And come to wayte me vilonye
For in good faythe and in trouthe
I wol not let for no slouthe 3940
To lyue the more in sykernesse
Do make anon a fortresse
Than close the roses of good saunour
In myddes shal I make a tour 3944
To put Bialacoil in prison
For euer I drede me of treson
I trowe I shal hym kepe so
That he shal hawe no might to go 3948
Aboute to make compayne
To hem that thynke of vilanye
Ne to no suche as hath ben here 3951
Afore / and founde in him good chere
Whiche han assayed him to shende
And with her trowandyse to blende
A foole is eyth to begyle
But may I lyue a lytel while 3956
He shal fortheynke his fayre semblaunt.
And with that worde came Drede
anaunt
Whiche was abasshed / and in great fere
When he wyuste Ielouysye was there
He was for drede in suche affray 3961
That not a worde durste he saye
But quakyng stode fulstyl alone
(Tyl Ielouysye his way was gone) 3964
Saue Shame / that him not forsoke
Bothe Drede and she ful sore quoke
That at laste drede abrayde
And to his cosyn Shame sayde 3968

Shame (he sayd) in sothfastnesse
To me it is great heuynesse
That the noyse so ferre is go [Fo. clix.] 3972
And the sclaunuer of vs two
But sythe that it is befall
We may it not agayne call
Whan ones springe is a fame
For many a yere withouten blame 3976
We haue ben / and many a day
For many an April / and many a May
We han passed / not shamed
Tyl Ielouysye hath vs blamed 3980
Of mystrust and suspicion
Causesesse / without encheson
Go we to Daunger hastely
And let us shewe hym openly
That he hath not a right wrought 3984

Whan that he set not his thought
To kepe better the purprise
In his doyng he is not wyse 3988
He hatho to vs do great wronge
That hath suffred nowe so longe
Bialacoil to haue his wyll
Al his lustes to fulfyll 3992
He muste amende it ytterly
Or els shal he vilaynously
Exyled be out of this londe 3995
For he the werre may not withstonde
Of Ielouysye / nor the grefe
Sythe Bialacoil is at mischefe.

TO Daunger Shame & Drede anon
The right way ben gon 4000
The chorle they founde hem aforne
Lygyng vnder an hawethorne
Vnder his heed no pylowe was
But in the stede a trusse of gras 4004
He slombred / and a nappe he toke
Tyl Shame pitously him shoke
And great manace on him gan make
 Why slepest thou / when thou shulde wake
(Quod Shame) thou doest vs vilanye
Who trusteth the / he dothe folye
To kepe roses or bothoms 4011
When they ben fayre in her sesons
Thou arte woxe to famylieare
Where thou shulde be straunge of chere
Stoute of thy porte / redy to greue 4016
Thou doest great folye for to leue
Bialacoil here inne to call

1 The yonder man / to shenden vs all
Though that thou slepe / we may here
Of Ielouysye great noyse here 4020
Arte thou nowe late / ryse vp an hye
And stoppe sone and delyuerly
Al the gappes of the hay
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Do no fauour / I the pray 4024
It falleth nothyng to thy name
To make fayre semblant / where thou mayste blame

With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake
Frownynge his eyen gan to make
And hydous chere / as man in rage
For yre he brent in his visage [149 bk] 4064
When that he herde him blamed so
He said / out of my wytte I go
To be discomyfte I haue great wronge
Certes I haue nowe lyued to longe 4068
Sithe I maye nat this closer kepe
Al quycke I wolde be doluen depe
If any man shal more repayre 4071
In to this gardyn for foule or fayre
Myne herte for yre gothe a fere
That I lette any entre here
I hano do folly nowe I se
But nowe it shal amended be 4076
Who setteh fote here any more
Truly he shal repent it sore
For no man more in to this place
Of me to entre shal haue grace 4080
Leuer I had with swerdes twayne
Throughout myn herte / in every vayne
Perced to be / with any a wonde
Than slouthe shulde in me be founde
From hensforthe by nyght or day 4085
I shal defende it if I may
Withouten any excepcion
Of ech maner condycion
And if I it any man graunte
Holdeth me for recreaunte. 4090

T

Han Daunger on his fetes gan stonde
And hente a burden in his honde
Wrothe in his ire ne lefte he nought
But through the verger he hath sought
If he myght fynde hole or trace 4095
Where through that me mote forthe by pace
Or any gappe / he dyd it close
That no man might touche a rose
Of the Roser all aboute
He shytteth every man without. 4100
Thus day by day Daunger is wers
More wonderful and more dyuers
And feller eke / than euer he was
For hym ful ofte I synge alas 4104
For I ne may nought / through his yre
Recover that I moste desyre
Myn herte alas / wol brest a two
For Bialacoil I wrathed so 4108
For certanyly in every membre
I quake / when I me remembre
Of the bothom / whiche I wolde
Ful ofte a day sene and beholde 4112
And when I thynke vpon the kysses
And howe muche ioye and blysse
I had through the saunour swete
For wante of it I grone and grete 4116
Me thynketh I fele yet in my nose
The swete saunour of the rose
And nowe I wote that I mote go
So ferre the fresshe floures fro 4120
To me ful welcome were the dethe
Absence therof (alas) me slethe
For whylom with this rose / alas 4123
I touched nose / mouthe / and face
But nowe the dethe I must abyde
But Loue consent another tyde
That ones I touche may and kysses
I trowe my Payne shal neuer lysses 4128
Theron is al my couetyse
Whiche brent myn herte in many wyse
Nowe shal repaye agayne syghyng
Longe watche on nyghtes / and no
slepyng 4132
Thought in wysshynge / turment / and wo
With many a turnyng to and fro
That halfe my Payne I can not tell
For I am fallen in to hell 4136

From paradyse and welthe / the more
My turment greueth more / and more
Anoyeth nowe the bytneresse 4139
That I toforme hane felte swetenesse
And wicked tonge / through his falshede
Causeth al my wo and drede
On me he leyeth a pytous charge
Bycause his tonge was to large. 4144

Nowe it is tyme shortly that I
Tell you somthynge of Ielousy
That was in great suspicion
Aboute him lette he no mason 4148
That stone coulde laye / ne querrour
He hyred hem to make a tour
And first the roses for to kepe
Aboute hem made he a dich depe 4152
Right wonder large / and also brode
Vpon the whiche also stode
Of squared stone / a sturdy wall 4155
Whiche on a cragg was founded all
And right great thicknesse eke it bare
About it was founded square [Fo. c.l]
An hundred fandom on euery syde
It was al lyche longe and wyde 4160
Lest any tyme it were assayled
Ful wel aboute it was batayled
And rounde enyron eke were sette
Ful many a riche and fayre tourette
At euery corner of this wall 4165
Was sette a toure ful principall
And eueriche hadde without fable
A portcolyse desensable 4168
To kepe of eneymes / and to greue
That there her force wolde preue
And eke amydde this pursprise 4171
Was made a toure of great maiystrye
A fayry saugh no man with syght
Large and wyde / and of great myght
They dradde none assaut
Of gynne / gonne / nor skaffaut 4176
The tempurie of the mortere
Was made of lycur wonder dere
Of quicke lyme persaunt and egré 4179
The whiche was tempred with wynegre

The stone was harde of adamant
Wherof they made the foundemant
The toure was rounde made in compas
In al this worlde no richer was 4184
Ne better ordainèd there withal
Aboute the toure was made a wal
So that betwixt that and the toure
Roses were sette of sweete saunour 4188
With many roses that they were
And eke within the castel were
Springoldes / gonne / bowes / and archers
And eke about at corners 4192

Men seyne ouer the wal stonde
Great engyns / who were nerehonde
And in the kernels here and there
Of arblasters great plentie were 4196
None armoure myght her strok withstonde
It were foly to preace to honde
Without the dytche were lystes made
With wal batayled large and brade 4200
For men and horse shulde not attayne
To nyghe the dyche ouer the playne
Thus Ielousye hath enyron
Set aboute his garnysyn 4204
With walles rounde / and dyche depe
Onely the Roser for to kepe [Fo.C.I, col. 2]
And Daunger erly and late
The keyes kepte of the vttter gate 4208
The whiche openeth towarde the eest
And he had with him at lease
Thurty seruauntes echone by name
That other gate kepte Shame 4212
Whiche opened / as it was couthe
Towarde the parte of the southe

Sergeauntes assigned were her to
Ful many / her wyly for to do 4216
Than Drede had in her bailye
The kepyng of the constablerye
Towarde the northe I understonde
That opened vpon the lyfte honde 4220
The whiche for nothyng may be sure
But if she do besy cure
Erly on morowe / and also laty 4223
Strongly to shette and barre the gate
Of evry thyng that she may se
Drede is a ferde / where so she be
For with a puffe of lytel wynde
Drede is astonyed in her mynde 4228
Therfore for stealyng of the rose
I rede her not the yate vnclose
A foules flyght wol make her fle
And eke a shadowe if she it se. 4232

Than wicked tonge ful of enyue
With soudyours of Normandye
As he that causeth al the bate
Was keper of the fourthe gate 4236
And also to the tother thre
He went ful ofte for to se
Whan his lotte was to wake a nyght
His instrumentes wolde he dyght 4240
For to blowe and make sowne
Ofter than he hath enchesoun
And walken ofte vpon the wall
Corners and wickettes ouer all 4244
Ful narowe serchen and espye
Though he naught fonde / yet wolde he lye
Discordaunt euere fro armony
And distoned from melodye 4248
Controue he wolde / and foule fayle
With hornepypes of Cornewayle
In foytes made he discordaunce 4251
And in his musyke with mischaunce
He wolde seyne with notes newe [150 bk.]
That he fonde no woman trewe
Ne that he sawe neuer in his lyfe
Vnto her husonde a trewe wyfe 4256
Ne none so ful of honeste
That she nyly laughe and mery be
Whan that she hereth or may espie
A man spoken of lecherye 4260
Euerchy of hem hath some vyme
One is dishonest / another is nyce
If one be ful of vilanye
Another hath a lykerous eye 4264
If one be ful of wantonnesse
Another is a chyderesse.

Thus wicked tonge / god yeue him shame 4267
Can put hem euerychone in blame
Without deserte and causelesse
He lyeth / though they ben gyltlesse
I haue pyte to sene the sorowe 4271
That walketh bothe eue and morowe
To innocentes dothe suche greuance
I pray god yeue him yuel chaunce
That he euer so besye is
Of any woman to seyne amys 4276
Eke Ielousye / god confounde
That hath made a toure so rounde
And made aboute a garson
To sette Bealacoil in prison 4280
The whiche is shetted there in the tour
Ful longe to holde there soyour
There for to lyne in penance
And for to do him more greuance 4284
Whiche hath ordanyned Ielousye
An olde vecke for to espye
The maner of his gouernaunce 4287
The whiche dynel in her enfauence
Had lerned of loues arte
And of his pleys toke her parte

She was except in his sernyse 4291
She knewe eche wrenche and euery gyse
Of Loue / and euery wyle
It was harde her to begyle
Of Bealacoil she toke aye hede 4295
That euer he lyueth in wo and drede
He kepeth koye / and eke priuue
Leest in him she had se any fals countenaunc 1
And after this whan Ielousye
Had Bealacoil in his baillie
And shette him vp that was so fre
For sure of him he wolde be 4304
He trusteth sore in his castell
The stronge werke him lyketh well
He dradde not that no gloton
Shulde steale his roses or bothoms 4308
The roses weren assured all
Defenced with the stronge wall
Nowe Ielousye ful wel may be
Of drede deuyde in lyberte 4312
Whether that he slepe or wake
For of his roses may none be take.

BVT I (alas) nowe mornes shal 4315
Bycause I was without the wal
Ful moche doole and mone I made
Who had wyste what wo I hade
I trowe he wolde haue had pyte
Lone to dere had solde me 4320
The good that of his loue had I
I werte aboute it al quently
But nowe through doublyng of my payne
I se he wolde it sell agayne 4324
And me a newe bargaynere lere
The whiche al out the more is dere
For the solace that I haue lorne
Than I had it neuer aforne 4328
Certayne I am ful lyke in dede
To him that caste in erthe his sede
And hath ioye of the newe spring
When it greneth in the gynnyng
And is also fayre and fresshe of floure
Lusty to sene / swote of odoure
But er he it in sheues shere
May fall a wether that shal it dere
And make it to fade and fall
The stalke / the greyn / and floures all
That to the tyllers is fordone
The hope that he had to sone
I drede certayne that so fare I
For hope and traunayle sykerly
Ben me byrafte al with a storme
The floure nyl seden of my corre
For Loue hath so auanced me
When I began my priyute
To Bailacoil al for to tel [Fo. C.H.]
Whom I ne founde frowarde ne fel
But toke agree al hole my play
But love is of so harde assaye
That al atones he reued me
When I wente best abouen to haue be
It is of loue / as of fortune
That chaungeth ofte / and nyl contune
Whiche whilom wol on folke smylye
And glombe on hem another whyle
Nowe frendre nowe foe shalte her fele
For a twynclynge tourneth her whele
She canne writhe her heed awaye
This is the conourse of her playe
She canne areysye that dothe mourne
And whilome adowne and ouertourne
Who sytteth hyghest / but as her lust
A foole is he that wol her trust
For it is I that am come downe
Through charge and revolutioun
Sithe Bialacoil mot fro me twynne
Shette in the prison yonde withinne
His absence at myne herte I fele

For al my ioye and al myne hele
Was in him / and in the Rose
That but you wol / whiche him dothe close
Openne / that I maye him se
Loue wol nat that I cured be
Of the paynes that I endure
Nor of my cruel aventure.

A H / Bialacoil myne owne dere
Though thou be nowe a prisonere
Kepe at leest thynge herte to me
And suffre nat that it daunted be
Ne lette nat Ielouslyy in his rage
Putten thynge herte in no seruage
Al though he chastice the without
And make thy body vnto him lout
Haue herte as harde as diamaunt
Stedfast / and naught plyaunt
In prison though thy body be
At large kepe thynge herte free
A trewe herte wol nat plye
For no manace that it maye drye
If Ielousye dothe the payne
Quyte him his whyle thus agayne
To venge the at leest in thought
If other waye thou mayst nought [Fo. C.H. col. 2]
And in this wyse subtelly
Worche / and wynee the maistry
But yet I am in great affraye
Lest thou do nat / as I saye
I drede thou canst me great maugre
That thou enprisoned arte for me
But that nat for my trespass
For through me neuer discovered was
Yet thynge / that ought be secre
Wel more annoye is in me
Than is in the of this myschaunce
For I endure more harde penaunce
Than any canne sayne or thynke
That for the sorwe almost I synke
When I remembre me of my wo 4409
Ful ngyhe out of my wytte I go.
Inwarde myne herte I fele blede
For comfortlesse the dethe I drede 4412
Owe I nat wel to haue dystresse
When false / through her wickednesse
And traytours / that arne enuyous
To noyents / be so coragious 4416
Ah / Bialacoile ful wel I se
That they hem shape to discernye the
To make the buxome to her lawe
And with her corde the to drawe 4420
Whore so hem lust / right at her wyl
I drede they haue the brought there tyl
Without conforte / thought me slethe
This game wol bringe me to my dethe
For if your good wyl I lese 4425
I mote be deed I maye nat chese
And if that thou foryte me
Myne hert shal neuer in lykyng be
Nor elswhere fynde solace 4429
If I be putte out of your grace
As it shal neuer ben I hoope
Than shulde I fal in wanhope 4432
Alas / in wanhope : naye parde
For I wol neuer dispeyerd be
If hope me fayle / than am I
Vngratious and vnworthy 4436
In hoope I wol conforted be
For Loue / when he betaught her me
Sayd / that hoope where so I go
Shulde aye be relees to my wo 4440
But what and she my bales bete
And be to me curteis and swete [Po. C.11, back]
She is in nothyng ful certayne
Louers she putte in ful great payne
And maketh hem with wo to dele 4445
Her fayre behest discyuyeth fele
For she wol behote sykyer
And faylen after vtterly 4448
Ah / that is a ful noyous thyng
For many a louer in louyng
Hangeth vpon her / and trysteth fast
Whiche lese her traueyle at the last
Of thyng to commen she wotte right
nought 4453
Therfore if it be wisely sought
Her counsayle foly is to take
For many tymes / when she wol make
A ful good sylogisme / I drede 4457
That afterwarde there shal in dede
Folowe an yuel conclusyoun
This putte me in confusyoun
For many tymes I haue it sene 4461
That many haue begyled bene
For truste that they haue sette in hoope
Whiche fel hem afterwyrde a slope.

