Hoccleve's Works.

II. THE MINOR POEMS.

Early English Text Society.
Extra Series, LXXIII.
1925 (for 1897).

Price 5s.
II. THE MINOR POEMS IN THE ASHBURNHAM MS.
ADDIT. 133.
(NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EDITOR.)

EDITED BY

SIR ISRAEL GOLLANCZ,
LITT.D., F.B.A.

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FOREWORD.

This brochure must be regarded as merely supplementary to Dr. Furnivall's *Minor Poems of Hoccleve*, vol. I, from the Phillipps and Durham MSS. Owing to certain difficulties, he had been unable to include the Ashburnham poems. Through the good offices of a friend I had obtained permission to study and use the MS., and discovered that it contained some poems hitherto unknown. I wished Dr. Furnivall to add the contents of the volume to his projected edition of Hoccleve's works, but with characteristic generosity he would not accept my suggestion. Later on, the MS. was sold, and passed into the possession of Mr. George Dunn, of Woolley Hall, near Maidenhead, and ultimately, by good fortune, became mine. An account of the Hoccleve portion of the MS. will be found in the Introduction to Dr. Furnivall's volume. Bound up with it is a MS., written in 1386, of homiletic prose and verse. Another, copy of the 'Legend of the Virgin and her Sleeveless Garment,' is found in MS. CLII, Christ Church, Oxford, containing the Canterbury Tales, where it is given erroneously as the Ploughman's Tale; see Dr. Beatty's edition of the tale, 'A New Ploughman's Tale,' Chaucer Society, 1902. In addition to its value as preserving poems of Hoccleve otherwise unrepresented, the present MS. is of importance as giving the best text of the Letter of Cupid; cp. Skeat, *Chaucer's Works*, vol. VII. Altogether, the MS. is a delightful little volume of Hoccleve's minor poems, linked together so as to form a connected series. It is a beautiful specimen of early fifteenth-century writing.

I. G.
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1. Enuocacio ad patrem.

(In sevens, ababb, cc.)

(1)

To thee / we make ourre inuocacioun,
Thow god / the fadir / which vn-to vs alle
Art eueremo / for our sauuacion
Reedy to heere vs / whan we to thee calle
In any cause / pat may happe & falle,
As fer / as sowneth in-to Rightwisnesse,
Which exceede nat may thy blissfulnesse.

(2)

For thow, fadir / art trouthe and veritee;
Thyn owne sone / pat same is also;
And syn it so is / what may bettre be,
If pat a man shal to the truth go,
Than preye thee / withouten wordes mo,
Fadir of heuene / in thy sones name,
Foryeue our giltes / and relese our blame.

(3)

Fadir and sone / yee been knyt for euere
So sadly / pat no thyng pat man may thynke
Or speke / yow may vnbynde or disseuere:
Than, fadir / lat our preyere in thee synke,
And of thy pitous mercy yene vs drynke,
In tokne pat ther is no variance
Betwixt yow two / pat been but o substance,

(4)

O fadir god / kyng of eterne glorie,
with herte repentaunt / we thee byseeche,
That thow haue of thy sone swich memorie,
That thy pitee / be no thyng for to seeche,
Our sorwes for to augmente or to eeech;
But pat by him / thyne ire asswangid be,
By-cause pat thyne owne sone is he.

HOCCLEVE, II.
I. *Innocacio ad Patrem.*

(5) For often by the intercession

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>For often by the intercession</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Of sones / is the fadres wratte appesid;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And they <em>pat</em> for hir gilt were in prison,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In yren bondes greously disesid,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delurred been / and of hir bondes esid,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>pat</em> sholde han romne in-to Dethes sentence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hadde nat be / the sones reuerence.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(6) And nat oonly / yit grauntid was hir lyf, 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>And nat oonly / yit grauntid was hir lyf,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>But over <em>pat</em>, han had encrees of grace:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tho sones eek / weren so ententyf,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>pat</em> of hir fadres / kowden they purchase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So greet lone / withyne a litil space,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vn-to the gilty folk of which I spak,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>pat</em> of good lordshiphe hadde they no lak.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(7) Thus fro servantz voidith malencolie

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thus fro servantz voidith malencolie</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Of lordes / at hir sones good instaunce.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almighty fadir of the heuenes hye,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>we thee by-seeche / <em>pat</em> of our greuance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou vouche sauf to graunte vs allegiance,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At instance of thy blessid sone and deere,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And in thy lone / make vs shyne cleere.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(8) Grant us the key of grace!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The kay of grace <em>grante</em> vs for to take,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>pat</em> we may maken our confession</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vn-to thy name / and of our bondes Blake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vnbownden be, thurgh our contricioun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And aftir be of swich condicioun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As <em>pat</em> may lyke vn-to thy Deitee,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And othir nat / we preyen / moot it be.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(9) And vs / whom *pat* our dissertes manace

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>And vs / whom <em>pat</em> our dissertes manace</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The mortel sentence / to lyf restore,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By preyere of thy sone / and sende vs grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy lawes keepe / &amp; wirke aftir thy lore,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And oure offenses <em>pat</em> stike in vs sore</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I. *Innocacio ad Patrem.*

with herte careful bewaille and weepe,
Er our careyne in-to the eerthe creepe.  

(10)
Whom shul we preye / our mene for to be,
But thy sone / on the crois pat starf and dyde
For our trespas andoure iniquitee,
pat sit preyyng for vs / on thy right syde?
He is the lamb / pat with his woundes wyde
Before his tormentoures heeld his pees
For al his grief / al were he giltelees.

(11)
For whan his body scourgid was & bete,
And al byspet was his blessid visage,
For aght they kowde rebuke him or threte,
He kepte him coy / he owtid no langage;
Ther mighte no thyling chaungen his corage,
But his torment / he took in pacience,
And dyde for our trespas and offense.

(12)
Fadir, beholde, of thy benignitee,
And of justice / we requeren this,
pat syn thy sone / by the wil of thee,
Dyde to wynne / pat was thyn and his,
For to redresse pat / pat was amis,
Considere it / and reewe on vs tendrely,
Syn thow art callid fadir of mercy.

(13)
He is pat meek / and spotlesse Innocent,
pat for our gilt / to dye / no thyling dradde,
which to his deeth / was maad obedient,
And in his torment / ful greet delyt hadde,
Remembrynge / how we synful folkes badde,
Redempt sholde be / thugh his passioun,
Out of the daunger of the feend adoun.

(14)
Thy godhede him made our nature take,
And wexe a man / of flessh and blood & boon,
And on the crois / he dyde for our sake:
I. *Innocacio ad Patrem.*

\[ \text{bat tendre louyng lord to vs eechoon,} \]
Swich a lonere was ther neuere noon.
Forrete our giltes / & remembre hem noght:
Mercyful lord / putte al out of thy thought!

(13)

Lat thy loue ay to vs endure & laste!
The gracious yen of thy magestee,
we the byseeche / on thy sone thow caste!
Shewe thy mercy and thyn hy pitee
which \( \text{bat} \) may thought / spoken ne writen be;
And on thy sone / preene hit heere in deede;
Beholde his sydes / and see how they bleede!

(16)

His gilteles handes / how they stremen / see,
with blody stremes / and \( \text{bat} \) we han wroght
Ageyn thy wil / fadir, we preyen thee,
Foryene it vs / and reuolue in thy thought
How deere \( \text{bat} \) thy sone hath vs boght!
At gretter prys / ne mighte vs no man bye,
Than for our giltes and our synnes dye.

(17)

His feet and handes with nayles been perced:
See whiche annoyes hath our Redemptour!
Alle his tormentes may not be reherced
By noon enditour ne by translautour,
Ne no wight elles / for so many a stour,
And so greuous, souffrid he for our synne,
\( \text{bat} \) to telle al / mannes wit is to thynne.

