The Minor Poems
of
John Lydgate

EDITED FROM ALL AVAILABLE MSS., WITH AN ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH
THE LYDGATE CANON

BY

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PART I
1. THE LYDGATE CANON
2. RELIGIOUS POEMS

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PREFACE.

The present edition is the result of study during the year 1906–7 at Harvard University, where I presented a thesis for the doctor's degree, Studies in the Life and Writings of John Lydgate. In that thesis, now in the library at Harvard University, I devoted chapter II to the consideration of Lydgate's rhyme, metre, and style, and chapter III to the rejection of many of the poems which in this introduction I declare spurious. The canon here presented was read at the Philological Society's meeting in March 1908, and met with the general approval of those most familiar with Lydgate's writings. It contained only a summary of essentials, where my thesis considered the subject in its fullest extent; and any one desirous of disputing my statements about Lydgate's rhyme, metre, and style, is referred to that ponderous manuscript of a thousand typed pages, for my evidence.

Professor Saintsbury, in a note in the bibliography to his chapter on the Chaucerians, in The Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. II, speaks kindly of my attempt to establish a Lydgate Canon, but objects to my statement that "Lydgate is always smooth," and to my dismissal of Hawes' evidence in re The Assembly of Gods and Court of Sapience. In answer to the first, I say that contrasted with the poetry of his time Lydgate's verse is smooth, by whatever standard it be judged, and that a poem must be as smooth as any of the acknowledged pieces of Lydgate\(^1\) to be accepted as his, if no other evidence is forthcoming; just as an essay on English poetry must be as witty and entertaining as the acknowledged work of Professor Saintsbury, before I would admit that it was his, if no other evidence were at hand. He must not start on a false premise, that Lydgate wrote London Lickpeny, the Court of Sapience, and the Assembly of Gods, and then generalize on "Lydgate's" style, and its apparent lack of smoothness.

To his second criticism, I answer that Professor Saintsbury must not imply that since Hawes speaks of his master, he knew the monk intimately. The monk had been dead fifty years before Hawes wrote at King Henry's court. Hawes probably took his knowledge from the prints of the time, which were in Lydgate's case, as in Chaucer's, often right, and often wrong. It is the easiest thing in the world, after a lapse of fifty years, for anonymous pieces to be attributed wrongly to a well-known author, even by a devoted admirer. Let Professor Saintsbury examine the anonymous stories and articles in the Southern Literary Messenger, which have recently been attributed to

\(^1\) By acknowledged pieces I mean pieces in which the poet names himself.
Poe. Will he accept them as Poe's, upon the word of some present-day admirer of Poe, unless they are precisely in the style of Poe's acknowledged work? Finally, Professor Saintsbury notes with surprise my disqualification of London Lickpeny, though ten Brink had rejected it years ago.

My task has nothing in it of a revolutionary character. I have followed other editors of Lydgate, and by comparison of rhyme-indexes of all other known verse-writers of the fifteenth century with Lydgate's acknowledged practice I have noted a number of differences in usage, which are sufficient to determine, in cases where the style is close to Lydgate's, the probabilities of his authorship. My reliance upon the word of scribes is justified by the satisfactory way in which their attributions fulfill the conditions of these rhymetests.

In manuscript-lists of the major-poems, I have made little original search, though I think my lists are more complete than any hitherto published. I was able to draw the attention of Dr. Bergen, the editor of the Troy Book, to three manuscripts, and to correct Dr. Erdmann's list of the Thebes MSS. in one particular. For The Temple of Glas, Life of St. Albon, Daunce of Machabree, Complaint of the Black Knight, Fables, Nightingale, and Secrees, all recently edited or studied, I have added a MS. apiece.

If many additions are made to my Lydgate Canon, they will come chiefly, I believe, from the numerous private sources, to which, during my year's residence in England, 1907–8, I had no access. The only library, known to contain poems by Lydgate, to which I was denied access was Longleat; and some future visitor must make collations there with my texts. Fortunately I have other copies, and earlier ones, than any in Longleat.

My thanks are due to Mr. Alfred Rogers of the Cambridge University Library and to Mr. J. Abrams of the Bodleian for copies of certain texts.

To the authorities of the various public libraries, and to owners of manuscripts in their private libraries I am greatly obliged for permission to inspect manuscripts. Particular acknowledgment will be made in the notes on manuscripts in my second volume.

To Dr. Furnivall, for much kind help, I am greatly indebted. To Professor W. Henry Schofield, at whose suggestion I undertook the task, and to Professors W. A. Neilson and G. L. Kittredge of Harvard, I am most grateful for continued encouragement and assistance. Professor Carleton F. Brown of Bryn Mawr College kindly directed me to the Sidney Sussex College MS.

Henry Noble MacCracken.
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THE LYDGATE CANON.\(^1\)

There are three means of discrimination to help us in proving Lydgate’s true works: Lydgate’s own statements, the statements of contemporary scribes, and the internal evidence of rhyme, metre, and style. I place least emphasis on the last, but none the less consider it as our only aid when the first two are lacking.

1. No one surely can doubt a poet who names himself in his work. Literary forgery was a lost art, when most pieces circulated anonymously.

2. The scribes of the period seem to have been particularly well-informed people, and I take their rubrics and colophons as generally far more trustworthy than our own microscopic examination of the texts.\(^2\)

3. Internal evidence gives doubtful results. Lydgate in his secular poetry was a Chaucerian, while in his religious poetry he had a host of imitators. In the one case I cannot deny that another Chaucerian might have written almost any one of the poems of the school of the court of love ascribed to Lydgate. In the other case I cannot deny that an imitator might have imitated his style so closely as to make his work indistinguishable from his model’s. At once I must abandon an attempt to claim for Lydgate any ballade, virelai, or other poem of courtly love not expressly assigned to him

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1 This Introduction is a revision and enlargement of a preliminary paper presented under this title before the Philological Society, March, 1908, and printed in the Transactions as Appendix II. of 1907-09. Certain errors in that paper are silently corrected here, and I take this opportunity to apologize for them.

2 In MS. Bodley 686 the running title puts Lydgate above the Tale of the Crow or Chaucer’s Maundples Tale. The scribe intended it to head not this poem, but some one of Lydgate’s works, a number of which he adds later on. This error crept into library catalogues, and I last saw it in a Berlin doctor’s dissertation, printed in 1906! In MS. Rawlinson c. 86, date about 1500, part of Chaucer’s Dido is ascribed to Lydgate. Finally the gossipy Shirley in Ashmole 59, written in old age, is not always to be trusted.
on MS. authority. But in regard to Lydgate's imitators I can oppose
the objection that Lydgate's religious and moral poems, written in his
own manner, are almost entirely the product of his old age, and that
his imitators are a generation behind him. Lydgate as an old man
still writes the language of his youth, but his imitators cannot find
this language in the rapidly changing state of the tongue. Thus it is
unlikely that any imitator on the religious side will be able to imitate
Lydgate so closely as to defy detection. Poets of equal age with
Lydgate may do so, but they are not so apt to be his imitators.
And diligent search has failed to find a single known religious poet
of the time whose rhyme-scheme is the same as Lydgate's.

But upon the other side of the question, upon the exclusion of
spurious poetry, it is, I think, a safe canon, or means of discrimina-
tion, that if in 100,000 lines of verse known as Lydgate's no excep-
tions can be found to certain phenomena, any poem in which such
exceptions occur must possess stronger evidence than tradition
dating from later than 1500 if its claim to share in Lydgate's fame
is to be admitted. Lydgate might have changed his style, his rhyme,
his metre for another, had he ever been conscious that another style,
metre, or rhyme was desirable; there is no evidence that he ever
thought so, or that any contemporary ever thought so. On the
contrary, his style throughout his life is highly commended by the
religious poet, by the historical verse-writer, and by the poet of
courtly love. This style is perhaps the most uniform, the most
repetitive, the most conventional of all English poetry. In his
work, therefore, if anywhere, tests of rhyme, rhyme-tag, metre and
phrase should be applied with almost absolute precision.

We have, then, before us the task, not of describing in all their
detail, the characteristics of Lydgate's poetry, but of providing if
possible a basis for certain tests of genuineness.

I. RHYME.

Lydgate was throughout his life an accurate and skilful rhymer.¹
His rhyme-index is carefully modelled on Chaucer's, and there are
very few exceptions to his usage. Certain of these should be noted.

1. Words ending in -er, -ere, -ers, rhyme with words in -ir, -ire,
-irs.¹

¹ In all these remarks I but follow the various editors of Lydgate's works,
for the Early English Text Society, to whose evidence the reader is referred.
Lydgate's Rhymes.

But so they do in the Assembly of Gods, and in Bokenham's poems, and in Fragment B of the Romaunt of the Rose.

2. Open and close e, and o, are not kept apart.

But this is characteristic of all fifteenth-century verse, and in fact Chaucer did not always keep the distinction.

3. Final weak -e. Words ending in a final weak -e sometimes rhyme with words that do not. But this practice is characteristic of the poems of the whole century. The whole matter of final -e in the fifteenth century is best postponed until we are more sure as to the facts. A study of Lydgate's -e is now being made.


In certain words, mercy, party, Calvary, Lydgate varies between -y and -ye rhymes. But aside from these, Lydgate's usage is practically uniform; he never departs from the Chaucerian usage once in 10,000 lines. All his contemporaries, save Hoccleve, rhyme y : -ye.

It should be noted that skye, no matter in what sense it is used, always rhymes in Lydgate with words in -ye, as do remedye, Marie.

5. We may now note certain minor Chaucerian distinctions, observed by Lydgate, but neglected by one or other of the poets whose works are identified as Lydgate's. Lydgate never rhymes the following:

2. -ighte, -ite. ” righte : lyte.
4. -arie, -ie. ” necessarie : folye.
5. -ees, -esse. ” pees : excesse.
6. Assonances.
7. Penultimate or antepenultimate rhyme of words in -oun.

In Nos. 1, 2, and 6 of the above classes Lydgate's usage is

1 Three examples in Complaint of the Black Knight, and three in Reason and Sensuality, both early works. Practically none in later poems.
2 John Walton, for example, rhymes -orie : -ye; as do John Hardyng, Quixley, and Burgh. The continuator of the Secrees rhymes -igne : -ine continually.
3 Assonances occur in Lydgate, but very rarely indeed; not over 6 in 150,000 lines.
4 Temptacioun : nacioun, derisioun : visioun, correcioun : dileccioun, etc. The -acioun rhyme comes into Lydgate's work rarely, and by accident in his latest poems (Secrees, Miracles of Edmund); the others never. They are characteristic of Hoccleve's verse, however. Miss B. Skeat, in her dissertation on The Lamentation of Mary Magdalen, noted the fact that Lydgate rhymed on the ultimate, and used it as a test in denying that poem to Lydgate, to whom the Harleian Catalogue assigns it.
almost uniform; in 3, 4, and 5 it may be said to be absolutely so. These distinctions, so often neglected by other poets of the time, furnish the readiest way to dispose of most of the pseudo-Lydgatian poetry.

II. METRE.

Lydgate, like most other poets of his time, had two lines, one of four accents, the other of five accents. I do not know whether in any poem of his he puts the short line and the long line together; certain evidence points that way. His normal forms of verse are the rhyme royal (or ballade, as it was called in his time), the eight-line ballade stanza, and couplets in 8 and 10 syllables. In his envoye he sometimes employs stanzas of varying rhyme-schemes, abba, aabba, etc. Lydgate wrote roundels too, we know. It seems pretty certain that in his five-accent line Lydgate allowed greater variety than Chaucer in the number of unaccented syllables. Yet at the same time he never went so far as to make his lines impossible of reading under a scheme of variations of the iambic pentameter. Thus verse so rude as that of the Coventry Miracle Plays is quite foreign to his manner. Throughout his life he centred his attention on the even flow of his verse, and on the simplicity of structure so noticeable in Chaucer. Those two ideals led him into redundancy and exceeding looseness of grammatical form, but they never misled him into unmelodious measures.

Professor Churton Collins was probably right in saying that Lydgate wrote some of the smoothest verse in the language. But

1 The broken-backed line, which Professor Schipper noted, with two accented syllables next each other at the caesura, is not altogether objectionable. I have tried reading Troy Book aloud, and have come to agree with its editor that it is a pleasant variation of the line. The phenomenon is not unknown in later times. I give a typical specimen, Troy Book, 16:

To lôke vpon fully furious.

But I believe with Professor Kaluza that this broken-backed line can in most instances be easily mended, and that it was far less used than editors of Lydgate would have us believe. (Literaturblatt f. germ. Phil., 1899, pp. 373–375; 1900, p. 408.)

It is important to note in this connection that the five accents in Lydgate's line fall, without strain, upon syllables that require a major or minor stress. This is not the practice of Hoeceleve, invariably, nor of other writers of the time. See, on this point, Dr. Furnivall's introduction to Hoeceleve, E.E.T.S., E.S. 61, p. xli; and my Quixley's Ballades Royal, Yorkshire Archæol. Journ. March, 1908, XX, 35; also Metric of the Chaucerian Tradition, A. H. Licklider, 1910.
to contend that no other poet could write harmoniously in Lydgate's day would be hopeless. Such a poem as that addressed to Lydgate in MS. Bodley, Fairfax 16, is as metrical as any of Lydgate's, and obviously cannot be by him.

Until then a careful study of the metres of the fifteenth century is made, and the prevailing rhythms noted down by some one as acute as Professor Sievers, let us say, no possible test, other than that of absolute roughness, can be used on poetry attributed to Lydgate.

III. Style.

1. **Subject.**—Lydgate's pen was at the service of any devout Catholic and patriotic Lancastrian. If his range of ideas was narrow, he was yet ready to do what he could in any direction. From some fields of writing he was shut out naturally, the fields open to a man of opposite nature. With the possible exception of one poem, Lydgate never descended to the vulgar and obscene. When translating, however, he might feel himself bound to reproduce his original. Thus in the **Ballade of the Crabbe**, Lydgate attacks priests, though very slightly, because his original had not spared them.

It is thus not safe to believe that any subject would have been foreign to Lydgate's pen, with the one exception of obscenity. And even here Lydgate's introduction of Mine Host of the Tabard in the Prologue to his *Story of Thebes*, and the rather coarse language which Mine Host uses, proves that Lydgate enjoyed this side of Chaucer's humour as well as the other.

2. **Chaucerian influence.**—No amount of Chaucerian influence can be taken as a test of Lydgate's genuine writing. There was no poet of the time, I believe, more the creature of Chaucer, no poet more eager to

```
... seke his boke jet is left by-hynde,
Som goodly word per-in for to fynde,
To sette amouge pe crokid lynyrs rude
Whiche I do write; as, by similitude,
Pe ruby stant, so royal of renoun,
With-Inne a ryng of copur or latoun."
```

(Troy Book, II, 4703 f.)

Yet others were no doubt equally devoted, and no greater mistake

1 *The Hood of Green*, noted below.
could be made than to ascribe a poem to Lydgate merely because it is Chancerian and yet not quite up to Chaucer's mark.

3. Other influence.—In his religious poetry Lydgate shows most clearly the influence of that school of poetry, of which the highest types are the *Pearl* and the *Quia Amore Langueo*. While I do not believe that Lydgate could rise to the height of this last poem, yet he came near it on more than one occasion, and it is very difficult to distinguish between a poem like *Timor Mortis Conturbat Me*, by Lydgate, and others like *Fortis ut Mors dileccio*, not claimed for him.

4. Much has been made of Lydgate's tendency to repetition, amplification, and digression; and indeed in some poems, particularly those from the French, these traits seem almost a peculiar disease. But these qualities are characteristic of the homilist at any period, and the duplication of terms is an essential quality of English style. It would thus be dangerous to draw any line between Lydgate's tendency to excessive redundancy and the normal verbiage of monkish poets. There are times when Lydgate is concise, when every line tells; there are times when other poets than Lydgate grow tedious.

5. The personality of Lydgate, as expressed in his writings, may on occasion serve us as a guide. Lydgate is always modest, deprecative, simple; he never forces himself or his opinion on the reader, never treats the reader otherwise than as a master. It is quite true that this attitude is a conventional one of the time, but in no other writer that I have read is sincerity in the use of the convention so evident in every line of his writing.

6. Another characteristic of Lydgate's style may be taken as a test, his rhyme-tags. The best collection of these is in the preface to *Reson and Sensuallyte* in the E.E.T.S. series. We note the great variety of them, and the absence of one rhyme-tag so needed by the minstrel, "verament."

Here then is a conservative statement of the tests which can be applied. With proper caution, we can exact a certain smoothness of verse, a certain dignity and elevation of sentiment, a certain polish as of the court. We can demand no minstrel-rhyme-tags, and no frequent use of the half-dozen departures from Chaucer's rhyme-scheme, which I have particularly noted. Applying these tests in a friendly manner, it is now possible to draw up a list of Lydgate's poems as they exist to-day in print or manuscript, and to indicate
the evidence upon which we may allow them to the monk of Bury. I have made the list an alphabetical one by titles, quoting first lines. Poems in which Lydgate names himself or his place of birth are indicated by small capitals. Manuscripts in which the scribe in rubric or colophon names Lydgate are named in italics. — Other external evidence is not indicated. On the side of internal evidence it should be said that my examination of the poems here presented finds every one of them agreeing with the tests I have suggested for Lydgate’s authorship. Where there is no external evidence, however, the nature of the internal evidence, leading me to accept the poem in the Lydgate canon, is indicated.

1. Ale-seller, Ballade on an.

_Beg._ Remembring on the grete unstabilnesse.

_M.S._ — Bodley, Rawlinson, c. 48; 11 stanzas of 7 lines, last two fragmentary.

Sir Frederick Madden, whose annotated copy of Ritson’s _Bibliographia Poetica_, in the Harvard College Library, shows that he had a thorough knowledge of Lydgate MSS., ascribes the poem to Lydgate in his account of the MS. in the preface to the Roxburge Club _Syr Gawayne_. His judgment is verified by the accuracy of the —ye rhyme in the refrain, the tags “I dar riht weel assure,” “I dar weel saye,” “in substantee,” “done here besy cure,” the rhyme resoun : guerdoun, and the apology for “rude writynge.” The ninth stanza is another rendering of the proverb, “Fallere fallentem non est frustra,” the version of which from the _Fall of Princes_ is so often quoted. The Rawlinson MS. contains chiefly Lydgate poems. I do not feel justified in doubting Sir Frederick Madden’s opinion, and therefore accept the poem as in full harmony with Lydgate’s style. See also _Ballade per Antiphrastra_.

2. Amor Vincit Omnia, Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

_Beg._ Ech man folwith his owne fantasie; 17 stanzas of 8 lines.

_M.S._ — Ashmole 39 (“bat philosophie Lidgate”); B. M. Addit. 29729; Harley 2351 (“a demawnde by Lydgate”). What is practically the same refrain is in _Fall of Princes_, Book III, chapter 4, envoy, which appears often as a separate poem.

On titles. So far as possible, I have preserved the titles given in rubrics. This is particularly true of the Latin titles indicating the hymns translated. In some cases, however, the titles in different MSS. of the same poem are not identical, in other cases the same title is applied to different poems. As most of the poems are ballades with refrains, I have followed the practice adopted in Chaucer’s poems _Trouthe, Lak of Stedefastnesse_, etc., of selecting the essential element in the refrain line. In other cases I have tried to select a title agreeable to the theme. The danger of confusion with titles given by others will be obviated by cross references in the index.

I must beg to defer the presentation of all my evidence in regard to poems admitted by me on internal evidence alone, until these poems are discussed in the notes of this edition, which will be appended to my second volume.

MS. title, _Hic noto de illis que vendunt cervisiam in cantuar._ But the poem refers only to a loose tavern-wench.

As Shirley calls him. This is a good place in which to acknowledge my indebtedness to Miss Hammond’s recent articles on Shirley MSS. in _Anglia, passim._
3. Ave Jesse Virgula.

_Beg._ Hayle blissid lady moder of Criste Iesu; 19 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Harley 2255 (last 12 stanzas), 2251; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21 (2 copies).¹

4. Ave Maria (or Salutacio Angelica).

_Beg._ Hayle gloryous lady and henely queue; 5 stanzas of 8 short lines.


5. Ave Regina Celorum.

_Beg._ Hayle luminary and benigne lanterne; 6 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21 (2 copies); Harley 2251.

Appears in both MSS. in a list of similar poems by Lydgate, and is exactly in their style; "aurate beams," etc.


_Beg._ A Thowsande stories I koupe to you reherce; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.

MSS.—Ashmole 59; B. M. Sloane 1212.

Printed by Thynne, 1532 Chaucer, joined to another poem; separately by Prof. Skeat, Oxford Chancer, VII, 275, with collation of MSS.²

7. Ballade of Her that hath all Virtues sette in hir Image.

_Beg._ Fresshe lusty beante, loyned with gentylesse; 7 stanzas of 7 lines.


8. Ballade per Antiphrasim.³

_Beg._ Vndir youre hoode is but oo contenance; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.

MS.—Rawlinson c. 48, where it follows Ale-seller.

9. Ballade to King Henry VI, on his Coronation.

_Beg._ Moost noble Prynce of cristin prynces alle; 16 stanzas of 8 lines.


_Beg._ O thou my soule gyf laude vnto the lord; 22 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20 (2 copies); Addit. 34909; and Harley 2251. The last two MSS. are probably copies of the first.

11. Benedictus Deus in Donis Suis.

_Beg._ God departith his gyftys dyversly; 9 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Harley 2255; Land 683.


In the Harvard MS. AR 5 a copy of the common Brut, in John Shirley's hand, has a rubric at the place beginning with the reign of Richard II, where the translation, from the French, of the portion following is ascribed to Lydgate. I found nothing to corroborate this statement in my examination of the translation, but leave it for others to believe or doubt. Nothing is more likely, than that Lydgate was asked to do the work.

¹ Not in Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20; as stated _Anglia_, 28, 16.

² As the Ballade in Commendation of Our Lady; under which title I note it below, in discussion.

³ Noted by Madden as Lydgate's. The refrain, "as I go loos and teied am with a lyne," is also in _Tyed with a Lyne_, below. I take the title from a rubric of Shirley’s.

* Beg. *O prudent folkes take the heed: 19 stanzas of 7 short lines.

Printed by Halliwell, *Minor Poems*, pp. 129-135, from (3). Also in Dodsley’s *Old Plays*, ed. 1789, xii, 335; in *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1836; see also Montaiglon, *Recueil des poésies françaises des XV® et XVI® siècles*, Paris, 1855, vol. xi, for a print of a French version of the type of Lydgate’s is a translation.


* Beg. *By twayne recorde of the doctor Bede: 13 stanzas of 7 lines.
* MSS. — *Baker’s MS. 6, Cambridge;* Harley 367.*

Printed from former in *Retropective Review*, 2d series, I. 498. The general style of the verses is so absolutely in harmony with the lifelessness of Lydgate’s later work that it is impossible not to agree with the ascription.

15. Cartae Versificatae.

Charters of English Kings to the Abbey of Bury: 693 lines, in ballade.
* MS. — *B. M. Addit. 14848, fols. 243-257 (Register of Wm. Curteys c. 1449).*

Printed from this by Arnold, *Memorials of Bury St. Edmunds*, III (1896), 215-237 (Rolls series). These are so absolutely in accord with Lydgate’s style, and their date so coincides with Lydgate’s other work of the kind for Curteys (see *De Profundis*) that we must agree with Mr. Arnold in allowing Lydgate as the author. All tests of rhyme throughout agree in proving Lydgate’s authorship.


* Beg. *My father above beholding thy mekenes: 3 stanzas of 7 lines.
* MS. — *Harley 2251.* A charming ballade to the Virgin, which I admit “at wixen hope and drede.”


* Beg. *Problemes of olde lykenes and fygunes: 54 stanzas of 7, envoy 1 of 8.


18. Complaint for Lack of Mercy, A.

* MS. — Univ. Lib. Camb, Ff. 1. 6, fols. 152b-153a.* The poem, though in a corrupt copy, is in Lydgate’s most characteristic style.


* Beg. *A solitary sore compleuyng: 18 stanzas of 7 short lines.

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1 Transcribed by Stokys from an earlier codex, see Catal. v. 197.
2 Not in Harley 1704, as Ritson tells us.
Genuine Poems: Complaint—Death’s Warning.

one familiar with the Duke of Gloucester’s household, and in Lydgate’s manner. Lydgate had been employed to celebrate the betrothal of the Duke and Duchess. A probable reason for the omission of Lydgate’s name in the earlier MS., written while the Duke was still alive, is his probable hostility to the author of this Complaint.

20. Complaint of the Black Knight.

Begin. In May when Flora, the fresche lusty quene ; 681 lines, stanzas of 7 lines.
MSS.—Fairfax 16; Bodley 638; Tanner 346; Digby, 181; Arch. Selden B 24; E. M. Addit. 16165; Pepys (Magdalen Coll. Camb.) 2096; Ashlon MS., 245–246, 293–300.
Printed by de Worde (copy in Chatsworth), Chepman and Myllar, 1508 (Goliadys and Gawaine); Thynne 1532 in Chancery; and by succeeding editors as Chancer’s; by Skeat, Oxf. Chancier, VII, 245–265; by Krausser, Anglia, xix, 211–290; and Halle, 1896, from all but last-named MS.; modernized by Dart, 1718.

21. Consulo Quisquis Eris.

Begin. I conceive whatcener thow be ; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.
Printed by Halliwell from (1), entitled The Concord of Company, and by Dr. Furnivall in Pol. Rhet. and Love Poems (E.E.T.S.). The Latin couplet of which the above words are the beginning, and of which the poem is an expansion, is usually found as rubric. The internal evidence for Lydgate’s authorship of this piece is overwhelming.

22. Criste Qui Lux Es et Dies.

Begin. O Criste jat arte bope day and light ; 7 stanzas of 8 short lines.
MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20; Harley 2251. In the Bannatyne MS. is a version a little resembling Lydgate’s.

23. Cristes Passionem.

Begin. Man to reforsume thyne exil and thi loos ; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.

24. Daunce of Machabree.

Begin. O ye folkes, harde hearted as a stone ; 84 stanzas of 8 lines.
MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9; Bodley 221; Selden supra 53; Bodley 680; Harley 116; Ellesmere, Corp. Chr. Coll. 237; Linne. Cath. C. 5. 4; Cott. Vesp. A. xvi.
Printed in Tottell, Fall of Princes, 1554; Dugdale’s St. Paul’s, 1658, p. 289; Modern version, see Brit. Bibl. H. 463, La Danse Machabre, by W. Coleman, 1690. Editions in preparation by Miss Warren and Miss Hammond.


Begin. Hanuyng a conseit in my sympill wyt ; 21 stanzas of 8 lines.
MSS.—Harley 2255; Laud. 683; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; MS. (2) lacks two last stanzas. Written in old age for Curteys.


Begin. Sip bat ye list to set me in your boke ; 8 stanzas of 7 lines.
MSS.—Harley 1766 (Nos. 11, 12); Douce 322; Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. v. 45. In the first two MSS. these ballades are said to be taken
Genuine Poems: Defence of Holy Church—Doublenesse. xv

out of the book of John Lucas; with the exception of the first stanza, however, they are from the Fall of Princes. It is not unlikely that Lydgate himself extracted them, and wrote a first stanza to accompany a grisly image of death, like that in the Douce copy.

27. Defence of Holy Church.

_Beg._ Right mighty prince of whom the noble fame; 21 stanzas of 7 lines, incomplete.

MSS.—Harley 12145, at end; Sloane 1212 (8 stanzas). Addressed to a royal personage, and in both MSS. with other pieces by Lydgate, this poem bears every trace of his style, both in circumlocution and in metrical tests.


_Beg._ O thou Lucyna owene and Empyreesse; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.

MS.—_B. M., Addit. 16165._

Printed by Dr. Furnivall in Notes and Queries, 4th Series, IX, 381 f., and in his ed. of Thynne's Animadversions, Chaucer Society, 2d Series, No. 13, App. VI; and by Miss Hammond, Modern Philology, I, 331.

29. Deus in Nomine Tuo Salvum Me Faci.

_Beg._ God in thy name make me safe and sounde; 8 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—_Ashmole 59; Caligula A ii; Harley 2255; Harley 116._

30. Dietary, A.

_Beg._ For heith of body cover for cold thyn hede; 11 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—_Laud 683; Bodley 686, 688, 48; Addit. B 60 (29179); Ashmole 61; Rawlinson A 653, C 48, C 86; Harley 4011, 2252, 2251, 941, 116, 959; Stow 982; Sloane 775, 3534 (with Latin), 989; Arundel 168; Lambeth 444, 853; B. M. Addit. 34360, 10099, 31042, 11307; Cal. A ii; Scotch texts in St. John's Camb. G. 23; Bannatyne MS., and McCulloch MS. (Univ. Lib. Edin.). Others are Hawkyns MS. in Phillipps sub. cat. p. 67 (1895); Trinity College, Dublin, 516; Soc. of Antiq. 101; B. M. Egerton 1995; Bodley, Rawl. poet. 34; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Univ. Coll. Oxf. 69.

Printed by Caxton as Medicina Stomachii, by Halliwell from Harley 2251; Dr. Furnivall, Babes Book, E.E.T.S. (Lambeth 853; Latin of Sloane 3534); Dr. Skeat from St. John's in ed. of Bruce, S.T.S.; Hunterian Club ed. of Bannatyne MS. The poem is much changed in later texts.

31. Doctrine for Pestilence, A.

_Beg._ Who wil ben hole and kepe hym fro syknesse; 4 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—_Laud 683; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Bodley, Rawl. e. 86, in (1) following the Dietary, in (2) and (3) preceding it without separation. In Leyden MSS. 9 and Lansdowne 699, this ballad is attached to the Dietary with additional stanzas between, perhaps by Lydgate. The original of the ballad is probably art. 21, Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 29, a French ballad.

32. Doublenesse.

_Beg._ This world is ful of variance; 13 stanzas of 8 short lines.

MSS.—_B. M. Addit. 16165; Harley 7578; Ashmole 59 (long lines at first, by padding); Fairfax 16._

Printed in 1561 Chaucer, etc., and Oxford Chaucer, VII, 291.

1 Lucas was probably a scribe. He wrote MS. Sloane 1212, which contains Lydgate's work.
33. Duodecim Abusiones.

_Beg._ Go forthe, king, reule the by sapience; 2 stanzas of 8 lines.

Printed by Caxton, W. de Worde (2); Chaucer 1561, 1598; Bell's Chaucer; _Temple of Glas_, App. II; Oxford Chaucer, vol. VII, q. v.

34. Entry into London, King Henry VI's Royal.

_Beg._ Toward the ende of wyndy February; 544 lines, with a roundel.

MSS.—_Harley_ 555; Cotton, Julins B II; Cleopatra C IV.

Printed by Halliwell, _Min. Poems_, from (3); by C. L. Kingsford, _Chronicles of London_, 1865, 87–116, from (2); by Nicolas, _Chronicle of London_, 1527, from (1).


35. Examples Against Women.

_Beg._ To Adam and Eve Crist gave the soueraigntie; 15 stanzas of 7 lines.

MS.—Digby 181. Ten stanzas, those on Adam and Samson, are from _The Fall of Princes_, altered; the others were probably added by Lydgate.

36. Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

_Beg._ In Egypt whilom as I rede and fynde; 910 lines in rhyme royal.

MSS.—_Harley_ 1245; 1786; 1497; 4205; 4260; Royal 18 B xxxi, 18 D iv, 18 D v; B. M. Addit. 24110; Phillippis, Longleat, Rutland, Jersey, Glasgow, Mostyn; Lambeth 254; Bodley 263; e Museo 215; Plimpton (New York); Hatton 102; Corp. Chr. Ox. 242; two owned by Quaritch; Glasgow Univ.; Rawl. C 448. Fragments in numerous MSS. Trin. Coll. R. 3, 19, 20; Ashmole 59; Pepys 2006; McClean 182; Harley 2202, 2251; Sloane 1825 (90b); Harley 4011; Arch. Selden B 10. A fragment beginning "Al thou so be in every maner age," often cited as an independent poem, is in Harley 172; Ashmole 59 (even Miss Hammond errs, in her article on Ashmole 59, _Anglia_, xxx, 324, No. 11), and elsewhere. The ballade on Women's Chastity, which Professor Skeat proved by examination of final -e, to be "much later than Lydgate," is from Book 111, v. Book 1, chaps. 3–7 is in Sloane 2452.

See also under _Death's Warning_, and _Examples Against Women_, and also Schick, _Temple of Glas_, p. cii, and _Anglia_, xxviii, 19–20.

Printed by R. Pynson, 1494 (with the extra-mely good _Kroy of Greence-aces_), 1527; Tottell, 1554; Wayland, 1558; Extracts by de Worde, 1510 (Proverbs of Lydgate).

37. Fall of Princes.

_Beg._ He that whilom did his diligence; 36316 lines in 7 and 8 line stanzas (Koeppel, p. 87. Miscalled by him and others _Falls_).

MSS.—Harley 1245, 1766, 3486, 4197, 4205, 4260; Royal 18 B xxxi, 18 D iv, 18 D v; B. M. Addit. 24110; Phillippis, Longleat, Rutland, Jersey, Glasgow, Mostyn; Lambeth 254; Bodley 263; e Museo 215; Plimpton (New York); Hatton 102; Corp. Chr. Ox. 242; two owned by Quaritch; Glasgow Univ.; Rawl. C 448. Fragments in numerous MSS. Trin. Coll. R. 3, 19, 20; Ashmole 59; Pepys 2006; McClean 182; Harley 2202, 2251; Sloane 1825 (90b); Harley 4011; Arch. Selden B 10. A fragment beginning "Al thou so be in every maner age," often cited as an independent poem, is in Harley 172; Ashmole 59 (even Miss Hammond errs, in her article on Ashmole 59, _Anglia_, xxx, 324, No. 11), and elsewhere. The ballade on Women's Chastity, which Professor Skeat proved by examination of final -e, to be "much later than Lydgate," is from Book 111, v. Book 1, chaps. 3–7 is in Sloane 2452.

See also under _Death's Warning_, and _Examples Against Women_, and also Schick, _Temple of Glas_, p. cii, and _Anglia_, xxviii, 19–20.

Printed by R. Pynson, 1494 (with the extra-mely good _Kroy of Greence-aces_), 1527; Tottell, 1554; Wayland, 1558; Extracts by de Worde, 1510 (Proverbs of Lydgate).

38. Fall of Princes in Oure Davyes, The Sodeine.\(^1\)

_Beg._ Beholde this great prynce Edward the seconde; 7 stanzas of 7 lines.


39. Fifteen Joys and Fifteen Sorrows of Mary.

_Beg._ Atween mydnyht and the fresch morwe gray; 72 stanzas of 7 lines.


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\(^1\) Also called _Fates of Princes_. The above is Shirley's title.
40. Fifteen Joys of Mary (II).

_Beg._ Blessed lady or pynesse of mercy; 27 stanzas of 7 lines.

41. Fifteen Ooes (Ooes of Christ).

_Beg._ O blyssid lord my lord O Crist Iesu; 42 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—_Laud_ 683; Rawl. c. 48; _Harley_ 2255; _B. M. Addit._ 29729; _Jes. Coll. Cam._ 56.

A Scotch version different from this is in Arundel 285, and another M.E. metrical version in Rawl. poet. 32. A prose translation is in Harley 172, with an interesting prologue.

42. Fifteen Toknys afford the Doom.

_Beg._ As the doctour sanctus Ieronimus; 11 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—_Harley_ 2255.


These stanzas bear every indication of Lydgateian authorship, both in metre and style. See further, Koeppel, _Anglia_, _Anzeiger_, 24, 55, who argues for Lydgate's authorship.

43. Flesynges, Ballade in Despyte of the (1424).

_Beg._ Off stryvys new, and fraudulent falsnesse; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—_Lambeth_ Pal. 84. Pr. by Fr. Brie, in his edition of _The Brut_, E.E.T.S., 1909, pp. 600-1, as anonymous. I have no hesitation in declaring it to be Lydgate's. For my proof, see my article in _Anglia_, April, 1910.

44. Flour of Curtesye.

_Beg._ In Fevrier whan the frosty mone; 270 lines of 7 lines with ballade.

Printed by _Thyane, 1532_, etc.; _Oxford Chaucer_, VII, 266-274. No MS. known.

45. Four Things that Make a Man a Fool.

_Beg._ Worship, women, wyne, unwelty age; 3 stanzas of 7 lines, stanz. 2 and 3 attributed to Halsham by Shirley.
_MSS._—_Fairfax_ 16; _Harley_ 7578, 4754; _Harley_ 116; _Ashmole_ 59; _Addit._ 16165; _Harley_ 2251; and _Addit._ 34360 (1 stanza); _Trin. Coll. Camb._ R. 3, 19; _R. 3, 20_. The first stanza rewritten in Stow 1561, from _Addit._ 29729; _Oxford Chaucer_, VII, 297; with a stanza of 7 lines from (10) added, _beg._ "If it be faile," etc. See under _Tyd with a Lyne_.

46. Friend at Neode, A.

_Beg._ Late whan Aurora of Tytan toke leve; 17 stanzas of 7 lines.
_MSS._—_Ashmole_ 59.

47. Gaude Virgo Mater Christi.

_Beg._ Be gladde mayde moder of cryst Iesu; 7 stanzas of 7 lines.

48. Gentlewomans Lament, A.

_Beg._ Alias I woold cryature; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.
49. Gloriosa dicta sunt De Te.

_Beg._ On hooly hilles wheeehe boope of gret Renoun ; 29 stanzas of 8 lines.


_Beg._ Thorough gladde aspectis of ye god Cupyde ; 27 stanzas of 7 lines, 1 of 8.

51. God is myn Helpere.

_Beg._ God is myn helpere and ay shal be ; 13 stanzas of 8 short lines.
_MSS._—*Harley* 2255. Line 89 is identical with l. 1 of Say the Best.

52. GUY OF WARWICK.

_Beg._ From tyme of Crist complete nyne hundred yere ; 69 stanzas of 8 (1 of 9), envoy of 4 lines, in all 592 or 565 lines (two versions).
_MSS._—*Laud* 683; Leyden Voss. 9; Harley 7333; *Harvard University A R 5*; Lansdowne 699; *Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21*.

53. Haste, A Ditty upon.

_Beg._ All haste is odious whereas discrecioun ; 17 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—*Rawl. c. 86*; Harley 2251; *Univ. Lib. Camb. Kh. 1. 6*; Harley 78.

54. Holy Meditation, A.

_Beg._ After the stormy tyme cessing the reyne ; 182 lines of heroic complets.

55. Horns away.

_Beg._ Of god and kynd procedeth al beaute : 10 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—*Laud* 683; Harley 2251, 2255; Addit. 34360; *Ashmole 59*; *Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. iv, 12*; Jesus Coll. 56; *Trin. Coll. R. 3. 19*; Rawl. c. 86; Leyden Voss. 9.

56. Horse, Goose, and Sheep, Debate between the.

_Beg._ Controversies pleis and alle discorde ; 77 stanzas of 7 lines, envoy 15 of 8 lines, in all 659.
_MSS._—*Rawl. c. 86*; *Lamb. 306*; Leyden Voss. 9; *Harley* 2251; Lansdowne 699; Addit. 34360; Ashmole 50, 754; Rawl. c. 48; *Laud* 598; *Huth* MS.

57. How the Plage was Sesyd in Rome.

_Beg._ So noble medesyne ne so souvroyne ; 6 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—*Addit.* 29729 (not certainly Lydgate's, however).
58. Image of Our Lady, On the.

_Beg._ Beholde and se this glorioues fygure; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MS._— _B. M. Addit._ 29729.

—59. Isopes Fabules.

_Beg._ Wisdom is more of pris than gold in coffres; 959 lines of rhyme royal; introduction and seven fables.

_MSS._—Harley 2251 (7 fables); Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19 (6 fables);

_Ashmole_ 59 (1 fable).

Printed from (1) by Sauerstein, 1885; from others by Zupitza, _Archiv_, 85, 1–24. Zupitza by an oversight missed fables (5) and (6) in _MS._ (2).

60. Jak Hare.

_Beg._ A froward knave plainly to diseryve; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._— _Laud_ 633; Harley 2251; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9.

Printed from (2) by Wright, _Rel. Antiquae_, I, 13; Halliwell’s _Minor Poems_, pp. 52–55.

The version in Lansdowne and Leyden has three probably spurious stanzas.

61. Kalendare, A.

_Beg._ Iesu Lord! for thy holy circumcision; 51 stanzas of 7, one of 8 lines.

_MSS._—Harley 1706, 4011; Longleat 253; Rawlinson 408; _Douce_ 322, 229; Lambeth 878.

Printed from (2), (4), (5), by Horstmann, _Archiv_, 80, 115–135. Lydgate probably only re-vamped an earlier doggerel text.


_Beg._ This myghty William Duk of Normandy; 15 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._— _Bodley_ 686; _Ashmole_ 59; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9; Harley 7333; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Rawl. c. 48; _Harley_ 78; _Fairfax_ 16 (down to Henry VI); Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21; Egerton 1995 (heading for Edward IV, and stanza on Henry VI re-written); Harley 2251, Addit. 31042 and 34360 (have stanza on Edward IV); Regius 18 D ii (down to Henry VIII); Bodley 1999; Coll. of Arms 58; Rawl. c. 448; c. 86; Bodley 48, 131, 912; Tanner 383; Ashmole 456; Cott. Julius E iv and v; Bodley Addit. E 7, and _Douce_ g. 2 (rolls); Cains Coll. Camb. 249 (to Henry V); Harley 372 (Alfred to Henry VI); Stow 69 (frag.).

Several of the above MSS. have little left of Lydgate’s original lines, though they are imitations.

63. Lavenders, Treatise for.

_Beg._ Yee maisteresses myne and clenely chambererys; 3 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._— _Univ. Lib._ Camb. Ff. 1. 6; last stanza in Harley 2251; Addit. 34360.

Printed by Wright, _Rel. Ant._ I, 26; by Steele, _Academy_, 1894, I, p. 395. Perhaps written for Lady Sibille Boys, or some other Suffolk dame.

64. Legend of Dan Joos.

_Beg._ O welle of sweetnesse replete in every veyne; 16 stanzas of 7 lines.


Printed by Halliwell, _Minor Poems_ 62 ff., by Horstmann, _Chaucer Society, Originals and Analogues_, III.

In Lydgate’s best manner, but preserved in poor texts.
65. Letabundus, On.

_Beg._ Grounde take in vertu by patriarchys olde; 39 stanzas of 8 lines.


66. Letter to Gloucester.

_Beg._ Right mighty prince and it be your will; 8 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—_Harley 2251, 2255_; _Addit. 34369_; _Lansdowne 699_; _Leyden Voss. 9;_ _Pepys 2011_.


67. Letter to Lady Sibille (Lady Sibille Boys, of Holm Hale?).

_Beg._ The chief gynnyng of grace and of vertue; 29 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._—_Ashmole 59._

68. Life of Our Lady, The.

_Beg._ O thoughtful herte plonged in distresse; 5986 lines, rhyme royal.

_MSS._—_B. M. Sloane 1785, 1825 (part);_ _Arundel 66;_ _Cotton App. VIII_; _Harley 629, 1304, 3362, 2282, 3952, 4011, 4290, 5272;_ _Addit. 19252, 19432;_ _Lambeth 344;_ _Advocates' Lib. Edinburgh_ _J. c. v. 7 (part);_ _Ashmole 39, 59;_ _Bodley 75, 120;_ _R. W. poct. 140;_ _St. John's Coll. Oxf. 56;_ _Hatton 73;_ _Corr. Chr. 61, 287;_ _Cambridge Trin. Coll. R. 3. 21, R. 3. 22;_ _Cairns Coll. 239 (Magnificat, ch. xxii),_ which belonged to Whethamstede of St. Alban's; _Univ. Lib. Min. 6, 15, Kk. i. 13;_ _Society of Antiquaries, No. 134 (begins at chap. xiii);_ _Armes MS. (Univ. California);_ _Cockerell MS. (Cambridge);_ 1 leaf (frag.) in _Sloane 297._

Printed by Caxton, Redman, C. E. Tame. Parts in Bannatyne MS. (Magnificat) and _Huth MS._ (beginning Book II). Everywhere ascribed to Lydgate. The parts in the Edinburgh copy were printed anonymously in _Visio Tundali, ed. Turnbull, 1813_, and commented on by Brand,1 as original poems of the later 15th century, and as continuing the mysticism of the West Midland school. Mr. Sidney Lee, in his article on Lydgate in the _Dict. Nat. Biog._, says _Harley 2382 has_ “two extra books.” This is quite wrong; the two poems which follow the Life are earlier poems on Mary; one is on the Assumption, the other a prayer. They are in no sense a continuation of the Life. _An edition of the whole poem was long ago announced by Fiedler, Anglia, xxv, 381._ Tame's edition was lost in a fire (copy in _Brit. Mus._).

69. LOKE IN THY MEROY, AND DME NONE OTHER WIGHT.

_Beg._ Toward the ende of frosty January; 27 stanzas of 8 lines.


Printed by de Worde (Lydgate's Proverbs); Halliwell, _Minor Poems_, 156-164.

70. MASSE, VERTEUS OF THE.

_Beg._ Ye that be of good devocioun; 59 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—_Harley 2251_; _Addit. 34369 (part);_ _St. John's College, Oxf. 56;_ _Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21;_ _Hatton 73;_ _Ashmole 59 (part);_ _Addit. 31042 (part);_ _Lambeth 344;_ _Balliol 324;_ _Laud 633 (part);_ _R. W. poct. 115 (part);_ _Cains 174 (part);_ _Jes. Coll. 56 (part)._ The piece _On Kissing at Verba sola Fictum est_ (pr. _M. P._, p. 60), is an appendix to this poem, as are the _Instructions to Priests_, in MSS. (4), (9), and (12).

Printed by de Worde; reprinted from this by _Huth, Eugyphic Tracts_, 1st series.

1 Paul's _Grundriss_, etc., II, 693.
71. Mesure, Song of Just.
   *Beg.* By witte of man althyng that is contraryd ; 10 or 13 stanzas of 8 lines.
   MSS.—Harley 2251, Addit. 29729.

72. Mesure is Tresour.
   *Beg.* Men wryte of oold how mesour is tresour ; 19 stanzas of 8 lines.
   MS.—Harley 2255.

73. Millers and Bakers, Against.
   *Beg.* Put out his hed lyst not for to dare ; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
   MS.—Harley 2255.

74. Miracles of St. Edmund.
   *Beg.* Laude of our lord up to the hevene is reysed ; 464 lines of 8 line stanza.
   MSS.—Cotton, Titus A viii ; Ashmole 46 ; Laund 683 ; Tanner 347.

75. Misericordias Domini in Eternum Cantabo.
   *Beg.* Alle goostly songes and ympnes that be songe ; 24 stanzas of 8 lines.

76. Mumming at Bishopwood.
   *Beg.* Myghty Flourra goddes of fresshe floures ; 16 stanzas of 7 lines.
   MS.—Ashmole 59.

77. Mumming at Eltham.
   *Beg.* Bachus which is god of pe glade vyne ; 98 lines of rhyme royal.
   Printed by Brotanek, *Die Englischen Maskenspiele*, 1902.

78. Mumming at Hertford.
   *Beg.* Moost noble prync e with support of your grace ; 254 lines in heroic couplet.
   Printed Anglia, xxi, 364 ff.

79. Mumming at London.
   *Beg.* Loo her this lady that yee may se ; 342 lines in short couplets.
   Printed by Brotanek, *loc. cit.*

80. Mumming at Windsor.
   *Beg.* Mooste noble prync e of Cristen prynces alle ; 14 stanzas of 7 lines.
   MSS. and print as above.

81. Mumming for the Mercers of London.
   *Beg.* Moost mighty lord, Jubyter pe greet ; 15 stanzas of 7 lines.
   MSS. and print as above.
82. Mumming for the Goldsmiths of London.

_Beg._ pat worpy david, which pat slonghe Golye; 14 stanzas of 7 lines.

MSS. and print as above.

83. My Lady Dere.

_Beg._ Every maner creature; 15 stanzas of 8 short lines.

MSS._—Addit. 16165; Ashmole 59; Harley 367.

Printed by Dr. Furnivall with _Departyng of Chaucer_, q. v. The rubrics in both cases assign the piece as companion to _Departyng of Chaucer_, but it is obviously a mere lover’s lament. The confusion probably arose in A. 16165 or some source of it, from its being next the _Departyng_.

See _New Year’s Gift_, for another instance of this error in the same MS.

84. Mydsomer Rose, As a.

_Beg._ Lat no man boast of kunningy nor vertu; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS._—Harley 2251, 2255; Ashmole 59; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. iv, 12; Jesus Coll. Cambridge, 58; Trin. Coll. R. 3. 21; Regius 18 A. xiii (4 H.).

Phillipps 8299.

Printed by Thomas Gray (Works, 1st collected edition); Halliwell, _Minor Poems (On Mutability of Human Affairs)._  

85. New Year’s Gift, A Lover’s.

_Beg._ In honnour of this heghe fest of custume yere by yere; 29 stanzas of 3, with a refrain of 2 lines.

MS._—B. M. Addit, 16165, 253b, entitled, _Amerous balade by Lydgate that hap loste his thang of venemen_. If this rubric refers to the theme of the poem, it is surely intended for _The Servant of Cupid Forsaken_, the next piece in the MS. This poem is a conventional New Year’s Gift, and no lament. See on _My Lady Dere_.

Printed in the _Journal of Eng. and Germ. Philology_, Amer., March 1909, under the absurd title of a New Year’s Valentine. But compare the title of W. Cartwright’s poem, _A New Year’s Gift to Brian Lord Bishop of Sarum_, Ward, _Eng. Poets_, II, 231. The _New Year’s Gift_ was one form of occasional verse, the _Valentine_ another.

86. New Year’s Gift of an Eagle, On a.

_Beg._ pis hardy foole, pis brydde victoryous; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.


Printed by Halliwell, _Minor Poems_, pp. 213–216, from (2).

87. Nightingale, A Saying of the.

_Beg._ In Juygne whan Tytan was in þe Crabbles hed; 379 lines of rhyme royal, probably unfinished.


Printed by Glanning, E.E.T.S., 1904, from MSS. (2) and (3).


_Beg._ Wyne of nature hath propirties nyne; 1 stanza of 8 lines.

MSS._—Addit. 10106 and 29729; Harley 2252.


89. Order of Fools, Tho.

_Beg._ The orde of foole ful yore ago begonne; 24 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS._—Harley 2251; B. M. Addit. 34360, _Laud 633_; Cotton, Nero A vi.; Bodley, 638 (part).

Printed from (1) by Halliwell, _M.T._, p. 164, from (4) by Furnivall, _Book of Precedence_, E.E.T.S., 1869.

1 Not printed by Miss Hammond, as she says, _Anglia_, xxx, 324.
90. Pageant of Knowledge, A.

_Beg._ Thys worlde is borne up by astates senyn; stanzas of 7-lines.
which is part of this _Pageant_, is in Harley 116; Arundel 168; Harley
2251, 4733; Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 1. 6, and is printed by Forster,
_Archiu_, 104, 297 ff. with collation. He was ignorant of the Trinity
text, which would have set the order of stanzas right; as it is, the stanzas
Temperance is under the heading for Sapience and _vice versâ_. Four
stanzas are in the _Boke of Brome_, pr. Miss Toulmin Smith, 1886, p. 19.
The reason for ascribing the entire _Pageant_ to Lydgate is the uniform
style of the entire piece, and the fact that the latter part of it appears
as a separate poem in _Harley_ 2255, and in _Jesus Coll. Camb._ 56;
Ravl. c. 86; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4.12; Harley 2251 (printed Halliwell,
_Mss. Poems_, pp. 193-5). My title is derived from the use of the word
_pagine_, in one heading of R. 3. 21, which points to a presentation of
the whole as a school play, like its original by Ausonius.

91. Paternoster, Exposition of the.

_Beg._ Atwixe drede and trembling Reverence; 42 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—_Laud_ 683; _Harley_ 2255; Jes. Coll. Camb. 56.

92. Paternoster, qui es in celis.

_Beg._ Oure glorious salfyr hat art in heven; 7 stanzas of 8 short lines.

93. Payne and sorow of Evyll Maryage.

_Beg._ Glory and honour, laud, and reverence; 22 stanzas of 7 lines.
MS.—Bodl. Digby 181; Harley 2251; Un. L. Cam. Ff. 1. 6. Printed
by de Wordle with above title; reprinted Hazlitt, _Early Pop. Poetry_,
IV; Percy Soc. 1840; Wright, _Poems of W. Mapes_, Camden Soc.
1841. A translation from Mapes, with Lydgate's sign-manual upon it.

94. Peace, A Praise of.

_Beg._ Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn; 23 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—_Harley_ 2255; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56.
Printed by Wright, _Political Poems and Songs_, Rolls Series, II, 209 ff.

95. Pedigree of Henry VI, The Title and.

_Beg._ Troubled hertes to setten in quyete; 314 lines of heroic couplets.

96. Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, The.

_Beg._ Ye worldly folk ayse yow betymes; 24832 lines in short couplets,
heroic couplets and prose.
MS.—Cotton, Vitellius C xiii, Tiberius Avii; Stowe 952. Edited from
these MSS. by Dr. Furnivall, _E.E.T.S._, E.S., 77, 83, 92; with
introduction, etc., by Miss K. Lecock.

97. Prayer for King, Queen and People.

_Beg._ Most sonereyne lord, and blisful crist Iesu; 12 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—Harley 2251; Addit. 3450; Fairfax 16; Harley 7578; Trin.
Printed from (4) in _Reliquiae Antiquae_, I, 227. In (1) (2) and (5)
9 stanzas, altered to fit Edward IV, (5) Aids Envoy of _Lak of Stedfastnesse_. The original was intended for Henry VI and his
mother. The refrain of the poem is quoted by Shirley in his translation
of the _Governance of Princes_, R. M. Addit. 5467, and in the
Ellesmere Lydgate MS., and the poem is in the former MS. ascribed
to Lydgate. Shirley is undoubtedly right.
98. Prayer in Old Age.

\textit{Reg.} All the trespasses of my tendre youthe; 4 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Hatton 73; Lambeth 344. The first stanza is identical with one in the Verses of St. Bernard, and the rest are exactly in Lydgate's manner.

99. Prayer to Mary, in whose Help is Affiaunce.

\textit{Reg.} O swettest lawme of grettest excellence; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.


100. Procession at Corpus Christi.

\textit{Reg.} pis hye feste for to magnifye; 28 stanzas of 8 lines.


\textit{Reg.} Erly on morwe and toward nyght also; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.

MS.—Laud 683.

102. Pyte to the Wretched Synner, The.

\textit{Reg.} O wretched synner whatsoever thou be; 4 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Ashmole 58; Addit. 29729.

103. Quene of Hevene, To Mary the.

\textit{Reg.} Quene of hevene of helle eck emperesse; 10 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Harley 2255; Hatton 73; Lambeth 344; Laud 683; Tanner 110 (2 copies); Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 21; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6; Rawl. C. 48; Laud 598.

104. Quis Dabit Meo Capiti Fontem Lacrimarum.

\textit{Reg.} Who shall give vnto myn hed a welle; 19 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Harley 2255; Laud 683; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; St. John's Coll. Oxf. 56; Harley 2251.

Printed by Holthusen, Festschrift for the German Emperor's Birthday, 1908, from 1.

105. Regina Celi Letare.

\textit{Reg.} O thou ioyfull lyght eternall ye shyne; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.


106. Resoun and Sensuallyte.

\textit{Reg.} To alle folkys vertouene; 7040 lines in short couplets, incomplete.

MSS.—Fairfax 16 (not Shirley's MS. as Sieper says); Addit. 29729 (Stow, 1558).

Edited by E. Sieper, E.E.T.S., E.S., 87, 89. See his introduction on style, metre, etc.

107. Rhyme without Accord.

\textit{Reg.} All thynge in kynde desirith thynge i-like; 11 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Harley 2251; Maitland Folio MS.; Bannatyne MS. 1568.

Printed Chepman and Myllar 1598, repr. Pinkerton; Halliwill, \textit{Minor Poems}, from (1) pp. 55-58 (On the Inconsistency of Men's Actions). Close parallels are the \textit{Order of Fools}, and \textit{They That No While Endure}. 

108. Roundel for Coronation of Henry VI.

Beg. Rejoice ye Reames of England and off Fraunce; 10 lines.
MS.—Harley 7333.
Printed by Ritson, Ancient Songs, I, 128; by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1823, Chronicle of London; Wright, Political Poems, II, 314.

109. Ryght as a Rammes Horne.

Beg. Alle ryghtwysnes now dothe procede; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—Harl. 2251 (frag.); 4011 (frag.); 172; Lansdowne 409; Ashmole 61; Ellesmere; Bodley 686; Addes. 29729; Bannatyne. Printed from (3) by Halliwell, M.P., 171-173; from 8 by the Hunterian Club, and by Lord Hailes, 1770, p. 165.

110. St. Albon and St. Amphabel, Lives of.

Beg. To call Clio my dulnesse to redresse; 4724 lines of 7 and 8 line stanzas.
MS.—Lansdorne 697; Trin. Coll. Oxf. 38; Phillipps 8299; Lincoln Cathedral, C. 5, 4; Inner Temple 511; Talbot Hours in the Yates Thompson Library (frag.).
Printed at St. Albans, revised, 1534; by Horstmann from this with collations, 1883.

111. St. Anne, Invocation to.

Beg. Thow first moweart hat causest alle thyng; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.
MS.—Ashmole 59; Addit. 16165.

112. St. Anne, Praise of.

Beg. He that intendeth in his hert to seke; 2 stanzas of 7 lines.
Probably Lydgate’s, but preserved in corrupt texts.

113. St. Austin at Compton, Legend of.

Beg. Lyk as the Bible maketh mencion; 57 stanzas of 7 lines.
MS.—Harley 2255; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. iv, 12; Lincoln Cath. C. 5, 4; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9; Harley 4826.
Printed at St. Austin’s, Canterbury, 4to, before 1520 (no copy known); by Halliwell, M.P., p. 135 f., from (1).


Beg. O sothfast some of al brightnesse; 11 stanzas of 8 lines, originally.
MS.—Laud 683; Addit. 26729; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 3. The later copy is enlarged, in MS. (2).

115. St. Denis, Invocation to.

Beg. O bow chosen of god protectour of sirraunce; 9 stanzas of 8 lines, all in 3 rhymes.
MS.—Ashmole 59.


Beg. Blyssyd Edmund kyng martir and virgyne; 3693 lines of rhyme royal.
MS.—Harley 2278, 7333, 4826; Univ. Lib. Camb. Ee. 11. 15; Tanner 347; Harley 367 (part), 372; Ashmole 59, 46.
Printed by Horstmann, Alteyngische Legenden, N.F., 1882.

117. St. Edmund, A Glorious Prayer to.

Beg. Glorios Edmund kyng of Estynylond; 12 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—Laud 683; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6; Harley 2255 (part).
118. St. Gabriell, Prayer to.

Beg. Blissed Gabriel which broughtest first tydying; 1 stanza of 8 lines.
MS.—Laud 683.

119. St. George, Legend of.

Beg. O yee folk that hear present be; 35 stanzas of 7 lines.
MSS.—Tri, Coll. Comb. R. 3. 20, R. 3. 21; Bodley 636. For the armorers of London.

120. St. Giles, Legend of.

Beg. Of Aganemnon under the large empire; 46 stanzas of 8 lines.
MSS.—Laud 683; Harley 2255; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9. Printed Horstmann, Altenglische Legenden, Neue Folge, 1852, pp. 371 ff. Lansdowne says it was written at instance of "dom. Theodoricul," perhaps a mistake from seeing the name as Giles's father in MS.

121. Sts. Katherine, Margaret and Magdalene.

Beg. Katelyne with glorious Margarete; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—Harley 2255; Jes. Coll. Cam. 56.

122. St. Leonard, To.

Beg. Reste and refuge to folk dysconsolat; 5 stanzas of 8 lines, 1 of 6.
MSS.—Harley 2255; Laud 683; Longleat 256 (given in Hist. MSS. Comm. III, 181, as Verses to St. Leonard, 1422. Now Henry VI was crowned on this day and year, and these may be our verses); Sid. Suss. 37; Jes. Coll. 56. Printed by Halliwell, M.P., pp. 205-206.

123. St. Margaret, Legend of.

Beg. At the reuerence of seynt Margarete; 599 lines of rhyme royal, and ballade.

124. St. Michael, To.

Beg. O myghell by grace of cryst Iesu; 1 stanza of 8 lines.
MS.—Laud 683.

125. St. Ositha, To.

Beg. Heyl hooly Sitha maide of grant vertu; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—Harley 2255; Sid. Suss. Coll. 37; Jes. Coll. 56. Same refrain as St. Edmund II and St. Thomas I.


Beg. The parfite life to put in remembrance; 20 stanzas of 8 lines, 1 of 4 lines.
Printed by Pynson, copy in Huth Library, repr. in Fugitive Tracts, Series I. Never before identified as Lydgate's, this piece is absolutely identical in style, rhyme, and metre with his other legends, even to the short oracio at the end. St. Petronilla's Hospital is still to be seen at Bury St. Edmunds (see a plate of it in Yates, Bury St. Edmunds, Appendix), and St. Petronilla's head was one of the relics shown in the Abbey.
127. St. Robert of Bury, To.
Beg. O Blyssid Robert Innocent and virgyne; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS. — Laud 683. St. Robert, martyred by Jews, 20 June, 1181, acc. to
Cronica Buriensis, Joedini; Arnold, Memorials, etc., I, 223.

128. St. Thomas, To.
Beg. Blessed Thomas rubyfied with blood; 2 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS. — Laud 683.

Beg. Syngnler shepperde gardeny of cristi folde; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS. — Tanner 110 (2 copies, neither complete). Never before ascribed
to Lydgate, this prayer, identical in its refrain with several of
Lydgate’s prayers (St. Edmund, etc.), bears every mark of his style,
metre, and rhyme.

130. St. Ursula, To.
Beg. Ye Britoun martirs famous in parfitnesse; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
MSS. — Laud 683; Harley 2255; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Sid. Suss.
Coll. 37.
An immensely popular saint; a Latin life of her was translated by
Edmund Hatfield and printed by W. de Worde (copy in Chatsworth).

131. Say the Best and Never Repent.
Beg. Who seith the best shal never repent; 21 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS. — Laud 598. This poem, like Ram’s Horn and others, is in a
defective state of metre. The original was probably in short lines.
Our only copy is partly in long lines. The poem, coming next Queene
of Hevene in the Ms., bears every evidence of Lydgatian authorship.

132. Secreta Secretorum. Secrees of Olde Philosophers, or
Governance of Kings and Princes.
Beg. God almyghty save and conferme our kyng; 1491 lines of rhyme
royal. Ascribed to Lydgate by the continuator.
MSS. — Sloane 2027, 2464; Lansdowne 285; Harley 2251, 4826; Arundel
59; Addit. 14408, 34360; Laud 416, 673; Ashmole 46; McClan MSS.
(Fitzwilliam 152, 183); Trin. Coll. Camb. O. 3. 41; Boston Mus.
(fragment).
Printed by Steele from Sloane 2464, E.E.T.S. Dr. Theodor Prosiegel
wrote a thesis, Munich, 1903, correcting this edition, and giving
collations. He could not use the McClean MSS., and was ignorant of
the Trinity codex, which is imperfect.

133. See myche, Say Little.
Beg. See myche say little and lerne to soffar in tyme; 5 stanzas of 7 lines.
MSS. — Corp. Chr. Coll. 203; Addit. 297. 29; Royal 2 D. 37. The first
MS. titles the poem Proverbian R. Stoiks, but is not to be trusted.
In the same MS. Chaucer’s Truth is entitled Proverbian Scoynt.
The piece is in Lydgate’s style, and Stow is probably right.

134. Semblable, Every Thing to his.
Beg. Trete every man as he is disposed; 26 stanzas of 8, in all.
MSS. — Ashmole 59; Harley 2251.

135. SERPENT OF DIVISION.
Beg. Whilom as olde bokes; 10 folios of prose, ballade, 3 stanzas of 8.
MSS. — Velverton 32 (Lord Calthorpe’s); Harvard MS. AR 5; Pepys 2006
(J. de B. which I take to mean John of Bury); McClean 182.
Printed by Treveris, O. Rogers (1559), and E. Allde, 1590. Edited by
myself from (1) and (4), Yale Press, 1911.

LYDGATE, M. P.

_Beg._ Ful longe I have a sevant be; 9 stanzas of 8 short lines.

_MS._—B. M. _Addit._ 16105. _The title of the New Year's Gift belongs properly to this piece, I think. On the margin Shirley writes, "Be stille Dam Johane suche was your fortune."

137. So as the Crabbe Goth Forward.

_Beg._ Pis worlde is ful of stabulness; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MS._—Harley 2251; _Bodley_ 686; _Trin._ Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20 (with French original); _Ellesmere._

Printed from (1) by Halliwell, _Minor Poems_, pp. 58-60. One stanza in _Harley_ 2382.


_Beg._ Loo here two kynges right perfite and right good; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MS._—Lansdowne 2:5; Cotton, Julius B I; an altered version in Fabyan's _Chronicle_.

These stanzas, almost identical with certain stanzas of the Ballade to King Henry VI, and written for the same occasion as the Roundel and the _Prayer_, are certainly by the same man.

139. STANS PUER AD MENSAM.

_Beg._ My dere Child first thyself enable; 14 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MS._—Harley 2251; _Jesus Coll. Camb._ 56; _Lambeth_ 853; _Lansdowne_ 699; _Leyden Voss._ 9; _Ashmole_ 59; _Rawl._ c. 48; _Cotton, Caligula A II._; _Harley_ 4011 (part); _Laud_ 684; _Bodley_ 686; _Balliol_ 354; _Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh._ iv, 12; _Stowe_ 982 (written as prose); _Addit._ 5467; _Rawl. poet._ 32; _Bodley_ 48; _Ashmole_ 61 (altered).

Printed by Caxton and W. de Worde; by Halliwell, _Rel. Ant._; by Furnivall in _Babes in Arm._, with Latin original; though a French version may have been Lydgate's model. Two stanzas are in _Pem. Coll._ 120.

A certain scholar once announced he would prove this poem not Lydgate's, and so Mr. Lee says, in his article on Lydgate, that the monk's claim to this poem is disputed. Inasmuch as Lydgate names himself in the last line, it is rather hard to see what sort of a case will be presented. That was some fifteen years ago, and his arguments, so far as I know, have yet to appear.

140. Star of Jacob, To Mary, the.

_Beg._ O sterre of Iacob and glorye of Israel; 7 stanzas of 7 lines.


141. Stella coli extirpansit.

_Beg._ Thow hevenely quene of grace our lodestre; 4 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MS._—Harley 2251; _Addit._ 3430; _Harley_ 2255; _Trin. Coll. Camb._ R. 3. 21; _Jesus Coll. Camb._ 56; _Rawl._ c. 48 has an altered version, which I think may also be due to Lydgate.

142. STORY OF THEBES.

_Beg._ Whan bright Thebus passed was the Ram; 4716 lines of heroic couplets.

_MS._—B. M. _Addis._ 18632, 5140, 29729; _Harley_ 262; _Cott. App._ XXVII; _Egerton._ 2861; _Arundel_ 119; _Reg._ 18 D ii; _Bodley_ 776; _Digby_ 230; _Laud_ 557, 416; _Rawl._ C. 48; _Cam. Un. Lib. Addis._ 3137; _Trin. Coll._
Genuine Poems: Te Deum—Thoroughfare. xxix

R. 4. 20, O. 5. 2; Magl. Pepys 2011; Lambeth 742; Longleat 257; Mostyn 258; Prince Fred. D. Singh's MS.; Gurney. Printed in 1500 (!), 1561, etc.

In type for Chaucer Society, from (7), edited by Dr. A. Erdmann.

143. Te Deum Laudamus.

Beg. Te Deum Laudamus to the lord souerayn; 13 stanzas of 8 lines.

MS.—Harley 2255.

144. Temple of Glas.

Beg. For bounte constreint and groduus heynes; 1403 lines, heroic couplets and rhyme royal.

MSS.—Tanner 346; Fairfax 16; Bodley 633; Pepys 2006; Camb. Univ. Lib. Gg. 4, 27; Addit. 16165; Longleat 258; Sloane 1212 (pt.).


145. Ten Saints, Prayers to.

Beg. Blisshed Denys of Athenys chief sonne; 13 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Harley 2255; Laud 683; Sid. Sus. 37.

Intended as two ballades with envoys, one for male, one for female saints; that for the latter is lacking.

146. Testament of Lydgate, The.

Beg. 0 how holsom and glad is the memorie; 240 + 182 + 184 + 147 + 144 = 897 lines, in stanzas of 7 and 8 lines.

MSS.—Harley 218; Harley 2255, 2382; Laud 683; Leyden Voss. 9; Addit. 29729, 34108 (part); Phillipps 8299 (part); Rawl. c. 86 (part); Harley 2251 (part); Tr. C. R. 3. 19 (part); Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Scots version of Pt. v in Arundel 235, Roy. 18 D II.

Printed by Pyson; in Minor Poems by Halliwell.

147. That now is Hay sometyme was Gras.

Beg. Ther is full lytell sikernes; 17 stanzas of 8 short lines.

MSS.—Addit. 29729 (long title quoted from some earlier MS.); Rawl. c. 86 (lacks folio). Written for Queen Margaret.

148. The Cok Hath Lowe Shoon.

Beg. Sum man goth stille of wisdom & renown; 21 stanzas of 8 lines.

MS.—Harley 2255.

Printed by Wright, P. P. and S., II; by Halliwell, Minor Poems, 150-158.

149. They That No While Endure.

Beg. This wyde world is so large of space; 9 stanzas of 7 lines.


The refrain of the poem is found in the Fall of Princes, I, 12, and III, 10, while one stanza, No. 3 of (1), is nearly identical with one in the Order of Fools. The MSS. differ widely.

150. Thoroughfare of Woe, A.

Beg. Lyft up the Ieem of your aduertence; 24 stanzas of 8 lines.


Printed by Halliwell, Minor Poems, pp. 122-8.
Genuine Poems: Timor Mortis—Virgin.

151. Timor Mortis Conturbat Me.

_Beg._ So as I lay this othir niht; 16 stanzas of 8 short lines.
_M.S._—Harley 2255. At least three other poems with this refrain exist, exclusive of Dunbar's Lament for the Makaris. Lydgate's is probably the earliest.

— 152. Troy Book.

_Beg._ O myghty Mars that wyth thy sterne lyght; 30117 lines, heroic couplets, envoy in ballade.

_M.S._—Cotton, Augustus A iv; Digby 232; Arundel 99; Royal 18 D ii; Trin. Coll. Camb. O. 5. 2; Digby 230; Rylands; St. John's Oxf. VI; Royal 18 D vi; Exeter Coll. Oxf.; Donne 148, Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 5. 30; Harvard Univ.; Tollemaache; Cath. Lib. Gloucester; Phillipps; Bristol City; Rawl. c. 446, poet. 144.

Prints by Pynson, Marshe. Edited by Dr. H. Bergen for E.E.T.S. (Pts. I-II, text, now printed).

153. Tyed with a Lyne.

_Beg._ The more I go, the further I am behymde; 12 stanzas of 8 lines.
_M.S._—Harley 2251.

Printed Halliwell, _Minor Poems_, p. 74, see Anglia, 28, 4–5. The general similarity of this to _Order of Poets, Rhyme without Accord_, etc., inclines me to accept this as Lydgate's.

154. Upon a Cross.

_Beg._ Upon a cros maylied I was for thee; 6 stanzas of 8 lines.

_M.S._—Addit. 29729; Univ. Lib. Kk. 1. 6; Harley 2255; Laud 683; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Rawl. poet. 32; Caligula A ii; Laud 598; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4. 12; Phillipps 8299, with additional stanza.

Printed from Sloane 2598, by B. Fehr. _Archiv_ 106, 63; by Dr. Furnivall, E.E.T.S., 1866 (Pol., Rel. and Love Poems), from MS. (9). Small fragments of this piece are in Hatton 73 (1 stanza) and St. John's Oxf. 56 (a torn leaf).

155. Valentine to Her I Love Best of All.

_Beg._ Seynt Valentyne of custume yeere by yeere; 20 stanzas of 7 lines.

_M.S._—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20; Addit. 29729; Harley 2251; Ashmole 59; Rawl. poet. 86.

156. Vertu, A Song of.

_Beg._ As of hony men gadren oft sweetnesse; 16 stanzas of 8 lines.

_M.S._—Harley 2255, 2251; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Rawl. c. 56; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6; Phillipps 8299; Ashmole 59, Pt. II (8 stanzas at end); in all but (2) of 13 stanzas.

Printed by Halliwell from (1) _Minor Poems_, pp. 216–221.


_Beg._ Royal Baneris Unrolled of the Kyng; 9 stanzas of 8 lines.


The resemblance of this translation to Lydgate's other work of the kind is striking.

158. Virgin, Verses to the.

_M.S._—St. John's Coll. Oxf. 56, fragment, as the leaves are torn. These are probably Lydgate's, so far as style and rhyme can be tested.
159. Wikked Tong will Seye Amis, A.

Beq. Consider weel with every circumstance; 20 stanzas of 7 lines. 
Printed Thyune, 1532. Chaucer; Skeat, Oxford Chaucer, VII, as a Ballade of Good Counsel.

160. World is Variable, This.

Beq. Toward Aurora in the monthe of decrembre; 10 stanzas of 8 lines. 
MS.—Harley 2255. 
In all, prose and verse, as nearly as I can estimate, 145,500 lines.

In the words of poor berated Ritson, this is the "fullest and best list" of the works which after three years' close study of the poems of the fifteenth century, I can give out confidently as Lydgate's. Like Ritson, I do not claim plenary inspiration for my compilation. In all but a dozen cases, I have the word of scribes contemporary, or almost contemporary with Lydgate. In every case I have a poem conforming to the general style of the monk in his self-attested pieces, and to the rhyme-scheme which he followed with marvellous accuracy.

I now present a list of works ascribed to Lydgate at some time or another, which I cannot accept as his. I take this up historically.

From this point to the end of the introduction, works not by Lydgate appear in italics, Lydgate's own works in ordinary type.

Three poems ascribed to Lydgate in contemporary manuscripts must be questioned, in spite of my reverence for him who penned the Explicit quod Lydgate. Two of these are A Satirical Description of His Lady,¹ in MS. Harley 2255, and Quia Amore Langueo, MS. Ashmole 59.² I cannot believe that Lydgate ever sank to the abominable filth of the one, or rose to the sublimity of the other. The former has the rhymes enter : behynede, and day : eey (egg); it is highly alliterative.³ Admitting that Hoccleve may have written a poem of the type,⁴ which is a common one, and that even religious monks could condescend to ribaldry, I yet cannot believe that Lydgate ever attempted to outdo all his peers in poetry

¹ With the refrain, "When she hath on her Hood of Green."
² And elsewhere.
³ It is printed by Halliwell, Minor Poems, No. 34: the rhymes occur p. 203 and p. 204. As a sample of alliteration I quote p. 199, "As bright as bugyll or elles bolace
Shorn as a sheep with sherys keen
Whenne the sunne shyneth sheen."
⁴ So Dr. Furnivall says, and prints it, E.E.T.S., E.S., 61, p. xxxviii But Hoccleve was mad for some years, as we know.
in obscenity, such as this poem reeks of. I believe that the scribe who towards the end of his volume was filling with non-Lydgatian poetry, put an *Explicit quod Lydgate* to this piece by inadvertence.

The latter poem is generally admitted to be the highest poem of its type in English; the finest expression of the Virgin's sorrow. I should be only too glad to claim it as Lydgate's, but Shirley when he wrote Ashmole 59, was at least eighty-five, and a little forgetful of details, as is shown by the remarkably poor versions which fill this MS. There are two versions with this refrain, of which the first is ascribed by Shirley to Lydgate. The other version is a moralization of the Song of Solomon, as a Complaint of Christ. I would welcome either poem into the Lydgate Canon, on better proof than Shirley's rubric for the one. In this version I note the assonance whom: moon, line 29; and the form pou has, line 48, as not in Lydgate's ordinary usage.

The third poem, *Dilectus mens* or *Rex Salamon*, is ascribed to Lydgate in the same Shirley Ashmole 59. It appears also in Harley 2251 with more stanzas. The poem has the penultimate rhyme of -oun, and its irregularity of metre makes me unwilling to admit it as genuine.

A late MS., the Bannatyne (1568), ascribes an *Appeal of Christ* to Lydgate. Bannatyne is not to be trusted, and certain rhymes are against the probability of Lydgate's authorship.

*Treatise of a Galaunt; Ballade of a Galaunt, or the Gallande Ballade.*—Bishop John Alcock (d. 1500), in a sermon preached in his old age, attributed this poem to Lydgate, saying that he remembered it in his youth. Alcock was about 19 years old when Lydgate died. It is of course not absolutely certain that the Ballade we possess is in the original form, or precisely the one Alcock had in mind, though the refrain he quotes is that of our poem. Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Carew-Hazlitt printed the poem as descriptive of the times of Henry VIII, from early prints, but it exists in a MS. of Edward IV's reign. It belongs certainly to the latter half

1 There are several parallels in Trim. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19, later printed in Stow's Chaucer.

2 I must note, however, Dr. Koeppe1's acceptance of the poem as genuine, *Eng. St.*, 24, 290. Harley 2255 is as late as Edward IV's time, and not to be absolutely trusted.

3 Both are printed by Dr. Furnivall, *E.E.T.S.* 15, pp. 148-150, 151-159.

4 *dry* : *eternal* : maistry : folly *50-55* ; *absid* : *misdeid* 38-40. Bannatyne ascribes Hoccleve's *Letter of Cupid* to Chaucer, etc.

of the fifteenth century. It is written ostensibly against those who brought over French fashions from the lost English possessions in France, but is really an attack on all classes of society, a satire on the times.

"So moche rychesse in araye, and so moche mede;
So many beedes borne, and so lytell devocyon;
So moche fasting for hungre, and so lytell mede;
So moche paynted worship, and so lytell reason;
I trowe no man hath sene in this region."

Now it is wholly against probability that Lydgate, who delighted in fine array and in rich patrons, who was a member of the most favoured monastery in England, who wrote poem after poem to encourage "painted worship," should have indulged in any such bold tirade as this. The style of the entire poem is bitter, popular, abrupt, and different from Lydgate's. In rhymes I note 50, intoxicaeyon : abboninaeyon : desolaeyon ; 170, folye : Babylonye : glorye ; 214, dye (inf.) : perseueranly ; as typical of a practice at variance with Lydgate's. The metre of the poem is of that rough and irregular kind, typical of English poetry two generations from Chaucer.

The Nightingale.—In a MS. written by Humphrey Newton, said to have been born in 1466 (Hist. MSS. Com. 2nd Rept. 80), a poem on the nightingale is found. The old table of contents describes probably this article as "Vera fabula quam Johannes Ludgate faciebat et in octavo versu," but the writer of the report thinks this refers to a lost poem. In the other two MSS., both of earlier date, no author's name is mentioned. Bishop Tanner is the first to mention this poem as Lydgate's, evidently by confusion with A Saying of the Nightingale. Our only external evidence is thus a note by a scribe about 1500, and that not absolutely certain.

The internal evidence points strongly against Lydgate as author. A reference to the young duke of Warwick as dead shows that the poem is later than 1445. Lydgate was then in his old age, and the poems of his old age are noted for their digressive vagueness of structure. Yet this poem is most carefully constructed, highly artistic, quite compact, almost without rhyme-tags, and with a remarkable run-on line. I quote a typical stanza:

1 Printed by O. Glanning for the E.E.T.S., E.S., 80. He was unaware of Newton's MS.
"The oore of none, as Jewes hym desyre
Thirled and persed thorg th his hert and side
He seying then 'Consommatum est,' expired;
And, heed enelyned, the gost yaf vp that thyde
Unto the fader. The sune, compelled to hyde
His bembys bright, no longer myght endure
To see the deth of the anetor of nature."

One has only to compare this version of the *Philomela* with Lydgate's own version, to see how unready his style is for such a stanza. His own version is digressive, indirect, incompact, and finally wanders entirely away from the artistic scheme.

Moreover, in rhyming -y : -ye indifferently, the poem goes absolutely against the usage of Lydgate's old age. I note lines 103, and 285, as examples of this. They are particularly bad, for they contain cases of the infinitive in -ie rhyming with adverbs in -ly. An even better test is afforded by the rhymes seson : réson, 22, séson : réson : enchéson 58. In no poem of Lydgate's poems, acknowledged as his by contemporaries, can a paroxytone rhyme of these words be found, though they appear everywhere in his poems in oxytone rhyme, e.g. seson : toum, etc. These considerations seem more important to me than the scribe's possible word of 1500, and I feel justified in excluding the poem.1

Stephen Hawes.—In the *Pastime of Pleasure*, II. 1282 ff., Hawes enumerates certain works of his master. These are (given by title or description):

1. Life of our Lady.2
2. Life of St. Edmund.
3. Fall of Princes.
5. Court of Sapience.
7. Assembly of Gods (or perhaps Reson and Sensuallyte).2
8. Temple of Glas.

Two works call for comment, the *Court of Sapience* and the *Assembly of Gods*. On the *Court of Sapience*, I may refer to Dr.

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1 Space prevents me from entering in detail upon a refutation of all Glanning's arguments for Lydgate's authorship. Suffice it to say, that he shows the poem to be Lydgatian, but not Lydgate's. The rhymes I call in question are regular with Benedict Burgh, cf. *Cato, Archir*, 115, ll. 282-4, 565-7-8. Why could he not have written this poem?
2 He speaks of the "conversacyon of our lady," which I take to mean "conduct."
3 "And betwene vertue and the lyfe vcyons
   Of goddes and goddes, a boke solacyons
   He did compyle."

This has hitherto been taken to apply to the *Assembly of Gods*, but it is equally true of Reson and Sensuallyte.
Burkart's thesis on Hawes's poem, 1899, which summarizes the story. He claims that this poem is Hawes's chief source.

My objections to the Court of Sapience are, that we have no external testimony until this statement of Hawes, and that the style of the poem is quite different from Lydgate's, being direct, forceful and yet a trifle pedantic. It is written by a man of very different personality from the modest monk of Bury; he is assertive, and preëminently the master. The metre of the poem is vigorous, but decidedly not so smooth as Lydgate's. Moreover, there are rhymes totally at variance with Lydgate's universal practice. In stanzas 1, 14, 30, 42 and others there may be observed the strong preference for the rhyme -æcioun, proparoxytonic. And in the copy of the poem in MS. Harley 2251, fol. 274b, l. 9–10, there is the rhyme victörye: drëye. Lydgate, as I have said, never rhymed the word except as victörye. Finally, throughout the poem we can find but few rhyme-tags, metrical conveniences indispensable so far as Lydgate was concerned.

Somewhat earlier than this reference of Hawes, Wynkyn de Worde in his 1498 Chaucer had printed the Assembly of Gods, and assigned it to Lydgate in his colophon. If then Hawes's reference above refers to this poem, it may be due chiefly to this print. The poem exists in a MS. of not earlier than 1463, without ascription, and in another MS. probably copied from the print. Thus Wynkyn de Worde affords us our only external evidence, and this only in his first print; he took pains to omit the colophon in his second and third prints. Dr. Triggs mentions as confirmatory of this evidence the "extemporal play of the Seven Deadlie Sins", contrived by Richard Tarletion and performed before King Henry VI (c. description by Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet., III, p. 198). Our monk Lydgate is supposed to regulate the performance." Now Tarletion was an Elizabethan, and Henry VI merely an early Sly who watches a play. One might as well contend that Gower wrote Chronicle Histories because Shakespeare employed him as Chorus.

It cannot be denied that the Assembly of Gods is equipped with a full Lydgatian stock of phrases and mannerisms. They are, however, of the most easily imitated type, and any of the evidence Dr. Triggs puts forth for Lydgate's authorship could be shown to be true of the continuation of the Secrees, written after Lydgate's death.

Metrically, however, the poem is quite impossible. It is harsh and not to be scanned: Lydgate is always smooth. There are forty-
seven alexandrines, and thirty-four lines of eight syllables, though the poem is written in rhyme royal. The rhymes are incredibly bad. In 2000 lines we have strong: hand, 260; am: man, 86; than: doon, 1217; come: oblyuyone, 1337; bedde: understonde, 2040; and others of the like. In over twenty out of forty cases the -ye rhymes with final -y. Victorie rhymes party e, 1009; companye, 1190; and many words in -y. We find circumcysion: derision, 1205; reson: seson, 1259. In other words, this poem is the product of another age than Lydgate's, and certainly belongs to the latter half of the century.