BVT nathelesse yet gladly she wolde
That he that wol him with her
holde 4466
Haddre al tymes her purpose clere
Without discyue or any were
That she desyreth sykyer 4469
When I her blamed I dyd foly
But what auayleth her good wyl
When she ne maye stanche my
stounde yl 4472
That helpeth lytel that she maye do
Outtake behest vnto my wo
And heest certayne in no wyse
Without yefte is nat to preyse. 4476

Whan heest and dede a sondre vary
They done a great contrary
Thus am I posset vp and downe
With doole / thought / and confusyoune
Of my disease there is no nombre 4481
Daungere and Shame me encombre
The Romaunt of the Rose.  (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)  59

Drede also / and Ielousye
And Wicked Tonge ful of enuye 4484
Of whiche the sharpe and cruel Ire
Ful ofte me putte in great martyr
They haue my ioye fully lette
Sithe Bialacoil they haue beshette [151 bk.,
Fro me in prison wickedly 4489
Whome I love so entierly
That it wol my bane be
But I the sooner maye him se 4493
And yet more ouer worste of a
There is sette to kepe / foule her be.
A Rympled vecke ferre ronne in rage
Frownynge and yelowe in her visage
Whiche in awaye lyth day and nyght
That none of hem maye haue a syght.

Owe mote my sorowe enforced be
Ful soth it is that Loue yafe me
Thre wonder yeftes of his grace 4501
Whiche I haue lorne nowe in this place
Sithe they ne maye without drede
Helpen but lytel who taketh hede 4504
For here aneyleth no Swete thought
And swete Speche helpeth right nought.
The thirde was called Swete Lokyng
That nowe is lorne without lesyng. 4508

Yeftes were fayre / but nat for thy
They helpe me but symply
But Bialacoil loosed be
To gone at large / and to be free 4512
For him my lyfe lyth al in dout
But if he come the rather out
Alas I trowe it wol nat bene 4515
For howe shulde I euermore him sene?
He maye nat out / and that is wronge
Bycause the Toure is so stronge
Howe shulde he out / or by whose
prowesse

Of so stronge a forteresse? 4520
By me certayne it nyl be do
God wotte I haue no wytte therto
But wel I wotte I was in rage
When I to Loue dydde homage 4524
Who was in cause (in sothfastnesse)
But her selfe dame Idelnesse?
Whiche me convyde through fayre
prayer
To enter in to that fayre vergere 4528
She was to blame me to leue
The whiche nowe dothe me sore greu
A foole worde is nought to trowe
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe 4532
Menne shulde him snybbe bitterly
At prime temps of his folly  [Fo. c.iii.]
I was a foole / and she me leued.
Through whom I am right nought releued
She accomplysshed al my wyll 4537
That nowe me greueth wonder yll.

Eason me sayde what shulde fall
A foole my selfe I may wel call
That loue a syde I had nat layde 4541
And trowed that dame Reson sayde
Reson had bothe skyll and ryght
When she me blamed / with al her
myght 4544
To medle of loue / that hath me shent
But certayne nowe I wol repent.

Nd shulde I repent? nay parde
A false traytour / than shulde I be
The dyuys engyns wolde me take 4549
If I my loue wolde forsake
Or Bialacoil falsly betraye
Shulde I at mischefe hate him? naye
Sythe he nowe for his curtesye 4553
Is in prison of Ielousye
Curtesye certayne dyd he me
So moche / that it may not yolden be
Whan he the hay passen me lete 4557
To kysse the Rose / fayre and swete
Shulde I therfore comne him maugre
Nay certanyly / it shal not be 4560
For Loue shal neuer yee good wyll
Here of me / through worde or wyll
Offence or complaynt more or lesse
Neyther of Hope nor Idelnesse 4564
For certes it were wroghte that I
Hated hem for her curtesye
There is not els / but suffre and thynke
And waken whan I shulde wynke 4568
Abyde in hope / tyl Loue through chaunc
Sende me socour or allegaunce
Expectant aye tyl I may mete
To getten mercy of that swete. 4572

Whylom I thynke howe Loue to me
Sayd he wolde take at gre
My seruyce / if vnpatience
Caused me to done offence 4576
He sayd / in thanke I shal it take
And hygh mystery eke the make
If wickednesse ne reue it the [Fo. C.ii, col. 2]
But sone I trowe that shal not be 4580
These were his worde by and by
It semed he loued me trewly
Nowe is there nowt but serue him wele
If that I thynke his thanke to fele 4584
My good myn harme / lythe hole in me
In loue may no defaute be
For trewe loue ne fayled neuer man
Sothly the faute mote nedes than 4588
As god forbyd / be founde in me
And howe it commeth / I can not se
Nowe let it gone as it may go
Whether Loue wol socoure me or slo
He may do hole on me his wyll 4593
I am so sore bounde hym tyl
From his seruyce I may not flene
For lyfe and dethe withouten wene
Is in his hande / I may not chese 4597
He may me do bothe wynne and lese
And sythe so sore he dothe me greue
Yet if my luste he wolde acheue 4600
To Bialacoil goodly to be
I yeue no force what fel on me
For though I dye / as I mote nede
I pray Loue of his goodlyhede 4604
To Bialacoil do gentylnesse
For whom I lyue in suche distresse
That I mote dyen for penance
But first / without repentaunce 4608
I wol me confess in god entent
And make in haste my testament
As louers done that feln smerte
To Bialacoil leache I myn herte 4612
Al hole / without departynge
Or doublenesse of repentyng.

† Comment Raison vient a Lamant.

Thus as I made my passage 4615
In compleynt / and in cruel rage
And I not where to fynde a leche
That couthe vn to myn helpyng eche
Sodainly agayne comen doun
Out of her tour I saw Resoun 4620
Discrete and wyse / and ful plesaunt
And of her porte ful auenaunt
The right way she toke to me
Whiche stode in great perplexite 4624
That was posshed in eueri syde [Fo. C.ii, back]
That I uyst where I myght abyde
Tyl she demurely sadde of chere
Sayd to me as she came nere 4628
Myne owne frende / arte thou greued ?
Howe is this quarel yet atcheued
Of loues syde? anone tel me
Hast thou nat yet of loue thy fyl? 4632
Arte thou nat wery of thy seruyce?
That the hath in suche wyse?
What ioye haste thou in thy louyng?
Is it sweere or byther thyng? 4636
Canst thou yet chese / lette me se
What best thy socour myght be.

Thou seruest a ful noble lorde 4639
That maketh the thral for thy rewarde
Whiche aye reneweth thy tourment
With foly so he hath the blent
Thou fel in myschefe thylke daye 4643
Whan thou dyddest / the sothe to saye
Obeysaunce / and eke homage
Thou wroughst nothyng as the sage
When thou became his liege man
Thou dyddest a great foly than 4648
Thou wystest nat what fel therto
With what lorde thou haddest to do
If thou haddest him wel knowe
Thou haddest nought be brought so

dowe
For if thou wystest what it were 4653
Thou noldest serue him halfe a yere
Nat a weke / nor halfe a daye
Ne yet an hour without delaye 4656
Ne neuer I loued paramours
His lordshypppe is so ful of shours
Knowest hym ought? 4657
Lamaunt. Ye dame parde
Rayson. Nay nay. Lamaunt. Yes I
Rayson. Wherfore lette se 4660
Lamaunt. Of that he sayd I shulde be
Gladde to haue suche lorde (as he)
And maister of suche seignorie
Rayson. Knowest him no more?
Lamaunt. Naye certes I 4664
Saue that he yafe me rules there
And went his waye / I nyst where

And I abode bounde in balaunce
Lo / there a noble conysaunce. 4668
 ...(Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Bvt I wol that thou knowe him nowe
Gynnynge and ende / sithe that thou
Arte so anguysshous and mate
Disfygured out of astate 4672
There maye no wretche hane more of wo
Ne caytife none enduren so
It were to euer manne syttyng
Of his lorde haue knowlegyng 4676
For if thou knewe him out of dout
Lightly thou shuldest escapen out
Of thy prysone that marreth the
Lamaunt. Ye dame sithe my lorde
is he 4680
And I his manne made with myne honde
I wolde ryght fayne vnderstonde
To knowe of what kynde he be
If any wolde enforce me. 4684

Wolde (sayd Reason) the lere
Sithe thou to lerne hast suche desyre
And shewe the withouten fable
A thynge that is nat demonstrable 4688
Thou shalte withouten science [se]
And knowe withouten experience
The thynge that may nat knowen be
Ne wyst ne shewed in no degree 4692
Thou mayst the sothe of it nat wytten
Though in the it were written
Thou shalte nat knowe therof more
Whyle thou arte ruled by his lore 4696
But vnto him that lone wol flye
The kotte maye vnlosed be
Whiche hath to the / as it is founde
So longe to knytte and nat vnbounde
Nowe sette wel thynye ententioun
To here of Loue discriptioun. 4702
L

Oue it is an hateful pees
A free acquytaunce without relees
And through the frette ful of falshede
A sickernesses al sette in drede
In herte is a disperrynge hoope
And ful of hoope it is wanhoope
Wyse woodnesse / and voyde Reasoun
A swete peryl in to drowne
An heuy burthen lyght to beare
A wicked wawe awaye to weare
It is Carybdes perilous
Disagreeable and gratious
1It is discordaunce that can accorde
And accordaunce to discorde
It is connyng without science
Wysedom without sapyence
Wyte without discretioun
Hauoyre without possessyoun
It is lyke hele and hole sickenesse
A truste drowned and dronknesse
And helthe ful of maladye
And charyte ful of enuye
And angre ful of habundaunce
And a gredy suffysance
Delyte right ful of heuynesse
And dreryed ful of gladnesse
Bytter swetnesse and swete errour
Right yuel sauoured good sauour
Sen that pardone hath withinne
And pardone spotted without synne
A payne also it is ioyous
And felonye ryght pytous
Also playe that selde is stable
And stedfast right meuble
A strength weyked to stonde vpright
And feblenesse ful of myght
Wyte vnauyed / sage folye
And ioye ful of tourmentrye
A laughter it is wepynge aye
Rest that traneyleth nyght and daye

Also a swete helle it is
And a sorouful paradyse
A plesaunt gayle and easy prisoun
And ful of frost somer seasoun
Pryme temps ful of frostes whyte
And Maye deuoyde of al delyte
With seer braunches blossoms vngrene
And newe frute fyllde with wyntere
tene

It is a slowe maye nat forbeare
Ragges rybaned with golde to weare
For al so wel wol loue be sette
Vnder ragges as riche rochette
And eke as wel by amorettes
In mournyng blacke / as bright burnettes
For none is of so mokel prise
Ne no manne founden so wyse
Ne none so highe is of parage
Ne no manne founde of wytte so sage
No manne so hardy ne so wight
Ne no manne of so mokel myght
None so fulfyllde of bownte
That he with loue maye daunted be
Al the worlde holdeth this waye
Loue maketh al to gone myswaye
But it be they of yuel lyfe
Whome Genius cursed man and wyfe
That wrongly werke agayne nature
None suche I loue / ne haue no cure
Of suche as loues seruauntes bene
And wol nat by my counsayle flene
For I ne preyse that louyng
Wherthrough men at the laste endyng
Shal cal hem wretches ful of wo
Lone greueth hem and shendeth so
But if thou wolte wel loue eschewe
For to escape out of his mewe
And make al hoole thy sorowe to slake
No better counsayle mayst thou take
Than thynke to fleen wel ywis
Maye nought helpe els / for wytte thou this
If thou flye it / it shal flye the
Folowe it / and folowen shal it the. 4784
¶ Lamant.

When I hadde herde al Reason sayne
Whiche had spilte her speche in vayn
Dame (sayd I) I dare wel saye
Of this aumant me wel I maye 4788
That from your schole do deiaunt
I am / that neuer the more aumant
Right nought am I through your doctryne
I dulle under your disciplyne 4792
I wotte no more than wyster euer
To me so contrary and so fer
Is every thynge that ye me lere
And yet I canne it al by parture 4796
Myne herte foryeteth therof right nought
It is so written in my thought
And depe greuen it is so tender
That al myne herte I can it render 4800
And rede it ouer communely
But to my fele lewdest am I.

