Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
From the Library of
Professor W.H. Clawson
Dept. of English
Univ. College
The Minor Poems of John Lydgate.

Early English Text Society.

Extra Series, CVII.

1911 (for 1910)
BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 13, UNTER DEN LINDEN.
NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO., LEYPOLDT & HOLT.
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
There beginneth the testament of John Lydgate monke of Berry: which he made hymselfe by his lyfe dayes.

Lydgate at his Desk, from Pynson's Print of "The Testament."

"The famous clerk hathe joye of his libraye."

(Lydgate, Every Thing to his Seemblib.)
The Minor Poems
of
John Lydgate

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

BY
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN, PH.D.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN YALE UNIVERSITY

PART I
1. THE LYDGATE CANON
2. RELIGIOUS POEMS

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.,
DRYDEN HOUSE, 43 GERRARD STREET, SOHO, W.
AND BY HENRY FROWDE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,
AMEN CORNER, E.C., AND IN NEW YORK.
1911 (for 1910).
Extra Series, Civil

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNGAY.
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 Lydgate¹ 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.*
Preface.

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 fulfil the conditions of these rhyme-tests.

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.

New Haven, January 1, 1910.
CONTENTS.

THE LYDGATE CANON ... ... ... ... V
INDEX TO THE LYDGATE CANON ... ... ... ... li

RELIGIOUS POEMS:—
1. Benedic Anima Mea Domino... ... ... ... 1
2. Benedictus Deus in Donis Suis ... ... ... ... 7
3. Deus in Nomine Tuo Saluum me Fac ... ... ... ... 10
4. An Epistle to Sibille ... ... ... ... 14
5. The Pater Noster Translated ... ... ... ... 18
6. A Prayer in Old Age ... ... ... ... 20
7. Te Deum Laudamus ... ... ... ... 21
8. Vexilla Regis Prodeunt ... ... ... ... 25
9. God is Myn Helpere... ... ... ... 27
10. A Defence of Holy Church ... ... ... ... 30
11. A Procession of Corpus Cristi ... ... ... ... 35
12. A Holy Medytacion ... ... ... ... 43
13. Letabundus ... ... ... ... 49
14. An Exposition of the Pater Noster ... ... ... 60
15. Misericordias Domini in Eternum Cantabo ... ... 71
16. On De Profundis ... ... ... ... 77
17. Poems on the Mass ... ... ... ... 84
18. The Fifftene Toknys afrom the Doom ... ... 117
19. Prayers to Ten Saints ... ... ... ... 120
20. To St. Edmund... ... ... ... 124
21. A Devowte Invocacioun to Sainte Denys... ... 127
22. A Praise of St. Anne ... ... ... ... 130
Contents.

23. An Invocation to Seynte Anne ... ... ... 130
24. A Prayere to Seynt Michaeell ... ... ... 133
25. A Prayeer to Gaubriël ... ... ... ... 133
26. To St. Katherine, St. Margaret, and St. Mary Magdalene ... ... ... ... 134
27. A Prayer to St. Leonard ... ... ... ... 135
28. To St. Ositha ... ... ... ... ... ... 137
29. To St. Robert of Bury ... ... ... ... 138
30. A Prayer to Seynt Thomas ... ... ... ... 139
31. A Prayer to St. Thomas of Canterbury ... ... ... 140
32. To St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins 144
33. The Legend of St. George ... ... ... ... 145
34. The Legende of St. Petronilla ... ... ... ... 154
35. How the Plague was Ceased in Rome ... ... ... 159
36. The Legend of Seynt Gyle ... ... ... ... 161
37. The Legend of Seynt Margareté ... ... ... ... 173
38. The Legend of St. Austin at Compton ... ... ... 193
39. The Eight Verses of St. Bernard ... ... ... ... 206
40. Another Version of the above ... ... ... ... 209
41. A Prayer for King, Queen, and People, 1429 ... ... ... 212
42. Cristes Passiou ... ... ... ... ... ... 216
43. A Seying of the Nightingale ... ... ... ... 221
44. The Child Jesus to Mary, the Rose ... ... ... ... 235
45. Criste Qui Lux es et Dies ... ... ... ... 235
46. The Fifteen Ooes of Christ ... ... ... ... ... 238
47. The Dolerous Pyte of Cristes Passioun ... ... ... 250
48. A Prayer upon the Cross ... ... ... ... ... 252
49. Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady, Qwene of Mercy ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 254
50. The Fyfftene Ioyes of Oure Lady (ii) ... ... ... 260
51. The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary ... ... ... ... 268
52. Ave Maria! ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 280
53. To Mary the Star of Jacob ... ... ... ... ... 282
54. To Mary the Queen of Heaven ... ... ... ... ... 284
55. Gaude Virgo Mater Christi ... ... ... ... ... 288
56. The Image of Our Lady ... ... ... ... ... 290
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Ave Regina Celorum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Regina Celi Letare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Stella Celi Extirpauit (i)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Stella Celi Extirpauit (ii)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>A Prayer to Mary in whom is Affiaunce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>On the Image of Pity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Ave, Jesse Virgula</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>A Valentine to Her that Excelleth All</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>The Legend of Dan Joos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Gloriosa Dicta Sunt De Te</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Quis Dabit Meo Capiti Fontem Lacrimarum?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>The Testament of Dan John Lydgate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>A Kalendare</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.

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 Maunciples 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 discrimination, that if in 100,000 lines of verse known as Lydgate's no exceptions 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. 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. 
3. -orie, -ye. 
4. -arie, -ie. 
5. -ees, -esse. 
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, derioun : visioun, correccioun : diléccioun, 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 Magdalene, 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 envoy 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. 1 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 lóke vpón mely fúrìous.

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 Hoccleve, invariably, nor of other writers of the time. See, on this point, Dr. Furnivall’s introduction to Hoccleve, *E.E.T.S.*, E.S. 61, p. xli; and my *Quixley’s Ballades Royal, Yorkshire Archool. 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 pat is left be-hynde,
Som goodly word per-in for to fynde,
To sette amonge pe croked lynys 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 Chaucerian 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 Languet. 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 dileccia, 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, depre

cative, 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 Sensuslyte 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

1. Ale-seller,2 Ballade on an.

_Beg._ Remembrance on the grete unstabilnese.
  MS. 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 know-
ledge of Lydgate MSS., ascribes the poem to Lydgate in his account of the MS.
in the preface to the Roxburghe Club _Syr Gawayne_. His judgment is verified
by the accuracy of the _ye_ rhyme in the refrain, the tags "I dar viht weel
assure," "I dar weel saye," "in substanuce," "done here besy cure," the
rhyme resoun; _guedouin_, and the apology for "rude wrytynge." The ninth
stæna is another rendering of the proverb, "Fallere fallentem non est frons,"
the version of which from the _Fall of Princes_ is so often quoted. The Rawlin-
son 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 Antiphraus_.

2. Amor Vincit Omnia, Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

_Beg._ Eeh man folwith his owne fantasie; 17 stanzas of 8 lines.
  MSS. Ashmole 59 ("bat philosoph Lidegate"); B. M. Addit. 297 29; Har-
  ley 2251 ("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.

---

1 On titles. So far as possible, I have preserved the titles given in rubrics.
   This is particularly true of the Latin titles indicating the hymn 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 Stalfastesse_, etc., of selecting the essential
   element in the refrain line. In other cases I have tried to select a title agree-
   able to the theme. The danger of confusion with titles given by others will be
   obviated by cross references in the index.

2 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.

3 MS. title, _Hic nota de illis qui vendunt ceruisiam in cantuor_. But the
   poem refers only to a loose tavern-wench.

4 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.

LYDGATE, M. P.
3. Ave Jesse Virgula.

    Beg. Hayle blisstid 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 glorious lady and hemenly queene; 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; “arrante beames,” etc.


    Beg. A Thowsand stories I koupe to you reheare; 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 gentyllesse; 7 stanzas of 7 lines.

8. Ballade per Antiphrasim.\(^3\)

    Beg. Vndir yourre hood 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 crustin prynces alle; 16 stanzas of 8 lines.
    MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20; Harley 2251; Addit. 39729; Ash-
    mole 59. Printed by Wright, Political Poems, II, 141 if., from MS. (2).


    Beg. O thou my sole gyf lande vnto the lord; 22 stanzas of 8 lines.
    MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20 (2 copies); Addit. 34360; 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. 22; 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 lync,” is also in Tyed with a Lyne, below. I take the title from a
    rubric of Shirley's.

_Beg._ O prudent folkes takepe heed; 19 stanzas of 7 short lines.


Printed by Halliwell, _Minor Poems_, pp. 129-135, from (3). Also in Dobson's _Old Plays_, ed. 1780, xii, 355; in _Gentlemen's Magazine_, 1836; see also Montaiglon, _Recueil des poésies françaises des XVème et XVIème siècles_, Paris, 1855, vol. xi, for a print of a French version of the type of which Lydgate's is a translation.


_Beg._ By trewe recorde of the doctor Bede; 13 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._—Baker's MS. 6, Cambridge; Harley 367;_1_

Printed from former in Retrospective Review, 2d series, 1, 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 Versificatæ.

Charters of English Kings to the Abbey of Bury; 693 lines, in ballade.

_MSS._—B. M. Addit. 14818, fols. 243-257 (Register of Wm. Curteys c. 1440).

Printed from this by Arnold, _Memorials of Bury St. Edmunds_, 111 (1896), 215-237 (Kolms 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 author-ship.


_Beg._ My father above beholding thy mekenes; 3 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._—Harley 2251. A charming ballade to the Virgin, which I admit "atwixen hope and drede."


_Beg._ Problemes of olde lykenes and fygures; 54 stanzas of 7, envoy 1 of 8.


18. Complaint for Lack of Mercy, A.

_Beg._ Grettere mater of dol an[d] henynesse; 4 stanzas of 8 lines, with refrain.

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

19. Complaint for My Lady of Gloucester and Holand.

_Beg._ A solitary sore compleynyng; 18 stanzas of 7 short lines.


Printed from (1) _Anglia_, xxi, 381 f., by Miss Hammond. Written by

---

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 betrothall 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.

_Beg._ In May when Flora, the freshe lusty quene; 631 lines, stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._—Fairfax 16; Bodley 635; Tanner 346; Digby, 181; Arch. Selden B 24; _B. M. Addit._ 16165; Pepys (Magdalen Coll. Camb.) 2006; _Asloan MS._, 245–246, 293–300.

Printed by de Worde (copy in Chatsworth), Chepman and Myllar, 1508 (Golaffros & Gavinc); Thynne 1532 in Chaucer; and by succeeding editors as Chaucer's: by Skeat, Oxf. Chaucer, 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.

_Beg._ I conecysle whatsoever thou be; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.


Printed by Halliwel from (1), entitled _The Concords of Company_, and by Dr. Furnivall in _Pol. Ret. 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.

_Beg._ O Criste pat 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 Pessioum.

_Beg._ Man to reforme thy thyn exil and thi loes; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.


24. Daunce of Machabree.

_Beg._ O ye folkes, harde hearted as a stone; 84 stanzas of 8 lines.


_Beg._ Hauyng a conseit in my sympill wyt; 21 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—_Harley_ 2253; _Laud._ 683; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; _M. S._ (2) lacks two last stanzas. Written in old age for Curteys.


_Beg._ Shi pat ye list to set me in your boke; 8 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MSS._—_Harley_ 1706 (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—Dublenesse. 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 Donce copy.

27. Defence of Holy Church.

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

MSS.—Harley 1215, 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 thow Lydgne owene and Empyrese; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.

MS.—P. M. Addit. 16105.

Printed by Dr. Furnivall in Notes and Queries, 4th Series, IX, 381 f., and in his ed. of Thynne’s Animadversiones, Chancer Society, 2d Series, No. 13, App. VI; and by Miss Hammond, Modern Philology, 1, 331.

29. Dens in Xonime Tuo Salvum Me Fac.

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

MSS.—Ashmole 59; Calignula A ii; Harley 2557; Harley 116.

30. Dietary, A.

_Beg._ For helth of body cover for cold thyn heed; 11 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Laud 682; Bodley 681, 682, 48; Addit. B 160 (29179); Ashmole 61; Rawlinson A 653, C 48, C 86; Harley 4011, 2252, 2251, 941, 116, 989; 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 Hawkins 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. Oxford, 60.

Printed by Caxton as Mediciine Stomach, by Halliwell from Harley 2251; Dr. Furnivall, Babes Book, E.E.T.S. (Lambeth 553; Latin of Sloane 3534); Dr. Skæt 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 682; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56; Bodley, Rawl. c. 86, in (1) following the Dietary, in (2) and (3) preceding it without separation. In Leyden MSS. 9 and Lansdowne 699, this ballade is attached to the Dietary with additional stanzas between, perhaps by Lydgate. The original of the ballade is probably art. 21, Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, a French ballade.

32. Dublenesse.

_Beg._ This world is full of variaunce; 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 Abusones.
   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

34. Entry into London, King Henry VI's Royal.
   Beg. Toward the ende of wyndy February; 544 lines, with a roundel.
   MSS.—Harley 565; Cotton, Julis B II; Cleopatra C. IV.
   Printed by Halliwell, Min. Poems, from (3); by C. L. Kingsford,
   Chronicles of London, 1905, 97-116, from (2); by Nicolas, Chronicle of
   London, 1827, from (1).
   The Roundel in the poem corrected and printed by Schleich, Archiv,
   96, 191-194.

35. Examples Against Women.
   Beg. To Adam and Eve Crist gave the soueraigne; 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 rode and fynde; 910 lines in rhyme royal.
   MSS.—Harley 2255, 2251; B. M. Addit. 34360; Lansdowne 699; Leyden
   Voss. 9; Rawl. poet. 32.
   Printed by Zupitza-Schleich, Wien, 1897, Quellen v. Forschungen, vol. 83.

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, 4290; Royal 18 B xxxi, 18
   D iv, 18 D v; B. M. Addit. 21410; Phillips, Longleat, Rutland,
   Jersey, Glasgow, Mostyn: Lambeth 254; Bedley 263; e Museo 215;
   Plimpton (New York); Hatton 105; 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; McLean
   152; Harley 2202, 2251; Sloane 1825 (90b); Harley 4011; Arch.
   Selden B 10. A fragment beginning "Al thow 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 III, v. Book I, chaps. 3-7 is in
   Sloane 2452.
   See also under Death's Warning, and Examples Against Women, and
   also Schiek, Temple of Glas, p. cii, and Anglia, xxvii, 19-20.
   Printed by R. Pynson, 1494 (with the extremely good Essay of Greven-
   acres), 1527; Tottel, 1554; Wayland, 1558; Extracts by de Worde,
   1510 (Proverbs of Lydgate).

38. Fall of Princes in Oute Dayes, The Sodeine.\footnote{Also called Fates of Princes. The above is Shirley's title.}
   Beg. Behold this grete pynce Edwarde the secunde; 7 stanzas of 7 lines.

39. Fifteen Joys and Fifteen Sorrows of Mary.
   Beg. Atween mydnyght and the fressh morwe gray; 72 stanzas of 7 lines.
   MSS.—Harley 2255; Jesus Coll. Camb. 50; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21;
   Longleat 258; Bodley 680; Part in Cotton, App. xxvii, art. 12.
40. Fifteen Joys of Mary (II).

Beg. Blessed lady o pyrnesse 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.—Land 657; Rawl. c. 48; Harley 2255; E. M. Addit. 29720; 
Jes. Coll. Camb. 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 Toknyys affirm the Doom.

Beg. As the doctour sanctus Ieronimus; 11 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—Harley 2255.
Printed by Wright, Chester Plays, Shakespeare Society Series, 1847, 
These stanzas bear every indication of Lydgatean authorship, both in 
metre and style. See further, Koeppel, Anglia, Anzeiger, 24, 55, who 
argues for Lydgate’s authorship.

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

Beg. Off stryvys new, and fraudulent falsnesse; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.
MS.—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 Thynne, 1532, etc.; Oxford Chaucer, VII, 266–274. No MS. 
known.

45. Four Things that Make a Man a fool.

Beg. Worshyp, wommen, wyne, vnweably age; 2 stanzas of 7 lines, stanz. 
2 and 3 attributed to Halsham by Shirley.
MSS.—Fairfax 16; Harley 7578; 1734; Harley 116; Ashmole 59; 
Addit. 16165; Harley 2251; and Addit. 34360 (1 stanza); Trin. 
1561, from Addit. 29720; Oxford Chaucer, VII, 297; with a stanza of 
7 lines from (10) added, beg. “If it be falle,” etc. See under Tyed with 
a Lye.

46. Friend at Xecode, A.

Beg. Late whan Aurora of Tytan toke leve; 17 stanzas of 7 lines.
MS.—Ashmole 59.

47. Gauze Virgo Mater Christi.

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

48. Gentlewoman’s Lament, A.

Beg. Allas I woeful cryature; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.
Koeppel, Fafis, 1883, p. 76, thinks this is spurious, but I doubt his 
logic. There is no reason why Lydgate could not write in a woman’s 
person.
49. Gloriosa dicta sunt De Te.

_Beg._ On hooie hilles wheeche beope of gret Renomm: 29 stanzas of 8 lines.


50. Gloucester’s Marriage, On.

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


Printed by Miss Hammond, _Anglia_, xxvii, 385.

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).


Printed from (1) by Zupitza, _Akademieschrift_, Wien, 1873, lxiv, 623, and separately; from (5) by F. N. Robinson, _Harvard Studies and Notes_, V, 177–220 (his numbering of lines is wrong).

53. Haste, A Ditty upon.

_Beg._ All haste is odious whereas discrecioun: 17 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—*Rawl. e. 86,* *Harley 2251,* *Univ. Lib. Camb. Kh. 1. 6,* *Harley 78.*

54. Holy Meditation, A.

_Beg._ After the stormy tyme cessing the reync: 182 lines of heroic couplets.


55. Horns away.

_Beg._ Of god and kynd procedeth al beaute: 10 stanzas of 8 lines.


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. e. 86,* *Lamb. 306,* *Leyden Voss. 9,* *Harley 2251,* *Lansdowne 699,* *Addit. 34360,* *Ashmole 50, 754,* *Rawl. e. 48,* *Laud 598,* *Huth MS.*

Printed by Caxton, de Worde (repr. Roxburghe Club), by Furnivall in _Pol., Rel. and Love Poems_, by Degenhart in _Münchener Beiträge_, 1900.

57. How the Plage was Sesyd in Rome.

_Beg._ So noble medesyne ne so souverayne: 8 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—*Addit. 29729* (not certainly Lydgate’s, however).
58. Image of Our Lady, On the.

_Beg._ Beholde and see this glorios 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 diserye; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—_Land_ 683; Harley 2251; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9.

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

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

61. Kalendare, A.

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

MSS.—Harley 1706, 4011; Longleat 258; 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_ 656; _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 cleynly 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._ Gounde take in vertu by patriarchys olde; 89 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. 3360; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9; Pepys 2011.

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

_Beg._ The chief gwynning of grace and of vertue; 20 stanzas of 7 lines.
_MS._—Ashmole 50.

68. Life of Our Lady, The.

_Beg._ O thoughtful herte plonged in distresse; 5936 lines, rhyme royal.
_MSS._—B.M. Sloane 1785, 1825 (part); Arundel 66; Cotton App. _VIII_; Harley 629, 1304, 2362, 2382, 2952, 4011, 4260, 5272; Addit. 19252, 19432; Lambeth 344; Advocates’ Lib. Edin. Jac. v. 7 (part); Ashmole 39, 59; Bodley 75, 120; Rawl. poet. 140; St. John’s Coll. Oxf. 56; Hatton 73; Corp. Chr. 61, 237; Cambridge Trin. Coll. R. 3. 21, R. 3. 22; Caius Coll. 230 (Magnificat, ch. xxii), which belonged to Whethamstede of St. Alban’s; Univ. Lib. Mm. 6, 15, Kk. 1. 13; Society of Antiquaries, No. 134 (begins at chap. xiii); Armes MS. (Univ. California); Cockrell MS. (Cambridge); 1 leaf (frag.) in Sloane 297.
Printed by Caxton, Redman, C. E. Taine. Parts in Bamntyne 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, 1843, and commented on by Brandi, as original poems of the later 15th century, and as continuing the mysticism of the West Middle 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_, xx, 391. Taine’s edition was lost in a fire (copy in Brit. Mus.).

69. LOKE IN THY MEHOUR, AND DENE NONE OTHER WIGHT.

_Beg._ Toward the ende of frosty January; 27 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—Harley 2253; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21; Rawl. c. 86; Arch. Selden B 11; Phillipps 8299; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56.
Printed de Worde (Lydgate’s _Proverbs_); Halliwell, _Minor Poems_, 156–164.

70. MASSE, VERTUES OF THE.

_Beg._ Ye that beth of good devo-yon; 83 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS._—Harley 2251; Addit. 3360 (part); St. John’s College, Oxf. 56; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21; Hatton 73; Ashmole 59 (part); Addit. 31042 (part); Lambeth 344; Balliol 254; Laud 633 (part); Rawl. poet. 118 (part); Caius 174 (part); Jes. Coll. 56 (part). The piece _On Kissing at Verbum caro Factum 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 de Worde; reprinted from this by Huth, _Fugitive Tracts_, 1st series.

1 Paul’s _Grundriss_, etc., II, 698.
71. Mesure, Song of Just.
   Beg. By witte of man althyng that is contruyed; 10 or 13 stanzas of 8 lines.
   MSS.—Harley 2251, Addit. 29729.
   Printed from former MS. by Halliwell, Minor Poems, 89-83.

72. Mesure is Tresour.
   Beg. Men wryte of oold how mesour is tresour; 19 stanzas of 8 lines.
   MS.—Harley 2255.
   Printed by Halliwell, Minor Poems, 208-213.

73. Millers and Bakers, Against.
   Beg. Put out his hed yet not for to dare; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
   MS.—Harley 2255.
   Printed by Nicolas, 1827, and Halliwell, M.P., p. 207.

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; Laud 683; Tanner 347.
   Printed by Horstmann, Alltuggische Legenden, 1882, 440 ff.

75. Misericordias Domini in Eternum Cantabo.
   Beg. Alle goostly songes and ympees that be sone; 21 stanzas of 8 lines.

76. Mumming at Bishopswood.
   Beg. Myghty Flourra goddes of fresche floures; 16 stanzas of 7 lines.
   MS.—Ashmole 59.

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

78. Mumming at Hertford.
   Beg. Moost noble prynce 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 prynce of Cristen prynces alle; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.
   MSS. and print as above.

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

_Beg._ bat worpy david, which bat sloughe 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 Departying of Chaucer, q. v._¹ The rubrics in both cases assign the piece as companion to Departying 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 Departying. See New Year’s Gift, for another instance of this error in the same MS.

84. Myddomer Rose, As a.

_Beg._ Lat no man boost of kummyng nor verru; 15 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS.—Harley 2251, 2255; Ashmole 59; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. iv, 12; Jesus Coll. Cambridge, 56; Trin. Coll. R. 3, 21; Regius 18 A. xiii (4 li.).
_Phillips 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 honour of this heeghe fest of custome 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 hawe loste his thank of wyrmyn. 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.

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

_Beg._ pis hardy foole, pis brydde victorious; 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 Crabbes hed; 379 lines of rhyme-royal, probably unfinished.
Printed by Glanvill, E. E. T. S., 1904, from MSS. (2) and (3).


_Beg._ Wyne of nature hath proprieties nyne; 1 stanza of 8 lines.
_MSS.—Addit. 10106 and 29729; Harley 2252.

89. Order of Fools, The.

_Beg._ The ordre of fooles ful yoore ago begonne; 24 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS.—Harley 2251; B. M. Addit. 34360, Laud 683; Cotton, Nero A vi.; Bodley, 638 (part).

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. 

MS.—Triu. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21 (complete). The *Seven Wise Counsell*, 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, *Archiv*, 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 stanza for Temperance is under the heading for Sapience and vice versa. Four stanzas are in the *Boke of Brone*, 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 ; Rawl. c. 56; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4, 12; Harley 2251 (printed Halliwell, *Min. Poems*, pp. 193-8). 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. Paternostcr, Exposition of the.

* Beg. Atwixe drede and trembling Reuerence ; 42 stanzas of 8 lines. 

MS.—*Land 683* ; *Harley 2255* ; Jes. Coll. Camb. 56.

92. Paternostcr, qui es in celis.

* Beg. Oure glorious fadyr pat art in heven ; 7 stanzas of 8 short lines. 


93. Payne and sorrow of Evyll Maryage.

* Beg. Glory and honour, land, and reverence ; 22 stanzas of 7 lines. 


* Beg. Mercy and Trouthe mette on an lih mounteyn ; 23 stanzas of 8 lines. 


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 avyse yow betymes ; 2432 lines in short couplets, heroic couplets and prose. 

MS.—*Cotton, Vitellius C xiii, Tiberius A vii ; Stowe 952*. Edited from these MS. by Dr. Furnivall, E. E. T. S., E. S., 77, 83, 92 ; with introduction, etc., by Miss K. Loock.

97. Prayer for King, Queen and People.

* Beg. Most soneryne lord, and blisful crist Jesu ; 12 stanzas of 8 lines. 

MS.—*Harley 2251* ; Auldit. 34360; Fairfax 16; Harley 7578; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21 (2 copies). Printed from (4) in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, I, 227. In (1) (2) and (5) 9 stanzas, altered to fit Edward IV, (5) Adds Envoy of *Lak of Stetfastnesse*. 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*, B. M. Auldit. 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.

_Beg._ All the trespass of my tender yowthe; 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 Affianmce.

_Beg._ O swettest bawme of grettest excellence; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.


100. Procession at Corpus Christi.

_Beg._ his bise feste for to magnefye; 23 stanzas of 8 lines.


Printed by Halliwell from (2), _M.P._, p. 95.


_Beg._ Erly on morwe and toward nyght also; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.

MS.—Laud 683.

102. Pyte to the Wretched Synner, The.

_Beg._ O wretched synner whatsoever thou be; 4 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Ashmole 59; Addit. 29729.

103. Quene of Hevene, To Mary the.

_Beg._ Quene of hevene of helle cek emperesse; 10 stanzas of 8 lines.


104. Quis Dabit Meo Capiti Fontem Lacrimarum.

_Beg._ Who shall give ynto 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 Holthansen, _Festschrift_ for the German Emperor's Birthday, 1908, from 1.

105. Regina Celi Letare.

_Beg._ O thou ioyfull lyght eternall ye shyne; 5 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 21; Harley 2251. A companion-piece to _Ang regina celorum_. A different piece with the same refrain is in _Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6_.

106. Resounn and Sensuallyte.

_Beg._ To alle folkys vertuouse; 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.

_Beg._ All thynge in kynde desirith thyng i-like; 11 stanzas of 8 lines.

MSS.—Harley 2251; Maitland Folio _MS._; Bannatyne _MS._ 1568.


Close parallels are the _Order of Fools_, and _They That No While Endure_.

Genuine Poems: Prayer—Rhyme.
108. Roundel for Coronation of Henry VI.

_Beg._ Rejoice ye Reames of England and off France ; 10 lines.

_MS._ Harley 7333.

Printed by Ritson, _Ancient Songs_, I, 123 ; 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.); I.2; Lansdowne 409; Ashmole 61; Ellesmere; _Ballad 686_; _Add. 39729_; Bannatyne. Printed from (3) by Halliwell, _M.P._, 171-173; from 8 by the Hunterian Club, and by Lord Hailes, 1770, p. 165.


_Beg._ To call Clio my dulnesse to redresse ; 4724 lines of 7 and 8 line stanzas.

_MS._—Lansdowne 699; Trin. Coll. Oxf. 32; Phillipps 8299; Lincoln Cathedral, C. 5, 4; Inner Temple 511; Talbot Hours in the Yates Thompson Library (frag.).

Printed at St. Alban's, revised, 1534; by Horstmann from this with collations, 1883.

111. St. Anne. Invocation to.

_Beg._ Thow first moever past causeth alle thyng; 11 stanzas of 7 lines.

_MS._—Ashmole 59; Addit. 15165.

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 meneion; 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 sorne of al brightnesse; 11 stanzas of 8 lines, originally.

_MS._—_Laud 683_; Addit. 49729; 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 fraunce; 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, _Altenglische Legenden_, N.F., 1882.

117. St. Edmund, A Glorious Prayer to.

_Beg._ Glorious Edmund kyng of Estynglond; 12 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MS._—_Laud 683_; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6; _Harley 2255_ (part).
118. St. Gabriell, Prayer to.

_Beg._ Blissed Gabriell which broughtest first tydying; 1 stanza of 8 lines.
_MSS._—_Laud 683._

119. St. George, Legend of.

_Beg._ O yee folk that heer present be; 35 stanzas of 7 lines.

120. St. Giles, Legend of.

_Beg._ Of Agamemnon under the large empire; 46 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS.—_Laud 683; Harley 2255; Lansdowne 699; Leyden Voss. 9. Printed Horstmann, _Altenglische Legenden_, Nene Folge, 1882, pp. 371 ff. Lansdowne says it was written at instance of "dom. Theodorici," perhaps a mistake from seeing the name as Giles's father in MS.

121. Sts. Katherine, Margaret and Magdalene.

_Beg._ Kateryne with glorious Margarete; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS.—_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 reverence of seynt Margarete; 539 lines of rhyme royal, and ballade.
_MSS.—_Harley 1704, 367; Cosin's Lib. _Durham V, II, 14_; Univ. Lib. Cam. Li. 5. 18; Bodley 636.

124. St. Michael, To.

_Beg._ O myrghell by grace of cryst Iesu; 1 stanza of 8 lines.
_MSS.—_Laud 683.

125. St. Ositha, To.

_Beg._ Heyl hooly Sitha maide of gret vertu; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MSS.—_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 remembraunce; 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.
Genuine Poems: St. Robert—Serpent. xxvii

127. St. Robert of Bury, To.

_Beg._ O Illyssid Robert Innocent and virgyn ; 5 stanzas of 5 lines.

128. St. Thomas, To.

_Beg._ Blisst Thomas rubyfied with blood ; 2 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MS._—Laud 683.


_Beg._ Synguler shepperde gardeyn of cristis 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 Briton martirs famous in parfitnesse ; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.
_MS._—Laud 598; 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 shall 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 Hyesve_ in the MS., bears every evidence of Lydgateian authorship.

132. Secreeta Secretorum. Secrees of Olde Philosofires, 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.
_MS._—Sloane 2027, 2464; Lansdowne 285; Harley 2251, 4826; Arundel 59; Addit. 14408, 84360; Laud 416, 673; Ashmole 46; McClean MSS. (Fitzwilliam 182, 183); Trin. Coll. Camb. O. 3. 41; Boston Ms. (frag.).

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.
_MS._—Corp. Chr. Coll. 203; Addit. 29729; Royal 2 D. 37. The first MS. titles the poem _Proverbia R. Stokys_, but is not to be trusted. In the same MS. Chancer's _Truth_ is entitled _Proverbia Secogn_.

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.
_MS._—Ashmole 59; Harley 2251.

135. Serpent of Division.

_Beg._ Whilom as olde bokes ; 10 folios of prose, ballade, 3 stanzas of 8.
_MS._—Yelvcrton 35 (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 lone I have a servant be; 9 stanzas of 8 short lines.

_MSS._—_B. M. Addit._ 16165. The title of the New Year's Gift belongs properly to this piece, I think. On the margin Shirley writes, "Be stille Daun Johan suche was your fortune."

✓ 137. So as the Crabbe Goth Forward.

_Beg._ pis worlde is ful of stabulnesse; 7 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—_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 twoo kynges right perlité and right good; 3 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—_Lansdowne_ 285; _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.

_MSS._—_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_ 683; _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 Book_, 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 celi extirpauit.

_Beg._ Thowe hevenly queue of grace our lodesterre; 4 stanzas of 8 lines.

_MSS._—_Harley_ 2251; _Addit._ 34360; _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 Phebus passed was the Ram; 4716 lines of heroic couplets.

_MSS._—_B.M. Adds._ 18632, 5140, 29729; _Harley_ 262; _Cott. App._ XXVII; _Egert._ 2864; _Arundel_ 119; _Reg._ 18 Di i; _Bodley_ 776; _Digby_ 230; _Laud_ 557, 416; _Rawl._ C. 48; _Cam. Un. Lib. Adds._ 3137; _Trin. Coll._
143. Te Deum Laudamus.

_Beg._ Te Deum Laudamus to the lord souerayn; 13 stanzas of 8 lines.
_M.S._—_Harley 2255._

144. Temple of Glas.

_Beg._ For pouht constraint and gremous heuynes; 1403 lines, heroic couplets and rhymy royal.
_M.S.S._—_Tanner 346; Fairfax 16; Bodley 638; Pepys 2006; Camb. Univ. Lib. Gg. 4, 27; Addit. 16105; Longleat 258; Sloane 1212 (pt.).


145. Ten Saints, Prayers to.

_Beg._ Blissed Denys of Athenys chief sonne; 13 stanzas of 8 lines.
_M.S.S._—_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._ O how holsom and glad is the memorie; 240 + 182 + 184 + 147 + 144 = 897 lines, in stanzas of 7 and 8 lines.
_M.S.S._—_Harley 218; Harley 2255, 2382; Laud 683; Leyden Voss. 9; Addit. 29729, 34193 (part); Philipps 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 225, Roy. 18 D II.

Printed by Pynson; 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.
_M.S.S._—_Addit. 29729 (long title quoted from some earlier M.S.); 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.
_M.S._—_Harley 2255._

Printed by Wright, _P. P. and S._, II; by Halliwell, _Minor Poems, 150-156._

149. They That No While Endure.

_Beg._ This wyde world is so large of space; 9 stanzas of 7 lines.
_M.S.S._—_Harley 2255; Addit. 36983; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 19._

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 _M.S. _differ widely.

150. Thoroughfare of Woe, A.

_Beg._ Lyft up the Ieeen of your aduertence; 24 stanzas of 8 lines.
_M.S.S._—_Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 20; Harley 2251; Addit. 29729._

151. Timor Mortis Conturbat Me.

*Beg.* So as I lay this othir niht; 16 stanzas of 8 short lines.

*MS.*—*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.


153. Tyed with a Lyne.

*Beg.* The more I go, the further I am behynde; 12 stanzas of 8 lines.

*MS.*—*Harley 2251.*

Printed Halliwell, *Minor Poems,* p. 71, see *Anglus,* 28, 4-5.

The general similarity of this to *Order of Fools, Rhyme without Accord,* etc., inclines me to accept this as Lydgate's.

154. Upon a Cross.

*Beg.* Upon a cros naylid I was for thee; 6 stanzas of 8 lines.

*MSS.*—*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 2588,* by B. Febr. *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 Ox. 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.


156. Vertu, A Song of.

*Beg.* As of hony men gadren oft swettesse; 16 stanzas of 8 lines.

*MSS.*—*Harley 2255, 2251*; *Jesus Coll. Camb. 56*; *Rawl. c. 86*; *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 Banceris Unrolled of the Kyng; 9 stanzas of 8 lines.

*MS.*—*Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6.*

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

158. Virgin, Verses to the.

*MS.*—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.

_Beg. Considire weel with every circumstau ce : 20 stanzas of 7 lines._


Printed Thynne, 1532: Chaucer; Skeat, _Oxford Chaucer, VII, as a Ballade of Good Counsel._

160. World is Variable, This.

_Beg. Toward Aurora in the monthe of decembre ; 10 stanzas of 8 lines._

_MS._—Harley 2255.

In all, prose and verse, as nearly as I can estimate, 115,500 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 _Explication de Lydgate_. Two of these are _A Satirical Description of His Lady,_ in MS. _Harley 2255, and Quia Amore Langueo, MS. Ashmole 59._ 2 I cannot believe that Lydgate ever sunk to the abominable filth of the one, or rose to the sublimity of the other. The former has the rhymes _enter : behynede, and day : ey _ (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 bugyl or elles bolace / Shorn as a sheep with serys keen / Whene the sumne synthyn 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.
Spurious Poems: Galaunt.

in obscenity, such as this poem reeks of.\(^1\) 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.\(^2\)

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.\(^3\) 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 meus*, 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.\(^4\)

*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.\(^5\) It belongs certainly to the latter half

---

\(^1\) There are several parallels in Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19, later printed in Stow's Chancer.

\(^2\) I must note, however, Dr. Koeppel'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 et eternally; maistry; folly 50-55; albeid; misdeid 38-40. Bannatyne ascribes Hoecevel's *Letter of Cupid* to Chancer, 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 rycheesse in araye, and so moche mede;
So many bedes borne, and so lytell devoceyon;
So moche fasting for hungre, and so lytell mede;
So moche payted 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, intoxicacyon: abominacyon: desolacyon: 170, folye: Babylonye: glorye: 214, dye (inf.): perseverantly: 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 Lydgate 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. Glanming for the E.E.T.S., E.S., 80. He was unaware of Newton's MS.
"The sure of none, as Jewes hym desired
Thirled and persed thorgh his hert and side
He seying then 'Consummatum est,' expired;
And, heed enclosure, the gost yaf vp that tyde
Unto the fader. The sunne, compelled to hyde
His bemys bright, no lenger myght endure
To see the deth of the anctor 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, incomplete, 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 séson : réson, 22, sésón : réson : enhésón 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. y. sesón : toun, 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, ll. 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).³
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.

¹ Space prevents me from entering in detail upon a refutation of all Glauing's arguments for Lydgate's authorship. Suffice it to say, that he shows the poem to be Lydgtian, but not Lydgate's. The rhymes I call in question are regular with Benedict Burgh, cf. Cato, Archie, 113, 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 vvecyous
Of goddes and goddes, a boke solacyous
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 preeminently 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 -âcioun, proparoxytonic. And in the copy of the poem in MS. Harley 2251, fol. 274b, l. 9-10, there is the rhyme vîcîrîye : drye. Lydgate, as I have said, never rhymed the word except as vîcîrîye. 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 "extemoral play of the Seven Deadlie Sins," contrived by Richard Tarleton and performed before King Henry VI (p. description by Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet., III, p. 198). Our monk Lydgate is supposed to regulate the performance." Now Tarleton 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 theym sawe,
    And yef I never do ette, 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 drynes."

Pan is (325)

"brechyd like a bere,
    With a greyt 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 seyde Ryghtwynes, 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 Plowman."

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 and the 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- oref operis firm). 1
4. Life of our Lady.
5. St. Albun.
6. Dance of Machabre.
7. *De coelorum gradiis* (Multi sunt qui coelorum gaudia cup).  2
8. *Parlement of Foules*.
9. *Iesus thy sweetnes*.  3
10. Pracepta 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
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
22. *De officio regis*.  7
23. Testamentum.
24. *Smith and his Dane*.  8
25. Horse, Goose and Sheep.
27. Fabula Dnorum Mercatorum.
28. *De fortuna*.  9
29. Contra iudicium temerarium (Fall, I, 13).
30. Inter rationem et tristiciam. (Resoun and Sensuallyte?)
32. *Praceptiones Gallicae linguae*.  10
33. *Aeglogas seu Bucolica*.  10
34. *Poeemata et Odas*.  10
35. *Satyras et alia poeemata*.  10
   Ista ex Ioanne Boccatio et aliis
   authoribus transtulit:
36. Fall of Princes.
37. *Assembly of Gods*.
38. Thebes.
39. *De genealogia Deorum*, lib. xv.  7
40. Troy Book.
41. *Boethius de consolatione*.  11
42. *Dantis opuscula*.  10
43. *Petrarchae quadam*.  10

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 Wordo print. They include envos from the Fall, Loke wel
   thy Mirour, Consulo Quisquis, and Chancer’s *Fortune* and *Truth*. This article
   is repeated in later lists. See Schick, *Temple of Glas*, p. clii, note.
5 Not known, unless a half-dozen lines in Tr. Coll. R. 3. 19, be these.
6 This may be one of several translations of Vegetius. A metrical one
   is now in Pembroke Coll. Camb. 243. It has no Lydghtan marks.
7 Perhaps part of the *Secrees*.
8 The well-known fablau.
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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Fall of Princes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Troy Book</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Pilgrimage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Secrees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Reason and Sensuality.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Assembly of Gods.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Court of Sapience.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Kalender</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Petigree of the Emperours, from Caesar to Dacia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Kings of England.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Dance of Machabre.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Cristis Passion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Psalms of the passion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Of Christ's passion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Misericordias Domini.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Magnificatia Ecclesiae.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>St. Bernard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Paternoster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Aue Maria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Gaudite insti in domino.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Prayer for King, Queen and People.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Conditor alue siderum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Gloriosa dicta sunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>De Profundis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Deus in nomine tuo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Letabundus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Testament, part I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Benedict anima mea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Amasias to Iohas (Fall of Princes, II, 16).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Fifteen Oes to Isu.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Magnificat (Life of Our Lady, c. XXII).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Aue Jesse virgula.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Fifteen joyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Life of our Lady.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Life of St. Anne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Pyte and the sinner.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Image of our Ladie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>St. Albon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>How the plague was ceased in Rome.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>St. Margaret</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Life of St. Denis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Life of St. Barbara.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Life of St. Sith.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>St. George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Exhortation [against] the 7 deadly sins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Prayer to bedward.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Seven graces for seven estates.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Offices of all estates.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Seven parts of wi-dom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Founders of the 7 sciences artificiall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Seven Sciences called Liberall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Authours of 7 Sciences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Disposition of the 7 planets.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Disposition of the 12 signes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Disposition of the 4 elements.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Disposition of the 4 complections.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Disposition of the 4 seasons of the yere.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Disposition of the world.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Peace, Praise of.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Dietary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>(Fall, VIII, 20), Stable as a Stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>Procession of Corp. Christi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Fall of Princes, III, 4 (Ballad Royall against lechery).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Saying of the Nightingale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Ballad on the Coronation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Fall of Princes, II, 31 (on Rome).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Measure, Song of.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Ram’s Horn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Nine Properties of Wine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Amor vincit omnia.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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.
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 1558¹) 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, 15, 26, 35, 10, 20, 101, 18, 51, 45, 46, 14, 11, 16, 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 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 Duciis 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 capitii.

1 No. 13, Psalmi passionis, Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 27. Rhymes glory: prophesy: soly 10; consevertureon: obseruacion: fol. 175 b; temptacion: dylectacion 176; protececyoun: dybeccaion 176 b; prophesy: bodyly 176 b, and many others. No. 20, Gaudite iusti, is of the same type. No. 35, Life of St. Anne, same MS., fundacion: elacion: formacion 221; onely: magnify 224 b; thornes: wvys 225; hauntyd: worshippyd 226; virgyne: digne 226 b; affeccion: direccion 228 b; resen: seson 229 b; son: redempcion 230, etc. No. 45 may be any one of the several attacks on the sins or 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 measurably: glotonye, f. 276 b; fantasies: vprys 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 255; enchosen: resen: geson: seson 235; onely: signify 286, etc.

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

3 Stanza 6, aye: the; 9 dowarye: by: ny; I cry; etc. The poem is rather numerical.

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

5 Lamentation of our Lady, this may be the press tract, which is probably spurious.
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 heaven.
6. *Dilectus meus*.
9. Queen of heaven (another MS. reference).
10. Prayer in Old Age.
11. Life of our Lady.
13. *Quia amore langueo*.

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 (Hege 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.*

*Complaint against hope.*

*Complaint d’Amour* (attributed to Chaucer by Prof. Skeat).

*Ragmanys roll,* or *The Merour of your Chaunce.*

---

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 Isolete.
Consulo quisquis.
Horns away.
(Fall, I, 13.)
Friend at neode.
Holy meditation.
Mass ("Ye devout peple").

From Bodley 686 he took the Tale of a Crow (Maunciple's Tale by Chancer), Kings, Stans Puer, Dietary, So as the Crabyte, 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, chancellor 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 rendring of Deguileville's second Pilgrimage. Not a rhyme-tag in the verse, and the ye rule frequently broken. Acribed (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 R. 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. xlxi, n. 2.

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

7 A poor piece of popular versification.

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

9 See pages xlvii, and xlviii, n. 3.

10 See below.

11 See above.

LYDGEF, M. P.

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 Hardying, John of Bury, Sir John Oldcastle? The writer has an incurable fancy for the word huge; in the first 14 stanzas I note huge Hildnesse, 3; huge cobemance, 4; huge wittis, 8; huge impuissance, 10; huge Innocence, 11; huge dites, 12; huge symplenesse, 14. The rhymes are totally against Lydgate's claim; contraire : mornvngly : folvy, 32; glorie ; foly, 70; remedy ; folly, 41; delicate : worldly, 44, etc. Lydgate never went quite so far as to speak of liquid liquor, st. 5, or lyneal lynes 8. The translation is wretched. Really Lydgate never coined such words as rethoryous 6, antiquious 8, or vertulheide 5. There is absolutely no evidence for Lydgate's claim in the original MSS.

2 From Harley 2251. A short mis-metrred thing.

3 Ascribed to Chaucer by Professor Skeat.
Joseph Ritson's List.

xliv


1 For these see under Bale.
2 See p. xlvi.
3 This poem in Harley 2251. refers to the Battle of Roxburghe, when the Scots were defeated. Rhymes nyne : bene, st. 2 ; victory : hce. 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 103. A doggerel poem from Harley 2251.
6 Harley 2255. No authority. The poem is in the style of the thirty Vernon MS. poems.
7 Harley 2251; belongs with Dilectus meus.
8 Gaude flore, from Harley 372. Rhymes on hce ; bee ; see, st. 1 ; lesse : is ; gladnesse, 3 ; Jesu : now, 6 ; amang : kan (!), 6. Very irregular metre.
9 In Addit. 34360 and Harley 2251. No evidence for Lydgate's authorship.
10 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: follye, 7; nemen: heynyn, 27; bone: done, 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 dygne and dere
Lystyn and ye may here."

Lines 25-26 read—

"pis wyntessyt 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 285, and els-where—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. 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 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.

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. Prohemy of a Marriage, or Advice to an Old Man, or December and July. 2. Walfrige. 3. Monk of Paris. 4. Birds' Matins. 5. London Lickpeny. 6. Lady Prioress and her suitors. 7. For the better abyle. 8. Thank God for all. 9. Make Amendes. 10. Hool of Green. Numbers 8 and 9 are in the Vernon MS. of about 1380, and so before Lydgate's time; No. 7 is the same sort of thing, a highly alliterative, forceful little homily in eight lines of four accents ababbc. There is no evidence for Lydgate's authorship; the poems occur in a MS. containing some of his poems; hence Halliwell's mistake. Numbers 5, 6, and 10 are already disposed of.

1 Stanza 2, rathe: have; Edward: sward; 8, he: many; 36, Turvyle: bataile; shryne: benyng; 45, syng: benyng; 3, yonge: sende; 4, ende: kynge; 35, be: lyghte; 31, was: ges; 31, Barry: sparde; 28, sped: ride. The rhymes -ay, -e occur in practically every stanza. The refrain runs—

"Wot ye right well that thus it was,
Gloria tibi trinitas."

The rhyme-tag verament occurs frequently.

2 gonn: come, 10; chauncerie: me, 34; bye: why, 53; prime: dyne, 58; people: simple, 74; grete: spede, 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 philosoffre, 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 accentuation of rhyme-words in -oun, 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 remedy : angry : hardly, p. 72; gelosye : bodye : pryvelye, p. 33. In the first 4000 lines of the Pilgremage, 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 l. 2. Right famyler in goode conversaeyoun.

3. And both they were nygh on habitacion.

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

l. 12. And as a triew cristien man here he made his ende is too bad for Lydgate.
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 Prayer 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 (O. C. 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? 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 Romance 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 : contune are worth noting. He notes assonances in the poem, which he parallels elsewhere in Lydgate. But he fails to note that nowhere in Lydgate is there any such proportion of assonances, 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. 0 lines to 100 , ,
   In Fragment B, 117. 5 lines to 100 , ,
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 Archiv, 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 Sensualitye. 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 estri‘, 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 aspye : 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 : hoolly, 520; melody : soothly, 181; chivalry : worthy, 503, etc.
2 The Practise De Lapide 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. 538), 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.

Advice to an Old Man, etc., R xlvii–xlviii.

Aeglogas, B.
Aesop. See Isopes.
Alcock, xxxii.
Aleseller, 1.
All haste is odious. See Haste.
Allas I wooful. See Gentlewoman.
Amor vincit omnia, 2, RS.
Appeal of Christ, xxxii.
Arthur, B. See Fall.
Assembly of ladies, R 27.
Assembly of Gods, xxxv, v, HBS, etc.
Ave Jesse, 3, RS.
Ave Maria, 4, 8.
Ave Maria (Hurley version), R 198.
Ave Regina (5, 105), R.
Bale, Bishop, xxxvi.
Ballad of Jak Hare. See Jak.
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady, 6, RT.
Ballade in Commendation. See above.
Ballade of Bliss, xlix.
Ballade of Good Counsel. See Wikked Tong.
Ballade of Her, etc., 7, RS.
Ballade of Love. See above.

Ballade on Women's Chastity (Skeat), xvi (37).
Ballade per Antiphrasim, 8.
Ballade to K. Henry VI, 3, (138), RS.
Ballade to My Lady, xlviii–lix.
Ballade warning men, R, Skeat, etc., xlix and n 3.
Battle of Agincourt, xlvii.
Beholde and see. See 58.
Behold this gret prince. See 38.
Benedictus Deus, 11, R.
Birds' Matins, R 162, xlviii.
Boethius, B.
Brandl, A, (68).
Broken-backed line, viii, n. 1.
Brut, 12.
Bycorne and Chichefache, 13, RS.
By sapience, etc. See Seven Wise Counsels.

Calendar. See Kalendare.
Call to Devotion. See under On Kissing, etc. (Masse).
Cambridge, Verses on, 14, R.
Cartae Versificatae, 15.
Cato, xxxvii (B 10), SR.
Chastity, Women's. See Ballade on.
Index to the Lydgate Canon.

Chaucerian influence, vii, viii, ix.
Chaucer's A B C, R 206; Fortune, R 21, 86; Gentilesse, R 31; Mannice's Tale, R 46 et al; Lack of Steelfastnesse, R 81; St. Cecilia, R 235; Prioresse Tale, R 239.

Chaunce of Dyse, TR, xli, n. 1.
Child Jesus, 16.
Child of Bristowe, R 42, xliii, n. 7.
Churl and Bird, 17, BRST.
Complaint ag. Hope, TR, xli, n. 2.
Complaint d'Amour, TR, xli, xlv and n. 3.
Complaint for lack of Mercy, 18.
Complaint for my Lady of Gloucester, 19, R.
Complaint of the Black Knight, 20.
Concord of Company. See below.
Consulo Quisquis, 21, TSRT.
Contra Iudicium, B (Fall).
Corser (123).
Court of Love, 1.
Court of Sapience, xxxiv, HSR.
Coventry Miracle Plays, viii, xli, T.
Craft of Lovers, R 30, xlii, n. 5.
Criste qui lux, 22, R.
Cristes Passionum, 23, RST.
Curteys, (25).

Dantis opuscula, BTIR.
Daunce of Machabree, 24, BSRT.
De arte militari. See Vegetius, BR.
De coelorum gaudis, BR, xxxvii, n. 2.
De fortuna, B, etc., xxxvii, n. 9.
De genealogia, B, xxxvii, n. 7.
De lapide, l, n. 2.
De officio regis, B, xxxvii, n. 7.
De Profundis, 25, RST.
De vita hominis, R 142.
Death's warning, 26.
Defence of holy church, 27.
Deserts, etc. See Millers.
Deus in nomine tuo, 29, RS.
Dido, Legend of, v, n. 2.
Dietary, 30, BTSR.
Dilectus Meus, xxxii, TR.
Doctrine for Pestilence, 31.
Doubleness, 32, RS.
Duodecim abusiones, 33, Schick.

Entry into London, 34, RS, xlvii.
Epistle. See Letter.

Epitaphium Duciis Glocestriæ, SR. xlvii, n. 3.
Epître d'Othéa, li, n. 2.
Erly on morwe. See Pyte (I).
Every maner, etc. See My lady dere.
Evidence on genuineness, v-x.
Examples against Women, 35.

Fabula duorum mercatorum, 36, BR.
Fall of Princes, 37, (35), (149), HBSTR, xlvii.
Fall of princes in our days, 38.
Fates of Princes, 38 n.
Fiedler, (68).
Fifteen joys and sorrows, 39, RT.
Fifteen joys, 40, S.
Fifteen Ooes, 41, RS.
Fifteen Toknys, 42, R.
Flemynges, Ballade of, 43.
Flour of Curtesye, 44, lTS.
Flower and the Leaf, The, 1.
For the better abyde, xlvii.
Fortis ut moris, x.
Fortune, Chaucer's, R 21, T.
Four Things, 45, RS.
Friende at neode, 46, RT.

Galaunt, Ballade of, xxxii, S.
Garde Virgo, 47, R.
Gaudite insti, xl, n. 1, SR.
Gentlewoman's Lament, 48, RS.
Gloriæ dicta, 49, SR.
Gloucester's Marriage, 50, SR.
Go forthe, myn owne, etc. See Ballade of Bliss.

God is myn Helpere, 51 (131).
Goodly Ballade, xlix.
Governance. See Secreta.
Grounde take, etc. See Letabundus.
Guy and Colbrand. See Bale.
Guy of Warwick, 52, B etc.

Halsham, xiv, (45).
Haste, Ditty upon, 53, SR.
Hawes, Stephen, xxxiv.
Hoc factum est, R 164.
Hoccleve, vii, n. 1; xxxii, n. 4; xlvii, n. 4; xlvii.
Holy Meditation, 54, TR.
Hood of Green, xxxi-xxxii.
Horns away, 55, RTS.
Horse, Goose, and Sheep, 56, BRST.
How the Plage, etc., 57, S.
Image of our Lady, 56, RTS.
Inconsistency. See rhyme.
Isopes Fabules, 59, SR.

Jak Hare, 60, SR.
Jesu, kepe, etc., R 207; xliv, n. 10.
Jesu, thy sweetines, xxxvii, n. 3, B, etc.
Joos. See Legend.
Joy, blissid lady, xliv, n. 9.

Kalendare, 61, BSR.
Kings, 62, RTS.
Koeppel, E, (42), (48).

Lady Prioress, xlii, n. 1, TR; xlvii.
Lak of steadfastnesse, xi; ii. (97), R 8L
Lamentacvon of Our Lady, xlv, n. i, RT.
Lamentation of Mary Magdalene, vii, n. 4.

Lange, J. H., xlix–l.
Late when Aurora. See 46.

Lavenders, 63.
Lee, S., (68), (130).
Legend of Dane Joos, 64, R.
Letabundus, 65, SR.
Letter to Gloucester, 66, SR.
Letter to Lady Sibille, 67, SR.
Life of Our Lady, 68, HBSTR.
Loke in thy merour, 69, R.
London Lickpeny, xlvii, STR.
Long wil be water, R78; xlv, n. 2.
Lucas, John, xv, (26).
Lydgate's Application. See Letter I.

Madden, F., xi (1).
Magnificentia ecclesie, xI, n. 1, SR.
Mainmound. See Jak.

MANUSCRIPTS OF LYDGATE:
British Museum:
Additionals, 5140; 142.
— 5467; 139.
— 10099; 32.
— 10106; 88.
— 14438; 132.
— 16165; 20, 28, 32, 45, 83, 85, 111, 136, 144.
— 14848; 15.
— 19252; 68.
— 19432; 68.
— 21410; 37.
— 18632; 142.
— 29729; 2, 13, 38, 41, 45.

Brit. Mus. continued:—
49, 57, 58, 71, 77–82, 86, 87, 88, 100, 102, 106, 133, 157, 142.
Additionals, 31042; 23, 30, 62, 70.
— 34123; 146.
— 34360: 10, 21, 30, 36, 45, 49, 55, 56, 62, 63, 66, 70, 89, 97, 132, 140.
— 36083; 149.
Arundel, 50; 132.
— 66: 68.
— 99; 152.
— 119; 142.
— 168; 30, 90.
— 285; (41), 146.
Cotton App., viii; 68.
— — xxxvii; 39, 142.
Augustus, A. iv; 152.
— Caligula, A. ii; 17, 29, 30, 139, 154.

— Cleopatra, C. iv; 34.
— Julius, B. i; 138.
— — B. ii; 34.
— — E. iv; 62.
— — E. v; 62.
— Nero, A. vi; 89.
— Tiberius, A. vii; 96.
— Titus, A. viii; 74.
— — A. xxvi; 40.
— Vespasian, A. xvi; 24.
— Vitellius, C. xiii; 96.

Egerton, 1995; 30, 62.
— 2864; 142.
Harley, 78; 53, 62.
— 116; 17, 24, 29, 30, 46, 90.
— 172; 37, 109.
— 218; 146.
— 262; 142.
— 367; 14, 116, 123.
— 372; 23, 62, 116, 140.
— 565; 34.
— 629; 68.
— 941; 30.
— 1245; 27, 37.
— 1304; 68.
— 1704; 123.
— 1706; 26, 61.
— 1716; 37.
— 2202; 37.
— 2251; 5, 10, 13, 152, 16, 21, 22, 30, 36, 37, 38, 48, 49, 50, 53, 55, 56, 59, 60.
Index

liv
Brit.