(18)

With sharpe thornes / fadir, wel thow woost,
Coroned was thy sone / & sere pyned,
And woundid to the herte, and yald the goost.
An harder deeth may nat been ymagyned.
His fresh colour / \( \text{bat} \) whilom was beshyned
with swich beautee / \( \text{bat} \) it wolde al thyng glade,
wax wan and dusk and pale, and gan to fade.

(19)

Beholde thy sones humanitee,
And mercy have on our seek feeblenesse!
II. Ad filium, Honor et Gloria.

Beholde his toren membres / fadir free,  
And lat our substance / in thyn herte impresse!  
Thynke on thy sones peye and heynesse  
As I before / spoken haue, & seid,  
And vnbynde vs / pat been in synnes teid!  

(20)

Fadir and lord of mercy, on vs reewe  
pat for our synnes / styken in thy sighte!  
Thow grante vs grace vices to escheewe,  
And of our synful birdon thow vs lighte!  
Ageyn the feend / encourage vs to fight;  
And stifly graunte vs in thy cause stonde,  
And flitte nat / whan we take it on honde!  

II. Ad filium

Honor et Gloria.

(In sevens, ababb, cc.)

(1)

O blessid chyld Iesu / what haast thow do,  
pat for vs shuldist souffre swich Iewye?  
Louynge chyld / what stired thee ther-to,  
That thow woldest be treted in swich wyse?  
what causid thee to take pat emprye?  
what was thy gilt, and thyn offense, I preye,  
And cause of deeth / and dampnyng eek, I seye!  

(2)

I am the wownde of al thy greuance;  
I am the cause of thyn occisioun,  
And of thy deeth / dessert / of thy vengeance  
I am also verray flagicioun;  
I causid thee thy greuous passioun;  
Of thy torment I am solicitour,  
Thow goddes sone / our Lord & Sauueour!  

(3)

O goddes secre seccesioun,  
And wondirful and prynce iugement,
The Lord Taketh upon Him the burden of His servant's guilt.  

Whence all this love?  

I am he that wrought sinfully.  

I have waxed fat, and Thou so lean.  

that the good should suffer for the wicked!  

Ful merueillous is thy condicioun!  

The wikkid man synneth / the good is shent;  

The gilty trespasseth / the Innocent  

Is beten / & the shrew dooth offense,  

The meek is dampted in his innocence.  

(4)  

The peye pat the wikkid man discerneth,  

The giltelees receiveth paciently;  

The lord his servant in his gile preserueth  

Fro punyshyng / & bieth it deerly  

Him-self / & pat the man dooth wikkidly,  

God keepith him fro punisshyng & teene,  

And al pat charge / him list for him sustene.  

(5)  

Fro whenne / blessid sone of god / fro whenne  

Descendid is thy greeit humilitice?  

whens comth the lone / we feele in thee brenne?  

Fro whens eek is procedid thy pitee?  

And fro whens growith thy benignitee?  

whens streccith thy lone and affecciou?  

Fro whens is sprongen thy compassion?  

(6)  

I am he / pat wrought haue synfully,  

And thow, giltelees, took vp on thee the peye:  

I dide amis / I symned greunously,  

For which thow greened were in euery veye:  

Thy lounyg charitee nat list desdeyne  

To bye our guilt / tho thow were innocent,  

But on the crois souffriddist thy torment.  

(7)  

I woxe am prawd / thow keepist thy meeknesse;  

My flesch is bolned / thy is woxen thynne;  

Myn herte is wrappid in vnbuxumnesse;  

And thow buxum / our soules for to wynne,  

Boghdest deere our corrupt & roten synne;  

My lust obedid vn-to glostonye,  

But thee list nat / thee to pat lust applie.  

II. Ad Filium, Honor et Gloria.
II. *Ad Filium.* III. *Ad Spiritum Sanctum.*

(8)
I was anysshid by concupiscence,
For to eten of the vnleeil'ul tree;
And for my lust and inobedience,
Thy feruent loue / & parfyt charitee,
O blisful chyld / to the crois ladden thee:
where as pat I took the deffedid thyng,
Thow deidest for me, Iesu, heuene kyng.

(9)
In mete & drynke / I delyte me;
And on the gibet took thow greet duresse:
Betwixt tho two / is greet dyuersitee.
Taastid haue I the fair apples swetnesse;
Ofgalle thow taastist the bittirnesse:
Eeue me gladith / with a lawwhyng ye,
And weepyng vp-on thee / reewith Marie.

(10)
O Kyng of glorie / thow beholde & see
what peynes thow suffriddist for our sake!
And syn pat we so deere costed thee,
Thow keepe vs fro the might of feendes blake!
Lat nat thy charitable lone asslake;
And graunte vs grace thee to loue & drede,
And yene vs heuene whan pat we be dede!

III. *Ad spiritum sanctum.*

(In sevens, ababb cc.)

(1)
Now, holy goost, of the by deitee,
Loue and holy communicacion
Of fadir and sone / blessid thow be,
O thow benigne consolacion
Of heuy folk / o, our sauacioum,
O tendre hertid / cause of al queete,
Our bittirnesse torne al in-to sweete!

(2)
And by thy mighty vertu, we thee preye,
pat oure hertes filthy prinetee

1 Blessed be
Thou, Holy Ghost!

5 O tendre hertid / cause of al queete,
Our bittirnesse torne al in-to sweete!

7 Keep our
hearts pure.
III. *Ad Spiritum Sanctum.*

Thow vouch sauf / to clense and washe aweye!

Thurgh thy mercy, ther make thyn entree,

Ó holy goost, there enhabyte thee;
And the dirk halkes of our soules lighte,
And glade with thy firly lemes brighte!

Bedew them with Thy wholesome showers.

And our e hertes / whiche, by long roghnesse,
welkid been / & forgon han hir vigour,

By enchesoum of excessyf drynesse,
Dewe habundantly with thyn holsum shour!

Our soules lurkyng / sores and langour,
with thy brennyng dart and thy lones broond,
Visite and helpe / our helthe is in thyn hoond.

(3)

Quicken our souls with Thy beams.

Kyndle eek and qwikne / with thy lyfly lemes
Our slouthy hertes / of vertu bareyne;
Our soules perce with thy shynyng bemes!
To thy godhede / thow vs knytte and cheyne!
The ryer of thy lust lat on vs reyne!
Of worldly sweet venym souffre vs nat taaste,
Ne our tyme in this world mis-spende and waaste!

(4)

Grant us grace to please Thee!

O god, we thee byseeche, thow vs deeme:
And our cause fro wikkid folk discerne!
Thow grante vs grace thee to plesse & qweeme,
And to thy wil and plesaunce vs gonerne,
Our seekly freeltee beholde and concerne.
And reewe on our brotil condicioun,
And for our gilt sende vs contricioun!

(5)

Thou makes a dwelling for Father and Son.

wher thow makist thyn habitacioun,
we knowen weel / and fully leenen we,
Thow, for fadir and sone / a mansioun
Makist / in whom thee list herberwe thee,
Ful happy and ful blissid man is he,
For his spirt may reste sikirly
Vnabasht of the feend our enemy.
Ill. Ad Spiritum Sanctum. IV. Ad beatam Virginem.

(7)
Come on, confort of our soules seeknesse,
And ay reedy in our necessitee!
Of wondres leche / helpere in distresse,
O, come now forth, strengthe of our freeltie,
Clensere of our gilt and inquitee,
Releeneere of hem pat doun slippe and slyde,
Ground of meekness, & destroyour of pryde!

(8)
Of vadrelees children / o fadir free;
Of widwes, esy / luge / & hope & trust;
Of poore folk / and in aduersitee
Refuyt & help / helpe vs / for so thow must;
Of oure soules / rubbe away the rust!
Thy grace to receyue / make vs able,
And kythe in vs / pat thow art merciable!

(9)
O lodesterre / of shipbreche seur port;
O, oonly helthe of our mortaliteit;
O, holy goost / cause of al our confort;
Singuler honur of alle pat be,
Telle vs / to whom recours haue may we,
But vn-to thee, pat with thyn holsum breeth,
Maist saue vs alle fro theternel deeth!