BVT sithe ye Loue discrynuen so
And lacke and preise it bothe two
Defyneth it in to this letter 4805
That I maye thynke on it the better
For I herde neuer diffyned here
And wylfully I wolde it lere 4808
If loue be serched well and sought [156 br.]
It is a sickenese of the thought
Annexed and knedde betwixt twyne
With male and female with o cheyne
So frely that byndeth / that they nyly twynne 4813
Wheder so therof they lese or wynne
The rote spryngeth through hoote bren-nynge
In to disordynate desyringe 4816
For to kyssen and enbrace
And at her luste them to solace
Of other thynge loue retcheth nought
But setteth her herte and al her thought
More for delectatioun 4821
Than any procreationu
Of other fruite by engendrure
Whiche loue to god is nat pleasure 4824
For of her body fruyte to gette
They yene no force / they are so sette
Vpon delyte to playe in fere
And some hane also this manere 4828
To faynen hem for loue seke
Suche loue I preyse nat at a leke
For paramours they do but fayne
To loue trewly they disdayne 4832
They falsen ladyes traytoursly
And swerne hem othes vitterly
With many a leasyng / and many a fable
And al they fynden disceyuuable 4836
And when they han her luste getten
The hoote ernes they al foryetten
Women the harme byen ful sore
But menne this thynken euermore 4840
That lasse harme is / so mote I thee
Disceyue them / than discyued be
And namely where they ne maye
Fynde none other meane wyay 4844
For I wotte wel in sothfastnesse
That what dothe nowe his besynesse
With any woman for to dele
For any luste that he maye fele 4848
But if it be for engendrure
He dothe trespasse I you ensure
For he shulde setten al his wyl
To getten a lykely thynge him tyl 4852
And to sustayne / if he myght
And kepe forthe by kyndes ryght
His owne lykenesse and semblable
For bycause al is corrumpable 4856
And fayle shulde successyoun
Ne were their generation
Our sectes sterne for to saue
Whan father or mother arne in graue
Her chyldren shulde / whan they ben bede
Ful dilygent bene in her stede
To vse that warke on suche a wyse
That one may through another ryse
Therfore sette kynde therin delyte
For men therin shulde hem delyte
And of that dede be nat erke
But ofte sythes haunt that werke
For none wolde drawe therof a draught
Ne were delyte / whiche hath him caught
This had subtyl dame Nature
For none whoth right I the ensure
Ne hath entent hoole ne parfyte
For her desyre is for delyte
The whiche fortented crease / and eke
The playe of lune for ofte seke
And thral hem selfe they be so nyce
Vn to the prynce of euery vyce
For of eche synne it is the rote
Vnleful luste / though it be sote
And of al yuel the racyne
As Tullyus canne determinyne
Whiche in his tyme was ful sage
In a booke he right I the age
Where that more he prayseth elde
Though he be croked and vnwelde
And more of commendationoun
Than youthe in his discriptioun
For youthe sette bothe man and wyfe
In al parel of soule and lyfe
The parel is / but men hauue grace
And parel of youthe for to pace
Without any dethe or distresse
It is so ful of wyldnesse
So ofte it doth the shame or domage

To hym or to his lynage
It ledeth man / nowe vp nowe downe
In mokel dissoluion
And maketh him loure yuel company
And lede his lyfe disrulyly
And halte hym payde with none estate
Within hym selfe is suche debate
He chaungeth purpose and entent
And yalte in to some couent
To lyuen after her emprise
And leseth fredom and fraunchyse
That nature in him had sette
The whiche agayne he may not gette
If he there make his mansyoun
For to abyde professyon
Though for a tyme his herte absente
It may not fayle / he shal repente
And eke abyde thilke day
To leaye his abyde / and gon his way
And leseth his worshyp and his name
And dare not come agayne for shame
But al his lyfe he dothe so mourne
Bycause he dare nat home retourne
Fredom of kynde so loste hath he
That neuer may recured be
But that if god him graunte grace
That he may / er he hence pace
Conteyne vnder obedience
Through the vertue of paciencye
For youthe set man in al folye
In vnthritfe and in rybandrie
In lechery / and in outrage
So ofte it chaungeth of corage
Youthe gynneth ofte suche bargayne
That may not ende without payne
In great parell is set youth hede
Delyte so dothe his bridell lede
Delyte this hangeth / drede the nought
Bothe mans body and his thought
Onely through youthes chamberge
That to done yuell is customere
And of naught els taketh hede
But onely folkes for to lede
In to disporte and wyldenesse
So is frowarde from sadnessse
But elde draweth hem therfro
Who wote it not / he may wel go
And mo of hem / that nowe arne elde
That whylom youthe had in holde
Whiche yet remembrith of tender age
Howe it hem brought in many a rage
And many a foly therin wrought
But nowe that elde hath him through sought
They repent hem of her folye
That youthe hem put in jeopardyle
In parell and in moche wo
And made hem ofte amysse to do
And seuen yuell companye
Ryot and auoutrye.

BVT elde gan agayne restrayne
From suche foly / and refrayne
And set men by her ordynaunce
In good rule and in gouernaunce
But yuel she spendeth her seruyse
For no man wol her loue neyther preyse
She is hated / this wote I wele
Her acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele
Ne han of elde companye
Men hate to be of her alye
For no man wolde becomen olde
Ne dye / whan he is yonge and bolde
And elde meruayleth right greatly
Whan they remembre hem inwardly
Of many a perillous emprise
Whiche that they wrought in sondrie wyse
Howe euer they might without blame
Escape away without shame

In youte without domage
Or reprefe of her lynage
Losse of membre / shedyng of blood
Parell of dethe / or losse of good
Woste thou not where youte abyd
That men so preysen in her wyt?
With Delyte she halte soiour
For bothe they dwellen in o tour
As longe as youthe is in season
They dwellen in one mansyon
Delyte of youte wol haue seruycye
To do what so he wol deuyse
And youthe is redy euermore
For to obeye for smerte of soore
Vnto Delyte / and him to yeue
Her seruycye / while that she may lyne.

Where elde abytte / I wol the tel
Shortly / and no while dwel
For thyder behoueth the to go
If dethe in youte the nat slo
Of this journey thou mayst nat fayle
With her labour and trauyale
Lodged ben with sorowe and wo
That neuer out of her courte go
Payne and dystresse / syckenesse /
And yre
And melancoly that angry syre
Bene of her paleys senatours
Gronyng and grutchyng / her herbegeours
The daye and nyght her to tourmente
With cruel dethe they her present
And tellyen her erlyche and late
That dethe stondeth armed at her gate
Than brynge they to her remembraunce
The foly dedes of her enfaunce
Whiche causen her to mourne in wo
That youte hath her begyled so
Whiche sodainly awaye is hasted
She weped the tymel that she hath wasted

ROMAUNT.
Complaynynge of the preterytte
And the present / that nat abytte
And of her olde vanyte
That but aforne she maye se 5014
In the future some socoure
To leggen her of her doloure
To graunt her tyme of repentaunce
For her synnes to do penaunce 5018
And at the laste so her gouerne
To wynne the ioye that is eterne
Fro whiche go backwarde youthe he made
In vanyte to drowne and wade 5022
For present tyme abydeth nought
It is more swyte than any thought
So lytel whyle it dothe endure
That there nys compote no measure
But howe that euer the game go
Who lyst to loue ioye and myrthe also
Of loue / be it he or she
Hye or lowe who it be 5030
In fruyte they shulde hem delyte
Her parte they maye nat els quyte
To saue hem selfe in honeste
And yet ful manye one I se 5034
Of women / sothly for to sayne
That desyre / and wolde fayne
The playe of loue / they be so wylde
And nat coueyte to go with chylde 5038
And if with chylde they be perchaunce
They wol it holde a great myschaunce
But what so euer wo they fele
They wol nat playne / but concele 5042
But if it be any foole or nyce
In whome that shame hath no iustyce
For to Delyte echone they drewe
That haunteth this worke bothe the hye and lawe 5046
Sawe suche that arne worth the right nought 5046
That for money wal be bought
Suche loue I preyse in no wyse
Whan it is gouen for couetysse 5050
I preyse no woman / though so be woode
That yeueth her selfe for any goode
For lytel shulde a man telle
Of her / that wel her body selle 5054
Be she mayde / be she wyse
That quycke wol selle her by her lyfe
Howe fayre chere that euer she make
He is a wretche I vndertake 5058
That loued suche one / for swete or soure
Though she hym called her paramoure
And laugheth on him / and maketh him feest
For certainly no suche beest 5062
To be loued is nat worthy
Or beare the name of Drury
None shulde her please / but he were woode 5065
That wol dispoyle him of his goode
Yet nathelesse I wol nat saye
That she for solace and for playe
Maye a iewel or other thynge
Take of her loues free yeuynge 5070
But that she asketh it in no wyse
For drede of shame / or couetysse
And she of hers maye him curtayne
Without sclaunder yeuen agayne 5074
And ioyne her hertes togyder so
In loue / and take and yeue also
Trowe nat that I wol hem twynne
Whan in her loue there is no synne
I wol that they togyder go 5079
And done al that they hanne ado
As curetes shulde and debonayre
And in her loue beren hem fayre
Without yerce / bothe he and she
So that alwaye in honeste
The Romaut of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Fro folly loue to kepe hem clere
That brenneth hertes with his fere 5086
And that her loue in any wyse
Be denoyde of couetenye
Good loue shulde engendred be
Of trewe hert / iust / and secre 5090
And nat of suche as sette her thought
To haue her luste / and els nought
So are they caught in lones lace
Trewly for bodily solace 5094
Flessely deleyte is so present [Fo. C.iv]
With the / that set al thynt entent
Without more / what shulde I glose
For to get and haue the Rose 5098
Whiche maketh the so mate and wood
That thow desyrest none other good
But thou arte not an yncle the nerre
But euer abydest in sorowe and werre
As in thy face it is sene 5103
It maketh the bothe pale and lene
Thy might / thy vertue gothe away
A sory gest in good fay
Thou herborest in thynt inne
The god of Loue whan thou let inne
Wherfore I rede thou shette him oute
Or he shal greue the out of doute
For to thy profyte it wol turne 5111
If he no more with the soiourne
In great mischefe and sorowe sonken
Ben hertes / that of loue arne dronken
As thou perauntoure knownen shall 5115
Whan thou hast lost the tyme all
And spent by thought in ydelnesse
In waste / and woful lustynesse 5118
If thou mayst lyue the tyme to se
Of lune for to delyueryed be
Thy tyme thou shalte bewepe sore
The whiche neuer thou mayst restore
For tyme loste / as-men may se 5123
For nothynge may recovered be
And if thou scape / yet at laste
Fro loue that hath the so faste 5126
Knytte and bounden in his lace
Certayne I holde it but a grace
For many one as it is seyne
Haue loste / and spent also in veyne
In his servyce without socour 5131
Body and soule / good / and treasour
Wyte / and strengthe / and eke rychesse
Of whiche they had neuer redresse. 5134

Thus taught & preched hath Reason
But Loue spylte her sermon
That was so imped in my thought
That her doctryne I set at nought 5138
And yet ne sayd she neuer a dele
That I ne vnderstode it wele
Worde by worde the mater all
But vnto Loue I was so thrall [Fo. C.iv, col. 2]
Whiche calleth ouer al his praye 5143
He chaseth so my thought aye
And holdeth myne herte vnder his sele
As trusty and trewe as any stel 5146
So that no deuocioun
Ne had I in the sermon
Of dame Reason / ne of her rede
I toke no soiour in myn heede 5150
For al yede out at one ere
That in that other she dyd lere
Fuly on me she lost her lore 5153
Her speche me greued wonder sore.

That vnto her for ire I sayde
For anger / as I dyd abrayde
Dame / and is it your wyll agalte
That I not loue / but that I hate 5158
Al men / as ye me teche
For if I do after your speche
Sythe that ye seyne loue is not good
Than must I nedes say with mode
If I it leue / in hatred aye 5163
Lyuen / and voyde loun awaye
From me a synful wretche
Hated of al that tetch 5166
I may not go none other gate
For eyther muste I loue or hate
And if I hate men of newe
More than loun / it wol me rewe 5170
As by your prechyng semeth me
For Loue nothyng ne prayseth the
Ye yeue good cousayle sykerly
That precheth me al day / that I 5174
Shulde not loues lore alowe
He were a foole wolde you not trowe
In speche also ye han me taught
Another loun that knowen is naught
Whiche I haue herde you not repreue
To loun eche other by your leue
If ye wolde diffyne it me
I wolde gladly here to se 5182
At the leest if I may lere
Of sondrie loues the manere.

I Comment Raison diffinist Aunsete.

That there be none exceptioun
Through chaungynge of ententioun
That echel helphe other at her nede 5213
And wisely hele bothe worde and dede
Trewes of meanyng / deuoyde of slouthe
For wytte is nought without trouthe.

That the tone dare al his thought
Sayne to his frende / and sparre nought
As to him selfe without dreyngne 5219
To be discouered by wreyng.
For gladde is that coniunctioun
When there is none suspiccioun
Whome they wolde proye
That trewe and parfyte weren in loun
For no man maye be anyable.
But if he be so ferme and stabe 5226
That fortune chaunge him nat ne blynde
But that his frende al waye him fynde
Bothe poore and ryche in o state
For if his frende through any gate 5230
Wol complayne of his pouer.
He shulde nat byde so longe / tyll he
Of his helpynghe he requyre
For good dede done through prayere

1 Is solde and bought to dere ywis
To hert that of great valuer is 1[1 l.155, bk. col. 2]
For herte fulfyld of gentylinesse 2
Canne yuel demeane his distresse 5238
And man that worthy is of name.
To askenne often hath great shame
    A good manne brenneth in his thought
For shame whan he asketh ought 5242
He hath great thought / and dredeth aye
For his disease whan he shal praye
His frende / lest that he warned be
Tyl that he preue his stabilyte 5246
But whan that he hath founden one
That trusty is and trewe as stone
And assayed him at al
And founde him stedfast as a wal 5250
And of his frendshipp be certayne
He shal him shewe / both ioye and payne
And al that dare thynke or saye
Without shame / as he wel maye 5254
For howe shulde he a shamed be
Of suche one as I tolde the
For whan he wotte his secrete thought
The thirde shal knowe therof rightnought
For twey in nombre is bette than thre
In euery counsayle and secrece
Repreue he dredeth neuer a dele
Who that besette his wordes wele 5262
For euery wyse manne out of drede
Canne kepe his tonge tyl he se nede
And fooles canne nat holde her tonge
A fooles belle is soone ronge
Yet shal a trewe frende do more
To helpe his felowe of his sore
And socour him whan he hath nede
In al that he maye done in dede 5270
And gladder that he him pleaseth
Than his felowe that he easeth
And if he do nat his request
He shal as moche him molest 5274
As his felowe / for that he
Maye nat fulfyl his volunte
Fully / as he hath requyred
If bothe the hertes loue hath fyred 5278
Ioye and wo they shal departe

And take evenly eche his parte
Halfe his anoye he shal haue aye
And conforte what that he maye 5282
And of this blysse parte shal he [Fo. C.1v.]
If loue wol departed be.

And whylom of this vnyte
Spake Tullius in a dye 5286
And shulde maken his request
Vnto his frende / that is honest
And he goodly shulde it fulfyll
But it the more were out of skyll 5290
And otherwyse not graunte thereto
Except only in causes two
If men his frende to dethe wolde drieue
Let him be besy to saue his lyue
Also if men wollen him assayle
Of his worshyp to make him fayle
And hyndren him of his renoun
Let him with ful entencioun 5298
His deuer done in eche degre
That his frende ne shamed be
In this two case with his might
Takyng no kepe to skyll nor right 5302
As ferre as loue may him excuse
This ought no man to refuse
This loue that I haue tolde to the
Is no thyng contrarye to me
This wol I that thou folowe wele
And leaye the tother euery dele
This loue to vertue al entendeth 5309
The tother fooles blent and shendeth.

