THE
CANterbury TALES
OF
CHAUCER.

To which are added,
An ESSAy upon his Language and Versification; an Introductory Discourse; and Notes.

VOL. III.

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Vol. III. 22 CANTER.
WHAN ended was my tale of Melibee,
And of Prudence and hire benignitee,
Our hoste faide; as I am faithful man,
And by the precious corpus Madriane,
I hadde lever than a barell of ale,
That good lefe my wif had herde this tale:
For she n'is no thing of swiche patience,
As was this Melibeus wif Prudence.

By Goddes bones, whan I bete my knaves,
She bringeth me the grete clobbed stayes,
And cryeth; flee the dogges everich on.
And breke hem bothe bak and every bon.

And if that any neighbour of mine
Wol not in chirche to my wif encline,
Or be so hardy to hire to trespove,
Whan she cometh home she rampeth in my face,
And cryeth; false coward, wreke thy wif:

By corpus Domini, I wol have thy knif,
And thou shalt have my distaf, and go spinne.
Fro day til night right thus she wol beginne.

Alas, she faith, that ever I was yshape
To wed a milkefop, or a coward ape,
That wol ben overladde with every wight!
Thou darst not stonden by thy wives right.
This is my lif, but if that I wol fight,
And out at dore anon I mote me dight,
Or elles I am-loft, but if that I
Be like a wilde leon, fool-hardy.

I wote wel the wol do me flee som day
Som neighebour, and thanne go my way,
For I am perilous with knif in honde,
Al be it that I dare not hire withstonde:
For she is bigge in armes by my faith,
That shele he finde, that hire mishoeth or faith.
But let us passe away fro this matere.

My lord the Monk, quod he, be mery of chere,
For ye shul telle a tale trewely.
Lo, Roucheister stondeth here faste by.
Ride forth, min owen lord, breke not our game.
But by my trouthe I can not telle youre name;
Whether shal I call you my lord Dan John,
Or Dan Thomas, or elles Dan Albon?
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kin?
I vow to God, thou hast a ful faire skin;
It is a gentil pasture ther thou goft;
Thou art not like a penaunt or a goft.

Upon my faith thou art som officer,
Som worthy sextein, or som celerer.
THE MONKES PROLOGUE.

For by my fadres soule, as to my dome,
Thou art a maister, whan thou art at home;
No poure cloosterer, ne non novice,
But a governour bothe ware and wife,
And therwithal of braunes and of bones
A right wel faring persone for the nones.
I pray to God yeve him confusion,
That first thee brought into religion.
Thou woldest han ben a trede-soule a right,
Haddest thou as grete leve, as thou haft might,
To parfourme all thy lust in engendrure,
Thou haddest begeten many a creature.
Alas! why wereft thou so wide a cope?
God yeve me forwe, but, and I were pope,
Not only thou but every mighty man,
Though he were shore ful high upon his pan,
Shuld have a wif, for al this world is lorn;
Religion hath take up all the corn
Of treding, and we borel men ben shrimpes:
Of feble trees ther comen wretched impes.
This maketh that our heires ben so sclendre
And feble, that they moun not wel engendre.
This maketh that our wives wol affaye
Religious folk, for they moun better paye
Of Venus payementes than mowen we:
God wote, no lustheburghes payen ye.

B 2

But
But be not wroth, my lord, though that I play;
Ful oft in game a sothe have I herd say.
This worthy Monke toke all in patience,
And faide; I wol don all my diligence,
As fer as souneth into honeflée,
To tellen you a tale, or two or three.
And if you lift to herken hiderward,
I wol you sayn the lif of Seint Edward;
Or elles tragedies first I wol telle,
Of which I have an hundred in my celle.

Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of him that stood in gret prosperitee,
And is ysallen out of high degree
In to miserie, and endeth wretchedly.
And they ben verfified communly
Of six feet, which men clepen exametron:
In prose eke ben endited many on,
And eke in metre, in many a sondry wife.
Lo, this declaring ought ymough suffice.

Now herkeneth, if you liketh for to here.
But first I you beseeche in this matere,
Though I by ordre telle not thisth things,
Be it of popes, emperoures, or kinges,
After hir ages, as men written finde,
But telle hem som before and som behinde,
THE MONKES TALE.

As it now cometh to my remembrance,
Have me excused of min ignorance.

THE MONKES TALE.

I wol bewaile in manere of tragedie
The harm of hem, that stode in high degree,
And fellen so, that ther n'as no remedie
To bring hem out of hir adversitee.

For certain whan that fortune lift to flee,
Ther may no man of hire the cours withholde:
Let no man truft on blinde prosperitee;
Beth ware by thife enfamples trewe and olde.

Lucifer.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were
And not a man, at him I wol beginne.
For though fortune may non angel dere,
From high degree yet fell he for his sinne
Doun into helle, wheras he yet is inne.

O Lucifer, brightest of angels alle,
Now art thou Sathanas, that maist not twinne
Out of miserie, in which that thou art falle.

Adam.

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damascene
With Goddes owen finger wrought was he,
And not begeten of mannes sperme uncleene,
And welte all Paradis saving o tree:

Had
Had never worldly man so high degree
As Adam, til he for misgovernance
Was driven out of his prosperitee
To labour, and to helle, and to meschance.  

Sampson,

Lo Sampson, which that was announciat
By the angel, long or his nativitee:
And was to God Almighty consecrat,
And stode in nobleffe while he mighte see;
Was never swiche another as was he,
To speke of strength, and therto hardinesse:
But to his wives tolde he his secrey,
Thurgh which he flow himself for wretchednesse.

Sampson, this noble and mighty champion,
Withouten wepen, save his handes twey,
He flow and all to-rente the leon,
Toward his wedding walking by the wey:
His false wif coude him to plese, and pray,
Til she his conseil knewe; and she untrewe
Unto his foos his conseil gan bewray,
And him forsfoke, and toke another newe.

Three hundred foxes toke Sampson for ire,
And all hir tayles he togeder bond:
And set the foxes tayles all on fire,
For he in every tayl had knit a brond.
THE MONKES TALE.

And they brent all the cornes in that lond,
And all hir oliveres, and vines eke.
A thousand men he flow eke with his hond,
And had no wepen, but an asses cheke.

Whan they were slain, so thirsted him, that he
Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to preye,
That God wold on his peine han som pitee,
And send him drinke, or elles moste he deye:
And of this asses cheke, that was so dreye,
Out of a wangi toth sprang anon a welle, 14050
Of which he dranke ynough, shortly to feye.
Thus halp him God, as Judicum can telle.

By veray force at Gafa on a night,
Maugre the Philistins of that citie,
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his bak ycaried hem hath he
High on an hill, wher as men might hem se.
O noble mighty Sampson, lefe and dere,
Haddeft thou not told to women thy secree,
In all this world ne had ther ben thy pere. 14060

This Sampson never fider drank ne wine,
Ne on his hed came rasour non ne there,
By precept of the messager divine,
For all his strengthes in his heres were:

B 4  And
And fully twenty winter yere by yere
He hadde of Israel the governance:
But sone shal he wepen many a tere,
For women shuln him bringen to meschance.

Unto his lemman Dalida he told,
That in his heres all his strengthe lay,
And falsely to his fomen she him fold;
And sleping in hire barme upon a day
She made to clip or thare his here away,
And made his fomen all his craft espien;
And whan that they him fond in this array,
They bond him faft, and putten out his eyen.

But or his here was clipped or yshave,
Ther was no bond, with which men might him bind.
But now is he in prifon in a cave,
Wheras they made him at the querne grinde.
O noble Sampson, strongest of mankind,
O whilom juge in glory and richesse,
Now mayest thou wepen with thin eyen blind,
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wretchednesse.

The ende of this caitif was, as I shal seye:
His fomen made a feste upon a day,
And made him as hir fool before hem pleye:
And this was in a temple of gret array.
But at the last he made a foule affray,
For he two pillers shoke, and made hem falle,
And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,
And flow himself, and eke his fomen alle.

This is to say, the princes everich on,
And eke three thousand bodies were ther slain.
With falling of the gret temple of Ston.
Of Sampfon now wol I no more fain:
Beth ware by this ensample old and plain,
That no men tell hir confeil to hir wives.
Of whiche thing, as they wold han fecree fain,
If that it touch hir limmes or hir lives.  14100

Hercules.

Of Hercules the soveraine conquerour
Singen his werkes laude, and high renoun;
For in his time of strength he was the flour.
He flow and raft the skinne of the leon;
He of Centaures laid the boft adoun;
He Harpies flow, the cruel briddles felle;
He golden apples raft fro the dragon;
He drow out Cerberus the hound of helle.

He flow the cruel tirant Busirus,
And made his hors to fret him flesh and bon;  14110
He flow the fiery serpent venemous;
Of Achelous two hornes brake he on.

And
And he flow Cacus in a cave of fton;
He flow the geaunt Anteus the strong;
He flow the grifely bore, and that anon;
And bare the hevene on his nekke long.

Was never wight fith that the world began,
That flow so many monftres, as did he;
Thurghout the wide world his name ran,
What for his strength, and for his high bountee;
And every reaume went he for to see,

14121
He was so strong that no man might him let;
At bothe the worldes endes, faith Trophee,
In stede of boundes he a piller set.

A lemman had this noble champion,
That highte Deianire, as fresh as May;
And as thife clerkes maken mention,
She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay:
Alas! this sherte, alas and wala wa!

Envenimed was fotilly withalle,

14130
That or that he had wered it half a day,
It made his flesh all from his bones falle.

But natheles som clerkes hire excufen
By on, that highte Nessius, that it maked;
Be as may be, I wol hire not accusen;
But on his bak this sherte he wered al naked,
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked:
And when he saw non other remedie;
In hote coles he hath himself venim raked,
For with no venime deigned him to die.

Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules.
Lo, who may trust on fortune any throw?
For him that folweth all this world of pres,
Or he be ware, is oft ylaid ful lowe:
Ful wife is he, that can himself knowe.
Beth ware, for whan that fortune lift to glose,
Than waiteth she hire man to overthrowe
By swiche a way, as he wold left suppose.

Nabuchodonosor.

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,
The glorious sceptre, and real majestie,
That hadde the king Nabuchodonosor,
With tongue unnethes may described be.
He twies wan Jerusalem the citee,
The vessell of the temple he with him ladde;
At Babiloine was his soveraine see,
In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.

The fayrest children of the blood real
Of Israel he did do gelde anon,
And maked eche of hem to ben his thral.

Amonges
Amonges other Daniel was on, That was the wisest child of everich on; For he the dremes of the king expounded, Wher as in Caldee clerk ne was ther non, That wiste to what fin his dremes founed.

This proude king let make a statue of gold Sixty cubites long, and seven in brede, To which image bothe yonge and old Commanded he to loute, and have in drede, Or in a fourneis, ful of flames rede, He shuld be brent, that wolde not obeye: But never wold assenten to that dede Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kings proud was and elat; He wend that God, that fit in majestee, Ne might him nat bereve of his eflat: But sodenly he loft his dignitee, And like a best him semed for to be, And ete hey as an oxe, and lay therout: In rain with wilde bestes walked he, Til certain time was ycome about.

And like an egles fethers wex his heres, His neyles like a briddles clawes were, Til God relefed him at certain yeres,
And yaf him wit, and than with many a tere
He thanked God, and ever his lif in fere
Was he to don amis, or more trespace:
And til that time he laid was on his bere,
He knew that God was ful of might and grace.

Balthasart.

His fone, which that highte Balthasart,
That held the regne after his fadres day,
He by his fader coude not beware,
For proude he was of herte, and of array:
And eke an ydolafter was he ay.
His high eflat assured him in pride;
But fortune caft him doun (and ther he lay)
And fodenly his regne gan devide.

A feste he made unto his lordes alle
Upon a time, and made hem blithe be,
And than his officeres gan he calle;
Goth, bringeth forth thilke vessels, quod he,
Which that my fader in his prosperitee
Out of the temple of Jerufalem beraft,
And to our highe goddes thanke we
Of honour, that our eldres with us laft.

His wif, his lordes, and his concubines
Ay dronken, while hir appetites laft,

Out
Out of thise noble vessels sondry wines.
And on a wall this king his eyen caft,
And saw an hand armles, that wrote ful faft,
For fere of whiche he quoke, and liked sore:
This hand, that Balthasar so fore agaft,
Wrote *Mane techel phares*, and no more:

In al that lond Magicien was non,
That coud expounen what this lettre ment,
But Daniel expounded it anon,
And said; O king, God to thy fader lent
Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, and rent;
And he was proud, and nothing God ne dradde;
And therfore God gret wreche upon him sent,
And him beraft the regne that he hadde.

He was out caft of mannes compagnie,
With affes was his habitation;
And ete hey, as a beft, in wete and drie,
Til that he knew by grace and by reson,
That God of heven hath domination
Over every regne, and every creature:
And than had God of him compaflion,
And him restored his regne and his figure.

Eke thou, that art his fone, art proud also,
And knowest all thise thinges veraily;
And art rebel to God, and art his fo.
Thou dranke eke of his vessels boldly,
Thy wif eke, and thy wenches sinfully
Dranke of the same vessels fondry wines,
And heried false goddes cursedly,
Therfore to thee yshapen ful gret pine is.

This hand was sent fro God, that on the wall
Wrote Mane telephares, trusteth me;
Thy regne is don, thou weyeft nought at all;
Divided is thy regne, and it shal be 14240
To Medes and to Perfes yeven, quod he.
And thilke same night this king was flawe;
And Darius occupied his degree,
Though he therto had neither right ne lawe.

Lordinges, enexample hereby moun ye take,
How that in lordship is no fikerness:
For whan that fortune wol a man forsale,
She bereth away his regne and his riches,
And eke his frendes, bothe more and leffe.
For what man that hath frendes thurgh fortune,
Mishap wol make hem enemies, I gesse. 14251
This proverbe is ful soth, and ful commune.


Zenobia.

Zenobia, of Palmerie the quene,
(As writen Perfiens of hire noblesse)
So worthy was in armes, and so kene,
That no wight passhed hire in hardinesse,
Ne in linage, ne in other gentillesse.
Of kinges blood of Perse is she descended;
I say not that she hadde most fairenesse,
But of hire shape she might not ben amended.

From hire childhode I finde that she fledde
Office of woman, and to wode she went;
And many a wilde hartes blood she shedde
With arwes brode that she to hem fent;
She was so swift, that she anon hem hent.
And whan that she was elder, she wold kille
Leons, lepards, and beres al to-rent,
And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.

She doreft the wilde bestes dennes seke,
And rennen in the mountaignes all the night,
And slepe under the bush; and she coud eke
Wraftlen by veray force and veray might
With any yong man, were he never so wight;
Ther mighte nothing in hire armes fonde;
She kept hire maidenhode from every wight,
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde.

But at the laft hire frendes han hire maried
To Odenat, a prince of that contree;
Al were it so, that she hem longe taried.
And ye shul understonde, how that he
Hadde swiche fantasies as hadde she;
But natheles, whan they were knit in fere,
They lived in joye, and in felicitee,
For eche of hem had other lefe and dere.

Save o thing, that she n'olde never assente,
By no way, that he shulde by hire lie
But ones, for it was hire plaine entente
To have a childe, the world to multiplie:
And al so fone as that she might espie,
That she was not with childe with that dede,
Than would she suffer him don his fantasie
Estfone, and not but ones out of drede.

And if she were with child at thilke caft,
No more shuld he playen thilke game
Till fully fourty dayes weren paft:
Than wold she ones suffre him do the same.
Al were this Odenate wild or tame,
He gate no more of hire, for thus she sayde,
It was to wives lecherie and shame,
In other cas if that men with hem playde.

Two fones by this Odenate had she,
The which she kept in vertue and lettrure.
But now unto our tale turne we:
I say, so worshipful a creature,
And wise therewith, and large with mesure,
So penible in the warre, and curteis eke,
Ne more labour might in warre endure,
Was non, though al this world men shulden seke.

Hire riche array ne mighte not be told,
As wel in vessell as in hire clothing:
She was al clad in pierrie and in gold,
And eke she lefte not for non hunting
To have of sondry tongues ful knowing,
Whan that she leifer had, and for to entend
To lernen bookes was all hire liking,
How she in vertue might hire lif dispand.

And shortly of this storie for to trete,
So doughty was hire husbond and eke she,
That they conquered many regnes grete
In the Orient, with many a faire citee,
Appertenaunt unto the majestee
Of Rome, and with strong hand held hem ful faft,
Ne never might hir fomen don hem flee,
Ay while that Odenates dayes laft.

Hire batailles, who so lift hem for to rede,
Againe Sapor the king, and other mo,

And
And how that all this proceffe fell in dede,
Why she conquered, and what title therto,
And after of hire mischefe and hire wo,
How that she was beseged, and ytake,
Let him unto my maister Petrark go,
That writeth ynough of this, I undertake.

Whan Odenate was ded, she mightily
The regnes held, and with hire propre hond
Agains hire fos she fought so cruelly,
That ther n'as king ne prince in all that lond,
That he n'as glad, if he that grace fond
That she ne wolde upon his lond werreye:
With hire they maden alliaunce by bond
To ben in pees, and let hire ride and pleye.

The emperour of Rome Claudius,
Ne, him beforne, the Romain Galien
Ne dörste never be so corageous,
Ne non Ermin, ne non Egiptien,
Ne Surrien, ne non Arabien
Within the feld ne dörste with hire fight,
Left that she wold hem with hire hondes flen,
Or with hire meinie putten hem to flight.

In kinges habite wente hire sones two,
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,
And Heremanno and Timolao
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle.
But ay fortune hath in hire hony galle:
This mighty quene may no while endure,
Fortune out of hire regne made hire falle
To wretchednesse, and to misadventure.

Aurelian, whan that the governance
Of Rome came into his hondes twey,
He shope upon this quene to do vengeance,
And with his legions he toke his way
Toward Zenobie, and shortly for to saie,
He made hire flee, and atte laft hire hent,
And fettered hire, and eke hire children tway,
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.

Amonges other thinges that he wan,
Hire char, that was with gold wrought and pierrie,
This grete Romain, this Aurelian
Hath with him lad, for that men shuld it see.
Beforen his triumphe walketh she
With gilte chaines on hire necke honging,
Crouned she was, as after hire degree,
And ful of pierrie charged hire clothing.

Alas fortune! she that whilom was
Dredeful to kinges and to emperoures,
Now gaureth all the peple on hire, alas!

And
THE MONKES TALE.

And she that helmed was in starke flores,
And wan by force tounes stronge and tounes,
Shal on hire hed now were a vitrémite:
And she that bare the sceptre ful of flores,
Shal bere a distaf hire cost for to quit.

Nero.

Although that Nero were as vicious,
As any fende, that lifth ful low adoun,
Yet he, as telleth us Suetonius,
This wide world had in subjeclion,
Both Eft and Weft, South and Septentrioun.
Of rubies, saphires, and of perles white
Were all his clothes brouded up and doun,
For he in gemmes grely gan delite.

More delicat, more pompous of array,
More proude, was never emperour than he;
That ilke cloth that he had wered o day,
After that time he n'olde it never see;
Nettes of gold threde had he gret plente, 
To fishe in Tiber, whan him lift to play;
His lustes were as law, in his degree,
For fortune as his frend wold him obay.

He Rome brente for his delicacie;
The senatours he flow upon a day.
To heren how that men wold wepe and criye;
And flow his brother, and by his sufter lay. 1440
His moder made he in pitous array,
For he hire wombe let flitten, to behold
Wher he conceived was, so wala wa!
That he so litel of his moder told.

No tere out of his eyen for that fight
Ne came, but sayd, a faire woman was she.
Gret wonder is, how that he coud or might
Be domesman of hire dede beautee:
The wine to bringen him commanded he,
And dranke anon, non other wo he made. 14410
Whan might is joined unto crueltee,
Alas! to depe wol the venime wade,

In youthe a maister had this emperour
To techen him lettrure and curtesie,
For of moralitee he was the flour,
As in his time, but if bookees lie.
And while this maister had of him maistrie,
He maked him so conning and soouple,
That longe time it was, or tyrannie,
Or any vice dorst in him uncouple. 14420

This Seneka, of which that I devise,
Because Nero had of him swiche drede,
For he fro vices wold him ay chaistife
Discretly, as by word, and not by dede,
Sire, he wold say, an emperour mote nede
Be vertuous, and haten tyrannie.
For which he made him in a bathe to blede
On bothe his armes, till he mufte die.

This Nero had eke of a cuftumaunce
In youth ageins his maitfer for to rife;
Which afterward him thought a gret grevaunce,
Therfore he made him dien in this wise.
But natheles this Seneka the wife
Cees in a bathe to die in this manere,
Rather than han another tormentise:
And thus hath Nero slain his maitfer dere.

Now fell it fo, that fortune lift no lenger
The highe pride of Nero to cherice:
For though that he were strong, yet was she strenger.
She thoughte thus; by God I am to nice
To set a man, that is fulfilled of vice,
In high degree, and emperour him calle:
By God out of his fete I wol him trice,
Whan he left weneth, fonest fhal he falle.

The peple rose upon him on a night
For his defaute, and whan he it espied,
THE MONKES TALE.

Out of his dores anon he hath him dight
Alone, and ther he wend han ben allied,
He knocked fast, and ay the more he cried,
The faster shetten they hir dores alle: 14450
Tho wift he wel he had himself misgied,
And went his way, no lenger dorft he calle.

The peple cried and rombled up and doun,
That with his eres herd he how they sayde,
Wher is this false tyrant, this Neroun?
For sere almost out of his wit he brayde,
And to his goddes pitously he preide
For socour, but it mighte not betide:
For drede of this him thoughte that he deide,
And ran into a gardin him to hide. 14460

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye
That saten by a fire gret and red,
And to thise cherles two he gan to preye
To flen him, and to girden of his hed,
That to his body, whan that he were ded,
Were no despit ydon for his defame.
Himself he flow, he coud no better rede,
Of which fortune lough and hadde a game.

Holofernes.

Was never capitaine under a king,
That regnes mo put in subjectioun, 14470
Ne
Ne strenger was in feld of alle thing
As in his time, ne greter of renoun,
Ne more pompous in high presumptioun,
Than Holoferne, which that fortune ay kift
So likerously, and lad him up and doun,
Til that his hed was of, or that he wift.

Not only that this world had him in awe
For losing of richeffe and libertee;
But he made every man reneie his lawe.
Nabuchodonosor was God, sayd he;  14480
Non other God ne shulde honoured be.
Ageins his hefte ther dare no wight trespace,
Save in Bethulia, a strong citee,
Wher Eliachim a preeft was of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne:
Amid his hoft he dronken lay a night
Within his tente, large as is a berne;
And yet for all his pompe and all his might,
Judith, a woman, as he lay upright
Sleping, his hed of smote, and fro his tente 14490
Ful prively she stale from every wight,
And with his hed unto hire toun she wente.

Antiochus.
What nedeth it of king Antiochus
To tell his high and real majestee,
His gret pride, and his werkes venimous?
For swiche another was ther non as he;
Redeth what that he was in Machabe,
And redeth the proud wordes that he seid,
And why he fell from his prosperitee,
And in an hill how wretchedly he deid.

Fortune him had enhaunfed so in pride,
That veraily he wend he might attaine
Unto the sterres upon every side,
And in a balaunce weyen eche mountaine,
And all the floodes of the see restraine:
And Goddes peple had he most in hate,
Hem wold he fleen in turment and in peine,
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanor and Timothee
With Jewes were venquished mightily,
Unto the Jewes swiche an hate had he,
That he bad greithe his char ful haftily,
And swore and sayde ful despitoufly,
Unto Jerufalem he wold eftfone
To wreke his ire on it ful cruelly,
But of his purpos was he let ful fone.

God for his manace him so fore smote,
With invisible wound, ay incurable,
That in his guttes carfe it so and bote,
Til that his peines weren importable;
And certainly the wreche was resoable,
For many a mammes guttes did he peine;
But from his purpos, cursed and damnable,
For all his smerte, he n'olde him not refreine:

But bade anon apprailen his hoft.
And sodenly, or he was of it ware,
God daunted all his pride, and all his hoft;
For he so sore fell out of his charre,
That it his limmes and his skinne to-tare,
So that he neither mighte go ne ride;
But in a chaire men about him bare,
Alle forbrusfed bothe bak and side.

The wreche of God him smote so cruelly,
That thurgh his body wicked wormes crept,
And therwithal he stanke so horribly,
That non of all his meinie that him kept,
Whether so that he woke or elles slept,
Ne mighte not of him the stinke endure.
In this mischiefe he wailed and eke wept,
And knew God, Lord of every creature.

To all his hoft, and to himselfe also
Ful watsom was the stinke of his careine;
THE MONKES TALE.

No man ne mighte him beren to ne fro.
And in this tinke, and this horrible peine,
He starf ful wretchedly in a mountaine.
Thus hath this robbour, and this homicide,
That many a man made to wepe and pleine,
Swiche guerdon, as belongeth unto pride.

Alexander.

The storie of Alexandre is so commune,
That every wight, that hath discretioun,
Hath herd somwhat or all of his fortune.
This wide world, as in conclusioun,
He wan by strength, or for his high renoun
They weren glad for pees unto him fende,
The pride of man and boft he layd adoun,
Wher so he came, unto the worldes ende,

Comparison might never yet be maked
Betwix him and another conquerour,
For al this world for drede of him hath quaked;
He was of knighthode and of fredome flour;
Fortune him maked the heir of hire honour.
Save wine and women, nothing might affwage
His high entente in armes and labour,
So was he ful of leonin corage.

What
What pris were it to him, though I you told
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,
Of kinges, princes, dukes, erles bold,
Which he conquered, and brought hem into wo?
I say, as fer as man may ride or go
The world was his, what shuld I more devise? 14570
For though I wrote or told you ever mo
Of his knighthode, it mighte not suffice.

Twelf yere he regned, as faith Machabe;
Philippus sone of Macedoine he was,
That first was king in Grece the contree.
O worthy gentil Alexandre, alas
That ever shuld thee fallen swiche a cas!
Enpoisoned of thyn owen folke thou were;
Thy fis fortune hath turned into an as,
And yet for thee ne wept she never a tere. 14580

Who shal me yeven teres to complaine
The deth of gentillesse, and of fraunchise,
That all this world welded in his demaine,
And yet him thought it mighte not suffice?
So ful was his corage of high emprise.
Alas! who shal me helpen to endite
False fortune, and poison to despise?
The whiche two of all this wo I wite.

Julius
By wisdome, manhode, and by gret labour,
From humblehede to real majestee 1459
Up rose he Julius the conquerour,
That wan all the occident, by lond and see,
By strengthe of hond, or elles by tretee,
And unto Rome made hem tributarie;
And fith of Rome the emperour was he,
Til that fortune wexe his adversarie.

O mighty Cefar, that in Thessalie
Ageins Pompeius father thin in lawe,
That of the orient had all the chivalrie,
As fer as that the day beginneth dawe, 14600
Thou thurgh thy knighthode haft hem take and lawe,
Save fewe folk, that with Pompeius fledde,
Thurgh which thou put all the orient in awe,
Thanke fortune, that so wel thee spedde.

But now a litel while I wol bewaile
This Pompeius, this noble governour
Of Rome, which that fled at this bataille.
I say, on of his men, a false traitour,
His hed of smote, to winnen him favour
Of Julius, and him the hed he brought: 14610
Alas, Pompeie, of the orient conquerour,
That fortune unto swiche a fin thee brought!

To
To Rome again repaireth Julius
With his triumphe laureat ful hie,
But on a time Brutus and Cassius,
That ever had of his high estat envie,
Ful prively had made conspiracie
Ageins this Julius in fotil wise:
And cast the place, in which he shulde die
With bodekins, as I shal you devise.

This Julius to the capitolie wente
Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,
And in the capitolie anon him hente
This false Brutus, and his other soon,
And stiked him with bodekins anon
With many a wound, and thus they let him lie:
But never gront he at no stroke but on,
Or elles at two, but if his storie lie.

So manly was this Julius of herte,
And so wel loved estatly honeste,
That though his dedly woundes fore smerte,
His mantel over his hippes caste he,
For no man shulde, seen his privatte:
And as he lay of dying in a trance,
And wisfe veraily that ded was he,
Of honeste yet had he remembrance.

Lucan,
THE MONKES TALE.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recommende,  
And to Sueton, and Valerie also,  
That of this storie written word and ende:  
How that to thise grete conqueroures two  
Fortune was first a frend, and sith a fo.  
No man ne truft upon hire favour long,  
But have hire in await for evermo;  
Witnessse on all thise conqueroures strong.

Cresus.

The riche Cresus, whilom king of Lide,  
Of whiche Cresus, Cirus him fore dradde,  
Yet was he caught amiddes all his pride,  
And to be brent men to the fire him ladde;  
But swiche a rain doun from the welken shadde,  
That flow the fire, and made to him escape:  
But to beware no grace yet he hadde,  
Til fortune on the galwes made him gape.

When he escaped was, he can not fliint  
For to beginne a newe werre again:  
He wened wel, for that fortune him sent  
Swiche hap, that he escaped thurgh the rain,  
That of his foos he mighte not be flain;  
And eke a sweven upon a night he mette,  
Of which he was so proud, and eke so fain,  
That in vengeance he all his herte fette.
Upon a tree he was, as that him thought,
Ther Jupiter him wes he, both bak and side;
And Phebus eke a faire towail him brought.
To drie him with, and therfore wex his pride.
And to his daughter that stood him beside,
Which that he knew in high science habound,
He bad hire tell him what it signified,
And she his dreme began right thus expound.

The tree (quod she) the galwes is to mene,
And Jupiter betokeneth snow and rain,
And Phebus with his towail clere and clene,
Tho ben the sonnes stremes, soth to sain:
Thou shalt anhanged be, fader, certain;
Rain shal thee wasli, and sonne shal thee drie.
Thus warned him ful plat and eke ful plain
His daughter, which that called was Phanie.

Anhanged was Crefus the proude king,
His real trone might him not availle:
Tragedie is non other maner thing,
Ne can in singing crien ne bewaile,
But for that fortune all day wol assaille
With unaware stroke the regnes that ben proude:
For whan men truften hire, than wol she faille,
And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

Vol. III.  D  Peter
Peter of Spaine.

O noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of Spaine,  
Whom fortune held so high in majestie,  
Wel oughten men thy pitous deth complaine.  
Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee,  
And after at a sege by sotiltee  
Thou were betraied, and lad unto his tent,  
Wher as he with his owen hond flow thee,  
Succeding in thy regne and in thy rent.

The feld of snow, with th'egle of blak therin,  
Caught with the limerod, coloured as the glede,  
He brewed this cursednesse, and all this sinne;  
The wicked nesfe was werker of this dede;  
Not Charles Oliver, that toke ay hede  
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike  
Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,  
Broughte this worthy king in swiche a brike.  

Petro, king of Cypre.

O worthy Petro king of Cypre also,  
That Alexandrie wan by high maistrie,  
Ful many an hethen wroughtest thou ful wo,  
Of which thin owen lieges had envie:
And for no thing but for thy chivalrie,
They in thy bed han slain thee by the morwe;
Thus can fortune hire whyle governs and gie,
And out of joye bringen men to forwe.

_Barnabo Viscount._

Of Milane grete Barnabo Viscount,
God of delit, and scourge of Lumbardie,

Why shuld I not thin infortune account,
Sith in ejfat thou clomben were so high?
Thy brothers sone, that was thy double allie,
For he thy nevew was, and sone in lawe,
Within his prifon made he thee to die,
But why, ne how, n'ot I that thou were flawe.

_Hugelin of Pife._

Of the erl Hugelin of Pife the langour
Ther may no tongue tellen for pitee.
But litel out of Pife flant a tour,
In whiche tour in prison yput was he,

And with him ben his litel children three,
The eldest scarcely five yere was of age:
Alas! fortune, it was gret crueltee
Swiche briddes for to put in swiche a cage.

Dampned was he to die in that prifon,
For Roger, which that bishop was of Pife,
THE MONKES TALE.

Had on him made a false suggestion,
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him rise,
And put him in prison, in swiche a wise,
As ye han herd; and mete and drinke he had so smale,
That wel unnethe it may suffise,
And therewithal it was ful poure and bad.

And on a day befell, that in that houre,
Whan that his mete wont was to be brought,
The gailer shette the dores of the toure;
He hered it wel, but he spake right nought.
And in his herte anon ther fell a thought,
That they for hunger wolden do him dien;
Alas! quod he, alas that I was wrought!
Therwith the teres fellenn fro his eyen.

His yonge sone, that three yere was of age,
Unto him saied, fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan will the gailer bringen our potage?
Is ther no morsel bred that ye do kepe?
I am so hungry, that I may not slepe.
Now wolde God that I might slepen ever,
Than shuld not hunger in my wombe crepe;
Ther n'is no thing, sauf bred, that me were lever.

Thus day by day this childe began to crie,
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay,
And
And faide, farewel, fader, I mote die;  
And kift his fader, and dide the same day.  
And whan the woful fader did it fey,  
For wo his armes two he gan to bite,  
And faide, alas! fortune, and wala wa!  
Thy false whele my wo all may I wite.

His children wenden, that for hunger it was  
That he his armes gnowe, and not for wo,  
And sayden: fader, do not so, alas!  
But rather ete the flesh upon us two.  
Our flesh thou yaf us, take our flesh us fro,  
And ete ynough: right thus they to him seide,  
And after that, within a day or two,  
They laide hem in his lappe adoun, and deide.

Himself dispeired eke for hunger starf.  
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pise:  
From high estat fortune away him carf.  
Of this tragedie it ought ynough suffice;  
Who so wol here it in a longer wise,  
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,  
That highte Dante, for he can it devise  
Fro point to point, not o word wol he faille.

THE NONNES PREESTES PROLOGUE.

Ho! quod the knight, good fire, no more of this:  
That ye han faid, is right ynough ywis,  
D 3 And
And mochel more; for litel hevinesse
Is right ynoough to mochel folk, I gesse.
I say for me, it is a gret disese,
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and efe,
To heren of hir foden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret folas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure estat,
And climbeth up, and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in prosperitee:
Swiche thing is gladsom, as it thinketh me,
And of swiche thing were goodly for to telle,
   Ye, quod our hoste, by Seint Poules belle,
Ye say right soth; this monk hath clapped loude;
He spake, how fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd: and parde no remedie
It is for to bewailen, ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han said, to here of hevinesse.
Sire monk, no more of this, fo God you blesse;
Your tale anoyeth all this compagnie;
Swiche talking is not worth a boterslie,
For therin is ther no disport ne game:
Therfore, fire monk, dan Piers by your name,
I pray you hertely, tell us somwhat elles,
For fikerly, n'ere clinking of your belles,
   That
That on your bridel hange on every side,
By heven king, that for us alle dide,
I shuld er this have fallen doun for slepe,
Although the flough had ben never so depe:
Than hadde your tale all ben tolde in vain.
For certainly, as that thise clerkes fain,
Wher as a man may have non audience,
Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence.
And wel I wote the substance is in me,
If any thing shal wel reported be.

Sire, say somwhat of hunting, I you pray.

Nay, quod this Monk, I have no luft to play:
Now let another telle as I have told.

Than spake our hofte with rude speche and bold,
And sayd unto the Nonnes Preeft anon,
Come nere thou preeft, come hither thou Sire John,
Telle us swiche thing, as may our hertes glade.
Be blithe, although thou ride upon a jade.
What though thyn horfe be bothe foule and lene,
If he wol serve thee, recke thee not a bene:
Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.