(10)
O, holy goost / lyke it to thy goodnesse,
To oure axynge meekly condescende!
Mercy haue on our synne & wikkidnesse;
And fro the feendes malice vs defende!
To fadir / sone / and to thee, we commende
Our soules / hem to haue in gouernance.
O, Trinitee, haue vs in remembrance!

IV. Ad beatam virgine.
(In sevens, ababb cc.)
(1)
Worshipful maiden to the world / Marie,
Modir moost louynge vn-to al man-kynde,
Remember us, Maiden, Mother!
Lady to whom all sinful people cry
In her distress / have us in thy mercy!
Through thy benign grace, vs vnbynde
Of our gilte / pat, in thy sones birth,
To all the world brighttest the ioie & mirthe!

To whom shall I trust so sikerly,
To axen help in my necessity,
As vn-to thee / thou modir of mercy?
For to the world mercy cam in by thee;
Thou baar the lord of mercy / lady free,
who may so lightly mercy vs purchase
Of god thy sone / as thou, modir of grace?

Lady / right as it is an impossible
pat thou sholdest nat have in remembrance
Why thou baar god / so it is incredible,
To any wight of catholyk creance,
Thee nat to recewe on our synful greuaunce:
For-thy, lady benigne and merciable,
Vn-to thy sone make vs acceptable!

O god, pat maad art sone vn-to womman,
For mercy / & thou womman / which also
By grace art maad modir to god & man,—
Outir recewe on vs wrecches ful of wo,
Thow sparyng / & thou preyyenge / dooth so,
Or elles wisse vs / whidir for to flee,
To hem pat been mercyfuller than yee!

If it so be / as wel I woot it is,
That so greuous is myn iniquitee,
And pat I haue wroght so moche amis,
So smal my feith / so slow my charitee,
And lord / so vnkonmynge is / vn-to thee
And thy modir / my lewdé orisoun,
So imparfyt my satisfaccioun,
IV. Ad beatam Virginem.  V. De beata Virgine.

(6)
pat neithir of my giltes / indulgence,
Ne grace of helthe / in no maner wyse
Disserued haue I / for my greet offense,
Lo, pat meene I / pat is my couetyse,
That where as my dissert may nat souffye,
Ne faillle nat / pat is it / pat I preye.

(7)
Mercyful lord / haue vp-on me mercy!
And lady, thy sone vn-to mercy meeue!
with herte contrytyt preye I thee meekly,
Lady, thy pitee / on me wrecche preene,
Bisyly preye / for I fully leene,
For whom thow preyest / god nat list denye
Thyn axynge / blessid maiden Marie!

V. Item de beata virgine.

(In sevens, ababb cc.)

(1)
Syn thow, modir of grace, haast euere in mynde
Alle tho / pat vp-on thee han memorie,
Thy remembrance ay oghteoure hertes hynde
Thee for to honoure / blisful qweene of glorie,
To alle cristen folk / it is notorie
pat thow art shee / in whom pat al man-kynde
May truste fully / grace and help to fynde.

(2)
What wight is pat / that with angwissh and wo
Tormented is / if he preye vn-to thee
Him to deliure / and to putte him ther-fro,
pat thow ne voidest his aduersitee,
Thurgh preyere of thy wowndid charitee?
And thogh pat preye / may his tongue nought,
Yit holpe is he / thurgh cry of hertes thoght.

(3)
The oyle of thy mercy flowith eneremore;
Ther-in noon ebbe hath Dominacion;

yet all the more covet
I grace.

Lady, have pity!
In thee, Mother, all may trust.
Men cry to thee in anguish and woe.
Thy mercy knoweth no ebb.
That licour / our woundes greuous & sore
Serchith / and is our ful curacion,
That is the way of our sauvacion ;
   And syn þat ther-of is so great plenteé,
   And thow so liberal / glad may we be. 19

(4)

Thou art the
dew of earth
and heaven;

Al þat the heune of the eerthe takith
   And þat the eerthe / by heuenes moistnesse
Dow shed / foorth bryngith / thy vertu it makith,
   So art thow ful of vertuous riches.
Sterre of the See / whos shynynge brightnesse
   The dirke soule of man / makith to shyne,
   And him preserueth hoolly fro ruyne ; 22

(5)

The tree of
life;

Thow cause of al our ioie / of lyf the tree,
   þat fruyt of helthe baar perpetuel;
   God, in the rynde of our mortalitee,
   In thy body / him lappid euerydel,
   And his hynesse enelyned / woot I wel,
   vn-to the valeye of our lowlynesse,
   Our firste gilt / with his blood to redresse. 26

(6)

The gowne of
perpetual
peace was
dyed purple.

The whyt flees of thy wombe virginal,
   Of which the gowne of perpetuel pées
was maad withouten maunnes werk at al,
   honur and thank / be to it endeelles!
   For thy sone in his passioun douteles
   It in-to purpre hath for man-kynde died,
   · For þat him list / with vs to been allied. 29

(7)

Thow worthy art vn-to the sunnes light
   Be likned / and preserued for to be
   The cleernesse of the moone shynyng bright ;
   For as an heuenely morwen / thy bountee
   Eternel day hath gote vs / lady free,
   That dirknesse of our soule away hath chaced,
   And, out of thraldam, freedam vs purchased. 33
V. De beata Virgine.

(8) Thow art shee / which pat strengthest hertes chaaste with a sad and constant persevererance;
what pat we instly preye / is sped in haste,
Swich is thy grace & helply puruance
To keepe vs fro the feendes destourbance.
Thow mennes hertes / fyrest with the hete
Of feith and charite / as Clerkes trete.

(9) And sooth it is, o heuenes Emperice,
pat thow for vs / befor the rightwisnesse
Of god, thy sone / as our mediatrice,
Preyst of custunable bisynesse:
Cesse thow nat / syn, for our wrecchidnesse,
Our Redemptour / thee hath in pat office
Ordeyned / for to pourge vs of our vice.

(10) Right as, among the membres of a man,
Oonly his ye is perceptible of light;
In swich maneere / o thow blessid womman,
Among virgynes alle / haast the might
Oonly to shitte in thee / as it is right,
Theternel glorie of goddes magesstee,
For thy clennesse and thyn humilitee.

(11) If pat the feend / wynd of temptacioun,
Putte in oure hertes / or floodes of pryde,
Or othir vicious excitacioun,
Our soules fro thy sone to dyuyde,
Swich advocatrice art thow for our syde,
That our tempestes / may no whyle laste;
At thy preyere / al styntid is as faste:

(12) And to wedir of grace is torned al.
To god so acceptable is thy preyere,
The feendes malice / hurte vs may but smal:
Syn thow with vs art / Crystes modir deere,
wel may the feend / abassht been in his cheere;
V. De beata Virgine.

Thy servant; that so often-sythe assaillith
And through thyn help / his labour nought availlith

(13)
By thee thy sone granteth foryeuenesse 85
To synful men / to laboreres / reste,
To hem that been in peril / sikirnesse,
To seek men / helthe / which right as hem leste;
Of creatures alle / o thou the beste,
Feith among freendes / grantid is by thee,
And betwixt foos / pees and tranquillitee. 91

(14)
To hem that in diseese and angwissh be,
Grantid is also consolacioun;
In thynges that been doutous / certaintee;
Solace and ioie in tribulacioun;
In exyl / reconcilacioun;
In perissbye / sikir hauene & port:
Thus artow every-where / al our confort.

(15)
Syn swich power to the committid is,
that soule of man is / as thee list it hauie,
Amende, at oure axynge / that is mis;
Of ductee / we wole it axe and craue:
In thee / next god / is al that vs may saue:
Thow, as thee list / his herte mayst enclyne,
And he consentith wel / that thou it myne.

(16)
Thy sone hath boght our soules at swich prys
that derrere mighte no thyng han be boght;
And he a chapman is nat / so vnwys,
Thogh that we synful been in deede & thoght,
Our soules lightly leese / he thoghte it noght:
He mercy werneth neuere at thyn instance:
For-why / we thee preyde of continuance.