Another loue also there is
That is contrarye vnto this
Whiche desyre is so constrayned
That is but wyl fayned 5314
Away fro trouthe it dothe so varye
That to good loue it is contrarye
For it maymeth in many wyse
Syke hertes with courtese 5318
Al in wynynge and in profyte
 Suche loue settehyt his delyte
This loue so hangeth in balaunce
That if it lese his hope parchaunce 5322
Of lucre / that he is set vpon
It wol fayle / and quenche anon
For no man maye be amorours  [se]
Ne in his lyuyng vertuous  5326
But he loue more in moode  [I. 156, col. 2]
Men for hem selfe / than for her goode
1 For loue that profyte dothe abyde
Is false / and byydeth not in ny tyde
Loue cometh of dame Fortune 5331
That lytel whyle wol contyne
For it shal chaungen wonder soone
And take eclyps right as the moone
When he is from vs lette  5335
Through erthe / that betwixt is sette
The sonne and her / as it may fall
Be it in partie / or in all
The shadowe maketh her bemes merke
And her hornes to shewe derke
That parte / where she hath loste her
lyght
Of Phebus fully / and the syght  5342
Tyl whan the shadowe is ouerpaste
She is enlumyned ageyn as faste
Through the brightnesse of the sonne
bemes  5345
That yeueth to her ageyne her lemes
That loue is rght of suche nature
Nowe is fayre / and nowe obscure
Nowe bright / nowe clipsy of manere
And whilom dymme / & whylom clere
As soone as pouerte gynneth take  5351
With mantel and weedes blake
Hydeth of loue the light away
That in to nyght it turneth day
It may not se richesse shyne

Tyl the blacke shadowes fyne  5356
For whan rychesse shyneth bright
Loue recouereth eyen his lyght
And whan it fayleth / he wol flyt
And as she greueth / so greueth it
Of this loue here what I saye
The ryche men are loued aye  5362
And namely tho that sparande bene
That wol not washe her hertes clene
Of the fylthe / nor of the vyce
Of gredy breynynge auaryce  5366
The ryche man ful fonde is ywis
That weneth that he loued is
If that his herte it ynderstode
It is not he / it is his good  5370
He may wel weten in his thought
His good is loued / and he right nought
For if he be a nygarde eke
Men wol nat set by him a leke  5374
But haten him / this is the sothe
Lo what profyte his catel dothe
Of euer man that may him se  [II. 156, bk.]
It getteth him nought but enmyte  5378
But he amende hym selfe of that vyce
And knowe him selfe / he is not wyse
Certes he shulde aye frendly be
To get hym loue also ben fre  5382
Or els he is not wyse ne sage
No more than is a gote ramage
That he not loueth / his dede proueth
When he his richesse so wel loueth
That he wol hyde it aye and spare  5387
His poore frendes sene forfare
To kepyn aye his purpose
Tyl for drede his eyen close
And tyl a wicked dethe him take
Hym had leuer a sondre shake
And let al his lymmes a sondre ryne
Than leue his richesse in his lyue 5394
He thynketh to parte it with no man
Certayne no loue is in him than
Howe shulde loue within hym be
Whan in his herte is no pyte
That he trespaseth wel I wate
For eche man knoweth his estate
For wel hym ought to be reproved
That loueth nought / ne is not loued
But sithe we arne to fortune comen
And hath our sermon of her nomen
A wonder wyll I tel the nowe
Thou herdest neuer suche one I trowe
I not where thou me leuen shall
Though sothfastnesse it be all
As it is written / and is sothe
That vnto men more profyte dothe
The frowarde fortune and contraire
Than the sowte and debonaire
And if the thynke it is doubtable
It is through argument prouable
For the debonayre and softe
Falseth and begyleth ofte
For lyche a mother she can cherishe
And mylkyn as dothe a noirc
And of her good to him deles
And yeneeth him parte of her ioweles
With great rychesse and dignite
And hem she hoteth stablylite
In a state that is not stable
But chaungyng aye and variable
And fedeth him with glorie veyne
And worldly blysse noncertainayne
Whan she him setteth on her whele
Than wene they to be right whele
And in so stable state withall
That neuer they wene for to fall
And whan they sette so hygh be
They wene to haue in cerceynye
Of hertly frendes to great nombre
That nothyng might her state encombre
They truste hem so on euery syde

Wenyng with hym they wolde abyde
In euery parle and mischaunce
Without chaunge or variaunce
Bothe of catel and of good
And also for to spende her blood
And al her membres for to spyll
Onely to fulfyll her wyll
They maken it hole in many wyse
And hoten hem her ful seruyse
Howe sore that it do hem smerte
Into her very naked sherte
Herte and al so hole they yeue
For the tyme that they may lyue
So that with her flaterye
They maken foolees glorifye
Of her wordes spekyng
And han chere of a reioysyng
And trowe hem as the Euangyle
And it is al falslyde and gyle
As they shal afterarde se
Whan they arme fall in pouerte
And ben of good and catell bare
Than shul they sene who frendes ware
For of an hundred certaynly
Nor of a thousande ful scarsly
Ne shal they fynde vnnethes one
Whan pouerte is comen vpon
For thus Fortune that I of tell
With men whan her lust to dwell
Maketh hem to lese her conysaunce
And norissheth hem in ignoraunce

But frowarde fortune and peruerse
Whan high estates she dothe revers
And maketh hem to tomble doune
Of her whele with sodayne tourne
And from her rychesse dothe hem flye
And plongeth hem in pouerte
As a stepmother enuyous
And layeth a playstre dolorous
Vnto her hertes wounded egre
Whiche is not tempred with vynegre
But with pouerete and indygence
For to shewe by experience
That she is Fortune verilye
In whom no man shulde affye
Nor in her yestes haue fyance
She is so ful of varyaunce 5482
Thus can she maken hye and lowe
Whan they from rychesse arne throwe
Ful lyly before knewen without were
Frendes of affecte / and frende of chere
And whiche in loute weren trewe and
stable [1 ? frende, Thynne.] 5490
And whiche also weren varyable
After fortune her goddesse
In pouerete / either in rychesse 5494
For al that yeueth here out of drede
Vnhappe bereueth it in dede
For in fortune lette not one
Of frendes / whan fortune is gone 5498
I meane tho frendes that wol fle
Anon as entreth pouerete
And yet they wol not leveu hem so
But in eche place where they go
They cal hem wretche / scorne / and
blame
And of her mishappe hem diffame
And namely suche as in rychesse
Prettendeth moste of stablenesse 5502
Whan that they sawe him set on lofte
And weren of him socoured ofte
And most yholpe in al her nede
But nowe they take no maner hede
But seyne in voyce of flaterye
That nowe appereth her folye
Ouer al where so they fare
And synge / go farewel feldedefare 5510
Al suche frendes I beshrewre
For of trewe there be to fewe

But sothfaste frendes / what so betyde
In every fortune wollen abyde 5514
They han her hertas in suche noblesse
That they nyl loue for no rychesse
Nor for that fortune may hem sende
They wollen hem socour and defende
And change for softe ne for sore 5519

1 For who is frende loveth euermore
Though men drawe swerde his frende to
slo  [1 Fo. C.lvii., col. 2]
He may not hewe her loue a two
But in case that I shal say
For pride and ire lese it he may
And for reproue by nycete
And discoueryng of priyute 5526
With tongue woundyng / as felon
Through venemous detraction
Frende in this case wol gon his way
For nothynge greue him more ne may
And for nought els wol he fle
If that he loue in stablyte 5532
And certayne he is wel begone
Amonge a thousande that fyndeth one
For there may be no rychesse
Ayenst frendshyp of worthynesse
For it ne may so hygh attayne 5537
As may the valoure / sothe to sayne
Of him that loueth trewe and well
Frendshyp is more than is catell
For frende in courte aye better is
Than peny in purse certis 5542
And fortune mishappynge
Whan vpon men she is fablyng
Through misturnyng of her chaunce
And caste hem out of balaunce 5546
She maketh through her advyse
Men ful clerely for to se
Hym that is frende in existence
From hym that is by apparence
For in fortune maketh anone
To knowe thy frendes frow thy fone
By experyence right as it is
The whiche is more to prayse ywis 5554
Than in moche rychesse and tresour
For more depe profyte and valour
Povertie / and suche aduersyte
Before / than dothe prosperyte 5558
For that one yeueth conysaunce
And the tother ignoraunce.

And thus in pouerte is in dede
Trouthe declared fro falshe de 5562
For faynte frendes it wol declare
And trewe also / what way they fare
For when he was in his rychesse
These frendes ful of doublenesse 5566
Offred him in many wyse [Po. C.Lvi. back]
Herte and body / and seruyce
What wolde he than haue you to haue bought
To knowen openly her thought 5570
That he nowe hath so clerely sene
The lasse begyled he shulde haue bene
And he hadde than parcyued it 5573
But Richesse nold nat lette him wytte
Wel more auruantage dothe him than
Sithe that it maketh him a wyse man
The great myschefe that he parcyueuyth
Than dothe Richesse that him disceuyuyth
Richesse riche ne maketh nought 5579
Him that on treasour sette his thought
For riches stonte in suffysaunce
And nothyng in habundaunce
For suffysaunce al onely
Maketh menne to lyne richely. 5584

And though it fal / as it maye be
That al be tyme spare shal he
As mokel as shal to him suffysye
Whyle he is sycke in any wyse 5626
He dothe for that he wol be
Content with his pouerete
Without nede of any manne
So moche in lytel haue he canne 5630
He is apayde with his fortune
And for he nyl be importune
Vnto no wyght / ne onerous
Nor of her goodesse coueytous 5634
Therfore he spareth / it maye wel bene
His poore estate for to sustene.

O R if hym luste nat for to spare
But suffreth forthe / as nat ne ware
At laste it hapneth / as it maye 5639
Right vnto his laste daye.
And take the worlde as it wolde be.
For euer in herte thynketh he 5642
The sooner that dethe hym slo
To paradysy the sooner go
He shal / there for to lyue in blysse
Where that he shal no good myss 5646
Thyder he hoopeth god shal him sende
After his wretche two lyues ende
Pythagoras him selfe reheres
In a booke that the golden verses 5650
Is cleped / for the nobilyte
Of the honorable dyte
Than whan thou gost thy body fro
Free in the heyre thou shalte vp go
And leauen al humanyte 5655
And purely lyue in deite
He is a foole withouten were
That troweth haue his countrey here
In erthe is nat our countre 5659

Who so that wolde translaten it 5666
If he be suche that can wel lyue
After his rent / may him yeue
And not desyreth more to haue
Than may fro pouerete him saue 5670
A wyse man sayd / as we may sene
Is no man wretche / but he it wene
Be he kyng / knyght / or rybaude
And many a rybaude is mery and baude
That swynketh / & bereth bothe day & nyght, 5675
Many a burthen of great myght
The whiche dothe him lasse offence
For he suffreth in pacience 5678
They laugh and daunce / tryppe and synge
And lay nought vp for her luyng
But in the tauerne al dispended 5681
The wynnyng that god hem sendeth
Than gothe he fardels for to bere
With as good chere as he dyd ere
To swynke and trauayle he not fayneth
For to robben he disdayneth 5686
But right anon / after his swynke
He gothe to tauerne for to drinke
Al these are ryche in habundaunce
That can thus haue suffysaunce 5690
Wel more than can an vsure
As god wel knoweth / without were
For an vsurer / so god me se
Shal neuer for rychesse ryche be 5694
But euermore poore and indygent
Scarce and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is / whom it displesse
There may no marchaunt lyue at ese
His herte in suche a where is set
That it quycke brenneth to get 5700
Ne neuer shal / though he hath geten
Though he haue golde in garners yeten
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 75

To be nedy he drede th sore 5703
Wherfore to geten more and more
He set his herte and his desyre
So bote he brenneth in the fyre 5706
1 Of couetyse / that maketh him wood
To purchase other mennes good. [1 158, col. 2]
He vnderfongeth a great payne
That vndertaketh to drinke vp Sayne
For the more he drinketh aye 5711
The more he leaneath / the sothe to saye
Thus is thurst of false gettyng
That laste euer in couetyng 5714
And the anguyssh and distresse
With the fyr of gredynesse
She fyghteth with him aye / and stryueth
That his herte a sonder ryueth 5718
Suche gredynesse him assayleth
That whan he moste hath / moste he fayleth
Physiciens / and aduocates
Gone right by the same yates 5722
They sell her science for wynnyng
And haunte her crafte for great gettyng
Her wynnyng is of suche sweettesse
That if a man fall in sicknesse
They are ful glad / for her encresen 5727
By for her wyll / without lese
Eueriche man shulde be seke
And though they dye / they set not a leke
After whan they the golde haue take
Ful lytel care for hem they make 5732
They wolde that foutry were sicke at ones
Ye two hundred / in fleshe and bones
And yet two thousande / as I gesse
For to encresen herrychess
They wol not worchen in no wyse
But for lucre and couetyse 5738
For physicke gynneth first by (phy)
The phisycien also sothely
And sythen it gothey fro fye to fye
To truste on hem it is folye 5742
For they nyl in no maner gre
Do right nought for charyte
Eke in the same secte are sette
Al tho that prechen for to gette 5746
Worshypes / honour / and rychesse
Her hertes arne in great distresse
That folke lyue not holly
But abouen al specially 5750
Suche as prechen veynglorie
And towarde god haue no memorie
But forthe as ypcrites trace [1 if. 158, b.k.]
And to her soules dethe purchase 5754
1 And outwarde shewynge holyneesse
Though they be ful of cursednesse
Nat lyche to the apostels tvelue
They discyue other and hem selue
Begyled is the gyler than 5759
For precheyng of a cursed man
Though to other maye profyte
Him selfe it aucyleth nat a myte
For ofte good predication
Cometh of yuel ententioun
To him nat vayleth his prechyn
Al helpe he other with his teachyn
For where they good ensample take
There is he with vaynglorie shake 5768
But lette us leuen these prechours
And speke of hem that in her tours
Heape vp her golde / and faste shette
And sore theron her herte sette 5772
They neyther loue god ne drede
They kepe more than it is nede
And in her bagges sore it bynde 5775
Out of the sonne / and of the wynde
They putte vp more than nede ware
Whan they sene poore folke forfare
For hungre dye / and for colde quake
God can wel vengeaunce therof take
The great nischeues hem assayleth
And thus in gadring aye traunayleth
With moche Payne they wynne rychesse
And drede hem holdeth in distresse
To kepe that they gather faste 5785
With sorowe they leue it at the laste
With sorowe they bothe dye and lyue
That vnto rychesse her hertes yeue
And in defaute of lune it is
As it sheweth wel wel wywis 5790
For if these grethy / the sothe to sayne
Loueden / and were loued agayne
And good loue reigned ouer alle
Suche wickednesse ne shulde fall 5794
But he shulde yeue / that moste good had
To hem that weren in nede bestad
And lyue without false vsure
For charyte / ful clene and pure 5798
If they hem yeue to goodnesse
Defenyng hem from ydelenesse
In al this worlde than poore none
We shulde fynde I trowe not one 5802
But chaunged is this worlde vnstable
For loue is ouer al vendable 1lf. 158, bk., col. 2
We se that no man loueth nowe
But for wynnyng and for prowre 5806
And loue is thrallled in seruage
Whan it is solde for auauntage
Yet women wol her bodyes sell 5809
Suche soules gothe to the dyuel of hell.