Yes, hofte, quod he, so mote I ride or go,
But I be mery, ywis I wol be blamed.
And right anon his tale he hath attamed;
And thus he said unto us everich on,
This swete preeft, this goodly man Sire John.
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

A poure widewe somdel stoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Befide a grove, stonding in a dale.
This widewe, which I tell you of my tale, 14830
Sin thilke day that she was laft a wif,
In patience led a ful simple lif,
For litel was hire catel and hire rente:
By husbondry of swiche as God hire fente,
She found hirzelf, and eke hire doughtren two.
Three large fowes had she, and no mo:
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle.
Ful footy was hire bour, and eke hire halle,
In which she ete many a slender mele.
Of poinant saucne ne knew she never a dele. 14840
No deintee morfel passeth thurgh hire throte;
Hire diete was accordant to hire cote.
Repletion ne made hire never sike;
Attempre diete was all hire physike,
And exercife, and hertes suffifance.
The goute let hire nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexie shente not hire hed.
No win ne dranke she, neyther white ne red:
Hire bord was served most with white and black,
Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lack,
Seinde
Seinde bacon, and somtime an ey or twey;
For she was as it were a maner dey.
   A yerd she had, enclosed all about
With stickes, and a drie diche without,
In which she had a cok highte Chaunteclere,
In all the land of crowing n'as his pere.
His vois was merier than the mery orgon,
On maffe daies that in the chirches gon.
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge,
Than is a clok, or any abbey orloge.
By nature he knew eche ascentioun
Of the equinoctial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Than crew he, that it might not ben amended.
   His combe was redder than the fin corall,
Enbattelled, as it were a castel wall.
His bill was black, and as the jet it thone;
Like a'ure were his legges and his tone;
His nailes whiter than the lily flour,
And like the burned gold was his colour.
   This gentil cok had in his governance
Seven hennes, for to don all his plesance,
Which were his suffters and his paramoures,
And wonder like to him, as of colours.
Of which the fairest hewed in the throte,
Was cleped faire damoselle Pertelote.
Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire,
And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,
Sithen the day that she was sevennight old,
That trewelich she hath the herte in hold
Of Chaunteclere, loken in every lith:
He loved hire so, that wel was him therwith.
But swiche a joye it was to here hem sing,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to spring,
In swete accord: my lefe is fare in lond.
For thilke time, as I have understond,
Beftes and briddes couden speke and sing.
And so befell, that in a dawening,
As Chaunteclere among his wives alle
Sate on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sate his faire Pertelote,
This Chaunteclere gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreme is dretched fore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herd him rore,
She was agaft, and faide, herte dere,
What aileth you to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a veray sleper, fy for shame.
And he answerd and sayde thus; madame,
I pray you, that ye take it not agrefe:
By God me mette I was in swiche mischefe.
Right now, that yet min herte is fore a沂ght.
Now God (quod he) my sweven recche aright,
And kepe my body out of foule prisoun.
  Me mette, how that I romed up and doun
Within our yerde, wher as I saw a beste,
Was like an hound, and wold han made arefte
Upon my body, and han had me ded.
His colour was betwix yelwe and red;
And tipped was his tail, and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres.14910
His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey:
Yet for his loke almoft for fere I dey:
This caufed me my groning doubtles.
  Away, quod she, fy on you herteles.
Alas! quod she, for by that God above
Now han ye loft myn herte and all my love;
I cannot love a coward by my faith.
For certes, what so any woman faith,
We all desiren, if it mighte be,
To have an husbond, hardy, wise and free, 14920
And secre, and non niggard ne no fool,
Ne him that is agaft of every tool,
Ne non avantour by that God above.
How dorften ye for shame say to your love,
That any thing might maken you aferde?
Han ye no manners herte, and han a berde?
Alas! and con ye ben agaft of swevenis?
Nothing but vanitee, god wote, in fiweven is.
  Swevenes
Swevenes engendren of repletions,
And oft of fume, and of complexions,
Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.
Certes this dreme, which ye han met to-night,
Cometh of the grete superfluitee
Of youre rede colera parde,
Which causeth folk to dreden in hir dremes
Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,
Of rede bestes, that they wol hem bite,
Of conteke, and of waspes grete and lite;
Right as the humour of melancolie
Causeth ful many a man in flepe to crie,
For fere of bolles, and of beres blake,
Or elles that blake devils wol hem take,
Of other humours coud I telle alfo,
That werken many a man in flepe moch wo;
But I wol passe, as lightly as I can.

Lo Caton, which that was so wise a man,
Said he not thus? Ne do no force of dremes.

Now, Sire, quod she, whan we flee fro the bemes,
For Goddes love, as take som laxatif:
Up peril of my soule, and of my lif,
I conseil you the best, I wol not lie,
That both of coler, and of melancolie
Ye purge you; and for ye shul not tarie,
Though in this toun be non apotecarie,
I shall myself two herbes techen you,
That shal be for your hele, and for your prow;
And in our yerde, the herbes shal I finde,
The which han of hir propretie by kinde
To purgen you benethe, and eke above.
Sire, forrete not this for Goddes love;
Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;
Ware that the sonne in his ascention
Ne finde you not replete of humours hote:
And if it do, I dare wel lay a grote,
That ye shul han a fever tertiane,
Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.
A day or two ye shul han digestives
Of wormes, or ye take your laxatives,
Of laureole, centaurie, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
Of catapuce, or of gaitre beries,
Or herbe ive growing in our yerd, that mery is:
Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.
Beth mery, husbond, for your fader kin,
Dredeth no dreme, I can say you no more.
Madame, quod he, grand mercy of your lore.
But natheles, as touching dan Caton,
That hath of wisdome swiche a gret renoun,
Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,
By God, men moun in olde bookes rede,
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Of many a man, more of auctoritee
Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,
That all the reves sayn of his sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,
That dremes ben significations
As wel of joye, as tribulations,
That folk enduren in this lif present.
Ther nedeth make of this non argument;
The veray preve sheweth it indeed.

On of the greteft auftours that men rede, 14990
Saith thus; that whilom twy felawes wente
On pilgrimage in a ful good entente;
And happed so, they came into a toun,
Wher ther was swiche a congregatioun
Of peple, and eke so streit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as moche as a cotage,
In which they bothe might ylogged be:
Wherfore they musten of necesseitee,
As for that night, departen compagnie;
And eche of hem goth to his hostelrie,
And toke his logging as it wolde falle.

That on of hem was logged in a stalle,
Fer in a yerde, with oxen of the plough;
That other man was logged wel ynough,
As was his aventure, or his fortune,
That us governeth all, as in commune.

And
And so befell, that, long or it were day,
This man met in his bed, ther as he lay,
How that his felaw gan upon him calle,
And said, alas! for in an oxes stalle
This night shal I be mordred, ther I lie.
Now helpe me, dere brother, or I die;
In alle hafte come to me, he saide.

This man out of his flepe for fere abraide;
But whan that he was waked of his flepe,
He turned him, and toke of this no kepe;
Him thought his dreme was but a vanitee.
Thus twies in his fleping dremed he.

And at the thridde time yet his felaw
Came, as him thought, and said, I now am flaw:
Behold my blody woundes, depe and wide.
Arise up erly, in the morwe tide,
And at the West gate of the toun (quod he)
A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,
In which my body is hid prively.
Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
My gold caused my mordre, foth to fain.
And told him every point how he was flain
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
And trufeth wel, his dreme he found ful trewe.
For on the morwe, as fone as it was day,
To his felawes inne he toke his way:

And
And whan that he came to this oxes flalle,
After his felaw he began to calle.

The hosteler answered him anon,
And saide, Sire, your felaw is agon,
As fone as day he went out of the toun.

This man gan fallen in suspicioun
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette, 15040
Unto the West gate of the toun, and fond
A dong carte, as it went for to dong lond,
That was arraied in the fame wise
As ye han herde the dede man devise:
And with an hardy herte he gan to crie,
Vengeance and justice of this felonie;
My felaw mordred is this same night,
And in this carte he lith, gaping upright.
I crie out on the miniftres, quod he,
That shulden kepe and reulen this citee: 15050
Harow! alas! here lith my felaw slain.

What shuld I more unto this tale fain?
The peple out ftert, and caft the cart to ground,
And in the middel of the dong they found
The dede man, that mordred was all newe.

O blisful God, that art fo good and trewe,
Lo, how that thou bewreyest mordre alway.
Mordre wol out, that fee we day by day.
Mordre is so wlatfom and abhominable
To God, that is so just and resonable,
That he ne wol not suffre it hylled be:
Though it abide a yere, or two, or three,
Mordre wol out, this is my conclusioun.

And right anon, the ministres of the toun
Han hent the carter, and so fore him pined,
And eke the hosteler so fore engined,
That they beknew hir wickednesse anon,
And were anhanged by the necke bon.

Here moun ye see that dremes ben to drede.
And certes in the same book I rede,
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,
(I gabbe not, so have I joye and blis)
Two men that wold han pased over the see
For certain cause in to a fer contree,
If that the wind ne hadde ben contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie,
That flood ful mery upon an haven side.
But on a day, agein the even tide,
The wind gan change, and blew right as hem left.
Jolif and glad they wenten to hir reft,
And caften hem ful erly for to faile;
But to that o man fell a gret mervaile.

That on of hem in fleping as he lay,
He mette a wonder dreme, again the day:
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Him thought a man stood by his beddes side,
And him commanded, that he shuld abide,
And said him thus; if thou to-morwe wende,
Thou shalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.

He woke, and told his felaw what he met,
And praied him his viage for to let,
As for that day, he prayd him for to abide.

His felaw that lay by his beddes side,
Gan for to laugh, and scorned him ful faste.
No dreme, quod he, may so my herte agaffe,
That I wol leten for to do my thinges.

I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
For fivevens ben but vanitees and japes.
Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,
And eke of many a mafe therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that never was, ne shal.

But fith I see that thou wolt here abide,
And thus forflouthen wilfully thy tide,
God wot it reweth me, and have good day.
And thus he took his leve, and went his way.

But or that he had half his cours yfailed,
N'ot I not why, ne what meschance it ailed,
But causelly the shippes bottom rente,
And ship and man under the water wente
In sight of other shippes ther beside,
That with him failed at the same tide.
And thercfure, faire Pertelote so dere,
By swiche ensamples olde maist thou lere,
That no man shulde be to reccheles
Of dremes, for I say thee douteles,
That many a dreme ful sore is for to drede:

Lo, in the lif of feint Kenelme, I rede,
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.
A litel or he were mordred on a day;
His mordre in his avision he say.

His norice him expouned every del
His fweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel
Fro treson; but he n'as but seven yere old,
And thercfure litel tale hath he told
Of any dreme, so holy was his herte.
By God I hadde lever than my sherte,
That ye had red his legend, as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I say you trewely,
Macrobius, that writ the avision
In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,
Affirmeth dremes, and sayth that they ben
Warning of thinges, that men after seen.

And forthermore, I pray you loketh wel
In the olde Testament, of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.

Rede eke of Joseph, and ther shuln ye see
Wher dremes ben somtime (I say not alle)
Warning of thinges that shuln after falle.
   Loke of Egipt the king, dan Pharao,
His baker and his boteler also,
Whedir they ne selten non effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken ages of sondry remes,
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
   Lo Cresus, which that was of Lydie king,
Mette he not that he sat upon a tree,
Which signified he shuld anhanged be?
   Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
She dremed on the same night beforne,
How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
If thilke day he went into bataille:
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yslain anon of Achilles.
   But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.
Shortly I say, as for conclusion,
That I shal han of this avisyon
Adversitee: and I say furthermore,
That I ne tell of laxatives no store,
For they ben venimous, I wot it wel:
I hem deftie, I love hem never a del.

But
But let us speke of mirthe, and ftinte all this;
Madame Pertelote, fo have I blis,
Of o thing God hath fent me large grace:
For whan I see the beautee of your face,
Ye ben fo scarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my drede for to dien,
For, al fo fiker as In principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
(Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,
Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis.)
For whan I fele a-night your sofie fide,
Al be it that I may not on you ride,
For that our perche is made fo narwe, alas!
I am fo ful of joye and of solas,
That I deftie bothe sweven and dreme.
And with that word he flew doun fro the beme,
For it was day, and eke his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had found a corn, lay in the yerde.
Real he was, he was no more aferd:
He fetthered Pertelote twenty time,
And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime.
He loketh as it were a grim leoun;
And on his toos he rometh up and doun,
Him deigned not to set his feet to ground:
He chukketh, whan he hath a corn yfound,
And to him rennen than his wives alle.

Thus real, as a prince is in his halle, 1519
Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture ;
And after wol I tell his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the world began,
That highte March, whan God first maked man,
Was complete, and ypassed were also,
Sithen March ended, thritty dayes and two,
Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,
His seven wives walking him beside,
Caft up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne 1520
Twenty degrees and on, and somwhat more :
He knew by kind, and by non other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven,
The sonne, he said, is clomben up on heven
Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis,
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkeneth thife blisful briddes how they sing,
And see the freshe floures how they spring;
Ful is min herte of revel, and solas.

But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas; 1521
For ever the latter ende of joye is wo :
God wote that worldly joye is sone ago :
And if a rethor coude faire endite,
He in a chronicle might it fausly write,
As for a soveraine notabilitee.
Now every wise man let him herken me:
This story is al so trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot du lake,
That women holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I turne agen to my sentence.

A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,
That in the grove had wonned yeres three,
By high imagination forecast,
The fame night thurghout the heges braft
Into the yerde, ther Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eke his wives, to repaire:
And in a bedde of wortes stille he lay,
Till it was passed undern of the day,
Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle:
As gladly don thys homicides alle,
That in await liggen to mordre men.
O false morderour, rucking in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genelon!
O false diffimulour, o Greek Sinon,
That broughtest Troye al utterly to forwe!
O Chaunteclere, accursfed be the morwe,
That thou into thy yerde flew fro the bemes:
Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes,
That thilke day was perilous to thee.
But what that God forewote most nedes be,
After the opinion of certain clerkes.
Witnesse on him; that any parfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercation
In this mater, and gret disputison,
And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the holy doctour Augustin,
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardin,
Whether that Goddes worthy foreweting
Streineth me nedely for to don a thing,
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee)
Or elles if free chois be granted me
To do that same thing, or do it nought,
Though God forewot it, or that it was wrought;
Or if his weting streineth never a del,
But by necessitee condicionel.
I wol not han to don of swiche mater; 
My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his conseil of his wif with forwe
To walken in the yerdd upon the morwe,
That he had met the dreme, as I you told.
Womennes conseiles ben ful often cold;
Womannes conseil brought us first to wo,
And made Adam fro paradis to go,
Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.
But for I'n'ot, to whom I might displese,
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE: 57

If I confent of women wolde blame,
Passe over, for I said it in my game.
Rede au£tours, wher they trete of swiche materre,
And what they sayn of women ye mown here. 15270
Thise ben the Cokkes wordes, and not mine;
I can non harme of no woman devine.

Faire in the fond, to bath hire merily;
Lith Pertelote, and all hire fussers by,
Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere fo free
Sang merier than the Mermaid in the see,
For Phisiologus sayth sikerly,
How that they singen wel and merily,

And so befell that as he caft his eye
Among the wortes on a boterflie,
He was ware of this fox that lay ful low.
Nothing ne lift him thanne for to crow,
But cried anon cok, cok, and up he sterte,
As man that was affraied in his herte.

For naturelly a beeft desireth flee
Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him espie,
He wold han fled, but that the fox anon
Said; gentil fire, alas! what wol ye don? 15290
Be ye affraied of me that am your frend?
Now certes, I were worse than any fend,
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

If I to you wold harms or vilanie,
I n'am not come your conseil to espie.
But trewele the cause of my coming
Was only for to herken how ye sing:
For trewele ye han as mery a steven,
As any angel hath, that is in heven;
Therwith ye han of musike more feling,
Than had Boece, or any that can sing.

My lord your fader (God his soule blesse)
And eke your moder of hire gentillesse
Han in myn hous yhen, to my gret ese:
And cettces, fire, ful fain wold I you plese.
But for men speke of singing, I wol sey,
So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,
Save you, ne herd I never man so sing,
As did your fader in the morwening.
Certes it was of herte all that he song.
And for to make his vois the more strong,
He wold fo peine him, that with both his eyen
He muste winke, so loud he wolde crier,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And stretchen forth his necke long and final.
And eke he was of swiche discretion,
That ther n'as no man in no region,
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have wel red in dan Burnel the asse

Among
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
That for a preestes sone yave him a knok
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
He made him for to lëse his benefice.
But certain ther is no comparison
Betwix the wisdom and discretion
Of youre fader, and his subtilitee.
Now fingeth, fire, for Seinte Charitee,
Let see, can ye your fader contrefete?
This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,
As man that coud not his treson espie,
So was he ravished with his flaterie.

Alas! ye lordes, many a false flatour
Is in your court, and many a losengeour,
That plefeth you wel more, by my faith,
Than he that sothsaftnesse unto you faith.
Redeth Ecclefiaft of flaterie,
Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.
This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toos
Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowen loude for the nones:
And dan Russel the fox flert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,
And on his back toward the wood him bere.
For yet ne was ther no man that him shewed.
O destinee, that maißt not ben eschued!

Alas,
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Alas, that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes!
Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes!
And on a Friday fell all this mechance.

O Venus, that art goddesse of plesance,
Sin that thy servaunt was this Chaunteclere,
And in thy servaice did all his powere,
More for delit, than world to multiplie,
Why wolt thou suffre him on thy day to die?

O Gaufride, dere maister soverain,
That, whan thy worthy king Richard was slaine
With shot, complainedest his deth so sore,
Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore,
The Friday for to chide n,
as di ye?
(For on a Friday sothly slain was he)
Than wold I shew you how that I coud plaine,
For Chauntecleres drede, and for his paine.

Certes swiche cry, ne lamentation
N'as never of ladies made, whan Ilion
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his freite swerd
Whan he had hent king Priam by the berd,
And slaine him, (as faith us Eneidos)
As maken all the hennes in the cloos,
Whan they had seen of Chaunteclere the fight.
But soverainly dame Pertelote shrighth,
Ful louder than did Hasdruballes wif,
Whan that hire husbond hadde yloft his lif,

And
And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage,
She was so ful of torment and of rage,
That wilfully into the fire she sterte,
And brent hire selven, with a stedfast herte.

O woful hennes, right so criden ye,
As, whan that Nero brente the citee
Of Rome, cried the senatoures wives,
For that hir husbonds loften alle hir lives;
Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slain.

Now wol I turne unto my tale again.

The fely widewe, and hire doughtren two,
Herden thése hennes crie and maken wo,
And out at the dores sterten they anon,
And saw the fox toward the wode is gon,
And bare upon his back the cok away:
They crieden, out! harow and wala wa!
A ha the fox! and after him they ran,
And eke with staves, many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerlond,
And Malkin, with hire distaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges
So fered were for berking of the dogges,
And shouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen so, hem thought hir hertes breke.
They yelleden as fendes don in helle:
The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle:
The gees for fere flewen over the trees,
Out of the hive came the swarne of bees,
So hidous was the noise, a *benedicite*!

Certes he Jakke Staw, and his meinie,
Ne maden never shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was made upon the fox.
Of bras they broughten beemes and of box,
Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
And therwithal they shriked and they houped;
It semed, as that the heven shuld de salle.

Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle;
Lo, how fortune turneth sodenly
The hope and pride eke of hire enemy:
This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,
In all his drede, unto the fox he spake,
And sayde; fire, if that I were as ye,
Yet wolde I sayn, (as wisly God helpe me)
Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle;
A veray pestilence upon you salle.
Now am I come unto the wodes side,
Maugre your hed, the cok shal here abide;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.

The fox answered, in faith it shal be don:
And as he spake the word, al sodenly
The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.

And whan the fox saw that the cok was gon,
Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!
I have (quod he) ydon to you trespas,
In as moche as I maked you aferd,
Whan I you hente, and brought out of your yerde;
But, sire, I did it in no wikke entente:
Come doun, and I shal tell you what I mente.
I shal say sothe to you, God helpe me so.

Nay than, quod he, I shrewe us bothe two.
And first I shrewe myself, bothe blood and bones,
If thou begile me oftener than ones.
Thou shalt no more thurgh thy flaterie
Do me to sing and winken with myn eye.
For he that winketh, whan he shulde see,
Al wilfully, God let him never the.

Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meschance,
That is so indiscrete of governance,
That jangleth, whan that he shuld hold his pees.
Lo, which it is for to be reccheles
And negligent, and trust on flaterie.
But ye that holden this tale a folie,
As of a fox, or of a cok, or hen,
Taketh the moralitee therof, good men.
For Seint Poule sayth, That all that writen is,
To our doctrine it is ywritten ywis.  

Taketh
Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be stille.

Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille, 15450
As sayth my Lord, so make us all good men;
And bring us to thy highe blisse. Amen.

Sire Nonnes Preeft, our hoste sayd anon,
Yblest be thy breche and every ston;
This was a mery tale of Chaunteclere.
But by my trouthe, if thou were seculere;
Thou woldest ben a tredefoule a right:
For if thou have corage as thou haft might,
Thee were neede of hennes, as I wene,
Ye mo than seven times seventene.
Se, whiche braunes hath this gentil preeft,
So gret a necke, and swiche a large breeft!
He loketh as a sparhauk with his eyen;
Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
With Brasil, ne with grain of Portingale.
But, sire, faire fall ye for your tale.
And after that, he with ful mery chere
Sayd to another, as ye shulen here.

THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

The ministre and the norice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in English idleness, 15470
That porter at the gate is of delices,
To eschuen, and by hire contrary hire oppresse,
That is to fain, by leful besinesse,
Wel oughte we to don al our entente,
Left that the fend thurgh idelnesse us hente.

For he that with his thousand cordes slie
Continuely us waiteth to beclappe,
Whan he may man in idelnesse eispie,
He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,  15480
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:
Wel ought us werche, and idelnesse withftond.

And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet see men wel by refon douteles,
That idelnesse is rote of flogardie,
Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,
And see that flouthe holdeth hem in a lees,
Only to slepe, and for to ete and drinke,
And to devouren all that other swinke.

And for to put us from swiche idelnesse,  15490
That cause is of so gret confusion,
I have here don my feithful besinesse
After the Legende in translation
Right of thy glorious lif and passion,
Thou with thy gerlond, wrought of rose and lilie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir Seinte Cecilie.

Vol. III. F And
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,
Of whom that Bernard liift so wel to write,
To thee at my beginning first I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite 15500
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire storie.

Thou maide and mother, daughter of thy son,
Thou well of mercy, sinful soules cure,
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledest so fer forth our nature,
That no desdaine the maker had of kinde
His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde.15530

Within the cloystre blisful of thy fides,
Toke mannes shape the eternal love and pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,
Whom erthe, and fee, and heven out of relees
Ay herien; and thou, virgine wemmeles,
Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swiche pitee,
That thou, that art the sonne of excellence, 15520

Not
Not only helpest hem that praien thee,
But oftentime of thy benigne,
Ful freely, or that men thin helpe befeche,
Thou goeft beforne, and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blissfull faire maide,
Me flemed wretch, in this desert of galle;
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that faide
That whelpes eten som of the cromes alle
That from hir Lordes table ben yfaile;
And though that I, unworthy fone of Eve, 15530
Be sinful, yet acceptheth my beleve.

And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,
So for to werken yeve me wit and space,
That I be quit from thennes that most derke is;
O thou, that art so faire and ful of grace,
Be thou min advocat in that high place;
Ther as withouten ende is fonge Osanne,
Thou Criftes mother, daughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my soule in prifon light,
That troubled is by the contagion 15540
Of my body, and also by the wight.
Of erthly luft, and false affection:
O haven of refute, o salvation
Of hem that ben in sorwe and in distresse,
Now help, for to my werk I wol me dreffe.

F 2 Yet
Yet pray I you that reden that I write,
Foryeve me, that I do no diligence
This ilke ftorie subtilly to endite.
For both have I the wordes and sentence
Of him, that at the feintes reverence
The ftorie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

First wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie
Expoune, as men may in hire ftorie see:
It is to sayn in English, Hevens lilie,
For pure chaftnesse of virginitie,
Or for she whitnesse had of honeste,
And grene of conscience, and of good fame
The swote favour, Lilie was hire name.

Or Cecilie is to sayn, the way to blinde,
For she ensample was by good teching;
Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,
Is joined by a maner conjoining
Of heven and Lia, and here in figuring
The heven is set for thought of holiness,
And Lia, for hire lafting besiness.

Cecilie may eke be sayd in this manere,
Wanting of blindnesse, for hire grete light
Of sapience, and for hire thewes clere.
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

Or elles lo, this maidens name bright
Of heven and Leos cometh, for which by right
Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle,
Ensample of good and wise werkes alle:

For Leos peple in English is to say;
And right as men may in the heven see
The sonne and mone, and steres every way,
Right so men goftly, in this maiden free
Sawen of faith the magnanimitie,
And eke the clereneffe hole of sapience,
And fondry werkes, bright of excellence.

And right so as thise Philosophres write,
That heven is swift and round, and eke brenning,
Right so was faire Cecilie the white
Ful swift and besy in every good werking,
And round and hole in good persevering,
And brenning ever in charitee ful bright:
Now have I you declared what she hight.

This maiden bright Cecile, as hire lif faith,
Was come of Romaines and of noble kind;
And from hire cradle foftred in the faith
Of Crist, and bare his Gospel in hire mind;
She never cefed, as I written find,

F 3

Of
Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,
Beseching him to kepe hire maidenhede.

And whan this maiden shuld until a man
Ywedded be, that was ful yonge of age,
Which that ycleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hire marriage,
She ful devout and humble in hire corage,
Under hire robe of gold, that fat ful faire,
Had next hire flesh yclad hire in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melodic,
To God alone thus in hire hert song she;
O Lord, my soule and eke my body gie
Unwemmed, left that I confounded be.
And for his love that died upon the tree,
Every seconde or thridde day she faft,
Ay bidding in hire orifons ful faft.

The night came, and to bedde mushte she gon
With hire husbond, as it is the manere,
And prively she said to him anon;
O sweete and wel beloved spouse dere,
Ther is a conseil, and ye wol it here,
Which that right fayn I wold unto you faic,
So that ye fwere, ye wol it not bewraic.

Valerian
Valerian gan faft unto hire swere,
That for no cas, ne thing that mighte be,
He shulde never to non bewraien here;
And than at erst thus to him faide she;
I have an Angel which that loveth me,
That with gret love, wher so I wake or slepe,
Is redy ay my body for to kepe;
And if that he may felen out of drede,
That ye me touch or love in vilanie,
He right anon wol fleen you with the dede,
And in your youthe thus ye shulden die.
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me, for your clenedesse,
And shew to you his joye and his brightnesse.

This Valerian, corrected as God wold,
Answeard again, if I shal trusten thee,
Let me that angel seen, and him behold;
And if that it a veray angel be,
Than wol I don as thou haft prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forsothe
Right with this swerd than wol I flee you bothe.

Cecile answeord anon right in this wise;
If that you lift, the angel shul ye see,
So that ye trowe on Crist, and you baptise;
Goth forth to Via Apia (quod she)
That fro this toun ne stant but miles three,
And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus, as that I shal you tellen.

Tell hem, that I Cecile you to hem sent
To shewen you the good Urban the old,
For secre nedes, and for good entent;
And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold,
Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told;
And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne,
Than shal ye seen that angel er ye twinne.

Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire lerning,
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the seintes buriels louting:
And he anon withouten taryng
Did his meslage, and whan that he it tolde,
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The teres from his eyen let he falle;
Almighty Lord, o Jesu Crist, quod he,
Sower of chaft conseil, hierde of us alle,
The fruit of thilke seed of chaftitee
That thou hast sow in Cecile, take to thee:
Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile,
Thee serveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

For thilke spouse, that she toke but newe
Ful like a fiers leon, she sendeth here
As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe.
And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man, clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold in hond, 15670
And gan beforne Valerian to ftond.

Valerian, as ded, fell doun for drede,
Whan he him saw; and he up hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede;
On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,
On Cristendom, and fader of all also
Above, all, and over all every wher:
Thise wordes all with gold ywriten were.

Whan this was red, than said this olde man,
Leveft thou this thing or no? say ye or nay. 15680
I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,
For sother thing than this, I dare wel say,
Under the heven no wight thinken may.
Tho vanished the olde man, he n'isfe wher,
And pope Urban him criftened right ther.

Valerian goth home, and fint Cecilie
Within his chambre with an angel ftonde:
This angel had of roses and of lilie

Corones
Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
And first to Cecile, as I understonde,
He yaf that on, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian hire make.

With body clene, and with unwemmed thought
Kepeth ay wel thise corones two, quod he,
From paradis to you I have hem brought,
Ne never mo ne shul they roten be,
Ne lese hir swete favour, trufteth me,
Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,
But he be chast, and hate vilanie.

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone
Assentedest to good conseil, also
Say what thee list, and thou shalt han thy bone.
I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,
That in this world I love no man so,
I pray you that my brother may have grace
To know the truth, as I do in this place.

The angel sayd; God liketh thy request,
And bothe with the palme of martirdome
Ye shullen come unto his blisful rest.
And with that word, Tiburce his brother come.
And whan that he the favour undernome,
Which that the roses and the lilies cast,
Within his herte he gan to wonder fast,
THE SECOND NONNES TALE. 75

And said; I wonder this time of the yere
Whennes that swete favour cometh so
Of roses and lilies, that I smelle here;
For though I had hem in min hondes two,
The favour might in me no deper go:
The swete smel, that in min herte I find,
Hath changed me all in another kind. 15720

Valerian faide; two corones han we
Snow-white and rose-red, that shineth clere,
Which that thin eyen han no might to see:
And as thou smellest hem thorugh my praiere,
So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere,
If it so be thou wolt withouten sloute
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.

Tiburce answered; fairest thou this to me
In sothnese, or in dreme herken I this?
In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this time, brother min, ywis:
But now at erft in trouthe our dwelling is.
How wost thou this, quod Tiburse, in what wise?
Quod Valerian; that shal I thee devise.

The angel of God hath me the trouthe ytaught,
Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wilt reney
The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught. And
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

[And of the miracle of this corones twey
Seint Ambrose in his preface lift to fey;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and faith in this manere.

The palme of martirdome for to receive,
Seinte Cecilie, fullfilled of Goddes yeft,
The world and eke hire chambre gan she weive;
Witnessse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift,
To which God of his bountee wolde shrift
Corones two, of floures wel smeljing,
And made his angel hem the corones bring.

The maid hath brought this men to blisse above;
The world hath wist what it is worth certain
Devotion of chastitee to love.]
Tho shewed him Cecilie all open and plain,
That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,
For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deye,
And charged him his idoles for to leve,

Who so that trouweth not this, a beest he is,
Quod this Tiburce, if that I shal not lie,
And she gan kisse his breft whan she herd this,
And was ful glad he coude trouth espie:
This day I take thee for min allie,
Saide this blissful faire maiden dere;
And after that she said as ye may here.
Lo,
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

Lo, right so as the love of Crist (quod she)
Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wife
Anon for mine allie here take I thee,
Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.
Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,
And make thee clene, so that thou maist behold
The angels face, of which thy brother told.

Tiburce answered, and faide; brother dere, First tell me whither I shal, and to what man.
To whom quod he; come forth with goode chere,
I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.
To Urban? brother min Valerian,
Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne meneft thou not Urban (quod he tho)
That is so often damned to be ded,
And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dare not ones putten forth his hed?
Men shuld him brennen in a fire so red,
If he were found, or that men might him spie,
And we also, to bare him compagnie.

And while we seken thilke divinitee,
That is yhid in heven prively,
Algate ybrent in this world shuld we be.
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

To whom Cecile anwered boldely;
Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully
This lif to lefe, min owen dere brother,
If this were living only and non other. 15790

But ther is better lif in other place,
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought:
Which Goddes fone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres fone which alle thinges wrought;
And all that wrought is with a skilful thought,
The goft, that from the fader gan procede,
Hath fouled hem withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle he Goddes fone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here,
That ther is other lif ther men may wone. 15808
To whom answerd Tiburce; o suster dere,
Ne faideft thou right now in this manere,
Ther n'as but o God, lord in sothfustnesse,
And now of three how mayst thou bere witnesse?

That shal I tell, quod she, or that I go.
Right as a man hath sapiences three,
Memorie, engine, and intellecct also,
So in o being of divinitee
Three persones mowen ther righte wel be.
Tho gan she him ful besily to preche
Of Cristes sone, and of his peines teche,

And many pointes of his passion;
How Goddes sone in this world was withhold
To don mankinde pleine remission,
That was ybound in sinne and cares cold.
All this thing she unto Tiburce told,
And after this Tiburce in good entent,
With Valerian to pope Urban he went,

That thanked God, and with glad herte and light
He christened him, and made him in that place
Parfite in his lerning and Goddes knight.
And after this Tiburce gat swiche grace,
That every day he saw in time and space
The angel of God, and every maner bone
That he God axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to fain
How many wonders Jesus for hem wrought.
But at the last, to tellen short and plain,
The serjeaunts of the toun of Rome hem fought,
And hem before Almache the prefect brought,
Which hem apposed, and knew all hire entent,
And to the image of Jupiter hem sent.

And
And said; who so wol nought do sacrific;
Swap of his hed, this is my sentence here.
Anon thise martyrs, that I you devise,
On Maximus, that was an officere
Of the prefectes, and his corniculere;
Hem hent, and whan he forth the seintes lad;
Himself he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore;
He gate him of the tormentoures leve;
1584
And lad hem to his hous withouten more;
And with hir preching, or that it were eve;
They gonnen fro the tormentours to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on
The falfe faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,
With preestes, that hem christened all yfere;
And afterward, whan day was waxen light,
Cecilie hem said with a ful fledefast chere;
15850
Now, Cristes owen knightes leve and dere,
Caste all away the werkes of derkenesse,
And armeth you in armes of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille;
Your cours is don, your faith hath you conserved;
Goth to the croune of lif that may not faille;

The
The rightful juge, which that ye han served,
Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deserved.
And whan this thing was said, as I devise,
Men ledde hem forth to don the sacrifice.  

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,
To tellen shortly the conclusioun,
They n'olde encense, ne sacrifice right nought,
But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,
With humble herte and sad devotioun,
And losten bothe hir hedes in the place;
Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,
With pitous teres told it anon right,
That he hir soules saw to heven glide
With angels, ful of clereeness and of light;
And with his word converted many a wight.
For which Almachius did him to-bete
With whip of led, til he his lif gan lete.

Cecile him toke, and buried him anon
By Tiburce and Valerian softly,
Within hir burying place, under the ston.
And after this Almachius hastily
Bad his ministres fetchen openly
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

Cecile, so that she might in his presence 15880
Don sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they converted at hire wise lore
Wepten ful fore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hire word, and crieden more and more;
Crift, Goddes sone, withouten difference
Is veray God, this is all our sentence,
That hath so good a servant him to serve:
Thus with o vois we trowen though we sterve.

Almachius, that herd of this doing,
Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire fee: 15890
And alderfirst, lo, this was his axing;
What maner woman arte thou? quod he.
I am a gentilwoman borne, quod she.
I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,
Of thy religion and of thy beleve.

Why than began your question folily,
Quod she, that woldest two answers conclude
In o demand? ye axen lewedly.
Almache answerd to that similitude,
Of whennes cometh thin answering so rude? 15900
Of whennes? (quod she, whan that she was freined)
Of conscience, and of good faith unfeined.

Almachius
Almachius said; ne takest thou non hede
Of my power? and she him answerd this;
Your might (quod she) ful litel is to drede;
For every mortal mannes power n’is
But like a bladder ful of wind ywis:
For with a nedles point, whan it is blow,
May all the bost of it be laid ful low.

Ful wrongfully begonneft thou, (quod he) 15910
And yet in wrong is al thy perseverance:
Woft thòu not how our mighty princes free
Have thus commanded and made ordinance,
That every cristen wight shal han penance
But if that he his Cristendome withfeye,
And gon al quite, if he wol it reneye?

Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,
Quod tho Cecile, and with a wood sentence
Ye make us gilty, and it is not soth:
For ye that knowen wel our innocence,
15920
For as moche as we don ay reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we that known thilke name so
For vertuous, we may it not withfeye.
Almache answered; chefe on of thife two,
Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,
That thou mow now escapen by that wey.
At which this holy blissful sayre maid
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge said:

O juge confuse in thy nicetee,
Wolt thou that I reney min innocence?
To maken me a wicked wight (quod she)
Lo, he dissimuleth here in audience,
He stareth and wodeth in his advertence.
To whom Almachius said; Unsely wretch,
Ne wost thou not how far my might may stretch?

Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee
To maken folk to dien or to liven?
Why spekeft thou so proudly than to me?
I ne speke nought but stedfastly, quod she,
Not proudly, for I say, as for my sиде,
We haten dedly thilke Vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a soth for to here,
Than wol I shewe al openly by right,
That thou haft made a ful grete lesing here.
Thou faist, thy princes han thee yeven might
Both for to flee and for to quiken a wight,
Thou
The SECOND NONNES TALE.

Thou that ne maitst but only lif bereve, 15950
Thou haff non other power ne no leve.

But thou maitst sayn, thy princes han thee maked
Ministre of deth; for if thou speke of mo,
Thou liest; for thy power is ful naked.
Do way thy boldnesse, said Almachius tho,
And sacrific e to our goddes, er thou go.
I recce not what wrong that thou me proffe,
For I can suffre it as a philosophe.

But thilke wronges may I not endure,
That thou spekeft of our goddes here, quod he.

Cecile answerd; o nice creature, 15961
Thou saideft no word sin thou spake to me,
That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,
And that thou were in every maner wife
A lewed officer, a vain justice.

Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
That thou n'art blind; for thing that we seen alle
That is a fton, that men may wel espien,
That ilke fton a god thou wolt it calle.
I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle, 15970
And taft it wel, and fton thou shalt it find,
Sin that thou feest not with thin eyen blind.
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

It is a shame that the peple shal
So scornen thee, and laugh at thy folie:
For comunly men wot it wel over al,
That mighty God is in his hevens.hie;
And thise images, wel maist thou espie,
To thee ne to hemself may not profite,
For in effect they be not worth a mite.

Thise and swiche other wordes saide she, 15980
And he wex wroth, and bade men shuld hire lede
Home til hire house, and in hire hous (quod he)
Brenne hire right in a bath, with flames rede.
And as he bade, right so was don the dede;
For in a bathe they gonne hire fasting shetten,
And night and day gret fire they under betten.

The longe night, and eke a day also,
For all the fire, and eke the bathes hetes,
She fete al cold, and felt of it no wo,
It made hire not a drope for to swete: 15990
But in that bath hire lif the muste lete,
For he Almache, with a ful wicke entent,
To slean hire in the bath his fonde sent.

Three strokes in the nekke he smote hire tho
The tormentour, but for no maner chance
He mighte not finde all hire nekke atwo: And
And for ther was that time an ordinance
That no man shulde don man wiche penance,
The fourthe stroke to finiten, soft or sore,
This tormentour ne dorste do no more;

But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven ther
He left hire lie, and on his way is went.
The cristen folk, which that about hire were,
With sketes han the blood ful faire yhent:
Three dayes lived she in this torment,
And never cefed hem the faith to teche,
That she hadde soflred hem, she gan to preche.

And hem she yaf hire mebles and hire thing,
And to the pope Urban betoke hem tho,
And saide; I axed this of heven king,
To have respit three dayes and no mo,
To recommend to you, or that I go,
Thise soules lo, and that I might do werche
Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche.

Seint Urban, with his dekenes prively
The body fette, and buried it by night
Among his other seintes honestly:
Hire hous the cherche of seinte Cecile hight;
Seint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,
THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

In which unto this day in noble wise... 16020
Men don to Crift and to his feinte servise.

THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE,

Whan that tolde was the lif of feinte Cecile,
Er we had ridden fully five mile,
At Boughton under blee us gan atake
A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,
And undernethe he wered a white surplis.
His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,
So swatte, that it wonder was to see,
It semed as he had priked miles three.
The horfe eke that his yeman rode upon, 16030
So swatte, that unnethes might he gon.
About the peytrei flood the sone ful hie,
He was of sone as flecked as a pie.
A male tweifold on his croper lay,
It semed that he caried litel array,
Al light for sommer rode this worthy man,
And in my herte wondren I began
What that he was, til that I understode,
How that his cloke was fowed to his hode;
For which whan I had long ayised me, 16040
I demed him some chanon for to be.
His hat heng at his back doun by a las,
For he had ridden more than trot or pas,

He
He had ay priked like as he were wode,
A clote lefe he had laid under his hode
For swete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete,
But it was joye for to feen him swete;
His forched dropped, as a stilatorie
Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.
And whan that he was come, he gan to crie, God save (quod he) this joly compagnie.
Fast have I priked (quod he) for your sake,
Because that I wolde you atake,
To riden in this mery compagnie.
His yeman was eke ful of curtesie;
And saide; Sires, now in the morwe tide
Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride,
And warned here my lord and soverain,
Which that to riden with you is ful fain,
For his disport; he loveth daliance.
Frend, for thy warning God yeve the good chance,
Than said our hoste; certain it wolde feme
Thy lord were wise, and so I may wel deme;
He is ful joconde also dare I leye:
Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,
With which he gladen may this compagnie?
Who, fire? my lord? Ye, fire, withouten lie,
He can of mirth and eke of jolitee
Not but ynough; also, fire, trusteth me,
And ye him knew al so wel as do I, 
Ye wolden-wondre how wel and craftily 
He coude werke, and that in sondry wise. 
He hath take on him many a gret emprise, 
Which were ful harde for any that is here 
To bring about, but they of him it lere. 
As homely as he rideth amonges you, 
If ye him knew, it wold be for your prow:
Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance 
For mochel good, I dare lay in balance 
All that I have in my possession. 
He is a man of high discreffion, 
I warne you wel, he is a passing man. 
Wel, quod our hoste, I pray thee tell me than, 
Is he a clerk, or non? tell what he is. 
Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis, 
Saide this yeman, and in wordes fewe, 
Hoste, of his craft somwhat I wol you shewe. 
I say, my lord can fwiache a subtilttee, 
(But all his craft ye moun not wete of me, 
And somwhat help I yet to his werking) 
That all the ground on which we ben riding 
Til that we come to Canterbury toun, 
He coude al clene turnen up so doun, 
And pave it all of silver and of gold. 
And whan this yeman had this tale ytolde
Unto our hoste, he said; *benedicite,*
This thing is wonder mervailous to me,
Sin that thy lord is so high prudence,
Because of which men shulde him reverence,
That of his worship reketh he so lite;
His overest floppe it is not worth a mite
As in effect to him, so mote I go;
It is all baudy and to-tore also.
Why is thy lord so fluttish I thee preye,
And is of power better cloth to beye,
If that his dede acorded with thy speche?
Telle me that, and that I thee besche.

Why? quod this yeman, wherto axe ye me?
God helpe me so, for he shal never the:
(But I wol not avowen that I say,
And therfore kepe it secreet I you pray)
He is to wise in faith, as I beleve.
Thing that is overdon, it wol not preve
Aright, as clerkes fain, it is a vice;
Wherfore in that I hold him lewed and nice.
For whan a man hath overgret a wit,
Ful oft him happeth to misufen it:
So doth my lord, and that me greveth fore.
God it amende, I can say now no more.

Therof no force, good yeman, quod our host, 
Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost,
THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
Sin that he is so crafty and so fly.
Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?
In the subarbes of a toun, quod he,
Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde
Holden hir privee fereful residence,
As they that dare not shewen hir presence,
So faren we, if I shal say the sothe. 16130

Yet, quod our hoste, let me talken to the;
Why art thou so discoloured of thy face?
Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace,
I am so used the hote fire to blow,
That it hath changed my colour I trow;
I n'am not wont in no mirrour to prie,
But swinke sore, and lerne to multiplie.
We blundren ever, and poren in the fire,
And for all that we faille of our desire,
For ever we lacken our conclusion. 16140
To mochel folk we don illusion,
And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,
And make hem wenen at the lefte wey,
That of a pound we connen maken twey,
Yet is it false; and ay we han good hope
It for to don, and after it we grope:

But
THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE. 93

But that science is so fer us before,
We mowen not, although we had it sworn,
It overtake, it flit away so fast; 16150
It wol us maken beggers at the laft.

While this yeman was thus in his talking,
This Chanon drow him nere, and herd all thing
Which this yeman spake, for suspicion
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:
For Caton sayth, that he that gilty is,
Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:
That was the cause, he gan so nigh him drawe
To his yeman, to herken all his swae,
And thus he saide unto his yeman tho; 16160
Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes mo:
For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abie.
Thou fclaundrest me here in this compagnie,
And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hide.
Ye, quod our hoste, tell on, what so betide;
Of all his threatening recke not a mite.
In faith, quod he, no more I do but lite.
And whan this Chanon saw it wold not be,
But his yeman wold tell his privete,
He fled away for veray forwe and shame. 16170
A, quod the yeman, here shal rife a game:
All that I can anon I wol you telle,
Sin he is gon; the foule fent him quelle; For
THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

For never hereafter wol I with him mete
For peny ne for pound, I you behete.
He that me broughte firt unto that game,
Er that he die, forwe have he and shame.
For it it is ernest to me by faith;
That fele I wel, what that any man faith;
And yet for all my smert, and all my grief, 16180
For all my forwe, labour, and meschief,
I coude never leve it in no wise.
Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice
To tellen all that longeth to that art;
But natheles, yet wol I tellen part;
Sin that my lord is gon, I wol not spare,
Swiche thing as that I know, I wol declare.

THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE.

With this Chanon I dwelt have seven yere,
And of his sience am I never the nere:
All that I had, I have yloft therby, 16190
And God wot, so han many mo than I.
Ther I was wont to be right frefh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hose upon min hed;
And wher my colour was both frefh and red,
Now is it wan, and of a leden hewe;
(Who so it useth, so shal he it rewe) And
And of my swinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which avantage is to multiplie!
That sliding science hath me made so bare, 16200
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;
And yet I am endetted so therby
Of gold, that I have borwed trewely,
That while I live, I shal it quiten never;
Let every man be ware by me for ever.
What maner man that casteth him thereto,
If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
So help me God, therby shal he nat winne,
But empte his purfe, and make his wittes thinne.
And whan he, thurgh his madnesse and folie,16210
Hath loft his owen good thurgh jupartie,
Than he exciteth other folk therto,
To lefe hir good as he himself hath do.
For unto shrewes joye it is and efe
To have hir felawes in peine and difefe.
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk;
Of that no charge; I wol speke of our werk.
Whan we be ther as we shuln exercise
Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wise,
Our termes ben so clerzial and queinte. 16220
I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.
What shuld I tellen eche proportion
Of thinges, whiche that we werchen upon,
As on five or six unces, may wel be,
Of silver, or som other quantitee?
And besie me to tellen you the names,
As orpiment, brenet bones, yren sames,
That into poudre grounden ben ful smal?
And in an erthen pot how put is al,
And salt yput in, and also pepere,
Before thisse poudres that I speke of here,
And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas?
And of moche other thing which that ther was?
And of the pottes and glases engluting,
That of the aire might paffen out no thing?
And of the efy fire, and smert also,
Which that was made? and of the care and wo,
That we had in our materes subliming,
And in amalgaming, and calcening
Of quiksilver, ycleped mercurie crude?
For all our fleightes we can not conclude.
Our orpiment, and sublimed mercurie,
Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,
Of eche of thisse of unces a certain
Not helpeth us, our labour is in vain.
Ne, neyther our spirites ascentioun,
Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,
Mown in our werking nothing us availle;
For loft is all our labour and travaillle,
And all the cost a twenty devil way
Is lost also, which we upon it lay.

Ther is also ful many another thing,
That is unto our craft apperteining,
Though I by ordre hem nat reherfen can,
Because that I am a lewed man,
Yet wol I telle hem, as they come to minde,
Though I ne cannot set hem in hir kinde,
As bole armoniak, verdegrefe, boras;
And fondry vesseis made of erthe and glas,
Our urinales, and our descensories,
Viols, croflettetis, and sublimatories,
Cucurbites, and alemawkes eke,
And other swiche ger, dere ynough a leke,
What nedeth it for to reherse hem alle?
Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle,
Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimston?
And herbes coude I tell eke many on,
As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,
And other swiche, if that me lift to tarie;
Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,
To bring about our craft if that we may;
Our fourneis eke of calcination,
And of wateres albification,
Unflekked lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
Poudres divers, ashes, dong, pirfe, and cley,
Sered pokettes, sal peter, and vitriole;
And divers fires made of wode and cole;
Sal tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,
And combufl materes, and coagulat;
Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile
Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
Rosalgar, and other materes enbibing;
And eke of our materes encorporing,
And of our filver citrination,
Our cementing, and fermentation,
Our ingottes, testes, and many thinges mo.
I wol you tell as was me taught also
The foure spirites, and the bodies sevene
By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
The firste spirite quiksilver claped is;
The second orpiment; the thridde ywis
Sal armoniak, and the fourth brimston.
The bodies sevene eke, lo hem here anon.
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe;
Mars iren, Mercurie quiksilver we clepe:
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
And Venus coper; by my fader kin.
This cursed craft who so wol exercize,
He shal no good have, that him may suffice,
For all the good he spendeth theraboute
He lesen shal, therof have I no doute.
Who so that lifteth uttren his folie,
Let him come forth and lernen multiplication:
And every man that hath ought in his cofre,
Let him appere, and wex a philosophre,
Ascaunce that craft is so light to lere.
Nay, nay, God wot, al be he monk or frere,
Preeft or chanon, or any other wight,
Though he sit at his book both day and night
In lerning of this elvish nice lore,
All is in vain, and parde mochel more
To lerne a lewed man this subtiltree;
Fie, speke not therof, for it wol not be.
And conne he letterure, or conne he non,
As in effect, he shal finde it all on;
For bothe two by my salvation
Concluden in multiplication
Ylike wel, whan they have all ydo;
This is to fain, they faillen bothe two.
Yet forgate I to maken reherfaile
Of waters corosif, and of limaile,
And of bodies mollification,
And also of hir induration,
Oiles, ablusions, metal fusible,
To tellen all, wold pasien any bible,
That o wher is; wherfore as for the best
Of all thise names now wol I me reft;

H 2

For
For as I trow, I have you told ynow
To reise a fend, al loke he never to row.

A, nay, let be; the philosophres floe;
Elixer cleped, we seken fast eche on,
For had we him, than were we filker ynow;
But unto God of heven I make avow,
For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,
And all our sleight, he wol not come us to.
He hath ymade us spenden mochel good,
For sorwe of which almost we waxen wood,
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Supposing ever, though we fore smerte,
To ben releved of him afterward.
Swiche supposing and hope is sharpe and hard.
I warne you wel it is to seken ever.
That future temps hath made men disshever,
In trust therof, from all that ever they had,
Yet of that art they conne not waxen sad,
For unto hem it is a bitter sweete;
So semeth it; for ne had they but a shete
Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,
And a bratt to walken in by day-light,
They wold hem fell, and spend it on this craft;
They conne not fliten, til no thing be laft.
And evermore, wher ever that they gon,
Men may hem kennen by smell of brimston;
For all the world they flinken as a gote;
Hir favour is so rammish and so hote,
That though a man a mile from hem be,
The favour wol enfect him, trusteth me.

Lo, thus by smelling and thred-bare array,
If that men lift, this folk they knowen may,
And if a man wol axe hem prively,
Why they be clothed so unthriftily,
They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
And saien, if that they espied were,
Men wolde hem sle, because of hir science.

Lo, thus thise folk betraien innocence.

Passe over this, I go my tale unto,
Er that the pot be on the fire ydo
Of metals with a certain quantitee,
My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he;
(Now he is gon, I dare say boldly)
For as men sain, he can don craftily;
Algate I wote wel he hath swiche a name,
And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame,
And wete ye how? ful oft it falleth so,
The pot to-brekest, and farewel all is go,
Thise metales ben of so gret violence,
Our walles may not make hem resistence,
But if they weren wrought of lime and ston;
They percen so, that thurgh the wall they gon;

And
And som of hem sinke doun into the ground, 16380
(Thus have we loft by times many a pound)
And som are scatered all the flore aboute;
Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.
Though that the send not in our fight him shewe,
I trow that he be with us, thilke shrewes,
In helle, wher that he is lord and fire,
Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.

Whan that our pot is broke, as I have sayde,
Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde.
Som sayd it was long on the fire-making; 16399
Som sayd nay, it was long on the blowing;
(Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
Straw, quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice,
It was not tempred as it ought to be.
Nay, quod the fourthe, flint and herken me;
Because our fire was not made of beche,
That is the cause, and other non, so the iche.
I can not tell wheron it was along,
But wel I wot gret sirif is us among.
What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don,
Of thife perils I wol beware estfone. 16401
I am right sikere, that the pot was craied.
Be as be may, be ye no thing amased.
As usage is, let swepe the flore as swithe;
Plucke up your hertes and be glad and blithe.
THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE.

The mullok on an hepe yswepe was,
And on the flore ycast a canevas,
And all this mullok in a five ythrowe,
And sifted, and ypicked many a throwe.

Parde, quod on, somwhat of our metall 16410
Yet is ther here, though that we have not all.
And though this thing mishapped hath as now,
Another time it may be wel ynow.
We moften put our good in aventure;
A marchant parde may not ay endure,
Trufeth me wel, in his prosperitee:
Somtime his good is drenched in the see,
And somtime cometh it sauf unto the lond.

Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond
To bring our craft all in another plite, 16420
And but I do, fires, let me have the wite:
Ther was defaute in somwhat, wel I wote,
Another sayd, the fire was over hote,
But be it hote or cold, I dare say this,
That we concluden ever more amis:
We faille alway of that which we wold have,
And in our madness evermore we rave,
And when we be together everich on,
Every man semeth a Salomon.
But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,16430
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told;

H 4.       Ne
Ne every apple that is faire at eye,
Ne is not good, what so men clap or crie,
Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us.
He that semeth the wisest by Jefus
Is most fool, when it cometh to the prefe;
And he that semeth trewest, is a these.
That shal ye know, or that I from you wende,
By that I of my tale have made an ende.

Ther was a chanon of religioun
Amonges us, wold enseel all a toun,
Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, or other three.
His sleightes and his infinite falsenesse
Ther coude no man writen, as I geffe,
Though that he mighte live a thousand yere;
In all this world of falsenesse n'is his pere.
For in his termes he wol him so winde,
And speke his wordes in so flie a kinde,
When he comunen shal with any wight,
That he wol make him doten anon right,
But it a fend be, as himselfen is,
Ful many a man hath he begiuned er this,
And wol, if that he may live any while:
And yet men gon and riden many a mile
Him for to seke, and have his acquaintance,
Not knowing of his falle governance.
THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE. 105

And if you lust to yeve me audience,
I wol it tellen here in your presence.
   But, worshipful Chanons religious,
Ne demeth not that I sclander your hous,
Although that my tale of a Chanon be.
Of every order som shrew is parde:
And God forbede that all a compagnie
Shuld rewe a singuler mannes folie.
To sclander you is no thing min entent,
But to correcten that is mis I ment.
This tale was not only told for you,
But eke for other mo: ye wote wel how
That among Cristes apostles twelve
Ther was no traitour but Judas himselfe:
Than why shuld al the remenant have blame,
That giltles were? by you I say the same.
Save only this, if ye wol herken me,
If any Judas in your covent be,
Remeveth him betimes, I you rede,
If shame or los may caufen any drede.
And be no thing displeased I you pray,
But in this cas herkeneth what I say.

In London was a preeft, an annuellere,
That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,
Which was so plesant and so servisable
Unto the wif, ther as he was at table,

That
That the wold suffer him no thing to pay
For borde ne clothing, went he never so gay;
And spending silver had he right ynow:
Therof no force; I wol proceed as now;
And tellen forth my tale of the Chanon,
That broughte this preeft to confusion.

This false Chanon came upon a day
Unto the preeftes chambre, ther he lay,
Befeching him to lene him a certain
Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.
Lene me a marke, quod he, but dayes three,
And at my day I wol it quiten thee.
And if it so be, that thou finde me false,
Another day hang me up by the halfe.

This preeft him toke a marke, and that as swhith,
And this Chanon him thanked often sith,
And toke his leve, and wente forth his wey:
And at the thridde day brought his money;
And to the preeft he toke his gold again,
Wherof this preeft was wonder glad and fain.
Certes, quod he, nothing anoith me
To lene a man a noble, or two, or three;
Or what thing were in my possesion,
Whan he so trewe is of condition,
That in no wise he breken wol his day:
To swiche a man I can never say nay.

What?
What? quod this Chanon, shuld I be untrew?  
Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe.  
Trouth is a thing that I wol ever kepe  
Unto the day in which that I shal crepe  
Into my grave, and elles God forbede:  
Beleveth this as fiker as your crede,  
God thanke I, and in good time be it sayde,  
That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde  
For gold ne siluer that he to me lent,  
Ne never falshede in min herte I ment.  

And, fire, (quod he) now of my privetee, 16520  
Sin ye so goodlich have ben unto me,  
And kithed to me so gret gentilleffe,  
Somwhat, to quiten with your kindeneffe,  
I wol you shewe, and if you Iust to lere  
I wol you techen pleinly the manere,  
How I can werken in philosophie,  
 Taketh good heed, ye shuln wel sen at eye,  
That I wol do a maistrie or I go.  

Ye? quod the preeft, ye, fire, and wol ye so?  
Mary therof I pray you hertily. 16530  
At your commandement, fire, trewely,  
Quod the Chanon, and elles God forbede.  
Lo, how this these coude his service bede.  
Ful soth it is that swiche profered service  
Stinketh, as witnesfen thife olde wise;  

And
And that ful sone I wol it verifie
In this Chanon, rote of all trecherie,
That evermore delight hath and gladnesse
(Swiche sendly thoughtes in his herte empressse)
How Cristes peple he may to meschief bring. 16540
God kepe us from his false diffimuling,
Nought wisfe this preest with whom that he delt,
Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.
O sely preest, o sely innocent,
With covetise anon thou shalt be blent;
O graceles, ful blind is thy conceite,
For nothing art thou ware of the disceite,
Which that this fox yshapen hath to thee;
His wily wrenches thou ne mayst not flee.
Wherfore to go to the conclusion 16550
That referreth to thy confusion,
Unhappy man, anon I wol me hie
To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,
And eke the falsenesse of that other wretch,
As serforth as that my conning wol stretch.
This Chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;
Sire houste, in faith, and by the heven quene,
It was another Chanon, and not he,
That can an hundred part more subtiltee.
He hath betraied folkes many a time; 16560
Of his falsenesse it dulleth me to rime.

Ever
Ever whan that I speke of his falshede
For shame of him my chekes waxen rede;
Algates they beginnen for to glowe,
For rednessse have I non, right wel I knowe,
In my visage, for fumes diverse
Of metals, which ye have herd me reherse,
Consumed han and wafted my rednessse.
Now take hede of this Chanons cursednessse.

Sire, quod the Chanon, let your yeman gone
For quiksilver, that we it had anon;
And let him bringen unces two or three;
And whan he cometh, as faste shul ye see
A wonder thing, which ye saw never er this.

Sire, quod the preest, it shal be don ywis.
He bad his servant fetchen him this thing,
And he al redy was at his bidding,
And went him forth, and came anon again
With this quiksilver, shortly for to fain,
And toke thise unces three to the Chanoun;
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,
And bad the servant coles for to bring,
That he anon might go to his werking.

The coles right anon weren yfet,
And this Chanon toke out a crosselet
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the preest.
This instrument, quod he, which that thou seest,

Take
Take in thyn hond, and put thyself therin
Of this quicksilver an unce, and here begin
In the name of Crist to wex a philosophre. 16590
Ther be ful fewe, which that I wolde profre
To shewen hem thus muche of my science:
For here shul ye see by experience,
That this quicksilver I wol mortifie,
Right in your sight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good silver and as fine,
As ther is any in your purse or mine,
Or elles wher; and make it malliable;
And elles holdeth me false and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere. 16600
I have a pouder here that cost me dere,
Shal make all good, for it is cause of all
My conning, which that I you shewen shall.
Voideth your man, and let him be therout;
And shet the dore, while we ben about
Our privattee, that no man us espie,
While that we werke in this philosophie.
All, as he bade, fulfilled was in dede.
This ilke servant anon right out yede,
And his maistre shette the dore anon, 16610
And to hir labour spedily they gon.
This preest at this cursed Chanons bidding,
Upon the fire anon he set this thing,
And blew the fire, and besied him ful fast.
And this Chanon into the croflelet caft
A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was
Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or somwhat elles, was not worth a flie,
To blinden with this preeft; and bade him hie.
The coles for to couchen all above
The croflelet; for in tokening I thee love
(Quod this Chanon) thine owen hondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do.

*Grand mercy*, quod the preeft, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the Chanon bad.
And while he besy was, this fendly wretch,
This falsé Chanon (the foule fend him fetch)
Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful subtily was made an hole,
And therin put was of silver limaile
Anunce, and stopped was withouten faile
The hole with wax, to kepe the limaile in.

And understandeth, that this falsé gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I shal tell you more
Hereafterward, which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther, him to begile he thought,
And so he did, or that they went atwin:
Til he had torned him, coud he not blin.
It dulleth me, whan that I of him speke;
On his falshede fain wold I me awreke,
If I wist how, but he is here and ther,
He is so variaunt, he abit no wher.

But taketh hede, fires, now for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I spake above,
And in his hond he bare it privily;
And whiles the preest couched besily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This Chanon sayde; frend, ye don amis;
This is not couched as it ought to be,
But sone I shal amenden it, quod he.

Now let me meddle therwith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.
Ye ben right hot, I see wel how ye swete;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.

And whiles that the preest wiped his face,
This Chanon toke his cole, with fory grace,
And laied it above on the midward
Of the crosselelet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnen faat to bren.

Now yeve us drinke, quod this Chanon then,
As swithe all shal be wel, I undertake.
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.
And whanne that this Chanones bechen cole
Was bren, all the limaile out of the hole

Into
Into the crosselet anon fell adoun;  
And so it muste nedes by resoun,  
Sin it above so even couched was;  
But therof wist the preeft nothing, alas!  
He demed all the coles ylike good,  
For of the sleight he nothing understood.

And whan this Alkymistre saw his time,  
Riseth up, fire preeft, quod he, and stondeth by me;  
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,  
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalkston;  
For I wol make it of the same shap,  
That is an ingot, if I may have hap.  
Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne  
Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne  
How that our besinesse shal thrive and preve.  
And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve  
Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,  
I ne wol not ben out of your presence,  
But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambre dore, shortly for to sain,  
They opened and sjet, and went hir wey,  
And forth with hem they caried the key,  
And camen again withouten any delay.  
What shuld I tarien all the longe day?  
He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise  
Of an ingot, as I shal you devise;

Vol. III.  
I  
I say,
I say, he toke out of his owen sleve
A teine of silver (yvel mote he cheve)
Which that ne was but a just unce of weight.
And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight;
He shop his ingot, in length and in brede
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede;
So slily, that the preest it not espide;
And in his sleve again he gan it hide;
And from the fire he toke up his materie,
And in the ingot it put with mery chere:
And in the water-vessel he it caft,
Whan that him lift, and bad the preest as faft,
Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;
Thou shalt ther finden silver as I hope.
What, divel of helle! shuld it elles be?
Shaving of silver, silver is parde.

He put his hond in, and toke up a teine
Of silver fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preest, when he saw that it was so.
Goddes blesst, and his mothers also,
And alle Halwes, have ye, fire Chanon,
Sayde this preest, and I hir malison,
But, and ye vouchehaft to techen me
This noble craft and this subtilitee,
I wol be your in all that ever I may.

Quod the Chanon, yet wol I make assay
The second time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your nede
Another day assay in min absence
This discipline, and this crafty science:
Let take another unce, quod he tho,
Of quiksilver, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye have don er this
With that other, which that now silver is:

The preest him besieth all that ever he can
To don as this Chanon, this cursed man,
Commandeth him, and faste blew the fire;
For to come to the effect of his desire:
And this Chanon right in the mene while
Al redy was this preest eft to begile,
And for a countenance in his hond bare
An holow flikke, (take kepe and beware)
In the ende of which an unce and no more
Of silver limaile put was, as before
Was in his cole, and stopped with wax wel
For to kepe in his limaile every del.
And while this preest was in his besinesse,
This Chanon with his flikke gan him dresse
To him anon, and his pouder cast in,
As he did erst, (the devil out of his skin
Him torne, I pray to God, for his falshede,
For he was ever false in thought and deed)
And with his flitke, above the crosselet;
That was ordained with that false get,
He stirreth the coles, til relenten gan
The wax again the fire, as every man,
But he a fool be, wote wel it mote nede.
And all that in the flitke was out yede,
And in the crosselet hastily it fell.

Now, goode fires, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this preeft was thus begiled again,
Supposing nought but trouthe, soth to sain,
He was so glad, that I can not expresse
In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse.
And to the Chanon he profered eftfone
Body and good: ye, quod the Chanon, sone,
Though poure I be, crafty thou shalt me finde:
I warne thee wel, yet is ther more behinde.

Is ther any coper here within? sayd he.
Ye, fire, quod the preeft, I trow ther be.
Elles go beie us som, and that as swithe.
Now, goode fire, go forth thy way and hie the.
He went his way, and with the coper he came.
And this Chanon it in his hondes name,
And of that coper weyd out an unce.
To simple is my tonge to pronounce,
As minister of my wit, the doublenesse
Of this Chanon, rote of all cursednesse.

He
The Chanones Yemannes Tale. 117

He seemed friendly, to hem that knew him nought,
But he was fendly, both in werk and thought. 16771
It wereth me to tell of his falseness;
And natheles yet wol I it expresse,
To that entent men may beware therby,
And for non other cause trewely.

He put this coper into the crosselet,
And on the fire as swithe he hath it set,
And cast in pouder, and made the preeft to blow,
And in his werking for to stoupen low,
As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape; 16780
Right as him lift the preeft he made his ape.
And afterward in the ingot he it cast,
And in the panne put it at the last.
Of water, and in he put his owen hond;
And in his sleve, as ye beforen hond
Herde me tell, he had a silver teine;
He slily toke it out, this cursed heine,
(Unweting this preeft of his false craft)
And in the pannes botome he it last.
And in the water rombleth to and fro, 16790
And wonder prively toke up also
The coper teine, (not knowing thilke preeft)
And hid it, and him hente by the brest,
And to him spake, and thus said in his game;
Stoupeth adoun; by God ye be to blame;

13
Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;
Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.
This preest toke up this silver teine anon;
And thanne faid the Chanon, let us gon
With thise three teines which that we han wrought,
To som goldsmith, and wete if they ben ought:
For by my faith I n'olde for my hood
But if they weren siluer fine and good,
And that as swithe wel prevcd shal it be.
Unto the goldsmith with thise teines three
They went anon, and put hem in assay
To fire and hammer: might no man fay nay,
But that they weren as hem ought to be.
This foted preest, who was gladder than he?
Was never brid gladder agains the day,
Ne nightingale in the feson of May
Was never non, that lift better to sing,
Ne lady lustier in carolling,
Or for to speke of love and womanhede,
Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede
To stonden in grace of his lady dere,
Than hadde this preest this craft for to lere;
And to the Chanon thus he spake and seid;
For the love of God, that for us alle deid,
And as I may deserve it unto you,
What shal this receit cost? telleth me now,
By
By our lady, quod this Chanon, it is dere.
I warne you wel, that, sake I and a frere,
In Englelond ther can no man it make.
   No force, quod he; now, fire, for Goddes sake,
What shall I pay? telleth me, I you pray.
   Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I say.
Sire, at o word, if that you lift it have,
Ye shal pay fourty pound, so God me sake;
And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this
To me, ye shulden payen more ywis.
This preeft the sum of fourty pound anon
Of nobles fet, and toke hem everich on
To this Chanon, for this ilke receit.
All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.
   Sire preeft, he said, I kepe for to have no los
Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos;
And as ye love me, kepeth it secree:
For if men knewen all my subtiltee,
   By God they wolden have so gret envie
To me, because of my philosophie,
I shuld be ded, ther were non other way.
   God it forbede, quod the preeft, what ye say.
Yet had I lever spenden all the good
Which that I have, (and elles were I wood)
Than that ye shuld fallen in swiche meischefe.
   For your good will, fire, have ye right good prefe,
Quod the Chanion, and farewell, *grand mercy*.
He went his way, and never the preeft him fey
After that day: and whan that this preeft shold
Maken assay, at swiche time as he wold, 16851
Of this receit, farewell, it n'old not be.
Lo, thus bejoped and begiled was he:
Thus maketh he his introduction
To bringen folk to hir destruction.

Considerereth, sires, how that in eche estat
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.
This multiplying so blint many on,
That in good faith I trowe that it be 16860
The cause gretest of swiche scarstee,
Thise philosophres speke so mistily
In this craft, that men cannot come therby,
For any wit that men have now adayes.
They mow wel chateren, as don thise jayes,
And in hir termes fet hir lust and peine,
But to hir purpos shul they never atteine.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie, and bring his good to nought.
Lo, swiche a lucre is in this lusty game; 16870
A mannnes mirth it wol turne al to grame,
And emptien also gret and hevy purses,
And maken folk for to purchalen curses
Of hem, that han therto hir good ylent.
O, fy for shame, they that han be brent,
Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?
Ye that it use, I rede that ye it lete,
Left ye lefe all; for bet than never is late:
Never to thriven, were to long a date.
Though ye prole ay, ye shul it never find;
Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,
That blondereth forth, and peril cafteth non:
He is as bold to renne agains a fton,
As for to go besides in the way:
So faren ye that multiplien, I say.
If that your eyen cannot seen aright,
Loketh that youre mind lacke not his fight.
For though ye loke never so brode and stare,
Ye shul not win a mite on that chaffare,
But waften all that ye may rape and renne.
Withdraw the fire, left it to faste brenne;
Medleth no more with that art, I mene;
For if ye don, your thrift is gon ful clene.
And right as swithe I wol you tellen here
What philosophres fain in this matere.
Lo, thus faith Arnolde of the newe toun,
As his Rosarie maketh mentioun,
He faith right thus, withouten any lie;
Ther may no man Mercurie mortife,
But it be with his brothers knowleching.

Lo, how that he, which firste said this thing,
Of philosophres father was Hermes:
He faith, how that the dragon douteles
Ne dieth not, but if that he be s lain
With his brother. And this is for to sain,
By the dragon Mercury, and non other,
He understood, and brimstone by his brother,
That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.

And therfore, said he, take heed to my faue.
Let no man beke him this art to seche,
But if that he the entention and speche
Of philosophres understonden can;
And if he do, he is a lewed man.
For this science and this conning (quod he)
Is of the secrees of secrees parde.

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,
That on a time saide his master to,
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse,
And this was his demand in tothfaste sse:
Telle me the name of thilke privee ston.

And Platoanswered unto him anon;
Take the ston that Titanos men name.
Which is that? quod he. Magnetia is the same,
Saide Plato. Ye, sire, and is it thus?
This is ignotum per ignotius.
What is Magnetia, good fire, I pray?
   It is a water that is made, I say,
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.
   Tell me the rote, good fire, quod he tho,
Of that water, if that it be your will.  16930
   Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill.
The philosophres were sworne everich on,
   That they ne shuld discover it unto non,
Ne in no book it write in no manere;
  For unto God it is so lefe and dere,
   That he wol not that it discovered be,
  But wher it liketh to his deitee
Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende
  Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende.
   Than thus conclude I, fin that God of heven
Ne wol not that the philosophres neven,
How that a man shal come unto this ton,
  I rede as for the best to let it gon.
  For who so maketh God his adversfary,
As for to werken any thing in contrary
   Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,
Though that he multiply terme of his live.
  And ther a point; for ended is my tale.
God fend every good man bote of his bale.