(17)
Our Redemptour by thee, modir of grace,
Grantid honour / ioie and eternitee;
Let see / the mercy of thy sone embrace,
VI. De beata Virgine. VI. De beata Virgine.

Preeue thee swich / as thou art wont to be,
And thanne of grace / seur ynow been we;
For euere or this hath been thy bysynesse
To purchace of our gilt / foryeuenesse.

(18)
And now to stynte of þat helply custume
þat vn-to man-kynde is so profitable,
No wight on him can taken or presume;
Thy kynde is nat for to be changeable,
But in vertu to be constant and stable;
And so thow art, lady / withouten faille;
we doute it nage / no[w] do foorth thy travaile!

(19)
Lady / in whom al vertu hath his reste,
Modir of mercy / modir of pitee,
Of al bountee / thou verray cofre & cheste,
Defende vs fro the fecendes sotiltee,
þat vs nat greene his greet iniquitee!
Thy tendre lone / vp-on vs wrecches preeue,
þat been the sones exylid of Eeue!

(20)
Vn-to thy blissid sone / vs reconcyle;
For to þat ende / and vn-to þat entente,
As thow wel woost / in-to this wrecchid yle
For our behone / his fadir him doun sente.
In mannes lone / how feruently he brente,
His passion / witnesse bere may;
Remembre on þat / and preye for vs ay!

VI. Etem de beata virgine.

Ce feust faite a linstance de T. Marleburgh.

(1)
Who so desirith to gete and conquere
The blisse of heuene / needful is a guyde
Him to condue / & for to brynge him there;
And so good knowe I noon for mannes syde,
As the roote of humblesse / & fo to pryde,—
VII. The Clothing of the Virgin by singing Ave Maria.

That lady / of whos tetes virginal
Sook our Redemptour, the makere of al.

(2)
Betwixt god and man / is shee mediatrice
For oure offenses / mercy to purchase;
Shee is our seur sheeld ageyn the malice
Of the feend / that our soules wolde embrace
And care hem vn-to that horrible place
where-as eternel peyne is, and torment,
More than may be spoke of / thoght or ment.

(3)
Now syn that lady noble and glorious
To al man-kynde hath so greet cheertee,
That in this slipir lyf and perillous,
Staf of confort and help to man is shee,
Conuenient is / that to that lady free
we do service / honour, & plesance;
And to that ende / here is a remembrance.

VII. The story of the Monk who clad the
Virgin by singing Ave Maria.
(In sevens, ababb cc.)

Explicit prologus)
& incipit fabula )

Once lived in
France a rich
and pious
man;

There was whilom / as that seith the scripture,
In France / a ryche man and a worthy,
That god and holy chirche to honoure
And plese / enforced he him bisily;
And vn-to Christes modir specially,
that noble lady / that blissid virgyne,
For to worshiphe / he did his might and pyne.

(2)
It shoop so / that this man had a yong sone,
Vn-to which he yaf informacion,
Every day to hame in custume and wone
For to seye, at his excitacion,
The angelike salutacion
   L. sythes / in worshop and honour
   Of goddes modir / of vertu the flour.

(3)
By his fadres wil / a monk, afterward,
   In thabbeye of seint Gyle / maad was he;
where-as he in peneance / sharp & hard
   Observed wel his ordres dueete,
Lyuyenge in vertuous religioustee;
   And on a tyme / him to pleye and solace,
   His fadir made him come hoom to his place.

(4)
Now was ther, at our ladyes reuerence,
   A chapel in it maad and edified,
   In-to which / the monk, whan conveniencie
   Of tyme he had awayted & espied,
   His fadres lore / to fulfille him hied;
   And .L. sythes / with deuout corage
   Seide Aue Marie / as was his vsage.

(5)
And whan fat he had endid his preyeere,
   Our lady, clothid in a garnement
Sleuelees, byfore him he sy appeere:
   where-of the monk took good auisament,
   Mereuilynge he / what fat this mighte han ment;
   And seide "o. goode lady, by your leeue,
   What garnament is this / and hath no sleeve?"

(6)
And she answerde / & seide / "this clothynge
   Thow hast me youen / for thow every day,
   L. sythe Aue Maria seyynge,
   honured hast me / hens foorth / I the pray,
   Vse to treble fat / by any way,
   And to every xthe Aue / ioyne also
   A pater noster / do thow euene so.

(7)
"The ferste .Lth. wole I fat seid be
   In the memorie of the ioie and honour
HOCCLEVE, II.
VII. The Clothing of the Virgin by singing Ave Maria.

That I had / whan the Angel grette me;
which was right a wonderful confortour
To me / whan he seide, the Redemptour
Of al man-kynde I receyue sholde:
Greet was my ioe / whan he so me tolde.

(8)

"Thow shalt eek seyn the seconde .1."
In honur and in mynde of the gladnesse
That I had / whan I baar of my body
God and man / withouten wo or duresse.
The .iiid. / in thyn herte impresse,
And seye it eek with good deuocion,
In the memorie of myn Assumpcioun,

(9)

"Whan jat I was coroned queene of heuene,
In which my sone regneth, and shal ay."
Al this / was doon / pat I speke of and meene,
As the book seith / vp-on an halyday,
And than seide our lady, the glorious May,
"The nexte halyday / wole I resorte
To this place / thee to glade and conforte."

(10)

And ther-with-al / fro thens departed shee,
The monk in his deuocion dwellynge;
And every day / Ave Maria / he
Seide / aftir hir doctryne & enformynge.
And the nexte halyday aftir saynge,
Our lady, fressshly arraied and wel,
To the monk cam beynge in pat Chapel,

(11)

And vn-to him seide / "beholde now
How good clothyng and how fressh apparaile,
That this wyke / to me yonen hast thow:
Sleeves to my clothyng now nat faille;
Thee thanke I / and ful wel for thy travaile
Shalt thow be qwit / heere in this lyf present,
And in pat othir / whan thow hens art went.
VII. The Clothing of the Virgin by singing Ave Maria.

(12)

"Walke now / and go hoom vn-to thabbeye.

Whan thow comest / Abbot shalt thow chosen be;

And the Couent teche thow for to seye

My psalter / as byforn taught haue I thee.

The peple also / thow shalt in generalte

The same lessoun to myn honur teche,

And in hire hurtes / wole I been hir leche.

(13)

"Vij.° yeer lyne / shalt thow / for to do

This charge / & whan tho yeeres been agoon,

Thow passe shalt hens / & me come vn-to ;

And of this / doute haue thow right noon.

By my psalter shal ther be many oon

Saued / and had vp to eternel blisse,

pat, if pat nere / sholden there-of misse."

(14)

Whan shee had seid / what lykid hire to seye,

Shee vp to heuene ascendid vp and sty.

And soone aftir, Abbot of pat Abbeye

He maad was / as pat tolde him our lady.

The Couent and the peple deuontly

This monk enformed / and taghte hir psalteer,

For to be seid after pat / vij° yeer.

(15)

Tho yeeres past / his soule was betaght

To god / he heuene had vn-to his meede.

Who serueth our lady / leesith right naght ;

Shee souffissantly / quytith every deede :

And now heer-aftir / the bette to speede,

And in hir grace / cheerly for to stonde,

Hir psalteer for to seye / let vs fonde.

Explicit.
We, Cupid, send greeting to our subjects.

Cupido / vn-to whos commandement

The gentil kynrede / of goddes on by

And peple infernal been obedient,

And the mortel folk serucn bisyly;

Of goddesse Sitherce / some oonly,

To alle tho / pat to our deitee

Been sogettes / gretetynges senden we.