Whan Loue had tolde hent his entent
The baronage to counsayle went
In many sentences they fyll
And dyuersely they sayde her wyll 5814
But after discorde they accorded
And her acorde to Loue recorded
Sir sayden they / we ben atone 5818
By euyn accorde of euerychone
Out take Rychesse al onely

That sworne hath ful hauteynly
That she the castell ynl not assayle
Ne smyte a stroke in this batayle 5822
With darte ne mace / speare / ne knyfe
For man that speketh / or bereth the lyfe
And blameth your emprise wywis
And from our hoste departed is 5826
At leest way / as in this plyte
So hath she this man in dispyte
For she saythe he ne loued her neuer
And therfore she wol hate him euer
For he wol gather no tresore 5831
He hath her wrathe for euermore
He agylte her neuer in other caas
Lo here al holy his trespas 5834
She saythe wel / that this other day
He asked her leane to gone the way
That is cleped to moche yeuynge 5837
And spake ful fayre in his prayeng
But whan he prayed her / poore was he
Therefore she warned him the entre
Ne yet is he not thriuen so 5841
That he hath getten a peny or two
That quytely is his owne in holde
Thus hath Rychesse vs all tolde
And whan Rychesse vs this recorded
Withouten her we ben accorded. 5846

And we fynde in our aaccordaunce
That False Semblant and Abstynaunce
With al the folke of her batayle [Fo.C.11x]
Shul at the hynder gate assayle 5850
That Wicked Touge hath in kepynge
With his Normans ful of ianglyng
And with hem Curtesy and Largesse
That shul shewe her hardynesse 5854
To the olde wyfe that kepte so hard
Fayre Welcomyng within her warde
Than shal Delyte and Wel Helyng
Fonde / Shame adowne to bring 5858
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)  

With al her hoost early and late  
They shul assaylen that ylke gate  
Agaynst Drede shal Hardynesse  
Assayle / and also Sykernesse  5862  
With al the folke of her leadyng  
That neuer wyst what was fleyng.  

Raunchise shal fyght and eke Pyte  
With Daungere ful of cruelte  
Thus is your hoost ordayned wele  
Downe shal the Castel everye dele  5868  
If eueryche do his entent  
So that Venus be present  
Your mother ful of vesselage  
That canne ynone of suche vsage  5872  
Withouten her maye no wight spede  
This werke / neither for worde ne dede  
Therfore is good ye for her sende  5875  
For through her maye this werke amende.  

Ordynes / my mother the goddesse  
That is my lady / and my maistresse  
Nys nat al at my wylyng?  5879  
Ne dothe nat al my desyringe.  
Yet canne she somtyme done labour  
When that her luste in my socour  
As my nede is for to atcheue  5883  
But nowe I thynke her nat to grene  
My mother is she / and of childe hede  
I bothe worshippe her / and eke drede  
For who that dreedeth sire ne dame  
Shal it abyne in body or name  5888  
And natheles / yet conne we  
Sende after her if nede be  
And were she nygh she commen wolde  
I trowe that nothynge myght her holde.  

My mother is of great prowesse  
She hath tane many a forteresse  5894  
That coste hath many a pounde er this  
There I nas not present ywis [1 Fo.C.lx, col. 2]  
And yet men sayd it was my dede  
But I come neuer in that stede  5898  
Ne me ne lyketh so mote I the  
That suche toures ben take with me  
For why? Me thynketh that in no wyse  
It maye be ceped but marchaundyse.  

GO bye a course blacke or white  
And paye therfore / than arte thou quite  5904  
The marchaunt oweth the right nought  
Ne thou him whan thou it bought  
I wol nat sellyng clepe yeuung  5907  
For sellyng asketh no guerdonyng  
Here lythe no thanke / ne no meryte  
That one goth from that other al quyte  
But this sellyng is nat semblable  5911  
For whan his horse is in the stable  
He maye it selle agayne parde  
And wynnen on it / suche happe maye be  
Al maye the manne nat lese ywis  5915  
For at the leest the skyyne is his  
Or els / if it so betyde  
That he wol kepe his horse to ryde  
Yet is he lorde aye of his horse  5919  
But thylke chaffare is welle worse  
There Venus entremeteth ought  
For who so suche chaffare hath bought  
He shal nat worchyn so wysele  5923  
That he ne shal lese al fitterly  
Bothe his money / and his chaffare  
But the seller of the ware  
The pris and profyte haue shal  5929  
Certayne the byer shal lese al  
For he ne canne so dere it bye  
To haue lordshippe / and ful maistry  
Ne haue power to make lettyng  5931  
Neyther for yfte ne for preachyng  
That of his chaffare maugre his  
Another shal haue as moche ywis  5934
If he wol yewe as moche as he
Of what countreys so that he be
Or for right nought so happe maye
If he canne flatter her to her paye 5938

Bene than suche marchauntes wyse?
No / but fooleis in every wyse
When they bey suger thange wyfully
There as they lese her good folyly 5943
But nathelesse / this dare I saye
My mother is nat wonte to paye
For she is neither so foole ne nyce
To entremete of vyce 5946
But truste wel / he shal paye al
That repent of his bargayyne shal
When pouert putte him in distresse
Al were he scholer to Rychesse 5950
That is for me in great yernyng
When she assenteth to my wylyng.

Bvt my mother saynt Venus
And by her father Saturnus 5954
That her engendred by his lyfe
But nat vpon his wedde wyse
Yet wol I more vnto you swere
To make this thyng the surere 5958

Nowe by that fathe / and that beaute
That I owe to al my bretherne free
Of whiche there nys wight vnder heuyn
That canne her fathers names neyyn
So dyuers and so many there be 5963
That with my mother haue be pryue
Yet wol I swere for sickernesse
The Pole of helle to my wytnes 5966
Nowe drynke I nat this yere clarre
If that I lye / or forsworne be
For of the goddes the vsage is
That who so him forsworthe amys 5970
Shal that yere drynke no clarre
Nowe haue I sworn yeough parde
If I forswere me than am I lorne

But I wol neuer be forsworne 5974
Sithe Rychesse hath me fayled here
She shal aby that trespas ful dere
Atte leestwaye but her arme 5977
With swerde / or sparth / or gysarme
For certes sythe she loueth nat me
Fro thylke tynde that she maye se
The castel and the toure to shake
In sorye tynde she shal a wake 5982
If I maye grype a ryche manne
I shal so pulle him / if I canne
That he shal in a feewe stoundes 5985
Lese al his markes / and his poundes
I shal him make his pens out slynge
But they in his garner sprynge
\[1.15, bk. 4, col. 2\]
Our maydens shal eke plucke him so
That him shal neden fethers mo 5990
And make him selfe his londe to spedde
But he the bette conne him defende.

Poure men han made her lorde of me
Al though they nat so mightye be
That they maye fede me in delyte 5995
I wol nat haue hem in dispyte
No good man hateth hem / as I gesse
For chynche and feloun is riche
That so canne chase hem and dispise
And hem defoule in sondrye wyse 6000
They louen ful bette / so god me spede
Than dothe the riche chynchy grede
And bene (in good faythe) more stable
And trewe / and more seruyable \[so\]
And therfore it suffyseth me
Her good herte / and her beaute 6006
They han on me sette al her thought
And therfore I foryet hem nought.

I wol hem bringe in great noblesse
I / that I were god of Rychesse 6010
As I am god of Loue sothely
Suche routhe vpon her playnt haue I
For he saythe / that ye ben his fo
He not / if ye wol worche him wo 6052
Wherfore we praye you al beausire
That ye forgyne him nowe your ire
And that he may dwell as your man
With Abstynence his dere lemmen 6056
This our acorde and our wyll nowe
Parfey sayd Loue / I grant it you
I wol wel holde him for my man 6059
Nowe let him come / and he forthe ran
False semblant (quod Loue) in this wyse
I take the here to my seruyce 6062
That thou our frendes helpe alway
And hyndreth hem neyther nyght ne day
But do thy myght hem to releue 6065
And eke our enemies that thou greue
Thyne be this might / I grant it the
My kyng of harlotes shalte thou be
We wol that thou have suche honour
Certayne thou arte a false traytour 6070
And eke a thfe / sythe thou were borne
A thousande tymes thou arte forsworne
But nathelesse in our heryng
To put our folke out of douyng 6074
I bydde the teche hem / wost thou howe ?
By some general signe nowe
In what place thou shalt founden be
If that men had myster of the 6078
And howe men shal the best espye
For the to knowe is great maistrie
Tel in what place is thyn hauntynge
1 Sir I haue ful dyuers womnyng 6082
That I kepe not reheresd be [11 ff. 109, col. 2]
So that ye wolde respytyn me
For if that I tel you the sothe
I may haue harme and shame bothe
If that my felowes wysten it 6087
My tales shulden me be quynt
For certayne they wolde hate me
If euer I knewe her crueltie
For they wolde ouer al holde hem styll
Of trouthe / that is agayne her wyll
Suche tales kepeth they not here
I myght eftsones bye it ful dere
If I sayd of hem any thyng
That aught displeaseth to her heryng
For what wordes that hem pricke or byteth
In that wordes none of hem deyteth
Al were it gospel the euangyle
That wolde reprowe hem of her gyde
For they are cruell and hautayne
And this thyng wote I wel certayne
If I speke aught to payre her loes
Your courte shal not so wel be cloos
That they ne shal wyte it at last
Of good men am I nought agast
For they wol taken on hem nothyng
Whan that they knowe al my meanyng
But he that wol it on him take
He wol him selse suspicous make
That he his lyfe let couerly
In gyse and in Ipocrisy
That me engendred and yawe fostryng
They made a ful good engendring
(Quod Loue) for who so sothly tell
They engendred the dyuel of hell.

But nedely / howe so euer it be
(Quod Loue) I wyl and charge the
To tell anon thy wonnyng places
Heryng echew right that in this place is
Aud what lyfe that thou lyuest also
Hyde it no lenger nowe / wherto?
Thou must discouer al thy wurchyng
Howe thou seruest / and of what thyng
Though that thou shuldest for thy sothe sawe
Ben alto beaten and to drawe

And yet arte thou not wont parde
But nathelesse / though thou beten be
Thou shalt not be the first that so
Hath for sothsawe suffred wo.
[1 Fo. c.lx, back]
Sir / syth that it may lyken you
Though that I shulde be slayne right nowe
I shal done your commandement
For therto have I great talent.

Withouten wordes mo / right than
False Semblant his sermon began
And sayd hem thus in audyence
Barons / take hede of my sentence
That wight that lyste to haue knowyng
Of False semblant / ful of flateryng
He must in worldly folk him selyke
And certes in the cloysters eke
I won no where / but in hem twey
But not lyke euyn / sothe to say
Shortly I wol herberowe me
There I hope best to hulstred be
And certainly / sykerest hydyng
Is vnderneth humblest clothynge
Religious folk ben ful couerthe
Seculer folk ben more apperthe
But nathelesse / I wol not blame
Religious folk / ne hem diffame
In what habyte that euer they go
Religyon humble / and trewe also
Wol I not blame / ne dispysye
But I nyl looie it in no wyse
I meane of false relygious
That stoute ben / and malyicious
That wollen in an habyte go
And settyn not her herte therto.

Religious folk ben al pytous
Thou shalt not sene one dispytous
They louen no pride / ne no stryfe
But humbly they wol lede her lyfe
With whiche folke wol I neuer be
And if I dwell / I fayne me 6166
I may wel in her habyt go
But me were leuer my necke a two
Than lette a purpose that I take
What couenaunt that euer I make 6170
I dwell with hem that proude be
And ful of wyles and subtelte
That worshyp of this worlde coueuyten
And great ned connen expleyten [100 bk. col.2]
And gon and gadren great pytaunces
And purchase hem the acqueyntaunces
Of men that mighty lyfe may leden
And fayne hem poore / and hem selfe feden 6178
With good morcelles delicious
And drinken good wyne precyous
And preche vs pouert and distresse
And fysshen hem selfe great rychesse
With wyly nettes / that they caste
It wol come foule out at the laste 6184
They ben fro clene relygion went
They make the worlde an argument
That hath a foule conclusyon 6187
I haue a robe of religyon
Than am I al religyous 6190
It is not worthe a croked brere
Habyt ne maketh neyther monke ne frere
But clene lyfe and deuocioun
Maketh good men of religyon 6194

That argument is al roignous
Habyt ne maketh neyther monke ne frere
But clene lyfe and deuocioun
Maketh good men of religyon

[100 bk. col.2] Or what semblant that euer I make
I meane but gyle / and folowe that
For right no more than gybbe our cat
(That awayteth myce & rattes to kyllen)
Ne entende I but to begylen 6206
Ne no wight may / by my clothynge
Wete with what folke is my dwellyng
Ne by my wordes yet parde
So softe and so plesaunt they be 6210
Bholde the dedes that I do
But thou be blynde thou oughtest so
For varye her wordes fro her dede
They thynke on gyle without drede 6214
What maner clothynge that they were
Or what estate that euer they bere
Lered or leude / lorde or lady 6217
Knyght / squyer / burgeys / or bayly.

Right thus whyle False semblant sermoneth
Efte sones Loue him aresoneth 6220
And brake his tale in his speakyng
As though he had him tolde leasynge
And sayd : What dyuel is that I here?
What folke hast thou vs nemplned here?
Maye men fynde relygioun
In worldly habytatioun? 6226
Ye sir / it foloweth nat that they
Shulde lede a wicked lyfe parfey
Ne nat therfore her soules lese
That hem to worldly clothes chese 6230
For certes it were great pyte
Menne maye in seculer clothes se
Florisshen hooly relygioun
Ful many a sauynt in felde and towne
With many a virgyn glorious
Denoute / and ful relygious 6236
Han dyed / that commen clotho aye beren
Yet seyntes neuertheless they weren
I coude recken you many a ten

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 81
Ye / welnygh al these holy women
That menne in churches herry and seke
Bothe maydens / and these wyues eke
That baren ful many a fayre chylde here
Weared alwaye clothes seculere
And in the same dyden they
That sayntes weren / and ben alwaye.

† The .xi. thousands maydens dere
That beren in heuen her cierges clere
Of whiche men rede in churche and synge
Were take in seculer clothynge

Whan they receyued martyrdom
And wonnen heuen vnto her home
Good herte maketh the good thought
The clothynge yeueth ne reueth nought
The good thought and the worship
That maketh the reelyong flouryng
There lyeth the good reelyoun
After the right ententioun.

Who so tooke a wethers skynne
And wrapped a gredy wolfe therinne
For he shulde go with lambes white
Wenest thou nat he wolde hem byte?
Yes: Neuerthelessse / as he were wode
He wolde hem wirry / and drinke the blode

And wel the rather hem disceyue
For sithe they coude nat perceyue
His tregette / and his cruelte

1They wolde him folowe al th'o he flye.

F there be woulves of suche hewe
Amonges these apostles newe
Thou holy churcbe thou mayste be wayled
Syth that thy cyte is assayled
Through knyghtes of thyn owne table
God wot thy lordshyp is doubtable
If they enforce it to wyn
That shulde defende it fro within

Who myght defence ayenst hem make
Without stroke it mote be take
Of trepeget or manegonel
Without displayeng of pensel
And if god nyl done it socour
But let renne in this colour
Thou must thy heestes letten be
Than is there nought / but yelde the
Or yeue hem trybute douteles
And holde it of hem to hawe pees
But greater harme betyde the
That they al maister of it be
Wel conne they scorne the withall
By day stuffen they the wall
And al the nyght they mynen there
Nay / thou planet muste els where
Thyn ympes / if thou wolt fruite haue
Abyde not there thy selfe to saue.

BVT nowe peace / here I turne agayne
I wol no more of this thynge fayne
If I may passen me hereby
I might maken you wery
But I wol heten you alway
To helpe your frendes what I may
So they wollen my company
For they be shent al vtterly
But if so fall / that I be
Ofte with hem / and they perceyue me
And eke my lemm ann motte ther seue
Or they shal not my loue deserue
Forsothe I am a fals traytour
God inged me for a thefe trechour
Forsoone I am / but wel nygh none
Wote of my gyle / tyl it be done.