But stronger even than these philological tests, on which alone I should never rely, are the tests of style. Nowhere in our known Lydgate have we this rough, careless, brisk, vigorous, racy, colloquial telling. Was it Lydgate who wrote of Diana and Neptune in his vision, 559. "This was the first syght that ever I thaym sawe, And yef I never do ofte, I rekke not a strawe;"
or of Minerva, the chaste goddess,
349. "She weryd ii bokelers, oon by her syde, That other ye wote where;"
or spoke of going to dine as "falling aboard," l. 248? Here is a typical line in the poem,
21. "He must nedys go that the devell dryues."
Pan is (325)
"brechyd like a bere,
With a gret tarbox hangyng by hys syde."

We are in a different atmosphere from the cloister of Bury throughout the poem. Here are war-cries, rough-and-ready repartee, the slang of the day; in a word, the life of the Roses. We are in the most realistic allegory ever written.

"What sayde Ryghtwysnes, thow olde dotyng foole," or again,
"Is hit thus? what! in the devellys date!"

One might with equal reason contend, as Peacham stated in the Compleat Gentleman, that Lydgate was "the authour of that bitter satyre Piers Ploivman."

John Bale was apparently the first to make a Lydgate canon. In his Scriptores Brit. Centur. Quinta, fol. 202 f. (1548), is a list of 14 pieces, and in his MS. note-book are many more entries.1

1 For a style-investigation, confirming my view, see A. Rudolph, Lydgate und die Assembly of Gods, Berlin, 1909.
These were incorporated in the later edition of 1559, from which I quote, p. 586. (Titles italicized, it will be recalled, are of spurious or unknown works.)

1. St. Edmund.
2. Vita regis Ethelstani (Pro. solidi-ore operis firm). 1
4. Life of our Lady.
5. St. Alon.
6. Dance of Machabre.
7. De coelorum gaudiis (Multi sunt qui coelorum gaudia cup). 2
8. Parlament of Fowles.
9. Jesu thy sweetnes. 3
10. Praecepta moralia. (Possibly Burgh’s Cato, or some of Lydgate’s moral poems.)
11. Secrees.
12. Secrees (another part).
13. Calendar.
14. Churl and Bird.
15. Proverbs of Lydgate. 4
16. Proprietates nationum. 5
17. Arthur (Fall, VIII, 24).
18. The Round Table (Fall, VIII, 24).
20. Guy and Colbrand (perhaps the latter part of 19).
21. De arte militari. 6

Bale also hints at tragedies and comedies, Latin verses and prose works.

1 Unknown.
2 Not known.
3 This lovely lyric, printed by Dr. Furnivall in E.E.T.S. 24, 8–11, is in stanzas of 8 lines of 4 accents, a b a b a b a b. It is highly alliterative, and of the fourteenth century. In MS. Rawl. poet. 175 (c. 1370) it appears in a northern dialect.
4 From the de Worde print. They include envoyos from the Fall, Loke wel thy Mifour, Consulo Quiquis, and Chaucer’s Fortune and Truth. This article is repeated in later lists. See Schick, Temple of Glus, p. clii, note.
5 Not known, unless a half-dozen lines in Tr. Coll. R. 3. 19, be these.
6 This may be any one of several translations of Vegetius. A metrical one is now in Pembroke Coll. Camb. 243. It has no Lydgetan marks.
7 Perhaps part of the Secrees.
8 The well-known fabliau.
9 Probably Sir Thos. More’s poem on Fortune, recently reprinted by the E.E.T.S. from Balliol 354. Or it may be the prologue to Bk. VIII of the Fall.
10 I can find no MS. sources of these items.
11 This may be the translation by Chancer, but more probably that by Chaplain John (Walton ?), 1410.
Bale's knowledge seems drawn almost entirely from prints.

John Stow's List. At the end of the Siege of Thebes, in the 1598 Chaucer of Speght, John Stow set his list of Lydgate's works. Stow's information came from his own manuscripts, and it is in general accurate. I give the list.

1. Fall of Princes.
2. Troy Book.
3. Pilgrimage.
4. Secrees.
5. Reason and Sensuality.
6. Assembly of Gods.²
7. Court of Sapience.²
8. Kalender.
9. Petigree of the Emperours,³ from Caesar to Dacian.
11. Dance of Machabre.
13. Psalms of the passion.
15. Miscericordias Domini.
18. Paternoster.
19. Ave Maria.
20. Graduale insti in dominio.
21. Prayer for King, Queen and People.
22. Conditor alme siderum.
23. Gloriosa dicta sunt.
25. Deus in nomine tuo.
26. Letabundus.
27. Testament, part I.
29. Amasias to Iohas (Fall of Princes, II, 16).
30. Fifteen Oes to Iesu.
31. Magnificat (Life of Our Lady, c. XXII).
32. Ave jesse virgula.
33. Fifteen joyes.
34. Life of our Lady.
35. Life of St. Anne.
36. Pyte and the sinner.
37. Image of our Ladie.
38. St. Albon.
39. How the plague was ceased in Rome.
40. St. Margaret.
41. Life of St. Denis.
42. Life of St. Barbara.
43. Life of St. Sile.
44. St. George.
45. Exhortation [against] the 7 deadly sines.
46. Praier to bedward.
47. Seuen graces for seuen estates.
48. Offices of all estates.
49. Seuen parts of wisdon.
50. Founders of the 7 sciences artificiall.
51. Seuen Sciences called Liberall.
52. Authours of 7 Sciences.
53. Disposition of the 7 planets.
54. Disposition of the 12 signes.
55. Disposition of the 4 elements.
56. Disposition of the 4 complections.
57. Disposition of the 4 seasons of the yere.
58. Disposition of the world.
59. Peace, Praise of.
60. Dietary.
61. (Fall. VIII, 20), Stable as a Stone.
63. Fall of Princes, III, 4 (Ballad Royall against lecherie).
64. Saying of the Nightingale.
65. Ballad on the Coronation.
66. Fall of Princes, II, 31 (on Rome).
67. Measure, Song of.
68. Ram's Horn.
70. Amor vincit omnia.

₁ A Catalogue of translations and Poeticall deuises in English mitre or verse, done by John Lydgate Monke of Bury, whereof some are extant in print, the residue in the custodie of him that first caused this Siege of Thebes to be added to these works of G. Chaucer.
² See above.
³ Not known.
That now is hay.
Four things.
Wikked Tong.
Thoroughfare of Woe.
Mydsomer Rose.
Disposition of women (Doubleness). 76.
Order of Foolkes.
What maketh the world so variable (World is variable?).
Semblables.
Letter to Gloucester.
Epitaph on Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.
Stella coeli extirpauit.
Consulo quisquis.
Horns Away.
Haste.
Epistle to Sybille.
Mumming at Bishopswood.
Mumming for the Mercers.
Mumming for the Goldsmiths.
Mumming at Eltham.
Mumming at Hertford.
Mumming at London.
Mumming at Windsor.
New Year's Gift of an Eagle.
So as the Crabbe goeth forward.
Valentine to Her I love best.
Ballade to Her that hath all virtues.
A Gentlewoman's Lament.
Gloucester's Marriage.
Jah Hare.
Gallant.
Æsop's Fables.
Churl and the bird.
Horse, sheepe, and goose.
Gwy Earl of Warwick, etc.
Proverbs of Lidgate (from W. de W.'s print).
Departying of Chaucer.
Bycorne and Chichefache.
Serpent of Diuision.
Temple of Glasse.
St. Edmund.
Enter into London.
Testament.
(Added to these the Story of Thebes, just printed, makes 114 works.)

There is no doubt but that Stow, in the composition of this list, had recourse to the manuscripts in his own possession. Chief among these are the MSS. now known as B.M. Addit. 29729 (his own MS. written 1558) and Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21. In the former MS. are the pieces noted on his list, Nos. 7, 14, 17, 31, 71, 70, 72, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 65, 69, 68, 23, 62, 64, 63, 39, 40, 27, 30, 36, 37, 83, 73, 97, 98, 99, 114; in the latter MS. are Nos. 7, 34, 33, 32, 13, 12, 26, 35, 10, 20, 101, 18, 51, 45, 46, 14, 11, 6, 47-58, 59, 83, 75, 105, 44.

Now Stow, while deserving all our gratitude, has no great claim to credit on question of authorship. Just as in MS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19, we find Chaucer's name added by Stow to one piece of courtly poetry after another, so in MS. R. 3. 21, a codex largely in the same hand, we find Lydgate's name added to one religious poem after another. Chaucer wrote all the worldly poems, Lydgate all the godly ones, seems to be his canon. But these MSS. date from late in Edward IV's reign, and consequently contain much poetry of a later date than Lydgate. The poems Nos. 13, 16, 20, 35, 45, 1

1 An excellent MS. nevertheless and faithful copy of older texts.
46, 101 in Stow's list are clearly of this later period, since they break all Lydgate's rhyming habits, while closely imitating his general style. None of these poems, it should be said, is ascribed to Lydgate by the scribe of the MS. Of the spurious pieces, not already noted, Nos. 22, 41, 42, 43 are not by Lydgate if any extant poem on these subjects be those intended by Stow. No. 81, the *Epitaphium Ducs Gloucestrie*, in MS. Harley 2251, is certainly not by Lydgate. It is a very feeble thing indeed, written in his manner, but has no MS. support for Lydgate's name, or any accordance with a known poem of his. Nos. 36, 37, 39 are only in Stow's MS. Addit. 29729, and are there attributed to Lydgate. They agree in style and subject with numerous other pieces of the monk, and are admitted into my list for want of negative evidence, though I do not feel entirely sure of them. Numbers 47–58 comprise my Pageant of Knowledge, Nos. 53–57 being ascribed to Lydgate in MS. Harley 2255, an excellent codex. There are thus 14 spurious pieces, and 14 duplicates in Stow's list. Elsewhere Stow assigns other poems to the monk. In his *Chronicle*, he tells of verses for pageants at the entry of Queen Margaret; these have not survived. He is also probably responsible for the ascription of *London Lickpenny* (see p. xliii).

John Pits, 1619, depended almost entirely upon Bale for his information. Nearly his whole article is stolen from Bale, and deserves no further notice. He adds two items at the end of Bale's list, *The Pilgrimage*, and *Quis dabit meo capiti*.

1 No. 13, *Psalmi passionis*, Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21. Rhymes glory: prophesy : solv 10; consecratio : osservacion fol. 175 b; temptacio : dylectacion 176; proteccyon : delycacyon 176 b; prophesy : bodily 176 b, and many others. No. 29, *Gaudete iusti* is of the same type. No. 35, *Life of St. Anne*, same MS., fundacio : elacio : fermacio 221; onely : magnify 221 b; thornes : wyys 225; hauntyd : worshipped 226; virgyne : digne 226 b; afleeccion : direccion 228 b; reson : sesson 229 b; son : redempcion 230, etc. No. 45 may be any one of the several attacks on the sins of a song of them, as in Ball. 354; I know none in Lydgate's metre. No. 46, *The Prayer to bedward and at rising*, rhymes mesurably: glotonye, f. 276 b; fantasies: vprye 276 a; it is in short line stanzas of 4. No. 16 is highly interesting, but is crudest of all in its metre. Rhymes magnify : almighty 285; enclusion: reson : geson: sesson 285; onely : signify 286, etc.

2 No. 22 may be a part of the *Lelabundus*, 41 and 42 are extant as in short doggerel couplets in an Arundel MS. Lydgate wrote a *Prayer* to St. Ositha.

3 Stanza 6; alye: the; 9 dowarye: by: ny: i cry: etc. The poem is rather unmetrical.

4 Relationum Historicarum de Rebis Anglicis, Tom. I, 1619, under the year 1440, pp. 632–33.

5 *Lamentation of our Lady*, this may be the prose tract, which is probably spurious.
Bishop Tanner's List.

Bishop Tanner's list in his *Bibliotheca*, pp. 489–493 (ed. 1748), consists chiefly of researches made upon Pits and Stow. To these he adds items from Laud 683, Fairfax 16, and Ashmole 59. But he does not bother to collate his references, as Bale did from his notes. The result is that items often appear under three or four heads. Moreover, whenever Tanner found other poems in a MS. containing poems cited by Pits or Stow, he added these. The result is a confusion which it is hardly worth while to clear up. But the greatest credit is due to Tanner for his references to MSS., which are uniformly accurate.

Tanner's list begins with Thebes, goes to Wikked Tong, Troy Book (under which the redaction of 1614 is noted), Mass; then follow—

5. Queen of hevene.
6. *Dillectus meus*.
8. *Stabat mater dolorosa* (Ashmole 59, "by an holy ankausse of Mansfield?").
10. Prayer in Old Age.
11. Life of our Lady.
13. *Quia amore languco*.

After these come the items of Pits, beginning with St. Fremund. At the Horse, Sheep and Goose he interjects Say the Best, from MS. Laud 598, and Upon the Cross, from the same MS.

Then he appends Stow's list. At *St. Anne's* life, he interjects Lydgate's Invocation to St. Anne. At the Procession of Pageants (of Corpus Christi) he puts in a guess as to the "Coventry" plays (Hegge plays). After the Entry into London he adds *London Lickpeny* (quoting Stow, *London*, p. 234), the Flour of Curtesye (Thynne, 1532), and the following from Fairfax 16—

Prayer for King, Queen, and People.
*Chaunse of the dyse*.\(^1\)
*Complaint against hope*.\(^2\)
*Complaint d'Amour* (attributed to Chaucer by Prof. Skeat).
*Ragmanys roll*, or *The Morour of your Chaunce*.\(^1\)

\(^1\) These two poems, by a witty Chaucerian, constantly remind one of Lydgate. But the internal evidence is hardly sufficient to convince me that he wrote them.

\(^2\) By a Chaucerian, not in Lydgate's manner.
From the Lincoln MS. he notes St. Austin, and from Ashmole 59—

The sixth fable of Isope.
Consulo quisquis.
Horns away.
(Fall, I, 13.)
Friend at neede.
Holy meditation.
Mass ("Ye devout peple").

From Bodley 686 he took the Tale of a Crow (Maunciple's Tale by Chaucer), Kings, Stans Puer, Dietary, So as the Crabbe, Ram's Horn, Wikked Tong, St. Margaret, St. George, Fifteen Joys (here he notes the version II from the Titus MS.). He then catalogues Laud 683, noting under Ten Saints, the Ashmole St. Denis. The only omission from Laud is Fifteen Ooes. To these he adds some random pieces, The Tale of the Lady Prioress and her three wooers. From Stow's History he quotes the verses of the pageants for Queen Margaret in 1445. These are Ingredimini et replete terram, non amplius irascar super terram. Madam Grace, chancelor de Dieu. Five wise and five foolish virgins. Of St. Margaret. Of the heavenly Jerusalem. Of the general resurrection and judgement.

He adds Cambridge, with a reference to Fuller, Eccl. Hist., I, 28. He then adds the "translations" from Pits, and concludes with references to MSS. he has not seen, chiefly gathered from the Cat. MSS. Angl. et Hib., Oxon., 1697.

Under Lydpate, Johannes, he notes the Serpent of Division again from "A. Wood, MS. Cat., IV, 46 (1559 print)."

Joseph Ritson followed Tanner in this sort of list, and considerably increased the confusion. He divided his list into printed and unprinted works. Professor Schick has corrected Ritson's list to a great extent, but in order to set the matter right once for all I must complete his work, with cross-references to duplicates.

In prints,—1. Troy. 2. Fall. 3. Dance of Mach. 4. Thebes.

1 Certainly not by him. It is a gay fabliau of the alliterative romance type, composed by some minstrel. The MS. ascription is of a late date. The humour is rough and high, the rhymes rude; there is nothing to justify this note of some modern reader, yet Halliwell printed it as Lydgate's, Minor Poems.

2 None of these are extant, as I have said above.

3 Under Troy Book he notes the Laud Troy Book.


1 Printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Possibly an error for Quis dabit meo. This tract is in prose, and was recently printed by C. E. Tame, in E. E. Rel. Lit., Series I, as Lydgate's. There is no MS. evidence, and the piece seems to be of much later date than Lydgate's. The prose is quite beyond that of the Serpent of Division.

2 A prose and verse rendering of Dequitivel's second Pilgrimage. Not a rhyme-tag in the verse, and the -y; ye rule frequently broken. Ascribed (the verse part) to Hoccleve, who certainly wrote Metre VII, but probably not the others. See my article in The Nation, N. Y., Sept., 1907.

3 Recently edited by Miss B. Skeat. There is no evidence whatever for Lydgate's authorship.

4 Printed in the Oxford Chaucer, VII.

5 Nos. 28-30 are cheap imitations of Chaucer, written circa 1475. Their style is entirely foreign to Lydgate's. On 28 cf. xlix, n. 2.

6 In doggerel couplets, anonymous, ed. J. Herbert, Roxb. Club, 1905.

7 A poor piece of popular versification. See pages xlvii, and xlviii, n. 3.

8 Printed in Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, from Tr. C. Camb. R. 3. 19.

9 See below.

10 See above.

LYDGEATE, M. P.
the Crabbe. 66. Rhyme without accord. 67. Haste. 68. Myd-
somer Rose. 69. Measure. 70. Quis dabit. 71. Amor vincit
omnia. 72. Amasias to Jolas (Fall, II, 16). 73. Epistle to Sybille
(141), or perhaps Fall, II, 15. 74. So as the Crabbe (65). 75.
New Year's Gift of an Eagle. 76. Summum Sapientiæ.¹ 77. Seven
Wise Counsels (part of Pageant of Knowledge). 78. Long wil be
water.² 79. Complexiones (part of Pageant of Knowledge). 80.
Who saith the best. 81. Lak of Steifjestnesse (Chaucer). 82. Four
things (see 32). 83. Friend in neode. 84. Consulo quisquis (22,
62). 85. Complaint d'amour.³ 86. Complaint against fortune, by
Chaucer. 87. Complaint against Hope. 88. Ch. of the Dyce
91. Stans Puer (16). 92. Praier to bedward. 93. O thow
povert (Fall, I, 18). 94. Wikked Tong. 95. Vertu. 96.
Thoroughfare of Woo. 97. Tyed with a lyne. 98. Rex
Salamon (Dilectus mens). 99. Loke in thy Merour. 100. They
that no while endure. 101. Peace. 102. Holy Meditation.
103. Letabundus. 104. World is Variable. 105. Timor Mortis.
106. The Cok hath lowe shoon. 107. Measure is Treasure. 108.
113. Assembly of Gods (13). 114. Seven deadly Sinnes (Stow's, 45).
115–119. Pageant of Knowledge (Stow's, 47–58). 120. That now
is hay. 121. Wikked Tong (94). 122. Amor vincit omnia (71).
Horn. 126. Fall (Stow, 63). 127. Magnificence of the Church.

¹ This is still attributed to Lydgate by Prof. Forster and Miss Hammond,
because the writer happens to say that his author (his original) and he are
both named John. But why not John Walton, John Capgrave, John Hardyng,
John of Bury, Sir John Oldcastle? The writer has an incomparable fancy for the
word huge; in the first 11 stanzas I note huge Idleness; 3; huge comberance,
4; huge wittis, 8; huge impuissance. 10; huge Innocence; 11; huge rites,
12; huge symphenesse, 14. The rhymes are totally against Lydgate's claim;
contraire: mornynoglë : folë, 32; glorë : folë, 70; remedy : folily, 41; deliciaye : worldly, 44, etc. Lydgate never went so far as to speak of
liquid liquor, st. 5, or lyrical lynes 8. The translation is wretched. Really
Lydgate never coined such words as rethorous 6, antiquious 8, or vertuhede
3. There is absolutely no evidence for Lydgate's claim in the original MSS.
² From Harley 2251. A short mis-metreed thing.
³ Ascribed to Chaucer by Professor Skeat.

1 For these see under Bale. 2 See p. xlviii. 3 This poem in Harley 2251, refers to the battle of Roxburghe, when the Scots were defeated. Rhymes nyne; bее, st. 2; vіctоry: flee. No MS. authority. 4 Ritson was misled by rubrics in the course of the poem, which led him to think a new poem had begun. See 193. 5 A doggerel poem from Harley 2251. 6 A doggerel poem from Tr. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21. 7 Harley 2255. No authority. The poem is in the style of the thirty Vernon MS. poems. 8 From Harley 2251; belongs with Dilictus mcus. 9 Gaude flore, from Harley 372. Rhymes on hee: bее: see, st. 1; lеssе: is: gladnesse, 3; Jesu: now, 6; amang: kan (!), 6. Very irregular metre. 10 In Addit. 34360 and Harley 2251. No evidence for Lydgate's authorship. 11 Three stanzas with refrain. From Harley 2251. Begins "My father above," etc. I have included this poem, though with hesitation.

It will be seen that Ritson has had access to Harley 2251, and 2255; otherwise his list is no better than Tanner's. He has, moreover, fallen into the same error of setting down all items in a MS. as Lydgate's because one happens to be.


1 Ascribed to Lydgate, because in MS. Titus A xxvi, which contains Fifteen Joys, II. That poem is, however, in a different hand from that of the scribe of the Merita Missae. The poem is printed in the Lay-Folks Mass-Book, pp. 148-154, E.E.T.S. 71, by Rev. Mr. Simmons. It is written in the rhyming short couplet. Rhymes not Lydgate's are fore: whare, 5; I: folley, 7; nemen: henyn, 27; bone: dome, 28; belle: styyle, 47, etc. Another poem ascribed to Lydgate, and called by this editor Virtutes Missarum, is printed in the same volume, pp. 367 ff. There is no evidence for this piece, which is cruder than the preceding, and begins—

"Lordyngis dyghe and dere
Lystyn and 3e may here."

Lines 25-26 read—

"His wytnesy Seynt austyn
And ledgyt hem in latyn";

and the side-note, p. 368, and the index tell us "ledgyt" (alleged) is Lydgate! Therefore this is Lydgate's poem!

Mr. Simmons is the first to attribute the Venus Mass in MS. Fairfax 16 to Lydgate. This is one of those pieces of courtly love in which I can find no characteristics of Lydgate sufficient to justify his claim as author. Many phrases recall the monk, but it is all Chaucerian imitation. If this piece is admitted as Lydgate's, it must be on the strength of the prose extract, which abounds in phrases occurring in Lydgate's Serpent of Division. But I cannot satisfy myself that these phrases are peculiar to Lydgate.

2 Arundel 258, and elsewhere—a poor piece of rhyming, though imitative of Lydgate.

3 This may be a piece from some legendary.
The Battle of Agincourt is a kind of Little Gest of Agincourt. It seems to contain the fragments of earlier half-popular ballads on the subject. It is written in the style of the street, with the rhyming equipment of a poor minstrel.\(^1\) It is inconceivable that a poet capable of, and at work on, *Troy Book* should descend to this sort of thing to celebrate the greatest deed of the sovereign for whom he was writing.

*London Lickpeny* is extant in two forms, of which the poorer and later one is always printed. Miss Hammond in her parallel-text print in *Anglia*, 400 f., shows that an eight-line version has been turned into a seven-line one, by simple omission of the fourth, fifth, or seventh line. Neither MS. antedates Stow's time, who owned the older version. Style and rhyme\(^2\) are utterly at variance with Lydgate's practice, and it is impossible therefore to accept Stow's unsupported word with regard to this poem, though every friend of Lydgate, if there be such, will give it up regretfully. Lydgate once wrote a poem on this theme, Amor Vincit Omnia. Let any one read this poem and then ask himself whether on the word of a worthy collector a century later, he will believe that the same man wrote *London Lickpeny*.\(^3\)

J. O. Halliwell's edition of Lydgate's Minor Poems is too well known to need comment. I cite here only the spurious poems:


\(^{1}\) Stanza 2, rathe; have; Edward; swerd; 8, he; many; 36, Turvyle: bataile; shryne; benyng; 45, synge; benyng; 3, yonge; sende; 4, ende: kyng; 35, be; hyghe; 31, was; ges; 34, Barry; sparye; 28, sped; ride. The rhymes -ay, -e occur in practically every stanza. The refrain runs—

"Wet ye right well that thus it was,
Gloria tibi truiitas."

The rhyme-tag verament occurs frequently.

\(^{2}\) gonn: cone, 10; chauncerie: me, 34; bye: why, 53; prime: dyne, 58; people: simple, 74; grete: sped, 86.

\(^{3}\) It should be noted that Stow does not include this poem in his 1598 list.
The Prohemy is a clever poem something after Mapes's poem against marriage, which Lydgate put into English at this time, and made popular. Our poem is much more in Hoccleve's style. I note the following points: A. The first lines of the poem, A philosoffire, a good clerk seculer, Had a frend that was somdel aged, etc. Now the poem was written after 1426, since it refers to the Dance of Machabre; and who but Hoccleve was a good clerk seculer, with an aged friend? Read his Dialog, and compare the styles.

B. Hoccleve's attacks on women were famous. His story of Jonathas is on the same theme.

C. Hoccleve was fond of talking about unsatisfactory marriage. See Dr. Furnivall's references.

D. He was fond of quoting from Chaucer. The Wife of Bath is one of his models (Dialog, 694 ff.).

But the rhymes are against his authorship, and equally against Lydgate's. There is nothing upon which one can base a claim for Lydgate in the style, which is colloquial, pithy, and humorous. Words like "pank," "buffard," "popholy," "roter," take us out of the monk's vocabulary. In the absence of any MS. evidence we must leave the poem anonymous. There were certainly more poets at work in this period than we know about.

The other three poems have no MS. evidence. The Birds' Matins has bad rhymes—Inwardly : melodie ; crie : triewly : glorifye ; supervive : side. The other two are little exempla, very likely produced at Bury. The metre involves penultimate accen-
tuation of rhyme-words in - omn, and the lines generally are unmetrical and crude. The only rhyme-tag "we fynde and rede" is used three times in sixty lines.

Prof. Skeat, in his volume supplementary to the Oxford Chaucer, prints ten poems as Lydgate's. Of these, I see no good reason for accepting the Ballade to My Soverain Lady, or the Goodly Balade. There is no evidence for Lydgate's authorship. The first was printed first by Thynne in 1532, and confused with Lydgate's

1 remedye: angry: hardly, p. 72; gelosye: bodye: pryvelye, p. 33. In the first 4000 lines of the Pilgrimage, written in 1426, there are no - y : - ye rhymes. On p. 29 of the Prohemy, truste: poste. The penultimate rhyme in - acioun is observed.


3 1. Right familier in goode conversacyoun.

  And both they were nygh on habitacioun.

  l. 10. His rightes he had by goode deliberacioun.

  l. 12. And as a triew cristen man here he made his ende

is too bad for Lydgate.
Court of Love. Flower and Leaf.

Ballade in Commendation, merely because it happened to follow it in a MS. The Goodly Balade might have been written by any one of the Chaucerian school, the poet of MS. Fairfax 16, for example. In his Chaucer Canon, Professor Skeat assigns a gem of Chaucerian verse, the Ballade of Oft-desired Bliss, to Lydgate, on similarly insufficient grounds. Nor is A Prayse of Women by him. 1

I have lately discovered a piece of evidence, which forbids me to deal in equally ruthless fashion with Prof. Skeat's ascription of the Ballade, Warning Men (Oxf. Ch. VII, No. xiv). It rhymes, it is true, reson : geson : treson, and flye : naturally; and no manuscript or early print assigns it to Lydgate. But the Duke of Suffolk (see my print, Pub. Mod. Lang. Ass., Mar. 1911, p. 170) writes to the Bury monk:—

"Hastow not seyd eke that these women can Laugh and love nat ò Parde yt is not fair."

Line 19 of the Ballade reads:—

"For they can laugh and love nat, this (is) expres."

A parallel may perhaps be found elsewhere in Lydgate; or the Duke of Suffolk may have carelessly attributed to the monk a poem he did not write. But, at any rate, the parallel is there; and the poem, though much more biting and forcibly effective than any of Lydgate's satire, cannot be absolutely dismissed from the Canon. In my own opinion, however, it is spurious.

Dr. J. H. Lange, in Englische Studien, 29, 397–405, proposes Lydgate as the author of Fragment B of the Romaunt of the Rose. 2 Dr. Lange labours under a delusion that if Chaucer did not write it, Lydgate must have written it. He tries to show that Lydgate knew Fragment B, but he does not prove any indebtedness whatever. He gives a long list of rhymes like Lydgate's, two of which, the er : ir and fortune : costume are worth noting. He notes asonances in the poem, which he parallels elsewhere in Lydgate. But he fails to note that nowhere in Lydgate is there any such proportion of asonances, and he totally omits all bad rhymes for which no parallels exist. He also fails to notice the closer translation of the original than is usual with Lydgate. 3

1 It rhymes -ees : -esse, twice.
2 See, however, Schick's earlier suggestion of the idea, Temple of Glas, p. lxi, note 2. Dr. Lange does not give Professor Schick the credit for the suggestion.
3 In Reson and Sensuallyte, 142. 2 lines to 100 of the original.
In Pilgrimage, 157. 6 lines to 100 " "
In Fragment B, 117. 5 lines to 100 " "

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The Ye and the Herte.

Lydgate, it should be added, mentions the Rose in the Full of Princes as Chaucer's translation. Had he had a hand in it, there was nothing to prevent his saying so, in 1431, the date of the Prologue to the Full.

It looks as though the Court of Love were to be foisted on to Lydgate's shoulders, if I guess correctly Dr. Lange's latest hints in the Archir, 108, p. 104.

Dr. Marsh, in the Journal of English and Germanic Philology for September, 1907, argues for Lydgate's authorship of the Flower and the Leaf. He has made a most exhaustive comparison of the themes in the poem, and finds it most like Reason and Sensuallyte. He has totally neglected the rhyme-tests, which throw the poem out at once.1

Lastly, some suggestions have been made, that the Ye and the Herte, a translation of a French estrif, may be the work of the ubiquitous monk. From the recent print in Anglia, 1911, pp. 235 ff., it is clear that the 800 lines of the poem are from a younger hand. Rhymes such as doubtlesse : gladnesse, 101-3; companye : verreilye : to asyce : trewly, 122-4-5-7; and doon : submission, 353-5, cannot be duplicated among Lydgate's myriads.

There are still a few dozen poems of the fifteenth century which, it is safe to predict, will be shortly heralded as Lydgate's.2 I realize the uncertainty of all disputes on authorship, but my contention is still that in the absence of external evidence, of a contemporary date, the closest resemblances in rhyme, metre and style must be shown before any poem can be admitted as genuine. Whenever these cannot be shown, the verdict must be against the claimant. And I beg to present the claims of the anonymous poets of the age, of whom I believe there were many, all loving Master Chaucer, and delightedly practising the writing of courtly poetry in his manner.

1 VI, No. 3, pp. 373 ff. Rhymes contrary to Lydgate's usage are common—seson : reson, 562; victory : mightily, 517; glory : holly, 520; melody : soothly, 181; chivalry : worthy, 563, etc.
2 The Practise De Lupide Philosophorum in B. M. Sloane 3708, ascribed to Lydgate, seems to me a seventeenth-century forgery, and not worth discussion. I mention it here to forestall criticism. The translation of Christine de Pisan's Epître d'Othéa, ascribed to Lydgate in the Harleian Catalogue (No. 838), is probably by A. Babyngton. See my article in Mod. Lang. Notes, April, 1909.
INDEX TO THE LYDGATE CANON.

The number of manuscripts, etc., considered in the foregoing pages requires an index, in order that easy cross reference may be had. This index contains the principal matters discussed, but is not complete. The manuscripts, prints and editions of Lydgate are given complete, with reference by Arabic number to my catalogue of his genuine works.

Numbers in Roman letters refer to pages. R = Ritson; S = Stowe; B = Bale; H = Hawes; T = Tanner; e.g. R 53 = No. 53 in Ritson's list. Numbers referring to my list have no letter preceding. When my numbers are in parenthesis the item is mentioned under that number in my list. Where my titles of works might be unfamiliar I have supplied the first words of the poem; or other titles whenever such have been given by other editors.

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PART I.—RELIGIOUS POEMS.

1. BENEDIC ANIMA MEA DOMINO.


Takepe goode hede, sirs and dames, howe Lydgate daun Johan pe Munk of Bury, moeued of deocyioun, hape translated pe salme Benedic anima mea domino.

(1) [p. 19]

O pou my soule, gyf laude vn-to pe lord,
Blesse him and preyse, and forget him nought.
Alle myn entrylles boope in deed and word,
And al pat euer is in myn Inward thought, [p. 20]
Gyf thank to hym pat pee so deere hape bought. 5
Of kyndenes he was no thing to blame,
Late serche pyt hert with al pat may be thought,
And ofre al vp vn-to his hooly name.

(2) 8

And pou my soule, yit blesse him efft aseyne,
Haue euer in mynde his consolacyons,
Be not forgetful, but be truwe and pleyne,
Ay to remembre his retribuc/ouns.
To him haue ay py contemplacyouns,


LYDGATE, M. P.
Benedic Anima Mea.

Sith he pee bought with his precyous blood,
Be not vnkynde, but in pyne orysouns

\( \text{Qui propiciatur omnibus iniquitatis tua.} \)

Which is alwey to pyne Iniquytees

\( \text{Qui repleter in bonis desideriis tuis renuminabilius vitam tua.} \)

He accomplishepe in goodnes py desyres,

\( \text{Qui redimiter de integritate vitam tuaet immortalitatem.} \)

He is in louver so stedfast and so tweve.

For he byepe euer and makepe redemppeyoun,

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diem peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

With his blood he made py raunsoun,

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diem peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

Heepe and rekurepe alle pyne infirmytees

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diem peperitur et resuscitabit.} \)

Of lوردes alle pe moost mercyable,

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diee peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

Moost loving eke, euer oon and not vnstable,

\( \text{Qui repleteur in bonis desideriis tuits renominabilius vitam tuae.} \)

Voyde of chaunge and of al doublenesse,

\( \text{Qui repleter in bonis desideriis tuis renuminabilius vitam tuae.} \)

God graunt my preyer beo to pee acceptable,

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diem peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

...pat schewest to me so muche kyndenesse.

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diem peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

Ay whan pou axest for to do pee grace.

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diee peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

He is in louver so stedfast and so tweve.

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diee peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

Heepe and rekurepe alle pyne infirmytees

\( \text{Qui redimitor in diee peperitur qui resuscitabit.} \)

Of lوردes alle pe moost mercyable,
Benedic Anima Mea.

Doyng mercy and misericorde,
   And doome to alle wheche pat souffre vnright.
   Cast on me lord py mercyable sight,
And graunte me mercy toforne er pat pou deeme,
   Set pees to-forne & modefye py right,
For of my self I haue nought pee to qweeme.

(7)
He made hees weyes vn-to Moyses
   For to be knowe, pe byble can weel telle,
His willes also, by vertuous encrese,
   Vn-to his loued people of IsraelH,
   And Pharao pat on hem was so felle
Out of his daunger made hem free to goo,
   So let py mercy, O lord, py right precelle,
Ageynst pacusing of ourue goostly foo.

(8)
Mercy, lord, on wreches in distresse,
   Which on py mercy been ay awayting,
With-oute vengeaunce souffrest of goodenesse
   Synners repent hem, þeyre leyser abyding
Moost mercyable þou art in forgyving
To suche as beon redy to do penaunce,
   Nowe graunte me grace, lord, in my lyving
Or I passe hennes, to haue ful repentaunce.

(9)
His lord shal not perpetuelly be wrothe,
   Nor he shal not eternally manace
For mercy euer toforne his right it goope,
   And alle his werkis pacyence doope embrace,
   And he is redy euer to doo grace
Who axepe mercy, he wil him not forsaake ;
   þefore O lord, whane we shal hens passe,
To-fore þy doome vs to þy mercy take.

(10)
After ourue synnes þe lord moost gracious
   List for noon haast avenged for to be,

43 and gret ins. tH.  44 that suffren any H, whiche om. H.
49 the Moyses ins. H, pat Moyses ins. t.  50 of thy ins. H.
63 lorde by grace A.  69 for to do ins. H.
Nor lyke oure trespasses he is not rygorous
To do vengeaunce of his benignyte,
Mercy preferring to-forne his equyte;
For but his mercy soopely passed his right—
I cane namore, but I seye for me,
Whane he shal deeme I durst not come in sight.

(11)
For affer pe hevens heghe alytude
Passepe pe corpe in comparysoun,
He haþe made strong his mercy to conclude
On alle þat drede him of truwe affecccþoun.
I cleyme mercy and voyde away reysoun,
And to his grace lowly me submitte,
For vpon mercy stant my salvation,
On which to trist myn hert shal neuer flytte.

(12)
Als fer in seþe as þe cleer oryent
Is in distaunce whane Phebus shyneþe bright
Frome þe west party of poecydent,
Right so þe lord which is moost of might
Hape sette oure synnes asyde out of his sight,
His doome delaying þat we may come to grace,
Making appeel to mercy frome his right,
What synfulþ ellys durst peer afore his face?

(13)
And as a fader mercyful is founde
Vpon his childre for to hawe pyttee,
Right so þe lord of mercy most habounde
Is mercyful to alle þat dreadful be,
For he allone knoweþe our freeltée,
And who of hert can dreed him, lowe, and serve;
No we graunt ys lord, of þy benignyte,
Mercy toforne or we by doome deserue.

(14)
He is Remembred þat we but poudre be,
A mannys dayes beon but welked hay,
77 preferrith A. 80 in his ins. A. 94 to] by H. 96 Ellys
Or lyke a floure ful feyre and fresshe to se
Which in feelde faidepe and gope awey,
For whane beautee is cloosed vnder clay,
Fare weel of youpe al pe lustynesse,
Which tyme O lord, ne sey not to vs nay
To haue mercy vpon oure wrecchednesse.

(15)
be spiryt of man shal soone frome him passe
Al sodeynly, and no whyle abyde,
In pis worlde here no more knowe his place,
And fare weel panne al worldly pompe and pryde,
Sette lordship and richesse panne a-syde,
Al tresor here nys but transytorye;
Wherfore, O lord, let mercy so provyde
bat we wip pee may regnen in py glorye.

(16)
by mercyes, lorde, beon preysed frome eterne,
Euer lasting, who can beholde and se,
Who louepe pee and can with dred consere
by kyndenessis and py gret bountee,
To alle suche py mercy is mooste free,
And of a mayde thorughe mercy pou were borne,
Thorughe whos preyer and humylytee,
For lack of mercy ne lat vs nat be lorne.

(17)
And of pis lord pe gret rightwysnesse,
Meynt with his mercy by lyneal discent,
Shal sprede to children pat doon hir bysynesse
For to obserue of hert his testament,
And truly keepe his comauement,
peyre issu no mescheef shal encoumbe;
Nowe, goode lorde, of feythyful truwe entent,
Graunt me grace I may beon of pe noumbré.
Benedic Anima Mea.

(18)

Et memores sunt mandata tua.

For pey beon fully, as in peyre ententys,

   Of oon hert stable as any stooone,

Remembring ay of his commaundementes,

   For to fulfille hem and forget noon,

But hem conserve, what so pey ryde or goon,

Now goode lord, moost stedfast and moost kynde,

Rent on pe Roode bytwixe Marye and Iohn,

To-fore pou deeme vs haue mercy in py mynde.

(19)

Domines in celo.

God in his palays above celestyal

   Hape bylt a see and a manysoun;

And his regne moost Imperyal

   Hape over al his domynacyoun,

   And al stant vnder his subieccyoun;

Wherfore, O lord, thenk on oure freeltie,

   And late py mercy beon oure protecyoun

For ower safconduyt haue I noon for me.

(20)

Benedicite domino omnes angelli.

Alle pe Aungelles of every Ierarchye,

   Blessepe pee lord with al your ful might,

Mighty of vertu his preceptis to applye,

   His worde tacomplisshe, as it is skil and right;

   His voyce, his speeche, herkenyng day and night,

By attendaunce aboue pe sterres cleer.

Nowe, goode lord, of mercy sheed py lyght

Myn hert tenlumyne pat boughtest me so deer.

(21)

Benedicite domino omnes virtutes.

And alle pe vertues of pe lord also,

   Gyvepe laude and prys to his magnyfysence

And blessepe him as yee angliht to doo,

   Alle hees mynistres withi duwe reuerence,

   Which pat doon withi duwe diligence

His wille, his word, and may not disobeye.

O lord do mercy ageyne my gret offence,

Or cruwel depe me sodeynly werrey.

138 *Any* is the marbul tH. 139 *of his* on thy H. 140 Neuer oon ins. H, mer oon t. 141 by om. H. 152 noon haue we H. 164 yee his ins. t. 167 moost mighty doo mercy against offence t.
Benedictus Deus.

(22)
Blessepe pee lord, O yee his werkes alle,
Yche place where he hape domynacion,
O pou my soule vn-to pee lord do calle,
And to his lord gif benediccyoun,
For lyff and dethe, and oure salvacion
Eternally dependepe in his grace,
Asseele oure quytaunce with py redempcjon,
Whane pou shalt deme vs stondying to-fore py face.

Explicit Anima mea domino &c.

2. BENEDICTUS DEUS IN DONIS SUIS.

[MS. Laud 683, leaves 31, back, to 33.]

(1)
God departeth his gyftes dyuersly,
To summe he yeveth wit and dyscressiou/f,
To synful peple at leyser doth mercy,
Yeueth to summe grace and perfeccyoun,
Be influence of mercyfull pyte,
In alle his werkis blyssed mot he be.

(2)
He in his gyftys moost gracious is and good,
Shewed in story be plentyvous largesse,
Pro deth preserved Noee in the flood
For his famous prerogatyf of clennesse ;
Gaff Abraham feith, trust, and stabylnesse,
Credence assured, the byble who lysse.
For wich Example we may seyn & expresse
In al his gyftes, " lord, blyssed mot ye be."

172 lordship t, lord TH. Explicit] om. t.
MS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 31 back-33 = L ; B.M.
Harley 2255, leaves 142-143 = H. 4 and] of H. 7 we] he.
Benedictus Deus.

(3)

Isaac and Jacob increase,
Moses to lead Israel,

To Ysaak this lord gaff gret Encres,
    Graunted Jacob plentyvous habundaunce,
Also he graunted to horned Moyses
    To lede from Egypt al Israel, in substaunce,
Promys parfourmed be myghty Josue;
    Lat us therafore say for a remembraunce
"In alle his gyfftes blyssed mot he be."

(4)

and David royalty,
Solomon wisdom,
Absalon beauty, victory to Juda,

God gaff Dauyd roiall excellence,
    As seith the byble, moost ffor his meeknesse,
To Salamon souereyn patencye,
    And therwith all plentyvous Rychesse,
And Absolon excellent myghty pacyence,
Strengthe, victorie, to Iudas Machabee,
Whoes woord was this of knyghtly hih prowesse [H. 32, bk.]
In alle his gyfftes blyssed mot he be.

(5)

patience to Job,
conquest to Alexander,

He suffred Iob lese al hys tresour;
    But ther ageyn he gaff hym pacyence;
Made Alysauadre a myghty conquerour,
    Pore Dyogynes lyst do hym no reuereunce,
Be-tween hem two ther was gret difference,
    The toon in pride, the tother in povertie,
Texempleffye, brefiely in sentence,
What ever Lesu sent blyssed mot he be.

(6)

Other stories ther been of womanheede,
faith to Judith, prophecy to the Sibyl,
Esther humility, Jesabel pride,

God gaff Iudihth feith, trust, and stabilnesse,
To Sibile, in Austyn as I reede,
    Cristis comyng be writyng did Expresse,
Crowned Hester quen for hir famous humblesse,
    Iesabell proud was cast dome from hir see;
Thus God avanueeth folk for her meeknesse,
    In alle his gyfftes blyssed mot he bee.

24 lord blessyd ins. H. 27 sapience H.
24 god blessyd ins. H. 37 ther was a H. 40 Jesu
god H. 46 Iosabell H. 47 ther lowlynesse H. 48 lord
blessyd ins. H.
Thou God to wives hast yove gret suffraunce,
They be not alle a-lyk pacient,
To suffre wrong it were a gret penance,
Or be mysbode in herte whan they be brent;
God and nature hath yove hem a patent
Of tongue and mouth to hane ther lyberte,
-Sum meek, somme crabbid, summe be eloquent,
In alle his gyftes blyssed mote he bee.

To conclude breefly in this mater,
Let alle folk thank the lord of his goodnesse,
Whatener he sent, with hool herte & entyer,
Whether that it be poveryt or Richesse,
Wordly flavour, loye, or prosperous
Reste on this word for the more sekirnesse,
In alle your gyftes, lord, blissed mot ye be!

He may the riche with pe wheel turnyng,
   Witnesse of Iob, make the to dyscende,
Of a shepperde he made Dauyd a kyng,
   Nabugodonosor with bestis Eet provende;
Pryde in a beggere is nat to comende,
For wich, ye folk of hih and lowe degre,
   That grace and fortune your statis may amende,
Seith, what god sent, blyssed mot he be.

---

Deus in Nomine Tuo.

3. DEUS IN NOMINE TUO SALUUM ME FAC.

[From MS. B. M. Cotton Caligula A II, leaves 64, back, to 65.]

(1) God, in thy name make me safe and sounde; And in thi vertu me deme & Justifie, And as my leche serch vnto the grounde That in my soule ys seke, and rectifie: To haue medicine afore thi dome y crye, Wherefore of endeles mercy ax y grace That y desposed be vch day to dye, And so to mende, whyll y haue tyme & space.

(2) Deus exaudi.

God, graciously here thou my prayere, The wordes of my mouth with ere perceyue, And as thou on the rode hast bought me dere, So make me able thi mercy to receyue: Yf that the fende with frawde wolde me deceyue, In thi right syde ther be my resting place; Ther ys my confort, as y clere conceyue, Whych may me mende, whill y haue tyme & space.

(3) Quum alieni.

For alienes, lord, haue ryse agaynes me, And peple stronge my sely soule haue sought; But for they purpose not to loke on the, Gramercy, lord, hir malyce greueth nought. Thi passiou be emprinted in my thought.
Deus in Nomine Tuo.

The chefe resort my fleschly foo to chase;
On hit to be remembred well y aught,
Which may me mende, whyll y haue tyme & space. 24

(4) Ecce enim deus.
Behold, for soth, pot god hath holpen me,
And of my soule our lorde ys vp-taker;
Wher y was thrall, lord, thou hast made me fre;
Whom shall y thank bot the, my God, my maker? 29
In eueri peryll my confort and my grace;
For of the synfull art thou not forsaker,
That wyll amend, whill they haue tyme & space. 32

(5) Auerte mala.
Turne euell thynges vnto my mortall soon,
And in thi treuth disperppyll hem and spylle,
So that they be confounded euerychone
That wolde me stere to dysobaye thi wyll,
The dewe of loun and dredre on me distyll, 37
That dedely syme ne do me not deface;
That y thi hestys fayle not to fulfille,  [leaf 65]
Wheech may me mende, whyll y haue tyme & space. 40

(6) Voluntarie sacrificabo.
I shall do to the wyllfull sacrifise,
And knoulech to thi name, for it is good.
All oder woridely weele y wyll disspice
That floweth oft, and ebbeth as the floode.
Thy blessed body, sacred flesh and blode 45
With all my hert beseche y euer of grace
Hit to recyeue, in cleunes for my foode,
Hit may me mende, whill y haue tyme & space. 48

22 my fleschly foo] pe feonde aweye A. 23 ful weel ins. H. On pot remembre well forsope me ought A. 24 which H. it h. And be amended A. tyme and] lyves A. 25 pot god]oure lorde h. helpyne h. 26 of] for H. of my lord pe soule A. he ys HhA. 28 Wham h. 29 wardeine and my maker A, but adds the line correct as in C. 31 never H. 32 amende them ins. H. 35 [lye h. 37 on] of h. 38 ne om. H. 39 not] never A. 40 and so to amende H. 41 to Bee do A. wylfully h. 43 All] And HA. 46 euer A. 47 pot never pe fended fynde me in oper moode A. 48 which Hh. But ever tamende A. lyves space A.
(7) CUUM EX OMNI TRIBULACIONE.

For thou hast delivered me, and on enmeyes myn eye hath had despite, Wherfore y wyll persenuer all way with the In full entent that kyndenesse for to quit; And that y may performe thus my delit, Helpe, mayden clene, & modyr full of grace! That never the fende me finde in oder plite, But euuer to mende, whil y haue tyme & space.

(8) GLORIA PATRI ET FILIO.

Ioye to the Fader, full of grace & might, Whos hye powere all thyngh may preserue! Ioye to the Sone, that in a virgyn lyght And for oure gylt vpon a cros wold sterve! Ioye to the Holy Gost, that doth conserue Oure clere conceyte by confort of his grace! O blessed Trinite! well owe we to reserue! Louynge to the, whil we haue tyme & space.

(9) SICUT ERAT IN PRINCIPIO.

That ys and was, with-owte begynnynge, Thre in oo substanunce, hye god in commyttable, With-owte ende, eternall, enduryng, All-myghty, ryghtwys, and mercyable, Gracious to all contrite, and confortable; Both lord and leche to all that lust haue grace; Wyth oyle of mercy, to myschewe medicynable, Hele all myn hirt of synne with tyme & space.

Explicit.

49-56 om. A. 50 om. H. 52 om. H. for] om. H. quire] aquyght H. white h. 54 Helpe me lord of mercy and full of grace C (so written over erasure, the erased words given above). 55 oper h. other H. synde me H. 57 ff. Instead of stanzas 8-9 H. substitutes three entirely different stanzas, which are possibly spurious. See below. 57 Ioye bo h. Ioye beo ins. A. grace d] om. hA. fat is so ins. A. 62 concent h. 63 belsett h. sic. aught A. to] om. A. 64 whil] om. 65 with outen A. 66 lyce etc.] Lastinge eternal A. 67 ende] om. h. Lord of heven of eor pe] nat made al thinge A. 68 almerciable A. all mercyable H. 69 to all] om. A. and ay ins. A. 70 that Ah om. C. 72 my h. owle heele myn heert Whyle I haue lyves space A. Colophon H. Explicit quod lydgate. Stanzas 8, 9, 10 read as follows:

For fro all trouble thou hast deluyered me,
Gloria patri et filio.

Glory be to the Fadir our soureyn lord,

To thy blysful Sone be laude withoutyn ende,

and to the hooly speryt that madyst of Oon accord
hevene and erthe, whan thou dyst discende

In to a mayde, that nevir yit did offende;

O lord ! to whoom mercy appropryd is, and grace,

Haue on me mercy ! and froo the seend me dyffende,

That I may amende whyl I haue tyme & space.

Sicut erat in principio.

As was thy joye, now is, and evir shall

Endure for evir, tyme withoute mesure,

and sithe in thy lordshippe conceived is al,

haue mercy, Jesu! upon thy synful creature,

My grevous wounde whoo myght it bettir Cure ;

Thanne be in presence of thy blysful face ?

O helpe now Jesu ! that I may be sure

To amende me, whyl I haue tyme and space.

O deer godhede ! and moost clennest merour !

In whom angelelys desire to beholde,

And alle hevenely seyntes given lawde & honour

To thyng Embryre, so many a thousand folde ;

Resceyve in gree, in synne though I be oole,

My sympyl prayer in to thy joyful place,

and yif me grace thy will fulfille and hoole d

So to amende, whyl I haue tyme and space.

Explicit quod Lydgate.
4. AN EPISTLE TO SIBILLE.

A Paraphrase of Proverbs xxxi. 10-31.


(Lenvoye by Lidgatdy. Here folowe the an Epistol made by the same Lidgatdy sende to Sibille with pleschewing of ydelnesse.)

1. The chief gynnynge of grace and of vertue
   To exclude sloupe is occupycon,
Martha minystred to our lord Iesu,
   And Maria by contemplacioun,
peos bope twayne, of clene entencyoun,
For to exclude al maner ydelnesse
peire labour sette in vertuous besynesse.

(2)
Who is it pat cane nowe fynde suche twayne,
   Or of peire secte one verraily in dede,
Whiche pat list in labour do suche peyne,
   Thorugh diligence longinge to womanhede?
By excercyse peire werkes oute to sheede
To gif ensample, voyding ydelnesse,
How pey in vertue shoulde do peire besinesse.

(3)
pe lavde of hem and pe price gope ferre
   As by reporte to many fer cuntree,
Labour with vyces of custume holdepe werre,
   Where as it fallepe that femyninyttee
Cawsepe slowpe frome housholdes for to flee,
pat he dar nought have none Interesse
To interupte vertuous besinesse.

(4)
Suche a woman, mayde, widowe, or wyffie,
   Men shoulde of right comende and magnefye,
Namely alle þe þat beon intentyff
In diligence þeire wittes to applye,
For alle suche, I dar wel specefye,
Namely wyves bencrese of gret richchesse
Gretly delyte in hooly besynesse.

(5)
An housbande which þat suche one doþe possede
May hertly truste in hir governaunce,
To robbe or spoyle for he hæpe no neode
He fyndeþe in hir so-muche suffisaunce,
Of worldely plentee fulsum habondance,
And in hir soule ful goostely gladnesse,
Ay moste reioyssing vertuous besynesse.

(6)
Sheo shal preserve him frome al damage
At alle tymes, and of hir gret bountee,
With right gode chere and a glad visage
Shewe him gret signes of huge humylite;
In cloþemakinge sheo shal eke besy be,
Wolle and flexsse vn-to hir servantþ dresse,
Sette hem on werke in vertuous besynesse.

(7)
Sheo resembleþe a shippe of marchandyse,
From ful fare providing hir victayle,
With wache also sheo cane aught devyse
þat hir housholde of stuffe shal not fayle.
In truwe pourchace ful muche sheo shal avayle,
Bigynge in toyne on feelde muche besinesse,
Alwey in trouthe vsinge avisynesse.

(8)
With hir handewerk and hir houswyfrede
Sheo besy aye amonge in hir gardynes,
Provydence did aye hir brydel lede,
Plauntynge amonge hir lousty freþfli vynes,
Which þat brought forþe deleytable vynes
Vsighe a girdel aboute hir of clennesse,
Her lyff tenbrace in vertuous besinesse.
An Epistle to Sibille.

(9) And for sheo saughe pat hir werke was goode
     Hir cler lanternne shal never qwenche his light,
     And of hir porte to telle yowe howe it stode,
     With truwe Lucre concluding vp-on right
     Hir fingers smale, lyche a truwe maystresse,
     In silke and weving did hir besynesse.

(10) To the poure folke did hir almesdele,
     Hir armes oute a-fer she gau to reche,
     Of colde in wynter hir meyne thare not dreede,
     For in suche cas sheo was a prudent leche,
     Alle hir servantes vertues ay to teche,
     Were twyes cladde, hem kepinge frome distresse
     In somer and wynter by hir besynesse.

(11) Rayed motleys of divers silke and colde free,
     Of fyne pourpur was wrought hir garnement,
     Amiddes pe gates of pat royal cytee
     Sete hir housbande, so noble and prudent,
     On trespassours to give his Jugement,
     With Senatours his doome he can dresse,
     Refourmynge wronge with vertuous besynesse.

(12) Of golde and silke sheo made a ryche clope
     And solde it after thorughe hir providence,
     And for pat fame ful far in vertue gope
     Sheo made a gindel of greyt excelence
     For to represse pe mighty vyolence
     Of Canandus wilful wrecchednesse,
     Sheo brideld hir with vertuous besynesse.

(13) Of force, of clennesse, and of honestee,
     And of fayrrenesse made was hir venture,
     Hir to defende in al adversitee
     Of feyth, of troupe, shal beo hir armure,
     And sheo shal love, of entente moste pure,
An Epistle to Sibille.

Hir last daye of verray perfytenesse,
Deservinge heven by vertuous besynesse.

(14)

Hir moupe sheo opunde for to be enspyred
With pe grace of goostly sapyence,
pe troupe of hir was specially desyred
Lowe of hir specche, of womanly clemence;
And sheo considerd of wit and hye prudence,
Of hir housholde pe papes for to dresse
bat al concluded of vertuous besynesse.

She opened her mouth with wisdom.

(15)

In ydelnesse sheo cete not hir bred
Her childre aroose and blest did hir calle,
And hir housbande prudently toke hede
And preysed hir amonge hir folkes alle,—
So finally it is now pus byfalle,
Though his wisdame and gret avisynesse
Sheo al governed by vertuous besynesse.

In idleness she eateth not her bread.

(16)

Many doghtren of olde antiquytee
Gadred golde, goode, and gret tresore,
But sheo surmounted by autoritee,
To reken hem alle, by diligent labour,
She gate hir price, lawde, and gret honnowr,
By pat worching of gracious richhesse
Shutte in hir coffres by vertuous richhesse.

She excelleth all.

(17)

Al worldly besynesse nis but vanytee,
Grace of fayresse as a floure dope fade;
Fresshnesse abydepe in mutabilitie
And persinge eyene with peire lookis glade;
Al froyte dope falle, whane trees been overlade,
And al dope waste sauf oonly perfytenesse
Sloupe to exclude with vertuous besynesse.

Favour is deceitful.

111. Stanza 18 is repeated, the only change being in l. 122, pe lorde above] pe hyest lorde.

LYDGATE, M. P.
The Pater-Noster Translated.

(18)

But a woman provident in deed,
I mene suche one that prudent is and wyse,
She whose of Herte I lorde above dope drede,
Shee wary is to have a ful gret pryce,
For she conceyvepe by circumspecte avyce,
Whatever she dope and with gret relynnesse
Texclude slope with vertuoun besynesse.

(19)

VERBA FACTORIS.

O yee wyves and wydowes moste entiere,
And godey maydens yonge and fresshe of face,
What ever be sayd as in pis materie,
Ful humbly I putt me in youre grace,
And remembrepe every houres space
Pat moder of vyces is wilful ydelnesse,
And grounde of grace is vertuous besynesse.

(20)

LENVOYE.

Go, lytel pistel, and recomend me
Vn-to my ladye which cleped is Cybille,
Pray hir to hauе roupe and eke pitee
Of pe dulnesse of pis my rude style,
And as pis dytee dope also compyle,
Let hir labour, avoydyng ydelnesse,
Vsinge hir handes in vertuous besynesse.

5. THE PATER NOSTER TRANSLATED.

[MS. Trinity Coll. Camb. R. 3, 21, leaf 274.]

Hic sequitur Oracio dominica per dominum Johannem
Lydegate transleta.

(1)

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Kepe vs by chyldre pat pow has wrought,
Grant vs these petycions seuen,
As thy son taught pat hath vs bought,
Thy name be hallowed in aH our thought,
The fende confusyd with aH hys wylys,
Thy Image we been, forsake vs nought,
O Pater noster qui es in celis!

(2)
Thy kyngdom, Fadyr, late come tyH vs,
That we had lost borough dedely synne,
But now thy son, our Lord Ihesus,
Hath brokyd pe prysoun pat we were ynome,
The dyse were cast, þow dydyst vs wynne,
The fende confoundyd with aH his wyles,
Let come þy kyngdom, we ben þy kynne,
Pater noster qui es in celis.

(3)
As þy wyH, Fadyr, ys done aboue,
So here in erthe þy wyH be done,
Make clene oure hertes, set þere þy loute,
For without þy helpe oure labour ys none;
Teche vs thy wyH or grace be gone,
The fende confusyd with aH his wyles,
And with thy mercy graunt vs pardone
Pater noster qui es in celis!

(4)
Oure dayly brede yeue vs thys day,
Bothe bodyly and gostly sustenauce,
Ellys we shuH fayle here in þys way
But yef þou make som purueaunce,
Of gostly foode sende vs habundaunce,
The fende confusyd with all his wyles,
And erthely frutys aftyr þy plesaunce,
O Pater noster qui es in celis!

(5)
Also, good Fadyr, foryeue oure dettys
To aH oure dettors as we foryeue,
Oure gostly sauour somtyme hit dettys,
When other be temptyd vs for to greue.
To bere hyt esyly pow can vs releue,
The fende confusyd with aH hys wyles,
Helpe vs þy chyldre of Adam & Eue,
O Pater noster qui es in celis.

hallowed be
Thy name.

Thy king-
dom come,

Thy will be
done,
on earth as
it is in
heaven.

Give us this
day our
daily bread,

and forgive
us our debts
as we forgive
our debtors,
A Prayer in Old Age.

(6)

Suffre vs nat faH in-to temptacion,
Whether hit com of fleshe or fende,
Kepe vs from aH foule delectacion,
For bytternes ys euer pe pe last ende,—
Yene vs now grace oure lyfe to amende,
The fende confusyd with aH his wyles,
And never py goodnes more to offende,
O Pater noster qui es in celis.

(7)

And whateuer offence ys done before
In pought, worde, dede, or countenaunce,
For pe first day pat we were bore,
We aske now grace of repentaunce,
And here to performeoure dew penaunce,
Kepyng oure wyttes and py hestes ten,
And gracious Fadyr take no vengeance,
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

6. A PRAYER IN OLD AGE.

[MS. Bodley Hatton 73, leaf 116 to 116 back].

(1)

All the trespass of my tender yonthe,
Wyth grevous gyltes rekenyd of yonge age,
Wyth the gode lord make hem not couthe
Iesu, till tyme that thy wrath aswage.
Myn ignorance with insolent outrage,
Lyke my deseretys, lord, doo not recorde
Tyll pees be leyde, and pitee for ostage,
That ryght and mercy may graciousli acord.

(2)

The myspende tyme of all my mydle yeris,
When lust with fors was fresh yn that sesoun,
My froward fals foren desires,
Wyth many olde diuerse transgressioune,

Collated with Lambeth Pal. MS. 344, leaf 10 to 10 back = L.
3 hem hym. 6 accorde corr. to recorde. 9 The My. foreyn.
Te Deum Laudamus.

For fro vertu, contrarye to resonu,—
O lord, late pite thy rygore qveme
Or that Iugement do execuciuon;
Blyssid Iesu! do mercy or thou deme.

(3)
Duryng that age I coude not aduertyse,
Of neglegens in my memoriall,
By providens to see this straunge gyse,
Alle wordely fresshnesse by processe shall appalle;
And how fortune amonge hir chaunges alle
When folk lest wenyth, her servauntis cast down;
Then is no mene, but to clepe and calle
To mercy and grace and Cristes passiou;i.

(4)
Forsake me not, lord, in my dayes olde,
Whenne febylnesse hath crokyd bak and chyne,
Currag e and blode appalle, and wexe colde;
My blyndnesse, lord, with grace do illumyne,
And lat the lyght of mercy oner me shyne,
Or that the rolle be rad of myn outrages:
Thy blode, thy passiou;n, graunt me for a signe,
Mercifull Iesu, to patyse my passages.

Amen.

7. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

[MS. Harley 2275, leaves 43, back, to 45, back.]

(1)
Te deum laudamus! to the lord sovereyne
We creaturyss knowlech the as creatoure;
Te, eternum patrem, the peple playne,
With hand and herte doth the honouru;
O ffemynyn faidr funte and foundoure,
Magnus et laudabilis dominus,
In sonne and sterre thu sittyst splendoure,
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

18 memory alle. 20 wordely. 21 oner. 22 outrage.
24 passage. Amen om. L.
4 Insert to before the. 7 Insert in before splendoure.
Te Deum Laudamus.

(2)

Tibi omnis chorus angelorum,
With the principal Ierarchyes of the pretence,
Tibi coriously cantant celi celorum,
Cherubyn et Seraphyn in thy precious presence;
Incessauntly synyng this solemne sentence,
Sanctus! Sanctus! tu summus Sanctus!
Lord God of hostis, omnipotence,
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(3)

Pleni sunt celi with plenteuousnesse
Of grace, of vertu, and of charyte,
This travailous erthe, ful of unsurnesse
That to man is maad of thy maieste,
Proclamyng and praysyng thy glorious fraternity
Qui es alpha et Oo et virtus,
O Infynyt fontayn ful of felicite!
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(4)

Apostles,
Te chorus glorious of apostolate,
Memorial make, modulacioun,
The laudable nombre of the prophetys astate
Evir Ioyng gaudent in Lujubacioun,
Te letabiliem laudat in laudacioun,

martyrs,
Te martirum candidatus exercitus
Principium polarum in al pausaciou/
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(5)

the church,
The chirches as by the worldis circuyt
Te fratrem ostendunt of moost power,
verum et venerabiliem thyn oune sone of myght,
The hoolygoost comfortere of sapience cler,
Substantial above al angelys qwer;
Perfectus deus, altissimus
In hertly tongis that usid been her
Te laudat omnis spiritus.
Te Deum Laudamus.

(6)  
Tu rex Christe glorie Iesu,  
The sone of the fadir eternal beyng,  
for to delyvere man thu tokyst ful dew,  
Humanyte in a mayden yong,  
Hir virginal cloistre cleene conservyng,  
Nat disdeyned to take dei filius;  
Eternal glory to that excellent kyng!  
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(7)  
Victoriously whan thu ovrircomyn had  
The sharpe showrys of deth and Payne,  
To thy belouyd thu appertly rad,  
In heuenly kyngdam wherin thu reyne,  
Tu ad dexteram dei, in thy demeyne,  
In gloriam patris, thu sittist summus,  
In psalmys the which sanctly seyne,  
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(8)  
Tu iudex Ihesu we beleve that thu art,  
At the Judicial day of Ingement,  
Dyvynely there shal come, for to depart  
The goode from the Ille in a moment;  
Wherfor we pray the as thu art glorious goddes sone so sent,  
To thy servauntys esto propicius,  
That with thy precious blood thu boutist fervent,  
Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(9)  
Lord make us rewardid, with thy celical seynaits,  
In eendless glory, wher is al grace,  
Saluum fac populum fram peynly compleynitis,  
That our Odious Enmy ageyns us haase,  
Blisse lord al thy heritage that is base  
Qui es qui eras sanctissimus;  
Infynyt to beholde thy formous face,  
Te laudat omnis spiritus.
Te Deum Laudamus.

(10)

Per singulos dies with spiritus heuenly,

The with obsercationons we blisse and do observance;

And thy blissid precious name we preyse Infynyty,

In this presenti seculo with hummyliance;

And in the world of worldys as is thy avance, 77

Ubi celius celus syngen sanctus,

To thy preysyngis, lord in thy laudaunce,

Te laudat omnis spiritus. 80

(11)

Deere lord of thyn digne excellence,

This day conserve us from confusioun,

The which is synne, slouth, and necligence;

Have mercy on us, and make an vyuoun

Lat misericord descend from thy domynyoun 85

Miserere nostri lord, as thu art gracious,

And put us nat in-to perpetual prison,

Te laudat omnis spiritus. 88

(12)

and upon all mankind,

fiat misericordia tua upon al mankynde, [leaf 45, back]

As our hoope and trust is fully in the;

Thouh thy creacioun somewhat be to the unkynde

Yit send mercy doun lord, from thy maieste,

That closyd was in virgynyte, 93

The which is sempiternus filius,

Te fratrem of heuene of gret pouste

Te laudat omnis spiritus. 96

(13)

Lord with this glorious psalme of the prophete,

This is the ffynal cende of this ympne and song,

In te domine speram my saviour swete,

Lat us nat be lost lord evirlastyng long,

From this erthly synne fadir thu vs fong, 101

Tu primus & nonissimus

O sapience of whom al goodnesse sprong

Te laudat omnis spiritus.

Explicit.
8. VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT.

[MS. Univ. Lib. Cambr. Kk. 7. 6, leaves 198-199.]

Here endeth þis preyere to our lord Iesu / And
begynneth the ymne Vexilla regis Prodeunte.

(1)
Royal Banerys vnrolled of the kyng
Towarde his Batayle, in Bosra steyned reede,
The Crosse his standart Celestyal of schynyng
Wyth purple Hewe depeynt, I tooke good heede,
Vita was Capteyne, whche lyste hymselff be ded,
And to slee deth his conquete to termyne,
Fygure of Isaak from patriarkys seed
And downe descendid ffro Abrahams lyne.

(2)
Frute of a tree caused al our lose,
Wheele to recure he weryd a purple weede,
Lyff sleyng deth, dyde vpon þe Crose:
In prophesies þe mysteryes þe may rede,
Thus deth geyne deth lyste his blood to schede,
Callid carnis conditor, þrophetis wroote also;
To make vs partable of his triumphal mede
Criste was suspensus in patibulo.

(3) (Confixus clauis Innocens . . )
Sone of kyng Dauid was sleyne, & his ayre,
Pure Innocent, nayled to a tree,
Moriens ful hygh vp in þe Eyre,
Slouth the Tyrant for al his cruelte,
Pride was bore downe with humiliite,
Senum tirannum vinciens,
Where we were thrall ffauzt for our libertie,
Et nos ab morte liberans.

(4) ( . . . Quo vulneratus in super . . .)
Ouer al this he, woundyd to the deth,
To scowre þe Ruste of our mortal grevaunce,
Vunto his fader clamans yalle vp the breth,
Than Rooft his hert Longeus with a launce,
Blood & watur ran out in habondaunce,

20 Slough?
Vexilla Regis Prodeunt.

Vt nos laurat crimine,
O synful man! have this in remembrunce, (leaf 173, back
Manauit vnd a sanguine.

(5) (· ·. Inpleta sunt quae conciuit · ·.)
Al thyng acomplyssched, deth & his wounds scharpe,
With all pe misteries of olde prophesie,
The funeral compleyntis Dauit songe with his harpe,
With wepyng tvnis, notyd in Jeremie,
Whose Coote Armure was lyke a bloody skye
Dicendo nacionibus,
Recoorde Esdras & Recoorde Isaye
Regnauit aliguo deus.

(6) (· ·. Arbor decora & fulgida · ·.)
Fayrest of trees celestial fresche schynyng,
Wyth Royal purplys al bloody was thyn hewe,
Aftur by Batayle Inpartyal of schewyng,
For a memorial registred newe & newe,
Palme of pis conqueste be repoort is so trewe
Electa digno stipite,
Cheeff gryffe of Paradise who so pe greyne wel knewe,
Tam sancta membra tangere.

(7) (· ·. Beata cuius Brachiis · ·.)
Blesset pat stoke, [of] whiche thys ryche frute
Armys & body Raioyn Incomperable
Henge on by braunchis, repaaste & cheeff refute,
Restouratyff set in oure feyth moost stable,
Geyne all oure hurtis & soorys incurable,
This stok statera facta est corporis,
Wheche spoylled Hell & sathan mooste vengable
Predam que tuit tartaris.

(8) (· ·. O crux auce spes vnica · ·.)
O only hope to wrecchis in distresse!
O Cristus Cros! scheeld & protecyon
Oure medycyne, our Bawme in al sikenesse,
Oure rycheste triacle geyne al goostely poyson,
And cheeff refuge in our tribulacyon,
God is Myn Helpere.

Auge piis Iusticiam, 
Be the .v. woundes & thi passion 
Reis que dona veniam.

(9) (. . Te summa deus trinitas . . )
Thow pat arte called Oon, too & thre, [leaf 199]
Hiest of Lordes in the heuenly consistorie,
Alle thre, O God! in perfite vnite,
To whome be youe laude honour & glorie,
Myght to pe Fader, conquest & victorie
Vnto pe sone, for oure redempcyon,
To pe holy Gooste to haue memorie
On his fyny woundes & his passion.

. . . Here enduth the ymne Vexilla regis prodeunt . .

9. GOD IS MYN HELPERE.

[MS. Harl. 2255, leaves 148-150.]

(1) [leaf 148]
God is myn helpere and ay shal be, 
My cheef protectour and diffence
Ageyn all maner of aduersite,
And ageyn al studdy violence,
And of his mighty excellence.
He me supportith in al my nede
And to bern vp myn Impotence
God is myn helpere, no man I drede.

(2) [leaf 148, back]
My soueryn trust at hym began,
Chees hym to be my cheef socour;
In this woulde here I drede no man,

Prynce, Kyng, Duke, nor Emperour. 12
For he is the ffyn of my labour,
Guerdoun of all myn eternal neede,
And fro deeth he was my redempturn,
Whyl God lyst helpe no man I dreede.
God is Myn Helypo.

(3)

He hath me holpe in many a wyse,
And preservyd fro many greet greuance,
Bet than my-self cowde devyse,
Myn hope, myn helpe, my suffisaunce,
My soule in virtu for to avaunce.
That lord my brydel best may lede,
Seyng thus withoute varyaunce
Whyl God lyst helpe no man I drede.

(4)

As the trouthe be weel conceyved
I dar weel seyn, whoo so lyst adverte,
Nevir man yit that was disceyved
That trystith on hym with al his herte.
For which it shall me nevir asterte
What wrong that any wyght me bede,
For to seyn in al my bittyr smerte,
Whyl God lyst helpe no man I drede.

(5)

I haue been ofte in dyvers londys
And in many dyvers regions,
Haue escapyd fro my foois hondys.
In Citees, Castellys and in touns,
Among folk of sundry nations
Wente ay forth, and took noon hede,
I askyd no manere of protecciouns,
God was myn helpe agayn al drede.

(6)

Fals fortune in this wourld here,
When she semyth moost agreable,
Moost blaudysshying of face and chere,
Suych tyme she is moost disceyvable.
Hire wheel ay fikeyl and vnstable,
Hire sylf Clad in a double weede,
And for she is to varyable,
Whyl God lyst helpe I haue no drede.
God is Myn Helpere.

(7)
And in al wourldly greet prosperite
   Men fynde nevir but litel sekirnesse,
But chaunce and moche mutabilyte,
   Now povertie and now greet rycheesse,
Now tresour and now in greet distresse,
Now strong, now myghty, now bedreede,
   For which in helthe and in seknesse
   Whyl God lyst helpe, no man I drede.

(8)
Now in gladnesse, and now in sorwe,
   Now in Jolye and now in greet aduersite,
To-day good freend, my foe to-morwe,
   Now flouryng in greet felicite,
Now lowe cast down from hih degre,
   As fortune lyst hire stoormys shede.
   Do what she lyst, I sey for me
   Whil God lyst helpe no man I drede.

(9)
In ellementys is offte greet trouble,
   Now brightnesse, now a clowdy skye,
Chaunge of weedir, the wourld is double,
   Now helthe, now soleyne maladye,
   Vpryght to-day, to-morwe dye,
It is smal frenshippe at suych a nede,
   Thus al thyng stant in Iupartye,
Wher God lyst helpe ther is no drede.

(10)
Ful offte the somyr shene sonne
   In the Oryent rysith cleer and bryght,
Yit longe or Eve the Clowdys donne
   Difface the fresshnesse of hir lyght;
   When day is passyd, the dirke nyght
Closith al the wourld with his blak weede;
   Above al thyng is Goddys moche myght,
   Wheer he lyst helpe ther is no drede.
A Defence of Holy Church.

(11) Yif men love in greet parfightnesse, Folk calle hym thanne an Ipocryte; Yif he hym drawe to gladnesse, Of ffooly men wyl hym attwyte. Lawhe befrom, and bakward byte, And mysdeme ech mannys dede, Wherfore ther malyce best taquyte, Whan God lyst helpe ther is no drede. 88

(12) Who seith the best he shal not repente, Wheer he be yonge or Olde of age, Say the best, He that demyth weel in his entent Shal fynde therin greet avautage; And Catoun wrytt in pleyn language The first vertu whoo so lyst it rede, Keep your tonge from al Outrage, And God shal helpe, it is no drede. 96

(13) Whoo lyst to hym for helpe calle, Of helpe at nede he may nat faylle, His helpe nevir doth appalle, Nowther in pees, nor in bataylle, What Enemy euir doth hym assaylle, On lond or see whoo lyst weel spede, Let hym avoyde plate and maylle, Wheer God lyst helpe, ther is no drede. 104

10. A DEFENCE OF HOLY CHURCH.

[MS. Harley 1245, leaves 152 back to 183.]

(1) Most worthy prince, Most worti prince, of whome the noble fame In vertue flourith, and in high prudence, Laude and honour be un-to thi name, And to thi worthi roial excellence, The which hast been protectour and diffence

Collated with MS. Sloane 1212, leaf 3 to back, II. 1-56.
A Defence of Holy Church.

Though thy manhode, ageyn thy mortall foon
Off Cristus spouse douhtir of Syoun,

(2)
That was oppressid almost in thy rewme
   Even at the poynt of hir destructioun,
Amyd his Citee of Ierusalem,
   Al bysett with enmyes envyroun;
Tamade a new transmygracioun,
When sheallas! disconsolat, allone,
Ne kneugh to whame for to make hir moone,

(3)
But on the floodis of fell Babiloun,
   Al solitair and trist in compleynyng,
Sat with hir children aboute hir uuerichoun,
   Almost fordrowynd with teerys in weepyng;
And wher as she was wonde to play and syng
In prys and honour of hir eternall lorde,
On instrumentis of musik in accorde,

(4)
Constreyned was, and almost at the prikk
   Talefft hir song of holy notis trewe,
And on the salwys olde foule and thikk
   To hang hir orgnes, put were entvned newe,—
   O Goddis knyght! till pu list to rewe
Upon hir pitouse lamentable woo,
Off reuth and mercy to deliyuer her froo

(5)
The mortall howndis, that wroughte hir al pis soore,
   Hir to have put in captyuyte,
Off the Tyrannte Nabugodonosor,
   Ferr frome the boundis, allas! of hir citee;
   Till though of grace grauntest libertee
Zorobabell and also Neemye
Ierusalem ageyn to edyfye,

And kepe the Temple hoole and sounde bi grace,  
That stooed in way of perdidicioun,  
Thorough hem pat gan to threten and manace  
The libertees of Cristys mansioun,  
And for to pynch att her fundacioun,  
In preyudice of the olde and new lawe,  
The Patrymony of Petir to withdrawe;—

That ther was noon her malis to withstonde,  
Cristys quarel manly to sustean,  
Til thow were chose for to lay to honde,  
Only by grace hir champioun to been,  
For to deluyer out of woo and teen  
Nooes shipp, bysett with many a wawe,  
Tyl thow the watres madist to withdraw,  

That Karibdis myght it nat devour,  
Nor fierce Silla with hir bittyr rage,  
for noon but thow myght yt tho socour  
To make the floodis fully to aswage,  
Thoruh the straytis to holden the passage  
Thi silff of goodnesse the rother list to guye,  
Til on the hillys hy of Armonye

The shipp gan rest out of all dawngeer,  
Maugre the rokkis of vengeaunce mercilesse,—  
And that the skies wexe faire and clere  
And thurogh thyn helpe that the do we chese  
For to repaire with a branche of pes,  
When as the raven hath a careyn take  
Oute of the shipp, upon his praye to wake,

With coverta tresoun falsely to lachche,  
When he seeth tyme his desired praye  
Liche a Bosaunde, unwary for to cachche

H.  54 straytis] streyghtees.  58 S ends here.  59 wexe]  
wex MS.
Smale bridys, that thynke on noon affraye;
Wher-for I rede, both nyght and day
Too Goddys knyght, so goode wachch to make
Off Philistees the [Arke] be nat take,

(11)
All Israel to bryngen in distresse,
Whos Ioy and helth lith in thi persoone,
The welfaire eke, and hooly pe gladnesse
In every thyng, of what thai ha to doune;
Wherfor be ware of chaungyng of the moone
Eclipse of falsehed betrassh nat the liht
Off thi goodnesse, that shyneth yitt so briht.

(12)
Thynke, how to Danid full Innocente
Saul was fals for all his othis sworne,
Nad God by grace makid resistence,
His chose knyght hadde be forlorne,
Wherfor I rede pe greyn & purid corne
Thow cherissh wel, and lay the chaff aside,
That trouth han voided, for to been her gide.

(13)
And thynke how Danid ageyn Iebusee,
When that he fouht, in Regum as I fynde,
How he made voide from Syon his Citee
Unweldy, crokid, both lame and blynde,
By which example alway have in mynde
To voide echon, & for to do the same
Oute of thi sight, that in the faith be lame.

(14)
For who is blynde or haltith in pe faith
For any doctryne of these Sectys newe,
And Cristes techyng therfor aside laith,
Unto thy corone may he nat be trewe;
He may dissymule with a feynyd hewe,
But take good heede, what way pat he faire,
Thy swende of knyghthoode, that no swich ne spaire.

70 [Arke] hiatus here in MS. 81 hadde had MS.
LYDGATE, M. P.
And Cristis cause alway fyrst preferre,
And althirnexte thi knyghtly state preserue
And lat this lawe be thi loode-sterr,
Than grace shall thyn honour ay conserve,
And Godlys foon manly make to sterue;
For any fals feynyd repentance,
Of right lat rigour holden the ballaunce.

Thynke how Saule, from his kyngly place,
And frome thonour of his royall see,
Whilome was abiect, for he did grace
To Amalech ageyn the voluntie
Of Godlys precepte, of feynyd fals pitee
To spare his swerde rihtfully to bite,
When as God bad that he shulde smyte,

Wher Samuel, the perfite hooly man,
Chosen of God to execute trouth,
With a swerde the rightfull doome he gan
And slough Agag, whithouten any routh,
In Galgalis, wher Saule for his slouth
fforsaken was, and hoolly al the lyne
That cam of hym in mysclieff did fyne.

Slough nat Helye in all his holinesse
The fals prophetis langyng to Baal?
O noble prynce ! exaumple of rightwisnesse,
Off God preservid to be the myghty wall
Of hooly churche in thyne estate royall,
Distroye hem tho, that falsely now werrey
Her own modir, to whome thai shulde obeye !

And namely hem that of presumpeyoun
Dispraven hir, and hir ornamentes,
And therwithall of indignacioun

120 Helye] MS. holly. 126 In the margin here is written in another hand " In dei nomine." 127 And] MS. A.
A Procession of Corpus Christi.

Withdrawe wolde hir rich paramente.
O prudent prynce! thynke what her entent is,
Who falsely the hooly church accuse,
For thay hemsilf the riches wolden use.

(20)
Remembre also for swich transgressioune
What was the fyne of kyng Antiochus,
That proudlye tooke by extorsionu
The sacred Jewels from Goddis hooly hous,
Was he nat slawe, this tiraunt trecherous,
With smale wormys hym fretynge manyfolde,
When he fill down from his chare of golde?

(21)
What myght availe his pompe, or all his pride,
Or all the gliteryng of his riche chare,
In which that he so proudlye did ride?
The surquedye also of Baltasar
Was it nat abatid or that he was war,
In Babiloun, with a soden fall,
When that the honde wrote upon the wall?

11. A PROCESSION OF CORPUS CRISTI.

And nowe here folowe an ordenaunce of a pre-
cessyoun of pe feste of corpus cristi made in
london . by daun John Lydegate.

(1)
If pis hye feste nowe for to magnefye,
Feste of festes moost hevenly and devyne,
In goostly gladnesse to governe vs and guye,
By which al grace doo vpyn vs shyne;
For now pis day al derkenesse tenlumyne,

131 entent is] MS. ententes. 132 W[h]e] MS. how. 145 Was
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

In youre presence fette out of fygure,
Schal beo declared by many vnkoupe signe
Gracyous misteryes grounded in scripture.

(2)
First, pat pis feste may more beo magnefyed,
Seope and considerpe in youre ymaginatyf
For Adams synne howe Cryst was crucifyed
Vppon a crosse, to stinten aloure styff.
Fruyt celestialy hong on þe tree of lyff,
þe fruyt of fruytes, for shorte conclusyon,
Oure helpe,oure foode, and our restoratyf
And cheef repaste of oure redempcioun.

(3)
Remembre þe eke in youre Inwarde entente
Melchysedec, þat offred bred and wyne,
In fygure oonly of þe sacrament,
Steyned in Bosra, on Calvarye made red,
On Sherthorsday to-fore er he was ded,
For memoryal mooste souereyne and goode,
Gaf hees appostels, takeþe here off goode heed,
His blessid body and his precyous bloode.

(4)
Chosen of God þis patryarchi Abraham,
Example pleyne of hospitalytee,
Recorde I take, whan þat þe aungel came
To his housholde, wheeche were in noumbre three,
In figure oonly of þe Trynyte,
Set to hem brede with ful gladde chere,
Of gret counforte, a token who list see,
þe sacrament þat stondeþe on þe awter.

(5)
To Ysaake God list his grace shewe
Lyneally adowne frome þat partye,
In corpes fatnesse, and in hevenly dewe
Frome poolly gooste descending to Marye;
þat braunche of Gesse God list to glorifye,

Isaake.

Melchise-dech, Abraham.