THE
THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

Wete ye not wher ftondeth a litel toun, 16950
Which that ycleped is Bob up and doun,
Under the blee, in Canterbury way?
Ther gan our hoste to jape and to play,
And sayde; sires, what? Dun is in the mire.
Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire,
That wol awaken our felaw behind?
A these him might ful lightly rob and bind.
See how he nappeth, see, for cockes bones,
As he wold fallen from his hors atones.
Is that a coke of London, with meschance?
Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance;
For he shal tell a tale by my fey,
Although it be not worth a botel hey.
Awake thou coke, quod he, God yeve thee sorwe,
What aileth thee to slepen by the morwe?
Haft thou had fleen al night, or art thou dronke?
Or haft thou with som quene al night yfnonke,
So that thou mayst not holden up thin hed?

This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,
Sayd to our hoste; so God my soule blesse,
As ther is falle on me swiche hevinesse,
N'ot I nat why, that me were lever to slepe,
Than the best gallon wine that is in Chepe.

Wel,
THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don efe
To thee, fire Coke, and to no wight displese,
Which that here rideth in this compagnie,
And that our hoste wol of his curtesie,
I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale;
For in good faith thy visage is ful pale:
Thin eyen dafen, sothly as me thinketh,
And wel I wot, thy breth ful soure flinketh,
That sheweth wel thou art not wel disposed:
Of me certain thou shalt not ben yglosed.
See how he galpeth, lo, this dronken wight,
As though he wold us swalow anon right.
Hold close thy mouth, man, by thy father kin:
The devil of helle set his foot therin,
Thy cursed breth enfeaten woll us alle:
Fy flinking swine, fy, foul mote thee befalle.
A, taketh heed, fires, of this lufy man.
Now, swete fire, wol ye just at the fan?
Therto, me thinketh, ye be wel yshape.
I trow that ye have dronken win of ape,
And that is whan men playen with a straw.

And with this speche the coke waxed all wraw,
And on the Manciple he gan nod faft
For lacke of speche; and doun his hors him caft,
Wher as he lay, til that men him up toke.
This was a faire chivachee of a coke:

Alas.
Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel! And er that he agen were in the fadel,
Ther was gret shoving bothe to and fra
To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,
So unweldy was this fely palled goft:
And to the Manciple than spake our host.
Because that drinke hath domination
Upon this man, by my salvation
I trow he lewedly wol tell his tale.
For were it win, or old or moisty ale,
That he hath dronke, he speketh in his nofe,
And sineseth fast, and eke he hath the pose.
He also hath to don more than ynough
To kepe him on his capel out of the slough:
And if he falle from of his capel efftone,
Than shul we alle have ynough to done
In lifting up his hevy dronen cors.
Tell on thy tale, of him make I no force.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice,
Thus openly to repreve him of his vice:
Another day he wol paraventure
Reclimen thee, and bring thee to the lure:
I mene, he speken wol of female thinings,
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
That were not honest, if it came to prefe.

Quod the Manciple, that were a grete meschefe.
So might he lightly bring me in the snare.
Yet had I lever payen for the mare,
Which he rit on, than he shuld with me strive.
I wol not wrathen him, so mote I thrive;
That that I spake, I sayd it in my bourd.
And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd
A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.
This coke shal drinke therof, if that I may;
Up peine of my lif he wol not say, nay.
And certainly, to tellen as it was,
Of this vefell the coke dranke faft, (alas!
What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforne)
And whan he hadde pouped in his horne,
To the Manciple he toke the gourd again.
And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,
And thonked him in whiche wise as he coude.

Than gan our hofte to laughen wonder loude,
And sayd; I see wel it is necessarly
Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary;
For that wol turnen rancour and disese
To accord and love, and many a wrong apese.
O Bacchus, Bacchus, blessed be thy name,
That so canst turnen ernest into game;
Worship and thonke be to thy deitee.
Of that materie ye get no more of me.
Tell on thy tale, Manciple, I thee pray.
Wel, fire, quod he, now herkeneneth what I say.

**THE MANCIPLE'S TALE.**

*Whan* Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,
As olde bookes maken mentioun,
He was the moste lufty bacheler
Of all this world, and eke the best archer.
He flow Phiton the serpent, as he lay
Sleping agains the sonne upon a day;
And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.

Playen he coude on every minstralcie,
And fingen, that it was a melodie
To heren of his clere vois the foun.
Certes the king of Thebes, Amphion,
That with his finging walled the citee,
Coud never fingen half so wel as he.
Therto he was the femelieste man,
That is or was, fithen the world began;
What nedeth it his feture to decrire?
For in this world n'is non so faire on live.
He was therwith fulfilled of gentillesse,
Of honour, and of parfite worthinesse.

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelerie,
As wel in fredom, as in chivalrie,

For
THE MANCIPLES TALE.

For his disport, in signe eke of victorie
Of Phiton, so as telleth us the storie,
Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
Which in a cage he softred many a day,
And taught it speken, as men teche a jay.
Whit was this crowe, as is a snow-whit swart,
And cohtrefete the speche of every man
He coude; whan he shulde tell a tale.
Therwith in all this world no nightingale
Ne coude by an hundred thousand del
Singen so wonder merily and wel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif,
Which that he loved more than his lif,
And night and day did ever his diligence
Hire for to plese, and don hire reverence:
Save only, if that I the soth shal fain,
Jelous he was, and wold have kept hire fain,
For him were loth yjaped for to be;
And so is every wight in swiche degree;
But all for nought, for it availeth nought.
A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,
Shuld not be kept in non await certain;
And trewely the labour is in vain
To kepe a shrew, for it wol not be.

This hold I for a veray nicetee,
To spillen labour for to kepen wives;
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.
But now to purpos, as I firft began.
This worthy Phebus doth all that he can
To plefen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,
And for his manhood and his governance,
That no man shulde put him from hire grace:
But God it wote, ther may no man embrace
As to deffreine a thing, which that nature
Hath naturelly set in a creature.
Take any brid, and put it in a cage,
And do all thin entente, and thy corage,
To fostre it tendrely with mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke,
And kepe it al so clenely as thou may;
Although the cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet had this brid, by twenty thousand fold,
Lever in a foreft, that is wilde and cold,
Gon eten wormes, and swiche wretchednesse.
For ever this brid will don his besfine
To escape out of his cage whan that he may:
His libertee the brid desireth ay.
Let take a cat, and fostre hire with milke.
And tendre flesh, and make hire couche of filke,
And let hire see a mous go by the wall,
Anon she weiveth milke and flesh, and all,

And
And every deintee that is in that hous,
Swiche appetit hath she to ete the mous.
Lo, here hath kind hire domination,
And appetit flemeth discretion.
A she-wolf hath also a vilains kind;
The lewedefte wolf that she may find,
Or left of reputation, wol she take
In time whan hire luft to have a make.

All this examples speke I by thise men
That ben untrewe, and nothing by women.
For men have ever a likerous appetit
On lower thing to parforme hir delit
Than on hir wives, be they never so faire,
Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.
Flesh is so newefangle, with meschance,
That we ne con in nothing have plesance,
That foumeth unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Disceived was for all his jolitee:
For under him another hadde she,
A man of litel reputation,
Nought worth to Phebus in comparison:
The more harme is; it happeth often so;
Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.

And so befell, whan Phebus was absent,
His wif anon hath for hire lemmansent.
The Manciples Tale.

Hire lemman? certes that is a knavish speche.  
For yeve it me, and that I you beseeche.  
The wise Plato sayth, as ye mow rede,  
The word must nede accorden with the dede,  
If men shul telle properely a thing,  
The word must cosin be to the werking.  
I am a boistous man, right thus say I;  

There is no difference treweily  
Bewtix a wif that is of high degree,  
(If of hire body dishonest she be)  
And any poure wenche, other than this,  
(If it so be they werken both amis)  
But, for the gentil is in estate above,  
She shal be cleped his lady and his love;  
And, for that other is a poure woman,  
She shal be cleped his wenche and his lemman:  
And God it wote, min owen dere brother,  

Men lay as low that on as lith that other.  
Right so betwix a titleles tiraunt  
And an outlawe, or any these erraunt,  
The same I say, ther is no difference,  
(To Alexander told was this sentence)  
But, for the tyrant is of greter might  
By force of meinie for to fle doun right,  
And brennen hous and home, and make all plain,  
Lo, therefore is he cleped a capitain;  

And
And, for the outlawe hath but smale meinie, 17180. And may not do so gret an harme as he, Ne bring a contree to so gret meschiefe, Men clepen him an outlawe or a thefe.

But, for I am a man not textuel, I wol not tell of textes never a del; I wol go to my tale, as I began.

Whan Phebus wif had sent for hire lemmman, Anon they wroughten all hir luft volage. This white crowe, that heng ay in the cage, Beheld hir werke, and sayde never a word: 17190 And whan that home was come Phebus the lord, This crowe song, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow.

What? brid, quod Phebus, what song fingesst thou Ne were thou wont so merily to sing, [now?] That to my herte it was a rejoyfing To here thy vois? alas! what song is this?

By God, quod he, I finge not amis. Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthinesse, For all thy beautee, and all thy gentillesse, For all thy song, and all thy minftralcie, 17200 For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye, With on of litel reputation, Not worth to thee as in comparifon The mountance of a gnat, so mote I thrive; For on thy bedde thy wif I saw him swive.
THE MANCIPLES TALE.

What wol you more? the crowe anon him told,
By fade tokens, and by wordes bold,
How that his wif had don hire lecherie
Him to gret shame, and to gret vilanie;
And told him oft, he sawe it with his eyen. 17210

This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien;
Him thought his woful herte braft atwo.
His bowe he bent, and set therin a flo;
And in his ire he hath his wif yslain:
This is the effect, ther is no more to sain,
For forwe of which he brake his minstralcie,
Both harpe and lute, giterne, and fautrie;
And eke he brake his arwes, and his bowe;
And after that thus spake he to the crowe.

Traitour, quod he, with tongue of scorpion,17220
Thou hast me brought to my confusion:
Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dede?
O dere wif, o gemme of lufthyhede,
That were to me so fade, and eke so trewe,
Now lieft thou ded, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gilteles, that durft I wvere ywis.
O rakel hond, to do so soule a mis.
O troubled wit, o ire reccheles,
That unavised finitest gilteles.
O wantrusst, ful of false suspecion, 17230
Wher was thy wit and thy discretion?

O, every
O, every man beware of rakelnesse,
Ne trowe no thing withouten strong witnesse.
Smite not to sone, er that ye weten why,
And beth avised wel and sikerly,
Or ye do any execution
Upon your ire for suspicion.
Alas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire
Fully fordon, and brought hem in the mire.
Alas! for forwe I wol myselven fle.

And to the crowe, o false thefe, said he,
I wol thee quite anon thy false tale.
Thou song whilom, like any nightingale,
Now shalt thou, false these, thy song forgon,
And eke thy white fethers everich on,
Ne never in all thy lif ne shalt thou speke;
Thus shul men on a traitour ben awreke.
Thou and thin ofspring ever shul be blake,
Ne never swete noife shul ye make,
But ever cry ageins tempest and rain,

In token, that thurgh thee my wif is slain.

And to the crowe he stert, and that anon,
And pulled his white fethers everich on,
And made him blak, and raft him all his song
And eke his speche, and out at dore him slong
Unto the devil, which I him betake;
And for this cause ben alle crowes blake.

Lordings,
THE MANCIPLES TALE.

Lordings, by this ensample, I you pray,
Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye say;
Ne telleth never man in all your lif, 17260
How that another man hath dight his wif;
He wol you haten mortally certain.
Dan Salomon, as wise clerkes sain,
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel;
But as I sayd, I am not textuel.
But natheles thus taughte me my dame;
My sone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name.
My sone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;
A wicked tonge is werse than a fend:
My sone, from a fende men may hem blessë.
My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse
Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,
For man shuld him avisen what he speke.
My sone, ful often for to mochel speche
Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes teche;
But for a litel speche avisedly
Is no man shent, to speken generally.
My sone, thy tonge shuldest thou restreine
At alle time, but whan thou doft thy peine
To speke of God in honour and prayere. 17280
The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge;
Thus leren children, whan that they be yonge,
My sone, of mochel speeking evil avised,  
Ther leffe speeking had ynough suffised,  
Cometh mochel harme; thus was me told and taught;  
In mochel speche sinne wanteth naught.

Wost thou wherof a rakel tonge serveth?
Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth
An arme atwo, my dere sone, right fo
A tonge cutteth frendship all atwo.
A jangler is to God abominable.
Rede Salomon, to wife and honourable,
Rede David in his Pflames, rede Senek.

My sone, speke not, but with thyn hed thou beck,
Diffimule as thou were defe, if that thou here
A janglour speke of perilous mater.
The Fleming sayth, and lerne if that thee left,
That litel jangling causeth mochel rest.

My sone, if thou no wicked word haft said,
Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;
But he that hath mislayd, I dare wel fain,
He may by no way clepe his word again.

Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth,
Though him repent, or be him never fo loth,
He is his thral, to whom that he hath sayd
A tale, of which he is now evil apaid.

My sone, beware, and be non auctour newe
Of tidings, whether they ben false or trewe;  
Wher

THE MANCIPLES TALE. 137
Wher so thou come, amonges high or lowe, 17310
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

By that the Manciple had his tale ended,
The sonne fro the soute line was descended
So lowe, that it ne was not to my fight
Degrees nine and twenty as of hight.
Foure of the clok it was theo, as I gesse,
For eneleven foot, a litel more or leffe,
My shadow was at thilke time, as there,
Of swiche feet as my lengthe parted were
In fix feet equal of proportion.

Therwith the mones exaltation,
In mene Libra, alway gan ascende,
As we were entring at the thorpes ende.
For which our hoste, as he was wont to gie,
As in this cas, our jolly compagnie,
Said in this wise; lordings, everich on,
Now lacketh us no tales mo than on.
Fulfilled is my sentence and my decree;
I trowe that we han herd of eche degree.
Almost fulfilled is myn ordinance;
I pray to God so yeve him right good chance,
That telleth us this tale lustily.
Sire preest, quod he, art thou a vicary?

Or
THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

Or art thou a Person? say soth by thy say.
Be what thou be, ne breke thou not our play;
For every man, saue thou, hath told his tale.
Unbokel, and shew us what is in thy male.
For trewely me thinketh by thy chere,
Thou shuldest knitte up wel a gret materie.
Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones.

This Person him anwered al at ones;
Thou geteft fable non ytold for me,
For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,
Repревeth hem that weiven sothfastnesse,
And tellen fables, and swiche wretchednesse.
Why shuld I sowen draf out of my fift,
When I may sowen whete, if that me lift?
For which I say, if that you lift to here
Moralitee, and vertuous materie,
And than that ye wol yeve me audience,
I wold ful fain at Cristes reverence
Don you plefance leful, as I can.
But truſteth wel, I am a sotherne man,
I cannot geſte, rom, ram, ruf, by my letter,
And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better.
And therfore if you lift, I wol not gloſe,
I wol you tell a litel tale in prose,
To knitte up all this feste, and make an ende:
And Jesu for his grace wit me fende
To shewen you the way in this viage
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage,
That hight Jerusalem celestial.
And if ye vouchesaf, anon I shal
Beginne upon my tale, for which I pray
Tell your avis, I can no better say.
-But natheles this meditation
I put it ay under correction
Of clerkes, for I am not textuel;
I take but the sentence, trusteth me wel.
Therefore I make a protestation,
That I wol stenden to correction.
Upon this word we han assented sone:
For as us semed, it was for to don,
To enden in som vertuous sentence,
And for to yeve him space and audience;
And bade our hofte he shulde to him say,
That alle we to tell his tale him pray.
Our hofte had the wordes for us alle:
Sire preeft, quod he, now faire you befall;
Say what you lift, and we shul gladly here.
And with that word he said in this manere;
'Telleth, quod he, your meditatioun,
But hasteth you, the sonne wol adoun.
Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,
And to do wel God sende you his grace.
Our sweet Lord God of heaven, that no man wol perish, but wol that we comen all to the knowlecheing of him, and to the blissful lif that is pardurable, amonesteth us by the Prophet Jeremie, that sayth in this wise: Stondeth upon the wayes, and seeth and axeth of the olde pathes; that is to say, of olde sentences; which is the good way: and walketh in that way, and ye shul finde refreshing for your soules. Many ben the wayes spirituel that leden folk to our Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of glory: of which wayes, ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenable, which may not faille to man ne to woman, that thurgh finne hath misgon fro the right way of Jerusalem celestial; and this way is cleped penance; of which man shuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete, what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneris ben of actions or wer- kings of penance, and how many spices ther ben of penance, and which thinges apperentein and behoven to penance, and which thinges dif- troublen penance.

Seint
Seint Ambrose sayth, That penance is the plaining of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine. And som doctour sayth: Penance is the waymenting of man that forweth for his sinne, and peineth himself, for he hath misdon. Penance, with certain circumstances, is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in forwe and other peine for his giltes: and for he shal be veray penitent, he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purpofen in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfaction, and never to don thing, for which him ought more to bewayle or com- plaine, and to continue in good werkes: or elles his repentance may not availe. For as Seint Isidor sayth; he is a japer and a gabber, and not veray repentant, that efftsones doth thing, for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to flint to do sinne, may not availe. But natheles, men shuld hope, that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thurgh penance, if he have grace: but certain, it is grete doute. For as faith Seint Gregorie; unnethes arifeth he out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of evil usage. And
And therefore repentant folk, that flint for to sinne, and forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker of hir salvation. And he that finneth, and veraily repenteth him in his laft day, holy chirche yet hopeth his salvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance: but take ye the siker and certain way.

And now fith I have declared you, what thing is penance, now ye shul understand, that ther ben three actions of penance. The first is, that a man be baptised after that he hath sinned. Seint Augustine sayth; but he be penitent for his old sinful lif, he may not beginne the newe clene lif: for certes, if he be baptised without penitence of his old gilt, he receiveth the marke of baptism, but not the grace, ne the remission of his sinnes, til he have veray repentance. Another defaute is, that men don dedly sinne after that they have received baptism. The thridde defaute is, that men fall in yenal sinnes after hir baptism, fro day to day. Therof sayth Seint Augustine, that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The spices of penance ben three. That on
of hem is solemne, another is commune, and the thridde privee. Thilke penance, that is solemne, is in two maneres; as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton, for slaughter of children, and swiche maner thing. Another is whan a man hath sinned openly, of which sinne the fame is openly spoken in the contree: and than holy chirche by jugement dístreyneth him for to do open penance. Commun penance is, that preestes enjoinen men in certain cas: as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage, or bare foot. Privée penance is thilke, that men don all day for privee finnes, of which we strive us prively, and receive privee penance.

Now shalt thou understand what is behoveful and necessary to every parfit penance: and this flont on three thinges; contrition of herte, confession of mouth, and satisfaction. For which sayth Seint John Cristoforme: penance dístreineth a man to accept benignely every peine, that him is enjoined, with contrition of herte, and thrift of mouth, with satisfaction, and werking of all maner humilitie. And this is fruitful penance ayenst tho three thinges, in which we wrathen our Lord Jesu Crist: this
this is to say, by delit in thinking, by reche-
lesness in speking, and by wicked sinful wer-
king. And ayenst these wicked giltes is pe-
nance, that may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hi-
deth him in the herte of him that is veray re-
pentant, right as the rote of the tree hideth
him in the erthe. Of this rote of contrition
springeth a stalke, that bereth branches and leves
of confession, and fruit of satisfaction. Of
which Crist sayth in his gospel; doth ye digna
fruit of penitence; for by this fruit mow men
understonde and knowe this tree, and not by
the rote that is hid in the herte of man, ne
by the branches, ne the leves of confession. And
therefore our Lord Jesu Crist faith thus; by
the fruit of hem shal ye knowe hem. Of this
rote also springeth a feed of grace, which feed
is moder of likernesse, and this feed is eger and
hote. The grace of this feed springeth of God,
thurgh remembrance on the day of dome, and
on the peines of helle. Of this materse faith
Salomon, that in the drede of God man for-
letteth his finne. The hete of this sefe is the
love of God, and the desiring of the joye per-
durable. This hete draweth the herte of man
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to God, and doth him hate his sinne. For sothly, ther is nothing that favoureth so sote to a child, as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke, when it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinful man that loveth his finne, him se-meth, that it is to him most sweete of any thing; but fro that time that he loveth sadly our Lord Jesu Crist, and desireth the lif per-durable, ther is to him nothing more abhomi-nable. For sothly the lawe of God is the love of God. For which David the prophet sayth; I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: he that loveth God, kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saw the prophet Daniel in spirit, upon the vision of Nabuchodonosor, when he counseiled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif, to hem that it receiven: and he that holdeth him in veray penance, is blisful, after the sentence of Salomon.

In this penance or contrition man shal un-derstand foure thinges; that is to say, what is contrition; and which ben the causes that mo-ven a man to contrition; and how he shuld be contrite; and what contrition availeth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contrition is the
The veray forwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his finnes, with fad purpos to shriven him, and to do penance; and never more to don finne. And this forwe shal be in this maner, as sayth Seint Bernard; it shal ben hevy and grevous, and ful sharpe and poinant in herte; first, for a man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour; and more sharpe and poinant, for he hath agilted his father celestial; and yet more sharpe and poinant, for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him, that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of finne, and fro the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The causes that ought to move a man to contrition ben fixe. First, a man shal remembre him of his finnes. But loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit, by no way, but grete shame and forwe for his finnes. For Job sayth, sinful men don werkes worthy of confession. And therefore sayth Ezechiel; I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif, in the bitterness of my herte. And God sayth in the Apocalipse; remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye finned, ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne.
of God; but for your sinne ye ben waxen thral and foule; membres of the fende; hate of angels; sclaunder of holy chirche, and fode of the false serpent; perpetuel materre of the fire of helle; and yet more foule and abhominable, for ye trespasfen so oft times, as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his own spewing; and yet fouler, for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your sinnes, as a beest in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have shame of his sinne, and no delit; as God faith, by the Prophet Ezechiel; ye shul remembre you of your wayes, and they shul displese you. Sothly, sinnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The second cause that ought to make a man to have disdeigne of sinne is this, that, as faith Seint Peter, who so doth sinne, is thral to sinne, and sinne putteth a man in gret thraldom. And therfore sayth the Prophet Ezechiel; I went forweful, and had disdeigne of myself. Certes, wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, and withdrawe him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what sayth Seneke in this mater. He faith thus; though I wist, that nei-
ther. God ne man shuld never know it, yet wolde I have disdeigne for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also sayth: I am borne to greeter thinges, than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man, ne woman, make of his body, than for to yeve his body to finne. Al were it the foulest chorle, or the foulest woman that liveth, and left of value, yet is he than more soule, and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher degree that man falleth, the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God, wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, fith that thurgh sinne, ther he was free, he is made bond. And therfore sayth Seint Augustyne: if thou haft disdeigne of thy servant, if he offend or finne, have thou than disdeigne, that thou thy self shuldest do finne. Take reward of thin owen value, that thou ne be to foule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdeigne to be servants and thralles to finne, and fore to be ashamed of hemself, that God of his end- les goodnesse hath sette in high eftat, or yeve hem witte, strenght of body, hele, beautee, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth

L 3

with
with his herte blood, that they so unkindly
agains his gentillesse, quiten him so vilainfly,
to slaughter of hir owen soules. O good God!
ye women that ben of gret beautee, remembrance you on the proverbe of Salomon, that
likeneth a faire woman, that is a fool of hire
body, to a ring of gold that is worne in the
groine of a fowe: for right as a fowe wrothe in
every ordure, so wrothe she hire beautee in
flinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause, that ought to move a man
to contrition, is drede of the day of dome, and
of the horrible peines of helle. For as Seint
Jerome sayth: at every time that me rememberth of the day of dome, I quake: for whan
I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres;
riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the
jugement. O good God! moche ought a man
to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shul
be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit
jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist; wheras he
shal make a general congregation, wheras no
man may be absent; for certes ther availeth
non effoine ne non excusation; and not only,
that our defautes shul be juged, but eke that all
our werkes shul openly be knowne. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, ther ne shal no pleting availe, ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word. Ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived ne corrupt; and why? for certes, all our thoughtes ben dicovered, as to him: ne for prayer, ne for mede, he wil not be corrupt. And therfore faith Salomon: the wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight, for prayer ne for yeft. And therfore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape. Wherefore, as sayth Seint Anselme, ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge fitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroy him that wolde not be knownen his finnes, which finnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature: and on the left side, mo Divels than any herte may thinke, for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle: and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the world all brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shewe him. For certes, as faith Seint
Seint Jerome, the erth shal caft him out of it, and the see, and also the aire, that shal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wil remembre him of these thinges, I gesse that his finnes shal not torne him to delit, but to grete forwe, for drede of the peine of helle. And thersore faith Job to God: suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe, or I go without returning to the derke londe, ycovered with the derkenesse of deth; to the londe of misefe and of derkenesse, wheras is the shadowe of deth; wher as is non or dre ne ordinance, but grisly drede that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye see, that Job prayed respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespas: for sothely on day of respite is better than all the tresour of this world. And for as moche as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by tresour, thersore shuld he pray to God to yeve him respite a while, to bewepen and bewailen his trespas: for certes, all the forwe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing, at regard of the forwe of helle. The caufe why that Job clepeth helle the londe of derkenesse; understondeth, that he clepeth it londe
ONE or erth, for it is stable and never shal fail; and derke, for he that is in helle hath defaute of light naturel; for certes the derke light, that shal come out of the fire that ever shal brenne, shal torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it sheweth hem the horrible Divels that hem turmenten. Covered with the derkenesse of deth; that is to say, that he that is in helle, shal have defaute of the fight of God; for certes the fight of God is the lif perdurable. The derkenesse of deth, ben the finnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distroublen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sone. It is londe of misese, because that ther ben three maner of defautes ayenst three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif; that is to say, honoures, delites, and richesses. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confu- sion: for wel ye wote, that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man; but in helle is non honour ne reverence; for certes no more reverence shal be don ther to a king, than to a knave. For which God sayth by the Prophet Jeremie; the folk, that me de- spisen, shal be in despite. Honour is also cleped gret
gret lordeship. Ther shal no wight saven other, but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle fortroden of divels. As God faith; the horrible Divels shul gon and comen upon the hedes of dampted folk: and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif, the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the richesse of this world shul they have misese of poverte, and this poverte shal be in foure thingses: in defaute of tresour; of which David sayth; the riche folk that enbraceden and oneden all hir herte to tresour of this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir tresour. And moreover, the misese of helle shal be in defaute of mete and drink. For God sayth thus by Moyfes: they shul be wafted with honger, and the briddes of helle shul devoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body, as of clothing, fave the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they
they be in soule, of all maner vertues, which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the softe shetes, and the syn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the Prophet Esaie, that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend; for neither God ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the daughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden, and despisen eche other, both day and night, as God sayth by the Prophet Micheas. And the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might. For how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle, whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this lif? For truete wel, hir fleshly love was dedly hate. As faith the Prophet Da-vid: who so that loveth wickednesse, he hateth his owen soule, and who so hateth his owen soule, certes he may love non other wight in no manere: and thersore in helle is no solace ne
ne no friendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle, the more cursing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate ther is among hem. And further over ther they shul have de-faute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes; as sight, hering, smelling, favouring, and touching. But in helle hir sight shal be ful of derkenesse and of smoke, and hir eyen ful of teres; and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as sayth Jesu Crist: hir nosethirles shul be ful of flinking; and, as faith Esay the Prophet, hir favouring shal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body, shal be covered with fire that never shal quenche, and with wormes that never shal die, as God sayth by the mouth of Esay. And for as moche as they shul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they understonde in the word of Job, that sayth; Ther is the shadow of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesfe of the thing of which it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of which it is shadowed: right so fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth, for the horrible anguish; and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they shuld die anon; but
but certes they shul not dien. For as sayth Seint Gregory; To wretched caitifes shal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth shal alway live, and hir ende shal ever more beginne, and hir defaute shal never faile. And therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist; They shul folow deth, and they shul not finde him, and they shul desire to die, and deth shal flee from hem. And eke Job saith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it so, that God hath create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten ordre, but all thinges ben ordred and nombred, yet natheles they that ben damned ben nothing in ordre, ne hold non ordre. For the erth shal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the Prophet David sayeth, God shal destroy the fruite of the erth, as fro hem) ne water shal yeve hem no moisture, ne the aire no refreshing, ne the fire no light. For as sayth Seint Basil; The brenning of the fire of this world shal God yeve in helle to hem that ben damned, but the light and the clerenesse shal be yeve in heven to his children; right as the good man yeveth flesh to his children, and bones to his houndes. And for they shul have non hope to escape, sayth Job at last,
last, that ther shal horroour and grisly drede dwellen withouten ende. Horroour is alway drede of harme that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that ben damptned. And thersfore han they lorne all hir hope for seven causes. First, for God that is hir juge shal be withouten mercie to hem; and they may not plese him; ne non of his halwes; ne they may yeve nothing for hir raumson; ne they have no vois to speke to him; ne they may not flee fro peine; ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may swew to deliver hem fro peine. And thersfore sayth Salomon; The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded, he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel understonde these peines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his finnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe, than for to finge and playe. For as sayth Salomon; Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben establifshed and or- deined for finne, he wold forsale finne. That science, faith Seint Auffin, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point, that oughte make a man have contrition, is the forweful remembrance of the
the good dedes that he hath lefte to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath lefte, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne, ben all mortified, astoned, and dulled by the eft sinning: the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne, they ben utterly ded, as to the lif perdurable in heven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence. And therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel; if the rightful man retorne again fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse, shal he liven? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought, shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus; that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne, it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought beforne: for certes in the werking of dedly sinne, ther
ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don beforne; that is to say, as for to have ther-
by the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles,
the good werkes quicken again and comen
again, and helpe and availe to have the lif per-
durable in heven, when we have contrition:
but sothly the good werkes that men don while
they ben in dedly finne, for as moche as they
were don in dedly finne, they may never quick-
en: for certes, thing that never had lif, may
never quicken: and natheles, al be it so that
they availsen not to have the lif perdurable, yet
availeth they to abreggen the peine of helle, or
elles to get temporal riches, or elles that
God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte
of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke
they availsen for to usen a man to do good
werkes, that the fende have the leffe power of
his foule. And thus the curteis Lord Jefu Crist
ne woll that no good werk that men don be
lofte, for in somwhat it shal availe. But for
as moche as the good werkes that men don
while they ben in good lif, ben all amortised
by finne folowing, and eke fith all the good
werkes that men don while they ben in dedly
finne, ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif
perdu-
perdurable, well may that man, that no good werk ne doth, sing thilke newe Frenshe song, 
J'ay tout perdu mon temps, et mon labour. For certes sinne bereveth a man both goodnesse of 
nature, and eke the goodnesse of grace. For 
fothly the grace of the holy goft sareth like fire 
that may not ben idle; for fire faileth anon as 
it forletteth his werking, and right fo grace 
faileth anon as it forletteth his werking. Than 
lefeth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, 
that only is hight to good men that labouren 
and werken wel. Wel may he be sory than, 
that oweth all his lif to God, as long as he hath 
lived, and also as long as he shal live, that no 
goodnesse ne hath to paie with his dette to God, 
to whom he oweth all his lif: for truft wel 
he shal yeve accomptes, as sayth Seint Bernard, 
of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in 
this present lif, and how he hath hem dispensed, 
in so moche that ther shal not perishe an 
here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne 
shal not perishe of his time, that he ne shal yeve 
therof a rekening.

The fiftthe thing, that ought to meve a man to 
contrition, is remembrance of the passion that our 
Lord Jefu Crist suffred for our sinnes. For as
fayth Seint Bernard, While that I live, I shal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered in preching, his werinesse in traveling, his temptations whan he fasted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitte of good peple: the wo and the shame, and the filthe that men sayden to him: of the foule spitting that men spitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him: of the foule mouthes and of the foule reproves that men sayden to him: of the nayles with which he was nailed to the croffe; and of all the remenant of his passion, that he suffred for mannes sinne, and nothing for his gilte. And here ye shul understand that in mannes sinne is every maner order, or ordinance, tourned up so doun. For it is soth, that God and reson, and sensualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained, that everich of thise foure thingshuld have lordship over that other: as thus; God shuld have lordship over reson, and reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth, all this ordre, or ordinance, is turned up so doun; and therfore than, for as moche as reson of man ne wol not be subget ne obeisant to God, that is his lord by right, therfore lefeth it the Lordship
lordship that it shuld have over sensualitee, and eke over the body of man; and why? for sensualitee rebelleth than ayenst reson: and by that way lefeth reson the lordship over sensualitee, and over the body. For right as reson is rebel to God, right so is sensualitee rebel to reson, and the body also. And certes this disordinance, and this rebellion, our Lord Jesu Crist abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wise. For as moche as reson is rebel to God, theryfore is man worthy to have forwe, and to be ded. This suffred our Lord Jesu Crist for man, after that he had be betraied of his disciple, and distreined and bounde, so that his blood braft out at every nail of his hondes, as faith Seint Augustin. And furthermore, for as moche as reson of man wol not daunt sensualitee whan it may, theryfore is man worthy to have shame: and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist for man, whan they spitten in his visage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reson and to sensualitee, theryfore it is worthy the deth: and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist upon the crosse, wheras ther was no part of his body free, without grete peine and bitter passion. And all this suffred our Lord Jesu
Jefu Crist that never forfaited; and thus sayd he:
To mochel am I peined, for thinges that I never
deserved: and to moche defouled for fhendship
that man is worthy to have. And therfore may
the finful man wel say, as sayth Seint Bernard:
Accursed be the bitternesse of my finne, for
whiche ther must be suffered so moche bittern-
esse. For certes, after the divers discordance of
our wickednesse was the passion of Jefu Crist
ordeined in divers thinges; as thus. Certes
finful mannes soule is betraied of the divel, by
coveitise of temporel prosperitee; and scorned by
disceite, whan he chefeth fleshly delites; and yet
it is turmented by impatience of adverfitee, and
bespet by servage and subjection of finne; and
at the laft it is flain finally. For this discordance
of finful man, was Jefu Crist firft betraied; and
after that was he bounde, that came for to un-
binde us of finne and of peine. Than was he
bescorned, that only shuld have been honoured
in alle thinges and of alle thinges. Than was
his vifage, that ought to be desired to be seen of
all mankind (in which vifage angels defiren to
loke) vilainfly bespet. Than was he scourged
that nothing had trespassed; and finally, than
was he crucified and flain. Than were accom-
plished
plished the wordes of Efaie: He was wounded for our misdedes, and defouled for our felonies. Now sith that Jesu Christ toke on himself the peine of all our wickednesses, moche ought sinful man to wepe and to bewaile, that for his sinnes Goddes sone of heven shulde all this peine endure.

The sixte thing, that shulde move a man to contrition, is the hope of three thinges, that is to say, foryevenesse of sinne, and the yeft of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God shal guerdon man for his good dedes. And for as moche as Jesu Crist yeveith us thise yestes of his largenesse, and of his loveraine bountee, thersore is he cleped, Jesu Nazarenus Rex Judaorun. Jesu is for to say, saviour or salvatyon, on whom men shul hopen to have foryevenesse of sinnes, which that is proprely salvatyon of sinnes. And thersore sayd the Angel to Joseph, Thou shalt clepe his name Jesu, that shal saven his peple of hir sinnes. And hereof faith Seint Peter; Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be saved, but only Jesu. Nazarenus is as moche for to say, as flourishing, in which a man shal hope, that he, that yeveith him remission of sinnes, shal yeve him also grace wel for to do: for
in the flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryevenesse of sinnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of thin herte, sayth Jesus, and cleped for to enter. He that openeth to me, shal have foryevenesse of his sinnes, and I wol enter into him by my grace, and soupe with him by the good werkes that he shal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he shal soupe with me by the great joye that I shal yeve him. Thus shal man hope, that for his werkes of penance God shal yeve him his regne, as he behight him in the Gospel.