Through me hath many one deth receyued
That my treget neuer aperceyued
And yet receyuth / and shal receyue
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 83

1 That my falsnesse shal neuer aperceyue
But who so dothe / if he wyse be 
Him is ryght good be ware of me
But so slyghe is the aperceyuyng
That al to late cometh knowynge 6318
For Protheus that coude him chaunge
In euer ymage / homely and straunge
Coude neuer suche ygle ne treasoune
As I / for I come newer in towne
There as I myght knowen be 6323
Though men bothe myght here and se
Ful wel I canne my clothes chaunge
Take one / and make another straunge
Nowe am I knyght / nowe chastelayne
Nowe prelate / and nowe chapelayne
Nowe preest / nowe clerke / and nowe
fostere 6329
Nowe am I maister / nowe scholere
Nowe monke / nowe chanon / nowe bayly
What euer myster manne am I
Nowe am I princ / nowe am I page
And canne by herte euer langage 6334
Somtyme am I hoore and olde
Nowe am I yonge / stoute / and bolde
Nowe am I Robert / nowe Robyn
Nowe Frere mynor / nowe Iacobyn
And with me foloweth my loteby 6339
To done me solace and company
That hight dame Abstynence / and
raigned
In many a queynt arraye fayned 6342
Ryght as it cometh to her lykyng
I fulfyl al her desyringe
Somtyme a womans clothe take I
Nowe am I mayde / nowe lady 6346
Somtyme I am relygious
Nowe lyke an anker in an hous
Somtyme am I prioresse
And nowe a nonne / and nowe abbesse
And go through al regiouns 6351

Sekynge al relygiouns
But to what order that I am sworne
I take the strawe and beate the corne
To iolye folke I enhabyte 6355
I aske no more but her habite
What wol ye more in euer wyse
Ryght as me lyste I me disgyse?
Wel canne I beare me vnder wede
Vnlyke is my worde to my dede 6360
Thus make I in to my trapses fal
1 The people / through my priuyleges al
That bene in chrestendome a lyue [1 161 bk.,
col. 2] I maye assyole / and I maye shryue
That no prelate maye lette me 6365
Al folke / where enuer they founde be
I not no prelate maye done so
But it the Pope be / and no mo
That made thilke estabilisshynge 6369
Nowe is not this a propre thyng?
But were my sleights aperceyued1
As I was wonte / and woste thow whye?
For I dyd hem a tregetry 6374
But therof yeue I a lytel tale
I haue the syluer and the male
Lo haue I preched and eke shryuen
Lo haue I take / so haue I yeuen 6378
Through her foly / husbonde and wyfe
That I lede right a ioly lyfe
Through symplnesse of the prelacye
They knowe not al my tregettrye. 6382
[1 line 6374 *Ne shulde I more ben receyved * is left out.]

B

Vt for as moche as man and wyfe
Shulde shewe her parisshe preest
her lyfe
Ones a yere / as saythe the boke
Er any wight his housel toke 6386
Than haue I priuyleges large
That may of moche thyng discharge
For he may say right thus parde
Sir preest / in shirfte I tel it the 6390
That he to whom that I am shriuen
Hath me assoyled / and me yeuen
Penaunce sothlye for my syn
Whiche that I fonde me gilty in 6394
Ne I ne haue neuer entencion
To make double confession
Ne reherce efte my shrift to the
O shrift is right ynough to me 6398
This ought the suffye wele
Ne be not rebell neuer a dele
For certes / though thou haddest it
sworne
I wote no preest ne prelate borne 6402
That may to shrift efte me constrayne
And if they done I wol me playne
For I wote where to playne wele
Thou shalt not streyne me a dele 6406
Ne enforce me / ne not me trouble
To make my confessyon double
Ne I haue none affection 6409
To haue double absolution [Fo. C.Ixii.]
The first is right ynough to me
The latter assoyling quyte I the
I am vnbounde / what mayst thou fynde
More of my synnes me to vnbynde 6414
For he that might hath in his honde
Of al my synnes me vnbonde
And if thou wolte me thus constrayne
That me mote nedes on the playne 6418
There shal no iuge imperryall
Ne bysshop / ne officiall
Done ingement on me / for I
Shal gone and playne me openly 6422
Vnto my shriftfather newe
That hyght Frere wolfe vntrewed
And he shal chuse him for me
For I trowe he can hamper the 6426
But lorde he wolde be wrothe withall
If men him wolde Frere wolfe call
For he wolde haue no pacience
But done al cruel vengeance 6430
He wolde his myght done at the leest
Nothyng spare for goddes heest
And god so wyse be my socour
But thou yeue me my sauyour 6434
At Eester / whan it lyketh me
Without preasyng more on the
I wol forthe / and to him gone
And he shal housell me anon 6438
For I am out of thy grutchynge
I kepe not deale with the nothyng
Thus may he shriue him / that for-
saketh 6441
His parysshe preest / and to me taketh
And if the preest wol him refuse
I am ful redy him to accuse
And him punisshe and hamper so
That he his churche shal for go. 6446

But who so hath in his felyng
The consequence of suche shriuyng
Shal sene / that preest may neuer haue
might
To knowe the conscience a right 6450
Of him / that is vnder his cure
And this is ayenst holy scripture
That byddeth euer yeerd honest
Haue very knowyng of his beest 6454
But poore folke that gon by strete
That haue no golde / ne sommes grete
Hem wolde I let to her prelates [Fo.C.Ixii.,
Or let her preestes knowe her states
For to me right nought yeeue they
And why it is / for they ne may 6460
They ben so bare / I take no kepe
But I wol haue the fatte shepe
Let parisshe preestes haue the lene
I yeue not of her harme a bene
And if that prelates grutchte it [л so]
That oughten woth be in her wyte 6466
To lese her fatte beestes so
I shal yeue hem a stroke or two
That they shal lesen with force 6469
Ye / bothe her mytre and her croce
Thus iape I hem / and haue do longe
My privileges ben so strongé.

False Semblant wolde haue stynted here 6473
But Loue ne made him no suche chere
That he was wery of his sawe
But for to make him glad and fawe
He said / Tel on more specially
Howe that thou servest vntruely 6478
Tel forthe / and shame the neuer a dele
For as thyn habyt sheweth wele
Thou servest an holy Heremyte 6481
Sothe is / but I am but an ypocryte
Thou gost and prechest pouerte?
ye sir / but rychesse hathe poste
Thou prechest abstynence also?
Sir / I wol fillen so mote I go 6486
My paunch / of good meate and wyne
As shulde a maister of diuynye
For huwe¹ that I me poore faire ¹[so]
Yet al poore folke I disdayne. 6490

Loue better the acqueytaunce
Ten tymes of the kyng of Frauncé
Than of a poore man of mylde mode
Though that his soule be also good 6494
For whan I se beggers quakyng
Naked on myxins al stynkyng
For hongre crye / and eke for care
I entremet not of her fare 6498
They ben so poore / and ful of pyne
They might not ones yeue me a dyne
For they haue nothyng but her lyfe

What shulde he yeue that lycketh his knyfe? 6502
It is but folly to entremete [Fo. C.lxxii., back]
To seke in houndes nest fatte mete
Lette beare hem to the spyttye anone
But for me / conforte gette they none
But a riche sicke vsurere 6507
Wolde I visyte and drawe nere
Him wol I conforte and rehete
For I hoope of his golde to gete
And if thtat wicked dethe him haue
I wol go with him to his graue 6512
And if ther any reprowe me
Why that I lette the poore be
Wost thou howe I not ascape
I saye and swere him ful rape 6516
That riche menne han more tetches
Of synme / than han poore wretches
And hanne of counsayle moro myster
And therfore I wolde drawe hem ner
But as great hurte / it maye so be 6521
Hath a soule in right great pouerte
As soule in great richesse forsothe
Al be it that they hurten bothe
For richesse and mendicites 6525
Bene cleped two extremytes
The meane is cleped Suffysaunce
There lyeth of vertue the abundaunce
For Salomon ful wel I wote
In his Parables vs wrote 6530
As it is knowe of many a wight
In his thrittene chapiter right
God thou me kepe for thy poste
Fro richesse and mendicyte 6534
For if a riche manne him dresse
To thynke to moche on richesse
His herte on that so ferre is sette
That he his creatour dothe foryette 6538
And him that beggeth wol aye greue
Howe shulde I by his worde him lene
And if men wolde there gayne appose
The naked texte and lette the glose
It myght soone assoyled be
For menne maye wel the sothe se
That pardie they myghte aske a thynge
Plainly forthe without beggyng
For they weren goddes herdes dere
And cure of soules hadden here
They holde nothyng begge her foode
For after Christ was done on rodde
With their proper hondes they wrought
And with trauylye / and els nought
They wonnen al her sustenaunce
And lyuedon forthe in her penaunce
And the remenaunt yaf awaye
To other poore folkes alwaye
They neither bylden towre ne halle
But they in houses smal with alle
A mighty man that canne and maye
Shulde with his honde and body alwaye
Wynne him his foode in laboring
If he ne haue rent or suche a thynge
Al though he be relygious
And god to sernen curyous
Thus mote he done / or do trespas
But if it be in certayne caas
That I can reherce / if myster be
Right wel / whan the tyme I se.
Seke the boke of saynt Austyne
Be it in paper or perchmyne
There as he writte of these worchynynges
Thou shalt sene that none excusynge
A parfyte man ne shulde seke
By wordes / ne by dedes eke
Al though he be religyous
And god to sernen curyous
That he ne shal / so mote I go
With prope hondes / and body also
Get his fode in laboring
If he ne haue proprete of thyng
Yet shulde he sell al his substenaunce
And with his swynke hawe sustenaunce
If he be parfyte in bounte
Thus han the bookes tolde me
For he that wol gone ydelly
And vseth it aye beslyly
To haunten other mennes tabale
He is a trechour ful of fable
Ne he ne may by good reason
Excuse him by his orison
For men behoueth in some gyse
Ben somtyme in goddes seruyse
To gone and purchasen her nede
Men mote eaten / that is no drede
And slepe / and eke do other thyng
So longe may they leane prayeng
So may they eke her prayerynne
Whyle that they werke her meate to wynne
Seynt Austyn wol therto accordre
In thilke boke that I recorde
Iustinian eke / that made lawes
Hath thus forbyden by olde sawes.
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 87

No man / vp payne to be deed 6617
Mighty of body / to begge his breed
If he may swyne it for to gete
Men shulde him rather mayme or bete
Or done of him aperte iustyce
Than sufferen him in suche malyce 6622
They done not wel so mote I go
That taken suche almesse so
But if they haue somme privilege
That of the payne hem wol alege 6626
But howe that is / can I not se
But if the prince disceyued be
Ne I ne wene not sykerly
That they may haue it rightfully 6630
But I wol not determyne
Of princes power / ne defyne
Ne by my worde comprehende iwys
If it so ferre may streteche in this 6634
I wol not entremete a dele
But I trowe that the boke saythe wele
Who that taketh almesses / that be
Dewe to folke that men may se 6638
Lame / feble / wery / and bare
Poore / or in suche maner care
That conne wynne hem neuer mo
For they haue no power therto 6642
He eateth his owne dampnyng [1 183, col. 2]
1 But if he lye / that made al thynge
And if ye suche a trauntyn fynde
Chastyse him wel / if ye be kynde 6646
But they wolde hate you parcaas
If ye fyllen in her las
They wolde eftsones do you scathe
If that they might / late or rathe 6650
For they be not ful pacient
That han the worlde thus foule blent
And weteth wel / that god bad
The good man sell al that he had 6654
And folowe him / and to poore it yeue
He wolde not therfore that he lyue
To seruen him in mendience
For it was neuer his sentence 6658
But he bad werken / whan that nede is
And folowe him in good dedes
Saynt Poule / that loued al holy churche
He bade the apostels for to wurch e
And wynnen her lyuelode in that wyse
And hem defended truandyse 6664
And sayd / werketh with your hondens
Thus shulde the thyng be vnderstonenden
He nolde iwys haue byd hem beggyng
Ne sellen gospel / ne prechynge 6668
Lest they berafte / with her askyng
Folke of her catel or of her thyng
For in this worlde is many a man
That yeueth his good / for he ne can
Werne it for shame / or els he 6673
Wolde of the asker delyuered be
And for he him encombreth so
He yeueth him good to late him go
But it can him no thynge profyte 6677
They lese the yefte and the meryte
The good folke that Poule to prechred
Profred him ofte / whan he hem teched
Some of her good in charyte 6681
But therfore right nothynge toke he
But of his honderwerke wolde he gete
Clothes to wryne him / and his mete.

Tell me than howe a man may lyuen
That al his good to poore hath yeuen
And wol but onely bydde his bedes
And neuer with hondes labour his nedes
Maye he do so? Ye sir: And howe?
Sir / I wol gladly tell you 6690
1 Seynt Austen saythe / a man may be
In houses that han properte 1 151, bk. 1
As tempers / and hospytelers
And as these chanons regulars 6694
Or whyte monkes / or these blake  
I wol no mo ensamples make  
And take therof his susteynyng  
For therin lythe no beggyng  
But otherwayes not ywis  
Yet Austyne gabbeth not of this  
And yet ful many a monke laboureth  
That god in holy churche honoureth  
For whan her swynkyng is agon  
They rede and synge in churche anon.

And for there hath ben great discorde  
As many a wight may beare recorde  
Vpon the estate of mendicience  
I wol shortly in your presence  
Tel howe a man may begge at nede  
That hath not wherwith him to fede  
Maugre his felowes iangelynges  
For sothfastnesse wol none hydynge  
And yet parcase I may abey  
That I to you sothly thus sey.

O here the case especial  
If a man be so bestyal  
That he of no crafte hath science  
And nought desyreth ignorance  
Than may he go a beggyng yerne  
Tyl he some maner crafte can lerne  
Through whiche without trauandyng  
He may in trauthe haue his lyuyng  
Or if he may done no labour  
For elde / or sickenes / or langour  
Or for his tendre age also  
Than may he yet a beggyng go  
Or if he haue perauenture  
Through vsage of his noriture  
Lyued ouer delyciously  
Than oughten good folke commonly
Han of his mishese some pyte  
And suffren him also / that he  
May gon aboute and begge his breed  
That he be not for honger deed  
Or if he haue of crafte connyng  
And strength also / and desyring  
To worchen / as he had what [163 bk., col. 2]  
But he fynde neyther this ne that  
Than may he begge tyl that he  
Haue gotten his necessity  
Or if his wynnyng be so lyte  
That his labour wol not acquyte  
Suffyciantly al his lyuyng  
Yet may he go his breed beggyng  
Fro doore to doore / he may go trace  
Tyl he the remenant may purchase  
Or if a man wolde vnndertake  
Any emprise for to make  
In the rescous of our lay  
And it defenden / as he may  
Be it with armes / or lettrure  
Or other couenable cure  
If it be so he poore be  
Than may he begge / tyl that he  
May fynde in trauthe for to swynke  
And get him clothe / meate / and drinke  
Swynke he with his hondes corporell  
And not with hondes espyrituell.  
I
N al this case / and in semblables  
If that there ben mo resonables  
He may begge / as I tell you here  
And els not / in no manere  
As Willyam Seynt Amour wolde preche  
And ofte wolde dispute and teche  
Of this mater al openly  
At Parys ful solemnly  
And also god my soule blesse  
As he had in this stedfastnesse  
The accorde of the vnunersite  
And of the people / as semeth me.