Adam.
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

pis Roos of Iherico fresshest on lyve,
    Blest among wymmen, Luc doope specyfyte,
Whos name is fygurde here with lettres fyve. 40

(6)
J Jacob saughe aungels goyng vp and doune
Vppoi a laddre, he sleeping certeyne
Lowe on a stoo ne for recreacyoun,—
    pe whete gle ne crowned aboue pe greyne,
Forged of golde an hooste pere Inne eseyne ;
pis Crystes bred, delicyous vn-to kynges,
    With goostly gladnesse, gracious and souereyne,
Gayue forreyne damage of alle eorpely things. 48

(7)
pis noble duc, pis prudent Moyses,
    With goldin hornes lyche Phebus beemys bright,
His arche so rych, his vyole for tencresce,
    With pe muma to make our e hertes light ;
Figure and liknesse, who so looke aright,
pis goostly muma being here present
    To vs figurepe in ourde Inwarde sight
A symilitude of pe sacrament. 56

(8)
pis chosen Aaron bering a liknesse,
    In hooily writte as it is clerly founde,
Of trewe preesthode and goostly parfytnesse,
pis Innocent, pis lambe with large wounde,
    pe feonde oure enemy outtraye and confounde, [page 351]
Is token and signe of Cristes passyoun,
    Spiritual gladnesse & mooste fer to habounde,
pis day mynisterd til ourde Reffecccion. 64

(9)
Dou chose of God, Dauid pat sloughe Golye,
    With slyng and stoo ne called pe Chaumpyoun,
Of al Isrel, as bookis specyfyte,
pat sloughe pe Bere and venqwysshed pe lyoun, 68
Figure of Ihesu, pat with his passyoun
45 I seyne H. esene A. 62 Cristes H. 68 and that H.
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

And verraye victoire of hees woundes fyve
Brought Philisteys vnto subiecyoun,
Whan Longens spere did thorph his herte ryve.

(10) Ecclesiast.  Ecclesiastic, myrrour of sapience,
With close castel besyde a clowde reed,
Sette in Marye flouring of maydenhede,
Which bare pe fruyt, pe celestial bred,
Ofoure comfort and consolacyoun,
In to whos brest pe Hoolly Gooste, tape heede,
Sent to Nasareth graciously came doune.

(11) Beholde pis prophete called Jeremye,
Tooke a chalyce and fast cane him hye
To presse owte lykoure of pe rede vyne
Greyne in pe middes, which to make vs dyne,
Was beete and bullet flourre to make of bred,
A gracious fygure pat a pure virgyne
Shoulde bere manna in which lay al our speede.

(12) pis Ysayes, in token of plentee,
A braunche of vynes mooste gracious and meeete
At a gret feest him thought pat he did see,
And pere-with-al a gracious glene of whete,  [Page 322]
Token of Joye frome pe hevenly seete,
Whan God above list frome Jessyes lyne
To make his grace as golde dewe doune to fleete,
To stanche our venymes wheeche were serpentyne.

(13) Holly Helyas, by grace pat God him sent,
Be noble prophete benigne and honnourable,
Made strong in spirit fourty dayes wente
In his journey, pe brede made him so stable,
Cristallyne water to him so comfortable,
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

Al his voyage boope in brede and lenkepe,
A blessid fyugure verray conmfortable,
Of þe sacrament komepe oure goostly strekepe.  

(14)

† Zacharye holding þere þe fayre sensier,
With goostely fumys as any bawme so -woote,
Beco meditacyouns and grete preyer
Þat yppe ascendipe frome þe hertea Rootz,
Ageynst þe sorowes of worldly pestylence,
Of hem þat take þis bred with reverence.  

(15)

† Blessed Baptyst, of clennesse locke and keye,
Mooste devoutly gan marken and declare
With his fingur, whom he sayd Agnus Dei,
Shewing þe lambe which caused oure welfare
And offred yp for oure Redempcyoun
On Eestre morowe, to stinten al cure care,
Ageynst seeknesse our Restauracyoun.  

(16)

† þis holly man, þe evangelist saint Jehan
Jappocolips wrote, and eke dranke poysoun,
In Crystes fyth als stable as þe stooone,
Aboode with Ihesu in his passyoun;
And for to make a declaracyoun,
O þe chalyce patyn a chylde yong of age
Shewed after þere þe consecracyoun
þis bred is þe þat dyed for oure outrage.  

(17)

† þis blessed Mark, Resembling þe lyoun,
In his gospel parfyte, stable and goode,
Of bred and wyn for confirmacion

102 length H.  104 strength H.  106 swoote H.  swoete T A.
107 This line follows 112 in T, but the lines are correctly numbered a b d e f g h c; H and A follow the order of T; A adds Shirley's lettering; H omits it.  119 stynte H.  126 On the H. of the S.
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

On Sherthorsday Remembrepe hoe it stoode;
Seyde at his souper with a ful blessed mooe
To hees discyple, aforne er he arros,
Jis bred, my body, Jis wyne, it is my bloode
Which pat for man dyed vppoñ je crosse.

(18)

Matheu the
gospeluer.

Hooly Mathewe pis elate gospeller,
Stable, parfyte, and truwe in his entente,
He wrote and sayde, of hole herte and entiere,
Touching Jis blessed gloryous sacrament,
"Jis is pe chalyce of nuwe testament
pat schal beo shalde for many and not for oon,
For Cryste Jhesu was frome his fader sent,
Excepçon noone, but dyen for ech oone."

(19)


Lucas confermepe of Jis hooly bloode,
Tavoyde aweye al Ambeguytee,
"Jis is my bodye pat schal for man beo ded,
Him to delyver frome infernal powstee;
To Jherusalem, semperyal citee,
Him to conduyte eternally tabyde,
Adam oure fader and his posteritee,
By Cryst pat suffred a spere to perce his syde."

(20)

Paul's wit-

ness.

Paulus doctor wrytepe in his scripture,
pe which aftermepe and semye vs truly,
"Yif pere beo founden any creature
Which pat Jis bred resceyvepe unworpele,
He etepe his doome moste dampanbullly,
For which I counseyle, and plyenly pus [1] mene,
Ech man beo ware to kepe him prudently,
Not to resceine it, but yif he beo clene.

(21)

He pat is eleped maystre of sentence,
Sette in a cloude holde here a fresshe ymage,
Remembrepe ceke by gret excellence,
In this mater avoyding al outrage,  
Given to man here in oure pilgrymage,  
ıs sacrament after his doctryne  
Is Cristis body, Repaste of our passage,  
By he Holly Gooste take of a pure virgyne.

(22)  
¶ he noble clerç, he doctour ful famous,  
Wrytepe and recordepe Remembring truly  
Geyns heretykes, hoolly Jeronimus,  
Howe sat ıs hoost is hole in eeh partye,  
Bope God and man, Cryste Jhesus verraily,  
In eech partycle hoole and vndevyded,  
ıs oure byleve and creance feythfully,  
Oute of oure hertes alle errors circunnycyded.

(23)  
¶ ıs glorious doctour, ıs parfyte hooły man,  
Touching ıs bred dope thus determyne,  
Moral Gregore, ful weele reherce he can  
In his wryting and vertuous doctryne,  
Howe it is fleshe toke of a pure virgyne.  
Geynst al seeknesse our chief restoratyff,  
Oure helth, welfare, Richchest medisyyn,  
ıs sacrament ıs blessed bred of lyff.

(24)  
¶ Blessed Austyne rehersepe in sentence,  
"Whan Cryste is ete or rescyved in substaunce,  
pat lyff is eten of hevenly excellence,  
Oure force, oure might, our strenkepe, oure suffisaunce,  
Qwkyenyng oure herte with al goostly plesaunce,  
Repast ay lasting, Restoratyff ternal,  
And remedy geynst al oure olde grevaunce  
Brought Ine by byting of an appul smale.

(25)  
¶ Ambrosius, with sugerd eloquence,  
Wrytepe with his penne and langage laureate,  
With Cristis worde substancial in sentence,
"The sacrament is Justely consecrate
Oure daily foode, Renuwyng oure estate,
Reconseylling vs when we trespas or erre,
And mape vs mighty with Sathan to debate
To wynne tryumphhe in al his mortal werre."

(26)
• Maistre of storyes, pis doctur ful notable,
  Holding a Chalys here in a sorne clere,
An ooste aloft gloryous and comendable,
A pyttee pleyning with a ful hevy cheere,
With face doune caste, shewing pe manere
Of hir compleynte with her pytous looke,
Ellas! she bought hir sones depe to deere,
Whan he for man pe Raunsoun on him tooke.

(27)
• pis hoolly Thomas, called of Algwyne,
  By hie myracle pat sawghie persones three,
An ooste ful rounde, a surne about it shyne,
Joyned in oon by parfyte vnytee,
A gloryous likenesse of pe Trynitee,
Gracyous and digne for to beo comended,
With feythi, with hope, with parfyte charitee,
Al oure byleeve is pe Inne comprehended.

(28)
• With peos figures shewed in youre presence,
  By diners likenesses you to doo plesaunce,
Resceiuepe hem with devoute reverence,

An Holy Medytacion.

This brede of lyfe yee kepe in Remembrance of Egipte of worldly grevaunce, of which God graunte eternal suffysaunce Where angels sing everlasting Osanna.

“Shirley koule fynde no more of this Copye.”

12. AN HOLY MEDYTACION.

Nowe here filowepe an holy medytacion. [p. 111]

After the stormy tyme cesing the rayn, when the storms had ceased,
Whane for the absence of colde peorpe is sayn,
And the qwycck things rescuyne theire vygour,
And trees bringen foorfleef and flour,
And by the glad lusty sesoun of veer
Alle the things, which pat wintour eyr consumed had by his coldes gret,
Relceued weren by the souhes heet,
And swoote gan to smellen every mede,
The briddes eke, warisshed of hir drede,
With lusty herte singing in theyre greves,
Desporting hem amonge the green leves,
And pat the dayes gonnen for to lenkepe
And the cler wedir, by the souhes strenkepe,
Echaced had aweye wyntours derknesse
By pe beamys of his shyning cleernesse,

When the storms had ceased, and spring was come.


when men's
wits are
quickest,

\[ \textit{An Holy Medytacion.} \]

\[ \textit{Quyekest in wit of any tyme, parle, At whiche tyme nuwe mutaeyoun To alle grene thinges dope consolaeyoun, And mennes thoughtes dulle in ydelsen, Oeqpiepe and clensi}e by swettenes,--- Of studying, loo, }s hit happend me, Amiddles pis sesoun, Insty for to see, With grousous study annoyed was myn hert, Oute of pe which ne wist I howe tastert, But to pe grenes fast I can me hye, Wening per to fynde remedye, 20 And mennes thoughtes duller in ydelnes, Ocupiefe and clensipe by swettnesse,— Of studying, loo, pus bit bappend me, Amiddes pis sesoun, lusty for to see, Witfr greuous study annoyed was myn bert, Oute of pe whicb ne wist I howe tastert, But to pe grenes fast I can me bye, Wening per to fynde remedye, 24 But al for nought certain it wolde not be; For whane I bade sette me vnder a tree, What for pe floures and pe herbes greene, And noyse of briddes singing ay bytweene; In hir wyse me thought crafftely, }at Suche a mirthe neuer noon herde I. Hir song made so myn herte for to accende, To spirittuell thing, and to noon oper nought: But flesshly lust crepte in myn hert anoon, So selely, }at neghe past was and goon 32 Al my spirittuell affeccion, Til oure lord god for my correccz'on Of his gret might putte }ane into my mynde, Repraying my flesshe in pis kynde, My soule, I seye, spake }us my flesshe vn-to, If yee wol here, }us he sayde, loo,— 36 "O filthy flesshe }ou suget vnto synne Whome foule afeccion hape his herbarowe Inne, }y foule deleyte and pyne Iniquytee Of vertuous study offten destourbepe me, 40 My soule, I seye, spake }us my flesshe vn-to, If yee wol here, }us he sayde, loo,— 44 Al my spirittuell affeccion, Til oure lord god for my correccz'on Of his gret might putte }ane into my mynde, Repraying my flesshe in pis kynde, My soule, I seye, spake }us my flesshe vn-to, If yee wol here, }us he sayde, loo,— 48 "O filthy flesshe }ou suget vnto synne Whome foule afeccion hape his herbarowe Inne, }y foule deleyte and pyne Iniquytee Of vertuous study offten destourbepe me, 44 When men's wits are quickest, Which sesoun caused men for to be quyekest in wit of any tyme, parle, At whiche tyme nuwe mutaeyoun To alle grene thinges dope consolaeyoun, And mennes thoughtes dulle in ydelsen, Oeqpiepe and clensi}e by swettenes,--- Of studying, loo, }s hit happend me, Amiddles pis sesoun, Insty for to see, With grousous study annoyed was myn hert, Oute of pe which ne wist I howe tastert, But to pe grenes fast I can me hye, Wening per to fynde remedye, 20 And mennes thoughtes duller in ydelnes, Ocupiefe and clensipe by swettnesse,— Of studying, loo, pus bit bappend me, Amiddes pis sesoun, lusty for to see, Witfr greuous study annoyed was myn bert, Oute of pe whicb ne wist I howe tastert, But to pe grenes fast I can me bye, Wening per to fynde remedye, 24 But al for nought certain it wolde not be; For whane I bade sette me vnder a tree, What for pe floures and pe herbes greene, And noyse of briddes singing ay bytweene; In hir wyse me thought crafftely, }at Suche a mirthe neuer noon herde I. Hir song made so myn herte for to accende, To spirittuell thing, and to noon oper nought: But flesshly lust crepte in myn hert anoon, So selely, }at neghe past was and goon 32 Al my spirittuell affeccion, Til oure lord god for my correccz'on Of his gret might putte }ane into my mynde, Repraying my flesshe in pis kynde, My soule, I seye, spake }us my flesshe vn-to, If yee wol here, }us he sayde, loo,— 36 "O filthy flesshe }ou suget vnto synne Whome foule afeccion hape his herbarowe Inne, }y foule deleyte and pyne Iniquytee Of vertuous study offten destourbepe me, 40 My soule, I seye, spake }us my flesshe vn-to, If yee wol here, }us he sayde, loo,— 44 Al my spirittuell affeccion, Til oure lord god for my correccz'on Of his gret might putte }ane into my mynde, Repraying my flesshe in pis kynde, My soule, I seye, spake }us my flesshe vn-to, If yee wol here, }us he sayde, loo,— 48 "O filthy flesshe }ou suget vnto synne Whome foule afeccion hape his herbarowe Inne, }y foule deleyte and pyne Iniquytee Of vertuous study offten destourbepe me, 44
Consider of what mater thou art wrought,
And howe thou art into pis worlde brought.  

Of pi conceyving ne wol I not devyse,
Ne howe thou art eedde, ne in what wyse.
I wol eschawe it for pyne honeste,
Wherfore of pat thou getest nomore of me,
But pis I knowe and seye pat at py birth
Her nys desport, Ioye, ne no mirth.
Whane thou art borne, anoon thou gynnest wayle,
For thou pe way entrest, with-outen fayle,
Of wrecched deeth, and whyle pe laste pe lyf.

Encreesest ay of woo, annoye, and stryff.
And whan pat deepe whome thou ne mayst astert
Tee crepye in and takepee bee by pe hert
So greounously, and streynep bee so sore,
Pat in pis worlde thou lyve mayst no more,
Bane fepe-with al thou wexest wormes mete
Wheeche shoul py fleshe vn-to py boones frete.
Bane after pat lord God, luge of vs alle,
Schal bee and every wight before him calle
At pe day of his storne Iugement,
And deeme bee to ioye or to torment ;
Weel if thou hast doone, to Ioye eendelesse
Of heuen, wher is mirth, rest, and pees,
Dwelling with God and with his moder deer,
And with his seyntes shying ful cleer,
And also with pe hooly companye,
Of peangelles, wheeche pat maken melodye
So zelytable and in so goodely wyse
Pat per nys mannes tonge to souffysce,
Boughhe pey alle were sette and put in oon
And hadde pe konnynges of pe, Omer, echoon,
To telle pe mirth the and Ioye is in pat place,—
And passing al, pe sight of Crystes face,
For it surmountepe thorughie his dignytee,  
Al loye and mirthe pat may erckened bee.  

*Also bewar noe on pat ower syde,*  
pat if it vnto py soule so betyde  
pat py desertes deeme it vn-to helle,  
per is such torment shortly for to telle  
And suche noyse, and showting of feondes blake,  
So besying hem ay fyres for to make,  
pat alle men whiche haue beon or pis  
Or yit beon might not pe peyne per is  
Descryven of pexcessyf tourmentrye,  
Ne neuer more shoule pey per dye,  
But in pe fayre brennyng withi-owten ende.  

Beware of pis or pat pou hennes weende,  
O man! with-stonde py flesslyh freelle,  
Lest pat py soule be lust ynymysterd be;  
For thing pat to py flesshe senepe ful sweete  
Is bitter to py soule, I pee byheete.  
Sith God of his bennigne courtesye  
Hape sent pe wit and resoñ pee to guye,  
Let not py flesslyh lustes beestyal  
Vnto pe feonde do make py soule thral,  
If pou canst see pyon owen wrecchednesse,  
Pou hast no mater but of heynesse,  
Whyle pou art in pe mutabilitee  
Of pis wrecched worlde vanytee,  
Wherfore take heede and pryde pee not, I prey,  
In flesslyh luste, but herken what I sey,  
Trees bring foorpe, pou wost weel, as I gesse,  
Branch, leef, and floure, wyñ, oyle, and suche sweuetnesse,  
For py behoone by Goddes ordeynance,  
For pou him shuldest serve to plesaunce.  

Shewe foorpe pe fruyt, nowe, man pat comepe of pee,  
Howe proufitable and fayre is it? let see:

Of pee kemepe dung, vryne, vomyt and spitting, Lyse, nyttes, flees, and suche filthy thing. 120 thou only filth.
If pat þy filthes I reherce shal, Men shal well wit þou art nought worth at al.
O filthy man! contraye of al clennesse, Vessel of dung, heap of rothnesse, 124
Vessel in whoome þe heete of leecherye Lurkipe and abydeþe per til þat þou dye!
O wreccheþe man! ful vareant and vnstable Is þy condicyoun, and right deeyvaylable, 128
Right nowe þou art, nowe stentest þou to be, Wheþer ener þou fleest deeye aþ wol suwe þee. His cruwelte ne wol no wight spare,
For every man he kaccheþe in his snare. 132
Correct þee, whyles þou hast tymbe and space, [p. 115] Correct thy-
And preye to God oure lord, þat of his grace He wol forguye þee al þy wickednesse, 136
And sende þee might to lyven in clennesse ;
And þou shalt fynden him so mercyable, þat þaughe þy gilt be neuer so abhomynable, He of þe digne and worpy excellence
Of his mercy wol gif þee indulgence Of alle þy gitles, wheþer of þee rede
þat suche a lorde þou serve and loue and drede.
Lat not þy flesshly foule alleceyoun þy soule putte from his dyleceyoun, 144
Looke þat by raysoun þou so brydelde bee þat oure lord God ne þee wroth with þee. Sith God haþe made þee vn-to þe liknesse
Of him-self by infynyte goodnesse, 148
And made þee moost worpy creature
And every thing, heer in pis corpe adowne, To God, which hape pee pus preferred in kynde. Eschuwe pou perfere him to displeese For dreed of him, and for py soules eese. Considre ecke pis, and haue it in memorye, Dat al pis wrecched worldes Ioye and glorye. And mighte of kynges, and hir dignytee, And ooper lordes mightes, what soo pey bee, For alle hir castelles and hir toures hye And hir possessyouns, yit shal pey dye. Hir goode ne catel ne may hem not avaylle; Cruwel deepe of his pray wol not faylle. Lifft vp pyt hert vn-to py God abouve, And think howe pat he dyed for py love. Howe might he shewe gretter kyndenesse? Looke in pyt hert per beo contrycyn, And by thy moup pou make confessyyn Of py trespass, man, whyles pou art here, And satisfaccion pou doo ecke in feere. Peos three things shul beo pyt defence, And strenkepe pyt weel to make resistance Ageyns pe feonde, pat waytepe night and day pyt soule to overcome, if pat he may. If pou do pus pane shal pyt soule weende To hevens blisse which pat hape noon ende. Amen. 180

Repent, confess, do satisfaction.
and thou shalt come to bliss.
13. LETABUNDUS.

[From MS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 120–126.]

(1) Grounde take in vertu by patriarkys Olde,
From Abraham lyneally brought doun
In the Scripturys as prophetyt tole,
Shewyd to them by Revelacioun
On kyng and prophete, moost souereyn of Renoun,
Dauid fro Jesse for Royal excellence,
Frute of whos wombe, by Iust successioun,
To al the Clausys songe in this sequence

(2) May cleyme a title by lyneal discent,
How Letabundus to hym doth appartene,
By the Hooly Goost moost graciously doun sent
In a skye lyk gold dewh, bright and shene,
Tenlvmyne that gloryous hevenly queene
That bar Iesu, a verray clene mayde;
In whos worshepe this sequence as I mene
In hire feestys is songen, as I seyde.

(3) Ek in the queer above celestial
Querestres gadryd of euery Ierarchye,
Out of nyne Ordrys chose in Especial,
With ther moost hevenly melodious Armonye,
Wher nubes lucida, the saphir hewyd skye
Be-syde Cherubyn, bright brennyng as be glede,
To for themperesse, which is callyd Marye,
Synge Letabundus, and Seraphyn indede

(4) With Principatus moost Imperial,
And Potestates, bright as the sonne beem,
To-for that lord, that with his blood bought al,
Wher as Chorus nove Jerusalem
For ioye of hym, that was born in Bedleem,
Sang in excelsis, whos refreyt, to conclude,
Was Letabundus, in that hevenly Reem
With al the nombre, and glorious multitude

Of hevenly spiritis, with al the Ordrys nyne,
To Reioysse Iuda and Israel,
By Royal frute born of Dauid-is lyne,
A form figuryd by feithful Samuel;—
First book of kynges can the processe tel,—
Chorus prophetarum graciously syngyng,
To plese the lord Callyd Emanuel
With Letabundus, to-for that myghty kyng

Which callyd is Kyng of Cristemasse,—
I take Record of Isaye,—
To glade Reemys, provyncys more and lasse,
In his worshepe this Court to magneffye,
Be assent of Danyel, Joel and Jeremye;
This mydwyntir glad tydynges hoom to bryng,
Alle the prophetys with O voys to yow crye,
Letabundus devoutly that ye syngye.

Regem regum intacte profu[n]dit chorus res miranda.
This goostly Chorus figured in the Byble.
As prophetys Remembre in ther writynges,
—Beheest of God may nat be impossible,—
How Gabriel brought first Tydynges
That thilke lord, callyd kyng of kynges,
Born of a maide, moost soureyyn of degre,
With Sceptre and Crowne, former of alle thynges,
Cleynyng of right to sitte in Dauid-is se,—

Letabundus.

(8)
His fadir David, of prophety's principal,
Wrot longe be-born by goosly knowlechyng,—
That Crist Iesus, lord lastyng eternal,
Shal sitte, Crownyd as souereyn lord and kyng.
Isayas, his power Remembryng,
Seyde and wroth, with fervence set a-fyre,
Grace of our lord shal fortune his comyng;
With greet encrees multiplye his empyre.

(9)
Among alle Cristene prynces and monarkes,
Foure and twenty prop[h]etyss accordyng,
First rekne in Ordre twelve patryarkes,
With glad refreytys there conseetyts out shewyng.
Was nevir seyn so merveyllous a thyng
As for to seen in Abraham-is lyne,
A yong Melchisedeck, bysshop, preest and kyng,
In Bedleem born of a pure virgyne.

(10)
Regem Regum this sequence doth hym calle. [leaf 121, back]
Set a-syde, make no comparysoun,
Isaak, Iacob, Rekne vp kynredys alle,
Whoo can Remembre his generaciou?
Mathew-is gospel makith mencioun,
And concludeth in his Genalogye,
Off Letabundus al the perfection
Parformyd is in Ioseph and Marie.

(11)
Doth your deuour in al your best entent,
Off verray right, lyk as ye ar bounde,
Chorus prophetarum beeyng her present,
Goostly considered mysteryes that be founde;
Which that doth moost vertuously habounde,
Letabundus.

Of moralyte conceyved the menyng,
On Letabundus your conseyt for to grounde,
Regem Regum ffresshly that ye synge.

(12)

Anghelus concilij natas est de virgine sol de stella.

This Anghel, callyd the Anghel of counsayl,
Born of a maide be spirit of prophecye,
Cleny conceyved, and for our greet avayl
By the Hooly Goost to governe vs and guye ;
This same Anghel, the byble may nat lye,
To Toby sent, whan he was falle in age
To lede his sone, callyd also Toby.
Oonly by grace to conduyte his passage.

(13)

Anghelus qui portat claves abissi.

Off Abyssi this Anggel bar the keyes,
Callyd Clauis Dauid to shetyn and vnshette,
Whom hevene and hell and al the world obeyes.
This same Anggel cam down to paye our dette ;
In a pure maide his Royal throne he sette,
Mawgre Sathan and al his mortal werre,
Out of whoos dongoum prysonnerys he fette,
Lyk a bright sonne that sprang out of a sterre,

(14)

Out of which sterre our helthe was first gonne,
Off the Hooly Goost the Chosen habitude ;
Sterre of the se that brought forth a sonne,
Was nevir in ethe noon so greet myracle ;
Of Salamon aucrat tabernacle,
Flees of Gedeon, with sylvir dewh moost shene,
To all virgines merour and spectacle
Off hire merites, of hevene crownyd queene.

Letabundus.

(15)

Off Isaak seed, of Iacob our day sterre,  
Geyn worldly trouble our gouverneresse,
On lond and se, bothe in pees and werre,
Our Sauffconduit to kepe vs fro distresse.  
Now to this sonne and sterre of moost brightnesse.
Left vp your voys in this solempnite,
And dresslyshy syngeth this Reffreyt with gladness,
Sol de stella natus de virgine.  

(16)

Sol occasum nesciens semper clara.
Stella semper Rutilans.

Off this bright sonne Iohn in his Apocalyps  
Seyth nevir Phebus was so clere shynyng,
Weestest nat nor suffryth noon eclyps,
Callyd Esperus at Eve the nyght gladyng,
Al cloudy skyes dirk avoydyng,
Malachias can bern herof witnesse,
Cause his bryghtnesse is alwey abydyng
He Callyth hym sonne of Ryghtwysnesse,  

(17)

His rightwysnesse abydyng and Eterne,  
With his moost fervent hevenly bryght beemys,
Ther is no torche lampe nor lanterne
May be comparyd to his Celestial streemys,
For thorugh the world he launcith out his beemys,
Specially his bryghtnesse he doth sprede
This hih feeste to alle Crystene Reemys
By a prerogatyff that love the lord and drede.

(18)

Aftir Aurora in the morowe gray
Tytan ascendyng out of the Oryent,  
The Amerous larke massager of day
Hath tydynges brouht froom Est tyl Occident,
That alle queestrys of Cristes hoole Covent

114 Agyen T. gouernesse T. gouernresse J.  116 from T.
121 bright om. T.  123 Wasteth T. Wastith J. nor ne T.
124 Hesperus T, at a J.  127 Because T.  112 129-256 om. in T.
Off Letabundus, lyk as ye haue gon

Sol occasum nesciens in al your best entent
This vers tencountre in worshepe of this sonne.

(19)
Sicut sidus Radium profert
Virgo filium pari Forma.
So as a sterre shedith out his beemys,
Hool and nat lassyd, conservith euere his light,
So Maria, queen of alle Reemys,
Modir to Leau, and mayde of verray ryght,
Whoos virginite, Euere y-lych bryght,
Eclypseth nat, so cleer his beemys sprede,
In scripture was nevir so glad a sight
As a pure modir to floure in maydenhede.

(20)
Rekne in Ordre alle sesouns of the yeer,
Wynter frostys, snowes whyte and shene,
March with his buddys at comying in of veer,
Fressh aprylle, with prymerolles grene,
Al stant on chaunge; but this hevenly queene
With-oute appallyng conservith hire clernesse;
Callyd Stella celii, this pryncesse that I meene,
Off hevene and erythe lady and Empersesse.

(21)
Neque sidus radio.
Anothir vers accordyng well her-to,
Bothe tweyne to-gidre to Conbyne,
That neque sidus fulgens suo Radio,
Lefft nat his light, so this pure virgine
Doth Letabundus with gladnesse enlymyne,
On Crystes birthe, as writeth Isaye,
O blissed queen! thy light lat on vs shyne,
Off worldly trouble voyde euery troublly skye.

142 goone J. 143 in al your best entent J. 144 worship J.
148 werra J sic. 149 eenr eliche J. 153 all pe J. 154 whyte]
Bright J. 155 were J. 156 prymeroll J. 157 on l in J.
161 pertoo J. 162 combye J. 168 troubly] cloudy J.
(22) Letabundus.

A sterre is nat voyded of cleernesse
   Though hys strenys ferre abrood do sprede,
Nor Maria of virginal cleernesse
   Though she bar Iesu, flouryng in maydenhede,
Abacuk of this matere took hede,
Seyd opynly in lawde of his memorye,
   Hevene and erthe Enlumyned wern in dede,
And al the hevenly gloryous consistorye

(23) Sang in his laude, by Recoord of scripture,
   Splendor eius lyk lyght this world shal glade.
Bedleem heerdys with sheep in ther pasture
   Toward mydnyght abraydyng in the shade,
   Among hem sylf greet Ioye and myrthe made,
In Reioysshyng of this sterrys streem,
   More bright of shynyng, nevir lyk to ffade,
Brought out of Calde three kynges to Bedleem.

(24) Gloria in excelsis was nat songe in veyn,
   Song of Augellys was so delicious,
The wyntrys nyght was nat spent in veyn
   Whoos refreyt was pax in hominibus ;
   And Letabundus, this sequence gloryous,
To this feeste accordyng wel also,
   In whoos worshepe, ye querestrys vertuous,
Syng with hool herte neque sidus Radio !

(25) Cedrus alta libani.

Royal Cedrys, growyng on hih mounzteyns,
   And Cipressys vpon the mount Syon,
Knet with Isope In gardynes that be pleyns, —
   Out of Danyel take out the Angle stoon,
   Two testamentys for to Ioyne in Oon,
Of Cedre and Isope tak the morallyte,

169 A]om. J. no J. 170 Thought J. sprede} shyne J.
175 were J. 177 londe J. 178 lyght} om. J. 183 light J.
189 this] pe J. 191 queresters J. 195 pleyne J. 196 angill J.
Lyk as prophetytys wrot of yoore agoon,
The godheed Ioyned with oure humanyte.

(26)
The hih Cedre his braunchis lyst enclyne
To Reconsforte our Infirmyte,
Whan the Hooly Goost sent to a pure virgine,
Callyd Clemnest Ysop that sprang out of Jesse,
That al oold figurys of Antiquyte
In Letabundus acomplysshed been in dede,
Engrossyd vp in the natuitle
Off Crist Iesu, this sequence whan ye Rede.

(27)
Somyr flours, that did in wyntir dare,
Lowe in the Roote shewyng no fresshnesse,
Braunch, bough and tree & medewes Rude & bare,
Whan Marche approcheth, put out ther grennesse.
And semblably prophetytys her witnesse,
Al that they wrot was curteyned in scripture,
Of Cristes comyng was but a lyknesse,
The light was cloos, hyd vndir fygure.

(28)
Oold shadwes wer torneyd to bryghtnesse,
Dyrkyd fygurys Recuryd hane ther lyght,
Moyses lawe, veyled with dirknesse,
Hane drawe ther curtyn, shewyd a sonne bright.
Foure Gospleereys clareffyed our sight
With Letabundus, and the foure doctours
Hane maad cleer day, that afforn was nyght,
In stede of wyntir shewyd somyr flours.

(29)
Cedre and Isope be Ioyned in the vale,
Cristes birth hath voyded Oold figurys.
The husk is falle, brokyn is the shale,
The noote kernel, Closyd in scripturyts,
In Reioysshynge of alle Creaturys,
Al openly shewith his swetnesse.
Was nevir seyn be wrytyng nor picturys
Suych a Restoratyff to save vs fro syknesse.

(30)
In Levitico, whoo so lyst take heed,
Cedre and Isope, of Syon the Cipressse,
To-gidre bounde with a litel threed
Of colour Reed, which colour doth expresse
Cristes hooly blood, lycour of moost cleennesse
To washe away al Oold infeccioiui
Of Corrupt leprys, contagious of syknesse
Watir of baptem with Crystes passionu.

(31)
Nyght is passyd, dirknesse is forth went,
Fressh Aurora and a glad morwenyng;
The sonne of lyff to Bedleem is doyn sent
Thorough Ierusaleem and al this world shynyng.
Cedrus, Cipresse and ysope conbynynge
With Letabundus in Ysrael and Syon,
In Reioysshynge of Crystes glad comynge;
Two testamentys that day wer maad bothe Oon.

(32)
Verbum eius Altissimi.
The beeyng woord of hym that is hyhest,
Sone of the Fadir, as seyn Iohn vndirstood
When he seide verbum caro factum est;
Circumcisised first he shadde his blood,
Next at the Pyleer bounden when he stood,
Vpon the Cros afftir nayled soore,
Last, for our sake starff vpon the Rood
To Paradys mankynde to Restore.

233 sojom. J. 239 lepres J. of pe J. 240 waters J.
241 lyght J. went J. 242 mornyng J. 248 maide lot J.
252 Circumcisus J. shadde J. hade J. 253
bounde J. 255 straaff J. sic.
Ysaias Cecinit sinagoga.

Isaiah sang of him in the synagogue.

The Synagogue put in Remembrance,

Ay contrarye froward of look and chere,

Wilfully blyned with ygnoraunce.

Propheete wrote they gaff noon attendaunce,

To ther wrytyng they wer so Indurat,

Crystes doctryne was to them displesaunce,

In ther malys they wer so obstynat.

Si non suis vatibus credat vel gentilibus.

The Sibyl's verses tell of Christ.

To ther propheteys, for they gaff no Credence,

De Vetula, lat hem Rede Ovyde

Cibilys vers, ful notable in sentence,

The Capitallys let hem clerly devyde,

In Ordre sett as Austyn doth provide,

Wher they shal fynde a processe vertuous,

Mawgre Iewes and al ther froward pryde,

This name wryte in Ordre Cryst Iesus.

Infelix propera Crede vel vetera.

Why wilt thou not believe.

[A ! frowarde peple; vnhappy and vnstable,

Itueterat in pin opinion

Come nere, yene feith, take counsail, be tretable,—

Why wilt pu be contrary to Reson ?] 276

To be dampyyd to thy confusion

Lyk a wrecche, alas! why wyltow so?

Cryst was now born for thy savacyon,

And thow of malyce takest noon heed therto.

260 And wilfully ins. J. 263 iam J. 266 The vetula T. De vetulo J. 267 notably T. 268 capitall T. chapitall J. 269 Ordre] other T. Ll. 273-276 lacking in H, supplied from J. T's only variant is 276 contrarious. 278 alas om. T. 280 no T. herto T. jar too J.
Letabundus.

(36)
Natum considera. Quem Docet littera. Ipsum genuit puerpera.

Considre his comying and his natuities
As thow art taught by al Oold prophecie,
And as the lettre pleyunly tychith the
Bothe of scripture, Cybile, and Poetrye;
Al thyng concludeyng vpon Isaye,
And fulfilled, tyme of Octavyn,
When a pure maide, which is callid Marye
In Bedleem bar our lord bothe God and man.

(37)
Thus in worshepe of this hevenly queen
That bar Iesu is songyn this sequence,
Porely brought forth, his loggyng set a [twene]
Asse, Oxe, and Rakke, no costfull grett dyspence;
Kynges cam down, did hym Reuerence,
Bedleem, be glad, grace is to the falle,
Prynce of Iuda of moost magnificence
Born in thy boundys besyde an Oxes stalle.

(38)
O Royal Bedleem! Cite of our Refuge!
In al our worldly desolacioun
Our havene of lyff, Ryoayllle in this deluge
Geyn al tempest of trybulacioun,
Cite of Citees, moost sovereyn of Renoun,
Berthe of our lord grauntyd vnto the;
And to Ierus eem thy gloryous passioun;
Al this was doon to make man go free.

(39)
Now al ye peple that be present heer,
Berith Letabundus in your Rememberance
At the begynnynge of this newe yere,
Tokne of Ioye, figure of al plesaunce,

Exposition of the Pater Noster.

Of gladnesse plenteous habundance,
Lyght of that sonne that Roos vp in decembre,
Which in Ienyveer shal voyde al old grevaunce,
This newe yeer doth theron Remembre.

Explicit quo'p Lidgate.

14. AN EXPOSITION OF THE PATER NOSTER.
[MS. Laud 683, leaves 81-87.]

Here begynneth the Pater noster.

(1)
Atwyxe dreed and tremblyng reuerence [leaf 81]
Astoned I am, for fer der nat be bold
To shewe my face, or comyn in presence
Feynt of ffantastyes, dulled many fold,
My wit but feble, my memorye dulled for old,
To medele of thyng solemly be-gonne;
Mak no comparisoyn attwixen led and gold,
Tween a smal sterre and a mydday sonne.

(2)
I may be wyllyng and fervent in my desirys,
Though for vnkonnyng I dar nat proceade,
In ayssliis olde a lytel ffer there ys [leaf 81, back]
Wich yeveth no light nor clernesse at a neede;
My torche is queynt, his brihtnesse doth nat proceade,
Wherfore I sholde pleynly me Excuse,
Neer that good hope doth my brydel leede
Toward Pernaso, to fynde there som muse,

(3)
I dar nat calle, nouther of old nor newe,
To Euterpe for dytees of plesaunce,
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

That be depict with roial purpil hewe,
  Rad and recordyd, vertuous of substaunce,
  Such as calle ageyn to remembraunce
  to expund the Lord's Prayer, in its seven petitions.

Excyte hertys with devout mateerys,
  In Cryst Iesu to ffynde at suffysaunce
As they be tault by the sevene prayeris.

(4)
In pater noster, breefily comprehended,
  While he was here, of trouthe it is thus fall,
Tauht his discipulis, wich may nat ben amendyd,
  For it transcendith other prayerys all,
  Most auctorised, when we for socour Call,
Most celestyall and moost of dygnyte,
  Crowned among prayeris in pe hevenly stall
Yif it be said in parfight Charyte.

(5)
Foure le remembred, in Especyall,
  Witch appertene on to this mateer,
And been in dede verry Celestyall,
  Witch passe in Shynyng pe hevenly sterris cleer;
And been faire thyngis longyng to prayer,
Lyk as myn auctour maketh mencyoun,
  [leaf 82]
  [leaf 82]
  Four things belong to prayer;
  But I am dul and elysed of my cheer
To telle what vertu restith in Oysoun.

(6)
I speke of foure, first in myn avys,
  Nat of the foure hevenly Gospelerys;
Nor of foure floodys that come fro paradys
  That norisshe al Egypt with ther fresh Reverys;
Nor how Ezechiel with his foure speerys
  Four spheres of Ezekiel,
Callid Quatuor rote wich in al vertu schyve ;
  But of a mater longyng to prevereys
Tauht by Iesu, our rudenesse tenlumyne.

(7)
I nat remembre of the foure Elementys,
  Nor of the foure sesouns of the yer,
  net the four Evangelists, the four floods,
  the four spheres of Ezekiel.
  be J.  27 espiciall J.  44 ther | pe J.  47 a O H.
Exposition of the Paternoster.

Of foure complexions dyuere of ententys,
   Of sonne or mone, why they be dirk or clee;  52
   Nor of foure wyndys wich dyuersely appeer,
But under support and correcyoun
   I me submytte to alle that schall now heer
This symple processe of my translacyoun.  56

(8)
I dar nat speke of foure Cardynall,
   Fortitudo nor of attemperaunce,
Of rightwysnesse oon the pryncipall,
   Wich al policie set in good gouernaunce,
For wich I caste my rudenesse to avaunce
So that prudencia lyst to be present,
   And grace also, thorough Goddys purviaunce,
List to pronounce taccomplisshe myn Entent.  64

(9)
Malapertnesse and presumpeyoun,
   With vnfeyned trewe humylyte
In despit of fflas ambycyoun
   I take counsayl of feith, hope, and charyte,
Callyd virtutes Theologice
To dyrecte my desolacyoun,
   And on this processe to hane mercy and pite,
With favour benygne to do correcyoun.  72

(10)
Nat apperteneth on to this partye
The foure wheelys, brennyng briht as gleede,
   That ladde the chara to paradys of Helye,
Nor of Perseus the fiery wynged steede,
   Whos goldene trompe thoruh-out Perce and Mede,
To blowe ther triumphes sent out his bloody souns;—
   I passe al this, grace shal my penne leede
To speke of prayer and severe peticionys,

(11)
The wich severa, grounded in al vertu,
   I dar weel seyn, passen alle prayerys,
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

Maad and compiled of our lord Iesu, 
Most covenable to alle our goostly desirys, 84
Nat withstondyng alle old astronomerys
Seyn and conferme in ther phylosophie 
Soun and mevyng of the nyne Speerys
Passe and surmounte al wordly armoyne. 86

(12)
I haue no mouthe, pleynly to devyse,
First to remembre the grete dygnyte,
Ferfull to take on me so hih Empyse,
Moost celestial, most angelyk of degre,
For to the hih myghty Trynyte
[leaf 83]
It is direct, lord of moost puyssaunce,
Which callid is oon, two, and thre,
Al oon in vertu, and al oon in substaunce. 94

(13)
This woord Pater shewith in substaunce 
His myght ys moost grettest of excellence,
Of hevene and erthe hath al the ordenamzce,
Callyd welle of grace, myrour of sapience,
Wich to his children, of ffadirly providence,
Hath yeue a fraunchise above fraunschises alle,
That we may boldly with devout reuerence
Ageyn al myschef to hym for helpe calle. 104

(14)
First this woord Pater set us in assuraunce,
And this woord Noster geveth us homlynesse,
Him to requere, with devout obeysaunce,
Remedye geyn al worldly dystresse,
So that charite, with hir suster meeknesse,
Feith, trust, and hope be with hem present,
Than, whan we prei and seyn of faithfulness
Pater noster, we shal haue our Entent. 112

83 of] in J. 84 couble J. 85 nat] hoot J. 87 Sen J.
88 worldly H J. After l. 88 H repeats ll. 17–34. 93 for to]
Tofore H. 101 children H J. 102 yone H J. a bovif
fraunches sic J. 109 sister J. 111 we] whe. sic J.
In it stands all our hope, as His children and heirs.

The seven petitions equal the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

(15)
In this word Pater stant al our confyndence,
Our hool beleue whan we seyn Qui es,
Our stedfast feith and fully our credence,
In heuene abidyng as souereyn lord of pes,
Where thre Hierarchies day nor nyght nat ses
To crie in celis, with heuynly mellodye,
Cherubyn nor Seraphyn nat sloh nor rekles
Syngen Osanna with fervent armony.

(16)
Whos glorious name for to magneffye
Mouth and tongue be lame of ther langage,
But the Hooly Goost by grace lyst us guye,
Us to enspire in our mortal passage,
As goostly children, born of hih parage,
Neuer to thyth hihnesse by no mortal offence
In this dredful perilous pylgrymage
Tyl cleer confession our gyltes recompense.

(17)
We wer renewyd ful nyh to thyth allye
By the Hooly Goostys gracious influence,
First be baptem, to gyne at that partye,
Next confermed be thy magnyfycence,
To been accepted to thy benyvolence
As chose children to thyth herytage,
That we may seyn, with devout reverence,
Lord haue mercy on al our old outrage.

(18)
The sevne peticiouns been of vertu moost,
Only to God of hooil herte applyed
To the sevene vertues of the Hooly Goost;
First when we seyn thy name be sanctyfyed.
Name of alle names halwyd and gloryfyed,
As the gospel pleynly doth commaunde,—
But her my symplessse with Argus nat cleer eied,
Meue this questioun, aske this demaunde,

Exposition of the Pater Noster.

(19) How myhte in us be kyndelyd snych desire, [leaf 84] How may we say this?

Boldly to seyn conceyued our febylnesse,
Though charite in us brente as flawme of fyre,
Lyk as in Seraphyn brenneth al parfitnesse?
I anserwe thus, a ground take of meeknesse,
Vertu of vertues, doctours sey the same,
Vnder support of his paternell goodnesse,
To seyn or thynke, Halwyd be thy name,

(20) With-oute addicioun to sette our herte at reste
That therwithal we haue this sentence,
For our party, to conclude for our beste
In our Inward goostly Intellygence,
First that his name, name of most excellence,
With-Inne hym-silf, euery hour and space,
Be sanctyfied, so by his provydence
It may in us be sanctyfied be his grace.

(21) Thy kingdam, lord, enlumyned with thy face,
Where is ful gladnesse of al goostly lyght
Mot come to us, tyme set and space,
Whan thow assignest be thy eternal myht,
Of thy presence that we may haue a sight;
O gracious lord, our tyme so provyde
Cleymed with meknesse, of mercy more than riht,
Mene of thy passioun that we may there abyde.

(22) Thy kingdam, lord, first in this present lyf
Come to us, to rewle us and gouerne
Geyn the assautys and the treble stryf
Of our enmyes, lord, hold so the lanterne
By thy grace, which that is Etere,
Regne so in us, of resoun hold so our brydell,
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

Tween good and evell we may so dyscerne 176
Geyn thy plesaunce, to do no thyng in Idell.

(23)

Lord, by thy mercy regne in us so heere, 180
Of alle vices we may haue victorye,
To cleym a title aboue the sterris cleere,
Thy passioun cheef set first in memorye
With the to regne in thy eternall glorie,
Axed by bille, wretten with thy precious blood,
For folk alyve, and folk in purgatorye,
Doosed and asseled at Calvary on the rood.

(24)

So as thy will fulfelled is in hevene,
Right so in erthe fulfellyd mot it be,
Lyk as the court aboue the sterrys sevne
Of ordrys nyne and hierarchies thre
Syngen sanctus thries to-for the Trynyte,
So make us lord, with devout observaunce
Day and nyht knelyng on our kne,
Thy deth, thy passioun, to haue in remembrance.

(25)

First thy preceptys and ten comau<de, 196
We may fulfiylle, attwixen hoope and dreede,
And for-sake with al our hooll ententys
Al that sholde dysplese the in deede.
Sith to a pelor thow lyst for us to bleede
Thorwith to doon al that thow lyst comaunde,
Suffre thy mercy so vp-on us spreede,
Part to receyue, that thow gaf at thy mawde

(26)

To thy dyscyplys for a memoryall,
For a perpetuall commemoracyoun,
Of thy flessh and thy blood, take in especiall,
Of a pure maydyn thy Incarnacioun,

Exposition of the Pater Noster.

Thy meek suffraunce for our Redempcioun,
With mynde also thow lyst for us be ded,
That we may cleyme for our savacioun
Receyve thy boody among in forme of bred;

(27)
That we dar seyn, with al humylyte,
Vnder the wynges of thy proteccyoun,
Panem nostrum da nobis hodie,
Knoden afforn Pilat, baken in thy passioun,
Our dayly bred, our Restauracioun,
Our foode, our manna, geyn fendis violence,
Strong with Helias, Bible maketh moneyoun,
To mount Oreb, to hawe there residence.

(28)
This bred of lyf yeveth us force and myght
Geyn goostly enmyes, whan they wolde assayll,
Helthe of the sowle, our boody strong in light,
With spiritis infernall to holden a batayll,
Sathan abitt nat, for all his apparayll,
Wher this bred is sacred with Crystis mouth,
Clenly receyved, the ffend may nat avayll,
So gret vertu this bred hath est and south.

(29)
This bred of angelis, bred celestyall,
Bred that excelleth resoun and nature,
Callid bred of lyf, and repast eternall,
Yeueth lyf ay-lastyng and euer shal endure;
Most comended by prophetis in Scripture,
To sowle and boody bred of moost comfort,
Folk in siknesse, this bred doth hem recurc,
To pore pilgrymes restoratyf and support.

(30)
In this peticioun, O lord, do us socoure,
First consydryng our fraglyyte,
For-yeve our dettys as we for-yeveoure,
Above al thyng to love and drede the,

Next our neilhebour in parfit charite,  
First deme my-silf west of any man,  
Void of presumpcioun, bowyng down my kne,  
And to remembre vp on the publican,  

(31)  
Durst nat lefft vp his eie vp to the hevene,  
To looke up ferful on-to the sonne streem;  
And I am soyled with the symes sevene,  
Can In myn eien nat seen a large beem,  
Though it spradde al abrood this Rewm,  
Can seen weell motys in other menhis sight,  
A smal sparck, that casteth out no beem,  
Blent in my faultys thouh torchis wer cler light.  

(32)  
This to seyne, I can be weell vengable,  
When my neibour doth a smal trespace,  
Though I be gylyt and horrybly coupable  
Can fynde weies lyghtly for to passe,  
Ageyn my brother grete gyltys compasse,  
My-silf excuse, and put on him the wrak,  
Lyk fawssemblaunt shewe out a fair face  
As in my-silf ther founde were no lak.  

(33)  
And to conclude, who wil no mercy haue,  
At his most neede he shall go mercylees;  
And who is besy his neibour to deprave,  
By fals report escapeth nat harmlesse,  
Mordre at the bak and language rekles,  
Ipocrisy, fraude, compassed guyle,  
Symylacioun, and filatery put in prees,  
This soort wil out, thouh they dare a while.  

(34)  
But yf thou stonde in parfit charite  
To love thy frend and also thy enmye,
With-oute feynynyng or duplycye
That ther be no fraudé Couertlye,
To shewe oon outward another Inwardlye,
In suych wyse thy prayer is nat good,
I dar afferme, and wryte trewlye,
God lovyd neuer two facys in oon hood. 272

(35)
O Lord Ihesu, of mercyfull pyte
Vnder the baner of thy passioun,
Agyyn our dedly dredful foys thre
Suffre us to falle in no Temptacioun,
The flessh, the fend, by fals collusioun,
With olde serpent with many thousand treyne,
With-oute blood shad for our Redempcioun,
We may in charite nat weell this praiyer seyne. 280

(36)
It is remembred of Mathew the gospell, [leaf 86, back]
Of a servaunt, as maad ys mençyoun,
Cause his lord was agyyn hym fyll,
He was fetryd and signed to prysoun ;
In signe who wyll do no remyssioun
At such a streit, his servaunt for to save,
Dimitte nobis put from this Orysoun,
Who doth no mercy, he shall no mercy haue. 288

(37)
Of thy benygne mercyfull pyte,
Lord, in this perlous dredful pilgrymage,
Saue us from daunger and al aduersyte,
And us delyuer from al foreyn damage,
From perellys passed with our present passage,
Future swolwys of fortunys floodys,
Dredfull Caribdys, Syrenes mortal rage,
And transmutacyoun of al worldly goodys. 296

(38)
Pater noster, thys prayeer vertuous,
Yif it be sayd with dewe Reuenerence,

283 ageyn] geyn J. 287 this] his J H. 288 he shall haue J.
293 perrill J. 294 stoolows J.
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

Pater noster
is the best
prayer of all.
Of alle prayerys is moost victoryous,
Geyn our thre enmys to stondyn at dyffence, 300
So that Maria lyst shewn her presence,
And fervent charyte be capteyn of the field,
Fy on all Infernall vyolence,
So Crystys passioun be portrayed in our sheeld. 304

(39)
Lyk as a glenere on a large lond
Among shokkys plentifulous of auctours,
Thouth I were besy to gadren with myn hond,
Lyk my desire, to haue founde out som flours, 308
The grene was repen, russet were the colours, [leaf 87]
I fford no sugre in my smal lybrarye,
Soyll dryed vp of my sylver schours,
Ferful and dul there lenger for to tarye,

(40)
In this processe any more to seye;
Good will abood in myn Inward Entent,
The aureat lycourt was in my study dreye,
Of Callioppe and al hir favour spent, 316
Fond there no clauses, but shrowes al to-rent,
No thyng enlumyned with gold, asour, nor red,
Wich shall be Ioyneyd with my testament,
Leyd on my brest, hour whanne I shall be ded.

(41)
Though I was dul in my devocyouns,
Duryng my lyf with cordyall Reuence
Dayly to seyn thes sevene Petycyouns,
Herte and mouth accordyng in sentence,
With circumstaunces of Intellygence
To plese the lord, with hooll affececyoun,
Veyn thoughtis voide slouthe and necclygence
Mor than a thousand with-oute devocioun.

(42)
To alle my maystris knelyng on my kne
That shall reede this Compylacyoun,
I pray them meekly of ther benyngnyte
   First dewly doon Examynacyoun.  
   And folwyng aftuer Iust correccyoun
When they haue leyser and covenable space,
   That I may flynde Supportacyoun
By goody fflavour to correcte of ther grace.  

Explicit.

15. MISERICORDIAS DOMINI IN ETERNUM CANTABO.

[From MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 17-21.]

(1)
   Alle goostly songis & ympnes that be songe,
       Of Oold and newe remembred in scripture,
Hevenly symball or bellis that be ronge,
   To preyse the lord, by musyk or mesure,
       Fynal intent of everey creature
Shulde resonne to Goddys hih preysyng,
   For which, O lord! whil that my lyff may dure,
Eternally thy mercies I shal syng.

(2)
   Dauid with his harpe sang solemnely
       This hooly Salme in his estat Roial,—
Misericordias domini,
   His herte, his boody, mynde, thouht and al
   Erect to godward in especial,
With goostly love moost fervently brennyng,
   With this refreyt, verray celestial,
Eternally thy Mercies I shal syng.

(3)
   And whan he shuld fihte with Golye,
       Pryde was slayn, the palme gat meeknesse;

334 laiser J. explicit quod Johannes lydgate H. om. J.
Jesus slew Satan by humility.

Figure of Jesus, prophethys speceffye,

When he slouh Satan with his gret humblesse. 20

The slynge, the stoonyys, v. woundys did expresse,

Off the iiij nayles, the spere deep persyng:

Which to remembre, Jesus our hertys dresse,

That we thy Mercies eternally may syng. 24

(4)

Than was his song, the sawter tellith thus,

In signe of victory, the stoory who can reede,

**Benedictus dominus meus.**

Conquest of Dauid famous in length & breede! 28

Ther is no tryumphe in knyhtood nor manheede,

Marcial shetrouras, nor baners brood splayeng;

Which thyng remembryng, lord, I am bounde in deede,

Eternally thy Mercies for to syng. 32

(5)

Ther be Canticulis of Conquest and victroye

That be songe at feestis marcial,

And ther be songis of palmys transitorye,

With corius meetrys that be poetical;

Laureat tryvmphes, proud and Imperial,

With boosty blowe in charys cleer shynyng,

Al this left off, with voys memory al,

Eternally thy Mercies I shal syng. 40

(6)

Like Virgil

Dictys, Dares, or

Lucan.

Virgile sang the Conquest of Enee,

Dites Grec, of Hercules and Iason,

Frigius Dares sang in ther Cite

Prowesse of Ector, the Troian champion:

Lucan of Iulius made gret boost and sown,

Slayn by the Senat, thempyre vsurpyng;

Set al asyde, make no comparisoun,

Eternally thy mercies I shal syng. 48

(7)

Off Alisaundre clerkys synge and reede,

Afftir his Conquest slayn in Babilon;

Men synge of Cresus, kyng of Perce and Meede,
   Of Hanybal and the gret Scipio\n, Of Adrastus and Agamenoun;
Alle set a-bak, and fully remembryng
   Of hym that made our redempcioun,
Eternally his Mercies I shal syng.

(8)
Gret boost is maad,—but as for me no fors,—
   Bildyng of Yliou\n in many stoory told;
Getyng of Troye by the brasen hors;
   Of bolys, serpentys, that kept the flees of gold;
Of Belleferon, that was so proud and bold,
And cam to nouht, ther storyes rehersyng;
But of Iesu, as I am bounde and hold,
Eternally his Mercies I shal syng.

(9)
At funeral feestys men synge tragedies
   With wooful ditees of lamentaciou\n;
In thoryps smale be songe Comedies
   With many vnkouth transmutaciou\n;
Somme in reioisshyng, somme in compleynyng;
   But for moost sovereyn consolacioun
Eternally thy mercies I shal syng.

(10)
The Musis nyne sang the weddyng song
   Of Mercurye And Philologye.
Thebes the Cite was reysed and maad strong
   By touch of harpe and sugryd melodye,
As Oold Stace saide in his Poetrye;
But what so evir they wroot in ther fenyng,
   Our lord Iesu to preise and magneffye
Eternally his Mercies I shal syng.

(11)
Circes whiloom, the gret enchaunteresse,
   With song and drynk made folkys bestial,
And Syrenes with warblys of sweetnesse,
And with ther sugryd tynys Musical,
Blente ther resouns and ther memorial;
Made hem unwarly fal in a slombryng,
But for to preise hym that is Immortal
Eternaly his Mercies I shal syng.

(12)
Many Canticles in hooly writ be founde, —
Write and entitled for sovereyn remembraunce,—
Children of Israel that were in thraldam bouned

Vndir Pharaoo by many greuaunces,
By myracle accomplisshid ther penuance,
With drye feet the rede see passyng
They sang Cantemus, but now for my plesaunce
Eternally thy Mercies I shal syng.

(13)
Deborah's song.
In Iudicum, the woman Delbora
Sang a Canticle, Genesis tellith soo,
Thankyng the lord by-cause Sisara
Distroyed was, that did so greu woo,—
To Godys peple he was a mortal foo,—
Qui sponte optulistis, was of hir song gynnyng,
Takyng exaumple, wher evir I ride or goo,
Eternally thy Mercies I shal syng.

(14)
Anna's song in Kings.
The firste Canticle remembryd in Regum
Was maad by Anna, moodir of Samuel,
Which began thus, Exultauit cor meum,
Ageyns hire whan Hely was so fel;
Hyr preyer herd, hooly writt can tel
In what wise she maad hir offryng.
Thynkyng on Iacob and on Israel
Eternally thy Mercies I shal syng.

84 suqryd] tynys T. tynes] tungenes T. 85 Blend J. 86 full
MS. fell J T. 90 entytylyd T. 94 dry J T. red J T.
89-91, 92-94 remembrances, greuaunces, penuances, plesaunces T.
100 gret] myche J. 111 om. (2) of J.
Duke Moises, Israel tenlumyne,

Audite celi he sang, as it was riht;

Fluat ut ros, or reyn spred his doctrine,

And as deuh dropys verry silvir briht

Fallith on the greyn on morwenys aftir nyht,

He tauhte his peple at his departyng

To love ther lord, with body, hert, and myht,

Eternally his Mercies for to syng.

Amyd the fīres the Innocentys thre

Ananye, Misael, and with hem Azarye

Sang the Canticle Benedicite;

No flawme of fyr men myth in hem aspye.

Ilich fressh with heuene Armonye

Sang lyk Angelys, the fyr nat hem harmyng;

Now al the heuene with sugryd melodye

Eternally thy Mercies they do syng.

Off Betulia the peple was maad fayn

By cause they wer delyueryd out of dreed,

Whan the Tyrant Olofern was slayn

By prudent Iudith, flowryng in womanheed;

Canticles songe for hir Conquest in deed,

Thankynes yone, for hir discret werkyng:

But hym to preyse that for vs list & blede,

Eternally his Mercies I shal syng.
Geyn ther Enmyes furyous crueltie;
But I thy mercies eternally shal synge.

(19)

David. Dauid remembrieth of a Pellican
   Figure of Crist which in seyntuarye
   Offryd his blood for the lyf of man;
   To whom the Iewes of malys were contrarye;
   And he was callyd passer solitarye,
Moost paciently his passion suffryng.
   On hym remembyryng, God graunt that I nat varye,
Eternally his Mercies for to syng.

(20)

Hezekiah. The noble kyng, callyd Ezechie,
   Sang Ego dixi, restoryd fro syknesse;
Benedictus made Zacharie,
   And Symeon with ful devout sweetnesse
   Sang Nunc Dimittis, with ful devout gladnesse
Withinne the temple at Cristes presentyng.
   And now with Iesu this Symeon, in sothnesse,
Eternally his Mercies he doth syng.

(21)

Habakkuk. Abacuk, that brought the potage
   To Danyel lyeng in prisoun,
Off hool herte and devout corage
   Dominé Audiui was his Orisoun,
In exitu Israel, canticle of gret renown,
   Sang Israel, Jordan his cours tornyng.
   Now blised Iesu, lyk our affectiou
Graunt we thy Mercies eternally may syng.

(22)

Vpon a mounteyn beside Nazareth,
   Fro Dauid-is lyne, cheef braunche of Iesse,
Mary's song. Sang Magnificat meetyng Elizabeth,
   With goostly gladnesse, blyssed mot she be!
   Chief examplayre of virginite,
Socour to man, our damages refourmyng.

Marie, be mene of trouthe and of pite
That we his Mercies eternally may syng.

(23)
Patriarkys and prophetis alle,
Apostlys, Martirs, bissipos, confessoures,
To save the peple to the, Jesu, they calle.
Wives, widwis, maidnys with ther flourys
Syng Osanna in the heuenly cristal toures,
Wher evir is ioye and brihtnesse ay lastyng.
Now graunt vs, Jesu, out of al mortal shoures
That we thy Mercies eternally may syng.

(24)
Moost gracious song to syng in every Reem
Ecce quam bonum, whan brethren been al oon,
Syng to-gidre Lauda Ierusaleem,
Preyse of hool herte Deum tuum Syon;
With thre Ierarchyes and angelis everychon
Syng Sanctus Sanctus, there hedis enclynyug,
In feith, hoope and Charite, stable as a stoon,
Eternally thy mercyes they do syng.
Explicit quod Lidgate.

16. ON DE PROFUNDIS.

Here begynnyth De profundus in Englyssh.

(1)
Hauynge a conseit in my sympill wyt
Wich of newe ys come to memorye,
The prosesse to grounde on hooly wyt,
Grace of our lord shal be my Dyrectorye

MSS. Bodley, Laud 653, leaves 8–11 back.

While I was thinking what was best

Amen T (lydgate added by Swayne) om. J.
MSS. Bodley, Laud 683, leaves 8–11 back = L; B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 40–42 back = H; Jesus College, Cambridge 58, leaves 58–60 back = J. Title De profundis clamaui ad te domine Domine exaudi vocem meam H; De profundis clamaui J.
On De Profundis.

to help souls in purgatory,

In myn Inward hertyly Orratorye,—
What availleth most while we ben here
To the sowlys that lyue in purgatorye,
Fastyng, almesse, massys, or prayere, 8

(2)

Another charge was vpon me leyd,
. Among psalmys to fynde a cleer sentence,
Why De Profundus specyally ys seyd
For crystyn sowlys, with devout reverence, [leaf 8, bk.] 12

Of fervent love, and benyvolence,
Seid as folk passe by ther sepulturyes,
Though yt so be I haue noon Elloquence
In hooly wryt, I shall seke out ffigyrus 16

(3)

Vnto purpos set in lytyll space,
Xat konnygly, but affer my symplesse,—
To symple folk god sent don his grace
Them preferrith, & fortherith for meeknesse,— 20

Vndyr whos support I shal my stile dresse
Onto thys psalme, rehearsed here to-forn,
With ffigyrus, wych I schall Expresse,
Voyde the chaff, & gadryn out the corn. 24

(4)

Ground of thys psalme, tytyl & orygynall,
Vnto purpos a ffigure ful palpable,
Jonas whylom devouryd with a whaall,
Made hys clamour, pytous & lamentable, 28
To hym that ys of myght Incomperable,
Wich hath power & domynacyoun
On lond and se, and ys most mercyable
To here pe compleyntys for sowlys in prysoun. 32

(5)

Austyn, Ierom, accordyng bothe in Oon
Vpon thys psalme, as maad ys mencyoun,

5 Oratorye H. 6 beyne J. 7 tho H. 10 J H. [see J. lyne] been H. beyne J. The last three words in L have been scratched, but show. 10 a) om. J H. clere in sentence ins. J. 11 be J H. 12 christen H J. 15 be so H J. 17 sect J. in a ins. H.
On De Profundis.

Whan Abackuk, of full yore agoon, Broughte potage in to Babyloun,
   Wher Danyell lay fieteryd in prysoun,
After figure, this mater to Conveye,
   How almesse-dede and vsytyacyoun
Gretly avayleth to sowlys whan they deye.

(6)
Thys psalme in viij Davyd doth devyde,
   A morall figure of viij blyssidnessys,
Wich that our lord of grace doth provyde
   To shewe his mercy ageyn ther wikkidnesses,
By massys songe, suffragiis, and almesseys;
   His passiou?* chef do helpe at such a nede,
   Ageyn the compleynt of ther peynful dystressys
His blood most vayleth that he did blede.

(7)
By auctoryte to fynde out dyverse groundys,
   Set on vertu the ffundacyoun,
Why in especyall this psalme De Profundys
   Ys seid for sowlys for ther purgacyoun;
Jonas remembryd, and Danyell in prysoun,
   And Sely Joseph, cast in a deep systerne;
   Thynk how Jesus froum the Infernal dougeoun
Brought many sowlys to lyf that ys Eterne.

(8)
Sampson, of strengthe whilome most souereyn,
   Brake the gatys of Gaza the Cyte
And bar hem vp onto an hih mounteyn.
   Language of Judilith made hir to go ffre,
Of Betulya saued the Cyte,
   Whan she gat of Olofferne vcytorye.

Thus devout prayeris, seid with humlyte,
Delyuereth sowlys out of purgatorye.

(9)
The thre childryn delyuered were also
With devout syngyng of Benedycyte,
Danyel, Mysael, and Abdenagago
Fro flawny feer wente at lyberte;
On ther was seyn appere among hem thre,
Them to preserve fro daunger and damage,
Tookene the masse seid of the Trynyte
Of synful sowlys the torment doth asswage.

(10)
Dyuerse massis remembred been also
Of our lady, with other massys tweyne,
Of the Hooly Goost ageyn the mortal wo
In purgatorie, whan they morne & pleyne;
Eek hooly churche of costom doth ordeyne
In especyall the masse of Requiem,
Synguler refugie to brynge hem out of peyne,
To forth the ther way toward Jerusalem.

(11)
Priests singyng helps, alms,
Prestys profite to sowlys with syngyng,
Thorugh al pe world lasteth ther auctorite,
Almesse-dede is a notable thyng,
And lettryd folk loweer of degre
With Deprofundus, placebo, and dirigie,
Our ladys saultier, seid with devocyoun,
In churche yerdis, of what estat they be,
Whan for sowlys they go processioun.

63 prayer H J. 65 Childre H. 67 Abdenago H J.
Margin: Tres pueri Daniel Mysael Abdenago H. 68 feer
frys J H. 69 thes so J H ; L has the. 76 moorne H.
murne J. 79 singularye J. 80 forthre H J. 82 last J.
lest H. 83 Aimuse J. 86 lady J H. psaulter J. sawteer H.
Margin: Fiant aures H. fiant aures tue intendentes J.
Fiant aures tue intendentes in vocem deprecacionis mee.

Let thine ears attend to my request.

Si iniquitates observaueris domine domine quis sustinebit.

Who could sustain thy punishment?

Our advocate to plete affore thy face,

Pity and mercy plead for us.
My soul abides in thy word.

In thy word, lord, my sole doth abide,
Born vp with hoope and ffeithful attendaunce,
This is my trust all wanhoope set asyde
Hoolf in thy passioun abyt myn affyaunce, [leaf 11]
Fyx as an anker stable in hys creaunce,
Renewable nouther sfer nor neer,
As thow lyst assigne me my penaunce,
With hope tascende aboue the sterris cleer.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem speret Israel in domino.

Fro the custodye of the morwe gray
Toward Aurora with hir pale lyght,
Whan Lucyfer at droukyng of the day
Bryngeth Kalenlis to glade with our sight,
From phebus vprist to sprede his bemys bright,
Fresshest ifygure off Consolacyoun,
Hoope of Israel tendure tyl yt be nyght,
Grownd take of Crystys glad resureccyoun.

So Christ's rising shall help us.

This is to seyne as Cryst Iesu a-roos
On Esterne morwe by record of scripture,
The stoon vp lefft, though it afforn was cloos,
Whos glorious rysyng doth our feith assure,
That affter deth, out of our sepulture,
To lyff Eternal, that we schall a-ryse,
Cleyne be his passioun and mercy to recure
Favour to fynde, or than he do Iustyse.
Quia apud dominum misericordia et copiosa apud eum redempcio.

This mater groundid Dauit doth recorde,
Kyng and prophete of moost auctoryte,
Affore thy fface abyt myserycorde,
With hir ij sustryyn, paeyence and pyte,
To put vp our bylle of mercy ful plente,
Enclosed above for our Redempcyoun,
With bloody dropis shad on the roode tre,
At Paradys gate to haue ingressioon.

Et ipse redimet Israel ex omnibus iniquitatiis et iniquitatis eius.
The same lord most souereyn & most good
Of Israel hath bought al the wykkydnessis,
Our rannsom payed with his hooly blood,
Sowlys to brynye as prisoneris fro distressis,
Feith, hoope, & charyte, prayer & almessis,
Thy meek suffraunce geyn feer of purgatorie,
Maugre the malys of Infernal dirknessis
Schal them conveie in-to thy regne of glorie.

By myhty Cirus kyng of Perce and Mede
God brought israel out of Captuyyte,

Thouh Cirus delyueryd Israel out of captiuite
And Esdras renewyd in bildyng Jerusalem the Cite,
And Jewis wern restooryd to ther liberte
Be the victory of Indas Machabe
Make no comparysoun to the Roial tryvmpe
Doon by Crist Iesu vpon the Roode tre.

J has the same. The two stanzas added above from H are also in J; they were probably not in the original version.
Poems on the Mass.

And by Esdras, his book who so list rede,
Renewyd ageyn Ierusaleem the Cite,
And Eek in worthy Iudas Machabe
God list shewe gret conquest and victorye;
Trymphe of Iesu doon on the Roode tre
Delyverith soulys out of purgatorye.

(21)
Conclusio final.

Off this processe to make no delayes
Briefly compiled of humble true entent,
Late charchyd in myn oold dayes
By William Curytes, which gaf comaundement
That I shulde graunte myn assent
Of that kyndrede make a memorial,
With De Profundis whan so that it be sent
At his chirche to hang it on the wal.

Explicit quod lydgate.

17. POEMS ON THE MASS.

[Trinity Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaf 205.]

I. An exortacion to Prestys when they shall sey their Masse.

(1)

Ye priests, remember, at mass,
yE holy prestes, remembreth in your herte,
Toward masse when ye do yow dresse,
With lour and drede first mekely doth aduerde

Explicit J.

MSS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaf 205 = T; Caius Coll. Cam. 174, pp. 453-4 = C; Balliol College Oxf. 354, leaves 154-5 = B. In T this article precedes, in B and C it follows the Vertues of the Masse. 1 remember B C.
The dignite of vertuous noblesse,
The gostly tresour, the heuynly gret rychesse,
Good incomparable, who can aryght conceyue,
Quaketh for drede, trembleth with mekenesse,
Lord of lordys when ye shal receyue.

(2)
Next remembreth on that other syde
Gayne hys goodnesse, youre gret iniquite,
Peyseth hys mekenesse ageyne your frowarde pryde,
Voydeth all rancour, thynke on his charyte,
Weyeth his pacience ayenst your cruelte,
Shryuen and contryte afor with humble entent,
Seye, “Iesu Mercy,” knelyng on your kne,
Or ye receue that holy sacrament.

(3)
Bethe wysely ware, and taketh good heede,
Of no presumption nor wilfuH hardynesse,
Take nat on yow that offycye but with drede,
With contryte hert your surfettes doth oppresse,
Late byttyr teares wasshe your wykydnesse,
With wepyng eyen seowre your conscience,
Than receyuen with spirtual gladnesse
The lord of lordes of most magnificence.

(4)
Ye byn eke holde to do your diligence
With wyt and mynde and aH your gostly payne
To pray for aH, present and in absence,
Unto that lord of lordes most souereyne,
Callyd chyef welle and condute, in certeyne,
Of grace and vertew, as clerkes can descryue,
And that ye may his mercy sone atteyne,
Goyng to masse, thynke on hys woundys fyue.

4 of] the ins. C. The vertues Dignyte the noblesse B.
5 the
2] om. B.
6 whoso C. Good] vertues B. can] om. B.
7 Quaketh] Woke B. with] for C.
8 the tother C.
9 the other C.
12 on his]
of all C. 13 cruicte] Iniquite C. 14 with all] ins. C. 15 Iesu]
om. B. 16 that] the. 17 right good ins. B. 19 with] on
C. 25 holdyn C. bolde B. 26 all your eke ins. C. 30 can]
list B.
An Exhortation to Priests.

(5)

Remember His Passion.

Ye shall also most loungly remembre
Vppon hys most peynful passeyoun,
Howe he was hurt and bled in euery membre,
Suffryd dethe for your redempcioun,
Yeneath thanke to hym of humble affeccioun
Whyche for your sake was woundyd on hys syde,
Besecketh that lord of mercy and pardoun,
In parfyte charyte, long with yow to abyde.

(6)

Next, that ye haue a gostly appetyte,
By influence oonly of his grace,
In hym alone to set ahh youre delyte,
With feruent loue, your ioy and your solace,
In youre hert make hys dwellyng place
For your eternall consolation,
Lat hym nat out of youre mynde pas,
Repast of aungelles in the heuynly mansyon.

Explicit.

Envoy (not in Tim. R. 3. 21).

[Caious Coll. 174, p. 454.]

Go, lityll byll, with all humylite
Pray holy prestes that have devocion
To syng ther masse, of there benyngnite
Off this dyte to have inspeccion,
Mekely compylede vnder correccion,
Dyrecte of hert, both to more & lasse,
Of humble wyll & no presumpeion,
To prestes dysposyd ech day to syng per masse.

Explicit.

II. The Interpretation and Virtues of the Mass.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaves 205, back, to 214.]

(1)

y]E folkys all, whyche haue denicious 
To here masse, furst do your besy cure 
With all your inward contemplacion, 
As in a myrrow presentyng in fygere 
The morall menying of that gostly armure, 
When that a preest, with mynystres more & lasse, 
Arayeth hymysylf, by record of scripture, 
The same hower when he shall go to masse ; 

(2)

Furst, with your eyen verray contemplatyfe, 
Calleth to mynde, of hoole affeccioun, 
Howe the masse here in thys present lyfe 
Of gostly gladnesse ys chyef direccioun, 
To hane memory of Crystes passioun, 
As doctors remembre in their doctrine, 
Geyne gostly sekenesses our restaurationy, 
Our bawme, our tryacle, our helthe, our medycyne. 

Title: adapted from MS. S and the de Worde print. MSS.1 Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaves 205, back, to 214 = T; St. John's Coll. Oxst. 56, leaves 76, back, to 84, back = S; Balliol Coll. 354, leaves 144—155 = B; Bodley Hatton 73 (ll. 1—376), leaves 1—7 = H; Lambeth Palace 344, (ll. 185—664) leaves 1 to 8 = L; B.M. Harley 2251, leaves 179—188 = h; Addit. 31042, leaves 103—110 back (ll. 58—684) = A; Bodley Laud 683, (ll. 321—360) leaf 31 = 1; Caius Coll. Camb. 174, pp. 451—455, (ll. 593—664) = C; de Worde print, s.a. (prob. ab. 1500) in Huth library, printed in Fugitive Tracts, First Series = W. Title wanting in all save S, which reads: Hye incipit interpretacon misse in lingua materna secundum Iohannem litigate monachum de Buria ad rogatum domine Comtesse de Sinthefolchis. 1 Ye] The S. Ye that beth of goodo deuociouns h. whiche that H. Oye ins. B. 2 here yourse ins. h. furst doj with al h. 3 with] which B. 4 present h. presenty A H. W omits line. 5 mortall nethynge] sic S. that] om. h. 6 that] om. W. a] the h. 7 Arayeth] He mekith h. 8 hower] tyme H W. Whan that he goth to say his masse. 9 verray] T has here by a slip 'pray.' Foure] om. L. 10 of] with h W. and calletth ins. W. to] vuto W. 11 Howe] Thongs W. For H. here] om. SH. 13 of] on S. all of W. 14 predoctryne sic h. 15 Seyen S. sekenesse] gladnesse W. ys ourse ins. S. 16 & 14 interchanged in W. 16 our 3] om. W.

1 The copy in Arundel 396, found too late for use here, will be collated in the Notes, vol. ii.—Ed.
Of hygh dysrecion, yef ye lyst consyldre,
As ye Arn bound of verray strollwe and ryght,
Best preseruaision that ye do nat slydre
In all that day for lak of goostly lyght,
Furst every morow, or Phebus shyne breght,
Lat pale Aurora condute yow and dresse
To holy churche, of Cryste to haue a syght,
For chyef preseruatyf gayne all goostly sykenesse.

Entryng the churche with all humylyte
To here masse a morow at your rysyng,
Kneel from Pysposyth your self, knelyng on your kne,
resting
To be there at your begyiinyne,
till he has done.

To all your werkes hit shallbe grete furtheryng
To Abyde the ende of In Principio.

Keep quie`.

Keep quie`.

Gaze not about.

Gaze not about.

The Virtues of the Mass.

(3)

The Virtues of the Mass.

(6)

In sacryfyces of the old[e] lawe
With the heede men offred vp the tayle,
From a good gunnyng men shuld nat withdrawe
Tyll hit were endyd, Moyses gafe cousmayle.
Ye be begen ys of more avayle
Ye a good ende accorde well thereto,
For encrease of your goostly trauayle
Abye at masse till In Principio.

- Explicit Prologus.

Qui vult audire missam non debet abire
Donec dicatur & plene perficiatur
Principio si sis & et non in fine manebis
Pars sua parua datur que laus in fine probatur.

(7)

The holy man, Pope Celestine,
Lyke as I fynde wrytyn in hys lyfe,
Of gret deuocion and grace whyche ys dyuyne,
By God inspyryd in hys ymagynatyfe,
To oppresse the power of feendes mortall sryfe,
Ageyn theyr malyce to make resistence,
Bad prestys shuld, with voyce contemplatyf,
To fore the Autere in Crystes hygh presence

Cause why Judica me deus ys seyde before masse.

(8)

Sey furst thys Psalme, with looke erect to heuyn,
Judica me deus, of hoole hert entyver,
The Virtues of the Mass.

Theyr conscience purge from the synnes senyn
Or they presume to go to the Awtyer;
The same Psalme set in the sawtyer
For a memoriall of the captuyte,
Howe Ierusalem stod in gret daungyer
At Babylon, that froward fel cyte,¹

(9)

This Psalm lamenteth the captivity of Israel.

Thys Psalme compleyneth, as Lira doth recorde,
Theyr long abydyng withyn Babylon;
Songes of theyr exyle myght nat acorde
With the Cantyclys of Iuda and Syon.
Of hope dyspeyred, theyr comfort was nygh gon,
Lyke as thys Psalme sheweth a fygure,
But God by grace restoryd hem euerychon
Home to Ierusalem, by recorde of scripture.

(10)

Take of thys Psalme the moralyte,
Afore rehersyd on that other syde,
Be diligent with all humylyte,
Vppon the masse folowyng to abyde,
Have thys in custom, and god shalbe thy gyde,
All that day to gouerne thy passage,
In what peryle that thow go or ryde,
The forto defende fro trowbyll and all damage,

(11)

And for to yeue folk occasion
To hauue thys Psalme in more renuerence,
The Virtues of the Mass.

And here theyr masse with gret denocioum, 84
As they ar bounde of trowthe and conscience, I will translate it.
I am full set to do my dylygence,
After my sympynnesse, this lytyll Psalme to translate,
With humble support of your pacience,
Where as I fayle, the defeante ys [in] Lydgate.

1 Iudica me deus & discerne causam meam de gente non sancta ab homine iniquo & doloso erue me.

O tho thy lord most myghty and eterne,
O gracious Iesu, of mercy and pyte
Deme tho thy quarell, my cause also discerne,
Among myne enemys or I encombred be,

My dredfull foon, that byn in nombre thre,
The fende, the flesche, brygauntes most mortall,
The false world, full of duplycyte,
O Iesu, helpe or they yeue me a full.

Quia tu es deus fortitudo mea quare me repulisti quare tristis incedo dum affligit me inimicus.

For tho thy lord oonly, bothe in brede and leyngth,
Of ryght consyderyd, I dar ryght well expresse, 1
Thow art my support and my gostly strenght:
Why wylt thou, lord, suffyr thy sympynnesse

For tho procede in sorow and in trystesse,
Whyle my sayde enemys prowedly me assayle?
O blyssed Iesu, of mercyfull goodnesse,

Graunt of thy grace that they may nat preuayle.

83 gutter h. more W. theyr] om. h. 84 or] be h. A. trowthe and] good h. 86 to] om. H.L. 87 your] om. A. defeante es in A. faute ys in] S H B H. ludgate H. Where as defeante is put the faute in lydgate W. lydgate S. Margin of A: Hunc librum qui dictauit Lydgate Christus nommauit. 89 H. The Latin headings are full in S, abbreviated in others. 91 my cause] me W. also] thu H. dyscerne W. 92 from] enemys W. they be h. 94 Tyrauntis B. 95 helpe me bis. S. beginne to falle h. 97 art lord oonly in S. both in h. 98 ryght] yt S H A. 100 sympleesse S. wil this h. 101 trystnesse S. hevinesse h. dystresse W. streitnesse H. in 2] om. h.A. 102 whyle myne enemys W. proved h. 103 blyssed] om. A. of] oo S. 104 may] om. h. may not] neuer H. noghte A.
(14)

Emitte lucem tuam & veritatem tuam ipsa me deduxerunt & adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum & in tabernacula tua.

Send down Thy Light.

Thy Light, sende downe thy ryghtwysnesse, thy grace downe, thy lyght, sende downe thy ryghtwysnesse, thy lyght of grace for consolaciouw, Thy lyght for to dresse, To reste in quyete, lord, sende thy grace downe, Thy Light & ise, sende downe thy ryghtwysnesse, Thy lyght of grace for consolaciouw, Thy ryghtwysnesse my passage for to dresse, By parfyte prayer and deuociovm, 108

To reste in quyete, lord, sende thy grace downe, Me to conuey that ther be noon obstacle,

Thy light, sende downe thy ryghtwysnesse, Thy light, sende downe thy ryghtwysnesse, Thy light of grace for consolaciouw, Thy light of grace for consolaciouw, 112

(15)

And I shall enter vp to thy Autere,

And I shall enter up to Thy altar.

And I shall enter to thy Autere, Made strong in spyryt, groundyd in sadnesse, For as me semeth, courage, face, & chere

And I shall enter to thy Autere, Made strong in spyryt, groundyd in sadnesse, For as me semeth, courage, face, & chere

Rejoysyd byn with spirituall gladnesse; 116

My yowthe ayene renewyd to hys fresshnesse,

My yowthe ayene renewyd to hys fresshnesse,

Whyche of oldc custome in vyces was apallyd,

Tyll thyne expert gracious goodnesse

Hath my last ende, Agein1 to mercy callyd. 1Age in Ms. 120

(16)

Confitebor tibi in cithara deus deus meus. [leaf 207, back]

I shall [be] shryne & confesse vnto the,

I shall be shiven unto Thee.

In that harpe whyche for owre alther goode

Was set and wrestyld on Caluary, on a tre,

When all thy senewys were streynyd on the roode, 124

Mary and Iohn, vnlyr thy crosse they stoode,

Mary and Iohn, vnlyr thy crosse they stoode,

The Virtues of the Mass.

With wepyng eyen, sownyng oft[e] tyme,
Tyll the repaste of our eternall foode
On Estyr morow rose vp afore pryme.

(17)
Quare tristis es anima mea & quare conturbas me.
O thow my soule, how mayst thow heny be,
Syth Cryst hath bought the with hys passion?
What cause hast thow [for] to trobyll me?
Thy lord was sleyne for thy redempcion,
Gafe he nat also for thy refeccion,
On Sherethursday, in fourme of wyne & brede,
Hys blessyd body in consolacion,
And on Good Fryday he was for the dede.

(18)
Spera in deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi salutare
vultas mei & deus mens.

Trust in God, and be ryght well certayne,
Voyde of dyspeyre or ambiguyte,
For vnto hym I shall shryue agayne,
My gostly ioy gayne all aduersyte,
Whyche ys thy socour, alias, whom shall I drede?
Gayne worldly perylles and infernall pouste
He sparyd nat hys blood for me to blede.

(19)
The Moralysacion of hys Aray when he goth to Masse. [In Stow's hand] John Lydgate.

Vppon hys heede An Amyte hurst he leythe,
Whyche ys a sygne, a token, and a fygure,

126 offte S. of W. ofT. 127 To h. 128 esterne S.
Estren h. yp] om. h. the prime h. after H. 129 maistow L. 131 for to S W B H A. 132 Was nat thy lorde h. 133-136 om. A. for to S H. 136 he] om. h. was he nat S H W. 137 wele righte A. 183 or] B H W h. and of Infeilcete B. cf. l. 141. 139 be shryve h S. me shryve B. confesse me H. 140 agayne B W S A. all om. 'S H. 141 be wiche ins. A. the] my A. 142 he my socour ys L S H B A. whom] whi H h. shuld h A. schuld A. 143 pouste] om. B. perel h. 144 body h. 145 ff S here puts the garments, etc., on the margin. Moralsacio sacerdotis tocinis apparatus in missa, etc. A. 145 âât] om. S. the prist hath h. 146 tokene of h. a 3] om. H.
The Virtues of the Mass.