Now shal man understande, in which maner shal be his contrition. I say, that it shal be univerfal and total; this is to say, a man shal be veray repentant for all his sinnes, that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite is perilous. For ther ben two maner of consen- tinges; that on of hem is cleped consenting of affection, whan a man is moved to do sinne, and than deliteth him longe for to thinke on that sinne, and his reason apperceiveith it wel, that it is sinne ayenst the lawe of God, and yet his reason refraineth not his foule delite or talent, though he see wel apertly, that it is ayenst the reverence of God; although his reason consent
fent not to do that sinne indede, yet sayn som doctours, that swiche delite that dwelleth longe is ful perilous, al be it never so lite. And also a man shuld forow, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the lawe of God, with parsite consenting of his resoun, for therof is no doute, that it is dedly sinne in consenting: for certes ther is no dedly sinne, but that it is first in mannes thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting, and into dede. Wherfore I say, that many men ne repent hem never of swiche thoughtes and delites, ne never thriven hem of it, but only of the dede of gret sinnes outward: wherfore I say, that swiche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shul be damned. Moreover man ought to forwen for his wicked wordes, as wel as for his wicked dedes: for certes repentance of a singuler sinne, and not repentant of all his other sinnes; or elles repenting him of all his other sinnes, and not of a singuler sinne, may not availe. For certes God Almighty is all good; and therfore, either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought. And therfore sayth Seint Auguftin: I wote certainly, that God is enemy to every sinner: and how than? he that observeth on sinne, shal he have
have foryevenesfe of the remenant of his other finnes? Nay. And, furtherover contrition shuld be wonder forweful and anguishous: and therfore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therfore whan my soule was anguishous, and forweful within me, than had I remembrance of God, that my praier might come to him. Furtherover contrition muste be continuuel, and that man have stedfaft purpose to thrive him, and to amend him of his lif. For sothly, while contrition laifteth, man may ever hope to have foryevenesse. And of this cometh hate of sinne, that destroyeth sinne bothe in himself, and eke in other folk at his power. For which sayth David; they that love God, hate wickednesse: for to love God, is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth.

The last thing that men shull understand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I say, that contrition somtime delivereth man fro sinne: of which David faith; I say, (quod David) I purposed fermely to thrive me, and thou Lord relefedest my sinne. And right so as contrition availeth not without sad purpos of shrift and satisfaction, right so litel worth is shrift or satisfaction withouten contrition. And moreover
moreover contrition destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengths of the Devils, and restoreth the yeftes of the holy goft, and of all good vertues, and it clenfeth the foule of finne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compagnie of the Devil, and fro the fervage of sinne, and restoreth it to all goodes spirituel, and to the compagnie and communio of holy chirche. And furtherover it maketh him, that whilom was fone of ire, to be the fone of grace: and all these things ben preved by holy writ. And therfore he that wold fet his entent to thife things, he were ful wise: for fothly he ne fhuld have than in all his lif corage to finne, but yeve his herte and body to the service of Jefu Crist, and therof do him homage. For certes our Lord Jefu Crist hath spared us fo benignely in our folies, that if he ne had pitee on mannnes foule, a fory fong might we alle finge.

Explicit prima pars penitentiae; et incipit pars secunda.

The second part of penitence is confeflion, and that is signe of contrition. Now shul ye understande what is confeflion; and whether it ought
ought nedes to be don or non: and which thinge,
    ben covenable to veray confeffion.

    First shalt thou understand, that confeffion is
    veray shewing of sinnes to the preest; this is to
    saie veray, for he must confesse him of all the
    conditions that belongen to his sinne, as ferforth
    as he can: all must be sayd, and nothing ex-
    cused, ne hid, ne forwrapped: and not avaunt
    him of his good werkes. Also it is necessarie to
    understande whennes that sinnes springen, and how
    they encresen, and which they ben.

    Of springing of sinnes faith Seint Poule in
    this wise: that right as by on man sinne en-
    tred first into this world, and thurgh sinne deth,
    right so deth entreth into alle men that sinnen:
    and this man was Adam, by whom sinne entred
    into this world, whan he brake the commande-
    ment of God. And thercfor he that first was so
    mighty, that he ne shuld have died, became
    swiche on that he must nedes die, whether he
    wold or no; and all his progenie in this world,
    that in thilke maner sinnen, dien. Loke that
    in the estate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve
    weren naked in paradise, and no thing ne had-
    den shame of hir nakednesse, how that the ser-
    pent, that was moost wily of all other bestes that
    God
God had made, sayd to the woman: why commanded God you, that ye shuld not ete of every tree in Paradise? The woman answered: of the fruit, sayd she, of the trees of Paradise we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of Paradise God forbode us for to eten, ne to touche it, left we shuld die. The serpent sayd to the woman: nay, nay, ye shul not dien of deth; for soth God wote, that what day that ye ete therof your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman saw that the tree was good to feeding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the sight; she toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yave to hire husband, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked, they sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches, to hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen, that dedly sinne hath first suggesitio of the fende, as sheweth here by the adder; and afterward the delit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve; and after that the consenting of reson, as sheweth by Adam. For trut wel, though so it were, that the fende tempted Eve, that is to say, the flesh, and the flesh had delit in the beautee
beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that rexon, that is to say, Adam, consented to the eting of the fruit, yet stode he in the state of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne original; from him fleshly descended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater: and when the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is contract original sinne; and that, that was erst but only peine of concupiscence, is afterward both peine and sinne: and therefore we ben all yborne sones of wrath, and of damnation perdurable, if ne were Baptisme that we receive, which benimeth us the culpe: but forsoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight concupiscence. This concupiscence, when it is wrongfully disposed or ordained in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitise of flesh, fleshly sinne by sight of his eyen, as to ethly thinges, and also coveitise of highnesse by pride of herte.

Now as to speke of the first coveitise, that is concupiscence, after the lawe of our membres, that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful jugement of God, I say, for as moche as a man is not obeisant to God, that is his Lord, therefore is his herte to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which is called nourishing of sinne, and
and occasion of sinne. Therfore, all the while that a man hath within him the peine of concupiscence, it is impossible, but he be tempted sometime, and moved in his flesh to sinne. And this thing may not faile, as long as he liveth. It may wel waxe feble by vertue of Baptisme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence; but fully ne shal it never quenche, that he ne shal sometime be moved in himselfe, but if he were refreined by sikenesse, or malefice of forcerie, or cold drinkes. For lo, what sayth Seint Poule: the flesh coveteth ayenst the spirit, and the spirit ayenst the flesh: they ben so contrarie and so striven, that a man may not alway do as he wold. The same Seint Poule, after his gret penance, in water and in lond; in water by night and by day, in gret peril, and in gret peine; in lond, in grete famine and thurst, cold and clothles, and ones stoned almost to deth; yet sayd he, alas! I caitif man, who shal deliver me fro the prison of my caitif body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in desert, wheras he had no compagnie but of wilde bestes; wher as he had no mete but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erth, wherfore his flesh was black, as an Ethiopian, for hete, and
and nie destroyed for cold: yet sayd he, that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all his body. Wherfore I wot wel sikerly that they be deceived that say, they be not tempted in hir bodies: Witnesse Seint James that said, that every wight is tempted in his own conscience; that is to say, that eche of us hath mater and occasion to be tempted of the norishing of sinne, that is in his body. And therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist: if we say that we ben without sinne, we deceive ourself, and truth is not in us.

Now shul ye understonde, in what maner sinne waxeth and encreseth in man. The first thing is that nourishing of sinne, of which I spake before, that is concupiscence: and after that cometh suggestion of the divel, this is to say, the divels belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence: and after that a man bethinketh him, whether he wol do or no that thing to which he is tempted. And than if a man withstoned and weive the first entisif of his flesh, and of the fend, than it is no sinne: and if so be he do not, than feleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall anon to consenting of sinne, and than wol he do it, if he may have time.
time and place. And of this mater saith Moyles by the devil, in this maner: the fend saith, I wol chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I wol hent him by meving and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris, or my prey, by deliberation, and my lust shal be accomplisid in delit; I wol draw my swerd in consenting: (for certes, right as a swerd departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God fro man) and than wol I fle him with my hond in dede of sinne. Thus saith the fend; for certes, than is a man al ded in soule; and thus is sinne accomplisid, by temptation, by delit, and by consenting: and than is the sinne actual.

Forsoth sinne is in two maners, either it is venial, or dedly sinne. Sothly, when a man loveth any creature more than Jesu Crist our creatour, than it is dedly sinne: and venial sinne it is, if a man love Jesu Crist leffe than him ought. Forsoth the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous, for it amenufeth the love that man shuld have to God, more and more. And therefore if a man charge himself with many swiche venial sinnes, certes, but if so be that he som-time discharge him of hem by shrift, they may wel lightly amenufe in him all the love that he hath
hath to Jesu Christ: and in this wise skippeth venial sinne into dedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial sinnes, the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne. And therefore let us not be negligent to discharge us of venial sinnes. For the proverbe sayth, that many small maken a gret. And herken this ensample: A gret wawe of the see cometh sometime with so gret a violence, that it drencheth the ship: and the same harme do sometime the final dropes of water, that enteren thurgh a litel crevis in the thurrok, and in the botom of the ship, if men ben so negligent, that they discharge hem not by time. And therfore although ther be difference betwix thise two causes of drenching, algates the ship is dreint. Right so fareth it sometime of dedly sinne, and of anoious venial sinnes, whan they multiplie in man so gretly, that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh which he finneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more: and therfore the love of every thing that is not beft in God, ne don principally for Goddes fake, although that a man love it leffe than God, yet is it venial sinne; and dedly sinne is, whan the love of any thing weigheth in the herte
herte of man, as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly finne, as sayth Seint Augustine, is, whan a man tourneth his herte fro God; whiche that is veray soveraine bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte: and certes, that is every thing save God of heven. For soth is, that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes, as moche of his love as he yeveth to the same creature, so moche he bereveth fro God, and therfore doth he sinne: for he, that is dettour to God, ne yeldeth not to God all his dette; that is to sayn, all the love of his herte.

Now sith man understandeth generally, which is venial sinne, than is it covenable to tell specially of finnes, whiche that many a man per-aventure demeth hem no finnes, and shriveth him not of the same, and yet natheles they be finnes sothly, as thise clerkes writen; this is to say, at every tyme that man eteth and drinke than sufficeth to the sustenance of his body, in certain he doth finne; eke whan he speketh more than it nedeth, he doth finne; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the com-

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plaint of the poure; eke when he is in helde
of body, and wol not faft when other folk faft,
without cause resonable; eke when he slepeth
more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that
enefon to late to chirche, or to other werk
of charitee; eke when he useth his wif with-
outen soveraine desire of engendrure, to the
honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his
wif his dette of his body; eke when he wol
not visite the fike, or the prifoner, if he may;
eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly
thing, more than reson requireth; eke if he
flater or blandife more than him ought for any
neceffitee; eke if he amenufe or withdrawe the
almcffe of the poure; eke if he apparaile his
mete more deliciouly than nede is, or ete it
to haftily by likeroufnesse; eke if he talke va-
nitees in the chirche, or at Goddes service, or
that he be a taler of idle wordes of soly or vi-
lanie, for he shal yeld accomptes of it at the
day of dome; eke when he behighteth or af-
fureth to don thinges that he may not per-
fourme; eke when that he by lightnesse of
soly miffayeth or scorneth his neighbour; eke
whan he hath ony wicked fuspection of thing;
ther he ne wote of it no sothfaftnesse: thifte
thinges
things and mo withouten nombre be finnes, as sayth Seint Augustine. Now shul ye under-
flonde, that al be it so that non erthly man may eschewe al venial finnes, yet may he refreine
hijn, by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jefu Crift, and by prayer and confession,
and other good werkes, so that it shal but litel
grieve. For as sayth Seint Augustine; if a man
love God in swiche maner, that all that ever
he doth is in the love of God, or for the love
of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of
God, loke how moche that o drope of water,
which falleth into a fournes ful of fire, anoieth
or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like
maner anoieth or greveth a venial finne unto
that man, whiche is stedfast and parfite in the
love of our Saviour Jefu Crift. Furthermore,
men may also refreine and put away venial
finne, by receiving worthily the precious body
of Jefu Crift; by receiving eke of holy water;
by almes dede; by general confession of Confiteor
at Maffe, and at prime, and at complin, and by
blessing of Bisshoppes and Preestes, and by other
good werkes.

De septem peccatis mortalibus.
Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben
N 2          etcly
dedly finnes, that is to say, chiefetaines of finnes; for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben they cleped chiefe- taines, for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen all other finnes. The rote of thife finnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes. For of this rote springen certain braunches: as ire, envie, accidie or slouthe, avarice or coveitise, (to commun understanding) glotonie, and lecherie: and eche of thife chief finnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as shal be declared in hir chapitres following.

De superbia.

And though fo be, that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges, and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I shew a partie of hem, as ye shul understand. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrifie, despit, arrogance, impudence, swelling of herte, insolence, elation, impatience, strif, contumacie, presump- tion, reverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Ino- bedient is he that disobeyeth for despit to the commandements of God, and to his soveraines, and to his goftly fader. Avauntour, is he that boffeth
ofteth of the harme or of the bountee that he hath don. Ipocrite, is he that hideth to shew him swiche as he is, and sheweth him to some swiche as he is not. Despitous, is he that hath disdain of his neighbour, that is to sayn, of his even Cristen, or hath despit to do that him ought to do. Arrogant, is he that thinketh that he hath those bountees in him, that he hath not, or weneth that he shulde have hem by his deserving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not. Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no shame of his sinnes. Swelling of herte, is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don. Infolent, is he that despieth in his juge- ment all other folk, as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his speking, and of his be- ring. Elation, is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maifter ne felawe. Impatient, is he that wol not be taught, ne undergoem of his vice, and by strif werrieth truth wetingly, and defendeth his foly. Contumax, is he that thurgh his indignation is aynst every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his soveraines. Presumption, is whan a man undertaketh an em- prise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called furquidrie. Irrever-
ence, is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be reverenced. Per-
tinacie, is whan man defendeth his foly, and trusfeth to moche in his owen wit. Vaine
glorie, is for to have pompe, and delit in his temp-
rel highnesse, and glorye him in his worldly estate. Jangling, is whan man speketh to moche
before folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh
no kepe what he sayth.

And yet ther is a privee spice of pride, that
waiteth fyrst to be salewed, or he wol salew, all
be he leffe worthy than that other is; and eke
he waiteth to sit, or to go above him in the
way, or kisse the pax, or ben encensed, or gon
to offring before his neighbour, and swiche sem-
biable things, ayenst his dueete peraventure,
but that he hath his herte and his entente, in
swiche a proude desire, to be magnified and hon-
oured beforne the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on
of hem is within the herte of a man, and that
other is without. Of whiche sothly thise fore-
sayd things, and mo than I have sayd, apper-
teinen to pride, that is within the herte of man;
and ther be other spices of pride that ben with-
outhen: but natheles, that on of thise spices of
pride
pride is signe of that other, right as the gay
levesell at the Taverne is signe of the win that
is in the celler. And this is in many things:
as in speche and contenance, and outrageous
array of clothing: for certes, if ther had ben
no sinne in clothing, Crist wold not so soone have
noted and spoken of the clothing of thilke rich
man in the gospel. And, as Saint Gregory
sayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the
derthe of it, and for his softnesse, and for his
strangenesse and disguising, and for the super-
fluitee, or for the inordinate scantnesse of it,
 alas! may not a man see as in our daies, the
sinneful costlewe array of clothing, and namely
in to moche superfluitee, or elles in to disordi-
nate scantnesse?

As to the firste sinne in superfluitee of clo-
thing, whiche that maketh it so dere, to the
harme of the peple, not only the coste of the
enbrouding, the disguising, endenting, or bar-
ring, ouunding, paling, winding, or bending, and
semblable waft of cloth in vanitee; but ther
is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so
moche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes,
so moche dogging of sferes, with the super-
fluitee in length of the forefaide gounes, trailing
in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to gret damage of the foresayd poure folk, and that in sondry wise; this is to sayn, the more that cloth is wasted, the more must it cost to the poure peple for the scarcenesse; and furtherover, if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and dagged clothing to the poure pople, it is not convenient to were for hir estate, ne sufficient to bote hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the dis-temperance of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disorderat scant-nesse of clothing, as ben thise cutted floppes or hanselines, that thurgh hir shortenesse cover not the shamefull membres of man, to wicked en- tente; alas! som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape of the horrible swollen membres, that femen like to the maladie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hose, and eke the buttockes of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a the ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover the wretched swollen membres that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing of
of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were flaine. And if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth; than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee membres ben corrupt by the fire of Saint Anthonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttokkes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in despite of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wote, that though the visages of som of hem femen ful chaste and debonaire, yet notisfen they, in hir array of attire, likerousnesse and pride. I fay not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scarceitee of clothing is reprehensible. Also the finne of ornament, or of appareile, is in thinges that apperteine to riding, as in to many delicat hors, that ben holden for delit, that ben so faire, fatte, and costlewe; and
and also in many a vicious knave, that is susteined because of hem; in curious harneis, as in sadles, cromers, peitrels, and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and platted of gold and of silver. For which God sayth by Zacharie the Prophet, I wol confounde the riders of swiche hors. These folke taken litel regard of the riding of Goddes fone of heven, and of his harneis, whan he rode upon the affe, and had non other harneis but the poure clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on any other beste. I speke this for the finne of superfluitee, and not for honefte, whan reson it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is greetly notified in holding of gret meinie, whan they ben of litel profit or of right no profit, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardinesse of high lordeship, or by way of office; for certes, swiche lordes fell than hir lordeship to the Devil of helle, whan they susteine the wickednesse of hir meinie. Or elles, whan thife folk of low degree, as they that holden hostelries, susteinen theste of hir hostellers, and that is in many maner of deceites: thilke maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes
houndes that folowen the caraine. Swiche fore-
sayde folk stranglen spirituelli hir lorde-shipes;
for which thus faith David the Prophet; wick-
ed deth mot come unto thilke lorde-shipes, and
God yeve that they mot descend into helle; all
doun; for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewed-
nesse, and not God of heuen. And certes, but
if they don amendement, right as God yave his
benifon to Laban by the service of Jacob, and
to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so
God wol yeve his malifon to swiche lorde-
shipes as susteine the wickednesse of hir ser-
vants, but they come to amendement. Pride of
the table appereth eke ful oft; for certes riche
men be cleped to feste, and poure folk be put
away and rebuked; and also in excess of di-
vers metes and drinks, and namely swiche
maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of
wilde fire, and painted and castelled with paper,
and semblable waft, so that it is abusion to
thinke. And eke in to gret preciousnesse of
vessell, and curiositee of minstralcie, by which
a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie,
if so be that he sette his herte the leffe upon
oure Lord Jesus Crist, it is a sinne; and cer-
tainely the delites might ben so gret in this
cas
cas, that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly sinne. The spices that fourden of pride, sothly whan they fourden of malice imagined, avised, and forecafte, or elles of usage, ben dedly finnes, it is no doute. And whan they fourden by freelite unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdraw again, al be they grevous finnes, I gesse that they be not dedly. Now might men aske, wherof that pride fourdeth and springeth. I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of na- ture, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and som- time of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature flonden only in the goodes of the body, or of the soule. Certes, the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strenght, deliverneffe, beautee, gentrie, franchife; the goodes of na- ture of the soule ben good wit, sharpe under- standing, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie: goodes of fortune ben riches, high degrees of lordshipes, and preisfinges of the pe- ple: goodes of grace ben science, power to suf- fre spirituel travaile, benignitee, vertuous con- templation, withstanding of temptation, and sem- blable things: of which foresayd goodes, cer- tes it is a gret folie, a man to priden him in any of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes of
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of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profit. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte encheson of sikenesse of the soule: for God wote, the flesh is a grete enemy to the soule: and therfore the more that the body is hole, the more be we in peril to falle. Eke for to priden him in his strength of body, it is a grete folie: for certes the flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirite: and ever the more strong that the flesh is, the forier may the soule be: and over all, this strength of body, and worldly hardinesse, causeth ful oft to many man peril and mischance. Also to have pride of gentrie is right grete folie: for oft time the gentrie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the soule: and also we ben all of o fader and of o moder: and all we ben of o nature rotten and corrupt, both riche and poure. Forsoth o maner gentrie is for to preise, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralites, and maketh him Cristes child; for trusteth wel, that over what man that sinne hath maistrie, he is a veray cherl to sinne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilnesse; as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of
of sinne, in word, and in werk and contenance, and using vertue, as courtesie, and clenenesse, and to be liberal; that is to say, large by mesure; for thilke that passeth mesure, is folie and sinne. Another is to remember him of bountee, that he of other folk hath received. Another is to be benigne to his subgettes; wherefore faith Senecce; ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high estate, than debonairtee and pitee: and therfore thys flies that men clepen bees, whan they make hir king, they chesen on that hath no pricke, wherwith he may fling. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges. Now certes, a man to priden him in the goodes of grace, is eke an outrageous folie: for thilke yeftes of grace that shuld have tourned him to goodnesse, and to medicine, tourneth him to venime and confusion, as sayth Seint Gregorie. Certes also, who so prideth him in the goodnesse of fortune, he is a gret fool: for somtime is a man a gret lord by the morwe, that is a caitife and a wretch or it be night: and somtime the richesesse of a man is cause of his deth: and somtime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie, thurgh which he dieth.
Certes, the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel for to truft; this day they preife, to-morwe they blame. God wote, desire to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to many a befy man.

Remedium Superbiae.

Now sith that so is, that ye have understond what is pride, and which be the spiccs of it, and how mennes pride fourdeth and springeth; now ye shul understond which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitie or mekenesse is the remedie ayenst pride; that is a vertue, thurgh which a man hath veray knowlege of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee, ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freelttee. Now ben ther three maner of humilites; as humilitie in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitie in herte is in foure maners: that on is, whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven: the second is, whan he despifeth non other man: the thridde is, whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth: and the fourth is, whan he is not sory of
of his humiliation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges; in attemperat speche; in humilitee of speche; and whan he confesfeth with his owen mouth, that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte: another is, whan he preiseth the bountee of another man and nothing therof amenusfeth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners. The first is; whan he putteth other men before him; the second is, to chese the lowest place of all; the thridde is, gladly to assent to good confeil; the fourth is, to stond gladly to the award of his soveraine, or of him that is higher in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I speke of the soule sinne of Envie, which that is, after the word of the philosoper, forwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Seint Augustine, it is forwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harme. This soule sinne is platly ayenst the holy goft. Al be it so, that every sinne is ayenst the holy goft, yet natheles, for as moche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the holy goft, and envie cometh proprely of malice, therfore
it is properly ayenst the bountee of the holy Goft. Now hath malice two spices, that is to say, hardinesse of herte in wickednesse, or elles the fleth of man is so blind, that he considereth not that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne; which is the hardinesse of the divel. That other spice of envie is, whan that a man werrieth trouth, when he wot that it is trouth, and also whan he weirieth the grace of God that god hath yeve to his neighbour: and all this is by envie. Certes than is envie the werst sinne that is; for sothly all other sinnes be somtime only ayenst on special vertue: but certes envie is ayenst al maner vertues and alle goodnesse; for it is sory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all other sinnes; for wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delit in himself, save only envie, that ever hath in himself anguifh and forwe. The spices of envie ben these. Ther is first forwe of other mennes goodnesse and of hir prosperitee; and prosperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spice of envie is joye of other mennes harme; and that is proprely like to the divel, that ever rejoyseth him of mannes harme. Of thise two spices,
spices cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as thus: som man preiseth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laste ende: alway he maketh a but at the last ende, that is digne of more blame, than is worth all the preising. The second spice is, that if a man be good, or doth or sayth a thing to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodness up so doun to his shrewde entente. The thridde is to amenuse the bontee of his neighbour. The fourthe spice of backbiting is this, that if men speke goodness of a man, than wol the backbiter say; Parfay swiche a man is yet better than he; in dispreisng of him that men preise. The fifth spice is this, for to consent gladly to herken the harme that men speke of other folk. This sinne is ful gret, and ay encreseth after the wicked entent of the backbiter. After backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and somtime it springeth of impatience ayenst God, and somtime ayenst man. Ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst the peine of helle, or ayenst povertie, or losse of catel, or ayenst rain or tempest, or elles grutcheth that shrewes have prosperitee, or elles that good men have adversitee:
adversitee: and all thosc things shuld men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful judgement and ordinance of God. Somtime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutched ayenst the Magdeleine, when she anointed the hed of our Lord Jesu Crist with hire precious ounement. This maner murmuring is swiche as when man grutcheth of goodnesse that himself doth, or that other folk don of hire owen catel. Somtime cometh murmure of pride, as when Simon the Pharisee grutched ayenst the Magdeleine, when she approched to Jesu Crist and wept at his feet for hire finnes: and somtime it fouldeth of envie, whan men discovre a mannès harme that was privée, or bereth him on hond thing that is false. Murmur also is oft among servants, that grutchen whan hir soveraines bidden hem do lefult things; and for as moche as they dare not openly withsay the commaundement of hir soveraines, yet wol they say harme and grutche and murmure prively for veray despit; which wordes they call the divels Patér noster, though to be that the divel had never Patér noster, but that lewed folke yeven it swiche a name. Some
time it cometh of ire or privée hate, that norieth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal de-
O 2clare.
clare. Than cometh eke bitterness of herte, thurgh which bitterness every good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unsavorie. Than cometh discord that unbindeth all maner of frendship. Than cometh scorn of his neighbour, al do he never so wel. Than cometh accusing, as whan a man seketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us all. Than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not, algate his wicked will shal not let, as for to brenne his hous privel-y, or enpoison him, or fle his bestes, and semblable thinges.

Remedium Invidiae.

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as him-self: for sothly that on ne may not be without that other. And trust wel, that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother; for certes all we have on fader fleshly, and on moder; that is to say, Adam and Eve; and also on fader spirituel, that is to say, God
God of heaven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to love, and will him all goodness, and there-fore sayth God; Love thy neighbour as thyself; that is to say, to salvation both of life and soul. And moreover thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonesting and chastising, and comfort him in his aymes, and praye for him with all thy herte. And in dede thou shalt love him in swiche wise that thou shalt do to him in charity, as thou woldest that it were don to thin owen person: and therafore thou ne shalt do him no damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule by entisfing of wicked ensample. Thou shalt not desyre his wif, ne non of his thinges. Understande eke that in the name of neighbour is comprehended his enemy: certes man shal love his enemy for the commandement of God, and sothly thy frend thou shalt love in God. I say thin enemy shalt thou love for Goddes sake, by his commandement: for if it were reson that man shulde hate his enemy, forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenst three maner of wronges, that his enemy doth to him, he shal do three things, as thus: ayenst hate and rancour of herte, he shal love him in herte: O 3 ayenst
ayenst chiding and wicked wordes, he shal pray for his enemy: ayenst the wicked dede of his enemy he shal do him bountee. For Crist sayth: Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that chasen and pursuen you: and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus comandeth us our Lord Jesu Crist to do to our enemies: forsoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parfay our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have, certes to hem shal men do goodnesse. And certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies: and in as moche as thilke love is more grevous to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therfore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the divel. For right as the divel is confounded by humilitie, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy: certes than is love the medicine that casteth out the venime of envy fro mannes herte.

De Ira.

Aeter envy wol I declare of the sinne of Ire: for sothly who so hath envy upon his neigh-
bour,
bour, anon communly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede ayenst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh Ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wroth.

This sinne of Ire, after the describing of Seint Auguffin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede. Ire, after the Philosophre, is the fervent blode of man yquicked in his herte, thurgh which he wold harme to him that he hateth: for certes the herte of man by enchaufing and meving of his blood waxeth so troubled, that it is out of all maner jugement of resoun. But ye shul underftonde that Ire is in two maners, that on of hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jaloulie of goodnesse, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse. And therfore faith the wife man, that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairtree, and it is wrothe without bitterness: not wrothe ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdele of the man: as faith the Prophet David; Irafcimini, & nolite peccare. Now underftond that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, foden ire or hafty ire without avifement and consenting of resoun; the mening
and the sense of this is, that the resoun of a man ne consenteth not to that soden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his resoun consenteth: and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displeasent to God, that it troubleth his hous, and chaseth the holy Ghost out of mannes soule, and wafteth and destroyeth that likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devil, and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchauseth with the fire of helle. For certes right so as fire is more mighty to destruoie erthly thinges, than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destruoie all spirituel thinges. Loke how that fire of smal gledes, that ben almost ded under ashen, wol quicken ayen when they ben touched with brimstone, right so ire wol evermore quicken ayen, when it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte. For certes fire ne may not come out of no thing, but if it were first in the same thing naturelly; as fire is drawne out of flintes with flæle.
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stele. And right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as sayth Seint Isidore, that when men make a fire of the faide tree, and cover the coles of it with ashen, sothly the fire therof wol laft all a yere or more: and right so fareth it of rancour, when it is ones conceived in the herte of som men, certes it wol laften per-aventure from on Eastern day until another Eastern day, or more. But certes the same man is ful fer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foresaid devils forneis ther forgen three shrewes; pride, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes: than stondeth envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man, with a pair of longe tongues of longe rancour: and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie or strif and chefte, and batereth and forgeth by vilains repevinges. Cer-tes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself, and eke his neighbour. For sothly almost all the harme or damage that ony man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath: for certes, outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the soule fende willeth or commandeth him; for he
he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jefu Crist, ne his swete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that time, feleth in his herte ful wickedly, both of Crist, and alfo of all his halwes. Is not this a cursed vice? Yes certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his refon, and all his debonaire lif spirituel, that shuld kepe his foule. Certes it benimmeth alfo Goddes due lordfhip (and that is mannes foule) and the love of his neighbours: it ftriveth alfo all day ayenft trouth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and subverteth his foule.

Of ire comen thife ftinking engendrures; firft, hate, that is olde wrath: discord, thurgh which a man forfaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long: and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understondeth wel that homicide (that is, manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicide is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges. Firſt, by hate, as fayth Seint John: He that hateth his brother, is an homicide. Homicide is alfo by back-
backbiting; of which backbitours sayth Salom
mon, that they have two swerdes, with which
they flay hir neighbours: for sothly as wicked it
is to benime of him his good name as his lif.
Homicide is also in yeving of wicked conseil by
fraude, as for to yeve conseil to areise wrongful
customes and talages; of which sayth Salomon:
A lion roring, and a bere hungric, ben like to
cruel Lordes, in withholding or abregging of the
hire or of the wages of servantes, or elles in
usurie, or in withdrawing of the almesse of
poure folk. For which the wise man sayth:
Fedeth him that almoost dieth for honger; for
sothly but if thou fede him thou fleest him.
And all thise ben dedly sinnes. Bodily man-
slaughter is whan thou fleest him with thy tonge
in other maner, as whan thou commandeist to fle
a man, or elles yeveft conseil to fle a man.
Manslaughter in dede is in four maners. That
on is by lawe, right as a justice dampneth him
that is culpable to the deth: but let the justice
beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do
it not for delit to spill blood, but for keping of
rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for
neceffitee, as whan a man fleeth another in his
defence, and that he ne may non other wise
escapen
escaepen fro his owen deth: but certain, and he may escape withouten slaughter of his adver-
sarie, he doth finne, and he shal bere penance as for dedly finne. Also if a man by cas or aven-
ture fhete an arowe or cast a-stone, with which he fleeth a man, he is an homicide. And if a
woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire flepe, it is homicide and dedly finne. Also
whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of ve-
nimous herbes, thurgh which she may not con-
ceive, or fleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles
putteth certain material thing in hire secret place
to fle hire childe, or elles doth unkinde finne,
by which man, or woman, fhedeth his nature in
place ther as a childe may not be conceived:
or elles if a woman hath conceived, and hurteth
hirefelf, and by that mishappe the childe is flaine,
yet is it homicide. What say we eke of women
that murderen hir children for drede of worldly
shame? Certes, it is an horrible homicide.
Eke if a man approche to a woman by defir of
lecherie, thurgh which the childe is perished; or
elles fmiteth a woman wetingly, thurgh which
she lefeth hire child; all thife ben homicides,
and horrible dedly finnes. Yet comen ther of
ire many mo sinnes, as wel in worde, as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself gilty; or despiseth God and all his halwes, as don thisle cursed harsardours in divers contrees. This cursed sinne don they, when they felen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: also when they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so gret, that unneth it may be relefed, but that the mercy of God passeth all his werkes, it is so gret, and he so benigne. Than cometh also of ire attry anger, when a man is sharply amonefted in his shrift to leve his sinne; than wol he be angry, and answere hokerly and angrily, to defend or excufen his sinne by unstedfaftnesse of his flehe; or elles he did it for to hold compagnie with his felawes; or elles he sayeth the send enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is so corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his desetinee, he sayth, unto a certain age; or elles he sayth it cometh him of gentilnesse of his auncestres, and semblable thingses. All thisle maner of folke so wrappen hem in hir sinnes, that they ne wol not deliwer hemseld; for sothly, no wight that excuseth himself
himself wilfully of his sinne, may not be deli- 
vered of his sinne, til that he mekely beknoweth 
his sinne. After this than cometh swearing, that is 
expresse ayenst the commandement of God: and 
that befalleth often of anger and of ire: God 
sayth; Thou shalt not take the name of thy 
Lord God in idel. Also our Lord Jesus Christ 
sayth by the word of Seint Mathew; Ne shalt ye 
not swere in all manere, neyther by heven, for 
it is Goddes trone: ne by erthe, for it is the 
benche of his feet: ne by Jerusalem, for it is 
the citee of a grete King: ne by thin hed, for 
theu ne mayst not make an here white ne black: 
but he sayth, be your word, ye, ye, nay, nay: 
and what that is more, it is of evil. Thus sayth 
Christ. For Cristes swere not so sinnesfully, 
in dismembring of Crist, by soule, herte, bones, 
and body: for certes it semeth, that ye thinken 
that the cursed Jewes dismembred him not 
ynough, but ye dismembre him more. And if 
so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than 
reuleth you after the lawe of God in your swer-
ing, as sayth Jeremie; Thou shalt kepe three 
conditions; thou shalt swere in trouth, in dome, 
and in rightwisenesse. This is to say, thou shalt 
swere soth; for every lefing is ayenst Christ; for 
Christ
Crist is veray trouth: and thinke wel this, that every grete swerer, not compelled lawfully to swere, the plage shal not depart fro his hous, while he useth uneful swering. Thou shalt swere also in dome, whan thou art constreined by the domesman to witnesse a trouth. Alfo thou shalt not swere for envie, neyther for favour, ne for mede, but only for rightwisenesse, and for declaring of trouthe to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thin even Cristen. And therefore every man that taketh Goddes name in idel, or falsely swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristen man, and liveth agenf Cristes living and his teching: all they take Goddes name in idel. Loke also what sayth Seint Peter; Actuum iv. Non est aliud no-

men sub caelo, &c. Ther is non other name (sayth Seint Peter) under heven yeven to men, in which they may be saved; that is to say, but the name of Jesu Crist. Take kepe eke how precious is the name of Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Poule, ad Philipenses ii. In nomine Jesu, &c. that in the name of Jesu every knee of hevenly creature, or erthly, or of helle, shuld bowen: for it is so high and so worshipful, that the cursed fend in
in helle shuld tremble for to here it named.

Than femeth it, that men that swere so horribly by his blessed name, that they despise it more boldly than did the cursed Jewes, or elles the divel, that trembleth when he hereth his name.

Now certes, fith that swering (but if it be lawfully don) is so highly defended, moche worse is for to swere falsely, and eke nedeles.

What say we eke of hem that deliten hem in swering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to swere gret othes? And what of hem that of veray usage ne cese not to swere gret othes, al be the cause not worth a strawe? Certes this is horrible sinne. Swering sodenly without avise-ment is also a gret sinne. But let us go now to that horrible swering of adjuration and conjura-
tion, as don thife falsè enchauntours and nigromancers in basins ful of water, or in a bright swerd, in a cercle, or in a fire, or in a sholder bone of a shepe: I cannot sayn, but that they do cursedly and damnably ayeñst Crist, and all the feith of holy chirche.