Mus. continued:

to the

Lydgate Canon.

—

62, 63, 64, 66, 70, 83. 86,
87, 89, 90, 93, 97, 100,

Bodl., Oxf., continued:

Bodlev, 120
131
221

104, 105. 109, 112, 1.82,
134, 137, 139, 141, 1.50,
153, 155, 156, 159, xxix.

Hariey, 2252 30, 88.
2255: 3,11,21,25, 29,36,
39, 41, 42, 49, 51.55,65,

2278
2382

116.

.8362

;

109, 119,

123, 137,

142.

776;
912
1999

62.

;

62.

;

Adds., B. 60
E. 7

.80.

;

62.

;

Arch. Seidell, B. 10 21, 37, 69.
B. 24
20.
Ashmole, 39 68.
;

;

3486;
3952 68.

46;
50

74, 116, 132.
56.

4011

59

(i,

;

;

30, 37, 61, 68, 109,

;

1.87, 1.89.

4197
4260
4733

;

113, 116, 1.82.
68.

;

61

30, 109, 139.

;

456 62.
754 56.
Digbv, 181 20, 35, 93.
230 142, 152, 232
152.
Douce, 148
229 61.
322 26.
322 61.
;
.

;

23, 52, 62, 95, 108,

;

32, 45, 97.

116.

;

7578

409 109.
699
17, 24, 30, 31, 36,
;

;

52, 56, 60, 62, 66, 110,
113, 120, 139.

Royal, 2 D. 37, 133.
.87.
18 B. xxxi
;

18D.ii

62, 142, 146, 152.
18 D. iv; 37.
;

18 D. V
18 D. vi
Sloane, 297

:

37.

;

152.

;

68.

775 30.
989 30.
1212 6, 27, 144.
17H5 68.
;

;

;

;

-1825; 37, 68.
2027
1.82.
2452 37.
2464 132.
3534 30.
;

;

;

;

62.
Stowe, 69
952 ; 96.
982 30, 139.
Bodleian, Oxford
Bodley, 48 30, 62, 139.
;

;

:

;

75;

n. 2) 2, 6, 29, 32,

46, 54, 59, 62,
67, 68, 76, 83, 84, 102,
111, 115, 116, 134, 139,
155, 156, xxviii.

37, 68.
45, 90.

;

;

37, 45,

.87.

;

4826;
5272
7333

•

(i,

;

68, 146.
68.
37.

;

20, 30. 89, 144.
n. 2), 24, 30, 39,

;

139, 159.

xxviii.
;

37.

;

62,

66, 69, 72, 73, 75, 91, 94,

104, 11.3, 120, 121,
125, 130, 143, 145,
149, 151, 154, 156,

24.

;

686;

;

103,
122,
148,
160,

62.

;

263
638

—

68.

;

68.

;

;

152.

;

;

;

;

G. 2

E

62.

;

Museo, 215

Fairfax,

16

;

37.

20, 32, 45,
62, 97, 106, 144.

Hatton, 73

;

(vi),

68,

;

70, 98,

103,

154.

Laud. 416; 132, 142.
557
142.
598 56, 103, 131, 154.
.

;'

673; 132.
683
11, 23,
;

41, 52,

55,

25, 30, 31,
60, 70, 74,

89,91.101,103,104,114,
117, 118, 120, 122, 127,
128, 129, 130, 139, 140,
145, 146, 1.54.
Rawlinson, 408 61.
;

A. 653
C. 48

;

30.

1, 8, 30, 41, 56, 62,
99, 103, 139, (141), 142.
C 86; (i, n. 2) 30, 31,
;

55, 56, 62, 69, 90,
146, 147, 156.

5.8,


Cambridge University Library:
  Additionals 3137; 142.
  Baker's MS. 6; 14.
  Ee. 11.15; 116.
  Ff. 1.6; 18, 63, 90, 93, 159.
  Ff. 5.45; 26.
  Gg. 4.27; 144.
  Hh. 4.12; 17, 21, 55, 56, 84.
  90, 113, 139, 154.
  Kk. 1.3; 114.
  Kk. 1.6; 17, 29, 53, 103, 117, 154, 156, 157.
  Kk. 1.13; 68.
  Kk. 5.30; 152.
  Ll. 5.18; 123.
  Mn. 6.15; 68.
  Advocates, Edinburgh, Jac. v, 7; 68.
  Balliol, 354; 17, 70, 139.
  Bannatyne MS., Glasgow (xii).
  30, 68, 107, xxxii.
  Caims College, Cambridge, 230; 68.
  —— 174; 2.
  —— 249; 62.
  Lord Calthorpe's Yelverton, 35; 135.
  College of Arms, 58; 62.
  S. Cockell's MS.; 68.
  Corpus Christi, Ox., 61; 68.
  —— 203; 133.
  —— 237; 24, 68.
  —— 242; 37.
  Durham Univ., V. II, 14; 123.
  Lord Ellesmere's Lydgate MS.; 24, 109, 137, 158.
  Exeter Coll., Ox.; 152.
  Fitzwilliam Museum, McClean.
  182; 37, 132, 135.
  —— 183; 132.

Glasgow Univ.; 37.
  Gloucester Cath.; 152.
  Gurney MS.; 142.
  Harvard, AR. 5; 12, x. 52, 135.
  Harvard, Trow Book MS.; 152.
  Hawkins MS.; 30.
  Hutn MS.; 17; 68.
  Inner Temple, 511; 110.
  Earl of Jersey; 37.
  Jesus Coll., Cam.; 56; 21, 25, 30, 31, 39, 41, 55, 62, 65, 69, 70, 75, 84, 90, 91, 92, 94, 103, 104, 122, 125, 130, 139, 141, 145, 146, 154, 156.
  Lambeth; 84, 43.
  —— 254; 37.
  —— 300; 56.
  —— 344; 68, 70, 98.
  —— 444; 30.
  —— 742; 142.
  —— 853; 30, 139.
  —— 878; 61.
  Leyden Voss, 9; 17, 24, 30, 31, 36, 52, 55, 56, 60, 62, 66, 113, 120, 139, 146.
  Lincoln Cath., C. 5.4; 17, 24, 110, 113.
  Longleat; 37.
  —— 256; 122.
  —— 257; 142.
  —— 258; 61. 39. 144.
  Maitland Folio (Pepysian, Magdalene Coll., Camb.); 107.
  Makenloch; 30.
  Mostyn, 258; 142, 37.
  Pembroke Coll., Cam., 120; 139.
  Pepysian, 2006; 20, 37, 135, 144.
  —— 2011; 142, 66.
  Phillipps; 37.
  —— 8299; 69, 110, 146, 154, 156.
  —— ; 152.
  Plimpton; 37.
  Quaritch, B.; 37.
  Rutland, Duke of; 37.
  Rylands, Manchester; 152.
  St. John's, Cam., G. 23; 30.
  St. John's, Ox., 56; 68, 70, 104, 154, 158.
  —— 6; 152.
  Sidney Sussex, Cam.; 37; 122, 125, 130, 140, 145.
  Singh, Prince Fredk. Dulcep; 142.
  Society Antiquaries. 101; 30.
  —— 134; 68.
  Tollemache; 152.
Index to the Lydgate Canon.

Trin. Coll., Cam., O. 3.41 ; 132.
— O. 5.2 ; 142, 152.
— R. 3.19 ; 13, 17, 37, 45, 55, 59.
— R. 3.20 ; 7, 9, 10, 13, 22, 37, 38, 45, 47, 48, 49, 50, 54, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 86, 87, 100, 119, 137, 150, 155, 159.
— R. 3.21 ; 3, 4, 5, 21, 23, 24, 39, 40, 52, 62, 64, 65, 66, 63, 70, 75, 84, 90, 92, 94, 97, 103, 105, 112, 119, 140, 141, 156.
— R. 3.22 ; 68.
— R. 4.20 ; 142.
Trinity College, Dublin, 516 ; 30.
Trinity College, Ox., 38 ; 110.
Univ. Coll., Ox., 60 ; 30.
Maria Virgo, R 192, xlvi. n. 7.
Marsh, 1.
Masse, 70, BR.
Minciple's Tale, v. n. 2 ; xlii.
Merita missae, R 222 ; xlii, n. 1.
Mesure, Song of, 71, RS.
Mesure is treasour, 72.
Metre-tests, viii.
Millers, Against, 73.
Miracles of St. Edmund, 74, R.
Misericordias, 75, RS.
Moderation, On. See Mesure, Song of.
Monk of Paris, xlvi ; xlviii, n. 3, R.
Munnings, 76–82, SR.
Mutability, etc. See Mydsomer.
My father above, etc. See Child Jesus.
My Lady dere, 83.
Mydsomer Rose, As a, 84.

Neir a park, R 175 ; xlvi, n. 7.
New Year's Gift, 85.
New Year's Gift of an Eagle, 86.
Nightingale, Saying of the, 87.
Nightingale, The, xiii–xxvi.
Nine Properties of wine, 88, SR.

Of wyne away, etc. See Lavenders (2d stanza).
Off stryvys new, etc. See Flemynges.
On kissing. See under Masse, 70.
Order of Fools, 89, (149), (152).
O sothfast, etc. See St. Bernard.
O sweetest Bawme. See Prayer to Mary.

Pageant of Knowledge, 90, SR.
Pageants for Queen Margaret, STR, xl.
Parlement of Fousles, xxxvii, TRB.
Paternoster, On the, 91, STR.
Paternoster, qui es, 92.
Payne and Sorow, 93, 1.
Peace, 94, SR.
Peacham, H., xxxvi.
Pearl, x.
Petigree of Emperours, SR, xxxviii, n. 3.
Petrarchae quaedam, B, etc., xxxvii, n. 10.
Piers of Fulham, R 48.
Pilgrimage, 96, S Pits R.
Pilgrimage of the Sowe, xliii, n. 2.
Pis,n, C. de, li, n. 1.
Poem against Self-Love. See Loke.
Poenmata, B.
Praecepta moralia, B, etc.
Praeceptiones Gallicae linguae, B, etc.
Praise of women, xlix, n. 1.
Prayer for king, 97, (138).
Prayer in Old Age, 98.
Prayer to Bedward, xxxix ; xl, n. 1, SR.
Prayer to Mary, 99.

Printers and Editors:
Arnold, 15, (127).
Bergen, H., 152.
Bric, F., 43.
Brotanck, 77, 79–82.
Caxton, 17, 30, 33, 56, 68, 139, 144.
Chaucer editions, 1598 Bell ; 33.
Chepman and Myllar, 20, 107.
Copland, 17.
Degenhart, 56.
Dugdale, 24.
Erdmann, (142).
Fabyan, 138.
Förster, M., 90.
Furnivall, 21, 23, 28, 30, 55, 56, 89, 90, 130, 154, xxix.
Glanning, O., 87, xxx.
Halliwell, J. O., Minor Poems, 1840 ; 13, 20, 21, 30, 34, 55, 60, 64, 66, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 84, 86, 88, 89, 90, 100, 103, 109, 113, 137, 139, 148, 150, 152, 155.
Hammond, Miss E. P., xi, n. 4, xv, (28), xvi, (37), 50, 78 ; xxii, n. 1 85.
Index to the Lydgate Canon.

liv

Hazlitt, W. Carew, 93.
Holthausen, 104, xxi.
Horstmann, C., 61, 64, 74, 110, 116, 120, 123.
Hunterian ed. of Bannatyne MS.

See Bannatyne.
Huth, 56, 126.
Kingsford, C. L., 34.
Krausser, 20.
Locock, Miss, (96).
Pynson, 20, 21, 37, (2) 126, 144, 146.
Redman, 68.
Ritson, J., 108.
Robinson, F. N., 52.
St. Alban's ed., 1334 ; 110.
St. Austin's, 1520 ; 113.
Sauerstein, 59.
Schick, J., 33, (37), 144.
Schleich, G., 34 (pt.), 36.
Sieper, E., 106.
Skeat, W. W., 6, 20, 30, 32, 44, 45, 159.
Steele, 63, 88, 132.
Stowe, 32, 33, 45, 142, xxxiv-xxxvii.
Tame, 68; xxxix, n. 4.
Tanner, xxx.
Thynne, 6, 20, 44, 150.
Tottell, xii, 24, 37.
Tounmin-Smith, Miss, 90.
Turnbull, 68.
Wayland, 37.
de Worde, Wynkyn, 17(2), 20, 21, 33, 37, 56, 95, 70, 93, 130, 139, 144, xxxi.
Wright, T., 9, 42, 60, 63, 93, 94, 95, 108, 148.
Zupitza, 36, 52, 59.
Prioresse Tale, R 239.
Prosiegel, T., (132).
Prospect of Peace, On. See Peace.
Proverbs of Lydgate. See 37, 75, 21.
Psalms of the passion, SR, xl, n. 1.
Pyte to the Synner, 102.

Queene of Hevene, 103, (131).
Quia Amore Langueo, x, xxxii, T.
Quis dabit, 104.
Quixley, viii, n. 1.
Ragnmanys roll. See Chaunces, ThL.
Reconciliation, On the, xlvi.

Regina Celi, 105.
Remedie of love, R 29; xliii, n. 5.
Resoun and Sensuallyte, 106, S, etc., B (?).
Rex Salomon. See Dilectus.
Rhyme-tests, vi, vii.
Rhyme without Accord, 107, (152).
Ritson, xlii-xlii.
Romanaunt of the Rose, 1.
Round Table, B, (Fall).
Rygth as a Rammes Horne, 109.
St. Albun, 110, P, etc.
St. Alexes, R 248.
St. Anne, Life of, SR, xl, n. 1.
St. Anne, Praise of, 112.
St. Anne, To, 111.
St. Austin, 113.
St. Barbara, SR, xl, n. 2.
St. Bernard, 114, (98).
St. Cecilia, R 235.
St. Denis, 115.
St. Denis, Life of, xl, n. 2, S.
St. Edmund, 116, H3, etc.
St. Edmund, Prayer to, 117.
St. Erasmus, R 240.
St. Gabriel, 118.
St. George, 119, ST.
St. Giles, 120, R.
St. Katherine, etc., 121 R.
St. Leonard, 122, R.
St. Margaret, 123, STR.
St. Michael, 124.
St. Ositha, 125, R.
St. Petronilla, 126.
St. Robert, 127, T.
St. Thomas I, 128.
St. Thomas II, 129.
St. Ursula, 130, R.
Satirical ballad. See So as the Crabbe.
Satirical description. See Hood of Green.
Say the best, 131, R (cf. 51).
Secreta Secretorum, 132, BS, etc.
See myche, 133.
Semblable, 134, S.
Serpent of Division, 135, S(T)R.
Servant of Cupid, 136.
Seven Deadlie Sins, xxxv, S xl, n. 1, R.
Seven Wise Counsels. See Pageant.
Shirley, v, n. 2; xi, n. 4; (97), (106), (136), xxxii.
Index to the Lydgate Canon.

Siege of Jerusalem, R 38; xliii, n. 6.
Simmons, xlvi, n. 1.
Sip thay list, etc. See Death's Warning.
Smith and his Dame, BR, xxxvii, n. 8.
So as the Crabbe, 137, RTS.
Soteltes, 138.
Stans Puer, 139, RT.
Star of Jacob, 140.
Stella celi, 141, SR.
Stokys, (133); xiii, n. 1.
Story of Thebes, 141, B, etc.
Stylistic tests, x.
Summum Sapientiae, xlv, n. 1, R.
Surge mea, etc., xlv, n. 8; R 188.

Tale of a Crow, TR. See Maunciple's Tale.
Te Deum, 143, R.
Temple of Glas, 144, HSR.
Ten Saints, 145, TR.
Testament, 146, BSR.
That now is Hay, 147, SR.
The chief gynnyng, etc. See Letter (II).
The Cok, 148, R.
Thebes. See Story.
They that no while endure, 149, R.
Thoroughfare of woe, 150, SR.
Thorough gladde aspectis. See Gloucester's Marriage.
Thys worlde is borne, etc. See Pageant.

Timor Mortis, 151, R.
To Adam and Eve. See Examples.
Toward Aurora. See World.
Toward the ende. See Loke.
Triggs, O, xxxv.
Trouthe, xi, n. 1.
Troy Book, 152, HB, etc.
Two priests, R. See Wulfrike.
Tyed with a lyne, 153, R.

Upon a Cross, 154, R.

Valentine, 155, SR.
Vegetius, B, etc., xxxvii, n. 6.
Vertu, 156, R.
Vexilla Regis, 157.
Virgin, Verses to, 158.
Virtutes Missarum, xlv, n. 1, R.
Vita Ethelstani, xxxvii, n. 1.

Warren, Miss, (24), xiv.
Who seith, etc. See Say.
Wikked Tong, 159, STR.
Women's Chastity. See Ballade on World is Variable, 160, SR.
Worship, etc. See Four.
Wretchedness of Worldly Affairs See Thoroughfare.
Wulfrike, xlviii, n. 3.

Yates, (126).
Ye devout peple. See On kissing.
Ye and the Herte, The, 1.
The Minor Poems of John Lydgate.

PART I.—RELIGIOUS POEMS.

I. BENEDIC ANIMA MEA DOMINO.


Take pœ good de hede, sirs and dames, howe Lydgate daun Iohan þe Munk of Bury, moeued of devocioun, hæþ translated þe salme Benedic anima mea domino.

(1)

O þou my soule, gyf laude vn-to þe lord,
Blesse him and preyse, and forget him nought.
Alle myn entraylles boþe in deed and word,
And al þat euer is in myn Inward thought, [p. 20]
Gyf thank to hym þat þee so deere hæþ bought.
Of kyndenes he was no thing to blame,
Late serche þyn hert with al þat may be thought,
And ofre al þat vn-to his hooly name.

(2)

And þou my soule, yit blesse him eft ageyne,
Haue euer in mynde his consolacyons,
Be not forgetful, but be truwe and pleyne,
Ay to remembre his retribucions.
To him haue ay þy contemplacyouns,


LYDGATE, M. P.
Sith he pee bought with his precyous blood,
Be not vnkynde, but in pyne orysouns
Thenk for py saake he starff vpon pe rool,
Which is alwey to pine Iniquytees
So pacyent ay, and mooste sufferable ;
Helepe and rekurepe alle pyne infyrmittees
Of lordes alle pe moost mercyable,
Moost loving eke, euer oon and not vnsable,
Voyde of chamge and of al doublenesse,
God grant my pryer beo to pee acceptable,
bat schewest to me so muche kyndenesse.
For he byepe euer and makepe redempcyoun,
By lyf frome deeth and frome captyvyytee :
With his blood he made py raunsoun,
And with his mercyes he corownepe pee,
And in his mercyes he gyvpepee libertee,
Whane for py synne pe feonde dope pee manace,
And condescendepe of mercyful pytee
Ay whan pou axest for to do pee grace.
He accomplisshhepe in goodnes py desyres,
He is in loue so stedfast and so trewe.
Pyne hert enamourepe with his goostely fyres,
And lyke an Egle py youpe shal renuwe
Elyche fresshe of face and eek of huwe,
Cladde with a mantel of Immortalyte,
With-oute appalling, of aage elyke nuwe,
With Citeseyns of pyne hevenly Cite.
bowe art pe lord, prophetes doon recorde,
Moost renommed of power and of might,
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 pe to qweeme.  

(7)  
He made hees weyes vn-to Moyses  
For to be knowe, pe bybble can weel telle,  
His willes also, by vertuous encresce,  
Vn-to his loued people of Israel,  
And Pharo 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 oure goostly foo.  

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

(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 enbrace,  
And he is redy euer to doo grace  
Who axepe mercy, he wil him not forsaake;  
O fore O lord, whane we shal hens passe,  
To-fore py doome vs to py mercy take.  

(10)  
After oure synnes pe 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.  
59 of thy ins. ll.  
63 lerde by grace A.  
69 for to do ins. H.  

B 2
Benedic Anima Mea.

Nobis neque sequendum iniquitates nostras.

Nor lyke our trespasses he is not rygorous
To do vengeaunce of his benignyte,]
Mercy preferring to-forne his equyte ;
For but his mercy soopeley passed his right—
I cane namore, but.I seye for me,
Whane he shal deeme I durst not come in sight.

77

Quantum sequendum altitudinem.

For affter pe hevens hegte altytude
Passepe pe eorpe in comparysoun,
He hape made strong his mercy to conclude
On alle pat drede him of truwe affeectyoun.
 I cleyme mercy and voyde away reysoun,
And to his grace lowly me submitte,
For vpon mercy stant my saluacion,
On which to trist myn hert shal neuer flytte.

85

Quantum distat ortus ab occidente.

Als fer in seope as pe cler oryent
Is in distaunce whane Phebus shynepe bright
Frome pe west party of poccydent,
Right so pe lord which is moost of might
Hape setteoure synnes asyde out of his sight,
His doome delaying pat we may come to grace,
Making appel to mercy frome his right,
What synfuH ellys durst peer afore his face?

88

Quomodo miseretur filiorum misertus est dominus timentibus se.

And as a fader mercyful is founde
Vpon his childre for to haue pytee,
Right so pe lord of mercy most habounde
Is mercyful to alle pat dreadful be,
For he allone knowepe our freeltie,
And who of hert can dred him, lone, and serve;
Nowe graunt vs lord, of by benignyte,
Mercy toforne or we by doome deserue.

96

Recordatus est quoniam puluis sumus.

He is Remembred pat we but poudre be,
A mannys dayes beon but welked hay,

77 preferrith A. 80 in his ins. A. 94 [o] by H. 96 Ellys what synfull t H.
Or lyke a flour ful fyer and fresshe to se
Which in feelde faandepe and gope away,
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)
pe 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 paune al worldly pompe and pryde,
Sette lordship and richesse paane a-syde,
Al tresor here nys but transytorye;
Wherfore, O lord, let mercy so provyde
pat we wip pee may regnen in py glorye.

(16)
By mercyes, lorde, beon preyseyd frome eterne,
Euer lasting, who can beholde and se,
Who louepee pee and can with dreed conserne
by kyndenessis and py gret bouteeny,
To alle suche py mercy is mooste free,
And of a mayde thorughie mercy pou were borne,
Thorughie 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 comandement,
peyre issu no mescheef shal encoumbre;
Nowe, goode lorde, of feythful truwe entent,
Graunt me grace I may beon of pe noumbr. [p. 24]

112 on A. 113 A ends here. 113–120 repeated t. 120 regne H. 121 preyseyd commended H. 122 whoo that ins. H. 134 issu genderure t. 136 beon be on H. 136 So graunte ins. t.
Benedic Anima Mea.

(18)

Et memoriam sunt mandata tua.

For pey beon fully, as in peyre ententys,
Of oon hert stable as any stooone,
Remembriyng ay of his comandementes,
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 Iohan,
To-fore pou deeme vs haue mercy in py mynde.

(19)

Dominus in celo.

God in his palays above celestyal
Hape bylt a see and a manysoun;
And his regne moost Imperyal
Hape ouer al his domynacyoun,
And al stant vnder his subieccyoun;
Wherfore, O lord, thenk onoure freelttee,
And late py mercy beon our e proteceyoun
For oper saufcondytt haue I noon for me.

(20)

Benedicta domino omnes angeli.

Alle pe Aungelles of everyr Ierarchye,
Blessee pe 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 tenhimyne pat boughtest me so deer.

(21)

Benedicta domino omnes virtutes.

And alle pe vertues of pe lord also,
Gyvepe laude and prys to his magnyfysence
And blessepe him as yee aught to doo,
Alle hees mynistres with duwe reuereence,
Which pat doon with duwe diligence
His wille, his word, and may not disobeye.
O lord do mercy ageyne my gret offence,
Or cruwel deepe me sodeyuny werrey.

138 Any] is the marbul th. 139 of his] on thy H. 140
Neuer con ins. H, ner oon t. 144 by] on. H. 152 noon hae
we H. 164 yee his ins. t. 167 moost mighty doo mercy
against offence t.
Benedictus Deus.

(22) Blessèpe þee lord, O yee his werkes alle,
Yehe place where he hape domynacion,
O pou my soule vn-to þee lord do calle,
And to his lord gif benedíceyoun,
For lyff and dethe, and oure saluacion
Eternally dependepe in his grace,
Asscele oure quytaunce with þy redempçon,
Whane pou shalt deme vs stondyng to-fore þy face.
Explicit Anima mea domino &c.

2. BENE DI CTUS DEUS IN DONIS SUIS.

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

(1) God departeth his gyftes dyuersly,
To summe he yeveth wit and dyscressioun,
To synful peple at leyser doth mercy,
Yeveth to summe grace and perfeccyoun,
Summe he enspireth with devossioun
Be influence of mercyfull pyte,
For wich we ouglite conclude of resoun
In alle his werkis blyssed mot he be.

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

172 lordship t, lord TH.  Explicit] om. t.
To Ysaak this lord gaff gret Encres,  
Graunted Jacob plentyvous habundaunce,  
Also he graunted to horned Moyses  
To lede from Egypt al Israel, in substau?nce,  
Maugre Pharao and al his fiell puyssaunce,  
Promys parfourmed be myhty Issue;  
Lat us therfore say for a remembraunce  "In alle his gyfftes blyssed mot he be."  

God gaff Dauyd roiall excellence,  
As seith the byble, moost ffor his meeknesse,  
To Salamon souereyn pacyence,  
And therwith all plentyvous Rychesse,  
And Absolon excellent fayrnesse,  

Strengthe, victorie, to Judas Machabee,  
Whos woord was this of knyghtly hih prowesse [M. 32, bk.]  
In alle his gyfftes blyssed mot he be.  

He suffred Iob lese al hys tres-sour,  
But ther ageyn he gaff hym pacyence;  
Made Alysaundre a myghty conquerour,  
Pore Dyogynes lyst do hym no reuerence,  
Be-tween hem two ther was gret difference,  

The toon in pride, the tother in poverte,  
Texempleffye, brefly in sentence,  
What euer Iesu sent blyssed mot he be.  

Other stories ther been of womanheede,  
God gaff Iudiht feith, trust, and stabilnesse,  
To Sibile, in Austyn as I reede,  
Cristis comyng be writyng did Expresse,  
Crowned Hester quen for hir famous humblesse,  
Eesabell prowd was cast doun from hir see;  
Thus God avanuzech folk for her meeknesse,  
In alle his gyfftes blyssed mot he bee.

19 Preecelens to H.  24 lord blessyd ins. H.  27 sapience H.  
32 god blessyd ins. H.  37 ther was] was a H.  40 Iesu]  
god H.  46 Iesabell H.  47 ther lewlynnesse H.  48 lord  
blessyd ins. H.
Benedictus Deus.

(7)

Thou God to wives hath yove gret suffraunce,
    They be not alle a-lyk pacient,
To suffre wrong it were a gret penaunce,
    Or be mysbode in herte whan they be bren; 53
Of tonge and mouth to haue ther lyberete,
    Sum meek, somme crabbid, summe be eloquent,
In alle his gyftes blyssed mote he bee.

(8)

To conclude brefly in this mater,
    Let alle folk thank the lord of his goodnesse,
Whatere he sent, with hool herte & entyer;
    Whether that it be povertre or Richesse,
Strengthe of body, helthe, or long syknesse, 61
Wordly flavour, Ioye, or prosperyte
    Reste on this word for the more sekinnesse,
In alle your gyftes, lord, blissed mot ye be!

(9)

He may the riche with pe wheel turnyng,
    Witnesse of Iob, make the to dyscende,
Of a shepperde he made Danyd a kyng,
    Nabugodonosor with bestis Eet provende;
Pryde in a beggere is nat to comende, 69
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.

Colophon: Explicit quod lydgate H.
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 save me!

God, in thy name make me safe and sounde; And in thy 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, Wherfore of endelles mercy ax y grace That y desposed be vch day to dye, And so to mende, whyll y haue tyme & space.

(2) DEUS EXAUDI.

Hear my prayer,

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 ryght syde ther be my resting place; Ther ys my confort, as y cleere conceyue, Whych may me mende, whill y haue tyme & space.

(3) QUUM ALIENI.

For aliens, 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,

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, pat god hath holpen me,
   And of my soule our lorde ys vp-taker;
Wher y was thrall, lord, thou hast made me fre;
Who shall y thank bot the, my God, my maker?
   When y shall slepe, my keper and my waker, 29
In eueri peryll my confort and my grace;
For of the synfull art thou not forsaker,
That wyll amende, whyll they haue tyme & space. 32

(5) AUERTE MALA.
Turne euell thynges vnto my mortall foon,
   And in thi treuth disperpyll hem and spylle,
So that they be confounded euerychone
   That wolde me stere to dysobaye thi wyll,
The dewe of loun and drede on me distyll,
That dedely synne ne do me not deface;
   That y thi hestys fayle not to fulfille,
Wheech may me mende, whyll y haue tyme & space. 40

(6) VOLUNTARIE SACRIFICABO.
I shall do to the wylfull sacrifice,
   And knoulech to thi name, for it is good.
All oder wordely weele y wyll dispice
   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 receyue, in clennes for my foode,
Hit may me mende, whill y haue tyme & space. 48

Deus in Nomine Tuo.

(7) Cuum ex omni tribulatione.

For fro all trouble thou hast deluyed me,
And on enmyes myn eye hath had despite,
Wherfore y wyll perseuer all way with the
In full entent that kyndenesse for to quite;
And that y may performe thus my delite,
Help, mayden clene, & modyr full of grace!
That neuer the fende me finde in oder plite,
But euer to mende, whill y haue tym[e] & space.

(8) Gloria patri et filio.

Ioye to the Fader, full of grace & might,
Whos hye powere all thynge may preserue!
Ioye to the Sone, that in a virgyn lyght
And for oure gyht 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, whill we haue tym[e] & space.

(9) Sicut erat in principio.

That ys and was, with-owte begynnyng,
Thre in oo substaunce, hye god in commytable,
With-owte ende, eternall, enduryng,
All-myghty, ryghtwyss, and mercyable,
Gracious to all contrite, and confortable;
Both lord and leche to all that lust haue grace;
Wyth oyle of mercy, to myscheue medclynable,
Hele all myn hirt of synne with tym[e] & space.

Explicit.

49-56 om. A. 50 on myn ins. Hh. eye Hh. eue C (!). 52 that] om. H. for] om. H. quyte] 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. fynde me H. 57 ff. Instead of stanzas 8-9 H. substitutes three entirely different stanzas, which are possibly spurious. See below. 57 Joie be h. Ioye beo ins. A. grace d] om. HA. hat is so ins. A. 62 concent h. 63 belsett h. sic. aught A. to] om. A. 64 velill] om. 65 with outen A. 66 hye etc. Lastinge eternal A. 67 ende] om. h. Lord of heven of corye hat 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. powe heele myne hert Whyle I haue lyves space A. Colophon H. Explicit quad lydgate. Stanzas 8, 9, 10 read as follows:
(8) GLORIA PATRI ET FILIO.

Glorye be to the Fadir our souereyn lord, [leaf 148]
   To thy blysfull Sone be laude withontyn ende,
   and to the hooly speryt that madyst of Oon accord
   hevene and eithe, whan thou dyst discende
   In to a mayde, that nevir yit did offende;
   O lord! to whom mercy approptyd is, and grace,
   Haue on me mercy! and froo the feend me dyffende,
   That I may amende whyl I haue tyme & space. 64

(9) SICUT ERAT IN PRINCIPIO.

As was thy joye, now is, and evir shall
   Endure for evir, tyme withoute mesure,
   and sith 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. 72

(10)

O deer godhede! and moost clennest merour!
   In whom angellys desire to beholde,
   And alle hevenly seynstes given lawde & honour
   To thyne Empyre, so many a thousand folde;
   Resceyeve in gree, in synne though I be oolde;
   My sympyl prayere in to thy joyful place,
   and yif me grace thy will fulfille and hoolde
   So to amende, whyl I haue tyme and space.
   Explicit quod Lydgate.
4. AN EPISTLE TO SIBILLE.


(MS. Ashmole 59, leaf 59 back–62.)

Lenvoye by Lidegate. Here folowe an Epistel made by þe same Lidegate sende to Sibille with þeschewing of ydelenesse. [1 leaf 59, back]

(1)
The chief gymnyng of grace and of vertue
To exclude sloufe is ocupacionz,
Martha minystred to our lord Iesu,
And Maria by contemplacionz,
þeþe boþe tweyne, of clene entencyoun,
For to exclude al maner ydelenesse
þeire labour sette in vertuous besynesse.

(2)
Who is it þat cane nowe fynde suche tweyne,
Or of þeire secte one verrailly in dede,
Whiche þat list in labour do suche peyne,
Thorugh diligence longinge to womanhede?
By excercyse þeire werkes oute to sheede
To gif ensaumple, voyding ydelenesse,
How þey in vertue shoulde do þeire besynesse.

(3)
þe lavde of hem and þe price goþe ferre
As by reporte to many fer cunteere,
Labour with vyces of custume holdeþe werre,
Where as it falleþ that femynynyte
Cawþeþe slowþe frome housholdes for to flee,
þat he dar nought have none Interesse
To interupte vertuous besynesse.

(4)
Suche a woman, mayde, widowe, or wyffe,
Men shoulde of right comende and magnefye,
Namely alle peo pat beon intentyffe
In diligence peire wittes to applye,
For alle suche, I dar wel speceye,
Namely wyves bencrese of gret richchesse
Gretly delyte in hooly bynesnesse.

(5)
An housbande which pat suche one dope possede
May hertly truste in hir governaunce,
To robbre or spoyle for he haue no neode
He fyndepe in hir so muche suffisaunce,
Of worldely plentee fulsum habondance,
And in hir soule ful goostely gladnesse,
Ay moste reioyssing vertuous bynesesse.

(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 clopemakinge sheo shal eke besy be,
Wolle and flexsse vn-to hir servantz dresse,
Sette hem on werke in vertuous bynesesse.

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

(8)
With hir handewerke and hir houswyfrede
Sheo besy aye amonge in hir gardynes,
Provydence did aye hir brydel lede,
Plauntynge amonge hir lousty fresshi vynes,
Which pat brought forpe deleytable vynes
Vsinge a girdel aboute hir of clemenesse,
Her lyff tenbrace in vertuous binesse.
An Epistle to Sibille.

(9) And for sheo saughe pat hir werke was goode
    Hir clere lanterne 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 almesdede,
    Hir armes ute a-fer she gaue to reeche,
Of colde in wynter hir meynene 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 golde 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 girdel of grete excellence
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 fayrenesse made was hir vesture,
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 perfytyenesse,
Deservinge heven by vertuous besynesse.  [leaf 61, back] 91

(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 speche, of womanly clemence;
And sheo considerd of wit and lye prudence,
Of hir housholde pe papes for to dresse
pat al concluded of vertuous besynesse.

She opened her mouth with wisdom.

(15)
In ydelnesse sheo eete 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 honnour,
By pat worching of gracious richchesse
Shutte in hir coffres by vertuous besynesse.

She excelleth all.

(17)
Al worldly besynesse nis but vanytee,
Grace of fayresse as a floure dope fade;
Fresshinesse abydepe in mutabilitee
And persinge eyene with peire lookis glade;
Al froyte dope falli, whane trees been overlade,
And al dope waste sauf oonly perfytynesse
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]

(18)

But a woman provident in deed,
I mene suche one pat prudent is and wyse,
be whiche of Herte pe lorde above dofe drede,
Sheo worpy is to haue a ful gret pryce,
For sheo conceyvepe by circumpecte avyce,
Whatever sheo doe and with gret redynesse
Texclude sloupe with vertuous besynesse.

(19)

VERBA FACTORIS.

Wives and maidens,
I speak to you humbly.

Let Lady Sibyl read this letter, and receive it well.

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

(20)

LENVOYE.

5. THE PATER NOSTER TRANSLATED.

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

Hic sequitur Oracio dominica per dominum Johannem
Lydegate translata.

Our Father, which art in heaven

Oure glorious ffladyr pat art in heuen,
Kepe vs by chyldre pat pow has wrought,
Graunt vs these petycions seuen,
As thy son taught pat hath vs bought,
Thy name be hallowed in all our thought, 
  The fende confusyd with all his wyllys, 
Thy Image we been, forsake vs nought, 
  *O Pater noster qui es in celis!*

(2) 
Thy kyngdom, Fadyr, late come thy vs, 
  That we had lost borogh dedely syrme, 
But now thy son, oure Lord Ihesus, 
  Hath brokyn pe prysoun pat we were yrne, 
The dyse were cast, pow dydyst vs wynne, 
  The fende confoundyd with all his wyles, 
Let come py kyngdom, we ben py kynne, 
  *Pater noster qui es in celis.*

(3) 
As py wyH, Fadyr, ys done aboue, 
  So here in erthe py wyH be done, 
Make clene oure hertes, set pere py lone, 
  For without py helpe oure labour ys none ; 
Teche vs thy wyH or grace be gone, 
  The fende confusyd with all 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 sustenaunce, 
Ellys we shuH fayle here in pys way 
  But yef pou make som purueaunce, 
Of gostly foode sende vs habundaunce, 
  The fende confusyd with all his wyles, 
And erthely frutys aftyr py plesaunce, 
  *O Pater noster qui es in celis!* 

(5) 
Also, good Fadyr, foryeune oure dettys 
  To all oure dettors as we foryeune, 
Oure gostly sauour somtyme hit lettys, 
  When other be tempedyd vs for to greue. 
To bere hyt esly pow can vs relene, 
  The fende confusyd with all his wyles, 
Helpe vs py chylldre of Adam & Eue, 
  *O Pater noster qui es in celis.*
A Prayer in Old Age.

(6) Suffre vs nat faH in-to temptacion,
    Whether hit com of flesshe or fende,
Kepe vs from aH foule delectacion,
    For bytternes ys euer pe last ende,—
Yeue vs now grace oury lyfe to amende,
    The fende confusyd with aH his wyles,
And neuer 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 furst day pat we were bore,
    We aske now grace of repentaunce,
And here to perfurmpe oure dew penaunce,
    Kepyng oure wyttes and py hestes ten,
And gracious Fadyr take no vengeaunce,
    Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

6. A PRAYER IN OLD AGE.
[MS. Bodley Hatton 73, leaf 116 to 116 back].

(1) All the trespas of my tender youthe,
    Wyth grevous gyltes rekenyd of yonge age,
Wyth the gode lord make hem not couthe
    Iesu, till tyme that thy wrath aswage.
Myn ignoraunce with insolent outrage,
    Lyke my deserteys, lord, doo not recorde
Tyll pees be leyde, and pitee for ostage,
    That ryght and mercy may graciously acord.

(2) The myspende tyme of all my mydle yeries,
    When lust with forse was fresh yn that sesoun,
My froward fals foren desires,
    Wyth many olde disenre transgressioun,

Collated with Lambeth Pal. MS. 344, leaf 10 to 10 back = L.
3 hem hym.  6 accorde corr. to recorde.  9 The My.  11 foreyn.
Fer fro vertu, contrarye to resoun,—
O lord, late pite thy rygore qveme
Or that Iugement do execucion;
Blyssid Iesu! do mercy or thou deme. 16

(3)
Duryng that age I coude not aduertyse,
Of neiligens in my memoriall,
By providens to see this straunge gyse,
Alle wordely fresshnesse by processe shall appalle; 20
And how fortune amonge hir chaun^es alle
When folk lest wenyth, her servauntis cast down;
Then is no mene, but to elepe and calle
To mercy and grace and Cristes passionu.

(4)
Forsake me not, lord, in my dayes olde,  [leaf 116, back]
Whenne febylnesse hath crokyd bak and chyne,
Currage and blode appalle, and wexe colde;
My blyndnesse, lord, with grace do illumyne, 28
And lat the lyght of mercy ouer me shyne,
Or that the rolle be rad of myn outrages:
Thy blode, thy passioun, graunt me for a signe,
Mercifull Iesu, to patyse my passages. 32

Amen.

7. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.
[MS. Harley 2275, leaves 43, back, to 45, back.]

(1)
Te deum laudamus! to the lord sovereyne  [leaf 42, back]
We creaturyys knowlech the as creatoure;
Te, eternum patrem, the peple playne,
With hand and herte doth the honoure;
O fiemynyn fadir funte and foundoure, 5
Magnus et laudabilis dominus,
In sonne and sterre thu sittyst splendoure,
Te laudat omnis spiritus. 8

18 memory alle. 20 wordely. 21 ouer. 22 outrage.
24 passage. Amen on. L
4 Insert to before the. 7 Insert in before splendoure.
Angels,

Tibi omnis chorus angelorum,

With the principal Ierarchyes of the pretence,

Cherubim and Seraphim,

Tibi coriously cantant celi celorum,

Cherubyn et Seraphyn in thy precious presence;

Incessantly syngyng this solemne sentence,

Sanktos! Sanktos! tu summus Sanktos!

Lord God of hostis, omnipotence,

Te laudat omnis spiritus.

The heavens are full of Thy majesty,

This travaillous 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.

The churches as by the worldis circuyt

Te fratrem ostendunt of moost power,

verum et venerabilem thyn oune sone of myght,

The hoolygoost comfortere of sapience cler,

Substancial above al angelys qwer;

Perfectus deus, altissimus,

In hertly tongis that usid been her

Te laudat omnis spiritus.
Te Deum Laudamus.

(6)

Thou, Christ,

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,  
Eternal glory to that excellent kyng!

Te laudat omnis spiritus.  

(7)

Victoriously whan thu ovrcomyn had  
The sharpe showrys of deth and Payne,  
To thy belouyd thu appertly rad,  
In heuenly kyngdam wherein 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 index Ihesu we beleve that thu art,  
At the Iudicial day of Ingement,  
Dyvynely there shall 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 seyntis,  
In eendless glory, wher is al grace,  
Save the people,  
Saluum fac populum framm penyly compleytis,  
That our Odious Enmy ageyns us haase,  
Blisse lord al thy heritate that is base  
Qui es qui eras sanctissimus;  
Infynyt to beholde thy formous face,  
Te laudat omnis spiritus.
Te Devum Laudamus.

(10)

Per singulos dies with spiritus heuenely,
The with obserazierius we blisse and do observaunce;
And thy blissid precious name we preysye Infynytly,
In this presenti seculo with humyliaunce;
And in the world of worldlys as is thyn avaunce,

Ubi celecus cetus syngen sanctus,
To thy preysyngis, lord in thy laudanunce,

Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(11)

Deere lord of thyn dignie excellence,
This day conserve us from confusioun,
The which is synne, slouth, and necligence;
Have mercy on us, and make an vnyoun
Lat misericord discend from thy domynyoun

Miserere nostri lord, as thu art gracious,
And put us nat in-to perpetual prisoun,

Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(12)

<italics>fiat misericordia tua</italics> upon al mankynde,
As our hoope and trust is fully in the;
Thouh thy creacioun somewhat be to the unkynde
Yit send mercy down lord, from thy maieste,
That closyd was in virgynyte,
The which is <italics>sempterinus filius</italics>,

Te fratrem of heuene of gret pouste

Te laudat omnis spiritus.

(13)

Lord with this glorious psalme of the prophete,
This is the ffynal eende of this ympyne 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,

Tu primus & nouissimus
O sapiencia 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 enduth this prayer to our lord Jesus / And begynneth the hymne Vexilla regis Prodeunte.

(1) Royal Banners unrolled of the kyng
    Towarde his Batayle, in Bosra steyned rede,
    The Crosse his standart Celestyal of schynyng
    Wyth purple Hewe depeynt, I tooke good heede,
    Vita was Captayne, whiche lyste hymself be ded,
    And to slep deth his conqueste to termyne,
    Fygure of Isaak from patriarkys seed
    And downe descendid from Abrahamis lyne.

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

(3) (Confixus clausis Innocens . . .)
    Sone of kyng Davit was sleyne, & his ayre,
    Pure Innocent, nayled to a tree,
    Mornens ful hygh vp in pe Eyre,
    Slouth the Tyrant for al his cruelte,
    Pride was bore downe with humilite,
    Senum tirannum vinciens,
    Where we were thrall fflaunt for our liberte,
    Et nos ab morte liberans.

(4) ( . . . Quo vulneratus in super . . .)
    Ouer al this he, woundyd to the deth,
    To scowre pe Ruste of our mortal grevaunce,
    Vnto his fader clamans 3alde vp the breth,
    Than Rooff his hert Longens with a launce,
    Blood & watur ran out in habondaunce,
Vexilla Regis Prodeunt.

Vt nos lauaret crimine,
O synful man! have this in remembrance, [leaf 198, back
Manauit vnda sanguine.

All was accomplished.

(5) (· · ·. Inpleta sunt quae conciuit . · ·)

Al thyng acomplyssched, deth & his woundes scharpe,
With all pe mysteries of olde prophesie,
The funerall compleynytis Davit 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 aligno deus.

(6) (· · ·. Arbor decora & fulgida . · ·)

Fayrest of trees celestial fresche schynynge,
Wyth Royal purplys al bloody was thyn bewe,
Aftar by Batayle Inpery al of schewyng,
For a memorial regystred newe & newe,
Palme of pis conquiste 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 rych frute
Armys & body Ransoñ Incomperable
Henge on by braunchis, repaaste & cheeff refute,
Restouratyf set in oure feyth moost stable,
Geyne all oure hurtis & soorys incurable,
This stok stato facta est corporis,
Wheche spoylled Hell & sathan mooste vengable
Predam que tulit tartaris.

(8) (· · ·. O crux aue spes vnica . · ·)

O only hope to wrecchis in distresse!
O Cristus Cros! scheeld & proteceyon
Oure medycyne, oure Dawne in al sikenesse,
Oure rycheste triacle geyne al goostely poysonen,
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 dens trinitas . . . )
Thow þat arte called Oon, too & thre,
Hiest of Lordes in the heuenly constiorie,
Alle thre, O God! in perfecte vnite,
To whome be þoue laude honour & glorie,
Myght to þe Fader, conquest & victorie
Vnto þe sone, for oure redempcyon,
To þe holy Gooste grace to haue memorie
On his ffyue 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 sturdy 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 souereyn trust at hym began,
Chees hym to be my cheef socour;
In this woueld here I drede no man,
Prýnce, Kyng, Duke, nor Emperor.
For he is the ffyyn of my labour,
Guerdoun of all myn eternal neede,
And fro deeth he was my redemptour,
Why! God lyst helpe no man I dreede.
God is Myn Helpere.

(3)

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

(4)

And yf the trouthe be well conceyved
I dar weil seyn, whoo so lyst adverte,
Nevir man yit that was disceyved
That trustith 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 often been lyft in dyvers londys
And in many dyvers regiouus,
Haue escapyd fro my foois hondys
In Citees, Castellys and in touus,
Among folk of sundry nacious
Wente ay forth, and took noon hede,
I askyd no manere of proteccious,
God was myn helpe agayn al drede.

(6)

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

(7)
And in al woorldly greet prosperite
Men fynde nevir but litel sekirmesse,
But chaunge and moche mutabilyte,
Now povertye and now greet rychesse,
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 Ioye and now in greet adversite,
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 worlde is double,
Now helthe, now sodeyn 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 leve in greet parfightsnesse, 
Folk calle hym thanne an Ipocryte; 
Yif he hym drawe to gladnesse, 
Of fiooly men wyl hym attwyte. 
Lawhe beforne, and bakward byte, 
And mysdeme ech mannys dede, 
Wherfore ther malyce best taquyte, 
Whan God lyst helpe ther is no drede.

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

(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 weed spede, 
Let hym avoyde plate and maylle, 
Wheer God lyst helpe, ther is no drede.

Explicit quod Lydgate.

10. A DEFENCE OF HOLY CHURCH. 

[MS. Harley 1245, leaves 182 back to 183.]

Most worthy prince, 
Most worthi prince, of whome the noble fame 
In vertue floareth, and in high prudence, 
Land and honour be un-to thi name, 
And to thi worthi roial excellency, 
The which hast been protectour and diffence 
Collated with MS. Sloane 1212, leaf 3 to back, ll. 1-56.
Defence of Holy Church.

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

(2)
That was oppressid almost in thy rewme
   Even at the poyn of hir destruccioun,
Amyd his Citee of Jerusalem,
   Al bysett *with* enmyes envyron;
Tamade a new transmygracioun,
When she allas! disconsolat, allome,
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 eurichoun,
   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, *but* 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 *his* soore,
   Hir to have put in captyuyte,
Off the Tyraunte Xabugodonosor,
   Ferr frome the boundis, allas! of hir citee;
Till though of grace grauntest libertee
Zorobabell and also Neemye
Ierusalem ageyn to edfyye,

12 Tamade] To a mad. 19 wont S. 21 *in* by. 23 Talefft] Ta left. 26 *pu* yow. 29 howndis] hondys. 30 have] A. 33 *pu* St thouh H. 34 Nemye.
A Defence of Holy Church.

(6)
And kepe the Temple hoole and sounde bi grace,
That stooide in way of perdicioun,
Thorough hem pat gan to threten and manace
The libertees of Cristys mansioun,
And for to pyneh att her fundacioun,
In preyudice of the olde and new lawe,
The Patrymony of Petir to withdrawe:—

(7)
That ther was noon her malis to withstande,
Cristys quarell manly to susteane,
Til thow were chose for to lay to honde,
Only by grace hir champioun to been,
For to delyuer out of woo and teen
Noes shipp, bysett with many a wawe,
Tyl thow the watres madist to withdraw,

(8)
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

(9)
The shipp gan rest out of all danngeer,
Mangre the rokkis of vengeaunce mercilesse,—
And that the skies wexe faire and clere
And thorugh thyn helpe that the do we chese
For to repaire with a braunch of pes,
When as the raven hath a careyn take
Oute of the shipp, upon his praye to wake,

(10)
With covertes tresoun falsely to lachche,
When he seeth tyme his desired praye
Liche a Bosarde, unwarly for to cachche

and set her free,
from those who would attack the patrimony of Peter.

Noah's Ship (the Church)
was saved by you,
from the greedy raven.

H. 54 straytis] streyghtees. 58 S ends here. 59 wexe] wax MS.
A Defence of Holy Church.

Smale briddys, that thynke on noon auffraye;
Wher-for I rede, both nyght and day
Too Goddys knygth, so goode wachch to make
Off Phillistees 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 falsched betrassh nat the liht
Off thi goodnesse, that shyneth yitt so bryht.

(12)
Thynke, how to Dauid full Innocente
Saul was fals for all his othis sworne,
Xad 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 Dauid 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 swerde of knyghthoode, that no swich ne spaire.

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

(16) 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 voluntee  
    Of Goddys precepte, of feynydl fals pitee  
    To spare his swerde rihtfully to bite,  
    When as God bad that he shulde smyte,  

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

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

(19) 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.
Withrawe wolde hir rich paramente,
O prudent prynce! thinke what her entent is,
Who falsely the hooly church accuse,
For thy hemisiff the riches wolden use.

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

(21)
What myght availe his pompe, or all his pride,
Or all the glitering of his riche chare,
In which that he so proudly 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 folowewe an ordenaunce of a pre-
cessyon of pe feste of corpus cristi made in
london, by daun John Lydegate.

To celebrate this feast

[page 349]
In your presence fette out of fygure,  
Schal beo declared by many vnkoupe signe  
Graceyous misteryes grounded in scripture.

(2)  
† First, þat þis feste may more beo magnefyed,  
Seope and considerþe in youre ymagination.  
For Adams synne howe Cryst was crucefyed  
Vppon a crosse, to stinten aloure sryff.  
Fruyt celestyal hong on þe tree of lyff,  
þe fruyt of fruytes, for shorte conclusyoun,  
Oure helpe, oure foode, and oure restoratyf  
And cheef repaste of oure redempción.

(3)  
† Remembreþe eek in youre Inwarde entente  
Melchysedec, þat offred bred and wyne,  
In fygure oonly of þe sacrament,  
Steyned in Bosra, on Calvarey 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 patryarch Abraham,  
Example pleyne of hospitalyte,  
Reorde I take, whan þat þe aungel came  
To his houshokle, wheeeche were in noumbr three,  
In figure oonly of þe Trynyte,  
Set to hem brede with ful gladde chere,  
1 Of gret counforte, a token who list see,  
þe sacrament þat stondeþe on þe awter.  
1 [page 330]  

(5)  
† To Ysaake God list his grace shewe  
Lyneally adowne frome þat partye,  
In eorþes fatnesse, aud in hevenly dewe  
Frome peolly gooste descending to Marye;  
þat braunce of Gesse God list to glorebye,
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

jis Roos of Iherico freshest on lyve,
Blest among wymmen, Luc doope specefye,
Whos name is fygurde here with lettres fyve. 40

(6)

jis Jacob saughe aungels goyng vp and doune
Vppon a laddre, he sleeping certeyne
Lowe on a stoon for recreacyoun,—
pe whete glene crowned abone pe greyne,
Forged of golde an hooste pere Inne eseyne;
jis Cristes bred, delicyous vn-to kynges,
With goostly gladnesse, gracious and souereyne,
Gayue forreyn damage of alle corpely things. 48

(7)

jis noble duc, jis prudent Moyses,
With goldin hornes lyche Phebus beemys bright,
Hiis arche so ryche, his vyole for tencrese,
With pe manna to makeoure hertes light;
Figure and liknesse, who so looke aright,
jis goostly manna being here present
To vs figurepe in our Inwarde sight
A symilitude of pe sacrament. 56

(8)

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

(9)

jis chose of God, Daviit jat sloughe Golye,
With slyng and stoone called pe Chaumpyoun,
Of al Isrel, as bookis specefye,
Jat sloughe pe Bere and venqwysshed pe lyoun,
—Figure of Ithesu, jat with his passyoun
45 I seyne H. esene A. 62 Cristes H. 68 and that H.
And verraye victoire of hees woundes fyve
Brought Philisteys vnto subiececyoun,
Whan Longeus spere did thorgh his herte ryve.

(10)

Ecclesiaste, myrrour of sapience,
With close castel besyde a clowde reed,
Sette in Marye flouring of maydenhede,
Which bare pe fruyt, pe celestial bred,
Of oure comfort and consolacyoun,
In to whos brest pe Hooly Gooste, tape heede,
Sent to Nasareth graciously came doune.

(11)

Beholde pis prophete called Jeremije,
Bavisyoun so hevenly devyne
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 builted flource to make of bred,
A gracyous fygure pat a pure virgyne
Shoulde here manna in which lay al our speede.

(12)

pis Ysayes, in token of plente,  
A braunch of vynes mooste gracious and meete
At a gret feest him thought pat he did see,
And pere-with-al a gracyous glene of whete, \[page 352\]  
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,
pe noble prophete benigne and honourable,
Made strong in spirit fourty dayes wente
In his iourney, pe brede made him so stabe,
Cristallyne water to him so comfortable,
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

Al his vyage boope in brede and lenkepe,
A blessid fygure verray comfortable,
Of pe sacrament komepeoure goostly streakepe.

(14)
Zacharye holding þere þe fayre sensier,
With goostely funys as any bawme so swoote,
Beo meditacyouns and grete preyer
þat vppe ascendiþe frome þe hertes Rootz,
Goostely tryacle and oure lyves boote,
Ageynst þe sorowes of worldly pestylence,
Alle infect ayres it putteþe vnder foote.
Of hem þat take þis bred withi reuerence.

108
Zachariah, with incense.

(15)
Blessed Baptyst, of clennesse locke and keye,
Mooste devoutly gan marken and declare
With his fingur, whan he seyde Agnus Dei,
Shewing þe lambe which caused oure welfare
On Good Frydaye was on þe crosse made bare,
And offred vp for oure Redempcyoun
On Eestre morowe, to stinnen al cure care,
Ageynst seeknesse oure Restauracyoun.

116
On Good Frydaye was on þe crosse made bare.

120
Baptist.

(16)
Þis holly man, þevangelist saint Jehan
Appocolips wrote, and eke dranke poysoun,
In Crystes feyth als stable as þe stoone,
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 brede is he þat dyed for oure outrage.

124
St. John Patmos.

(17)
Þis blessed Mark, Resembling þe lyoun,
In his gospel parfyte, stable and goode,
Of bred and wyñ for confirmacion

102 length H. 104 strength H. 106 swoote H. swete 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.
On Sherthorsday Remembrēpe howe it stooed; Seyde at his souer with a ful blessed moode To hees discyiples, aforne er he arros, pis bred, my body, pis wyne, it is my bloode Which ṭat for man dyed vpon ṭe crosse.

(18) Hooly Mathewe pis elate gospeller, Stable, parfyte, and truwe in his entente, He wrote and seyde, of hole herte and entiere, Touching pis blessed gloryous sacrament, "pis is ṭe chalyce of nuwe testament ṭat schal beo shadde for many and not for oon, For Cryste Jhesu was frome his fader sent, Excepcion noone, but dyen for ech oone."