In general / we wolpe pat yee knowe

pat ladyes of honur and reverence,

And othir gentil wommen, han I-sowe

Swich seed of conpleynte in our audience,

Of men pat doon hem outrage & offense,

pat it oure ers grecuefth for to heere,

So pitous is theffect of hir mateere,

And passyng alle londes / on this yle

That clept is Albion / they moost conpleyne;

They seyn pat there is croppe and roote of gyle,

So can tho men dissimulen and fynce,

with standyng dropes in hire yen twye, 

whan pat hire herte / fecilth no distresse,

To blynde wommen with hir doublenesse.

Hir wordes spoken been so sighyngly,

And with so pitoas cheere and contenence,

That euery wight pat meeneth trewely

Deemeth / pat they in herte han swich greuance:

They seyn / so importable is hir penance,

pat, but hir lady / list to shewe hem grace,

They right anon mee moost steruen in the place.

"A, lady myn" / they seyn / "I yow ensure,

Shewe me grace / & I shall enere be,

whyles my lyf may lasten & endure,
VIII. *L'epistre de Cupide.*

To yow as humble in euery degree
As possible is / and kepe al thyng secrete,
   As þat your seluen lykith þat I do,
   And elles moot myn herte breste on two.”

(6)

Ful hard is it to knowe a mannnes herte,
   For outward may no man the truth deeme,
   whan word out of his mowment / may ther noon sterte,
   But it sholde any wight by reson qweeme ;
   So is it seid of herte / it wolde seeme.
   O feithful womman, ful of Innocence,
   Thow art betrayed by fals apparence !

(7)

By procees / women meeneed of pitee,
   weenynug al thyng were / as þat tho men seye,
Granten hem grace of hir benignitee,
   For they nat sholden for hir sake deye ;
   And with good herte sette hem in the weye
   Of blisful loue / keepe it if they konne :
   Thus othir why'e been the wommen wonne.

(8)

And whan the man / the pot hath by the stele,
   And fully of hire hath possessioun,
with þat womman he keepith nat to dele
   Aftir / if he may fynden in the toon
   Any womman / his blynd affeccion
   On to bestowe / foule moot he preeue :
   A man, for al his ooth / is hard to leeue.

(9)

And for þat euery fals man / hath a make,
   As vn-to euery wight / is light to knowe,
   whan this Traitor the womman hath forsake,
   He faste him speedith / vn-to his felowe ;
   Til he be there / his herte is on a lowe ;
   His fals deceit / ne may him nat souffyse,
   But of his treson / tellith al the wyse.

(10)

Is this a fair auant / is this honour,
A man him-self to accuse & diffame ?
VIII. L'épître de Cupide.

Now is it good, confesse him a traitour,
And brynge a woman to a scauldrous name,
And telle how he / hir body hath doon shame?

No worship may he thus / to him conquer,
But-ful greet repreed vn-to him and here.

(11)
To here / nay / yit was it no repreef;
For al for pitee was it pat shee wroghte;
But he pat breewid hath al this mesecheef,
Pat spak so faire / & falsly inward thoughte,
His be the shame / as it by reson oghte,
And vn-to here / thank perpetuel,
Pat in a neede helpe can so wel.

(12)
Al thogh pat men, by sleighte & sotiltee,
A cely / symple / and ignorant woman
Betraye / is no wondir / syn the Citee
Of Troie / as pat the storie telle can,
Betrayed was / thurgh the deceit of man,
And set a-fyre / & al doun ouerthrowe,
And finally destroyed / as men knowe.

(13)
Betrayen men nat Remes grete and kynges?
what wight is pat / can shape a remedie
Ageynes false / & lid purposid thynges?
who can the craft, tho castes to espye,
But man / whos wil ay reedy is tapplie
To thyng pat sovneth in-to by falshede?
wommen! be waar of mennes sleighte / I rede.

(14)
And furthermore, han the men in vsage,
pat where-as they nat likly been to speede,
Swiche as they been / with a double visage
They procure / for to pursue hir neede,
He preyeth him / in his cause proceede,
And largely / him qwytith his travaile:
Smal witen wommen / how men hem assaille!
To his felawe an othir wrecche seith,

"Thou fisshist faire / shee pat hath thee fyrid,
Is fals / and inconstant / & hath no feith ;
Shee for the rode of folk is so desyrid,
And as an hors fro day to day is hyrid,
That whan thou twynnest from hir compaignie,
An othir comth / and blerid is thyn ye.

Another basely slanders the object of his friend's passion.

Saying that no woman is to be trusted.

Such is envy's tongue.

Another sort finds the grapes sour.

Therefore he abuses all women.
24

VIII. L'epistre de Cupide.

\[ \text{pet he shende al / with open hoomlynesse;} \]
\[ \text{pet louen women nat / as pet I gesse.} \]

(20)

To selaudre women thus / what may profyte
To gentils namly / pet hem armen sholde,
And in defense of women hem delyte,
As pet the ordre of gentillesse wolde.
If pet a man list / gentil to be holde,
Al moote he flee / pet is to it contrarie;
A selaudryng tonge / is ther-to Aduersarie.

(21)

A tongue that rattles, evil prattles.
A foul vice is / of tonge to be light;
For who so mochil clappith / gabbith ofte.
The tonge of man, so swift is and so Wight,
\[ \text{pet w[h]an it is arcisid vp on lofte,} \]
Reson it sueth / so slowly and softe
\[ \text{pet it him neuere ouertake may;} \]
Lord, so the men been trusty at assay!

(22)

Men say women are bad;
Al be it pet men fynde / o woman nyce,
Inconstant / recheelees / or variable,
Deynous / or proud, fullfillid of malice,
withoute feith or lune / & deceuyable,
Sly / qweynte & fals / in al vnthrift coupable,
wikkid and feers / & ful of crueltee,
It folwith nat / swiche alle women be.

(23)

Some angels were proud, but not all.
when pet the hy god / angels fourned hadde,
Among hem alle / whethir ther was noon
\[ \text{pet fownden was malicious & badde?} \]
Yis / men wel knowen / ther was many oon
\[ \text{pet for hir pryde / fil from heuene anoon.} \]
Shal man therfore alle angels prowde name?
Nay / he pet that susteneth / is to blame.

(24)

One apostle was a traitor, but not all.
Of xii". apostles / oon a traitour was;
The remanaunt / yit goode were and treewe;
Thanne, if it happe / men fynden par cas
O woman fals / swich is good for tescheewe,
And deeme nat / pat they been alle vntreeewe.
I see wel mennes owne falsenesse
Hem causith / wommen for to tryste lesse.

(25)
O, every man oghte han an horte tendre
vn-to woman / & deeme hire honourable,
whethir his shap be eithir thikke or selenkre,
Or he be badde or good / this is no fable:
Every man woot / pat wit hath resonable,
pat of a woman / he descendid is,
Than is it shame / speke of hire amis.

(26)
A wikkid tree / good fruyt may noon foorth brynge;
For swich the fruyt is / as pat is the tree.
Take heede / of whom thow took thy begynnynge!
lat thy modir be mirour vn-to thee!
Honoure hire / if thow wilt honurid be;
Despyse thow nat hire / in no maneere,
lést pat ther-thurgh thy wikkidnesse appeere.

(27)
An old prouerbe seid is in englissh:
Men seyn pat brid or foul is deshonest,
what so it be / and holden ful cherlissh,
pat wont is to defoule his owne nest.
Men to seye of wommen wel / it is best,
And nat for to despise hem ne deprame,
If pat hem list hire honur kepe and saue.

(28)
Ladyes eek conpleynen hem on Clerkis,
pat they han maad bookes of hir deffame,
In whiche / they lakken woomennes werkis,
And speken of hem / greet repreef and shame,
Andcauseles / hem yeue a wikkid name:
Thus they despysid been on every syde,
And sclaundred / and belowen on ful wyde.

(29)
Tho wikkid bookes / maken mención,
How they betrayeden, in special,
Adam / Dauid / Sampson & Salomon,

And many oon mo / who may rehercen al
The tresoun / pat they haue doon & shal?
who may hire hy malice comprehende?
Nat the world / Clerkes seyn / it hath noon ende.

(30)

Ovid's "Remedy of Love" has much to answer for.