What say we of hem that beleven on divinales, as by flight or by noife of briddes or of bestes, or by forte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or craking of houses, by gnawing of rattes,
fattes, and swiche maner wretchednesse? Certes, all thise thinges ben defended by God and holy chirche; for which they ben accursed, till they come to amendement, that on swiche filth set hir beleve. Charmes for woundes, or for maladies of men or of bestes, if they take any effect, it may be peraventure that God suffreth it, for folk shuld yeve the more feith and reverence to his name:

Now wol I speke of lesinges, which generally is false signification of word, in entent to deceive his even Cristen. Some lesing is, of which thei cometh non advantage to no wight; and som lesing turneth to the profite and ese of a man, and to the damage of another man. Another lesing is, for to save his lif or his catel. Another lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit,they wol forge a long tale, and peint it with all circumstances, wher all the ground of the tale is false. Some lesing cometh, for he wol sustein his word: and som lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avisement, and semblable things.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which he cometh not gladly, but for drede, or for covetise. Flaterie is generally wrongful prai-
Flaterers ben the devils nourices, that nourish his children with milke of losengerie. Forfoth Salomon sayth, That flaterie is worse than detraction: for somtime detraction maketh an hautein man be the more humble, for he dreadeth detraction, but certes flaterie maketh a man to enhaunce his herte and his contenance.

Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen himself be like that he is not like. They be like to Judas, that betrayed God; and thise flaterers betrayen man to selle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flaterers ben the devils chappeleines, that ever fingen *Placebo*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire: for oft time if a man be wroth with another, than wol he flater som wight, to susteine him in his quarrel.

Speke we now of swiche cursing as cometh of rous herte. Malifon generally may be said every maner power of harme: swiche cursing bereveth man the regne of God, as fayth Seint Poule. And oft time swiche cursing wrongfully retorneth again to him that curseth, as a bird retorneth again to his owen nest. And over all thing men ought eschew to curse hir children, and to yeve to the devil hir engendrure, as fer forth
forth as in hem is: certes it is a grete peril and a grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and reproving, which ben ful grete wounds in mannes herte, for they unflow the seames of frendship in mannes herte: for certes, unnethe may a man be plainely accorded with him, that he hath openly reviled, reproved, and disclaundred: this is a full grifly sinne, as Crist sayth in the Gospel. And take ye kepe now, that he that repreveth his heighbour, either he repreveth him by som harme of peine; that he hath upon his bodie, as, Mesel, croked harlot; or by som sinne that he doth. Now if he repreve him by harme of peine, than turneth the repreve to Jesu Crist: for peine is sent by the rightwise sonde of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maime, or maladie: and if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne, as, thou holour, thou dronkelewre harlot, and so forth; than apperteineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don sinne. And certes, chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful oft. And ye shul understand, that loke by any way, whan ony man chastiseth another, that he beware fro chid-
ing or repreving: for trewely, but he beware, he may ful lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he shuld quench: and peraventure feth him, that he might chastise with benigneitie. For, as sayth Salomon, the amiable tonge is the tree of lif; that is to say, of lif spirituel. And fothly, a dissolute tonge feth the spirit of him that repreveth, and also of him which is repreved. Lo, what sayth Seint Augustine: Ther is nothing so like the devils child, as he which oft chideth. A servant of God behoveth not to chide. And though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never rest. And therfore sayth Salomon; An hous that is uncovered in rayn and dropping, and a chiding wif, ben like. A man, which is in a dropping hous in many places, though he eschew the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in another place: so fareth it by a chiding wif; if she chide him not in o place, she wol chide him in another: and therfore, better is a morfel of bred with joye, than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, sayth Salomon. And Seint Poule sayth; O ye women, beth ye subgettes to your husbonds, as you
you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives.

Afterward speke we of scorn ing, which is a wicked sinne, and namely, whan he scorneth a man for his good werkes: for certes, swiche scorners faren like the soule tode, that may not endure to smell the swete favour of the vine, whan it flourisfheth. Thise scorners ben parting felawes with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and sorwe if he leseth. They ben adverfaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth; that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him. But natheles, yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself: for, as sayth the wise man, every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understand, that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely, in conseiling of mannes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth.
hateth utterly; and no wonder is; for he died for to make concord. And more shame don they to Crist, than did they that him crucified: for God loveth better, that friendship be amonges folk, than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee. Therfore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of Double tongue, swiche as speke faire before folk, and wickedly behind; or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, or elles in game and play, and yet they speken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewraying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed: certes unnethe may he restore the damage. Now cometh manace, that is an open folie: for he that oft manaceth, he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time. Now comen idel wordes, that be without profit of him that spake the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes: or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben needeles, or without entente of naturel profit. And al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yeve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten sinne: and as sayth Salo-

mon,
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mon, it is a signe of aperst folie. And thersore a philosophre sayd, whan a man axed him how that he shuld plese the peple, he answered; Do many good werkes, and speke few jangelinges. After this cometh the finne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an ape: swiche japes defendeth Seint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so conforten the vilains words, and the knakkes of japeres, hem that travaillen in the service of the devil. This ben the sinnes of the tonge, that come of ire, and other sinnes many mo.

Remedium Irae,

The remedie ayenst Ire, is a vertue that cleped is mansuetude, that is Debonairtee: and eke another vertue, that men clepen patience or sufferance.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreineth the stirrings and movings of mannes corage in his herte, in swich maner, that they ne skip not out by anger ne ire. Sufferance suffereth swetely all the annoyance and the wrong that is don to man outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debonairtee,
That it doth no harme to no wight, ne sayth; ne for no harme that men do ne say, he ne changeth not ayenst reason. This vertue sometime cometh of nature; for, as sayth the philosophre, a man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and tretable to goodnesse: but whan debonairtee is enformed of grace, than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffereth sweetely every mannes goodnesse, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philosophre sayth, that patience is the vertue that suffreth debonairly al the outrage of adversitee, and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe: as sayth Christ. This vertue discomfiteth thin enemies. And therefore sayth the wise man; if thou wilt vanquish thin enemie, se thou be patient. And thou shalt understond, that a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in outward things, ayenst the which foure he must have foure maner of patiences.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes. Thilke grevance suffred Jesu Christ, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised him and reproved him ful oft. Suffer thou therfor
fore patiently, for the wife man faith: if thou strive with a foole, though the foole be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou shalt have no reste. That other grevance outward is to have damage of thy catel. Therayenst suffred Crist ful patiently, when he was despoiled of al that he had in this lif, and that n'as but his clothes. The thridde grevance is a man to have harme in his body. That suffred Crist ful patiently in all his passion. The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes: wherfore I say, that folk that make hir servants to travaile to grevously, or out of time, as in holy dayes, fothly they do gret sinne. Hereayenst suffred Crist ful patiently, and taught us patience, when he bare upon his blessed hholders the crosse, upon which he shuld suffer despitous deth. Here may men lerne to be patient; for certes, not only cristen men be patient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdon of the blissful lif that is perdurable, but certes the old Payenes, that never were criisten, commendeden and useden the vertue of patience.

A philosophre upon a time, that wold have beten his disciple for his gret trespas, for which he was gretly meved, and brought a yerde to bete
bete the childe, and whan this child sawe the yerde, he sayd to his maister: what thinke ye to do? I wol bete thee, sayd the maister, for thy correction. Forsoth, sayd the childe, ye ought first correct yourself, that have lost all your patience for the offence of a child. Forsoth, sayd the maister all weeping, thou sayest soth: have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Christ, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Christ. And understand wel, that obedience is parfite, whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entirely, all that he shuld do. Obedience generally, is to performe hastily the doctrine of God, and of his sweraines, to which him ought to be obeisant in all rightwisenesse.

De Accidia:

After the sinne of wrath, now wol I speke of the sinne of accidie, or slouth: for envie blindeth the herte of a man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitterness in herte, which bitterness is mother of accidie, and benimeth
benimeth him the love of alle goodnesse; than is accidie the anguifh of a trouble herte. And Seint Augustine fayth: It is annoye of goodnesse and annoye of harme. Certes this is a damna-ble finne, for it doth wrong to Jefu Crift, in as moche as it benimeth the service that men shulde do to Crift with alle diligence, as fayth Salo-mon: but accidie doth non fwyche diligence. He doth all thing with annoye, and with wrawnesse, flaknesse, and excufation, with idelnesse and un-luft. For which the book fayth: Accurfed be he that doth the service of God negligently. Than is accidie enemie to every estate of man. For certes the estate of man is in three maners: either it is the estate of innocence, as was the estate of Adam, before that he fell into finne, in which estate he was holden to werk, as in her-ing and adoring of God. Another estate is the estate of fyneful men: in which estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God, for amendemen-t of hir finnes, and that he wold graunt hir to rise out of hir finnes. Another estate is the estate of grace, in which estate he is holden to werkes of penitence: and certes, to all thir things is accidie enemie and contrary, for he loveth no besinesse at all. Now certes, this soule finne
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finne of accidie is eke a ful gret enemie to the livelode of the body; for it ne hath no pur-veaunce ayenst temporel necesfitee; for it for-sleutheth, forsluggeth, and destroieth all goodes temporel by recchelesnesse.

The fourth thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peine of helle, because of hir flouthe and of hir hevineffe: for they that be damned, ben so bound, that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidie cometh firft, that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse, and that maketh that God hath ab-homination of swiche accidie, as sayth Seint John.

Now cometh flouthe, that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne no penance: for sothly, flouthe is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne penance, and therfore he shendeth all that he doth. Ayenst this roten finne of accidie and flouthe shuld men exercise himself, and use himself to do good werkes, and manly and vertuously cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jesu Crist quiteth every good deed, be it never so lite. Ufage of labour is a gret thing: for it maketh, as sayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have strong armes and hard finewes: and flouthe

maketh
maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes: for certes, he that enclineth to sinne, him thinketh it is to gret an emprise for to undertake the werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte, that the circumstances of goodnesse ben so grevous and so chargeant for to suffre, that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodnesse; as sayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is, despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh somtime of to moche outrageous forwe, and somtime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do so moche sinne, that it wolde not availe him, though he wolde repent him, and forfaire sinne: thurgh which despeire or drede, he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as sayth Seint Auguistine. Which damnable sinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the sinne of the holy goft. This horribile sinne is so perilous, that he that is despeired, ther n’is no felonie, ne no sinne, that he doubteth for to do, as shewed wel by Judas. Certes, aboven all sinnes than is this sinne most displeasant and most adversarie to Crist. Sothly, he that despeireth him, is like to the coward champion recreant, that flieth withouten nede.

Alas!
Alas! alas! needeles is he recreant, and needeles despeired. Certes, the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent person, and is above all his werkes. Alas! cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap. xv: wheras Crist sayeth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heven upon a sinful man that doth penitence, as upon ninety and nine rightful men that ned'en no' penitence? Loke further, in the same Gospel, the joye and the feste of the good man that had loft his sone, when his sone was retourned with repentance to his fader. Can they not remem-bre hem also, (as sayth Seint Luke, chap. xxiii.) how that the thefe that was honged beside Jesu Crist, sayd, Lord, remembre on me, when thou comest in thy reigne? Forsoth, said Crist; I say to thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradis. Certes, ther is non so horrible finne of man, that ne may in his lif be destroyed by pe-nitence, thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man than to be despeired, fith that his mercy is so redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh fompno-lence, that is, sluggy flumbring, which maketh a man hevy, and dull in body and in soule, and this finne cometh of floute: and certes, the
the time that by way of reson man shuld not slepe, is by the morwe, but if ther were cause resonable. For sothly in the morwe tide is mosst covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almesse to the poure that comen first in the name of Jesu Crist. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seke me, he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesnesse that recketh of nothing. And though that ignorance be mother of all harmes, certes, negligence is the norice. Negligence, ne doth no force, when he shal do a thing, whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two sinnes is, as sayth the wise man, that he that dredeth God, spareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God, he wol do diligence to plese God by his werkes, and abandon himself, with all his might, wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles; theras deviles may enter on every sike, or shoot at him at discoverte by temptation on every sike. This idelnesse is the thurrok of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all jangeles, trifles, and all ordure.
ordure. Certes heven is yeven to hem that wil labour, and not to idel folk. Also David sayth; they ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in purgatorie. Certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle, but if they do penance.

Than cometh the sinne that men clepen Tar-ditas, as whan a man is latered, or taryed or he wol tourne to God: and certes, that is a gret folie. He is like him that sall eth in the diche, and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of false hope, that thinketh that he shal live long; but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh Lachesse, that is, he that whan he beginneth any good werk, anon he wol for- lete it and flint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and ne take of him no more kepe, anon as they find any contrary or any annoy. Thise ben the newe shepherdes, that let hir shepe wetingly go renne to the wolf, that is in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance. Of this cometh pooverté and des- truction, both of spirituel and temporel thinges. Than cometh a maner coldnesse, that freseth all the herte of man. Than cometh undevotion, thurgh
thurch which a man is so blont, as sayth Seint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in his soule, that he may neyther rede ne sing in holy chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaile with his hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unfavour and all apalled. Than wexeth he sluggis and slombry, and some wol he be wroth, and some is enclined to hate and to envie. Than cometh the sinne of worldly forwe swiche as is cleped Tris littia, that sith a man, as sayth Seint Poule. For certes swiche forwe werke th to the deth of the soule and of the body als, for therof cometh, that a man is annoied of his owen lif. Wherfore swiche forwe shorteth the lif of many a man, or that his time is come by way of kinde.

Remedium Accidia:

AYENST this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braunches of the same; ther is a vertue that is called fortitudo or strenght, that is, an affection, thurgh which a man despiseth noyous things. This vertue is so mighty and so vigorous, that it dare withfond mightily; and wrastle ayenst the assautes of the devil, and wisely kepe himself fro periles that ben wicked; for it enhaunseth
and enforceth the soule, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble: for this fortitudo may endure with long sufferance the travaillles that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many spices; the first is cleped magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage. For certes ther behoveth gret corage ayenst accidie, left that it swallowe the soule by the finne of sorwe, or destroy it with wanhope. Certes, this vertue maketh folk to undertake hard and grevous thinges by hir owen will, wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst man more by queintife and sleight than by strengthe, therfore shal a man withstonde him by wit, by reson, and by discretion. Than ben ther the vertues of feith, and hope in God and in his seintes, to acheven and accomplice the good werkes, in the which he purposeth fermely to continue. Than cometh seuretee or sikernesse, and that is whan a manne doubteth no travaile in time coming of the good werkes that he hath begonne. Than cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performeth gret werkes of goodnesse, that he hath begonne, and that is the end why that men shuld do good werkes. For in the accomplish-
accomplishing of good werkes lieth the gret guerdon. Than is ther constance, that is stable-
nesse of corage, and this shuld be in herte by
stedsaft feith, and in mouth, and in bering, in
chere, and in dede. Eke ther ben mo special re-
medies ayenst accidie, in divers werkes, and in
consideration of the peines of helle and of the
joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the
holy goft, that will yeve him might to performe
his good entent:

De Avaritia:

AFTER accidie wol I speke of avarice, and of
covetise. Of which finne Seint Poule sayth:
The rote of all harmes is covetise. For sothly,
whan the herte of man is confounded in itself
and troubled, and that the soule hath lost the
comfort of God, than seeketh he an idel solas of
worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Au-
gustine, is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly
thinges. Som other folk sayn, that avarice is
for to purchase many erthly thinges, and no-
thing to yeve to hem that han nede. And un-
derstoned wel, that avarice standeth not only in
land ne catel, but som time in science and in
glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing is avarice. And the difference betwen avarice and coveitise is this: coveitise is for to coveit swiche thinges as thou haft not; and avarice is to withholde and kepe swiche thinges as thou haft, without rightful nede. Sothly, this avarice is a sinne that is ful damnable, for all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist; for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and tourneth it backward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more observance in keping of his tresour, than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist. And therfore sayth Seint Poul, That an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre, and an avaricious man? But that an idolastre peraventure ne hath not but o maumet or two, and the avaricious man hath many: for certes, every florein in his coffre is his maumet. And certes, the sinne of maumetrie is the first that God defended in the ten commandments, as bereith witnesse, Exod. Cap. xx. Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man,
man, that loveth his trefour before God, an idolaftre. And thurgh this cursed sinne of avarice and coveitife cometh thife hard lordfhips, thurgh which men ben diſtreened by tallages, cuftomes, and carriages, more than hir dutée or reſon is: and eke take they of hir bondmen amerceamentes, which might more reſonably be called extortions than amerceamentes. Of which amerceamentes, or raunſoming of bondmen, som lordes ſtewardes ſay, that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing, that it ne is his lordes, as they ſay. But certes, thife lordſhipples don wrong, that bereven hir bondmen thinges that they never yave hem. Auguſtinus de Civitate dei, Libro ix. Soth is, that the condition of thraldom, and the firſt caufe of thraldom was for sinne. Genesis v.

Thus may ye ſee, that the gilt deſerved thraldom, but not nature. Wherefore thife lordes ne ſhuld not to moche glorifie hem in hir lordſhipes,ſith that they by naturel condition ben not lordes of hir thralles, but that thraldom came firſt by the deserte of sinne. And furtherover, ther as the lawe ſayth, that temporel goodes of bondfolk ben the goodes of hir lord: ye, that is for to underſtond, the goodes of the Q.3 emperour,
emperour, to defend hem in hir right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem. Therfore sayth Seneca: The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral. Tho that thou clepeest thy thralles, ben Goddes peple: for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also, that of swiche seed as cherles springen of swiche seed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be saved as the Lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl, swiche deth taketh the Lord. Wherfore I rede, do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy Lord did with thee, if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne: I rede thee, thou Lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise, that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel, that ther is degree above degree, as reson is, and skill is, that men do hir devoir, ther as it is due: but certes, extortion, and de-spit of your underlinges, is damnable.

And furthermore understood wel, that thile conquerques or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem, that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thral-dom was never erst couthe, til that Noe sayd, that
that his sone Cham shuld be thrall to his brethren for his finne. What say we than of hem that pille and don extortions to holy Chirche? Certes, the swerd that men yeven first to a knight when he is newe dubbed, signifieth, that he shuld defend holy Chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it: and who so doth is traitour to Crist. As faith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves, that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves: for sothly, whan the wolf hath full his wombe, he flinteth to strangle shepe: but sothly, the pillours and destroyers of holy Chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne flint never to pille. Now as I have sayd, sith so is, that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that all this world was in sinne, than was all this world in thraldom, and in subjection: but certes, sith the time of grace came, God ordeined, that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree. And therfore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles, whan they have tourned hem to the feith, they make hir thralles free out of thraldom: and therfore certes the Lord oweth to his man, that the man oweth to the Lord.

Q 4  The
The Pope clepeth himself servant of the servants of God. But for as moche as the estate of holy Church ne might not have ben, ne the commun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined, that som men have higher degree, and som men lower; therefore was overaintee ordeined to kepe, and main-teine, and defend hire underlinges or hire sub-jectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound. Wherefore I say, that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that devour the possession or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shul receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to poure folk the mercy of Jesus Christ, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwix marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understand, that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is goftly: that on is honest and leful, and that other is dishonest and unleful. The bodily marchandise, that is leful and honest, is this: that ther as God hath ordeined, that a regne or a contree is suffisant to himself, than it is honest and leful, that of the haboundaunce of this contree men helpe another contree that is nedy: and therefore ther must be marchants
Marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandise. That other marchandise, that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with lefinges and falsfe othes, is right cursed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandise is proprely simonie, that is, ententif desire to buy thing spirituel, that is, thing which apperteyneth to the feintuarie of God, and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his desire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne: and if he be ordered, he is irreguler. Certes simonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yefte that God had yeven by the holy goft to Seint Peter, and to the Apostles: and therfore understand ye, that both he that felleth and he that byeth thinges spirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleshly Praier of his frendes fleshly frendes, or spirituel frendes, fleshly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes: sothly, if they pray for him that is not worthy and able, it is simonie, if he take the benefice: and if he be worthy and able, ther is non. That other maner is, whan man, or woman, prayeth for folk to avancen hem only for wicked
wicked fleshly affection which they have unto the persons, and that is foule simonie. But cer-
tes, in service, for which men yeven thinges spirituel unto hir servants, it must be understande, that the service must be honest, or elles not, and also, that it be without bargaining, and that the person be able. For (as sayth Seint Damascen) all the sinnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the gretest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Anticrist: for by this sinne God forleseth the chirche and the soule, which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesu Crist, and destroyen his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preestes and curates, han lewed men lesse reverence of the sacramentes of holy chirche: and swiche yevers of chirches put the children of Crist out, and put into chirches the divels owen sones: they fellen the soules that lambes shuld kepe to the wolf, which strangleth hem: and therfore shall they never have part of the pasture of lambes, that is, in the blisse of heven. Now cometh harsardrie with his aper-
tenauntes, as tables and rasles, of which cometh deceit,
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deceit, false othes, chidings, and all raving, blasphending, and reneying of God, hate of his neyghbours, waft of goodes, mispending of time, and sometime manslaughter. Certes, hafardours ne mow not be without grete sinne. Of avarice comen eke lestinges, theft, false witnesse, and false othes: and ye shul understand, that these be gret sinnes, and expresse ayenst the commandements of God, as I have sayd. False witnesse is eke in word, and in dede: in word, as for to bereve thy neighbours good name by thy false witnesse, or bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy false witnessing, whan thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, bereft false witnesse, or accusest him, or excusest thyself falsely. Ware ye questmongers and notaries: certes, for false witnessing, was Susanna in ful gret forwe and peine, and many another mo. The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes heft, and that in two maners, temporel, and spirituel: the temporel theft is, as for to take thy neighbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by fleight; be it in meting or mesure; by steling; by false enditements upon him; and in borrowing of thy neighbours catel, in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable things. Spirituel theft is sacrilege,
lege, that is to say, hurting of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maners; by re-
sion of the holy place, as chirches or chirches
hawes; (for every vilains sinne, that men don in
swiche places, may be called sacrilege, or every
violence in semblable places) also they that
withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that
longen to holy chirche; and plainly and generally,
sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or
unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing
out of unholy place.

Remedium Avaritiae.

Now shul ye understand, that relieving of avar-
rice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And
men might axe, why that misericorde and pitee
are relieving of avarice; certes, the avaricious
man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nede-
ful man. For he deliteth him in the keping of
his trefour, and not in the rescouing ne relieving
of his even Cristen. And therefore speke I first
of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth
the Philosopher) a vertue, by which the corage
of man is stirred by the misese of him that is
misesed. Upon which misericorde foloweth pitee,
in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes
of
of mercie, helping and comforting him that is misfed. And certes, this meveth a man to mi-
fericorde of Jesu Christ, that he yave himself for
our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and
foryaf us our original sinnes, and therby relefed us
fro the peine of hell, and amenused the peines of
purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel
to do, and at laft the blisse of heven. The
spices of misericorde ben for to lene, and eke for
to yeve, and for to foryeve and relefe, and for to
have pitee in herte, and compassion of the mis-
chefe of his even Cristen, and also to chaftife
ther as nede is. Another maner of remedy
ayenft avarice, is resonable largeffe: but sothly,
here behoveth the consideracion of the grace of
Jesu Crist, and of the temporel goodes, and also
of the goodes perdurable that Jesu Crist yave to
us, and to have remembrance of the deth which
he shal receive, he wote not whan: and eke that
he shal forgon all that he hath, save only that
which he hath dispended in good werkes.

But for as moche as som folk ben unmesura-
ble, men oughten for to avoid and eschue fool-
largeffe, the whiche men clepen waste. Certes,
he that is fool-large, he yeveth not his catel, but
he lefeth his catel. Sothly, what thing that he
yeveth
The Persones Tale.

Yeveth for vaine-glory, as to ministrals, and to folk that bere his renome in the world, he hath do finne therof, and non almesse: certes, he lefeth foule his good, that he feketh with the yefte of his good nothing but finne. He is like to an hors that feketh rather to drink drovy or troubled water, than for to drink water of the clere well. And for as moche as they yeven ther as they shuld nat yeven, to hem apperteineth thilke malifon, that Crist shal yeve at the day of dome to hem that shul be damnede.

De Gulæ.

After avarice cometh glotonie, which is expressè ayenst the commandement of God. Glotonie is unmesurable appetit to ete or to drinke: or elles to do in ought to the unmesurable appetit and disordeined covetise to ete or drinke. This finne oorrupted all this world, as is wel shewed in the finne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth Seint Poule of glotonie. Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to you, and now I say it weeping, that they ben the enemies of the crosse of Crist, of which the end is deth, and of which hir wombe is hir God and hir glorie; in confusion of hem that so serven ethly thinges.
things. He that is usant to this sinne of glotonie, he ne may no sinne withstond, he must be in servage of all vices, for it is the devils horde, ther he hideth him and resteth. This sinne hath many spices. The first is dronkennesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson: and therfore whan a man is dronke, he hath lost his reson: and this is dedly sinne. But sothly, whan that a man is not wont to strong drinkes, and peraventure ne knoweth not the strength of the drinke, or hath feblenesse in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodenly caught with drinke, it is no dedly sinne, but venial. The second spice of glotonie is, that the spirit of a man wexeth all trouble for dronkennesse, and bereveth a man the discretion of his wit. The third spice of glotonie is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath not rightful maner of eting. The fourth is, whan thurgh the gret abundance of his mete, the humours in his body ben distempered. The fift is, foryetfulnessse by to moche drinking, for which sometime a man forgeteth by the morwe, what he did over eve.

In other maner ben distinct the spices of glotonie, after Seint Gregoric. The first is, for
to ete before time. The second is, when a man geteth him to delicat mete or drinke. The thrid-de is, when men taken to moche over mesure. The fourth is curiositee, with gret entent to maken and appareille his mete. The fifth is, for to ete gredily. Thife ben the five fingers of the devils hond, by which he draweth folk to the finne.

Remedium Gulae:

Avenst glotonie the remedie is abstinence, as sayth Galien: but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augufline wol that abstinence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abstinence (sayth he) is litel worth, but if a man have good will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes fake, and in hope to have the bliffe in heven.

The felawes of abstinence ben attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; also shame, that escheweth all dishonestee; suffisance, that feketh no riche metes ne drinkes, ne doth no force of non outrageous appareilling of mete; mesure also, that restrineth by reson the un-mesurable appetit of eting: sobernesse also, that restrineth.
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restreineth the outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restreineth the delicat efe, to fit long at mete; wherfore som folk standen of hir owen will whan they ete, because they wol ete at leffe leifer:

De Luxuria:

After glotonie cometh lecherie, for thiße two finnes ben so nigh cousins, that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this sinne is ful displeasant to God; for he said himself; Do no lecherie. And therefore he putteth gret peine ayenst this sinne. For in the old lawe, if a woman thrall were taken in this sinne, she shuld be beten with staves to the deth: and if she were a gentilwoman, she shuld be slain with stomes: and if she were a bishoppes doughter, she shuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover, for the sinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five citees with thonder and lightning, and sank hem doun into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne of lecherie, that men clepen avoutrie, that is of wedded folk, that is to say, if that on of hem be wedded, or elles both. Seint John sayth, Vol. III. R That
That avouterers shul ben in helle in a flacke brenning of fire and of brimstone, in fire for hir lecherie, in brimstone for the stenche of hir ordure. Certes the breking of this sacrament is an horrible thing: it was made of God himself in Paradis, and conformed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth Seint Mathew in the Gospel: a man shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they shal be two in on fleugh. This sacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commanded, that thou shuldest not covet thy neighbours wif. In this heste (fayth Seint Augustine) is forbidden all maner covetisfe to do lecherie. Lo, what fayth Seint Mathew in the Gospel, That who so seeth a woman, to covetisfe of his luft, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye see, that not only the dede of this finne is forbidden, but eke the desire to don that finne. This cursed finne annoyeth grevously hem that it haunt: and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to finne and to peine of deth, which is per-durable; and to the body annoyeth it grevously also, for it drieth him and wasteth, and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the fend
fend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance. And certes, if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing, whan that for swiche ordure women dispended upon men hir catel and hir substance.

This finne, as sayth the Prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour, and it is ful plesiant to the devil: for therby winneth he the moiste partie of this wretched world. And right as a marchant deliteth him moost in that chaffare which he hath moost advantage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure:

This is that other hond of the devyl, with five fengers, to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The first finge is the soole looking of the soole woman and of the soole man, that fleth right as the Basilicok fleth folk by venime of his spight: for the coveitise of the eyen followeth the coveitise of the herte. The second finge is the vilains touching in wicked maner. And therfore sayth Salomon, that who so toucheth and handleth a woman, he far eth as the man that handleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodenly fleth thurgh his enveniming; or as who so that toucheth warme pitch, it shendeth his fingers.
fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kissting: and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kisse the mouthe of a brenning oven or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kissen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thif olde dotarde holours, which wol kisse, and flcker, and befie hemself, though they may nought do. Certes they ben like to houndes: for an hound whan he cometh by the roser, or by other buf-thes, though so be that he may not piffe, yet wol he heve up his leg and make a contenance to piffe. And for that many man weneth that he may not sinne for no likerousnesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is fals: God wote a man may flee himself with his owen knif, and make himself dronken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maumet, and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif by discretion, patiently and attem-prely, and than is she as though it were his fuster. The fifth fingre of the divels hond, is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingres of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe
of a man: and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reines, for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shul have the fire and the wormes that ever shul laften, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thurst, and grislineffe of divels, whiche shul all to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, fourden and springen divers spices: as fornication, that is betweene man and woman which ben not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature. All that is enemy and destruction to nature, is ayenst nature. Parfay the reason of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne; for as moche as God forbad lecherie. And Seint Poule yeveith hem the regne, that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely sinne. Another sinne of lecherie is, to bereyen a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that so dooth, certes he caileth a mayden out of the highest degree that is in this present lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth the hundreth fruit. I ne can say it non otherwise in English, but in Latine it hight Centesimus fructus. Certes he that so dooth, is the cause of many damages and vilanies, mo than any man can reken; right as he somtime is
cause of all dammages that bestes do in the feld, that breketh the hedge of the closure, thurgh which he destroyeth that may not be restored; for certes no more may maidenhed be restored, than an arme, that is smitten fro the body, may returne ayen and wexe: she may have mercy, this wote I wel, if that she have will to do penitence, but never shal it be but that she is corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, it is good to shewe the periles that longen to avoutrie, for to eschewe that foule finne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to sayne, approaching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho, that somtime were on fleshe, abandone hir bodies to other persons. Of this sinne, as sayth the wise man, folow many harms: firste breking of feith; and certes feith is the key of Cristendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne, sothly Cristendom is lorne, and foint vaine and without fruit. This sinne also is theft, for theft generally is to reve a wight his thinges ayenst his will. Certes, this is the foulest theft that may be, whan that a woman steleth hire body from hire husbond, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it: and steleth hire soule fro Crist, and yeveth it to the devil: this is a fouler theft.
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Thefte than for to breke a chirche and stele away the chalice, for thise avouterers breken the temple of God spirituelly, and stele the vessell of grace; that is the body and the soule: for which Criste shal destroy hem, as saith Seint Poule. Sothly of this thefte douted gretly Josephec, whan that his Lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he sayde: Lo, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde all that he hath in this world, ne nothing is out of my power, but only ye that ben his wif: and how shuld I than do this wickednesse, and finne so horribly ayenst God, and ayenst my Lord? God it forbede. Alas! all to litel is swiche trouth now yfounde. The thridde harme is the filth, thurgh which they breke the commandement of God, and defoule the auter of matrimonyes, that is Crist. For certes, in so moche as the sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so moche is it the greter finne for to breke it: for God made mariage in Paradis in the estate of innocencie, to multiplie mankinde to the service of God, and therfore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come false heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages: and therfore wol Crist put hem out of the regne
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of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time, that folk unaware wedde or finne with hir owen kinrede: and namely thîfe harlottes, that hauntên bordelles of thîfe soule women, that may be likened to a commune gong, wheras men purge hir ordure. What say we also of putours, that live by the horrible finne of puterie, and confreine wo- men to yelde hem a certain rent of hir bodîly puterie, ye, somtime his owen wif or his childe, as don thîfe baudes? certes, thîfe ben cursed finnes. Understand also, that avoutrie is set in the ten commandements betwene theft and manslaughter, for it is the greteft theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of soule, and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth atwo and brek- eth atwo hem that first were made on flesh. And therefore by the old lawe of God they shuld be slaine, but nathelesse, by the lawe of Jesu Crist, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he sayd to the wo- man that was found in avoutrie, and shuld have be slain with stones, after the will of the Jewes, as was hir lawe; Go, said Jesu Crist, and have no more will to do finne; sothly, the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if so be that it be discombered by penitence. Yet
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ben ther mo spices of this cursed finne, as whan that on of hem is religious, or elles both, or of folk that ben entred into ordre, as sub-deken, deken, or preeft, or hospitale: and ever the higher that he is in ordre, the greter is the finne. The thinges that gretly agrege hir finne, is the breking of hir avow of chastitee, whan they received the ordre: and moreover soth is, that holy ordre is chefe of all the treforie of God, and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that they ben joined to chastitee, which is the moste precious lif that is: and thise ordered folk ben specially titled to God, and of the special meinie of God: for which, whan they don dedly finne, they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres availe not to the peple. Preeftes ben as angels, as by the mysterie of hir dignitee: but forsoth Seint Poul faith, That Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Sothly, the preeft that haunteth dedly finne, he may be likened to an angel of derekennesse, transfourmed into an angel of light: he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of derekennesse. Swiche preeftes be the fones of
of Hely, as is shewed in the book of Kinges, that they were the sones of Belial, that is, the diuel. Belial is to say, withouten juge, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no juge, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women; for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all a parish, or for all a countree: thise preestes, as sayth the book, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preesthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaied, as faith the book, of sodden flesh that was to hem offerd, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes, right so thise ihrewes ne hold hem not apaied of rosted flesh and sodden, with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh as folkes wives and hir doughters: and certes, thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie, don gret wrong to Crist and to holy Chirche, and to all Halowes, and to all Soules, for they bereven all thise hem that shuld worship Crist and holy Chirche, and pray for Cristen soules: and therefore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmans alfo that consenten to hir lecherie, the malison of the court
court Cristen, till they come to amendment. The thridde spice of avoutrie is sometime betwix a man and his wif, and that is, whan they take no regard in hir assembling but only to hir fleshly delit, as faith Seint Jerome, and ne reckon of nothing but that they ben assembled because they ben maried; all is good ynow, as thinketh to hem. But in swiche folk hath the devel power, as saith the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir assembling, they putten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven hemself to all ordure. The fourth spice is of hem that assemble with hir kinrede, or with hem that ben of on affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: this sinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kinrede. And certes, parentele is in two maners: eyther gostly or fleshly: gostly, is for to delen with hir godfibbes: for right so as he that engendreth a child, is his fleshly father, right so is his godfather his father spirituel: for which a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with hire godfib, than with hir own fleshly broder. The fivthe spice is that abhominable sinne, of which abhominable sinne no man unneth ought to speke ne write, natheles it is
is openly rehearsed in holy writ. This cursedness don men and women in diverse extent and in diverse manner: but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sinne that shineth on the myxene. Another sinne apperteineth to lecherie, that cometh in sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt; and this sinne men call pollution, that cometh of four maners; somtime it cometh of languishing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and haboundant in the body of man; somtime of infirmitie, for febleness of the vertue repetitive, as phisike maketh mention; somtime of surset of mete and drinke; and somtime of villains thoughtes that ben enclofed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe, which may not be withouten sinne; for whiche men must kepe hem wisely, or elles may they sinne ful grievously.