(19) Lucas conermepe of ṭis hooly bloode, Tavoyde aweye al Ambeguytee, "pisa my bodye ṭat schal for man beo ded, Him to delyver frome infernal powstee; To Jherusalem, ḋeperyal citee, Him to conduyte eternally tabyde, Adam oure fader and his posteritee, By Cryst ṭat suffred a spere to perce his syde."

(20) Paulus doctor wrytepe in his scripture, ṭe which affermepe and seype vs truly, "Yif pere beo founden any creature Which ṭis bred rescyevepe vnworpeley, He etepe his doome moste dampnabully, For which I counseyle, and pleynly pus [I] mene, Ecli man beo ware to kepe him prudently, Not to rescieue it, but yif he beo clene.

(21) He ṭat is cleped maystre of sentence, Sette in a cloudie holde here a fresshe ymage, Remembrēpe eeye by gret excellence,
A Procession of Corpus Cristi.

In this mater avoyding al outrage,
Given to man here in oure pilgrimage,
his sacrament after his doctrine
Is Cristis body, Repaste of our passage,
By pe Holly Gooste take of a pure virgyne.

(22)

If he noble clerc, pe doctour ful famous,
Wrytepe and recordepe Remembring truly
Geyns heretykes, hooly Jeronimus,
Howe pat pis hoost is hole in echi partye, 168
Bope God and man, Cryste Jhesus verraily,
In eche partycle hoole and vndevyded,
his oure byleve and creance feythfully,
Oute of oure hertes alle errours circunacyded. 164

(23)

If his glorious doctour, his parfyte hooly man,
Touching his bred dope thus determyne,
Moral Gregore, ful weele reherce he can
In his wryting and vertuous doctrine,
Howe it is flessfie toke of a pure virgyne.
Geynst al seeknesse our chief restoratyff,
Oure helth, welfare, Richchest medisyn,
his sacrament his blessed bred of lyff.

(24)

1 If Blessed Austyne rehersepe in sentence,
"Whan Cryste is ete or reseeyved in substaunce,
pat lyff is eten of hevenly excellence,
Oure force, oure might, our strenkepe, oure suffisaunce,
Qwykenyng 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)

If Ambrosius, with sugerd eloquence,
Wrytepe with his penne and langage laureate,
With Crystis worde substancial in sentence,
175 This is H. 176 circumsised A (d alt. to s). 177-184 In 
T written a b e f g h c d and so lettered, A corrects acc. to lettering, 
H does not. 183 om. H. 185-192 in T written a b c e f d g h 
and so lettered, A corrects, H does not. 190 eternal H.
"be sacrament is Justely consecrate
Oure daily foode, Renuwyng oure estate,
Reconseylling vs whan we trespas or erre,
And mape vs mighty with Sathan to debate
To wynne tryumplie in al his mortal werre."

(26)

\[ Maistre \ of \ storyes, \ pis \ doctour \ ful \ notable, \]
Holding a Chalys here in a sonne clere,
An ooste alofft glorious and comendable,
A pytee pleyning with a ful hevy cheere,
With face donne caste, shewing pe manere
Of hir compleynte with her pytous looke,
Ellas! she bought hir sones depe to deere,
When he for man pe Raunsoure on him tooke.

(27)

\[ pis \ hoolly \ Thomas, \ called \ of \ Algwyne, \]
By hie myracle pat sawghie persones three,
An ooste ful rounde, a sunne about it shyne,
Joyned in oon by parfyte vnytee,
A gloryous liknesse of pe Trynitee,
Gracyous and digne for to beo comended,
With feyth, with hope, with parfyte charitee,
Al oure byleeve is pere Inne comprehended.

(28)

\[ With \ peos \ figures \ shewed \ in \ youre \ presence, \]
By diuers liknesses you to doo plesauence,
Resceiucpe hem with devoute reverence,

An Holy Medytacion.

His brod of lyfe yee kepe in Remembranunce. Oute of his Egipte of worldly grevaunce, Youre restoratyff celestyal manna, Of which God graunt eternal suffysaunce Where aungels sing everlasting Osanna.

"Shirley koupe fynde no more of his Copye."

12. AN HOLY MEDYTACION.


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

Afther þe stormy tyme cesing þe rayn, Whane for pabsence of colde þeorpe is fayn, And þe qwyck thinges reseeyue þeire vygour, And trees bringen foorþe leeff and flour, And by þe glad lusty sesoun of veer Alle þe thinges, which þat wintour eyr Consumed had by his coldes gret, Releeued weren by þe sonnes heet, And swoote gan to smellen euery mede, þe briddes eeke, warisshed of hir drede, With lusty herte singing in þeyre greves, Desporting hem amonge þe greene leves, And þat þe dayes gonnent for to lenkkeþe And þe cleer wedir, by þe sonnes strenkeþe, Echaced had away wyntours derknesse By þe beemys of his shynyng cleerness,

When the storms had ceased, and spring was come,


when men's wits are quickest, 

pe which sesoun caused men for to be

Qwyckest in wit of any tyme, parde,

At whiche tyme nuwe mutacyoun

To alle grene thinges dope consolacyoun,

And mennes thoughtes dulle in ydelnesse,---

Ocupiepe and clensipe by sweetnesse,---

Of studying, loo, jus hit happend me,

Amiddes þis sesoun, lusty for to see,

With grousous study annoyed was myn hert,

But to þe grenes fast I can me hye,

Wening þer to fynde remedye,

But al for nought certain it wolde not be;

For whane I hade sette me vnder a tree,

What for þe floures and þe herbes greene,

And noyse of briddes singing ay bytweene

In hir wyse me thought craffitely,

þat suche a mirth he never noon herde I.

Hir song made so myn herte for to accende

þat vnto studye holly I gan attende ;

And studying enforced I my thought

To spirituel thing, and to noon oper nought:

But fleshly lust crepte in myn hert anoon

So slelely, þat neghe past was and goon

Al my spirituel affecczon,

Til oure lord god for my correcczon

Of his gret might putte þane into my mynde

Reprevyng my fleshie in þis kynde,

My soule, I seye, spake þus my fleshie vn-to,

If yee wol here, þus he sayde, loo,—

"O filthy fleshie þou suget vnto synne

Whome foule afeccion hæpe his herbarowe Inne,

þy foule delyte and þyne Iniquytee

Of vertuous study offten destourbeþe me,

Consider of what mater thou art ewrought,  
And howe thou art into this worlde ebrought.  
Of pi conceyving ne wol I not devyse,  
Ne howe thou art efedde, ne in what wyse.  
I wol eschewe it for pyne honeste,  
Wherfore of pat thou getest nomore of me,  
But pis I knowe and seye pat at by birth  
per nys desport, Ioye, ne no mirth.  
Whane thou art borne, anon thou gynnest wayle,  
For thou pe way entrest, with-outen fayle,  
Of wrecched deeth, and whyle 'pee histe)he  
Ip-
Encreesest ay of woo, annoye, and stryll.  
And whan pat depe whome thou ne mayst astert  
pee crepife in and takepe bee by pe hert  
So gremously, and streynej)ee so sore,  
pat in pis worlde thou lyve mayst no more,  
pane forpe-with al thou waxest wormes mete  
Wheche shoul py flessh u-to py boones frete.  
pane after pat lord God, Iuge of vs alle,  
Schal pee and evey wight before him calle  
At pe day of his stoorne Ingement,  
And deeme pee to ioye or to torment ;  
Weel if thou hast doone, to Ioye eendelesse  
Of heven, wher is mirth, rest, and pees,  
Dwelling with God and with his moder deer,  
And with his seynys shynyng ful cleer,  
And also with pe hooly companye,  
Of paungelles, wheche pat maken melodye  
So delytable and in so goodely wyse  
pat per nys mannes tonge to souffysye,  
Doughie pey alle were sette and put in oon  
And hadde pe konnynges of pe, Omer, echoon,  
To telle pe mirthe and Ioye is in pat place,—  
And passing al, pe sight of Crystes face,  

For it surmountepe thorouge his dignyte, 
Alioye and mirthe pat mayerekened bee.

If Also bewar nowe on pat oper syde, 
bat if it vnto py soule so betyde

But py desertes deeme it vn-to helle,
ther is such torment shortly for to telle

And suche noyse, and showting of feondes blaake,

So besying hem ay fyres for to make,

bat alle men whiche haune beoñ or pis

Or yit beoñ might not pe peyne ther is

Descryven of pexcessyf tourmentrye,

Ne neuer more shoule pey per dye, 

But in pe fnyre brennyg with-owten ende.  
Beware of pis or pat pou hennes weende,

O man! with-sonde py flessily freelttee,

Lest pat py soule be lust ymaysterd be;

For thing pat to py flesshe semepe ful sweete

Is bitter to py soule, I pee byheete.

Sith God of his bennigne courtesye

Hape sent pe witt and resoñ pee to guye,

Let not py flessily lustes beestyal

Vnto pe feonde do make py soule thral,

If pou canst see pyn owen wrecchednesse,

þou hast no mater but of hevynesse,

Whyle pou art in pe mutabilitee

Of pis wrecched worldes vanyte,

Wherfore take heede and pryde pee not, I prey,

In flessily luste, but herken what I sey,

Trees bring foore pe, pou wost weel, as I gesse,

Branch, leef, and floure, wyn, oyle, and suche swettnesse,

For py behoone by Goddes ordeynaunce,

For þou him shuldest serve to plesaunce.

Shewe foore pe fruyt, nowe, man pat comepe of þee,

Howe pronfitable and fayre is it? let see:

88 unto] to A. so pane ins. A. 89 unto] into A. 91 of showti
inge with A. 92 ay fervent A. 93 whiche] pat A. ever or A. 94 yitte . might may not A. 95 pexcessyf] pat passinge A. 96 Ne neuer shal þey þat be damned dye A. 98 hennes] hejen A. 99 nota per Shirley A. 100 bymaisterd A. 103 bengynegret A. 104 þee} for A. 109 Whyles A. 110 Of al . wrecched A. 114 wyn and alle kyns swetnes A. 116 to his A. 117 no man þe fruyte . comþe A.
Of pee kemepe dung, vryne, vomyt and spitting, 
Lysses, nyttes, flees, and suche filthy thing. 120 thou only filthy
If pat py filthes I rehere shal,
Men shal weH wit pon art nought worthi at al.
O filthy man! contrarye of al clemnesse,
Vessel of dung, heep of rotunnesse, 124
Vessel in whoome pe heete of lecheriye 
Lurkipe and abydepe per til pat pon dye!
O wretched man! ful varyant and uunstable 
Is py condicyoun, and right deceyvable, 128
Right nowe pon art, nowe stintest pon to be,
Whever ever pon fleste deewe ay wol suwe pee.
His crueltee ne wol no wight spare,
For every man he kakchepe in his snare. 132
Correcte pee, whyles pon hast tyme and space,
And preye to God oure lord, pat of his grace 
He wol forgyme pee al py wickednesse,
And sende pee might to lyven in clemnesse; 136
And pon shalt fynden him so mercyeable, 
pat paughe py gilt be neuer so abhomyuable, 
He of pe digne and worthy excellence 
Of his mercy wol gif pee indulgence 140
Of alle py giltes, wher-of I pee rede 
pat suche a lorde pon serve and lone and drede. 
Lat not py flesily foule adleycyoun 
py soule putte from his dylecyyoun, 144
Looke pat by rayson pon so brydelde bee 
pat oure lord God ne bee not wroth with pee. 
Sith God hahe made pee vn-to pee liknesse 
Of him-self by infynyte goodnesse, 148
And made pee moost worpy creature

119 compe dung] orduyre A. womytous spittinge A. 120 Noyous 
vermyne and suche disayse thinge A. 121 If pon py wrenched-
nesse rehere here shal A. 123 Margin, Cave miser. filthye. 124
of mueche. 125 Pe place pe bodye in whom lefte lecherie A. 
126 Lurkepe . bydepe. pere lune A. 128 and right] founden ay A. 
129 arte . notce etc.] and soone pon stynt A. 130 Whiper . fleeste .
depe wol aye A. 132 man] wight A. 133 pee here whylest A. 137
So shaltowe fynde A. 138 neuerse] founde A. 139 pe]his A. 140
Of his mercy wol gif] Wol pleyanly o graunte A. 142 love pon 
serve A. 144 far frome vis. A. 145 pat by rayson pon so 
brydelde bee A. 146 be wrope A. 147 god]pat he hahe A. vnto p[98]
to his A. 148 Al of . by his infynyte A. 149 fayre maste A.
An Holy Medytacion.

Bat in pis worlde is while bat it shal dure,
And hap pee gyven gret possesyyoun
And every thing, heer in pis eorpe adowne,
Ordeynepe oonly for to serven pee,
And for noon oper cause, trust pou me
pane thenke on pis, and be pou not vnkynde
To God, which haue pee pus preferred in kynde.
Eschuwe pou perfere him to displeese
For dreed of him, and for py soules eese.
Considre eeeke pis, and haue it in memorey,
Bat al pis wretched worldes Ioye and glorye,
And mighte of kynges, and hir dignyte,
And ooper lordes mightes, what soo pey bee,
For alle hir castelles and hir toures hye
And hir possessyouns, yit shaue pey dye.
Hir goode ne catel ne may hem not avayle;
Cruwel deepe of his pray wol not faylle.
Lifft vp yp hert vn-to yp God abouve,
And think howe pat he dyed for yp love.
Howe mighte he shewe gretter kyndenesse
pane dyen for yp synful wretchednesse?
Looke in yp hert per beo contrycon,
And by thy moup pou make confessyon
Of yp trespas, man, whyles hir art here,
And satisfaccion pou doo eeeke in feere.
Peos three thinges shul beo py defence,
And strenkepe pee weel to make resistence
Ageyns pe feonde, pat waytepe night and day
By soule to overcome, if pat he may.
If pou do pus pane shal by soule weende
To hevens blisse which pat haue noon cende. Amen. 180

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 prophetys tolde,
Shewyd to them by Revelacion
On kyng and prophete, moost souereyn of Renoun,
Daud fro Jesse for Royal excellence,
Frute of whoos wombe, by lust successiou, To al the Clausys songe in this sequence

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

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

(4)
With Principatus moost Imperial, [leaf 120, back]
And Potestates, bright as the sonne beem,


LYDGATE, M. P.
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 noumbre, and glorious multitude

(5)

Of hevenly spiritis, with al the Ordrys nyne,
To Reioysshe **Iuda** and **Israel**, By Royal frute born of **Dauid**-is lyne,
   A form figuryd by faithful **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

(6)

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

(7)

Regem regum intacte profu[n]dit chorus res miranda.

This goostly Chorus figured in the **Byble**, [Leaf 121]
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 souereyn of degre,
With Sceptre and Crowne, former of alle thynges,
Cleymyng of right to sitte in **Dauid**-is se,—

---

His fadir David, of prophetys principal,
Wrot longe be-forn by goostly knowlechyng,—
That Crist Iesus, lord lastyng eternal,
Shal sitte, Crownyd as souereyn lord and kyng.
Isayas, his power Remembryng,
Seyde and wroot, with fervence set a-fyre,
Grace of our lord shal fortune his comyng;
With greet enereces multelye his empyre.

Among alle Cristene prynees and monarkes,
Foure and twenty proph[et]ys accordyng,
First rekne in Ordre twelve patryarkes,
With glad reffreytys there conscytes 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.

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

Doth your deveer 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 menying,
   On Letabundus your conscyeft for to grounde,
Regem Regum ffreshly that ye synge.  

(12)

Angelus concilij natus est de virgine sol de stella.

This Angel, callyd the Anggeil of counsayl,
   Born of a maide be spirit of propheeye,
Clenly conceyved, and for our greet awayl
   By the Hooly Goost to governe vs and guye :
This same Angel, the byble may nat lye,
   To Tobye sent, whan he was falle in age
To lede his sone, callyd also Tobye,
Oonly by grace to conduyte his passage.

(13)

Angelus qui portat clauis abissi.

Off Abyssi this Angel bar the keyes,
   Callid Clauis David to shetyn and vnshtette,
Whom hevene and helle and al the world obeyes.
   This same Angel cam downe to paye our dette ;
In a pure mayde his Royal throne he sette,
   Mawgre Sathan and al his mortal werre,
   Out of whoos dongoun 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 habitiacle ;
Sterre of the se that brought forth a sonne,
   Was nevir in ethe noon so greet myracle ;
Of Salamon aureat tabernacle,
   Fles of Gedeon, with sylvir dewh moost shene,
To all virgines merour and spectacle
   Off hire merites, of hevene crownyd queene.

99 bespyred T.  98 shet J T.  101 mayle his maydys T.
102 al om. T.  105 helth T J. begon T.  106 chose J. chyef T.
Off Isaak seed, of Iacob our day sterre,  
Geyn worldly trouble our governeresse,  
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 solemnite,  
And fiffeshly syngeth this Reffreyt with gladness,  
Sol de stella natus de virgine.  

Sol occasum nesciens } semper clara.  
Stella semp[e] Rutilans  
Off this bright sonne Iohn in his Apocalyps  
Seyth nevir Phebus was so cleer shynyng,  
Weestest nat nor suffryth noon eclyps,  
Callyd Esperus at Eve the nyght gladyng,  
Al cloudy skyes dirk mystes avoodyng,  
Malachias can bern herof witenesse,  
Cause his bryghtnesse is alwey abydyng  
He Callyth hym sonne of Ryghtwysnesse,  

His rightwysnesse abydyng and Eterne.  
With his moost fervent hevenly bryght beemys,  
Ther is no torche launche nor lanterne  
May be comparyd to his Celestial streemys,  
For thourgh the world he launchith 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.  

Aftir Aurora in the morowe gray  
Tytan ascendyng out of the Oryent,  
The Amerous larke massager of day  
Hath tydynges brought from Est tyl Occident,  
That alle querestrys of Cristes hool 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.  
128 Om. in T.  
130 bryght beemys] Brightnes J.  
133 launche on lemys J.  
136 that] a J.  
139 messynger J.  
141 queristers J. hool] owne J.
Off Letabundus, lyk as ye haue gonne

Sol occasum nesciens in al your best entent

This vers tencountre in worshepe of this sonne.

(19)

Sicut sidus Radum 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 Lesu, 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 yer,
Wynter frostys, snowes whyte and shene,
March with his buddlys at comyng in of veer,
Fressh aprylle, with prymerollses grene,

Al stant on chaungge; but this hevenly queene
With-oute appallyng conservith hire clernesse;

Callyd Stella celi, this pryncesse that I meene,
Off hevene and erthe lady and Emperesse.

(21)

Neque sidus radio.

Anothir vers accordyng well her-to,
Bothe tweyne to-gidre to Conbyne,
That neque sidus ffulgens suo Radio,
Left nat his light, so this pure virgine

Doth Letabundus with gladnesse enlyvnye,
On Crystes birthe, as writeth Isaye,
O blissed queen! thy light lat on vs shyne,

Off worldly trouble voyde euery troubls skye.
(22)

A sterre is nat voyded of cleernesse  
Though hys stremys ferre abrood do spred,
Nor Maria of virginal clennesse  
Though she bar Jesu, flouryng in maydenhede,
Abacuk of this materre took hede,
Seyde opynly in lawde of his memorye,
Hevene and erthe Enlumyned wern in dede,
And al the hevenly gloryous consistorye

(23)

Sung in his laude, by Recoord of scripture,

Splendor eius lyk lyght this world shal glade.
Bedleem herdys 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 Augustys 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 mounteyns,
And Cipressys vpon the mount Syon,
Knet with Isolete In gardynes that be pleyns,—
Out of Danyel take out the Angle stoon,
Two testamentys for to Ioyne in Oon,
Of Cedre and Isolete tak the morallyte,

175 were J.  177 londe J.  178 lyght] om. J.  183 light J.
189 this] be J.  191 queresters J.  195 pleyne J.  196 angill J.
Lyk as prophety wrot of yoore agoon,
The godheed Ioyned withoure humanyte.

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

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

(28)
Oold shadwes wer torneyd to bryghtnesse,
  Dyrkyd fygurys Recuryd haue ther lyght,
Moyses lawe, veyled with dirknesse,
  Haue drawe ther curtyn, shewyd a sonne bright.
Foure Gospelereys clareffyed our sight
With Letabundus, and the fourc doctours
  Haue maad cler 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 figurrys.
The husk is falle, brokyn is the shale,
The noote kernel, Closyd in scripturys,
In Reioysshynyng of alle Creaturys,
Al openly shewith his swetnesse.
Was nevir seyn be wrtyng nor picturys
Suych a Restoratyff to save vs fro syknesse. 232

(30)

In Levitico, whoo so lyst take heed,
Cedre and Isope, of Syon the Cipresse,
To-gidre bounde with a litel threed
Of colour Reed, which colour dooth expresse 236
Cristes hooly blood, lycour of moost clennesse
To washe away al Oold infecciou
Of Corrupt leprys, contagious of syknesse
Watir of baptem with Crystes passioun. 240

(31)

Nyght is passyd, dirknesse is forth went,
Fressh Aurora and a glad morwenyng;
The sonne of lyff to Bedleem is dow sent 244
Thorough Ierusaleem and al this world shynyng.
Cedrus, Cipresse and ysope coubynynge
With Letabundus in Ysrael and Syon,
In Reioysshynyng of Crystes glad comynge;
Two testamentys that day wer maad bothe Oon. 248

(32)

Verbum eius Altissimi.
The beeyng woord of hym that is hyhest, 252
Sone of the Fadir, as seyn Iohn vndirstood
When he seide verbum caro factum est;
Circumcisid 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. 256

233 so]om. J. 239 lepres J. of pe J. 240 waters J.
maide lot J. 252 Circumcisid J. shadde] hade J. 253
bounde J. 255 straaff J. sic.
Letabundus.

(33)

Ysaias Cecinit sinagoa.

Ysaias song of this matere,

The Synagogue put in Remembraunce,

Ay contrarye frowarde of looke and chere,

Wilfully blyned with ygnoraunce.

Prophetyt wrote they gaff noon attendaunce,

To ther wrytyng they wer so Indurat,

Crystes docryne was to them displeaunce,

In ther malys they wer so obstynat.

(34)

Si non suis vatibus

credat vel gentilibus.

To ther prophetyt, for they gaff no Credence, [leaf 125, back]

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 frowarde pryde,

This name wryte in Ordre Cryst Iesus.

(35)

Infelix propera Crede vel vetera.

Why wilt they not believe.

[A! frowarde peple; vnhappy and vnstable,

Inueterat in pin opinion

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

Why wilt pu be contrary to Reson ?] 276

To be dampnyd to thy confusion

Lyk a wrecche, allass! why wylytow so?

Cryst was now born for thy savacyou,

And thow of malyce takest noon heed therto. 280

260 And wilfully ins. J. 263 jam J. 266 The vetula T.

De vetulo J. 267 notably T. 268 capitall T. chapitall J.

269 Ordre] other T. 11. 273-276 lacking in H, supplied from J.

T's only variant is 276 contrarious. 278 allass om. T. 280 no

T. herto T. par too J.
(36)

Natum considera. Quem Docet littera. Ipsum genuit puerpera.

Considre his comyng and his nativitie
As sowth art taught by al Ookl prophecie,
And as the lettre pleyuly teclith the
Bothe of scripture, Cybile, and Poetrye;
Al thyng concluding vpon Isaye,
And fulfilled, tyme of Octavyan,
Whan a pure maide, which is callid Marye
In Bedleem bar our lord bothe God and man.

(37)

Thus in worshipe of this hevenly queen
That bar Iesu is songyn this sequence,
Porely brought forth, his loggyng set a [twene]
Asse, Oxe, and Rakke, no costful greet dyspence;
Kynges cam doun, did hym Reuence,
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 Reffuge!
In al our worldly desolacioun
Our havene of lyff, Ryoayle in this deluge
Geyn al tempest of trybulacioun,
Cite of Citees, moost souereyn of Renoun,
Berthe of our lord gruuntyd vnto the;
And to Ierus eem thy gloryous passion;
Al this was doun to make man go free.

(39)

Now al ye peple that be present heer,
Berith Letabundus in your Remembraunce
At the begynnynge of this newe yeer,
Tokne of Ioye, figure of al plesaunce,

281 Considera J sicc. 282 al} om. T. 284 and of J.
Octonian J. 287 callid is J T. 291 twene supplied from J T.
293 and dyd ins. T. 296 ox T. ll. xe J. 303 thy] bys T.
304 do T. 305 ye] the T. ys T. 306 Hau T. 307 at
AllT. new T.
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

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

Explicit quop Lidgate.

14. AN EXPOSITION OF THE PATER NOSTER.

[MS. Laud 683, leaves 81-87.]

Here begynneth the Pater noster.

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

(2)
I may be wylyng and fervent in my desirys,
Though for vnkonnyng I dar nat procede,
In aysshis olde a lytel fier there ys
Wich yeveth no light nor clernesse at a neede;
My torche is queynt, his brihtnesse doth nat procede,
Wherefore 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 purplie hewe,
   Rad and recordyd, vertuous of substaunce,
   Such as calle ageyn to remembrancke
Excyte hertys with devout mateerys,
   In Crist Iesu to synde at suffysaunce
As they be tauth by the sevne praieris.

(4)
In pater noster, brefly comprehende,
   While he was here, of trouthe it is thus fall,
Tauth his discipulis, wiche may nat ben amendyd,
   For it transcendeith other prayerys all,
   Most auctorised, whom we for socour Call,
   Most celestyal and moost of dygnyte,
   Crowned among praieris in pe hevenly stall
Yif it be said in parfit Charyte.

(5)
Four being remembred, in Especyall,
   Wich appertene on to this mateer,
And been in dede verray Celestyal,
   Wich passe in Shynyng pe hevenly sterris cleer;
   And been four thyngs longyng to prayyer,
Lyk as myn auctour maketh mencyoun,
   But I am dull and elysed of my cheer
To telle what vertu restith in Oysoun.

(6)
I speke of four, first in myn avys,
   Nat of the four hevenly Gospelerys;
Nor of four floodys that come fro paradys
   That norisshe al Egypt with ther fressh Reverys;
   Nor how Ezechiel with his four speerys
Callid Quatuor rote wiche in al vertu schyne;
   But of a mater longyng to prayeeris
Tauth by Iesu, our rudenesse tenlumyne.

(7)
I nat remembre of the four Elementys,
   Nor of the four sesouns of the yer,
Of foure complexiouns dyuere of ententyys,
Of sonne or mone, why they be dirk or clee;
Nor of foure wyndys wich dyuersly appeer,
But under support and correceyoun
I me submytte to alle that schall now heer
This symple processe of my translacyoun.

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

(9)
Malapertnesse and presumpcyoun,
With vnfeyned trewe humylyte
In despit of ffals ambyceyoun
I take comsayl of feith, hope, and charyte,
Callyd virtutes Theologice
To dyrecte my desolacyoun,
And on this processe to h'aue mercy and pite,
With favour benygne to do correceyoun.

(10)
Nat apperteneth on to this partye
The foure wheelys, brennyng briht as gleede,
That ladde the chaar to paradyss of Helye,
Nor of Perseus the firwy wynged steede,
Whos goldene trompe thorth-out Perce and Mede,
To blowe ther trivmplies sent out his bloody sous;
—
I passe al this, grace shal my penne leede
To speke of prayer and seveyne peticionys,

(11)
The wich seveyne, groundid in al vertu,
I dar weel seyn, passen alle prayerys,
Maad and compiled of our lord Iesu,
Most covenable to alle our goostly desirys,
Nat withstandyng alle old astronomerys
Seyn and conferme in ther phylosophie
Soun and meyng of the nyne Speerys
Passe and surmounte al wordly armony.

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

(13)
This woord Pater sheweth in substaunce
His myght ys moost grettest of excellence,
Of hevene and erthe hath al the ordenaunce,
Callyd welle of grace, myrour of sapience,
Wich to his children, of fladily providence,
Hath yene a fraunchise aboue fraunchises alle,
That we may boldly with devout reverence
Ageyn al myschef to hym for helpe calle.

(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 faithfulnesses
Pater noster, we shal haue our Entent.
In this word Pater stant al our confyndence,
Our hool beleue whan we seyn Qui es,
Our stedefast feith and fully our credence,
In heuene abidyng as souereyn lord of pes,
Where thre Ierarchies day nor nyght nat ses
To crie in celis, with heuently mellodye,
Cherubyn nor Seraphyn nat slouh nor rekles
Syngen Osanna with fervent armony.

Whos glorious name for to magneffye
Mouth and tongue be lane 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 thyn hihnesse by no mortal offence
In this dreaful perlous pylgrymage
Tyl cleer confissiou? our gyltes recompense.

We wer renewyd ful nyh to thyn 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 thyn herytage,
That we may seyn, with devout reuerence,
Lord haue mercy on al our old outrage.

Theseven petitions been of vertu moost,
Only to God of hooll herte applyed
To the sevene vertues of the Hooly Goost;
First whan we seyn thy name be sanctyfyed.
Name of alle names halwyd and gloryfyed,
As the gospel pleynly doth commaunde,—
But her my symplesse with Argus nat cleer eied,
Meue this questioun, aske this demaunde.
(19) How myhte in us be kyndelyd suych desire, Boulkly to seyn conceyued our feyblenesse, Though charite in us brente as lawme of fyre, Lyk as in Seraphyn brenneth al parfitnesse. I answere 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, How may we say this?

(20) With-onte addicioun to sette our herte at reste That therwithal we hauue 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, every hour and space, Be sanctyfied, so by his provydenyce It may in us be sanctyfied be his grace. His grace sanctifies us.

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

(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 Eterne, Thy kingdom come, first here, Regne so in us, of resoun hold so our brydell,

LYDGATE, M. P
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

Then in heaven.

Lord, by thy mercy regne in us so here,
Of alle vices we may have victorye,
To cleynge a title aboue the sterrys cleere,
Thy passioun cheef set first in memorye
With the to regne in thyh 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.

(23)

Thy will be done.

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

(24)

First thy preceptys and ten commaundementis
We may fullylle, attwixen hoope and dreede,
And forsake with al our hooll ententys
Al that sholde dysplese the in deede.
Sith to a peler thow lyst for us to bleede
Therwith to doon al that thow lyst commaunde,
Suffre thy mercy so vp-on us spreede,
Part to receyue, that thow gaf at thy mawnde

(25)

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

(26)
Exposition of the Pater Noster.

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

(27)
That we dar seyn, with al humlyte,
Vnder the wynges of thy proteceyoun,
Panem nostrum da nobis hodie,
Knoden afforn Pilat, baken in thy passioun, 212
Our dayly bred, our Restauracioun,
Our foode, our manna, geyn fendis violence,
Strong with Helias, Bible maketh mencyoun,
To mount Oreb, to haue there residence. 216

(28)
This bred of lyf yeveth us force and myht
Geyn goostly enmyes, whan they wolde assayll,
Helthe of the sowle, our boody strong in light;
With spiritis infernall to holden a batayll, 220
Sathan abitt nat, for all his apparayll,
Wher this bred is sacred with Crystis mouth,
Clernen receyved, the fiend may nat avayll,
So gret vertu this bred hath est and south. 224

(29)
This bred of angelis, bred celestyall,
Bred that excelleth resoun and nature, 228
Callid bred of lyf, and repast eternall,
Yeneth lyf ay-lastying 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 recure,
To pore pilgrymes restoratyf and support. 232

(30)
In this peticion, O lord, do us socoure,
First consydring our frauglyte,
For-yeve our dettys as we for-yeve oure,
Above al thynge to love and drede the, 236

210 weengys H. 216 thare J. om. H. 221 abbit J.
abit H. 224 bread] lorde J. 228 shall euir J. 232 pure J.
Next our neighbo'ur in parfit charite,
First deme my-silf wert of any man,
   Void of presumpcion, bowyng down my kne,
And to remembre vp-on the publican,
(31)
Durst nat left vp his eie vp to the hevene,
   To looke up ferful on-to the sonne streem ;
And I am soyled with the synnes severe,
   Can In myn eien nat seen a large beem,
   Though it spradde al abrood this Rewm,
   Can seen weell motys in other mennis sight,
A smal sparck, that casteth out no beem,
   Blent in my fauhtys thouh torchis wer cler light.
(32)
This to seyne, I can be weell vengable,
   When my neibour doth a smal trespasse,
   I be gylty and horribly culpable
   Can fynde weies lyghtly for to passe,
   Ageyn my brother grete gyltes compasse,
   My-silf excuse, and put on him the wrak,
   Lyk faussemblaunt shewe out a fair face
As in my-silf ther founde were no lak.
   [leaf 80]
(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 harmlees,
   Mordre at the bak and language reklees,
   Ipocrisy, fraude, compassed guyle,
   Symylaciouu, and flattery put in prees,
This soort wil out, thouh they dare a while.
   [leaf 80]
(34)
But yf thou stonde in parfit charite
   To love thy frend and also thyn enmye,
With-oute feynyng or duplycye
That ther be no fraunde Conerlye,
To shewe oon outward another Inwardlye,
In suych wyse thy prayer is nat good,
I dar afferme, and wryte trewlye,
God lovyd neuer two faceys in oon hood.

(35)
O Lord Ihesu, of mercyfull pyte
Vnder the baner of thy passioun,
Ageyn our dedly dredful pyys 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 Redempeioun,
We may in charite nat weell this praier seyne.

(36)
It is remembred of Mathew the gospel,
Of a servaunt, as maad ys mencyoun,
Cause his lord was ageyn hym fell,
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.

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

(38)
Pater noster, thys prayeer vertuous,
Yif it be sayd with dewe Reuerence,
Of alle prayerys is moost victoryous,
Geyn our thre emmys to stomdy at dyffence,
So that Maria lyst shewen her presence,
And fervent charyte be capteyn of the ffield,
So Crystys passioun be portrayed in our sheeld.

Lyk as a glener on a large lond
Among shokkys plentifulous of auctours,
Thou I were besy to gadren with myn hond,
Lyk my desire, to have founde out som flours,
The grene was repen, russet were the colours, [leaf 87]
I fond no sugre in my smal lybrarye,
Soyll dryed vp of my sylver schours,
Ferful and dul there longer for to tarye,

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

Though I was dul in my devoceyouns,
Duryng my lyf with cordyall Reuereence
Dayly to seyn thes sevene Petyceyouns,
Herte and mouth accordyng in sentence,
With circumsstaunces of Intellygence
To plese the lord, with hooll affeeceyoun,
Veyn thoughtis voide slouthe and necclygence
Mor than a thousand with-oute devocioun.

To alle my maystris knelyng on my kne
That shall reede this Compylacyoun,
I pray them meekly of their bennyngyte
First dewly doon Examynacyoun,
And folwyng after lust corecte youn
When they haue leyser and covenable space,
That I may fynde Supportacyoun
By goodly fflavour to correcte of their 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, [leaf 17] All should praise God.
    Of Oold and newe remembrid in scripture,
Hevenly symball or bellis that be rouge,
To preyse the lord, by musyk or mesure, 4
Fynal intent of everie creature
Shulde resoune to Goddys hih preysing,
For which, O lord! whil that my lyff may dure,
Eternally thy mercies I shal syng.

(2)
Dauid with his harpe sang solempeuly
This hooly Salme in his estat Roial,—

Misericordias domini,
    His herte, his boody, mynde, thought and all 12
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, [leaf 17, back] Pryde was slayn, the palme gat meeknesse;

334 laiser J. explicit quod Johannes lydgate H. om. J.
om. T. 1 surge J. 3 rounge J. 6 reson J. 7 endure
J T. 9 solemply T. 10 astate T. 14 feruent T. 15 this
Æ J. 17 fight J T. Goly J T.
Figure of Jesu, prophethys speceffye,  
    When he slouh Satan with his gret humblesse. 20

    The slynge, the stoonys, v. woundys did expresse,
Off the iij mayles, the spere deep persyng:
    Which to remembre, Jesu 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 David famous in length & breede!
Ther is no trymphe in knyhtood nor manheede,
    Marcial sheltrouns, 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 victorye
    That be songe at feestis marcial,
And ther be songys of palmys transitorye,
    With corious mettrys that be poetical;
Laureat trymphes, proud and Imperial,
With boasty blowe in charys cleer shynyng,
    Al this left off, with voys memoryal,
Eternally thy Mercies I shal syng. 40

(6)

Virgile sang the Conquest of Enee,  
    Dites Grec, of Hercules and Iason,  
Frigius Dares sang in ther Cite
    Prowsesse of Ector, the Trojan champiou2
Lucan of Iulius made gref 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,  
    Aftir his Conquest slayn in Babilon;

21 the (2) of J. did] om. J. 27 dens meus ins. J T. 29
knyghthode J T. 38 boostys T. boostes J. 42 Dyttes T.
Dyttes J. 44 the] om. T. 46 the empire T.
Men syng of Cresus, kyng of Perce and Meede,
Of Hanybal and the gret Scipion,
Of Adrastus and Agamenon;
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 Yliouz 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 syng tragedies [leaf 18, back]
With wooful ditees of lamentacioun;
In thorpys smale be songe Comedies
With many vnkouth transmutacioun;
Ech man folwyng oppynyoun,
Somme in reioissshyg, somme in compleynyng;
But for moost sovereyn consolaciou;
Eternally thy mercies I shal syng.

(10)
The Muses 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 feynyng,
Our lord Iesu to preise and magneffye
Eternally his Mercies I shal syng.

(11)
Circes whiloom, the gret enchaujteresse,
With song and drynk made folkys bestial,
61 Belloferon T. 62 AndAll J T. 64 his] thy J T.
77 olde J T. 78 fenyng J.
The Sirens.

And Syrenes with warblys of sweetnesse,
And with ther sugryd tvynys Musical,
Blente ther resouns and ther memorial;
Made hem vnwarly 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 entitle for sovereyn remembraunce,—
Children of Israel that were in thraldam bounde
Vndir Pharaoo by many gret grevaunce,
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,
Thanyng the lord by-cause Sisara
Distroyed was, that did so gret woo,—
To Godiys peple he was a mortal foo,—
Qui sponte optulistis, was of hir song gynnynge,
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 swaryd] om. T. tvynys] tunges T. 85 Blend J. 86 fall
MS. fall J T. 90 entytyllyd T. 94 dry T. red J T.
89-91, 92-94 remembrances, grevaunces, penuances, plesaunces T.
100 gret] myche J. 111 on (2)] of J.
(15)

Duke Moises, Israel teulumyne,

Audite celi he sang, as it was riht;

Fluat ut ros, or reyn spred his doctrine,

And as deuh dropys verray silvir briht

Fallith on the greyn on morwenys aftir nyht,

He tauhte his peple at his departyng

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

Eternally his Mercies for to syng.

(16)

Amyd the fires the Innocentys thre

Ananye, Misael, and with hem Azarye

Sang the Canticle Benedicite;

No flawme of fyr men myht in hem aspye.

Hich fressli with heunely Armonye

Sang lyk Angelys, the fyr nat hem harmyng:

Now al the heuene with sugryd melodye

Eternally thy Mercies they do syng.

(17)

Off Betulia the peple was maad fayn

By cause they wer delynercyd out of dread,

Whan the Tyraunt Olofern was slayn

By prudent Judith, flowryng in womanheed;

Canticles songe for hir Conquest in deed,

Thankynges yone, for hir discret werkyng:

But hym to preyse that for vs list & blede,

Eternally his Mercies I shal syng.

(18)

Isaias, for conclusioun,

To save the peple from adversite

Of ful meek e herte, by contemplacioun,

Sang Confitebor tibi domine;

And Judith eft, by gret hvmylite,

Gan Cantate, the peple confortyng

---

Geyn ther Enmyes furyous cruelte
But I thy mercies eternally shal synge.

(19) David.

**Dauid remembrith of a Pellican**

Figure of Crist which in seyntuary
Offryd his blood for the lyf of man;
To whom the Jewes of malys were contrarye;
And he was callyd **passer solitare**, 
Moost paciently his passiou suffryng.

On hym remembryng, 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 swetnesse
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 brouht the potage
To **Danyel** lyeng in prisoun,
Off hool herte and devout corage
**Domine Audiui** was his **Orisoun,**
**In exitu Israel**, canticle of gret renoun,
Sang **Israel**, Jordan his cours tornyng.
Now blised Iesu, lyk our affeccioun
Graunt we thy Mercies eternally may syng.

(22) Vpon a mounteyn beside Nazareth,
Fro **Dauid**-is lyne, chief braunche of Iesse,

Mary's song. Sang **Magnificat** meetyng Elizabeth,
With goostly gladnesse, byyssed mot she be!
Cheef examplayre of virginite,
Socour to man, our damages refourmyng.

149 in here J. **passer** passyng J. 151 god J om. J. 159 with J T ins. 160 thy J T. 1 J T. **detk** shall J T.
Marie, be mene of trouthe and of pite
That we his Mercies eternally may syng.

(23)
Patriarkys and prophetis alle,
Apostlys, Martirs, bishopis, confessoures,
To save the peole to the, Iesu, they calle.
Wives, widwis, maidnys with ther floures
Synge Osanna in the heuenly cristal toures,
Wher evir is ioye and brihtnesse ay lastyng.
Now graunt vs, Iesu, 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,
Synge to-gidre Lauda Ierusalem,
Preyse of hool herte Deum tuum Syon;
With thre Ierarchyes and angelis euerychon
Syng Sanctus Sanctus, there hedis enclynyng,
In feith, hoope and Charite, stable as a stoon,
Eternally thy mercyes they do syng.
Explicit quod Lidgate.

16. ON DE PROFUNDIS.
[MS. Bodley, Laud 653, leaves 8-11 back.]
Here begynyth De profundus in Englyssh.

(1)
Hauyng a conseit in my sympill wyt
Wich of newe ys come to memorye,
The prossesse to grounde on hooly wyt,
Grace of our lord shal be my Dyrectorye

186 byn T. 187 togedyr T. 188 hoo| all T. Colophon: Amen T (lydgate added by Slow) om. J.
MSS. Bodley, Laud 653, leaves 8-11 back = L; B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 40-43 back = H; Jesus College, Cambridge 56, leaves 53-60 back = J. Title De profundis clamaui ad te domine Domine exaudi vocem meam H; De profundis clamaui J.
In myn Inward hertyly Orratorye,—
What availleth most while we ben here
To the sowlys that lyue in purgatorye,
Fastyng, almesse, massys, or prayere,

(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 seputuryes,
Though yt so be I have noon Eloquence
In hooly wryt, I shall seke out ffyguryes 16

(3)
Vnto purpos set in lyttll space,
Nat konnyngly, but affter my symplesses,—
To symple folk god sent donz his grace
Them preferrith, & fortherith for mecknesse,—
Vndyr whos support I shal my stile dresse
Onto thys psalme, rehearsed here to-forn,
With ffyguryes, wych I schall Expresse,
Voyde the chaff, & gadryn out the corn. 24

(4)
Ground of thys psalme, tytyl & orygynall,
Vnto purpos a ffygure ful palpable,
Jonas whylom devouryd with a whaall,
Made hys clamour, pytous & lamentable,
To hym that ys of myght Incomperable,
Wich hath power & domynacyoun
On loud and se, and ys moost mercyable
To here pe compleynytys for soulys in pryson. 32

(5)
Austyn, Jerom, accordyng bothe in Oon
Vpon thys psalme, as maad ys meneyoun,
When Abackuk, of full yore agoon,
Broughte potage in to Babyloun,
Wher Danyell lay sketeryd in prysoun,
Affer figure, this mater to Conveye,
How almesse-dede and vysytacyoun
Gretly avaylleth to sowlys when they deye.

(6)
Thys psalme in viij Davyd doth devyde,
A morall fygure of viij blyssidnessys,
 Wich that our lord of grace doth provyde
To shewe his mercy ageyn ther wikkidnesses,
By massys songe, suffragiis, and almessey's;
His passioun cheef 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 Jesu from the Infernal douengeoun
Brought many sowlys to lyf that ys Eterne.

(8)
Sampson, of strengthe whilome most souereyn,
Brake the gatyys of Gaza the Cyte
And bar hem vp onto an hih mounteyn.
Language of Judihit made hir to go ffre,
Of Betulya saued the Cyte,
When she gat of Olofferne vyctorye.

Thus devout prayeris, seid with humlyte,
Delyuere sowlys out of purgatorye.

(9)
The thre childryn delyuere were also
With devout syngyng of Benedeyyte,
Danyel, Mysael, and Abdenagago
Fro flawmy feer wente at lyberete;
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 refuge to brynge hem out of peyne,
To forthe ther way toward Jerusalem.

(11)
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 dirige,
Our ladys saunter, seid with devocyoun,
In chirche yerdis, of what estat they be,
Whan for sowlys they go processioun.

Requiem is a good mass for souls in purgatory.
On De Profundis.

(12)

Fiant (i) aures tue intendentes in vocem deprecationis mee.

Let thine ears attend to my request.

Lat our prayer been this in sentence

On-to that lord which ys moost of myght,

O cryst Hesu, yiff benyngne andyence

To our requeste of mercy more than riht;

On us synnerys cast down thy gracious sight,

That our prayer thyner eys may atteyne,

Thylke sowlys that brenne day and nyght

In purgatorye to relese ther peyne.

(13)

Si iniquitates observaueris domine domine quis sustinebit.

Who could sustain thy punishment?

Yif thow them punisse, lord, as they dyserve,

With-outyn pite, tempryd thy Rygour,

Ther wikkednessis yif thow do Observe,

Tabyde thy doom yt were to hard a schour, [H. 100k.] 100

Thy bloody woundys schall stille down lycour,

Staunche ther peynes, doolfull, sharpe, and kene;

For but they frounde in thy mercy ffavour,

Lord who is he, that myghte the bronte sustene? 104

(14)

Quia apud te propiciacio est et propter legem tuam sustinui te domine.

Pity and mercy plead for us.

Pyte, mercy, haue ther sheef dwellyng place

Above the hevenly sterryd mansyoun,

Our advocatys to plete affore thy fiace,

Cleymyg a tyle be thyn hooly passioun,

Surest patent ffor ther Redeempcyoun,

Other sauffcondit seyn on no party,

Cros best standard to patyse ther raunsown,

Right of thy lawe to modytie with mercy. 112

LYDGATE, M. P.
(15)

Sustiniut anima mea in uerbo eius
speravit anima mea in domino.

In thy woord, lord, my sole doth abyde,
Born vp with hope and faithful attendaunce,
This is my trust all wanhoope set asyde
Hoolt in thy passion abytyt myn affyaunce,
Fyx as an anker stable in hys creance,
Remeable nouther ffer nor neer,
As thow lyst assigne me my penaunce,
With hope tascende aboue the sterris clee.

(16)

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem
speret Israel in domino.

Fro the custodye of the morwe gray
Toward Aurora with hir pale lyght,
When Lucyfer at droukyng of the day
Bryngeth Kalendis to glade with our sight,
From phebns v imprison to sprede his bemyts bright,
Fressheist flygure off Consolacyoun,
Hoope of Israeli tendure tylyt be nyght,
Grownd take of Crystys glad resureccyoun.

(17)

So Christ's rising shall help us.
This is to seyne as Cryst Iesu a-roos
On Estere 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,
Cleyme be his passiouu and mercy to recure
Favour to fynde, or than he do Iustyse.
(18)
Quia apud dominum misericordia et copiosa apud eum redempcio.
This mater groundid Davit doth recorde, 
Kyg and prophete of moost auctoryte, 
Affore thy face abyt myserycorde,
With hir ij sustryyn, pacynce and pyte,
To put vp our bylle of mercy ful plente,
Enclosed above for our Redempceyon,
With bloody dropis shad on the roode tre,
At Paradys gate to haue ingressioum.

(19)
Et ipse redimet Israel ex omnibus iniquitatiis iniquitatibus eius.
The same lord most souereyn & most good Of Israel hath bought al the wykkydnessis, 
Our raunsom payed with his hooly blood, 
Sowlys to brynge as prisoneris fro distressis, 
Feith, hoope, & charyte, prayer & almessis, 
Thy meek suffraunce geyn feer of purgatorie, 
Mangre the malys of Infernal dirknessis 
Schal them conveie in-to thy regue of glorie.

(20)
[Added from Harley 2255, leaf 43 back.]
[Quid Cirus quid Esdras quid Machabeus in compartioae ad dominum iesum qui nos redimet sanguine suo proprio super lignum.

By myhty Cirus kyng of Perce and Mede
God brouht israel out of Captyuyte,

137 Margin: Quia—copiosa H. misericordia J. 145 Margin: Et-omnibus J. Et-omnibus gentes H. 147 paydeJ. 152 fyre J H. they be J. 153 H and J have at this point what appears to have been a trial stanza by the old monke:
Thou Cirus delyneryd Israel out of captiuite And Esdras renewyd in bildyng Jerusalem the Cite, And Jews worn restooryd to ther liberte Be the victory of Judas Machabe
Make no comparysom to the Roial tryvmphe Doon by Crist Iesu vpun 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 wourthy Iudas Machabe
God list shewe gret conquest and victorie;
Tryvmphe of Iesu doon on the Roode tre
Delyverith soulys out of purgatorye.

(21)
Conclusio final.

Off this processe to make no delayes
Breefly complied of humble true entent,
Late charchyd in myn oold dayes
By William Curteys, which gaf commaundement
That I shulde grante 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.]

1. An exortacion to Prestys when they shall sey theyr Masse.

Ye priests, remember, at mass,
E holy prestes, remembreth in your herte,
Toward masse when ye do yow dresse,
With loue and drede furst mekely doth aduerte

163 charchyd] charged J. 164 By W C, interline om. J.
Explicit J.
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 I remember B C.
The dignite of vertuous noblesse,  
The gostly tresour, the heuynly gret rychesse,  
Good incomparable, who can aynght conceyue,  
Quaketh for drede, trembleth with mekenesse,  
Lord of lordys when ye shaH receyue.

(2)  
Next remembretli on that other syde  
Gayne hys goodnesse, youre gret iniquite,  
Peysetli hys mekenesse ageyne your froward pryde,  
Voydeth aH rancour, thynke on his charyte,  
Weydeth his paiciene ayenst your cruelte,  
Shryuen and contryte afor with humble entent,  
Seye, "Iesu Mercy," knelyng on your kne,  
Or ye receueth that holy sacrament.

(3)  
Bethe wysely ware, and taketh good heede,  
Of no presumpsion nor wilful hardyneses,  
Take nat on yow that offfyce but with drede,  
With contryte hert your surfettes doth oppresse,  
Late bytyyr teares wasshe your wykydnese,  
With wepyng eyen seowre your conscience,  
Than receyueth with spiritual gladnesse  
The lord of lordes of most magnificence.

(4)  
Yebyn eke holde to do your diligence  
With wyt and mynde and aH your gostly peyne  
To pray for aH, present and in absence,  
Vnto that lord of lordes most souereyne,  
Callyd chyef welle and conduce, 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 Diguyte the noblesse B.  
5 the.  
(2) om. B.  
6 whose C. Good] vertues B. can] om. B.  
7 Quaketh] Woke B. with] for C. the tother C.  
8 om. C.  
9 the other C. 12 on his] of all C. 13 cruete] Iniquite C.  
17 right good ins. B. 19 with] on C.  
20 Be contrite.  
21] Pray for all.  
22] Goyng to masse, thynke on hys woundys fyue.  
23 of the ins. C. The vertues Diguyte the noblesse B.  
24  
25 holdyn C. bolde B. 26 all your eke ins. C.  
27  
28 list B.
(5) Remember His Passion.

Ye shall also most lovingly rememb're
Upon his most pensive pious voice,
Howe he was hurt and bled in every membre,
Suffered the for your redemption,
Yeneth thanke to hym of humble affectious
Whyche for your sake was woundyd on hym's syde,
Beseketh that lord of mercy and pardoun,
In parfyte charyte, long with yow to abyde.

(6) Next, that ye haue a gostly appetite,
By influence onely of his grace,
In hym alone to set aH you're delyte,
With fervent lune, your joy and your solace,
In your heart make hym dwelling place
For your eternal consolation,
Let hym nat out of you're mynde pas,
Repast of aungelles in the hebynly mansyon.

Explicit.

Envoy (not in Tim. R. 3. 21).

[Cauius Coll. 174, p. 454.]

Go, litleyll byll, with all humylite
Pray holy prestes that have devotion
To syng ther masse, of there benyngnute
Off this dyte to have inspection,
Mekely compylede vnder correccion,
Dyrecte of hert, both to more & lasse,
Of humble wyll & no presumpcion,
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 deuocioun
To here masse, first do your besty cure
With all your inward contemplacion,
As in a myrrour presentyng in fygure
The morall menyng of that gostly armure,
When that a preest, with mynystres more & lasse,
Arayeth hymysylf, by record of scripture,
The same howre when he shall go to masse;

(2) Furst, with your eyen verray contemplatyfe,
Calleth to mynde, of hoole affection,
Howe the masse here in thys presente lyfe
Of gostly gladnesse ys chyef direccioun,
To haue memory of Cristes passion,
As doctors remembre in theyr doctryne,
Geyne gostly sekenesses our restauration,
Our bawme, our tryacle, our helthie, our medycyne.

Title: adopted 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. Oxf. 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; R. M. Harley 2251, leaves 179-188 = h; Addit. 31042, leaves 103-110 back (ll. 58-664) = A; Bodley Land 683, (ll. 321-360) leaf 31 = 1; Cains 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.


1 The copy in Arundel 396, found too late for use here, will be collated in the Notes, vol. ii.—Ed.
The Virtues of the Mass.

(3)

Of hygh dyscrecion, yef ye lyst consydyre,
As ye Arn bound of verray trowthe and ryght,
Best preservasionu that ye do nat slydre
In all that day for lak of goostly lyght,
Furst every morow, or Phebus shyne bryght,
Lat pale Aurora conducte yow and dresse
To holy churche, of Cryste to hane a syght,
For chyef preservatyf gayne all goostly sykenesse.

(4)

Entryug the churche with all humlyyte
To here masse a morow at your rysyng,
Dysposyth your self, knelyng on your kne,
For to be there at your begynnyng,
From the tyme of hys renestyng
Departeth nat, tyll tyme that he haue do.
To all your werkes hit shalbe grete furtheryng
To Abyde the ende of In Principio.

(5)

Keep quie.*
Kepe yow from noyse and langlyng importune,
The howse of god ys ordeynyd for prayere,
With syght and sylence sadly doth contynew,
In your defeante that noman noyse here,
Gase nat abowte, demure of looke and chyere,
As I sayd erst, tyll tyme the preest haue do,
Your good, your catall shall encrese yfeere,
To abyde tyll In Principio.
In saecyfyses of the old[e] lawe

With the heede men offred vp the tayle,

From a good gymnyng men shuld nat withdrawe

Tyll hit were endyd, Moyses gafe counsayle.

A werke begun ys of more avayle

Yef a good ende accorde well therto,

For encrease of your goostly traunayle

Abyde at masse tyll 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.

The holy man, Pope Celestyn, Lyke as I fynde wrytyn in hys lyfe,
Of gret devotion and grace whyche ys dyuyne,

By God inspyryd in hys ymagynatyfe,

To oppresse the power of feendes mortall stryfe,

Ageyn theyr malyce to make resistence,

Bail prestys shuld, with voyce contemplatyf,

To foie the Autere in Cristes hygh presens

Cause why Judica me deus ys seyde before masse.

Sey furst thys Psalme, with looke erect to heuyn,

Judica me deus, of hoole hert entyer,
The Virtues of the Mass.

Their conscience purge from the synnes seyvn
Or they presume to go to the Awtyer;
The same Psalme set in the sawtyer
For a memoriall of the captuynte,
Howe Ierusalem stod in gret daungyer
At Babyloun, that froward fel cyte,¹

Thys Psalme compleyneth, as Lira doth recorde,
Theiyr long abydyng withyn Babyloun;
Songes of theiyr exyle myght nat acorde
With the Cantyclys of Iuda and Syon.
Of hope dyspeyred, theiyr comfort was nygh gon,
Lyke as thys Psalme sheweth a fygure,
But God by grace restoryd hem euychon
Home to Ierusalem, by recorde of scripture.

Take of thys Psalme the moralyte,
Afore rehersyd on that other syde,
Be diligent with all humlyte,
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 thou go or ryde,
The forto defende fro trowbyll and all damage.

And for to yeeue folk occasioun
To haue thys Psalme in more reuerence,

¹ MS. 64.
The Virtues of the Mass.

And here theyr masse with grete devotion,
As they ar bounde of trowthe and conscience, 84
I am full set to do my dylygence,
Aftyr my sympylnesse, this lytyll Psalme to translate,
With humble support of your pacience,
Where as I sayle, the defaute ys [in] Lydgate. 88

(12) [1 leaf 207]

O thow my lord most myghty and eterne,
O gracious Iesu, of mercy and pyte
Deme thow my quarell, my cause also dyscerne,
Among myne enemies or I encombrd be, 92
My dredfull foon, that byn in nombre.thre,
The fende, the flesshe, brygauntes most mortall,
The false world, full of duplycyte,
O Iesu, helpe or they yeue me a fall. 96

(13)

Quia tu es deus fortitudo mea quare me repulisti
quare tristis incedo dum affligit me inimicus.