It is put into the hands of young scholars.

But no matter—"Lady Nature" will protect women.

Many of their detractors are mere dotards.

VIII. L'epistre de Cupide.

Ouyde, in his book callid Remedie
Of love / greet reprehend of women writith;
where-in I trowe / he dide greet folie,
And every wight / pat in swich cas delitith;
A clerkes custume is whan he endytith
Of women, be it prose / rym or vers,
Seyn they be wikke / al knowe he the reners.

(31)

And pat book scolers lerne in hir chilhede,
For they of wommen be waar sholde in age,
And for to lone hem / euere been in drede,
Syn to deceyue is set al hir corage.
They seyn / peril to caste, is auantage,
Namely swich / as men han in be trappid;
For many a man / by wommen han mis-happid.

(32)

No charge / what so pat the Clerkes seyn:
Of al hir wrong wrytyng do we no eure;
Al hir labour and travaile is in veyn;
For, betwixt vs & my Lady nature,
Shal nat be souffred, whyl the world may dure,
Clerkes, by hire outrageous tirannye,
Thus vp-on wommen kythen hire maistrye.

(33)

Whilom ful many of hem were in our cheyne
Tyd / and lo now / what for vnweedy age,
And for vulust / may nat to lone atteyne,
And seyn / pat lone is but verray dotage;
Thus / for pat they hem-self lakken corage,
They folk excyten / by hir wikked sawes,
For to rebelle ageyn vs and our lawes.
But maugree hem þat blamen wommen moost, 232 For all their boasting, 
Swich is the force of oure impressioun, 
þat sodeynly We felle can hir boost, 236 
And al hir wrong yimaginacioun, 
It shal nat been in hire ellecioun, 238 
The foulest slutte / in al a town refuse, 
If þat vs list / for al þat they can muse.

But hire in herte as brennyngly desyre 239 Such is Our might.
As thogh shee were a duchesse or a qweene;
So can We mennes hertes sette on fyre, 243
And as vs list / hem sende ioie & teene.
They that to wommen been l-whet so keene,
Our sharpe strokes, how sore they Smyte,
Shul feele and knowe / & how they kerue & byte.

Pardee, this greet Clerk, this sotil Ouyde, 246 Master Ovid
And many an othir, han deecyued be 
Of wommen / as it known is ful wyde, 250 
what no men more / & þat is greet deyntee, 
So excellent a Clerk / as þat was he, 
And othir mo / þat kowde so wel preche, 252
Betrappid wern / for aght they kowde teche.

And trustith wel þat it is no meruaille, 253 and no won-
For wommen kneewen pleynly hire entente; 257 
They wiste / how sotilly / they kowde assaille 
Hem / and what falsode in herte they mente; 259
And tho Clerkes / they in hir daunger hente:
with o venym an othir was destroyed,
And thus the Clerkes often were anoyed.

This, ladyes / ne gentils, nathelees 260 albeit gentle-
weren nat they / þat wroghten in this wyse; 264
But swiche filthes þat wern vertulees, 
They qwitten thus / thise olde Clerkes wyse,
To Clerkes for-thy / lesse may souffyse.
VIII. L'epistre de Cupide.

Than to depraue wome men generally,
For honur shuln they gete noon therby. 266

(39)

If men were faithful, women would be true.

If þat tho men þat louers hem pretende,
To women weren faithful / goode & treewe,
And dredden hem to deceyue and offende,
Women to loue hem wolde nat escheewe;
But every day hath man an herte neewe;
It vp-on oon abyde can no whyle:
what force is it / swich oon for to begyle? 273

(40)

Men say that women are too easily won;

Men beren eek the wommen vp-on honde,
þat lightly, and withouten any peyne,
They wonne been / they can no wight whilstonde,
þat his disese list to hem conpleyne:
They been so freel / they mowe hem nat restreyne;
But who-so lykith / may hem lightly haue;
So been hire hertes esy / in to graue. 280

(41)

yet John de Meun made a whole treatise on the art of wooing;

To maistir John de Meun / as I suppose,
Than it was a lewde occupacioun,
In makynge of the Romance of the Rose;
So many a sly ymaginacioun
And perils / for to rollen vp and doun;
So long procees / so many a sly cautele,
For to deceyue a cely damoisele. 287

(42)

it is no glory to conquer a feeble place;

Nat can We seen ne in our / wit comprehende,
þat art and peyne and sotilte may faille
For to conquere, and soone make an ende,
whan man a feeble place shal assaille,
And soone also / to venquisshe a Bataille,
Of which no wight dar make resistance,
Ne herte hath noon / to stonden at defens[e]. 294

(43)

woman’s constancy must be firm, else why these cautels?

Than moot it folwen of necessitee,
Syn art askith / so greet engyn & peyne,
A woman to deceyue / what shee be,
Of constance / they been nat so bareyne
As pat some of tho sotil Clerkes feyne ;
But they been / as pat wommen egthen be,
Sad, constaunt / and fulfillid of pitee.

How freendly was Medea to lasoun,
In the conqueryng of the flees of gold !
How falsy quitte he hire affeccon,
By whom victorie he gat / as he hath wold !
To falsen hire / pat from deeth & shame
him kepte / and gat him so greet prys & name?

Of Troie also the traitour Eneas,
The feithles man / how hath he him forsowre
To Dydo / pat Queene of Cartage was,
Pat him releenu of his greene sore ?
what gentillesse mighte she do more
Than shee, with herte vnfeuned, to him kidde ?
And what mescheef / to hire of it betidde !

In our legende of martirs may men fynde,
who-so pat lykith ther-in for to rede,
That ooth noon / ne byheeste may men bynde :
Of repreef ne of shame han they no drede ;
In herte of man / conceites trewe arnedede ;
The soile is naght / ther may no trouthe growe :
To womman / is hir vice nat vnknowe.

Clerkes seyn also / ther is no malice
Vn-to wommanes crabbid wikkidnesse.
O / womman / how shalt thou thy self chenye,
Syn men of thee / so mochil harm witnesse ?
Yee / strah / do foorth / take noon heuynesse !
Keep thyn owne / what men clappe or crake,
And some of hem shuyn smerte / I vndirtake.

Malice of wommen / what is it to drede ?
They slee no men / destroien no Citees ;
nor oppress. They nat oppressen folk / ne ouerlede;
Betraye Emprys / Remes ne Ducheess;
Ne men byreue hir landes ne hir mees,
Folk enpoysone / or howses sette on fyre,
Ne fals contractes maken for noon hyre.

They can do
no wrong!

(49)

Bethink ye
of women's
perfect love
and gentle
ness;

Trust, parfyt loue / and enteer charitee,
Feruent wil / and entalentid corage
To thewes good / as it sit wel to be,
Han wommen ay of custome & vsage;
And wel they can a mannes ire asswage
with softe wordes, discreet & benigne:
What they been inward / shewith outward signe.

(50)

their charity,
humility,
modesty,
discretion;

wommanes herte / to no creweltee
Enclyned is / but they been charitable,
Pitous / denont / ful of humilitie,
Shamefast / debonaire and amiable,
Dreedful / and of hir wordes mesurable:
what womman / thise hath nat per aventure,
Follwyth nothyng the way of hir nature.

(51)

True, Eve
sinned, but
it was the
Devil's fault.

Men seyn / our firste modir, nathelees,
Made al man-kynde leese his libertee,
And nakid it of ioie / doutelees
For goddes heeste / disobecied shee,
whan shee presumed / to ete of the tree
which god forbad / pat shee nat ete of sholde,
And nad the feend been / no more she wolde.

(52)

She was de
ceived.

Thenyous swellyng / pat the feend our fo
Had vn-to man in herte / for his welthe
Sente a serpent / and made hire to go
To deceyue Eewe / and thus was mannes welthe
Byreft him by the feend / right in a stelthe.
The womman nat knowyng / of the deceit,
God woot / ful fer was it from hir conceit.
Wherfore We seyn / this good womman Eeue
Our fadir Adam ne deceyued noght:

Ther may no man for a deceit it prceed
Properly / but if pat shee in hir thoght
Had it compassid first / or it was wroght:
And for swich was nat / hire impression,
Men calle it may no deceit, by resoun.