Owtward a shewynge, groundyd on the feythe.

The large Awbe, by record of scripture,

Ys ryghtwynnesse, perpetually to indure.

The long gyrdyll, clennesse and chastyte,

Rounde on the arme, the faunon doth assure
All soburnesse, knyt with humlyyte.

(20)

Cause why the stoole and Chesypyll ys.

The stoole also, strechyng fer in leynghth,

Ys of doctors the Angelyk doctrine,

Mawgre herytykes to stonde in his streyngh,

Fro Crystes law neuer to decline.

Chesypyll aboue, with charyte shall shyne,

Bryght as Phebus in hys mydday spere,

To frende and foo streche out his beames clere.

(21)

A parfyte preste made strong with thys Armure,

Tofore the Auter as Crystes champioune,

Shall stond vpryght, & make a discomfyture,

All our .iij. enmyes venquysshe and bere downe,

The fleshe, the world, Satan that fell dragowne,

Furst to begynne or he further passe,

With contryte hert and lowe confessiowne,

And so procede devoutly to the masse.

(22)

To God aboue, set hath hys desiyr,

So that his charyte shyne clere and bryght,

The Virtues of the Mass.

Afore the gospel he nedys must haue fyre,
Torche, taipy, or wax candyllyght, 1
Token that Cryst, who consydyr aryght,
Ys verray bryghtnesse of lyght, whyche ys eterne,
To chase away all derkenes of the nyght,
In parfyte lyfe to guyde vs, and gonerne. 176

(23)
Gynnyng the offyce thre tymes rehersyd.

Beginning the Office, by trebyll rehersayle,
Of custom vsyd the repeticion,
Tokeneth the fuyre brennyng in the entrayle,
Of olde prophets by inspiracion,
Whiche had a feythfull fervent inspeccion
Of Crystes commyng, by all theyr prophesyes,
Of hys byrthe and incarnacion,
For whyche the Office is rehersyd thryes. 184

(24)
Declaration of the Kyrie.

Kyrie and Cryst, in nombre thryes thre,
Wordys of Greke, playnly to determyne,
Of mer[c]y2 callyng to the Trynyte
With gostly grace hys pepyll to enlumyne.
The nombre ys token of the ordres nyne,
Our orysons and prayers to present,
To Cryst Iesu most gracious & benygne
Goodly to accept the fyne of our intent. 192

(25)
Gloria in excelsis.

Gloria in excelsis deo, next in ordyr song,
Tokyn of vnyte and parfyte pese,

At Crystes byrthe herde in Latyn tong,
Hygh in the eyre by Aungellys douteles,
Present shepardedys, whyche for theyr encrese
Toward Bethleem beholding a bryght sterre,
By grace inspyryd, put hensylf in prese
To see that chylde, whyche styn[e] shall our werre. 200

(26)
Thus trebyll pease in Bethleem fyrst began,
When Cryst was born, of grace hit dyd fall,
The fyrst[e] pese betwyxt God and man,
Twene man And Aungell, and nacions all;—
Grounde of thys pese lay in An ox stall,
Porely wrappyd, lord of the hygh empyre;
To see that chylde, whyche stynt[e] shall our werre.

(27)
Then foloweth the Orison.

The Orison.
For all Crystyn deuoutly for to prey,
The prest at masse shall sey an oryson,
For lyuyng pepyll that they may, or they dey,
Hane repentanunce, shryft, and communyoune,
Soules in peyne, relese and pardoune,
Grace thorow all nacions, loue and charyte,
Pacience to folkes, that byn in prisoune,
Helpe to all nedy that lyue in pouerte.

(28)
The Epystyll next And what hit betokeneth.

The Epistle. The Epistyll next ys fygure of the sonde
When Cryst fyrst sent, the booke maketh mension,

196 doutelesse A. 197 theyr the S. for] of W. 198 by-
helden H L. a) the h. 199 they put ins. W. 200 se thylke W. stynte H L W. 201 Thus]This h B A W. The S. 202 oure grace doide A. 203 fyrste S. firste A. betwexe] S. by-
The Virtues of the Mass.

Hys disciples, and made hem take on honde
To preche hys name in euery regioune;
Petyr, Poule, Iohan, James, sent doune
Theyr epysteles, by whos vertew gan cease
The synagoges dominacion,
And Crystes fylthe by vertew gan encrease.

(29)
The Epystyll ys a tokyn and a fygure,
As seyen doctors of law and prophesy,
Of Crystys commyng, by euident scripture,
As patryarkes Aforne dyd specyfy.
And baptyst Iohan, sone of Zachary,
As a bydyll tolde howe Emanuell,—
Aforne remembryd by olde Isay,—
Howe on that name shuld grow[e] the gospell.

(30)
And semblyably, so as the morow gray
Ys messynger of Phebus vprysyng,
And bryngeth tydnyges of the glad[e] day,
So the Epystyll, by processe of redyng,
To vs declareth most gracious tydnyng,
Of the gospell, recorde for that party
Mathew the euangelyst, affermeth by wrytyng
Of Crist Iesu all the Genology.

(31)
The Grayle next.
Aftyr the epystyll foloweth the grayle,
Token of Ascendyng vp from gre to gre,
In vertew vpward procedyng stound[e]mele,
The grounde fyrst take at humylyte,
Reysyd by grace, fetyhe, hope, and charyte,

219 pam A. yn L. 220 prechyn S. 221 Peter Andrewe James
Johan he sente downe W. Iamyse A. 222 whome sic W. 223
all the ins. W. 225 pystyll S, etc. Epistle A. a 2] om. L. a
very W. 226 and of ins. A. 227 by] and A. 228 before W.
229 Iohan baptyst B.W. baptzyd L. the sone ins. L.A. 230 bedel
growe S. stanza 30 om. h. 233 so] righte A. 234 is a ins. W.
235 gladde S. glade A. 236 Loo dothe ins. A. propheycye S.
238 for] as HLS of A. 240 crystys byrth HL A S margin
Gradale. 241 Pystyll S, etc. Grayell S. 243 procedyng sic
W. om. L. stoned evelle sic A. 244 tak fyrst S. taken L.
ytake A. take] om. W. 245 Reysyng HL. Ryseth W. with L.

LYDGATE, M. P.
The Virtues of the Mass.

With parfyte connyng and humble pacience,
With compassion and fraternall pyte,
In Crystes passion set hoole theyr confyndence. 248

(32)
The Alleluya the Sequence and the Tract.

Alleluya, in ordyr next folowyng,
Tokeneth prayer for our saluacion,
Twyes remembryd, for lawde and for praysyng,
With denout hert and hole affececcion,
To Cryst dyrect, that suffryd passion,
Our souerayn lord, most parfyte and most goode,
The tracte, the sequence, for short conclusion,
Sung in his lawde that for vs shed his bloode. 256

(33)
The Gospell.

The gospell gynneth with tokenes of Tay,
The book furst crosyd, and afthyr the forhede,
Iesus our shylde, our streynghth, in all vertew,
On Good Fryday clad in purpyll rede,
A crowne of thorne set sharply on his hede,
Foure Fuangelystes rememhre hit in substaunce,
Vs to defende from all worldly drede,
In Crystes gospell stant hoole our cheuysaunce. 264

(34)
Credo in solemnpe dayes.

The gospell rad, A Crede afthyr he seyth,
Solemnpe dayes for a remembrancce,
The Virtues of the Mass.

Of twelfe Artycles longyng to our feth, Whyche we ar bownde to leene in our creaunce;

Rather to dy than Any varyaunce

In any poynt were\(^1\) in our herte founde,

For fethye with werke to God doth gret plesaunce,

Lat vs therfore belene as we ar bownde.

(35)

By interpretacion, who wysely can aduerte, [leaf 200, back]

The Offertory ys namyd of offryng,

As when a man offreth to God hys herte,

Rychest oblacion rekenyd by wrytyng,

And for Melchysedeck, bothe preest and kyng,

Gane brede and wyne to Abraham for vctory,

Whycye oblacion in fygure remembryng

Eche day at masse ys sede an offertory.

(36)

Tokyn that Iesu, our souerayne and our lorde,

Agayne our febylnesse and our impotence,

Left on the Awter callyd Crystes owne borde

Hys body, hys blood, relyques of most reuerence,

We to receue hem with devoute diligence,

In forme of brede and wyne for a memory,

Fygure that the chyef lambe of Innocence

Offryd vp hys body, grounde of our offertory.

The Virtues of the Mass.

(37)
The Secrete and the Preface

The Secrete.
The Preface.

Next the secrete aftyr the offertory,

The prefas foloweth afore the sacrament, 1 MS. aftyr.

Aungellys reioyse with lawde, honour, and glory,

From the heuynely court by grace they ar sent,

And at the Masse abyde and be present,

All our prayers deuowtly to report

To hym that syt aboue the firmament,

Sowlys in peyne they refresshe and comfort.

(38)
The Sanctus sung thryes

Sanctus.

The oolde prophete, holy Isay,

Saw hygh in heuyn a trone of dignyte,

Where Seraphyn sang with every Ierarchy,

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, before the Trynyte;

Aftyr the preface, rehersyd tymes thre,

With voyce melodyous, and aftyr that Osanna,

Hygh in excelsis, tofore the mageste,

Afore the sacrament of our gostly manna.

(39)
Of.ij. Memento.

Memento.

Of memento at masse ther byn twyne,

The first remembreth of folk that byn alyue,

And the second for theym that suffre peyne,

Whyche by the masse byn deliueryd blyue

Out of torment, as clerkes can dyscryue,
Syngyng of massys, and Crystes passion, 
And remembraunce of hys woundys fyue, 
May most avayle to theyr remission. 312

(40)
With all your myght, and in your best intent, 
Awayteth aftyr the consecracion, 
At lyftyng vp of the holy sacrament 
Seythe "Iesu, mercy!" with hooly affeccion, 
Or seythe som other parfyte oryson, 
Lyke as ye haue in custom deuoutly, 
Or ellys seythe thys compilacion 
Whyche here ys wretyn ondyr by and by. 320

(41)
Here foloweth a lyttel prayer made and compyled by 
hy(m that made thys tretyse vndyr correccion. [John Lydgate. Stow.]
Hayle, holy Iesu, our helthe oure goostly foode, 
Hayle, blyssyd lord, here in forme of brede, 
Hayle, for mankynde offryd on the roode, 
For oure Redempcion with thy blood made reede, 324 
Stung to the hert with a speres heede; 
Now, gracyous Iesu, for thy woundys fyue, 
Graunt of thy mercy, to-forne or I be dede, 
Clene hosyll and schryft, whyle I am here alyue. 328

(42)
O lambe vp offryd for man in sacrifyce, 
Naylyd to the crosse of mercyfull mekenesse,
Whos bloode downe raylyd on most pyteous wyse,  
To scowre the rust of all my wykydnesse;  
Of all my synnes to the I me confesse,  
Now lord, mercy put nat in delay,  
But graunt me, Iesu, of thyne hygh goodnesse,  
Meke shryft and hosyll before myne endyng day.  

(43)

O blessyd frute, borne of a pure virgyne!  
Whych with thy passion boughtest me so dere,  
For Maryes sake, thyne cares downe enclyne,  
Here myne Oryson by meanes of her pryere,  
Voyde of all vertew, sane oonly of thy grace;  
Graunt in the fourme that I see the here,  
The to recexe, I haue lyfe and space.  

(44)

My lord, my maker, my sauyour, and my kyng,  
When I was lost, thow were my redemptoure,  
Supporte and socow here in thyng,  
Agayne all enemyes my souerayn protectoure;  
My chyef comfort in all worldly laboure,  
Graunt me, lord, confession, repentance,  
Or I of dethe passe the sharpe shoure,  
The to recexe vnto thy plesaunce.

(45)

Late thy modyr be present in thy desnede,  
That I may clayne, of mercy more than ryght,
The Virtues of the Mass.

Myne herytage, for whych ye thow dedyst blede,
    And graunt me, Iesu, of thy gracious myght,
Eche day of the for to have a syght,
For gostly gladnesse to my lynys ende,
    And in spyrity to make myn hert[e] lyght,
The to recewe or I hense wende.

(46)
O pascali lambe in Isaac fyguryd,
    Owre spirytuall Manna, brede contemplatyf,
Sent downe from heuyn, in whyclie we byn assuryd
Geyne all owre foone, strengest confortatyf,
    Tokenyd in paradyse vppon the tree of lyfe,
Whyche shuld Adam restore vnto hys place,
Graunt me, Iesu, for a restoratyf,
Thee to recewe or I hense wende.

(47)
Thow art in fygure, O blessyd lord Iesu!
Agayne sathan myne heuynly champion,
My Iosue, my prince of most vertu,
    That hyng .vij. kynges vp at Gaboon,
My gostly Sampson, whyche strangyldest the lyon,
    And slowe the dragon with all hys hedys seuen;
Graunt, or I dy, Cryst, for thy passyon,
I may receve thys brede sent downe from heuene.

(48)
As I seyde erst, of Aungellys thow art foode,
    Repaste to pylgryms in theyr pylgremage,
Celestial brede to chyldren that byn goode,
Figuryd in Isaac, thrytty yere of age,
    Vp to Caluary when thou take thy passage,

356 gracious] grete L. glorious h. om. W. Iesu lordes l. 357
Iche h A. onys of ins. l. for to ins. A.
    And h. into W. 359 herte S. soale l. 360 when I schall hen wende.
henes L. I ends here. 361 specyalle sic A. inl by H.L. ysaye
Wysacce A. 362 speciell H.L.W.S. 363 pe wiche ins. A.
364 Ageyn L.H. Ageynes A. alle om. h. hat is strongest.
365 vpon] if H.L. 366 to H.L. have restored Adam W. 369-376 om. B. 371 Iesus h.
    372 prynces H.L. vpon a gabyonn h. 373 pe wiche A. strangest H.L.
    374 all his] The H.L. 376 descended W. H ends here 378 vnto W.
posse W.
The Virtues of the Mass.

O Iesu, mercy, graunt or I be dede,
And or decrepitus put me in dotage,
To haue a repaste of thy celestiall brede. 384

Have mercy on me!

Amen.

(49)

My gostly trust, charyte, hope, and feythe,
Myne aduertence, my mynde, and my memory,
All of Acorde my solew vnto the semyth,
Hawe on me mercy, O souerayn kyng of glory, 388

Whyche syttyst hyghest in the heuynly consystory,
Iesu, lat mercy surmount thy Rygour,
That thy passyon allay my purgatory,
Furst by receuyng of thee, my sanyour. 392

(50)

Furst, to exctye and meue your corages
To denout prayer of hole afection,
The Pater-noster to all maner of Ages
Ys most accordyng, most souerayn of renowne;
Iesus hymself made that orysowne,
Taught his dyscyples how they shuld prey,
Muse not hereon, make no comparysowne,
To hys doctryne all crystyn men must obey. 400

(51)

Short and compendyouse, vp strecliyng to heuene,
Vnto that hygh celestiall mansyons,
Eche clause out-tolde, dyuydyd into seuen,
As most notable gyryous petycyons,
Clerkes all conclude in theyr resons,
Aboue all prayers hath the soone raynte,
So hit be seyde in your affecyons,
Of gostly lone, and parfyte charyte. 408
The Virtues of the Mass.

Without charity anything avails,

To clothe nakyd, or hungry folk to fele,

Vysyte the seke, or prysoner in theyr mede.  
Herborow the pore, ne noon Almesdede,  
Nor all these vertues of trouthe be well sought,

Your Pater-noster, your Aue, nor your Crede,
Where charity fayleth, profyteth lytyll or nought.

Beware, ye prestes, when ye jour masse syng
That loue and charity be not fer absent.
That your conscience and ye be of assent
Or ye receue the holy sacrament,
Enny and ranconr that they be set asyde
And parfyte charity be ay with yow present,
That grace to godward may be your souerayn gyde.

Pater-noster, yef hit be sayde aryght.
Hit doth include all parfeccion,
So that grace holde the torche lyght
That charity, by trew affecion
And feruent loue, hane dominacion
From hys place all haterede to remewe,
That false ennuy hane no possessyon,
Then ys thys prayer seyde in hys ordre dewe.

The Virtues of the Mass.

Why Agnus ys syde iij tymes

Agnus dei, for mercy, peace and concord.

The first[e] twyne beseeching for mercy,
The thryd[e] prayeth for peace and wynte,
Agayne peryll mortall and worldlly,
Cryst as a lambe was ofyrde on the crosse,
Grogyd nat but suffyrd pacently,
To make redempcion, and reforme our losse.

Dilectus meus candidus & rubicundus

Thys lambe remembryd in Salamon[y]s songys,
Callyd Canticorum, most amorous of delyte,
In reformacion of our contagious wrongys,
Whylyom was song thys lambe, both rede and whyte,
Rede and rubyfried by full gret dyspyte,
Hys blessyd body with blood was so dysteynyd,
The Angelyk whytnesse cowde fynde no respyte,
With blody dropys hys face was so bereynyd.

Thys Paschall lambe on Estyr day he rose,
Callyd bothe a lambe and a lyon,
A lambe for offryng, whyche lay .iij. dayes close,
Lowe in the erthe for oure saucion,
Bat at hys myghty resurreccion
He namyd was the lyon of Iuda,
For whyche the churche, reioysyg that seson,
Syngeth for gladnesse full oft Alheluya.

Agnus dei

Thys Agnus dei brought with hym pease
To all the world at hys Natyuyte,
Grace, gladnesse, of vertew gret encrease,
For whyche the pepyll of hygh and lowe degre
Kysse the pax, a tokyn of vnyte,
Whyche kyssyng doth playnly signyfy
Howe Pease ys cause of all felcyte
Of folk gouernyd by prudent polycy.

Postcomon

At the Postcomon the preste doth hym remew,
On the ryght syde seyth Dominus Vobiscum,
Fyue tymes the pepyll doth salew
Duryng the masse, as made ys mencyon,
Fygure the day of hys Resurreccyon,
Fyue tymes sothly he dyd appere
To hys dyscyples for consolacion,
And first of all to hys modyr dere.

Salue sancta Parens

"Salue sancta parens," he to hys modyr sayde,
Whycyhe was to her reioysyng souerayne,
With these wordys when cryst Iesu abrayde,
Vppon whos vpryst Mary Magdalayne
With wepyng eyen, for constreynt of hyr peyne
Abode the rysyng of hyr lord Iesu
With other Maryes the gospell telleth tweyne
Brought oynementis most souerayn [of] vertu.
The Virtues of the Mass.

(61)

Poetys seyen howe lone hath no law,—

Thyng well expert in these ladyes thre,

Wyche woke anyght,\(^1\) rose or the day gan daw,

Of womanhede and femynyte, \(1\) MS. knight. 484

Desyre and lone, and womanly pyte,

Causyd theym theyr iorney for to take,

Erly on morow, the sepulture for to se,

Of Cryst Iesu almyghty they dyd wake. 488

(62)

Let us love Him too, and

rise early, as they did, to hear our mass.

Lat vs as trewly, in our inward intent,

As erly rye, masse for to here,

With suche devotion as these ladys went,

In parfyte charyte, and with lone as entyere, 492

To seke theyr lorde and theyr spouse dere;

Take we ensampyll, lat vs do no lasse,

By morall menyng folow we the manere,

Erly eche morow for to here masse. 496

(63)

Ite missa est

Aftyr the prest seyth Ite missa est,

Grauntheth the pepyll a maner of lycence

To depart, and he toward the Est

Lyfteth vp hys handes, with dew reuemece,

Praying for all that were in presence,

To hame theyr part of all that he hath do,

Takyng theyr leue, denoutly with sylence,

The ende abydyng of In Principio. 504

The Virtues of the Mass.

(64)

Partyng from masse, with pese and vnyte,

Fyguryed was whylom in Exodo,

When chyldren of Israel, fer from theyr contre,

Retornyd agayne, mawgre kyng Pharao,

The Rede See partyd was on two,

A pronostyk in theyr pylgremage,

That Crystes masse shuld vs delyuer also

From Sathanas myght, owt of all servage.

(65)

And as clerkes in bookes eke rehearse,

In conclusion accordyng all in oon,

Howe that Cyrus, whylom kyng of Perse,

To prysoners, that were in Babilon,

Gafe lycence and fredom for to gon,

Ierusalem agayne to edyfy,

Ryght as the fredome of vs euerychon,

Renewyd was by commyng of Messy.

(66)

As in desert the chyldren of Israel,

Fedde with manna, abode there fourty yere,

We, Crystes pepyll, folowyng the gospell,

Lat vs by grace be of ryght good chere,

Oure gostly food at mete and at sopere,

Thorowgh his desert, all peryles for to passe,

Best refeccion to glade all our chere

Ys euery morow erly to here masse.

(67)

Lord, of thy grace graunt whyle we byn here,

In this deserld worldy wyldyrnesse,
Lord, grant us to hear mass aright.  

With lyfe accordyng our masse so to here,  
That pease and charyte, compassion and clennesse,  
May so contynew and shyne in theyr brightnesse,  
With fulsom hand of almesdele,  
To enspyre the rychte to part theyr rychesse,  
With poore folk in heuyn shalbe their mede.  

The Virtues of the Mam.  

Helps the sick, pilgrims,  
Lord, grant With lyfe accordyng our masse so to here,  
With fullsom hand of almesdele,  
To enspyre the rychte to part theyr rychesse,  
With poore folk in heuyn shalbe their mede.  

The hearing of mass is of great value.  

Heryng of masse yeueth a grete rewarde,  
Gostly helthe agayns all sykenesse,  
And medycyne, recorde of Seynt Bernardo,  
To pepyll impotent, that playne for febylnesse,  
To feyt refresshyng in theyr werynesse,  
And vnto folk that goon on pylgremage,  
Hit maketh hem strong, set hem in sekyrnesse,  
Gracyously to explete theyr vyage.  

The myghty man, hit maketh hym more strong,  
Recomforteth the seke in hys langour,  
Yeueth pacience to theym that suffren Auvrong,  
The laborer bereth vp in hys labour,  
To thowghtfull pepyll refresshyng and socour,  
Gracyous counsayll to folk dysconsolate,  
Susteyneth the feble, conueyeth the conquerour,  
Maketh marchauntes theyr feyrues fortunate.  

(68)  
The vertu of herenyng of the masse after the opynyon of Seynt Bernard.  [Lydgate: Stow.]  

The hearing Hervng of masse yeueth a grete rewarde, of miss is of great Gostly helthe agayns all sykenesse, And medycyne, recorde of Seynt Bernardo, To pepyll impotent, that playne for febylnesse, To feyt refresshyng in theyr werynesse, And vnto folk that goon on pylgremage, Hit maketh hem strong, set hem in sekyrnesse, Gracyously to explete theyr vyage.  

The myghty man, hit maketh hym more strong, Recomforteth the seke in hys langour, Yeueth pacience to theym that suffren Auvrong, The laborer bereth vp in hys labour, To thowghtfull pepyll refresshyng and socour, Gracyous counsayll to folk dysconsolate, Susteyneth the feble, conueyeth the conquerour, Maketh marchauntes theyr feyrues fortunate.  

(69)  

Maketh men more meke to theyr correccion, makes people meek,

In gostly loue feruent and amorous, 556

Hyt yeueth swetnesse and delectacion gives good speed,

To all the pepyll, that byn graceyous,

Trewe obedience to folke relygyous, 560

Grace at departyng, seyth Seynt Iohn to borow,

Good spede, good happe, in Cyte, towne, & hous,

To all that here denoulyt masse at morow.

Heryng of masse doth passyng gret auayle, causes the blessing of the saints,

At nede, at myschyef, folk hit doth releue,

Causyd Seynt Nycholas to yeu good counsayle,

And Seynt Iulian good herburgh at eue,

Beholde Seynt Crystofer, noone enemy shall yow greue,

And Seynt Loy your iorney shall preserve,

Horse ne caryage that day shall nat myschewe,

Masse herde aforne, who doth these seynetes serue.

Partyng from masse, gynning our iorney, Michael,

Call Seynt Michael, your pase to fortyfy,

For solayne haste, and goode prosperyte, Gabriel,

And for glad tydyng, Seynt Gabryell shall yow guy,

And Raphael, recorde of Thoby,

Shalbe your leche and your medycyne,

Masse herde aforne, your hertes doth apply,

These observaunces to kepe[n] or ye dyne.

Albon for Englund, Seynt Denyse for Fraunce,

Blessyd kyng Edmund for royall goumiayle.

Thomas of Caunterbury for hys make sufraunce,  
At Westmynster Seynt Edward shall nat fayle,  
That none enemy shall hurt or preuayle,  
But that Seynt George shall make yow frely passe,  
Holde vp your baner in pease and in batayle,  
Eche day when ye devoutely here masse.  

(580)  

Thus ys the masse the spere and eke our shylde,  
Our myghty puyse, our swerde, andoure defense,  
Our myghty castell, our sheltron in the fyld,  
Our stre[n]gest bolwerk, agayn all violence,  
For who that euer abydeth with reverence  
Tyll In Principio, conclusion of the masse,  
Grace shall guyde hym, and conducte hys presence,  
Agayne all hys foon of hygh estate or lasse.  

[lydgate: Stow.]  

Wordys of Seynt Augustyne In fascicu/o Mortis of the medys of the Masse.  
[Iohn lydgate: Stow.]  

(582)  

That day a man devoutely hereth masse,  
Wylly he ys present he shall nat wexe[n] olde,  
In goyng thedyr. hys steppes more and lasse  
Ben of Aungell nombred and [y]tolde,  
Hys veniall synnes, rekenyd manyfolde,  
Of neglygence and othes that byn lyght,  
They byn foryeuen, for grace passyth golde,  
And all that tyme apeyreth nat hys syght.  

(592)  

Heryng of masse letteth no viage,  
As hit hath well be preuayd in certeyne,  

W.S. Seyn Thomas ins. A. 582 that] om. W S h Q.  
make] om. A. frely to W. 584 devoutely here A.  
also A. 587 sheltron] tent B. 588 grettset SW B L.  
589 who] om. S. will habide A. with] om. A.  
at reuerebence A. 590 the conclusyoun W. 591 conduce h.  
That man dayly devoutely heryng B.  
B. wexen S L h. 595 de] or C. 596 angeles L. angels  
reuelys S W. y tolde L. i tolde W. ynombird A.  
600 that] the h. 601 of] a h. leftys A. 602 be] om. h. in]  
wele for A.
The Virtues of the Mass.

Prayer at masse doth gret avantage,
With Crystes passion, to soulys in theyr peyne;  

The masse also doth other thynges tweyne,
To soule and body yeueth consolacion,
Yf he passe that day by deth sodeyne,
Stant for hosyll and hys communyon.

(77)
Of mete and drynke receuyd at the table,
Masse herde aforn 1ar more1 confortatyf, — MS. at morow
In dowbyll wyse, playnly, thys ys no fable,
To soule and body yeueth consolacion,
If he dies, it stands for communyon.

(78)
So as Manna was a Restauratyf
To chyldren of Israel, gayne bodyly trauayle,
Lat vs well trust in our ymagynatyf,
How moche the syght may helpe[n] and preuayle,  620
Of the sacrament imposseybyll for to fayle
Vs to susteyne in bodyly gladnesse,
Geyne goostly foon, more then may plate or mayle,
Namely that day when we here masse.

(79)
So as the hede hath a precellence
Aboue all membres in comparyson,
So Cryst Iesu of hys magnyfyeence,
Thorow his dyuynye dysposycion,
Set the masse, for short conclusion,

603 pereyre sic S. at the A. grettest SA h LW. grettyth C.
604 other] om. L. 605 it doth ins. h. 606 be the dethe
ins. S. 607 be the dethe a. 608 Yf stant ins. S L. Stondyth B. his hosyll S.
Hyt stondyth for housyll schryfte & convivioun sic C. 610 arne more
S. harmowr B. be more W. at morow T. maketh mete
A. 612 the] om. S B. The to encerce of vertu h. regrecyatyf L.
calle S. 615 so WH L h A. To T. stryfe] lyiff S. agayne A.
616 Revynth sic B. he] that h. a masse ins. S. 617 a] om. W.
618 To be A ins. agaynes A. 619 trust wele h. well] om.
620 helpen SH L A. 621 for] om. L.
622 Agaynes alle ins. A. may] om. L h. 624 we denouly
ins. W. that] thy L. whenne that ins. A. Lines 625-32,
633-40 interchanged W. 625 thy hede L S. a] om. S. pre-
excellence A. 627 So] To S. his] om. W.

LYDGATE, M. P.
On Saturday, the gospel ye may rede,
    For a prerogatyf aboue eche oryson,
To helpe all tho that call hym in theyre nele. 632

(80)
Masse herde aforne, the wynde ys nat contrary, [leaf 214]
    To Maryners that day in theyr sayling,
And all thynge that ys necessary,
    God sent to porayle that day to theyr fedyng;
Women also that goon on traualaying,
    Folk well expert haue therof founde a prefe,
That herde masse in the mornyng,
    Were delyneryd and felt no myschefe. 640

(81)
Som folk afferme in theyr opynyon,
    Seyen that they haue rad hit in story,
A Masse ys egall to Cristes passion,
    To helpe sowlys out of purgatory,
Masse to all vertu, grettest directory,
    Whyche conveyeth and ledeth a man to grace,
Heryng masse, enprynte in thy memory,
    To knele or stonde and change nat thy place.

(82)
All [these] thynge peysyd in balance,
    Lat folk a morow vp aryse,
Furst of entent, to God to do plesaunce,
    In theyr hertes wysely adu^ytyse,
No tyme ys lost duryng that servyce,
    But that God shall dyspose in any wyse
To encrese all thynge that they gone abowte.

656

630 Ve] he S. 631 other orysons B. above] aboute W. 632
calleth hym L. tho] om. A. to hym calle at W. 634 marioners
S sic. 635 thynge L. theynge L. thynge that day that is ins. W. 636
preynge W. peple C. [ins] to A. 637 yu ther L. 638 Folk
Full S. han ber of ypree A. 639 have herd ins. W L. morow-
cynge L A. 640 Were well ins. S. Weren faire ins. A. felt] had
L. no woy nor h. 642 And seye W. And seide ins. A. they]
om. h. 644 om. A. out of] in C. 646 hydeth S. to] by
h A W C. bryngeth a man to grace L. 647 they] the C. 649 A
inserts a line at this point: For the helthe of this saule eternall.
at he morn A. on the morowe W. 651 And firste of hole ins.
A. to do to gol L. to [2nd]om. h A. 652 wysely to ins. S L.
654 he wiche A. pleynly om. L. 655 that] om. W.
The Virtues of the Mass.

(83)

Leonoy.

Go lytyll treatyse, requyre the folk of grace
That shall of the haue inspection,
Be nat to bolde to appere in no place
Of malapertnesse nor presumpcion,
Thyn Auctor sympyll, though of affeccion
He meneth well, pray hem that shall the rede
With goodly support to do correccion
Thee to reforme where as they se neede.

Explicit [Lydgate: Stow.]

657 and require ins. L. Go thou h. of folke grace A. 658 have of the L. 659 Bot be A. aperen S. to appere in no] in no maner B. 660 ne of h. 662 may well B. to] om. h. 664 Explicit quod Lydgate Amen L. Quod Johannes Lydgate vnder correccion S. S adds: Adde Iesuis fine quociens tu dixeris tue / Bis triginta dies venie fiet tibi merces.

leaf 214, back. T adds the following spurious lines:
Seynt Austyne noteth how the Angell of heuen declarlyd to hym the Merytes of the Masse that men Receue in Heryng deuoutly A Masse.

Now herken euery man bothe more and lesse
What mede ye receu to here your messe
As that telleth vs the doctor syeht Austyne
For these byn hys wordys and nat myne
For that day man hereth masse with good entent
And worshyppeth the holy sacrament
He shall receueth thys mede for hys tranayle
Yef he be clene of lyfe he may nat fayle
Of lyght speche that day and sweryng
And of other synnes owt foryetyng
The sacrament what day that he see
For defawte of mete ne peryssheth nat he
In that day leseth he no bodly syght
By vertu of the sacramentes myght
Ne that day shall he dy soden dethe
The sacrament to se in forme of brede
And yef he dy nat hoselyd the same day
That holy syght hym howseleth without nay
And all the whyle man hereth hys masse
He ageth nat Austyn bereth wytnesse
And all the weyes and paces odde or euon
They byn nombryd abone in heuen
For whyche tranayle man receneth mede
In the blysse of heuen withouten drede
Thys meryte ech wyght that lyneth clene
Hath that hereth the masse hydene
Thus sayde the Angell to Austyne here lynyng
Of the sacrament and the Masse seying
Now Iesu lord for thy myght
Thow graunt vs grace to here masse aryght.

Explicit.
III. On Kissing at Verbum Caro Factum Est.

1 A Lytyll compilation declaryng when men kysse in Churche stooe or erthe Tymbre or Iron. What they shuld remembre therby. [John Lydgate Verbum Caro factum est: Stow.] [1 leaf 215]

(1) O] denout pepyll whyche kepe an observaunace 
Lowly in churche to kysse stooe or tre,
Erthe or yron, haue in remembranace
What they do meane, take the moralyte; 4
Erthe tokeneth furst the pure humanyte
Of Cryst Iesu, the stone hys sepulture,
The spere of steele, the sharpe nayles thre,
Made large his woundes, remembryd in scripture. 8

(2) Thykke on the crosse, made of four dynerse trees.
As Clerkes seyn, of Cedyr and Cypresse,
To hygh estates and folkes of lowe degrees
Cryst brought in pease, the Olyfe bereth wytnesse; 12
The Cedre aloft, contemplatyf swintnesse,

MSS. Trinity College Cam. R. 3. 21, leaf 215 = T; Harley 2255, leaf 113, back, to 11 = H; Laud 683, leaves 87, back, to 88 = L;
Jesus Coll. Cam. 56, leaves 72, back, to 73 = J; Ashmole 59, leaves 56, back, to 57 = A; Balliol Coll. 354, leaf 155 = B; Caius Coll. Cam. 174, p. 455 = C; Harley 2251, leaf 9 = L.

Title: Verbum Caro Factum Est, H. . . . And jane shoule yee rede nextr a devote seyinge of verbum caro factum est A, Incipit de osculo sancto ad verbum caro factum est J, Here begynneth a tretis of the knelyng and kyssynge maad at verbum caro factum est L, om. C. 1 [o] B C, Ye [H J L K A h. a] 354 J H. one h. om. A.
kepe] have A. 2 [Lovel y] T B C. meekly H L A L. 3 hath in J L A H h C. kepe] be A. 4 What that it mene) take they A. do] om. H J L. doth meane and h. 5 As in T B C. . . . ys cleer tokne of the humanyte L J H h H h Cooke. 6 be stones signifey his A. his] the L J H h. 8 Causide his fyre woundis h H J L. Token. v. woundes A. And his large woundes B as in T, C. 9 Cryste crosse is made of A. of] in B. 10 and of H J. sayne sedre and of h J. of] om. A. 11 And] To H h R L A, and C B. 13-16 read in H h L J A namly whan vertu conserveth his gremnesse / looke on the signs and haue them in memory / how crystys passion was grounded on meeknesse / and how the palme flyghten his victorye.
The Fiftene Toknyss aforne the Doom.

Grane all these sygnes depe in thy memory,
   And howe hys passion was groundyd on mekenesse,
Geyne cruell Sathan to make vs haue vyctory. 16

(3)
These .iiiij. fygures combynyd in-to oon,
   Put in thy mynde for a memoryall,
Erthe and yron, iiiij trees and the stoon,
   To make vs fre where as we were thrall,
Crystes crosse as standard of most pryse,
Thynke howe the thyef for mercy dyd call,
   Tawght by thyres the way to paradyse. 24

(4)
Your hertes ey lyft vp in-to the Est,
   All yowre body and knees boweth downe,
When the preest seyth Verbum caro factum est,
   With all your inward contemplacion,
Your mowthe first of hygh devotion,
   Kyssyng the tokenes rehersyd here toforn,
Whyche for your sake weryd a crowne of thorne. 32

Explicit [John Lydgate: Stow.]

18. THE FIFTENE TOKNYS AFORN THE DOOM.

[From MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 117-118, back.]

As the doctour Sanctus Ieronimus,
Which that knew by inspiracion

The Fifteene Toknyss afor the Doom.

Fiftene toknyss, the scripture telleth yns,
And therof makith a declaracioun,
Afor the Iugement; and for conclusion

I The First day, the se shal ryse on heighte
Above al hillys, to ther inspecioun,
Fourty kybitys in euery mannys sight.

(2)

II The Secunde day, the se shal ek discendene
That vnethe it shal nat wel be seyn.

Animals shall fear.

Wilde beestys vpon the flood Rorende,

III The thridde day herd on mount and pleyn,
Foul, beeste and fyssh, shal tremble in certeyn,
Compleynyng in ther hydous moone
Up the skyes; this noyse nat maad in veyn,
For what they mene, God shal knowe alloone.

(3)

The sea shall rise,

and descend.

and ascend.

IV The Fourthe day, the watir and the see
Shal brenne as ony flawme light.

V The fiffte day, herbe, foul and tree
Shal be bloody dewed to the sight;
And alle foulys for feer shal take ther flight,
As they were echoon of assent
Nouthir Ete nor drynke, but lose strength & myght,
Oonly for feer of Cristes Iugement.

(4)

The sea shall burn.

Birds shall fly away.

VI The Sixte day, howsys Oon and alle,
Grete Castellys, tours maad of lym and stoon
Playn with the Erthe to grounde shal downe falle.
Fiery floodys, and watrys euerychoon,
Brennyng as Coolys with flawmys ovr goon.
Sparynge no thyng, tyl al be wast and spent
This Fiery flood shal ovr sprede anoon,
And Reche in heughte face of the firmament.

(5)

Fiery floods shall overwhelm castles and towers.

VII The Vijth day, stoonys Oon and alle
Alle they to-gidre shal mete sodeynly
On foure partyes shal assondir falle,
And in ther hurtlyng noyse dreadfully.
And no man shal knowe Opynly
What al thyng menyth, the hyd previte,
Nor enpowne the toknyes secrely,
But God alloone, in his hih maieste.

(6)

VIII The Viij' tokne in Ordre ye shal haue,
Folwyng in soth as ye shal vndistonde,
Ther shal been so gret an erthe-quave
That man nor beeste on ther feet shal stonde.

IX The ny[n]the day, pleynly as is the stronde,
Shal hyh mounteyns tourne in-to poudir smal,
As men shal seen, bothe fre and bonde,
Bothe hyl and dale of mesour so Egal.

(7)

X The teuthe day, from kavernys & ther kavys
Men shal come out, lyk folk that kan no good,
And renne abrood lyk drounke men pat Ravys,
Or as they weren frentyk, outhir wood,
Dedly pale, and devoyde of blood;
Nat speke a woord Oon vnto anothir,
As witles peple of resoun and of mood,
No queyntaunc maad, brothir vnto brothir.

(8)

XI The xij' signe, pleynly to devise,
As it is Remembrid in scripture,
Ded boonys that day shal aryse,
And grisly stonde on ther sepulture,
And shewyn outward a dreedful foule figure;
So to stonde al day, with boonys blak and donne;
Of doom abyde the dreedful aventure,
Tyl goyn goun of the bloody sonne.

(9)

XII The xij' day, mor dreedful than is werre,
Ageyns which shal be no Resistance,
Down from hevene shal fallen every sterre,
With firy levene and ferful violence,
And beestys alle shal comyn in presence
Prayers to Ten Saints.

With-Inne a feeld, and of verray drede
Nouthir Ete nor drynke for noon Indigence,
But krye, and howle, and dar hemself nat fede.  

120

(10)  

XIII The xiij day, men that ben alyve  
Shal deye echon, this is wel certeyn,  
And aftir that they shal aryse blyve,  
With othir bodyes to come to lyve ageyn,  

XIV The xiiiij day, ther shal also be seyn  
Hevene and erthe, verrayly in dede,  
Whoute refuse or ony maner geyn,  
Conswme and al into asshes dede.  

(11)  

The laste [day], accountyd ful fiftene,  
As Seyn Jerom pleyyny doth devise,  
Hevene and erthe al newe shal be sene,  
And alle bodyes shal that day arys;  
As this doctour setteth the emprise  
Of this mateer, God graunte, as I wisse,  
Afor this day that al men been so wyse  
Thorough Cristes passioun, that they may come to bliss.  

Explicit.

19. PRAYERS TO TEN SAINTS.

[MS. Bodley Laud, 683, leaves 24, back, to 27.]

These holy seyntys folwyng ar preuyledged of our lord  
Ihesu that what man or woman praieth to them  
rightfully shal hane his bone.  

(1) To Seynt Denys.

Blissed Denys, of Athenys cheef sonne,  
Sterre of Greece, charboncle of that contre,

MSS. Laud 683, leaves 24, back, to 27 = L; Harley 2255,  
70 to 72, back = H; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 73, back, to  
75 = J; Sidney Sussex Coll. 37, leaves 7-10 = S.  
Title: lacks HS Incipit de decem martiribus J.  
Margin: SHJ have only the  
Latin names Dionisius, Georgius, Cristoфорus, Blasius, Egidius,  
Katerina, Margareta, Martha, Cristina, Barbara.  
1 A blissed ins. S.
Prayers to Ten Saints.

Wich by prechynge to Cristis feith hast wonne 4 that won
The reem of ffrance and Paris the Cyte, France.
Pray for pi servauntis and alle pat trust in the,
To Crist Iesu in the hevenly consystorye
And them preserve from al aduersyte
That on pi passioun devoutly han memorie.

(2) To Seynt George.

Glorious George, o marter moost enteer,
To saue be mayde outraydest the dragoun,
Remembre on us in thy devout prayer,
Of Ynglond calyd protectour & patroun
Pray for sixte Henry and al this regioun
Of our enmyes by grace to han victorye,
And for alle tho, that with devossioun
On thy passion have every day memorie.

(3) To Seynt Crystofre.

Holy Christoffre, Geaunt of Stature,
That bar Iesu over the sterne fflood,
To pray for us do thy besy Cure,
On to that lord moost souereyn & most good,
Wich for mankynde was offred on the rood,
And pray for alle in the hevenly glorie,
To hym that shalde for us his precious blood,
Wich on pi passioun han euyr day memorie.

(4) To Seynt Blasy.

Bysshop Blasy, among hane on hem mynde,
That be pi servauntis treuly of Entent
Wich by meek suffrauence, in story as I ffynde,
Haddist pi body with Iren kombes rent,
And euer a-lich stable in thy torment,
Lat thy praier been our dyffensorye,
That mercy passe rigour of Iugement,
To alle tho that haue pi passioun in memorie.

3 The wiche ins. S. 8 hane S. J. 13 be sext henry J H.
euyr S. 19 To] that s. 21 The wiche ins. S. 22 us alle
28 comes S, combs J. 29 euer eliche J. stabble J. 30 diffen-
cion J sic. 31 of] and H, in J.
(5) To Seynt Gyle.

To Seynt Gyle, whiche in pe woodis wyllde,
And among bestis tame and sauagynye,
Myd sharpe busses dist pi paleis bylde
And to kyng Charlis, as bokis determyne,
Thou gaf comfort, tryacle, and medycyne,
By devout prayer, doon in thyn Oratorie,
Pray for alle tho, that grace vp-on hem shyne,
Wich every day haue the in memorie.

(6)

O blissed semyntes, that been in noumbré fflyve,
Fouré holy marteris, and o confessor,
Alle of assent doth your dever blyve,
To alle your servauntis for to do socour,
Them to releve in al worldly labour,
Doun from pe hevenly goldyn reclinatory,
Your grace distyleth, beth sheld & protectour,
To alle that haue your names in memorie.

(7)

Callith to mynde, how that in your lyves
God graunted yow, while that ye were here,
To ech of yow synguler prerogatyves,
Who praieth to yow of hooll herte & enter,
Alle ther requestis graciously to heere,
Geyn worldly tempestis & troublis tran-storye,
For wiche remembreth in your special praiere
On alle that haue yow devoutly in memorie.

(8) To Seynt Kateryne.

O Kateryne, born of the blood Royall,
Of Alysaundre thy fader whioll kyng,
Thou brak the wheel, ful dredful & mortal,
Outraiest the tiraunt, philisofres convertyng,
The queen with Porphirie to Cristis feith tornyng,
Prayers to Ten Saints.

To suffre deth thy hed dyst doun declyne,
   Pray for pi servauntis to Crist above regnyng
Glorious pryncesse, marter and virgyne.

(9) To Seynt Margarete.
With tholigost Margarete supported & socoured,
   Thy tendre youthe flouryng in beute,
Of a dragown for Crystys feith devoured,
   O Margarete, Example of chastyte,
   Wich suffredist deth by greet humylyte,
   Stable as a stoon by grace wich is devyne,
Pray for pi servauntis and alle that love the,
   O blyssed lady, marter and virgyne.

(10) To Seynt Martha.
Holy Martha to crist Ihesu Ostesse,
   And his mynystre to serve hym of his foode,
While Maudeleyn wepte in gret dystresse
   For hir synys ther knelyng for hir goode,
   Thou slouh pe dragoune for al his furious woode,
   Ded in gret age, buried be ffrontyne,
   Pray for pi servauntis to hym pat starrff on roode,
   Wich all pi lyff were a pure vyrgyne.

(11) To Seynt Cristyne.
Blissed Cristyne, of Cryst, be hym-silf baptysed,
   Thou took thy name, in bookis as I reede,
   Suffredist peynes most mortally practysed,
      Sword, flawme, & feer, mylk meyt with dropis reede,
      When they pi brestis gan fro pi boody shreede,
   And sith lik Crist thou callid art Cristyne,
   Pray for pi servauntis & help hem in ther nede
   Wich for our feith were slayn a pur virgyne.

(12) To Seynt Barbara.
Blissed Barbara, baptysed in a welle,
   The water halwed, name of pe Tryntyte,
   63 aboue with crist HJS 70 the wich S. 71 louyth S.
   71 straff sic J. 80 were a pure] perseveredist a HJS. 81
   90 name] om. S.
To St. Edmund.

Whos holynesse hath power to Repelle
The strook of gonnys, for folk that trust in the,
Saue pi servauntis from al aduersite,
Pray hym, that sit among the ordris nyne,
For thy sake on vs to haue pyte,
As thou art verray marter and virgyne.

Explicit.

20. TO ST. EDMUND.

Here begynneth a praier to Seynt Edmund.

[MS. Bodley Land Misc. 683, leaves 19-21.]

(1)

St. Edmund, ruby of martyrs,

Glorious Edmund! kyng of Estynglond, [leaf 19]
Callid of marteris charboncle and Ruby,
Pray for thy servauntis, hold ouer hem thyn hond,
Wich of hooll herte truste in the feithfully,
Be mene to Jesu of grace and of mercy,
His hevenly deuh plentyvously to scheede
On us echoon, that clepe to hym meekly
Us to refreshe and helpe in our most neede.

(2)

Benygne and blissed, o gemme purpurat! [leaf 19, back]
With arwes woundyd only for Cristis sake,
With grace endued and goostly fortunat,
A greet emprye thow dyst vnldirtake,
Lyst rather deie than Crists feith forsake,
For love of Jesu, for whom thow dedist bleede,
Pray to the lord, wheir so we slepe or wake,
Us to releue and helpe in our moost neede.

To St. Edmund.

(3)
O gracious kyng! of favour do thy peyne
To pray to Jesu, sothfast God and man,
As he gaf mercy to Mary Mauleleyne
And rewed of pite vp-on the Publican,
Moost benyngnely halpe the Samaritan,
Of Petris wepyng lyk as he took heede,
We pray to pe, right as we began,
Be mene to Jesu to helpe in our most neede.

(4)
Our helpe, our socour, our mediatour most cheff,
As thou art kyng and prynce of this contre,
Pray hym that gaf mercy to the theeff,
And nat disdeyned the woman Chananee, 1
Cured hir douther of mercyful pite,
Of our requestis helpe that we may speede,
Sith al our trust and feith abit in the,
Be mene to Jesu to helpe in our most neede.

(5)
Geyn Lucyfer, fader of pompe and pride,
Pray Crist to sende us dreed with humlyye;
Geyn fals rancour, envie to sette a syde,
That we may leue in parfit charite.
Geyn flesshly lustys, clennesse & chastite,
Through al pi fraudichise lat vertu spryng and spreede,
That pees be kept in euery Comoune,
As ther cheef patroun diffende hem in þer neede.

(6)
Next Crist in erthe thou art our protectour,
Our bolewerk, our bastyle and dyffence
Geyn fals extorciouw our castel & our tour,
Our sheeld, our pavis of most magnyficens,
Support to alle that do reuerence
To þe and thyne, ageyn al foreyn drede.
Among all marters kyng of gret excellence,
Socour all tho that calle þe in ther neede.

20 Publican] C; pupplican L. 22 Petrus C. 23 woman of
ins. H: Chananee C. 40 as] and H; pataroun s. fiende C.
46 all C. 48 that] to C; to the ins. C.
To St. Edmund.

(7)

After his death of martyrdom call'd flour,
For newe florissheung ay fro yeer to yeer,—
To me thy legende is cheef & best Auctour:
Thy hooly nails and thy royal heer
Greeuh be myracle, as seith pe cronycleer,
Kept clos in gold and siluere, as I reede,—
Cast down of mercy on us thyn hevenly cheer
And vp-on alle that calle pe in ther neede.

(8)

Which be conserved yet in thy hooly place, (leaf 20, back)
With other relyques, for a memoryall,
Frute of this marter growyng vp by grace
With iij prerogatives, ful solempne and roiall,
As kyng and marter a crownet virgynall,
Half of lillies and half of rossis reede;
O laureat marter! stable as a stoon wall,
Pray for all tho that calle the in ther neede.

(9)

The reede rosis, with white lillies meynt,
Paradys flours, riht fresh and fair to see,
With bloody dropis whan thou were al be-spreynt,
These buddis spredde ther levis of beute,
Medeled with lyllyes of virgynyte;
Of two colours thus parted was pi weede,
Kynge, mayde, and marter of mercy & pite,
Pray for alle tho that calle the in ther neede.

(10)

Trust of pi servauntis founde faithful in serteyn,
I mene of them that sette her trust in the,
Expert of old, and preued on kyng Sweyn,
Maugre the tiraunt in his most cruelte
Slain at Geynesboruh, pe cronycle who lyseth,
For extort tribute deth was his fynal mede,
Graunte pi servauntis pees, reste and libert,
With grace & support and helpe in per most neede.
To St. Denis.

(11)
And pray for alle that kome on pilgymage
From euery party of this regioun,
For syk and hool, for old and yong of age,
For folk that dwelle here in thyu owne toun,
Kepe and preserue hem fro tribulacioun
Ageyn all tho put wolde hem ou[gh]t mysbede ;
With Cristis helpe be ther proteccyoun,
And to alle tho that calle pe in ther neede.

(12)
Thy nyh servauntis, goostly mak hem merie,
Pray Crist in spirit for to make hem strong,
Folk of thy toun and of thy monasterye,
In riht conserve hem, suffre hem hane no wrong,
Pees and good love with hem tabyte long,
Brennyng in charite, fervent as the gleede ;
Aue rex gentis shal ech day be ther song
Callyng to pe for helpe in ther most neede.

Explicit.

21. A DEVOWTE INVOCACIOUN TO SAINTE DENYS.

[MS. Ashmole 58, leaves 65-66.]
And nowe folowe> here a devowte Invocacioun made
by Lydegate to Sainte Denys at pe request of
Charlies pe Frenshe kynge to let it beo translated
oute of Frenshe in-to Englisshe.

(1)
O peow chosen of God protectour of sffraunce,
peow richchest rubye of peire felicitee,
Welle of al peire welfare, floure of felicitance,
Sovereine of al peire prosparite
peow blessed Denys! remembre of grace, and se

86 ought] H C; out L. 91 of (2) in H. Colophon: "Explicit quov Lydgate" H, "Here enduth His holy preyere of Seynt Edmund the whych D. I. lydgate made" C.
3 floure] MS. foure. 4 al ins. at end of line, MS.
How Criste Ihesu grauntepe of love entiere
To alle pat for socour vnto pee calle
At peire requeste to here wele hy preyer.

(2)
Resceyve vs goostly on-to hy governaunce,
Geyne goostely ennys graunt vs libertee,
In worldly trouble defende vs fro meschaunce
Frome alle oure fomen make vs to goo free,
And vs preserve from all adversitee,
And with pine holy oven feyre and cleere
Caste dovne hy looke, of mercy and pite
Benignely nowe, tacepte oure preyer.

(3)
From vicious lyff sette vs in assurance;
Ageinst pryde graunte vs humilite;
Geinst coveityse, vertuous governaunce;
Geinst Lecherie, clenmesse and chastitee;
Geinst wrathe and yre, stedfast vnytee;
Passaute of feondes and infernal danger
Make vs to venqyssse, oute of hy powestee,
Enclyne pytne eesis vnto hy preyer.

(4)
And of pyt mercy and mightyful haboundaunce
Or we passe, graunte oportunyte
Of schrifft, of howsell, contryte repentauce,
And with pe vertues pat beon in noumbrre thre,
Called of clerkis feyth, hope, and charite,
To beo enspired whilste we beon here,
By grace cleyminge in heven to have a see
Thorughe pyt requeste and mercyful preyer.

(5)
Graunte vs in vertu with longe perseuerance
Reystreyneoure hertis frome worldly vanite,
And souffre vs to have none attendance
Ay in fals fortunes mutabilite,
But to pat lord pat dyed vppon a tree
O help Saint Denys! nowe in this matere,
Vnder pyt winge pat we may surly flee,
To cleyme his mercye by pe meene of pyt preyer.
To St. Denis.

(6) In þee Saint Denys, is holly oure affiaunce, We trust thee wholly
    Oure herty socour, oure sonereyne suyryte,
    Fully concludinge and knitting in substaunce,
    For in þy grace may beo no scarcitee,
    Whane ever we calle to þy benignyte,
    Til vs þy men þy mercy let appeere, [leaf 60]
    In oure moste treyte dredfull prosperitee
    Prey til oure lord taccepte oure preyer.

(7) Whan deth vs manassethe with his launce, Be with us at death.
    Beo present þere for to sustene þe launce
    Mercy to peye geinst oure inyquitee;
    But or powe Inge, procede of equytee

(8) For þere is none so sure purveyaunce
    Whane we offende thorughé flesshly freelte,
    In goostly langour to fynden allegeaunce,
    þane at þy wille of mercyful plente
    To wesshe þe fillthe of oure enfirmytee
    Nowe mercyful Denys, of mercy we requere
    In every mescheef accepte oure preyer.

(9) O lodesterre of Parys þe Citee
    O star of Paris,
    Light of Athenes Lauterne of þeire creaunce
    Summe of al grace tenlumyme þeire cuntre
    O Philosphre of most autoritee
    O blessed Denys! lyft vp pine hevenly chere
    To fore the heghe devyne magesteek,
    And preye þe lord taccepte oure preyer.

50 þe launce prob. should be balançe. A line is missing after 49, and three after 52. 57 oure] MS. þyne.

MS. Ashmole 59 (written after 1447, in Shirley’s old age) contains the unique copy of this poem. The old scribe, as is shown by the divisions of his stanzas as indicated by the mark * in the margin, has gone astray in the last stanzas. These marks occur opposite lines 9, 17, 25, 32, 40, 46, 53, 60.

LYDGATE, M. P.
22. A PRAISE OF ST. ANNE.

[MS. B. M. Harley 2251, leaf 76, back.]

(1)
He that intendeth in his herte to seke
To love the daunger of any woman fre,
He must, of gentilles, love the moder eke,
In honest wyse, by fygure as ye may see;
Right as for the fruyte honoured is the tre,
So he that to this lady Renecerence list to do,
Hir moder, Seynt Anne, worship he also.

(2)
And to that ende, lo, here a devote oreysön,
In honour of hir oonly, my friendes deere,
That whilom A holy man in his contemplacioun,
Had in Remembranc, with all his hert entier,
By whiche, at his dyeng, he saugh hem both appere, 12
This blessid mayden and hir moder fre,
Delyveryng his soule from all aduersite.

MSS. B. M. Harley 2251, leaf 766; Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaf 169 back. The two versions are identical.

23. AN INVOCATION TO SEYNTE ANNE.

[MS. B. M. Adds. 16165, leaf 247, and back.]

Invocacioun by Lydegate to Saynte Anne.

(1)
O Lord, 1
You first moeuer, pat causest every thing
To have his keping thoroughe pry prouyndence,
And rightfully art called lord and kyng,
Having pry lordship of eche Intelligence,
Destille adoune pry gracious Influence
In-to my brest pat dulle is for rudenesse,
Of holy Anne some goodly word expresse.

MSS. B. M. Adds. 16165 = M; Bodley Ashmole 59, leaves 44, back, to 45, back = A. Title A: Here begyynep a devote Invocation to sainte Anne by pat solemnpe religious Lidegate made at the commanndement of my Ladie Anne Counstasse of Stafford. 1 every al. 2 [y] | A. 3 om. M. 4 for builed of] A. pat dulle is for M. 7 In all my brest of gode holly sainte Anne expresse A.
To St. Anne.

(2)
for but pou help, my wit is to bareyne,
   My mynde derk and dul is my memorye
But yif pey be emoysted with pe reyne
   Whos golde dewe drops fro pe reelynatorye
In-to my soule, awhapsed and aumaete,
Shed from abouen pe licour aureate,

(3)
I mene pe grace of pe culuer whight
   pe pat with his plente dope every thing enspyre
Haboundantly, wher pe pat him list talight
   In herties colde to settene hem a-fyre,
   To brenne in lone, and fervently desyre;
With which flamme myn herb aquyche and reyse,
Marye moder! Sainte Anne for to preyse,

(4)
   pe pat was descendid of pe stocke and roote
Of olde Iessye by ordre lynallye,
   pe seed of Davi|d, whos braunches feyre and swoote
   Ben so comended of noble Ysaye
   O holy Anne! have pytee and mercy,
   Doughe in pe hunde I can no bette endyte,
   And helpe me forthe of pe I thenk to wryte.

(5)
   A! holy Anne, pe pat bare pe feyre fruyt
Of al oure helpe and oure saluacioun,
   pe pat art chief help, comfort and refuyt,
   Unto mankynde sheelde and proteccioun,
   Now thorugh pe prayer and medyacioun
   pe pat whylome were of Ioachim pe wyff,
Holy to stynten al oure werre and stryffe.

To St. Anne.

Be powoure socour to saue us and defende
In every sorowe, hope neghe and ferre;
For to thy grace we holy us conde,
Out of whos brest springe pe lode-sterre
pat isoure guyde in every wo and were,
Whane pat hir bemos to us appeere and shyne
per may no meschief in our hertis myne.

Bennigne matronne, o blissful moder Anna!
pat Broughtest fepe with-Inne by-self ful cloos
pe halowed ark pat bare pe holy manna,
Food of mankynde wherethorugh oure helpe aroos
Whiche holy prestes have in hir depoos
To given it swiche, in pis desert and nede,
As shul be saued for hir eternal mede,
For pou by grace were predestynate
Ful longe aforne by presyence devyne,
To bere the virgyne pure, Invyolate,
pat shoulde be tryacle and medecyne
Ageyne pe cruel venyme serpentyne,
pat was out shad tenspyren with mankynde,
Whane Adam ate papple as we fynde.

Nowe sith pat God hape gyve pe excellence
Aboue alle wymmen moder for to be
Of hir pat shoulde remedye oure ofence,
Haue on us wrecches mercy and pitee
So pat we may hope fynde hit and esee
pat pow pe wrathe of pe Inge qweeme,
To graunt us mercy to fore er pat he deeme;
So pat we may fully in pe affye;
Thoroughge pin help, O blissful sugre-canne!
To St. Michael and St. Gaubriell.

We may aboue in the heuenly Ierarchy,
Where that these Aungels be wont to singe Osanne,
To thanke and preyse, and worship as we cane
be blisful lambe, that for oure aldre goode
Thorough his meeknesse starff upoun pe Roode.

(11)

To slee pe serpent that was so venymous
He fought for synners right as a champyoun,
And in his sight, as most victorious,
He killed death, of Iuda his leoun,
To whome powe praye that for his passyoun
He graunt us mercy in his exyle here
Sith he us bought with his blood so dear.

24. A PRAYERE TO SEYNT MICHAELL.

[MS. Laud 683, leaf 24.]

O Myghell! by grace of Cryst Iesu
Caluid among angelis the hevenly champioun,
Be a prerogatyf synguler of vertu,
Held a batayll, venquysshed the dragoun,
In euery myschef of daungeris infernal,
Dyffende our party, presente our orisoun,
Vp to the lord that gouerneth all.

25. A PRAYERE TO GAUBRIELL.

[ Ibid.]

Blissed Gabriel, with broughtest first tydyng
On-to Marye, knelyng on thy kne,
Touchyng the berthe of that hevenly kyng,
Of his consevyng and his natvyte,
And how Maria, in pure virgynyte
Sholde bere a child, to socoure us alle,
For wich, O Gabriel! geyn all aduersyte
Be thow our helpe whan we to the calle.

help us to sing above,
the praises of the Lamb.
Michael, present our prayer.
Gabriel, be our help
26. TO ST. KATHERINE, ST. MARGARET, AND ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

[From MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaf 115.]

Incipit de tribus Virginibus, Katerina, Margarita, & Magdalene.

(1)
Katerina with glorious Margarete,
That be virgines and martyrs both tweyne,
Make the heuenly deu of grace vpon vs shyne,
Of your chaast lyf som drope lat down reyne; 4
Thu choose of God, Maria Magdaleyne,
Ye alle, echoon, crownyd for gret vertu,
Ageyn al myscheef doth your besy peyne
To pray for vs vnto our lord Iesu. 8

(2)
Lord, that sittist in the heuenly consistorye [leaf 115, back]
Of special grace heere myn Orisoun,—
As thu gaff grace of conquest and victorye
To thes too maidenys, to suffre passioun,
And as thu gaff verray contricioum
To Mawdeleyne, weepyng with terys smerte,
By whos request, graunt vs remyssioum
Of alle our synners, that crye to the of herte. 16

(3)
And, lord Iesu, as thu knowest weel,
Seyn Margarete venquysshyd the dragoun,
And seyn Kateryne brak the strong[e] wheel
Thorul Goddys myht, tyme of hir passioun,
And Mawdeleyne kneelyd lowe down
At thy feet, moost amerously weepyng,
And with hir heer displayed enviroim
Dryed vp the terys, mercy ay cryeng. 24

MSS. Harley 2255, leaf 115, back = H; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaf 76 = J. 1 Katerina J. 19 stronge J. strong H. 20 goodes J. 24 crying J.
To St. Leonard.

Iesu, for love of thes women thre,
   I the beseke, oonly for ther sake,
Of thy moost merciful gracious bounte,
   Sauf vs fro daungeer of hidous feendis blake,
Bi the prayeer of thes seyntis alle,
Iesu, haue mercy whan we to the calle.

Explicit quo| Lidgate.

27. A PRAYER TO ST. LEONARD.

[From Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 21, back, to 22.]

Here begynneth a praier to Seynt Lethenard. [leaf 21]

(1)
Reste and reffuge to folk dysconsolat
   Fader off pyte and consolacyoun,
Callid recomfort to folk desolat,
   Souereyn socour in Trybulacioun,
   Vertuous visitour to folkis in prysoun,
Blissed Leonard! grauute of thy goodnesse,
   To pray Iesu with hooll affeceyoun
To saue þi servauntis fro myschef & distresse.

(2)
Remembre on hem that lyn in cheynes bounde,
   On folk exiled far from ther contre,
On swich as lyn with many grevous wounde
   Fetryd in prison and haue no lyberete;
   For-get hem nouht þat pleyne in pouerte
For thrust & hunger constreyned with siknesse;
   Pray to Iesu of mercyfull pite
To saue alle tho pat calle þe in distresse.

25 Ohu sic J.  26 beseche J.  30 on to J.  Explicit

om. J.

To St. Leonard.

(3)

Lat thy prayer and thy grace avayle
To alle tho that calle pe in ther neede,
And specially of women that travaille,
To acho of bonys and gontes pat do spred;
Help stauwche veynes, wich sese nat to bleede,
Help furious folk that tremble in per accesse,
And haue in mynde of mercy & take heede
To pray for alle pat calle pe in dystresse.

(4)

Sobre & appese suych folk as falle in furie
To trist and heuy do mytygacyoun,
Suych as be pensiff, mak hem glad & murie,
Distraynt in thouht, reforme hem to resoun;
Relue pe porayle fro fals oppression
Of tyranye, and extort brotylnesse,
Take hem of mercy in thy proteceyoun
And saue pi servauntis fro myschef & distresse.

(5)

This signys groundid on parfit charite,
In pi persone encresyng ay by grace,
O glorious Leonard! pray Iesu on thy kne
For pi servauntis resortyng to pis place,
That they may haue leiser, tyme, & space,
Alle olde surfetis to refourme and redresse
Hosil & shryfft or they hens passe,
With pe to regne in eternal gladnesse.

(6)

Merciful Leonard! gracious & benygne!
Shewe to pi servauntis sum palpable sygne,
Passyng this vale of worldly wrecchidnesse
With the to regne in eternal gladnesse,
Ther to be fled with selestyal manna,
Wher as angelis ar wont to syng osanna!

Explicit.
To St. Ositha.

28. TO ST. OSITHA.

[MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaf 116, back.]

Incipit de Sanc/a Ositha.

(1)
Heyl hooly Sitha, maide of gret vertu,
Which with hool herte and devout observaunce
Wer evir besy to serve our lord Iesu,
Nyht and day hym for to do plesaunce,
To poore folk refut of ther grevaunce,
Nakyd to clothe, the hungry for to feede,
Alle disconsolat of faithful attendaunce,
Them to refressh and help them in ther neede.

(2)
In thy rilt hand thu heeld a litil stoon
To bete thy brest of hool affeccioun,
Wakir in prayeer, abide evir in Oon,
With contrit terys makyng thyn Orisoun,
Socour to sorweful in tribulacioun,
Gracious expleit ther iourne for to speede,
That haue in the set ther devocioun
Geyn al myscheef, to helpe hem in ther neede.

(3)
O blissid Sitha! flourying in chastite,
Which of clennesse hast sovereyn excellence
To such as stonde in gret aduersite;
For los of good by casuel negligence,
In al such caas do thy dilligence
Them to restoore, to wisse hem, and to Reede,
Geyn worldly trouble and feendys violence,
Supporte alle tho that calle the in ther neede.

Explicit.

Collated with MS. Sidney Sussex Coll. Cam. 37, leaf 5. 4 hym
om. 8 helpe. 11 abeyde. 14 explete. 16 agayne.

20 casuel] cause of.
29. TO ST. ROBERT OF BURY.

[MS. Laud 683, leaves 22, back-23.]

Here beginneth a prayer to Seynt Robert.¹

(1)
Blessed Robert, Innocent and Virgine, Glorious marter, gracious & riht good, To our prayer thyn eris down Endlyne, Wich on-to Crist offredyst thy chast blood, Ageyyns the the Iewys were so wood, Lyk as thy story makyth mercyyoun, Pray for alle tho, to Crist that starff on rood, That do reverence on-to thy passioun.

(2)
Slayn in childhood by mortal violence, Allas! it was a pitous thing to see A sowkyng child, tendre of Innocence, So to be scourged, and naylled to a tre; Thou myghtyst crie, thou spak no woord, parde, With-oute langage makyng a pitous soun, Pray for alle tho, knelyng on thy kne, That do reverence on-to thy passioun.

(3)
Fosstrid with mylk and tendre pap pi foode Was it nat routhe to se pi veynes bleede? Only for Crist, crucyfied for our goode, In whos despit al sangweyn was thy weede, Slayn in erthe, in hevene is now thy meede, Among marteris, vp-on thyn hed a crown, O gracious Robert! to pray for hem tak heede That do reverence on-to thy passioun.

(4)
Suffredist deth or thou koudist pleyne, Thy purpil blood allayed with mylk whiht. Oppressid with torment konest no woord seyne, Fer fro thy norice, founde no respight;
To St. Thomas.

Be grace enspired, Iesu was thy delight,
Thy soule vpborn to the heavenly mansioun,
Pray for alle folk that haue an apetyght
To do reverence on-to thy passioun.

(5)

Haue vpon Bury pi gracious remembraunce
That hast among hem a chapel & a shryne,
With helpe of Edmund, preserve hem fro greaunce,
Kyng of Estynglond, martir and viryne,
With whos briht sonne lat thy sterre shyne,
Strechynge your stremys thorugh al pis regioun,
Pray for alle tho, and kepe hem fro ruyne,
That do reverence to both your passioun.

Explicit.

30. A PRAYER TO SEYNT THOMAS.

[MS. Bodley Laud, 633, 23, back.]

(1)

Blyssed Thomas! rubyfied with blood,
For Iesus sake stable in thyn entent,
Bysshop and marter, holy and riht good,
Born in Londoun, and charboncle of Kent,
Crownyd with Crist abooff pe firmament,
Stood as a peeler for hooly chirchis right:
On us haue mercy, wher we haue out myswent,
And from al trouble diffende us with pi myht.

(2)

O hooly marter! be our proteccyoun
And our dyffence in Tribulacioun,
And for the love of our lord Iesu
Kepe us ffro synne, encresse us in vertu,
And or we deie, graunte us in substauze
Shrifft and hosil, contriccyoun with repentance,
For Iesus sake, wich is most parfit good,
For whom at Caunterbury shad was thy holy blood.

Explicit.
31. A PRAYER TO ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

[MS. Tanner 110, leaves 245, 245, back; 242-243.]

(1) Synguler shepperde! gardeyn of Cristis folde, (leaf 245)

Guardian of Christ's fold.

Geyn raeuynous wolues protectour and diffence,
Of holy cherche the rihet as thou wer holde
Stood therby, and maadest resistence
Ageyn the froward furious violence
Of tirantis, pat putt thy sheep in drede;
Glorious martir, do thy diligence
To pray for alle pat calle the in ther neede,

(2) Strong in vertu, by grace which is divine,

who watched over the Garden,

Keptest the wach by thy-silff allon
Of Cristis gardyn, and of chose vyne,
Which bi hys passionu was plauntyd in Syon,
To Ioyne the corneris, Iesu the Angle ston,
In whos diffence deep scarlet was thy weede,
Be our protectour geyn al our gostly foon,
And pray for alle tho pat calle the in ther neede,

(3) Turnyd fyue tymes water off thy welle,

turned thy well once to milk, four times to blood.

Onys to mylk for virginal clennesse
To blood four tyme, thy story doth vs telle,
Whos martirdam red colour dede expresse.
Take mylke and blood for spiritual witnesse,
Lillies joyned and fressh rosis rede,
As thy deth was groundid on rihtwisnesse
Pray for alle tho pat calle the in ther neede.

(4) Lik as this milk was tokne of chastite,

Lik as this milk was tokne of chastite,
And the red blood figur of thy suffraunce,
Bothe mylk and blood groundid on charite,
Which of all vertues hath most suffisaunce,
To St. Thomas (II).

Name of Thomas put in remembraunce
Treuly expownyd, concludeth on manheede,
With feith and hope, our trust is in substaunce
To saue alle tho that calle the in ther neede.

(5)
Vertuous primat off Ingelond, thou wer callid,
Cros of Canturbury set vp-riht in thyh kond,
In which See Anon as thou wer stallid,
Thy labour was thoruhout al this lond,
Lyk thyh ofifice and thy spiritual bond,
Fro whete greyn fals cokel out to weede
Sparest no daunger by trouthe for to stonde,
To saue thy sheep and help hem in ther neede.

(6)
Blessid the kyngdam in which that thou wer born,
London enlumyned with thy Natuyte,
Be grace of God predestinat afforn
For hooly chorche martired for to be ;
Daysterre of Kent, Cantirbury thy See,
Crownid among martires in heuene now thy meede,
O glorious Thomas! of mercifull pite,
Pray for alle tho pat calle the in ther neede.

(7)
Laureat martir the chose whete greyn ;
Which from the chaff was tried out and pured,
Spreynt on the pament, purpurat blood was seyn,
Maugre thy foon, the palme thou hast recurid,
Compleet thy conquest, with gret labour enduryd,
Chaar of thy tryumphe Angelis dede vp leede,
A crown of gold with martirs ful assuryd,
Pray for alle tho that calle the in ther neede.

(8)
Callid among martirs charboncle and ruby,
Trouthis champiou, Achaat of hih prowesse,
Sampsoun the seconnde, diamant sturdi,
Emeraud greene, voide of doublinesse,

49 chose] choos MS.
To St. Thomas (II).

Kepyng thy ground named of rihtwisnesse
Fortis Armatus, geyn falsenesse to proceede,
Reknyng thy meritys, precellyng in goodnesse,
Pray for alle tho  

(9)

To thy noblesse may nat be comparid
Off Cesar Iulius the magnanimyte,
Lat Hanybal and Pompeye eek be sparid,
Set aside ther marcyal dignyte;
For thou to sette Syon in libert
List not spare thy sacred blood to bleede,
Pray to Iesu, knelyng on thy kne,
For alle tho  

(10)

For love of thee,
For love of thee,
Extinquished tapers were set alight from heaven.
For love of thee,
Our lord Iesu of his grete myht
A thyn[g] to been remembrid in historie
On tapris queyn[t] in the peeples sith
Only be grace from heuene cam down a liht
In thy story pleynili as we reede;
Mercifull martir, remembre day and nyht
On alle tho that calle the in ther neede.

(11)

Remembre on alle that come to Visite  
Thyn hooly place with denoute pilgrymage,
Shod or bare, ther vowes to aqynte,
Wher-soo thay be olde or yonge of age,
Lat thy support refressh hem at ech stage,
Comynge, goynge, ther Iurneie for to speede,
Benigne Martre, preserve hem from damage,
And pray for alle that calle the in ther neede.

(12)

Sith Crist ech day doth miracles for the werche,
Of grace and mercie haue first in Remembraunce
Pray for the states of all hooly Cherche,
For the kynges vertuous gouernaunce.

To St. Thomas (II).

For hys Prynces Marcial Puissauce,
That high discrecioun may ther Brydel leede,
Lyke ther degrees lyne to thy plesauce,
And pray for alle that calle the in ther neede.

(13)
Pray for thy Capeleyns, be to hem gracious,
Which euer in oon abide in thy servise,
Monckes professed, Preestes religious,
To plese Ihesu at mydnyght thay arise,
Thou as ther Patronu, defende hem in sicke wise,
Thy Cherch, thy Town, that noman hem mysbede,
For thy Monasterie soo graciously deuyse
To be ther support and cheef help at ther neede.

(14)
For Knyghtes, Squyeres, and yomen for the werre,
In al just Title make hem to preuaile,
Pray for marchauwtes that saile fro soo ferre,
For Artificeres that lyue by ther travaile,
Lat thy blessyngge on all these folkes sprede,
Pray Iesu stynt blood-shedynge and Bataile,
And pray for alle that calle the in ther nede.

(15)
Lenvoye.
Quakynge for fere, goo forth, litle Table,
Be not to bolde for noo presumpcioun
Toffir this martre, glorious and notable,
To shew thy c[l]auses, sauf of Deuociou
I them present with humble affecciou, 
Praynge echoon that shal thes seen or rede
Nat to disdigne but doo Correcçioun,
In hoop this martre shal help vs in our nede.

Amen. Deo gracias.

32. TO ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.

[From MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaf 116.]

(1)

Ye Briton virgin martyrs, like the wise virgins, waited for Christ.

Ye Brytoun martyrs, famous in parfitnesse,
Of herte avowyd in your tendir age
To persevere in virginal cleennesse,
Free from the yok and bond of mariage,
Lyk hooly Angelis heuenly of Corage,
Stable as a stoon, groundid on vertu,
Perpetually to your gret avantage,
Knet to your spouse callid Crist Iesu.

(2)

O ye maidenys, of thousands ful helleuene,
Rad in the gospel with five that wer wyse,
Regnyng with Crist above the sterrys seaven,
Your lampys liht for triumpthal emprise ;
Upon your hed your stoory doth devise,
For martirdam crownyd with Roosys rede,
Medlyd with lilies for conquest in such wise,
Fressh, vndiffadid, tokne of your maydenheede.

(3)

Graunt vs, Iesu, of merciful pite,
Geyn our trespas gracious indulgence,
Nat lik our meritis peised the qualite,
Disespeyred of our owne offence,
Ner that good hoope with thy pacience,
With help of Vrsula and hir sustris alle,
Shall be meenys to thy magnificence,
Vs to socoure, lord, whan we to the calle.

33. THE LEGEND OF ST. GEORGE.

[MS. Trinity College, Cam. R. 3. 20, pp. 74–81.]

1 Next nowe folowing here bygynne pe deveys of a steyned halle of pe lyf of Saint George ymagyned by Daun Johan pe Munk of Bury Lydegate / and made with pe balades at pe request / of þarmoriese of London for þounr of þeyre broþerhoode and þeyre feest of Saint George.

Ye poete first declarebe—

(1)
O yee folk þat heer present be,
Wheeeche of þis story shal haue Inspecciôn,
Of Saint George yee may beholde and see
His martirdome, and his passyon;
And howe he is protector and patron,
þis hooly martir, of kniughthood loodsterre,
To Englysshe men boope in pees and werre.

(2)
In whos honnour sîpen goon ful yoore
þe thridde Edward of kniughthoode moost entier
In his tymé, bassent at Wyndesore
Founded þordre first & þe gartier,
Of worþy knihtes ay frome yeere to yeere
Foure and twenty cladde in oo lyueree
Vpon his day kepte þer solemnytee.

(3)
þis name George by Interpretacioun
Is sayde of tweyne, pe first of hoolynesse,
And þe secound of kniughthood and renown,


LYDGATE, M. P.
The Legend of St. George.

As hat myn Auctour lykepe for to expresse,  
pe feond venwysshing of manhoode and prowesse,  
pe worlde, pe fleshe, as Crystes owen knight,  
Wher-euer he roode in steel armed bright.

(4)

♀ Capadoce, a mighty strong Citee,—  
As pe story of hym list to endyte,—  
Ordeyned was to his natvyyte;  
And in his youpe he gaf him-self delyte [leaf 75]  
Frome day to day, as Clerkis of him wryte,  
To suwe vertne, so gynnyng his passage,  
Vyces excluding, al Ryot, and outrage.

(5)

♀ And Cristes feyth for to magnefye  
At greter age his cuntree he forsooke,  
And thorouge his noblesse and his chyuailure  
Trouthe to sousteene, who-so list to looke,  
Many a Iournee he vpon him tooke,  
pe chirche defending with sword of equyte,  
pe Right of wydowes, and of virgyntyte.

(6)

♀ And in pis whyle an adventure is falle,  
Importable pe people to sousteene,  
Amiddes pe provynece whiche men lybye calle,  
In a Cytee hat named is Lysseene;  
A gret dragoun, with scales siluer sheene,  
Horryble, dredful, and monstruous of sight,  
To-fore pe Citee lay boope day and night.

19 feond] devel B. deuyll T. of hys ins. T. maydynhode B.  
20 Crystes] hys T. kirstes B. 21 full bryght ins. T.  
23 history T. to] om. B. endure T. 24 to] in B. 25 And he  
27 so gynnyng] he gan. 31 noblesse B. nobyles T. 34 the  
swerde ins. T. 35 pe] om. B. and of] and B. [At the top of 315  
in T is written by Stone, “The lyfe of saynt gorge compiled by  
John lidgate monke of bery at pe (ye) request of pe (ye) armeres  
of london to peynt about ther hauile.”] 35 adventure B. byfalle B.  
38 which hat ins. B. lyby T. lybie B. 39 a] the T. lysene T.  
lessene B. 40 monstrous B.
The Legend of St. George.

(7)

If the kyng, the queene, the lordes taken heed
Of pis sodeyne woeful aventure,
And the people fallen in gret dreed
Consydering howe pat eynde vnsure,
As pat mighte the mescheef not endure
Maade by assante of pat felle dragoun
By pestylence vpon eynde woeful toun.

(8)

But whane the counsel of eyre toun took keep
Howe pat eyre peyne was Intollerable,
Ey senten out evry day twoo sheep
To pis beest foule and abhomynable,
To staunce his hunger whiche was vnstaunceable,
But whane eyre sheep by processe gan to fayle
Ey most of nuwe provyde more victaylle,

(9)

And whanne ey fonde no Refuyt ne coumfort
For ey dragoun to make pourveaunce,
Eynce ey tooke by lotte oper by soort
Man or chylde, eyre vytaile to avaunce,
Lyche as hit felle on by mortal chaunce
Allas, ellas, it was to gret pytee
To seen ey sorowe pat was in eyre Citee.

(10)

Ey statuit made noon excepcyoun
Of heghe ne lowe, ey stande in so gret doute
Touchant pat monstre and pat foule dragoun,
Eche maner man, as it came aboute,
To be devoured, allas, ey were sent oute,
Til at ey last ey lott in pis maner
Fel right vpon ey kynges daughter deer,
The Legend of St. George.

(11)

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The Legend of St. George.

IT sat scie most nexst of necessytee
Beo so deuowred, helpe may no meede,
But to beo sent oute of hir cytee,
his cely mayde quakyng in hir dreed;
Vpon hir hande a sheep she did leed,
Hir fadir wepte, hir moder, boope tweyne,
And al pe Cytee in teerys did so reyne.

(12)

She was sent out royally,
and on the way
met St. George, who came to save her.

(13)

Saint George it was, oure ladyes owen knyght,
pat armed seet vpon a ryal steed
Which came to socour pis mayden in hir right,
Of aventure in pis grete neode,
“Ellas!” quod she, whane she takepe heed,
And bade him fleeen in hir mortal feer,
Lest he also with hir devowred were.

(14)

And whane he saughe of hir pe maner,
He hadde pytee and ecke compassyoun,
To seen, allas, pe cristal streemys cleer

On hir cheekys reyne and royle adowne,
    Thought he wolde beon hir Chaumpyoun, 96
For lyff nor deeth froone hir not to depart
But in hir quareH his body to Iupart.

(15)
‡ Hooly Saint George his hors smote on pe syde [leaf 77]
  Whane he p̄dragoun sawe lyff vp his hede, 100
And towards him he proudly gan to ryde
  Ful lyche a knight with outen fere or dreede;
Avysyly of witt he tooke goode heed,
With his spere shar̄ and kene egrounde
Thoroughge pe body he gaf pe feonde a wounde.

(16)
‡ pe cely mayde, knelyng on hir kne,
  Vn to hir goddes maked hir preyer, 108
And Saint George, whane he did it see,
  To hir he sayde, with debonayre cheer,
  "Ryse v̄l anoon, myn owen doughter deer,
Take þy girdē, and make þer-of a bande,
And leed þis dragoun boldly in þyn hande ~112

(17)
‡ In to þe cyte, lyche a conqueresse,
  And þe dragoun meekly shall obeye."
And to þe cytee anoon she gan hir dresse—
  þe Ouggely monstre doūr̄st it not withseye— 116
And Saint George þe mayden gan conveye,
  þat whane þe kyng hade Inspeceyoun,
With palme and banner he goote processyoun,
The Legend of St. George.

(18) Yiving to him pe laude of pis victorye, 120
Which hape peyre cytee deleyverd out of dreed;
And Saint George, to encrese his glorye,
Pulled out a swerde and smote of his hed,
pe people alwey taking ful good heed, 124
How God pis martyr list to magnefye,
And him to enhaunce thorughe his Chiuallerye.

(19) panne he made pe dragoun to be drawe,
With waynes and cartes for out of pe towne, 128
And asfter pat he taught hem Crystes lawe,
By his doctryne and predicacyoun,
And frome perroure by conuersyoun,
He made hem tourne, pe kyng and pe cyte, 132
And of oon hert baptysed for to be.

(20) pe kyng aftter in honnour of Marye
And in worship of Saint George hir knight,
A ful feyre chirche gan to edefye,
Riche of bylding and wonder feyre of sight,
Amiddles of which pe sprang vp anoon right
A plesaunt welle, with strenmys cristallyne,
Whos drynk to seek was helthe and medecyne.

(21) Saint George panne enfourme gan pe kyng
Of foure thinges of great excellence,
First pat he shoulde aboue al oper thing
Crystes chirche haue euer in reuerence,
Worship preesthood with al his diligence,
Haute mynude on poore, and first his hert enclyne
Frome day to day to here servyce devyne.

The Legend of St. George.