For thow lord oonly, bothe in brede and leyngth,
Of ryght consyderyd, I dar ryght well expresse,1
Thow art my support and my gostly streyngth;
Why wylt thow, lord, suffyr my sympylnesse 100
Forto procede in sorow and in trystesse,
Whyle my sayde enemies proudly me assayle?
O blyssed Iesu, of mercyfull goodnesse, 1 MS. oppressed.
Graunt of thy grace that they may nat prenyayle. 104

83 gretter h. more W. theyr] om. h. 84 ar] be h A. trowthe
and] good h. 86 to] om. H L. 87 your] om. A. defawte
es in A. faute ys in] S h B H. ludgate H. Where as defaute
is put the faute in lydgate W. lytgate S. Margin of A:
Hunc iubrum qui dictavit Lydgate Christus nominavit. 89 ff.
The Latin headings are full in S, abbreviated in others. 91 my
cause] me W. also] thh H. dyscere W. 93 fom] enemies W.
they be h. 94 Tyrauntis B. 96 helpe me tis. S. begyne to
falle h. 97 art lord oonly in S h. both in h. 98 ryght] yt S h
H A. 100 symplasse S. wil this h. 101 trystynesse S.
hevinesse h. dysstresse W. streitesse H. in 2] om. h A. 102
whyle myne enemies W. proved h. 103 blyssed] om. A. of] oo
S. 104 may] om. h. may nat] neuer H. noghte A.
Send down Thy Light.

Sende downe thy lyght, sende downe thy ryghtwysnesse, Thy lyght of grace for consolacioun, Thy ryghtwysnesse my passage for to dresse, By parfyte prayer and denocioun, To reste in quyete, lord, sende thy grace downe, Me to conuey that ther be noon obstacle, Toward the hygh hilles of Siou, Within thyne holy celestiall tabernacle.

(14)

.Emitte lucem tuam & veritatem tuam ipsa me de-
duxerunt & adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuam & in tabernacula tua.

And I shall enter vp to thy Autere, Made strong in spyryt, groundyd in sadnesse, For as me seineth, corage, face, & chere Reioysyd byn with spirituall gladnesse; My yowthe ayene newedyd to lys freshe, Whyche of olde custome in vyces was apallyd, Tyll thyne expert gracious goodnesse Hath my last ende, Agein1 to mercy callyd, AgeinMs. 120

(15)

Et introibo ad altare dei ad deum qui letificat iuuentutem meam.

I shall be shryue & confesse vnto the, In that harpe whyche for owre alther goode Was set and wrestyd on Caluary, on a tre, When all thy senewys were streynyd on the roode. 124

Mary and Iohn, vndyr thy crosse they stoode, 125

105 sende downe 2] and h. 106 For light of thy grace to be my h. 107 pass S. for] om. h. to redresse h. 108 and be ins. S.A. and] in H. by W. consolacioun B. contemplacioun SH hA. 109 in] and A. a dowyn A. 110 to] om. A. 111 hille H. kill h. hye S. 112 celestially] om. h. 113 rl] ordre W. vppon A. to] om. A. stanzas 17–18 tr. h. 114 in my ins. S. 115 semys B. 117 thought S. 118 The wiche ins. A. of] in SH A. 119 To L.B. experey W. 120 That S. Age in T. ageyn S. ayen h. agayne A, etc. 121 be] om. T. in all other MsS. T repeats and confesses. 122 thilike S H. alle H. aller A. aldir B. hoope h. is for oure goode h. 123 on 1] at all MsS. vppon S. a] the H. 124 synuse was A. 125 they] the B. vndre the h.
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 heuy be,  
Syth Cryst hath bought the with hys passion?
What cause hast thow [for] to trobyll me?
Thy lord was sleyne for thy redeempcion,  
Gafe he nat also for thy refecion,
On Sherethursday, in fourme of wyne & brede,
Hys blesyd body in consolacion,
And on Good Fryday he was for the dede.

(18) Spera in deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi salutare  
vultas mei & deus meus.

Trust in God, and be ryght well certayne,  
Voyde of dyspeyre or ambiguyte,
For vnto hym I shall shryue agayne,
My gostly joy gayne all aduersyte,
Whyche of my chere ys the felcyte,
Whyle he ys my socour, allas, whom shall I drede?
Gaswe worldly perylles and infernall powste
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 furnst he leythe.

Whyche ys a sygne, a token, and a fygure,

126 ofte S. of W. oft T. 127 To h. 128 esterne S.  
Estren h. [vp] 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. 138 or] and B H W h. and of  
Infelicite B. cf. l. 141. 139 he shryue h S. me shryue B.  
confesse me H. 140 agayne B W S A. all om. S H. 141 he  
wichc ins. A. the] my A. 142 he my socour ys L S H B A.  
whom] whi 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 an] om. S. the prist hath h. 146 tokene of h.  
a 3] om. H.
The Virtues of the Mass.

The Alb.
Otward a shewayng, groundyd on the feythe.
The large Awbe, by record of scripture, 148
Ys ryghtwysnesse, perpetually to indure.

The girdle.
The long gyrdyll, clennesse and chastyte,
Rounde on the arme, the faunon doth assure
All soburnesse, knyt with humylyte. 152

(20)

Cause why the stoole and Chesypyll ys.

The stoole.
The stoole also, strechyng fer in leynth,  [leaf 208]
Ys of doctors the Angelyk doctryne,
Mawgre herutykes to stonde in his streyngth,
Fro Crystes law neuer to declyne.

Chesible.
Chesypyll aboue, with charyte shall shyne,
Bryght as Phebus in hys myyday spere,
Holde ener hys course in the ryght lyne,
To frende and foo streche out his beames clere. 160

(21)

A parfyte preste made strong with thys Armure,
Tofore the Auter as Crystes champioune,
Shall stond vpryght, & make a discomfyture,
All our iij. enemyes venquyssh and here downe, 164
The flesshe, 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. 168

(22)
To God aboue, set hath hys desyre,
So that his charyte shyne clere and bryght,
Afore the gospell he nedys must haue fyre,
Torche, tapyr, or milk canddyl lyght, 172 The candle.
Token that Cryst, who consydyr anyght,
Ys veray 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.

Gynnyng the Office, by trebyll reherseayle,
Of custom vsyd the repeticion,
Tokeneth the fuyre brennyng in the entrayle,
Of olde prophetes by inspiracion,
Whiche had a feythfull fervent inspeccion
Of Crystes conmynyng, by all theyr prophesyes,
Of hys byrthe and incarnacion,
For whyche the Office is rehersyd thryes. 184

(24)

Declaracion of the Kyrie.

Declaracion of the Kyrie.
Kyrie and Cryst, in nombre thryes thre,
Wordys of Greke, playnly to detennyne,
Of mer[cy] 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 ofoure intent. 192

(25)

Gloria in excelsis.

Gloria in excelsis deo, next in ordyr song,
Tokyn of vnyte and parfyte pese,
The Virtues of the Mass.

At Crystes byrthe herde in Latyn tong,
Hygh in the eyre by Aungellys doutlese,
Present shepardys, whyche for theyr encrese
Toward Bethleem beholdyng a bryght sterre,
By grace inspyryd, put hemsylf in prese
To see that chylde, whyche stynt[e] shall our werre.

(26)
Thus trebyll pease in Bethleem furst began,
When Cryst was born, of grace hit dyd fall,
The furst[e] pease betwyxt God and man,
Twene man And Aungell, and nacions all;—
Grounde of thys pease lay in An ox stall,
Porely wrappyd, lord of the hygh empyre;
To send hem pease that hertly pease desyre.

(27)
Then foloweth the Orison.

The Orison.
For all Crystyn deuoutly for to prey,
The prest at masse shall sey an oryson,
For luyng pepyll that they may, or they dey,
Haue repentaunce, shryft, and communyone,
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 furst 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. synte H L W. 201 Thus] This h B A W. The S. 202
oure grace dide A. 203 fyrste S. fyrste A. betwexe] S. by-
twixe A. bytwyne L h W H. The] om. W. 204 and also ins.
W. and man h. Betwene S L H W. A twene h. 205 thys] om. h.
206 oxes H W. oxes S. 255 the] thy S. om. H L h A.
S H L. the h. 212 schyfft and S W B. hosell and confessyon
S W. that beth H L. theym that bien h. Stanza 28 om. h.
217 Pystyll S L H A. The] om. W. syngye S. 218 as the ins.
W. sende H L. makynt L. makes A.
The Virtues of the Mass.

Hys disciples, and made hem take on honde
To preche hys name in every regione;

Petyr, Poule, Iohan, James, sent downe
Theyr epysteles, by whos vertew gan cease
The synagoges domination,
And Crystes feythe by vertew gan encrease.

(29)
The Epystyll ys a tokyn and a fygure,
As seyen doctors of law and prophesy,
Of Crystys commyng, by euydent scripture,
As patryarkes Aforne dyd specyfy.
And baptyst Iohan, some of Zachary,
As a bydylly tolde howe Emanuell,—
Aforne remembryd by olde Isay,—
Howe on that name shuld grow[e] the gospell.

(30)
And semblably, so as the morow gray
Ys messynger of Phebus vprysyng,
And bryngetli tydynges of the glad[e] day,
So the Epystyll, by processe of redyng,
To vs declareth most gracious tydyng,
Of the gospell, recorde for that party
Mathew the euangelyst, affermeth by wrytyng
Of Cryst 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 furst take at humylyte,
Reysyd by grace, feythe, hope, and charyte,

219 jam 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. baptyzyd L. the sone ins. L.A. 230 bedel
grove S. stanza 30 om. h. 233 so] righte A. 234 is a ins. W.
235 gladde S. glade A. 236 Loo dothe ins. A. prophecye S.
238 for] as H L. 240 crystys byrth H.L. A S margin
Gradale. 241 Pystyll S, etc. Grayell S. 243 procadynge sic
W. om. L. stonede emelle sic A. 244 tak fyrst S. taken L.
ytake A. take] om. W. 245 Reysyng H L. Ryseth W. with L.

LYDGATE, M. P.
With parfyte connyng and humble pacience;
With compassion and fraternall pyte,
In Crystes passion set hoole theyr confydence.

(32)

**The Alleluya the Sequence and the Tract.**

Alleluya, in ordyr next folowyng,
Tokeneth prayer for our salvacion,
Twyes remembryd, for lawde and for praysyg,
With deuout hert and hole affeccon,

To Cryst dyrect, that sufferyd 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.

(33)

**The Gospell.**

The gospell gynneth with tokenes of Tay,
The book furst crossyd, and afiyr the forhed,
Jesus our shylde, our streyngh, in all vertew,

On Good Fryday clad in purpyll rede,

A crowne of thorne set sharply on his hede,

Foure Euangelystes remembre hit in substaunce,

Vs to defende from all worldly drede,

In Crystes gospell stant hoole our cheuysaunce.

(34)

**Credo in solempne dayes.**

The gospell rad, A Crede afiyr he seyth,

Solempne dayes for a remembrance,

The Virtues of the Mass.

Of twelue Articles longyng to our feyth,
Whyche we ar bounde to leeue in our creanunce;
Rather to dy than Any varyanunce.
In any poynct were\(^1\) in our herte founde,
For feythe with werke to God doth gret plesaunce,
Lat vs therfore beleue as we ar bounde.

(35)

By interpretacion, who wysely can aduerte,
The Offertory ys namyd of offryng,
As when a man offreth to God hys herte,
Rychest oblacion rekenyd by wrytyng,
And for Melchysedech, bothe preest and kyng,
Gane brede and wyne to Abraham for vycrory,
Whyche oblacion in fygure remembryng
Eche day at masse ys sede an offertory.

(36)

Tokyn that Iesus, our souerayne and our lorde,
Agayne our febylnesse and our impotence,
Left on the Awter callelyd 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.

---

\(^{1}\) MS. where.
The Secret.
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 heuynly court by grace they ar sent, 292
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. 296

The Sanctus sung thryes

The oolde prophete, holy Isay,
Saw hygh in heuyn a trone of dignyte,
Where Seraphyn sang with every Ierychly,
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 costly manna. 304

Of memento at masse ther byn tweyne,
The first remembreth of folk that byn aluye,
And the secund for they that sufre peyne,
Whyc the bysse byn delyneryd blyue
Out of torment, as clerkes can dyscryie,
Syngynge of massys, and Crystes passion,
    And remembrance of hys woundys fynue,
May most avayle to theyr remission.

(40)
With all your myght, and in your best intent,
   Awayteth after the consecracion,
At lyftynge vp of the holy sacrament
    Seythe "Iesu, mercy!" with hooly affeccion,
Or seythe som other parfyte oryson,
Lyke as ye haue in custom deponently,
   Or ellys seythe theys compilacion
Whyche here ys wrete in ordyr by and by.

(41)
Here foloweth a lyttel prayer made and compiled by
hym that made thys tretyse vnder 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,
Stung to the hert with a speres heede;
Now, gracyous Iesu, for thy woundys fynue,
    Graunt of thy mercy, to-forne or I be dede,
Clene hosyll and schryft, whyle I am here alyne.

(42)
O lambe vp offryd for man in sacryfye,
    Naylyd to the crosse of mercyfull mekenesse,
The Virtues of the Mass.

Whos bloode downe raylyd on most pytoyes wyse,
To socwre 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!
Whyche with thy passion boughtest me so dere,
For Maryes sake, thyne eares downe enelyne,
Here myne Oryson by meane of her p[r]ayere,
The fort to please, teche me the manere,
Voyde of all vertew, saue oonly of thy grace;
Graunt in the fourme that I see the here,
The to receue, 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 socour here in thys lyuyng,
Agayne all enemyes my souerayn protectoure;
My chyef comfort in all worldly laboure,
Graunt me, lord, confession, repentaunce,
Or I of deth the passe the sharpe shoure,
The to receue vnto thy plesaunce.

(45)
Late thy modyr be present in thys nede,
That I may clayme, of mercy more than ryght,

Myne heritagge, for whych thow delyst blede,
   And graunt me, Iesu, of thy gracious myght,
Eche day of the for to haue a syght,
For gostly gladnesse to my lyuys ende,
   And in spryrt to make myn hert[e] lyght,
The to receue or I hense wende.

(46)
O pascall lambe in Isaac fyguryd,
Owre spirytuall Manna, brede contemplatyf,
Sent downe from heavyn, in whych we byn assuryd
Geyne all owre foone, strengest confortatyf,
Tokenyd in paradyse vpon the tree of lyfe,
Whyche shuld Adam restore vnto hys place,
Graunt me, Iesu, for a restoratyf,
Thee to receue or I hense wende.

(47)
Thow art in fygurc, O blessyd lord Iesu!
Agayne sathan myne heuynly champion,
My losue, my prince of most vertu,
   That hyng .vij. kynges vp at Gaboon,
My gostly Sampson, whych estrangyldest the lyon,
And slowe the dragon with all hys hedys seuene;
Graunt, or I dy, Cryst, for thy passyon,
I may receue thys brede sent downe from heavene.

(48)
As I seyde erst, of Aungellys thow art foode,
Repaste to pylgryms in their pylgremage,
Celestial brede to chyldren that byn goode,
Figuryd in Isaac, thrtyt yere of age,
Vp to Calhury when thow toke thy passage,
The Virtues of the Mass.

O Iesu, mercy, graunt or I be dede,
And or decrepitus put me in dotage,
To have a repaste of thy celestiall brede. 384

(49)

My gostly trust, charyte, hope, and feythe,
Myne aduertence, my mynde, and my memory,
All of Acorde my sowle vnto the seythe,
Hane on me mercy, O souerayne kyng of glory, 388
Whyche syttyst hyghest in the heynly consystory,
Iesu, lat mercy surmount thy Rygour,
That thy passyon allay my purgatory,
Furst by receuyng of thee, my sanyour. 392

(50)

Furst, to excyte and meue your corages
To denout prayer of hole affeccyon.
The Pater-noster to all maner of Ages
Ys most accordyng, most souerayne of renowne ;
Iesus hymself made that orysowne,
Taught his dyscyples how they shuld prey,
Muse not hereon, make no comparsowne,
To hys doctryne all crystyn men must obey. 400

(51)

Short and compendyouse, vp streychyng to heuene,
Vnto that hygh celestiall mansyons,
Eche clause out-tolde, dyuydyd into seuene,
As most notable gracoyus petycyons,
Clerkes all conclude in theyr resons,
Above all prayers hath the soueraynte,
So hit be seyde in your affeccyons,
Of gostly loue, and parfyte charyte. 408

382 me or ins. B. 383 om. L. into A. 384 a] om. h.
385 My] By W. 387 see A. saule A. 388 O] my L. our A.
389 the] om. L S. 390 O Iesu ins. L. thy mercy ins. S. 392
be rescheuyng A. the] om. A. Explicit oracio h. finis oracionis
L. margin. 393 Incipit pater noster h. 394 holy] S. 395 Pater
and moste A W. 397 the L. 398 howe [at ins. A. 399 here
of nor make A. ne] om. A. 400 muste] to B. 401 yn com-
pandyouse L. righte and euen A. 402 that h. 403 out tolde]
coide W. cause L. in A. 404 As] om. W. noble A. and
gracyose ins. L A. 405 concluded W h. h concluenden A. 406
yt hathe ins. L h. pis haste A. the] om. A.
The Virtues of the Mass.

Without charity anayleth noone Almesse,
To clothe nakyd, or hongry folk to fede,
Vysyte the seke, or prysoner in theyr nede.

Herborow the pore, ne noon Almesede,
Yef charyte fayle, your iorne may nat spede,
Nor all these vertues of trowthe be well sought,
Your Pater-noster, your Ave, nor your Crede,
Where charyte fayleth, profyteth lytyll or nought.

Beware, ye prestes, when ye your masse syng
That loue and charyte be not fer absent.
O gostly pepyll! aforne make goode rekenyng
That your conscience and ye be of assent
Or ye receue the holy sacrament,
Enuy and rancour that they be set asyde
And parfyte charyte 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 charyte, by trew affeccion
And ferenut loue, hawe dominacion
From hys place all haterede to remarue,
That false enuy hawe no possessyon,
Then ys thys prayer seyde in hys ordre dewe.

\[52\]

Without charity nothing availeth,

\[53\]

Beware of this, ye prestes!

\[54\]

Pater-noster includes all perfection.

410 To nakyd cloth B. the nakyd ins. h A. folkes A. 411
Why Agnus ys seyde iij tymes

Of Agnus Dei at masse byn seyde thre,

The furst[eu] tweyne besechyng for mercy,

The thryd[eu] prayeth for pease and vnyte,

Agyayne peryll mortall and worldly;

Agayyne trowlblys dreedfull & flessly;

Cryst as a lambe was offryd on the crosse,

Grogyl nat but suffryd pacently,

To make redempcion, and reforme our losse.

Dilectus meus candidus & rubicundus

Thys lambe remembryd in Salamon[y]s songys,

Callyd Canticorum, most amerous of delyte,

In reformacion of our contagious wrongys,

Whylom was song thys lambe, both rede and whyte,

Rede and rubyfied by full gret dyspyte,

Hys blessyd body with blood was so dysteyynyd,

The Angelyk whytnesse cowde fynde no respyte,

With body 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,

But at hys myghty resurreccion

He namyd was the lyon of Iuda,

For whyche the churche, reioysyang that seson,

Syngeth for gladnesse full oft Alleluya.

(58)

Agnus dei

Thys Agnus dei brought with hym pease
To all the world at hys Natuynte,
Grace, gladnesse, of vertew gret encrease,
For whyche the peyyll of hygh and lowe decre
Kysse the pax, a tokyn of vnyte,
Whyche kyssyng doth playnly signyfy
Howe Pease ys cause of all felcyte
Of folk gouernyd by prudent polycye.

The Lamb of God brought peace.

(59)

Postcomon

At the Postcomon the preste doth hym renew,
On the ryght syde seyth Dominus Vobiscum,
Fyue tymes the peyyll doth salew
Durynge the masse, as made ys meneyon,
Fyue tyme the day of hys Resurrecyon,
Fyue tymes sothly he dyd appere
To hys dyscyiples for consolacion,
And first of all to hys modyr dere.

The priest departs at the post- common.
He greets the people,

(60)

Salue sancta Parens

"Salue sancta parens," he to hys modyr sayde,
Whyche was to her reioysyng souerayne,
With these wordys when cryst Iesu abrayde,
Vpon 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 tweeke
Brought oynementis most souerayn [of] vertu.

The priest departs at the post- common.
He greets the people,
The Virtues of the Mass.

(61)

How they loved Jesus!

Poetys seyen howe loue 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 loue, 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 ryse, masse for to here,
With suche deuocioun as these ladyes went,
In parfyte charyte, and with loue as entyer,
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,
Graunteth the pepyll a maner of lycence
To depart, and he toward the Est
Lyfteth vp hys handes, with dew reuerence,
Praying for all that were in presence,
To haue theyr part of all that he hath do,
Takyng theyr leue, denoultly with sylence,
The ende abydyng of In Principio. 504

(64)

Partyng from masse, with pese and vnyte,
Fyguryed was whylom in Exode,
When children of Israel, fer from theyr contre,
Returnyd 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 seruage.

(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 Iakilon,
Gafe lycence and fredom for to gon,
Jerusalem agayne to edyfy,
Ryght as the fredome of vs euerychon,
Renewyd was by commyng of Messy.

(66)

As in desert the chyldren of Israeli,
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 desert of worldly wyldyrnesse,
Lord, grant us to hear mass aright.

With lyfe accordyng our masse so to here,
That pease and charyte, compassion and clenneesse, 532
May so contynew and shyne in theyr bryghtnesse,
With fulsom hand of almesdede,
To enspyre the rychye to part theyr rychesse,
With poore folk in heuyn shalbe their mede. 536

The virtues of the Mass.

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 Bernarde,
To pepyll impotent, that playne for febylnesse,
To feynt refresshyng in theyr werynesse,
And vnto folk that goon on pylgremage,
Hit maketh hem strong, set hem in sekyrnesse,
Gracyously to explete theyr vyage. 544

The myghty man, hit maketh hym more strong,
Recomforteth the seke in hys langour,
Yeueth pacience to theyr that suffren wrong,
The laborer bereth vp in hys labour,
To thowghtfuU pepyll refresshyng and socour,
Gracyous counseyll to folk dysconsolate,
Susteyneth the febyle, conueyeth the conquerour,
Maketh marchauntes theyr feyres fortunate. 552

Heryng of mass of great value.

Helps the sick, pilgrims,

Gives patience, strengthens the labourer,

Makes merchants’ bargains lucky.
The Virtues of the Mass.

(70)
Maketh men more meke to theyr correccion, makes people neck,
In gostly loue feruent and amorous,
Hyt yeueth sweetnesse and delectacion
to all the pepyll, that byn gracious,
Trewy obedience to folke relygyous,
Grace at departyng, seyth Seynt iohn to borow,
Good spedle, good happe, in Cyte, towne, & hous,
To all that here denotuly masse at morow.
gives good speed,

(71)
Heryng of masse doth passyng gret auayle,
At nede, at myschyef, folk hit doth releue,
Causyd Seynt Nycholas to yeu good counsayle,
And Seynt Iulyan good herburgh at eue,
Beholde Seynt Crystofer, noone enemy shall yow greue,
And Seynt Loy your iorney shall preserue,
Horse ne caryage that day shall nat myschene,
Masse herde aforne, who doth these seyntes serue.
causes the blessing of the saints, Nicholas, Julian, Loy,

(72)
Partyng from masse, gynnynge our iorue,
Call Seynt Michael, your pase to fortyfy,
Seynt Denyse for Fraunce,
Blessyd kyng Edmund for royall gouernayle,
Masse herde aforne, your hertes doth apply,
These observaunces to kepe[n] or ye dyne.
causes the blessing of the saints, Nicholas, Julian, Loy,

(73)
Albon for England, Seynt Denyse for Fraunce,
Blessyd kyng Edmund for royall gouernayle,
Albon, Denis, Edmund,
Thomas of Caunterbury for hys meke suffraunce,
At Westmynster Seynt Edward shall nat fayle, 580
That none enemy shall hurt or preuayle,
But that Seynt George shall make yow frely passe,
Hold vp your baner in pease and in batayle,
Eche day when ye devoutly here masse. 584

(74)

Thus ys the masse the spere and eke our shylde,
Our myghty pauyse, our swerde, and our defense,
Our myghty castell, our sheltron in the fylde,
Our stre[n]gest bolwerk, agayn all violence, 588
For who that euer abydeth with reuerence
Tyll In Principio, conclusion of the masse,
Grace shall guyde hym, and conducte hys presenc,
Agayne all hys foon of hygh estate or lasse. 592
[lydgate: Stow.]

Wordys of Seynt Augustyne In fasciculo Mortis of the medys of the Masse. [John lydgate: Stow.]

(75)

That day a man devoutly hereth masse, 585
Whyl he ys present he shall nat wexe[n] olde,
In goyng thedyr, hys steppes more and lasse
Ben of Aungell nomberd and [y]tolde, 596
Hys veniali synnes, rekenyd manyfolde,
Of neglygence and othes that lyn lyglit,
They byn foryeuen, for grace passyth golde,
And all that tyme apeyreth nat hys syght. 600

(76)

Heryng of masse letteth no viage,
As hit hath well be preuyd in certeyne,

Prayer at masse doth greant avauntage,

With Crystes passion, to soulys in theyr peyne;  604

The masse also doth other thinges twayne,

To soule and body yeungeth consolacion,

Yf he passe that day by deth sodeyne,

Stant for hosyll and hys communyon.  608

(77)

Of mete and drynke receuyd at the table,

Masse herde aforne 1ar more1 confortatyf, -1 MS. at morow

In dowbyll wyse, playnly, thys ys no fable,

To encres the vertew callyd vegetatyf,

By resemblaunce, so as the tre of lyfe
Shuld haue presentyd Adam from sekenesse,

So the sacrament agaynse all gostly stryfe,

Reneweth a man that day he hereth masse.  616

(78)

So as Manna was a Restauratyf

To chyldren of Israel, gayne bodyly trauayle,

Lat vs well trust in our mygynatyf,

How moche the syght may helpe[n] and preuayle,

Of the sacrament imposybyll for to fayle

Vs to susteyne in bodyly gladnesse,

Gayne goostly soon, more then may plate or mayle,

Namely that day whene we here masse.  624

(79)

So as the hede hath a precellence

Above all membres in comparyson,

So Cryst Iewa of hys magnyfycence,

Thorow his dyuynye dysposycion,

Set the masse, for short conclusion,
The mass is above all.

It helps sailors,

poor people,

women in travail,

helps souls out of purgatory.

On Sherethursday, the gospell ye may rede,

For a prerogatyf aboue eche oryson,

To helpe all tho that call hym in theyre nede.

(80)

Masse herde afore, the wynde ys nat contrary,

To Maryneres that day in theyr saylyng,

And all thyng that ys necessary,

God sent to porayle that day to theyr fedyng;

Folk well expert haue therof founde a prefe,

That herde masse in the mornyng,

Were delyueryd and felt no myschefe.

(81)

Som folk afferne 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, gretttest directory,

Whyche conveyeth and ledeth a man to grace,

Heryng masse, enprynte in thy memory.

To knele or stonde and chazmge nat thy place.

(82)

All [these] thynges peysyd in balance,

Lat folk a morow erly vp arysye,

Furst of entent, to God to do plesaunce,

In theyr hertes wysely aduertyse,

No tyme ys lost duryng that seniye,

For whyche lat noman playnly be in dowLe,

But that God shall dyspose in any wyse

To encrese all thyng that they gone abowte.
Go lytyll tretysye, requyre the folk of grace
That shall of the hane inspeccion,
Be gat to bolde to appere in no place
Of malapertnesse nor presumption,
Thyne Auctor symyll, though of afeccion
He meneth well, pray hem that shall the rede
With goodly support to do correction
Thee to reforme where as they se ned

Explicit [Lydgate: Stow.]
III. On Kissing at Verbum Caro Factum Est.

1 A Lyttyll compilacion declarenyng when men kyssse in Churche stooone or erthe Tymbre or Iron. What they shuld remembere therby. [John Lydgate Verbum Caro factum est: Stow.]

(1)

O] detoue pepyll whyche kepe an observaunce
Lowly in churche to kyssse stooone or tre,
Erthe or yron, haue in remembraunce
What they do meane, take the moralyte; 4
Erthe tokenyn 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)

Thynke on the crosse, made of four dyuere trees.
As Clerkes seyn, of Cedyr and Cypresse,
To hygh estates and folkes of lowe degrees
Cryst brought in pease, the Olyfe bereth wytnes;
The Cedre alore, contemplatyf sweetnesse,

MSS. Trinity College Cam. R. 3, 21, leaf 215 = T; Harley 2255, leaf 113, back, to 11 = H; Laud 683, leaves 87, back, to 83 = L; Jesus Coll. Cam. 50, leaves 72, back, to 73 = J; Ashmole 50, leaves 56, back, to 57 = A; Balliol Coll. 354, leaf 155 = B; Cains Coll. Cam. 174, p. 455 = C; Harley 2251, leaf 9 = L.

Grave all these sygnes depe in thy memory,
And howe hys passion was groundyd on mekenesse.
Geyne cruell Sathan to make vs haue vvcctory. 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,
Beholde the baner vfectoryous and royall,
Crystes crosse as standard of most pryse,
Thynke howe the thyef for mercy dyd call,
Tawght by thys tre the way to paradise. 24

(4)
Your hertes cy 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 nnowthe first crosseyd of hygh deuocion,
Kyssyng the tokens rehersyd here toforn,
And euer haue mynde on Crystes passion
Whyche for your sake weryd a crowne of thorne. 32

Explicit [John Lydgate: Stow.]

18. THE FIFFTENE TOKXYS AFORE THE DOOM.1

[From MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 117-118, back.]

(1)
As the doctour Sanctus Teronimus, 2
Which that knew by inspiraciou


According to St. Jerome,
The Fifteene Toknys afor the Doom.

Fifteene toknys, the scripture telleth thus,
And therof maketh a declaracioun,
Afor the Ingement; and for conclusion

I The First day, the se shal ryse on heighte
Above al hillys, to ther inspeczioun,
Fourty kybitys in euery mannys sight.

II The Secunde day, the se shal ek discende
That vnnethe it shal nat wel be seyn.
Wild 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
Vp the skyes; this noyse nat maad in veyn,
For what they mene, God shal knowe alloone.

IV The Fourthe day, the watir and the see
Shal brenne as ony flawme light.

V The fiftte 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 lese strength & myght,
Oonly for feer of Cristes Ingement.

VI The Sixte day, howsys Oon and alle
Grete Castellys, tours maad of lym and stoon
Playn with the Erthe to grounde shal doune falle.
Fyry floodys, and watrys everychoon,
Brennyng as Coolys with flawmys ovir goon.
Sparyng no thyng, tyl al be wast and spent
This Firy flood shal ovir sprede anoon,
And Reche in heyghte face of the firmament.

VII The Vijte day, stoonys Oon and alle
Alle they to-gidre shal mete sodeynly
On foure partyes shal assondir falle,
The Fifteenth Tokenys aſſorn the Doome.

And in ther hurtlyng noyse dreadfully.
And no man shal knowe Opynly
What al thyng menyth, the hyd provite,
Nor enpowne the toknyes secrely,
But God alloone, in his hih maieste.

(6)
VIII The VIIij' tokne in Ordre ye shal haue,
Folwyng in soth as ye shal vnدرirstonde,
THER shal been so gret an erthe-quawe
That man nor beeste on ther feet shal stonde.

IX The ny[n]the day, pleynty as is the stronde,
Shal hyh monteyns tourne in-to poudir smal,
As men shal seen, bothe fre and bonde,
Bothe hyl and dale of mesour so Egal.

(7)
X The tenthe day, from kavernys & ther kavys
Men shal come out, lyk folk that kan no good,
And renne abrood lyk drouneke men pat Ravys,
Or as they weren frentyk, outhir wood,
Dedly pale, and devoyle of blood ;
Nat speke a woord Oon vnto anothir,
As witles peple of resoun and of mood,
No queyntanne maad, brothir vnto brothir.

(8)
XI The xj* signe, pleynty to devise,
As it is Remembred in scripture,
Ded boonys that day shal aryse,
And grisly stonde on ther sepulture,
And shewyn outward a dreadful fould figure :
So to stonde al day, with boonys blak and done ;
Of doom abyde the dreadful aventure,
Tyl goyng down of the bloody sonne.

(9)
XII The xij* day, mor dreadful than is werre,
Ageyns which shal be no Resistance,
Down from hevene shal fallen every sterre,
With fire\*hevene and ferful violence,
And beestys alle shal comyn in presence

A great earthquake.
Mountains shall be levelled.
Folk shall go mad.
Dead men shall rise.
The stars shall fall from heaven.
All living shall die.

With-Inne a feeld, and of verray drede
Nouthir Ete nor drynke for noon Indigence,
But krye, and howle, and dar hemsilf nat fede.

(10)

XIII The xiiij day, men that ben alyve
Shal deye eechon, this is wel certeyn,
And aftir that they shall arysy blyve,
With othir bodys to come to lyve ageyn,

XIV The xiiijd day, ther shall also be seyn
Hevene and erthe, verrayly in dede,
Withoute refute or omy manere geyn,
Consume and al into asshes dey.

(11)

The laste [day], accountyd ful fiftene,
As Seynt Jerom pleynly doth devise,
Hevene and erthe al nevye shall be sene,
And alle bodys shall that day arysye;
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.]

1 These holy seyntys folwyng ar preuyleged of our lord
Ihesu that what man or woman praieth to them
rightfully shal haue 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 H S Incipit de deem martiribus J. Margin: S H J have only the Latin names Dionisius, Georgius, Cristoformus, Blasius, Egidius, Katerina, Margareta, Martha, Cristina, Barbara. 1 A blisst was S.
Prayers to Ten Saints.

Wich by prechyng to Cristis feith hast wonne
The reem of franaue and Paris the Cyte,
Pray for pi servanatis and alle pat trust in the,
To Crist Jesiu in the hevenly consistorye
And them preserve from al aduersyte
That on pi passionu devoutly han memorie.

(2) To Seynt George.
Glorious George, o marter moost enterre,
To saue pe mayde outraydest the dragoun,
Remembre on us in thy devout prayer,
Of Ynglond callyd protectour & patron
Pray for sixte Henry and al this regioun
Of our enmyes by grace to han victorie,
And for alle tho, that with devossioun
On thy passion haue every day memorie.

(3) To Seynt Crystofre.
Holy Christofre, Genaunt of Stature,
That bar Iesiu over the sterne flood,
To pray for us do thy besy Cure,
On to that lord moost sonereyn & most good,
Wich for mankynde was offred on the rood,
And pray for alle in the hevenly glorie,
To hym that shadde for us his precious blood,
Wich on pi passioun han every day memorie.

(4) To Seynt Blasy.
Bysshop Blasy, among haue on hem mynde,
That be pi servanatis treuly of Entent
Wich by meek suffraunce, 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 mercuy passe rigour of Ingement,
To alle tho that haue pi passioun in memorie.

3 The wiche ins. S. 8 haue S.J. 13 be sext henry J H.
28 comes S; combes J. 29 enuer eliche J. stabbale J. 30 diffen-
cion J sic. 31 of J and H, in J.
Prayers to Ten Saints.

(5) To Seynt Gyle.

Holy seynt Gyle, wych in pe woodis wylde,
And among bestis tame and saugyne,
Myd sharpe busses dist þe paleis bylde
And to kyng Charlis, as bokis determinye,
Thou gaf comfort, tryacle, and medeyne,
By devout prayer, doon in thyn Oratorie,
Pray for alle tho, that grace vp-on hem shyne,
Wich every day haue the in memorye.

O blissed seyntes, that been in noumbre fyme,
Foure holy marteris, and o confessour,
Alle of assent doth your dever blyve,
To alle your servauntis for to do socour,
Them to releve in all worldly labour,
Dow from þe hevenly goldyn relynatorie,
Your grace distyleth, beth sheld & protectour,
To alle that haue your names in memorie.

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 & enteer,
Alle ther requestis graciously to heere,
Geyn worldly tempestis & troublis transetorye,
For wich remembreth in your special praier
On alle that haue yow devoutly in memorye.

O Kateryne, born of the blood Royall,
Of Alysaundre thy fader whilom kyng,
Thou brak the wheel, ful dreful & mortall,
Outraiest the tiraunt, philisofres convertynyng,
The queen with Porphirie to Cristis feith tornyng,

Prayers to Ten Saints.

To suffre deth thyn hed dyst down 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 chastitye,
   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 synnys ther knelyng for hir goode,
   Thou slouh pe dragou/j for al his furious woode,
   Ded in gret age, buried be ffrontyne,
   Pray for pi servauntis to hym pat starrf 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, lawne, & feer, mylk meynt with dropis reede,
   Whan 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 vyrgyne.

(12) To Seynt Barbara.
Blissed Barbara, baptysed in a welle,
   The water halwed, name of pe Trynyte,

63 above with crist H JS  70 the wich S.  71 louyth S.
71 straft sic J.  80 were a pure] perseuer-dist a H JS.  81
and S.  86 art called J.  87 &] om. J, in all J.  88 om J S.
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 verry arn marter and virgyne.

Explicit.

20. TO ST. EDMUND.

Here begynneth a praier to Seynt Edmund.

[MS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 19-21.]

(1)

St. Edmund, ruby of martyrs,

Glorious Edmund! kyng of Estynglond,
  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 deuhl plentifulvously 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!
With arwes woundyd only for Cristis sake,
  With grace endued and goostly fortunat,
A greet empryse thow dyst vndirtake,
  Lyst rather deie than Cristis 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.

91 Whos] was sic S. 92 on] fro H J. 95 For thion to vs haue pyte sic S.
O gracious kyng! of favour do thy peyne
To pray to Jesu, sothfast God and man,
As he gaf mercy to Mary Maudeleyne

And rewed of pite vp-on the Publican,
Moost benynguely halpe the Samaritihan,
Of Petris wepyng lyk as he took heede,
We pray to be, right as we began,
Be mene to Jesu to helpe in our most neede.

Our helpe, our socour, our mediatour most cheff,
As thou art kyng and prynce of this contre,
Pray hym that gaf mercy to theeff,
And nat disdeyned the woman Chanane,
Cured hir doulther 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.

Geyn Lucyfer, fader of pompe and pride,
Pray Crist to sende us dreed with humlyte;
Geyn fals rancour, envie to sette a syde,
That we may leue in parfit charite.
Geyn tlessely lustys, clennesse & chastite,
Through al þi frauncehise lat vertu spryng and spreede,
That pees be kept in euery Comounte,
As ther cheef patroun diffende hem in þer neede.

Next Crist in erthe thou art our protectour,
Our bolewerk, our bastyle and dyffence
Geyn fals extorcioure our castel & our tour,
Our sheeld, our pavis of most magnyficens,
Support to alle that do reverence
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. 28 woman of
ins. H : Chanane C. 40 as] and H ; pataroun s. fendo C.
40 all C. 43 that] to C ; to the ins. C.
(7)

After þi deth of marteris callid flour,
    For newe florisslyng ay fro yeer to yeer,—
To me thy legende is chief & best Auctour:—
    Thyn hooly nailles and thy royal heer
      Greuh be myracle, as seith þe cronycleer,
Kept clos in gold and siliere, as I reede,—
    Cast down of mercy on us thyn hevenly cheer
And vp-on alle that calle þe in ther neede.

(8)

Which be conserved yit in thyn hooly place, [l. 20, back]
      With other relyques, ffor a memoryall,
Frute of this marter growyng vp by grace
      With iiij 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 florrs, 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 þi weede,
      Kyng, mayde, and marter of mercy & pite,
Pray for alle tho þat calle the in ther neede.

(10)

Trust of þi servauntis fouale faithful in serteyn,
      I mene of them that sette her trust in the,
Expert of olde, and prened on kyng Sweyn,
      Mangre the tirautn in his most cruelte
Slain at Geynesboruh, þe cronycle Avho lyst se,
For extort tribute deth was his fynal mede.
Graunte þi servauntis pees, reste and liberte,
      With grace & support and helpe in þer most neede.
And pray for alle that kome on pilgymage
From euerie party of this regioun,
For syk and hool, for old and yong of age,
For folk that dwelle here in thy owne towne,
Kepe and preserve hem fro tribulacioun
Ageyn all tho that wolde hem ou[g]h mysbede;
With Cristis helpe be ther protecycyon,
And to alle tho that calle pe in ther neede.

Thy nyh servauntis, goostly mak hem merie,
Pray Crist in spirit for to make hem strong,
Folk of thy towne and of thy monasterye,
In riht conserve hem, suffre hem haue no wrong,
Pees and good love with hem tabyde 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.

And nowe folowe here a devowte Invocacioun made
by Lydegate to Sainte Denys at pe request of
Charles pe Frenshe kynge to let it beo translated
oute of Frenshe in-to Englisshe.

O pow chosen of God protectour of fraunce,
bow richesest rubye of peire felicitee,
Welle of al peire welfare, floure of felicitance,
Sovereine of al peire prosparite
powe blessed Denys! remembre of grace, and se
To St. Denis.

How Cryste Ihesu grauntepe of love entiere
To alle pa for soecour vnto thee calle
At theire requeste to here were the preyer.

(2)
Resceyve vs goostly on-to py governaunce,
Geyne goostely enmys graunt vs libertee,
In worldely troble defende vs fro meschaunce
Frome alle oure fomen make vs to goo free,
And vs preserve from all aduersitee,
And with thee holy oven feyre and cleere
Caste downe py 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, clennesse and chastitee ;
Geinst wrath and yre, stedfast vnytee ;
Passaute of feondes and infernal daunger
Make vs to venqysse, oute of py powestee,
Enclyne pyne eeris vnto py preyer.

(4)
And of py mercy and mightyful haboundaunce
Or we passe, graunte oportynyte
Of schrifft, of howsell, contryte repentancce,
And with the vertues pat been in noumbr thrce,
Called of clerks feyth, hope, and charite,
To beo enspired whilste we been here,
By grace cleyminge in heven to have a see
Thorughe py requeste and merciful preyer.

(5)
Graunte vs in vertu with longe persenerance
Reystreyne oure hertis frome worldely vanite,
And souffre vs to haue none attendancce
Ay in fals fortunes mutabilite,
But to pat lord pat dyed vppon a tree
O help Saint Denys! nowe in this matere,
Vnder py winge pat we may surly flee,
To cleyme his mercy by the meene of py preyer.

11 troble] MS. enemye. 33 MS. rep. vs.
(6)
In þee Saint Denys, is holly our affiance,
Oure hertly socour, our souereyne souytee,
Fully concludinge and knitting in substanece,
For in þy grace may beo no scarceitee,
Whane ever we calle to þy benignyte,
Til vs þy men þy mercy let appeere,
In oure moste treyte dreedfull prosperitee
Prey til oure lord tacepte oure preyer.

(7)
Whan deth vs manasseth with his launce,
Beo present þere for to sustene þe launce
Mercy to peyse geinst our inyquitee;
But or powe luge, procede of equytee

(8)
For þere is none so sure purveyaunce
Whane we offende thorughe þesshily freelte,
In goostly langour to fynden allegeaunce,
Jane at þy wille of mercyful plente
To wesshe þe filthe of oure enfermytee
Nowe mercyful Denys, of mercy we requere
In every mescheef accepte oure preyer.

(9)
O lodesterre of Parys þe Citee
Light of Athenes Lanterne of þeire creanunce
Summe of al grace tenlumyne þeire cuntre
O Philosophre of most autoritee
O blessed Denys! lyfft vp pine hevenly chere
To fore the heghe devyne magestee,
And preye þe lord tacepte oure preyer.

50 þe launce prob. should be balanunce. A line is missing after 49, and three after 52. 57 our] 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 daughter of any womman 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 Reverence list to do,
Hir moder, Seynt Anne, worship he also.

(2) And to that ende, lo, here a devote oreysone,
In honour of hir oonly, my friendes deere,
That whilom A holy man in his contemplacioun,
Had in Remembraunce, with all his hert entier,
By whiche, at his dyeng, he saugh hem both appere,
This blessid mayden and hir moder fre,
Delyveryng his soule from all aduersite.


23. AN INVOCATION TO SEYNTE ANNE.

[MS. B. M. Adds. 16165, leaf 247, and back.]

Invocation by Lydegate to Saynte Anne.

(1) O Lord,

`pat first moeuer, pat causest every thing
To hane his kepyng thoroughe pyt prouydence,
And rightfully art called lord and kyng,
Having pyt lordship of eche Intelligence,
Destille adoune pyt gracious Influence
In-to my brest pyt 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 begynne A devote Invocациjьn to sainte Anne by pyt solemnpe religious Lidgate made at the commandement of my Ladie Anne Countasse of Stafford.

1 *every* [al. 2 *by* A. om. M. 6 *fordulled off*] A. *pat dulle is for M.* 7 In all my brest of gode holly sainte Anne expresse A.
To St. Anne.

(2)

flor but you help, my wit is to bareyne,
   My mynde derk and dul is my memorye
But yif pey beo emosted with pe reyne
   Pat down descenden frome py see of glorye
   Whos golde dewe drops fro py reclinatorye
In-to my soule, awhaped and amate,
Shed from abouen py licour aureate,

(3)

I mene pe grace of pe culuer whight
   Pat with his plente dope every thing enspyre
Haboundantly, wher pat him list talight
   In herties colde to setten hem a-fyre,
   To brenne in lone, and feruently desyre;
With which flamme myn herb aquychye and reyse,
Marye moder! Sainte Anne for to preyse,

(4)

pat was descended of pe stocke and roote
   Of olde Iessye by ordre lynyallye,
pé seed of David, whos braunches feyre and swoote
   Ben so comended of noble Yeaye
   O holy Anne! have pytee and mercy,
   poughie in py laude I can no bette endyte,
   And helpe me forthe of pat I think to wryte.

(5)

A! holy Anne, pat bare pe feyre fruyt
   Of al oure helpe and our saluacioun,
pat art chief help, comfort and refuyt,
   Unto mankynde sheeld and proteccioun,
   Now thorugh py prayer and medyacioun
pat whylome were of Joachim pé wyff,
Holy to stynten al oure werre and stryffye.

Be pow our e socour to saue us and defende
In euery sorwe, bope neghe and ferre;
For to by grace we holy us comende,
Out of whos brest sprang pe lode-sterre
pat is oure guyde in euery wo and werre,
Whane pat hir bemys to us appeere and shyne
ber may no meschief in oure hertis myne.

Bennigne matronne, o blisful moder Anna!
pat Broughtest ferpe with-Inne by-self ful cloos
he halowed ark pat bare pe holy manna,
Foode of mankynde wherthorugh oure helpe aroos
Whiche holy prestes haue 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 prescynce devyne,
To bere the virgyne pure, Invyolate,
pat shoulde be tryacle and medecyne
Agyne pe cruwel venyme serpentyne,
pat was out shad tenspyren with mankynde,
Whane Adam ate appalle as we fynde.

Nowe sith pat God haue gyve pe excellence
Aboue alle wymmen moder for to be
Of hir pat shoulde remedye oure offence,
Haue on us wrecches mercy and pitee
So pat we may hope fynde hit and esse
pat pow pe wrath of pe Iuge qweeme,
To graunt us mercy to fore er pat he deeme;

So pat we may fully in pe affyye;
Thorouge pin help, O blissful sugre-canne!
We may abowe in he hevenly Ierarchy, 67
Where pat pese Aungels be wont to singe Osanne,
To thanke and preysse, and worship as we cane
he blissful lambe, pat foroure aldre goode
Thoroughge his meeknesse starff upoun pe Roode.

(11)
To slee pe serpent pat was so venymous
He fought for synners right as a chanpyoun,
And in his sight, as moost victorious,
He killed deathe, of Iuda pis leoun,
To whome powe praye pat for his passyoun
He graunt us mercy in pis exyle heere
Sith he us bought with his blood so deer.

24. A PRAYERE TO SEYNT MICHAELL.

[MS. Laud 683, leaf 24.]

O Myghell! by grace of Cryst Iesu
Callid among angelis pe hevenly champioune,
Be a prerogatyf synguler of vertu,
Held a batayll, venquysshed the dragoune,
Be thow our sheld and our proteccyon,
In euery myschef of daungeris iuf email,
Dyffende our party, presente our orisoun,
Vp to the lord that gouemeth all.

25. A PRAYERE TO GAUBRIELL.

[ Ibid.]

Blissed Gabriel, wich broughtest first tydyng
On-to Marye, knelyng on thy kne,
Touchyng pe berthe of that hevenly kyng,
Of his consevvyng and his natyvyte,
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.
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)
Kateryne with glorious Margarete,
That be virgines and martirs both tweyne,
Make the heuenly deh of grace vpon vs shyne,
Of your chaast lyf som drope lat doun reyne;
Thu choose of God, Maria Madaleyne,
Ye alle, echoon, crownyd for gret vertu,
Ageyn al mysheef doth your besy peyne
To pray for vs vnto our lord Iesu.

(2)
Lord, that sittist in the heuenly consistorye
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 contricioure
To Mawdeleyne, weepyng with terys smerte,
By whos request, graunt vs remyssioun
Of alle our synners, that crye to the of herte.

(3)
And, lord Iesu, as thu knowest weel,
Seyn Margarete venquysshyd the dragoun,
And seyn Kateryne brak the strong[e] wheel
Thoruh Godys myht, tyme of hir passioun,
And Mawdeleyne kneelyd lowe doun
At thy feet, moost amerously weepyng,
And with hir heer displayed envirou/n
Dryed vp the terys, mercy ay cryeng.

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 besecke, 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 quæp 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! grantte of thy goodnesse,
    To pray Iesu with hooll afeecyoun
To saue þi servauntis fro mysclief & distresse.

(2)
Remembre on hem that lyn in cheynes bounde,
    On folk exsiled far from ther contre,
On swich as lyn with many grevous wounde
    Fetryd in prisoyn and hame no lyberte;
    For-get hem nouht þat pleyne in pouerte
For thrust & hunger constreyned with siknesse;
    Pray to Iesu of mercyfull þite
To saue alle tho þat calle þe in distresse.
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 traveller,

To ache of bonys and gontes \textit{pat} do sprede;

Help stauncehe veynes, wiche sese nat to bleede,

Help furious folk that tremble in \textit{per} acesse,

And haue in mynde of mercy & take heed.

To pray for alle \textit{pat} calle pe in dystresse.

(4)

Sobre & appese suych folk as falle in furie

To trist and heuy do mytygacyoun,

Suych as be pensiff, nak hem glad & murie, [leaf 22]

Distras in thouht, reforme hem to resoun;

Relene pe porayle fals fals oppressionu

Of tyranye, and extort brotylnes

Take hem of mercy in thy proteccyon

And saue \textit{pi} servauntis fro myschef & distresse.

(5)

This signys groundid on parfit charite,

In \textit{pi} persone encresyng ay by grace,

O glorious Leonard! pray Iesu on thy kne

For \textit{pi} servauntis resortying to pis place,

That they may haue leiser, tyme, & space,

Alle olde surfetis to reforme and redresse

Hosil & shryfft or they hens passe,

With pe to regne in eternal gladnesse.

(6)

Merciful Leonard! gracious & benygne!

Shewe to \textit{pi} servauntis sum palpable sygne,

Passyng this vale of worldly wrecchidnesse

With the to regne in eternal gladnesse,

Ther to be ffed with selestyal manna,

Wher as angelis ar wont to syngen osanna!

Explicit.

19 of] to H J S. 22 feuerous H J S. 25 folk\textit{om}. S. fur S. 30 export S. britilnes J. 33 Lenuoye J. 34 ay\textit{euer} S. 40, 44 regny S. 46 as\textit{om}. H J S. syngen H. were J. Explicit quop\textit{om} lidgete H. \textit{om}. J S.
28. TO ST. OSITHA.

[MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaf 116, back.]

**Incipit de Sancta 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 refresh and help them in ther neede.

(2)

In thy riht hand thu heeld a litil stoon
To bete thy brest of hool affeccioun,
Wakir in prayeer, abide evir in Oon,
With contrit terys makyng thy Orisoun,
Socour to sorwefull in tribulacioun,
Gracious expelit ther iourne for to speede,
That hane in the set ther devocioun
Geyn al myscheef, to helpe hem in ther neede.

(3)

O blissid Sitha! flouryng 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]
on. 8 helpe. 11 abeyde. 14 explet. 16 agayne. 20 casuel] cause of.
29. TO ST. ROBERT OF BURY.

[MS. Laud 633, leaves 22, back-23.]

Here beginneth a prayer to Seynt Robert.¹

(1) O blyssid Robert, Innocent and Virgyne, [1 leaf 22, back]
Glorious marter, gracious & riht good,
To our prayer thyn eris down Enlyne,
Wich on-to Crist offredyst thy chast blood,
Ageyns the the Iewys were so wood,
Lyk as thy story makyth mencyoun,
Pray for alle tho, to Crist that starff on rood,
That do reuerence on-to thy passioun.

(2) Slayn in childhood by mortal violence,
Alas! it was a pitous thing to see
A sowkyng child, tendre of Innocence,
So to be scourged, and nayllled to a tre;
Thou myghtyst crie, thou spak no woord, parde,
With-oute langage makyng a pitous soum,
Pray for alle tho, knelyng on thy kne,
That do reuerence on-to thy passioun.

(3) Fostrid wi th 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, [leaf 23]
Among marteris, vp-on thyn hed a crown,
O gracysous Robert! to pray for hem tak heede;
That do reuerence on-to thy passioun.

(4) Suffredist deth or thou koudist pleyne,
Thy purpil blood allayed wi th mylk whiht,
Oppressid wi th torment koudest no woord seyne,
Fer fro thy norice, founde no respight;
To St. Thomas.

Be grace inspired, Iesu was thy delight,
Thy soul vpborn to the hevenly mansioune,
Pray for alle folk that haue an apteyght
To do reverence on-to thy passioune.

(5)
Haue vpon Bury þi gracious remembraunce
That hast among hem a chapel & a shryne,
With helpe of Edmund, preserve hem fro grevaunce,
Kyng of Estynglond, martir and virgyne,
With whos briht sonne lat thy sterre shyne,
Strecchyng your stremyis thoruh al þis regioun,
Pray for alle tho, and kepe hem fro ruye,
That do reverence to both your passioune.

Explicit.

30. A PRAYER TO SEYNT THOMAS.

[MS. Bodley Laud, 683, 23, back.]

(1)
Blyssed Thomas! rubyfied with blood,
For Iesu sake stable in thynt entent,
Bysshop and marter, holy and riht good,
Born in Londoun, and charbonele of Kent,
Crownyd with Crist abooff þe firmament,
Stood as a peeler for hooly chyrchis riglit;
On us haue mercy, wher we haue out myswent,
And from al trouble diffende us with þi myht.

(2)
Oracio.
O hooly marter! be our proteccyoun
And our dyffence in Tribulacioun,
And for the love of our lord Iesu
Kepe us ffro synne, encrese us in vertu,
And or we deie, graunte us in substauence
Shrifft and hosil, contriccyoun with repentauce,
For Iesu sake, wich is most parfit good,
For whom at Caunterbury shad was thynt holy blood.

Explicit.
To St. Thomas (II).

31. A PRAYER TO ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

[MS. Tanner 110, leaves 245, 245, back; 242-243.]

(1) Synguler shepperde! gardelyn of Cristis folde, [leaf 245]
    Geyn raeynous wolues protectour and diffence,
    Of holy cherche the riht as thou wer holde
    Stood therby, and maadest resistence 4
    Ageyn the froward furious violence
    Of tirantis, pat put thy sheep in drede;
    Glorious martir, do thy diligence
    To pray for alle pat calle the in ther neede, 8

(2) Strong in vertu, by grace which is diuine,
    Keptest the wach by thy-silff allon
    Of Cristis gardyn, and of chose vyne,
    Which bi hys passiou was plauntyd in Syon, 12
    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, 16

(3) Turnyd fyue tynies water off thy welle,
    Onys to mylk for virginal clennesse
    To blood four tyme, thy story doth vs telle,
    Whos martirdam red colour dede expresse. 20
    Take mylke and blood for spiritual witnesse,
    Lillies joyned and fressh rosis rede,
    As thy deth was growndid on rihtwisnesse
    Pray for alle tho pat calle the in ther neede. 24

(4) 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, 28
To St. Thomas (II).

Name of Thomas put in remembrance
Treuly expownyd, concludeth on manheede,
With feith and hope, our trust is in substance
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 thyn hond,
In which See Anon as thou wer stallid,
Thy labour was thoruhout al this lond,
Lyk thyn office 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,
Mangre 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 champioun, Achaat of hihi prowesse,
Sampsoun the secounde, diauauzt sturdi,
Emeraud greene, voide of doubilnesse,

49 *chose*] choos MS.
Kepyng thy ground named of rihtwisnesse
Fortis Armatus, geyn falsenesse to proceede,
Reknyng thy meritys, precelltyng in goodnesse,
Pray for alle tho *pat* calle the in ther neede.