No wight deceyueth / but he it purpose:
The feend this deceit caste / & nothyng shee:
Than is it wrong for to deeme or suppose
pat shee sholde of pat gilt / the cause be.
wythith the feend / and his be the maugree;
And for excusid have hire Innocence,
Sauf oonly pat shee brak obedience.

Touchyng which / ful fewe men ther been—
Vnmethes any, dar We saufly seye,
Fro day to day as men mowe wel seen—
But pat the heeste of god they disobeye:
This haue in mynde, sires / We yow preye;
If pat yee be discreet and resonable,
3ee wole hire holde the more excusable.

And wher men seyn / in man is stidfastnesse,
And womman is of hir corage vnstable:
who may of Adam bere swich witnesse?
Tellith on this / was he nat changeable?
They bothe weren in a cas semblable,
Sauf willyngly the feend deceyued Eeue;
So dide shee nat Adam / by your leeeue.

Yit was pat synne happy to man-kynde;
The feend deceyued was / for al his sleighte;
For aght he kowde him / in his sleightes wynde,
God, to descharge man-kynde of the weighte
Of his trespass / cam doun from heuenes heighte;
And flesh and blood he took of a virgyn,
And souf'red deeth / man to deliure of pyne. 399

(58)

And god, fro whom / ther may no thyng hid be,
If he in womman / knowe had swich malice,
As men of hem recorde in generaltee,
Of our lady / of lyf reparatrice
Nolde han be born / but for pat shee of vice
was voide / and of al vertu, wel he wiste,
Endowid/ of hire be born him lest. 406

(59)

Hire hepid vertu / hath swich excellence,
pat al to weyk is mannes facultee
To declare it / & therfore, in suspense,
Hir due lande / put moot needes be.
But this We Witen verraily / pat shee,
Next god, the best freend is / pat to man longith;
The keye of mercy / by hir girdil hongith.

(60)

And of mercy / hath every wight swich neede,
pat cessayng / it / farwel the ioie of man!
Of hir power / it is to taken heede;
Shee mercy may / woile, & purchace can.
Displese hir nat / honureth pat womman,
And othir wommen alle / for hir sake,
And but yee do / your sorwe shal awake.

(61)

Thow precious gemme / martir Margarete,
Of thy blood dreddist noon effusion!
Thy martirdom / ne may We nat foryte.
O constant womman, in thy passioun
Ouerca'm the feendes temptacioan,
And many a wight / converted thy doctrine,
Un-to the feith of god / holy virgyne.

(62)

But vnstirondith / We commende hir noght
By encheson of hir virginitie:
Trustith right wel / it cam nat in our thoght,
VIII. L'epistre de Cupide.

For ay We werreie ageyn chastitee,
And euere shal / but this leeueth wel yee :
Hir louyng herte / and constant to hir lay,
Dryue out of remembrance we nat may.

(63)
In any book also / wher can yee fynde
pat of the wirkes / or the deeth, or lyf
Of Ihesu spekth / or makith any mynde,
pat wommen him forsook / for wo or stryf ?
wher was ther any wight so ententyf
Abouten him / as wommen? perdee, noon !
Thapostles him forsookken euercichoon.

(64)
wommen forsook him noght / for al the feith
Of holy chirche / in womman lefte oonly :
This is no lees / for thus holy writ seith ;
Looke / and yee shuln so fynde it hardily ;
And therfore it may preeued be ther-by,
That in womman regneth al the constaunce,
And in man is al chaunge & variance.

(65)
Now holdith this for ferme / and for no lye,
pat this treewe / & iust commendaciou
Of wommen / is nat told / for flaterie,
Ne to cause hem pryde or elaciou,
But oonly, lo / for this entencioon,
To yene hem corage of perseverance
In vertu / & hir honur to enhaunce.

(66)
The more vertu / the lasse is the pryde :
Vertu so noble is / and worthy in kynde,
pat vice & shee / may nat in feere abyde ;
Shee puttith vice / cleene out of mynde ;
Shee fleeth from him / shee leueth him behynde.
O womman / pat of vertu art hostesse,
Greet is thyne honur & thy worthynesse !

(67)
Than thus we wolen conclude and deffyne :
we you commaunde, our Ministres echoon,
HOCCLEVE, II.
Balade to King Henry V.

"Ceste balade ensuante feust faite par la bien venue du tresnoble Roy. H. le v., que dieu pardoint, hors du Roialme de France / cestassauoir sa dareine venue."

(1)

Victorious cristien Prince / our lord souereyn, 1
Our lige lord ful dred and douted / we
yourz humble and buxum liges treewe / seyn
Right thus / vn-to your rial dignitee :
Henri the vth / welcome be yee ! 5
welcome be your famous excellence,
Swerd of knygthode / & flour of sapience ! 7

(2)

Yee been welcome / heir and Regent of France, 8
Our gracios kyng / the ensaumple of honour !
Right feithfully / with hertes obeissance,
welcome be yec / worthy Conquerour,
which, no peril eschuyng / ne labour 12
In armes / knygthly han yow put in prees,
And twixt two Remes / knyt han vp the pees ! 14
IX. Balade to Henry V.  X. Three Roundels.

(3)
Your worthynesse / exedit & surmountith
The prowess of kynges / & pynces alle!
Fame so seith / thus al the world acountith.
what may we seyn / or what may we yow calle!
we can for noon aart may happe or falle,
Your worthy deedes / as oghte / praise;
They been so manye / and so mochil peyse.

(4)
Ignorance is vn-to vs swich a fo,
If we dilate sholde / and drawe a-long
Your prys and thank / we kowden nat do so :
So litil seyn / we sholde / & do yow wrong,
Nat on our willes / but witte alon:
And syn that ther-to oure intelligence
Souffysith nat / we keepe moot silence.

(5)
Bat, souerein lord lige / as we seide aboue,
welcome be your excellent hynesse
with al our spirites and hertes louse!
More welcome / than we can expresse!
Your hy presence is tresor & richesse
To vs ful greet / for why / to vs echone,
welcome be your peereles persone.
Cest tout.

X. Three Roundels.

1. Hoccleve's Appeal to Lady Money; 2. Lady Money’s scornful Answer; 3. Hoccleve’s Humorous Praise of his Lady.

"Cy ensuent trois chaunceons / lune / com pleyntant a la dame monoe / & lautre
la response dele a cellui qui se comleyet
& la tierce / la commendacion de ma dame"

(1)
Wel may I pleyne on yow, Lady monye, 1
Dat in the prison of your sharp scantnesse
Souffren me bathe in wo and heuynesse,
And deynen nat of socour me purueye.

1 Shame on you, Lady Money! you keep me pretty close.
Three Roundels.

(2)

when ṭat I bar of your prison the keye,
Kepte I yow streite? nay, god to witnesse!
Well may I [pleyne on yow, Lady moneye,
 ṭat in the prison of your sharp scantnesse
Souffren me bathe in wo and heunynesse,
And deynen nat of socour me purueye].

(3)

I let you escape. And now you let me die.
I leet yow out / o, now, of your noblesse,

Seeth vn-to me / in your deflaute, I deye.
Well may I [pleyne on yow, Lady moneye,
 ṭat in the prison of your sharp scantnesse
Souffren me bathe in wo and heunynesse,
And deynen nat of socour me purueye].

(4)

Come back! Bring me some comfort by this Christmas-
yee saillen al to fer / retourne, I preye!

Conforteth me ageyn this Cristemesse!
Elles I moote in right a feynt gladnesse
Synge of yow thus / & yow accuse, & seye:
Well may I [pleyne on yow, Lady moneye,
 ṭat in the prison of your sharp scantnesse
Souffren me bathe in wo and heunynesse,
And deynen nat of socour me purueye].


La response.