151

(22)

If his same tyme, pe stooye telle care,
Ageynst Crysten þer was a thyraunt sent,
þe which was called þeo-Dacian,
Of paynyme lawe he was a presydent,
And to destroie was hooly his entent
þe feyth of Cryst, and slean his confessours,
With dyners payneyes wroght by his tormentours.

(23)

Whane þat Saint George gan here of take heed
Howe þis thyraunt gan Crystes feyth manace,
He of pourpos lefft of his knightly weede,
And pourely cladde mette him in þe face,
Mannely cheered, fufilled al with grace,
In his presence lowde he gan to crye
"Oon God þer is, fy on ydolatrye."

(24)

þe false Thyraunt by gret vyolence
Commaunded hape anoon þat he be taake,
And to be brought vnto his presence;
Bade þat he shoulde Crystes feyth forsake,
But he ne liste noo delayes maake,
Aunswerd pleyynly, his lyff to fyne,
Frome Crystes lawe no thing shall him declyne.

(25)

Thyraunt þanne, of verray cruweltee,
Bad þat he shoulde þis martir moost entier
Naked beon hanged vpofi a galowe tree,
With scowrges beet in ful felle maner,
And with brondes brennyng bright and cler,
His sides brent, were not hes payneyes strong?
His entraylles opende, salt cast in among.

148 Dacian oppressed Christians at that time,
152 Ageynst Crysten þer was a thyraunt sent.
156 And to destroye was hooly his entent
158 Of paynyme lawe he was a presydent,
160 With dyners payneyes wroght by his tormentours.
164 He was arrested,
168 and St. George rebuked him.
172 and condemned to be hung.
The Legend of St. George.

(26)


If the next night, Cryst to him did peere,
And graciously gan him to comfort,
And beed him souffre his peynes with goode cheer,
And in no wyse him-selven discoumfort,
For he pe palme of victor schal report,
By his souffraunce, and wynnyn pe laurier
Of martirdame aboue pe sterres cleer.

(27)

184 Crystes crosse was liis proteccion,
Preserving him pat he was not shent,
And he pat made hit of ful fals entent
Saughe ageyne God he hade no puissaunce,
Forsooke his errour and fel in repentauce.

(28)

192 And bycame cristen, bytwix hope and dred,
Beed him souffre his peynes with goode cheer,
In no wyse him-selven discoumfort
For he pe palme of victor schal report,
By his souffraunce, and wynnyn pe laurier
Of martirdame aboue pe sterres cleer.

(29)

200 Then St. George was broken on the wheel.


(30)

If Eeke in a vessel boylping ful of leed,
His hooly martir was eplonged downe,
He entred In with-outen feer or dreed,
By grace of God was his saluacioun,
[And liche a bath of consolacioun]
He founde the metal comforthable and clere,
Escaping oute devoyde of al daunger.

(31)

If He was eke brought, pe story doope devyse,
In-to a temple ful of mawmetrye,
Off entent to haue doo sacrefyce,
But alle peyre goddes he knightly can defye,
And sodyenlyoure feyth to magnefe
A fyre frome heven was by myracle sent,
Wher thorughhe pe temple was till asshes brent.

(32)

If And with al pis we fynden in his lyff,
Thorugh Goddes might and gracyous purveyance
At Alexandria of Dacyan pe wyff
Forsooke ydolles and al hir fals creaunce
And became crysten with humble attendaunce,
Suffred depe baptysed in hir bloode
For loue of him at starff vpon pe Roode.

(33)

And Dacyan panne, by ful mortal lawe,
Comaunded hape in open audyence,
At Saint George be thorughge pe cyte drawe
And affter pat pis was his sentence,
[He to ben heueded by cruwel violence],
And in his dying pis it is befalle,
He made his prayer for hem pat to him calle.

The Legend of St. Petronilla.

[Reprinted from "Fugitive tracts :" I, First Series, from an early Pynson print.]

(34)
His prayer. "O lord," quod he, "pou here myn orysoun
And graunte it beo vn-to pe plesaunce
pat alle folk pat hauue denocyou
To me, O lord, hauue hem in Remembraunce
And condescende with euery circumstaunce
Of py mercy, O souerein lord moost deer
Al for my saake to heren peyre preyer."

(35)
And al pe peple being in presence,
A voyce was herd dovne from pe hye heven,
Howe pat his preyer was graunted in sentence
Of him pat is lord of pe sterres seven.
And Dacyan, with a sodein leven
Was brent vnwarly by consumpcyoua,
As he repayred hoome to his mansyoun.

Explicit.

34. THE LEGENDE OF ST. PETRONILLA.

To tell of Petronilla, the parfite life to put in remembraunce
Of a virgyn moost gracious and entere,
Which in all vertu had souereyn suffysaunce,
Callyd Petronylla Petyrs doughter dere,
Benygne of porte, humble of face and chere,
All other maydyns excelled in fairenesse,
And, as hir legende pleynly doth vs lere,
Though she were fayre more commendyd for meknes.

Explicit.

Colophon: "Here enteth the lyfe of seynt George" B. Explicit vita sancti Georgii Martiris T.
And more-ouer, as hir story sayth,
By Petyrs doctrine and informacion,
In Christis lawe and stable in that feyth
She was so groundyd, for short conclusion,
Called the clere myrroure of all perfection,
For good exaumple, by Goodys prouidence
Preyld in sekenesse, hir lyf maketh mencion,
In all hir sekenesse had parfyte pacience.

Though she had of brennynge greate feruence
Twene colde and hote, vexacion inportable,
There was no grutchinge, but vertuous Innocence,
Gane thanke to God, of hert and thought most stable,
From hir entent nat found variable,—
So was she groundyd on parfyte charite,—
Professeyd to God to perseuere immutable,
In hir auough made vnto chastyte.

Hir perfection breuely to discryue,
She was acceptyd so in the lordys sight,
To be nounbryd one of the maydyns fyue
Afore Ihesu that bare their laumpys light,
Which may nat clipse no derkenesse of the night,
But euer Ilych abydinge in vertue,
This Petronylla might cleyme of very right
To hir spouse oure blessydy lord Iesu.

And as hir lyfe recordeth by scripture
Of this virgyn by myracles full notable,
It fyll onys of sodeyne auenture,
Petyr sittinge sadly at the table
With his disciples, such as were moost able
In all vertue, Titus did abrayde
And of compassion with langage resonable
To Saynt Petyr euyn thus he sayde,—
"With humble support of your audience,
Peysed your power and your holynesse,
What may this mene, concludyng my sentence,
That ye make hole all theym that hane sekenesse,
And Petronella quaketh in hir accesse,
Your owne daughter in full pitous wise,
And ye alas hir langoure to represse,
Lyst nat onys byd[den] hir arise?"

Then St. Peter healed her;
Saynt Petyr thanne, of faderly pyte
Bad hir arise, and serue theym at the table,
And she all hole of hir infirmyte,
He gaue hir charge to be seruyable;
She lyke a virgyn, of port moost agreeable,
What euer he bad she alwey diligent
Of humble wyll, by tokens moost notable,
Lowly to accomplissh his commaundement.

And she fulfyld his byddynge, in certeyn,
Withoute grutchinge, of virgynall mekenesse,
Petyr bad hir goo into hir bed ageyn
Lyke as toforne, brennynge in hir sekenesse,
For Cristes sake, she dempt it for rightwysnesse,
And of humylite, groundyd in all vertue,
Hir maladye was to hir a gladnesse,
All that she felt for loue of Crist Ihesu.

On whom alone she dyd hir hert[e] grounde,
Withoute chaunge or foreyn doublenesse,
In hir prayers she was so stable founde,
Folke that were seke their langoure to represse,
And as hir life can truly bere wytnesse,
Her inwarde herte so brent in charyte,
Though God and nature gaue hir great fayrenesse,
Yit more commendyd was hir humylite.
(10)
A pure virgyn perseuered all hir lyfe
     Both for condicions and great semelynesse.
The Erle Flaccus desired hir to his wyf,
     Cam and requeryd hir, did his besynesse,
     For hir port and womanly noblesse,
Hir demenynge and gracious visage,
     Albe that he excellyd in richesse,
He besy was to haue hir in mariadge.

(11)
To yeue answere she was nat recheles,
     But alwey one of thought and [of] corage
Toke him asyde, oute of all the prees,
     Benygnely and demure of langage,
Gaue answere for hir anauntage
That he shulde the day of hir weddynge
     Bringe matronys, wyues, maydyns yonge of age,
Hir to conuey vnto his dw[e]llinge.

(12)
He gan reioyse Flaccus anone right
     In his inwarde hertly aduertence,
Lyke hir request, this Erle, this proude knight
     Made him redy to come to hir presence ;
She all this while lay in abstynence
In prayer wakyng, this virgyn vertuous,
     With Fellicula moost preuy in sentence
Of hir seenees, brought forth in one hour.

(13)
Of Petronylla thus it is concludyd,
     Who so list her lyfe playnly to rede,
Of his purpos Flaccus was deludyd,
     And by a preest callyd holy Nychomede
Brought to hir couch and lyenge there bedrede,
As God list for her graciously to wurch,
     With hosyll, shrift, yeldyd vp hir goost in dede,
A parfite mayde preuyd of all holy church.
Fellicula, her companion, was slain by Flaccus, and Nichomedes, her confessor.

She died May 31, when all birds sing.

St. Parnell, like the nightingale, was ever wakeful in Jesus' service.

Take of this mater an applicacion,
To say Parnell of herte glad and light
That ever was wakir of hole entencyon
To serve Ihesu, nat sluggy day nor night,
Callyd the nightingale with heuenly fethers bright, 133
Gaue thanke to God in langoure and sekenesse,
Venquesshid iii enmies thrugh grace of Goddis might,
And made hir ende in vrgynall clennesse. 136

[Ballade.]  (18)
Petronilla, virgyn of great vertu,
Clad all in flourues of spirituall freshnesse,
How the Plague was Ceased.

Petyrs daughter, for love of Crist Ihesu
Ladest thy lyf in prayer and clennesse,
Of herte ay founde moost meke in thy sekenesse,
To do seruise with humble diligence
Unto thy fader, thy story be-reth witnesse,
Callyd for thy merytes myrrour of pacience;

(19)
God and nature gaue the greate fayrenesse
To excelle all other of port and of beutye,
Trauaylyd with feuerys and many stronge accesse,
Gane thanke to God, thy legende who list se,
Vertu was preuyd in thyn infirmyte,
Wherfore we pray with humble reuerence
Do mytigacion of all that seke the,
And with their accesse vertuous pacience.

(20)
Be-mene to Ihesu for vs in all myscheef
That he of mercyoure sekenes list aslake,
And of thy meritys more to make a preef
Socoure thy seruauntys where they slepe or wake,
O blessyd Pernell! nowe for thy faders sake
Ageyne all accessys and stroke of pestilence,
All that deuoutly their praier to the make,
Seude theym good helth with vertuous pacience.

(21)
And who that cometh vnto hir presence,
On pylgrimage with denocion,
Late him trust[e], pleynly in sentence,
Shall fynde grace of his peticion.

Emprynted by Rycharde Pynson.

35. HOW THE PLAGUE WAS CEASED
IN ROME.

[MS. B. M. Adds. 29729, leaves 4 back-5.]

how the plage was sesyd in Rome / John Lidgat.

(1)
So noble medesyne, ne so sovereyne,
So speciall stronge gayn ffever pestilent,
Avicen, Ypocras, nor yet Galien
Cerapion nothar for all his jugement
Nor Esculapius, for all his medicament
Coulde nevar make in all his lyves space
Medecene lyke to the lord omnipotent
When to his peoples he lyste send his grace.

(2)
It is remembryd in gestys of Lumbardy,
Reynyte kynge Gilberte, a cruell pestilence,
An vgosom dethe environde Italy,
Where crafti cure coude make no resistence
As provyd was, by dredfull experience
In Rome and Pavy, to carefull Citees
Wher pestilence regnyng dyd tyrannees.

(3)
In sondry placys this furious syknes
So cruelly racyd, that mo were dede
Then lefte on lyve, and thus with hevynes
The lytell nomber lyvynge in gret drede,
Seynge so myche caren, the Erthe dyd sprede
Scant they myght them bery, gret was theyr payne
For nothynge erthly, from deth myght them restrayne.

(4)
Ther were to Aungels visibly sene with eyne
The good before, the evyll dyd hym folowe,
How ofte the good to smyte dyd assigne,
That odre smote, to folkes full gret sorowe,
So thousands dyed, nyght, myddaye, & morowe
Oute of eche place, whiche tokened thus,
That thoos Aungels wer pestiferus.

(5)
In the meane seson, an holy man
Had revelation, when that in Pavye
Was made an Auctor to Sent Sebastian,
Shulde cese that pestilence & that malady,
This Auctor made in the chirche callid Petry Advincla, to the martirs Reverence
The plage cesid, and eke the pestilence
The Legend of St. Gylc.

(6)
Not golde potable, nor pured quintessence,
Not Rewe barbaryn, nor Alpharike Triacle,
Surmounte the power of myghti pestilence,
But God [thorugh] his seyntis doth his miracle
To everi person, by grace Receptakle,¹
Worshipynge this martir, he instillith his grace,
Moste sovereyne diaprodest, in all pestilence case.

/ Explicit / John lidgate /

36. THE LEGEND OF SEYNT GYLE.
[Bodleian MS. Laud 683, leaves 33, back, to 44, back.]

Here begynneth the lyff of Seynt Gyle. [ff. 33, bk.]

(1)
Of Agamenoun vnder the large Emipyre,
Born in Athenys of Grekes royall lyne,
Blyssed Gyles, thy grace lat Emipyre,
In-to my penne, the tracys tenlumyne ;
Cast down thy look, lat the strenys schyne,
Of thy tweyn Eyen, this prosesse to conveie,
Be influence of grace which is devyne,
Me to dyrecte of that I wolde seye,

(2)
In thy Wurship compendouslys to wryte,
By a maner breeff compylacyoun,
To remembre, so as I can Endyte,
Thy gloryous lyff, thy conversacyoun,
Thorugh al the world in every regyoun
Rad and rehersid, be examples ful notable,
Lyk a merour of Contemplacyoun,
To ffolk that caste hem in vertu to be stable,

MSS. Laud 683, leaves 33, back, to 44, back = L ; Leyden Voss. 9, pp. 1-15 = V. Harley 2255, leaves 95, back, to 103 = H. 4 tryais H.

LYDGATE, M. P.
The Legend of St. Gyle

I will tell your story as I can,

A lytel glene, gadryd in the field,
Betwen large shokkys of parfght holynesse,
Mong grete schevys that I ther be-held,
To gadre up heerys dyd my besynesse,
Greyn tryed out, selestyall of sweetnesse,
To ffostre and ffeede ffolk Contemplatiff,
Full in purpos breffily to Expresse
Centenciously thy myraeces and thy lyff,

Wher-vp-on my purpos to ffulfyllo,
By Goddis grace, fortune, or aventure,
Ther was to me brought a lytell bylle
Of greet devossionn by a cryature,
Requyryng me to do my besy Cure,
Afther the tenour only ffor Gyles sake,
Out of Latyn translate that scripture.
Folwyng the copie, this labour vndertake;

To whos requeste lowly I dyd Obeye,
Breeffly this story to put in remembraunce,
Long prosesse lefft, took the nexte weye,
For short metris do gladly gret plesaunce,
By cler report rehersed the substaunce,
Prolyxite ffor to sette asyde,
Bood no lenger but gan my penne avaunce,
Trustyng Seynt Gyle for to be my guyde.

Compendyously was remembrid thus,
So far in ordre I schall rehersyn here,
Thy father was Theodoras,
Thy moder was named Theodorus,
Callyd Pellagia was thy moder dere,
Of roial blood bothe borne yffere;
Thy youthe ffostryd, bokys determyne,
With dylygence vertu for to lere,
And profyte in vertuous dysepylyne.

20 eerys H.  32 copei (i added in red ink) copee H, copes V.
33 I lowly dede H V.  47 leerne V.  48 discipulyne V.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(7) Thus dysposed in vertu to profyte,
Lyk thy mastres wich taulht pe spelle and reede,
Tende of age, gretly lyst delyte,
As seith thy lyff, in almesse-deede,
Of compassion castyst of thy weede,
Gaff it freely to oon that quok for cold,
Wich was maad hool refresshed in his neede,
The ffirste myracle in thy legende told.

(8) Fader, moder, anoon as they were ded,
Thow dyst reioysshe ther tresour & richesse,
Thy patromonye for more goostly sped,
Thow gaff to pore, of mercyful almesse,
Another poysounned, pe venym dist represse,
To oon also with a ffend Travaylled,
Thy preyer and Expert hoolynesse
To his recure hath sovereignty avaylled.

(9) This myracles spred in thy Contre,
For teschewe veynglorie and fals pryde,
Of perfectyon ffleddyst ouer see,
Preysyng of people for to sette a-syde,
On-to shipmen sauacyonn and gyde,
Madyst pe tempest graciously asswage,
And fro perysshyng dist so for hem prouyde
From al perell to fortune ther passage.

(10) Seke and pore thou lyst also vysite,
And alle that were in Trybulacioun,
Of the wedewe callyd Theocryte,
To hir douhter thou were sauacioun,
Of old langour hir Consolacyoun,
To al the contre pleynyng for skarsete,
By thy prayer and medyacyoun,
They did habounde with gracious plente.

50 thy] the V. 56 The first] first H V. 59 more goostly] moost goodly H V. 62 frou] frende V. 67 over the ins. H V. 74 weryn V. 79 meditaciou?i Y. M 2
Whan the hermyte Veredemyus was ffer absent, thy story doth expresse, thoruh thy merit notabule & vertuous
Thou madist a penaunt hool from al siknesse,
Toward dissert the Iourne thou dist dresse
With cold water, and herbis rauhe and grene,
Complet iij yere thy story berith witnesse,
Laddist thy lyff, of colour pale and lene,

The legend of St. Gyle.

(11)

God of his grace hadde vpon the mynde,
Lyst ordeyne ffor a Restoratyff
To thy repast, whight as snow, an hynde,
With plentyvous mylk to fostre therby thy lyff,
Myd sharpe breris thou were Contemplatyf,
Thy body peyned with rigerous contynence,
Ageyn Sathan of costom was thy stryff
Dauntyng thy flessh by vertuous abstynence.

(12)

Thy foode was nouther on flessh nor ffyssh,
Sool by thy-silff in a desert place,
Other deyntes kam noon in thy dyssh,
But frute and rootis wich thou dist vp race,
Bestis reioysshing to loke vp-on thy fface,
Mong sharpe busses kepist thy hermytage,
As I told erst, among by Goddis grace
Sook of an hynde wich that was savage.

(13)

Thus of costom the hynde kept bi tyme
At serteyn houris duryng ful thre yeer,
Wente in pasture gresyng fro the pryme,
Toward mydday she kam with ful glad cheer,
Of God provided to be thy vytayller,
With a repast of hir mylk most soote,
She was thy cook, she was thy boteleer,
Ageyn the constreynt of hunger to do boote.

(14)
This myracle, and this vnkouth thyng, Was at Tuskan, to Gasceygne adiacent, Vpon Burgoyne regnyng there a kyng, As I reede hys name was Fluent, Wich in hunting sette at his Entent, Curteys, gentyl, in al his gouernaunce ; To conclude, shortly in sentement, He was soget to the kyng of ffraunce,

At mount Pilleris holding his soiour, As thy story, Guyles, maketh mynde Vpon a day the kyng with grete labour, Alle his meyne, noon was left be-hynde, Houndis on-coupelyd to chasyn at thy hynde, Roial lymeris with alautys huge, Thy beste swyftt left hem echon be-hynde, Ran to thy effect for socour and refugge.

The kyng, the bysshop, thy story who lyst rede, Of that kyngdam cam to thy presence Hurt with an arwe, sauh thy wounde bleede, Profred amendis and gold for ther offence ; The kyng in wyl thy wrong to recompence, By the assigned of hooll affeecyoun, To bykle of monkis in Goddis reuerence, A monasterie with-Inne his regioun.

At thy requeste the bisshop and the kyng, Condescendid, with a Condycyoun, That thow woldist accomplissh ther askyng To ben abbot of that relygyoun, Sette a ground of hih perfeecyoun, By good example take of thy persone, And of desert leue thy mansyoun, For comoun provyght and leue nat so allone.

114 Gascoygne H V. 115 a] as H V. 119 sentens V.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(19)

At ther prayer with al humlyte,
In thyn avis thou were Condescendyd,
That the religioun myhte Encresed be,
By thy presence and vertuiously amendid,
Circumstauces breeffly comprehendyd,
Thorugh o persone offyn hath be prevyd,
All a regioun myhte been amendyd
By o good man socoured and releued.

(20)

In this mater it nedith not to tarye,
To daunte thy flessh, pe trouthe was wel sene,
Whan thou lefftyst to be solytarye,
Fedynge thy-silff with rotys raugh & grene,
Drank welle water, of colour megre and lene,
Thy wounde open, thy blood dystellying down,
As deuhy dropis, ageyn the somne schene,
Ay to remembre on Crystys passyoun,

(21)

Prayeng pe lord duryng al thy lyve,
Be experience as it was after flundes,
On remembraunce of Cristis woundis flyve,
That euer bledyng sholde be thy wounde,
That no leche with salue sholde sownde
Thy grevous hurt, to stau?«che it, or to bynde,
Cristis carectis large, wyde, and rownde,
Eternally enprente hem in thy mynde.

(22)

The saide abbey accomplisshed & I-walled,
The kyng present in his royal astaat,
With the bishop whan thou were stalled,
Meek of thy port, nat pompous nor elat,
Loved and drad with grace floruntat,
Laumpe and lanterne of perfeccyoun,
Tauhtest pi soggettis, erly and eek late,
To profyte in ther Relygyoun,

164 xuld V. 169-176 om. V. 171 whan that ins. H. 175 ff. Faded letters from this point are retouched in L, by later hand, in red ink.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(23) Fastyng, wakyng, and liggyng harde a-nyht,
     To thy discyple patrour and examplarie,
Fyrst at matynes settyst vp the lyght, [leaf 37, back]
     In ech party of the seyntewarye,
     Knelyng in churche, or in thy lybrarye,
Euer in study or Contemplacyoun,
     Pastor callid, nat a mercenarye,
With a brydell of Castygacyoun.

(24) Madist thy flessh meekly to obeye
     To the spirit, voyde of rebellyoun,
Of alle pi werkis discressioun bar the keie,
     With hih prudence and no presumpcioun,
     Twewayne of consayl, equyte and resoun,
Lyk a ffader peised rigour and clemence,
     Twen thetrenytees hate or affeceyyoun,
Reulyng thy convent vnder obedience,
     ruling thy convent well.

(25) Wyt and discrecioun kept egal the ballaunce
     A-tween cherisshyng and just correceyyouns,
Thou bar the torche of prudent gouernaunce,
     Fro parcial drauht of fals deuysiouns,
     Resoun repressed fforeyyn occasioun-
With soffe speche and with woorles fflayre
     Were set a-syde alle rebelliouns,
To thy precept was no soget contrarye.

(26) Swyfft of wynge flight of thy good fame,
     By cleer report kam to the audyence
Of kyng Charlys, and of pi parfit name,
     Whereof supprised with spiritual fervence,
     By auctorite of royall excellencye,
Sente to the denoutly by massage,
     Beyng thy-silff at Aralatence,
Toward hym holdyng thy viage,

186 rebelacioun V.  189 and of ins. V.  193 egaly V.
198 a} & V.  204 supposid V.
The Legend of St. Gyle

(27)

meeting and healing a man on the way

The king asked thee to pray for him,

The kyng lowly with devout obeysaunce

The king asked thee to pray for him,

Prayde thou woldyst in thyn Orysons

Prayde thou woldyst in thyn Orysons

Haue hym dayly in thy remembrance,

Haue hym dayly in thy remembrance,

Sith it stood so, for short conclusiones,

Sith it stood so, for short conclusiones,

He hadde offendyd of froward mocynous,

He hadde offendyd of froward mocynous,

In a synne terryble to deseryve,

In a synne terryble to deseryve,

Weneur of purpos in his oppynyouns

Weneur of purpos in his oppynyouns

Therof to been confessed in his lyve.

Therof to been confessed in his lyve.

(28)

and a letter in gold came to thee from heaven, absolving him.

Nat longe after beyng at thy masse

Nat longe after beyng at thy masse

By gret avys praydest for the kyng,

By gret avys praydest for the kyng,

In thy memento lyst nat lyghtly passe

In thy memento lyst nat lyghtly passe

Tyl Cryst Iesu grauntyd thyn askyng,

Tyl Cryst Iesu grauntyd thyn askyng,

In a bylle the trespas rehersyng

In a bylle the trespas rehersyng

With goldene lettrys cast on the auhter,

With goldene lettrys cast on the auhter,

Brouht by an angel from hevene descendyng

Brouht by an angel from hevene descendyng

Of al the cas declared the maner,

Of al the cas declared the maner,

(30)

To more encres of this vnkouth myracle

To more encres of this vnkouth myracle

As the bylle in ordre dyd Expresse,

As the bylle in ordre dyd Expresse,

To thy requeste was maad noon obstacle,

To thy requeste was maad noon obstacle,

Cryst hath for-zone of his gret goodnesse,

Cryst hath for-zone of his gret goodnesse,

The kynge gyngs gynt thoruh thy parlitnesse,

The kynge gyngs gynt thoruh thy parlitnesse,

Alle circumstaunces pleynly out declaryd,

Alle circumstaunces pleynly out declaryd,

Atween you two, as thou lyst hym confess,

Atween you two, as thou lyst hym confess,

Trenly in ordre there was no poynyt L-sparyd,

Trenly in ordre there was no poynyt L-sparyd,

210 the] om. V. 212 comen H V. kome L. at his V.
225 beyng[ om. V. 229 lyst] dist H V.
This vnkouth bylle, by an angell brought,
Cast on the auther, briht as þe sonne schoon,
What was wretyn no man knew riht nouht,
Weord nor silable but thy-silffe alloon,
They gaff a lyght lyk a charbonele stoon
Thorugh the chapel the skrowe schoon so shene,
Among hem alle sothly was nat Oon
Except thy-sylff knew what they did mene.

Granuted to the flor a prerogatyff,
In this bylle with thys addycyoun,
What synful man lyst amende hys lyff,
Full repentaunt with contrycyoun,
And the sacrament of confessyoun,
The lord aboue schal hem to mercy take,
Throuh thy prayer and hooly orisoun
So that they lyst ther synne to for-sake.

Charlys restoryd on-to goostly helthe,
By thy notable Informacyoun,
To gret encres of hys worldly welthe,
And gret prosperitye of all his regioun;
At thy departyng from his roial dour<gou?*,
To dysecuere ye tweyne were so loth
Of ffervent love and trewe afeccyoun
Thy lyff remembreth that ye wepte bothe.

Repeyryng hom by thy deceit ay moryd,
Be encre in vertu Crist Iesu was thy sped,
A dukys sone was to lyff Restoryd,
By thy prayer wich lay affore the ded,
Among pi bretheren with obeisaunce and dred,
Komyng hom brouht in with glad vysage,
Abood nat longe, clad in a pilgrym weede,
Toward Rome madyst thy vyage.
(35)
Cause of thy goyng in bi lyff expressed,
   Was of greet zeeel and greet affeeceyoun,
Ful weel expert for grace hath so dressed
   Thy pylgrymage toward Rome toun,
   And to expleyte all thyn enteneyoun,
Noon obstacle, as it is comprehendyd,
   To thy requeste and Iust petycyoun
Graceyously the Pope ys condescendyd.

(36)
Gret heed he took to thyn holynesse,
   And to thy famous greet humylyte,
Sette thy chirche for euer in sekernesse,
   And thy relygioun in Tranquyllyte,
   By bulle asseled with many lyberte,
Peynes annexed by ful hard sentence,
   Ageyn alle tho that of Inyquyte
To thy convent dyde vyolence.

(37)
And by a-nother favourable sygne,
   Of God enspired the Pope dyd his peyne,
Lyk a ffadder gracyous and benygne,
   Put thy ffredamys to stondyn in serteyn,
   On-to thyn hous he gaff dorys tweyne,
By crafft out korve wrouht with fresh entayl,
   Maugre alle tho that lyst at it dysdeyne
Thyn hous tenpugne they shall nat prevayll.

(38)
This seide dooris korve out of Cypresse,
   Brought to Tybre they fond noon obstacle,
Next to that stronde, thy story seith expresse,
   They fro Tybre conveyed by myracle
   To thy closet and lytell tabernacle,
Brought to londe with greet solemnyte,
   Affore thy stepill with many fresh penacle,
In wich dorys who lyst thy story see,
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(39)

Was hool compleat lyf of thapostelys xij,
In fresshi picture with lyffly quyk Images,
Though Pigmaleon had be there hym-selve
He konde haue maad no goodlyere vysages.
Reysed bentayll vp-on smale stages
Garnysshed with gold, freet with stonys ryche,
Blissed Gyles by thy pylgrymages,
Thou gat these loukis to wich per be non lyche.

(40)

Kept in thy chirche ffor a memoryall,
Tokene of ful graunt and confirmacioun,
That thy menstre in Espeyall
Fraunchised was, for pleyn conclusioun,
From all maner Iuredyceyon,
Of foreyn power be thy holynesse,
Prelat nor prynce of no presumpcioun
Thy lybertees nor fraunchise to oppresse,'

(41)

By a spirit only of prophesye,
Knew afforn whan thou sholdyst passe,
Thy bretheryn present with many wepyng eie,
On a Sunday knelyng in the place,
Spreynt with teris, lokying on thy face,
Whan that thou gaf, as I can remembr
Thy oost to God conveyed vp by grace,
With holy angellis mon[e]the of Septembre.

Explicit.

A Praier to Seynt Gyle.

(42)

O gracious Gyle, of pore folk chef patroun,
Medycyne to seke in ther dystresse,

Gracious Gyles,
To alle needy sheeld and proteceyoun,  
Reffute to wrecchis, ther damages to redresse,  
Folk that were ded restoryng to quyknesse,  
Sith thou of God were chose to be so good,  
Pray for our synynys, pray for our wikkidnesse,  
To Crist Iesu that boughte us with his blood,  

(43)
Caste vp-on us thy goodly pitous yee,  
To our requestis thy eris down enclyne,  
For the love of Iesu and Marye,  
Born in Bedlem, she a pure virgyne,  
And as thou were tryacle and medycyne  
To kyng Charlis, whan he in myschef stood,  
Teche us the weye by pi gostly doctryne,  
To love that lord that bought us with his blood.

(44)
Geyn our enemyes wich ben in noumbre thre,  
The flessh pe world pe drollful fel serpent,  
Of thy grace and mercyfull pyte,  
To pi servauntis that serve the of entent  
Ageyn al trouble be with hem present,  
Mangre pe fend and his furious mood,  
Gracious Gyle, be neuer from us absent  
For love of Iesu pat bouhte us with his blood,

(45)
We putte our trust and our affeccyoun  
In pi most feithful prudent gouernaunce,  
Be thow our shelde, [our] pavys, and sheltroune,  
That were so famous by myracles in stubaunce,  
Wrought by thy merit in Germanye & Fraunce,  
Mangre leviathan, mankyndes fo moost wood,  
Ageyn whos were haue us in remembraunce  
To-forde that lord wich bouht us with his blood.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

Lenvoye.

(46)

O myn [avowe], wicli callid art Seynt Gyle, 1 MS. above. Thynk on þi man þat laboureth to compile This lytel dete, of hooll herte and entyeer, 364 Hauue mynde on alle that trust in þi prayer, For love of hym that starff vpon þe rood, Yif thou be mene, we stonde no thyng in were, To haue his mercy þat bouhte us with his blood. 368

Explicit.

37. THE LEGEND OF SEYNT MARGARETE.

[MS. Durham Cosin V. II. 14, leaves 97, back, to 106, back.]

Here begynneth the prolog of the holy Seynt, Seynt Margarete, compendiously compiled in balade by Lidgate dan Joha, Monk of Bury, A° VIII° h VI°.

(1)

At the reuerence of Seynt Margarete

My purpos is hir lyfe to compile;

Though I haue no Rethorikes swete

Nor colour noon tenbelisshe with my style

Yet dar I seyn, it happeth so somen while,

Vnder writyng rude of apparence

Mater is hid of grete intellygence.

(2)

Ful ofte falleth, in this Chestys blake

Gold and perlys and stones of grete prys

361 avowe] H V. above L. 364 entent V.

The Legend of Scynt Margarete.

A royal ruby may be in a poor sack.

So I will try my best.

She loved Christ.

Margaret she was by name and by nature.

White of chastity.

Ben ylooke and into warde ylake;
And by sentence and the prudent avys
Of philosoffres, that holden were so wys, 12
A Royal Ruby in whiche ther is no lak,
May closed ben in a ful pore sak. 14

(3)

And though that I haue noon eloquence
For to discryue hir parfit holynesse
Hir chaste lyf, hir tendre Innocence.
Hir martirdam wrought by grete duresse,—
Ay unmutable in hir stablenesse,
Vn-to the dethe ay one in hir suffraunce,
So was hir herte roted on constaunce. 21

(4)

In Crystes feith she gan hir so delyte,
For whom she lyste despyse al worldly glorye,
This daysye, with leves rede and white,

Purpul hewed, as maked is memorye, 25

Whan that hir blode was shad oute by victorye,
The chaste lely of whos maydenhede
Thorugh martyrdom was spreycnt with roses rede. 28

(5)

Margarete, the storye dothe hir calle,
After a stone ynamed Margarite,

A precyous gemme amonge these stones alle,
In there bokes as clerkys liste to write;

For of nature perlys echone ben white, 33

Right vertuous of kynde, rounde and small—

Whiche propurtees resembleth hir at alle. 35

(6)

Her was first white by virginyte,
In al hir lyvyng preuye vertuous;

The Legend of Scynt Margarete.

And smal she was by humylite;
Right strong in God, this maide glorious;
And for she was thurgh deth victoryous,
Thurgh hir triumpe she gate the palme in heuene,
With laures crowned above the sterres seuene.

This stone in vertu is a cordyal,
To the spirit a grete confortatyf;
Right so hir herte was imperyal
I mene, in vertu duryng al hir lyf;
For she venquesshed with al hir mortal stryf
The deuel, the worlde, her storye dothe devyse,
And of hir fleshe she made a sacryfice

Unto the lorde, that starf vpon the rode,
When he liste deye for oure redempceyoun;
So this virgine, taquyte him, shad hir blode
Ful benygnely in her passyoun.
O gemme of gemmes, vyrgyfi of most renoun,
Thy lif to write be thou my socoure,
And shede of grace the aureat lycoure

In-to my penne, quakyng of verray drede,
Of retoryke for I am so rude.
Duely to write this martirdom: in dede,
Ne were oo thyng, I wolde me excuse,—
That thou of grace wylt me not refuse
But dyrectyn, O blysful lode-sterre,
Me and my penne to conveye, when I erre.

Lat thi lyght in derkenesse be my guyde
Tochyng this processe whiche I hauene vnder-take.

41 the] hyr L. 42 laurell L. 47 with al] B. withal D. with all H. with L. 50 vppon a crosse L (see L. 52). 51 him list to sye L. 52 And for hym shed hyr blode Rede as Roos L. 53 pacienly L. 56 pin L. 57 of] for B. 61 will L. wolt B. 62 directen B. H. direct L. 63 My penne and me L.
Remember, O virgyne, vpon that other side
On hir that caused, oonly for thi sake,
Thyn holy lyf me to compile and make,—

My lady Marche I mene, whiche of entent
Yafe firste to me in commandement

That I shulde considre welle and see
In Frensshe and Latyne thyn holy passyoun,
Thi martirdam and thi virginite,
And thereof make a compilacyoun;
So, as I cowde, vnder correccioun,
And vnder supporte of alle that shal it rede,
Vpon this storye thus I wylle procede.

Here endeth the prolog of Seynt Margarete, and next
folwyng begynneth the storye of hir.

In Anthiochye, a famous grete Citee,
This blyssed mayde, this martir gloryous
Whilom was born, hire legende ye may see,—
Hir fader callid Theodosius;
And as the storye playnly telleth vs,
A patryark he was of Paynym lawes
After the ryghtes vsed in tho dawes.

To a Noryce this mayde was ytake,
Right gracios of shape and of visage:
The Paynym lawe of herte she hath forsake
And was baptised in hir tendre age,
For whiche hir fader gan fallen in a rage
And to hir-ward bare ful grete haterede,
Whan that he knewe she crystened was in dede.

The Legend of Seynt Margaretc.

(14)
And whan that she by processe dede atteyne
   Unto the Age of xv. yere,
With othir maydnes of beaute souereyne,
   This holy virgyne, benygne and glad of chere,
Flouryng in vertu, moste goodly and entere,
Humble of hir porte, this gracious creature
Kepte of hir Noryce the shepe in theire pasture.

(15)
Devoyde of pride, of rancour and of Ire,
   She called was a mirrour of mekenesse,
The Holy Gost hir herte so dede enspire
   That will and thought were sette on parfitnesse,
And chere benygne to alle she dede shewe,
Softe of hir speche, and but of wordys fewe.

(16)
She gat hir love vpon euery syde,
   By cause she was so inly vertuous,—
For God and grace with hir dide abide—
   Al thyng eschewyng that was vycious ;—
   Til that the Prefette, called Olibrius,
Of auenture rode on his p'leyng,
Where he sawe first this mayde, hir shepe kepyng.

(17)
He was rauesshede anon with hir beaute,
   Hir grete fairnesse whan he dide aduerte,
Hir fresshe face eke whan he dide see ;
   Hir heuenly Iyen perced thurgh his herte,
   Brent in his corage with importable smerte :
This cruel wolfe, for love inpacyent,
Cast him devoure this cely Innocent.

LYDGATE, M. P.  

When she was fifteen,

she kept sheep.

Every one loved her.

was ravished with her beauty.
Firste to him-self thus he spake and sayde: [leaf 99, bk.]

"What is she this, where dothe this goodely duelle? Who saw ever to-forn so faire a maide, Whiche alle other in beaute dothe excelle? Of womanhede she is the verry welle; For me semeth myn herte in every weyne Is thurgh perced with hir Iyen twyne."

(19)

And with that thought he made for to gone His servauntes to hir Innocence, Bad thei sholde enquere of hir amoon, What that she was, with al hir diligence, And reporte vnto his presence Of hir lynage playnly how it stode And where she were born of gentil blode;

(20)

"And of hir birthe if that she be fre, I wille hir hane sothly to my wyfe, Lone and cherysshe for hir grete beaute, As it is skyle, duryng al my lyfe, That atwene vs ther shal be no striye; And if she be born of foreyne lyne, I wille hir take to my concubyne."

(21)

She was brought vnto his presence, First he enquerede of hir condicyoun, Bad hir declare platly in sentence Of hir lawe and hir religioun, And of hir ky[n], by short conclusyoun, Clerly dyscure, and the trouthe attame, Hooly hir purpos, and what was hir name.

The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(22)
She, not to Rekel for noon hastynesse,
But ful demure and sobre of contenaunce,
Gan looke on him, by grete avisenesse,
Dressyng to God hir hertes remembraunce,
Of chere nor colour ther was no variaunce;  [leaf 100] 152
Constanat of herte, this holy blyssed mayde
To the Prefecte euene thus she saide:

(23)
"Touchynge my lynage, by successyoun
My bloide conveyed is fro grete noblesse,
My name Margarete; and of religioun
I am cristen, in verray sothfastnesse;
And in that lawe, with-oute doublenesse,
For lyf or dethe playnly I will abide,
Persenere stable, and varien on no side."

(24)
Wher-of the Iuge in manere gan disdeyne,
To hir saide, for short conclusioun,—
"Margarete, ther ben thinges tweyne
Ful couenable to thi condicyoun:
And this the first, to myn oppinioun,
Of thi byrthe the grete nobilithe,
And the seconde is thi grete beaute,

(25)
"Whiche in thi persone Joyned ben yeore,
Worthi to be called a Margarite,
Of fairenesse of shape and eke of chere,
A chosd gemme among these perles white;
And in this tweyne for I me delite,
Sewyng my counsaille thou mustest condiscende
Better avysed the thride to amend."  [leaf 100] 154

She was ins. L. 149 with sobre L. 152 ther] om. L.
154 And to ins. L. 156 was L. noblenesse B. 157 name ys
ins. L. 158 cristened B.L. 161 verrey L. 162 dyde L.
166 to} in L. 171 feirenesse B. fayrenese H. fairenes L. 172
A] And B. 173 tweyne] om. L. 1 me B. 174 must H.
maist L. myust B. conducende L.

X 2
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(26)

"To thi beaute it were a ful grete loos,
To thi youthe and to thi maydenhede,
To leve on him that deied on a croos,
I holde it foly ; wherfore take good hede,
For-sake his feithe, and do as I the rede ;
First lat that God of the be denied
Which on a tre was hange and crucified."

(27)

"It is true," said she,
"Certes," quod she, "what ever that thou seye,
He willfully suffred passioun,
And humbely liste for mankynde deye
And sched his blode for oure redempcioun
To make vs fre, and payen oure raunsoun,
Of his Ioye that we ne sholde mysse
Where now he regneth eternaly in blysse."

(28)

The judge sent hir to prison.

"Margarete," quod he, "hauue pite on thyne age,
And haue eke mercy on thi grete fairnesse.
Spille not thi thought of foly ne of rage,
But tourn thy herte, and thi wittes dresse
To oure goddes, and do thi besyynesse
Hem to honour and plesse her deyete,
As thou desirest to lyue in prosperite."

The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(30)
Quod she ageyn: "with hert, wille and thoughte
I worship him verrayly in dede
That made man, and after hath him bought,
Whom heuene and erthe and the see dothe drede.
Alle elementes he dothe conveie and lede,
For wynde, nor weder, nor no creature
With-oute his mercy may no while endure."

(31)
Quod the Iuge: "Anoon but thou consente
To my desire as thou hast herde devyse,
Truste fully that thou shalt repente.
For first I shal in ful cruel wyse
Mercyles thy body so chastyse,—
Trust me welle, this no feyned tale,—
Thi flesshe assonder kerve on peces smale."

(32)
Quod Margarete, "while that me lastethe brethe,
I shal abide in this oppiniouw.
Sythe Criste for me suffred peye and dethe,
Shad al his blode for my redempcyoun,
So for his sake, of hole affecyoun,
Be assured that I haue no drede
To deye for him, and al my blode to shede."

(33)
The Iuge thanne vpon a galowe tre
Lete hangeñ vp this holy pure virgyne,
Hir flesshe be rente in his cruelt,  
Whos blode ran doun right as eny lyne ;
Lyke a quyke this maiden in her pyne
Shadoute hir blode, hir veynes al to-rent,
Til of hir body the lycour was al spent.

206 have L. 210 with outyn L. no while] om. L. 211 but
þou anon B L. 216 þis is B L. 217 shall be leytt into L.
hongen B. 227 be] H. he L. to rent B. 229 Ay lyke
awyke L. þe maide B. alwey in ins. L. 231 al spent] I spent L.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(34)

Allas the while! thei that stode beside,
   Full sore wepteñ of compassyoun;
Allas! for doole! thei myght vnnethe abide
   To sene hir blode so renne and rayle doun
So importable was hir passyoun

For Cristes feithe, that the peple abraide
And of pite thus to hir thei saide:

(35)

"O Margareta, alas, when we take hede
   Hou thou whilom were faireste vn-to see,
But now, alas! thi body is al rede,
   Steyned with blode, whereof we han pite,
Allas! alas! hou myght it euere be
To sene a mayde yonge, fresshe, and tendre of age
Mighty to endure of tourment suche arage?

(36)

"Whi hast thou lost thy excellent fairenesse,
Whi hast thou lost this shape and thy beautye?
And fynal cause of thi mortal distresse
Is thi wilful incredulite.

Lete fantasies out of thyne herte fie
Now at the last, that thou maist in eese
Of thy turment the bitternesse appese."

(37)

Quod she: "Goth hens, ye fals counsayliry, 259
Ye worlde peple, vnsad and euer vntrewe,
Flesshely, chaungeable, and in youre desirys
Delityng euere in thinges that be newe;
Amonge remembreth—and wolde God ye knewe—
That of my flessehe the mortal tourmentrie
Is to my soule chief salve and remedie."
And to the luge thus she said and spake:

"O greedy hounde, lyoun insaciable,

On my body thou maiste welle taken wrake,

But the soule shal perseuere stable,

For Cristes feith abiden immutabel.

For thilke lorde Crist Ihesu, whom I serve,

From al mischief my spirit shal preserve."

The luge, confuse sittying in the place,

To beholde myght not sustene

The rede blode rayle aboute hir face,

Like a ryver rennyng on the grene;

Toke his mantel in his mortal tene,

Hid his visage, whanne that he toke hede

In herte astoned to sene hir sydes blede.

Made hir in hast to be taken down

Myd of hir peyne cruel and horrible,

And efte ageyne putte hir in prisoun,

Where she prayde,—if it were possible,

Hir mortal foo, dreadful and odible,

The lorde besechyng that she myght him see,

Whiche cause was of her aduersite,

Hir impugnyng thurgh his mortal fight

That man first brought to distruecyeoun.

And sodeynly appered in hir sight,

Where as she lay bounden in prisoun,

In the lykenesse of a felle dragoun

The olde serpent, whiche called is Sathan,

And hastily to assayle her he began;
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(42)
With open mouthe, the virgyne to devour,
First of alle, he swolwed in hir hede,
And she devouertly, hirself to socoure,
Gan crosse hirself, in hir mortal drede;
And by grace, anoone or she toke hede,
The horrible beste, in relees of hir peyne,
Brast assondre, and partyd was on tweyne.

(43)
Then as a man he assailed her,
And efte ageyne to assayl hir he began,
The story seith, and after dothe appeere
By gret disceit in lykenesse of a man;
And she devouertly, with hir yen clere
Lyfte vp to God, gan maken hir prayere.
And as she lay in hir orison,
Vnder hir fete lyggynge the dragoun,

(44)
The deuel, venquysshed, toke hir by the honde,
Spake thes wordes, as I shal devyse:
"Thou hast me bounde with invisible bonde,
Whiche victorie ought ynogh suffice!
Cese of thy power, and lat me now aryse,
For I may not abiden thi constreynt,
In this batayle thou hast made so feyn."  

(45)
And she aroos with-oute fere or drede,
This cely ma[i]de, this tendre creature,
By grace of God hent him by the hede
And cast him doun, for al his felle armure,
Vnder hir fete—he myght[e] not recure;
And on this serpent for to do more wrake,
Hir ryght fote she sette upon his bake.

"Oo feende," quod she, "of malyse serpentyne,
Remembre of the how I haue victorye,
A clene mayde, by powere femynyne,
Whiche shall be rad to myn encrees of glorye,
Perpetuely putte eke in memorie,
How a mayde hath put vnder fote
Sathan, that is of synne crope and roote."

With that the serpent lowde gan to crie,
"Thou hast me brought shortly to vtraunce,
I am ve[n]quysshed, I may it not deuye,
Ageyns the ful feble is my puyssauuee,
Thyn Innocence hath brought me to myschaunce,
And a mayde, but of yeeres tendre,
Hath me outrayed with hir lynnes sklendre.

"Yif that a man, whiche had force and myght,
Had me venquysshed, I myght it welle sustene;
But now, alas, ageyn al skele and ryght,
A cely virgyne, a mayde pure and clene,
Hath me bore down in al my felle tene;
And this, alas, bothe at eve and morowe
Is grettest cause of my dedly sorowe.

"This encreseth grete party of my peyne,
When I consydr with-ynde my-self and see
How thi fader and moder bothe tweyne
Were in their tyme friendly vnto me;
But thou allone, thugh thy virginite,
Thi chast[e] lyf, thuy parfyt holynesse
Han me venquysshed and outrayed in distress."

The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(50)

When she bogan the serpent to constreyne [leaf 103]
To disire, and no thinge to hyde
By what mene and what manere treyne,
Outher by malys, outher by envye and pryde
That he assailed man on any syde.

"The kynde of man, telle on anoon," quod she,
"And be welle ware thou lye nat to me."

(51)

"Sothely," quod he, "I may it not denye,—
To seyn the trouthe playnly, and not spare,
My nature is of custume for to lye,
As I that am of trouthe and vertue bare,
Lyggynge awayte ayenste the welfare
Of folkes goode, and alway envyous
To alle that ben parfite and vertuous,

(52)

"Naturelly to hem I haue envye,
Though thei thurgh vertu me ofte put abak,
And whan it falleth thei haue of me mastrie,
Ageyn to me resorteth al the wrak;
Of charite I haue so grete a lak,
So grete sorowe only for lak of grace
That man in heuene sholde occupye my place.

(53)

"Yet, wote I welle, I may it not recure,
Nor in that place shal I neuer abide,
But in helle sorowe and peyne endure,
From heuene caste for my grete pryde—
This foule vice fro themes was my guyde,
Yet of malys, thye trouthe for to telle,
Envye I haue that man ther sholde duelle.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(54) "This eke trouthe that whilom Salamon,
As booke olde recorden and conclude,
Closed in a vesselle fendet many on
And of spiritus a grete multitude,
Whiche Innocentes ful often can delude; [leaf 103, back]
But after dethe of that prudent kyng
Fro that vessel thei caste out fire sparklyng.

(55) "Men supposyng in theire oppinioim
There was closed grete tresour and rychesse,
Brak the vessel of entencyoun,
And sodyly the fendet gan hem dresse
Oute of that holde fer fro that distresse,
At her oute-goyng enfectyng al thayre,
Where thei abiden and hane theire repaire;

(56) "Which to mankynde do ful grete damage
By their malys and ther temptacions,
To olde and yonge and euery manere age,
By ther conspired fals illusyouns;
But fynally all ther collusyons
Goth vnto nought, and al ther violence,
Whan ther is made myghty resistence."

(57) Whan the serpent malicyous and olde
To the mayde, whos fote dede him oppresse,
Had his processe and his tale tolde,
She with-drowe to done him more duresse;
And the dragoun upwarde gan him dresse,
Disapered, and forth his wyey is goo;
And she, assured of hir gostly foo,

The Legend of Scynt Margarete.

(58)

Wenquysshed hath the prynce of al derkenesse,
And sitthe she hathe ouercome the hede,
It faylethe nat she nedes moste oppresse
His cruel mynystre, and haue of him no drede.

And sewyng on, this floure of goodelyhede

The next[e] day, voyde of all refuge

Save of the lorde, was brought afores the luge,

(59)

Ful moche peple heyng in presence.
And for she wolde do no sacryfice
The fals goddes, by mortal violence
She was dispoiled in ful cruel wyse
And naked stode, that folke myght hir despise;
And after that this gemme of maydenhede
Was brent with brondus bright as eny glede,

(60)

Hir sydes skorched, whilom white as melke,
The cruel mynystres liste hir nat to spare,
For Crystes sake, hir body, softe as selke,
Mercyles, naked stode and bare;
And to avment and encrese hir care,
In boylng water she was caste and bounde,
The [wawys burlyng] [with bolles grete & round].

(61)

The folkes alle, that stonden enviroune
Of doo[l]ful pite, that sawe this auenture,
Gan wepe and pleyne, and of compassyoun
Merueyled sore a tendre creature
Sustene myght suche torment and endure;
For the tyraunt, to make hir peynes straunge,
In fire and water gan hir torment change.

And sodeynly there fille an erthe-quaye. 
The people, in drede, dempte it was vengeaunce; 
And fyve thousand, for God wolde hem save, 
Converted weren from there myscreaunce, 
For Cristes sake heveded by vengeaunce,—
Se how a mayde in al hir tourmentrie 
The feith of Crist coude magnifie. 

The blynde Iuge, all voyde of happe and grace, 
Last that othre converted wolde be 
To Cristes feith, withoute lenger space 
Commaunded hath that this mayde fre,
In youth flourynge and virginite, 
To ben heueded, withoute more tarying, 
In hir praier as she lay knelynge. 

But first she praied of humble affecyun 
To the Iuge, to graunten hir leyser 
That she myght make hir orisoun, 
And haue a space to lyue in hir praiere. 
And ful deuoutly with hert hole and entere 
Vpon the poynte when she sholde deye, 
The blessed virgyne thus bygan to preye. 

First she praide of parfit charite 
For hir enemys and hir tourmentours, 
For hem that caused hir aduersite 
And had hir pursued with mony sharpe shours, 
Of parfit loue she gadrid oute the flours, 
Praying also for thoo folkes alle 
That after helpe vnto hir grace calle. 

**MSS:**
- 428 fille] was L. 
- 435 all] om. L. 
- 437 within a lytyll L. 
- 438 maydyn L. 
- 440 be beheded H L. withoutyn L. more] om. L. 
- 441 satt L. 
- 445 lyce] lyen B. be L. 
- 448 gane praye L. 
- Margin of B: Prima oracio ipsius persecutoribus. 
- 449 in L. 
- 450 kir] also L. 
- 451 all hyr L. 
- 453 oute] om. L. 
- 454 thoo] the B. 
- 455 wolde calle L. 

**Corrected Mss:**
- An earth-quake came on. 
- Then the judge commanded that she be beheaded. 
- She prayed first. 
- for her tormentors, and those who should pray in her name.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(66)
And for alle thoo that haua hir in memorie,
   And swiche as truste in hir helpe at nede;
That God hem graunte, sittinge in his glorie,
   Of his grace that thei may wolde spede,
   And ageyn right that no man hem myslede,

   "And, lorde," quod she, "to alle be socoure
   That for thi sake done to me honoure."

(67)
   "And specially to the I beseche
To alle wymmen whiche of childe trauyale,
   For my sake, oo lorde, be thou her leche,
   Lat my prayere vn-to hem availe,
   Suffre no myschief tho wymmen, lorde, assaille.
   That calle to me for helpe in theire greuaunce,
   But for my sake save hem fro myschaunce.

(68)
   "Lat hem, lorde, not perisshe in theire childynge,
   Be thou her comforte and consolacyoun,
   To be deliuered thurgh grace of thy̩n helpynge, [leaf 165]
   Socoure hem, lorde, in theire tribulacyoun.
   This is my prayr, this is myn orisoun,
   And specially do alle folkes grace
   That calle to me for helpe in any place!"

(69)
And fro that high[e] heavenly mansyoun
   Was herde a voys in open audience
   That God had herde hir peticioun,
   To be parfourned with-oute resistance.
   And than this maide, moste of excellence,
   Roos vp denoutly, and no thynge afferde
Seide vnto him whiche that helde the swerde :

---

459  thei] om.  B.  461  to all hem ̄b be  L.  462  to me don  B.
   do me  L.  Margin of B: Etiam denote oranuit ad demum vt quicumque
   in partu periclitans se innocatam ille saui probem emitteret.
463  to the] also  L.  464  pat with Childryn prenaile (sic)  L.  466
   to  L.  467  tho] to B.  tho wymmen, lorde] hem  L.  470  lorde
   om.  L.  perisshe, lorde, etc.  B.  Childre berynge  L.  472  grace of
   om.  L.  473  there] om.  L.  474  this is] & L.  475  do] to H.
   suche folke  L.  476  As callyn  L.  477  hyghe B L H.  483
   whiche] om.  L.  hilde B H.
"Come nere," quod she, "myn oune brother dere, 
Smyte with the swerde, and loke thou spare nought.
My body shal behynde abideñ here,
But my soule to henene shall be brought."

Her hede enclynynge with an humble thought;
Thretene kalendes, the boke maketh mencychon,
Of Iul this maide, a merour of constaunce,
Was laureat thurgh hir parfyt suffraunce.

An holy seynt writeth of this maide, and seithe:
"This Margareta, parfyt of hir creaduce,
With drede of God moste stable in hir feythe,
Vn-to the deth hauyng perseneraunce
Sette hoole to God with thought and remembraskaunce,
In herte ay compt, she was so vertuous,
Every-thing eschewyng that was vicious.

Hir blyssed lyf, hir conversacion
Were example of parfite pacience,
Of grounded cleemesse and of religiou,
Of chastite founded on prudence;
God gaf to hir souerayn excellence
In hir tyme that she shulde be
To all a maisterasse of virgnnte.

Then she was beheaded.
She suffered on June 19.
She was perfect in all,
An example to all maidens.
"Hir fadir, modir, hir kynred she forsoke,
Hir holy lyuyng was to hem odious,
To Cristes lawe al holy she hir toke,
This blissed mayde, this virgin glorious,
Of alle hir enemys she was victorious,
Til at the laste, in vertu complet goode,
For Cristes sake she shad hir chaste bloode."

Explicit vita sancte Margarete.

Lenvoy.

Noble princesses and ladyes of estate,
And gentilwomen lower of degre,
Lefte vp your hertes, calle to your aduocate
Seynt Margarete, gemme of chastite.
And alle wyynen that hane necessite,
Praye this mayde ageyn syknesse and dissee,
In trayvalynge for to do yow ese.

And folkes alle that be disconsolat
In your myschief and grete aduersite,
And alle that stonde of helpe desolate,
With devout hert and with humylite
Of ful trust, knelyng on your kne,
Pray this mayde in trouble and alle dissee
Yow to releve and to do yow ese.

Now, blissed virgyne, in heuene hy exaltat,
With othir martirs in the celestialle se,
Styntith werre, the dredfull fel debat
That vs assailith ofoure enemys thre,
From whos assaute impossible is to fle,
But, chaste gemme, thi servauntes sette at ese
And be her sheide in myschief and dissee.

Explicit.
38. THE LEGEND OF ST. AUSTIN AT COMPTON.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, leaves 24-32.]

Offre vp yowre Dymes.

(1)
Lyk as the Bible makith mencioun,
The original ground of devout offryng,
Callyd of clerkys iust decimacion,
In pleyn Ynglish trewe and iust tithyng;
Abel began Innocent of lyving,
Oonly to God for to do plesaunce,
Of frut, of beestys, reknyd euery-thyng,
Gaff God his part, tenthe of his substante.

(2)
Melchisedech, bisschop, preest, and kyng,
To Abraham, a prynce of gret puissaunce,
For his victorie at his hoom-Comyng,
Whan Amelech was brouht unto uttraunce,
Offryd bred and wyn with devout obeisauce,
Of alle Oblaciouns figurys out to serche;
On bred and wyn, by roial suffisauce,
The feith is groundid of al hooly cherche.

(3)
Of good greyn sowe growith up good wheete,
With gret labour plantyd is the vyne,
The tenthe part is to our lord moost meete,
To whose preceptis, heuenly and divyne,
We muste our heedys meekly donn enclyne,
Paye our dymes by his Coamaundementis,
Moyses lawe and Eek bi the doctryne,
Foure Ewangelystis and bi the Testamentis.


LYDGATE, M. P.
(4)
Fro Melchisedech doun to Abraham,
To sette of tithes a fundacioun,
Th'encrees of frute and al that therof cam
They trewly made ther oblacions;
Whan Iacob sauh in his avision,
Tyme that he skepte upon the cold[e] stoon,
Sauh on a laddere goon angelis up and doun,
To God above made his avowh anoon.

(5)
This was his vowh, with gret humylite,
Lik his entent in ful pleyn language;
"Lord, yif thou list to conduite me,
Of thy grace, Fortune my passage,
To retourne hoom to myn herytage,
My fadris hous come therto by-tymes,
Of good and tresour, with al the surplusage,
I shal to the offren vp the dymes."

(6)
Among al frutys in especial,
By a prerogatif excellent and notable,
In worthynesse verray imperial,
Of reverence condigne and honourable,
By antiquite in templys custumable,
In hooly writ remembryd ofte sithes,
Wyn, Oyle, and wheete, frutis moost acceptable,
To God above were ofryd vp for tythes.

(7)
The Patriark of antiquyte,
Callyd Isaak next by Successioun,
To Abraham which with thes frutys thre
Gaff to Iacob his benediccioun:
The which thre in comparisoun,
Of the moralité who-so takith heed,
To preesthood first and kynges of renoun,
Gret mysteries in Oyle wyn and breed.

25 Fro] For V. 30 on U. colde] V h. cold H U L. 31 Angel
gon V. Angelis gon L. 32 vowh. ther a noon ins. L. 35 con-
ducten V L. 38 to come ins. h. 47 frute V. 48 abouyn V.
49 Drede sic U.
The Legend of St. Austin at Compton.

Breed and wyn to bisshopis apparteene, Oyle longith for to anoynte kynges, Offryng is maad of frutys ripe and greene, Of Foul and beeste and of al othir thynge; Brefly conclude alle folk in there livynges, That trewly tith with glad herte and face, Patriarkis, prophetis in ther writynges, Shal evere encreese with fortune, hap, and grace.

And who fro God with-halte his dew[e]te, Lat hym knowe for pleyn conclusyon, Of warantise he shal nevir the, Lakke grace and vermtous foysoun; Of ther tresour discrece in ech sesoun, To hoolyehirche that wil nat pay hys dyme, Lat hym adverte and hane inspeccioun, What ther befyl in Awstynes tyme.

I meene Austyn that was fro Rome sent, By Seyn Gregory in to this region, Graciously arryued up in Kent, Famous in vertu, of gret perfeccioun; His liff was lyk his predicacioun, As he tauht, sothely so he wrouhte: By his moost hooly conversacioun, Into this lond the feith of Crist he brouhte.

Thoruh al the parties and provynces of the lond, Of Cristis gospel he gan the seed to sowe, Unkouth myracles wrouhte with hys hand, Worshipped he was bothe of hihi and lowe; With-outen pompe grace hath his horn so blowe, Thoruh his merites that the hevenly sou[n, He callid was as it is wel knowe, Cristes Apostil in Brutis Albioun.

58 anoyte U. 60 om. h. 62 with] were L. 64 line om. U. 65 to 128 backing in U (on folio). 65 withholdith L. 66 derect] h. dewte H V L. 67 om. A h. 69 discrece] Halliwell reads discrete! 83 Vnknowth V. 87 wyll V. om. L.
He was the bright aurora of our faith.

He was Aurora when Phebus sholde arise,
With his bright beamys on that lond to shyne,
Callyd day-sterre most glorious to devise;
Our feith was dirkid undir the Ecliptic lyne;
Our mysbeleeve he did first Enlumyne,
When he out-sprad the briht[e] beamys cleere,
Of Cristes lawe by his parfit doctryne,
Thoruh al this land to make his liht appeere.

This was doon by grace or we wer war,
Of tholygoost by the influence,
Whan foure steedys of Phebus goldene char,
List in this region holde residence;
Who droff the char to Conclude in sentence,
By goostly favour of the nyne speerys,
Til blissed Austyn, by goostly eloquence,
Was trewe Auriga of foure gospelleeris.

Or Austyn cam, we slombryd in dirknesse,
Lyk ydolastres blyndid in our siht,
Of Cristes feith was curteyned the cleernesse,
Tyl Sol justicie list shewe his beamys briht;
Of his mercy to clarefye the liht,
Chace away our cloudy ignoraunce,
The lord of lordys of moost imperial myht,
Tavoyde away our froward mescreaunce.

First fro the Pope that callid was Gregory,
Austyn was sent, who that list adverte,
Tyme and date be put in memory,
To Cristes feith when he did vs convert,
Our goostly woundys felte as tho gret smerte;
Deed was our soule, our boody Eek despised,
Tyl Austyn made vs cast of cloth and sherte,
In coold watir by hym we wer baptised.

Before him we slumbered in darkness.
We were baptized by him.

94 briht[e] L. briht H. 100 to holde ins. L. 106 ydolatres
L. V. 113 was calyd h. 118 our (1) om. L.
Kync Ethelbert regnyng that tyme in Kent,
Touchyng the date whan Awstyn cam first doun,
Nombryd the tyme whan that he was sent,
By Pope Gregory into this regione,
Year of our Lord by computaciuon,
Compleet five hundryd fourty and Eek nyne,
As cronyclers make mencion,
In ther bookys fully determyne.

Thus he began by grace of Goddis hond,
Wher God list werche may be noon obstacle,
By his labour was cristened al this lond,
Feith of our lord wex moor cleer than spectacle;
Whan tholygoost made his habitacle
In tho personys that wern in woord and deede,
By Awstyn tournyd, God wrouhte a gret myracle,
To make hem stable in Articles of the Creede.

But to resorte ageyn to my mateere,
With thOlygoost Austyn sett a-fire,
Gan preche and teche devoutly the maneere
Of Cristes lawe abrood in every shire:
Grace of our Lord did hym so inspire,
To Enlwmyne al this regione,
Of aventure his herte gan desire
To Entre a village that callid was Comptoum.

The parish preest of the same place,
Aforn provided in ful humble wyse,
Besouhte hym meekly that he wolde of grace
Here his compleynt as he shall devise:
In pleyn language told hym al the guyse,
Lord of that thorpe requeryd ofte sithes,
He ay contrayre tobeye to themprise,
Of hooly chyrche list nat paye his tithes.

King Ethel- bort was king then, 124
549 A.D. 128

Austin came to a village called Compton.
The priest of the village asked

"Entretid hym lik to his estat,
First secrecy, next aform the toun,
But all for nouht I fond hym obstynat,
Moost indurat in his oppynyoun;
Toold hym the Custom groundid on resoun,
He was bounde by lawe of oold writyng,
To pay his dymes, and for rebellioun
I cursyd hym, cause of fals tithyng.

Austin to redress the matter.

"This mateer hool ye must of riht redresse;
Requeryng you of your goodly heede,
By your discrecioun to do rihtwisnesse,
Peysen al the cas and prudently take heede
That hooly chirche haue no wrong in deede;
Al thyng commytted and wedyd in ballaunce,
Ye to be iuge, and lyk as ye procede
" We shall obeye to youne ordynaunce."

Austin took the knight

Hooly Awstyn, sad and wel avised,
Kneuh by signes this compleynt was no fable,
And in maner was of the cas agrised,
Fond that the lord was in that poynt cupable;
To reduce hym and mak hym moor tretable,
As the lawe onlyned hath of riht,
Blissid Awstyn, in Cristes feith moost stable,
Took hym apart seyde unto this knyght,

and reasoned with him,

" How may this be that thou art [so] froward
To hooly chirche to pay thy dewtee;
Lyk thy desert thou shalt haue thy reward;
Thynk that thou art bounde of trouthe & equitee,
To paye thy tithes; and here this of mee,
The tenthe part fro God yif thou withdrawe,
Thou myste incurre, of necessite,
To been accursyd by rigour of the lawe."

164 Paysyn U. 173 And to ins. h. 171 so] h L.V. om.
H.U. this rep. L. 180 that] om. L V h U. of] to h. 181 and]
om. h. 183 Thow must of Ryght pleynly to the sic h.
The knyht, astonyd somewhat of his cheer,
"Sire," quod he, "I wol wel that ye knowe,
My labour is ay from yeer to yeer
By revolucioin that the lond be sowe,
Afore this peple stondyng here arowe,
By evidence to maken an open preef,
What maner boost that ony man list blowe,
I with the nynthe wil have the tenthe cheef.

"Sey what ye list, I wyl have no lasse."
This was the answere pleynly of the knyht;
Hooly Austyn disposeid hym to masse,
Ful devoutly and in the peeplys silt,
Tornyd his face, comaundith anoon riht,
Ech cursyd man that wer out of grace
Tyme of his masse that euer maneer wiht
That stood accursyd, voyde shulde his place.

Present that tyme many creature,
Withoute abood or any long taryeng,
Ther roos up oon out of his sepulture,
Terrible of face, the peple beholdyng,
A great paas the chircheeyeerd passyng,
The Seyntuare bood ther a greet whyle,
Al the space the masse was seyeng,
Feerfully afore the chirche style.

With-oute meevynge, alway stille he stood,
The peple feerful in ther oppynyon,
Almoost for dred they gan to waxen wood,
Affir masse alle of assent cam doun,
To hooly Austyn made relaciou,
Of al this caas riht as it was falle,
Gaff hem a spirit of consolatiou,
Ful sobirly spak unto them alle.

but found him obstinate.

A gristy ghost rose up out of his grave and went out of the churchyard.

After mass the people all told Austin.
Sad and discreet in his aduertence,

Sauh by ther poort that they stood in dreede,

First of alle with ful devout reverence,

Cros and hooly watir he made aforn proceede;

The Crucifix their baner was in deede,

Blissid Austyn the careyn gan compelle:

"In Iesu name, that lyst for man to bleede,

What that thu art trewy for to telle."

Sad and discreet in his aduertence,

Sauh by ther poort that they stood in dreede,

First of alle with ful devout reverence,

Cros and hooly watir he made aforn proceede;

The Crucifix their baner was in deede,

Blissid Austyn the careyn gan compelle:

"In Iesu name, that lyst for man to bleede,

What that thu art trewy for to telle."

"Disobeisaunt my tithes for to paye,

Of yoore agoon I was lord of this towne,

My dew[ete]es I did alwey delaye,

Stood accursyd for my rebellioun,

Made in my liffe no restitucicon,

Geyn thy biddyng I myght no socour haue;

My cursed Careyn, ful of corrupciou?i

By Goddis angel was cast out of my graue.

"Thy precept was upon ech a side,

Beyng at masse whil thou were in presence,

No stynkyng flessh myght in the poorche abyde,

I was take up, lad forth by violence;

On me was yove so dreadful a sentence

Of Curs, alas! which to my difame,

Now as ye seen, for disobedience

Disclaundrid is perpetuellly my name.

"Tyme whan Britouns wer lordis of this lond,

Hadde the lordship and domynacioun,

The same tyme as ye shal undirstond,

Of this village in soth I was patroun;

To hooly chirche hadde no devocioun,

Offte sithe steryd of my Curat

To paye my dymes, hadde indignacioun,

Was ay contrayre, froward, and obstinat.
"This hundryd yeer I have enduryd peyne,
And fifty ovir by Computaciou'n,
Greet cause have I to moorne and to compleyne,
In a dirk prisoun of desolaciou'n,
Mong fryw flawmys, voyd of remissiou'n."
And whil that he this wooful tale toold,
Hooly Austyn with the peeples environs,
Wepte of compassiou'n, as they to watir woold.

Austyn gan muse in his oppynyoun,
To fynde a mene the soole for to save,
Of this terrible doolful inspeccioun
The peeplis hertys gretly gan abave,
Whom to behoolde they cowde no comufort have
Al the while the careyn was in ther presence,
Austyn axith yif he knew the grave,
Of thilke preest that gaf vn hym sentence,

"So longe aforn for thy fals tythyng,
As we have herd the mataere in substau'nce."
"Sothly," quod he, "ther shal be no taryeng,
But ye shal have a reconysaunce,
So ye wil digge and doon youre observaunce,
To delvyn up his boonys dul and rude,
Loo! heer he lith, cheef cause of my grevaunce,
So fel a curs he did on me conclude."

Austyn fulfilled of grace and all vertu,
As ony pilere in our feith moost stable,
The deed preest, in name of Crist Iesu,
He bad arise with woodys ful tretable;
Requeryd hym, by tokenys ful notable,
Yif he hadde sith tyme that he was born
Seyn that Owgly careyn lamentable,
The deed body that stood hem beforne.
The priest said, he had cursed the knight, for refusing his tithes.

"Sothly," quod he, "and that me rewithe soore,
That evir I knewh hym for his frowardnesse,
I gaf hym counsel, daily moore and moore,
To paye his tithes, the pereil did expresse;
He took noon heed his surfetys to redresse;
I warnyd him many divers tymes,
But al for nouht, I can weel bere witnesse,
Deyed accursyd, rebel to paye his dymes."

(36)

Then Austin asked him to forgive him,

(37)

When the preest hath toold euery deel,
With evy cheer and voys most lamentable,
Quod Seyn Austyn, "Brothir, thou knowest weel,
Thynk he that bouht us is evir merciable,
By whoos exau?«ple we must be tretable,
As the Gospel pleylyn doth recoorde,
And for thy part be nat thu vengable,
So that with rigour mercy may accorde.

(38)

"Thynk how Iesus bouht us with his blood,
Oonly of mercy suffryd passiou»,
For manuys sake was nayled on the rood,
Rive to the herte for our redeempciouu;
Remembre how thu dist execucioim
Upon this penaunt ploungid in greet peyne,
Withdrawe thy sentence and do remissionu,
Fro purgatorye his trowblys to restreyne.

(39)

"On hym thu leydist a ful dreadful bond,
To the it length the same bond to unbynde;
Tak this flagelle devoutly in thy hond,
On Cristes passion in this mateer have mynde,
Many exaumple to purpoos thu mayst fynde,
Of trespasours releysyd of ther peyne,
Of Petir, Poule, and Sein Thomas of Ynde,
Of Egesypacha, and Mary Mawdeleyne.

281 Yee sothely ins. U. 290 hevy L C V U h. and] the V.
"Take]1 to mercy for ther greet repentance, 1 MS. Took. "Thou must absolve
Ther was noon othir mediacioun, him."
Thur must of riht yeve hym his penance,
With this flagelle of equite and resoun;
Sette on this careyn a castigacioun,
As he requerith kneelyng afor thy face,
Best restoratif next Cristes passioun,
Is thyng assoylyng for his gret trespace."

Al this was doon by the Comandement
Of Seyn Austyn, the Careyn ther kneelyng,
Lord of that village was also ther present,
Al the peple moost pitously sobbyng ;
From ther eyen the teerys distyllyng :
The last[e] preest reised from his grave,
The tothir corps with bitir fel seorgyn,
Assoyled him his soule for to save.

Oo ded man assoiled hath anothir,
An unkouth caas merveilous texpresse;
Oon knelith down, requerith of the tothir,
Pleyn remissiou[n] of Oold cursidnesse,
Bete with a scorge, took it with meeknesse,
Hopyng that Iesus shuld his soule save.
Seyn Austyn bad him in hast he shuld hym dresse,
Thankyng our Lord, ageyn unto his grave.

Circumstaimces in ordre to accouwte,
Of this myracle peised every thyng,
Mercy of our Lord doth every-thyng surmounte,
To save and dampne he is lord and kyng ;
Hevene and helle obeye to his biddyng,
By many example expert in this mateer,
Traian the Emperour for his just deemyng,
I-savid was by meene and the prayeer

sic h. absolution U. 326 laste] h. last H. etc. 327 corps]
certid LV. 335 he shuld hym] that he shold L V C. him (1)]
on. L. 344 the] by U.
Of Seyn Gregory, Pope of Rome toun,
Cause in his doomys he did so gret rihit,
Rigour was medlyd with remyssioun,
For he that is of moost imperial myhit,
List advertise in his celestial shlt,
Twee rihte and favour, rigour and pite,
By doom and sentence of every maneer wiht,
Mercy of vertues hath the sovereynte.

Unto the preest aforne that I you toold,
Seyn Austyn made a straunge questioun,
To cheese of twyne whedir that he woold,
To goon with hym thorugh this regioun,
The feith of Crist by predicacioun,
For his part groundid on Scripture,
To doon his deveer of hool affectionioun,
Or to resoorte ageyn to his sepulture.

"Fadir," quod he, "with supportacioun,
Of your benygue fadirly pite,
I you requeere to graunte me pardouw,
Unto my grave I may restooryd be;
This world is ful of mutabilite,
Ful of trouble, chaung, and varyaunce,
And for this tyme I pray you sulfithe me,
Tabyde in reste from worldly perturbaunce.

"I reste in pees and take of nothyng keep,
Rejoisshe in quiete and Contemplacioun,
Voyd of al trouble, celestial is my sleep,
And by the meene of Cristes passiouH,
Feith, hoope, and Charite, and hool affectionioun,
Been pilwes foure to reste upon by grace,
Day of the general resurrection,
Whan Gabriel callith tappeere a-form his face."
(48)
O brothir myn, this choys is for thy beste!
   Contemplatif, fulfilled of al plesaunce,
I pray to God sende the good reste,
   Of goostly gladneese, sovereyn suffisaunce;
Pray for vs and have in remembraunce,
   Al hooly chirche in quiete to be crownyd,
That Crist Jhesus dispooze so the ballaunce,
   That Petris ship be with no tempest drownyd.

(49)
I meene as thus, that noon heresy
   Ryse in thses dayes, nor noon that was befrom,
Nor no darnel grewe nor multeplye,
   Nor no fals Cockyel be medlyd with good corn;
Cheese we the roosys, cast away the thorn,
   Crist boute us alle with his p[r]ecious bloode,
To that he bouht us lat no thyng be lorn,
   For our redempcioun he starf upon the rood.

(50)
The knyght present lord of the same tow,
   Thes myracles whan he did se,
Austyn axith of hym this questioun,
   "Wilt thu," quod he, "paye thy dew[ete]?"
He grauntith his axing, and fyl doon on his kne,
   Moost repentaunt forsook al the world as blyve,
With devout herte and al humylite,
   Folwith Seyn Austyn duryng al his live.

LENVOYE.

(51)
Go litil treys, void of presumcioun!
   Prese nat to ferre, nor be nat to bold;
This labour stant undir Correccioun,
   Of this myracle remembryd many fold,
The Eight Verses of St. Bernard.

In many shire and many Cite toold,
   To you echon to whom I it directe,
By-cause I am of wittis dul and old,
   Doth your deveer this processe to corécte.  408
Explicit quod Lidgate.

39. THE EIGHT VERSES OF ST. BERNARD.

[MS. Land 683; leaves 27 to 29.]

These be the viij verse folwyng of hooly Seynt Bernard who-so-euer seith hem euery day devoutly shal never be damned but he may neuer be pe bolder to synne.

(1)

Illumina oculos meos ne ququam obdormiam in morte nequando dicat inimicus mens preualui aduersus eum. O adonay.

O sothfast sonne of al brightnessse,
   Enlumyne with thy cleer lyght
Myn eien, that thorugh no dirknesse
Slombre nat in the Blake nyght
Of cruel deth, so that no myght
Sathan haue me to assaylle,
Tavaunce in his ffelle fflyght,
Ageyns me he may avaylle.

(2)

In manus tuas domine commendo spiritum meum
redemistime domine deus veritatis. O messias.

In-to thy handis I comende
   My spirit with all humylite,
In hope be mercy thou shalt extende
   To brynge me theder thou boughtest me,

408 denour sic U. Explicit h. Explicit myraculum sancti Augustin L V C. Margin of C: Thomas Duk is a good naughtie boy (xvi c. hand).
The Eight Verses of St. Bernard.

For be that parfyght hooly tre,
   Where thow were nailed on the rood,
For pi fyve woundis, lord, haue pite
   To saue me be thy precious blood.

(3)
Locutus sum in lingua mea notam fac michi Domine
finem meum O rex noster fili David.
In my tongue I seyde and spak,
   Lord, myn ende make me to knowe,
Or the serpent take wrak
   With treynes of his perlous bowe,
Corupt to erthe when I lihe lowe,
   Shal rise ageyn, when thou list assigne,
That Gabriel his drefull horn shal blowe,
   Iesu my soule to the I schall resigne.

(4)
Et numerum dierum meorum quis est ut sciam quid
desit michi. O Eloy.
The noumbre of my daies alle,
   Lord, and it be to thy plesaunce,
Make me to mynde ageyn hem calle,
   In ordir to haue a remembraunce,
With schryfft, hosell, and repentaunce,
   By grace that I may plesse the,
Make mercy to sette the ordenaunce
   Thereby to knowe what fayleth me.

(5)
Dirupisti domine unicula mea tibi sacrificabo hostiam
laudis & nomine domini in vocabo. O emanuel.
My bitter bondis thou hast brooke,
   Them onshette in goodly wyse,
By cleer confession thom onlooke,
   Out of synne to make me ryse,
For wich I schall do sacryfyse,
   By grace remembred, oon and alle,
Do meek penance and sacryfyse,
   Ay to thy name flor mercy calle.
The Eight Verses of St. Bernard.

(6)
Periit fuga a me et non est qui requirat animam meam.
O Christe.

On-to me, lord, ther ys no flyght,
Nor of reffuge noon other place
Sane I Caste to goon ffull right
Maugre my ffoon that me manace,
Bothe to ffynden leyser and space
In euery Trybulacyoun
I looke vp-On thy blody fface
And on thy bytter passyoun.

(7)
Clamaui ad te domine dixi tu es spes mea porcio mea in terra uuentium. O agios.

To the I crye lord flor socour,
I sey thow art my suffysaunce
Myn hoope, my trust, my protectour,
Reffreyt of my goostly plesaunce,
Ageyn al fllessly perturbaunce,
Reffute ageyn al wordly stryff,
And fortunys troubly varyaunce,
My porcioun in the lond of lyff.

(8)
Fac mecum signum in bono ut uideant qui oderunt me
et confundantur quoniam tu domine adimuisti me &
consolatus es me. O robam.

Make me a sygne in my fforhed,
Of that hooly veyctorious tre,
On wich thow were maad blood red,
That alle my ffoon wich looke on me,
My goostly ennymes whan they me se
May dreede to ther confusioun,
Be-cause my trust ys hooll in the
Comfort and Consolacyoun.

Amen.
This is an holy verse also ageyn goostly enmyes.
Delicta iumentutis mee et ignorancias meas me memineris
domine.
The trespacis of my tendir youthe,
Nor the gylfes of my grene age,
On-to thy right lat nat be kouthe
Tyl tyme that thy Ire asswage,
Myn ignorances nor Outrage
As I dysserve nat recorde,
Tyl pes be leyd as ffor Ostage
That right and mercy may accorde.

Explicit.

40. THE EIGHT VERSES OF ST. BERNARD.

[Another version.]
[From MS. B.M. Adds. 29729, leaves 126, back, to 127, back.]

Here begyneth verses of þe sauter whiche þat kynge
Herry the V. whom god assoyle by gret devocioun
vsyd in his chappell at his hyzeg masses by-twene
þe levacion and þe concecracion of þe sacrament
translatid by þe Monke Lydegat dan Jolin.

(1)
O sothefast sonne of all bryghtnes,
Enlumen with thy clere lyght
Myn yen, that throughe no darkenesse
Slepe not in the blake nyght
Of cruel deth, so that no myght
My ennemy have, as he massayle,
To seyne in all [thys] fell[e] fyght
Agaynst me he myght avayle.


LYDGATE, M. P.
Into thy handes I comende
My spirit withe all humilite,
Thy mercy ever besechende;
Syth with thy bloode thou boughtest me,
Thow sothefast lord, one, too, & thre,
Agayn everyche tribulacion
Me governe through thy benynguide,
And take to thy proteccion.

In my tonge I seyde and spake:
"Lord, make me myn ende know,
Or the serpent take wrake
With the treynes of his bow;
And of my day[e]s all by row
The number what it is let se,
Or I be layd in erthe low,
To wete ther-of what fayleth me.

"My bondis and my byter chaynes
Thou hast I-broke in goodly wyse,
And savede me fro the develes traynes;
Wherfore to the I shall devyse
Of laud and prayse and sacrefyce,
Of clene entent, withoute blame,
Now lord, my preyeer not despyse,
That clepe and cry unto thy name,

"For unto me ther ys no flyght,
Benigne lord, but to thy grace,
For ther is non to [s]erche aryght
The trowbull that doth my hert enbrace;
So sore my syne dothe me chace
That I can no remedy,
But mekely knele afore thy face
Tyll thou by mercy lyst me guye."
The Eight Verses of St. Bernard (II).

(6)
To the, lorde, I clepe and call,
   And say; "Thow art my suffysans,
My trust, my hope, and therwithall
   My Ioye, and all my [full] plesaunce ;
The cheeffe eke of my remembraunce
My part ayeyn ech woo and drede
   Withe-in the lond of lyfe mavaunce
By mercy for myne eternall mede.

To Thee I cry.

(7)
"Make me a signe throw thy goodnes,
   And marke me in my for-hede,
That my enmyes in my destres,
   When they me se, have of me drede ;
And of pyte and godelyhede
Be thou my consolacion,
   Coumfort and refute, and all my spede,
In every maner of tribulacion.

(8)
"Remember, lord, ouly by grace
Of thy merytes, and take good hede
And thynke how they surmount and pas
   All thy werkis, and excede ;
For throne the worlde in length & brede
Thy merytes every-thyng excelle,
   Syth thou alone, ther is no drede,
Of mercy art the fullsome welle.

(9)
"The trespas of my tender youthe,
   Nere the gyltes of my gret age,
Unto thy ryght lat not be couthe,
   Tyll tyme that thyne Ire asswage ;
My ygnorance, nor owterage,
As I desarve, not recorde,
   Tyll pes be leyde, as for ostage,
That ryght and mercy may accorde.

MS. K ends l. 50, in the middle of the page.
"After thy mercyes on me have mynde,
O lorde God, of thy hygh bounte;
Thynke that thou toke our kynde
Whylome in thy humane,
Whan thou come downe in lowe degre
For owr offense to be raunson,
And seth for our captiuite
Thy bloode was our redempcion.