(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 liberte
List not spare thy sacrid blood to bleede,
Pray to Iesu, knelyng on thy kne,
For alle tho *pat* calle the in ther neede.

(10)
For love of thee,
Extinguished tapers were set alight from heaven.

Remember thy pilgrims, shod or bare.
Remembre on alle that come to Visite
Thyn hooly place with deuoute pilgrymage,
Shod or bare, ther vowes to auyte,
Wher-soo thay be olde or yonge of age,
Lat thy support refresh 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.

(11)
Sith Crist ech day doth miracles for the werche,
Of grace and mercie haue first in Remembraunce,
Pray for the states of all hoo ly Cherche,
For the kynges vertuous gouernaunce,
To St. Thomas (II).

For hys Prynces Marcial Puissunnce,
That high discrecioun may ther Brydel leede,
Lyke ther degrees lyue to thy plesaunce,
And pray for alle that calle the in ther neede.

(13)
Pray for thy Capeleyis, be to hem gracious,
Which euer in oen abide in thy servise,
Monckes professed, Preestes religious,
To pleave Ihesu at mydnyght thy arise,
Thou as ther Patroun, defende hem in sic h 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 pruaile,
Pray for marchauztes that saile fro soo ferre,
For Artificeres that lyue by ther traualye,
Lat thy blessynge on all these folkes sprede,

Pray Iesu stynt blood-shedyng and Bataile,
And pray for alle that calle the in ther neede.

(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 Deuocioun
I them present with humber affeccioun,
Praynge echoon that shal thes seen or rede
Nat to disdeigne but doo Correccioun,
In hoop this martre shal help vs in our neede.

Amen. Deo gracias.

32. TO ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.

[From MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaf 116.]

(1)

Ye Brytoun martyrs, famous in parfitnesse,
Of herte avowyd in your tendir age
To persever in virginal elenessse,
Free from the yoke and bonde 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 hellenene,
Rad in the gospel with five that wer wyse,
Regnyng with Crist above the sterrys sevne,
Your lampys liht for tryumphal emprise;
Vpon 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 us help, lor!,
Geyn our trespass 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 tilowin here bygynne pe devyse 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 paruorieres of London for honour of peyre broperhoode and peyre feest of Saint George.

If pe poete first declarepe—

(1)
O yee folk peat heer present be,
Wheeche of pis story shal hate Inspeccion,
Of Saint George yee may behold and see
His martirdom, and his passyon;
And howe he is protectour and patroun,
His hooly martir, of knighthood loodsterre,
To Englisshie men boope in pees and werre.

(2)
In whos honnour sipen goon ful yoore
Pe thriddle Edward of knighthoode moost entier
In his tyme, bassent at Wyndesore
Founded pordre first & pe gartier,
Of worpy knightes ay frome yeere to yeere
Foure and twenty cladde in oo lyueree
Upon his day kepte pe solempnytee.

(3)
If pis name George by Interpretacion
Is sayde of tweyne, pe first of hoolynesse
And pe secound of knighthood and remoun,


LYDGATE, M. P.

Yon that see this story,
may behold St. George's martyrdom.
The Garter was founded in his honour.
George means holiness and knighthood.
The Legend of St. George.

As þat myñ Auctour lykeþe for to expresse,
þe feond vengwysshing of manhoode and prowesse,
þe worlde, þe flesshe, as Crystes owen knight,
Wher-euer he roode in steel armed bright.

146

(4)

Born in Cappadocia, a strong city (i).

Virtuous in youth,

Capadoce, a mighty strong Citee,—
As þe story of hym list to endyte,—
Ordeyned was to his natvyyte;
And in his youþe he gaf him-self delyte
Frome day to day, as Clerkis of him wryte,
To suwe vertue, so gynnyng his passage,
Vyces excluding, al Ryot, and oultrege.

(5)

And Cristes feyth for to magnefye
At gretter age his cuntree he forsooke,
And thoroughe his noblesse and his chyuallerye
Trouthe to sousteene, who-so list to looke,
Many a Iournee he vpon him tooke,
þe chirche defending with swerd of equytee,
þe Right of wydowes, and of virgyntyee.

(6)

And in þis whyle an aventure is falle,
Importable þe people to sousteene,
Amiddles þe provynce whiche men lybye calle,
In a Cytee þat named is Lysseene;
A gret dragoun, with scales siluer sheene,
Horrryble, dreedful, and monstruous of sight,
To-fore þe Citee lay hooþe day and night.

The Legend of St. George.

(7) Of kyng, he queene, he lordes taken heed
Of pis sodeyne woeful aventure,
And he people fellen in grete dread

Consydering howe yat ey stande vnsure,
As ey pat mighte he mescheef not endure
Maade by assaute of pat felle dragoun
By pestylence vpon eyre woeful toune.

(8) But whanne eyre counseyle of eyre toune tooke keep
Howe eyre eyre peyne was Intollerable,
Ey senten out every day twoo sheep
To pis beest foule and abhomynable,
To staunche his hunger whiche was vnstauncheable,
But whanne eyre sheep by processe gan to fayle
Ey most of nuwe provyde more victaylle,

(9) And whanne eyre foonde no Refuyt ne comfort
For eyre dragoun to make pourveyaunce,
Eyre eyre tooke by lotte ojer by soort
Man or chylde, eyre vytyalle to avanc
Lyche as hit felle on by mortal chaunce

Allas, ellas, it was to grete pytee
To seen eyre sorowe ey was in eyre Citee.

(10) eyre statuit made noon exceptyon
Of hegfie ne lowe, eyre stoode in so grete doute
Touchant eyre monstre and eyre foule dragoun,
Eche maner man, as it came aboute,
To be devoured, allas, eyre were sent oute,

Til at eyre last eyre lott in pis maner
Fel right vpon eyre kynges daughter deere,


L 2
The Legend of St. George.

(11)

1 Pat sche most neext of necessytee
   Beo so denowred, helpe may no meede,
   But to beo sent oute of pat cytee,
   pis cely mayde quakyng in hir dreed;
   Vpon hir hande a shep she did leed,
   Hir fadir wepte, hir moder, boope tweyne,
   And al pe Cytee in teerys did so reyne.

(12)

1 At hir oute goyng hir fader for pe noones
   Arrayed her with al his ful might
   In cloope of golde with gemys and with stoones,
   Which shoone ful sheene ageyne pe some bright,
   And on hir wey sheo mette an armed knight
   Sent frome pe lord as in hir diffence
   Ageynst pe dragoun to make resistance.

(13)

1 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 fleen in hir mortal feer,
   Lest he also with hir devowred were.

(14)

1 And whane he saughe of hir pe maner,
   He hadde pyttee and eek compassyoun,
   To seen, alas, pe cristal streemys cleer
On hire cheekys reyne and royle adowne,
Thought he wolde beon hire Chaumpyoun, 96
For lyff nor deeth frome hire not to depart
But in hire quareH his body to Iupart.

(15)
Hooly Saint George his hors smote on pe syde [leaf 77]
Whane he pe dragoun sawe lyfth vp his hede, 100
And towards him he proudely gan to ryde
Ful lyche a knight with outen fere or dreede;
Avysyly of witt he tooke goode heed,
Thoroughpe he body he gaf pe feonde a wownde.

(16)
Pe cely mayde, knelyng on hir kne,
Vn to hir goddes makeyd hir preyer,
And Saint George, whane he did it see, 108
To hir he sayde, with debonayre cheer,
"Ryse vp anoon, myn owen doughter deer,
Take pe girdel, and make per-of a bande,
And leed pe dragoun boldly in pyn hande"

(17)
In to pe cyte, lyche a conqueresse,
And pe dragoun meekly shall obeye."
And to pe cytee anoon she gan hir dresse—
Pe Ouggely monster dourst it not withseye—
And Saint George pe mayden gan conveye,
Dat whane pe kyng hade Inspeecyoun,
With palme and banner he gooJe processyoun,

This was done.

95 chekyns B (?) royall and so ren a downe T. 96 and
Then toward T. 102 withoute B. 103 Avsydly with all wyt
to and toke T. 104 kely T. grounde B T. 105 pe (1)] his B.
pe (2)] B T. MS. faded in S. 107 makyn B T. 109 debonayre
a bennyngne B T. 112 in pyn handel on pe grounde B. 115
gan she B. 116 Owgle B. With thys vyle monstre whyche
durst nat abrey T. 117 mayde B T. gan] dyd T. 118 Of
the whyche T. hadel] hed B. 119 banner] laurer B. goth a
ins. B T.
The Legend of St. George.

150

(18)

Yiving to him pe laude of pis victorye, Which hape peyre cytee delyverd out of dread;
And Saint George, to encresse his glorye,
Pulled out a swerde and smote of his hed, pe people alwey taking ful good heed,
How God pis martyr list to magnefye,
And him to enhaunce thorugh his Chiuallerye.

(19)

Janne he made pe dragoun to be drawe, With waynes and cartes fer out of pe towne,
And after pat he taught hem Crystes lawe,
By his doctryne and predicacyoun,
And frome þerbour by conversyoun,
He made hem tourne, ðe kyang and ðe cyte,
And of oon hert baptysed for to be. [leaf 78]

(20)

Saint George þanne enfourme gan ðe kyang Of four e thinges of great excellence,
First þat he shoulde aboue al oper thing
Crystes chirche hane euer in reuerence,
Worship preesthood with al his diligence,
Hane mynde on poore, and first his hert enclyme
Frome day to day to here servyce devyne.

(21)

Saint George þanne enfourme gan ðe kyang
Of four e thinges of great excellence,
First þat he shoulde aboue al oper thing
Crystes chirche hane euer in reuerence,
Worship preesthood with al his diligence,
Hane mynde on poore, and first his hert enclyme
Frome day to day to here servyce devyne.

The Legend of St. George.

(22)

† his same tyme, þe stoorie telle cane,
Ageynst Cristen þer was a thyraunt sent,
þe which was called þeo-Dacian,
Of paynyme lawe he was a president,
And to destroye was hooly his entent
þe feyth of Crist, and sleen his confessours,
With dyuers paynes wrought by his tormentours.

(23)

† Whane þat Saint George gan here of take heed
Howe þis thyraunt gan Cristes feyth manace,
He of pourpos left of his knightly weede,
And peurely clade mette him in þe face,
Mannelly cheered, fulfilled 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 Cristes feyth forsake,
But he ne liste noo delayes maake,
Aunswerd pleynly, his lyff by deth to fyne,
Frome Cristes lawe no thing shall him decline.

(25)

† þe Thyraunt þanne, of verray cruweltee,
Bad þat he shoulde þis martir moost entier
Naked beon hanged vpon a galowte tree,
With scowrges beet in ful felle maner,
And with brondes brennyng bright and cler,
His sides brent, were not hes paynes strong?
His entraylles opende, salt cast in among.
The Legend of St. George.

(26)

Christ was his succour,

His poisoner was converted.

Then St. George was broken on the wheel.

The Legend of St. George.

(30)

¶ Eeke in a vessel boylling ful of leed, his holy martir was eplounged downe, He entered in withouten feer or dreed, the grace of God was his saluacioun, [And liche a bath of consolacioun] He founde the metal comfortable and clere, Escaping outhe devoyde of al daunger.

(31)

¶ He was eeke brought, his story doo[e] devyse, In-to a temple ful of mawmetrye, Of intent to havee doo sacrefyse, But alle peyre goddes he knightly can defye, And sodyenly our efeyth to magnefye A fyre frome heven was by myraele sent, Wicher thorughhe pe temple was till asshes brennt.

(32)

¶ And with al pis we fynden in his lyf, Thorugh Goddes might and gracous purveyaunce pat Alexandria of Dacyan he wyff Forsooke ydolles and al hir fals creanue, And became crysten with humble attendaunce, Suffred dee[e] baptysed in hir bloode For loue of hir pat starff vpon pe Roode. 220 Dacyan's wife con- verted.

And Dacyan panne, by ful mortal lawe, Comaunde[d] hape in open audyence, pat Saint George be thorugh[e] eyte drawe And affer pat pis was his sentence, [He to ben heueded by cruel violence], And in his dying pis it is befall[e], He made his preyer for hem pat to him calle.

His prayer.  ¶ "O lord," quod he, "jou here myn orysoun
And graunte it beo vn-to þe plesaunce
þat alle folk þat haue deucoyoun
To me, O lord, haue hem in Remembrannce
And condescende with every circumstaunce
Of þy mercy, O souerein lord moost deer
Al for my saake to heren þeyre prayer."

And al þe peple being in presence,
A voyce was herd dovne from þe hye heven,
Howe þat his preyer was graunted in sentence
Of him þat is lord of þe sterres seven.
And Dacyan, with a sodein leven
Was brenþ vnwarly by consumpyeoun,
As he repayed hoome to his mansyoun.

Explicit.

34. THE LEGENDE OF ST. PETRONILLA.

[Reprinted from "Fugitive tracts:" I, First Series, from an early Pynson print.]

(1)

To tell of Petronilla, The parfite life to put in remembraunce [p. 1]
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 here,
Though she were fayre more commendyd for meknes. 8

And more-ouer, as hir story sayth,  
By Petyrs doctrine and informacion,  
In crystis lawe and stable in that fyth  
She was so groundyd, for short conclusion,  
Called the clere myrroure of all perfection,  
For good exampl, by Goodys prouidence  
Preuyd in sekenesse, hir lyf maketh mencion,  
In all hir sekenesse had parfyte pacience.

Though she had of brennyge greate fervence  
Twene colde and hote, vexacion importable,  
There was no grutchinge, but vertuus Innocence,  
Gane thanke to God, of hert and thought most stable,  
From hir entent nat found variable,—

So was she groundyd on parfyte charite,—  
Professyd to God to perseverem immutable,  
In hir auopgh made vnto chastyte.

Hir perfection breuely to discernye,  
She was acceptyd so in the lordys sight,  
To be noumbryd one of the maydys fyue  
Afore Ihesu that bare their laumypys light,  
Which may nat elipse no derkenesse of the night,  
But euer Ilych abydinge in vertue,  
This Petronylla might cleyme of very right  
To hir spouse oure blessyd lord Iesu.

And as hir lyfe recordeth by scripture  
Of this virgyn by myracles full notable,  
It fyll onys of sodeyne aventure,  
Petyr sittinge sadly at the table  
With his discipyles, such as were moost able  
In all vertue, Titus did abrayde  
And of compassion with languge resonable  
To Saynt Petyr cuyn thus he sayde,—
"With humble support of youre audience,  
Peysed youre power and youre holynesse,  
What may this mene, concludynge my sentence,  
That ye make hole all theym that haue sekenesse,  
And Petronella quaketh in hir accesse,  
Youre 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 sermysable;  
She lyke a virgyn, of port moost agreable,  
What euer he bad she alwey diligent  
Of humble wyll, by tokens moost notable,  
Lowly to accomplissh his commaundement.

And she fulfylled 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 loun of Crist Ihesu.

On whom alone she dyd hir hert[e] grounde,  
Withoute chaunge or forayn doublesesse,  
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.
A pure virgyn perseverance 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 mariaghe.

To yeue answere she was nat recheles,
But alwey one of thought and [of] corage
Toke him asyde, oute of all the prees,
Benynely and demure of langage,
Gaue answere for hir aunntage
That he shulde the day of hir weddynge
Bringe matronys, wyues, maydyns yonge of age,
Hir to conuey vnto his dw[e]llinge.
She asked for an escort of women.

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 wakyngne, this virgyn vertuous,
With Fellicula moost preuy in sentence
Of hir secnees, brought forth in one hour.

Of Petronylla thus it is concludyd,
Who so list her lyfe playnyly 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.
The Legend of St. Petronilla.

Phellicula, 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 euer was wakir of hole entencyon
To serue Ihesu, nat sluggy day nor night,
Callyd the nightyngale with heuenly fethers bright,
Gane thanke to God in langoure and sekenesse,
And made hir ende in vrgynall clennesse.

[Ballade.] (18)
Petronilla, virgyn of great vertu,
Clad all in floures of spirittuall 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 make in thy sekenesse, 141
To do seruise with humble diligence
   Unto thy fader, thy story be-reth witnesse,
Callyd for thy merytes myrrour of pacience; 144
   Teach us patience,

(19)
God and nature gave the greate fayrenesse  [p. 5]
   To excelle all other of port and of beutye,
Tranaylyd with feuerys and many stronge accesse,
   Gaue thanke to God, thy legende who list se,
Vertu was prenyd in thyn infirmyte, 149
Wherfore we pray with humble reuerence
   Do mytigacion of all that seke the,
And with their accesse vertuous pacience. 152

(20)
Be-mene to Ihesu for vs in all myscheef
   That he of mercyoure sekenesse list aslake,
And of thy meritys more to make a preef
   Socoure thy servauntys where they slepe or wake,
O blessyd Pernell! nowe for thy faders sake 157
   for thy father's sake, in sickness and pesti-
Ageyne all accessys and stroke of pestilence,
   All that deuoutly their praier to the make,
Sende theym good helth with vertuous pacience. 160
   Pilgrims to her shrine (at Bury) shall find
   their prayers granted.

(21)
And who that cometh vnto hir presence,
   On pylgrimage with deuocion,
Late him trust[e], pleynly in sentence,
   Shall fynde grace of his peticion. 164

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,  [leaf 4, back]
   So speciall stronge gayn sfever pestilent,
Avicen, Ypocrates, nor yet Galien
Cerapion nothar for all his jugement
Nor Esculapius, for all his medicament
Could nevar make in all his lyves space
Medecene lyke to the lord omnipotent
When to his peoples he lyste send his grace.

It is remembryd in gestys of Lumbardy,
Reynynge kynge Gilberte, a cruell pestilence,
An vsom deithe environde Italy,
Where crafti cure coude make no resistence
As provyd was, by drefull experience
In Rome and Pavy, to carefull Citees
Whe pestilence regnyng dyd tyrannnees.

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.

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 oder smote, to folkes full grete sorowe,
So thousands dyed, nyght, myddaye, & morowe
Oute of eche place, whiche tokened thus,
That thoos Aungels wer pestiferus.

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
Advincula, to the martirs Reverence
The plage cesid, and eke the pestilence
(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 Receptable,
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. [V. 33, bk. ]

(1)
Of Agamenoun vnder the large Empyre,
Born in Athenys of Grekes royall lyne,
Blyssed Gyles, thy grace lat Enspyre,
In-to my penne, the tracys tenlumyne ;
Cast down thy look, lat the stremys schyne,
Of thy tweyn Eyen, this prosesse to conveie,
Be influence of grace which is devyne,
Me to dyrecte of that I wobde seye,

(2)
In thy Wurship compendiously to wryte,
By a maner breeff compylacyoun,
To remembe, so as I can Endyte,
Thy glonyous lyff, thy conversacyoun,
Thorugh al the world in euery regyoun
Rad and rehersid, be examples ful notable,
Lyk a merour of Contemplacyoun,
To ffolk that caste hem in vertu to be stable,
The Legend of St. Gyle

(3)
I will tell your story as I can,
A lytel glene, gadryd in the field,
    Betwen large shokkys of parfight holynesse,
Mont grete schevys that I ther be-held,
    To gadre up heerys dyd my besynesse,
Greyn tryed out, selestyall of swetnesse,
    To ffostre and ffede folk Contemplatyff,
Full in purpos breefly to Expresse
Centenciously thy myracles and thy lyff,

(4)
Wher-up-on my purpos to ffulfyllo,
    By Goddis grace, fortune, or aventure,
Ther was to me brouit a lytell bylle
    Of greet devossionn by a cryature,
Requrrying me to do my besy Cure,
    Afther the tenour only ffor Gyles sake,
Out of Latyn translate that scripture.
Folwyng the copie, this labour undertake;

(5)
To whos requeste lowly I dyd Obeye,
Breefly this story to put in remembraunce,
Long prosesse lefft, took the nexte weye,
    For short metris do gladly gret plesau«ce,
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.

(6)
Compendyously was remembrid thus,
    So far in ordre I schall rehersyn here,
Thy father was Theodoras,
    Callyd Pellagia was thy moder dere,
Of roial blood bothe borne yffere;
Thy youte ffostryd, bokys determyne,
    With dyllygence vertu for to lere,
And proyfte in vertuous dyscyplyne.

Thy father
was Theodoras,
thy mother
Pellagia.

20 cerys H. 32 copei (i added in red ink) copee H, copee V.
33 I lowly dede H V. 47 leerue V. 48 discipulyne V.
Thus disposed in vertu to profyte,
Lyk thy mastres wich taulht pe spelle and reede,
Tendre of age, gretly lyst deleyte,
As seith thy lyff, in almesse-deede,
Of compassion castyst of thy weede,
Gaff it freely to oon that quook for cold,
Wich was maad hool reffreshed in his neede,
The firste myracle in thy legende told.

(8)

Fader, moder, anoon as they were deel,
Thow dyst reioysshe ther tresour & richesse,
Thy patromonye for more goostly sped,
Thow gaff to pore, of mercyful almesse,
Another poysommed, pe venym dist represse,
To oon also with a fiend 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 fleddyst ouer see,
Preysyng of people for to sette a-syde,
On-to shipmen saucyonn 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 doubter thou were saucionioun,
Of old langour hir Consolacyoun,
To al the contre pleynyng for skarsete,
By thy prayer and medyacyoun,
They did haboude with gracious plente.

50 thy] the V.  56 The first] first H V.  59 more goostly] moost goodly H V.  62 fiende] frende V.  67 over the ins. H V.  74 weryn V.  79 meditaciou V.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(11) When the hermyte Veredemyus
   Was ffer absent, thy story doth expresse,
   Thou madist a penaunt hool from al siknesse,
   Toward dissert the ounge thou dist dresse
   With cold water, and herbis rauhe and grene,
   Complet iij yeer thy story berith witnesse,
   Laddist thy lyff, of colour pale and lene,

(12) God of his grace hadde upon the mynde,
    Lyst ordyne for a Restoratyff
    To thy repast, whight as snow, an hynde,
    With plentiful mylk to fostre therby thy lyff,
    Myd sharpe breris thou were Contemplatyff,
    Thy body peyned with rigorous contynence,
    Ageyn Sathan of costoiu was thy striff,
    Dauntyng thy flessh by vertuous abstynence.

(13) Thy ffoode was nouther on flessh nor flyssh,
    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 keptist thy hermytage,
    As I told erst, among by Goddis grace
    Sook of an hynde wich that was savage.

(14) Thus of costom the hynde kept pi 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.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(15)

This myracle, and this vnkouth thyng,
   Was at Tuskan, to Gascoygne adiacent,
Vpon Burgoyne regnyng there a kyng,
   As I reede hys name was Fluent,
   Wich in huntyng sette at his Entent,
Curteys, gentyl, in al his gouernaunce ;
   To conclude, shortly in sentement,
He was soget to the kyng of ffraunce,

(16)

At mount Pilleris holding his soiour,
   As thy story, Guyles, maketh mynde
Vpon a day the kyng with gret labour,
   Alle his meyne, noon was lefft be-hynde,
Houndis on-couplyd to chasyn at thyn hynde,
Roial lymeris with alauntys huge,
   Thy beste swyfft lefft hem echon be-hynde,
Ran to thy ffeet for socour and refuge.

(17)

The kyng, the bysshop, thy story who lyst rede,
   Of that kyngdam cam to thy presence
Hurt with an arwe, sauth thy wounde bleede,
   Profred amendis and gold for ther offence ;
   The kyng in wyl thy wrong to recompence,
By the assigned of hooll affeccyoun,
   To bylde of monkis in Goddis reuerence,
A monasterie with-Inne his regioun.

(18)

At thy requeste the bishop and the kyng,
   Condescendid, with a Condycyoun,
That thow woldist accomplissh ther askyng
   To ben abbot of that relygyoun,
Sette a ground of hih perfeccyoun,
By good example take of thy persone,
   And of desert leue thy mansyoun,
For comoun profyght 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 humylyte,
   In thyn avis thou were Condescendyd,
That the religioun myhte Encreased be,
   By thy presence and vertuously amendid,
Circumstaunces breeffly comprehended,
Thorugh o persone offtyn hath be prevyd,
   All a regioun myhte been amendyd
By o good man socoured and relened.

(20)
In this mater it nedith not to tarye,
   To daunte thy flessh, pe trouthe was wel sene,
Whan thou lefftyst to be soltyraye,
   Fedying thy-silff with rotys rauh & grene,
Drank welle water, of colour megre and lene,
   Thy wounde open, thy blood dystellyng doun,
As dehuhy dropis, ageyn the sonne schene,
   Ay to remembre on Crystys passyoun,

(21)
Prayeng pe lord duryng al thy lyve,
   Be experience as it was aft're founde,
On remembraunce of Cristis woundis fiyve,
   That euer bledyng sholde be thy wounde,
That no leche with salue sholde sownde
Thy grevous hurt, to staunche 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 clat,
Loved and drad with grace fortunat,
   Laumpe and lanterne of perfeccyoun,
Tauhtest pi soggettis, erly and eek late,
To profyte in ther Ielygyoun,
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(23)
Fastyng, wakyng, and liggyng harde a-nyht,
To thy discyplcs patroun and examplaric,
Fyrst at matynes setyst 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 brydel of Casygacyoun. 184

(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 presumpioun,
Tweyne of consayl, equyte and resoun,
Lyk a fader peised rigour and clemence,
Twen thextremytees hate or affeccyoun,
Reulyng thy convent vnder obedience, 192

(25)
Wyt and discrescioun kept egal the ballanuce
A-tween cherisshyng and just correccyoras,
Thou bar the torche of prudent gouernannce,
Fro parcial drauht of fals denysiouns,
Resoun repressed iforeyn occasiouns,
With soffe speche and with woordes ffayre
Were set a-syde alle rebellionus,
To thy precept was no soget contrarye. 200

(26)
Swyfft of wynge flight of thy good fame, [leaf 38]
By cleer report kam to the audyence
Of kyng Charlys, and of pi parfit name,
Wherof suprissed with spiritual fervence,
By auctorite of royall excellence,
Sente to the deuoutly by massage,
Beyng thy-stilff at Aralatence,
Toward hym holdyng thy viage, 208

188 rebelacioun V. 189 and of ins. V. 193 egaly V.
198 of] & V. 204 supposid V.
The Legend of St. Gyle

(27)

Meeting and healing a man on the way

Mettyst a man, which in his entrayll
Was oppressed by the fendys myght,
A wikkyd goost so dyd him assayll,
Al men ferful to komen in his sight,
But of compassion and grace of Cristis myght,
By thy prayer he was maad hool, by grace,
Affter this myracle Charlis the noble knyht
On bothe his armes the meekly did embrace,

(28)

The kyng lowly with dueout obeysance
Prayde thou woldyst in thy Orysouns
Hane hym dayly in thy remembraunce,
Sith it stood so, for short conclusion, 220
He hadde offendyd of froward mocyouns,
In a synne terryble to descryve,
Weuer of purpos in his oppynyouns [leaf 38, back.]
THEROF to been confessed in his lyve.

(29)

Nat longe affter beyng at thy masse
By gret avys praydest ffor the kyng,
In thy memento lyst nat lyghtly passe
Tyl Cryst Iesu grauntyd thyn askyng,
In a bylle the trespas rehersyng
With goldene lettrys cast on the alhiter,
Brouht by an angel from hevene discendyng
Of al the cas declared the maner, 232

(30)

To more encres of this vnkouth myracle
As the bylle in ordre dyd Expresse,
To thy requeste was maad noon obstacle,
Cryst hath for-3one of his gret goodnesse,
The kynys gylt thoruh thy parfitnesse,
Alle circumstaunces pleynly out declaryd,
Atween you two, as thou lyst hym confesse,
Trenely in ordre there was no poynt I-sparyd,

210 the] om. V. 212 comen H V. kome L. at his V.
225 beying] om. V. 239 lyst] dist H V.
This vnkounth bylle, by an angell brought,  
Cast on the auhter, briht as pe sonne schoon,  
What was wretyn no man knew rihnt nouht,  
Word nor sillable but thy-silffe alloon,  
They gaff a lyght lyk a charboncle stoon  
Thorugh the chapel the skrowe schoon so shene,  
Among hem alle sothly was nat Oon  
Except thy-sylffe knew what they did mene.  

(32)  
Granouted to the ffor 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,  
Thronh thy prayer and hooly orisoun  
So that they lyst ther synne to for-sake.  

(33)  
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 doungoun,  
To dysceuere ye tweyne were so loth  
Of ffervent love and trewe affeeceyoun  
Thy lyff remembreth that ye wepte bothe.  

(34)  
Repeyryng hom by thy decert ay moryd,  
Be encres in vertu Crist Ieau was thy sped,  
A dukys sone was to lyff Restoryd,  
By thy prayer wich lay affore the ded,  
Among pi bretheren with obeisaunce and drel,  
Komyng hom brought in with glad vysage,  
Abood nat longe, clad in a pilgrym weede,  
Toward Rome madyst thy vyage.  

246 shene] clene V.  252 with] of V.  259 hys] this H.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(35)

A pilgrim age to Rome.

The Pope granted thee freedom from interference.

The Legend of St. Gyle.

A pilgrim age to Rome.

Cause of thy goynge in pi lyff expressed,
Was of greet zeel and greet affeeceyoun,
Ful weel expert for grace hath so dressed
Thy pynlgrymage toward Rome toun,
And to expleyte all thyn enteneyoun,
Noon obstacle, as it is comprehended,
To thy requeste and Iust peteyoun
Graceously the Pope ys condescendyd.

(36)

Gret heed he took to thyn holynesse,
And to thy famous greet humlyyte,
Sette thy chireche for ever in sekernesse,
And thy relygioun in Tranquyllyte,
Peynes annexed by ful hard sentence,
Ageyn alle tho that of Inyquyte
To thy convent dye vyolence.

(37)

And by a-nother favourable sygne,
Of God enspired the Pope dyd his peyne,
Lyk a ffadder graceyous and benygne,
Put thy ffredamys to stondyn in serteyn,
On-to thyn hous he gaff dorys twyne,
By crafft out korve wrouht with fressh entayl,
Maugre alle tho that lyst at it dysdeyne
Thyn hous tenpugne they shal 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 gret solemnpynte,
Affore thy stepill with many fressh penacle,
In wich dorys who lyst thy story see,

294 with] bi H V. 302 solemnnyte gret V.
The Legend of St. Gyle.

(39)

Was hool compleit lyf of thapostelys xij.
    In fressh picture with lyffly quyk Images,
Though Pigmaleon had be there hym-selve
    He koude haue maad no goodlyere vysages.
Reysed bentayll vp-on smale stages
Garnysshed with gold, fret with stonyrs ryche.
    Blissed Gyles by thy pylgrymages,
Thou gat these loukis to wich per be non lyche.

(40)

Kept in thy chirche ff or a memoryall,
    Tokene of ful graunt and confirmacioun,
That thy menstre in Espeyall
    Fraunchised was, for pleyn conclusion,
From all maner Iurelyceyyoun,
Of foreyn power be thyn holynesse,
    Prelat nor prynce of no presumpcioun
Thy lybertees nor franchise to oppresse,'

(41)

By a spirit only of prophesye,
    Knew afforn whan thou sholdyst passe,
Thy bretheryn present with many wepyung eie,
    On a Sunday knelyng in the place,
Spreynt with teris, lokyng on thy fface,
    Whan that thou gaf, as I can remembre
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 patruon,
    Gracious Giles,
Medceyne to seke in ther dystresse,
save all the poor and needy,

To alle needy sheeld and proteccyoun,
Reffute to wrecchis, ther damages to redresse,
Folk that were ded restoryng to quyknnesse,
Sith thou of God were chose to be so good,
Pray for our synnyys, 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 thyn eris doun 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 nouilde thre,
The flessh pe world pe dreadful fel serpent,
Of thy grace and mercyfull pyte,
To pi servauawitis that serve the of entent
Ageyn al trouble be with hem present,
Maugre 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 gouernauence,
Be thow our sheeld, [our] pavys, and sheltroun,
That were so famous by myracles in substauence,
Wrought by thy merit in Germanye & Fraunce,
Maugre leviathan, mankyndes fo moost wood,
Ageyn whos weree hauwe us in remembrance
To-fore 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. St. Giles,

Tween hope & dred most mekely I require,

Thynk on pi man pat laboureth to compile

This lytel dete, of hooll herte and entyeer,

Hae mynde on alle that trust in pi praier,

For love of hym that starff vpon pe rood,

Yif thou be mene, we stonde no thyng in were,

To haue his mercy pat bouhte us with his blood.

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 Joh^n, 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 nooñ 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 avove] H V. above L. 364 entent V. I purpose
to write St. Margarets life.

MSS. Bishop Cosin’s Library, Durham V, VII, 11, leaves 97, back,
to 106, back = D; Bodley 686, leaves 193, back, to 200, back = B;
Univ. Lib. Camb. Ll. 5, 18, leaves 29, back, to 41, back = L;
B.M. Harley 367, leaves 80 to 83, back = H. Title: Here
grynnythe the lyff of pe holy virgine & marty Seynt Margarete
(by John Lydge, monk of Bury, added in late hand), L. B and
H follow D. H ends, in the .S. yere of kyng Henry the .6. (written
with John Stowes owne hand, added in a XVII C. hand). Run-
ning title in B, The lyfe of Seynt Margarete. 3 Retreke L. 5
some H B, sum L. 8 yt happythe L. this] om. L. 9 and
stones] om. L.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

Ben ylooke and into warde ytake;
And by sentence and the prudent avys
Of philosoffres, that holden were so wys,

A Royal Ruby in whiche ther is no lak,
May closed ben in a ful pore sak.

(3)

And though that I haue noon eloquence
For to discernye hir parfit holynesse
Hir chaste lyf, hir tendre Innocence.
Hir martirdam wrought by grete duresse,—
Ay vmymutable in hir stableness,

In Crystes feith she gan hir so delyte,
For whom she lyste despysse al worldly glorye,

This daysye, with leves rede and white,

Purpul hewed, as maked is memoreye,

Whan that hir blode was shadoute by victroye,

Thorough martyrdom was spreynyt with roses rede.

(4)

Margarete, the storye dothe hir calle,
After a stone ynamed Margarete,

A precyous gemme amonge these stones alle,

In there bokes as clerkys liste to write;

For of nature perlys echone ben white,

Right vertuous of kynde, rounde and small—

Whiche propurtees ressemblen hir at alle.

(5)

She was first white by virginyte,

In al hir lyvyng preuyde vertuous;

White of chastity.
And smal she was by humylite;
Right strong in God, this maide glorious;
And for she was thurgh deth victorious,
Thurgh hir triumpe she gat the palme in heuene,
With laurer' crowned above the sterres seuene.

(7)
This stone in vertu is a cordyal,
To the spirit a grete confortatyf;
Right so hir herte was impereyal
I mene, in vertu duryng al hir lyf;
For she venquesshed with al hir mortal striyf
The deuel, the worlde, her storye dothe devyse,
And of hir flesshe she made a sacryfice

(8)
Unto the lorde, that starf vpon the rode,
Whan he liste deye foroure redempceyoui;
So this virgine, taquyte him, shad hir blode
Ful benygnely in her passyoun.
O gemme of gemmes, vyrgyn of most renoun,
Thy lif to write be thou my socoure,
And shede of grace the aureat lycoure

(9)
In-to my penne, quakyng of verray drede,
Of retoryke for I haue no muse
Duely to write this martirloãi: 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, whan I erre.

(10)
Lat thi lyght in derkenesse be my guyde
Tochyng this processe whiche I haue vnder-take.

41 the] hyr L. 42 laurrell L. 47 with all] 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 bin L. 57 of] for B L. 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,—  68

My lady Marche I mene, whiche of entent
Yafe firste to me in commandement  70

(11)
That I shulde considre welle and see
In Frensshe and Latyne thyn holy passyon,
Thi martirdum 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 proceede.  77

Here endeth the prolog of Seynt Margarete, and next folwyng begynneth the storye of hir.

(12)
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,  82
A patryark he was of Paynym lawes
After the ryghtes vsed in tho dawes.  84

(13)
To a Noryce this mayde was ytake,
Right gracious 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.  91

68 me] om. L.  69 whiche of] of goode L.  70 Whiche gaff me L.  72 thy lyffe þi passion L.  74 to make a Contempal-
cion.  77 will l L. Title: B as in D. of hir] om. B. Here endeth the prologe H. No break in L.  78 Antiocbe B H L.
79 blissedfull L (sic!).  80 legende] begynnynge L.  81 callid was ins. L.  84 Right L.  85 Vuto L. take L.  87 of] in L.
90 hir] L.  91 that] om. L.
(14) And whan that she by processe dede atteynye
Vnto the Age of xv. yere,
With othir maydnes of beaute souereyne,
This holy virgyne, benyngne and glad of chere,
Flouryng in vertu, moste goodly and entere,
Humble of hir porre, this graceous 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 wille and thought were sette on parfitnesse,
To thynke on Crista was holy hir gladnesse,
And chere benyngne 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 vyciotis;
Til that the Prefette, called Olibrius,
Of auenture rode on his pleyng,
Where he sawe first this mayde, hir shepe kepyng.

(17) He was raueshede anoofi with hir beaute,
Hir grete fairnesse whan he dide aduerte,
Hir fresshe face eke whan he dide see;
Hir heuenly luyen perced thurgh his herte,
Brent in his corage with importable smerte:
This cruel wolfe, for love inpacyent,
Cast him devowre this cely Innocent.

92 whan by proces she L
96 confused with 97 in H, ends
mooste gracious creature, then l. 98 was started and scratched, and
97 written correctly, etc. 99 Voyle l. of (1) om. L. 100 a
om. L. 102 Hyr will L. 103 holy] B H. om. L. 104
benyngne chere L. 105 but] om. L. 108 dyde withinne L.
111 Of Entent L. 112 Wher fyrste he L. hir] om. L. 113 He
was anoof L. 115 face] mayde (inserted above the line) L. hir
see ins. B. 116 pished There was hys herte L. 119 to
Devoure L.

LYDGATE, M. P.
Firste to him-self thus he spake and sayde: [leaf 69, b. k.]

"What is she this, where dothe this goodely duelle?
Who saw ever to-forne so faire a maide,
Whiche alle othir in beaute dothe excelle?
Of wommanhede she is the verray welle;
For me semeth myn herte in every weyne
Is thurgh perced with hir Iyen tweyne."

He sent his servantes to learn who she was:

And with that thought he made for to gone
His seruauntes 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;

"And of hir birthe if that she be fre,
I wille hir hane sothly to my wyfe,
Loue and cheryssh for hir grete beaute,
As it is skyle, duryng al my lyfe,
That atwene vs ther shal be no strefe;
And if she be born of foreyne lyne,
I wille hir take to my concubyne."

Whan 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 kyñ, by short conclusyoun,
Clerly dyscure, and the trouthe attame,
Hooly hir purpos, and what was hir name.

The Legend of Szent Margarete.

(22)

She, not to Rekel for noon hastynesse,
But ful demare and sobre of contenaunce,
Gan looke on him, by grete avisenesse,
Dressyng to God hir hertes remembraunce,
Of chere nor colour ther was no variauunce;

(23)

"Touchynge my lynage, by successyoun
My bloide conveied is fro grete noblesse,
My name Margarete; and of religioun
I am cripsten, in verray sothfastnesse;
And in that lawe, with-oute doublenesse,
For lyf or dethe playnly I wille abide,
Persenere stable, and varien on no side."

(24)

Wher-of the Iuge in manere gan disdeyne,
To hir saide, for short conclusiouii,—
"Margarete, ther ben thinges tweyne
Ful couenable to thi condicyoun:
And this the first, to myn oppinioun,
Of thi byrthe the grete nobilitie,
And the seconde is thi grete beaute,

(25)

"Whiche in thi persone loyned ben y-fere,
Worthi to be called a Margarite,
Of fairenesse of shape and eke of chere,
A chose gemme among these perles white;
And in this tweyne for I me delite,
Sewyng my counsaille thou mustest condiscende
Better avysed the thride to amende.

She, not rashly, but demurely

answered him with constant heart:

"I am Margarete, a Christian, to live or die in that faith."

The judge said:

"Thy nobility and beauty"

Better avysed the thride to amende.

make it well for thee not
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 goode 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 euer that thou seye,
He wilfully suffred passioun,
And humbely liste for mankynde deye
And sched his blode for oure redempcioun
Of his Ioye that we ne sholde mysse
Where now he regneth eternaly in blysse."

The judge sent her to prison.

The Iuge, wrothe, sent hir to prisoun,
There to abide tille on the next day,
Makyng as thoo, no dilacioun,
Bad sholde in al the haste thei may
Be brought afor̄i him, to seyn yee or nay
Touchyng hir creaunce, what was hir lawe or feithe;
And to hir evenne thus he seithe:

(28)
"Margarete," quod he, "haue pite on thyne age,
And haue eke mercy on thi grete fairnesse.
Spille not thi thought of foly ne of rage,
But tourni thyne herte, and thi wittes dresse
To our goddes, and do thi besynesse
Hem to honour and plese her deyete,
As thou desirest to lyue in prosperite."

178 beleve B. L. 182 hangyd H. honged B. hangyd L. 183 that om. L. 184 hys passion L. 185 to dye L. 187 maken B. he payd L. 188 shuld nat L H. 189 eternal B. 191 nex (sic!) L. 194 Ather yee or may L. 196 Evyn to hyr bus be 
ige L. 198 And om. L.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(30)
Quod she ageyn: "with hert, will and thoughte
I worship him verrayly in dede,
That made man, and after hath him bought,
Whom heene and erthe and the see dothe drede.
Alle elementes he dothe convie 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 fleshe assonder kerve on peces smale."

(32)
Quod Margarete, "while that me lasteth the brethe,
I shal abide in this oppiniou?.
Sythe Criste for me suffred payne and dethe,
Shad al his blode for my redemploun,
So for his sake, of hole affeçyoun,
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 hange vp this holy pure viryne,
Hir fleshe be rente in his crueltie,
Whos blode ran down 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 hane L. 210 with outyn L. no while] om. L. 211 but
216 pis is B L. 217 shall be leytt into L.
hongen B. 227 be] H. he L. to rent B. 229 Ay lyke
gwyke L. he 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 weptein of compassyoun;
Allas! for doole! thei myght vnnethe abide
   To sene hir blode so renne and rayle down.
So importable was hir passyoun
For Cristes feithe, that the peple abraide
And of pite thus to hir thei saide:

(35)

"O Margareta, allas, whan we take hede
   Hou thou whilom were faireste vn-to see,
But now, allas! thi body is al rede,
   Steyned with blode, whereof we han pite,
Allas! allas! 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 thyñ excellent fairenesse,
   Whi hast thou lost this shape and thy beaute?
And fynal cause of thi mortal distresse
   Is thi wilful incrudelite.
   Lete fantasies out of thyn herte fle
Now at the last, that thou maist in eese
Of thy turment the bitternesse appese."

(37)

Quod she: "Goth hens, ye fals counsaylirys,
   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 flesshe the mortal tourmentrie
Is to my soule chief salve and remedie."
And to the Iuge thus she saide and spake:

"O gredy hounde, lyoun insaciable,
On my body thou maiste welle taken wrake,
    But the soule shal persenere stable,
For Cristes feith abiden immutale.
For thilke lorde Crist Ihesu, whom I serve,
From al mischief my spirit shal preserve."

The Iuge, confuse sittynge in the place,
To beholde myght not sustene
The rede blode rayle aboute hir face,
    Like a ryver reynnyng 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, dredful and odible,
The lorde besechynge that she myght him see,
Which cause was of her aduersite,
[leaf 102]

Hir impugnyye thurgh his mortal fight
    That man first brought to distrucyoun.
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.
with open mouth, swallowed her, but she crossed herself, and came out of his middle.

With open mouthe, the virgyne to deuour,
First of alle, he swolwed in hir hede,
And she deuounctly, hirself to socoure,
Gan crosse hirself, in hir mortal drede;
And by grace, anoone or she take hede,
The horrible beste, in relees of hir peyne.

Then as a man he assaileth her, but was conquered;
And efte ageyne to assayl hir he began,
The story seith, and after dothe appeere
By grete disceit in lykenesse of a man;
And she deuounctly, with hir yen clere
Lyfte vp to God, gan maken hir prayere.
And as she lay in hir orison;
Vnder hir fete lyggyng the dragoun,

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 let me now aryse,
For I may not abiden thi constreynt,
In this batayle thou hast me made so feynt."

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 down, for al his felle armure,
Vnder hir fete—he myght[e] not recure;
And on this serpent shuld do no more wrake,
Hir ryght fote she sette upon his bake.

"Oo feende," quod she, "of malyse serpentine,
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 under fete
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 venquished, I may it not denye,
Ageyns the ful feble is my powre,
Thyn Innocence hath brought me to myschaunce,
And a mayde, but of yeeres tendre,
Hath me outrayod with hir lynnes sklandre.

"Yif that a man, whiche had force and myght,
Had me venquished, I myght it welle sustene;" 318
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 encreeseth grete partye of my peyne,
When I consyde with-ynte my-self and see
How thi fader and moder bothe tweyne
Were in their tyme friendly vnto me;
But thou allone, thurgh thy virginite,
Thi chast[e] lyf, thy parfyt holynesse
Han me venquished and outrayed in distress."

The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

When she began the serpent to constreyne To discure, and no thinge to hyde
By what mene and what manere treyne,
Outher by malys, outhar 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."

"Sothely," quod he, "I may if 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 walfere
Of folkes goode, and alway envyous
To alle that ben parfite and vertuous.

"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 thennes was my guyde,
Yet of malys, thye trouthe for to telle,
Envye I haue that man ther sholde duelle.
"This eke trouthe that whilom Salamon, 
As booke olde recorden and conclude,
Closed in a vesselle fendes many of
And of spiritus a grete multitude,
Whiche Innocentes ful often can delude; [leaf 103, back]
But after deth of that prudent kyng
Fro that vessel thei caste out fire sparklynge.

"Men supposyng in theire oppinioun
There was closed grete tresour and rychesse,
Brak the vessel of entencyoun,
And sodeynly the fendes gan hem dresse
Oute of that holde fer fro that distresse,
At her oute-goyng effecyng al thayre,
Where thei abiden and haue theiere repaire;

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 fyinally all ther collusyons
Goth vnto nought, and al ther violence,
When ther is made myghty resistence."

When 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 wey is goo;
And she, assured of hir gostly foo,

Next day she was brought before the judge, stripped naked, burnt with brands, cast in boiling water.

Wenquysshed hath the prynce of al derkenesse,
And sitthe she hathe overcome the hede,
His cruel mynystre, and haue of him no drede.
And sewyng on, this flour of goedelyhede
The next[e] day, voyde of all refuge
Save of the lorde, was brought afore the Iuge,

Ful moche peple beyng in presence.
And for she wolde do no sacryfice
The fals goddes, by mortal violence
She was disposed in ful cruel wyse
And naked stode, that folke myght hir despise;
And after that this gemme of maydenhede
Was brent with brandus bright as eny glede,

Hir sydes skorched, whilom white as melke,
The cruel mynystres liste hir nat to spare,
For Crystes sake, hir body, softe as selke,
Merceyles, naked stode and bare;
And to avment and encresse hir care,
In boylyng water she was caste and bounde,
The [wawys burbling] [with holles grete & round].

The folkes alle, that stonden enviroune
Of doo[ll]ful pite, that sawe this aventure,
Gan wepe and pleyne, and of compassyon
Merueyled sore a tendre creature
Sustene myght suche torment and endure;
For the tyrant, to make hir peynes straunge,
In fire and water gan hir torment change.

And sodeynly there fille an erthe-quave.  
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.
And for alle tho that haue hir in memorie,
And swiche as truste in hir helpe at nede;
That God hem grantte, sittinge in his glorie,
Of his grace that thei may welle spede,
And ageyn right that no man hem myslede,
"And, lorde," quod she, "to alle be socour
That for thi sake done to me honoure.

(67)
"And speccally to the I besche
To alle wymen whiche of childe trauayle,
For my sake, oo lorde, be thou her leche,
Lat my prayere vn-to hem availe,
Suffre no myschief tho wymen, lorde, assaile.
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 conforte and consolacyoun,
To be delinued thurgh grace of thy hulpynge,
Socour hem, lorde, in theire tribulacyoun.
This is my praier, 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] heuenly mansyou7
Was herde a voys in open audience
That God had herde hir peticion,
To be parfourmed with-oute resistance.
And than this maid, moste of excellence,
Roos vp devoutly, and no thynge afferde
Seide vnto him whiche that helde the swerde:

"And specially women in travall,
especially that they perish not.

Then a voice from heaven told her the prayer was granted,
459 theij om. B. 461 to all hem pu be L. 462 to me don B. do me L. Margin of B: Etiam de- note oravit ad deum ut quicumque in pertu parielitams se inuocatis ille sa problem emitteret.
"Come hither," quod she, "my one brother dere,
Smyte with the swerde, and loke thou spare nought.
My body shal behynde abiden here,
But my soule to heuene shall be brought."
Her hede enelynynge with an humble thought;
The mynystre with al his myght and peyne
Lefte vp his swerde and smote hir necke on twyne.

The peple of pite gan to crie and soune:
That stode and sawe hir bitter passioun;
Of martirdam thus she toke the crowne,
For Cristes feithe, with hole affeceyoun.
Threttene kalendes, the boke maketh menyoun,
Of In this maide, a merour of constaunce,
Was laureat thurgh hir parfit suftraunce.

An holy seynt writeth of this maide, and seithe:
"This Margareta, parfit of hir creaunce,
With drede of God moste stable in hir feythe,
Vn-to the deth hanyng persenearance
Sette hoole to God with thought and remembranence,
In herte ay compunt, she was so vertuouis,
Every-thing escheywng that was vices.

"Hir blyssed lyf, hir conuersacioun"
Were example of parfite pacience,
Of grounded clennesse and of religioun,
Of chastite founded on prudence;
God gaf to hir souerayn excellence
In hir tyme that she shulde be
To all a maisterasse of virginite.

Then she was beheaded.
The Legend of Seynt Margarete.

(74)

"Hir fadir, modir, hir kynder she forsoke,
Hir holy lyuyng was to hem odious,
To Cristes lawe al holy she hir toke,
This blessed mayde, this virgin glorious,
Of alle hir enemyes she was victorious,
Til at the laste, in veritu compleat goode,
For Cristes sake she shad hir chaste bloode."

Explicit vita sancte Margarete.

Lenvoy.

(75)

Noble princesses and ladys of estate,
And gentilwomen lower of degre,
Lefte vp your hertes, calle to your aduocate
Seynt Margarete, gemme of chastite.
And alle wyrmn that haue necessite,
Praye this mayde ageyn syknesse and disese,
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 disese
Yow to releve and to do yow ese.

Now, blissed virgyne, in heuene by exaltat,
With othir martirs in the celestialle se,
Styntith werre, the dredefull fel debat
That vs assailith ofoure enemyes thre,
From whos assaute inpossible is to fle,
But, chaste gemme, thi servauntes sette at ese
And be her shelde in myschief and disese.

Explicit.

518 herte bloode B. MS. B ends l. 518. Colophon: Here endeth pe life of seynte Margarete, And begynneth pe lyfe of the glorious martir seinte George. 519 princes H. 539 colophon: Explicit H.
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 mencion,
The original ground of devout offryng,
Callyd of clerkys iust decimacioun,
In pleyn Ynglissh trewe and iust tithyng;  
Abel began Innocent of lyving,
Oonly to God for to do plesaunce,
Of frut, of beestys, reknyd ever-y-thyng,
Gaff God his part, tenthe of his substauwce.

(2)

Melchisedech, bisshop, preest, and kyng,
To Abraham, a prynce of gret puissaunce,
For his victorey at his hoom-Comyng,
Whan Amelech was brouht unto uttraurce,
Offryd bred and wyn with devout obeisauwce,
Of alle OblaciouTis figurys out to serche;
On bred and wyn, by roial suffisaunce,
The feith is groundid of al hooly cherche.

(3)

Of good greyn sowith up good wheete,
With gret labour plantyd is the vyne,
The tenthe part is to our lord moost meete,
To whose preceptis, henenly and divyne,
We muste our heedys meekly dowyn euclyne,
Paye our dymes by his Comaundementis,
Moyses lawe and Eek bi the doctryne,
Foure Ewangelists and too Testamentis.

**MSS.** B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 24 to 32, back = H; Lansdowne 699, leaves 35 to 41, back = L; Univ. Leyden Vossius 8, pp. 16–32 = V: Lincoln Catb. C. 5, 4, leaves Cvijj to Diiij = C; Harley 4826, leaves 46 to 50, back = L; Univ. Lib. Camb. IIh. 1, 12, leaves 35 to 40 = U.  

**LYDGATE. M. P.**
The Legend of St. Austin at Compton.

(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 oblacioniun;

When Jacob sauh in his avisionoun,
Tyme that he slepte upon the cold[e] stoon,
Sauh on a laddere goon angelis up and down,
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 retoune 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 offryd vp for tythes.

(7)
The Patriark of antiquyte,
Callyd Isaak next by Successioua,
To Abraham which with thes frutys thre
Gaff to Iacob his benedicciouin:
The which thre in comparisour,
Of the moralité who-so takith heed,
To preesthood first and kynges of renoun,
Gret mysteries in Oyle wyn and breed.

25 Fre] 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.
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 other thynges;
Brefely conclude alle folk in there livynges,
That trewyly tithe with glad herte and face,
Patriarkis, prophetis in ther writynge,
Shal evere encreese with fortune, hap, and grace.

And who fro God with-halte his dew[ete],
Lat hym knowe for pleyn conclusyouz,
Of warantise he shal never the,
Lakke grace and vertuous foysou ;
Of ther tresour discrece in ech sesoun,
To hoolychirche that wil nat pay hys dyne,
Lat hym adverte and haue inspcccioun,
What ther befyl in Awtynes tyme.

I meene Austyn that was fro Rome sent,
By Seyn Gregory in to this regioun,
Graciously arryued up in Kent,
Famous in vertu, of gret perfeccioun ;
His liff was lyk his predicacioun,
As he tauth, 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 hih and lowe ;
With-outen pompe grace hath his horn so blowe,
Thoruh his merites that the hevenly soum,
He callid was as it is wel knowe,
Cristes Apostil in Brutis Albionn.

The Legend of St. Austin at Compton.

He was Aurora when Phebus shold arise,
With his briht beamys on that lond to shine,
Callyd day-sterre most glorious to devise;
Our feith was dirkld 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 doctrine,
Thoruh al this land to make his liht appeere.

This was doon by grace or we wer war,
Of tholygoost by the influence,
When foure stedys 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,
Awstyn 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 Awstyn made vs cast of cloth and sherte,
In coold watir by hym we wer baptised.
The Legend of St. Austin at Compton.

(16)

Kyng Ethelbert regnyng that tym in Kent,  
Touchyng the date whan Awstyn cam first dona,  
Nombryd the tym in whan that he was sent,  
By Pope Gregory into this regione,  
Year of our Lord by computacionu,  
Compleet fiv hundred fawnty and Eek nyne,  
As cronyclers make mencioun,  
In ther bookys fully determyne.

(17)

Thus he began by grace of Goddis bond,  
Wher God list werche my may be noon obstacle,  
By his labour was cristenet al this lond,  
Feith of our lord wex moor cler than spectacle ;  
Whan tholygoost made his habitacle  
In tho personys that wern in woord and deede,  
By Awstyn tournyd, God wrouhte a grete myracle,  
To make hem stable in Articles of the Creede.

(18)

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 Eulwmyne al this regionu,  
Of aventure his herte gan desire  
To Entre a village that callid was Compton.

(19)

The parissli preest of the same place,  
Aform provided in ful humblle wyse,  
Besouhte hym meekly that he wolde of grace  
Here his compleynt as he shal devise :  
In pleyn language told hym al the guyse,  
Lord of that thorpe requeryd ofte sithes,  
He ay contrayre tobye to themprise,  
Of hooly chirche list nat paye his tithes.

128 and fully ins. L.  129 C begins here, and U resumes.  
132 wer more eltere h.  133 WithL om. U. set so on fire U.  
139 That he gou preche deuowtly, etc. U.  151 to} om. V L C U h.  
be cause h.
The priest of the village asked

(20)

"Entretid hym lik to his estat,
First secrecy, next afforn the town,
But al 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 rebellion
I cursyd hym, cause of fals tithyng.

(21)

"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 weyed in ballaunce,
Ye to be Inge, and lyk as ye proccede
We shall obeye to youne ordynaunce."

(22)

Hooly Awstyn, sad and wel avised,
Kneuh by signes this compleynt was no fable,
And in maneer was of the caas agrised,
Fond that the lord was in that poynt coupable ;
To reduce hym and mak hym moor tetable,
As the lawe orderyned hath of riht,
Blissid Awstyn, in Cristes feith moost stable,
Took hym apart seyde unto this knyght,

(23)

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 lerne this of mee,
The tenthe part fro God yif thou withdrawe,
Thou musste incurre, of necessite,
To been accursyd by rigour of the lawe."