No good man ought it to refuse
Ne ought him therof to excuse
Be wrothe or blythe / who so be
For I wol speke / and tell it the 6774
Al shulde I dye / and be put down
As was seynt Poule in derke prisoun
Or be exiled in this caas
With wonge / as mayster William was
That my mother Hypocrise 6779
Banysshed for her great enuie.

My mother flemed him Seynt Amour
This noble dyd suche labour 6782
To susteyne euer the loyalte  [Fo. C.111.]
That he to moche agylte me
He made a boke / and let it write
Wherin his lyfe he dyd al write 6786
And wolde yche renedy beggyng
And lyued by my traneylyng
If I ne had rent ne other good 6789
What weneth he that I were wood?
For labour might me never plese
I haue more wyl to ben at ese
And haue wel lene / sothe to say
Before the people pattre and pray 6794
And wric me in my Foxer
Vnder a cope of papelardie.

(Quod Loue) what dyuel is this that I
here
What wordes tellest thou me here 6798
What sir Falsnesse that apert is
Than dredest thou not god? No certis
For selde in great thyng shal he spede
In this worlde / that god wol drede
For folke that hem to vertue yeuen
And truely on her owne lyuen 6804
And hem in goodnesse aye contene
On hem is lytel thriste ysene
Suche folke drinken great misesse
That lyfe may me never plese 6808

But se what golde han vsurers
And syluer eke in garners
Taylagiers / and these monyours
Baylliffes / bedels / prounost / countours
These lyuen wel nygh by raunye 6813
The smale people hem mote enclyne
And they as wolues wol hem eten
Vpon the poore folke they geten
Ful moche of that they spende or kepe
Nys none of hem that he nyl strepe 6818
And wrine hem selfe wel at full
Without scaldyng / they hem pull
The stronge the feble ouergothe
But I that weare my symple clothe 6822
Robbe bothe robbynyng and robbours
And gyle gyling / and gylours
By my treget / I gather and threast
The great tresour in to my chest 6826
That lyeth with me so faste bounde
Myn hygh palyes do I founde
And my deyltes I fulfyll 6829
1With wyne at feestes / at my wyll
And tables ful of entremees  [1 ff. 164, col. 3]
I wol no lyfe / but ease and pees
And wynne golde to spende also
For whan the great bagge is go 6834
It cometh right with my iapes
Make I not wel tomble myn apes
To wynnen is alway myn entent
My purchase is better than my rent
For though I shulde beten be 6839
Ouer al I etremit me
Without me may no wight dure
I walke soules for to cure 6842
Of al the worlde cure haue I
In brede and length boldly
I wol bothe preche / and eke coun
saylen
With hondes wyl I not trauaylen 6846
For of the Pope I haue the bull
I ne holde not my wyttes dull
I wol not stynten in my lyue
These Emperours for to shriue 6850
Of kynges / dukes / and lourdes grete
But poore folke al quyte I lete
I loue no suche shriuyng parde
But it for other cause be 6854
I recke not of poore men
Her astate is not worthes an hen
Where fyndest thou a swynker of labour
Haue me vnto his confessour? 6858
But Empresses / and duchesses
These quenes / and eke countesses
These abbesses / and eke bygyns
These great lourdes palasyns 6862
These iolye knyghtes / and baylues
These nonnes / and these burgeys wyues
That ryche ben / and eke plesyng
And these maydens welfaryng 6866
Where so they clad or naked be
Vnconsayled gothe there none fro me
And for her soules saute
At lourde and ladye / and her meyne 6870
I aske / whan they hem to me shriue
The propretie of al her lyue
And make hem trowe / bothe moste and leest
Her parysche preest nys but a beest 6874
Ayens me and my company
That shrewes ben / as great (as I)
For whiche I wol not hyde in holde
No pryuite that me is tolde [Fo. C.iii.iii, bl.]
That I by worde or signe ywis 6879
Ne wol make hem knowe what it is
And they wollen also tellen me
They hele fro me no pryuite 6882
And for to make you hem parceyuen
That vsen folke thus to dyeseyuen
I wol you sayne withouten drede
What menne maye in the Gospel rede
Of saynt Mathue the gospelers 6887
That saythe / as I shal you saye here.

V Pon the chayre of Moyses
Thys it is closed doulees 6890
(That is the olde Testament
For therby is the chayre ment)
Sytte Scribes and Pharysen
That is to sayne / the cursed men 6894
Whiche that we hypocrityes call
Dothe that they preche I rede you all
But dothe nat as they done a dele
That bene nat wery to saye wele 6898
But to do wel / no wyl haue they
And they wolde bynde on folke alwaye
That bene to begyled abl [so]
Burdons that ben importable 6902
On folkes shulders thynge they couchen
That they nyl with her fyngers touchen
And why wol they nat touche it why?
For hem ne lyste nat sykerly 6906
For sadde burdons that men taken
Make folkes shulders aken
And if they do ought that good be
That is for folke it shulde se 6910
Her burdons larger maken they
And make her hemmes wyde alwaye
And louen seates at the table
The fyrste / and most honorable 6914
And for to hanne the firste chayris
In synagogges / to hem ful dere is
And wyllen that folke hem loute and grete 6917
When that they passen through the strete
And wollen be cleped maister also
But they ne shulde nat wyllen so
The gospel is there agaynst I gesse
That sheweth wel her wickednesse. 6922
A

Nother custome vs we 
We hate him deedly everychone [164 bk, col 3]
And we wol werrey him / as one 6926
Him that one hateth / hate we al
And coniecte / howe to done him fal
And if we sene him wynne honour
Rychesse or preyse / through his valour
Prouende / rente / or dignyte 6931
Ful faste ywis compassen we
By what ladder he is clomen so
And fer to maken him downe to go
With trayson we wol hym defame 6935
And done him lese his good name

Thus from his ladder we him take
And thus his frendes foes we make 6938
But worde ne wete shal he noon
Tyl al his frendes bene his foon
For if we dyd it openly
We myght haue blame redily 6942
For hadde he wyse of our malyce
He hadde him kepte / but he were nyce.

Another is this / that if so fall 6945
That there be one amonge vs all
That dothe a good tourne / out of drede
We sayne it is our alder dede
Ye sykerly / though he it fayned 6949
Or that him lyste / or that him dayned
A manne through him auauenced be
Therof al parcerers be we
And tellen folke / where so we go 6953
That manne through vs is sprungen so
And for to haue of menne preysyng
We purchase through our flatterynge
Of riche menne of great poste
Letters / to wytnesse our bounte 6958
So that manne weneth that maye vs se
That al vertue in vs be
And alwaye poore we vs fayne 6961

But howe so that we begge or playne
We bene the folke without leasyng
That al thynge haue without hauyng
Thus be we dradde of the people ywis
And gladly my purpose is this. 6966

I dealde with no wight / but he
Haue golde and treasour great plente
Her akeynynce wel loun I
This is moche my desyre shortly 6970
I entremete me of brocgages
I make peace / and marriages [Fe. Clrv.]
I am gladly executour
And many tymes a procurator 6974
I am somtyme messagere
That falleth nat to my mystere
And many tymes I make enqueste
For me that ofyce is nat honest 6978
To dealde with other mennes thynge
That is to me a great lykyng
And if that ye haue ought to do
In place that I repyre to 6982
I shal it speden through my wyt
As soone as ye haue tolde me it
So that ye serue me to paye
My seruyce shal be yours alwaye 6986
But who so wol chastye me
Anone my loue loste hath he
For I loue no manne in no gyse
That wol me preyse / or chastice 6990
But I wolde al folke vndertake
And of no wight no teavhyng take
For I that other folke chastye
Wol not be taught fro my folye. 6994

I

Loue none Hermytage more
Al deseretes / and hoilets hoore
And great woodes euychone
I lette hem to the Baptyst Iohn 6998
I queth him quyte and hem relese
Of Egipte al the wyldernesse
To ferre were al my mansyons
Fr al cytees and good towns 7002
My paleys and myne house make I
There menne maye renne in openly
And saye that I the worlde forsake
But al amyylde I bylde / and make 7006
My house / and swymme and playe therinne
Bette than a fysshe dothe with his fynne.

Of Antechristes menne am I
Of whiche that Christ sayth openly 7010
They haue habyte of holynesse
And lyuen in suche wickednesse
To the copye / if him talent toke
Of the Euangelystes booke 7014
There myght he se by great traysoun
Ful many false comparysoun
As moche as through his great myght
Be it of heate or of lyght [Fo. C.i, v, col. 2]
The sonne surmounteth the moone 7019
That troubler is / and chaungeth soone
And the nutte kyrnel the shelle
I skorne nat that I you telle 7022
Right so withouten any gyle
Surmounteth this noble Euangyle
The worde of any Euangelyst 7025
And to her tytell they token Christ
And many suche comparysoun
Of whiche I make no menciouyn
Myght menne in that booke fynde
Who so coude of hem haue mynde. 7030

The vnyuersyte that tho was a slepe
Gan for to brayde / and taken kepe
And at the noyse / the heed vp cast
Ne neuer sythen slepte it fast 7034
But vp it sterte / and armes tooke
Ayenst this false horyble booke
Al redy batayle for to make
And to the Inge the booke they take
But they that broughten the boke there 7039
Hent it anone awaye for fere
They nolde shewe it no more a dele
But than it kepeth / and kepeth wele
Tyll suche a tyme that they maye se
That they so stronge woxen be 7044
That no wight maye hem wel withstonde
For by that boke they durst nat stonde
Awayne they gonne it for to bere
For they ne durste nat answere
By expository no glose
To that that clerkes wol appose 7050
Ayenst the cursednesse ywis
That in that booke written is
Noewe wotte I nat / ne I can nat se
What maner ende that there shal be
Of al this that they hyde 7055
But yet algye they shal abyde
Tyl that they maye it better defende
This trowe I best wol be her ende. 7058

Thus Antechrist abyden we
For we bene al of his meyne
And what manne that wol nat be so
Right soone he shal his lyfe for go 7062
Outwarde Lamben semen we
Ful of goodnesse and of pyte [Fo. C.i, v, bl.]
And inwarde we withouten fable
Bene gredy Wolues ransable 7066
We enuyroun bothe londe and see
With al the worlde werryen we
We wol ordayne of al thynge
Of folkes good / and her lyuyng. 7070

If there be castell or cytee
Wherin that any bougerons be
Al though that they of Myllayne were
For therof bene they blamed there 7074
Or of a wyght out of measure
Wolde leane her golde / and take vsure
For that he is so coneytous
Or if he be to Lecherous 7078
Or these that haunten Simonye
Or Prouost ful of trechery
Or Prelate lyueng iolylye
Or preest that halte his queyn him by
Or olde hoores hostylers 7083
Or other baudes or bordellers
Or els blamed of any vyce
Of whiche men shulden done iustyce
By al the sayntes that we prey 7087
But they defende them with lamprey
With luce / with elys / with samons
With tendre gees / and with Capons
With tартes / or with cheffes fatte 7091
With deytie flaunes / brode and flatte
With caleweys / or with pullayle
With conynges / or with fyne vitayle
That we vnder our clothes wyde 7095
Maken through our golet gyde
Or but he wol do come in haste
Roe venyson bake in paste 7098
Whether so that he loure or groyne
He shal haue of a corde a loygne
With whiche men shal him bynde and lede
To brenne him for his synful dede 7102
That men shul here him crye and rore
A myle away aboute and more
Or els he shal in prison dye
But if he wol his frendshyp bye 7106
Or smerten that / that he hath do
More than his gylte amounteth to
But and he couthe / through his sleight
Do maken vp a toure of heyght 7110
Nought rought I / wheder of stone or tre
That sayd thus / though it were fable 7152
This is the Gospel perdurable
That fro the Holy goost is sent
Wel were it worthe to ben brent
Entytled was in suche manere
This boke / of whiche I tell here 7156
That they ne myght the booke by
The sentence pleased him wel trewly.
But I wol stynte of this mater
For it is wonder longe to here 7162
But hadde that ylke boke endured
Of better estate I were ensured
And frendes haue I yet parde
That han me set in great degre. 7166

O f al this worlde is Emperour
Gyle my father / the trechour
And Empresse my mother is
Mangre the Holy goste iwys 7170
Our mighty lynage / and our route
Reigneth in euery reigne aboute
And wel is worthy we mynstres be
For al this worlde gourne we 7174
And can the folke so wel discyue
That none our gyle can perceyue
And though they done / they dare not say
The sothe dare no wight bewray 7178
But he in Christes wrathe him ledeth
That more than Christ my bretene dredeth
He nys no ful good champion
That dredeth suche similacion 7182
Nor that for payne wol refusen
Vs to correcte and accusen
He wol not entremete by right
Ne haue god in his eye sight 7186
And therfore god shal him punyce
But me ne recketh of no vyce
Sythen men vs louen comunably
And holden vs for so worthy 7190
That we may folke repreue echone
And we nyll haue represe of none
Whom shulden folke worshypen so
But vs that stynten neuer mo 7194
To paten / whyle that folke may vs se
Though it not so behynde hem be.

A Nd where is more woode folye
Than to enhauce chialrye 7198
And loue noble men and gay
That ioly clothes weren alway
If they be suche folke as they semen
So clene / as men her clothes demen
And that her wordes folowe her dede
It is great pyte out of drede 7204
For they wol be none hypocritis [Fo. Clxcvi, col. 2]
Of hem me thynketh great spyte is
I canne nat loue hem on no syde
But beggers with these hooedes wyde
With sleighhe and pale faces leane
And graye clothes nat ful cleane 7210
But fretted ful of tatarwagges
And highe shoes knopped with dagges
That frounec lyke a quayle pype
Or bootes ryuelyng as a gype 7214
To suche folke / as I you deuyse
Shulde princes and these lorde wyse
Take al her londes and her thynges
Bothe warre and peace in gouernynges
To suche folke shulde a prince hym yue
That wolde his lyue in honour lyue.
And if they be nat as they sem 7221
That seruen thus the worlde to queme
There wolde I dwelle to discyue
The folke / for they shal not perceyue
But I ne speke in no suche parceyue
That men shulde humble habytte dispysse 7225
So that no pride there vnder be
No manne shulde hate / as thynketh me
The poore man in suche clothyng 7229
But god ne preyth him nothyng
That saith he hath the worlde forsake
And hath to worldly glorie hym take
And wol of suche delyces vse 7233
Who maye that begger wel excuse?
That papelarde / that him yeldeth so
And wol to worldly ease go 7236
And saith that he the worlde hath left
And grelyly it grypeth ethfe
He is the honde / shame is to sayne
That to his castynghe gothe agayne. 7240

But vnto you dare I nat lye
But myght I felen or espye
That ye parceyned (sic) it nothyng
Ye shulde haue a starke leasynghe 7244
Right in your honde thus to begynne
I nolde it lette for no synne
The god lounge at the wonder tho
And euer wyght ganne laughe also 7248
And sayd : Lo here a manne aright
For to be trusty to euer wyght.