Remedium luxurie,

Now cometh the remedy ayenst lecherie, and that is generally chaftitee and continence, that reftrineth all disordinate movings that co-
men of fleshly talents: and ever the greter merite shal he have that moft restreineth the wicked enchausing or ardure of this sinne; and this is in two maners: that is to say, chastitee in mariage, and chastitee in widewhood. Now shalt thou understand, that matrimony is leful assembling of man and woman, that receiven by vertue of this sacrement the bonde, thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to say, while that they live bothe. This, as faith the book, is a ful gret sacrement; God made it (as I have said) in paradis, and wold himself be borne in mariage: and for to hallowe mariage he was at a wedding, wheras he tourned water into wine, whiche was the first miracle that he wrought in erthe before his discipes. The trewe effect of mariage clenfeth fornication, and replenisfeth holy chirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly sinne into venial sinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded, as wel as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was established by God, er that sinne began, whan naturel lawe was in his right point in paradis; and it was ordained, that o man shuld have but
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o woman, and o woman but o man, as saytli Seint Augustyne, by many resons.

First, for mariage is figured betwix Crist and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman; (algate by ordinance it shuld be so;) for if a woman had mo men than on, than shuld she have mo hedes than on, and that were an horrible thing before God; and also a woman mighte not plese many folk at ones: and also ther shuld never be pees ne rest among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man shuld knowe his owen engendrure, ne who shuld have his heritage, and the woman shuld be the leffe beloved for the time that she were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man shuld bere him withi his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to say, in sufrance and in reverence, and this shewed Crist when he firste made woman. For he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not claine to gret lordshippe; for ther as the woman hath the maistrie, she makethi to moche disarray: ther nede non enamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice. Also certes, God ne made no
not woman of the foot of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffer: but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trouth, and in love; as sayth Seint Poule, that a man shuld love his wif, as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husbond, that telleth Seint Peter; first in obedience. And, eke as sayth the decree, a woman that is a wif, as long as she is a wif, she hath non autoritee to swere ne bere witnesse, without leve of hire husbonde, that is hire lord; algate he shuld be so by reason. She shuld also serve him in all honestee, and ben attempre of hire array. I wete wel that they shuld set hir entent to plese hir husbonds, but not by quenteise of hir array. Seint Jerom sayth: wives that ben appareilled in silke and precious purple, ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist. Seint Gregorie sayth also: that no wight seeketh precious array, but only for vain glorie to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie, a woman to have a faire array outward,
and hireself to be foule inward. A wif shuld also be mesureable in loking, in bering, and in laughing, and discrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges, she shulde love hire husbonde with all hire herte, and to him be trewe of hire body: so shuld every husbond eke be trewe to his wif: for fith that all the body is the husbondes, so shuld hire herte be also, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. Than shul men understand, that for three things a man and his wif fleshly may assemble. The first is, for the entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God, for certes that is the cause final of matrimonie. Another cause is, to yelde eche of hem to other the dettes of hir bodies: for neyther of hem hath power of his owen bodie. The thridde is, for to eschew lecherie and vilanie. The fourth is for foth dedly finne. As to the first, it is meritorie: the second also, for, as sayth the decree, she hath merite of chastitee, that yeldeth to hire husbond the dette of hire body, ye though it be ayenst hire liking, and the luft of hire herte. The thridde maner is venial finne; trewely, scarsely may any of thise be without venial finne, for the corruption and for the
The delit therof: The fourth maner is for to understand, if they assemble only for amourous love, and for non of the foresaid causes, but for to accomplish hit brenning delit, they recke not how oft, sothly it is dedly sinne: and yet with forwe; some folk wol peine hem more to do, than to hir appetit sufficeth.

The second maner of chastitee is for to be a clene widew, and eschue the embracing of a man, and desire the embracing of Jesu Crist. Thise ben tho that have ben wives, and have forgon hir husbondes, and eke women that have don lecherie, and ben releved by penance. And certes, if that a wif coud kepe hire all chaft, by licence of hir husbond, so that she yave no cause ne non occasion that he agilted, it were to hire a gret merite. This maner of women, that observen chastitee, must be clene in herte as wel as in body, and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in contenance, abstinent in eting and drinking, in speking, and in dede, and than is she the vessel or the boistte of the blessed Magdeleine, that filleth holy chirche of good odour. The thridde maner of chastitee is virginitee, and it behoveth that she be holy in herte, and clene of body, than is she the spouse of Jesu Crist, and
she is the lif of angels: she is the preifing of this world, and she is as thise martirs in egal- tee: she hath in hire, that tongue may not telle, ne herte thinke. Virginitee bare our Lord Jesu Crist, and virgin was himself.

Another remedie agaınst lecherie is specially to withdraw swiche things, as yeven occasion to that vilanie: as ese, eting, and drinking: for certes, whan the pot boileth strongly, the best remedie is to withdraw the fire. Sleping long in gret quiet is also a gret nourice to lecherie.

Another remedie ayenst lecherie is, that a man or a woman eschewe the compagnie of hem, by which he doubteth to be tempted: for all be it so that the dede be withstonden, yet is ther gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with flicking of a candle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the seven dedly sinnes, and som of hir braunches, and the remedies, sothly, if I coude, I wold tell you the ten commandements, but so high doctrine I lete to divines. Nathelles, I hope to
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God they ben touched in this tretise everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the second part of penitence stout in confession of mouth, as I began in the first chapitre, I say Seint Augustyne faith: Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men coveiten ayenst the law of Jesu Crist; and this is for to finne, in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben sight, hering, smelling, tafting or favouring, and seling. Now is it good to understand the circumstances, that agregen moche every finne. Thou shalt consider what thou art that dost the finne, whether thou be inale or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or servant, hole or fieke, wedded or single, ordered or unordered, wise or foole, clerk or seculer; if she be of thy kinred, bodily or gostly, or non; if any of thy kinred have sinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumstance is this, whether it be don in fornication, or in adyoutrie, or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret finne or smal, and how long thou hast continued in finne. The thridde circumstance is the place, ther thou hast don finne, whether in other mennes houses, or in thin owen, in feld, in chirche, or
or in chirchhawe, in chirche dedicate, or non. For if the chirche be halowed, and man or woman spille his kinde within that place, by way of sinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche were enterdited til it were reconciled by the Bishop; and if it were a preest that did swiche vilanie, the terme of all his lif he shuld no more sing Masse: and if he did, he shuld do dedly sinne, at every time that he so song Masse. The fourth circumstance is, by whiche mediatours, as by messangers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to bere compagnie with felawship; for many a wretche, for to bere felawship, wol go to the divel of helle. Wherfore, they that eggen or consenten to the sinne, ben partners of the sinne, and of the dampnation of the sinner. The fifth circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen. For he that oft falleth in sinne, he despiseth the mercy of God, and encreseth his sinne, and is unkind to Crist, and he waxeth the more feble to withstand sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to thrive him, and namely to him that hath ben his confessour. For which that folk, whan they fall ayen to hir old folies, eithir they forleten hir old:
old confessor al utterly, or elles they departen hir shrift in divers places: but fothly swiche departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God for hir sinnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by what temptation; and if himself procure thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk; or if he sinne with a woman by force or by hire owen assent; or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non, this shal she tell, and wheder it were for covetise or poverte, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath don his sinne, or how that she hath suffered that folk have don to hire. And the same shal the man tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and wheder he hath sinned with commun bordel women or non, or don his sinne in holy times or non, in failling times or non, or before his shrift, or after his later shrift, and hath peraventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conseil, by sorcerie or craftes, all must be told. All thise thinges, after that they ben gret or female, engreggen the conscience of man or woman. And eke the preeft that is thy juge, may the better be avised of his jugement in

\[ \text{yeving} \]
yeving of penance, and that shal be after thy contrition. For understond wel, that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptism by sinne, if he wol come to salvation, ther is non other way but by penance, and shrifte, and satisfaction; and namely by tho two, if ther be a confessour to whom he may thrive him, and that he first be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have lif to performe it.

Than shal a man loke and consider, that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confession, ther must be foure conditions. First it must be in sorowful bitterness of herte, as sayth the King Ezechiel to God; I wol remember all the yeres of my lif in the bitterness of my herte. This condition of bitterness hath five signes; The first is, that confession must be shamefaft, not for to coveren ne hide his sinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his soule. And hereof sayth Seint Augustin: the herte travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath gret shamefaftnesse he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confession of the Publican, that wold not heve up his eyen to heven for he had offended God of heven: for which shamefaftnesse he had anon the mercy of God.
fore faith Seint Augustine: That swiche shame-
faft folk ben next foryevenesse and mercy. An-
other signe, is humilitee in confession: of whiche 
sayth Seint Peter; Humbleth you under the
might of God: the hand of God is mighty in
confession, for therby God foryeveth thee thy
sinnes, for he alone hath the power. And this
humilitee shal be in herte, and in signe outwarde:
for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte,
right so shuld he humble his body outward to
the preest, that sitteth in Goddes place. For
which in no maner, fith that Crist is soveraine,
and the preest mene and mediatour betwix Crist
and the sinner, and the sinner is laft by way of
reson, than shuld not the sinner sitte as high as
his confessour, but knele before him or at his
feet, but if maladie disfrouble it: for he shal not
take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he
sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a Lord,
and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his ac-
corde, and sitteth him doun anon by the Lord,
men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy
do sone for to have remission ne mercy. The
thridde signe is, that the sfrift shuld be ful of
teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not
wepe with hir bodily eyen, than let hem wepe in
hir herte. Swiche was the confession of Seint Peter; for after that he had forfake Jefu Crist, he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is, that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his confession. Swiche was the confession of Magdeleine, that ne spared, for no shame of hem that weren at the fette, to go to our Lord Jefu Crist and beknowe to him hire sinnes. The fiftthe signe is, that a man or a woman be obeisant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined. For certes Jefu Crist for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth.

The second condition of veray confession is, that it be hastyly don: for certes, if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warifie himself, the more wold it corrupt and hafte him to his deth, and also the wound wold be the worse for to hele. And right so fareth sinne, that longe time is in a man unshewed. Certes a man ought hastyly to shewe his sinnes for many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodenly, and is in no certain what time it shal be, ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o sinne draweth in another: and also the lenger that he tarieth, the fether is he fro Crist. And if he abide to his last day, scarce-
Il may he shrive him or remembre him of his finnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jesu Christ, whan he hath spoken unto him, he shal crye unto our Lord at his laft day, and succinctly wol he herken him. And understande that this condition meste have foure thinges. First that the shrift be purveyed afore, and avised, for wicked haft doth not profite; and that a man con shrive him of his finnes, be it of pride, or envie, and so forth, with the spices and circumstancies; and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the greteness of his finnes, and how longe he hath liene in sinne; and eke that he be contrite for his finnes, and be in stedfaist purpose (by the grace of God) never est to fall into sinne; and also that he drede and countrewaite himself, that he fleethe the occasions of sinne, to whiche he is inclined. Also thou shalt shrive thee of all thy finnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man, and parcelmele to another; that is to understande, in entent to depart thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule. For certes, Jesu Crist is entierly all good, in him is non imperfection, and thersore either he foryeveth all parfitly,
fitly, or elles never a dele. I say not that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certain sinne, that thou art bounde to shewe him all the remnant of thy sinnes, of whiche thou haft been shriven of thy curat, but if it like thee of thy humiliatee; this is no departing of shrift. Ne I say not, ther as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive thee to a discrete and an honest preest, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayest wel shrive thee to him of all thy sinnes; but let no blot be behind: let no sinne be untolde as fer as thou haft remembrance. And whan thou shalt be shriven of thy curat, tell him eke all the sinnes that thou haft don thow were laste shriven. This is no wicked entente of division of shrift.

Also the veray shrift axeth certain conditions. First that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constreined, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other thinges: for it is reason, that he that trespassteth by his free will, that by his free will he confesse his trespas; and that non other man telle his sinne but himself: ne he shal not nay, ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The second
THE PERSONES TALE.

Second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful, that is to say, that thou that shrivešt thee, and eke the preest that hereth thy confession, be veraily in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muste accuse himself of his own trespasses and not another: but he shal blame and wite himselfe of his own malice and of his sinne, and non other: but natheles, if that another man be encheseon or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche by which his sinne is aggregated, or elles that he may not plainly shrive him but he tell the person with whiche he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his intent ne be not to back-bite the person, but only to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilitie, peraventure, to say that thou hast committed and don swiche sinnes, of which that thou ne were never gilty. For Seint Augustine sayth; if that thou, because of thin humilitie, makest a lesing on thyself, though thou were not in sinne before, yet arte thou than in sinne through thy lesing. Thou must also shew thy sinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dome, and not by no letter: for thou that haft
haft don the sinne, thou shalt have the shame of the confession. Thou shalt not eke peint thy confession, with faire and subtil wordes, to cover the more thy sinne: for than begileft thou thyself, and not the preest: thou must tell it plainly, be it never so soule ne so horrible. Thou shalt eke shrive thee to a preest that is discrete to conseille thee: and eke thou shalt not shrive thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocrisie, ne for no cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Christ, and the hele of thy soule. Thou shalt not eke renne to the preest al sodenly, to tell him lightly thy sinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale, but avisedly and with good devotion; and generally shrive thee ofte: if thou ofte fall, ofte arise by confession. And though thou shrive thee ofter than ones of sinne which thou haft be shriven of, it is more merite: and, as sayth Seint Augustine, thou shalt have the more lightly relese and grace of God, both of sinne and of peine. And certes ones a yere at the left way it is lawful to be houseled, for sothely ones a yere all thinges in the erthe renovelen.

Explicit secunda pars Penitentiae: et sequitur tertia pars.
Now have I told you of veray confession, that is the seconde part of penitence: The thriddle part is satisfaction, and that sount most generally in almesse dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almesse: contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himself to God: another is, to have pitee of the defaute of his neighbour: and the thriddle is, in yewing of good consell, gostly and bodily, wher as men have nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thise thinges generally, he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conselling and visiting in prison and in maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maieft not visite the niedeful in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy meslage and thy yeftes. Thise ben generally the almesse and werkes of charitee, of hem that have temporel riches sees, or discretion in conselling. Of thise werkes shalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almesse shuldest thou do of thy propre thinges, and haftily, and prively if thou mayest: but natheles, if thou mayest not do it prively, thou shalt not forbere to do almesse, though men see it, so that it be not don for thanke of the world,
world, but only to have thanke of Jesu Crift:
For, as witnesseth Seint Mathewe, Cap. v. a
citee may not be hid that is sette on a mountaine,
ne men light not a lanterne, to put it under a
busshell, but setten it upon a candlestickke, to
lighten the men in the hous: right so shal your
light lighten before men, that they move see
your good werkes, and glorifie your Fader that
is in heven.

Now as for to speke of bodily peine, it flient
in praiers, in waking, in fasting, and in vertuous
teching. Of orifons ye fhul understand, that
orifons or prayers, is to say, a pitous will of
herte, that setteth it in God, and expresseth it
by word outward, to remuve harmes, and to have
thinges spirituell and perdurable, and somtime
temporel thinges. Of which orifons, certes in
the orison of the Paternoster hath Jesu Crift en-
closed moft thinges. Certes it is privileged of
three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is
more digne than any other prayer: for that Jesu
Crift himself made it: and it is short, for it
shuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it
the more efiie in herte, and helpe himself the
offer with this orison, and for a man shuld be the
lesse wery to say it, and for a man may not ex-
cule
euse him to lerne it, it is so shorde and so etie:
and for it comprehendeth in himself all good prayers. The exposition of this holy prayer, that is so excellent and so dignifie, I betake to the maisters of theologie, fave thus moche wol I say, that whan thou prayeft, that God shuld for-yeve thee thy giltes as thou foryeveft hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy orison amenumeth eke venial finne, and therfore it apperteyneth specially to penitence.

This prayer must be trewely sayd, and in per-
fect feith, and that men prayen to God ordi-
nately, discretely, and devoutly: and alway a
man shal put his will to be subgette to the will
of God. This orison must eke be sayd with
gret humblesse and ful pure, and honestly, and
not to the annoyance of any man or woman.
It must eke be continued with werkes of charitee.
It availeth eke ayenst the vices of the soule: for,
as sayth Seint Jerome, by fastinge ben faved
the vices of the fleshe, and by prayer the vices
of the soule.

After this thou shalt understande, that bodily
peine fhort in waking. For Jesu Crist sayth:
wake ye and pray ye, that ye ne enter into wicked
temptation.
temptation. Ye shul understand also, that fasting front in three things: in forbidding of bodily mete and drink, in forbidding of worldly jollitee, and in forbidding of dedly sinne: this is to say, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understand also, that God ordeined fasting, and to fasting apperteineth foure things. Largeesse to poure folk: gladnesse of herte spirituel: not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he fasteth: and also resonde houre for to ete by mesure, that is to say, a man shal not ete in untime, ne sit the longer at the table, for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understand, that bodily peine front in discipline, or teching, by word, or by writing, or by example. Also in wering of here or of stamin, or of habergeons on hir naked flesh for Cristes sake; but ware thee wel that swiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyself; for better is to cast away thin here than to cast away the sweetenesse of our Lord Jefu Crist. And therfore sayth Seint Poule: clothe you, as they that ben chosen of God in herte, of misericorde, debonairtee, suffrance, and swiche maner of clothing,
clothing, of whiche Jesu Crist is more plesed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is discipline eke, in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with yerdes, in kneeling, in tribulation, in suffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient suffring of maladies, or lesing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understand, which things distourben penance, and this is in foure maners; that is drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperation. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he may suffre no penance, ther ayenst is remedie for to thinke, that bodily penance is but short and litel at regard of the peine of helle, that is so cruel and so longe, that it lasteth withouten ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to shrive him, and namely thise Ipocrates, that wold be holden so parfit, that they have no nede to shrive hem, ayenst that shame shuld a man thinke, that by way of reson, he that hath not ben ashamed to do foule things, certes him ought not be ashamed to do faire things, and that is confessions. A man shuld also thinke, that God seeth and knoweth al his thoughtes.
thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men shuld eke remembre hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome, to hem that ben not penitent in this present lif: for all the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, shul see apertly all that they hiden in this world.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem, that ben so negligent and slowe to shrive hem: that fondeth in two maners. That on is, that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche richesse for his delit, and than he wol shrive him: and, as he sayeth, he may, as him semeth, than timely ynough come to shrift: another is, the surquedrie that he hath in Cristes mercie. Ayenst the first vice, he shal thinke that our lif is in no sikernesse, and eke that all the richesse in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadowe on a wall; and, as sayth Seint Gregorie, that it appertaineth to the gret rightwisnesse of God, that never shal the peine flinte of hem, that never wold withdrawe hem from sinne, hir thankes, but ever continue in sinne: for thilke perpetuel will to don sinne shal they have perpetuel peine.

Wanhope,
Wanhope is in two maners. The first wanhope is, in the mercie of God: that other is, that they think that they ne might not long persever in goodnesse. The first wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath sinned so gretly and so oft, and so longlyen in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenf that cursed wanhope shulde he thinke, that the passion of Jesu Crist is more stronge for to unbinde, than sinne is strong for to binde. Ayenf the second wanhope he shal thinke, that as often as he falleth, he may arisen again by penitence: and though he never so longe hath lyen in sinne, the mercie of Crist is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenf that wanhope that he demeth he shulde not longe persever in goodnesse, he shal think, that the feblenesse of the devil may nothing do, but if men wol suffre him: and eke he shal have strengthe of the helpe of Jesu Crist, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him lift.

Than shul men understonde, what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jesu Crist, it is an endeles blisse of heven, ther joye hath no contrariositee of wo ne grevance; ther all harnes ben passed of this present lif; ther as
is fikernelTe from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compagnie, that rejoycen hem ever mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was soule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was like and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole, that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thurst, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisful regne mowe men pur chase by poverte spirituel, and the glorie by lowlinesse, the plente of joye by hunger and thurst, and the reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of sinne: to which life he us bring, that bought us with his precious blood. Amen.

Now preye I to hem alle that herken this litel tretise or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem, that therof they thank en our Lord Jesu Crist, of whom procedeth all witte and all godenesse; and if ther be any thing that displeseth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonning, and not to my wille, that wold fayn have seye-
Seyde better if I hadde had konning; for oure boke seyth, all that is written is written for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente. Wherfore I beske you mekely for the mercie of God that ye preye for me, that Crist have mercie of me and foryeve me my giltes, [and namely of myn translations and enditinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my Retractions, as the boke of Troilus, the boke also of Fame, the boke of the five and twenty Ladies, the boke of the Duchesse, the boke of Seint Valentines day of the Parlement of briddes, the tales of Canterbury, thilke that sounen unto sinne, the boke of the Leon, and many an other boke, if they were in my remembrance, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the sinne. But of the translation of Boes of consolation, and other bokes of legendes of Seints, and of Ome-lies, and moralite, and devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist, and his blisful mother, and alle the Seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende fende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodien to the savation of my soule,] and graunte me grace of verray penance, confession...
and satisfaction to don in this present lif, though the benigne grace of him, that is king of kinges and preste of alle prestes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben on of hem atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved; 

qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.

THE END OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.
NOTES

ON THE

THIRD VOLUME.
Notes on the Third Volume.


Ver. 13948. A right well faring] I have no better authority for the insertion of right than Ed. Urr.

Ver. 13968. lussheburghes] Base coins, probably, first imported, as Skinner thinks, from Luxembourg. They are mentioned in the Stat. 25 E. III. c. 2. la monnoie appelie Lucynbourg, and in P. P. fol. 82. b.

As in lussburgh is a luther alay, yet loketh like sterling.

Ver. 14013. in the field of Damascene] So Lydgate, from Boccace, speaks of Adam and Eve. Trag. B. i. c. 1.

Of flime of the erth in Damascene the felde
God made them above ech creature.

Boccace is much longer in relating their story, which is the first of his Tragedies.

Ver. 14021. Sampson] His tragedy is also in Boccace. B. i. c. 19, but our author seems rather to have followed the original, Judges xiv, xv, xvi.


Ver. 14101. Hercules] In this account of the labours of Hercules Chaucer has evidently copied Boethius, L. iv. Met. 7. Many of the expressions he had used before in his prose translation of that author.

Ver. 14116. the hevene on his nekke longe] This is the reading of the best Mss. and is agreeable to Boethius,
Boethius, loc. cit. thus translated by Chaucer. "And the last of his labors was, that he sustained the heaven upon his necke unbowed." The margin of Ms. C. 1. explains longe to mean diu.

The Editt. read,

And bare his bed upon his sphere long.

Ver. 14123. faith Trophee] As all the best Mss. agree in this reading, I have retained it, though I cannot tell what author is alluded to. The margin of C. 1. has this note. Ille vates Chaldeorum Tropheus.

The Editt. read—for trophee.—

Ver. 14149. Nabuchodonofor] For this history, and the following of Balthasar, see Daniel, i—v. The latter only is related by Boccace, B. ii. c. xxiii.

Ver. 14253. Zenobia] Her story is told by Boccace, De caf. Vir. L. viii. c. 7. but more at large in his book De claris mulieribus; from which our author has plainly taken almost every circumstance of his narration; though in ver. 14331. he seems to refer to Petrarch as his original. Perhaps, Boccace's book had fallen into Chaucer's hands under the name of Petrarch.

Ver. 14295. Till fully fourty dayes] There is a confusion in this passage, which might have been avoided, if our author had recurred to Trebellius Pollio, Trig. Tyrann. c. xxix. de Zenobia. "Quum femel concubuisset, expectatis menstruis, continebat si praegnans esset; sin minus, iterum possestatem quærerendis liberis dabat."

Ver. 14378. a vitremite] This word is differently written in the Mss. vitrymite; witermite; wwintermite; witruste.
THE THIRD VOLUME.

A Harleian or a Septentrioun; which is equally unintelligible.

Ver. 14385. south and septentrioun] The Mss. read north; but there can be no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which was first made, I believe, in Ed. Urr. In the Rom de la R. from whence great part of this tragedy of Nero is translated, the passage stands thus, ver. 6501,

Ce defloyal, que je te dy,
Et d'Orient et de Midy,
D'Occident, de Septentrion,
Tint-il la jurifdicion.

Ver. 14408. domesman] Judge. The word in Boethius, who has also related this story, is Censor.

Ora non tinxit lacrymis, sed esse
Censor extinci potuit decoris—
which our author has thus rendered in his prose version, "Ne no tere wette his face, but he was so harde herted, that he might be domesman, or judge, of her dedde beautee."

Ver. 14484. Wher Eliachim] I cannot find any priest of this name in the book of Judith. The High priest of Jerusalem is called Joacim in c. iv. which name would suit the verse better than Eliachim.

Ver. 14493. Antiochus] This Tragedy is a poetical paraphrase of II Maccabees, c. ix.

Ver. 14638. word and ende] Dr. Hickes in his Gr. A. S. p. 70. has proposed to read "ord and end," both here and in Tro. B. v. ver. 1668. He has shewn very clearly that ord and end was a common Saxon expression.
expression for the whole of a thing; the beginning and end of it. But all the Mss. that I have examined read word, and therefore I have left it in the text, as possibly the old Saxon phrase, in Chaucer's time, might have been corrupted.

Ver. 14645. Crefus] In the opening of this story, our author has plainly copied the following passage of his own version of Boethius, B. ii. Pro. 2. "Wilt thou not how Creesus, king of Lydiens, of whiche king Cyrus was ful sore agaste a litel before, &c." But the greatest part is taken from the Rom. de la R. ver. 6847—6912.

Ver. 14679. Tragedie is] This reflection seems to have been suggested by one which follows soon after the mention of Creesus in the passage just cited from Boethius. "What other thing bewaylen the cryinges of tragedyes but onely the dedes of fortune, that with an aukewarde stroke overtourneth the realmes of grete nobleye?"

Ver. 14685. Peter of Spaine] This tragedie and the three following, in several Mss. are inserted before, after ver. 14380. So that the Monkes Tale ends with ver. 14684.

And cover hire bright face with a cloude. In favour of this arrangement, it may be observed, that, when the Monk is interrupted, the Hoste aludes to this line as fresh in his memory, ver. 14788.

He spake how fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd.—
Where *tragedie* may be supposed to allude to ver. 14679.

On the other hand, though the Monk professedly disregards chronological order, these very modern stories in the midst of the ancient make an awkward appearance; and as the Hoste declares himself to have been half asleep, he may very well be supposed to speak from a confused recollection of what had been said 88 verses before. And what he says of *tragedie* may be referred to ver. 14768.

I have followed the order observed in the best Mss. C. i. Ask. i. 2. HA.

Ver. 14697. Not Charles Oliver] Not the Oliver of Charles [Charlemagne], but an Oliver of Armorica, a second Genelon, or Ganelon. See ver. 13124. 15233. So this passage is to be understood, which in Ed. Urr. has been changed to—Not Charles, *ne* Oliver.—But who this *Oliver of Bretagne* was, whom our author charges as *werker* of the death of King Petro, is not so clear. According to Mariana, L. xvii. c. 13, such a charge might most properly be brought against Bertrand du Guesclin, a Breton, afterwards Constable of France; as it was in consequence of a private treaty with him, that Petro came to his tent, where he was killed by his brother Henry, and partly (as some said) *con ayuda de Beltran*. But how he should come to be called *Oliver* I cannot guess; unless, perhaps, Chaucer confounded him with *Olivier de Clisson*, another famous Breton of those times, who was also Constable of France after Bertrand. [Froissart mentions an *Olivier de Manny*, nephew to Bertrand du
du Guesclin, as receiving large rewards from King Henry; vol. i. ch. 245. but he does not represent him as particularly concerned in the death of Petro.]

The person meant, whoever he was, must have been sufficiently pointed out at the time by his coat of arms, which is described in ver. 14693,4. The "eagle of black" in "a field of snow" is plain enough, but the rest of the blazonry I cannot pretend to decipher.

Ver. 14701. Petro King of Cypre] Concerning the taking of Alexandria by this prince, and his other exploits, see the note on ver. 51. and the authors there cited. He was assassinated in 1369. Acad. des Inf. T. xx. p. 439.

Ver. 14709. Barnabo Viscount] Bernabo Visconti Duke of Milan, was deposed by his nephew and thrown into prison, where he died in 1385.

I did not attend to this circumstance, when I stated the insurrection of Strawe in 1381, as the latest historical fact mentioned in these tales. Discourse &c. n. 6. The death of Bernabo was certainly later. Fortunately however this difference of four years has no other consequence, than that it makes the supposed date of the Pilgrimage in 1383, which was before very doubtful, still more improbable. The Knight might as probably be upon a Pilgrimage in 1387 as in 1383, according to the precedent of Sir Mathew de Gourney. See note on ver. 43.

Ver. 14716. Hugelin of Pife] Chaucer himself has referred us to Dante for the original of this tragedy. See Inferno. c. xxxiii.
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Ver. 14765, 6. These two verses in the Editt. have been transposed, to the confusion of the sense as well as of the metre.

Ver. 14811. say somewhat of hunting] For the propriety of this request, see the note on ver. 166 of the Monkes Character.

Ver. 14816. thou Sire John] I know not how it has happened, that, in the principal modern languages, John (or its equivalent) is a name of contempt, or at least of slight. So the Italians use Gianni, from whence Zani; the Spaniards Juan, as Bobo [Juan, a foolish John; the French Jean, with various additions; and in English, when we call a man a John, we do not mean it as a title of honour. Chaucer in ver. 3708. ues Jacke fool, as the Spaniards do Bobo Juan; and I suppose Jack afs has the same etymology. The title of Sire was usually given, by courtesy, to Priests, both secular and regular.

Ver. 14851. a maner dey] A kind of dey; but what a dey was it is not easy to determine precisely. It is mentioned, as the last species of labourers in husbandry, in the Stat. 25 Edw. III. St. i. c. 1. Qe chescun charetter, caruer, chaceour des carues, bercher, porcher, deye, & tous autres servantz.—And again in the Stat. 37 Edw. III. c. 14. Item qe chareters, charuers, chaceours des carues, bovers, vachers, berchers, porchers, deyes, & tous autres gardeins des bestes, bateurs des bleez, & toutes manerdes des genz d'estate de garfon entendantz a husbandrie.—It probably meant originally a day-labourer in general, though it may since have been used to denote particularly
ticularly the superintendant of a Dayerie. See Du Cange, in v. Daeria, Dayeria, Dagascalci.

Ver. 14857. the mery organ] This is put licen-
siously for organs, or organs. It is plain from gon in
the next line that Chaucer meant to use this word as
a Plural, from the Lat. Gr. Organâ. He uses it so
in ver. 15602.

And while that the organs maden melodie.

Ver. 14876. Was cleped faire damofelle Pertelote] I
suspect that faire has been added by some one who
was unnecessarily alarmed for the metre.

After this verse the Editt. (except Ca. 1.) have the
two following.

He fethered her a hundred times a day,
And she him pleafeth all that ever she may.

But as I found them in only two Mfl. HA. and D. I
was glad to leave them out as an injudicious inter-
polation. See below, ver. 15183.

Whoever wishes to see a great deal of uncertain
etymology concerning the name Pertelote, may consult
Gl. V. in v. Partelot.

Ver. 14881. loken in every lith] Locked in every
limb. The Editt. read looking.

Ver. 14885. My lefe is fare in lond] Fare, or
It is not easy to determine which of these is the true
reading, unless we should recover the old song, from
which this passage seems to be quoted.

Ver. 14914. Away, quod she] I have here in-
advertently followed the printed copies: But instead of
of Away the best Mss. read Avoi, which is more likely to have been used by Chaucer. The word occurs frequently in the French Fabliaux &c. See T. ii. p. 243:5. The Vocabulary, at the end of that volume, renders Avoi, Helas; but it seems to signify no more than our Away! The Italians use Via! in the same manner. Roman de Troye. Mf.

Lors dit Thoas, Avoi, avoi,
Sire Achilles, vous dites mal.

Ver. 14946. Lo Caton] L. ii. Dist. 32. Somnia ne cures. I observe, by the way, that this difficult is quoted by John of Salisbury, Polycrat. L. ii. c. 16. as a precept viri sapientis. In another place, L. vii. c. 9. he introduces his quotation of the first verse of Dist. 20. L. iii. in this manner. Ait vel Cato, vel alius, nam autor incertus est—.


Ver. 14990. On of the greatest authors] Cicero [de Divin. L. i. c. 27.] relates this and the following story; but in a contrary order; and with so many other differences, that one might be led to suspect that he was here quoted at second hand, if it were not usual with Chaucer, in these stories of familiar life, to throw in a number of natural circumstances, not to be found in his original authors.


Ver. 15147. Lo hire Andromacha] We must not look for this dream of Andromache in Homer. The first author who relates it is the fictitious Dares, c.
xxiv. and Chaucer very probably took it from him, or from Guido de Columnis; or perhaps from Benoît de Sainte More, whose Roman de Troye I believe to have been that History of Dares, which Guido professed to follow, and has indeed almost entirely translated. A full discussion of this point, by a comparison of Guido's work with the Roman de Troye, would require more time and pains than I am inclined to bestow upon it. I will just mention a circumstance, which, if it can be verified, will bring the question to a much shorter decision. The Versio Daretis Phrygii Gallico metro, in the Ambrosian Library, of which Montfaucon speaks, Diar. Ital. p. 19. is undoubtedly the Roman de Troye by Benoît de Sainte More. The verses, which are there quoted, differ no otherwise from the beginning of Benoît's Poem in Ms. Harl. 4482. than as an old copy usually does from a more modern one. If therefore we can depend upon Montfaucon's judgement, that the Ms. which he saw was written in the xiith Century, it will follow, that Benoît wrote near a hundred years before Guido, whose work, in all the Mss. that I have seen or heard of, is uniformly said to have been finished in the year 1287. There can be no doubt that the later of these two writers copied from the former.

Ver. 15169. [so fiker as In principio] See the note on ver. 256.

The next line is taken from the fabulous conference between the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the Philosopher, of which some account has been given in
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in n. on ver. 6777. *Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio, infaturabilis bestia &c.*

**Ver. 15196.** Sithen March ended] I have ventured to depart from the Mss. and Edit. in this passage. They all read *began* instead of *ended*. At the same time Mr. C. r. has this note in the margin, "i. 2° die Maii," which plainly supposes that the 32 days are to be reckoned from the end of March. As the Vernal Equinox (according to our author's hypothesis, Discourse &c. p. 122) happened on the 12th of March, the place of the sun (as described in ver. 15200,1) in 22° of Taurus agrees very nearly with his true place on the 2d of May, the 53d day incl. from the Equinox. Mr. C. reads thus,

*Syn March began tway monthes and dayes two;* which brings us to the same day, but, I think, by a less probable correction of the faulty copies.

**Ver. 15205.** Twenty degrees] The reading of the greatest part of the Mss. is *Forty degrees*. But that is evidently wrong; for Chaucer is speaking of the altitude of the Sun at, or about, Prime, i.e. fix o'clock A. M. See ver. 15203. When the Sun is in 22° of Taurus, he is 21° high about $\frac{3}{2}$ after 6 A. M.

**Ver. 15215.** At the side of this verse is written in the margin of Mr. C. *Petrus Comestor*, to intimate, I suppose, that this maxim is to be found in the *Historia Scholastica* of that author, who was a celebrated commentator on the Bible in the xiith Century. See Fabricius, Bib. Med. *Ætat.* in v.

**Ver. 15221.** A *col fox*] Skinner interprets this *a blackish fox, as if it were a cole fox*. Gl. Urr. It is much
much easier to refute this interpretation than to assign the true one. *Coll* appears from ver. 15389 to have been a common name for a dog. In composition, it is to be taken in *malam partem*, but in what precise sense I cannot say. See Chaucer’s H. of F. B. iii. 187. *Coll-tragetour*—and in the Mirr. for Mag. Leg. of Glendour, sol. 127. b. *Colprophet* is plainly put for *a falsè, lying prophet*. Heywood has an Epigram Of *coleprophet*. Cent. vi. Ep. 89.