164 Paysyng U. 173 And to ins. h. 171  so h L. V. om.
H U. this rep. L. 180 that om. I. V h. of] to h. 181 and]
om. h. 183 Thow must of Ryght pleyny to the sic h.
The knyght, astonyd somewhat of his cheer,
"Sire," quod he, "I wol wel that ye knowe,
My labour is ay from yeer to yeer
By revolution the lord 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.

(24)

But found him oblatinate.

Thynkyd, astonyd soiawliat of his cheer, "Sire," quod he, "I wol wel that ye knowe,
My labour is ay from yeer to yeer
By revolution that the lord 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.

(25)

Austin then went to mass, and ordered each cursed person to leave the place.

"Sey what ye list, I wyl have no lasse."
This was the answere pleynly of the knyht;
Hooly Austyn dispoosid hym to masse,
Ful devoutly and in the peeplys siht,
Touryd his face, commaundith anoon riht,
Ech cursyd man that wer out of grace
Tyme of his masse that euery maneer wiht
That stood accursyd, voyde shulde his place.

(26)

Present that tyme many creature,
Withoute abood or any long taryng.
Ther roos up oon out of his sepulture,
Terrible of face, the peple beholdyng,
A great paas the chircheyeerd passyng,
The Seyntuarye bood ther a greet whyle,
Al the space the masse was seyeng,
Feerfully afore the chirche style.

(27)

A grisly ghost rose up out of his grave and went out of the churchyard.

With-oute meevyng, alway stille he stood,
The peple feerful in ther oppynyoun,
Almoost for dred they gan to waxen wood,
Affir masse alle of assent cam down,
To hooly Austyn made relacioun,
Of al this caas riht as it was falle,
Gaff hem a spirit of consolations,
Ful sobirly spak unto them alle.

The Legend of St. Austin at Compton.

(28)
Sad and discreet in his aduenture,
Sauh by ther poort that they stood in dreede,
First of alle with ful devout reverence,
Cros and hooly watir he made aforn proeede;

The Crucifix their baner was in dreede,
Blissid Austyn the careyn gan compelle:—
"In Iesu name, that lyst for man to bleede,
What that thu art trewly for to telle."

(29)
"Disobeiount my tithes for to paye,
Of yoore agoon I was lord of this towne,
My dewtees I did alwey delaye,
Stood accursyd for my rebellioum,
Made in my lif no restitucioyn,
Geyn thy biddying I myht no socour haue;
My cursed Careyn, ful of corrupcioum,
By Goddis angel was cast out of my graue.

(30)
"Thy precept was upon ecli a side,
Beyng at masse whil thou were in presence,
No styankyng flessh myht in the poorche abyde,
I was take up, lad forth by violence;
On me was yove so dreeful a sentence
Of Curs, alias! which to my diffame,
Now as ye seen, for disobedience
Disclaundryd is perpetuilly my name.

(31)
"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,
Offe sith steryd of my Curat
To paye my dymes, hadde indignacioun,
Was ay contrayre, froward, and obstinat.

219 ful] om. L V h.
220 made] dyd U.
223 to] om. L.
227 dewtes] h, dewtes H, etc.
233 on h. a] om. L.
236 and lad h.
237 geffyn U.
244 forsothe h.
"This hundryd yeer I have endureyd peyne,
And fifty ovir by Computacioum,
Greet cause have I to moorne and to compleyne,
In a dirk prison of desolacioum,
Mong fiery flawmys, voyd of remissiouu."
And whil that he this wooful tale toold,
Hooly Austyn with the peeple environ,
Wepte of compassioun, as they to watir woold.

Austyn gan muse in his oppynyonn,
To fynde a mene the sowle for to save,
Of this terrible wooful inspeccioun
The peeplis hertys greetly gan abave,
Whom to behoolde they cowde no comfort 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 mateere in substauence."
"Sothly," quod he, "ther shal be no taryeng,
But ye shal have a reconysaunce,
So ye wil digge and doon your 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 bade him arise,
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 beform.
The priest said, he had cursed the knight, for refusing his tithes.

"Sothly," quod he, "and that me rewithe sore, That ever I knewh hym for his frowardnesse, I gaf hym counsel, daily moore and moore, To paye his tithes, the pereil did expresse; 284

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." 288

(37)

When the priest 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, 292

By whoos examplu we must be tretable, As the Gospel pleynly doth recoorde, And for thy part be nat thu vengable, So that with rigour mercy may accordre. 296

(38)

"Thynk how Jesus bouht us with his blood, Oonly of mercy suffryd passioune, For manuys sake was nayled on the rood, Rive to the herte for our redempcioun; 300

Remembre how thu dist executioune
Upon this penaunt ploungid in greet peyne, Withdrawe thy sentence and do remissioune, Fro purgatorye his troublys to restreyne. 304

(39)

"On hym thu leydist a ful dredful bond, To the it longith the same bond to unbynde; Tak this flagelle devoutly in thy hond, On Cristes passion in this mateer have mynde, 308

Many examplu to purpoos thu mayst fynde, Of trespassours relesyd of ther peyne, Of Petir, Poule, and Sein Thomas of Ynde, Of Egipsiacha, and Mary Mawdeleyne. 312

(40) "[Take]\(^1\) to mercy for ther greet repentance,
Ther was noon othir mediacions,\(^1\) MS. Took.
Thou must of riht yeve hym his pendauncce,
With this flagelle of equite and resoun;
Sette on this careyn a castigacioun,
As he requirith kneelyng afor thy face,
Best restoratif next Cristes passioun,
Is thyn assoylyng for his gret trespace."

(41) All this was done by the Commaundement
Of Seyn Austyn, the Careyn ther kneelyng,
Lord of that village was also ther present,
Al the people moost pitously sobbyng;
From ther eyen the teerys distyllyng;
The last[e] preest reised from his grave,
The tothir corps with bittir fel scorgyng,
Assoyled hym his soule for to save.

(42) Oo ded man assoiled hath anothir,
An unkouth caas mervelous texpresse;
Oon knelith douu, requirith of the tothir,
Pleyn remsioun of Oold cursidnese,
Bete with a scorge, took it with meeknesse,
Hopyng that Jesus shuld his soule save.
Seyn Austyn bad hym in hast he shuld hym dresse,
Thankyn our Lord, ageyn unto his grave.

(43) Circumstauwces 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 biddying,
By many example expert in this mateer,
Traian the Emperour for his just deemyng,
I-savid was by meene and the prayeer

\(^1\) MS. Took.

Thou must absolve him."
The Legend of St. Austin at Compton.

(44)

Of Seyn Gregory, Pope of Rome toyn,
Cause in his doomys he did so gret riht,
Rigour was medlyd with remyssyon,
For he that is of moost imperial mylit,
List advertise in his celestyal silt,
TWEEN rihte and favour, rigour and pite,
By doom and sentence of every maneuer wylt,
Mercy of vertues hath the sovreynte.

(45)

Unto the preest anforn that I you toold,
Seyn Austyn made a straunge questioun,
To cheese of twyene whedir that he woold,
To goon with hym thourh this regioun,
The feith of Crist by predicacioun,
For his part groundid on Sscripture,
To doon his deveer of hool affectioun,
Or to resoorte aegyn to his sepulture.

(46)

"Fadir," quod he, "with supportacioun,
Of your benygne fadirly pite,
I you requere to grannte me pardoun,
Unto my grave I may restooyd be ;
This world is ful of mutabilite,
Ful of trouble, chaung, and varyaunce,
And for this tyme I pray you suffrithe me,
Tabyde in reste from worldly perturbaunce.

(47)

"I reste in pees and take of nothyng keep,
Rejoishe in quiete and Contemplacioun,
Voyd of al trouble, celestial is my sleep,
And by the meene of Cristes passiouw,
Feith, hoope, and Charite, and hool affectioun,
Been pilwes foure to reste upon by grace,
Day of the general resurrection,
Whan Gabriel callith tappeere a-forn his face."

345 Pope] scratched in H and h, l sub. bysshop (xvi c. hand).
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 remembrance,
Al hooly chirche in quiete to be crownyd,
That Crist Jhesus dispoose so the ballaunce,
    That Petris ship be with no tempest drownyd.

I meene as thus, that noon heresye
Rypse in thes dayes, nor noon that was beforne,
Nor no darnel growe nor multeplye,
    Nor no fals Cokkyl be medlyd with good corn;
Cheese we the roosys, cast away the thorn,
    Crist boute us alle with his p[re]cious bloode,
To that he bouht us lat no thynge be lorn,
    For our redempciou[u] he starf upon the rood.

The knyht present lord of the same toun,
Thes myracles whan he did se,
Austyn axith of hym this questioun,
    "Wilt thu," quod he, "paye thy dew[e]te?"
He grauntith his axing, and fyl doon on his kne,
    Most repentaunt forsook al the world as blyve,
With devout herte and al humylite,
    Folwith Seyn Austyn duryng al his live.

Go litil tretys, void of presumpeciou[n]!
Prese nat to ferre, nor be nat to bold:
This labour stant undir Correcccioun,
    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 corecte. 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 every day devoutly
shal neuer be dampned but he may neuer be pe bolder
to synne.

(1)
Illumina oculos meos ne vnquam obdormiam in morte
nequando dieat inimicus mens preualui aduersus eum. O
adonay.

O sothfast sonne of al brightnesse,
Enlumyne with thy cler lyght
Myn eien, that thorugh no dirknesse
Slombre nat in the blake nyght [leaf 27, back]

Of cruel deth, so that no myght
Sathan haue me to assaylle,
Tavaunce in his ffelle ffyght,
Ageyns me he may avaylle. 8

(2)
In manus tuas domine commendo spiritum meum
redemistime domine deus veritatis. O messias.

In-to thyn handis I comende
My spirit with all humylite,
In hope be mercy thou shalt extende
To brynge me theder thou boughtest me, 12

408 deuour sic U. Explicit h. Explicit myraculum sancti
Augustin LVC. 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 ṭf fyve woundis, lord, haue pite
To saue me be thy precious blood. 16

(3)
Locutus sum in lingua mea notam fac michi Domine
finem meum O rex noster fili daniel.

In my tonge I seyde and spak,
Lord, myn ende make me to knowe, Make me mine end to know,
Or the serpent take wrak
With treynes of his perlous bowe, [leaf 28] 20
Corrupt to erthe whan I lihe lowe,
Shal rise ageyn, whan thon list assigne,
That Gabriel his dredfull horn shal blowe,
Iesu my soule to the I schall resigne. 24

(4)
Et numerum diemum meorum quis est ut sciam quid desit michi. O Eloy.
The noumber of my daies alle,
Lord, and it be to thy plesaunce, and the number of my days.
Make me to mynde ageyn hem calle.
In ordir to have a remembraunce, 28
With schryfft, hosell, and repentauunce,
By grace that I may ples the,
Make mercy to sette the ordenaunce
Thereby to knowe what fayleth me. 32

(5)
Dirupisti domine uinuclea mea tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis & nomin domini in vocabo. O emanuel.
My bitter bondis thou hast brooke,
Them onshette in goodly wyse, Thou hast broken my bonds.
By cleer confessionu them onlooke,
Out of synne to make me ryse, [leaf 28, back] 36
For wich I schall do sacryfyse,
By grace remembred, con and alle,
Do meek penaunce and sacryfyse,
Ay to thy name ffor mercy calle. 40
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
Saue I Caste to goon full right
Maugre my sfoon that me manace,
Bothe to ffynden leyser and space
In every 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 uiuentium. O agios.

To Thee I cry.
To the I crye lord ffor 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 varyance,
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 sign.
Make me a sygne in my fforhed,
Of that hooly vyctoryous tre,
On wich thow were maad blood red,
That alle my sfoon wich looke on me,
My goostly enmyes whan they me se
May dreede to ther confusioun,
Because my trust ys hooll in the
Comfort and Consolacyoun.

Amen.
This is an holy verse also ageyn goostly enimyes.
Delicta inuentutis mee et ignorancias meas me memineris domine.
The trespacis of my tendir youthe,
Nor the gyites of my grene age,
On-to thy right lat be konthe
Tyl tym that1 thy Ire asswage,  1 MS. rep. tym that. 68
Myn ignoraunces nor Outrage
As I dysserve nat recorde,
Tyl pes be leyd as ffor Ostage
That right and mercy may accorde.  72

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 devocion
vsyd in his chappell at his hye masses by-twene
þe levacion and þe concecracion of þe sacrament
translatid by þe Monke Lydegat dan John.

(1)
O sothefast sonne of all bryghtnes,
Enlumen withe thy clere lyght
Myn yen, that throughe no darkenesse
Slepe not in the blake nyght
Of cruell 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.
The Eight Verses of St. Bernard (II).

(2)

Into Thy hands.

Into thy handes I comende
My spirit with the all humilite,
Thy mercy ever besechende;
Syth with thy bloode thou boughtest me,
Thow sothefast lord, one, too, & thre,
Agayn everyche tribulation
Me governe through thy benyngnite,
And take to thy proteccion.

(3)

In my tongue 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.

(4)

"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 vnto thy name,

(5)

"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 embrace;
So sore my syne dothe me chace
That I can no remedy,
But mekely knele afore thy face
Tyll thou by mercye lyst me guye."

9 I me commend K. 11 be shewede K. 14 eche K.
cherch A. 37, 40 are defective in K, owing to holes in the page.
(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 aeyyn ech woo and drede  
Withe-in the lond of lyfe mavaunce  
By mercy for myne eternall mede.  

(7)  
"Make me a signe throw thy goodnes,  
And marke me in my for-hcde,  
That my enmyes in my destres,  
When they me se, have of me drede;  
And of pyte and godyhede  
Be thou my consolacion,  
Consolort and refute, and all my spede,  
In every maner of tribulacion.

(8)  
"Remember, lord, onuly 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 allone, ther is no drede,  
Of mercy art the fullsome welle.

(9)  
"The'trespas of my tender youthe,  
Nere the gytes 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.

M8. K ends l. 50, in the middle of the page.

p 2
A Prayer for King, Queen, and People.

(10)

"After thy mercyes on me have mynde,  
O lorde God, of thy hygh bounte;  
Thynke that thou toke our kynde  
Whylome in thy humanyte,  
When thou come downe in lowe degre  
For owr ofense to be raunson,  
And seth for our captiuite  
Thy bloode was our redempcion.

(11)

"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.]

(1)

Ab inimicis nostris defende nos christe. [leaf 199, back]

Most souereigne lord, O blessed Crist Iesu!  
From oure enemies 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; Add. 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. Readings: H omits Latin titles, the others follow F. 1 blessed] bessith 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 lorde, of thy benyngnytee
Consider and see oure affliccioun,
And lat thyne eye of mercye on vs see,
Vs to releve in tribulacioun,
And shadwe vs, lord, with thy protectioun,
And ay preserve, vnder thy myghty honde,
The kynge, the quene, the peple and thy londe.

(3)
Dolorem cordis nostri respiwe clemens.

And, good lord, beholde and eke aдуert
Of thy mercy and thy grete grace,
Thinwardes sorwes of oure troubled hert,
And look vpon vs with a benigne face,
And lat thyne 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 foyewe the synnes olde and newe
Of thy peple, and ther grete offence,
And, good lord, vpon ther giltes rew(e, [leaf 200]
And ther demerites by dome nat recompence,
But reconeyle 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 prayers.

When we to the for helpe clepe or calle,
Here our complexities and lamentationes,
And doo socour to our offences alle,
Be our defence that noo myschefe ne falle,
And ay preserve vnnder thy myghty honde,
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

(6)

Fili dei viui miserere nobis.

Thow sone of God, ay lastynge and eterne,
Haue mercy on vs, and forgete vs nought,
And of thy grace guye vs and gounere,
And reconcile that thow so dere hast bought,
With love and drede embrace our inwarde thought,
And ay preserve vnnder thy myghty honde,
The kynge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

(7)

Hic et imperpetuum nos custodire digneris.

In this lyfe here, and perpetuelli,
To kepe vs, lord, that thou nat disdeyne,
For alle our truste stant in thy mercie,
Hopynge by grace we shal therto atteyne,
Thy passyouns shal kepe vs oute of peyne,
And ay preserve vnnder 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,

29 Thow blissed lord h A T t. have here ins. H. oreyson A h.
31 compleynt lamentaciously.
32 Socoure vs cristi for h A T t.
33 ne] on vs h A. 34 euer h A T t. 35 thy] the h A T t.
36 Thow Goddis sone h A T t. 41 thy] a T t. 42 Oure kyng,
oure quene h A T t. 43 Here in this lyf h A H. 45 in] on
h A T t. 46 thereto we shal h A T t. 47 cke shal h A T t.
49 Both kyng and quene the peple and al this lond h A T t (of all
T t).  thy] the A. 50 on vs A. vonto the h.
A Prayer for King, Queen, and People.

Whiche on the Croys liste for our sake blede,
Fortune this Realme, and make it wel to spede,
Benigne Jesu, preserve eke with thin hande,
The kyng, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

Lenvoy.

(9)
A lorde! A-monge haue A Remembrance
On sixt Henry, thyn oone chose knyght,
Borne tenheryte the Region of Fraunce,
By trew discent 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.

(10)
Lat him in vertu ay encrese and shyne,
Worthy thorgh vertu to be put in memorye,
And forgete nat wys moder Kateryne,
Where thou sittest in thy heuenly glorye,
Yive to the knyght, conquest and victorye,
And [ay] preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

(11)
Be thow hys consaylle and hys souereigne rede,
So as he wezech with vertu him tavaunce,
And blessed lord be thow bothe helpe and spede,
To alle that labouren for hys enheritaunce,
Bothe in this realme and in the grownde of Fraunce,
And [ay] preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
Him and hys moder, thy peple and thy londe.

56 and also ngland h A Tt. 57 And lord have eke in remem-
braunce h A Tt. A] And H. have A] alle H. 58 On Edward the
fourth h A Tt. Kyng Edward ins. T. 59 Region] 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 Lok of Stedfastnesse:
O prynce desyre for to be honorable
Cheryshe thy folke and hate extorcion
Suffre nothing that may be reproparable
In thyne estate doone in Thy region
Shew forthe thy swerde of castigacion
Drede god, do law, lone trowthe and worthynes
And dryne thy folke agayn to stedfastnes.

T ends, Explicit quod Rogerus Thornev. MS. t omits the Explicit.

h A end l. 63. 70 thy] the H. 72 tavaunce] avance H.
In short tyme that thou may atteyne
Withoute lettyng or any perturbaunce,
To be corownd with worthy corovnes tweyne,
First in this londe, and afterwarde in Fraunce,
And give hym grace to lyve to thy plesaunce,
And ay preserve vnder thy myghty honde,
Hym and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.
Explicit.

42. CRISTES PASSIOUN.

[MS. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 12 to 14, back.]

Here is a compleynt that Crist maketh of his passioun.

For the man,

Man, to reforume 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 feet, teneres of my grevaunce,
With sharpe naylles my blood maad renne dou;
Whan-ener thou felyst trouble or perturbaunce,
Looke on my woundis, thynk on my passioun.

MSS. Laud 683, leaves 12 to 14 back = L; Harley 372, leaves 54, 55 = H; Harley 7333, leaves 147 and back = h; B. M. Adds. 31042, leaf 94 and back, leaf 96 = A; Camb. Un. Lib. K k. 1, 6, leaves 194 to 196 = C; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 27, leaves 189, back, to 193, back = T. Headings: An exhortacion of the crucifix II. Here nowe folowithe and Begynnethe a devout contempte off the passioun of oure lorde Ihesus Criste made by lidgate, with he Refrayde man thynke on my Passioun, &c., h. Hei Incipit quedam Tractatus Passionis Dominii nostri Jesu Christi in Anglice. Passionis Cristi Cantus A. Here begynnethe an holy meditacion to oure lorde jesus hange
Cristes Passion.

(2)

Thynk and remembre vpon my bloody face,
   The reed, the sponge, eysel meynt with galle,
   Feli rebykys, O man, for thy trespace!
   Hatful spittyng on my vsage flallo,
   Kyng of lewes of scorn they gan me Calle,
   Myndfellid, hobbyd by flals derysioun;
   Man, for thi comfort among thi troublis alle,
   Looke on my woundis, thynk on my passioun!

(3)

Thynk on the veyl that went assonder than,
   On Caluary, whan I gaff vp the goost;
Remembre in ffygure vp-on the pellycan
   Stonge to the herte, bleeding in every coost,
   Pale and dedly when al my blood was loost, [leaf 12, back]
   Dyes on my garnement thrown vp & down;
   Man, in al myscchef, whan thou art troubled most,
   Looke on my woundys, thynk on my passioun.

(4)

The bitter chalis of my mortal suffraunce,
   Remembre theron, of frendly kyndenesse,
   The rounde ropis streynyng with grete penaurice,
   My tendre lemys mad eynft for febylnesse,
   Bounde to a peleer by violent sturdynesses,
   To make a seeth for thy transgressiouu
   For cheef comfort in al worldly dystresse
   Remembre among vpom my passioun.

Cristes Passioun.

(5)

Cressettys born vp with many gret lanterne,  

Swerdis, stavis, scoorges Inportable,  

Cryeng terryble, hydous to Dyerce,  

\[\text{Fals accusacyouns verray Innumerable,}\]

\[\text{Knyves, pynsouys, hard hameris nat plicable,}\]

\[\text{Crawpissed with deth, accused of tresoun;}\]

And sith my deth was to the profytable,  

\[\text{Man thynk among vpon my passioun.}\]

(6)

The scalyd ladder vp to pe cros strecchyng,  

\[\text{Wich vertuous baner put fendya to pe flight;}\]

\[\text{Kokkys crowyng, onkynde folk rebukying,}\]

That slombre and slepe pe longe wynteris nyght;  

\[\text{Bit hem a-wake, & with ther Inward sight}\]

\[\text{Looke on my tormentis, of equyte and resoun,}\]

\[\text{Ech hour & moment, thynk on my passioun.}\]

(7)

\[\text{All this was doon, O man, for love of the!}\]

\[\text{A standard splayed, thy lord slayn in that fight,}\]

\[\text{On a sepulcre lay closed dayes thre,}\]

\[\text{Stonyrs rooff assonder, the sonne lost his lyght,}\]

\[\text{Helle robbyd thorugh myn Imperyal myght,—}\]

\[\text{Callyd of luda the hardy strong lyoun,—}\]

\[\text{O man, remembre, I aske of the but ryght,}\]

\[\text{Gyff me the thank, thynk on my passioun!}\]
I fought for the a fiul greet batayll,
Ageyn Sathan the tortious serpent,
Nakyd on the cros withoute plate or mayll,

Blood in the fielde tyll al my blood was spent;
To wynne thy love this was myn Entent,
On to that ende I was thy Champiou;
To flynde thy salve my flesh was al to-rent,
When thou art woundid, thynk on my passioun.

I fought for thee.

Stood afore bisshopes, ther fond I no respight,

Smet by ther mynystris in the consistorie,
Brouht to Herowdis, sent hom ageyn in whight,

Clad lyk a foole, the gospel maketh memorye,
Pilatys wasshing for a fals veynglorye;
Salued a scorn, clad by Collusioun
In purpel hewe, blyndfellid in their pretorie,
Regystre al this, thynk on my passioun.

And, but thow do, sothly thow art onkynde;
Be lawe of resoue preved inexcusable,

Alle these tokenys enprente hem in pi mende,

Geyn euery-thyng that in pe 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.

57 in a ins. h. 58 tortuous] T H h. tortuos A. tortuous L. tortuous C. thv] pat h. 59 with owten A. 61 that was my hole h. 62 And for that conde h. that] the A. 63 thy] the h T. 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 feir h. Suede A. Smytten A. ther] the T. 67 heravde h. whiht H. whyte Th C. 68 the om. h. mathe mensiouu h. makes A. 69 a] om. h. 70 a] of T. for h. conclusiouu A. 71 In al purpil eloped h. 72 theos thinges h. and thynke ins. T A C. 73 do so ins. T. do man ins. A. eft C. 74 By law & Right h. 75 put bow hene in mynde 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 ly cors kam al pe sacrementis,
In noumbre sev ene, by Computacyoun,
To alle that folwe my ten comaundemtis,
Reffuge ordeyned to ther salvacyoun,
For hooly churche took first fundacyoun,
When Longious sper thourgh myn herte Ran,
And blood & water went be my sides down,
Tyme of my passioun, je byldyng first began. 88

(12)
Consummatum est, said whan al was doo,
The theef of paradis maad a Cyteseyn,
I Callyd Goddys Sone be Centur yo,  [leaf 14]
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 thourgh my meek passioun. 96

(13)
Proofs of My Tokenys palpable, cleer as the sonne-beem,
Were in that hour shewed ageyn nature,
Whan bodyes roos, kam to Ierusalem,
Ther bonys loyned, out of ther sepulture,
Lysly apperid to many a cryature;
Pilat also, as maad ys mencyoun,
Wroot dyuerse lettirs, merveyllous of scripture,
Greek, Ebrew, Latyn, tyme of my passioun. 104

(14)
Man, calle to minde, and meekly do aduerte,
How Symeon seide in his prophesye,
A swerd of sorwe sholde perce to the herte,

81 [lychorus D. kam] om. A. 83 felowe A. 86 longes C. hert C. 87 [And] om. h. 97 ranne h. a downne A. 88 The tyme ins. A. bi h. that A. 89 I saide A T. 90 choof 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 cleer as h. the] om. h. 99 and come A. 100 The bones assembled h. 102 have made this mencyone A. 103 wrot H. with h. 104 Ebrue & latyne h. je tyme h A. in tyme T. 105 O man ins. A. do] om. T. do and h. 107 scholde perche A. shall perysshe the T.
A Sayenge of the Nightingale.

Of my moodir, that Callyd is Marye, 108
Stood with Seyn Iohn, swowned at Calvarie,
Vnder my cros for febilnesse fyl doun,
Man, at thy lyf, and hour whan þu shalþ die,
Geyn froward Sathan, thynk on my passioun. 112

(15)

lenvoye.

Go, lytel bylle, with al humylyte [leaf 14, back]
Hang afofe Iesu, that list for man to bleede,
To-fore his cros pray folk that shal the see,
Onys aday this compleynt sfor to reede;
No losse of tyme, thou shalt þe better speede
Redyest weye to ther salvacyoun;
No bettir socour, nor support in your neede,
Than ofte thynkyng on Crystys passioun. 120

Explicit.

43. A SEYING OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

[MS. Trin. Coll. MS. R. 3. 20, pp. 337 to 348.]

Loo þus endeþe here þappiestel of þe Regiment of Prynces þe whiche daun Aristotiles weel avised wrote vn-to þe King Alexander and flowing nowe here nexst beginneþe a sayeng of þe Nightingale ymagyned and comyled by Lydegate daun Johan þe monk of Bury.

(1)

In Iuygne whan Tytan was in þe Crabbes hed,
Towares 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 complye with sugred ermonye,
As pat hem nature taught poore for pe best,
Peys gane hem proygne, and droughe hem to peyre rest,

(2)
Hate sithe pe tyme, for soope, pat I was borne,
Hade I not herde suche song in dovne ner daale,
And alle were goone, sauf vpoun a thorne
Pe saame tyme I herde a Nightingale,
So as I lay pensyf in a vale
To herken pe menyng of hir melodye
Whos hertely refreyde was euer “ocy, ocy.”

(3)
She mant, I trowe, with hir notes nuwe
And in hir ledne, on Venus to taake vengeaunce
On fals louers wheeche pat beon vntruwe,
Ay ful of chaunc and of varyaunce,
And can in oone to have no pleasaunce,
His bridde ay song, “O sleepe hem, lady myn,
With-outen mercy, and bring hem to hir fyn,

(4)
To shewe ensample, pat oper may wel knowe
Howe pat pey shal in hir troue abyde:
For par dy, lady, yit ry sones bowe
Nys not broke, which called is Cupyde,
Let him mark hem and wownd hem in pe syde
With-outen mercy er any remedye,
Wher so pat he suche falshode can espye.

(5)
And suche as been for loue langwysshing,
Cherisshe hem, lady, for truwe affectyoun,
Support and help hem with ry might to bring

But true lovers should be helped.
In-to my Castle, set in Cytheron
On dyamanidis sette is ye dungeoun,
Frette with Rubyes and Emerawdes greene
Nowe herke my song, pat art of love ye qweene.”

(6)
And as I lay and herde hir tonys cleere,
And on hir notes me gretly gan delyte,
Vpon ye eve ye sterres did appeere,
Ye bavmy vapour of graasys gan vpsmyte.
In to myn heued of flores rede and whyte
Pat with ye odour, er pat I tooke keepe,
I felle anoon in to a dedly sleepe.

(7)
And panne me sempte frome ye god of loue
To me was sent an vnkoupe messagier,
Nought frome Cupyde but fro ye lord aboue;
And as me thought ful fayre and fresshe of cheere,
Which to me sayde “Foole what doost pou here
Sleping alloone, gaping vpon ye moone?
Rysse, folowe me, and pou shalt se right soone

(8)
An vnkoupe sight, if pou list pee spede,
Yee briddles song I shal to pee vncloose;
For trust me weel I cast pee not to lede
No thing towards pee gardin of pee roose,
And I by spirit shal ober-wyse dispooze
For to declare pee briddles song ‘ocy,’
And what scheo menepe in sentence truwy.

(9)
Yee aduertence is gounerned wrong
Touching pee toynes pou haddest here to-forne;
‘Occy, Occy’ pis was pee briddles song,
Which many a lover hape thorugh foly lorne.
But thenk amonge vpon pee sharpe thorne
Which prickepe hir brest with fyry remembraunce,
Louers in vertu tencrese hem and avaunce.

35 herenkne H. 36 twnes H.A. 41 or H.A. 43 that from
to H. 58 twnes H. herdest H. 60 thurgh H. 62 priked H.
fyry] fayre H. 63 to ecres H. kcm] om. H. them A.
A Slaying of the Nightingale.

(10) 
She praises pure love.

Pis briddles song which pat we hâue on honde,
Who pat take pe moralytee,

Betokenepe pleyly for to vnderstonde
pe gret frauchyse, pe gret liberte
Which shoulde in loue beo so pure and free
Of truwe menyng rooted so with-Inne
Fer frome pe coneyte of any maner synne.

(11) 
See how she nearly kills herself with singing.

Take powe noon heede how pis bridde so smal
Singepe as pat she wolde hir-self dismembre,
Streynepe hir throte, peynepe hir brest at al,
Shakepe and qwakipe in every Ioynt and membre,
O man vnkynde, why doost pou not remembre
Amonge in hert vn-to pis briddes song? [page 340]
1 Yif pou aduert, pou doost to God gret wronge.

(12) 
Do not forget.

Pou art deceuyed in pyne opynyoun
And al awrong al so pou doost goo,
Feynt and vntruwe pyne exposicion,
_pyne vnderstonding py coneyte bope two.
Pis bridle in soo pe ne menepe no-thing so;
For hir singyng, whoso takepe heede,
No-thing resounepe in-to flesslilyhed.

(13) 
but the pains of our Lord,

Touching "Occy," consider weel pe word,
Pis bridle it song of inpacj'ence,
Of Inuries doone vn-to pe lord,
And wrong[es] gret[e] to his magnyfyence
Of worldely folk, thorough peyre gret offence,
Which cane not knowe for peyre reklesnesse
pe grete lone, pe grete kyndenesse,

(14) 
Which he shewed for peyre alder goode
Whane pat lie, yif pey koude aduerte,

64 [pat] om. H. 65 takith H. 75 dostow H. 84 vn to H.
87 iniures A. doo H. 91 gret[e] H A. gret T. 92 alder] oldr
T H. ould A.
For peyre saake sterff vpoñ pe Rood
And with a spere was stongen thorugh pe hert,
Who felt euuer for loue so gret a smert
As thilke lord did for mannes saake?
And yit, alas, noon heed pe-of pey taake!

(15)
To paye pe raunsoun of our gret losse
He was in loue so gentyle and so free
Pat hym deyned be mayled on pe crosse,
And lyche a theof hong vpon a tree;
Lifft vp pyne hert, vnkynde man, and see
pe nightingale in hir armonye,
Bus day and night doope vpoñ pe crye.

(16)
Sheo cryed "Slee al po pat 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 conserve;
Why list pe lord, for mannes saake sterve [page 341]
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 pyn hert a roose
And let it þeer contynuelli abyde,
Forget hem not wher þou goo or ryde
Garde on heepe þees rosan floures fyve,
In þy memorye emprynt hem al þy lyve.

(18)
His is þe Roos which first gan wexen reed,
Spreynt ouer al with dropes of pauurpur huwe,
Whan Cryst Iesu was for mankynde ded
And hade vpoñ a garnement ful nuwe,

His holy moder, his Cousin eek Saint Johan,
Suche array to-fore saughie pey neer noon.

95 thurgh H. 97 thilke] ilk T H A. 99 grete H. 101 vpon H.
118 on an ins. H. 119 emprynt H. emprynt A. 125 neuer H.
LYDGATE, M. P.
A Seying of the Nightingale.

(19)
Which to beholde God wot pey wer not feyne
His blessed body to seen so al to-rent,
A crowne of thorne pat throbbed thorough his breyne,
And al pe blood of his body spent;
His hevenly eyeglien, allas, depe hape eblent,
Who might for routhe susteyne and to beholde
But pat his hert of pytee shoulde colde?

(20)
His war pe saame which pat Isaye.
Saugh frome Edome came, with his cloope depeynt
Steyned in Bosra, ecke did him aspye
Baped in blood, til he gan wexen feynt.
bis is he pat drank eyseH and galle emeynt,
bis is he pat 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 dethe did pe denel delude,
Whane he mankynd brought out of prysoun,
Making his fynaunce with his passyoun.

(22)
Ysaye pe moost renowned prophete,
Axed of him, why his garnement,
Was red and blody, ful of dropes wete,
So disguysed was his vestyment;
Lyke hem pat pressin quayer of entent
In pe pressour, bope pe rede and whyte,
So was he pressyd by Raunsoun for to quyte.

"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 deoulful moone
And thorough myn hert pe sperched gan hit dresse,
Who felt euer so passyng gret drusse?—
Whane alle my freondes alloone me forsooke
And I my self pis iourne on me tooke.

"Exepte my moder per durst noon abyd
Of my discyples pat weren me suwende:
Saynt Iohan for lone stode by myn opere syde,
Alle pe remenaunt fro me dyden weende.
pe Iewes my flesshe a-sondre dyden reende
Who was it but I pat aboode in pe vyne
To presse out wyne, þy raunsoun for to fyne?

"For mannes sanke with me ful harde it stode,
For-sakeñ of alle and ekke desconsolate;
þey lefft no drope, but drawe out al my blood;
Was newer noon so pore in noon estate,
Alle my discyples lefft me desolate
Vpon pe crosse, bytwene theoves twayne,
And noon aboode to rewe vpon my peyne.

"Oo yee alle þat passen by þe wey,
Lifft vp þe eghie of youre aduertence!
Sawe yee euer any man so dye
With-outen gilt, þat newer did offence?
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 the thee.

"For pe surfeyte of py synnes alle,
And for possence of py wittes fayve,
My touche, my taast, myn hering did appalle,
Smellyng and sight ful feeble were als blyue,
hus in yche party pat man may contrype
I suffred peyne, and in euery membre
pat any man can reken or remembre. 189

(28)

"Ageyne pe synnes pleynly of pyn hede
I hade vpone a crowne of thornes keene;
Bitter teres were medled with my bred,
For mannes trespas I felt all pe teene,
Myne eyen blynde pat whylome shoone so sheene, 194
And for man in my thrust most feel,
I drank galle tempred with eyseel. 196

(29)

"For manys looking fulfilled with outrage,
And for his tongue ful of detraceyoun,
I alloone souffred pe damage,
And ageyne falshe of adulacion
I drank galle poynaunt as poysoun;
Ageyns hering of tales speken in veyne
I hade rebuyk and sayde no worde ageyne. 203

(30)

"Geyne pryde of beaute, where as folkes trespas,
I suffred my-self gret aduersytee,
Beten and bencyd 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 thourgh peryyd, were not my peynes strong?

A Scying of the Nightingale.

(31)
"Was it not I that trespassed nought, that had myne hert perced even atweyne,
And never offended oony in a thought, \[Page 344\]
Yet was it kerve thorugh in ebery veyne?
Who felt euer in eorpe so gret peyne
To reken al gittles as did I?
Wher-for pis briddde sang ay, ‘occy, occy’

(32)
"Suche as been to me founde vnkynde
And haue no mynde kyndely of resoun,
But of slouthe hauve eleff bylynde
\[321\]
be hole remembrance of my passyoun,
By meene of which and mediacyoun
Agyeye al poysoun of pe synnes seven
Tryacle I brought, sent hem doun frome heuen.

(33)
"Agyyns pryde, Remembre my meeknesse,
Geyne coveytyse thenk on my pouerte,
Agyeye lechcherye thenk on my clennesse,
Agyyns envye thenk on my charytee,
Agyyns gloutonye aduerte in hert and se
How pat I for mannes gret offence
Fourty dayes lyved in abstynence."

(34)
Of meekнесse he did his heued enclyne
Agyyns pe synne and pe vyce of pryde,
Agyyns envye streght out as a lyne,
Spradde his ames out on enery syde
Tenbrace his freondes and with hem abyde,
Shewing hem signes, who so list to see,
Grounde of his peynes was parfyt charyte.

He was generous, as I shall show in detail.

A Shewing of the Negligingah.

(35)
Ageyns coueutyse, mankynde to redresse
Thorough-nayled weren his hooly handis tweyne,
Shewing of fredam a bounteuouse almesse
Whane he for loue suffred so gret peyne,
To make mankynde his blisse to atteyne.
And his largesse to rekken by and by
I shal rehers his gifftes ceryously.

(36)
He gave 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 crucefy.
To his apostilles he gaf eekte 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 gret doctryne
Whane he him hasted towardes his passyoun,
Ageynst-wrathe pis was his dicyplyne
Whane he was brought texamynacyoun,
A sofft aunswere with-oute rebellyyoun,
Ageynst gloutounye he drank eyseH and galle
Toppresse sourfaytes of vycyous folkes alle.
He gaf also a ful gret remedye
To mankynd hir sores for to sounde;
For ageyne þe heete of leechcherye
Meekly he souffred many a grousous wownde,
For noon hoole skyn was on his body founde,
Nor þer was seyne oþer apparayle
But blood, alas, aboute his sydes raylle!

Þer he was sone and his fadres heyre
With him alloone by peternyte,
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.

Let these kindnesses keep thee from forgetting Him.

It was an incomparably fair thing, the son to make the servant free.

Ageyns feyre malyce beo strong and wel ware,
Al of his crosse aryse vp þe banyer,
And thynk how he to Caluare it bare
To make þee strong ageyns þeyre daungier;
Which whane þey seen, þey dare come no meer,
For trust weel, his crosse is best defence
Ageynst þe power of feondes vyolence.
A Seying of the Nightingale.

(43)

It is the Palm of Victory,
Hit is pe palme, as clerkis can weel telle,
To a man in eorpe to conquest and victoyme,
It is pe tree, which pat Danye\text{H}
Sawe spradde so broode, as makid is memorye;
be keye of heven, to bring men to glorye,
be staff of \text{Iacob} causing alle sure grace,
With which pat hee \text{Jordan} did paase.

(44)

Scale and laddre of oure ascencyoun,
Hooke and snaare of pe \text{Levyatan},
pe strong pressour of oure redempcyoun,
On which pe bloode done by his sydes rane,
For no thing ellys but for to saue man,

(45)

the Tree of Moses,
\text{His} was pe paale, and pe heeghe tree
Whylome sette vp by \text{Moyses} of entent,
Al Israel, beholde neghe and see
And pe vpon off brasse a gret serpent,
Which to beholde, whoo were not neegligente.
Receyued helthe, salue and medecyne
Of all peyre hurtes pat were serpentyne.

(46)

\text{His} banier is moste mighty of vertu
Geyns feondes defence mighty and cheef obstacle
Mooste noble staue and token of Tayu
To \text{Esechyel} shewed by myracle,
Chief chaundellabre of pe tabernacle,
Wher through was caused al his cleere light
Voyding al derknesse of pe cloudy night.

Scyimi of the Niyhtingah'.

\[\text{(47)}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{This was } & \text{pe tree of mankyndes boote,} \\
\text{hat stynt } & \text{hir wrath and brought in al } \text{pe pees,} \\
\text{Which made } & \text{pe water of marape fresh and swoote,} \\
\text{hat was to-forne moest bitter, doutelesse,} \\
\text{bis was } & \text{pe yerde of werpy Moyses,} \\
\text{Which made } & \text{pe children of Israhel go free} \\
\text{And drye fotyd thoroughi pe Red See.} \\
\end{align*}\]

\[\text{(48)}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{This was } & \text{pe slyng which with stooones fyve} \\
\text{Worthy } & \text{David, as bookes specefeyle,} \\
\text{Gan } & \text{pe hede and pe helme to ryve} \\
\text{Of pe } & \text{Geant pat called was Golye,} \\
\text{Wheeche } & \text{fyve stooones taking palegorye} \\
\text{Ar } & \text{pe fyve woundes, as I rehers can,} \\
\text{With wheeche } & \text{pat Cryst venqwyssht hap Sathan.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\text{(49)}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{O synful soule! why nyltowe taken keepe} \\
\text{Of his peynes remembiring on pe shoures?} \\
\text{Forsaake } & \text{pe worlde, and waake oute of } \text{py sleep} \\
\text{And to } & \text{pe gardeyn } \text{of parfyt paramours} \\
\text{Maake } & \text{py passage, and gader per } \text{py floures} \\
\text{Of verray vertu, and chaunge al } & \text{pyne olde lyff;} \\
\text{And in } & \text{pat gardyn beo contemplatyff.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\text{(50)}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{For bis worlde here boote at even and morowe,} \\
\text{Who list consider aright in his resoun,} \\
\text{Is but an exyle and a desert of sorowe,} \\
\text{Meynt ay withi trouble and tribulacyoun;} \\
\text{But who list fynde consolacyoun} \\
\text{Of goostely Ioye, let him } \text{pe worlde forsake} \\
\text{And to } & \text{pat gardin } \text{pe righte wey[e] take,}
\end{align*}\]
The God of Love sits in that garden, upon a hill, calling His Spouse.

Wher as that god of loue 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 that ful lowd pamerous nightingale

Vpon a thorne is wont to calle and crye

To manny's soule with hevenly ermony,

Ven 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 paleys been so clere.

Come, for I calle." Anoon, and you shall here,

Howe Cryst Ihesu, so blessed mot he be!

Callepe manny's 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 loue, whane he hit doope embrace.

And eeke his suster by semblance of nature

Whane that he tooke ourhe humanyte

Of a mayde moost clennest and pure,

Fresshest of flourers that sprang oute of Jesse

As flour eordeyned for to releue man,

Which bare þe frut that sloughe our foo Sathan.

of pis balade daune Iohn made no more.

44. THE CHILD JESUS TO MARY, THE ROSE.

[MS. B. M. Harley 2251, leaf 78.]

(1) My father above, beholde thy mekenesse,
    As dewe on Rosis doth his bawme sprede,
Sent his ghost, most souerayne of clennes,
    Into thy brest. (a! Rose of wommanhele!)
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) Benyng moder! who first dide inclose
    The blessed budde that sprang out of Jesse,
Thow of Iuda the verray perfit Rose,
    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;
    Mankind to save, best Rosis of defence,
Whan they me pray for helpe in thy presence.

45. CRISTE QUI LUX ES ET DIES.


Beholdepe here and seepe pe translacion of pe ympne
    Criste qui lux es & dies, by Lydegate in wyse of
balade.

8 who] when MS. 10 Thone] That MS.
Criste Qui Lux Es.

(1)

Criste qui lux es & dies.

Christ, our day and light,
Cryst, that art boope daye and light,
And soopefaaste sonne of al gladnesse,
that doost awey derknesse of night,—
And souereyne light of al brightnesse
Beloved art in sopefastenesse,
Preching pis blissful light of pees,
Be owre socour in alle distresse,
Criste qui lux es & dies.

(2)

Precamur sancte domine.

O hooi lord! to pee we praye,
In pis night pou vs defende,
Ageynst alle foon pat vs werrye,
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 assal our soul.

Oculi sompnum capiantis.

Let oure eyghen rest[e] taake,
Oonly thorughie py benigne grace,
pat pe spirit euer awakke
pee for to serue yche houre and space,
And whanne oure foonen vs manace
Let py Right hande, as pou art wont,
Defende py servantes in yche a place,
Dum oculi somnium capiunt.

(5)
Defensor noster aspice.
Oure Chaumpyoun see and byhooldde,
Oure wayting enemys 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 grevous body heere,
Kepe and preserve vs every membre,
Sith pou boughtest vs so deere,
Which art defence, as bookis leere,
Of pe soule thourghie 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 beo doo,
Eagle with pe first[e] twoo,
Boope three and oon per secula,
For which we sing in Ioye and woo
Deo patri sit gloria.

\[page 197\]
30 art\] were H. 31 yche a\] eche H. 32 capiunt\] H. capiuntis T (cf. heading).
46. THE FIFTEEN ORES 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 Jesus, Welle and hedspryng of eternal swetnesse!
Of them that love the, guerdouw of most vertu,
Alle other joyes surmountyng in sothnesse, 4
By prerogatyves, in whom ys all gladnesse,
Them to conforte that be Contemplatyf;
In ther desyres thow art her cheef rychesse
And hooll ther tresour, here in this present lyf. 8

(2)

Thow art her helthe and comfort in syknesse,
Of synfull sowlys refiute and medycyne,
And as thy-sylf, O lord, beryst wytnesse
To synfull peple thy presence lyst Enclyne,
Took our humanyte of a pure vyrgyne,
For our saucyoun, of mercyfull plesaunce;
O Iesu! Iesu! thy grace lat down schyne
On them that love the, and have in remembrance 16

(3)

How thow most goodly hast our kynde take,
Sent from thy flader love in Erthe down,
And what thow suffredyst also for our sake—
In thy manhood full greet trybulaucyoun,

The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

Greet aduersitee, dooll, deth, and passyoun—[leaff 1, back]
Afforn ordeyned by prescylene devyne
Of our captyvyte to make redempcyoun
In Abraham promysed, born of Davyd lyne. 24

(4)
O lord, remembre vpon the hevynesse
With wich thow were Inwardly constreyned;
Thynk on thy mortall wofull bytyrnesse
Mong alle thy enemies with scorgis bete & peyned, 28
Thyn hevenly 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 flesshe & blood 32

(5)
To yeve thy body, for ther goostly floode,
On Shere Thursdy, by mercfyfull meeknesse;
Weyssh ther ffeet, for our aldryr goode,
On Olyuet of constreynt and dystresse 36
Swettyst blood & water, thyn eien dist up dresse
On-to thy fFader, seydyst thys Orysoun,
"O Fader myn, graunt of thy goodnesse,
Translate thy Chalys of my passyoun!" 40

(6)
Toldyst afforn, O Iesu! all the Caas
Of thy takyng, with euery cyrcumstaunce,
The fals betraying, the kyssyng of Iudas,
Thy pacyence, thy stylle meek suffraunce, 44
By fals accusours tencre of thy grevaunce,
So fore thre Iuges ongoodly thow wer brouht,
Ay of O cheer, of look, and contenaunce,
Benyngne Iesu stood stille & seydyst nought. 48

(7)
Tyme of thy pask, as it ys weell kouthe,
In Ierusalem, a famous greet cyte,

24 Danid is J. davigs A. 25 wofull mortall J R. 28 Among J.
29 skyn] flessh A. 31 with al ins. J. 34 Shirethuresday J.
35 Weyssh ther] Wheech our H. weessh J. 37 doost J. 39
47 O] on J R. 48 Benige J. stodist H J. 49 thy] one A.
The Fifteen Odes of Christ.

Benynge Iesu, flowryng in thy yowthe,
Fayrest of ffayre, moost goodly on to se; 52
Thow were condemned to deth of Enmyte,
Of thy clothynge dyspoyled and maad bare,
And lyk a ffool, alas! yt was pyte,
How thow were clad thy gospel doth declare. 56

(8)

Thy pains.

Thyn hevenly eyen, thy look selestyall,
Were hyd and veylled, & þi benynge face
Bete & bobbyd with buffetys full mortall,
And to a peeler strengly they did enbrace
Thy blyssed body, and neuer did trespass:
Moost felly scorged, with blood dysteyned reed,
Torent with roopys thyn heer dyd arrace,
A crowne of thornys they set vpon thyn hed. 64

Oracio.

O lord Iesu! enprente in my memorye
Alle these tokenys of thy peynfull passioun; [leaf 2, back]
Thy cros, thy deth, on Caluary thy vyctorye,
Gravyn in myn herte with hooll affecyoun,
Full repentance with pleyn confession,
And as thow boultist me, O Ihesu! with thy blood,
Grannt of my synnys full remyssioun,
Wich for our sake starff vp-on the Rood. 72

(10)

O gracious Iesu, forgere of the hevene,
Lord and cryator of eueri cryature,
Madyst al thys world and þe planetis vij,
Vnnesured, and al thyng mayst mesure;
Erthe and mounteyns round of ther fygure
Closyst in thyn 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 Odes of Christ.

(11)

For love of man in thy humanitye
Feet & handis thorough percid, & maad reed,
Between two thevys pon the Roode tre,
    And for our sake, O Isus! thow were ded,
Thy body streyned bothe in lengthe & bred
    On Good Fryday, with many a mortall wounde;
Benyngne Isus, of pyte tak now heed,
    O welle of grace, of mercy most habounde!

(12)

Louly besechyng, Isus, of thy goodnesse
That I may haue thy peynes in memorye,
And to remembre the wofull bytternesse
    Wich thow lyst suffre, to brynge us to pi glorye;
And in our hertys pryue consystorye
    Let us remember Thee.
Graunt us, O Isus, with partight love & dred,
    Let us remember Thee.
Of our thre enmyes pat we may haue victorey,
    Let us remember Thee.
By thy meek passionn, pat lyst for man, to bleede.

(13)

O Isus! Isus! our helthe, our medycyne,
Our hevenly leche, our socour in syknesse,
Thy lemys strechyd & drawe out riht as lyne
    O Jesus, our heavenly Leech!
With mylty roopys, tencre of thy dystresse,
    O Jesus, our heavenly Leech!
High on the cros lefft vp by greet duresse,
    O Jesus, our heavenly Leech!
Thy flessh, thy sydys, torent and al to-torn,
    O Jesus, our heavenly Leech!
No sorwe lyk, nor dooll, nor hewynesse
    O Jesus, our heavenly Leech!
Was neuer in man seyn in this world toforn.

(14)

O gracious Isus! when I remembre me
How from thy hed lowe to thy ffeet, allas,
Was noon hooU skyn vntorn, nor lefft in the,
    When I remember how from head to foot
Bespreynt with blood was thyn hevenly face,
    Thou wert scourged,

85 lentht J sic.  86 a mortal many R.  89 Besekyng J.

LYDGATE, M. P.
The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

Yit of thy mercy Iesu, thus stood the Caas,
Thou predist for them on-to thy fader dere,
Seydyst, "O Fader florgyff hem ther trespace.
For what they doon they knowe nat pe manere." 112

(15)

let me remember
Thy glorious passion,

the spear, scourges, pillar and five wounds.

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 thy herte ryve,
The scorges & peler, to wich they did the bynde,
And specyally thy glorious woundis ffyve.

(16)

O Jesu! callyd in thy selestuyall see
Lord of lordys, lord of moost puyssaunce,
Namyd of angelys fredam and liberte,
And of paradys delyectuous plesaunce;
Iesu remembre, hane mynde of the penaunce,
The ferfull orrour, with tormentis most terryble,
Wich thow sufferedist, to saue man fro myschamme,
And for our love were pacently passyble.

(17)

Alle thyn enymyes rounde aboute the stood,
Fersere than Tygrees, woder than lyowns;
Bete and bobbyd, and al be-spreynt with blood,
With fals rebykys, froward yllusyouns,
Scorgis inportable, dyverse derysyouns,
Echon thyn enemys, & fremdyss but a fewe,
Ageyn our trespacys and our transgressiouws,
Benyingue Iesu! thou hast thy love shewe.

The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

(18)

Oracio.

Lowly requyring of mercyfull pyte

From alle our enymyes, visible and invisible,

Dyffende us, Iesus, that we may go fre,
—Sith to thy power nothyng ys imposyble—

From Sathanys myght, hydous and odyble,

Vnder the wyngys of thy proteccyoun,

That sufferedyst deth vp-on an hili patyble,

Shadewe all þi servauntis with þi meek passioun.

(19)

Oracio.

O Iesus, merour of spirituall cleernesse,

Hang on the cros for our Redempceyoun,

Remembre of all the trouble & hevynesse,

Nakyd on the Roode taqyten our raunsoun,

Voyd of all comfort and consolacyoun

Sauff of thy moder, & thy cosyn Seynt Iohn,

To hym assyngnyng the commendacyoun

To wayte on hyr, Iesus, whan thou were goon.

(20)

Vndyr thy cros wepyng whan she stood,

Seydyst to hir with a ful dedly cheere,

"Behold, O woman most benyngne & good,

Behold þi sone, wich that stondeth here,"

And to Seynt Iohn seidest in this manere,

"Behold þi moder & haue hir in kepyng."

Who myhte his eyen from salte teris stere

To seen or heryn this dolerous partyng?

(21)

The prophesye of Olde Symeeoon

That same hour kam to remembrance,

A sword of sorwe shold thorgh hir soule goon

Felt ener modyr so grevous a penaunce?

The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

Iesu, whos herte was woundid with a launce,
    Graunt in al myschef and trybulaecyoun
We may resorte to flynde in al greuaunce
    Mercyful support, lord, in thy passyoun.

(22)
Oracio.
O gracyous Iesu, kyng moost amyable,      [leaf 7]
    Aboue all kynges kyng of most puysaunce,
Moost desyrous, our comfort most notable,
    Our suppowaylle, our post geyn al greuaunce,
Thy grete sorwys calle him to remembraunce,
    Wich thow suffredyst for our aldyr goode,
Nakyd al, peeced with a launce,
    On Good Fryday hangyng on the Roode.

(23)
Thy frendys fledde, almoost euerychoon,
    The bront abydyng alone al dosolaat,
Except thy moder, theevangelist Seynt Iohn,
    "Woman beholde pi sone in pore estaat," 1 MS. myhty.
"Wich thow suffredyst for our aldyr goode,
    And to Seynt Iohñ, "behold pi moder dere." 184

(24)
Oracio.
To the, Iesu, bothe at eve and morwe,
    With contryt herte I sey this Orysown,
So as the swerd, callid pe swerd of sorwe,
    Peecd the herte by tribulaecyoun
Of thy moder, tyme of thy passyoun,
    O mercyful Iesu! graunt only of pi grace,
In sowle and body ffull consolacyoun,
    By shryfft and hoosill or I hens pace.

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 heem J. 174 gude J. 182 almighty R. myghtyn J.
187 pe (2)] om. J. 188 the] pi J. 192 or] er R.
The Fifteen Odes of Christ.

(25)
O Jesu, that art of mercy souris and welle,
Moost habundant of plentyvous pyte,
Wich on the cros, by gospell can weell telle,
How thow 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 thow suffredyst passionn.

(26)
Oracio.
Mercyfull Jesu! sette our herte affyre,
Encresse and more our dysposycyoun,
That day be day we fully may desyre
In thy seruyse of hooll affececyoun
To growe and wexe, in full perfeccyoun,
Alle flesshly lustys ffor to sette asyde ;
Wordly flavour, and veyn ambycyoun,
Represse in vs and be our goostly guyde.

(27)
O Jesu! callyd most sovereign sweetnesse,
Of thoughtfull hertys bawme Imperyall,
Our sugre, our comfort geyn all byttyrnnesse,
Wich for our sake drank eysell and gall,
Suffredyst deth for to saue us all ;
O blyssed lord, graunt us for thy torment
To-forn 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,
Graunt us to rescseyve thy body & thy blood
Or we parte hens, with pure confessioun,

209 Margin: O Jesu dulcedo cordum J. 212 sufferedest drynke ins. J. (cf. 213). 217 This is J R H.
Our path, our weye, to the hevenly mansio[n,  
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 thou most gracyous mercyfull Jesu!  
Wich for thy synguler selestyal gladnesse  
In amerous hertys brennyng in vertu  
Art callid the roote of royall parfightsnesse,  228  
Lord, for pe constreynt & mortall bitternesse  
Thow haddyst than, this noyse when 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 drerynese  
Thow haddist pat hour afforn pou sholdist dye,  
For love of man thorough pi gret kyndenesse  
Vp-on the cros hangyng at Caluarye,  236  
Forsake us nat when 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 Jesu, Alpha and Omega!  
O Jesu! Jesu! 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,  244  
Wasshe and steyned in a purpyll weede,  
Fro pi v woundis ran so large a flood,  
Thorugh al pe world the strems did sprede  
To wasshe our surfetis with pi precious blood.  248
Oracio.