Also semblant (quod Loue) say to me
Sythe I thus haue anounced the
That in my courte is thy dwellyng 7253
And of rybaudes shalt be my kyng
Wolt thou wol helde my forwarde? y
Ye sir / from hence forwardes 7256
We wol a people vpon him areyse
And through our gyle / done him cease
And him on sharpe speares ryue
Or other wayes brings him fro lyue 7260
But if that he wol folowe y wis
That in our booke written is.

Thus moche wol our booke signyfe
That whyle Peter hath maistry 7264
May neuer Iohan shewe wel his might
Nowe haue I you declared right
The meanyng of the barke and rynde
That maketh the entencions blynde 7268
But nowe at erst I wol begyn
To expowne you the pythe within
And the securers comprehende
That Christes lawe wol defende 7272
And shulde it kepen and mayntenen
Ayenst hem that al sustenen
And falsly to the people techen
That Iohan betoketh hem to prechen
That there nys lawe couenable 7277
But thilke gospel pardurable
That fro the holy goste was sent
To turne folke that ben miswent. 7280

The strength of Iohan they undersonde
The grace in whiche they say they stonde
That dothe the synful folke conuerte
And hem to Iesu christ reuerte 7284
Ful many an other horriblete
May men in that boke se
That ben cómaunded doutelesse
Ayenst the lawe of Rome expresse 7288
And al with Antechrist they holden
As men may in the boke beholden

And than cómaundey they to sleen
Al tho that with Peter been 7292
But they shal neuer hau that myght
And god to forne / for stryfe to fyght
That they ne shal ymough fynde
That Peters lawe shal haue in mynde
And euer holde / and so mayntene 7297
That at the laste it shal be sene
That they shal al come therto
For aught that they can speke or do
And thilke lawe shal not stonde
That they by Iohan haue vnderstonde
But mangle hem / it shal adoun 7303
And ben brought to confusyoun
Had neuer your father here beforne
Seruauti so trewe / sythe he was borne
That is aynest al nature 7307
Sir / put you in that auenture
For though ye borowes take of me
The sykerer shal ye neuer be 7310
For hostages / ne sykernesse
Or chartres / for to beare wyntes
I take your selfe to recorde here
That men ne may / in no manere 7314
Teren the wolfe out of his hyde
Tyl he be slayne / backe and syde
Though men him beate and al defyle
What wene ye that I wol begyle? 7318
For I am clothed mekely
There vnder is al my trechery
Myn herte chauengeth neuer the mo
For none habeyt / in whiche I go 7322
Though I haue chere of symplenesse
I am not wery of shreudnesse
My leman / strayned Abstenaunce
Hath myster of my puruayence 7326
She had ful longe ago be dede
Nere my counsayle and my rede
Let her alone / and you and me
And Loue answere / I truste the
Without borowe / for I wol none 7331
And False semblant the thefe anone
Right in that ilke same place
That had of treson al his face 7334
Right blacke within / and whyte without
Thankyng him / gan on his knees loute.

Than was there nought / but euerie man
Nowe to assaute / that saylen can 7338
(Quod Loue) and that ful hardly

Than armed they hem comenly 7340
Of suche armour / as to hem fell
When they were armed / fiers and fell
They went hem forthe al in a route
And set the castel al aboute [Fo. Clavv.]
They wyl not away for no drede
Tyl it so be that they ben dede 7346
Or tyl they haue the castel take
And four batels they gan make
And parted hem in four anon
And toke her way / and forthe they gone 7350

The four gates for to assayle
Of whiche the keepers wol not fayle
For they ben neyther sicke ne dede
But hardy folke / and stronge in dede.

Nowe wol I sayne the countenaunce
Of False semblant / and Abstynance
That ben to wicked tonge went 7357
But first they helde her parlment
Whether it to done were
To maken hem be knowen there
Or els walken forthe disgyssé
But at the laste they deyusyd 7362
That they wolde gone in tapynage
As it were in a pilgrammage
Lyke good and holy folke vnfreynd
And dame Abstynence streyned 7366
Toke on a robe of Camelyne
And gan her gratche as a bygynye
A large couercheies of threde
She wrapped al aboute her hede
But she forgate not her psaltere 7371
A payre of beades eke she bere
Vpon a lace / al of whyte threde
On whiche that she her beades bede
But she ne bought hem neuer a dele
For they were gyuen her / I wote wele
God wote of a ful holy frere 7377
That sayd he was her father dere
To whom she had ofter went
Than any frere of his count
And he visyted her also
And many a sermon sayd her to
He nolde let for man on lyne
That he ne wolde her ofte shrue
And with so great deuocion
They made her confession
That they had ofte for the nones
Two heedes in one hoode at ones
Of fayre shappe / I deyysed her the
But pale of face somtyme was she
That false traytouresses vntrewre
Was lyke that salowe horse of hewe
That in the Apocalips is shewed
That signifyth to folke beshrewed
That ben al ful of trecherye
And pale / through hypocrisye
For on that horse no colour is
But onely deed and pale ywis
Of suche a colour enlangoured
Was Abstynence iwys coloured
Of her estate she her repent
ess
As her visage represented
She had a burdowne al of thefte
That Gyle had yeue her of his yfte
And a skryppe of faynte distresse
That ful was of elengenesse
And forthe she walked sobrely
And False semblant saynt / ie vous die
And as it were for suche mistere
Done on the coppe of a frere
With chere symple / and ful pytous
His lokyng was not disdeynous
Ne proude / but meke and ful pesyble
Aboute his necke he bare a Byble
And squierly / forthe gan he gon
And for to rest his lymmes vpon
He had of treason a potent

As he were feble / his way he went
But in his sleue he gan to thring
A rasour sharpe / and wel bytyng
That was fordes in a forge
Whiche that men clepen Coupe gorg
So longe forthe her waye they nomen
Tyl they to Wicked Tonge comen
That at his gate was syttynge
And sawe folke in the way passyng
The pilgrymes sawe he faste by
That beren hem ful mekely
And humbly they with him mette
Dame Abstynence first him grette
And sythe him False semblant salned
And he hem / but he not remeued
For he ne drede hem not a dele
For whan he sawe her faces wele
Alway in herte / him thought so
He shulde knowe hem bothe two
For wel he knewe dame Abstynaunce
But he ne knewe not Constreynynce
1He knewe nat that she was constrayned
Ne of her thenes lyfe fayned
But wende she come of wyl al free
But she come in another degree
And if of good wyl she beginne
That wyl was fayled her thanne.

A

And False Semblant had he sayne
also
But he knewe nat that he was false
Yet false was he / but his falsnesse
Ne coude he nat espaye / nor gesse
For Semblant was so slye wrought
That Falsenesse he ne espyped nought
But haddest thou known hym be-
forne

Thou woldest on a boke haue sworne
Whan thou him saugh in thylke araye
That he / that whilome was so gaye
And of the daunce Ioly Robyn
Was tho become a Iacobyn
But sothely what so menne hym cal
Frere prehours bene good menne al
Her order wickedly they beren 7459
Suche mynstrelles / if they were
So bene Augustyns / and Cordylers
And Carmes / and eke Sacked freers
And al freres shodde and bare 7463
Though some of hem ben great and square
Ful hooly men / as I hem deme
Evryche of hem wolde good man seme
But shalte thou neuer of apparence
Sene conclude good consequence
In none argument ywis 7469
If existens al fayled is
For menne maye fynde alwaye sopheme
The consequence to enueneme
Who so that hath hadde the subtelte
The double sentence for to se. 7474

Whan the pylgrymes commen were
To Wicked Tonge that dwelled there
Her harneys nygh hem was algate 7477
By Wicked tonge adowne they sate
That badde hem nere him for to come
And of tidynges telle him some
And sayd hem : What case maketh you
To come in to this place nowe? 7482

Sir sayd Strayned Abstynence
We for to drye our penance
With hertes pytous and devoute
Are commen / as pylgrimes gon aboute
Wel nyght1 on fote alwaye we go 7487
Ful doughty ben our heelles two [1 so]
And thus bothe we ben sent
Throughout this worlde that is miswent
To yeue ensample / and preche also
To fysshynge synful menne we go 7492
For other fysshynge / ne fysshwe we
And sir / for that charyte 7494
As we be wonte / herborowe we craue
Your lyfe to amende Christ it saue
And so it shulde you nat displease
We wolden / if it were your ease 7498
A shorte sermon vnto you sayne
And Wicked Tonge answerd agayne
The house (quod he) suche (as ye se)
Shal nat be warned you for me 7502
Say what you lyst / and I wol here
Graunt mercy swete sir dere.

(Quod alderfirst) dame Abstynence
And thus began she her sentence 7506
Sir / the firste vertue certayne
The greatest / and moste souerayne
That may be founde in any man
For haungne / or for wytte he can 7510
That is his tonge to refrayne
Therto ought every wight him payne
For it is better styll be
Than for to spoken harme parde 7514
And he that herkeneth it gladly
He is no good man sykerly
And sir / abouen al other synne
In that arte thou moste gilty inne 7518
Thou speake a iape / not longe a go
And sir / that was right yuel do
Of a yonge man / that here repayred
And neuer yet this place apayred 7522
Thou saydest he awayted nothyng
But to disceuyte Fayre welcomynge
Ye sayd nothyng sothe of that
But sir / ye lye / I tel you plat 7526
He ne cometh no more / ne gothe parde
I trowe ye shall him neuer se
Fayre Welcomynge in prison is
That ofte hath played with you er this
The fayrest games that he coude 7531
Without fylythe styl or loude [Po. C.Ixvii.]
Nowe dare she nat her selfe solace
Ye han also the manne do chace 7534
That he dare neyther come ne go
What meuneth you to hate him so ?
But properly your wicked thought 7537
That many a false leasyng hath thought
That meuneth your foole eloquence
That iangleth euer in audience
And on the folke areyseth blame 7541
And dothe hem dishonour and shame
For thynge that maye haue no preuyng
But lykelynesse / and contruyng.

For I dare sayne / that Reason demeth
It is nat al sothe thynge that semeth
And it is synne to controue 7547
Thynge that is to reproue
This wote ye wele / and sir : theryfore
Ye arne to blame the more 7550
And nathelesse / he recketh lyte
He yeueth nat nowe therof a myte
For if he thought harme parfaye
He wolde come and gone al daye 7554
He coude him selfe nat abstene
Nowe cometh he nat / and that is sene
For he ne taketh of it no cure
But if it be through auenture 7558
And lasse than other folke algate
And thou her watchest at the gate
With speare in thynge arest alwaye
There muse musarde al the daye 7562
Thou wakest night and day for thought
Iwis thy trauyele is for nought
And Ielousye withouten fayle
Shal neuer quyte the thy trauyele 7566
And skathe is / that Fayre Welcomyng
Without any trespassyng
Shal wrongfully in prison be
There wepeth and languyssheth he 7570
And though thou neuer yet ywis

Agyltest manne no more but this
Take nat a grefe it were worthy
To putte the out of this bayly 7574
And afterwarde in prison lye
And fettre the tyl that thou dye
For thou shaltre for this synne dwelle
Right in the dyuels arse of helle 7578
But if that thou repent the [Po. C.lxviii.,
col. 2]
Mafaye / thou lyest falsely (quod he)
What / welcome with myshaunce
nowe
Hane I theryfore herbered you 7582
To sayes me shame / and eke reproue
With sorye happe to thy behoue
Am I to day thy herbegere
Go herber you elswere / than here
That han a lyer called me 7587
Two tregetours arte thou and he
That in myn house / do me this shame
And for my sothe sawe ye me blame
Is this the sermon that ye make?
To al the dyuels I me take 7592
Or els god thou me confounde
But er men dydden this castel founde
It passeth not ten dayes or twelue
But it was tolde right to my selu [so]
And as they sayd / right so tolde I
He kyste the Rose priuely 7598
Thus sayd I nowe / and haue sayd yore
I not where he dyd any more
Why shulde men say me suche a thynge
If it had ben gabbyng 7602
Right so sayd I / and wol saye yet
I trowe I lyed not of it
And with my bemes I wol blowe
To al neyghbours arowe 7606
Howe he hath bothe the comen and gone
Tho spake False semblant right anone
Al is not gospel out of doute 7609
That men sayne in the towne aboute

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)
Lay no dece eere to my spekyng 7611
I swere you sir / it is gabbyng
I trowe ye wote wel certaynly
That no man loueth him tenderly 7614
That saythe him harme / if he wote it
Al be he neger so poore of wyt
And sothe is also sykerly
This knowe ye sir / as wel as I 7618
That louers gladly wol visyten
The places there her loues habyeten
This man you loueth / and eke honoureth
This man to serue you laboureth 7622
And clepeth you his frende so dere
And this man maketh you good chere
And euer where that you meteth 7625
He you saleweth / and he you greteth
He preseth nat so ofte / that ye [Fo. C.lxvili., back]
Ought of his comyng encombreth be
There presen other folke on you
Ful ofter than he dothe nowe 7630
And if his herte him strayed so
Vnto the Rose for to go
Ye shulde hym sene so ofte nede 7633
That ye shulde take him with the dede
He coude his comynge nat forbeare
Though he him thrilled with a speare
It nere nat than / as it is nowe
But trusteth wel / I swere it you 7638
That it is clene out of his thought
Sir / certe he ne thynketh it nought
No more ne dothe Fayre Welcomyng
That sore abyeth al this thyng 7642
And if they were of one assent
Ful soone were the Rose hent
The maungre yours wolde be 7645
And sir / of o thyng herkeneth me
Sith ye this man / that loueth you
Han sayd suche harme / and shame nowe
Wytteth wel / if he gessed it
Ye maye wel demen in your wyt 7650
He nolde nothynge loue you so
Ne callen you his frende also
But nyght and daye he wol wake
The castel to distroye and take 7654
If it were sothe / as ye deuyse
Or some manne in some maner wyse
Might it warne him everydele
Or by him selfe parceuye wele 7658
For sithe he myght nat come and gone
As he was whylome woute to done
He myght it soone wyte and se
But nowe al otherwyse wote he 7662
Than haue we sir al vitryer
Deserved helle / and iolyly
The dethe of helle doutlesse
That thrallen folke so gylllesse. 7666

False Semblant so proueth this thyng
That he canne none answerlyng
And seeth alwaye / suche apparance
That nygh he fel in repentaunce 7670
And sayd him / sir : It maye wel bo
Semblant / a good manne senen ye
And Abstynence / ful wyse ye sene
Of o talent you bothe I deme [168 bk., col. 2]
What counsaile wol ye to me yeuen ?
Right here anon thou shalt be shriuen
And say thy synne / without more
Of this shalte thou repent sore 7678
For I am preest / and haue poste
To shriue folke of most dignyte
That ben as wyde as worlde may dure
Of al this worlde I haue the cure 7682
And that had neuer yet persoun
Ne vycaire of no maner toun
And god wotte I haue of the
A thousande tymes more pyte 7686
Than hath thy preest parochial
Though he thy frende be special
I haue auautage in o wyse 7689
That your prelats ben not so wyse
Ne halfe so lettred (as am I)
I am lycensed boldely
In diuynite for to rede
And to confessen out of drede

If ye wol you nowe confesse
And leaue your synnes more and lesse
Without abode / knele downe anon
And you shal haue absolucion.

† Finis.

† Here endeth the Romaunt of the
Rose: And here foloweth
the boke of Troy-
loous and Cre-
seyde.
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