"O lord, seth that I am thy servant,
Thy servant ryght as it is skyll,
By mekenes & by min avaunt,
And humble chylde of thyn ancill,
By grace graunt me to fullfyll
All that to the may be plesauns,
And when I ere ageynst thy wyll,
Have mercy or thou do vengeance."

Explicit. Lidgatt.

41. A PRAYER FOR KING, QUEEN, AND PEOPLE, 1429.

[MS. Bodley Fairfax 16, leaves 199, back, to 200, back.]

Ab inimicis nostri defende nos christe. [leaf 199, back]  
Most souereigne lord, O blessed Crist Iesu!  
From oure enemyes delyuer vs, and oure foon;  
Vnder whos grace and vnder whos vertu

MSS, Bodley Fairfax 16, leaves 199, back, to 200, back = F; B. M. Harley 7578, leaves 18, 19 = H; Harley 2257, leaves 10, back, 11 = h; Adds. 34360, pp. 133-136 = A; Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaves 244, back, to 245 back = T; the same MS. (another copy) leaves 318, 319 = t. Headings: H omits Latin titles, the others follow F. 1 blessed] blessith H. blisful H A T t. Ieshu H. 2 and] of H A H.
A Prayer for King, Queen, and People.

We ben assured, where so we ryde or goon,
Now lord, that art two, and three, and oon,
Kepe and preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

(2)
Affliccionem nostram benignus vide.
And blessed lord, of thy benyngnytee
Considre and see oure affliccioun,
And lat thyn eye of mercye on vs see,
Vs to releve in tribulacioun,
And shadwe vs, lord, with thy proteccioun,
And ay preserve, vnder thy myghty honde,
The kynge, the quene, the peple and thy londe.

(3)
Dolorem cordis nostri respice clemens.
And, good lord, beholde and eke aduert
Of thy mercy and thy grete grace,
Thinwardes sorwes of oure troubled hert,
And look vpon vs with a benigne face,
And lat thyn wynges of pitee vs enbrace,
And ay preserve, vnder thy myghty honde,
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

(4)
Peccata populi tui pius indulgo.
Mekely foryeve the synnes olde and newe
Of thy peple, and ther grete offence,
And, good lord, vpon ther giltes rewe,
And ther demerites by dome nat recompence,
But reconcile them with thyn indulgence;
And ay preserve vnder thy myghty honde
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

Forgive our sins.
A Prayer for King, Queen, and People.

(5)

Oraciones nostras pius exaudi.

And good lord, here our orisouns,  
Whan we to the for helpe clepe or calle,  
Here our compleynes and lamentaciouns,  
And doo socour to our offences alle,  
Beoure defence that noo myschefe ne falle,  
And ay preserve vnder thy myghty honde,  
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.  

(6)

Fili dei viui miserere nobis.

Thow sone of God, ay lastyne and eterne,  
Hane mercy on vs, and forgete vs nought,  
And of thy grace guye vs and gouerne,  
And reconeyle that thow so dere hast bought,  
With love and drede embrace our inwarde thought,  
And ay preserve, vnder thy myghty honde,  
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

(7)

Hic et imperpetuum nos custodire digneris.

In this lyfe here, and perpetuall,  
To kepe vs, lord, that thou nat disdeyne,  
For alle our truste stant in thy mercie,  
Hopynge by grace we shal therto atteyne,  
Thy passyoun shal kepe vs oute of peyne,  
And ay preserve vnder thy myghty honde,  
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

(8)

Exaudi nos criste exaudi nos criste.

Here vs, lorde, whan we to the preye,  
And here vs, lorde, in myschefe and in nede,  
And Crist Iesu, by mercy vs conveye,
A Prayer for King, Queen, and People.

Whiche on the Croys liste for our sake blede,
Fortune this Realme, and make it wel to spele,
Benigne Iesu, preserve eke with thin hande,
The kyng, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

Lenvoj.

A lorde! A-monge haue A Remembraunce
On sixt Henry, thy one chose knyght,
Borne tenheryte the Region of Fraunce,
By trew descant and by title of ryght,
Now good lorde conserve him thurgh thy myght,
And [ay] preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

(9)

Let him in vertu ay encresse and shyne,
Worthy thorg vertu to be put in memorye,
And forgete nat hys moder Kateryne,
Where thou sittest in thy heuenly glorie,
Yive to the knyght, conquest and victoerye,
And [ay] preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

(10)

Be thow hys consaile and hys souereigne rede,
So as he wexeth with vertu tavaunce,
And blessed lord be thow bothe helpe and sped,
To alle that labouren for hys enheritaunce,
Bothe in this realme and in the grounde of Fraunce,
And [ay] preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
Him and hys moder, thy peple and thy londe.

(11)

56 and also yngland h A Tt. 57 And lord haue eke in remem-
braunce h A Tt. 58 On Edward the fourth h A Tt. 59 Regioun Royal Realme
h A Tt. 60 by] om. A h Tt. 61 preserve h A Tt. 62 Holy
preserve h A Tt. his peple and his land h A Tt. 63 thy] the H.
T adds here the last stanza of Chaucer’s Lak of Steffastnesse:

O prynce desyre for to be honorable
Cheryshe thy folke and hate extorcion
Suffre nothyng that may be reprouable
In thyne estate doone in Thy region
Shew forthe thy sverde of castigacion
Drede god, do law, loun trowte and worthynes
And dryne thy folke agayn to steffastness.

T ends, Explicit quod Rogerus Thornie. MS. t omits the Explicit.

h A end l. 63. 70 thy] the H. 72 tavaunce] avauncc H.
That he may shortly be crowned.

In short tyme that thou may atteyne
Withoue lettyng or any perturbaunce,
To be corownd with worthy corovnes twyne,
First in this londe, and afterwaere in Fraunce,
And give hym grace to lyve to thy plesaunce, 82
And ay preserve vnder thy myghty honde, 84
Explicit.

42. CRISTES PASSIOUN.

[MS. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 12 to 14, back.]

Here is a compleynyt pat crist maketh of his passioun.  [leaf 12]

For thee, man,

Man, to refourme thyn exil and thy loos
Fro paradys, place of moost plesaunce,
The to restore, I hange vp-on this Croos,
Crowned with thorn, woundid with a launce,
Handis and feett, teneres of my grevaunce,
With sharpe naylles my blood maad renne down;
Whan-ever thou feiyst trouble or perturbauce,
Looke on my woundis, thynk on my passioun.  4

Thynk and remembre vpon my bloody fface,
The reed, the sponge, eyse|l meuyt with galle,
Fel rebukys, O man, sfor thy trespace!
Hatful spittyng on my vysage ffalle,
Kyng of Iewis of scorn they gan me Calle,
Illyndfellid, bobbyd by ffals derysioun;
Man, for þi comfort among þi troublis alle,
Looke on my woundis, thynk on my passioun!

Think of My sorrows.

Thynk on the veyl that went assonder than,
On Caluary, when I gaff vp the goost;
Remembre in ffygure vp on the pellycan
Stonge to the herte, bleedyng in every coost,
Pale and dedly whan al my blood was loost,
Dyes on my garnement throwen vp & down;
Man, in al myschef, whan thou art troubled most,
Looke on my woundys, thynk on my passioun.

Think of the Crucifixion.

The bitter chalis of my mortal suffrau?ice,
Remembre theron, of frendly kyndenesse,
The rounde ropis streynyng with gret penauwce,
My tendre lemys maad feynt for febylnesse,
Bounde to a peleer by violent sturdynesse,
To make a seeth for thy transgressiou|m;
For cheef comfort in al wordly dystresse
Remembre among vpon my passioun.

Think of the Crucifixion.
Cressettys born vp with many gret lanterne,  
Swerdis, stavis, scoorges Inportable,  
Cryeng terryle, hydous to Dyscerne,  
Fals accusacyouns verray Innumerable,  
Knyves, pysonsouns, hard hamoris nat plicable,  
CrauTzpissbed with deth, accused of tresoun;  
And sith my deth was to the profytable,  
Man thynk among vpon my passioun.

The scalyd ladder vp to pe cros streechyng,  
Wich vertuous baner put fendys to pe flight;  
Kokkys crowyng, onkynde folk rebukying,
That slombre and slepe pe longe wynteris nyght;
Bit hem a-wake, & with ther Inward sight  
Looke on my tormentis, of equyte and resoun,  
With goostly gladnesse, to make ther herte light,
Ech hour & moment, thynk on my passioun.

Al this was doon, O man, for love of the!  
A standard splayed, thy lord slayn in that fight,  
On a sepulcre lay closed dayes thre,
Stonys roof rooff, the sonne lost his lyght,
Helle robbyd thorugh myn Imperyal myght,—
Callyd of Iuda the hardy strong lyoun,—  
O man, remembre, I aske of the buyt ryght,
Gyff me the thank, thynk on my passioun!

All was done for thee.

Oristes

Passioun.

(8)

I sought for the a ful greet batayll,
Ageyn Sathan the tortuous serpant,
Nakyd on the cros withoute plate or mayll,
Bood in the field tyll al my blood was spent ;
To wynne thy love this was myn Entent,
On to that ende I was thy Champioun,
To ffynde thy salve my flessh was al to-rent,
When thou art woundid, thynk on my passioun.

(9)

Stood afore bishhopes, ther fond I no respight,
Smet by ther mynystris in the consistorie,
Brouht to Herowdis, sent hom ageyn in whight,
Clad lyk a ffoule, the gospel maketh memorye,
Pilatys wasshing for a fals veynglorye ;
Salued a scorn, clad by Collusioun
In purpel hewe, blyndfellid in their pretorie,
Regysters al this, thynk on my passioun.

(10)

And, but thou do, sothly thou art onkynde ;
Be lawe of resoun proved inexcusable,
Alle these tokenys enprente hem in þi mende,
Geyn euery-thyng that in þe is coupable,
Blood and water ben bycours most vaylable,
To wasshe of synne all old corrupcyoun,
Water of baptem, most gracious & notable,
Meynt with the blood of my fel passioun.

Imprint all this in mind.

57 in a ins. h. 58 tortuous] THh. tortuos A. tortous L. tortuous C. the] bot h. 59 with owten A. 61 that was my hole h. 62 And for that &onde h. that] the A. 63 thy] the h. soule A. renett sic A. 64 sounde h. 65 I stode ins. A. Tofore the bishopis I fonde noo Refute h. respyte C. respyht H. 66 sore smiten me oft in þeir h. Suede A. Smyttten A. ther] the T. 67 heravde h. whil H. whye T h C. 68 the om. h. mathe mensioun h. makes A. 69 a] om. h. 70 a] of T. for h. conclusyoun A. 71 In all purpill cloped h. 72 theos things h. and thynke ins. T A C. 73 do so ins. T. do man ins. A. ert C. 74 By law & Right h. 75 put þow bene in mynude h. 76 Against all h. Seynge A. thynke sic A. 78 all] and h A. & al C. old] the T.
Cristes Passioun.

(11)
Of thes two lycours kam al þe sacramentis,
In noumbre sevne, by Comptacyoun,
To alle that folwe my ten comaundementis,
Reffuge orderyd to ther salvacyoun,
For hooly churche took first fundacyoun,
When Longions spere thorugh my herte Ran,
And blood & water went be my sides doun,
Tyme of my passioun, þe byldyng first began.

(12)
Consuymatuum est, said whan al was doo,
The theef of paradis maad a Cyteseyn,
I Callyd Godlys Sone be Centuryo,
Of Ioseph buryed thre dayes, in serteyn,
Lay in my grave, and Marie Mawdeleyn
Waytyng devoutly my Resurecyoun;
Thynk, with al this, how Adam was ageyn
Restoryd to Ioie thorugh my meek passioun.

(13)
Proofs of My Godhead.
Tokenys palpable, cleer as the sonne-beem,
Were in that hour shewed ageyn nature,
Whan bodyes roos, kam to Ierusaleem,
Ther bonys Ioyned, out of ther sepulture,
Lyfly apperid to many a cryature;
Pilat also, as maad ys mencyoun,
Wroot dyuerse lettirs, merveyllous of scripture,
Greek, Ebrew, Latyn, tyme of my passioun.

(14)
Man, calle to minde, and meekly do aduerte,
How Symeon seide in his prophesye,
A swerd of sorwe shold peerce to the herte,

81 lychorus D. kam] om. A. 83 felowe A. 86 longes C. hert C. 87 And] om. h. went] ranne h. a downne A. 88 The tyme ins. A. þi h. that A. 89 I saide AT. 90 choof h sic. 91 And I ins. h. 93 leyd in my grave by h. Mari C. 94 one my A. 95 was] om. h. 96 meek] om. h. 97 als cler as h. the] om. h. 99 and come A. 100 The bones assembled h. 102 hase made this mencyone A. 103 wrot H. with h. 104 Ebrue & latyne h. þe tyme h A. in tyme T. 105 O man ins. A. do] om. T. do and h. 107 scholdie þerche A. shall perysshe the T.
A Seying of the Nightingale.

Of my moodir, that Callyd is Marye,
Stood with Seyn Iohn, swowner at Calvarie,
Vnder my cros for febilnesse fyl doun,
Man, at thy lyf, and hour whan þu shalt die,
Geyn froward Sathan, thynk on my passioun.

(15)
lenvoye.

Go, lytel byllé, with al humlyte
Hang affore Iesu, that list for man to bleede,
To-fere his cros pray folk that shal the see,
Onys aday this compleynt ffor to reede;
No losse of tyme, thou shalt þe better speede
Redyest weye to ther saluyoun,
No bettir soconr, nor support in your neede,
Than ofte thynkyng on Crystys passioun.

Explicit.

43. A SEYING OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

[MS. Trin. Coll. MS. R. 3. 20, pp. 337 to 348.]

1 Loo þus endeþe here þappistel of þe Regiment of Prynces þe whiche daun Aristotiles weel avised wrote vn-to þe King Alexander and filowing nowe here nexst beginneþe a seyng of þe Nightingale ymagyned and compyled by Lydegate daun Johan þe monk of Bury.

(1)

In Iuygne whan Tytan was in þe Crabbes hed,
Towardes even þe saphyre huwed sky

On a lovely day in June,
Was westward meynt with many rowes red,
And fowles singen in peyre melodye
An hevenly complyne with sugred ermonyne,
As pat hem nature taught poo for pe best,
þey gane hem proygne, and droughe hem to peyre rest,

(2)
þat sithe þe tyme, for sooþe, þat I was borne,
Hade I not herde suche song in doyne ner daale,
And alle were goone, sauf vpon a thorne
þe saame tyme I herde a Nightingale,
So as I lay pensyf in a vale
To herken þe menyng of lir melodye
Whos hertely refreyde was euuer "oey, oey."

(3)
She mant, I trowe, with hir notes nuwe
And in hir ledne, on Venus to taake vengeaunce
On fals louers wheeche þat beon vtrutuwe,
Ay ful of chaunge and of varyaunce,
And can in oone to hawe no pleasaunce,
þis bridde ay song, "O slepe hem, lady myn,
With-outen mercy, and bring hem to hir fyn,

(4)
"To shewe ensaumple, þat opere may wel knowe
Howe þat þey shal in hir troupe abyde:
For par dy, lady, yit þy sones bowe
Nys not broke, which called is Cupide,
Let him mark hem and wownde hem in þe syde
With-outen mercy er any remedye,
Wher so þat he suche falshode can espye.

(5)
"And suche as beon for lone langwysshing,
Cherisshe hem, lady, for truwe affecccyon,
Support and help hem with þy might to bring
In-to py Castel, set in Cytheron
On dyamaundis sette is pe dungeoun,
Frette with Rubyes and Emerawdes greene
Nowe herke my song, pat art of love pe qweene."  

(6)
And as I lay and herde hir tonys cleere,
And on hir notes me gretly gan delyte,
Vpon pe eve pe sterres did appeere,
pe bavmy vapour of graasys gan vpsmyte.
In to myn heued of floures rede and whyte
pat Avith pe odour, er pat I tooke keepe,
I felle anoon in to a dedly sleepe.

(7)
And iannes me semphe frome je god of lone
To me was sent an vnkoupe messagier,
Nought frome Cupyde but fro pe lord aboue;
And as me thought ful sayre and fresshe of cheere,
Which to me sayde "Foole what doost pout here
Sleping alloone, gaping vpon pe moone?
Rysse, folowe me, and pout shalt se right socne

(8)
An vnkoupe sight, if pout list pee spede,
pe briddes song I shal to pee vncloue;
For trust me weel I cast pee not to lede
No thing towardes pe gardin of pe roose,
And I pe spright shal ower-wyse dispooze
For to declare pe briddes song 'ocy,'
And what scheo menepe in sentence truwy.

(9)
peyne aduentence is gouuerned wrong
Touching pe toynes pout haddest here to-forne;
"Occy, Occy" pis was pe briddes song,
Which many a lover haue thorouge folly lorne.
But thenk amongs vpon pe sharpe thorne
Which prickepe hir brest with fyry remembraunce,
Louers in vertu tencresce hem and avaunce.

A Seying of the Nightingale.

(10)
She praises pure love.
Seying of the Nightingale.
She praises pure love.
Who pat take pe moralytee,
Betokene pe pleynly for to vnderstonde
pe grete fraunchyse, pe grete liberte
Which shoulde in loue beo so pure and free
Of truwe menyng rooted so with-Inne
Fer frome pe conceyte of any maner synne.

(11)
See how she nearly kills herself with singing.
Take powe noon heede how pis bridde so small
Singepe as pat she wolde hir-self dismembre,
Streynepe hir throte, peynepe hir brest at al,
Shakepe and qwakipe in euery Ioynt and membre,
O man vnkynde, why doost pou not remembre
Amonge in hert vn-to pis briddes song?

(12)
Do not forget.
Yif pou aduert, pou doost to God grete wronge.

(13)
She sings nothing profane,
Touching "Occy," consider weel pe word,
Pis bridde it song of inpacyence,
Of Inuries doone vn-to pe lord,
And wrong[es] grete[le] to his magnyfyence
Of worldely folk, thorugh peyre grete offence,
Which cane not knowe for peyre reklesnesse
Pis grete lone, pis grete kyndenesse,

(14)
but the pains of our Lord,
Which he shewed for peyre alder goode
Whane pat he, yif pey koude aduerte,
For peyre saake sterff vpon pe Roode
   And with a spere was stongen thorough pe hert,
   Who felt euer for loue so gret a smert
   As thilke lord did for mannes saake?
   And yit, allass, noon heed per-of pey taake!

(15)

To paye pe raunsoun of our gret losse
   He was in loue so gentyle and so free
   bat hym deyned be nayled on pe crosse,
   And lyche a theof hong vpon a tree;
   Lisset vp pyne hert, vnkynde man, and see
   pe nightingale in hir armonye,
   bus day and night doope vpon pe crye.

(16)

Sheo cryed "Slee al peo bat beon vnkynde,
   And cane of loue pe custume not observe,
Nor in peyre eyghen no drope of pyte fynde,
   Nor in peyre brest for loue no sighe consere;
Why list jee lord, for mannes saake sterve
   But for to paye of fredam pe raunsoun,
   His hert[e] blood for peyre redempcioun?"

(17)

Hees woundes fyve for man he did vncloose
   Of hondes, of feet, and of his fayre syde;
Make of pees fyve, in jyn hert a roose
   And let it peer contynuelly abyde,
Forget hem not wher pou goo or ryde
   Gadre on heepe pees rosen floures fyve,
   In py memorye enprynt hem al py lyve.

(18)

His is pe Roos which first gan wexen reed,
   Spreynt ouer al with dropes of paurpur huwe,
When Cryst Iesu was for mankynde ded
   And hade vpon a garnement ful nuwe,
   His holy moder, his Cousin eek Saint Johan,
   Suche array to-fore saughe pey neer noon.

95 thurgh H.  97 thilke] [ilk T H A.  99 grete H.  101 vpon H.  
118 on an ins. H.  119 prynt H.  emprynt A.  125 neuer H.

LYDGATE, M. P.
A Seyeing of the Nightingale.

(19)

Which to beholde God wot þey wer not feyne
His blessed body to seen so al to-rent,
A crowne of thorne þat throbbed thorugh his breyne,
And al þe blood of his body spent;
His hevenly eyeghen, alas, deeþe hape eblent,
Who might for routhe susteyne and to beholde
But þat his hert of pytee shoulde colde?

(20)

þis war þe saame which þat Isaye.
Saugi frome Edome came, with his clope depeýnt
Steyned in Bosra, ecke did him asype
Baapéd in blood, þij he gan wexen feynt.
þis is he þat drank eyseH and galle emeynt,
þis is he þat was to-fore Pylate atteynt,
With false accusours in the Consistorye,
Oonly to bring mankynde to his glorye.

(21)

He was moost feyre founden, in his stoole
Walkyng of vertues with mooste multytude,
Blessed, beningne and hevenly of his scoole,
Which with his souffrance Sathan can conclude,[page 342]
His humble dethè did þe deuel delude,
Whane he mankynde brought out of prysoun,
Making his fynance with his passyoun.

(22)

Isaye þe moost renommed prophete,
Axed of him, why his garnement,
Was red and blody, ful of dropes wete,
So disguysed was his vestyment;
Lyke hem þat pressin quayers of entent
In þe pressour, hope þe rede and whyte,
So was he pressyd þy Raunsoun for to quyte.
(23)

"Hit is I," quod he, "pat trade it al allone.
With-outen felawe I gane pe wyn outpresse,
Whane on pe crosse I made a deoulfe moone
And thorough myn hert pe sperehed gan hit dresse,
Who felt euer so passyng grete duresse?—
Whane alle my freondes alloone me forsooke
And I my self pis iourne on me tooke.

(24)

"Excepte my moder þer durst noon abyd
Of my discylpes þat weren me suwende:
Saynt Iohan for lone stooed by myn oper syde,
Alle þe remenaunt fro me dyden weende.
þe Iewes my flesshe a-sondre dyden reende
Who was it but I pat aboode in þe vyne
To presse out wyne, þy raunsoun for to fyne?

(25)

"For mannes saake with me ful harde it stooed,
For-saken of alle and eeke desconsolate;
þey lefft no drope, but druwe out al my blood;
Was never noon so pore in noon estate,
Alle my descylpes lefft me desolate
Vpon þe crosse, bytweny theoves tweyne,
And noon aboode to rewe vpon my Peyne.

(26)

"Oo yee alle þat passen by þe wey,
Lift up þe eghe of youre aduertence!
Sawe yee euer any man so dye
With-outen gîlt, þat neuer did ofence?
Or is þer ony sorowe in existence
Lyche þe sorowe þat I did endure
To bye mankynde, vnkynde creature?

A Seying of the Nightingale.

(27)

"All was for thee.

"For pe surfeyte of py synnes alle,
And for poffence of py wittes fyve,
My touche, my taast, myn hering did appalle,
Smellyng and sight ful feoble were als blyue,
bus in yche party pat man may contruye
I suffred peyne, and in euery membre
pat any man can reken or remembre.

(28)

"Ageyne pe synnes pleynly of pyn hede
I hade vpon a crowne of thornes keene ;
Bitter teres were medled with my bred,
For mannys trespas I felt all pe teene,
Myne eyen blynde pat whylome shoone so sheene,
And for man in my thrust most feel,
I drank galle tempred with eyseel.

(29)

Against his sins I was perfect in all.

"For mannys looking fulfilled with outrage,
And for his tonge ful of detracyoun,
I alloone suffred pe damage,
And ageyne falshede of adulacion
I drank galle poynaunt as poysoun ;
Ageyns hering of tales spaken in veyne
I hade rebuyk and sayde no worde ageyne.

(30)

I was beaten, nailed to a tree, and slain.

"Geyne pryde of beaute, where as folkes trespas,
I suffred my-self gret aduersytee,
Betyn and benchyd in myn owen face,
Ageyns touching, if men list to see,
Myne handes were nayled fast vn-to pe tree ;
And for misfootyng, where men went wrong,
My feet thurgh percyd, were not my peynes strong?

"Was it not I pat trespassed nought, 
pat had myne hert perced even atweyne, 
And neuer ofended oonys in a thought, 
[page 344]
Yit was it kerve thorough in euer yeyne? 
Who felt euer in eorpe so gret peyne 
To reken al gittles as did I? 
Wher-for pis bridle sang ay, 'occ, occy.' "Thus the bird sang, 'Slay all those that be unkind.

"Suche as been to me founde vnkynde 
And haue no mynde kyndely of resoun, 
But of slouthe haue elefft byhynde 
pe hole remembrance of my passyoun, 
By meene of which and mediacyoun 
Ageyne al poysoun of pe synnes seven 
Tryacle I brought, sent hem doun frome heven. "Thus the bird sang, 'Slay all those that be unkind.'

"Ageyns pryde, Remembre my meeknesse, 
Geyn coveytyse thenk on my pouerte, 
Ageyne lechcherye thenk on my clennesse, 
Ageyns envye thynk on my charytee, 
Ageyns gloutonye aduerte in hert and se 
Fourty dayes lyved in abstynence." "Thus the bird sang, 'Slay all those that be unkind.'

Of meeknesse he did his heued enclyne 
Ageyns pe synne and pe vyce of pryde, 
Ageyns mekeynes streght out as a lyne, 
Spradde his armes out on euer syde 
Tenbrace his freondes and with hem abyde, 
Shewing hem signes, who so list to see, 
Grounde of his peynes was parfyte charyte.

A Seying of the Nightingale.

(35)

Ageyns coueutyse, mankynde to redresse
Thorough-nayled weren his hooly handis tweyne,
Shewing of fredam a bounteouse almesse
Whane he for loue suffred so grete peyne,
To make mankynde his blisse to atteyne.
And his largesse to rekken by and by
I shal rehers his giftes ceryously.

(36)

He gaf his body to man for chief repaast,
Restoratyff best in pe fourme of bred,
At his maundee or he hennes past
His blessed blood in fourme of wyn ful red,
His soule in prys whanne pat he was ded,
And of oure synnes as cheef lauender
Out of his syde he gaf vs water cleere.

(37)

He gaf also his pourpur vestement
To pe Iewys pat did him crucufye.
To his apostilles he gaf ekke of entent
His blessed bodye, ded whane he did lye.
And his moder pat cleped was Marye,
Be keping of hir he gaf to Saynt John
And to his fader his goost whane hit was goon.

(38)

Ageyns slouthe he shewed grete doctryne
Whane he him hasted towards his passyoun,
Ageynst-wrathe pis was his dicepylyne
Whane he was brought texamyynaeyoun,
A sofft aunswere with-oute rebellyoun,
Ageynst gloutounye he drank eyesel and galle
Toppresse sourfaytes of vyceuous folkes alle.

(39)

He gaf also a ful gret remedye
To mankynd hir sores for to sounde;
For ageyne þe heete of lechcherye
Meekly he souffred many a greuous wounde,
For noon hole skyn was on his body founde,
Nor þer was seyne oper apparayle
But blood, alas, aboute his sydes raylle!

(40)
þer he was sone and his fadres heyre
With him alloone by peternytee,
Hit was a thing incomparable feyre
þe sone to dye to make his servaunt free,
Him fraunchysing with suche libertee;
To make man þat was thorugh synne thralle
þe court tenheryte above celestyal.

(41)
þeos kyndnesses wheeche I to þee reherce,
Let hem devoyde frome þoblyuyoun,
And let þe nayles wheeche thoroughe is feet did perce
Ben cleere myrour of þy redempcyoun.

Enarme þy-self for þy proteccioun
Whanne þat þe feondes list ageyns þee sryve,
With þe carrectes of his woundes fyve.

(42)
Ageyns þeye reyre malyce beo strong and weel ware,
Al of his crosse arse vp þe banyer,
And thenk how he to Caluarye it bare
To make þee strong ageyns þeye daungier;
Which whane þey seen, þey dare come no meer,
For trust weel, his crosse is best defence
Ageynst þe power of feondes vyolence.
It is the Palm of Victory,  
Hit is pe palme, as clerkis can weel telle,  
To a man in eorpe to conquest and victorye,  
It is pe tree, which pat DanyeH  
Sawe spradde so broode, as makid is memorye;  
pe keye of heven, to bring men to glorye,  
pe staff of Jacob causing alle sure grace,  
With which pat hee Iordan did paase.  

Key of Heaven,  
(43)

Scale and laddre of oure ascencyoun,  
Hooke and snaare of pe Levyatan,  
pe strong pressour of oure redempceyoun,  
On which pe bloode doune by his sydes rane,  
For no thing ellys but for to saue man,  
pe harp of Dauid, which mooste might avayle  
Whane pat pe feonde Kyng Saule did assayle.  

(44)

Hook of the Leviathan,  
(45)

Harp of David,  
(46)

the Tree of Moses,  
(47)

his was pe paale, and pe heeghe tree  
Whylome sette vp by Moyses of entent,  
Al Israel, beholde neghe and see  
And per vpon off brass a gret serpent,  
Which to beholde, whoo were not neegligente.  
Recyeued helthe, salue and medecyne  
Of all peyre hurtes pat were serpentyne.  

his banier is moste mighty of vertu  
[page 347]  
Geyns feondes defence mighty and cheef obstacle  
Mooste noble staue and token of Tayu  
To Esechyel shewed by myracle,  
Chief chaundellabre of pe tabernacle,  
Wher through was causel al his cleere light  
Voyding al derknesse of pe cloudy night.  

Seying of the Nightingale.

(47)

this was pe tree of mankyndes boote,

\[\text{that styn} \text{tir wrathe and brought in al pe pees,}\]

Which made pe water of marape fresh and swoote,

\[\text{that was to-forne moost bitter, doutelesse,}\]

\[\text{this was pe yerde of werpy Moyses,}\]

Which made pe children of Israel go free

And drye fotyd thorough pe Red See.

(48)

This was pe slyng which with stoones fyve

Worthy David, as bookes specefye,

Gan pe hedde and pe helme to ryve

Of pe Geant pat called was Golye,

Wheeche fyve stoones taking plegorye

Ar pe fyve woundes, as I rehers can,

With wheeche pat Cryst venqwyssh hap Sathan.

(49)

O synful soule! why nyltowe taken keepe

Of his peynes remembring on pe shoures?

Forsake pe worlde, and waake oute of py sleep

And to pe gardeyn of parfyt paramours

Maake py passage, and gader pe py flouris

Of verray vertu, and chaunge al pyne olde lyff

And in pat gardyn beo contemplayff.

(50)

For pis worlde here boope at even and morowe,

Who list consider aright in his resoun,

Is but an exyle and a desert of sorowe,

Meynt ay with trouble and tribulacyoun;

But who list fynde consolacyoun

Of goostely Ioye, let him pe worlde forsake

And to pat gardin pe right wey[6] take,

The God of Love sits in that garden, upon a hill, calling His Spouse.

Wher as pat god of love him-self dope dwelle
Vpon an hille, fer frome pe mortal vale,
Canticorum pe book ful weel can telle,
Calling his spouse with sugred notes smale
Where pat ful lowd pamerous nightingale
Vpon a thorne is wont to calle and crye
To mannys soule with hevenely ermonyne,

Veni in ortum meum, soror mea.
"Come to my gardyn and to myn herber grene
My fayre suster and my spouse deere,
Frome filthe of synne by vertu made al clene
With Cristal paved paleyys been so clere.
Come, for I calle." Anoon, and thou shalt here,
Howe Cryst Ihesu, so blessed mot he be!
Callepe mannys soule of parfyte charyte.

He callepe hir suster and his spouse also,
First his suster, who-so list to see,
As by his nature, take goode heede here-to,
Full nyghe of kyñ by consanguynyte,
And eeke his spouse by affynytee,
I mene as pus baffynyte of grace
With goostely loun, whane he hit doope enbrace.

And eeke his suster by semblance of nature
Whane pat he tookeoure humanyte
Of a mayde moost clennest and pure,
Fresshest of floures pat sprang oute of Iesse
As flour eordyened for to releeve man,
Which bare pe frut pat sloughe our foo Sathan.

of pis balade daune Iohn made no more.

371 doth it H. 377 bore A.
44. THE CHILD JESUS TO MARY, THE ROSE.

[MS. B. M. Harley 2251, leaf 78.]

(1)
My fader above, beholde thy mekenesse,
As dewe on Rosis doth his bawme sprede,
Sent his gost, most souerayne of elennes,
Into thy brest, (a! Rose of wommanhede!)
When I for man was borne in my manhede;
For whiche with Rosis of heuenly Influence
I me reioyse to play in thy presence.

(2)
Beuyng moder! who first dide inclose
The blessed budde that sprang out of Iesse,
Thow of Iuda the verray perfite Rosse,
Chose of my fader for thy humylite
Without fadyng most clennest to bere me;
For whiche with Roses of chast Innocence,
I me Reioyse to play in thi presence.

(3)
O moder! moder! of mercy most habounde,
Fayrest moder that euer was alyve!
Though I for man have many a bloody wounde,
Among theym alle there be Rosis fyve,
Agayne whos mercy fiendis may nat stryve;
Mankynde to save, best Rosis of defence,
Whan they me pray for helpe in thy presence.

45. CRISTE QUI LUX ES ET DIES.


Beholde here and seepe pe translacion of pe ympne
Criste qui lux es & dies, by Lydgate in wyse of balade.

[197a-195]
Criste Qui Lux Es.

(1)

Criste qui lux es & dies.

Christ, our day and light,

Cryst, pat art boothe daye and light,
And soopefaaste sonne of al gladnesse,
Pat doost awey derknesse of night,—
And souereyne light of al brightnesse
Beleved art in sopefastenesse,
I Preching pis blissful light of pees,
Be oure socour in alle distresse,
Criste qui lux es & dies.

(2)

Precamur sancte domine.

Defend vs this night.

O hooly lord! to pee we praye,
In pis night pou vs defende,
Ageynst alle foon pat vs werraye,
Be pou quyete oure lyff tamende,
And py grace to vs pou sende
With nightes reste in vnyte,
In py servyce oure lyff to spende
Precamur sancte domine,

(3)

Ne grauis compuis irruat.

Let not our flesh assaile our soul.

Pat vs no greuous sleep oppresse,
Ne pat oure foo vs vndermyne,
Ne pat oure flesshe of frowardnesse
Assent pe spyrir to enclyne,
For to bring it to rayne,
pee to gilt thorough peyre debate,
But let py grace on vs shyne
Ne grauis sompnis irruat.

(4)

Oculi sompnum capiantis.

Let oure eyghen rest[c] taake,
Oonly thorough py benigne grace,
Pat pe spirit ener awaake
pee for to serue yche houre and space,

9 Precamur H. Peccatur T. 25 to take ins. H.
Criste Qui Lux Es.

And whanne oure foomen vs manace
   Let py Right hande, as pou art wont,
Defende py servantes in yche a place,
   Dum oculi sompnum capiunt.

(5)

Defensor noster aspice.

Oure Chaumpyoun see and byhoolde,
   Ouure wayting enimys pou represse,
Gouverne py servantes yonge and olde
   Of py mercy and py goodnesse,
Whome pou boughtest in gret distresse
   With pyne hooly bloode moost free,
And pat pe feonde vs nought oppresse
   Defensor noster aspice.

(6)

Memento nostri domine.

pou benigne lord! on vs remembre
   In pis greuous body heere,
Keepe and preserue vs every membre,
   Sith pou bouglitest vs so deere,
Which art defence, as bookis leere,
   Of pe soule thorughe pe pytee,
For which in mescheef boope fer and neere
   Memento nostri domine.

(7)

Deo patri sit gloria.

To God pe Fader honnour and glorye,
   And to his oonly sone also;
Worship, with hert and hool memorye,
   Eeke to pe Hooly Goost heo doo,
Egale with pe first[e] twoo,
   Boope three and oon per secula,
For which we sing in Ioye and woo
   Deo patri sit gloria.

30 art] were H. 31 yche a] eche H. 32 capiunt] H. capiuntis T (cf. heading).
46. THE FIFTEEN OOES OF CHRIST.

[MS. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 1 to 8, rearranged.]

Here begynneth the xv Oys translatyd out of Latyn into Englyssh by damp John Lydgate monk of Seynt Edmundys Bury.

Assit principio sancta maria meo.

(1)

O blyssed lord my lord, O Cryst Iesu,
Welle and hedspring of eternal svetnesse!
Of them that love the, guerdoun of most vertu,
Alle other joyes surmountyd in sothnesse,
By prerogatyves, in whom ys all gladnesse,
Them to comforte that be Contemplatyf;
In ther desyres thow art her cheef rychesse
And hool ther tresour, here in this present lyf.

(2)

Thow art her helthe and comfort in syknesse,
Of synfull sowlys refute and medycyne,
And as thy-sylf, O lord, beryst wytynesse
To synfull peple thy presence lyst Enclyne,
Took our humanyte of a pure vyrgyne,
For our sanacyoun, of mercyfull plesaunce;
O Iesu! Iesu! thy grace lat down scheyne
On them that love the, and have in remembraunce

(3)

How thow most goodly hast our kynde take,
Sent from thy fiander lowe in Erthe down,
And what thow suffredyst also for our sake—
In thy manhood full greet trybulacyoun,
Greet aduersite, dool, deth, and passyoun— [leaf 1, back]
Afforn ordeyned by prescience devyne
Of our captivyte to make redempcyoun
In Abraham promysed, born of Danyd lyne. 24

(4)
O lord, remembre vpon the hevynesse
With wich thow were Inwardly constreyned;
Thynk on thy mortall woful btytynesse
Mong alle thy enemyes with scorgis bete & peyned, 28
Thyn hevynly colour, thy fayr skyn dysteyned,—
Ageyns the the Iewes were so wood—
And all this, o lord, hast nat dysdeyned
To thy dyscyplys in forme of fleshe & blood

(5)
To yeve thy body, for ther goostly ffoode,
On Sherthursday, by mercyfull meeknesse ;
Weyssh ther feet, for our aldyr goode,
On Olyuet of constreynt and dystrsse
Swettyst blood & water, thy eien dist up dresse
On-to thy fader, seydyst thys Orlysoun,
"O Fader myn, graunt of thy goodnesse,
Translate thyse Chalys of my passyoun !"

(6)
Toldyst afforn, O Iesu! all the Caas
Of thy takyng, with euery cyrcumstaunce,
The fals betrayng, the kyssyng of Iudas,
Thy pacyence, thy style meek suffraunce,
By fals accusours tencreys of thy grevaunce,
So fore thre Inges ongoodly thow wer brought,
Ay of O cheer, of look, and contenaunce,
Benyngne Iesu stood stille & seydyst nought.

(7)
Tyme of thy pask, as it ys weell kouthe,
In Ierusalem, a famous greet cyte,
And condemned to die.

Thy pains.

Thy hevenly eyen, thy look selestyal,
Were hyd and veyll'd, & 'pi benyng face
Bete & bobbyd with buffety full mortall,
And to a peeler stretyly they did enbrace:  
Moost felly scorged, with blood dysteyned reed,
Torent with roopys thyn heer dyd arrace,
A crowne of thornys they set vp in thy hed.

52

Thy cros, thy deth, on Caluary thy vyctorye,
Gravyn in myn herte with hooll affeccyon,
Full repentance with pleyyn confessioun,
And as thow boulhist me, O Iesu! with thy blood,
Graunt of my synnys full remyssioun,
Wich for our sake starff vp-on the Rood.

72

O Jesus, imprente in my memory.

Alle these tokens of thy peynfull passioun; [leaf 2, back]
Thy cros, thy deth, on Caluary thy vyctorye,
Gravyn in myn herte with hooll affeccyon,
Full repentance with pleyyn confessioun,
And as thow boulhist me, O Iesu! with thy blood,
Graunt of my synnys full remyssioun,
Wich for our sake starff vp-on the Rood.

72

O Jesus, Creator of heaven and all.

O gracyous Iesu, forgere of the hevene, [leaf 3]
Lord and cryator of every cryature,
Madyst al thy word and pe planetis vij,
Vnmesured, and al thyng mayst mesure;
Erthe and mounteins round of ther fygure
Closyst in thy hand as a lytell ball,
Remembre, O lord! what wo thow dist endure
Naylled on the cros, and lyst to be mortall.

80
The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

(11)
For love of man in thyn humanyte
Feet & handis thorough percid, & maad reed,
Between two thevys vpon the Roode tre,
And for our sake, O Iesu! thou were ded,
Thy body streyned bothe in lengthe & bred
On Good Fryday, with many a mortall wounde;
Benyngne Iesu, of pyte tak now heed,
O welle of grace, of mercy most habounde!

(12)
Louly besechyng, Iesu, of thy goodnesse
That I may haue thy peynes in memorye,
And to remembre the wofull bytternesse
Wich thou lyst suffre, to brynge us to pi glorye;
And in our hertys pryue consystorye
Graunte us, O Iesu, with parfight love & dreed,
Of our thre enymyes yet we may haue victorie,
By thy meek passioune, pat lyst for man, to bleede.

(13)
O Iesu! Iesu! our helthe, our medycyne,
Our hevenly leche, our socour in syknesse,
Thy lemys strecchyd & drawe out riht as lyne
With myhty roopys, tencres of thy dystresse,
High on the cros left vp by greet duressse,
Thy flessh, thy sydys, torent and al to-torn,
No sorwe lyk, nor dooll, norhevynesse
Was neuer in man seyn in this world toforn.

(14)
O gracious Iesu! when I remembre me
How from thyn hed lowe to thy ffeet, allas,
Was noon hooll skyn vntorn, nor lefft in the,
Bespreynt with blood was thyn hevenly fface,

85 lentht J sic.  86 a mortal many R.  89 Besekyng J.
O Iesu ins. J.  94 love hope A H.  96 toj om. J.  97 Margin:
O Iesu celestis medice J.  97 Iesu (2) om. R J.  hethe R.  99 as
a ins. R.  100 ofj om. J.  101 by j thi R.  103 nor (1) R.
105 O gracious Glorious J. sic.  108 was] as J.

LYDGATE, M. P.
Yit of thy mercy Isu, thus stood the Caas,
Thou preidist for them on-to thy fader dere,
Seydyst, "O Fader fOrgyff hem ther trespace.
For what they doon they knowe nat be manere." 112

(15)

Lord, for that mercy and myserycorde

Gyff me grace tenprenten in my mynde

Thy glorious passyoun, by and by record

Alle the tokenys, that noon be lefft behynde,
Abowte thy cros in ordre as I hem fynde;
The sharpe spere, that dyd thyn herte ryve,
The scorges & peler, to wich they did the bynde,
And specyally thy glorious woundis ffyve.

(16)

O Isu! callyd in thy selestyall see

Lord of lordys, lord of moost puyssaunce,
Namyd of angelys fredam and liberte,
And of paradys delycyous plesaunce;

Iseu remembre, hane mynde of the penannce,
The ferfull orrour, with tormentis most terryble,
Wich thow sufferedist, to saue man fro myschaunce,
And for our love were pacently passyble.

(17)

Alle thyn enmyyes rounde aboute the stood,
Fersere than Tygrees, woder than lyowns;
Bete and bobbyd, and al be-spreynt with blood,
With fals rebukys, froward yllusyouns,
Scorgis importable, dyverse derysyouns,
Echon thyn enmyes, & frendys but a fewe,
Ageyn our trespacys and our transgressiouns,
Benyngne Isu! thou hast thy love shewe.
(18)

\textbf{Oracio.}

Lowly requyryng of mercyfull pyte \hspace{1cm} \textit{[leaf 3]} \hspace{1cm} defend us from our enemies.

From alle our enyniyes, visible and invisible,

Dyffende us, Iesu, that we may go sffe,

—Sith to thy power nothyng ys impossible—

From Sathanys myght, hydous and odyble,

Vnder the wyngys of thy proteecyoun,

That sufferedyst deth vp-on an hilly patyble,

Shadewe all \textit{pi} servauntis with \textit{pi} meek passioun. 144

(19)

\textbf{Oracio.}

O Iesu, merour of spirituall cleernesse, \hspace{1cm} \textit{[leaf 6, back]} \hspace{1cm} O Jesus, mirror of chastity?

Hang on the cros for our Redempceyoun,

Remembre of all the trouble & hevynesse,

Nakyd on the Roode taquyten our raumsoun, 148

Voyd of all comfort and consolacyoun

Sauff of thy moder, \& thy cosyn Seynt Iolin,

To hym assyngnyng the commendacyoun

To wayte on hyr, Iesu, whan thow were goon. 152

(20)

Vndyr thy cros wepyng whan she stood,

Seydyst to hir with a ful dedly cheere,

"Behold, O woman most benyngne \& good,

Behold \textit{pi} sone, wich that stondeth here,"

And to Seynt Iolin seidest in this manere,

"Behold \textit{pi} moder \& hauentir in kepynge."

Who myffte his eyen from salte teris stere

To seen or heryn this dolerous partyng? 160

(21)

The prophesye of Olde Symeoon

That same hour kam to remembraunce,

A swerd of sorwe shold thorgh hir soule goon.

Felt euer modyr so grevous a penaunce? 164

The Fifteen Odes of Christ.

Iesu, whos herte was woundid with a launce,
   Graunt in al myschef and trybulacyoun
We may resorte to ffynde in al grevaunce
   Mercyful support, lord, in thy passyoun.

(22)

Oracio.

O graceous Iesu, kyng most amyable,
   Aboue all kynges kyng of most puysaunce,
Moost desyrous, our comfort most notable,
   Our suppowaylle, our post gevyn al grevaunce,
Thy grete sorwys calle him to remembraunce,
   Wich thow suffredyst for our aldry goode,
Nakyd alas, perced with a launce,
   On Good Fryday hangyng on the Roode.

(23)

Thy frenlys fledde, almoost euerchyoon,
   The bront abydyng alone al dosolaat,
Except thy moder, theevangelist Seynt Iohn,
   With weeping terys tryst & disconsolat,
Swownyng full offte, fil to pe ground prostrat
   Spak to thy moder that alle myghtyn hère,
"Woman beholde pi sone in pore estaat," 1 MS. myghty.
   And to Seynt Iohn, "behold pi moder dere."

(24)

Oracio.

To the, Iesu, bothe at eve and morwe,
   With contrytr herte I say this Orysown,
So as the swerd, callid pe swerd of sorwe,
   Perced the herte by tribulacyoun
Of thy moder, tyme of thy passyoun,
   O mercyful Iesu! graunt only of pi grace,
In sowle and body full consolacyoun,
   By shryfft and hoosill or I hens pace.

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165 O Iesu ins. J. 169 Margin: O Iesu rex amabilis J.
170 all, kyng] om. J. 171 desiorus J. sic. 172 sowles powaill J.
   sic. 173 jem J. 174 gude J. 182 almyghtyn R. myghten J.
187 pe (2)] om. J. 188 the] pi J. 192 or] er R.
(25) O Jesu, that art of mercy sours and welle,
    Moost habundaunt of plentyvous pyte,
Wich on the cros, pi gospell can weell telle,
    How thou seydyst hangyng on the tre,
    Thou haddyst a thrust, a thrust of charyte,
    Thys was thrust, for short conclusioun,
To restore to goostly liberte
    Alle them for whom thou suffredyst passioun.

(26) Oracio.
    Mercyfull Jesu! sette our herte affyre,
    Encrese and more our dysposycyoun,
That day be day we fully may desyre
    In thy servuyse of hool affecyoun
    To growe and wexe, in full perfeccyoun,
    Alle flesshly lustys for to sette asyde;
    Wordly favour, and veyn ambycyoun,
    Represse in vs and be our goostly guyde.

(27) O Jesu! calyld most souereign swetnesse,
    Of thoughtfull hertys bawme Imperyall,
Our sugre, our comfort geyn all byttynnesse,
    Wich for our sake drank eysell and gall,
    Suffredyst deth for to saue us all;
    O blyssed lord, grant us for thy torment
To-form our deth at nede whan we call,
    Goostly repast of the hooly sacrement.

(28) Oracio.
    Thys to seyne for our eternall floode,
    For our most solempne restauracyoun,
    Grant us to rescryve thy body & thy blood
    Or we parte hens, with pure confessedioun,

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200 Margin: O Jesu dulcedo cordium J. 212 sufferedest drynke ins. J. (cf. 213). 217 This is J R H.
The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

Our path, our weye, to the heavenly mansioyn,
Callid by thy grace our gostly dyrectorye,
To saue our passage from pe infernal doungoun,
And fyry flawmys of dreadful purgatorye.  224

(29)

O merciful Jesu!

O thow moost gracyous mercyfull Iesu!
Wich for thy synguler selestyll gladnesse
In amerous hertys brennying in vertu
Art callid the roote of royall parfigbtnesse,
Lord, for pe constreynt & mortall bitternesse
Thow haddist than, this noyse whan pu dist make,
Crying for constreynt of thy pitous dystresse,
"Lord God my lord! why hastow me forsake?"  232

(30)

Oracio.

For that anguyssh & grevous drerynesse
Thow haddist pat hour afforn pou sholdist dye,
For love of man thorough pi gret kyndenesse
Vp-on the cros hangyng at Caluarye,
Forsake us nat whan we to the Crye
In ony myschef or Trybulacyoun,
That we may find socour and remedye
In thy moost peynfull glorious passioun.  240

(31)

O Iesu! Iesu! callid Alpha and Omega,
Our lyf, our vertu, support in our neede,
Thynk, & recorde, and remembre also,
From hed to foot how thow dedyst bleede,
Wasshe and steyned in a purpyll weede,
Fro pi v wounds ran so large a flood,
Thorugh al pe world the streemys did sprede
To wasshe our surfetis with pi precious blood.  248
The Fifteen Odes of Christ.

(32)

Oracio.

In blood & water, tyme of thy passyoun,
Of love was shewid, pleynly to conclude,
As in two lycours our Redempcyoun,

Water of baptem took a gret latytude,
Thy blood out shad, Satthan to decline,
For wich, Iesu, shewe thyys avauntage,

Of grace and mercy pe grete\(^1\) magnytude

By blood & water to cleyrne our herytage.

(33)

O hooly Iesu! of mercy moost habounde,

Wich on the cros boughthyyst us so dere,
Be thy v. woundys depe, large, & profounde,

Thorugh skyn & flesh conseyyed pe mater, 252
Gracyous Iesu! rescyeve our mek prayere,

Whan our thre enmyes ageyn us gyne sryve,
Graunt we may hyde us ageyn ther fel daunger

Myd the kavys of thy depe woundys ffyve. 256

(34)

O sothfast Iesu! callyd cleer merour

Of trowthe, of love, of pes and vnyte,

Signacle and sel, patent and protectour,

Our sheld, our pavys geyn al aduersite, 260
From heed to foot by furious cruelte
All forwoundyd, torased, and to-rent,
By the Iewys conspyred Enmyte,

Bete & seorged, tyl al thy blood was spent, 264

(35)

Born & conseyyed in virgynall clennesse,

Of a pure mayden brouht forth in Bedleem,

Reed & rubyfyed was after thy witnesse,

With dolerous deth slayn at Ierusaleem, 276

\(^1\) MS. grace.

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Our redemption was shown in the blood and water of Thy Passion.

O Jesu, clear mirror of Truth and Love.
The Fifteen Oces of Christ.

For compassioun eclypsed the sonne-beem,
O Jesu! Jesu! what myghtyst thow do more,
Thow, that were kyng & lord of every reem,
Lyst suffre deth thy servauwtis to restore.

(36)

Oracio.

Merciful Jesu! of grace do adverte
With thilke lycour wich pou dedyst bleede,
By remembrance to write hem in myn herte
Ech day onys that I may hem reede,
Close pe capytallys vnder pi purpil weede
With offte thynkyng on thy bloody fface,
Thorough myn entraylles let pi passion sprede,
Marked tho karcetys when I shal hens passe.

(37)

O mighty Jesu! of Iuda the lyown,
Strength of pryncys, of kyngis most royall,
Invicyble, our goostly champyoun,
To saue thy peple from peynes infernal,
List make hem fre, pat Sathan maad thrall;
With pacyence thow were vyctoryous;
Thy force faylled of power Immortall,
Slough deth with deth, conquest most gloryous.

(38)

Thow were maad weyk, lostist al pi strengthe,
With deth distreyden thow pat were myhtyest,
To shewe pi power bothe in brede & lengthe,
Suffredyst pi fredam, stonde vndir arest,
Phebus was dirkid, eclipsed est and west,
Our raumson payed, tresour of most prys,
Whan thow seydyst "consummatum est,"
By mene wherof bryng vs to paradys.
O Iesu! callid sone moost myghty
Of thy Fadrys wysdam and sapynce,
Of his substanse the flygure treuly
Into whos hand thow seidest with reuerence
"In manus tuas," thes woordys in sentence
With a gret cry to-torn in euery coost;—
For wich o Iesu vp-on my greet offence
Be mercyable whan I yelde vp my goost.

O Iesu! named plenteous grape and vyne,
Wich on the cros for our Redempeyoun
In a pressorye pressid with gret pyne,
Copyously the rede lycour ran down,
Thy precious blood was pris of our raunsoun,
That no drope sothly was lefft behynde,
Water of baptem, blood of thy passion,
Was al shad out, to us thou were so kynde.

Longious spere perced thorgh thy herte,
Thy white body vpon the roode tree
Was maad al drie, with woundis fel & smerte,
O Iesu! Iesu! of mercy grannt thow me

Let me be wounded as Thou wast,
that the rust of my life

To wasshe awey, only by thy grace,
With repentaunce and full contrycyoun,
Hosyll and shryfft or I hen[e]s passe;
Cleymyng by mercy to haue possessioun
The Dolerous Pyte of Crystes Passioun.

With al thy seyntys in the hevenly mansioun,
Only by tytyll cleymed by thy blood,
And by thy modrys meek medyacyoun,
The charter asscid whan pou heeng on pe Rood. 336
Explicit Quod John Lydgate.

47. THE DOLEROUS PYTE OF CRYSTES PASSIOUN.

[MS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 15, back, to 17.]

Here is a tretys of Crystys passyoun.

(1)

Erly on morwe, and toward nyght also,
First and last, looke on this ffygure;
Was ever wight suffred so gret woo
For manhis sake suych passioun did endure? 4
My bloody woundis, set here in picture,  [leaf 169]
Hath hem in mynde knelyng on your kne,
A goostly merour to euery Cryature,
Callid of my passioun the dolorous pyte. 8

(2)

Set this lyknesse in your remembraunce,
Emprenteth it in your Inward sight;
Myn hertys wounde, percyd with a launce,
Thorough-out my side discendelyng doun ful riht, 12
Yow to dyffende in your treble ffyght,
Ageyn the fend, pe flessh, pe world, this thre,
With my passioun shal yeve yow strengthe & myht
Whan ye beholde this dolorous pyte. 16

333 the] thi R. om. B. 335 meditaciouw R. 336 hing J.
Colophon om. J R. Explicit the xv Oes compiled by John lydgat
monke of Bury and were here wryten out of master stantons boke
by Jon Stowe A. Here endythe pe fyften ooes drawen oute of
latyn into engelishe by lidgate B.

Note.—The text, from Laud 683, is rearranged according to the
order observed in the other five MSS., as the Latin original and other
English translations also had this order. The order in Laud is
1–72, 97–144, 73–96, 257–304, 145–256, 305–336. This order
interferes only with the arrangement of the several prayers.
The Dolerous Pyte of Crystes Passioun. 251

(3) Make me your pavis, passith not your boundis,
    Ageyn al worldly Trybulacioun,
In ech temptacioun, thyunk on my blody woundis,
    Your cheeff saffcondyt, and best protecyoun,
    Your coote armure, brest plate & habirioun,
    Yow to dyffende in al adverysyte,
And I schal be your Trusty champioun
    Whan ye beholde this dolorous pite.

(4) Beth not rekles whan ye forby passe,
    Of myn Image devoutly taketh heede,
Nat for my-silf, but for your trespace
    In Bosra steyned of purpil al my [weede¹],
    Of my suffraimce youres is the meede,
      Crownyd with thornys thoruh Iewis cruelte,
      Blood meynyt with water for yow I did bleede,
      Lyk as witnesseth this dolorous pite.

(5) The vyne of Soreth railed in lengthe & brede,
    The tendre clustris rent don in ther rage,
    The ripe grapis ther licour did out shede,
      With bloody droypis bespreynt was my visage,—
      Man to socoure, I suffred gret damage,
      I was maad thral for manhis lyberte,
      I bar the bront allone of this ventage,
      Lyk as witnesseth this dolorous pite.

(6) My deth of deth hadde pe victorye,
    Fauht with Sathan a myhty strong batayl,
Grave this trivmphe depe in your memorie,
    Lik pe pellican perced myn Entrayl,
    Myn herte blood maad abrood to rayl,
      Best restoratif geyn old Inyquyte,
    My platys seuered, to-torn myn aventail,
      Lik as witnesseth this dolorous pite.

(7) Verba compilatoris.
From yow avoideth slouthe & necclygence,
    With contrit herte seith, meekly knelyng don,

¹ MS. blood.
O Pater-noster and Avees in sentence,
A crede folwyng, seyd with devossioun,
xxvi thousand yeeris of pardoum,
Over xxx dayes, ye may the lettre see,
In remembrance of Cristys passioun
Knelyng be-fore this dolorous pite.

Explicit.

48. A PRAYER UPON THE CROSS.

[MS. Laud 683, leaves 14, back, 15.]

Here crist Ihesu seith thus on-to man as he hangeth
vp-on the roode tre.

(1)

Upon the Cross, I was nailed for thee.
Suffred deth to paye thy raunsoun;
Forsake thy senne for the love of me,
Be repentaunt, make plyen confessioun,
To contrit hertis I do remyssioun:
Be nat dyspeyred, for I am nat vengable;
Geyn goostly enmyes think on my passiou?
Why artow fro ward, sith I am mercyable?

(2)

My bloody woundis doun raylyng by this tre,
Looke on hem well, and hone compassioun;

MSS. Land 688, leaves 14, back, to 15 back = L; Land 598, leaf 60 and back = 1; Rawl. poet. 32, leaf 31 back = R; Jes. Coll. Cam. 56, leaves 71 and back = J; Univ. Lib. Cam. Kk. 1, 6, leaves 196, back, 187 = K; (ibid. Hh. 4, 12, leaf 86 = F; printed by Furnivall, pp. 139–140, E.E.T.S., Orig. S. 15, 1866, re-ed. 1903); B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 111 and back = H; Add. 29729, leaves 131 and back = A; Cott. Col. A. ii, leaf 131, back = C; Phillipps 8299, folios not numbered = P; St. John's, Oxf. 56, torn leaf at end, parts of lines 15–40 = S. Title: An other preyere to our lord hangyng on þe Croosse K. Quinque vulnera C. none in other MSS. P J F H give the Latin couplet—

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

1 a P H J F R. y nailewed was C. J/ om. 1. 2 Suffredith J. suffryng P. Raunsom L. rawinson F. raunsome A. 3 synne thenne ins. P. 4 by repentance A. 6 vengeable F 1 J. 7 Ayenst l. 8 sith} for P. 9 raylyngj rynnyng l. 10 þam J. þat l.
A Prayer upon the Cross.  

The crowne of thorn, pe spere, pe nayles thre
Perced hand and sfeit of Indygncyoun,
Myne herte reven for thy redempcyoun;
Lat us twyene in this thyng be tretable,
Love for love by iust convencyoun!
Why artow froward sith I am mercyable?

(3)
I hadde on Petyr and Mawdeleyn pite
For the grete constreynt of ther contricyoun;
Geyn Thomas Indis Incredulyte,
He put his hand, depe in my syde doun;
Rolle vp this mater, grave it in pi resoun;
Sith I am kynde, why artow so onstable?
My blood, best triacle for pi transgressioun;
Be thou nat froward, sith I am mercyable.

(4)
lenvoye.

Thinke ageyn pride on myn humylyte;
Kom to scole, recorde weell this lessoun;
Geyn fals envye, thynk on my charite,
My blood al spent by dysyllacyoun;
Why did I this? to saue the from prisoun;
Afforn thyn herte hang this lytel table,
Swetter than bawme geyn al googly poisson,—
Be thow nat froward, sith I am mercyable.


My mercy was redy to Cayme, yf that he 
Mercy wolde haue asked for deth of Abele;
But he, in whanne hope of grete infelecite, 
Dispayred my mercy, that am of mercy well.
Mi holy evangelistes can you certyn telie,
The thief on my right syde beyng culpable,
Marcey asked, in paradyce doth dwelle;
Be nat froward, O man, I am merciable.
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

(5)
oracio.

Lord on alle synful, heere knelyng on ther kne,
Thy deth remembryng of humble afeccyoun,
O Iesu, graunte of thy benyngyte,
That thy fyve wellis plentyvous of foysoun,
Callid thy fyve woundsis by computaciouw,
May washe in us al surfetis reprevable.
Now, for thy modris meek mediacioun,
At hir request, be to us mercyable.

Explicit.

49. BALLADE AT THE REVERENCE OF OUR LADY, QWENE OF MERCY.

[B.M. Sloane 1212, leaves 101 to 102, back.]

(1)
A thousands storiiis kowde I mo reherse
Off olde poetis, touchynge this matere,
How that Cupide the hertis gan to perse
Off his seruauntis, settyng tham affere;
Lo, here the fin of the errour and the weere!
Lo, here of loue the guerdoun and greuaunce
That euyr with woo his seruauntis doth avaunce!

40

I could tell a thousand tales of Cupid and his woes.


MSS. B.M. Sloane 1212, leaves 101 to 102, back = S; Bodl. Ashmole 89, leaves 39, back, to 41 = A. Printed in Thynne Chaucer, 1532 = T; repr, Skeat, Oxf. Chaucer, VII, 275-280 = Sk. Title in A, a devote balade by Lidgate of Bury, made at the reverence of oure lady, Qwene of mercy. A ballade in commendation of our Lady T. om. S. 1. I koue to you A. mo (or more probably me)] S (o and e are almost indistinguishable in this MS.). 2 clerkis A. this]e A. 3 cane mens hertis presse A. to] so T Sk. 4 hem T. jeire hertes A. in fere T. on fere Sk. a fuyre A. 5 fere T. With ful daunger payepe his subgettes hyre A. 7 Ay A (Sk. aye!) her servaunts do T.
(2)
Wherfore I wil now pleynly my stile redresse,
   Of on to speke at nede that will not faile:
   Allas! for dool I can nor may expresse
      Hir passand pris, and that is no mervaile.
      O wynd of grace, now blowe in to my saile!
      O auriat licour off Clyo, for to wryte
      Mi penne enspire, of that I wold endyte!
   But I will tell instead of One that will not fall.

(3)
   Allas! unworthi I am both and unable,
      To loffe suche on, all women surmountyng,
But she moost benygne be to me mercyable,
   That is of pite the welle and eke the spryng:
   Wherfore of hir, in laude and in preysyng,
      So as I can, supported by hir grace,
   Right thus I say, knelyng to-forn hir face,—

(4)
O sterne of sternys withi stremys clere,
   Sterne of the see, [on]-to shipmen lyght and gyde,
O lusty lemand, moost plesaunt to appere,
   Whos bright bemys the clowdis may not hide, [leaf 101, bk.]
   O way of lyfe to hem pat goo or ride,
      Haven aftyr tempest surrest as to ryve,
   On me haue mercy for thi Ioyes fyve.

(5)
O rightest Iewyl, O rote of holynesse,
   And lightsom lyne of pite [for] to pleyne,
Origynal gynnyng of grace and al goodnesse,

Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

And clennest condite of vertu moost souerayne,
Modyr of mercyoure troubyl to restreyne,
Chambyr and closet clennest of chastyte,
And namyd herberwe all of pe deyte. 33

(6)
O closid gardeyn al void of weedes wicke,
Cristallyn welle of clenessse cler consigned,
Fructifying oluye of foilys faire and thicke,
And redolent cedyr most derworthiy ydyned,
Or pe wycked fend his wrath up on us wreche,
Lantyrn of light, be þu oure lyfis leche. 40

(7)
Paradys of plesaunce, gladsom to all good,
Benygne braunchelet of the pigment tre,
Vinarye envermailyd, refrescher of oure food,
Lycour ažens all langour that pallid may not be,
Blisful bawme blossom, boundyng in bounte,
This mantel of myserycord on oure myschef spred,
And or woo awak us, wrappe us undyr thi weed. 49

(8)
Redy rose, flouryng withoutyn spyne,
Founteyn of fulnesse, as beryl corrent clere,
Some drope of thi graceful dew to us propyne,
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

Bu lyght withoutyn nebule, shynyng in thi spere,
Medicyn to myscheuous, pucelle withoute pere,
Flawme down to doolful lyght of thyn influence,
Remembryng thi servaunt for thi magnificence.

(9)
Of alle cristen protectrix and tutele,
Retour of exilid put in proserypcyouz,
To hem pat erryn, the path of her sequele;
To weri wandrid, the tente pavilouz.
Unto direete, rest and remedye,
Feythfull unto all, pat in the affye.

(10)
To hem that rennyth pu art [itinerarie],
O blissful bravie, to knyghtis of thi werre,
To wery workmen pu art dyorne denarye,
Mede unto mareyneris pat haue sailed ferre;
Lauriat coroun, stremand as a sterre
To hem pat putte hem in palastyr for thi sake,
Cours of her conquest, pu white as ony lake!

(11)
Thow myrthe of martiris, swetter than cytolle,
Of confessouris richest donatyff,
Unto virginis the eterne aureolle,
Aforne all women hauying prerogatyff.
Maiden and modyr, both wedow and wyff
In all thi world nys noon but pu allon,
Now sen pu may, be sugyr to my mone.

LYDGATE, M. P.
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

(12)

True turtle dove.
O trest turtyl, trowest of al trewe,
O curteys columbe, replet of all mekenesse,
O nyghtyngale, with thi notys newe,
O popinjay, plumed in clennesse,
O larke of loff, syngyng in swetnesse, 82
Phæbus awaityng, till in thi brest he lyght,
Undyr thi wenge at domysday us dyght! 84

Lark of love.

Jewel, fairer than all jewels.

Gladded by Gabriel.
O ruby, rubifyed in the passyoun
All of thi sone, among haue us in mynde,
O stedfast dyamaunt of duracyoun,
That fewe feris pat tyme myghtiste thu fynde,
For noon to hym was founde half so kynde 89
O herdy herte, O louynge creature!
What was it but looff, pat made pe so to endure? 91

(13)

Semely safyr, dep lowp, and blew ewage,
Stable as the lowpe, ay ewage to pite,
This is to sayn, O frescheste of visage,
Thu louyst hem unchaungid pat serue the,
Or 3if ony offence or writhyng in hem be, 96
bu art ay redy up-on her woo for to rewe,
And hem reseyuyst, Jan reemis of thyn ewe. 98

(14)

O goodly gladid, whan pat Gabriell [leaf 102, back]
With joie the grette, pat may not be noumbrid,
Or halfe the joie who cowde wryte or telle,
When the Holy Goost to the was obumbrid,
Wher thorgh pat fendys were utterly encombrid? 103
O wemles mayden, enbelysshed with his byrthe,
That man and angell pe-roff had[den] myrthe? 105

Loo, here the blossum and bud of all our glorye,
   Off wheech that prophetys spak so longe aforn;
Loo, here the same that was in memorye
   Of Ysaie, long or she was born;
Loo here, [of] Dauid the delicyous corn;
Loo, here the ground that list to onbelde,
   Becomyn man, [our] raunsoun for to zeilde.

O glorious viole, O vitre inviolate!
O fery Tytan pereyd with the lemys,
Whos vertuous bryghtnesse was in thi brest vibrate,
   That all this world enbelished with his bemyes!
Conservatrix of kyngdamys and Remys;
   O Isaye seed, O swete Sunamyte,
Mesure my mornynge, myn owne margarite!

O soneraynest, sowht out of syon,
   O punycall pome agens all pestilence:
And auryat urme, in whom was bouk and boon
   The agnelet, that fought for oure offfece
Azens the serpent with so high defence
   That like a lyoun in victory he was founde;
To hym commende us of mercy most habounde!

O precyous perle, with-outyn ony pere,
   Cokyyl with gold dew from abone Ireyned,
   bu busshe unbrent, ferle[s] set affere,
   Flawmyng in fernece, not with hete peyned,
   Duryng dayse, with no wedyr steyned,
   Flesch undefoulyd of gentyl Gedeon,
   And fructifyyng yerde, the 3erd of Aaron.

The Fyfftene Ioyes of Oure Lady (II).

(20)

The myti arke, probatyk piscyne, Lawghynege aurore and of pees olyve, Columyne and base up-beryng from abyme, Why ner I connying the for to discrive? Cheseu for Iosep, whan he took to wyve, Unknowyng hym, childlyng be myrakyll, And of our [manhode truwe] tabynakyll.

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50. THE FYFFTENE IYES OF OURE LADY (II).

[MS. B.M. Titus A. xxvi, leaves 157, back, to 160, back.]

Lo my lordes and ladyes here Begynnen þe fyfftene Ioyes of oure lady cleped þe xv. Ooes translated out of Frenshe into Englishe by daun John the Monke of Bury at þinstance of þe worshipfull Pryncesse Isabelle nowe Countasse of Warr' lady Despenser.

Blessed Lady, O Pryncesse of mercy! Moder ecallyd of grace and of pyte, Welle of goodnesse, þat sprang most souerainly, Clere as cristalle in þy virgynite, Whiche for þy meryte of lumylite Bare Criste Ihesu, oure lorde most souereyne, Nyen monthis betwene þy sydes twayne, 134 138 140 5 7

134 Thowe A. myty] S sic. mighty T. A. probatyfe T. the probatyfe A. 136 Piller from base bering from A. 137 for] of T. A. 138 whom] whom T. Chosen of god whome Ioseph gaf to wyve A. 139 bare Criste by greet A. 140 manhode] A. of our manhode figure the T. of our manhode sic S. our] Iesus A. Note.—I follow S, the oldest text, but amend slightly, as the text is very corrupt. This amending is not marked in the text in lines 31, 32, 71, 120, 122.

(2)
Owt of thy brestes, soft as any silke,
With chere and looke benigne and debonnaire,
Thow gave hym souken of thy swote mylke
Vnto thy pappes whan hym lyst repayre;
Powre chosen of God, fayreste of all fayre!
Pray to thy sune, every hour and space
Vpon me hane mercy and gyve me grace,
suckled Him with thy brestes,
pray to Him to have mercy on me.

(3)
That I may com to his miserycorde
By confessyon and trewe repentauce,—
And thow woldest to my request acorde—
Here for my synnes that I may do penannce,
And eke my sowle with helthe so avaunce
That I may with humble and trewe entente,
Or I passe hennys, Resceyue the sacremente.
That I may com to his miserycorde
By confessyon and trewe repentauce,—
And thow woldest to my request acorde—
Here for my synnes that I may do penannce,
And eke my sowle with helthe so avaunce
That I may with humble and trewe entente,
Or I passe hennys, Resceyue the sacremente.

(4)
My Ioye, my blisse, my lorde, my saveoure!
With fayth entere here, in forme of bred,
Whanne I shal parte thowe be my protectour,
Withoute whos helpe in sothe I can no red;
And grant also, or that I here be ded,
That I may knele, O powre hevenly qwene!
Te-for thyn ymage tymes tolde fiftene.

(5)
Primum gaudium.
O qwene of heven, of helle eke Emparesse!
Alle creatures in goodnesse surmonting,—
For pilke Ioye powre haddeste of gladnesse
When that Gabriell brought pe tythinge
That the lord and pe moste souerein kynge
Sente pe Holy Goste, for to alyght in the,
To take of mekenesse oure humanyte,
Let me kneel before thine altar fifteen times.
For the joy of Gabriel's greeting,

Pray to thy sune of mercy and pite
For me tavyde all pat schould he hym displaise,
And with his grace so to enspyre me
And doune descende to sette myn herte in ese,
That I by grace gostely may him pleesse
From day to day, and where as I offende,
Soone to repente and my lyff eke amende.

Aue Maria.

Secundum gaudium.

And, blessed lady borne in Nazarythe!
For thylke Ioye pow haddest, and pleasaunce,
Whan thoue metteste with Sainte Elisabete,
UBYne hooly Consyne, moste humble of countenaunce,—
And sheo agaynwarde with deuoute obayssaunce,
Lowely beholding ypon thyn holy face,
And in her armes pee lowly did embrace

Aue Maria.

For the joy of meeting Elizabeth,
For thylke Ioye Jow haddest, and pleasaunce,
Whan thoue metteste witli Sainte Elisabethe,
UBYne hooly Consyne, moste humble of countenaunce,—
And sheo agaynwarde with deuoute obayssaunce,
Lowely beholding ypon thyn holy face,
And in her armes pee lowly did embrace

Aue Maria.

And, blessed lady borne in Nazarythe!
For thylke Ioye pow haddest, and pleasaunce,
Whan thoue metteste with Sainte Elisabete,
UBYne hooly Consyne, moste humble of countenaunce,—
And sheo agaynwarde with deuoute obayssaunce,
Lowely beholding ypon thyn holy face,
And in her armes pee lowly did embrace

Aue Maria.

For the joy of meeting Elizabeth,
For thylke Ioye pow haddest, and pleasaunce,
Whan thoue metteste with Sainte Elisabete,
UBYne hooly Consyne, moste humble of countenaunce,—
And sheo agaynwarde with deuoute obayssaunce,
Lowely beholding ypon thyn holy face,
And in her armes pee lowly did embrace

Aue Maria.

For the joy of meeting Elizabeth,
The Fiftene Ioyes of Oure Lady.

(10)
Tercium gaudium.
O sterre of hevene! O maryner[i]'s gyde!
Hem to relieve in all pyre troble and payne,
For pilke Ioye þer hadist vn eche syde
Whan thoue feltest atwixe þi flankeþ tvene
þy blessed sune, þe lord moste souereyne,
To þy plesanne moeven too and froo,
Be my défence in al myscheef and woo.

(11)
And blessed lady of mooste Excellence
In eury-thing þat shoulde thy servante greene
Helpe to thy sonne þat I do none offence,
But him to serue, stere myn herte and meve,
And in all myscheffe þat thowe me relieve,—
For to þy grace, as to mooste cheeff socoure,
For helpe I fie in all worldely labour.

Aue Maria.

(12)
Quartum Gaudium.
Moste good, moste holy, and fayreste on to see!
For pilke Ioye thoue haddeste in thyne herr
Whane Criste was born in Bedlem þe citee,
þowe socoure me in all my peynis smert,
And pray þy sune, of mercy to aduert
To-forne his birthe and blessed passyon
When I shall dye, to my Redempseyoun.

Aue Maria.

(13)
Quintum gaudium.
Gracyeuse princesse! of mercy most habounde,
For pilke ioye of ful grete Excelence,
Thou haddeste þanne, whane þe shepherdes fonde
 þe ster in bedlem, and came to þy presence,
Pray to thy sonne for his magnyfysence,
That he of mercy be my proteccion
Agaynst eche troble of trybulacyon.
Sextum Gaudium.

Benygne lady, moest kyndely lodesterre!  
For pilke Ioye powe hadeste in sylence,
Whane three kynges cam to the frome so ferre,
And meekly offred with digne reverence
Vnto thy sune golde, myrre, and frankes-sence, 96
Pray to pat lord of mercy mooste entere,
Gracyously taccepte my preyere. 98

Aue Marye.

Septimum Gaudium.

And holy pryncesse of thyne heghe goodnesse,
For pilke hye Ioye and consolacyon
Thowe haddeste panne whanne with all meknesse
To Symyon powe madest oblacyone,
And of thy sune a presentacyone, 103
And Symyon with humble chere and face
Withe bothe his armes hym lowly did embrase; 105

Beseche the Lord to hear me.

Beseche that Lord my prayer to rescyeune,
And my requeste that he note Refuse,
My meke complayntes of grace to conceyve;
And where my gyltes and trespasses me accuse
by medyacyone moyste me per excuse 110
And sithe thowe arte of mercy sours and welle,
Help pat his mercy may his Ryght precelle. 112

Aue Maria.

Octauum Gaudium.

O lyght and lanterne of synfull pat been blynde!
þeyre sourerayne supporte in trybulacyne,
In Thereusalem þy sune leffte byhynde, 1 [leaf 159, back]
Whane thone and Ioseph went out of þe towne;
For pylke gladdest Restitucyone 117
þou haddest þanne, when powe came agayne
And in the temple haste þy sone esseyne, 119

92 moest kyndely] mankyndys T. 93 that T. 95 digne] dew T.
96 franke] om. T. 98 taccepte] to accept T. take vp C. 100 that.
Preserve me that I be not loste thoroughge synne
But thoroughge thy mercy pat I may be fonde,
Lat my pitee never fro me twyne,
And that thy grace to mewarde enere Rebounde,
Suffre none enemy thy servant to confounde,
But in al myscheef pat shoulde me dyscomforn, 124
Vn-to thy helpe pat I may ay Resorte. 126

Aue Maria.

Of pe Holy Gooste, O powe chossine tabarnacle!
At the weddyng of him Archideclyne,  Nonnum
For pilke Ioye powe haddeste by myracl,  Gaudium.
When pe water was tornyd in-o wyrne
Pere by my sune, O blessed lady myne!  131
Praye him for me, O pryncesse moost notable!
Or he me deme, for to bee mercyeable.

Aue Maria.

Fayreste of fayre moost gracieuse and benigne!
Whos goodnesse no clarke cane descryve,
For that myracl and pat gloruous signe
Whanne Criste fyve thousand fedde with loves fyve,
For pilke Ioye, powe socoure me nowe belyve,
And graunte I may, O powe hewenly Roose!
My fyve wittes to by plesaunce dispoose.

Aue Maria.

And gloryose Pryncesse, for pat hegh pytew
Powe whylome haddest, and grette compassyoun,
Whanne pat by sonne thoroughge Iowys cruwelte
Hade for oure sake dethe, pyne, and passyone
Wppon pe crosse, for oure Redempyeone;
Thoroughge thy prayer my soule powe gouerne,
Me to delyuer frome dethe which is eterne.

Aue Maria.
The Fyffte Ioycs of Ouir Lady.

(22)

Duodecimum Gaudium.
And for that Ioye alle Ioyes dothe precelle,
Whyche pone haddeste, pryncesse of moste renoun!
Vppon that daye playnly for to telle
Of his vpe-Ryste and Rysereceyone,
As he that was of Juda pe lyone, 152
O gloryeuse ladye! pray hym in humble wyse
From synfull lyff by grace I may arysse. 154
Aue Maria.

(23)

Terciumdecimum Gaudium.
O hevenly qwene! of mercy condescende
For pilke Ioye to here myne orysoun,
Powe haddeste pat day, whanne he did ascende
Vp to that high hevenly mansyoun;
Pray hym for grace and supportacioun,
Afther his tracyes pat I my lyffe may lede
To his plesaunce, atweene hope, love, and drede. 161
Aue Marya.

(24)

And of pryncesses, O pow moste graeyous!
& most accepted in pe lordes sight
For pylke Ioye in Erthe moste famous
Powe haddeste pat day, whan pe Holy Gooste alight
Downe from abowe, pe sterre clere and bryght; 166
For pylke grace pat day dede on the shyne,
With lyght of verteue myne herte powe enlumyne. 168
Aue Marya.

(25)

Quintuncimdecimum Gaudium.
Of alle blessed O powe blessedeste!—
Jere may be made no comparysoun—
The Fyfftene Ioycs of Oure Lady.

For ðylke Ioye, of Ioyes soueryneste,
Whyche ðowe haddeste in ðy heveney mansyon
Vppon the day of ðyne assumpeyoun,
Whan God above gan for þe to provyde,
As qvene of heven, to sitte on his ryght syde

(26)
With a corone of hevenely stonys cler,
Gemmes of werteue, of parfit hoolynesse,
Of Rychesse and beawte moost [e]ntiere,
For ðey transcended alle oþer in noblesse ; [leaf 160, back]
For, ðylke Ioye, O hevenely emperesse !
Pray to thy somne wþ thert contemplatyff
That whan þat I schall parte oute of þys lyff

(27)
I may in herte haue feythe and ful creance
And mekely make my confessyoun,
And of my synnes haue deue repentaunce,
With contryte herte do satisfayounge,
And to passe hennes wþ ful Remyssyon
O blessed lady ! thoroughge grace of þy prayere
To gette a place above þe sterres clere.

(28)
On alle my frendis haue pite & mercy,
On myne alyaunce and on my kynde,
And vpon alle pat love þe feythfully,
Remember of grace, O welle of womanhede !
And graunte me grace wþh thought, wonle, and dede,
The for to serve vnto my lyvys Ende,
And my soole to saue whan I schale hens wende.

Amen.

The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

51. THE FIFTEEN JOYS AND SORROWS OF MARY.

[MS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 88 to 93.]

(1) Atween mydnyht and the fressh morwe gray [leaf 88]
   Nat yore ago, in herte ful pensiff,
   Of thoughtful sihes my peyne to put away,
   Caused by the trouble of this vnstabil liff,
   Vnclosyd a book, that was contemplatiff;
   Of fortune turnyng the book, I fond
   A meditacioun which first cam to myn hond,

(2) Tofor which was sett out in picture
   Of Marie an ymage ful notable,
   Lyke a pyte depeynt was the figure
   With weepyng eyen, and cheer most lamentable:
   Thoū th' proporcious by craft was agreable,
   Hir look douz cast with teerys al bereyned,—
   Of hertly sorwe so soore she was constreyned.

(3) Upon the said meditacioun, [leaf 88, back]
   Of aventure, so as I took heed,
   By diligent and cleer inspeccion,
   I sauh Rubrisshis, departyd blak and Reed,
   Of ech Chapitle a paraf in the heed,
   Remembrance first Fifteene of her gladynessys,
   And next in ordre were set hyr heynessys.

MSS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 88 to 93 = H; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 21, leaves 157 to 161, back = T; leaves 252 to 236 = t (2d copy); Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 53 to 56 = J; Bodley 686, leaves 207 to 208, back = B. Title; lacking in H t.; Incipit unquedecim gaudia beate marie J; . . . Here begynnethe þe prologue of ye xv Ioyes of our ladye B; (in Stowe's hand) here is ye begynynge of the xv Ioyes & the xv sorowes that our blissyd lady had whil she was on erthe T. 1 Betwene B T t. morow fresshe T t. 2 longe agon B. agone t. 7 came furst T. [myn] om. T. Lines 9 to 14 read in B, Of marie a gracius faire ymage Glad of chere depeynt was þe figure Hol Dyng a child feirest of visage Which to beholde of hert and of hole corage þe more y lokid þe more y founde gladynessis And recomfort of alle olde heynessys. 11 [cheer] the T. 12 greable T. 13 regnydyd T. 14 so soore of chere T. 16 so] om. T. 17 dylygence T t. 18 say T t. 20 gladnesse T t B. gladnes J. 21 heynesse T t B. heynes J.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

(4) Off ech of them the nombre was Fifteene, 
Bothe of hir Joyes and her adversitees, 
Ech after othir, and to that hevenlie queene 
I sauh Oon kneele deuontly on his knees; 

A Pater-noster and ten tyme Avees 
In ordre he sayde [at thende] of ech ballade 
Cessyd nat, tyl he an eende made.

(5) Fowlyng the Ordre, as the picture stood, 
By and by in that hooly place, 
To beholde it did myn herte good; 
Of affeccion turnyd nat my face, 
But of entent, leiseer cauht and space, 
Took a penne, and wroot in my maneere 
The said balladys, as they stondyn heere.

Explicit prologws.

(6) Blissed branche that sprong out of Iesse 
Which were allone, as clerkys telle can, 
Ground and gyynnyng of our felicite, 
For thilke ioye which thu haddist than 
Whan thu were offryd by Ioachim and Anne 
In-to the temple, by scripture as I fynde, 
Pray for thy servauntis and haue upon hem mynde.

pater noster X Ave.

(7) Glorious mayde, O Roote of hoolynesse, 
For thilke ioye thu haddyst many wise, 
From God above whan angelis gan hem dresse 
For thy meritis the to do seruise, 
Dailly to wayte in al ther best guyse.