In blood & water, tyme of thy passyoun,
Of love was shewid, pleyñly to conclude,
As in two lycours our Redempyeoun,
Water of baptem took a gret latytude,
Thy blood out shad, Satthan to decluuede,
For wich, Iesu, shewe thyss avauntage,
Of grace and mercy pe grete\(^1\) magnytude
By blood & water to cleyne our herytage.

Our redemp-
tion was
shown in the
blood and
water of Thy
Passion.

\(^1\) MS. grace.

O hooly Iesu! of mercy moost habounde,
Wich on the eors bonglity-st us so dere,
Be thy v. woundys depe, large, & profounde,
Thorugh skyn & flesh conseyyed pe matere,
Gracyous Iesu! rescuyve our mek prayere,
Whan our thrre enmyes ageyn us gynne stryve,
Graunt we may hyde us ageyn ther fel daunger
Myd the kavys of thy depe woundys ffyve.

O Jesu, clear mirror
of Truth and
Love.

Born & conseyyed in virgynall clennesse,
Of a pure mayden brouht forth in Bedleem,
Reed & rubyfeyd was afster thy witnesse,
With dolerous deth slayn at Ierusaleem,

\(252\) a J om. B. 253 shadde J. delude B. 257 O Iesu of
mercy owe lorde B. 258 us] om. B. 259 large, depe R. so
Margin: O Iesu veritatis J. 266 of \(2\]\) and A. 267
Signacle J. seal J. 268 geyn al] of perfyte B. 275 whitenesse
H J R A B. dolerous] delurie sie B.
The Fifteen Oves of Christ.

For compassioun eclipsed the sonne-beem,
O Iesu! Iesu! what myghtyst thou do more,
Thow, that were kyng & lord of euery reem,
Lyst suffre deth thy servau'tis to restore. 280

(36)

Oracio.

Merciful Iesu! of grace do adverte
With thilke lycour wich pou dedyst bleede,
By remembranunce to write hem in myn herte
Ech day onys that I may hem reede, 284
Close þe capytallys vnder þi purpil weede
With offte thinkyng on thy bloody face,
Thorugh myn entraylles let þi passione sprede,
Marked tho karectys whan I shal hens passe. 288

(37)

O mighty Iesu!

Thou didst slay Death,

O myghty Iesu! 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, þat Sathan maad thrall;
With pacyence thow were vyctoryous;
Thy force faylled of power Immortall,
SLouh deth with deth, conquest most gloryous. 296

(38)

Thow were maad weyk, lostist al þi strengthe,
With deth distreyned thow þat were myhtyest,
To shewe þi power bothe in brede & lengthe,
Suffredyst þi frealam, stonde vndir arest,
Phebus was dirkid, eclipsed est and west,
Our rannsoun payed, tresour of most prys,
Whan thow scydyst "consummatum est,"
By mene wherof bryng vs to paradys. 304

to A. in vs H. 289 Margin: O Iesu leo fortissime J. 291
Incincible J R. 303 said J. scydyst þi ins. B. Margin: O Iesu
vingenter J.
The Fifteen Ooes of Christ.

(39)

**Oracio.**

O Jesu! callid sone moost myghty  
Of thy Fadrys wysdum and sapyence,

Of his substance the ffygure treuly  
Into whos hand thow seidest with reverence

"In manus tuas," thes woordys in sentence  
With a gret cry to-torn in everey coost;—

For wiche o Jesu vp-on my greet offence  
Be mercyable whan I yelde vp my goost.

(40)

O Jesu! named plentyvous grape and vyne,  
Wich on the cros for our Redempcyoun

In a pressorey pressid with gret pyne,

Copyously the rede lycour ran down,

Thy precious blood was pris of our raumsoun,

That no drope sothly was left behynde,

Water of baptem, blood of thy passion,

Was al shad out, to us þon were so kynde.

(41)

Longious spere perced thorgh thyn herte,

Thy white body vpon the roode tree

Was maad al drie, with woundis fel & smerte,

O Jesu! Jesu! of mercy graunt thow me

**Oracio.**

With thy passioun that I may woundid be  
To be partable of all thy mortal stryff,

Or I parte hens to haue this lyberete,

With bitter teris the rust of all my lyff

(42)

Oracio.

To washe away, only by thy grace,  
With repentaunce and ffull contrycyoun,

Hosyll and shryff or I hen[e]s passe;  
Clemyng by mercy to haue possessioun

305 some} be sone ay B. 306 fadere J. 312 geffe B. 313

Margin: O Jesu vitio J. 315 pressour B. 316 be blod rane 
faste adonne B. 317 pressore K. blood] blody licour B. 318 
om. J R A H B. now graunte B. 328 the rust] om. B.
The Dolerous Pyte of Crystes Passionu.

With al thy seyntys in the hevenly mansioun,
Only by tytyll cleymed by thy blood,
And by thy modrys meek medyacyoum,
The charter asseliid whan pou heeng on pe Rood. 336

Explicit Quod Iohn 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?
My bloody woundis, set here in picture,
Hath hem in mynde knelyng on your kne,
A goostly merour to euery Cryature,
Callid of my passioun the dolorous pyte.

(2)

Set this lyknesse in your remembranc, 4
Enprenteth it in your Inward sight;
Myn hertys wounde, percyd with a launce,
Thorugh-out my side descendying doun ful riht,
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.

monke of Bury and were here wryten out of master stantons boke
by Jon Stowe A. Here endythe pe syyten ooes drawn 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.
(3)

Make me your pavis, passith not your boundis,
Ageyn al wordly Trybulaicioun,
In ech temptacioun, thynk on my blody woundis,
Your cheeff saffcondyt, and best proteecyoun,
Your coote armure, brest plate & habiriouz,
Yow to dyffende in al adversyte,
And I schal be your Trusty championn
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 purp al my [weede],
Of my suffraunce youres is the meede, ¹
Crownyd with thornys thornh lewis 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 doun in ther rage,
The ripe grapis ther licour did out shede,
With bloody dropis bespreynt was my visage,—
Man to socoure, I suffred gret damage,
I was maad thrall 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 triumphe 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 & necelygence,
With contrit herte seith, meekly knelyng doun,
A Prayer upon the Cross.

O Pater-noster and Avees in sentence,
A crede folwyng, seyd with devossioun,
xxvi thousand yeeris of pardoun,
Over xxx dayes, ye may the lettre see,
In remembraunee of Crystys 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 cros naylled I was ffor the,
Suffred deth to paye thy raunsoun;
Forsake thy synne for the love of me,
Be repentaunt, make pleyn confessioun,
To contrit hertis I do remyssioun:
Be nat dyspeyred, for I am nat vengable;
Geyn goostly enmyes thynk on my passiou;
Why artow froward, sith I am mercyable?

(2)

My bloody woundis douwn raylyng by this tre,
Looke on hem well, and haue compassion;

MSS. Laud 683, leaves 14, back, to 15 back = L; Laud 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, 197 = 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; Addes. 29729, leaves 131 and back = A; Cott. Col. A. ii, leaf 134, back = C; Phillipps 8299, folios not numbered = P; St. John's, Oxf. 56, torn leaf at end, parts of lines 15-40 = S. Title: Ano>er prayere to our lord hangying on je Crosse K. Quiene vulneraC. nowe 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 nayled was C. | om. l. 2 Suffredith J. sufferyng P. Raunsom I. rawison F. raunsone A. 3 synne thanne ins. l. 4 by repentaunce A. 6 vengeable F J L. 7 Avenst l. 8 sith] for P. 9 raylyn] rynnyng l. 10 yam J./dat l.
The crowne of thorn, pe spere, pe nayles thre
Perced hand and feate of Indygnacyoun,
Myne herte reven for thy redempcyoun;
Let us tweyne in this thyng be tretable,
Love for love by just 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 Incrédulyte,
He put his hand, depe in my syde down;
Sith I am kynde, why artow so onstable?
My blood, best triacle for pi transgressioun;
Be thou nat froward, sith I am mercyable.

(4) lenvoje.

Thinke ageyn pride on myn humylyte;
Kom to scolé, recorde weell this lessouw;
Geyn fals envye, thynk on my charite,
My blood al spent by dystyllacyoun;
Why did I this to saue the from prisoun;
Afforn thyn herte hang this lytel table,
Swetter than bawme geyn al goostly poisoun,—
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 telle,
The thef on my right syde beyng culpable,
Marcy 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 affeccioun,
O Jesu, graunte of thy benygnyte,
That thy fuye wellis plentifulous of foysoun,
Callid thy fuye woundis by computacioun,
May washe in us al surfetis reprovable.
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 thousand storiis kowde I mo rehearse
Off olde poetis, touchynge this materre,
How that Cupide the hertis gan to perse
Off his servauntis, settynge tham affere;
Lo, here the fin of the error and the weere!
Lo, here of love the guerdoun and greuaunce
That euyr with woo his servauntis doth avaunce!

I could tell a thousand tales of Cupid and his woes.

Lord, let Thy five wounds
wash away our sins.

Explicit.

Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

Lord, let Thy five wounds wash away our sins.

49. BALLADE AT THE REVERENCE OF OUR LADY, QWENE OF MERCY.

[B.M. Sloane 1212, leaves 101 to 102, back.]

(1)

A thousand storiis kowde I mo rehearse
Off olde poetis, touchynge this materre,
How that Cupide the hertis gan to perse
Off his servauntis, settynge tham affere;
Lo, here the fin of the error and the weere!
Lo, here of love the guerdoun and greuaunce
That euyr with woo his servauntis doth avaunce!

I could tell a thousand tales of Cupid and his woes.

Lord, let Thy five wounds wash away our sins.

Explicit.
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

(2)
Wherfore I wil now pleyuly my stile redresse,
Of on to speke at node that will not faile:
Allas! for dool I can nor may expresse
Hir passand pris, and that is no mërvaile.
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!

(3)
Allas! unworthy 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 with thi 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 loyes fyve.

(5)
O rightest Iewyl, O rote of holynesse,
And lightsom lyne of pite [for] to pleyne,
Origynal gyynnyn of grace and al goodnesse,

But I will tell instead of One that will not fail.

Though unworthy,

O Star of Stars!

Best Jewel!
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

And clennest condite of vertu most souerayne,
Modyr of mercy oure troubyl to restreyne,
Chambyr and closet clennest of chastyte,
And namyd herberwe all of pe deyte.

(6)
O clos-id gardeyn al void of weedes wicke,
- Cristallyn well of clennesse cler consigned,
Fructifying olyve of foilys faire and thicke,
And redolent cedyr most derwvortbly ydyned,
Remembyr of pecchouris that to pe ben assigned,
Or pe wycked fend his wrath up on us wreche,
Lantyrn of light, be pe oure lyfis leche.

(7)
Paradys of plesaunce, gladsom to all good,
Benygne brauncbelet of tbe pigment tre,
Vinarye envermailyd, refresclier ofoure food,
Lycour a^ens all langour tbat pallid may not be,
- Blisful bawnie blossom, boundyng in bounte,
This mantel of myserycord on oure myscbef spred,
And or woo awak us, wrappe us undyr thi weed.

(8)
Redy rose, flouryng with-outyn spyne,
Founteyn of fulnesse, as beryl corrennt clere,
Some drope of thi graceful dew to us propyne,

Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

Pou lyght withoutyn nebule, shynynge in thi spere,
Medicyne to myscheuous, pucelle withoute pere,
Flawme down to doolful lyght of thyn influence,
Remembryng thi servantaunt for thi magnificence.

(9)
Of alle cristen protectrix and tutele,
Retour of exilid put in proscrypyoun,
To hem pat erryn, the path of her sequele;
To weri wandrid, the tente pavilion.
Unto faynte to freshe, and pou pawsacion,
Unto directe, rest and remedye,
Feythfull unto all, pou pat in the aiyre.

(10)
To hem that rennyth pou art [itinerarie],
O blisful bravie, to knyghtis of thi werre,
To wery workmen pou art dyorne denarye,
Mede unto maryneris pou haue sailed ferre;
Lauriat coroun, stremand as a sterre
To hem pou putte hem in palastyr for thi sake,
Cours of her conquest, pou white as ony lake!

(11)
Thow myrthe of martiris, swetter than cytolle,
Of confessouris richest donatyff,
Unto virginis the etern aurolle,
Aforrn all women hauyng prerogatyyff,
Maiden and modyr, both wedow and wyff
In all this world noon but pou allon,
Now sen pou may, be sugyr to my mone.

53 pou lovely light A. Thou O T. thi] bright A. 54 mis-
the light of by dere influence A. 56 Remembryng] om. A. On
T. servantes T. 57 tytlee A. 58 Return T. recure A. 59
erren in T. To porroures of pou A. 60 For very wandering A.
forwarded T. the] om. A T. 61 om. S. substituted from A.
To faynte and to freshe T. 62 To very wightes ful reste A.
directe] vuresy bothe T. 63 Fruteful to al the T. Froynful
til all pou hem in hir A. 64-119 om. A. 64 itinerarie] T.
etenaryte sie S. 66 she is T. 68 strening T. 69 palaster T.
71 O myrthe T. sytole T. tytoll sie s. S. 72 confessours also
ins. T. 73 the eynre] eternal T. 75 mother and mayde T.
76 In] Of T. is T. 77 sith T.

LYDGATE. M. P.
Ballade at the Reverence of Our Lady.

(12)

O trest turtyl, trowest of al trewe,
O curteys columbe, replet of all mekenesse,
O nyghtyngale, with thi notys newe,
O popinjay, plumed in clemenesse,
O larke of loff, syngyng in sweetnesse,
Phebus awaitynge, till in thi brest he lyght,
Undyr thi wenge at domysday us dyght!

(13)

O ruby, rubifyed in the passyoun
All of thi sone, among haue us in mynde,
That fewe feris pat tyme myghtiste thu fynde,
For noon to hym was founde half so kynde
O herdy herte, O louyng creature!
What was it but looff, pat made pe so to endure?

(14)

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,
If any offence or writhynge in hem be
\[\text{[leaf 102, back]}\]

[15]

O goodly gladid, whan pat Gabriell
With joie the grette, pat may not be nounbrid,
Or halfe the joie who cowde wryte or telle,
When the Holy Goost to the was obumbrid,
Wher thorgh pat fendys were utterly encombrid?
O wemles mayden, enbelysshed with his byrthe,
That man and angell per-off had[den] myrthe!

Loo, here the blossum and bud of all oure glorye,  
Of whiche pat prophethys spak so long atorn;  
Loo, here the same fat was in memorye  
Of Yeae, long or she was born;  
Loo here, [of] Daniel the delicioyus corn;  
Loo, here the ground fat list to onbeldre,  
Becomyn man, [our] raunsoun for to zelde.  

O glorious viole, O vitre inviolate!  
O fery Tytan percyd with the lemys,  
Whos vertuous bryghtnesse was in thi brest vibrate,  
That all this wold enbelisshed with his lemys!  
Conservatrix of kyngdamys and Remys;  
O Isaye seed, O swete Sunamyte,  
Mesure my mornynge, myn owne margarte!  

O soueraynest, sowht out of syon,  
O punycall pome agens all pestilence:  
And auryat urne, in whom was bouk and boon  
The aguclaet, that fought for oure offence  
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, withoutyn ony perce,  
Cokyl with gold dew from aboue Ireyned,  
\[n\] bushe umbrent, ferle[s] set affere,  
Flawmyng in fernece, not with hete peyned,  
Duryng dayse, with no wedyr steyned,  
Flesch undefoulyd of gentyl Gedeon,  
And fructifyyng fayrest, the yerd of Aaron.  

Loo, here the blossum and bud of all our glory.  
Off which that prophets spake so long atorn;  
Loo, here the same fat was in memorye  
Of Yeae, long or she was born;  
Loo here, [of] Daniel the delicious corn;  
Loo, here the ground fat list to onbeldre,  
Becomyn man, [our] raunsoun for to zelde.  

O glorious viole, O vitre inviolate!  
O fery Tytan percyd with the lemys,  
Whos vertuous bryghtnesse was in thine breast vibrate,  
That all this world embellished with his lemys!  
Conservatrix of kyngdamys and Remys;  
O Isaye seed, O swete Sunamyte,  
Mesure my mornynge, myn owne margarte!  

O soueraynest, sowht out of syon,  
O punycall pome agens all pestilence:  
And auryat urne, in whom was book and boon  
The aguclae, that fought for our offence  
Azens the serpent with so high defence  
That like a lyoun in victory he was found;  
To hym commend us of mercy most abundant!  

O precyous perle, withoutyn ony perce,  
Cokyl with gold dew from aboue Ireyned,  
\[n\] bushe umbrent, ferle[s] set affere,  
Flawmyng in fernece, not with hete peyned,  
Duryng dayse, with no wedyr steyned,  
Flesch undefoulyd of gentyl Gedeon,  
And fructifyyng fayrest, the yerd of Aaron.
The Fyffete Ioyes of Oure Lady (II).

(20)

The my[3]ti arke, probatyk pisayne,
Lawghyne arurore and of pecs olyve,
Columpne and base up-beryng from abyme,
Why ner I connyng the for to discrive?
Chesen for Iosep, whan he took to wyve,
  Unknowyng hym, childyng be myrykylf,
  And of our [manhode truwe] tabynkylf.

50. THE FYFFTENE IOYES OF OURE LADY (II).

[MS. B.M. Titus A. xxvi, leaves 157, back, to 160, back.]

Lo my lordes and ladyes here Begynnen pe fyfftene Ioyes of our lady cleped pe xv. Ooes translated out of Frenshe into Englisshe by daun John the Monke of Bury at pinstance of pe 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, pat sprang most souerainly,
Clere as cristalle in ñy virgynite,
Whiche for ñy meryte of humylite
  Bare Criste Ihesu, our lorde most souuereyne,
  Nyen monthis betwene ñy sydes twayne,
Owt of thy brestes, soft as any silke,

Thow gave hym souken of thy swote mylke

Vnto thy pappes whan hym lyst repayre;

Pray to thy sune, every houre and space

Upon me haue mercy and gyve me grace,

That I may com to his miserycorde

By confessyon and trewe repentaunce,—

And thow woldest to my request acorde—

Here for my synnes that I may do penannce,

That I may with humble and trewe entente,

My Ioye, my blisse, my lorde, my saveoure!

With fayth entere here, in forme of bred,

Whanne I shal parte thowe be my protectour,

Without whos helpe in sothe I can no red;

That I may knele, O powe hevenly qwene!

To-for thyne ymage tymes tolde fiftene.

Primum gaudium.

O qwene of heven, of helle eke Emparesse!

Alle creatures in goodnesse surmonting,—

For plke Ioye powe haddeste of gladnesse

When that Gabriell brought þee þe tythinge

That the lord and þe moste souerein kyngge

Sente þe Holy Goste, for to alyght in the,

To take of mekenesse oure humanyte.

The Fyfftene Ioyes of Oure Lady.

(6) 
Pray to thy sune of mercy and pite 
For me tavoyde all pat schoulde hym displaise, 
And with his grace so to espyre me 
And done descende to sette myn herte in ese, 
That I by grace gostely may him plesse 
From day to day, and where as I offende, 
Soone to repente and my lyff eke amende.

Aue Maria.

(7) 
Secundum gaudium. 
And, blessed lady borne in Nazarythe! 
For thylke Ioye phow haddest, and pleasance, 
When thowe metteste with Sainte Elisabethe, 
Byne hooly Cousyne, moste humble of countenaunce, — 
And sheo agaynwarde with denuote obayssance, 
Lowely beholding vpon thyln holy face, 
And in her armes pee lowly did embrace

Aue Maria.

(8) 
With the spryte ffulfilled of propheye, 
Thoroughge grace of God pat was vpon her falle; 
At youre meting pus shee gan to crye, 
"Blessed be powe among thes wynmen alle! 
And alle folkes shulde pee blessed calle, [Ps 138, 5] 
Blessed be pe fyrte of pe that schall be borne, 
1 Of whome pe prophetis so long spake to-forne;"

(9) 
For pilleke Ioye, O mayden most entyre! 
Be my socoure in al meschiefe and drede, 
And pat powe liste me graciously to here 
In all distresse, O welle of goodlyhede; 
For all my truste is in py wommanhede, 
And in thy mercy where as that I wende, 
And euer schal be vn-to my lyves ende.

Aue Maria.
Tercium gaudium.
O sterre of hevene! O maryner[s] gyde!
Hem to releve in all pyre treble and payne,
For pilke Ioye per hadist vn eche syde
When thouest felttest atwixe pi flanke stvene
by blessed sunne, pe lord moste soumeryne,
To thy plesaunce moeuen too and froo,
Be my deffence in al myscheef and woo.

And blessed lady of mooste Excellence
In eury-thing pat shoulde thy servaunte greene
Helpe to thy sonne pat I do none offence,
But him to serue, stere myn herte and meve,
And in all myscheffe pat thowe me releve,—
For to thy grace, as to mooste cheeff socoure,
For helpe I tyle in all worldely laboure.

Quartum Gaudium.
Moste good, moste holy, and fayreste on to see!
For pilke Ioye thouest haddeste in thynhe hert
Whane Cryste was born in Bedlem pe citee,
bowe socoure me in all my peynys smert,
And pray thy suene, of mercy to aduert
To-forne his birthe and blessed passyon
When I shall dye, to my Redempheyoun.

Quintum gaudium.
Gracieuse princesse! of mercy most habounde,
For pilke ioye of ful gret Excelence,
Thon haddeste panne, whane pe shepherdes fonde
pe ster in bedlem, and came to py presence,
Pray to thy sonne for his magnifysence,
That he of mercy be my proteccion
Agaynst eche troble of trybulacyon.

Aue Maria.
Sextum Gaudium.
Benygne lady, moest kyndely lodesterre!  
For pilke lvey powe hadeste in sylence,
Whane three kynges cam to the frome so ferre,
And meekly offred with digny reverence
Vnto thy sune golde, myrre, and francke-ensence,  
Pray to pat lord of mercy mooste entere,
Gracyously tacepte my preyere.  

Aue Marye.

Septimum Gaudium.
And holy pryncesse of thyne heghe goodnesse,
For pilke lvey and consolacyon
Thowe hadeste panne whanne with all meknesse
To Symyon powe madest oblacyone,
And of thy sune a presentacyone,
And Symyon with humble chere and face
With the bothe hys armes hym lowly did embrace;

Beseche that Lord my prayer to rescyeune,
And my requeste that he note Refuse,
My meke complayntes of grace to conceyve;
And where my giltes and trespasses me accuse
by medyacyone moste me pe excusse
And sithe thowe arte of mercy sourys and welle,
Help pat his mercy may his Ryght precelle.

Octauum Gaudium.
O lyght and lanterne of synfull pat been blynde!
 быyre sourayner supporte in trybulacyne,
In Ihereusalem lýte sune leffte byhynde,
Whane thone and Ioseph went out of pe towne;
For pilke gladdest Restituacyone
þou haddest þanne, when powe came agayne
And in the temple haste þy sone eseyne,

Preserve me that I be not loste thoroughthe synne
But thoroughthe py merce pat I may be fonde,
Lat py pitee neuer fro me thyne,
And that thy grace to mewarde ever Rebounde,
Suffre none enemy py servaunt to confounde,
But in al myscleef pat shoulede me dyscomfart,
Vn-to thy helpe pat I may ay Resorte.

(aue Maria).

Of py Holy Gooste, O powe chossine tabarnacle!
At the wedyng of him Archideclyne,
For pilke Ioye powe haddeste by myracle,
Whan pe water was torny whole-in-to wynne,
þere by þy sune, O blessed lady myne!
Praye him for me, O pryncesse moost notable!
Or he me deme, for to bee mercyable.

(aue Maria).

Fayreste of fayre moost gracieuse and benigne!
Whos goodnesse no clarke cane deserive,
For that myracle and þat glorius signe
Whanne Criste fyve thousand fedde with loves fyve,
For pilke Ioye, þowe socoure me nowe belyv,
And graunte I may, Þowe hewenly Roose!
My fyve wittes to þy plesaunce dispoose.

(aue Maria).

And gloryose Pryncesse, for þat hegh pytée
þowe whylome haddest, and grette compassyoun,
Whanne þat þy somme thorowgh Iowys cruwelte
Hade for oure sake dethe, pyne, and passyone
Wþpon þe crosse, for oure Redempteyeone;
Thoroughghe thy prayer my soule þowe goure
Me to delyuer frome dethe which is eterne.

(aue Maria).

he þe water torny whole þer to C. 131 Therefore T. 136 þat (2)] om. T. 138 that. þower] om. T. blyne T. 139 I may] me T.
Fyffte Gaudium

For the joy of His resurrection,

Pray Him I may arise.

Vpon that daye playnly for to telle

Of his vpe-Ryste and Rysererceyone,

As he that was of Iuda pe lyone,

O gloryeuse ladye! pray hym in humble wyse

From synfull lyff by grace I may aryse.

Duodecimum Gaudium.

And for that Ioye alle Ioyes dothe precelle,

Whyche poue haddeste, pryncesse of moste renoun!

Vpon that daye playnly for to telle

Of his vpe-Ryste and Rysererceyone,

As he that was of Iuda pe lyone,

O gloryeuse ladye! pray hym in humble wyse

From synfull lyff by grace I may aryse.

Aue Maria.

Terciumdecim Gaudium.

O hevenly qwene! of mercy condescende

For pilke Ioye to here myne orysoun,

Powe haddeste pat day, whanne he did ascend

Vp to that high hevenly mansyoun;

Pray hym for grace and supportacioun,

After his tracys pat I my lyffe may lede

To his plesaunce, atweene hope, love, and drede.

Aue Marya.

And of pryncesses, O poue moste graeuous!

& most accepted in pe lordez sight

For pilke Ioye in Erthe moste famous

Powe haddeste pat day, whan pe Holy Gooste alight

Downe from abowe, pe sterre clere and bryght;

For pilke grace pat day dede on the shyne,

With lyght of verteue myne herte powe enlumyne.

Aue Marya.

Quintundecimum Gaudium.

Of alle blessed O powe blessedeste!—

Bere may be made no comparysoun—
The Fyffte Inlyes of Oure Lady.

For pylke Ioye, of Ioyes sourenyneste,
Whyche pylwe haddeste in pyl hevenly mansyon
Vpon the day of pylne assumpeyoun,
Whan God above gaw for pyl to provyde,
As quene of heven, to sitte on his ryght syde

(26)
With a corone of hevenly stony cler,
Gemmes of werteue, of parfit hoolynesse,
Of Rychesse and beawe moost [e]ntiere,
For pyl transcended alle o[per] in noblesse ; [leaf 160, back]
For, pylke Ioye, O hevenly emperesse !
Pray to thy sonne with hert contemplayffe!
That whan pat I schall parte oute of pys lyff

(27)
I may in herte haue feythe and ful creance
And mekely make my confessyon,
And of my synnes haue deue repentaunce,
With contretye herte do sauficyoure,
And to passe hennes with ful Remyssyon
O blessed lady! thourghge grace of pyl prayere
To gette a place above pyl sterres clere.

(28)
On alle my frendis haue pite & mercy,
On myne alyaunce and on my kynrede,
And vpon alle pyl love pee feythfully,
Remember of grace, O welle of womanhede !
And graunte me grace with thought, worde, and dede,
The for to serve vnto my lyvys Ende,
And my soole to saue whan I schale hens wende.

Amen.

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 pensif, Of thoughtfull sikes my payne to put away, Caused by the trouble of this vnstabil lif, Vnclosyd a book, that was contemplatif; Of fortune turnyng the book, I fond A meditaciou which first cam to myn hond, 5

(2) Tofor which was sett out in picture Of Marie an ymage ful notable, Lyke a pyte depeynt was the figure With weepeynge eyen, and cheer most lamentable: Thoun the proporciou by crafft was agreable, 12 Hir look doun cast with teerys al bereyned,— Of hertly sorwe so soore she was constreyned. 14

(3) Upon the said meditaciou, [leaf 88, back] Of aventure, so as I took heed, By diligent and cleer inspecciou, I sauh Rubrisshis, departyd blak and Reed, Of ech Chapitle a paraf in the heed, Remembryd first Fifteene of her gladynessys, And next in orde were set hyr heuynesys. 19

MSS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 88 to 93 = H; Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3, 21, leaves 157 to 161, back = T; leaves 232 to 236 = t (24 copy); Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 53 to 56 = J; Bodley 886, leaves 207 to 208, back = B. Title; lacking in H t; Incipit quindecim gaudia beate marie J: . . . Here begynnethe þe prologe of ye xv loyes of our ladye B; (in Stowe’s hand) here is ye begynnyng of the xv loyes & the xv sorowes that our blissyd lady had whill she was on erthe T. 1 Betwene B T t. morow freshe Tt. 2 longe agone B. 7 came fyrst T. min] om. T. Lines 9 to 14 read in B, Of marie a gracious faire ymage Glad of chere depeynt was þe figure Holdyng a child feiest of visage Which to beholde of hert and of hole so more y loked þe more y founde gladnessis And recomfort of alle olde heuynes. 11 cheer] the T. 12 greable] T. 13 rengnyd T. 14 so soore] of chere T. 16 so] om. T. 17 dylygence T t. 18 say T t. 20 gladnesse T t. gladnes J. 21 heuynesse T t. heynes J.
(4) Off eech of them the noumbre was Fifteene,
    Bothe of hir Joynes and her adversiteses,
    Eech after othir, and to that hevenlie queene
    I saue Oon kneele deuonlyt on his knees;

    **A Pater-noster and ten tyme Aues**
    In ordre he sayde [at thende] of eech ballade
    Cessyd nat, tyl he an eende made.

(5) Folwyng the Ordre, as the picture stonde,
    By and by in that holy place,
    To beholde it did myn herte good;
    Of affeccioun turnyd nat my face,
    But of entent, leiseer cauht and space,
    Took a penne, and wroie in my manere
    The said balladys, as they stondyn heere.

**Explicit prologus.**

(6) Blissed braunch that sprong out of Iesse
    Which were allone, as clerkys telle can,
    Ground and gynnyng of our felicite,
    For thilke joye which thu haddist than
    Whan thu were offryd by *Lochim* and *Anne*
    In to the temple, by scripture as I fynde,
    Pray for thy servauntis and haue upon hem mynde.

    *Pater noster X Aue.*

(7) Glorious mayde, O Roote of hoolynesse,
    For thilke joye thou haddyst many wise,
    From God above whan angelis gan hem dresse
    For thy meritis the to do seruise,
    Daily to wayte in al ther best guyse,
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

Pray for thy servauntis of mercy and tak heed,
Of al thy servauntis that calle to the at neede. 49

\[\textit{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(8)

Thu that art callyd glorie of Israel,
For thilke Ioye, moost sovereyn of renoun,
Which thu haddist whan thangil Gabriel
Brouht the tydying from the hevene down,
First kalendys of our savacion,
With this woord \textit{Eva} turnyd to \textit{Aue},
On al thy servauntis haue mercy and pyte. 56

\[\textit{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(9)

And for that Ioye thu haddist in certeyn,
When Elizabeth moost meekly with the mette,
Fulfilled with grace vpon an hihind mounteyn,
Thy blissed Cosyn devoutly ther the grette,
Hir child reiosshys, she list no lenger lette,
In hir armys moost goodly she the rawhte,—
Saide thes woordys, the Hooly Goost hir tawhte : 63

(10)

\[\textit{Blissed be thu amongys women alle!}\]

Blissed be the frute that shal be born of the!
What may this mene? or how is this befall,
My lordys moodir, for to comyn to me?"
Now for the meritis of thyn hvmylte
Socoure alle tho that kneelyn afor thy fface,
Fro Sathanys myght whan he doth hem menace. 70

\[\textit{pater noster X Ave.}\]

(11)

Among the ioyes it was a ioye in cheeff,
Occasioun souht wher it was no neede,
Whan Abiathar wold ha maad a preeff,
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

Ordeyned a drinke to preevyn thy maydenheede.
For that Ioye thu haddist than in deede, 75 The joy of the proof of chastity.
Blissed lady fulfiled of all grace,
Pray to thy sone to rewe on our trespace. 77

\[ \textit{pater noster} \times A\textit{ue}. \]

(12)
And for that Ioye surmountyng Ioyes alle, 82 The joy of His birth.
Which thu haddist of qweenys sovereyne,
Whan thu besyde an oxis stalle
Bar crist ieu, feelyng no soor nor payn;
Mayde and moodir! of mercy nat disdeyne
To save thy servauntis from al adversite,
That doon worship to his natuuite. 84

\[ \textit{pater noster} \times A\textit{ue}. \]

(13)
And for that Ioye thu haddist in Bedleem, 89 The joy of the gifts of shepherds and kings.
Whan the shepherdys cam the to visite,
Thre kynges broughte, folwng the sterryng streem, Gold, mirre, and franc, with offryng the taceuite,
And angelis song did greely the delite;
Releeve alle tho fro myscye and grevaunce.
Whate the to serve haue set al ther plesaunce. 91

\[ \textit{pater noster} \times A\textit{ue}. \]

(14)
And for that Ioye thu haddist eek also, 96 The joy of the escape from Herod.
Whan thu were passyd of Herowd the power;
The angil byddyng that thu shuldist 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. 98

\[ \textit{pater noster} \times A\textit{ue}. \]

(15)
And for thy Ioyes and gladnessys moost habounde [leaf 90]
At divers tymes sent to the by grace,
And specially when thu thy sone founde
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

The joy of finding Jesus at Jerusalem.

Among doctours sittynge in the place,
Myd Jerusalem, disputynge a long space, 103
For which Ioye Rewe upon the smerte 1 MS. hooled, 105
Of alle the folk that love thee of hool herte.
Pater noster X Ave.

The joy at Cana.

And for that Ioye thu haddist yore ago,
At the feeste of Archydeklyne,
Whan gracious Iesus aftir the wyn was do
Lyst of his powere turne watir to wyne:
For which Ioye, O blyssyd lady myne!
Remembre on alle, and make ther hertys light,
That haue devocioun to serve the day and nyght.
Pater noster X Ave.

The joy of His resurrection.

And for that Ioye, Oon of thy Ioyes five,
That folwyd aftir thy sonys passioune,
The day whan he arroos fro deeth to lyve,
Had spoiled Sathan of his possesion,
And set Adam from the Infernal dongoun,
Saide Salue sancta parens whan ye mette,
For which Ioye relaxe our goostly dette.
Pater noster X Ave.

The joy of His ascension.

And for the Ioye thu haddist on the day
Of thy sonys glorious assensioon,
Whan thu beheld a thyng moost to thy pay,
How he styed 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 Ave.

And for that Ioye thu haddist in thy thouht, [leaf 99, back]
To gret eneeress to thy felicite,
Whan Gabriel the palme hath to the brouht,  
Sent fro Iesu, declaryng vnto the  
Withynne thre dayes thu shuldyst with hym be,  
  Hiih in the heuen 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 boockys telle they made ther the Creede,  
  For which Ioye thu haddist than of newe,  
  On thy servauntis hane 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 manisoun,  
Soule and boody above the the firmament,  
Ther to be crownyd 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 remembrid hereto-form  
As the charg[e] was vpon me leyd,  
In contemplacioun there be no tyme lorn,  
The Pater-nostres and the Aues dewly seyd,  
By interupcioun makyng noon abreyd,  
  Tyl of our lady be sayd the ful Sawteer,  
  As heer-to-form is shewyd the maner.  
  
Thus the Joys are finished.
Now follow the Sorrows.

With prayers set between, Off Paternostres and aues said betweene

The same noumbre with good devocioun,

The hevenessys rehersyd ful

Of deedful herte tremblyng in euery membr, 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 considir it was to me gret payne.

Hir heuynessis, list the remembraunce Of sorwys passyd, whiche she felte in deede, In any wise shuld trouble hir womanheed, But of compassiou they may myn herte perce, To that entent I do hem heere reheere.

Explicit prologus.
The Fifteen Joys and Sorrows of Mary.

(27)

O glorious mayde! for that heynnesse, [leaf 91, back] The sorrow
Which thu haddist by a maneer compleyning,
When the Bisshop did his besynesse
Tween the and Ioseph to make the weddyng;
Agayn thentent of chanst livyng,
Which remembyrng, flour of virginite,
On thy servauntis hane mercy and pite.

\[pater noster \ X \ Ave.\]

(28)

Remembre, O prynces, and rewe upon our wo,
Lat our request of the nat be refusyd,
For the heynnesse thu haddist eek also
To be with childe whan thou were accusyd,
There watir of preeff drank, as it was nsyd,
Yone 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,
Which thu haddist when the angel bad the fle,
From Herodys the tyrant uvtretable,
Slouh Innocentys of hatful cruelle,
Conspired also Iesu for to sle,
Which remembyrng, don of yore agoon,
Diffende thy servauntis from al ther mortal soon.

\[pater noster \ X \ Ave.\]

(30)

O Emp[e]resse in heuene glorified!
Myn herte is troubleyd thy sorwys to descryve,
The dool remembyrd whan thu were purifyed;
Symeon seide a sharp sword shuld ryve
Thourh thy soule, and perce thyng herte blyve,

\[pater noster \ X \ Ave.\]

\[pater noster \ X \ Ave.\]
For the trouble thou feltist of that language,
Preserve thy servauntis fro sorwe and al outrage. 210

\[ pater noster \ X \ Aue. \]

\( \text{(31)} \)
I am afferyd and troubllyd in my mynde  [leaf 92]
To remembre the gret hevynesse,
Which thou haddyst whan Crist was lefft behynde
In Jerusalem, and thu in gret distresse
Soutist hym, the gospel berith witnesse,
Or thu hym founde thre dayes in gret dreede,
Socoure alle tho that seeke the in ther neede. 217
\[ pater noster \ & \ X \ Aue. \]

\( \text{(32)} \)
Arrete it not to noon vnkyndenesse,
At the feeste, the gospel telle can,
Of Archydeelyne, 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 alle. 224
\[ pater noster \ & \ X \ Aue. \]

\( \text{(33)} \)
Off mortal pite myn herte waxith coold
To remembre, thynken or expresse
The sorwe thu haddist, whan Seyn Iohn hath the toold,
Iesu was taken, by the gret felenesse
Of the Iewys hatful cursydnesse;
And as that takyng was to the gret greeff,
Relieve'alle tho that calle to the in myscheef. 231
\[ pater noster \ & \ X \ Aue. \]

\( \text{(34)} \)
Off hevynessys Oon the moost grevous
Is of Absence the Importable peyne;

\[ 210 \text{ outrage} \] language T t (cf. I. 209). 211 \text{ my} \] om. T t. 212 \text{ the} \] thy T t. 216 \text{ days} \ J. 218 Directe J. vnkyndnes J. 219 \text{ the} \] om. J. tell J. 220 Archytriclyne T t J B. 221 \text{ ther} \] \text{ he J (sic).} 222 behynd J T t. 223 \text{ he list so J.} 225 Off all ins. J. weryd T t. 226 Thynke T t. 227 \text{ hath} \] om. B T t. 230 \text{ that} \] om. T (but in t). 231 to \] om. B J T t. 232 heynes J T t.
That feltist thou weel, O pryncesse gracious!
Space of a nyght thou myhtist not atteyne,
To seen thy sone, lord moost sovereyne,
Kept by his enmyes in purpoes hym to sle;
For whos passiou/i synners haue pite.

\[pater noster \& X Ave.\]

(35)
I ffleele myn herte compleyne pitously
To noumbrhe the peynes thou haddist eek, parde.
When Jesu bare his cros to Calvary,
And thou to meete hym ran thornh 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, thm were assayled,
Quakyng and pale allas! whan thu dist see
Of blissyd Jesu feet and handys nailed,
Moost horribly streyneyd with crueltee
For mannyes rawnsoun upon the roode tree;
Lowe by the ground, dedly of look and face,
Pray hym do mercy ech day whan we trespace.

\[pater noster \& X Ave.\]

(37)
And for the sorwe thu haudlist, 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,
Whan he the callyd in the same tylde,—
"Woman," ageyn; "behold thy sone and see,"
For which constreynt sauf alle that truste in the.

\[pater noster \& X Ave.\]
The Fifteen Joys and Sorròws of Mary.

(38)

O howe that hour thyn hevyness was moost,
When blissid Iesu with a pitous cry
Vnto his Fadir by deeth yald vp the goost,
Which thun herdist stondyng fast by,
Thu fel a swowne, no wondir trewly!
Now pray thy sone that deyde upon the roode,
Hauie mercy on alle, for whom thon shed his bloode.

pater noster X Aue.

(39)

Was evir woo that myhte be comparyd
To thy distresse, pryncesse of goodliheede,
Whan thon sauh Iesu how he was nat sparyd,
Crucified, take down thon he was deede,
Lay in thy lappe, and all his body reede
Of pitous bledyng, for whoos meek suffraunce,
O queen of mercy! sauf us fro myschaunce.

pater noster X Aue.

(40)

Whan he was put and leyd lowe in his grave,
Thy blissid sone Iesu, moost myghty kyng,
And al was do mankynde for to save
Thu sauh al this upon hym abyding,
Kistist ofte his stoon at thy partyng;
Hauie on us mercy O blissid heuene queene,
For the peyne thon dist that day sustene.

pater noster X Aue.

(41)

These heuynessis reknyd Oon by oon,
In ordre set, pitous and lamentable,
Who hath konnyng to reknyn hem everychoon?
For by comparisoun they were incomparable
Glorious lady, O queen moost merciable!
Thy peynes heer set, with many gret grefvaunce,
Beeen for this cause put heer in remembraunce,

These sorrowes are here set,

262 yeldyd T. yaldyd t. 264 fell in a sowne T t. 267 mght
1:1 T t. 268 sawe J T t. 272 wekel] mekyl J. moche T t.
273 sawe J. 274 Than J. 276 doone T. mankynd J. 277
278 sawe T J. hyldyd J. 278 Kissyd of pe stoon J. kyssyd of hy
T t. too t. departyng T t. 250 dedyst T t B. did J. 282
pitous J. 283 them ichon J. 287 for] of J.
Off humble entent that we good heed may take
Duryng our liff with grete devocioun
What Crist Iesu suffryd for our sake,
Thy deere sone, deth, payne, and passioun.
And for we shulde hane Eek compassion,
With the, pryncesse, that boughtist his deeth ful deere,
For that entent they been rehersyd here.

\[Explicit quod Lidgate.\]

To alle that caste hem of devocioun
To been dilligent, by daily attendaunce,
To serve Mary, pryncesse of moost renoun,
And to his hihnesse for to do plesaunce,
Lat hem empreente in her remembraunce
The ordre here set, first of hir gladnessys,
And folwyng aitir hir grete houynessys.

\[Explicit quod Lidgate.\]
Hic sequitur Salutacio Angelica per dictum dompnum
Iohannem Lydegate translata.

(1) Hayle! glorious lady and heuenly queene,
Crownyd & regnyng in by blysfull cage,
Help vs to pylgryms in erthely tene,
In worshyp of aH by pylgremage;
Thy holy concepcion was thy first pylgremage
Cuius honore tu nobis fane,
And here we knelyng before thyne Image
Tibi concepte dicimus Ave.

(2) Hayle! glemaryng sterre now in by ryme,
To aH pis world thow spredest by lyght,
Thy joyfull name yeueth vs myrthe.
Now blessyd be he pat Mary pe hyght,
For thorow aH pe worlde pow yeuest by lyght,
O maris stella domina pia,
With aH oure hert and aH oure might
Tibi clamamus Ave Maria.

(3) Hayle! gloryous lady, as Gabriell seyde
When he came doune on hys message,
God was made man, hys modyr a mayde,
Lo, lady thys was thy swete mariage;
So full of grace vnbynde oure bondage,
Mater divina virgo serena,
And thus shaH we sey for oure homage
Aue Maria gracia plena.

(4) Hayle! joyful lady in the byrthe of Cryste,
God is with the, kyng in thy lappe,
With ox and asse in a crybbe pou lyest,
With Ioseph, and Iesus sokyng thy pappe,
Ave Maria!

WeH ys þe, lady, þat dydyst hym wrappe,
_**Ipsun ecera que manes serum**_
That he wold yene oure enemy a knappe,
_**Gracia plena dominus tecum.**_

(5)
Hayle! floure of clennes **without corrupcion,**
Thow beryst þe frute of alh chastite,
And yet pow madyst þy **purificacion,**
To puryfy oure sowles for þy charyte,
_Hane mynde, good lady of oure freelte,*
_ET vita nostra plena reatu,*
Now pray þy son of hys benignite,
_Dominus teCum benedicta tu._

(6)
Hayle! wofuH lady in hys swete passion. [Leaf 275]
Scorgyd and naylyd, dying on the roode,
Sende vs thy commort in oure tribulacion,
For þy sonnys lone þat shed hys bloode;
But joyfuH gladnes dyd change þy moode,
_Cum surrexit sanis vulneribus,*
And ene in þe feyþ, fuH trew þou stroode,
_Benedicta tu in mulier[†]bus._

(7)
Hayle! blessyd lady in Crystes assensioun.
Bothe glad and heuy when he dyd sty,
Make in þy prayers for vs som mencion,
That we may folow when we shaH dy.
Aftyr þy socoure we caH and cry
_Vt mercamur luce fini,*
That we may deserve þe blessyd lyght to sty,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tnu._

(8)
Hayle! blessyd lady in thyn assumpcion,
Next to þe Trinitie syttyng in trone,
And holde excusyd our gret presumpcion
To whom we make oure carefulH mone,
To Mary, the Star of Jacob.

Oure hertys ar dry & hard as a stone,
*Funde lacrimarym nobis consolamentum,*
And he beoure comfort hens when we gone,
*Fructus ventris tui Iesus Christus.* Amen. 64

(9)

Now farewell, lady, and pray for vs,
For thy fyue festes and thy ioyes fyue,
That thy son sweate, our lord Jesus,
WyH sanye vs aH, bothe dede & alyue,
And aboue all angeles now ioyes hast pou seynu,
Helpe vs fayre lady, pys lyfe whyle we dryue,
And after our endyng God send vs heuyn. Amen.

Explicit.

53. TO MARY, THE STAR OF JACOB.

[MS. Bodl. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 29, back, to 30, back.]

Here is a prayer to our lady of hir v Ioyes.

(1)

O sterre of Iacob, and glorie of Israel! [leaf 29, back]
Of alle blessed, O blyssedest vyrgyne!
For thylke tydyng wich that Gabrielle
Brouhte on-to the most hevenly and devyne,
So let pi stremsys of grace vpon me schyne,
And of thyn Eyen the mercyyable lyght
From al myschef to sanye me this nyght.

(2)

O fayrest doulther of Ierusaleem!
Flour of alle flours,—O flour of chastyte!
For thylke Ioie thou haddest in Bedleem,
Of blyssed Iesu in the Nativyte,
Visited after of worthy kyngys thre,
On wich gladnesse devoutly remembryng,
Save me thyss nyght, slepyng and wakyng. 12

(3)
And for that Ioye, of souereyn dignyte,
Wich folwyd after thy sonys passioun,
Whan, thorugh his royall devyne mageste,
Callid be prophetys of Iuda the lyoun, 19
Wich made ffro deth his Resureccyon;
For the gret gladnesse thou haddist on pe morwe,
Kepe me thyss nyght from al myschef and sorwe. 21

(4)
And for the Ioye thou haddist weel more,
A Ioye precellyng In Comparysoun,
Whan he of mercy mankynde to restore,
Toward that hevenly sterrid mansioun,
Made in our manhed hys ascencyoun,
For wich Ioye o pryncesse, I the preye,
Kepe me this nyght that no fend me werreie. 28

(5)
And for that Ioye, surmountyng Ioyes alle,
Wich thou haddyst in thyss assumpioun,
Whan thou were crowned in pat hevenly stalle,
Queen of alle queyns, most Souereyn of renoun,
Receyve thy servaunt under proteccyon,
This nyght and euer, pavys of my dyffence!
Wich fileeth for socour to thi magnyficence. 35

(6)
And to remembre thy famous Ioyes fyye,
To myn avayll and my gret [a]vauntage,
Vnder thy support, while I am a-lyve,

Each night I will kneel before thee,

I shal ech 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 prayncesse, gracious & benyngne,

And of mercy most plentivous & habounde,

Set thy fyve Ioies for a special sygne,

Affore my?i myrte, tabide there and rebounde,

In euery myscheef that it may be ffounde,

While I pi servaunt haue hem in remembrance,

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,
To Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

Thy look of mercy cast down from so ferre,  
On all thy servantes by chast compassioun;  
Grantte hem good pes, saue hem fro mortal werre,  
To thy .v. joyes that haue deuocioun.

(2)
Celestial cipresse set vpon Syon,  
Hiest Cidre of perfite holynesse,  
Charboncle of charite and grene emerawd ston,  
Hool & vnbroken by virgynal cleennesse,  
O Saphir loup al swellying to represse,  
Off cankrede sores & venymous feloun,  
In gostly woundes be ther gouerneresse  
To thy .v. Ioies pat haue deuocioun.

(3)
Verde of Aaron, gracious and benigne,  
Welle of all grace and mercifull pite,  
Wher the Hooly Gost list to close and signe,  
The cristal cloistre of thy virginyte,  
Bawme of Engaddi geyn al Infirmitie,  
Of folk pat languissh in tribulacioun,  
Preserue and keep from al aduersitee  
To thy .v. Ioies pat haue deuocioun.

(4)
Glad Aurora, kalendis of cleer day,  
Of Phebus vprist. massageer most enter,  
Rose of Iherico, groweth noon so fressh in May,  
Gracious Lucifer, dirk morwenynges for to cleer,  
And silver deuh, which that did Apprear  
Vpon the flees shynyng of Gedeou7i,  
Shew vpon all thy liht, thyh heuenely cheer,  
To thy .v. Ioies pat haue deuocioun.

5 [ro K. 6 alle h. 7 am J. pees L K h. pesse T. maternal]  
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. shyngue L.  
synge Lb. 20 In the ins. L. 23 kepe hem ins. Lb K. am J.  
messangyer Lb. vprist and ins. H Lb. 29 deugh J. 30 of]  
vpon J. 31 heuenly J sic.
(5) To Mary, the Queen of Heaven.


(6) Of al dirknesse thou dist awey the clips, [leaf 244, back]

This wrecchede world tenlumyne with gladnesse,

Shewed to Seyn John in thatapocalips,

Clad in a Sonne surmountyng of brihtnesse,

Crownyd with sterryes of excellent cleernesse,

The stremys strechchyng to the heuenly mansioun,

Thy grace, thy pite, to alle tho folkes dresse,

To thy .v. Ioies that haue denocionn.

(7) Palm of our conquest, grene olyue of our pes,

Of hope our Anker, at the hauene of lyff taryue,

Of feith our sheld, pauys of our encrees,

No clerk hath konnyng thy bonytes to deseryue;

Thy Sonys passion, knet with hys woundes fyeue,

Of moodirly pite by mediaciouw,

Help and supporte hem geyn Sathan for to stryue,

To thy .v. Ioies that haue denocionn.

(8) lenuoye.

Go, litel bille, pray to this pur virgine,

On vs to caste hir confortable siht,

Go, little poem,
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 comfort,
Our hope, our helthe, of our trust most principall,
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 virgyne,
When we remembre vpon hir Ioies fyue.

(10)
Callyng to mynde hir salutacion,
Cristys birthe, and hys natnyyte,
Hys meeke suffraunce, hys resurreccion,
And hys ascencioun vp to the heuenly Se,
With hir Assumpcioun, grettest solemnyte
Of al hir festys, as clerkes kan descryue,
Our Salue, our socour, geyn al adversite,
When we remembre vpon hir Ioies fyue.

(11)
Lat nat this mateer appallen in your thouht,
In eche temptacionn to remembre blyne
On Cristys passyoun, and on hir Ioys fyve,
To make yow strong, bewar, forget hem nouht.

59 to illumyne H Lb. 62 be J. on lyne J. 63 At (1)]
59 to illumyne H Lb. 62 be J. on lyne J. 63 At (1)]

Rubric: Here be the v. Ioies of our lady folwyn L. 73 Callid J. 75 and his ins L. 77 greste K. hir] om. J. 80 hir] these h L K. 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 quo[h] hiligate h. Quod dan lyohn lydgate K. explicit L.
55. GAUDE VIRGO MATER CHRISTI.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 20, leaves 53 to 55.]

Beholde ye nowe flowe next here ye translacyoune of Gaude virgo mater Christi made by Daun Iohan ye Muske Lydegate by night as he lay in his bedde at London.

(1)

Gaude virgo mater christi.
Rejoice, be gladde, made of Cryst Ihesu,
Whiche conceyvedst oonly by hering,
Whane peoholy Gooste, moost souereyn of vertu,
Entred þy brest frome hevon descending,
An Gabryel brought þee þeo tydyng, 5
For pilk Ioye, and for þilke gret gladdenesse,
Hane on vs mercy, and stynt our hevynesse.

(2)

Gaude quia deo plena.
Fulfilled of God, be gladde, O mayden free!
Whiche has chykled with-outen soore or peyne,
With þe lylye of mooste pure chastyteee
Of all mankynde þe trouble to restreyne;
Nowe, blessed lady, of pytee not disdeyne,
To save þy servauntes for þis gret gladnesse,
Oonly of mercy, and stynt hir hevynesse.

(3)

Gaude quia tui nati.
Reioysse also, moder and pure virgyne,
Desconsolate in Crystis passyoun,
Think agaynwarde þy Ioye dyde shyne
At his vprist and resureccioun,
Nowe for þat Ioye and consolacyon 19
þou haddest þanne, and for þat gret gladdnesse,
Hane on vs mercy and stynt oure hevynesse.

Gaude Virgo Mater Christi.

(4)

Gaude Cristo ascendente.

Be gladde also of his ascencyoun,
To pry gret honnour to haue per-of sight,
For of his nght and goodey moeyon
He styeghe ful hye abone pe sterres hight,
Where lyove is cuer and eternal light,
Now for pat lyove pou haddest and gladnesse
Haue on vs mercy, and stynt oure heynesse.

(5)

Gaude que post ipsum scandis.

Be gladde also pat aftter doost ascende
In-to pat heeghe hevenly mansyoun,
Per hooly sayntes and Angelles ay comende
By chaaste clennesse and by parfeccion,
By famous honnour and by qweenly Renoun,
For pilk[e] lyaye and for by gret gladnesse,
Haue on vs mercy, and stynt oure heynesse.

(6)

Vbi fructus ventris tui.

Nowe blessed lady, O qweene most mercyable!
Which for ry meryt bare pe fruyt of lyff,
In pilke lyove make vs per partable,
Whiche were alloone mayde, moder, and wyff;
Be oure defence ageyne pinfernal stryff
For alle by Ioyes and by gret gladnesse,
Haue on vs mercy, and stynt oure heynesse.

(7)

Lenvoye.

Prynesse of mercy, for by Ioyes fyve
Whane we part hens be oure protecction;
Fraunchyse oure waye lest pe feondes wold stryve
To lett oure passage by fals collusyon.
Conduyt vs vpe vn-to pat Regyoun
Where-withi byy sone pou regnest in gladnesse
Oonly of mercy, and stynt oure heynesse.

25 stigh H. 38 Ioye] om. H. 40 the Infernal H. 45 list H.
wold] om. H.

Note.—Shirley, the writer of T. frequently omits the pronounced final e of pilke: cf. line 6, and elsewhere. In line 6, for should be omitted.

LYDGATE, M. P.
56. THE IMAGE OF OUR LADY.

[MS. B.M. Add. 29729, leaves 9, back, to 10.]

A balad made by Iohn Lydgat of ye ymage of Our Lady.

(1)

Beholde and se this glorious fygure,
Whiche Sent Luke of our lady lyvynghe
After her lyknes made in picture,
Lo here she is after the same wyrkynghe
As in Rome is had of Saynt Lukes payntynghe,
In erthe as she was and her sone also,
And ther honoryd with solempne praysynghe
In churche callyd Maria de Populo.

(2)

Who devotly visitith the same fygure
In worshipe ofoure moste blessyd lady frey,
Of.v. cardinals, perpetuellly to endure
v C yeres of Remyssyon graunted be,
Of penaunce Ingoynd, yf he have capacite
Pardon to receyve, contrite with confession,
With satysfaction, 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 Assumpeion ;
Annunciation also it is ther-in devisyd ;
Of sent Albon the passyon, and his invencion,
Of this churche also the dedycacion
At every feste who visytythe this fygure here.
Of penaunce Ingoynd hath Relaxacion
Of everi Cardinall grauntyd a C yere.

(4)

Number of ye yeres, who lyst to accompte,
That be grauntyd v tymes in the yere,
To M and vC. therto they amounte,
To eche creature with devoute prayer
Ave Regina Celorum.