(1)

Hoccleue / I wole / it to thee knowen be,
I, lady moncie / of the world goddesse,
 ṭat haue al thyng vndir my buxumnesse,
Nat sette by thy pleynete risshes three.

(2)

Myn hy might haddeest thow in no cheertee,
Whyle I was in thy slipir sikirnesse.
Hoccleue [/ I wole / it to thee knowen be,
I, lady moncie / of the world goddesse,
 ṭat haue al thyng vndir my buxumnesse,
Nat sette by thy pleynete risshes three].

Hoccleve, I don't care three straws for your plaints.
You showed me no kind-

ness when I was in your slippery grasp.
X. Three Roundels.

(3) At instance of thyn excessif largesse, 
  Becam I of my body delance. } I grew dissolute.
  Hoccleue [ / I wole / it to thee known be, 12
  I, lady monie / of the world godesse, 13
  hat haue al thyng vndir my buxunnesse, 16
  Nat sette by thy pleynte risshes three].

(4) And syn hat lordes grete obeien me, 17
  Sholde I me dreede / of thy poore symplsesse? 18
  My golden heed akith for thy lewdnesse. 21
Go, poore wrecche / who settith aght by thee? 24
  Hoccleue / I wole / it to thee known be, 21
  I, lady monie / of the world godesse, 24
  hat haue al thyng vndir my buxunnesse, 27
  Nat sette by thy pleynte risshes three. 30

Cest tout.

Hoccleve's Humorous Praise of his Lady.

(1) Of my lady, wel me reioise I may: 1 My lady has a golden forehead, narrow and small, 2 coral browes, jet eyes;
  hir golden forehead is ful narw & smal; 4
  hir browes been lyk to dym reed coral; 6
And as the Ieet / hir yen glistren ay. 10

(2) Hir bowgy cheekes been as softe as clay, 6 Cheeks soft as clay; large jaws;
  with large lowes and substancial. 7
Of my lady, [wel me reioise I may: 10
  hir golden forehead is ful narw & smal; 13
  hir browes been lyk to dym reed coral; 16
And as the Ieet / hir yen glistren ay].

(3) Hir nose / a pentice is, hat it ne shal 13
  Reyne in hir mowth / thogh shee vp-rightes lay.]
Of [my lady, wel me reioise I may: 16
  hir golden forehead is ful narw & smal; 16
  hir browes been lyk to dym reed coral; 16
And as the Ieet / hir yen glistren ay].
Hir mowth is nothyng scant / with lippes gray;
  Hir chin vnethe / may be seen at al;
  Hir comly body / shape as a foot-bal:
And shee syngith / ful lyk a papeJay.
Of [my lady, wel me reioise I may:
  hir golden forheed is ful narw & smal;
  hir browes been lyk to dym reed coral;
And as the Ieet / hir yen glistren ay].

Cest tout.

After our song / our mirthe & our gladnesse
  Heer folwith a lessoun of heuynesse

Salomon Extrema gaudij luctus occupat, &c.

[This is "How to die"; but as it is printed from as
good a Text in Part I., p. 178, it is not printed here.]
GLOSSARY.

Allegeance, alleviation, I. 47.
Auant, boast, VIII. 64.

Bataille, battalion, VIII. 292.
Be, pp. been, VIII. 216.
Belowen on, pp. belied, VIII. 196.
Beren vp-on honde, accuse, VIII. 274.
Blerid, bleared; b. is thyn ye, thou art deceived, VIII. 105.
Brotil, unstable, III. 34.
Buxumnesse, obedience, X. 3.

Can, knows, VIII. 88.
Careyne, dead body, I. 63.
Caste, put away, reject, VIII. 215.
Castes, artifices, VIII. 88.
Cautele, trick, VIII. 286.
Cely, simple, VIII. 287.
Cheertee, affection, X. (2), 5.
Cheuyce, provide for, VIII. 325.
Clappe, chatter, VIII. 328.
Conceit, thought, VIII. 364.
Concerne, discern, III. 33.
Corage, desire, VIII. 214.
Crake, boast, VIII. 328.

Daunger, power, I. 91; VIII. 257.
Delanee, dissolve, X. (2), 12.
Depraue, defame, VIII. 188.
Dessert, action, deed, doing (deserving appropriate recompense), II. 10.
Deyntee, honour, VIII. 249.
Discerne, separate, III. 30.
Do foorth, continue, V. 126; go on your way, take no notice, VIII. 327.
Dreadful, timid, modest, VIII. 348.

Ecche, increase, I. 26.
Embrace, get control of, V. 115; VI. 11.
Empryse, enterprise, VIII. 119.
Enchesoun, reason, VIII. 429.
Enelyne, obedient, VIII. 465.
Engin, talent, VIII. 296.
Entalentid, impassioned, VIII. 338.
Excitacionid, waking, VII. 11.
Feere, company, VIII. 458.
Flagicioun, wicked cause, II. 11.
Forwhy, wherefore, V. 112.
Gabbith, boasts, VIII. 142.
Halkes, corners, III. 13.
Helply, helpful, V. 129.
Herberwe, lodge, III. 39.
Hoomlynesse, unrefined manners, VIII. 132.
Importable, unbearable, VIII. 26.
Impresse, press in, I. 130.
Ieywe, penalty, II. 2.

Keepith, cares, VIII. 52.
Kythe, make known, III. 56; pt. kidde, VIII. 314.
Labbyng, blabbing, VIII. 116.
Lakken, blame, VIII. 192; lack, 229.
Lay, faith, VIII. 433.
Lees, falsehood, VIII. 444.
Lemes, rays, III. 14.
Leste, list, V. 88.
Let see, manifest thyself, V. 115.
Lewde, foolish, IV. 34; VIII. 282.
Lowe, flame, VIII. 61.
Lust, love, III. 26.

Manace, threaten with, I. 57
Mees, dwellings, VIII. 334.
Ment, explained, VI. 14.
Myne, undermine, get control of, V. 105.

Nakid, made naked, VIII 353.
Namly, especially, VIII. 135.
Nyce, hard to please, VIII. 148.

O (prefixed to subject of sentence), V. 66; VIII. 424.
Occisioun, slaying, II. 9.
Or, ere, VIII. 369.
Othir, otherwise, I. 56.
Outher, either, IV. 25.
Ouerlede, tyrannize over, VIII. 332.
Owtid, uttered, I. 74.

Pentice, penthouse, X. (3), 11.
Peyse, weigh, IX. 21.
Preserued, predestined, V. 44.

Qweeme, please, VIII. 39.

Reedy, readily, VIII. 465.
Refuyt, refuge, III. 53.
Rode, riding, VIII. 102.

Sad, steadfast, V. 51.
Shipbreche, shipwreck, III. 57.
Shitte, enclose, V. 68.

Solicitour, instigator, II. 13.
Sovneth, tends, VIII. 90; sowneth, I. 6
Stele, handle, VIII. 50.
Stelthe, theft, VIII. 362.
Steruen, die, VIII. 28.
Strah, straw, rubbish (exclamatory), VIII. 327; due to scribal correction of some other word; s and h (or b) in another hand.
For variants, see Skeat’s Chaucer, Vol. VII., p. 227.
Sty, rose, VII. 93.
Substance, nature, I. 130.
Sy, saw, VII. 31.

Their, the air, VIII. 472.
Thennymous, the envious, VIII. 358.
Thewes, qualities, VIII. 339.
Vnkonnynge, ignorant, IV. 33.
Vmmethes, scarcely, VIII. 380.
Vse, practise, VII. 41.

Vanysshid, (?) v[e][n][qu]ysshid, overcome, II. 50.
Vengeance, thy v., the vengeance inflicted on thee, II. 10.

Welkid, withered, III. 16.
Werneth, refuses, V. 111.
What, whoever, VIII. 297.
Wight, nimble, VIII. 143.
Wisse, teach, IV. 27.
Wytith, imp, pl. blame, VIII. 376.

Youen, given, VII. 73.
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