24 to] do J. that J. the T. 27 at thende] om. J H. and atte pendé T t. 23 an] oon J. 29 the (1)] in T t. 30 hooly] om. T t. 35 stonde B. stoden J (sic). Here endeb pe prolog of pe xv ioyes & begyynèp pe tale B. B numbers each stanza on the margin in red. The 1. ioye, etc. Beg. l. 183 has. The 1. heunynsse, etc., up to xv. pater noster, etc.] om. B T. 37 cleris J. tell J T. 38 begynnyng T. 39 thilke] that T. ylke J. then B. 40 was J. 42 vpon theym haue T t. than J. þeym B. the instructions in red and blue letters t. 43 O] and T. 44 that T. ylk J. 45 abouen T. Aungell J. 47 tawayte B.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

Pray for thy servantis of mercy and tak heed,
Of al thy servantis that calle to the at neede. 49

\[\text{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(8)

Thu that art callyd glorie of Israel,
For thilke Ioye, moost sovereyn of renoun,
Which thu haddist whan thaugil Gabriel
Brouht the tydying from the hevene dou,
First kalendys of our savacioun,
With this woord \text{Eva} turnyd to \text{Aue},
On al thy servantis haue mercy and pyte. 56

\[\text{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(9)

And for that Ioye thu haddist in certeyn,
When Elizabeth moost meekly with the mette,
Fulfilled with grace vpon an hih mounteyn,
Thy blissed Cosyn devoutly ther the grette,
Hir child reiresshyng, she list no lenger lette,
In hir armys moost goodly she the rawhte,—
Saide thes woordys, the Hooly Goost hir tawhte: 63

\[\text{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(10)

"Blissed be thu amongys women alle!
Blissed be the frute that shal be born of the!
What may this mene? or how is this befalle,
My lordys moodir, for to comyn to me?"
Now for the meritis of thyn hvmylte
Socoure alle tho that kneelyn afor thy ffase,
Fro Sathanys myght whan he doth hem menace. 70

\[\text{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(11)

Among the ioyes it was a ioye in cheeff,
Occasionu souht wher it was no neede,
When Abiathar wold ha maad a preeff,
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

271

Ordeyned a drynk to preevyn thy maydenheede.
For that Ioye thu haddist than in deede,
Blissed lady fulfilled of all grace,
Pray to thy sone to rewe on our trespae.

_pater noster X Ave._

(12)

And for that Ioye surmountying Ioyes alle,
Which thu haddist of qweenys sovereyne,
Whan thu besyde an oxis stalle
Bar crist ieu, feelyng no soor nor peyne;
Mayde and moodir! of mercy nat disdeyne
To save thy servauntis from al adveriste,
That doon worship to his natuiite.

_pater noster X Ave._

(13)

And for that Ioye thu haddist in Bedleem,
Whan the shepherdys cam the to visite,
Thre kynges broughte, folwing the sterrys streem,
_Gold, mirre, and ffanc_, with offryng the taequate,
And angelis song did grely the delithe;
Releeve alle tho fro myscheef and grevaunce.
Which the to serve hame set al ther plesaunce.

_pater noster X Ave._

(14)

And for that Ioye thu haddist eek also,
Whan thu were passyed of Herowd the power;
The angil byddying that thu shuldyst go
Toward Egipt, and flee from his daunger;
Yeve audience vnto our prayer,
Sauff thy servauntis fro trouble and fro shame
Which of hool herte calle to thy name.

_pater noster X Ave._

(15)

And for thy Ioyes and gladnessys moost habounde
At diuers tymes sent to the by grace,
And specially whan thu thy sone founde

---

74 preue J B T t. 76 of] in J. 77 our] my T t. 80 ox T t.
81 no] nor B. 82 maydyn T t. 84 do B. his] in T. 85
bedlehem B. Bethlehem T t. 86 come J. 88 theym T t. them
J B. 89 them J. 91 ther] hir B. [eyre T. 93 were]
we T. 94 that] om. T t. 95 fle T t. 98 hole J. hert T t.
99 gladnes T t. J. 100 tyme T t.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

The joy of finding Jesus at Jerusalem.

Among doctors sittynge in the place,
Myd Jerusalem, disputynge a long space,
For which Ioye Rewe upon the smerte < ms. hood.
Of alle the folk that love thee of hool'herte.

pater noster X Aue.

(16)

And for that Ioye thu haddist yore ago,
At the feeste of Archydeklyne,
Whan gracious Iesu aftir the wyn was do
Lyst of his poweer turne watir to wyne :
For which Ioye, O blyssyd lady myne!
Remembre on alle, and make ther hertys light,
That hane devocioun to serve the day and nyght.

pater noster X Aue.

(17)

And for that Ioye, Oon of thy Ioyes five,
That folwyd aftir thy sonys passioun,
The day whan he arroos fro deeth to lyve,
Had spoiled Sathan of his possioun,
And fet Adam from the Infernal dongoun.
Saide Salue sancta parens whan ye mette,
For which Ioye relaxe our goostly dette.

pater noster X Aue.

(18)

And for the Ioye thu haddist on the day
Of thy sonys glorious assensioun,
Whan thu beheld a thyng moost to thy pay,
How he stey vp to his fadrys mansioun,
A Ioye surmountyng in comparison ;
For which Ioye O lady, let hem fynde
Help at ther neede, that hath this feeste in mynde.

pater noster X Aue.

(19)

And for that Ioye thu haddist in thy thouht,
To gret encrees to thy felicite,

pater noster X Aue.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

Whan Gabriel the palme hath to the brouht,
Sent fro Iesu, declaryng vnto the
Withynne thre dayes thu shuldyst with hym be,
Hih in the henene to sitte on the riht syde,
To which place of mercy be our guyde.

\[pater noster X Ave.\]

(20)
For thilke Ioye of ffamous excellence
Thu haddist that day, in stoory as I reede,
Whan alle apostelis cam to thy presence
From divers partyes to plesyn thy womanheede,
Som bookys telle they made ther the Creede,
For which Ioye thu haddist than of newe,
On thy servauntis haue mercy and do rewe.

\[pater noster X Ave.\]

(21)
And for that Ioye moost sovereyn of renoun,
Whan Christ Iesu hath his angelis sent
The to conveye to the heuenly mansioun,
Soule and boody above the the firmament,
Ther to be cronuyd as queen moost excellent,
With thy Sone eternally in glorye,
Pray for thy servauntis that have pe in memorye.

\[pater noster X Ave.\]

(22)
Ioyes fifteen remembred heer to-forn
As the charg[e] was vpon me leyd,
In contemplacion there be no tyme lorn,
The Pater-nostres and the Aues dewly seyd,
By interpucious makyng noon abreyd,
Tyl of our lady be sayd the ful Sawteer,
As heer-to-form is shewyd the maneer.

Thus the Joys are finished.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

(23) As ye haue herd accomplisshid the gladnessis Now follow the Sorrows,

By a meditacioun toold in especial,

Folwyng in ordre were set his heuynessys

And remembryd his sorwys pryncipal,

Ful lamentable and somme ful mortal,

Of acts conservyd the observaunce,

As heer-to-forn is put in remembraunce.

(24) with prayers set between,

Off Paternostres and aues seid betweene

The hevenessys rehersyd ful fiftene

At eende of everich, as maad is mencionn,

By a maneer pitous compassion

With our lady, hir sorwys to complayne,

Lik as the picture in ordre did ordceyne.

(25) which I have also trans-

Lyk as I fond I caste me to endite,

Of dreadful herte tremblyng in euery membre,

My penne quakyng whan I gan to write,

For to beholde the terys reed and white

In sondry placys from hir eyness reyne,

Which to considre it was to me gret peyne.

(26) God grant it be to hir no displesaunce,

That I was bold to writen, seyn, or reede

Hir heuynessis, list the remembraunce

Of sorwys passyd, which she felte in deede,

In any wise shuld trouble hir womanheede,

But of compassion they may myn herte perce,

To that entent I do hem heere reherce.

Explicit prologus.
(27) O glorious mayde! for that heynesse, the sorrow
Which thu haddist by a maneer compleynyng,
The sorrow of enforced marriage.
When the Bisshop did his besynesse
Tween the and Ioseph to make the weddyng,
187 Which remembryng, flour of virginite,
189 On thy servauntis haue mercy and pite.

pater noster X Ave.

(28) Remembre, O prynces, and rewe upon our wo,
The sorrow
Lat our request of the nat be refusyd,
For the heynnesse thu haddist eek also
To be with childe when thu were accusyd,
The sorrow of unchastity charged.
There watir of preeff drank, as it was usyd,
194 Yon[e] by the bisshop, and founde ay undefowlyd,
Pray for thy servauntis that been in synne mowlyd.

pater noster X Ave.

(29) And for that sorwe, verray importable,
The misery of the light into Egypt.
Which thu haddist when the angel bad the fle,
From Herodys the tyraunt vntretable,
Slouh Innocentys of hatful cruelle,
Conspired also Iesu for to sle,
Which remembryng, don of yore agoon,
Diffende thy servauntis from al ther mortal foon.

pater noster X Ave.

(30) O Emp[e]resse in heuene glorified!
The sorrow from Simeon's prophecy.
Myn herte is troubleyd thy sorwys to descryve,
The dool remembryd when thu were purified;
Symeon seide a sharp sword shuld ryve
Thoruh thy soule, and perce thyn herte blyve,
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

For the trouble thy felt of that language,
Preserve thy servauntis fro sorwe and al outrague. 210

\[ \text{pater noster} \]

(31)

The sorrow of Christ lost at Jerusalem.

I am afferyd and troublodyd in my mynde
To remembre the gret hevynesse,
Which thu haddyst whan Crist was lefft behynde
In Ierusaleem, and thu in gret distresse
Soutist hym, the gospel berith witnesse,
Or thu hym founde thre dayes in gret dreede,
Socoure alle tho that secke the in ther neede. 217

\[ \text{pater noster} \]

(32)

The sorrow of being called "woman" by Jesus.

Arrete it not to noon vnykyndensesse,
At the feeste, the gospel telle can,
Of Archydeclyne, nor to no straungenesse,
That Iesu ther called the a woman,
The name of moodir lefft behynden than,
A gret mysterye that he so list the calle,
For which thyng haue mercy on vs qlle. 224

\[ \text{pater noster} \]

(33)

The sorrow of Christ's taking.

Off mortal pite myn herte waxith coold
To remembre, thyken or expresse
The sorwe thu haddist, whan Seyn Iohn hath the toold,
Iesu was taken, by the gret felenes
Of the Iewys hatful cursyndesse;
And as that takyng was to the gret greeff,
Relleeve alle tho that calle to the in mysechef. 231

\[ \text{pater noster} \]

(34)

Off hevynessys Oon the moost grevous
Is of Absence the Importable payne;

210 
\( \text{outrag} \) langag: T t (cf. l. 209). 211 \( \text{my} \) om. T t. 212
\( \text{the} \) thy T t. 216 days J. 218 Directe J. \( \text{vynkynlnes} \) J. 219 \( \text{the} \) om. J. tell J. 220 Archyтрилыне T t J B. 221 \( \text{ther} \) pe J (sic). 222 behynde J T t. 225 pe list so J. 225 Off all ins. J. weryd T t. 226 Thynke T t. 227 \( \text{kath} \) om. B T t. 230 \( \text{that} \) om. T (but in t). 231 to om. B J T t. 232
heynes J T t.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

That feltist thu weel, O pryncesse gracious!
Space of a nyght thu myghtist not atteyne,
To seen thy sone, lord moost soveryne,
Kept by his enmyes in purpoos hym to sle;
For whos passion in synners haue pite.

*pater noster § X Ave.*

(35)
I ffeele myn herte compleyne pitously
To noumibre the peynes thu haddyst eek, parde,

Whan Iesu bare his cros to Caluary,
And thu to meete hym ran thoruh the Cite,

Born of with prees, thu myghtist hym not see,

Whan thu hym mettist, he fel doun for ffeyntise,

Pray for alle tho that doon to the servise.

(36)
With newe langour, pryncesse, thu were assayed,

Quakyng and pale alas! whan thu dist see

Of blisseyd Iesu feet and handys nailed,

Moost horribley styrened with crueltee

For mannys rawnsoun upon the roode tree;

Lowe by the ground, dedly of look and face,

Pray hym do mercy ech day when we trespace.

*pater noster X Ave.*

(37)
And for the sorwe thu haddist, whan thu stood

On Caluarye upon his riht[e] syde,

And seye hym reryd high upon the rood,

The sweemful voys thu myghtist nat abyde,

When he the callyd in the same tyde,—

"Woman," ageyn; "behold thy sone and see,"

For which constreynt sauf alle that truste in the.

*pater noster X Ave.*

234 thow feldyst T. 235 a] on J. myght J. 236 seen] sewe
Tt. lord] om. H. most lord J. 237 his] thy Tt. 238 synners
owre synnes Tt. 240 the peynes] om. J. 242 thowor Tt.
through J. 243 myght J. 244 he] om. B Tt. fellest Tt.
245 doon to the] delyte to thy Tt. 246 assoiled B. 247 Akyng
Tt. and] all Tt. didest B] Tt. 248 hande T. and] om. t. 250
sawe J. 256 swymful J. sweemful Tt. 257 tyde] tymes Tt.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

(38)

O howe that hour thyne heyness was moost,
When blissid Iesu with a pitous cry

Vnto his Fadir by deeth yald vp the goost,
Which whan thu herdist stondyng fast by,

Thu fel a swowne, no wondir trewly!
Now pray thy sone that dyde vp the roode,

Haue mercy on alle, for whom he shed his bloode.

pater noster X Ave.

(39)

Was evir woo that myhte be comparyd
To thy distresse, pryncesse of goodliheede,

Whan thu sauh Iesu how he was nat sparyd,
Crucified, take down when he was deede,

Lay in thy lappe, and al his body reede
Of pitous bledyng, for whos meek suffraunce,

O queen of mercy! sauf us fro myschaunce.

pater noster X Ave.

(40)

Whan he was put and leyd lowe in his grave,
Thy blissid sone Iesu, moost myhty kyng,

And al was do mankynde for to save
Thu sauh al this upon hym abyding,

Kistist ofte his stoon at thy partyng;
Hane on us mercy O blissid heuene queene,

For the peyne thu dist that day susteene.

pater noster X Ave.

(41)

Thes heynessis reknyd Oon by oon,
In ordre set, pitous and lamentable,

Who hath konnyng to rekyn hem euerychoon?
For by comparisoim they were incomparable

Gloryous lady, O queen moost merciable!

Thy peynes heer set, with many grevaunce,

Been for this cause put heer in remembraunce,

262 yeldyd T. yaldyd t. 264 fell in a sowne Tt. 267 myght
B J Tt. 268 sawe J Tt. 272 meek J. mekyl J. moche Tt.
273 sawe J. 274 Than J. 276 doone T. mankynd J. 277
sawe T J. bydyng J. 278 kysyd of pe stoon J. kyssyd of hys

toes T t. toon t. departyng Tt. 280 dedyst Tt B. did J. 282
pitous J. 233 them ichon J. 287 for J.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

(42)

Off humble entent that we good heed may take
Duryng our liff with gret devocioun
What Crist Iesu sufferd for our sake,
Thy deere sone, deth, peyne, and passioun.
And for we shulde haue Eek compassioun,
With the, pryncesse, that boughtist his deeth ful deere,
For that entent they been reheresyd heere. 294

Explicit.

Levenoye.

(43)

To alle that caste hem of devocioun [leaf 93, back]
To been dilligent, by daily attendaunce,
To serve Mary, pryncesse of moost renoun,
And to his hihnesse for to do plesaunce,
Lat hem emprente in her remembraunce
The ordre heer set, first of hir gladnessys,
And folwyng afftir hir gret heuynessys. 301

Which remembryd, as toold is the maneer,
In hir worship by humble affeccioun,
Of the heuenly pryncesse, to seyn an hool sawteer,
Lyk as to-forn is maad heer mencion,
Therwith conceyyng this compilacioun,
Thou that it halte in meteere and eloquence,
It is heer write hir for to do reverence.

(44)

Goo litil tretys! and meekly me excuse,
To alle tho that shal the seen or reede;
Giff any man thy rudenesse list accuse
Make no diffence, but with lowlyheede
Pray hym refourme, wher as he seeth neede;
To that entent I do the forth directe
Wher thu faylest, that men shal the correcte.

Explicit quod Lidgate.
52. **AVE MARIA!**


**Hic sequitur Salutacio Angelica per dictum dompnum Iohannem Lydegate translata.**

(1) **Hail, glorious lady!**

Hayle! glorious lady and heuently quene,
Crownyd & regnyng in py blysfull cage,
Helpe vs pylgryme in ethely tene,
In worship of aH py pylgremage;
Thy holy concepcion was thy first pylgremage
*Cuius honore tu nobis faue,*
And here we knelyng before thyne Image
*Tibi concepte dicimus Aue.*

(2) **Blessed be he that called thee Mary.**

Hayle! glemering sterre now in byrthe,
To aH pis world thow spredyst py lyght,
Thy ioyful name yeueth vs myrthe.
Now blesyd be he pat Mary pe hypght,
For thorow aH pe worldle pow yeuest py lyght,
*O maris stella domina pia,*
With aH our e hert and aH our e myght
*Tibi clamamus Aue Maria.*

(3) **Thy sweet marriage when Gabriel greeted thee.**

Hayle! gloryous lady, as GabrieH seyde
When he came doune on hys message,
God was made man, hys modyr a mayde,
Lo, lady thyss was thy swete mariage;
So fuH of grace vnbynde our e bondage,
*Mater divina virgo serena,*
And thus shaH we sey for our e homage
*Aue Maria gracia plena.*

(4) **Hayle! ioyful lady in the byrthe of Cryste,**

God is with the, kyng in thy lappe,
With ox and asse in a crybbe pou lyst,
With Ioseph, and Iesu sokyng thy pappe,
Ave Maria!

WeH ys pe, lady, pat dydyst hym wrappe,  
*Ipsum exora que manes secum*
That he wold yene our enemy a knappe,  
*Gracia plena dominus tecum.*

(5)

Hayle! floure of clennes without corrupcion,  
Thow beryst pe frute of ah chastite,
And yet pow madyst py purificacion,
To purfyf our sowles for py charyte.
Haue mynde, good lady of our freelte,
*Et vita nostra plena reatu,*
Now pray py son of hys benignite,
*Dominus tecum benedicta tu.*

(6)

Hayle! wofuH lady in hys swete passion,
Scorgyd and naylyd, dying on the roode,
Sende vs thy comfort in our tribulacion,
For py sonnys loue pat shed hys bloode;
But ioyfuH gladnes dyd change py moode,
*Cum surrexit sanis vulneribus,*
And enuer in pe feyp, fuH trew pou stooed,
*Benedicta tu in mulieribus.*

(7)

Hayle! blessyd lady in Crystes assensioun.
Bothe glad and heuy when he dyd sty,
Make in pyt prayers for vs som mencion,
That we may folow when we shaH dy.
Aftyr pyt socoure we caH and cry
*Vt mereamur luce frui,*
That we may deserue pe blessyd lyght to sty,
*Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

(8)

Hayle! blessyd lady in thyn assumpcion,
Next to pe Trinitie syttyng in trone,
And holde excusyd our gret presupcion
To whom we make our carefuH mone,

---

The text appears to be a religious poem or prayer, typically found in medieval or early modern literature, discussing themes of purity, protection, and devotion. The opening lines, "Ave Maria!" are a common greeting in Christian prayer, referring to the Virgin Mary. The text includes references to various religious and poetic concepts, such as "Ipsum exora que manes secum," and "Dominus tecum benedicta tu."
To Mary, the Star of Jacob.

Oure hertys ar dry & hard as a stone,

Funde lacrimarum nobis consolamen,

And he beoure comfort hens when we gone,

Fructus ventris tui Iesus Christus. Amen. 64

(9)

Farewell, lady, and pray for us.

Now farewell, lady, and pray for vs, [leaf 275, back]

For thy fuye festes and py ioyes fuye,

That py son swete, oure lord Iesus,

WyH save vs ah, bothe dede & alyue,

And above all angeles now ioyes hast pou seuyyn,

Helpe vs fayre lady, pys lyfe whyle we dryue,

And after our endyng God send vs heuyn. 72

Amen.

Explicit.

53. TO MARY, THE STAR OF JACOB.

[MS. Bodl. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 29, back, to 30, back.]

Here is a praier to our lady of hir v Ioies.

(1)

O Star of Jacob, and glorye of Israel! [leaf 29, back]

Of alle blissed, O blyssedest vyrgyne!

For thylke tydyng wich that Gabriell

Brouhte on-to the most hevenly and devyne,

So let pi streymys of grace vpon me schyne,

And of thyn Eyen the mercyable lyght

From al myscheff to save me this nyght. 5

(2)

O fayrest doubter of Ierusaleem!

Flour of alle fflores,—O fflore of chastyte!

For thylke Ioie thou haddyst in Bedleem,

MSS. Laud 683, leaves 29, back, to 30, back = L; B.M. Harley 372, leaf 79 = H; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21, leaf 173, back = T;

Sid. Sussex Coll. Camb. 37—a book of hours—leaves 145, back, to

147 = S. At the end of each stanza, S inserts on the margin Ave

maria. Title. Et incipiant alia quinque gaudia (beate Marie


5 leth S. [p] the H. 6 thym] the H. 10 that T.
To Mary, the Star of Jacob.

Of blyssed Iesu in the Natyvyte,
Visited after of worthy kynys thre,
On wich gladnesse devoutly remembryng,
Sawe me thyght, slepyng and wakyng.

(3)
And for that Ioie, of souereyn dignyte,
Wich folwyd after thy sonys passioun,
Whan, thorugh his royall devyne mageste,
Callid be prophetys of Iuda the lyoun,
Wich made ffro deth his Resureccyoun;
For the gret gladnesse thou haddist on þe morwe,
Kepe me thyght that no fend me werreie.

(4)
And for the Ioie thou haddist weel more,
A Ioie precellyng In Comparysoun,
Whan he of mercy mankynde to restore,
Toward that hevenly sterried mansiouyn,
Made in our manhed hys ascencyoun,
For wich Ioie o pryncesse, I the preye,
Kepe me this nyght that no fend me werreie.

(5)
And for that Ioie, surmountyng Ioies alle,
Wich thou haddyst in thyth assumpcioun,
Whan thou were crowned in pat hevenly stalle,
Queen of alle quenys, most Souereyn of renoun,
Receyve thy servant under proteccyoun,
This nyght and euer, pavyes of my dyffence!
Wich fleeth for socour to thi magnyficence.

(6)
And to remembre thy famous Ioies fyve,
To myn avayll and my gret [a]vauntage,
Vnder thy support, while I am a-lyve,

Each night
I will kneel
before thee.

To Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

I shall echer nyht with humble and meek vsage,

Knele before the by maner of homage,

Thy Ioies remembryng, & after suerly slepe,

From alle assautys while thou list me kepe.

(7)

Most hooly pryncesse, gracious & benyngne,

And of mercy most plentivous & habounde,

Set thy fyve Ioies for a special sygne,

Affore myra herte, tabide there and rebounde,

In euery myscheef that it may be ffounde,

While I pi servaunt haue hem in remembraunce,

Agayn goostly enmys to stonde in assuraunce.

Explicit.

54. TO MARY, THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

[MS. Bodley Tanner 110, leaf 244, B version.]

(1)

Queen of heuene, of helle eeke emperesse,

Lady of this world, O verray loodsterre!

To maryners geyn al mortal distresse

In ther passage that they nat ne erre,


MSS. Bodley Tanner 110, leaves 240, 244, 2 versions, B version = B ; A version = A ; Bodley Laud 683, leaves 17 to 18, back = L ; Hatton 73, leaves 1 to 2, back = H ; Rawl. C. 48, leaves 80 to 81, back = R ; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 7. 6, leaves 199 to 200, back = K ; Lambeth 344, leaves 11 to 12, back = Lb ; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 71, back, to 72, back = J ; Trim. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21, leaves 167, back, to 168, back = T ; Harley 2255, leaves 111, back, to 113=h.

*Heading:* Incipit de sancta maria ... And begyneth an holy prayer to oure moste blesset lady seynt Mari of here, v. Ioyes ... lydgate K.

Here begynmeth a prayer on to our lady L. 1 O queen ins. J h (in J space left for O not filled). and of helle (ecke om.) H Lb. 2 O] om. H Lb. loodsterre LJ H. 3 ageyn Lb. 4 nat ne] no I. not H Lb.
To Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

Thy look of mercy cast down from so ferre,
On all thy servantes by chast compassiouun,
Graunte hem good pes, saue hem fro mortal werre,
To thy v. joyes that haue deuocioun.

(2)

Celestial cipresse set vpon Syon,
Hiest Cidre of perfit holynesse,
Charboncle of charite and grene emerald stone,
Hool & vnbroken by virgynal clennesse,
O Saphir loupe al swellyng to represse,
Off cankred sores & venymous felon,
In gostly woundes be ther gouerneresse
To thy v. Ioies pat haue deuocioun.

(3)

Yerde of Aaron, gracious and benigne,
Welle of all grace and merciful pite,
Wher the Hooly Gost list to close and signe,
The cristal cloistre of thy virginyte,
Lawme of Engaddy geyn al Infirmite,
Of folk pat languissh in tribulacioun,
Preserve and keep from al aduersitee
To thy v. Ioies pat haue deuocioun.

(4)

Glad Aurora, kalendis of cleer day,
Of Phebus vprist, messager most enterre,
Rose of Iherico, groweth noon so fresh in May,
Gracious Lucifer, dyrk morwenynges for to cleer,
And siluer deuh, which that did Appeer
Vpon the flees shynyng of Gedeon,
Shew vpon all thy liht, thyn henenly cheer,
To thy v. Ioies pat haue deuocioun.

5 fro K. 6 alle h. 7 lam J. pees L K h. pesse T. mortal
om. Lb. 12 by] thy H Lb. loupe J h L etc. 15 gouernesse
L. Lb H. gouerners J. 18 all om. Lb. 19 syngue K. sygne L.
syngue Lb. 20 In the ins. L. 23 kepe hem ins. Lb K. jam J.
messangyer Lb. vprist and ins. H Lb. 29 deugh J. 30 of]
vpon J. 31 heuenl J sic.
To Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

(5)

O bussb vnbrent, shewed to Moyses,
   Judi the seconnde, pat saued al Israel,
Assenek off Egipt, of heute pereles,
   Souereyn Sara of refut cheeff Rachel,
For our Sauacioun salued bi Gabriel,
Reclinatoye throne of kyng Salamoun,
   Fro thy servauntes al mescheeff do repelle,
To thy v. Ioies that haue denocioun.

(6)

Of al dirknesse thou dist awey the clips, [leaf 244, back]
   This wrechchede world tenlumyne with gladnesse,
Shewed to Seyn Iohn in thapocalips,
   Clad in a Sonne surmountyng of brihtnesse,
Crownyd with sterrys of excellent cleernesse,
   The strenys strechchyng to the heavenly mansioun,
   Thy grace, thy pite, to alle tho folkes dresse,
To thy v. Ioies pat haue denocioun.

(7)

Palme of our conquest, grene olyue of our pes,
   Of hope our Anker, at the haune of lyff taryue,
Of feith our sheld, pauys of our encres,
   No clerk hath konnyng thy bountes to descryue;
Thy Sonys passioun, knet with hys woundes fyue,
   Of moodirly pite by mediaicioun,
Help and supporte hem geyn Satan for to stryue,
   To thy v. Ioies that haue denocioun.

(8)

lenuoye.

Go, litel bille, pray to this pur virgine,
   On vs to caste hir confortable silt,
To Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

Onys a day our dulnesse tenlumine,
On soule and spirit to make vs glad & liht,
Withoute slouthe, as we be bounde of riht,
Al the while pot we ben here alyue,
At morowe, at mydday, at eue toward nyht,
Ever to remembre vpon hir Ioies fyue.

(9)
In hir stant hoolly our grace and our counfort,
Our hope, our helthe, o[n]r trust most pryncipal,
Of our welfare the ryvall and the port,
Geyn feendes power our castel and our wal,
In worldly trouble and daungers infernal,
Geyn al the malys that feendes kan contruye
Shall vs diffende with hir mylk virgynal,
When we remembre vpon hir Ioies fyue.

(10)
Callyng to mynde hir salutaciourc,
Cristis birthe, and hys natuyte,
Hys meeke suffraunce, hys resurreccioun,
And hys ascencion vp to the heuenly Se,
With hir Assumpcioun, grettest solemnyte
Of al hir festys, as clerkes kan descryue,
Our Salue, our socour, geyn al aduersite,
When we remembre vpon hir Ioies fyue.

(11)
Lat nat this mateer appallen in your thouht,
In eche temptacioun to remembre blyue
On Cristys passyou/«, and on hir Ioyes fyve,
To make yow strong, beware, forget hem nouht.

59 to illumyne H Lb. 62 be J. on lyne J. 63 At (1)]
Late Lb. 64 Ecr] Were K. on J. 65 hoolly] Oonly h J.
our (2)] om. h. 66 our (3)] or A. all others our. 68 Ageyn the
fendes ins. H Lb. our (2)] om. h. 72 on J. Rubric:
Here be the v. Ioyes of our lady folwyng L. 73 Callid J. 75
and his ins L. 77 greste K. hir] om. J. 80 hir] these h LK.
the J. 80 Rubric: Verba compileris L. 81 appall J Lb.
82, 84, transposed in J and Lb, in H transposed but corrected by
scribe's marking opposite lines 84, 83, b. a. Colophon: explicit
quod lidgate h. Quod dan John lydgate K. explicit L.
55. GAUDE VIRGO MATER CHRISTI.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 20, leaves 53 to 55.]

Beholde thee nowe flowing next here pe translacyoun of Gaude virgo mater Christi made by Daun Iohan pe Munke Lydegate by night as he lay in his bedde at London.

(1)  
❯ Gaude virgo mater christi.
Be gladde, mayde, moder of Cryst Ihesu,  
Whiche conceyvedist oonly by hering,
Whane pechoely Gooste, moost souereyn of vertu,  
Entred pe brest frome hevon descending,
An Gabryel brought peo peo tydying,
For pilke Ioye, and for pilke gret gladdenesse,
Haue on vs mercy, and stynt our hevynesse.

(2)  
❯ Gaude quia deo plena.
Fulfilled of God, be gladde, O mayden free!  
Whiche has chylded with-outen soore or peyne,
With pe lylye of mooste pure chastyttee  
Of all mankynde pe trouble to restreyne;
Nowe, blessed lady, of pytee not disdeyne,
To save pe servauntes for pis gret gladnesse,
Oonly of mercy, and stynt hir hevynesse.

(3)  
❯ Gaude quia tui nati.
Reiysse also, moder and pure virgyne,  
Desconsolate in Crystis passyoun,
Think agaynwarde pe Ioye dyde shyne  
At his vprist and resurrection,
Nowe for pat Ioye and consolacyon  
You haddest panne, and for pat gret gladdnesse,
Haue on vs mercy and stynt our hevynesse.

Gaude Virgo Mater Christi.

(4)

\[ \text{Gaude Gaude Cristo ascendente.} \]

Be gladde also of his ascencyoun,  
To by gret honnour to haue per-of sight,  
For of his might and goodely mocyon  
He styeghe ful hye aboue pe sterres hight,  
Wheer Ioye is ever and eternal light,  
Now for pat Ioye pou haddest and gladnesse  
Haue on vs mercy, and stynt oure hevyynesse.

(5)

\[ \text{Gaude que post ipsum scandis.} \]

Be gladde also pat afster doost ascende  
In-to pat heeghe hevenly mansyoun,  
per hooly sayntes and Aungelles ay comende  
by chaaste clemnesse and by parfeccion,  
by famous honnour and by qweenly Renoun,  
\text{for pilk[e] Ioye and for by gret gladnesse,} \quad [\text{leaf 55}]

Haue on vs mercy, and stynt oure hevyynesse.

(6)

\[ \text{Vbi fructus ventris tui.} \]

Nowe blessed lady, O qweene most mercyable!  
Which for by meryt bare pe fruyt of lyff,  
In pilke Ioye make vs per partable,  
Whichere were alloone mayde, moder, and wyff;  
Be oure defence ageyne pinfernall stryff  
For alle by Ioyes and by gret gladnesse,  
Haue on vs mercy, and stynt oure hevyynesse.

(7)

\[ \text{Lenvoye.} \]

Princesse of mercy, for by Ioyes fyve  
Whane we part hens be oure proteccioun;  
Fraunchyse oure waye lest pe feondes wold stryve  
To lett oure passage by fals collusyoun.  
Conduyt vs vpe vn-to pat Regyoun  
Where-with by sone pou regnest in gladnesse  
Oonly of mercy, and stynt oure hevyynesse.

\[ \text{289} \]

and His ascension;

\[ id est motu proprio et diuino. \]

\[ \text{that art now in heaven.} \]

\[ \text{For all thy Joys,} \]

\[ \text{Haue vs mercy.} \]

\[ \text{Princess of mercy,} \]

\[ \text{for should be omitted.} \]

Lydgate, M. P.
A balad made by John Lydgat of ye ymage of Our Lady.

(1)
Beholde and se this glorious fygure,
Whiche Sent Luke of our lady lyvynge
After her lyknes made in picture,
Lo here she is after the same wyrkyng
As in Rome is had of Saynt Lukes payntynge,
In erthe as she was and her sone also,
And ther honoryd with solempne praysynge
In churche callyd Maria de Populo.

(2)
Who devotly visitith the same fygure
In worshipe of oure moste blessyd lady free,
Of v. cardinals, perpetuell to endure
v C yeres of Remyssyon graunted be,
Of penaunce Ingoynd, yf he have capacite
Pardon to receyve, contrite with confession,
With satysfacion, this is the certente,
As under sealys the bulle make mencion.

(3)
At certayn festis in the same buke, comprisyd,—
Firste of our lady the Assumpcion;
Annuncacion also it is ther-in devisyd;
Of sent Albon the passyon, and his invencion,
Of this churche also the dedyacion
At every feste who visytythe this fygure here.
Of penaunce Ingoynd hath Relaxacion
Of everi Cardinal grauntyd a C yere.

(4)
Nombre of ye yeres, who lyst to accomplish,
That be grauntyd v tymes in the yere,
To M and vC. therto they amounte,
To eche creature with devout prayer
That helpe this place, with some thynge particular,
As boke, belle, chalis, or any other guerdoun,
Ornament or lyght in devout manere,
They be copertenars of this same pardoun,

(5)
Whiche at the coste and contemplacion
Of a gentylman callyd Rauf Gelebronde,
Through the labour and meditacion
Of damnum John Thornton, ye shall understonde,
Went to Rome and this pardon did purchase;
Christe blesse them both with his holy honde,
And for theyr labor, take them to his grace.
Explicit a balad of ye Image of our lady made by
John Lidgate.

57. AVE REGINA CELORUM.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaves 162 and back.]

(1)
Hayle luminary & benigne lanterne,
Of Jerusalem the holy ordres nyne,
As queene of quenes laudacion eterne
They yeue to thee, O excellente virgyne!
Eclypsyd I am, for to determyne
Thy superexcellence of Cantica canticorum,
The aureat beames do nat in me shyne,
Aue regina celorum!

(2)
Hayle! verray Mater misericorde,
And peereles Pryncesse of excellence,
Of aungelles aloft pray Sol iusticie,
Thy swete son of most magnificence,
That no perylous plage of pestilence,
Synth thow art laus Apostolorum,
Enytr in Englonde, thy dower with reuerence,
Aue regina celorum!

Collated with Harley, 2251, leaves 34, back, to 35.
5 Ay clypsed. 6 Canticis.
Holy maiden, 

Hayle! holy maydyn, modyr and wyfe, 
That brought IsraeH out of captyuyte,
As sterre of Iacob by a prerogatyfe 
With the blesyd bawme of thy virginite, 
The holyest roote that sprang out of Iesse, 
Prymrose of plesaunce, callyd flos florum, 
Thou were tryacle ageyn olde antiquite, 
Aue regina celorum!

Tetragramaton, that fostered Tetragramaton; 

Hayle! holy maiden, 0. Rosa marina, 
Whyche hast fostryd lying in thy lappe 
Tetragramaton, that fed vs with Manna, 
Of leuathan mawgre the sleyghty trappe, 
To thyss workeide a lyghte sprong ys from thy lappe, 
With virginaH mylke vt castitas liliu??j, 
So lyst the Holygost in the hys wynges wrapple, 
Aue regina celorum!

That fostered Tetragramaton; 

Hayle! gloryous lady, 0. Rosa marina, 
Whyche hast fostryd lying in thy lappe 
Tetragramaton, that fed vs with Manna, 
Of leuathan mawgre the sleyghty trappe, 
To thyss workeide a lyghte sprong ys from thy lappe, 
With virginaH mylke vt castitas liliu??j, 
So lyst the Holygost in the hys wynges wrapple, 
Aue regina celorum!

Mirror of meekness, 

Hayle! fayrest and fresshe of consolacion, 
Vs to conduct by the pathe of paradyse, 
Aboue aH women, without comparyson, 
Of bewte be thow, blesyd floure delise, 
A dew diamant, most precyous of pryse, 
As GabryeH seyd Dominus tecum, 
O myrrour of mekenes most prudent & wyse 
Aue regina celorum!

Conduit of comfort, 

Hayle! condute of comfort, with watyr crystaH, [lf. 162, bk.]
Perpetually our peynes to wasshe & repeH, 
Geyne sorow of sekenes, o sugor celestiaH, 
Pese, victory, & grace grannt with vs to dweH, 
Pray gentyH Iesu, of mercy the welle, 
To blyssse aboue that we may aH come, 
Where more ioy ys then tung may telle 
Aue regina celorum!

Pray Jesus for us.

Aue regina celorum!

26 forstred liggyng. 28 sleighti. 36 of delysye. 46 al way. 
In T each stanza is enclosed in a bracket and the refrain written beside it; in H it is written as above.
58. REGINA CELI LETARE.


(1)  
O thow ioyful lyght! eternaH ye shyne, [leaf 162, back]  
In glory with Laureat coronaH,  
Descendyd from Davuid, worthyest on lyne,  
Modyr to your soueraynes, & Lord imperyaH;  
Elect to grace from synne oryginaH,  
Floure of clennes and pure virginite!  
Sith ye be mayde and moder in speciaH,  
Regina celi, letare!

(2)  
Remembre Lady, how synne was cause  
Of youre preferryng to hygh worthynes,  
Howe ye exclude by text outhre clause  
Thay that causyd ouH thys worthynes,  
Thynke, nature in yow dyd aH hys besynes  
Of aH faire to set yow the soueraynte;  
Yet for vs dyed the son of ryghtwsnes,  
Et tu meruisti ipsum portare.

(3)  
O felix culpa! thus may we syng,  
Reioyysng in your ladyes high honour,  
So many a thousand to haue vndyr your wyng  
Thorough the byrthe of that blessed creatour  
That lyst to dy, that were dettour,  
So verrey God & man with good chere,  
Thy blessyd son thyn owne fygure,  
Resurrexit sicut dixit.

(4)  
O filia Pharaonis! whom oure lady kept,  
Preseruyd Moyses in hys cage,  
And Iudyt yat sauyd that fayre cyte,  
Fygureth Crystes modyr and Image

MSS. Trin. Coll. Camb. leaves 162, back, to 163 = T; B.M.  
Harley, 2251, leaf 35, back, to 36 = H.

The Royal 2B.III. 13 besy cure H. 14  
foure H. 19 may H. 20 creature H. 22 chere with H.  
23 thy H.
Our rare resorte, when lost was our herytage,
When we shuld aperse before the dome,
Before thy dredefull sonnys vysage,
Ora pro nobis tune apud deum. 32

(5)
O blysful queen of eternall glory!
O Ioy to everie wyght with felycete!
In whos laude and worthy memory
We sey, lady y-blessed thow be!
For thy pure and meke virginite
Of thy blessyd moder, maydyn Maria,
Banysshyd ys our sorow and aduersite,
Dicamus omnes Alleluya! 40

59. STELLA CELI EXTIRPAUIT (1).

[MS. Harley 2255, leaves 103 and back.]

(1)
Thu heuenly queen, of grace our loodsterre!
With thy chast mylk plenteuous of plesaunce
Gaff Iesu soukyn, puttist awaye the werre
Of pestilence, tappensen our grevaunce;
Our welle of mercy, our ioye, our suffisaunce,
Flour of virgynes, mooder of moost prys,
Racedist vp al surfetis of myschaunce,
That our form-sfadir plantyd in paradys. 4

(2)
Thu same sterre, of sterrys noon so briht,
Celestial sterre of beute moost soveryne,
To the we pray, on vs cast douye thy silt,
Oonly of mercy that thun nat disdeyne, 8

32 apud] om. T. 36 y-] om. H. The Latin refrains in T occur at the side of a bracket enclosing the other seven lines of each stanza.

Off infect heyr the mystis to restreyne,
That be thy gracious moost holson i influence
We haue no cause on hasty deth to pleyne,
Which sleeth the people by sword of pestilence. 16

(3)
Our trust is fully, and our confidence,
Vndespeyred in our oppynyoun,
Ageyn al wedrys of corrupt pestilence,
    By thy Request and mediaciouw, 20
    And by thy Sonys gloryous passioun,
And remembraunce of thy Ioyes alle,
    Geyn froward heyres causyng infeccioun
Diffende vs lady whan we to the calls.

(4)
For as Phebus enchaceth mystis blake,
    Toward mydmorwe with his beemys cleer,
And Lucifer biddith sloggy folk awake,
In thorient first, whan he dooth appeer, 28
    Rifi so maistow in thy celestial speer,
O sterre of sterrys, sterre of moost excellence,
    Mayde and moodir, by meene of thy prayed,
Sauf alle thy servauntis from strook of pestilence. 32

Explicit.

60. STELLA CELI EXTIRPAUIT (II).

[MS. Rawl. c. 48, leaves 133, back, to 134.]

(1)
1 O blissid queen, a-bove the sterried heuene, Stella celi.  O star of
    Which of the see, art callid cheef lousterre,
Thi dwellynge is a-bove the sterris sevne, [1 leaf 133, back] 4
    Where euer is Ioye, and pes withoute werre,
Cast down on vs, thi look that art so ferre
From a\H\ myscheef, be thououre cheef deffence,
    In oure moost trouble thi socoure latt be nerre
And beoure sheeld from strok of pestilence. 8

13 myst A h. 20 meditacioun A h. 23 ayre A h. 24 lady]
alle A. to] vnto A. Margin: Quo bella A h. 25 chasith A h.
27 sloggy folkis A h. 29 mayst thow T. 30 sterre (2)] om. T.
Explicit] om. A h T.
In paradys withe Ioye and al plesaunce
Adam was put, talyvid withouten eende,
But thorui his syeue fil hym a grete myschaunce
   Brouht in first dethe thorui temptyng of ye\textsuperscript{e} feende, \textsuperscript{12}
But thou lady that art so good and keende
   Sicut Adam primo interduxit mortem Sic Maria primo interdixit vitam.
To the be pryes, with Ioye and reverence.
Thou brouhtist lyve, to me and all man-kynde, And puttist away eternal pestilence.

\textsuperscript{(2)}

Thou may'st bring life, where Adam brought death.

\textsuperscript{(3)}

\textsuperscript{1}Thou glorious sterre this world to enlumyne, \textsuperscript{ipsa stella},
   On vs synneres thi mercy lat doun shyne
   Off infect heires oppresse al there vttraunce
   From theire batail be thou oure cheef deffence,
   That theire malis to vs do no grevaunce,
   Off infectynge or strok of pestilence.

\textsuperscript{(4)}

Thou splendaunt sterre, of sterris moost souereyne, Conclusio.
Grant me

The first is this, I pray the nat disleyne,
   To haue lengthe of lif nat medlid with seeknesse
   Off wordly goodis graunt me also largesse.
Without en striff, to Goddis reverence,
   The thrid is that my soule, withouten distresse,
   May come to the blisse where drad is no pestilence.

Explicit. per I. pro. [sic.]

61. A PRAYER TO MARY IN WHOM IS AFFIAUNCE.

[MS. Rawl. c. 48, leaf 134.]

\textsuperscript{(1)}

Sweetest balm,

O swettest bawme of grettest excellence, \textsuperscript{leaves 134}
Lady of this world, of helle ecke emperesse,
To the kyng a-bove, mooder of reverence!
In the remaynyng, virgyna\textsuperscript{H} clennesse,
On the Image of Pity.

The Ordris Nyne of Angellis with gladnesses,
As to there queen, to the down obeisaunce,
Pray to thi sone for me in grete distresse
For in thin helpe is al myn affiaunce.

(2)
Rilit as the synne of Eve is grete offense,
Brouht to this world bothe sorwe and wretchidnesse,
So hast thou lady of manyficence
Brouht vnto vs bothe løyé and grete gladnesse.
Pray thi sone, that is the lord of blisse
Off my trespas I may have pardonaunce,
And graunt my requestis of his grete goodnesse,
For in thin helpe is all mine affiaunce.

(3)
My requestis offerid vnto thy presence [leaf 134, back]
In noumbre be thre, moost excellent princesse,—
This first is this, nat pondrid myn offence,
To have lengthe of liffe nat medlid with seeknesse ;
Off wordly goodis graunt me also largesse,
Withouten striff to Goddis moost pleasaunce ;
The thrid is that my soul may come to blisse,
For in thin helpe is al myn affiaunce.

62. ON THE IMAGE OF PITY.

[MS. B.M. Adds. 29729, leaves 129 back, to 130.]

(1)
O wretched synner ! what so ever thou be,
With hert endurat hardar than pe stone,
Turne hidder in hast, knelle doun, behold and se
The moder of Cryst, whose hert was woo begun
To se her childe, whiche synne dide nevar non,
For thyn offence thus wounded & arayd ;
Rewe on that peyne, remembringe here vpon,
Pray to that queue, that moder is, and mayd,

Collated with MS. Ashmole, 59, leaves 68, back, to 69. Rubric, Here foloweþ a devoute exortacoii to moove men devoutely to þe ymage of pyte by orisounes and preyers A. which synne dide] with synne and. 6 l. om. A. 7 that] hir. 8 that (1)] pis.
On the Image of Pity.

(2)
With this conceyt, pat ye syne had not bene,
Causynge our fadar Adam his grevous fall,
Of heven had she not be crownyd quene,
Ne ther ataynyd astate emperiall;
Beseehyng her pat this memoriall
Of very pitie wold meve hir for thy grace
To pray pat lord, which may pardon all,
To here her bone, & then with hasty pace

(3)
Rene to a prest whill this is in thi mynd,
Knelynge down lowly with the hert contryt,
Tell out bothe croppe & rote, leve nought behynd—
Thy synnes all, be they gret or lyte,
Wher they were blake, then shall they wexe whyt,
His bittar passion is thy wesshyng welle.
Continew in clennys, & then thow shalt be quyte,
And saffe fro fendas all that are in helle.

(4)
Enprynt thes wordes myndly thy hert within,
Thynk how thow sest Cryst bledyng on pe tre,
And ye thy steryd or temptyd be to syne
It shall sone sese and passe a-way from the.
Remembre all so this dolorus pytie,
How pat this blyssid ladye thus doth embrase
Her dere son ded, lygyng vpen her kne,
And, payne of deth, thow shalt not fayll of grace.

(5)
Lerne well this lesson, it is bothe short and lyght,
For with this same the wekest creature
That ys on lyffe may putte pe fend to flyght
And saffe hym-selffe in sole and body sure;

9 with this conceyt, pat] pat sho pe whiche. 12 astate] to state so.
Ave, Jesse Virgula!

To suche entent was ordeynt purtreture
And ymage of dyverse resemblaunce,
That holsom storyes thus shewyd in fygur
May rest with us with dewe remembraunce.

finis lidgat. Amen.

63. AVE, JESSE VIRGULA!

[MS. Harley 2251, leaf 30, back, ll. 1–56; Harley 2255, leaves 140 to 141, back, ll. 57–120.]

(1)
Haile blissed lady, the moder of Crist Iesu!
Of pees and concorde, haile, fresshest on-lyve!
Haile, hyest Cedre, surmountyng in vertu!
Haile! who hath konnyng thy beaute to discryve?
For there was never none so fayre onlyve.
Haile, busshe vnbrent, portula signata!
Haile, glorious mayde, with whom no fiend maye strive,
Haile, flos campi, O ave Iesse virgula!

(2)
Haile, holsom cypres, growyng in Syon!
Haile, fons signatus, most clere in cristallyne!
Haile, gold in Trone of prudent Salamon
Gostly closed, most hevenly in devyne!
Haile, to-fore whose brest alle grace dide shyne,
From phebus paleys, bilded supra sidera;
Haile, hevenly gardyn, welle in divyne,
Haile, flos campi, o Ave Iesse virgula!

(3)
Haile, chast lady of virginite!
Of the Holigost, haile, richest habitacle,
Afore provided by the holy Trynite,
To be his triewe chosen tabernacle.


MS. Harley 2251, leaves 30, back, to 32, back = H; Harley 2255, leaves 140 to 141, back = b; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 321, leaves 163 to 165 = T; same MS., an identical copy, leaves 237 to 238, back. No title in any MS. MS. h omits lines 1 to 56. T underscores Latin phrases. 10 signato T. 12 dyuyne T (desyne?). 15 diuine T.
Ave, Jesse Virgula!

Of al vertues, myrrour and spectacle,
Brightest Aurora, cedrus exaltata,
To-fore whos face al peple by myracle
Syng of hole hert, "O Ave Jesse virgula!"

(4)

Of [I]esse boone, haile, holsomest piscyne!
With gostly vertues clerer than cristall
Whiche wasshed away all venym serpentyne
Brought into paradice, whan Adam had a fall.
But for thy vertues, and thy merites virginal,
We may the calle, turtur superata,
Sterre of the see, of hevene fenestrall,
Haile, flos campi, O Ave Jesse virgula!

(5)

Haile, fressh[e] Rose, planted in Iericho!
Swettest viola, that neuer shal fade,
Gloria Jerusalem, of Bedlem light also,
In peril palme, with fruyte of lyf I-lade;
Victorious laurus, ful of braunchis glade,
With vncoth mysteries, aforn prefigurata,
Thy merciful mantel lete cloth al in the shade,
With haile flos campi, O Ave Jesse virgula!

(6)

Haile, chosyn ysope of the valeys lowe!
Trieue example of humilite,
Asorne figured above the Reyne bowe,
Agenst the Indulgence of Iniquite,
Emerawdis grene, of perfite chastite,
Of merciful myrre, arbor inflammata,
Pray to thi sone, on vs he have pite,
With, haile, flos campi, O Ave Jesse virgula!

(7)

Haile, of Aurora the gladde Iasp[y]s skye!
Oure gostly day-sterre, oure lanterne, oure light;
Whiche broughtest kalendis, prophetis specifye,
Of Phebus vprist, after the derk[e] nyght,

Ave, Jesse Virgula!

When the Holygost in thy brest light,
Bildo of xij. stones, ciuitas murata,
Whiche in the Apocalyps be remembrid aright,
Haile flos campi, O Ave Jesse virgula!

(8)

Heyl, vertuous Iaspe, moost stedfast, & our feith
Tenchace away al Incantaciouns;
Celestial saphir, the lapidarye seith,
Cheef remedye geyn al temptacioins;
Of this thre stoony, heyl, conqueradra!
Fettyng of the alle our proteccionouns,
In wourldly pereell, with Ave Iesse virgula.

(9)

Heyl, brennyng charbounyle, fervent of charyte!
Heyl, Calcedonye, & topas of clennesse!
Heyl, Crysolyte of pees and vnite!
Purpurat Ametyst, conseryung soybrynesse;
Moost pacient Berylle, alle Enemys to represse,
Tu sic dicta viola & inniulata
Heyl, strengest Achat geyn feendys sturdynesse!
Heyl, flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!

(10)

Heyl, sterre of Iacob, glorie of Israel!
Eva transformyd, the lettrys wel out sought,
Into thy Closet when that Gabyrell
With this wound Ave hath the tydynges brought.
For meeknesse oonly, God this myfile hath wrought,
To-fore whoos face, mens mea iam prostrata,
Devoutly knelyng seith, with herte and thought,
Heyl, flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!

55 aright] of ryght T. 57 From this point h is printed. 58
To chase T H. 60 geyn al] ayenst T. ayens H. 61 ayenst T H.
62 thise H T. Cella quadrata H T. 64 with] O H T. 65
Carbuncle T. of] in T H. 66 Calcedoyne H. and zopase H T.
thopas sic MS. 69 Moost] Hayle H T. oppres H T. 70 To
H T. 73 and glory ins. H T. 74 and the lettres be wele sought
H T. 76 Ave] om. H T. hath the] the had H. he had T. 79
say H T. 80 with] O H T.
Heyl, glorious queen! whom the Apostyl John [H. 140, Pk.]
In his avisioun sawh, clothyd in a sonne,
With xij sterres, and many a precious stoen,
Voydying the dirknesse of alle skyes duonne,
In tokne, thow hast the victorye wonne
Of vices alle, in celis sublimata,
For whom we synge, of herte as we best kume,
Heyl Flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!

The twelve sterres be twelve prerogatyves,
Which thow haddest in thy virginite,
To-fore alle othir maydenys and Eek wyves;
The first callyd feith, hope, and charyte,
Namyd virtutes theologice,
With which thow were diuinitas dotata,
For which we seyn devoutely on our knee
Heyl flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!

In the foure vertues callyd Cardinal,
Force ageyn vices, and hih prudence,
And attemperaurace set in especial
In thy persone by soureyyn excellence;
Pyte, compassion, benignyte, Clemence,
To-forn alle women plus preuilegiata,
To whoom knelyng with humble reuerence
We seyn of herte, O Ave Iesse virgula!

Vndir thy feet ther was a large moone,
Nat diseresyng but alwey ful of lyght,
That was ful tokne, erly, late, and soone,
The gracious beamys of thy gracious syght

Ave, Jesse Virgula!

Shewe on-to synners, evir Ilich bryght,
With-oute eclips, tu virgo sacratissima!
For which we seyn, as we ar bound of ryght,

Heyl, Flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!

(15)
M. in Maria was first tokne of mercy,
A. of Ave, whan first our Ioye gan,
R. was redresse of Adam-is greet Fooly,
I. was Iesus, that overcam Sathan,
A. was Altissimus, whan bothe God and man

Took our manhood of the, piyssima,
Seyng to the, of herte as we best can,

Heyl, flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!

(16)
M. in Maria, betokenyth Eek meknesse,
A. next in Ordre, tokne of attemperaunce,
R. remedye, our surfectys to redresse,
I. betoknyth Iesus, helpe for al our grevaunce,
A. is Amor, moost souereyn of pleasance,
Al set in Oon tu sola puerpera,
This name shall nevir out of our remembraunce,

Callyd flos campi, O Ave Iesse .virgula.

(17)
M. is also signe of thy magnitude,
Of plentevous mercyes, set in the alloone,
A. is Eek tokne of the greet altitude
Wheer thow sittyst with Salamon in his throne,
R. reformacio[n of al our pitous moone,
I. for Iesus, Tu nostra aduocata,
A. efft for Ave in syknesse whan we groone,

Thy name shall helpe O aue Iesse virgula.
Succour thy servants. Maria, that art tryacle and medycine, Salve for our soorys and our hurtys alle, Moost habundaunt of grace which is devyne, Off our trespacys to sugre the bittir galle

In Sathanys snarys, whan we stoumble or falle, Tu Rosa tu lilium salus nominata, Socoure thy servauntys whan we to the calle, O flos campi! O aue Iesse virgula!

Be with vs present, shewe thy fair face, Help, Michael! weye with vs in the ballaunce, When we shal deye, and Sathan doth manace, Al our proteccioun stant in thy gouernaunce;

That dreedful day to save vs froo myschaurcce, Thow hevenly ffenestrall, sole radiata, Releve alle thoo, by mercyful purviaunce, That seyn of herte, O Aue Iesse virgula!

Explicit quod Lyrlgate.

64. A VALENTINE TO HER THAT EXCELLETH ALL.


Lo here beginne a balade made at je reuurence of our lady by daun Johan Lidegate je Munke of Bury in wyse of chesing loues at Saint Valentynes day.

[1 page 145]
Valentine.

(1)
Saynt Valentyne, of custume yeere by yeere,
Men haue an vsavnce in pis Regyoun
To looke and serche Cupydes Kalundere,
And cheese peyre choyse by gret affection —
Suche as been pricked by Cupydes mocion,
Taking peyre choyse, as peyre soort dope falle
But I loue oon which excellepe alle.

(2)
Some cheese for fayrnesse and for hye beaute,
Some for estate, and some eke for rychchesse,
Some for fredame, and some for bountee,
Lyche as pe chaunce of peyre soorte dojj falle,
But I love oone which excelle alle.

(3)
I chase patfloure sipen goon ful yoore,
And euery yeere my choyse I shal renuwe,
Vpon pis day conferme it euermore,
Sheo is in loue so stedfast and so truwe;
Who louepe hir best, hit shal him neuer ruwe,
Yff such a grace vn-to his soort may falle,
Whame I have chose for she excelle alle.

(4)
Men speke of Lucresse pat was of Roome towe,
Sfor wyvely trouth founded on clennesse,
Somé wryte als of Marcea Catoun
With laude and prys for hir stedfastnesse;
And some of Dydo for hir kyndenesse,
(fortune suche happe leet vpon hem falle)
But I loue oone pat excelle alle.

LYDGATE, M. P.  
X
Rachel,  
Candace,  
Bersabe,  
Esther,  
Saba,  
and many others.

Valentine.  

Rachel was feyre, Lia was eke fecounde,  
And rych also was pe qweene Candace.  
So in hir tyme Right fayre was Roosamounde,  
And Bersabee hade a goodely face,  
Of Kyng Daviud she stooode so in pe grace,  
first whane his look he leet vpon hir falle,  
But I loue oone whiche excellepe alle.  

be noble kyng, pe mighty Assuere,  
Cherisshed Hester for hir gret meeknesse,  
for wommanhed, and for hir humble chere,  
Made hir a qweene, and a gret Pryncesse;  
To pe Juwes lawe she was defenersesse,  
In sodein mescheef pat did vpon hem falle,  
But I loue oone whiche excellepe alle.  

Saba came fer for kyng Salamon  
To seen his richchesse and his sapience,  
His staately housholde, and his hye Renoun,  
Gaf him presence of gret excellence,  
Herde his proverbes and his gret prudence,  
Where as he seet in his royal stalle,  
But I loue oone, pat excellepe alle.  

What shal I seyne of qweene Penolope?  
Or in Grece of pe qweene Alceste?  
Or of qweene Heleyne holden pe fayrest?  
Lat hem farewel! and let her names rest!  
My ladyes name peyre renoun doepe appalle,  
Whome I haue chose for she excellepe alle.

29-56 om. R. (but see under l. 64).  
30 was eke pe faire qweene A.  
31 And rych also was pe qweene Candace.  
32 hade eke hade a godely sic A.  
36 pe noble A.  
40 defende-resse A.  
41 In pe] ins. A.  
42 whiche pe] ins. A.  
43 Saba als A.  
44sec A.  
46 presentes H.  
47 gret hye H A.  
48 where]  
49 pat A.  
51 O per A.  
52 Polexsene A.  
56 chosen A.
A Valentine.

(9)

1. Tesbe pe mayde borne in Babyloün
   pat loued so weel pe yonge Pyramus,

2. And Cleopatre of wilful mocynoun
   List for to dye with hir Antonyus.

   Sette al on syde oone is so vertuous
   Whiche pat I do my souerein lady calle,

3. Whame I loue best for she excellepe alle.

(10)

4. Gresylde whylome hade gret pacyence,
   As hit was preued fer vp in Itayle,

5. Pallas Mynerua haden eloquence,
   And Pantasilia faught in plate and mayle,

6. And Senobyə lyouns wolde assayle,
   To make hem taame as Oxe is in a stalle,

7. But I love oone, pat excellepe alle,

(11)

8. And if I shal hir name specyfye,
   pat folk may wit whiche shee sholde be,

9. This happe fortune dyd me shewe
   Whome I haue chosen excellyth

57 Thesbe R. Tesbe A. [pe] pat A. mayden H. eborne A.
Babylouigne A. 58 [pe] om. R. 59 Cleopatre B. cleopatre H. A.
cleopater R. motoun sic R. 61 on his R. 62 Whame pat A.
63 And love hir best A. 64 sheo hade A. At this point R intro-
duces a hodge-podge of various stanzas—

   What shuld I rehearse of Grysyl dys pacience
   Or spake in Greece of the quene Alcest,
   Or of Pallas minerua that hat the eloquence,
   Or of quene Eleyn holden the fayrest ;
   Late hem farewelle, let ther names reste,
   Suche happe fortune dyd me shewe
   Whome I haue chosen excellyth in termes feue.

66 hladde H. 67 Patasilia A. 69 is] om. A. As orses bene to
make hem tame in stalle A. 70 Ytte love I one beste A. The
rest of R is appended at the end of the piece. 72 folke shoulde wit
what shee ever be A. 73 Called is our ladye pe blesse Marie A.
74 out of] off A. 76 goldewe A. dovne] om. A.
A Valentine.

(12)

As dew on Gideon's fleece, came the Holy Ghost to her.

I mene pus, whane þe Holy Goost alight
In-to hir brest, to saue vs euerych oone
Right as þe dewe, with silver dropes bright,

*sil* vpon þe flees of Gedeoun,

And as þe yerde also of Aaroun

Bourjourned, and bare fruyt to sugre oure galle,

Whome I loue best, for sheo excellepe alle.

(13)

She is the woman clothed in a sun,

Sheo of oure yvel adawed haþe þe clippes,

Oure victorye of þe serpent wonne,

bis is sheo, þat whylome in papocollopes

Saint Iohan þapostel sawe cloped in [a] sonne;

Mankynþes Ioye at hir was first begonne,

Refuyt to synners þat for help do calle

To hir of goodnesse, whiche excelleþe alle.

(14)

the maid of Octavius' vision,

bis is þe mayde, whiche on þawtere,

With chylde in armys appeered pleynly þanne,

And shoone for brightnesse as any sonne cleere,

To-fore pemperour cleped Octouyan

And he felle doune and worship hir began,

Left his pryde and gan hir socour calle,

To hir of goodenesse, þat excelleþe alle.

(15)

saluted by Gabriel.

Sheo was cheef roote of oure saluacyoun,

þat first for man þe helthe gan pouarchace,

Whane Gabryel with salutacyoun,

Gane frome þe lord hir salue in þe place,

Sheo brought first Theofilus to grace,

Out of þe mescheef þat he was Iune falle,

Whame I loue best, for sheo excelleþe alle.

79 In hir bosome. 82 yerdes B. of gode ins. A. 83 boursounded A. *and* om. A. 85 ydell *sic B. 86 of* from A. 87 þis same is sheo which A. 88 a *ins. H A. 90 *help do* þir helpe A. 91 For mans helpe hir goodnesse excelleþe alle A. 92 vnto A. 93 pleynly] in þe temple A. 94 for] om. so bright A. 97 of socour cane hir A. 98 for she of goodnesse A. 102 oure lord A. 104 of mescheef into which he was A.
A Valentine.

(16)

Men at peyre lust may boope cheese and leet,
Lyche as love doope peyre hertes distreyne,
Kateryne was goode and sainte Margarete,
Agnes Agas and Marye Magdaleene,
FYdes Lucya and also sainte Eleyne,

But of my soort pe soort is so befalle,
I loue oon best, for sheo excellepe alle.

(17)

Affer peyre hertes to euery man is free,
Who ener sey nay, in loove for to cheese;
In choys of love per is gret libertee
Enery sessoun, wheeper hit thowe or freese;
And for my part, by cause me list not leese,
Ne in my choyse per may no meschief falle,
I haue choose oon which pat excellepe alle.

(18)

Frome yeere to yeer for neeglygence or rape,
Voyde of al chaunge and of nufanglenesse,
Saint Valentyne hit shal me not escape
Vpon by day, in token of stedfastnesse,
But pat I shal conferme in sikurnesse
My choyjs of nuwe, so as it is befalle,
To love hir best, whiche pat excellepe alle.

Romoye.

Noble pryncesse, braunch of flour delys,
Whas goodenesse thoroughge pe worlde doop shyne,
So weel avysed, so prudent, and so wys,

109 Anieys and agas A. 110 also] eke faire A. 111 Of my fortune pe soort is nowe me falle A. 112 pat I love one which pat A. 113 to] om. A. 114 in love for to] pat echere wight may A. 115-116 Thas the lines transposed, but corrected with a, b on the margin. 116 thrawe H. 119 which pat excelle[pe] whom I love best of A. 124 But] So A. 127 prynce B. Lenvoie] om. H A.
A Valentine.

Saint Clotts blood, and of that noble line!
Lowly beseeche I, conferme and termyne
To yf me love, lyche as it is beffalle,
To love hir best that excellepe alle.

(20)

With humble herte besechinge that virgyne,
Whiche is moost feyre, moost bountevous and goode,
To sixst Henry, his moder Kateryne,
To sheede hir grace, and to that yeare noble bloode;
And Crist Lesu, that starf vpon the Roode,
Haue on vs mercy, whane we for help calle,
For love of hir, that excellepe alle!

For yf I shuld the trouthe expresse
The vertues comprehened in this ladys echeone
May welbe veryfied both more and lesse
In my lady that I loue in yere Agone
And most good happe as gest came me oon
Suche favour eke fortunate dyd me shew
That my choys excellyth alle in wordys fewe.

Souereyn mastresse of welfare pris
Whos Goodnesse thorow the worde doth shyne
So wel avysed so prudent and wys
And whos trouthe no wyt may determine
Of youre speyall grace your eres inclyne
And yf me leue lyke as it is falle
To love you best that excellyth alle,

Humbly besechyng to that pur virgyne
That ye ar named after to graunte me grace
You so to loue and serve saucce fyne
Wythoute interruption in any place
And therto that may haue leysure and space
To do you that we plesaunce calle
That I may rejoys a that excellyth alle.

Go you messanger and for fere you quake
For to appere in so lyce presence
Tyl she of grace the to mercy take
That path of custome by ryghtful prouidence
My annexyd to byr magnificence
Of womanly lyte fervo hauve reythe
Where ygnorance causeth suche offfense
Wythe-outte malyce menying nat but treuthe.

Explicit.
The Legend of Dan Joos.

65. THE LEGEND OF DAN JOOS.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaves 165, back, to 167.]

(1) O Welle of sweetnesse replete in every veyne! O well of sweetness,
That aH mankynde preseruyd hast from dethe,
And aH oure ioy fro langour dydest restreyne
At thy Nativity, O floure of Nazareth!

When the Holygost with his swete breth
Gan to enspyre the, as for his choisyn place,
For lone of man by influence of his grace,

(2) And were inuyolate, O bryght heuynly sterre!
Mong celestynes, reynyng without memory,
That by thyn empriyse in thys mortaH were,
Of oure captuyyte, gatest the fuH voctory,

Whom I beseche for thyn excellat glory,
Som drope of thys grace adowne to me constyH,
In reverenc of the thys dyte to fulfyH.

(3) That ovnely my revdenes thy myracle nat deface
Whyche whylom sendest in a deuoute abbey,
Of an hooly monke thorough thy myght & grace,
That of aH pyte berest bothe lok and key,

For, benygne lady, the sothe of thee to sey,
FuH weH thow quytyst that done thee lone and serue
An hundryd sythys bettyr then they deserue.

(4) Ensample of whyche here ys in portreture,
Withoutyn fable, ryght as hit was in dede,
O refuge and welthe to euer creature!

Thy clerke to further helpe now at thys nede.

For to my purpose I wyH anone procede,
The trowthe to recorde, I wyH no lengor tary,
Ryght as hit was, a poyn H wyH nat vary.

MSS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21, leaves 165, back, to 167 = T;
B.M. Harley 2251, leaves 70, back, to 72 = H.
5 the] om. H.
8 O] a. 17 thurght H. 20 aquyctest H.
The Legend of Dan Joos.

Vincencius in his Speculum Historiale tells this story in his 
A monk once heard a bishop say five psalms in honour of Mary,

(5)
Vnder the fourme to yow, as I rehearse shal,
That by a gardeyne as he romyd vp and doune
He heerd a bysshop of fame & grete renoune
Seyng v. psalmes in honour of that flowre,
That bare Iesu Cryst oure alther redemptoure.

(6)
In whiche Psalmes, standyng eche in here degre,
This blessyd name Maria there may he se
That fyrst of alroure thraldam can drepyne,
To the hauen of dethe when we gan arryue,
Made vs to escape from al aduersite.

(7)
Dystyuctly in Latyn here may ye rede echone,
Folowyng these baladys as for youre plesaunce,
To whom the bysshop hade sayde hys meditacione,
The monke anone delytyd in his remembraunce,
And thought he wold as for his most affiaunce Cotydyally with hem oonly oure lady plese,
That fro al greuance hys sorowes myght appése.

(8)
And there withall he wrote hem in hys mynde,
So stedfastly with deuoute and hy corage,
That neuer a day a worde he foryate behynde,
But seyde hem entyerly in-to hys last age,
Hys olde gyltes bothe to a soft and swage
Aftyr hyr matyns, as was hys appetyte,
To sey hem euer was hys most delyte.

(9)
Therto his dylygence with al hys hert & myglit,
And forthe contynuyd in his deuoutest wyse,
TyH at last hit befeH apon a nyght  
The hoole Couent at mydngyht gan aryse,  
As ys here vsage, to do to God seruyse,  
So when they were assemblyd there in generaH,  
The suppryour beholdyng aboute ouer aH,  

(10)  
As ys hys offyce that noone of theym were absent,  
But of Dan Ioos he cowde nowyse aspy,  
He roose hym up and priuyly he went  
In-to hys chambr, and there he fond hym ly  
Deede as a stoone, and lowde he gan to cry  
"Helpe," quoth he, "for the loue of oure lady bryght,  
Dan Ioos oure brother ys sodenly dede to-nyght."  

(11)  
The couent anone gan renne halfe in a drede,  
TyH they had behylde when passyd was here afray  
Owte of hys mowthe, a Roose boothe sprang and spred,  
Fresshe in his coloure as any floure in May,  
And other tweyne out of his eyen gray  
Of hys cares as many fuH fresshly flowryng,  
That neuer yet in gardyne half so feyre gan spryng.  

(12)  
Thys rody Roose they haue so long beholde  
That sprang for his mowthe, tyll they haue espyed  
FuH fayre grauen, in lettres of bornyd golde,  
**Marie** fuH curyouslys as hit ys specyfyed,  
In bookes oolde, and anone they haue hem hyed  
Vnto the temple, with lawde & hye solempnyte,  
Beryng the corse that aH men myght hit se.  

(13)  
Whyche they kepte in ryalte & hy perfeccioune  
Seuyn dayes in the tempel there beyng present,  
Tyll thre bysshops of fame & gret renoune  
Were comyn thelyr, ryght with denout entent,  
And many another clerk with hem by oon assent,  
To se thys myracle of thys lady bryght  
Seying in thys wyse, with all her hert and myght,  

The Legend of Dan Joos.

"Praise to Jesus and His mother."

"Lawde, honour, pryce and hygh reuence
Eternally be to thee. O. heuyuly Inge,
And to thy modyr that of her gret benyovence,
Preserueth from heuynes in this derke deluge,
That doone her magnyfy and ys her hoole refuge
More then they serve sche quyteth a thowsand folde,
Hyr passyng goodnes of vs may nat be tolde:"

Never in roundel, prose, or rhyme, was told half such joy as was then.

Thus when these bysshops & clerkis many oon
Had thankyd God, as ferlbrth as they can,
And thys lady that hathe thys grace ydoon,
So full of ioy and blysse was euery man
Of thys myracle, that syth the world began
Yet herde I neuer in RoundeH, prose ne ryme,
Of halfe the gladnes pat was withyn hem that tyme,

Sone aftyr thys her iorner gan they holde,
Eche in hys syde, in-to hys propre place,
Ryght as they fonde oueraH so haue they tolde,
Of thys holy Monke, O lady full of grace!
Now wel ys hym, that can hys hert enbrace,
To loun the best and chaunge for no new,
That art so feythfulH thow canst nat be vntrew.

O ye fresshe louers, that lyuyn euer in doublenesse,
And hurt your-self full oft with your owne knyfe,
Your wofuH ioy ys medlyd ay with byttyrnesse,
Now glad, now sory, now lyte, now pensyfe,
Thus with your-self ye faH euer at sryfe,
Betwene two wawes ay possyd to and fro,
That in contraryosnes ye sryuyyn euyr mo.

Youre bluide fantayyes now in hertes weyue,
Of chyldysshe vanyte and let hem ouerslyde,
And loneth this lady, that can nowysse deceyue,
Gloriosa Dicta Sunt De Te.

She ys so stedfast of hert in every syde,
That for your nedys so modyrly can prouyde
And for your powsy these lettres fyue ye take,
Of thys name Maria oonly for hys sake.

(19)
That for youre trauayle so weH [wiH] yow aunaunce,
Nat as these wemen on ye whyche ye doon delyte,
That fedyn yow aH day with feynyd pleasuaunce,
Hyd vndyr tresoun with many wordys whyte,
But bet then ye deserne she woH yow quyte,
And for ye shaH nat labour aH in veyne,
Ye shaH have heuen there ys nomore to seyne;

(20)
Whos passyng goodnes may nat be comprehenyd,
In mannys prudence fully to determyne,
She ys so parfyte she cannot be amendyd,
That ay to mercy and pyty doth enclyne.
Now byenygne lady that dedystoure sorowes fyne
In honour of the that done thy psalmes rede
As was Dan Joos, so quyte hem for theyre mede.

Amen.

66. GLORIOSA DICTA SUNT DE TE.

[BALADE OF OUR ELADYE BY LIDEGATE] [leaf 1]

[From Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, leaves 1 to 4, back.]

Loo my frendes here beginnepe þe translacyone out
of Latyne in-to Englisshe of Gloriosa dicta sunt de
ter, &c. translated by Lidegate aun John þe Munk
of Bury at þins[t]aunce of þe Busschop of Excestre
in wyse of Balade. beholdeþe and redeþe I prey
yowe.

127 will] H. well] T. 133 have] H. om. T. 139 done thy]
these H.

MSS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, leaves 1 to 4, back = T; B. M.
Adds. 29729, leaves 146, back, to 149, back = A; Harley 2251,
leaves 239 to 242, back = H; Adds. 34360, leaves 55, back, to 57,
back (two versions) = B; Harley 2255, leaves 135 to 139, back = h.
Heading; lacks in h, others (copied from T) as above. The
first text only of B is here collated. The second runs to l. 44,
and has the same readings.
(1)

On holy hills wheeche peope of gret Renoun
Reysed on heglit frome pe valeys lowe
I saughe pe grounde and pe foundacion
Of a Citye aboue pe Reynebowe.
pe name is called, lyche as I can knowe,
pe dwelling place of pe deyitee,
Vppon pe wallis, wryten al by rowe,
Gloryous things beon songe and sayde of pee.

(2)

pis was pe songe which David with his harpe
Sang vpon pe mountes of Syon,
With nootes sweete and warbles touched sharpe
Fer frome pe floodes of felle Babylon.

pis cytee bylt with many a prescious stoonne,
Stoones of vertue, moost ryche vpon to see,
And his refreyde resouned euer in oon,
Gloryous things beon songe and sayde of pee.

(3)

Of alle cytees, who bat serche neghe or ferre,
In what regyounes bat men ryde or goo,
Dou art py-self pe bright loode-sterre,
Mankyndes lyff, to guye in wele and woo ;
Nazareth, but not Iherico,

pe prophetes gaf to yye natyvyte,
To make vs sure ageynst our mortal foo
Howe gloryous things been songe and sayde of pee.

(4)

above Troy,
Auctours whylome gaf a pys to Troye
Laude and honnour and comendacyoun
In Remembraunce of Peyre olde Toye

bat whylome was wel vsed in bat tovne, [leaf 1, back]
And eke of Roome for domynacyoun,
Cytees þat tyme of mooste souereyntee;
But al þeyre booste may nowe be layde adowne,
So gloriuous things beo sayde and song of þee.

(5)
þou art þe cyte mooste koupe in every cooste,
Of God þe Fader chosen by myracle
For þy clennesse vnto þe Hooly Gooste
To beon alloone chevest habytacle,
Whos meeknesse made þer was noon obstacle
To cauþe him liglit from his souereyne see
And descende in-to þy tabernacle,
Howe gloriuous things beon seyde and songe of þee!

(6)
Auctoures also maken mencyoun,
As þey in bookes wel reherce konne,
þowe were by meryte and by denocion
þe table of golde offred to þe sonne,
Which fisshers foounde and with þeyre nettes wonne
And hit presented vnto þe deytee
Of Phebus, which, with noo skyes donne
Eclippse þe neuer, for he sprang oute of þee.

(7)
Iepte whylome, as maked is memorye,
Made of his doughter an oblacyoun
Vndescretly, for his gret victorye,—
Saynt Austyn wryt, for lacking of resoun;
But Ioachim of pleyne entencyoun
And hooly Anne þy pure virginytee
Offred vnto God of oon affeeceyoun;
Howe gloriuous things beon seyde and songe of þee.

(8)
þou art þe temple and þe chosen toure
Moost stedfastly founded on clennesse,
of Jesus, Where Cryst Ihesu,oure blessed saueour, Chees for tabye for lyne hoolynes; What called him done but ly greet meeknesse [leaf 2] Tencyne his godheed to lyne humylytee I am to Rude, O lady! for texpresse Howe gloryous thinges been song and sayde of pee. 64

(9)

per was a Cyte precelling alle tovnes Whos gret beaute no masoun might amende, Called pe Cyte of strong Chaumpyouns, Whos chaaste walles Sapyence list ascende, Whos worthynesse no clerk cane comprehende; Reclynatorye of pe Trinytee, Refuge of synners, whanne pat pey offende, Howe gloryous thinges been songe and sayde of pee! 72

(10)

by blessed cytee was hyewishlly glorfyed, Ecclesiastes cane pe soope telle, And of pe lord moost Inly sanctefyed, In which him-self list abyde and dwelle, Otw of pe which, besydes a sacred welle, To saue mankynde of lyf per sprang a tree, Whos hoolsome fruyt alle fruytes dope excelle So gloryous thinges been seyde and songe of pee. 80

(11)

In pat cytee pe lord chose for to rest, Recorde I taake of prudent Ysaye, Sought it out and foonde it was pe best And pe prophete cleped Sophonye, In his forsight list wel specefye, "pis is," quod he, "pe gloryous fayre cytee Whome al pe warld of right shal magnefye," So gloryous thinges been songe and sayde of pee. 88

60 to abide H. 63 for] om. h H. 65 al H. all A. 71 Reflate h. 73 [py] This h. 74 soth H. sothe h. 75 of] om. h. Inly] heyhly h. 77 [pe] om. h. 81 chees h. 83 beste h. 84 calyly h. Sophonye] Ah. Sophone T. 85 wel] to h. 88 seid and songe h H.
Ezechiel expressed with his moupe
pat he saugfre a Cyte moost hevenly,
Whiche was drawyng miche into pe soutlie, [leaf 2, back]
With-Inne pe which, he tellepe ful goostly, 92
pat pe lover is serched comunly,
pe lord of lordes pat hapie seureynte,
And in his wryting he meenepe truly
pe gloryous thinges sayde and songe of pee. 96

bowe were pe sterre of pe morowe gray,
Passing alle ope as in compairysoun,
pe fulle moone brighter pane pe day,
Whylome called in py concepceyoun ; 100
And cleerest sonne in pyn assumpeyoun,
Alle derk skyes makying for to flee,
And brightest arke by concuersacion,
So gloryous thinges been sayde and songe of pee. 104

A thousand sheeldes, pe byble berepe witnesse,
Kyng David hade honging in his tour,
Of golde and perlle, fret with gret Rychesse,
Made and devysed with dilygent labour, 108
And soopefastly, O goodely fresshe flour,
Fayrest of fayre which sprang out of Iesse,
A thousand vertues hast loken in py boure,
So gloryous thinges been sayde and song of pee. 112

O braunce of Iuda! kyn to Israel!
Of hoolynesse verray Incomparable,
Lyk to Sarra daughter of RagneH,
Whidie in hir tyme off herte was so stable 116
That never man was to hir acceptable,
Til paungel made Thobyte hir to se;
But by cleanness chaaste and Immutable
To God was offred, as Prophetis sing of pee. 120

(16)

Most perfect of women.
And amonges wyomen, to rekken hem alle,
You were moost parfyt and hooly of by lyff, [leaf 8]
Suche hablyhoodance of grace is to pee falle
To beon alloone mayde, moder and wyff,
Right soletarye and contemplatyf,
Lyche hooly Judith, to saven hir citee,
Madest Olypherne for to leese his lyff,
By feonde outraying, bus prophetes wryte of pee. 128

(17)

For pou hast oppressed downe his heed
With al his dreedful venyme serpentyne,
Putte mankynde oute of mortal dreed,
Whane God his gold dewe made downe enelyne,
By dewe of grace, in by brest to shyne,
Oute of oure thraldome to get vs lyberte;
Nowe let by mercy oure synnes vndermyne,
Sith gloryous thinges bee seyde and songe of pee. 136

(18)

Of goostely helthe chevest restoratyff,
Of sinful men pe consolacio,
In fygure called pe helsome tre of lyff
And sacred temple of Kyng Salamon;
By Basshe vnbrende of pure affecjon,
By halowed Ark contening thinges three,
By Ourne and manna, by yerde ecke of Aron,
Howe gloryous thinges beon songe and seyde of pee. 144

(19)

By goostely brightnesse may souffire noon eclipse,
But shyne ay bright, and neuer wexen olde,
Gloriosa Sunt De Te.

You art pe Cytee which in pappecolips
    Whylome Saint Iohan saughe pauyed al with golde 148
    Whos gret beaute may not beo sayde ne toled,
Superlatyf bove oper of degree,
    Called pe qweene of pat hevenly holde,  [1 leaf 3, back]
1 How gloryous thinges beon song and sayde of pee.  152

(20)
You art in fygure pe mansyoun royal
    pat I of spake, remembred by Saint Iohan,
On chatytee founded was pe wal,
    Arered on heght with many a precyous stoone;  156
    Twelve per were, to rekem hem oon by oon,
You precyous Jasper of virgynyte
    Set in pe grounde first of euerychi oon,
Howe gloryous thinges beon sayde and songe of pee.  160

(21)
And alderneext, I haue it weel in mynde,
    You werk tenbelisshe of py consyence,
You was eke sette you goodely saphyre ynde,
    Tavoyde you fraude of feondes vyolence,  164
    And vnkynde heetes of ffecuerous pestylence
You canst asswayne, of grace and of pytee,
    With oure demerytes by mercy lat dispence,
Sith gloryous thinges beo songe and sayde of pee.  168

(22)
O calceydoyne closed in clennesse!
    Which of nature power haste and might
To overcome, as clerkis cane expresse,
    Causis contrarye goyyn ageynst right,  172
    Wher-for O lady haue here to a sight,—
You chosen charboncle of parfyte charyte!
    Shewe to vs synners of grace py clere light,
Sith gloryous thinges beo sayde and songe of pee.  176

148 Somtyme h.    150 above] h. love T H A B.    156 Reryd h.
157 [per] they h.    158 Jasper] H. Jasper T H A.    161 aither next H.
162 aldir next h.    164 frndes A.    167 dispende A.    169 calcedonye h.
170 closed] h. clensed TH A.  172 contraryeth begonne h.
173 for] h. of TH A. haue here to a] h. here for haue a TH A.

LYDGATE, M. P.
(23) Emerald.
O Emerande grene stoone Incomperable!
Which of vertu awmentist þe rychesse,
Whos glade stremes beon moste comfortable
To mysty eghen derked with blyndnesse,
Refresshing folk feynted with werynesse,
In þeyre vyage whanne þey wery be;
Nowe towards heven oure pilgrymage dresse
Where gloruous thinges beon songe and sayde of þee. 184

(24) Beryl.
O clearest crystal þat first such grace haste wonne
þat þe hooly goost in to þy brest alight,
Right as þe beryle rescuyue þe of þe sonne
Fyre of his nature, in euery mannes sight,
þe parfyte beemys so persaunt were and bright
Of God provyded by his eterntyee,
þis wreched worlde to gladen and to light
 Howe gloruous thinges beon songe and sayde of þee. 192

(25) Peritot.
O perytot! þe which as clerkes seype,
þe lord list mooste for to magnefye,
In whome thre dayes rested al oure feyth
Whan Cryst Iesu list for mankynde dye,
And in his grave meekly for to lye,
Which þyme oure feyth craumpished in yche degree,
Sawe þou vpright stoode and list not plye
 Howe gloruous thinges beon songe and sayde of þee! 200

(26) Jacynth.
Lyche a Iacynct vayding al drerynesse,
Stabul abyding his resureccion,
Knowing allone thorough þyne holynesse
þat of Iuda þe mighty strong lyounn

Should ryse ageyne for oure saluaçorie,
Affter ascende to his hevenly see,
Al þis þou knewe, by cleer inspeccion,
Howe gloryous thinges beon songe and sayde of þee! 208

(27)
O Amatyst! with þy pourple huwe,
By influence of þyne hegne goodnesse
Causest in hertis þat beon sadde and truwe, [leaf 4, back]
To founde him-self on parfyt stabilnesse 212
O stoone of vertu causin sobirnesse
With outen chanue or mutablytee;
Ruwe of pytee vpon oure wrecchednesse
Sith gloryous thinges beon songe and sayde of þee. 216

(28)
Of patryarkes þonnour and þe glorye,
And of prophetes þe chief founcañ,
To þappostilles laude to þeyre victorie,
And to þe martiris þe laureal renoun,
Of confessours þe consolacioun,
And to virgynes myrrour of Chastite
To þy servants sheeld and proteccion,
Howe gloryous thinges beon songe and sayde of þee. 224

(29)
O blessed lady! qweene of þe hegne heven,
Whome clerkes calle þemperyse of helle
Sitting ful fer above þe sterres seven,
And qweenes alle in honnour doist excelle, 228
Be þou oure socour, our vyces to expelle,
þat called art of God þe chief cytee,
Whane we passe hens, by mercy make vs dwelle
Where gloryous thinges be sayde and song of þee. 232
Who shall give me a fountain of tears, to bewail my Son's crucifixion.