Thy prophesy poysonly to the pricke goth:

*Coleprophet* and *colepoyson* thou art both.

And in his Proverbial Dialogues P. i. ch. x. he has the following lines.

*Coll* under canftyk she can plaie on both hands:

*Disimulation* well she understands.

I will add an allusion of our author, in the *Test. of Love*, B. ii. sol. cccxxxiii. b. to a story of one *Collo*, which I cannot explain. “Bufris flewe his gestes, and he was slain of Hercules his geste. Hugest betrayed many men, and of *Collo* was he betrayed.”

Ver. 15240. But what that God] This passage has been translated into (rather elegant) Latin Iambics by Sir H. Savil, in his preface to Bradwardin, *de causâ Dei*, Lond. 1618. See the Testimonies &c. prefixed to Ed. Urr. Our author has discussed this question of the divine prescience &c. more at large in his *Troilus*, B. 4. from ver. 957 to ver. 1078. It is an addition of his own, of which there is no trace in the Philostrato of Boccace. See *Essay* &c. n. 62.

Ver.
Ver. 15277. Phisiologus] He alludes, I suppose, to a book in Latin metre, entitled, *Physiologus de naturis xii animalium*, by one Theobaldus, whose age is not known. Fabr. Bib. Med. Æt. in v. Theobaldus. There is a copy of this work in Ms. Harl. 3093. in which the ixth section *De Sirenis* begins thus:

Sirenae sunt monstra maris resonantia magnis Vocibus et modulis cantus formantia multis, Ad quas incaute veniunt fæpiffime nautae, Quae faciunt somnunm nimia dulcedine vocum etc. See also R. R. ver. 680.

Ver. 15318. in Dan Burnell the aflce] The story alluded to is in a poem of Nigel Wireker, entitled, *Burnellus, seu Speculum stultorum*, written in the time of Richard I. The substance of the story is in Gl. Urr. v. Bur nel. The Poem itself is in most collections of Ms. The printed copies are more rare, though there have been several editions of it. See Leyfer, Hist. Po. Med. Ævii, p. 752, 3.

*Burnell* is used as a nickname for the aif in the Chester Whitfun Playes. Ms. Harl. 2013. [See the note on ver. 3539.] In the pageant of Balaam, he says—

Go forth, *Burnell*, go forth, go.
What? the devil, my aif will not go.

and again, fol. 36. b.

*Burnell*, why begileft thou me?

The original word was, probably, *Brunell*, from his brown colour; as the Fox below, ver. 15340. is called *Russell*, from his red colour, I suppose.
Ver. 15341. by the gargat] The Editt. have changed this into gorget; but gargat is an old Fr. word. Rom. de Rou. Mf. Reg. 4 C. xi.

O grant culeals e od granz cuignees
Lur unt les gargates trenchies.

Ver. 15353. O Gaufride] He alludes to a passage in the Nova Poetria of Geoffrey de Vinsauf, published not long after the death of Richard I. In this work the author has not only given instructions for composing in the different styles of Poetry, but also examples. His specimen of the plaintive kind of composition begins thus:

Neuftria, sub clypeo regis defenfa Ricardi,
Indefenfa modo, gestu testare dolorem.
Exundent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora
Pallor; connodet digitos tortura; cruenter
Interiora dolor, et verberet aestera clamor:
Tota peris ex morte sua. Mors non fuit ejus,
Sed tua; non una, sed publica mortis origo.
O Veneris lacrymosa dies! o sydus amarum!
Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum.
Illa dedit vulnus, &c.

These lines are sufficient to shew the object, and the propriety, of Chaucer's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in Leyfer's Hist. Po. Med. Alexi, p. 862—978.

Ver. 15451. As sayth my Lord] Opposite to this verse, in the Margin of Mf. C. r. is written "Kantuar," which means, I suppose, that some Archbishop of Canterbury is quoted.
Ver. 15468. Sayd to another] I have observed, in the Discourse, &c. § xxxvii. that in Mss. Ask. 1. 2, this line is read thus,

Seide unto the nunne as ye shul heer.

The following are the six forged lines, which the same Mss. exhibite by way of introduction to the Nonnes tale.

Madame, and I dorste, I wolde you pray
To telle a tale in fortheringe of our way.
Than mighte ye do unto us grete efe.
Gladly, fire, quoth she, so that I mighte plese
You and this worthy company,
And began hir tale riht thus ful sobrely.

Ver. 15514. out of relees] All the best Mss. concur in this reading, and therefore I have followed them, though I confess that I do not clearly understand the phrase; unless perhaps it mean without releas; without being ever released from their duty. The common reading without leas is a genuine Saxon phrase. Butan leas; ablique fajfe; without a lie.

Ver. 15518. Assembled is] This stanzia is very like one in the Prioreties tale. ver. 13403—13410.


Ver. 15536. Be thou min advocat] I have no better authority for the insertion of thou than Ed. Urr. The metre, perhaps, might be safe without it (considering bighe as a disyllable), but the verse would be very rough.

Ver. 15553. First wol I] The note upon this in the Margin of Ms. C. 1. is — "Interpretatio &c. quam Vol. III. U 4 ponit
NOTES ON

It has been observed in the Discourse, &c. that this whole tale is almost literally translated from the *Legenda aurea*.

_VER. 15654._ louting _latitantem._ Marg. _Ms. C._ from the _Sax. lutan_, or _lution_; _latere._

_VER. 15675._ On Lord, on faith] I have adopted this reading in preference to that of the best _Mff._— _O Lord, o faith, o God &c._ in order to guard against the mistake, which the Editt. have generally fallen into, of considering _o_, in this passage, as the sign of the vocative case. _On_ and _o_ are used indifferently by Chaucer to signify _one._

_VER. 15738._ And of the miracle] I should have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parenthesis of fourteen lines, which interrupts the narration so awkwardly, and to so little purpose. The substance of it is in the printed Editions of the Latin *Legenda aurea*, but appears evidently to have been at first a marginal observation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of some copyist. Accordingly it is wanting in Caxton’s *Golden Legende*, and, I suppose, in the French *Legende Dorée*, from which he translated. The author of the French version had either made use of an uncorrected _Ms._ or perhaps had been sagacious enough to discern and reject the interpolation.

_VER. 15783._ And we also] It should have been _us_. I take notice of this, because Chaucer is very rarely guilty of such an offence against grammar.

_VER. 15855._ Your cours is don] So all the _Mff._ In Ed. _Urr._ *don* is changed to _run_; and I believe no modern
modern poet would have joined any other verb with *cours*, especially after he had used *ydon* in the preceding line; but I am not clear that Chaucer attended to such niceties.

In the latter part of this line, the best Mss. read—
your faith _ban ye_ conserved.—and I know not by what negligence I omitted to follow them.

Ver. 15966. thin utter eyen] _Exterioribus oculis._

Marg. Mf. C. i.

Ver. 16023. five mile] So all the Mss. except E. which reads " _half a mile._" This latter reading must certainly be preferred, if we suppose that Chaucer meant to mark the interval between the conclusion of the Nonnes tale and the arrival of the Chanon. But it would be contrary to the general plan of our author's work, and to his practice upon other occasions, that the Hoste should suffer the company

"To riden by the way, dombe as the ston,"
even for half a mile. I am therefore rather inclined to believe that _five mile_ is the right reading, and that it was intended to mark the distance from _some place_, which we are now unable to determine with certainty, for want of the Prologue to the Nonnes tale.

I have sometimes suspected, that it was the intention of Chaucer to begin the journey _from_ Canterbury with the Nonnes tale. In that case, _five mile_ would mark very truly the distance from Canterbury to Boughton under blee. The circumstances too of the Chanon's overtaking the pilgrims and looking, "as he had priked," or galloped, " _miles three,"_ would agree better with this supposition. It is scarce credi-
oble that he should have ridden after them from Southwark to Boughton without overtaking them; and if he had, it must have been a very inadequate representation of his condition, to say that "it seemed, he had pricked miles three." Besides, the words of the Yeman [ver. 16056,7.]

—Now in the morwe tide

Out of your hostelry I saw you ride—

 seem to imply, that they were overtaken in the same morning in which they set out; but it must have been considerably after noon before they reached Boughton from Southwark.

There is another way of solving these difficulties, by supposing that the Pilgrims lay upon the road, and that the Nonnes tale was the first of the second day's journey. It is most probable, that a great part of the company (not to mention their horses) would have had no objection to dividing the journey to Canterbury into two days; but if they lay only five miles on this side of Boughton, I do not see how they could spend the whole second day till evening [See ver. 17316] in travelling from thence to Canterbury.

I must take notice too, in opposition to my first hypothesis, that the manner, in which the Yeman expresses himself in ver. 16091,2. seems to shew that he was riding to Canterbury.

Ver. 16156. For Caton sayth] This precept of Cato is in L. 1. Diff. 17.

Ne cures si quis tacito fermone loquatur;
Conceius ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici. Ver.
Ver. 16211. thurgh jupartie] So Ms. C. 1. I have followed it, as it comes nearest to the true original of our word jeopardy, which our etymologists have sadly mistaken. They deduce it from *Jaï perdu*, or *Jeu perdu*; but I rather believe it to be a corruption of *Jeu parti*. A *jeu parti* is properly a game, in which the chances are exactly even. [See Froissart, v. i. c. 234. Ils n’estoient pas à *jeu parti* contre les François, v. ii. c. 9. se nous les voyons à *jeu parti.*] From hence it signifies any thing uncertain, or hazardous. In the old French Poetry, the discussion of a Problem, where much might be said on both sides, was called a *Jeu parti*. See *Poësies du Roy de Navarre*, Chanlon xlviii. and *Gloss.* in v. See also Du Cange in v. *Jocus partitus.*


Ver. 16306. Ascaunce] See the note on ver. 7327.


Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum, Nee pulchrum pomum quodlibet esse bonum.

Ver. 16480. a preest an annuellere] They were called *annuelleres*, not from their receiving a yearly stipend, as the *Gloss.* explains it, but from their being employed solely in singing *annuals*, or *anniversary Masses*, for the dead, without any cure of foules. See the Stat. 36 Edw. III. c. x. where the *Chapelleins Parochiels* are distinguished from others *chantanz annua-les.*
les, et a cure des almes nient entendantz. They were both to receive yearly stipends, but the former was allowed to take six marks, and the latter only five. Compare Stat. 2 H. V. St. 2. c. 2. where the stipend of the Chapellein Parochiel is raised to eight marks, and that of the Chapellein annueler (he is so named in the statute) to seven.

Ver. 16915. the seecree of seecrees] He alludes to a treatife, entitled, Secreta Secretorum, which was supposed to contain the sum of Aristotiles instructions to Alexander. See Fabric. Bibl. Gr. v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Ægidius de Columną, a famous divine and bishop, about the latter end of the xiiiith Century, built upon it his book De regimine principum, of which our Occleve made a free translation in English verse, and addressed it to Henry V, while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydges translation of the Secreta Secretorum is printed in Ashmole's Theat. Chem. Brit. p. 397. He did not translate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See Mf. Harl. 2251. and Tanner, Bib. Brit. in v. Lydgate. The greatest part of the viith Book of Gower's Conf. Amant. is taken from this supposed work of Aristotle.

Ver. 16918. As his book Senior] Ed. Urr. reads— As in his book—which I should have preferred to the common reading, if I had found it in any copy of better authority.

which follows of Plato and his disciple is there told, [p. 249.] with some variations, of Salomon. "Dixit Salomon rex, Recipe lapidem qui dicitur Thitarios—Dixit sapiens, Assigna mihi illum. Dixit, est corpus magnesiae—Dixit, quid est magnesia? Respondit, magnesia est aqua, composita &c."

Ver. 16961. Do him come forth] So Mss. Asp. 1. 2. and some others. The common reading is—Do him comfort. The alteration is material, not only as it gives a clearer sense, but as it intimates to us, that the narrator of a tale was made to come out of the crowd, and to take his place within hearing of the Host, during his narration. Agreeably to this notion when the Host calls upon Chaucer, [ver. 13628] he says,

Approcehere, and loke up merily.

Now ware you, Sires, and let this man have place. It was necessary that the Host, who was to be "juge and reportour" of the tales [ver. 816], should hear them all distinctly. The others might hear as much as they could, or as they chose, of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor, to speak audibly to a company of thirty people, trotting on together in a road of the fourteenth Century.

Ver. 16965. to flepen by the morwe] This must be understood generally for the day-time; as it was then after-noon. It has been observed in the Discourse &c. § xiii. that, in this episode of the Coke, no notice is taken of his having told a tale before.

Ver. 16991. wol ye just at the fan?] Some Mss. read—van. The sense of both words is the same.

The
The thing meant is the **Quintaine**, which is called a **fan**, or **van**, from its turning round like a weather-cock. See Du Cange in *Vana*; Menestrier *sur les tournois*, as quoted by Menage, *Dict. Etymol.* in *v. Quintaine*; and Kennet's *Paroch. Antiq.*

Ver. 16993. [Win of ape] This is the reading of Mss. HA. D. E. and Ed. Ca. 1. and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloss of this and the preceding passage, from Mr. Speght, is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Wine of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de finge* in the old *Calendrier des Bergiers*. Sign. l. ii. b. The author is treating of Physiognomy, and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The Cholerick, he says, *a vin de Lyon*; *c'est a dire*, *quant a bien beu voulent tan-ser voyfer et battre*—The Sanguine, *a vin de Singe*; *quant a plus beu tant est plus joyeux*—In the same manner the Phlegmatick is said to have *vin de mouton*, and the Melancholick *vin de porceau*.

I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little Rabbinical tradition, which I shall transcribe here from Fabric, *Cod. Pseudoepig.* V. T. vol. i. p. 275. *Vinea plantanti Noacho Satanam se jussisse memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, mac-taverit apud illas ovem, leonem, simiam et suem: Quod principio potus vini homo fit inflar ovis, vinum sump-tum efficiat ex homine leonem, largius haustum mutet eum in saltantem simiam, ad ebrictatem infusion transformet illum in pollutam et prostratam suem*. See also *Gesta Romanorum*, §. 159. where a story of the same purport
purport is quoted from Josephus, *in libro de causarum naturalium*.

Ver. 16999. a faire chivachee] A fair expedition. See the note on ver. 85. The common Editt. read—
chevisance.

Ver. 17112. Take any brid] This passage is too like one which has occurred before in the Squieres tale, ver. 10925. The thought is plainly taken from Boethius, L. iii. Met. 2. See also *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14717—34.

Ver. 17124. Let take a cat] This is imitated from *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14825.

Ver. 17130. Lo, here hath kind] So Mfl. Ask. i. 2. The common Editt. read, *lef*. Kind is nature. See the next line but one; and ver. 10922, 4.

Ver. 17132. A she-wolf] This is also from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 8142.

Tout ainsi comme fait la louve,
Que sa folie tant empire,
Qu’elle prent de tous loups le pire.

Ver. 17173. or any thefe] *Any* is from conjecture only, instead of *a*, the reading of all the Mfl. that I have consulted. The reading of Ed. Urr. is—or elles a these—whether from authority or conjecture I cannot tell; but even as a conjecture I should have adopted it in preference to my own, if I had taken notice of it in time.

Ver. 17278. My sone, thy tonge] In the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7399. this precept is quoted from *Ptolomée*.

Au commencer de l’Almageste.

See the note on ver. 5764.
Ver. 17281. The firfte vertue] This precept is also quoted in the Rom. de la R. ver. 7415. from Cato. It is extant L. i. Dist. 3.

Virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam.

Ver. 17308. be non autour newe] This seems to be from Cato. L. i. Dist. 12.

Rumores fuge, ne incipias novus auctor haberi.

It looks as if Chaucer read,

Rumoris fuge ne incipias novus auctor haberi.

Ver. 17315. Four of the clock] See the Discourse &c. § xli.

Ver. 17321. Therwith the mones exaltation In mene Libra alway gan ascendi] This is a very obscure passage. Some of the Mss. read—I mene Libra. According to the reading which I have followed, exaltation is not to be considered as a technical term, but as signifying simply rising; and the sense will be, that the moon's rising, in the middle of Libra, was continually ascending &c.

If exaltation be taken in its technical meaning, as explained in the note on ver. 6284, it will be impossible to make any sense of either of the readings: for the exaltation of the moon was not in Libra, but in Taurus. Kalendrier des Bergiers. Sign. i. ult. Mr. Speght, I suppose, being aware of this, altered Libra into Taurus; but he did not consider, that the Sun, which has just been said to be descending, was at that time in Taurus, and that consequently Taurus must also have been descending.

Libra therefore should by no means be parted with. Being in that part of the Zodiac which is nearly opposite
poşie to Taurus (the place of the sun), it is very properly represented as ascending above the horizon toward the time of the Sun's setting. If any alteration were to be admitted, I should be for reading—

Therewith Saturn’s exaltation,
I mene Libra, alway gan ascende—

The exaltation of Saturn was in Libra. Kalendrier des Bergers. Sign. K. i.

Ver. 17354. I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of describing alliterative poetry; and the Person’s prefatory declaration that “he is a Southern man,” would lead one to imagine, that compositions in that style were, at this time, chiefly confined to the Northern provinces. It was observed long ago by William of Malmesbury, l. iii. Pontif. Angl. that the language of the North of England was so harsh and unpolished, as to be scarce intelligible to a Southern man. *Quod propter viciniam barbararum gentium, et propter remotionem regum quondam Anglorum modo Norman-norum contigit, qui magis ad Austrum quam ad Aquilonem diversati nescuntur.* From the same causes we may pre¬fume, that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical art, which from time to time were made in the South, could find their way into the North; so that there the hobbling alliterative verse might still be in the highest request, even after Chaucer had establis¬hed the use of the Heroic metre in this part of the island. Dr. Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Che¬shire man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked “that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms.”
idioms." Effay on Metre of P. P. This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the Northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and slower alterations, than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.

To gesse here is to relate gestes. In ver. 13861. he has called it to telle in geste. Both passages seem to imply that gestes were chiefly written in alliterative verse, but the latter passage more strongly than this. After the Host has told Chaucer, that he "shall no longer rime," he goes on—

"Let see wher thou canst tellen ought in geste,
Or telle in prose somwhat at the lefte—"

Geste there seems to be put for a species of composition, which was neither Rime nor Prose; and what that could be, except alliterative metre, I cannot guess. At the same time I must own, that I know no other passage which authorizes the interpretation of geste in this confined sense. In the H. of F. ii. 114. Chaucer speaks of himself as making—

"bokes, songes, ditees
In rime, or elles in cadence."

where cadence, I think, must mean a species of poetical composition distinct from riming verses. The name might be properly enough applied to the metre used in the Ormulum [See the Effay, &c. n. 52.], but no work of Chaucer in any such metre, without rime, has come within my observation.

Ver. 17378. had the wordes] This is a French phrase. It is applied to the Speaker of the Commons in Rot. Parl. 51 E. III. n. 87. Mons. Thomas de
de Hungerford, Chivaler, qui *avoir les paroles* pur les Communes d'Angleterre en cest Parlement, &c.

P. 143. l. 2. forlete finne or that finne forlete hem]
The fame thought occurs, by way of precept, at the end of the Doctor's tale, ver. 12220.

Forsake the finne or finne ye forsake.

P. 175. l. 1. sayth Moyses] I cannot tell where. Perhaps there may be some such passage in the Rabbinical histories of Moses, which the learned Gaulmin published in the last century [Paris, 1629, 8°.], and which, among other traditions, contain that alluded to by S. Jude, Ep. ver. 9.

P. 176. l. 12. in the thurrock] The Editt. have changed this word, in this place, into timber, though, in another place, p. 223. l. penult. they have left it, and Mr. Speght explains it to mean an heap. It is a Saxon word, which the Glossaries render *cymsa, caupolus*, (originally perhaps *campulus*, as it was sometimes written. Du Cange, in v. *Caupulus*). It seems to have signified any sort of keeled vessel, and from thence, what we call, the hold of a ship. The following explanation of it from an old book, entitled, "*Our Ladys mirroure*" [Lond. 1530. fol. 57. b.], will fully justify Chaucer's use of it in both places, in the first literally, and in the second metaphorically. "Ye shall understande that there ys a place in the bottome of a shyppe, wherin ys gathered all the fylthe that cometh into the shyppe—and it is called in some contre of this londe a *thurrocke*. Other calle ye an hamron, and some calle ye the bulcke of the shyppe." I know not what to make of *hamron*.

X 2

P. 183.
P. 183. l. 4. outrageous array of clothing] What follows should be read carefully by any Antiquary, who may mean to write de Re Vestiariâ of the English nation in the xivth Century.

P. 258. l. penult. so high doctrine I let to divines] See before, ver. 17366—71. and below, p. 271. l. 7.

"The exposition of this—I betake to the maisters of Theologie." The secular clergy, in the time of Chaucer, being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I suppose, to represent the Persone as a deep divine, though a very pious, worthy Priest. The Frere (whose brethren had the largest share of the learning which was then in vogue) is made to speak with great contempt of the Parochial Pastors, ver. 7590.

"This every lowed Vicar and Person Can say &c."

And yet in the Person’s Character, ver. 402. we are told, that —

"He was also a lerned man, a clerk."

It may be doubted therefore, whether in these passages Chaucer may not speak for himself, forgetting or neglecting the character of the real speaker.

P. 276. l. 18. Now prey I to hem alle &c.] What follows being found, with some small variations, in all complete Mss. (I believe) of the Canterbury tales, and in both Caxton’s Editions, which were undoubtedly printed from Mss. there was no pretence to leave it out in this Edition, however difficult it may be to give any satisfactory account of it.

I must first take notice, that this passage in Ms. Afk. 1. is introduced by these words—

Here
Here taketh the maker his love.

and is concluded by these—

_Here endeth the Persones Tale._

In Ms. Ask. 2. there is a similar introduction and conclusion in Latin; at the beginning,—_Hic capit auctor licentiam_—and at the end,—_Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narrationes hujus libri de quibus composit Chaucer, cujus animo propicietur Deus._ Amen.

These two Ms. therefore may be considered as agreeing in substance with those Ms. mentioned in the Discourse, &c. § xlii. in which this passage makes part of the Persones Tale. One of them is described by Hearne, in his letter to Bagford, App. to R. G. p. 661, 2.

In Edit. Ca. 2. as quoted by Ames, p. 56. it is clearly separated from the Persones Tale, and entitled, _The Prayer._

In the Ms. in which it is also separated from the Persones tale, I do not remember to have seen it distinguished by any title, either of Prayer, or Revocation; or Retraction, as it is called in the Preface to Ed. Urry. If we believe what is said in p. 277. 1. 7. Chaucer had written a distinct piece entitled, _bis Retractions_, in which he had revoked his blameable compositions.

The just inference from these variations in the Ms. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on; that different Copyists have given this passage the title that pleased them best, and have attributed it to the Person or to Chaucer, as the matter seemed to them to be most suitable to the one or the other.

X.3 Mr.
Mr. Hearne, whose greatest weakness was not his incredulity, has declared his suspicion, "that the Revocation (meaning this whole passage) is not genuine, but that it was made by the Monks." [App. to R. G. p. 603.] I cannot go quite so far. I think, if the Monks had set about making a Revocation for Chaucer to be annexed to the Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The same objection lies to the supposal, that it was made by himself.

The most probable hypothesis, which has occurred to me, for the solution of these difficulties, is to suppose, that the beginning of this passage (except the words or reden it in l. 19.) and the end make together the genuine conclusion of the Persones Tale, and that the middle part, which I have inclosed between hooks, is an interpolation.

It must be allowed, I think (as I have observed before in the Discourse, &c. § xlii.), that the appellation of "litel tretise" suits better with the Persones tale taken singly, than with the whole work. The doubt expressed in l. 22. "if there be any thing that dippeth &c." is very agreeable to the manner in which the Person speaks in his Prologue, ver. 17366. [See the note on p. 258. l. penult.] The mention of "verray penance confession and satisfaction" in p. 277. 1. penult. seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker's preceding discourse; and the title given to Christ in p. 270. 1. 2. "Preeft of all Preefles" seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a Preeft.

So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Person. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable, that Chaucer
Chaucer might be persuaded, by the Religious who attended him in his last illness, to revoke, or retract, certain of his works; or at least that they might give out, that he had made such Retractions as they thought proper. In either case, it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these Retractions to the Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison; and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to the Persones Tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words "or redex it" in l. 19. to convert that epilogue from an address of the Person to his hearers into an address of Chaucer to his readers.

But, leaving these very uncertain speculations, I will say a few words upon those enditinges of worldly vanities, which are here supposed to have sitten heavy on our author's conscience.

P. 277. I. 9. the boke of Troilus] It has been said in the Essay, &c. n. 62. that the Troilus is borrowed from the Filostrato of Boccace. This is evident not only from the Fable and Characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian. At the same time there are several long passages, and even episodes, in the Troilus, of which there are no traces in the Filostrato. Of these therefore it may be doubted, whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translater out of Latin, B. ii. 14. and in two passages he quotes
his author by the name of Lollius, B. i. 394—421, and B. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the Filostrato, but the former (in which the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch is introduced) is not. What he says of having translated out of Latin need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called Latino vulgare [See the quotation from the Thesidea, Discourse, &c. n. 9.]; and Lydgate [Prol. to Boccace] expressly tells us, that Chaucer translated—"a boke, which called is Trophe,

In Lombard tongue, as men may rede and see."

How Boccace should have acquired the name of Lollius, and the Filostrato the title of Trophe, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

_Ibid._ the boke of Fame] Chaucer mentions this among his works in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of wools, &c. [See B. ii. ver. 144—8.] and consequently after the year 1374. See App. to Pref. C.

_Ibid._ l. 10. the boke of five and twenty Ladies] This is the reading of all the Mss. If it be genuine, it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's works was not drawn up by himself; as there is no ground for believing that the Legende of Good women ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of five and twenty Ladies. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

_Ibid._ the boke of the Duchesse] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the
the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravaliere [Poef. du R. de N. Gloss. v. Belee.] has cited from Ms. du Roi, No 7612. with Chaucer’s description of his heroine [ver. 817, et seq.], I find that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former. I should not therefore be surprized, if, upon a further examination of that Ms. it should appear, that our author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

_ibid._ 1. 11. the boke of Seint Valentines day &c.] In the Editt. the Assemblee of Foules. Chaucer himself in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 419. calls it the Parlement of Foules. See the note on ver. 1920. and App. to Pref. C. note (e).

_ibid._ 1. 12. the tales of Canterbury &c.] If we suppose, that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary, that he should mention those tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other works. It would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

_ibid._ 1. 14. the boke of the Leon] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate [Prol. to Boccace], but no Ms. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of Le dit du Lion, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. Acad. des Insc. t. xx. p. 379. 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to Poef. du Roi de N, v. Arrrouser. Bacheler.

Whether
Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptional works to have been drawn up by himself, or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the Roman de la Rose should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition, (as is most probable,) he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness, in sentiment as well as diction, than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370. of the original [ver. 5810. Ed. Urr.], and beginning again at ver. 11253. ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his Ms. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304 incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later Editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered, if they had consulted the French original.

A Bachelor, who dances with Franchise, is said to resemble

"The Lordes sonne of Wyndesfor."

[R. R. ver. 1250.]

This seems to be a compliment to the young Princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III, who is certainly meant by the Lord of Windfor. In the French it is simply— Il sembloit estre fils de Roy.
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There is a Patent in Rymer, 15 R. II. de arte sagittandi per Valetos Regis exercendi. The Yeomen, and all other Servants of the Royal household, of whatever state or office, under the degree of Yeomen, are ordered to carry Bows and arrows with them, whenever they ride, &c. in the King's train.

Ver. 169. his bridel—Gingeling] See this fashion of hanging bells on bridles, &c. illustrated by Mr. Warton, Hist. of Eng. Po. p. 164. See also below, ver. 14800, 1.

Ver. 307. in forme and reverence] with propriety and modesty. In the next line "ful of high sentence" means only, I apprehend, "full of high, or excellent, sense."—Mr. Warton will excuse me for suggesting these explanations of this passage in lieu of those which he has given in his Hist. of Eng. Po. p. 451. The credit of good letters is concerned, that Chaucer should not be supposed to have made "a pedantic formality," and "a precise sententious style on all subjects," the characteristics of a scholar.

Ver. 331. a feint of silk with barres female] It appears from our author's translation of R. R. ver. 1103. that barres were called cloux in French, and were an usual ornament of a girdle. See Mr. Warton's Hist. p. 377. 496. Clavus in Latin, from whence the Fr. Cloué is derived, seems to have signified not only an outward
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outward border, but also what we call a stripe. Montfavcon, t. iii. part i. ch. vi. A Bar in Heraldry is a narrow stripe, or Fascia. Du Cange, in v. CLA VATUS, quotes the Statut. Andegav. an. 1423, in which the Clergy, and especially the Regulars, are forbid to wear zonas auro clavatus.

Ver. 388. a mormal] A cancer, or gangrene. So the Gloss, and I believe Chaucer meant no more, by his confining the disease to the shin. The original word, Malum mortuum, Lat. Mauxor, Fr. seems to have signified a kind of dead palsy, which took away entirely the use of the legs and feet. Du Cange, in v. MALUM MORTUUM. Jonson, in imitation of this passage, has described a cook with an—"old mortal on his shin." Sad Shepherd. A. ii. S. vi.

Ver. 627. Note. Add—The Original of the word seems to be pointed out in the following passage. Vit. R. ii. a Mon. Evseh. p. 169. "facies alba—interdum sanguinis scumate viciata."

Ver. 2154. Torettes] Rather, toretes, with the Mss. from the Fr. Touret, which is explained by Cotgrave to signify, among other things, "the little ring, by which a Hawkes Lune [or, Leaf] is fastened unto the Jeste." Mr. Warton has shewn, by several quotations, that toretes were affixed to the collars of dogs, for a similar purpose. Hist. of Eng. Po. p. 364. Our author says, that "the Ringe [of the Astrolabe] renneth in a manner of a turet." Tr. of Aft. fol. 291. b.

Ver. 2608. the herte spone] This part of the human body is not mentioned in any Dictionary, that I have seen. The following passage of Jonson [Sad Shepherd].
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Shepherd. A. i. S. vi.] would incline one to suspect, that it means the concave part of the breast, where the lower ribs unite with the cartilago ensiformis.

— He that undoes him, [the deer,]

Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon

Of which a little gristle grows—

The Gloss supposes bone to be a Participle, signifying Thrust, driven, pushed; from the It. Spingere.

Ver. 3247. blissful for to see] The better Mss. read—on to see,—which I believe is right. See Lydg. Troy, B. iii. ch. xxii,

His brother Troylus, so goodly on to see.—

and Gower, Conf. Am. fol. 17. b.

Tho was she fouler unto [r. on to] rce.

Ver. 3251. perled with latoun] That is, I believe, ornamented with latoun in the shape of pearls. It is probable that some very elegant purses were embroidered with real pearls.

Ver. 3853. Whan folk han laughed] The better Mss. read—laughen, which therefore is probably right. Chaucer sometimes forms the Participle of the past time in en, even in those verbs, of which he also uses the Participle in ed. See ver. 3311. wasben; 7354. faren; for washed, and fared.

Ver. 3902. of a fouter a shipman or a leche.] The Proverbial expression, Ex futore medicus, was perhaps derived from the fable of Phaedrus with that title. L. i. Fab. 14. The other, Ex futore nauclerus, is alluded to by Pynfon the printer, at the end of his Edit. of Littelton's Tenures, 1525. [Ames, p. 488.] Speaking of one Redman, another printer, he says,—"Miror prosecto
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profecto unde nunc tandem se fateatur typographum, nisi forte quem Diabolus sutorum nauleerum, et illum calcographum fecit."


Ver. 4059. Note. Add—See the Town and Country Magazine, for May, 1769, p. 273.—When this note was written, I was in hopes of being able to refer the reader to some more creditable edition of this poem. But the influence of those malignant stars, which so long confined poor Rowley in his iron chest, seems still to predominate. Seriously it were much to be wished, that the gentleman, who is possessed of the still remaining fragments of this unfortunate author, would print them as soon as possible. If he should not have leisure or inclination to be the Editor himself, he might easily find a proper person to take that trouble for him, as nothing more would be requisite, than to print the several pieces faithfully from their respective Mss. distinguishing which of those Mss. are originals and which transcripts, and also by whom, and when, the transcripts were made, as far as that can be ascertained.

Ver. 4094. make a clerkes berde] i. e. cheat him. Faire la barbe, Fr. is to shave, or trim the beard; but Chaucer translates the phrase literally, at least when he uses it in its metaphorical sense. See ver. 5943. and H. of F. ii. 181. Boccace has the same metaphor. Decam. viii. 16. Speaking of some exorbitant cheats, he says, that they applied themselves—"non a radere ma a scorticare buonini." and a little lower—"si a soavemente la barbiera saputo menare il rasio."
Ver. 4348. Note. Add—I have lately met with another (I suppose, the true) receipt for stuffing a Goose in Mf. Harl. 279. It begins—"Take percelly and swynis grece or fewet of a shepe and parboyle hem, &c."

Ver. 5002. The following plot of the Knight against Confance [from this ver. to ver. 5030.], and also her adventure with the Steward [from ver. 5330 to ver. 5344.], are both to be found (with some small variations) in a Story in the Gesia Romanorum, ch. 101. Mf. Harl. 2270. Occleve has versified the whole story; as he has another from the same collection, De Jobnatha et muliere malâ, ch. 54. Ibid. (exx. Edit.) See an excellent Mf. of Occleve’s works, Bib. Reg. 17 D. vi. The first poem begins,—"In the Romain jeiles writen is thus :" the second,—"Some time an Emperour prudent and wise."

Ver. 5799. The bacon—at Donmow] See Blount’s Ant. Tenures, p. 162. This whimsical institution was not peculiar to Dunmow. There was the same in Bretagne. "A l’Abbaie Sainct Melaine, près Rennes, y a, plus de fix cens ans font, un coûte de lard encore tout frais et non corrompu; et neantmoins voué et ordonné aux premiers, qui par an et jour ensemble mariez ont veçu fans débat, grondement, et fans s’en repentir." Contes d’Entrap, t. ii. p. 161.

Ver. 6457. undermeles] The undermele, i. e. undern-mele, was the dinner of our ancestors. See the note on ver. 8136.

Ver. 7488. mendiants] In Mf. A. it is mendinants, both here and below, ver. 7494. which reading, though
though not agreeable to analogy, is perhaps the true one, as I find the word constantly so spelled in the Stat. 12 R. II. c. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Ver. 10261. Ye male, ye maifen] The final n has been added without authority, and unnecesarily. This line is very oddly written in Mss. Ask. r. 2.

Ya may ya may ya quod she.

Ver. 10921, thilke text] Boethius, I. iii. met. 2.

Repetunt proprios quaeque recurfus,
Redituque furo singula gaudent,—
which our author has thus translated. "All thynges feken ayen to hir propre course, and all thynges re-joyfen on hir returninge agayne to hir nature." The comparison of the Bird is taken from the same place.

Ver. 12914. I smell a loller] This is in character, as appears from a treatisc of the time. Harl. Catal. n. 1666. "Now in Engelond it is a comun protec- tioun ayens perfeccioun—if a man is customable to swere nedeles and fals and unavised, by the bones, nailes, and fides and other membres of Crist.—And to ab- fteyne fro othes nedeles and unleful,—and repreve finne by way of charite, is mater and cause now, why Prelates and sum Lordes sclaundren men, and clepen hem Lollardes, Eretikes, &c."

Ver. 14881. Note. Add—Loken is used by Oc-cleve, in the first of his poems mentioned above in n. on ver. 5002.

Lefte was the Erles chamber dore unfstonken,
To which he came, and fonde it was not loken.

Discourse, &c. n. 32. Add—See App. to Pref. A. n. (e) p. xiv.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.