My sweet Son, so kind to me.

67. Quis Dabit Meo Capiti? Fontem Lacrimarum?

Here begynneth a lamentacioun of our Lady Maria.

Who shall yeve vn-to myn hed a welle
Of bitter terys my sorwys to compleyne,
Or a gret condevit of troubly warrys fielle
Down to dystylle fro myn Eyen twyne,
To shewe the constreynt of my dedly peyne
When I, alas! be-holde and dyd see
My dere sone bleede in euery veyne,
Atwix two thevys nayllyd to a tre?

Who shal yeve vn-to myn hed a welle
Of bitter terys my sorwys to compleyne,
Or a gret condevit of troubly warrys fielle
Down to dystylle fro myn Eyen twyne,
To shewe the constreynt of my dedly peyne
When I, alas! be-holde and dyd see
My dere sone bleede in euery veyne,
Atwix two thevys nayllyd to a tre?

Who shal yeve vn-to myn hed a welle
Of bitter terys my sorwys to compleyne,
Or a gret condevit of troubly warrys fielle
Down to dystylle fro myn Eyen twyne,
To shewe the constreynt of my dedly peyne
When I, alas! be-holde and dyd see
My dere sone bleede in euery veyne,
Atwix two thevys nayllyd to a tre?

My Ioie, my lyght, my lanterne moost Entyeer,
This hevenly Phebus is clypsed of his lyght,
This Esperus hath hyd hys bemys Cleer
And is of newe corteyned ffro my sight.

MSS. Laud 683, leaves 78-81 = L; Harley 2255, leaves 66, back, to 69, back = H; Harley 2251, leaves 43, back, to 46 = h; Jesus College, Camb. 56, leaves 19, back, to 22, back = J; St. John's Coll., Oxford 56, leaves 74, back, to 76 = S. Hading in S, lytgate, wanting in others. 3 of J. watis (sic) H. 4 for to stille ins. S. my moyst ins. h. 6 behelde J. behelde J. behyld S. bihold h. 8 Atlwe h. Be twix J. 10 Vnto h. my teris sprede h. 12 swete H h J. 13 sappe S. doth] om. S. 20 certeyned H.
Quis Dabit Meo Capiti?

When shal this day-sterre shewe me his bemys briht,
To clere the trouble of myn adyersyte?
Parde, the Iewys do me to gret vnright
To naylle my sone allass on to a tre.

(4)
O alle ye douhtren of Ierusalem,
Haue som compassiou[n] of my sikes deepe,
Nat lyk the gladnesse wich I hadde in Bedleem,
Kom neer of routhe and helpe me for to wepe,
A sword of deth doth thoruh myn herte crepe,
I sflle hit ffull weel of modyrly pyte.
Craunpisshed with deth swwownyng I do slepe,
To se my sone thus nayllde to a tre.

(5)
O gentyl pryncessis and ladyes of Estaat,
And ye virgynes, in your entent most clene,
To yeve me comfort that stonde al desolaat
Renneth a pas to se the woundys grene
Of your trewe spouce, of bledyng pale & lene;
And aduertyseth and hath now rowthe on me,
Feynt for to stonde, for how sholde I sustene
To se my sone thus naylld to a tre?

(6)
And alle ye women, tappese myn hewynesse,
Remembrith the processe of his dredful victorie;
Se, to-for Pilat, by many fals wytnesse
How he was damptned in the Concystorye.
Radde ye enere Or sauh in his storye
Of any sorwes that may compared be
On to the sorwys grave in my memorye
To se my sone thus nayllde to a tre?

(7)
And yif ye lyke of routhe for to leere,
And at my terys yeve ye nat dysdeyne,
But of compassioun meekly lyst to heere,
How a sharp swerd myn hert hath corve on tweyne,
A swerd of sorwe throuh perced euery veyne,
Now deth hath slayn my sone, and spareth me,
Allas! fro wepyng how sholde I me restreyne
To se my sone thus naylled to a tre?  

(8)
O peple onkynde! why wil ye noon heed take
To se the lord of helle, erthe, and hevene,
Meek as a lamb, thus offred for your sake,
To sle the dragoun with his hedys sevene,
Dauntynge the power of his Infernal levene,
Out of his thraldam to make yow go ffe,
With many mo woundys than any man can nevne
When he at Calvary was naylled to a tre?

(9)
Is it a mervayll or any maner wonder
Though I ful offte swowne for grevaunce?
Was euere moder outhere or yonder,
That for hyr Chyld fleete more penaunce?
Myn Inward sorwys can ffynde noon allegaunce,
Ech hour renewyng, it wyl noon other be,
Whan-eure it cometh to my remembracen
How that my sone was naylled to a tre.

(10)
The lemys feble vp-on my feet to stonde,
Whanne I, alias, consyдрre and do be-holde
This pitous mateer, that we han on honde,
Ful lytell mervayll thouh myn herte colde,
Myn handys craupisshed, I may them nat vnfolde,
To goon vpright I haue no foote nor kne,
My peynes passe alle tormentys newe and olde
To se my sone thus naylled to a tre.

(11)
Geyn the guyse of kynges riche crownes,
My dere sone weryd a Crowne of thorn,

Of gold and perle, ageyn ther stately gownes,
    Ageyn ther ridyng gret meyne them be-forn,
My sone on floote hath his cros I-born;
Ageyn ther setys of stones and perre,
    And for mankynde that was thoruh synne lorn,
He, pore and naked, was naylled to a tre.

(12)
Ageyn the beddys, stately, hih, and soffte,
    Of worldly pryncys with pelwys for their hed,
Vp-on the roode my sone was lyfft a-loffe,
    With bloody purpil hys mantel maad al reed,
Marked with a spere and for mankynde ded,
And grucched nothyng thoruh his humylyte,
    To me noon ese, whanne that I took heed,
And sauh my sone thus naylled to a tre.

(13)
For Adamhis synne thus was my sone slayn,
    Thoruh the olde serpent by thassent of Eve,
When thoruh my meknesse mankynde was maad ffayn,
    Hir name turned ther thraldam to Releve,
And Gabryell kam, my meeknesse ffor to preve,
    Sent by on accord of al the Trynyte,
    But ful sore affter it dyd myn herte greve,
Whanne I my sone sauh naylled to a tre.

(14)
For manhis love he faught a gret batayll,
    With his sevene hedys he outrayed the dragoun,
Lyk myhty Sampson with-oute plate or mayll,
    In his strong ffyght he strangeled the lyoun,
Thus was my sone mankyndys Champyoun,
    Thorugh his most myghty magnanymyte.
As kyng and byshop made his oblacyoun
    Vpon the hih auhter of the Roode tre,
Quis Dabit Meo Capiti?

(15)

The sacrificial lamb.

My sonys suffraunce to Sathan was gret wrak,
Whos gret meknesse dyd I nouh suffyse,
Cleerly fflygured whanne that Ysaak
Was by his ffather offrid in sacryfyse,
Nat dysobeying in no maner wyse,
[leaf 86, back]
But lyk a lamb of lownesse yst nat flle,
But most myn herte that tyme did agryse
When I first sauh hym naylled to a tre.

(16)

Eleazar the champion,

He myhte be callid Eleasar the seconde,
The champaign, moost myghty and notable,
That gaf tholyfaunt his laste mortal wounde,
(Machabeorun this story ys no ffable),
And as Hercules, in his conquestis stable,
Bar up the hevenys in his humanyte,
For whom my sorwis wer maad most lamentable
When I be-held hym thus naylled to a tre,

(17)

Thus deth with deth was outraid and brouht lowe,
Mankyndys quarel maad vyctoryous,
For thanne leviathan was bounde and over-throwe,
When with his tryumphes most synguler glorious,
My sone had faught with his blood precyous,
Conqueryd the dragoun for al his fiel pouste,
And dryue hym hom to his Infernall hous,
When first my sone was naylled to a tre.

(18)

Lat euery man in this mater take heede,
And euery woman in this world a-lyve
Come ner to me to seen his woundys bleede,
His love, his deth, his kyndenesse to descryve,
To se the mysteryes of his woundys fflyve,
As bawme and tryacle of most souereynte
Cleerly dysstylllyng to fynye socour blyve,

[leaf 81]

Down fro my sone [I]nayllyd to a tre.

114 I nought J. 118 But lik an vmble lamb bat lyst nat flle S.
129 was] om. S. 133 fowten H. foughten J. 139 to] om. h.
141 the] om. S. 144 Inayllyd] h. nayllyd L H J S.
The Testament.

(19)
Trust in his mercy and I wyl go be twen,
And humbly knele be forn hys fface,
For almankynde be medyatrix and mene,
Of synful folk to releve the trespae,
That he with vengaunce shal them nat manace,
Lyk ther dysmeritees to shewe his cruelte,
But shewe to them his mercy and his grace,
That for ther love was naylled to a tre.

Explicit.

68. THE TESTAMENT OF DAN JOHN LYDGATE.

[MS. B.M. Harley 218, leaves 52, back, to 72.]

I.

Here begynneth the prologe of damp John Lidgates testament Monk of Bury.

(1)
O howe holsom and glad is the memorie
Of Cryst Iesu surmountyng all swetnesse,
Name of conquest, of triumphe, & victorie.

Thassaut of Sathan to venquysshe and oppresse

145 wilbe evene h. 150 demerites H h. Colophon: Amen explicit S. om. h.

MSS. B.M. Harley 218, leaves 52, back, to 72 = H; Harley 2255, leaves 47 to 65, back = Hy; Harley 2382, leaves 87, back to 96, back, 108, 128, back, to 129, back = Ha; Harley 2251 (Pt. V only), leaves 41, 42 = Sh; Additionals 29729 (Pt. I only), leaves 173, back, to 183 = St; Additionals 34193 (Pts. I, II only), leaves 223 to 235 = T; Royal 18 D II (Pts. II-V), leaves 1 to 5 = R; Phillipps library (Cheltenham), 8299 (not numbered) = Ph; Leyden Voss. 9, last part of book, separately bound = L; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 1 to 19, back = J; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19 (Pts. II-V), leaves 162 to 172 = C; B. M. Arundel 235, leaves 170, back, to 174, back = Ar; Bodl. Rawl. C. 86 (Pt. V), leaves 62, back, to 66, back = Ru; Laud 683, leaves 88 to 108 = Ld; Pynson edition, leaves 1 to 12 = Pn. Titles: lacking in J T C Ar. Iesu prologus L. Testamentum Ph. Testamentum Iohannis Lidgatte nobili poete Hy. The Testament of Dan John Lydgard Ha (with running title Testamentum Lydgard). Here begynnethe the testament of John Lydgate monke of berry whiche he made hymselfe by his lyfe dayes R Pn. This folowyng is the prologe of John Lydgattes testament whiche I found in master Stanton's boke St (Stow). I as in H but adds On whos sowle I beseehe Iesu haue mercy, Iesus. 1 O] om. T. glad & holsom Ha.
The Testament.

To whiche name Seynt Poule bereth wytnessee
Of heuene and erthe, and infernal pouste
Alle creatures of ryght and dewe humblesse,
And of hole herte, bowe shall ther kne.

(2)
No song so sweet vnto the audience
As is Iesus, nor so full of plesaunce,
Ageyn all enemes ye sheld, paveys, and defence;
To heuy hertes chief counfort in substaunce;
Of gostly gladnesse most souereyne suffisaunce,
Chief directorie to hevenerward the cite,
Gladdest resorte of spirituall remembraunce,
To whome alle creatures bowe shal ther kne.

(3)
To all folkes pat stonde in repentance,
With herte contrite made ther confession,
Of wille and thought accomplished ther penance,
And to ther power done satisfaccioun,
That cleyme by mene of Crystes passioun,
Marked with tav. T. for more suerte,
To them Iesu shall graunte full pardoun
To aske hym mercy, whan thei knele on ther kne.

(4)
In this name Iesu, most souereyne of vertu,
Stant alle our hope, And alle our assurance,
For where pat euer named is Iesu,
Geyn gostly trouble men fynde allegeaunce;
Who trusteth Iesu may fele no grevaunce,
Whiche from all thraklome brought vs to libertie;
Out of servage he made acquytaunce
To alle that knelten to Iesu on ther kne.
In Amorous hertes brenyng of kyndenesse
This name Jesu most profoundely doth myne;
Marter Ignacius can beren therof witnesse,
Amyd whos herte, be grace whiche is dyvyne,
With Aureat letteres As gold that dyd shyne,
His herte was graven, men may his legende se,—
To teche alle cristen here hedes to enclyne
To blyssed Jesu, and bowe adovn ther kne.

This is the name that chaceth away the clips
Of foreyne dirknesse, as clerkes determyne,
By John remembred in thapocalips,
How lyche a lambe his hede he dyd enclyne,
Whos blood down ranne, ryght as ony lyne,
To wasshe the ordures of our Iniquite,
Medeled with water, clere as crystallyne,
Whiche from his herte down rayled by his kne.

Be blode Jesu made our redempcioun,
With water of baptem, from felthe wesshe vs clene,
And fro his herte too licours ther ran doun
On Caluerye, the trouthe was weel sene,
Perced his herte vpon the rode tre;
O man vnkende, thinke what this dothe mene
And vnto Jesu bowe adovne thy kne!

Ther is no speche nor language can remembre,
Lette, sillage, nor word that may expresse,
Though into tunges were turned evry membre
Of man, to telle the excellent noblesse,
The Testament.

Of blessed Iesu, which of his gret mekenesse,
List suffre deth to make his servant fre;
Now mercyful Iesu, for thyn hygh goodnesse,
Haue mercy on alle that bowe to the her kne!

(9)
The prynce was slayne, pe servauant went at large,
And to deluyer his soget from priso(u
The lord toke on hym for to bere the charge
To quyte mankynde be oblacioun;
Sealed with .v. woundes he payed our raunsou,u
Man to restore to Paradys hys cite,
Is not man bounde, I aske this questioun,
To blessed Iesu for to bowe his kne?

(10)
Syx hundred tyme with syxty told be nouembre
In Poules pysteles Iesu men may rede,
Multitude of fendes to encoumbre,
To paye oure raunsam his blood he did shede,
Nat a small part but alle he dede out blede,
For Adames appel plukked from the tre,
Iesu deyde, for shame! man, take hede,
Gyf thanke to Iesu, & bowe to hym thy kne,

(11)
Alle these thynges considered that I tolde,
Man, where-euere thou holdist thy passage,
Toward Iesu alway that thou beholde,
With eyxe fyx, loke on hys vysage;
Crowned with thorn, for our gret outrage,
Haue this in mende, & lerne o thyng of me,
That day non enemye shall done vs no damage,
Whan we to Iesu denouely bowe our kne.

(12)
Withinne my closet & my lytel couche,
O blyssed Iesu, And be my beddes syde,
That none enemy nor no fende shall me touche,
The name of Jesu with me shall euer abyde;
My lodesterre, and my souereyne guyde,
In this world here both on lond and se,
O Jesu! Jesu! for alle tho folk provyde,
Which to thy name devoutly bowe here kne!

(13)
With Maria called Maudeleyne,
Erly eche morowe, whil that my lyf may dure,
Fro slouthe & slombre I shal my-self restreyne,
To seke Jesu at his sepulture,
Whom for to fynde if bat I may recure,
To haue possessiouw of hym at liberte,
There were in erthe no rychere creature,
To whom ech wyght bowe shall hys kne.

(14)
In mercyfull Jesu to putte a veray preef,
Of his mercy, that no man disespeyre,
Vpon the cros gaf graunt onto the theef
To paradyss with hym to repayre;
Toke out of helle soules many a peyre,
Maugre Cerberus and all his cruelte,
O gracious Jesu! benygne and debonayre,
Haue mercy on alle that bowe to the her kne.

(15)
The name of Jesu, swettest of names alle,
Geyn gostly venymes holsomest tryacle,
For who so euer to this name calle,
Of cankered surfetes fynt reles be myracle,
And bryghtest merour of alle felicite,
Support and sheld, defence & chief obstacle,
To alle that knele to Jesu on ther kne.

This royal name, most souereyne of renoun,
This name Iesu, victorious in batayle,
Of heavenly tryumphes the laureat guerdoun,
The spiritual palme of gostly apparayle,
Celestial prowesse, whiche may most avayle,
To sitte with aungels in ther eternal se,
The imperyal conquest, nat get with plate or mayle,
But with meke knelyng to Iesu on hir kne.

Patriarkes and prophetes, one by one,
Thre Ierarchies, & alle thordres nyne,
Twelve Apostles, and marteres everychone,
Holy confessoures, and every pure virgyne,
To byllyed Iesu most mekely shal enclynye;
Foules, bestes, and ffysshes of the se,
Kynd hath taught hem, by naturall discipline,
Mekely to Iesu to bowe adown ther kne.

There is no love parfytly Igrounded,
But it on Iesu toke his origenall,
For upon Iesu al perfittnes is founded,
Our tour, our castell, geyn powers inferrall;
Our porteeoleys, our bolewerke, and our wall,
Our sheld, our pavys geyn all aduersite,
Our heritage, our guerdoun eternall,
To whom all creatures bowe shall ther kne.

Condigne laude nor comendacious
Youe to this name ther can no tunge telle,
Of gostly fode ryechest refecioun,
Hedespryng of grace, of lyf conduyt & welle.
Iesu named, ther dere no dragoun dwelle,
Blyssedest bawme of our felicite,
Alle cankered sores And poysous to repelle,
From them to Iesu that knele vpon ther kne.

(20)
This name Iesus, bi interpretacioun,
Is for to seyn, our blessed savyour,
Our strong Sampsoun, pat strangled the lyoun,
Our lord, our makere, &oure creatoure,
And be his passioun fro deth our redemptour,
Our Orphevs that from captiuyte
Fette Erudice to his celestiall tour,
To whom alle creatures bowe shall ther kne.

(21)
At welles five licour I shal drawe
To wasshe the ruste of my synnes blyve,
Where al mysteryes of the olde and newe lawe
Toke oryginall, moraly to discryve,
I mene the welles of Crystes wounds five
Wherby we cleyme, of mercyful piete,
Thower helpe of Iesu at gracious port taryve,
There to haue mercy, knelyng on our kne.

(22)
I in Iesu sette for iocunditas,
Gynnyng & grounde of all gostly gladnesse,
E. next in ordre is eternitas,
Tokene and signe of eternall bryghtnesse,
S sette for sanitas, socour ageyn sekenesse,
V. for vbertas, of spirituall plente,
S for suavitas, from whom comyth all suetnesse,
To them that knele to Iesu on there kne.

(23)
I in Iesu, is ioye that neuere shall ende,
E signyfieth euerlastyng suffisaunce,

The name may be interpreted anagrammatically.
Salvation, V. wounds, Sacrament.  - S our saucioyn when we shall hens wende;
V. his fyve wounds, pat made vs acquetaunce, Fro Sathanes myght thurgh his meke sufferaunce,
S for the sacrament, which ech day we may se,
In forme of bred, to save vs fro myschaunce,
When we devoutly receyue it on our kne.  180

(24)
J fro Jacob, h from Habraham, The lyne descendyng be generacioyn,
C stant for Crist, that from heuene kam,
Born of a mayde foroure redempcioun,  188
The sharpe titel, tokene of his passioun,
When he was nayled vpon the rood tre,
O blyssed Isu, do remissioun
To alle that aske mercy on ther kne.  192

(25)
Do mercy, Isu, or [that] we hens passe,
Out of this perilous dreffull pilgrimage,
Besette with brygauntes, leyd wayte in euery place,
With mortall saute to lett[yn] our passage,—  196
Among other, I, that am falle in age,
Gretly feblysshed of old infinitie,
Crye vnto Isu for my synfull outrage
Right of hole herte, thus knelyng on my kne.  200

(26)
Lat nat be lost that thou hast bought so dere,
With gold nor syluer, but with thi precious blood,
Our flesshe is freel, but short abydyng here,
The olde serpent malicious and wood,  204
The world vnstable, now ebbe, nowe is flood,
Eche thyng concludyng on mutabilite,
Geyn whos daungeres I holde this counsel gode,
To prei for mercy to Isu onoure kne.  208

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The Testament.

(27)
And vndir supporte, Iesu, of thy fauour.
Or I passe hens, this hoolly myn entent,
To make Iesu to be chief surveiour,
Of my laste will sette in my testament,
Whiche of myself am Insufficiant
To rekene or counte, but mercy & piete
Be preferryd, or thou do Iugement,
To alle that calle to Iesu on ther kne.

(28)
Age is crope In, calleth me to my grave,
To make rekenyng how I my tyme haue spent,
Baryne of vertu, alias, who shall me saue,
Fro fendes daunger to counte for my talent,
But Iesu be my staf and my potent,
Ouerstreite audite is like tencombe me,
Or dome be youen, but mercy be present
To all that knele to Iesu on ther kne.

(29)
Now in the name of my lord Iesus,
Of ryght hole herte in all my best entent,
My lif remembryng, froward & vicious,
Ay contrarye to the comaundement
Of Cryst Iesu, now with avisement
The lord besechyng, to haue mercy and piete,
My youte, myn age, hou pat I haue myspente,
With this word seid knelyng on my kne.

(30)
O Iesu, mercy! with support of thi grace,
For thi meke passion, remembre on my complaynt!
Duryng my lyf, with many gret trespace,
By many wrong path, where I haue myswent,

212 I am set to make my testament.
216
220
228
232
236

Now, in His name, I begin.
O Iesu! mercy!
All my life I will confess.
I now purpose, be thy grace influent,
To wryte a trites of surfetes don to the,
And calle[n] it my last[e] testament,
With Iesu mercy knelyng on my kne.

II.

Testamentum in nomine Iesu. [leaf 57, back]

(31)
The yeres passed of my tender youthe
Of my fresshe Age sered the grennesse,
Lust appalled, theexperience is kouthe,
The onweldy Ioyntes starked with rudenesse,
The cloudy sight mysted with dirkenesse,
Without redresse, recure, or amendes,
To me of death han brought in the kalendes.

(32)
Of myspent tyme a foile may weel compleyne,
Thing impossible ageyn for to recure,
Dayes lost in ydel no man may restreyne,
Them to reforme by none aventure,
Eche mortall man is called to the lure,
Of deth, alas, vncerteyne the passage,
Whos chief marynere is called croked age.

(33)
One of his bedeles, named feblenesse,
Cam with his potent in stede of a mace,
Somouned me and after cam sekenesse,
Malencolyk, ethely, and pale of face,
With ther waraunt these tweyne can manace
How deth of me his dewe dette soughte,
And to a bed of langoure thei me brought.

(34)
Where onto me anoon ther did appere
Whill that I lay, compleynynge in a trance,
Clad in a mentell, a -woman sad of chere,
Blak was her abyte, sobre of countenaunce,
Strunge of hir porte, froward of dalyaunce,
Castyng here looke to meward in certeyne
Lich of me she hadde but disdeyne.

(35)
This seid woman was called "remembraunce
Of mysspent tyme," in youthes lustynesse,
Whiche to recorde did me gret grevaunce,
Than cam her suster, named "pensifnesse,
For olde surfetes," and gan onto me dresse
A wooful bylle, which brought vnto [my] mynde
My gret outrages, of long tymte left behynde.

(36)
Lyggyng alone, I ganne to ymagyne
How with .iiij. tymtes departed is the yere,
First how in ver, the soyle tenlumyne,
Buddes gyn open ageyne the sunne clere,
The bavme vpreysed most souereyne and entere,
Out of the rote doth naturally ascende
With new lyffre, the bareyne soil tamende.

(37)
The honysoucle, the fresshe primerolles,
Ther leves splayte at Phebus vprysyng,

The Testament
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Malencolyk, ethely, and pale of face,
With ther waraunt these tweyne can manace
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And to a bed of langoure thei me brought.

(34)
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The bavme vpreysed most souereyne and entere,
Out of the rote doth naturally ascende
With new lyffre, the bareyne soil tamende.
The Testament.

Thamerous foules with motytes and carolles,
Salue this sesou to every mor[we]nyng,
When Aurora hir licour distylllyng
Sent on herbes the perely dropis shene,
Of siluer dewes tenlumyne with the grene.

A joyous time.

This tyne of Ver is named of grenesse,
Tyme of ioye, of gladnesse, and disporte,
Tyme of growyng, chief moder of freshnesse,
Tyme of reioysyng, ordeyned for comforte,
In geryshe Marche toward the Ariete,
Our Emyspery to gladen with his hete.

Whiche sesoun prikkes fresch corages,
Reioyseth bestes walking in ther pasture,
Causeth byrdes to syngen in ther cages,
Whanne blood reneweth in every creature,
Which is of ver called chief pryncesse,
And vnder God ther worldly Empresse.

And for this lusty sesoun agreeable
Of gladnesse hath so gret avauntage,
Be convenyent resoun fulH notable,
Therto ful wel resembleth chyldes age,
Quyk, grene, fressh, and delyuer of corage,
For ryght as ver ay moreth in grenesse,
So doth childish in amorous lustynesse.

This quykyng sesour, nutrityf and good,
Of his nature hath tweyne qualitees,
Of hote and moyst, which long also to blode,
In ther asceneyoun upward by degrees:
Of kyndly ryght, the whiche propirtees,
By natural hete and temperat moysture,
Rekened in childhode .xiiij. yeer doth endure.

Thus in .vj. thynges be order men may seen
Notable accord and lust convenience,
Blod, eyre, and ver, south, and meridien,
And age of chylhood by naturall assistence,
Which, whill thei stonde in ther fressh premyuncture,
Hete and moysture directeth ther passages,
With grene fervence to force yong corages.

First Zepherus with his blastes sote
Enspireth ver with newe buddes grene,
The bawme ascendeth out of enery rote,
Causyng with flowres ageyn the sunne shene
May among mon[el]thes sitt like a quene,
Hir suster Apryll watryng hir gardeynes
With holsum shoures shad in the tender vynes.

This tyrne of Ver Flora doth hir cure,
With soleyne motlees passyng fressh and gay,
Purpel colours wrought be dame nature,
Mounteyns, vales, and medewes for tarraye,
Hir warderope open list not to delaye
The Testament.

Large mesure to shewe out, and to shed
Tresoures of fayre, whiche she doth possede. 338

(45)

This sesoun, Ver, most pleaunt to childhode,
With hir chapelettes grene, white, and rede,
In whiche tyne the newe yonge blode
Hote and moyste ascendeth vp in dede, 342
Reioyssyng hertes as it abrode doth sprede,
Wenyng this sesoun among ther myrthes alle
Sholde neuer discrecen nor appalle, 345

(46)

The variaunt sesoun of this stormy age
Abraydeth euere on newefangelnesse,
Now frounyng chiere, now fresh of visage,
Now glad, now lyght, now trouble and hevynesse; 349
Wylde as an herte, nowe mornyng for sadnesse,
Stormyssh as Marche, with chaunges ful sodeyne,
After cleer shynyng to turne and make it reyne. 352

(47)

Of this sesoun lust holte rene and brydell,
Selde or neuere abydyng in o poynte;
Now passyng besy, nowe dissolute, now ydell;
Now a good felowe, now all out of ioynte; 356
Now smoothe, now stark, now like an hard purpoynt;
Now as the peys of a diali gath,
Now gerysh glad, and anoon after wroth. 359

(48)

Liche as in ver men gretyly them delyte
To beholde the beaute souerayne

Of these blosmes, somme blewe, rede, and white,
  In whos fresshenesse no colour may atteyne,
  But thanne vnwarly cometh a wynde sodeyne,
For no fanour list not for to spare
Fressnesse of branches, for to make hem bare.

(49)
This sesoun ver stant neuer in no certeyne,
  For summe on houre though Phebus freshly shyne,
In Marches wederes it sodeynly wyll reyne,
  Which of the day all dirkenesse doth declyne,
And semblably a lyknesse to dyffyne,
Men sen chyldren of byrth[e] yong and grene,
Buryed withinne the yeres fiftene.

(50)
When Ver is fresshest of blosmes and of floures,
An vnware storme his fresshnessse may appayre,
Who may withstonde the sterne sharpe schoures
  Of dethes powere, where hym list repayre ?
Though fetures fresshe, angelyke, and fayre
Shewe out in chyldhode as ony crystal clere,
Deth can difface hem withynne .xv. yeer.

(51)
Veres sesoun doth but a while abide
  Skarsly iij. monethes he holdeth here soiour ;
The age of chyldhode, rekene on the tother syde,
  In hys encrese vp growyng as a floure,
But whan that deth manaseth with his shour,
In suche case he canne no more defence
Than croked age in his most impotence.
Ver and eche sesoun mut by processe fade, [leaf 61]

In ver of age may be no sekernesse,
Eche hath his houres, hevy and eke glade,
Ther sesouns meynt with ioye and hevynesse,
Now fayr, now foule, now helth, now sekenesse,
To shewe a maner liknesse and ymage,
Our dwellyng here is but a pilgrymage.

(53)

And for my part, I can remembre weell
When I was gladdest in that fresshe sesoun,
Lyke brotel glasse, not stable nor like stell,
Fer out of harre, wilde of condicioun,
Ful geryssh, and voyde of all resoun,
Lyk a plane, ay turnyng to and fro,
Or like an orloge whan the peys is goo.

(54)

Youn to onthryfte and dissolucioun,
Stode onbrydeled of all gouernaunce,
Whiche remembryng, be meke confessyoun,
Now with my potent to fynde allegaunce,
Of olde surfetes, contrite with repentance,
To the Iesu, I make my passage,
Rehersyng trespaces don in my tender age.

(55)

But to directe be grace my matere,
Mekely knelyng, Iesu, in thy presence,
I me purpose to gynne with prayere,
Vnder thi mercyfull fructuous influence,
So thon Iesu of thy benevolence,
To my requestes be mercyfull attendaunce,
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentance.
The Testament. 345

(56)

My wrecched lyf tamenden and correcte

I me purpose, with support of thi grace,

Thy deth thy passioun thy crosse shall me directe,

Which suffredest deth, Iesu, for our trespace.  419

I, wrecche onworthy to lok vpon thy face,

Thy fete embracyng, fro which I shali not twynne,

Mercy requyryng, thus I wyH begynne.  422

III.

Iesus.

(57)

O myghty lord, of powere myghtyest!

Without whom alle force is febylnesse,

Bovnteous Iesu! of gode godlyest

Mercy thy bedel, or thou thy domes dresse,  426

Dylayest rigour, to punishe my wykednesse,

Lengest abydyng, lothest to do vengeaunce,

O blessed Iesu! of thyn high goodnesse,

Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentaunce.  430

(58)

Though thou be myghty, thou art eke mercyable,

To alle folkes that mekely hem repente;

I a wrecche contagyous and coupable,

To alle outrages redy for tassent,  434

But of hole herte and wyll in myn entent,

Of olde and newe all vicious gouernaunce,

Of youthe, of age, and of mystyme spent.

Graunte or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentaunce.  438

(59)

Of my confessioun receyve the sacrifique

Be my tunge vp offered onto the,

That I may seyn in all my best[e] guyse
Mekely with Daviud, have mercy vpon me!

Salue alle my sores, that they ne cankred be,
With noon olde rust of dysesperaunce;
Which of hole herte crye vpon my kne
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentaunce.

(60)

Brydel my desires.
O Iesu! Iesu! here myn orisoun;
Brydel myn outrage vnder thy disciplyne;
Fetre sensualite, enlumyne my resoun,
To folowe the traces of spirituall doctryne;
Lat thi grace lede me as ryght as lyne
With humble herte, to lyve to thy plesaunce;
And blyssed Iesu! or I this lyf shal fyne,
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentaunce.

(61)

Make me to hate all else save Thee.
Suffre me to haue savour nor sweetnesse
But in thy name that called is Iesu;
Alle foreyn thing to me make bitternesse,
Saue only Iesu, most souereyne of vertu!
To my professioun accordyng and most du,
Euere to be prented in my remembraunce,
At myn ende to graunt me this issu,
Tofore my deth, shryft, hosel, repentaunce.

(62)

No lord but Jesus.
No lord but Iesu, most mercyable and benygne,
Which of mercy toke our humanyte,
And of loue, to shewe a souereyn sygne,
Suffredest passyoun vpon the rode tre,
Only to fraunchyse our mortalite,
Which stode in daungere of Sathanes encoumbraunce.
Or I passe hens, Iesu! graunt onto me
Tofore my deth shryfte, hosel, and repentaunce.
I am excited and moved of nature
This name Iesu soucreynly to preyse;
Name commended most hyghly in scripture,
Which name hath powere dede men to preyse
To lyf eternall, whos vertu doth so peye,
Ageyn my synnes weyed in balaunce
That grace and mercy shal so counterpeyse,
Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentauce. 478

Lat me not reste, nor haue no quiete;
Occupy ye my soule with spirytuall tranayle
To syng and seyn, O mercy, Iesu suete!
My proteccioun geyn fendes in batayle!
Set asyde al odir apparayll—
And in Iesu, putte all hole myn affiaunce,
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentauce. 486

My feyth, myn hope, to the Iesu doth calle,—
Whiche glorious name shal never out of my mende.
I shaull the seke what happe that euer befalle,
Be grace and mercy, in trust I shaull the fynde;
And but I deede, trewly I were vnkynde,
Which for my sake were perced with a launce,
Onto the herte, Iesu! lef not behynde
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentauce. 494

Ther is no God, Iesu, but thou allone;
Souerynest, and eke most mercyfull,
Fayrest of fayre! erly, late and sone,
Stable, and most strong, pietous and rightfull, 498

Reformyng synneres that ben in vertu dull,
Dauntyng the proude, mekenesse to enhance,
Thy tunne of mercy is euery a-liche full;
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentance.

Let me speak to Thee.

Suffre of mercy I may to the speke,
O blyssed Iesu! and godely do adverte;
Who shal yene me leyser out to breke,
That thou Iesu mayst entren in myn herte
There to abyde more nere than my sherte
With aureat letres, graue there in substantye?
Provide for me, and late it not asterte,
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentance.

Thou art my health.

Sey to my soule, Iesu, thou art myn helthe.
Heryng this voys, after I shal pursue;
Skoure that place from all gostly fylthe,
And vices alle fro thens to remewe,
Thyn Holy Gost close in that lytel mewe;
Part not lyghtly, make soche chevisaunce
Tencrece in vertu and vices to eschewe,
And or I deye shryft, hosel, repentance.

Show Thy face upon me.

Shewe glad thy face, and thy lyght don shede,
The mercyful lyght of thyn eyzen twyne
On me thi servaunt which hath so moch neede
For his synnes to wepe[n] and compleyne.
And blyssed Iesu! of mercy not disdeyne
Thi gracious shoures lat reyne in abundance
Upon myn herte, tadewen euery veyne,
And or I deye shryft, hosel, repentance.

(70)

Saluus me fac in misericordia tua domine. [leaf 64]

Save me thy servant, O Lord! in thy mercy,

For lack of which let me not be confounded,
For in the, Jesu, my hope stant synally,

And all my trust in the Jesu is grounded,

For my synnes thyneke, Jesu, thou were wounded,

Naked on the rode be mortall grete penance,

Be which the power of Sathan was confounded,

Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentaunce.

(71)

Tu es refugium meum a tribulacione.

Thou art, Jesu, my socour and refuge,

Geyn every tempest and tribulacion,

That worldly wawes with ther mortall deluge

Ne drowne me nat in the dredfull dongeoun,

Where Caribdes hath domynacioun,

And Circes syngeth songes of disturbaunce,

To passe that daunger be my proteccioun,

Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentaunce.

(72)

Quis habbit michi venias in cor meum.

Who shal yeue me lich to myn entent,

That thou Jesu mayst make thyne herbergage,

Be receyvyng of Holy sacrament,

Into myn herte, which is to myn olde age

Repast eternall geyn all foreyn damage,

Dewly receyvyng with deuout observaunce?

Celestiall guerdoura, ende of my pilgrymage,

Is shryft, and hosel, and hertly repentaunce.

(73)

I fele myn herte brotel and roynous, [leaf 64, back]

Nat purified Jesu therin to reste,

Save me in Thy mercy, Lord.

Thou art my socour.

Let me come to Thee.
But as a carpentere cometh to a broken hous,
Or an artificer repareth a reven cheste, 554
So thou, Iesu, of crafty men the best,
Repare my thought, broke with mys gouernance,
Visite my soule, my herte of stele to breste,
Graunt or I dye shryfte, hosel, repentaunce. 558

(74)
With wepyng eyen and contrite chere,
Accepte me, Iesu, and my compleynt conceyve,
As most onworthy tappere at thyn autere,
Which in my-self no vertu apparcyeve, 562
But yf thy mercy be grace me recyeve,
Be synful leuyng brought onto outrance,
Pray with good hope, which may not disseyve,
Graunt or I dye shryfte, hosel, repentaunce. 566

(75)
Cryeng to the, that deydest on the rode,
Which with thy blood were steyned & made reed,
And on Sherthursday gaf vs to our fode 570
Thi blessed body, Iesu, in forme of brede,
To me most synfull graunt or I be ded,
To cleyme be mercy for myn enheritaunce,
That with sharp thorne were crownd on pi hed,
Or I passe hens shryfte, hosel, and repentaunce. 574

(76)
And one request in especiall, 578
Graunt me, Iesu, whil I am here a-lyve,
Euere to haue prented in my memorial,
The remembraunce of thy woundes fyve,
Nayles with the spere that dyd thy herte ryve,
Thy crowne of thorne, which was no smal penaunce,
Language and tounge, me dewly for to shryve,
The holy vnccioun, shryft, hosel, repentaunce. 582

554 rever] broken T. 556 with my ins. R. 557 to] H L.
thou all other MSS. 559 eyen] om. Ha. and a ins. Hy R Pn
J T. 561 to] T. 564 a trounce Ha. 565 I preye T.
568 was H Pn R J. 569 to] om. T. 574 and] om. Hy J
The Testament.

(77)

Alle the toknes of thy passioun,
I prey the, Iesu, grave hem in my memorye,
Dewly marke myd Centre of my resoune,
On Calvery thy triumphall victorie,
Man to restore to thyn eternall glorie,
Be meditacioun of thi meke sufferaunce,
Out of this exile, vnseur and transitorye,
And when I passe shryfte, hosel, repentaunce,

(78)

Of thy mercy requyryng the to myne
Of my mende the mydpoynt most profounde,
This word Iesu my .v. wittes tenlumyne,
In length & brede like a large wounde,
Alle yd thoughtes taryode hem and confounde,

(79)

Of this prayere mekely I make an ende,
Vnder thy mercyfull supportacioun,
O gracious Iesu, graunt where-euere I wende,
To haue memorie vpon thi passioun,
Testimonyal of my redempcioue,
In my testament set for allegeaunce,
This clause last of my peticion,
Graunt or I deye shryft, hosel, repentaunce!

IV.

Iesus.

(80)

During the tyme of this sesoun Ver,
I mene the sesoun of my yeres grene,
Gynnyng fro childhode strecched vp so fer

To the yeres accounted full fyftene,
Bexperyence, as it was weel sene,
The geryssh sesoun, straunge of condicioins,
Disposed to many vnbrydeled passiouns. 613

(81)
I was wild and wanton.

Easily angered,
in awe only of the rod,
hated school,

Voyd of resovn, youe to wilfullnesse,
Froward to vertu, of thryfte take litel hede,
Sane pley or merth, straunge to spelle or rede,
Folowyng alle appetytes longyng to childhede,
Lyghtly turnyng, wylde and selde sad,
Wepyng for nowst, and anone after glad. 620

(82)
For litel wroth to stryue with my felawe, [leaf 65]
As my passionus did my brydell lede,
Of the yerd sumtyme I stood in awe,
To be skowred, that was al my drede ;
Loth toward skole, lost my tyme in dede,
Lyke a yong colt that ran without brydell,
Made my frendes ther good to spend in ydell. 627

always late, I had in custome to come to skole late,

contentious, With my felawes redy to debate,
To Iangle or Iape was sett all my pleasaunce;
Wherof rebuked this was my chevesaunce,
untruthful, surly,
To forge a lesyng, and therupon to muse,
Whanne I trespassed, my-selven to excuse. 634

(84)
To my better did no reuerence,
Of my sovereynes gaf no force at all,
Wex obstinat by Inobedience,

610 fully R Pn H. of fiftene Ha. 611 it} om. T. 613
vnbrydly T. 615 to] of T. 616 vertoons ins. Pn R. 617 or]
and T. 621 Full lightly wroth T. 622 my] many T. 623
stood] was T. stode I soumtyme Pn R. 624 scourgad Ha T.
625 rynneth T. 626 And so I made T. to spend her good Ha T.
ther] gyue Pn. 629 contynuance T. 630 for to Ha. 631
or] and other MSS. 632 so of rebukyng T. 634 myse
JT. for to T. 636 force] kepe T.
The Testament.

Ran into gardeynes, apples ther I stall;
To gadre frutes, spared nedir hegge nor wall,
To plukke grapes In other mennes vynes
Was more redy, than for to sey matynes.

\[(85)\]

My lust was all to skorne folke and jape, [leaf 66, back] always play-
Shrewed turnes euer among to vse,
To skoffe and mowen like a wantoun ape,
When I dyd euele, other I koude accuse,
My wyttes fyve in wast I did alle vse,
Redier cheristones for to telle
Than gon to chirche, or here the saeryng belle.

\[(86)\]

Loth to ryse, lother to bedde at eve,
With vnwasshe hondes redy to dyner,
My pater nostor, my crede, or my beleve,
Cast atte cok, lo, this was my maner!
Wawed with eche wynd, as doth a reedsper,
Snybbed of my frendes, sucche tecches tamende,
Mad deef ere, list not to them attende.

\[(87)\]

A chyld resembllyng which was not lyke to thryve,
Froward to God, rekles in his seruyce,
Loth to correczion, slough my-schue to shryve,
All good thewes redy to despice,
Chief belweder of [feynyd] truantice, 1 MS. froward.
This is to mene, myself I coude feyne,
Sike like a truant, and felt no maner peyne.


LYDGATE, M. F. A A
The Testament.

(88) My port, my pas, my foot allwey vnstable,  
My loke, myn eyen, vnsure and vagabound,  
In alle my werkes sodeynly chaungable,  
To all good thewes contrarye I was founde,  
Now ouersadd, now mornyng, now ioconnde,  
Wilfull, rekles, made stertyng as a hare,  
To folowe my lust for no man wold I spare.

(89) Entryng this tyme into relygioun,  
Onto the plowe I put forth myne hond,  
A yere complete made my profession,  
Consideryng litel charge of thilke bond,  
Of perfeccioun ful gode example I fond,  
Ther techyng good, in me was [all] the lake,  
With Lothes wyf I loked often abak.

(90) Taught of my maystres be vertuous disciplyne  
My loke restreyne, and kepe clos my syght,  
Of blyssed Benet to folowe the doctryne,  
And here me lowly to ever maner wyght,  
Be the aduertence of myn Inward syght,  
Cast to godward of hole affeccioun,  
To folowe thempryses of my professioun.

(91) His holy rewle was onto me rad,  
And expouned in ful notable wyse,  
Be vertuouse men, religious and sad,  
Ful weel experte, discrete, prudent, and wys,  
Of observaunces of many gostly empryse;  
I herd all weel, but towchyng to the dede,  
Of that thei taught I toke litel hede!
Of religion I wore a black habit,
Only outward as be apparence,
To follow that charge saoured but fullyte,
Saue be a maner counterfete pretence;
But in effecte ther was none existence,
Like the image of Pygmalyon,
Shewed lyffly, and was made but of ston.

Vpon the ladder, with staves thryes thre,
The .ix. degrees of vertuous mekenesse
Called in the reule grees of humylite,
Wheron tascende my feet me lyst not dresse,
But be a maner fyned fals humblenesse,
So conerty, whan folkes were present,
On to shewe outward, another in myn entent.

First, where as I forsook myne owne wylle,
Shette with a look of obedience,
Tobeye my souereynes, as it was ryght & skylle,
To followe the skole of perfyt pacience,
To myn Eymes1 doon worship and reuerence,—
Folowyng the reuers, toke all another weye,
What I was boden, I koude weel disobeye.

With tongue at large and brotel conseynce,
Ful of wordes, disordinat of language,
Rekeles to kepe my lyppes in silence,
Mouth, eyen, and eres token ther avauntage,
To haue ther cours onbydelede be outrage,
Out of the reynes of attemperaunce,
To sensualyte gaf alle the gouernance.

riotous, liking vain fables, slanderous, Wacche out of tyme, ryot and dronkenesse, Vnfructuous talkyng, Intemperat diete, To veyn fables I did myn eres dresse, Fals detraccioun among was to me swete, To talke of vertu me thought it was not mete, To my corage nor my compleccioun, Nor nat that sowned toward perfeccioun.

lazy, hating holy histories, a wine-lover, One with the firste to take my dispote, Last that aros to come to the quere, On contemplacionn I fond but small comforte, Holy histories did to me no chier,— I savoured more in good wyne that was clere,— And euery houre my passage for to dresse, As I seyd erst, to ryot or excesse.

Kowde grucch, And fond no cause why, Causeles ofte compleynyng on my fare, Geyn my correcciouns answered frowardly, Withoute reuerence, list no man to spare, Of al vertu and pacience I was bare, Of rekles youthe list non hede to take, What Cryst Iesu suffred for my sake.

Which now remembrying in my later age, Tyme of my childhode, as I reherse shall, Wythinne .xv. holdyng my passage, Myd of a cloyster, depiete vpon a walt, I savgh a crucifyx, whos woundes were not smalle, With this [word] “vide,” writhe there besyde, "Behold my mkenesse, O child, and leve thy pryde."

The Testament.

(100)

The which word, whan I dyd vnnderstond, [leaf 69]

In my laste age takyng the sentence,
Theron remembrance, my penne I toke in honde,

Can to wryte with humble reverence,

On this word, "vide," with humble diligence,
In remembrance of Crystes passioun,

This litel dite, this compilacioun.

750 Now I will write a song upon this word in remembrance.

Iesus.

Vide.

(101)

Beholde, o man! lyft vp thyn eye, and see
What mortall peyne I suffre for thi trespass,
With pietous voy I crye, and sey to the,

Beholde my woundes, behold my blody face,
Beholde the rebukes that do me so manace,
Beholde my enemys that do me so despice,
And how that I to reforme the to grace,

Was like a lambe offred in sacrifise.

757 Behold, my passion.

Behold the paynemes of whom that I was take, Behold my passion.

Behold the cordes with whiche pat I was bounde,
Behold the Armoures which made my herte to quake,

Beholde the gardeyn in which pat I was founde,

Behold how Iudas toke xxxd pens rounde,

Beholde his tresoun, beholde his couetyse,

Behold how I with [many a] mortall wounde,
Was like a lambe offred in sacrifice.

764 Behold, O man, what I suffer for thee.
(103)

Se my disciple which that hath me sold,
And se this fyned fals salutacioun,
And se the monye which that he hath told,
And se his kyssing and fals decepcioun,
Behold also the compassed fals tresoun,
Take as a thief with lanternes in ther guyse,
And afterward for mannys redempcioun,
Was like a lambe offered in sacrifice.

(104)

Behold to Cayphas how I was presented,
Behold how Pilat lyst zene me no respite,
Behold how bysshope were to my deth assented,
And se how Herawde had me in despite,
And like a fool how I was clad in whight,
Drawn as a feloun in most cruel wyse,
And last of alle, I, after ther delught,
Was like a lambe offered in sacryfice.

(105)

Behold the mynystres which had me in kepyng,
Behold the peler and the ropes stronge,
Where I was bounde my sydes down bledyng,
Most felly bete with [there] skorges long
Behold the batayle that I did vnderfonge,
The bront abydyng of ther mortall empryse,
Thorgh ther accusyng and ther sklaundres wrong,
Was like a lambe offered in sacryfice.

(106)

Behold and se the hatefull wrecchednesse,
Put ageyn me to my confusion,
Meyn eyen hyd and blended with derkenesse,
Bete and eke bobbed by fals illusioun,
Salued in skorn beh ther fals knelyng down,
Behold al this, and se the mortal guyse,
How I only, for mannes salnacioun,
Was like a lombe offered in sacryfice.

(107)
Se the witnesse be whom I was deceyved,
Behold the fuges that gaf my fugement,
Behold the crosse that was for me devysed,
Behold my body with betynge all torent,
Behold the people which of fals entent,
Causeles dyd ageyn me ryse,
Whiche like a lambe of malys Innocent,
Was like a lambe offered in sacryfice.

(108)
Behold the woman that folowed me aferre, [leaf 70, back]
That sore wept whan I thus was assayled,
Behold the iewe whiche be ther cruell werre,
Han my body vnto the cros I-nayled,
Behold my tormentes most sharply apparyled,
Atwene to theves put to my Iuyse;
Behold how mychel my deth hath eke avayled,
That was for man offered in sacryfice.

(109)
Behold the spere most sharply grounde & whette,
Myn herte wounded vpon the ryght syde,
Beholde the reed spyre galle and eysel fett,
Behold the skornynges which pat I did abyde;
And my .v. woundes that were made so wyde,
Which no man list of rewthe to aduertyse;
And thus I was of mekenesse ageyn pryde,
For mannes offence offered in sacryfice.

798 Salust Ar. fals] om. L. 799 the] om. Ar. 803 my] me
Rn Pn R. 806 the whiche Sh. of] for Rn. 809 was for
mankynde Hy J Sh R Pn. 810 women Hy Sh. me] om. Rn.
afterre Pn R. 812 which my Inemies war Ar. ther] om. Rn.
813 Han] Hang Ar. the] a Hy Pn R. nayled Pn R. 815
Iuyse J Rn. ieywse Pn R. om. Hy. Iewise Sh. Iuyse Ld. 816
deth] dedis Ar. hath] om. Sh. 817 I was ins. H. Other MSS. omit.
821 skornynges] scourgynges Pn R. pat] om. Ha Sh. 822 my]
om. Pn R.
The Testament.

(110)

Se my discipes, how thei haue me forsake,
And fro me feld almost everychoi,
Se how they slepte and lyst not with me wake,
Of mortall drede they lefte me alle alone;
Except my moder and my cosyn Seynt Iohn,
My deth compleynyng in most doolfull wyse,
Se, fro my crosse they wold neuer goon,
For mannes offence whan I did sacryfice.

(111)

Se how that I was Inged to the deth,
Se Baraban gon at his libertie,
Se with a spere Longens me sleth,
Beholde two lycours distylynyng down fro me,
Se blood and water by mercifull plente,
Rayle be my sydes, which ought Inow suffyece
To man whan I vpon the rood tree,
Was like a lambe offered in sacryfice.

(112)

Behold the knyghtes which be ther froward chaunce
Sat for my clothes at the des to play;
Behold my modyr swownyng for grevaunce,
Vpon the crosse when she sawe me deye;
Beholde the sepulcre in which my bones lay,
Kepte with strong wacche til I did aryse,
Of helle gates, se how I brake the keye,
And gaf for man my blood in sacryfice.

(113)

And geyn thi pryde behold my gret mekenesse,
Geyn thyn envie behold my charite,
Geyn thi leecherye behold my chast clennesse,
Geyn thi conctysye behold my pouerte,
Atweene too thevys nayled to a tree,
Rayled with reed blood, they lyst me so desguyse,
Behold, O man! all this I did for the,
Meke as a lambe offred in sacryfice. 857

(114)
Behold my lone, and gyf me thyn ageyn, [leaf 71, back]
Behold, I deyde thy raunsom for to paye,
Se howe myn herte is open brode and pleyn,
Thy gostly enemies onely to affraye, 861
An hardere batayle no man myght assaye,
Wher-for, O man! no longer to dismaye,
I gaf for the my blood in sacryfice. 865

(115)
Turne home ageyn, thy synne do forsake,
Behold and se yf ought be left behynde,
How I to mercy am redy the to take,
Gyf me thyn herte and be no more vnkynde ; 869
Thy lone and myn, togedyr do hem bynde,
And late hem neuer parte in no wyse,
Whan thou were lost, thy sowle ageyn to fynde
My blod I offred for the in sacryfice. 873

(116)
Emprente thes thynges in thyn inward thought,
And grane hem depe in thy remembraunce,
Thynke on hem [wel], and forgete hem nowght,
Al this I suffred to do the allegaunce, 877
And with my seyntes to yeve the suffisaunce,
In the hevenly court for the I do devyse
A place eternall, a place of all plesaunce,
For which my blood I gaf in sacryfice. 881

857 as] like Ar. 859 Belde R sic. 860 open] om. Rn. 862 assayle Rn. 864 O] om. Ha Rn. to] H. the all other MSS. 866 do] om. Pn R Ha J. 870 blynde Ha Rn. 871 departe in any wise Ar. 872 agane þi saule Ar. 875 deeply Ar. 876 wel Hy R Sh L LD J. om. H. hem (2)] me Ar. 877 the allegaunce] thy deligene Ar. 879 In hevin a croun I do for ye devise. 880 a place (2)] om. L Hy.
(117)
And more my mercy to putte att a preef,
To every synnere that non ne shal it mysse,
Remembre how I gaf mercy to the theef,
Which hadde so longe trespassed and doon amys ;
Went he not frely with me to paradise ?
Have this in mende, how it is my guyse
All repentaunt to bryng hem to my blysse,
For whom my blood I gaf in sacryfice.

(118)
Tarry no longer toward thyne herytage,
Hast on thy weye and be of ryght good chere,
Go eche day onward on thy pylgrymage,
Thynke howe short tyme thou hast abyden here;
Thy place is bygged aboue the sterres clere,
Noon erthly palys wrought in so statly wyse,
Kome on my frend, my brother most entere !
For the I offered my blood in sacryfice !

Amen.

Explicit testamentum Johannis Lydgate.

882 puttyng Ld. puten L Hy. put to Rn Ha Sh Ar. 884
69. A KALENDAIRE.

[MS. Bodl. Rawlinson B. 408, leaves 1 6.]

(1)

Januarius.

III. A.  KL.  O  Iesu lorde, for pi Circumsicyon,
   b  iiiij  N  In pe begynnyn as of pe new yer,
   xi  c  iiij  N  Kepe me euer from al conflusyon,
   d  iij  N  When pat I shal stonde at myne answere;
   xix  e  Nonas  Lorde, graunt me grace wel for to apere,
   viij  f  viij  ID  And for pi worshipful Epyphanye,
   g  viij  ID  Graunt pou me good lyfe, and wel for to dye.

(2)

xvi  A  vj  ID  Now pray for me, blessid Seynt Lucyan,
   v  b  v  ID  That I myght be hadde forth vnto somer daunce,
   c  iiiij  ID  There God reulith both angel and man,
   xiiij  d  iij  ID  In right true lowe with-outen variance.
   ij  e  iij  Idd  3iffe me som comfort, as of acqueyntance,
   f  Idus  Iff  Confessour and bishop Seynt Hillary,
   x  g  viij  KL.  With good Seynt Felice, pat joy eth pe by.

(3)

A  xvijj  KKL.  O  sacred abbot Maure, kepe me from vyce,
   xvijj  b  xvij  KKL  With help of pe pope and martir Marcel,
   viij  c  xvj  KL  I pray pe teche me, blessid Seynt Sulpine.
   dv  KL  With pat haly virgyn Prisce, synge nowel.
   xv  e  xijjj  KL  O byshop Wolstan, 3iff me good counel,
   iijj  f  xijj  KL  And pece martirs, Fabian and Sebastian,
   g  xij  KL  With pe, virgyn Agnes, pat wel help can.

1 Probably only revamped by Lydgate, and included here as doubtful.
A Kalendare.

(4)

Sette my pacience, halowed Vincent,
That hit may grow withynne my inwarde saule.

Conuert pou us from al euell entent,
Glorious conversion of Seynt Poule,
That we escape pe wikked fendas braule,
Help us, Seynt Iulyan, to be vnbound,
With pe, virgyn Agnes, now pe secound.

(5)

Kepe us dayly from al maner of synne,
Quene Batylde, in especial from pryde,
Suffer us neuer for to dye pere ymne.

Februarius.

Iesu for pi holy virgyn Seynt Bryde,
O purfyfed lady be now our gyde,
Teche us to lyue wel, o bysshopen Seynt Blase,
For pis wrecched lyfe is but as a mase.

(6)

Lede pou us virgyn and martir Agas,
And pe bishhopes Vedast and Amand,
We walke now here in pis derkenes, alas,
Teche us pe trouthe for to vnderstond;
Delyueryng us from the fendes bond,
Help pu us holy virgyn Seynt Scolast,
Until pis short lyfe here be ouer past.

(7)

Be of good comfort and ioye now, hert[e] mync,
Wel mayst pu glade and verray lusty be,
For as I hope truly, Seynt Valentyne
Wil schewe us loue, and verray lusty be with me.
O virgyn Iulyan, I chese now the
To my valentyne, both with hert and mouth,
To be true to pe, wold God pat I couth.

(8)

I hope and trist to lerne for to pursewe
Aftur pese valentynes be metre,
I love pem al wel, with olde and newe,

22 halowed] seynt B H L.
23 hit] I L (sic). in my soule B H L.
24 pere] om. B H L.
26 the fendys alle B H (and
prob. L: the last word is blotted).
27 pere] om. B H L.
B H L.
40 That we be deluyued B H L. bord] band B H haunde D.
41 pere] om. B H L.
44 verray] om. B H L.
46 us] me H. om. B L. and dancwe with me D L. dancwe] ioye B H.
48 both] om. B H L.
51 by thyss ins. B H L.
52 pere] om. B H L.
With cathedracion of Seynt Petre, Nomore of loue y me entremetre,
I pray pe now apostel Seynt Mathye, For cristes true loue I do lyue and dye.

O true valentyne is oure lord to me,
Al his body on pe crosse he spredde,
And for pat my soule his spouse shuld be.

With his blode Seynt Dauid he did me wedde
Pray for me now, with sacred Seynt Chedde,
That I to hym my couenaunt wole holde,
That for me was both bought and solde.

In pis world here shal not we longe ben,
VN-to a-noþer contrey we ben bought,
Now pray for us, moost holy virgyn,
That in oure wey no wise we erre nought.
But al oure werkes both in worde and pought,
Be made so plesaunt vuto pi hyze spurse,
That we may ben servantes in his hyze house.

O holy doctour, blessid pope Gregour,
That sendist Seynt Austyn in-to Englonde,
In my temptaion I may fynde socour
By comfort of pi moost gracyous soonde,
But it by pi writyng I vndirstonde
That al pis wrecchid lyfe is here ful harde,
Now pray for us blessid kyng Seynt Edward.
3GG
Kalendare.

(x2)

xv A xiiiij
K L

We ben ful myche dayly in Goddes dette,
Good bishop Cuthbert, pray þu now for us,
And þou holy Abbot good Seynt Benette,
Help whyle we stond in þe myre now þus.

81

(e x iiiij
K L

That oure godd lord now, sweete Iesus,
May make us þerof a mytigacion
In reuence of his Anunciacion.

84

(ix g viiiij
A viij

O bessed lady, with þís Emanuel,
Now for his glorious Resureccion,
Helpe us with pine angel Gabriel,
For his worshipful salutation,
And for his merovlous incarnacion
Which þat wroght was þorgh þe Holigost,

Aprlis.
[leaf 2, back]

91

(g KL

Kepe us, lady, vnder þi bessid ost.

(x3)

xiiijx A vj N
xj b iij N
xix c ij N
*viij d Noñas
xvij e viij
xvij f viij
vij g vj

Now thinke on gentil oft chose,
For þe riȝt good prayer of Seynt Richard,
And for þe huge loue of doctour Ambrose,
For þis world is now ful fals and hard,
Turne not swete lady þi chere awayward,
For al pogh þat we riȝt synful be,
The more neðe lady haue we now to þe.

95

98

(x4)

xiiij A v
iij b iij ID
x d iij ID
xvij f xvij KL
vij g xviij

Who spareth to speke he spareth to spede,
Therfor we ought to cry both day & nyght,
Now helpe us, good lady; in oure neðe,
For þi halowed some ys ful of myght;
Of the bessed sonne been zeue us summe light,

102

105

While ye that I lyue, y wil no wyse sese
To crye on hym that ys my sooreryn lege,
Halowed kyng Iesu now sende us pese,
For the holy prayer of Seynt Alphege,
I wil now me walke from sege to sege,
And pray to help me now euer saynt,
For vnto hym I made the my complaynt.

O sacred Seynt George, oure lady knyght,
To pat lady ye pray now for me;
3euenth me, Seynt Marke, some goostely sight,
Pat I may my-self be bettur to se,
Alas myne ye is blynd in his degre,
But zitte y pray ye marter Seynt Vital,
Help me to lyue wel, when pat I dye shal.

And ye two apostelis now both in fere,
Philip and Iacob, maken menecon
To God of us al, in oure good prayere,
Now, for the holy Crosse Inuencyon,
Henue blisse wene ane, for oure pension,
Thorgi meryte of py dyuyne Ascencion
With ye helpe of Seynt Iohn at porte latyne.

Now glorious seynt, Iohn of Beuerlay,
I pray ye hertely, draw not a backe,
Gadre us floure of heavenly maye,
With martyrs Gordian and Epimache,
And cureth py-wer with oure grete soules ache,
Now, Nerei Achille, And Pancerce
Seyth foruenesse as of oure trespase.

Good seyntes, make ye al oure soules hole
Aazenst pe hyse fest as of Pentecost,
Pat we ben cladded in a snow whyst stole,
Thorgh pe vertue of pe Holy Goost,
He us comfort pat is of myghtes moost,
With pe holy prayers of Seynt Dunston,
For with out hym forsoth wytte haue we noon. 140

God, pat is but one in persones thre,
Holy Trynyte withoute begynnyng,
Sende us such grace, pat we saued may be,
When we shal passe at pis lynes endyng, 144
Helpe us Seynt Aldelme, for oure amendyng,
With pe feste of Corpus Christi, and Seynt Austyne,
Which pat taught us to his feyth enclyne. 147

O pou blessed bysshop, Seynt German,
I pray pe my petcyyon fulfyl,
I pray pe same, as hertilys as I can,
Helpe us gentil virgy, Seynt Petronyl. 151

Also Seynt Nichomede, I pray py good wille,
Teche me oure daunce, Marcellyne and Petre,
To whom I syng with pis sympl metre. 154

I cry vnto 3ow now, al on a rowe,
In special to martyr Boneface,
With al pi felowes, both hyse and lowe,
That ye gete to us repentance and space, 158
Medard and Gildard, now where is your grace,
Prayeth for our synnes [Seynt Edmund],
And aftur pis lyfe to haue pe secund. 161
(24) Now blessid Seynt Barnard, for us pray,
With pe good Batylde, pe martyr and preste,
That we be cloped al in 3oure array,
Where as he sittthe at his ryal feste, 165
Kepe 3oue now I pray 3oue Vite and Modeste,
Cyrerce and Iulytte, kepe us fro pe wulfe,
And lyghtoure goost eclipsed Seynt Botulfe. 168

(25) Prayeth for us, Marcellyan and Marke,
Wyth Gerusase and Prothase, martyrys ylkone,
This world now, Seynt Edward! wenyth darke,
For oure unwyrd syght ys almost agone, 172
Lede oure first martyr, Seynt Albone,
Etheldrede of Ely, I pray now helpe me,
Wyth Seynt Iohn Baptist pe natuite. 175

(26) Beryng us mydysomer of heuenly blys,
I pray 3ow martyrys both Paule and Iohn,
Whereof gladsom myrth we shal not mys,
For pat Leo Pope endureth al one, 179
Now Petre and Paule, I trist 3ow vpon,
And, Seynt Paule ji commenmorycon,
IULIUS. [leaf 4]

(27) Helpe us euere to oure saluacyon. 182

O 3e martyr, Martynyan and Processe,
Now ali oure fowres begynneth to fade.
In pis erth, Martyn, is but wrechidnesse,
Syth pat Adam put pe-on his spade ;
Now, merciful God, pat al ping hath made,
For pe translacyon of Seynt Thomas
Beryng us ones to his endeles solace. 189

162 blessid] om. B H L M. Barnabe M B H. 163 with good Basilde martir B H L M.
164 wer] I may M. al] om. L M. Margin of D: Sol in canon. 165 as ye sitte M. in
the fest B H. atte fest M. 
166 Help now B H L. Kepe me M.
167 alue (1)] om. D. 168 me M. Sent Cerise and Richard kepe of pe wolfe L. 168 eclipsed]
pe mydysomer L. to mydysomer B H. 177 hot] om. M D. thoroughge martyrdes D. 179
gladson myrth] myrth B H M. gladsoyme D sic. as myrth L. 179 For] Where M.
pat] om. L. seynt Leo N. pe pope L (scratched), 180 tryst vs vppon B H. 181 pe] the

LYDGATE, M. P. B B
A Kalendare.

(28)
A viij 1D  
Lo now tyme passith of chyrry fayre,
Therfor I pray you ben, Brethren seyyn,
That I may be one of Benet ys heyre,

(29)
iiij A xvj 1KL
I mette a while with blessid Seynt Botulphe,

(30)
xvj A x 1KL
Seynt Appollinare, teche me soure games,
A Kalendarce.

371

xvj d iiij N Unbynde us, [with pe] blessid pope Steven, 214
v e iiij N And sacred Stephen, deken [of heuen] 214
f iij N Help with pe inerytes many a folde,

xiiij g Nonas With pis kyng and martir Seynt Oswolde. 217

(32)
ij A viij Seynt Sixte, pe pope, for Goddes loue and sake,

b viij With Donate Byshop, do pe diligence,

x e vj And with pe felows Seynt Cyriake,

d v With Seynt Romane, helpe pe oure conscience. 221

xviij e iiiij O pow worthy martir, Seynt Laurence,

vij f iij Pray for us now, with pe Seynt Fyburne,

g iij I hope now, hit will be neuer pe wurse. 224

(33)

Seuynt Ypolyte, here my peteuyon,

With Seynt Euseby, the holy confessour,

Now, lady, for hyse Assumpcyon,

3eue us pe hande, and pe holy socour,

That we nowe nowe styge in-to pe hyse toure,

Where pat glorious Seynt Magne is with pe

Lady [Agapite], only socour me!

(34)

To my valentyne, lady, I chese pe,

Whom pat I wyl chaunge neuer for no newe,

Now pray for me, halowed Seynt Tymotho,

To my lady pat I euer be trewe.

Helpe me nowe, I pray pe, Seynt Bartilmewe,

So worthy apostil as pow art one,

For better helpe pe prayer can I none.

(35)

Helpe us, Seynt Ruphe, pe martir of Crist,

And Seynt Austyn, pe worthy hyse doctour,

With Decollacyon of Seynt Iohn Baptyst
A Kalendare.

vij d iiij KL Seynt Felice, pray Iesu xpyyst our saviour, 242
With blessyd Seynt Cuthburge, pat virgyn flour,
September. [leaf 5]

xvj f KL So pat we may dauns with hooly Seynt Gyle,
v g iiiij N In heuen an hy3e aftir pis litul whyle. 245

(36)

A iiij Al pis world ys ful of care and pyne,
xiiij b ij Now pray for us, holy bysshop Seynt Cuthbert
ij c Nonas With pe holy Abbot, Seynt Bertyne,
d viij ID That we may now graciously astert;
x e vij ID Jitte I pray to pe with al myne hert,
f vj ID Lady for pi joyful Natuyte,
xvij g v ID That with Seynt Gorgone pou penke on me. 252

(37)

vij A iiij Souerayn lady, pyne Vtas we done holde,
b iiij With Prothe and Iacincte A commemoracyon,
xv e ij Muche grace of the lady haue I herde tolde,
niiij d Idus. Now helpe lady in our temptacyon,
 e xvij For by holy Crosse Exaltacon,
xij f xvij Pray for us now marrow atte oure moost nede,
i g xvij With virgyn Edythe for pe bettyr spede. 259

(38)

A xv Now, pou bysshop and marrow Seynt Lambert,
x b xiv Pray here for us al, to swete Iesu Crist,
c xiiij That he poure and clene oure soules and hert,
xvij d xij Fro al wikked synful and derkely myst,
 vj e xj Help us Seynt Mathew pe euangelist,
f x And al pi felowe of Seynt Mauryce,
xiiij g x With pe virgyn Telle to make a spyce. 266

(rep.) D. 244 So] Also D. we] I M. ioye B H L M. hooly] om. B H L M. 245 an
 Margin of D: Dies caniculares finimur. 249 Helpe now M. 1 M. may] om. D.
me M. helpe vs B H. 257 thy sonsys ins. B H M L. for the holy crosses D. holy
virgyn] Seint M make] mak D. have M.
(39)

iiij A viij KL' 
That heauenly spyce, hit is ful swete,  
Help us þerof, good byshoppe Fermyne,  
Sacred Cipriane, þif hit wold be gete,  
With Cosme and Damane wold I dyne,  
Lede us pederward as ryght as a lyne,  
Seint Myghel, To þat heauenly kyngdome,  
Helpyng þe holy doctour Seint Jerome.  

October.  

[leaf 5, back]  

(40)

xvj A KL.  
Now holy Seint Kemyge, with al angeles,  
Thorg þe prayer of Seint Leodegate,  
Bring us now from al wrecchidnesse,  
Beyng ful of syne, wrecchid sorow, and care.  
I wyl not lone þis world I wyl be wel ware,  
For me hit is tyme as to lene þat warke,  
By help of 30w martirs Marcelline and Marke.  

(41)

xvij A viij ID  
I wyl be as stedfast as any stone,  
Helpe with þi felowes Seint Dyonyse,  
So þat I may dwelle with Seint Gerone,  
And with Seint Nichase in hyse paradise,  
For of þis lyfe I sette ful litil pryce,  
I pray þe, Seint Edward, confessour and kyng,  
That I may with Kalynte both hoppe and syng.  

(42)

i A Idus  
Teche me þe way, glorious Seint Wolfstan,  
To Myghel in þe Mount, wold I ryde,  
Flesch is my hors, sowle ys þe man,  
I pray þe, Seint Luke, for to be my gyde,  
Helpe me, ientyl virgyn, Seint Fryswyde,  
One of þe flores here of Englon,  
With al holy virgyns Eleuen þowesond.  

me M. ad] this B H L M.  Margin of D: + hora Va.  277 Beyng] om. B H L M.  
For me] om. B H. as] om. B H.  Now Seint Feithe bringe me to your werke M. helpe  
us sent feithe in this werke L.  280 þor] þe M. om. B H.  With þe marters Marcelline L.  
of] in B H D.  294 alle þe ins. L M B H.
That was a present, made al in a day.
Ful worthy to God, Seynt Romanian,
Hys flores in October as wel as I may,
God gaderyth Seynt Crystyn and Cryspynian,
Some of þem fadeth and wexith al wan,
Why? for her maners be so lewe and rude,
But prayeth for us now, Symon and Iude! 301

I cheese al seyntes to my valentine,
Trewly I hold hit ryght as for the beste,
Teche us for to Daunse, blessid Seynt Quyntyne,
Novembe.

Nonas

Lord Iesu Crist þo peynes ben ful scharpe,
Now Seynt Leonard, Helpe us perfore,
Make þem easy with þy moste dowcet harpe,
And þe four crowned, I pray þow euermore, 312
Helpynge with þy sawtyr Seynt Theodore.
That hit may aswage somewhat oure grete peyne,
With þe prayere of holy Seynt Martyne. 315

For þis holy daunce mynstralcys ys goode,
Now, Seynt Bruce, helpe with þy sommed lute,
That Criste wassh me with his precyous blode,
Pray for us now, al sacred Seynt Machute, 319
Edmund of Pountenye, now in euer snte,
I wold þat I were, with sacred Seynt Hewe,
Wherþe hit were colours whyte, rede, or blewre.

are in M B H. as wel as] and M. I in L B H. 298 Seynt[ om. B H L M. 299 al]i
Margyn of F H: November habet dies xxx, luna xxx. 305 þis moost] this L. M.
yhs B H D. 306 good] om. M. L. 307 Seint Wynfride pray for hem þat are in purgatory
M. 308 which suffreth there paynes fulf sorowfullly M. her] om. B H L D. bitturly
B H L M. 317 with] us with þi L. vs with his B H. me with þi M. souned]
Now pray for me M. vs now L. Maente B H L M. 320 now] om. B H L M. shute B H.
(Horsmann corrects sute to shoute in M !) shoute L. 321 þat ye I D (sic), om.
BHLM. 322 hit] ye D. colour] om. B H L M. in white or blew M. white or blew L.
(47)

I wold be cloped in Cristemasse lyueray, Helpe me perto, holy Edmund pe kyng,
Of al pat huge feste pere ys but a day, Where pat Seynt Cecily ys euer beyng,
And pere Seynt Clement ys euer enduring,
Bring me pere Grysogone with my valentyn, So pat I may daunse with Seynt Kateryne.

(48)

Thy Pray Graunt And I Bring From Wassh vj
Wold With d' patafe, A
And this day, L
Where Seynt Saturne, pe martyr ful trewe,
Pray for us pen, Apostle Seynt Andrewe.

December.

As azenst oure lordes Secund aduent,
So at domes-day pat we be not shent.

(49)

A lord Iesu Crist, to pe now I cry,
Whome pis pat we offende with synnes, Alas,
Lord haue mercy for py moder Mary,
And also for pe lone of Seynt Nicholas,
As truly lord as she py moder was,
Kepte from fylthed in her Concepyon,
Wassh us from synne with py swete passyon.

(50)

Sawe, lord, py blessid spowse, holychurch,
From erroures and heresyes pat doon spryng,
And tech with fyth truly for to wurch,
With denoute Seynt Lucy pywn owyn derlyng;
Graunt us pyne hert, as for to ioye and syng,
With al oper sayntes in py presence,
Thy worthy so gret song, O Sapience.
Kalendre.

Kepe al þy peple which þat ben on lyue
Them espeyal þat I haue of mynd
And al good sowles þat with þy woundes lyue,
Whoom hit pleasith þe from peynes vnbynde,
Graunt us for to be with Thomas of ynde,
A cyrous caral pis Crystemasse
As to syng nowel when þat we hens passe.

Lo, now ys come þe most glorious feste
The holy Natyuyte of oure lorde,
Goode Stephen make us al, moste and leste,
With Seynt Ioyn in vertues to acorde,
That we may sitte at Innocentes borde,
With Thomas of Caunterbery, oure frende,
Now saue us fader with oure flessh þy worde,
For Seynt Silvester loue at oure laste ende.

In thi handes, lord, y betake my soule,
Whom thou boughtest with thi bytter passione;
Assoile me for marie and Iohan, for seint petir & paule,
And all thyne holie seintes supplieacione;
And be vertue of thi woundrefull ascencione
Sane me fro peyne & fro the fende,
And bryme to blisse, that neuer shat end.
"The aureat numbre in kalenders set for prime."

Lydgate: *Mydsomer Rose.*

Easter "Wheel," for ascertaining the dominical letter, the golden number, and the month and day of Easter, in any year.

[MS. L, leaf 183.]

[END OF PART I.]
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The Early English Text Society was started by the late Dr. Furnivall in 1864 for the purpose of bringing the mass of Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England had long rested, of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early language and life.

On the starting of the Society, so many Texts of importance were at once taken in hand by its Editors, that it became necessary in 1867 to open, besides the Original Series with which the Society began, an Extra Series which should be mainly devoted to fresh editions of all that is most valuable in printed MSS. and Caxton's and other black-letter books, though first editions of MSS. will not be excluded when the convenience of issuing them demands their inclusion in the Extra Series.

During the forty-six years of the Society's existence, it has produced, with whatever shortcomings, and at a cost of over £30,000, an amount of good solid work for which all students of our Language, and some of our Literature, must be grateful, and which has rendered possible the beginnings (at least) of proper Histories and Dictionaries of that Language and Literature, and has illustrated the thoughts, the life, the manners and customs of our forefathers and foremothers.

But the Society's experience has shown the very small number of those inheritors of the speech of Cynwulf, Chaucer, and Shakspere, who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech, 'Let the dead past bury its dead' is still the cry of Great Britain and her Colonies, and of America, in the matter of language. The Society has never had money enough to produce the Texts that could easily have been got ready for it; and many Editors are now anxious to send to press the work they have prepared. The necessity has therefore arisen for trying to increase the number of the Society's members, and to induce its well-wishers to help it by gifts of money, either in one sum or by instalments. The Committee trust that every Member will bring before his or her friends and acquaintances the Society's claims for liberal support. Until all Early English MSS. are printed, no proper History of our Language or Social Life is possible.

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 1s. a year for the Original Series, and £1 1s. for the Extra Series, due in advance on the Ist of January, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Rd., Finsbury Park, London. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add at least 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists; but Members can get back-Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.
The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1895, and also of nos. 29, 26, and 33. Dr. Otto Glannings has undertaken Seinte Marherete; and Hali Melechoyd is in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noted by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes.

November 1911. A gratifying gift is made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryns and Cleopas was sketched by Dr. Furnivall in his new edition of Political, Religious and Love Poems, No. 15 in the Society's Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS. prepared by Dr. Hamilton Craig of Princeton, and which will be issued next year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original Series Texts for 1908 were, No. 135, Part II of the Coventry Lost Book, copied and edited by Miss M. Dormer Harris; No. 136, Part II of The Brut, or The Chronicles of England, edited by Dr. F. Brie, showing the name Chaucer in the Roll of Battle Abbey; and No. 135b, Extra Issue, an off-print—by the kind leave of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, the Editors of the Cambridge History of English Literature, and the author,—of Prof. J. M. Manly's chapter on Piers the Plowman and its Sequence (Camb. Hist. ii. 1–42), urging the fivefold authorship of the Vision.

As this was contested by Dr. J. J. Jusserand, his article in Modern Philology for June 1909 is issued by the Society in 1910, as Extra Issue, No. 139 b, with Prof. Manly's Answer to it, and Dr. Jusserand's Rejoinder—each presented by its writer,—as well as the important Modern Language Review article on the subject by Mr. R. W. Chambers, No. 139, c, d, e.

Dr. Hy. Bradley's Answer to Mr. Chambers will be issued later.

The Original Series Texts for 1909 were No. 137, the Twelfth-Century Homilies in MS. Bodley 343, edited by Prof. A. O. Belfour, M.A., Part I, the Text; and No. 138, the Coventry Lost Book, Part III, edited by Miss M. Dormer Harris, completing the original text of the Book.

The Original Series Texts for 1910 were No. 139, John Arderne's Treatises on Fishtle in Ano, &c., edited by D'Arcy Power, M.D., English about 1425 from the Latin of about 1380 a.d.; No. 140, Capgrace's Lives of St. Augustine and St. Gilbert of Sempringham, a.d. 1451, edited by J. J. Munro. Later Texts will be Earth upon Earth, all the known texts, edited by Miss Hilda Murray, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Belfour's Twelfth-Century Homilies; and The Coventry Lost Book, Part IV, containing its miscellanies later entries, with an Introduction, Notes, Indexes, &c., by Miss M. Dormer Harris.

The Texts for future years will be chosen from Part III of The Brut; The Wars of Alexander the Great, edited from the Thornton MS. in the Northern dialect, by J. S. Westlake, M.A.; Part III of the Alphabet of Tales, edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks; Part III of the English Register of Godstow Nunnery, and Part II of the English Register of Osewy Abbey, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark. Later Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne's Hystorie Sygne, with a Glossary of Wm. of Waddington's French words in his Manueel des Peches, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson Brown; Part II of the Exeter Book—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthansen's Vices and Virtues; Part II of Jacob's Well, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative Siege of Jerusalem, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Köbling and Prof. Dr. Kahnuza; an Introduction and Glossary to the Minor Poems of the Ternon MS. by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alan Chartier's Quadrilogue, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford No. 85, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins; and the Early Verse and Prose in the Harleian MS. 2253, re-edited by Miss Hilda Murray. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough has given the Society a copy of the Leofric Canonical Rule, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. C. Cambridge, and Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the English Capiutula of Bp. Theodulf: it is now at press.

The Extra Series Texts for 1909 were, No. CIV, The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays, re-edited by O. Waterhouse, M.A.; and No. CV, The Tale of Beryn, with a Prolegomen of the merry Adventure of the Parliour with a Tapster at Canterbury, printed from a cast of the Chaucer Society's plates. As the Society hadn't money enough to pay for its Troy Book, Part II, in 1908, it had to take that out of its income of 1909; and it was therefore obliged to borrow from the Chaucer Society the amusing Tale of Beryn, edited by the late Dr. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone.

The Extra Series Texts for 1910 were No. CVI, Lydgate's Troy Book, Part III, containing Books IV and V, completing the text, edited by Hy. Bergen, Ph.D.; and No. CVII, Lydgate's Minor Poems, Part I, Religious Poems, with the Lydgate Canon, edited by H. N. MacCracken, Ph.D.

Future Extra Series Texts will be Lydgate's Minor Poems, Part II, Secular Poems, ed. by Dr. H. N. MacCracken; Lydgate's Troy Book, Part IV, edited by Dr. H. Bergen; De Medicina, re-edited by Prof. Delecourt; Lovelock's Romance of Merlin, re-edited by Prof. E. A. Kock, Part II; Miss Eleanor Plumer's re-edition of Sir Gower and Sir Percyval; Miss K. B. Lovelock's re-edition of Hylyton's Ladder of Perfection; Miss Warren's two-text edition of The Dancie of Death from the Ellesmere and other MSS.; The Owl and Nightin-
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Later Texts for the Extra Series will include The Three Kings' Sons, Part II, the Introduction, &c, by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of The Chester Playe, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's Orthographie (MS. 1551 a.d.; black-letter 1569), and Method to teach Reading, 1570; Deguleville's Pilgrimage of the Sorcle, in English prose, edited by Mr. Hans Koetner. (For the three prose versions of The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have over 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguleville, monk of the Cistercan abbey of Chailis, in the diocese of Sensis, wrote his first verse Pelerinaige de l'Homme in 1339-1 when he was 36. 1 Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,2 a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1339-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 a.d., was edited by Mr. Alldis Wright for the Roxburgh Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Land Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740. 3 A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Land MS. 740 was somewhat condemn and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library: "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspooole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his Pilgrim's Progress. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Heragge's edition of the Gesta Romanorum for the Society. In February 1643, 4 Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguleville's first verse Pelerinaige into a prose Pelerinaige de la vie humaine.6 By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern English in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguleville's Pelerinaige de l'Homme, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englised in verse by Lydgate in 1426, and, thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, John Stowe, a complete text of Lydgate's poem has been edited for the Society by Dr. Furnivall. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,7 and Additional 22,9378 and 25,5949) are all of the First Version.

1 He was born about 1295. See Abbe Goullet's Bibliotheque françoise, Vol. IX, p. 73-4.—P. M. The Roxburgh Club printed the 1st version in 1893.
2 The Roxburgh Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with its other MSS.
3 These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.
4 Another MS, is in the Pepys Library.
5 According to Lord Aldenham's MS.
6 These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.
7 16th cent., containing only the Vie humaine.
8 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.
9 14th cent., containing the Vie humaine and the 2nd Pilgrimage, de l'Ame: both incomplete.
Besides his first *Pelérimoige de l'homme* in its two versions, Dequilleville wrote a second, "de l'amé separée du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Jesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems, by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,1 at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caina), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1453. This version has 'somewhat of addictions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier Englisher's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose Englishing of the *Soule* has been copied and will be edited for the Society by Mr. Hans Koestner. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no Englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin reduction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—the it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The *Standard Collection of Saints' Lives* in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c., will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The *Supplementary Lives* from the *Vernon* and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the *Saints' Lives*, Trevisa's Englishing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval *Cyclopedia of Science*, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. An Editor for it is wanted. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Alfred's prose,2 Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Alfred's *Metrical Homilies*. The late Prof. Köbling left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Aenren Riche*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmler. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the *Surtseys Society*.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Prof. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Köbling, the living Hausknecht, Einenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hüpe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandes, Sieper, Konrath, Wülffing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead)—Italy, Prof. Lattanzii; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Hulme, Bryce, Craig, Drs. Bergen, MacCracken, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has called forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

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1 Ab. 1450, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels, &c.

2 Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Efdric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzii.
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