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 damperum John Thornton, ye shall understande,
Archdeacon here, whiche out of Englonde
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,  [leaf 162]
Of Ierusalem the holy ordres nyne,
As quene of quenes laudacion eterne
They yeue to thee, O excellente virgyne!
Eclypsum I am, for to determyne
Thy superexcellence of Cantica canticorum,
The aureat beames do nat in me shyne,
Aue regina celorum!

(2)
Hayle! verry Mater misericorde,
And peereles Pryncesse of excellence,
Of aungelles aloft praye Sol iusticie,
Thy swete son of most magnificence,
That no perylous plag of pestilence,
Synth thow art laus Apostolorum,
Entryn in Englonde, thy dower with reverence,
Aue regina celorum!

Collated with Harley, 2251, leaves 31, back, to 35.

5 Ay clypsed.  6 Canticis.
Ave Regina Celorum.

(3) Hayle! holy maydyn, modyr and wyfe,
    That brought Israel out of captyuyte,
As sterre of Iacob by a prerogatyfe
    With the blessyd bawme of thy virginite,
    The holyste roote that sprang out of Jesse,
Prymrose of plesaunce, callyd flos florun,
    Thou were tryacle ageyn olde antiquite,
Aue regina celorum!

(4) Hayle! gloryous lady, O. Rosa marina,
    Whyche hast fostryd lying in thy lappe
Tetragramaton, that fed vs with Manna,
    Of leniathan mawgre the sleyghty trappe,
    To thys worlde a lyghte sprong ys from thy lappe,
    With virginH mylke vt castitas lilium,
    So lyst the Holygost in the hys wynges wrappre,
Aue regina celorum!

(5) Hayle! fayrest and fresshe of consolacion,
    Vs to conduct by the pathe of paradise,
    Aboue all women, without comparyson,
    Of bewte be thow, blessyd floure delise,
    A dew diamant, most precyous of pryse,
    As GabryeH seyd Dominus tecum,
    O myrrowr of mekenes most prudent & wyse
Aue regina celorum!

(6) Hayle! conduyte of comfort, with watyr crystaH, [lf. 162, bk.]
    Perpetually our peynes to wasslie & repeH,
    Geyue sorow of sekenes, o sugor celestiaH,
    Pese, victory, & grace graunt with vs to dweH,
    Pray gentyH Iese, of mercy the welle,
    To blysse abone that we may aH come,
    Where more ioy ys then tung may telle
Aue regina celorum!

26 forstred liggyng. 28 sleighti. 36 of delyse. 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 joyful light! eternally shine, [leaf 162, back] O joyeful light,
In glory with Laureat coronah,
Descendyd from Dauid, worthiye on lyn, 4 elect to grace,
Modyr to your soueraynes, & Lord imperyaH;
Elect to grace from synne oryginaH,
Floure of clennes and pure virgynite!
Sith ye be mayde and moder in special,
Regina celi, letare!

(2) Remembre Lady, how synne was cause
Of youre preferryng to hygli worthynes,
Howe ye exclude by text uther clause
They that causyd you all thyss worthynes,
Thynke, nature in yow dyd all hys besynes
Of all faire to set yow the soueraynte;
Yet for vs dyed the son of ryghtwsnes,
Et tu meruisti ipsum portare.

(3) O happy sin! thus may we syng,
Reioyysng in your ladies 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 vrey God & man with good chere,
Thy blessyd son thyn owne fygure,
Resurrexit sicut dixit.

(4) O filia Pharaonis! whomoure lady kept,
Preseruyd Moyses in hys cage,
And Iudyth pat sauyd that fayre cyte,
Fygureth Crystes modyr and Image

Stella Celi Extirpavit (I).

Oure verray resorte, when lost wasoure herytage,
When we shuld apere before the dome,
Before thy dredefulH sonny vysage,
Ora pro nobis tune apud deum. 32

(5)
O blysfulH quene of eternahl glory!
O Ioy to every wyght with felycite!
In whos laude and worthy memory
We sey, lady y-blessed thow be!
For thy pure and meke virginite
Of thy blysfulH quene of grace our loodsterre!
In thy chast mylk plentevous of plesaunce
Gaff Iesu soukyn, puttist away the werre
Of pestilence, tappeesen1 our grevaunce;
Our welle of mercy, our ioye, our suffisaunce,
Flour of virgynes, moorder of moost prys,
Racedist vp al surfetis of myschaunce,
That our forn-fadir plantyd in parady.

59. STELLA CELI EXTIRPAUIT (I).

[MS. Harley 2255, leaves 103 and back.]

(1)

Thou who didst suckle Jesus,
put away our pestilence
Thou heuenly queen, of grace our loodsterre!
With thy chast mylk plentevous of plesaunce
Gaff Iesu soukyn, puttist away the werre
Of pestilence, tappeesen1 our grevaunce;
Our welle of mercy, our ioye, our suffisaunce,
Flour of virgynes, moorder of moost prys,
Racedist vp al surfetis of myschaunce,
That our forn-fadir plantyd in parady.

(2)

Thou same sterre, of sterrys noon so briit,
Celestial sterre of beute moost sovereign,
To the we pray, on vs cast dome thy silt,
Oonly of mercy that thu nat disdeyne,

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 influence
We have no cause on hasty deth to pleyne,
Which sleeth the peple by sword of pestilence.

(3)

Our trust is fully, and our confidence,
Undespeyred in our oppyneoun,
Ageyn al wedrys of corrupt pestilence,
By thy Request and mediacion,
And by thy Sonys gloryous passioune,
And remembrance of thy Ioyes alle,
Geyn froward heyres causyng infecciouw
Diffende vs lady when we to the calle.

(4)

For as Phoebus enchaceth mystis blake,
Toward mydморwe with his beemys cleer,
And Lucifer biddith soggys folk awake,
In thorient first, when he dooth appeer,
Rihit so maistow in thy celestial speer,
O sterre of sterrys, sterre of moost excellence,
Mayde and moodir, by mcene of thy prayeer,
Sauf alle thy servauntis from strook of pestilence.

Explicit.

60. STELLA CEILI EXTIRPAUIT (II).

[MS. Rawl. c. 48, leaves 133, back, to 134.]

(1)

O blissid queen, a-bove the sterried heuene, Stella ceili. O star of heaven,
Which of the see, art callid cheef lod sterre,
Thi dwellynge is a-bove the sterris sevenc, [1 leaf 133, back]
Where euer is Ioye, and pes withoute werre,
Cast down on vs, thi look that art so ferre
From aH mysheef, be thou oure cheef defience,
In oure moost trouble thi socoure latt be nerre
And be oure sheeld from strok of pestilence. be our shield.

13 myst A h. 20 meditaeioun A h. 23 ayre A h. 24 lady] alle A. to] unto A. Margin: Quo bella A h. 25 chasith A h.
27 soggys folkis A h. 29 mayst thow T. 30 sterres (2)] om. T. Explicit] om. A h T.
A Prayer to Mary.

(2)
In paradys with the Ioye and al plesaunce
Adam was put, talyvid withouten eende,
But thornh his synne fil hym a grete myscchaunce
Brouht in first dethe thornh tempntyng of ye feende, 12
But thou lady that art so good and keende
To the be pryes, with Ioye and reverence.
Thou brouhtist lyve, to me and all man-kynde,
And puttist away eternal pestilence.

(3)
Thou glorious sterre this world to enlumyne,
Thi name to preise I have no suffisaunce,
On vs synneres thi mercy lat douen shyne,
Off infect heires oppresse al there vttraunce,
From theire batail be thou our cheef deffennce,
That theire malis to vs do no grevaunce,
Off infectynge or strok of pestilence.

(4)
Thou splendaunt sterre, of sterris moost souereyne,
Graunt me thes thre, moost excellent princesse,
The first is this, I pray the nat disdeyne,
To hane lengthe of lif nat medlid with seeknesse,
Off wordly goodis graunt me also largesse,
Withouten striff, to Goddis reverence,
The thrid is that my soule, withouten distress,
May come to the blisse where drad is no pestilence.

Explicit. per I. prov. [sic.]

61. A PRAYER TO MARY IN WHOM IS AFFIAUNCE.

[MS. Rawl. c. 48, leaf 134.]

(1)
Sweetest bawme of grettest excellence,
Lady of this world, of helle ecke emperesse,
To the kyng a-bove, mooder of reverence!
In the remaynynge, virgynalt clennesse,
The Ordis Nyne of Angellis with gladnesse,  
As to there queen, to the doun obei-saunce,  
Pray to thi sone for me in grete distresse  
For in thin helpe is al myn affiaunce.

(2)  
Riht as the synne of Eve is grete offense,  
Brouhit to this world bothe sorwe and wretchidnesse,  
So hast thou lady of manyficeuue  
Brouhit vnto vs bothe loye and grete gladnesse.  
Pray thi sone, that is the lord of blisse  
Off my trespas I may hawe pardonance,  
And graunt my requestis of his grete goodnesse,  
For in thin helpe is all mine affiaunce.

(3)  
My requestis offrid vnto thy presence  
In noumbre be thre, moost excellent princesse,—  
This first is this, nat pondrid myn offence,  
To have lengthe of liffe nat medlid with secknesse ;  
Off wordly goodis graunt me also largesse,  
Withouten striff to Goddis moost pleasaunce ;  
The thrid is that my soule may come to blisse,  
For in thin helpe is all myn affiaunce.

62. ON THE IMAGE OF PITY.  
[MS. B.M. Add. 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 peye, remembringe here vpon,  
Pray to that quene, that moder is, and mayd,  
Collated with MS. Ashmole, 59, leaves 68, back, to 69.  
Rubric,  
Here foloweve a devote exortacon to moeve men devoutely to be ymage of pyte by orisoues and prayers A.  
with synne and.  6 l. om. A.  7 that] hir.  8 that (1) pis.
On the Image of Pity.

(2)

With this conceyt, pat yf syne had not bene,
Causynge our fadar Adam his grevous fall,
Of heven had she not be crownyd quene,
Ne ther ataynyd astate emperiall;
Besechyng 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 withe 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 clemynys, & then thou 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 yf thow steryd or temptyd be to syne
It shall sone sese and pase a-way from the.
Remembre all so this dolorus pytie,
How pat this blyssid ladye thus doth enbrace
Her dere son ded, lygyng vpen her kne,
And, payne of deth, thou 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;

To suche entent was ordeynt purtreture
And ymages of dyverse resenblancc,
That holsoy storyes thus showyd in fygur
May rest with ws with dewe remembrancc.
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 peeys and concore, haile, freshest on-lyve!
Haile, hyest Cedre, surmountyng in vertu!
Haile! who hath konnyng thy beaute to diseryve?
For there was neuer none so fayre onlyve.
Haile, bussh 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, biled 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,
Aforene 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 = h; 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. b omits lines 1 to 55. T underscores Latin phrases. 10 signato T. 12 dynye T (desyne?). 15 divine 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 Iesse virgula!"

(4)

Of [I]esse Boone, haile, holmesest piscyne!
With gostly vertues clerer than cristall
Whiche wasshed away all venym serpentyne
Brought into paradise, whan Adam had a fall.
But for thy vertues, and thy merites virginall,
We may the calle, turtur superata,
Sterre of the see, of hevene fenestrall,
Haile, flos campi, O Ave Iesse virgula!

(5)

Haile, fress[e] Rose, planted in Iericho!
Swettest viola, that neuer shal fade,
Gloria Ierusalem, of Bedlem light also,
In peri palme, with fruyte of lyf I-lade;
Victorious laurus, ful of braunchis glade,
With vncouth mysteries, aforn prefigurata,
Thy merciful mantel let cloth al in the shade,
With haile flos campi, O Ave Iesse virgula!

(6)

Haile, chosyn ysope of the valeys lowe!
Triewe example of humilite,
Aforene 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 Iesse 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!

Whan the Holygost in thy brest light,  
Billed 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 Incantacionus;  
Celestial saphir, the lapidarye seith,  
The grene smaragd geyn fals Illusyouns,  
Of this thre stoony, heyl, con quadrata!  
Fettyng of the alle our proteccionus,  
In worlidlly perceill, with Ave Jesse virgula.  

(9)  
Heyl, breunyng charbouncele, fervent of charyte!  
Heyl, Calcedonys, & topas of clennesse!  
Heyl, Crysoleyte of pees and vnite!  
 Purpurat Ametyst, conservyng sobyrnesse;  
 Moost pacient Berylle, alle Enemyes to reppresse,  
Tu sic dicta viola & inuiolata  
Heyl, strenest Achat geyn feendys sturdynesse!  
Heyl, flos campi, with Ave Jesse virgula!  

(10)  
Heyl, sterre of Iacob, glorie of Israel!  
Eva transformyd, the lettrys wel out sought,  
Into thy Closet whan that Gabryell  
With this wourd Ave hath the tydynes brought.  
For meeknesse oonly, God this myracle hath wrought,  
To-fore whoos face, mens mea iam prostrata,  
Devoutly knelyng seith, with herte and thought,  
Heyl, flos campi, with Ave Jesse 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.  
73 and glory ins. H T.  74 and the lettres be wele sought 
76 Ave] om. H T.  hath the] the had H.  he had T.  79 say H T.  80 with] O H T.
The woman clothed in a sun.  

Heyl, glorious queen! whoom the Apostle John [ff. 140, bk.]

In his avisiou sawh, clothyd in a sonne,  
With xij sterres, and many a precious stone,  
Voydyng the dirknesse of alle skyes dunne,  
In tokne, thow hast the victowyne wonne  
Of vices alle, in celis sublimata,  
For whoom we syngye, of herte as we best kynde,  
Heyl Flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula!  

The twelve sterres be twelve prerogatyves,  
Which thow haddyst 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 diuinitus 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 attempurance set in especial  
In thy persone by soureyn excellence;  
Pyte, compassion, benigne, clemence,  
To-torn alle women plus preuilegiata,  
To whoom knelyng with humble reverence  
We seyn of herte, O Ave Iesse virgula!  

Vndir thy feet ther was a large moone,  
Nat discreseyng but alwey ful of lyght,  
That was ful tokne, erly, late, and soone,  
The gracios beemys of thy gracious syght
Ave, Jesse Virgula!

Shewe on-to synners, evir Ilich bryght,
With-oute eclips, tu virgo sacramissima!

For which we seyn, as we ar bound of ryght,
Heyl, Flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula! 112

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 Jesus, that overcam Sathan,
A. was Altissimus, whan bothe God and man
Took our manhood of the, piissima,
Seyng to the, of herte as we best can,
Heyl, flos campi, with Ave Iesse virgula! 120

M. in Maria, betokenyth Eek meknesse,
A. next in Ordre, tokne of attemperaunce,
R. remedye, our surfectys to redresse,
I. betoknyth Jesus, helpe for al our grevaunce,
A. is Amor, moost soucreyn of pleasanaunce,
Al set in Oon tu sola puerpera,
This name shall nevir out of our remembraunce,
Callyd flos campi, O Ave Iesse virgula.

M. is also signe of thy magnitude, 128

Of plenteuous mercyes, set in the alloone,
A. is Eek tokne of the greet altitude
Wher thow sittyst with Salamon in his throne,
R. reformacioan of al our pitous moone,
I. for Iesu, Tu nostra aduocata,
A. efft for Ave in syknesse whan we groone,
Thy name shall helpe O aue Iesse virgula.

The name of Mary in Anagram.
Succour thy servants. 

Maria, that art tryacle and medycine, 
Salve for our soorys and our hurtyys alle, 
Moost habundaunt of grace which is devyne, 
Off our trespacys to sugre the bittir galle

In Sathanys snarys, when we stouwible or falle, 
Tu Rosa tu lilium salus nominata, 
Socoure thy servauntys when 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, 
Whan we shall deye, and Sathan doth manace, 
Al our proteccioun stant in thy gouernaunce;

That dreedful day to save vs froo myschauence, 
Thow hevenly fiestarrall, sole radiata, 
Releve alle tho, by mercyful purviaunce, 
That seyn of herte, O Aue Iesse virgula!

Explicit quod Lydgate.

64. A VALENTINE TO HER THAT EXCELLETH ALL.


Lo here beginne[e] a balade made at pe reverence of our lady by daun Johan Lidegate[e] Munke of Bury in wyse of chesing loues at Saint Valentynes day.

[1 page 145]


MSS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, leaves 145 to 149 = T; B. M. Adds. 29729, leaves 155 to 157 = B; Harley 2251, leaves 242, back, to 244, back = H; Bodley Ashmole 59, leaves 52 to 54 = A; Rawl. poet. 36, leaf 1 and back = K. T and A are in Shirley's hand, H and B are copies of T, R is much altered.
Saynt Valentyne, of custome yeere by yeere,  
Men han an vsavnce in pis Regyoun
To looke and serche Cupydes Kalandere,  
And cheese peyre choyys by grete affeccion ;—  
Suche as been pricked by Cupydes mocioun.  
Taking peyre choyse, as peyre soort dope falle  
But I loue oon whiche excellepe alle.

(2)  
Some cheese for fayrnesse and for hye beaute,  
Some for estate, and some eke for rychchesse,  
Some for preyre poorte and peyre gentylesse,  
Some for feyre plesaunce and some for preyre goodnesse,  
Lyche as pe chaunce of peyre soort do)e falle,  
But I love oone whiche excellepe alle.

(3)  
I chase pat flour e sipen goon ful yooore,  
And euer yeere my choyse I shal remuwe,  
Vpon pis day conferme it euermore,  
Sheo is in loue so stedfast and so truwe ;  
Who louepe hir best, hit shal him never ruwe,  
Yif such a grace vn-to his soort may falle,  
Whame I have chose for she excellepe alle.

(4)  
Men speke of Lucaress pet was of Roome tovne,  
sfor wyvelle trouth founded on clennesse,  
Some wryte als of Marcia Catoun  
With laude and prys for hir stedfastnesse ;  
And some of Dydo for hir kyndenesse,  
(ffortune suche happe lect vpon hem falle)  
But I loue oone pat excellepe alle.
Ruchei,  
And ryche also was pe qweene Candace,  

So in hir tyme Right fayre was Roosamounde,  
and Bersabee hade a goodely face,  
Of Kyng Dauid she stooed so in pe grace,  

First whane his lool he leet vpoii hir falle,  
But I loue oone whiche excellepe alle.  

Esther,  
Cherisshed Hester for hir gret meeknesse,  
ffor wommanhode, and for hir humble chere,  
Made hir a qweene, and a gret Pryncesse ;  
To pe Juwes lawe she was defenseresse,  
In sodein mescheef pat did vpoii hem falle,  
But I loue oon whiche excellepe alle.  

Saba,  
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.  

and many others.  
What shal I seyne of qweene Penolope?  
Or in Grece of pe qweene Alceste?  
Of Polixeene oper of Medee?  
Or of qweene Heleyne holden pe fayrest?  
Lat hem fareweH! and let her names rest!  

My ladyses name peyre renoun doope appalle,  
Whome I haue chose for she excelleje alle.  

29-56 om. R. (but see under l. 64).  
29 [feyre] seyne A.  
30 [fayre] pe faire qweene A.  
32 eke hade hade a godey sic A.  
36 [pat noble A. 40 defferd-reesse A. 41 In pe] ins. A. 42  
44 sec A. 46 presentes H. 47 [gret] hye H A. 48 where]  
[pat A. his so ins. A. 49 [pat] which A. 51 O pe] of feire  
qwene A. 52 Polaxesene A. 56 chosen A.  

A Valentine.
A Valentine.

(9)

Thesbe his mayde borne in Babyloun
hat lound so weel his yonge Pyramus,
And Cleopatre of wilful moeyoun
List for to dyse with hir Antonius.

Sette al on syde oone is so vertuous
Whiche hat I do my souerein lady calle,

Whame I love best for she excellepe alle.

(10)

Gresylde whylome hade gret pacyence,
As hit was preued fer vp in Itayle,
Pallas Mynerua haden eloquence,
And Pantasilia faught in plate and mayle,
And Senobya lyouns wolde assayle,

To make hem taame as Oxe is in a stalle,
But I love oone, pat excellepe alle,

(11)

And if I shal hir name specyfye,
hat folk may wit whiche shee sholde be,
his goodely freshe called is Marye,

A braunche of kynges, pat sprange out of Iesse,
hat made pe lord thorughe hir humylyte

To let his goldewe in-to hir brest dovne falle,
To bere pe fruyt which should saue vs alle.


What shuld I reherse of Grysyl dys pacience
Or speke in Grece of the quene Alcest, 
Or of Pallas minerva that hat the eloquence, 
Or of quene Eleyne holden the fayrest ;
Late hem farewell, let ther names reste, 
Suche happe fortune dyd me shewe
Whome I haue chosen excellyth in terms fewe.

66 hladde H. 67 Patasilia A. 69 is] om. A. As orses bene to make hem tame in stalle A. 70 Ytte love I oone beste A. The rest of R is appended at the end of the piece. 72 folke shoulde wit what sheo ever be A. 73 Called is our ladye pe blesse Marie A. 74 out of] off A. 76 goldewe A. downe] om. A.
As dew on Gideon's fleece, came the Holy Ghost to her.

I mene pus, whane pe Holy Goost alight
In to hir brest, to saue vs euerych one
Right as pe dewe, with siluer dropes bright,
ffeH vpon pe flee of Gedeoun,
And as pe yerde also of Aaroun
Bourjourned, and bare fruyt to sugre oure galle,
Whome I loue best, for sheo excellepe alle.

She is the woman clothed in a sun,

Sheo is pe mayde, which on pawtere,
Oure victorye of pe serpente wonne,
Bis is sheo, pat whylome in papocolippe
Saint Iohan papostel sawe cloped in [a] sonne;
Mankyndes Ioye at hir was first begonne,
Refuyt to synners pat for help do calle
To hir of goodnesse, whiche excellepe alle.

Sheo was cheef roote of oure saluacyoun,
Bis first for man pe helthe gan pourchace,
Whane GabryeH with salutacyoun,
Gane frome pe lord hir salue in pe place,
Sheo brought first Theofilus to grace,
Out of pe mescheef pat he was Inne falle,
Whame I loue best, for sheo excellepe alle.
Men at peyre lust may boope cheese and leet, 
Lyche as love boope peyre hertes distreyne,
**Katerine** was goode and sainte **Margarete,**
**Agnes Agas** and **Marye Magdaleene,**
**Fydes Lucya** and also sainte **Eleyne.**
But of my soort pe soort is so beffelle,
I loue oon best, for sheo excellepe alle.

After peyre hertes to every man is free,
Who euer sey may, in loue for to cheese;
In choys of love per is gret libertee
Every sesoun, wherper 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.

Frome yeere to yeer for neeglygence or rape,
Voyde of al chaunge and of nufanglenesse,
Saint **Valentyne** hit shal me not escape
Upon py day, in token of stedfastnesse,
But pat I shal conferme in sikurnesse
My choys of nuwe, so as it is befalle,
To love hir best, whiche pat excellepe alle.

Noble pryncesse, braunch of flour delys,
Whas goodeness thorouge pe wordde doop shyne,
So weel avysed, so prudent, and so wys,
A Valentine.

Saint Clottis blood, and of pat noble lyne!
Lowly beseeche I, conferme and termuye
To yf me love, lyche as it is befalle,
To love hir best pat excellepe alle.

(20)

|| With humble herte beseching pat virgyne,
| Which is moost feyre, moost bountevous and goode,
To sixst Henry, his moder Katelyne,
To sheede hir grace, and to peyre noble bloode;
And Cryst Iesu, pat starf vpon pe Roode,
Haue on vs mercy, whane we for help calle,
For love of hir, pat excellepe alle!

130 Lowys H. 131 determyne B. 132 love Cl A B Cf. R 90 be/e. lyche om. A. 133 whiche A. 135 is] om. A.
140 pat] bus ins. B. fynes B. R ends with the following spurious revision:—

For yf I shuld the trouthe expresse
The vertues comprehended in this ladyes echone
May welbe veryfed both more and lesse
In my lady that I lone in yere Agone
And now good happe as gest came me oon
Suche fanour eke fortune dyd me shew
That my choyes excellyth alle in wordys fewe.

Sourceyn mastresse of welfare pris
Whos Goodnesse thorow the worde doth shyne
So wel avysed so prudent and wys
And whos trouthe no wyt may determyne
Of youre speacyall grace your eres inclyne
And yf me leue lyke as it is falle
To lone you best that excellyth alle,
Humbly besechyng to that pur virgyne
That ye ar named after to granute me grace
You so to lone and serve saunce lyne
Wythoute interrupcioun in any place
And therto that may haue leysure and space
To do you that we plesaunce calle
That I may reloyd a that excellyth alle.

Go þon messanger and for fere þon quake
For to aper in so hye presence
Tyl she of grace the to mercy take
That path of custome by ryghtful providence
My annexyd to hyr magnificence
Of womanly pyte þerto haue reuthye
Where ygnorancye causeth suche offese
Wyth-outely malyce menying nat but treuthye.

Explicit.
65. THE LEGEND OF DAN JOOS.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 21, leaves 165, back, to 167.]

(1)

O Welle of swetnesse replete in every veyne! [leaf 165, back] O well of sweetness,
That all mankynde preserved hast from death,
And all our joy fro langour dydest restreyne
At thy Nativity, O flower of Nazareth!
When the Holygost with his sweete breth
Gan to ensyre the, as for his chosyn place,
For lone of man by influence of his grace,

(2)
And were inuyolate, O bryght hemynly sterre!
Mong celestynes, reynyng without memory,
That by thynye emprise in thyss mortall were,
Of ore captynyte, gatest the full victory,
Whom I beseche for thynye excellent glory,
Som drope of thy grace adowne to me consty,
In reverence of the thyss dyte to fulfy.

give me some drop of thy grace,

(3)
That ovnely my rewdenes thy myracle nat deface
Whyche whylom sendest in a deuoute abbey,
Of an hooly monke thorough thyght & grace,
That of all pyte berest bothe lok and key,
For, benygne lady, the sothe of thee to sey,
FuH weH thow quyyst that done thee lone and serve
An hundyrd thys bettyr then they deserue.

that I tell thy miracle well.

(4)
Ensample of whyche here ys in portreture,
Withoutyn fable, ryght as hit was in dede,
O refuge and welthe to every creature!
Thy clerke to further helpe now at thyss nede.
For to my purpose I wyH anone procede,
The trwthe to recorde, I wyH no lengor tary,
Ryght as hit was, a poynyt I 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 aquyetest H.
Vincent tells this story in his *Speculum Historiale*.

A monk once heard a bishop say five psalms in honour of Mary.

Vincencius in hys speculatyf historiaH
Of thys sayde monke maketh fuH mensioua,
Vnder the fourne to yow, as I rerhse shaf,
That by a gardeyne as he romyd vp and doune
He heerd a bysshoph of fame & gret renoun.

Seyng v. psalmes in honour of that flowre,
That bare Iesu Cryst oure alther retemptoure.

In whiche Psalmes, standyng eche in here degre,
Whoso lyst take hede in syngler lettres fyue,
This blessyd name Maria there may he se
That furst of aH oure thraldam can deprayue,
To the hanen of dethe when we gan arryue,
And fro the wavses of this mortaH see,
Made vs to escape from aH aduersite.

Dystynctly in Latyn here may ye rede echone,
Folowyng these baladys as for youre plesaunce,
To whom the bysshoph 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 aH grenaunce hys sorowes myght appese.

And there withall he wrote hem in hys mynde,
So stedfastly with deuoute and hy corre,
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 deleyt.

Therto his dylygence with aH hys hert & myght,
And forthe contynuyd in his deourest wyse,
Tyh at last hit befeh apon a nyght
The hoode Counent at mydngyht gan aryse;
As ys here vsage, to do to God seruyse,
So when they were assemblyd there in generall,
The supplyrore beholdeyng aboute ouer ahh,

(10)
As ys hors ofyce that noone of theym were absent,
But of Dan Joos he cowde nowyse aspy,
He roose hym up and pryvily he went
In-to hors chambre, and there he fond hym ly
Deede as a stooone, and lowde he gan to cry

"Helpe," quoth he, "for the love of oure lady bryght,
Dan Joos oure brother ys sodenly dede to-nyght."

(11)
The couent auone gau renne halfe in a drede,
TyH they had behylde when passyd was here afray
Owte of hors mowthe, a Roose boothe sprang and sprede,
Fresshe in his coloure as any floure in May,
And other tweyne out of his eyen gray
Of hors eares as many fuH fresshly flowryng,
That neuer yet in gardyne half so fayre 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 curiously as hit ys specyfyed,
In bookes oolde, and anone they haue hem hyed
Vnto the temple, with lawde & hye solemnyte,
Beryng the corse that aH men myght hit se.

(13)
Whyche they kepte in ryalte & hy perfeccione
Seuyn dayes in the tempel there beyng present,
Tyll thre bysshops of fame & gret renoume
Were comyn thedyr, ryght with denouent entent,
And many another clerk with hem by oon assent,
To se thys myracle of thys lady bryght
Seyng in thys wyse, with all her hert and myght,

At last, one night,
Dan Joos could not be found at the prayers,
The couent found him dead,
with five roses growing from his mouth,
eyes and ears,
with the gold letters "Maria" on them.
Three bishops saw this miracle, and said:

“Praise to Jesus and His mother.”

Lawde, honour, pryce and hygh reverence
Eternally be to thee. O. heuynly Iuge,
And to thy modyr that of her gret benyuolence,
Preserveth from heuynes in this derke deluge,
That doone her magnyfy and ys her hoole refuge
More then they serve sche quytyeth a thowsand folde,
Hyr passyng goodnes of vs may nat be tolde:’

Thus when these byssshops & clerkis many oon
Had thankyd God, as ferforth as they can,
And thys lady that hathe thys grace ydoon,
Of full of ioy and blysse was every 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 iorney gan they holde,
Eche in hys syde, in-to hys propre place,
Ryght as they fonde ouerH so haue they tolde,
Of thys holy Monke, O lady full of grace!
Now weH ys hym, that can hys hert embrace,
To loun the best and chauce for no new,
That art so feythfuH thow canst nat be vntrew.

O ye fresshe loners, that lynyn euere in doublenesse,
And hurt your-self full oft with your owne knyfe,
Your wofuH ioy ys medlyd ay with byttynesse,
Now glad, now sory, now lyte, now pensyfe,
Thus with your-self ye faH euere at stryfe,
Betwene two wawes ay possyd to and fro,
That in contrarysnes ye stryuyn euyr mo.

Youre blynde fantasies now in hertes weyue,
Of chyldysshe vanyte and let hem ouerslyde,
And loueth this lady, that can nowyse deceyue,

92-119 om. H.
She ys so stedfast of hert in evry syde,
That for your nedys so modyrly can prouyde
And for your poysy 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 pleasuance,
Hyd vndyr tresoun with many wordys whyte,
But bet then ye deserue 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 cannat be amendyd,
That ay to mercy and pyt doth enclyne.

Now benygne lady that dedyst oure sorowes fyne
In honour of the that done thy psalmes rede
As was Dan Joos, so quyte hem for theyre mede.

As she gave Dan Joos.

Amen.

66. GLORIOSA DICTA SUNT DE TE.

[BA LADE OF OURE LADYE BY LIDEGATE] [leaf1]

[From Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, leaves 1 to 4, back.]

Loo my freendes here beginne ye transclyoune out of Latyne in-to Englisshe of Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, &c. translated by Lidegate daun John ye Munk of Bury at pins[t]aunce of ye Busschop of Excestre in wyse of Balade. beholde ye rede ye I prey yowe.


MSS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, leaves 1 to 4, back = T : B. M. Adds. 297:29, 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.
On holy hills I saw the Holy City, where upon its walls were written "Glorious things of thee are spoken."

On holly hilles wheeche peope of gret Renoun Reysed on heght frome pe valeys lowe I saughe pe grounde and pe foundacion Of a Citye aboue pe Reynebowe. 4

pe name is called, lyche as I can knowe, pe dwelling place of pe deyitee, Vpon pe wallis, wryten al by Rowe, Gloryous thingis boon songe and sayde of pee. 8

Of alle cytees, who pat serche neghe or ferre, In what regyounes pat men ryde or goo, pat art py-self pe bright loode-sterre,

Mankyndes lyff, to guye in wele and woo ; Nazareth, but not Iherico, pe prophetes gaf to pye natyvyte,

To make vs sure ageynst our mortal foo Howe gloryous things boon songe and sayde of pee. 16

above Troy, Auctours whylome gaf a prys to Troye Launde and honnour and comendacyoun In Remembrance of peyre olde Ioye pat whylome was wel vset in pat tovne, [leaf 1, back] 28

1 In H. n B. been A. beth B. of gret] moost famous of h. 2 vales A. 3 sought A. sawe B. 4 above] surmountyng h. Reynbowe B h. 5 is] om. h. lyche] om. h. can] om. H. kowde h. 6 pe] om. h. 7 bi B. be h. 8 seid and songe h (and so after, as indicated). 10 mount B. 11 soothe h. 13 a] om. h. 14 vpon to] vnto H. 15 refrayt H. 17 pat] om. h. 18 what] om. h. [pat] where h. 20 guye in] governe with h. 22 pe] om. h. 23 aye h. 25 whylome] suntyme h. 27 hire h. 28 suntyme h. wel] om. h.
And ecke of Roome for domynacyoun, 32
Cytees þat tyme of mooste souereyntee;
But al þeyre booste may nowe be layde adowne,
So gloruous thinges beo sayde and song of þee.

(5)
þou art þe cyte mooste kouþe in eueri cooste,
Of God þe Fader chosen by myracle
For þy clennesse vnto þe Hooly Gooste
To been alloone chevest habytacle,
Whos meeknesse made þer was noon obstacle
To cause him light frome his souereyne see
And descende in-to þy tabernacle,
Howe gloruous thinges been seyde and songe of þee!

(6)
Auctoures also maken menecyoun,
As þey in bookes wel reheerce konne,
þowe were by meryte and by denocion
þe table of golde offred to þe sonne,
Which fisshers foole and with þeyre nettes wonne
And hit presented vn-to þe deythe
Of Phebus, which, with noon skies donne
Eclippseþe neuer, for he sprang oute of þee.

(7)
Lepte 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 vn-to God of oon affeceyoun;
Howe gloruous thinges been seyde and songe of þee.

(8)
þou art þe temple and þe chosen toure
Moost stedfastly founded on clennesse,
Gloriosa Dicta Sunt De Te.

Where Crist Ihesu, oure blessed saucour, 60
Chees for tabyde for pyne hoolynesse ;
What called him downe but py gret meeknesse. [leaf 2]
Tencyne his godheed to pyne humlytee
I am to Rude, O lady! for texpresse
Howe glorious thinges been songe and sayde of pee. 64

(9)

per was a Cyte precelling alle townes
Whos gret beaute no masoun might amende,
Called pe Cyte of strong Chaumpyouns,
Whos chaaste walles Sappence list ascende, 68
Whos worthynesse no clerk cane comprehende;
Reclynatorye of pe Trinytee,
Reffuge of synners, whanne pat pey offende,
Howe glorious thinges been songe and sayde of pee! 72

(10)

py blessed cytee was hyeghly glorifyed,
Ecclesiastes cane pe soope telle,
And of pe lord moost Inly sanctefyed,
In which him-self list abyde and dwelle, 76
Owte of pe which, besydes a sacred welle,
To saue mankynde of lyf pe sprang a tree,
Whos heelesome fruyt alle fruytes dope excelle
So glorious thinges been seyde and songe of pee.

(11)

In pat cytee pe lord chose for to rest,
Reorde I taake of prudent Ysaye,
Sought it out and foonde it was pe best
And pe prophete cleped Sophonye, 84
In his forsight list wel specefye,
"pis is," quod he, "pe glorious fayre cytee
Whome al pe warld of right shal magnefye,"
So glorious thinges been songe and sayde of pee.

60 to abide H. 63 for] om. h H. 65 al H. all A. 71
Reflute h. 73 py] This h. 74 soth H. sothe h. 75 of] om. h. Inly] heyhly h. 77 pe] om. h. 81 chee h. 83
beste h. 84 calyd h. Sophonye] A h. Sophone T. 85 wel] to h. 88 seid and songe h H.
Ezechiel expressed with his moupe
hat he saughe a Cyte moost hevenly,
Whiche was drawyng niche into pe southe, [leaf 2, back]
With-Inne pe which, he tellepe ful goostly,
hat pe lover is serched comunly,
he lord of lordes hat hape heghe seureyntee,
And in his wryting he menepe truly
he gloryous things sayde and songe of pee.

Ezechiel, too, saw a city.

(13)
bowe were pe sterre of pe morowe gray,
Passing alle ope as in comparysoun,
pe fulle moone brighter jane pe day,
Whylome called in py concepeyoun;
And clearest sonne in pyn assumpcyoun,
Alle derk skyes makynge for to flee,
And brightest arke by conversacion,
So gloryous things beon sayde and songe of pee.

(14)
A thousand sheeldes, pe byble berepe witnesse,
Kyng Dauid hade honging in his tour,
Of golde and perle, fret with gret Rychesse,
Made and devysed with dilygent labour.
And soopefastly, O goodely fresshe flour,
Fayrest of fayre which sprang out of Jesse,
A thousand vertues hast loken in py boure,
So gloryous things beon sayde and songe of pee.

(15)
O braunche of Juda! kyn to Israel!
Of hoolynesse verray Incomparable,
Lyk to Sarra daughter of RagueH,
Whiche in hir tyme off herte was so stable

91 The which ins. h. moche H. om. h. to H. 93 moost
comunly ins. h H A. 94 hoghe] om. h. 95 And]om. h. 96 be
syeid ins. h. 99 fielle] h. ful T H A B. 100 Somtyme h. 102
doke A sic. 106 hode] om. h. 108 dilygent] excellent h.
116 herte] h. hert T H A.
bat neuer man was to hir acceptable,
Til paungel made Thoby hir to se;
But hy clennesse chaaste and Immutable
To God was offred, as Prophetis sing of pee. 120

(16)
Most perfect of women,
And amones wyammen, to rekken hem alle,
þou were most parfyt and hooly of hy lyff,
Suche haboundaunce of grace is to pee falle
To beon alloone mayde, moder and wyff,
Right soletarye and contemplatyff,
Lyche hooly Judith, to saven hir citee,
Madest Olypherne for to leese his lyff,
pe feonde outraying, þus prophetes wryte of pee. 128

(17)
For þou hast oppressed dovne his heed
With al his dreadful venyme serpentyne,
Putte mankynde oute of mortal dred,
Whane God his gold dewe made doune enclyne,
þe dewe of grace, in þy brest to shyne,
Oute of oure thraldome to get vs lyberte;
Nowe let þy mercy oure synnes vndermyne,
Sith gloryous things bee seyde and songe of pee. 136

(18)
Of goostely helthe chevest restoratyff,
Of sinful men þe consolacion,
In fygure called þe helsome tre of lyff
And sacred temple of Kyng Salamon;
þe Busshe vnbrende of pure asfeccion,
þe halowed Ark contening thinges three,
þe Ourne and manna, þe yerde eekte of Aron,
Howe gloryous thinges beeõ songe and seyde of þee. 144

(19)
þy goostely brightnessse may souffre noon eclipse,
But shyne ay bright, and neuer wexen olde,
Gloriosa Dicta Sunt De Te.

(20)

How gloryous thinges beon song and sayde of pce. 152

(21)

And alderneyst, I haue it weel in mynde,

O calceydoyne closed in clennessse!

Shewe to vs synners of grace by clere ligit,

Sith gloryous things beo sayde and songe of pce. 168

(22)

O calceydoyne closed in clennessse!

To ouercome, as clerkis cane expresse,

Sith gloryous things beo sayde and songe of pce. 176

148 Somtyme h. 150 above] h. love T H A B. 156 Reryd h. 157 per] they h. 158 irasper]H. Iaspe T h A. 161 alther next H. aldir next h. 164 frendes A. 167 dispende A. 169 calcedonye h. closed] h. closed T H A. 172 contraryeth begonne h. gyven H. 173 for] h. of T H A. have here to a] h. here fore have a T H A.

LYDGATE, M. P.
Emeralil.

O Emeraude grene stoone Incomperable! Emerald
Whos glade stremes beon moste comfortable
To mysty eghen derked with blyndnesse,
Refresshing folk feynted with werynesse,
In peyre vyage whanne pey wery be;
Nowe towards heven oure pilgrymage dresse
Where gloryous things beon songe and sayde of pee. 184

Beryl.

O cleerest cristual pat first such grace haste womne Beryl and cristal for light.
pat pe hooly goost in to py brest alight,
Right as pe beryle resseynuepe of pe sonne
Fyre of his nature, in euery mannes sight,
pe parfyte beemys so persaunt were and bright
Of God provyded by his eternytee,
his wrecched worlde to gladen and to light
Howe gloryous things beon songe and sayde of pee. 192

Peritot.

O perytot! pe which as clerkes seype, Peritot magnified of god.
pe lord list mooste for to magnefye,
In whome thre dayes rested aloure feyth
Whan Cryst Iesu list for mankynde dye,
And in his grave meekly for to lye,
Which tyme oure feyth craumpissled in yehe degree,
Sawe pou vpright stode and list not plye
Howe gloryous things beon songe and sayde of pee! 200

Jacynthe.

Lyche a Iaegnet vayding al drerynesse, Jacyncte stabul.
Stabul abyding his resurreccion,
Knowing allone thorugh pyne holynesse
pat of Iuda pe mighty strong lyoun 204
Should ryse ageyne for our saluacion,
After ascende to his hevenly se,
Al pis pou knewe, by cleer inspeccion,
Howe gloryous thinges beon sone and sayde of þee! 208

(27)
O Amatyst! with þy pourple huwe,
By influence of þyne heghe goodnesse
Causest in hertis þat beon sadde and truwe, [leaf 4, back]
To founde him-self on parfyt stabilnesse 212
O stoope of vertu causing sobirnesse
With outen chaunge or mutablytee;
Ruwé of pytee vpon oure wrecchednesse
Sith gloryous thinges beon sone and sayde of þee. 216

(28)
Of patryarkes þonnour and þe glorye,
And of prophetes þe chief foundacion,
To þappostilles laufe to þeye victorye,
And to þe martirs þe laureal renoun, 220
Of confessours þe consolacioun,
And to virgynes myrour of Chastite
To þy servants scheele and proteccion,
Howe gloryous thinges beon sone and sayde of þee. 224

(29)
O blessed lady! qweene of þe heghe heven,
Whome clerkes calle þemperye 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 cheef cytee,
Whane we passe hens, by mercy make vs dwell
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.

[MS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 78–81.]

(1)

Who shall yeve vn-to myn hed a welle
Of bitter terys my sorwys to compleyne,
Or a gret condewit of trouby watrys fielle
Down to dystylle fro myn Eyen tweyne,
To shewe the constreynt of my dedly peyne
When I, alas! be-holde and dyd see
My dere sone bleede in every veyne,
Atwix two thevys naylyd to a tre?

(2)

Who shal of wepyng geve me suffysaunce,
Or to my sobbyng who shal me terys fflynde,
To se my Ioie myn hertis hih plesaunce
My soote sone, that was to me so kynde,
Railled with red blood as sap doth thoruh the rynde,
Thorugh his enmyes vengable Cruelte;
Dirkened with deth his eien now maad blynde,
Atwix two thevys naylléd to a tre.

(3)

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.
Whan shal this day-sterre shewe me his bemys briht,
To clere the trouble of myn adversyte?
Parde, the Iewys do me to gret vnrigh
To mayle my sone allas on to a tre.

(4)
O alle ye douhtren of Ierusaleem,
Hau som compassion 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 thornu myn herte crepe,
I felle it full weell of modyrly pyte.
Craunpisshed with deth swownyng I do slepe,
To se my sone thus naylled to a tre.

(5)
O gentyl pryncessis and ladyes of Estaat,
And ye virgynes, in your entent most clene,
To yeve me comfort that stone al desolaat
Renneth a pas to se the woundys grene
Of your trewe sponce, 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 naylled to a tre?

(6)
And alle ye women, tappese myn hewynesse,
Remembreth the processe of his dredful victorie;
Se, to-for Pilat, by many fals wytnesse
How he was dampered in the Concystorye.
Radde ye euere 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 naylled to a tre?

(7)
And yif ye lyke of routhe for to leere,
And at my terys yeve ye nat dysleyne,
But of compassiou meekly lyst to heere,
How a sharp swerd myn hert hath corve on tweyne, 52
A swerd of sorwe thorugh 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? 56

(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 sevne,
Dauntyng the power of his Infernal levene,
Out of his thraldam to make yow go ffyre,
With many mo wowndys than any man can nevne
When he at Calvary was naylled to a tre? 64

(9)
Is it a mervayll or any maner wonder
Though I ful offte swowne for grevaunce?
Was euere moder outher here or yonder,
That for hyr Chyld ffeble more penaunce?
Myn Inward sorwys can ffynde noon allegaunce,
Ech hour renewyng, it wyl noon other be,
Whan-euere it cometh to my remembraunce
How that my sone was naylled to a tre. 72

(10)
The lemys ffeble vp-on my feet to stonde,
Whanne I, alias, consydrde 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 ffoot nor kne,
My peynes passe alle tormentys newe and olde
To se my sone thus naylled to a tre. 80

(11)
Geyn the guyse of kynges riche crownes,
My dere sone weryd a Crowne of thorn,
Quis Dabit Meo Capiti?

Of gold and perle, ageyn ther stately gownes,
Ageyn ther ridyng gret meyne them be-forn, 84
My sone on floote hath his croes I-born;
Ageyn ther setys of stones and perre,
And for mankynde that was thornh synne lorn,
He, pore and naked, was najlled to a tre. 88

(12)
Ageyn the beddys, stately, hih, and soffe,
Of worldly pryneys with pelwys for their hed,
Vp-on the roode my sone was lyftt a-loffte, 89
With bloody purpil hys mantel maad al reed, 92
Marked with a spere and for mankynde ded,
And grucched nothyng thornh his humlylyte,
To me noon ese, whanne that I took heed,
And sauh my sone thus najlled to a tre. 96

(13)
For Adamhis synne thus was my sone slayn,
Thornh the olde serpent by thassent of Eve,
When thornh my meknesse mankynde was maad slayn,
Hir name turned ther thraldam to Releve, 100
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 najlled to a tre. 104

(14)
For manhis love he faught a gret batayll,
With his severe hedys he outrayd the dragoun,
Lyk myhty Sampson with-oute plate or mayll,
In his strong fyght he strangeled the lyoun, 108
Thus was my sone mankyndys Champyoun,
Thorough his most myghty magnanymyte.
As kyng and bysshop made his oblacyoun
Vpon the hih auhter of the Roode tre, 112

84 heire gret ens. J. 85 born J. 86 Ageyn youre soffte pasis sore dreuyyn was hee S. 89 the] ther H J. 91 on loit J h. 92 maad] om. h. 94 parth (sic) J. 97-104 om. h. 97 Adamys H. Adam ys S. 101 And] om. J. 104 sarve my son J. 105 mannes J. mannys H h. Line 109 om. h. 109 mankynde J.
The sacrificial lamb.

My sonys suffraunce to Sathan was gret wrak,
Whos gret meknesse dyd I nouh suffysse,
Cleerly ffygured whanne that Ysanck
Was by his ffader offred in sacryfyse,
Nat dysobeying in no maner wyse.
But lyk a lamb of lownesse lyst nat flle,
But most myn herte that tyme did agryse
When I first sauh hym naylled to a tre.

Eleazar the champion,

He myhte be callid Eleasar the secounde,
The champioun, moost myghty and notable,
That gaf tholyfaunt his laste mortal wounde,
(Machabeorum 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,

Hercules, the strong.

Thus deth with deth was outraied and brouht lowe,
Mankyndys quarel maad victorous,
For thanne leviathan was bounde and over-throwe,
Whan with his tryumphes most synguler glorious,
My sone had fought with his blood precyous,
Conqueryd the dragoun for al his fiel pouste,
And dryue hym hom to his Infernall hous,
Whan first my sone was naylled to a tre.

He conquered death.

Thus deth with deth was outraied and brouht lowe,
Mankyndys quarel maad victorous,
For thanne leviathan was bounde and over-throwe,
Whan with his tryumphes most synguler glorious,
My sone had fought with his blood precyous,
Conqueryd the dragoun for al his fiel pouste,
And dryue hym hom to his Infernall hous,
Whan first my sone was naylled to a tre.

Lat every man in this mater take heede,
And every 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 ffyve,
As bawme and tryacle of most souereynte
Cleerly dystylllyng to fynde socour blyve,
Down fro my sone [Inayllyd] to a tre.
The Testament.

(19)
Trust in his mercy and I wyl go be tween,
And humbly knele be for his grace,
For almankynde be medyatrix and mene,
Of synful folk to releve the trespase,
That he with vengunce 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.

I. Here begynneth the prologue of damp John Lidgates testament Monk of Bury.

O howe holsom and glad is the memorie
Of Cryst Jesu surmountyng all sweetnesse,
Name of conquest, of triumphe, & victorie.
Thassaut of Sathau 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 63, back = Hy; Harley 2382, leaves 57, back, to 96, back, 108, 125, back, to 129, back = Ha; Harley 2251 (Pt. V. only), leaves 41, 42 = Sh; Additional 29729 (Pt. 1 only), leaves 179, back, to 183 = St; Additional 34193 (Pts. 1, 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 283, leaves 170, back, to 174, back = Ar; Bodl. Rawl. C. 86 (Pt. V), leaves 62, back, to 66, back = Re; Laud 683, leaves 88 to 103 = Ld; Pynson edition, leaves 1 to 12 = Pn. Titles: lacking in J T C Ar. Iou prologus L. Testamentum Ph. Testamentum Johannis Lidgate nobilis poete Hy. The Testament of Dan John Lydgard Ha (with running title Testamentum Lydgard). Here begynnethe the testament of John Lydgate monke of berry which he made hymselfe by his lyfe dayes R Pn. This folowyng is the prologue of John Lydgattes testament which I found in master Stantons boke St (Stow). Ld as in II but adds On whos sowle I besche Iou hane mercy, Jesus. 1 (0) om. T. glad & holsom Ha.
To which name Seynt Poule bereth wytnesse
Of heuene and erthe, and infernal pouste
Alle creatures of ryght and dewe humblesse,
And of hole herte, bowe shall ther kne. 8

No song so sweet vnto the audience
As is Iesus, nor so full of plesaunce,
Ageyn all enemyes sheld, paveys, and defence,
To heuy hertes chief comfort in substaunce;
Of gostly gladnesse most souereyne suffisaunce,
Chief directorie to heveneward the cite,
Gladdest resorte of spirituall rememblaunce,
To whome alle creatures bowe shall ther kne. 16

To all folkes pat stonde in repentance,
"With herte contrite made ther confessioun,
Of wille and thought accomplisshed ther penaunce,
And to ther power done satisfaccioun
That cleyme by mene of Crystes passioun,
Marked with tav. T. for more suerte,
To them Iesus shall graunte full pardon*
To aske hym mercy, when thei knele on ther kne. 24

In this name Iesus, most souereyne of vertu,
Stant alle our hope, And alle oure assurance,
For where pat euer named is Iesus,
Geyn gostly trouble men fynde allegaunce;
Who trusteth Iesus may fele no grevaunce,
Whiche from all thral dome brought vs to liberte;
Out of servage he made acquytance
To alle that knelen to Iesus on ther kne. 32

In Amorous hertes brennyng of kyndenesse

This name Iesu most profoundly doth myne;
Marter Ignacius can beren therof witnesse,
   Amyl 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 enelyne
To blyssed Iesu, 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 enelyne,
   Whos blood down ranne, ryght as ony lyne,
To wasshe the ordures of our Inquate,
   Medeled with water, clere as crystallyne,
   Whiche from his herte down rayled by his kne.

Be blode Iesu made our redemption,
    [leaf 53, back]
   With water of baptem, from felthe wesshe vs clene,
And fro his herte too licours ther ran down
   On Caluerye, the trouthe was wel sene,
   Whan that Longious, with a spere kene,
   Perceid his herte vpon the rode tre;
   O man vnkende, thynke what this dothe mene
And vnto Iesu bowe adovne thy kne!

Ther is no speche nor language can remembre,
   Nothing can tell the worth of Jesus.
   Lettre, sillable, nor word that may expresse,
   Though into tungs were turned euery membre
   Of man, to telle the excellent noblesse,
Of blessed Iesu, which of his gret mekenesse, 
List suffre deth to make his servant fre ;
Now mercyful Iesu, for thyh ygh goodnesse, 
Haue mercy on alle that bowe to the her kne! 64

(9)
The prynce was slayne, pe servuaunt went at large, 
And to delyuer his soget from priso-u?<
The lord toke on hygh for to here thlie charge 
To quyte mankynde be oblacioun;
Sealed with .v. wounds he payed our raunsoun, 
Man to restore to Parados hys cite, 
Is not man bounde, I aske this questioun, 
To blessed Iesu for to bowe his kne? 72

(10)
Syx hundred tyme with syxty told be noumbre [leaf 54]
    In Poules pysteles Iesu men may rede,
Multitude of fendes to encoumbre,
    To paye oura raunsu? 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, 80

(11)
Alle these thynges considered that I tolde, 
Man, where-enere thou holdist thy passage, 
Toward Iesu alwey that thow beholde, 
    With ey?e 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 denoutly bowe our kne. 88

(12)
Withinne my closet & my lytel couche, 
O blyssed Iesu, And be my beldes syde, 

62 lyst to ins. T. 63 thy gret T. gundnesse T. 64 her] thy T. 68 obligacion Hy T Ph J. 70 Paradys Ld Hy L etc. 71 axe Hy St. name not Ph. the Ph. 72 for] om. T. 77 party J. alle] om. Ph. out] om. Ph. 80 to hym] a downe T. 81 these] this Ld T. thes Hy. 85-86 supplied in different hand in Ph. 89 and in ins. Hy Ld Ph J.
That none enemy nor no fende shall me touche,
The name of *Iesu* with me shall euer abyde;
My lodesterre, and my souereyne guyde,
In this world here both on lond and se,
O *Iesu*! *Iesu*! 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 *Iesu* at his sepulture,
Whom for to fynde if pat I may recure,
To haue possessioun of hym at liberte,
There were in erthe no ryche nor rychere creature,
To whom eche wyght bowe shall hys kne.

(14)
In mercyfull *Iesu* to putte a veray preef.
Of his mercy, that no man disespeyre,
Vpon the cros gaf graunt onto the theef
To paradys with hym to repayre;
Toke out of helle soules many a peyre,
Mangre Cerberus and all his cruelte,
O gracious *Iesu*! benygne and debonayre,
Haue mercy on alle that bowe to the her kne.

(15)
The name of *Iesu*, sweeterst of names alle,
Geyn gostly venymes holsomest tryacle,
For who so euer to this name calle,
Of cankered surfetes fynt reles be myracle,
To [eyen]1 blynde light, lanterne, and spectacle,
And bryghtest merour of alle felicite,
Support and sheld, defence & chief obstacle,
To alle that knele to *Iesu* on ther kne.

The Testament.

(16)
This roiall name, most souereyne of renown,
This name Iesus, victorious in batayle,
Of hevenly tryumphes the laureat gueldoun,
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 Iesus on hir kne.

(17)
All shall

Patriarkes and prophetes, one by one,
Thre lernarchies, & alle thordres nyne,
Twelve Aposteles, and marteres everychone,
Holy confessoures, and euery pure virgyne,
To blyssed Iesus most mekely shal enclyne;
Foules, bestes, and ffysshes of the se,
Kynd hath taught hem, by naturall disciplyne,
Mekely to Iesus to bowe adown ther kne.

(18)
All love must be grounded on Him.

There is no love parfytly grounded,
But it on Iesus toke his origenall,
For upon Iesus al perfintesse is founded,
Our tour, our castell, geyn powers infernall;
Our portecoleys, 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.

(19)
Condigne laude nor comendacion
Yone to this name ther can no tunge telle,
Of gostly fuee ryechest refecioun,
Hedespring of grace, of lyf conduyt & welle,
Iesu named, ther dere no dragoun dwelle,
Blyseekest bawme of our felicite,
Alle cankered sores And poysouns to repelle,
From them to Iesu that knele vpon ther kne. 152

(20)
This name Iesus, bi interpretacion,
Is for to seyn, our blessed savour,
Our strong Sampson, hat strangled the lyoun,
Our lord, our makere, & oure creatoure,
And be his passion fro deth our redemptour,
Our Orphevs that from captiuyte
Fette Erudice to his celestiall tour,
To whom alle creatures bowe shall ther kne. 156

(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 woundes five
Wherby we cleyme, of mercyful piete,
Thorow helpe of Iesu at gracious port taryve,
There to haue mercy, knelyng on our kne. 160

(22)
I in Iesu sette for iocunditas,  
Jocunditas,
Gynnyng & grounde of all gostly gladnesse,
E. next in ordre is eternitas,  
Eternitas,
Tokene and signe of eternall bryghtnesse,  
Sanitas,
S sette for sanitas, socour ageyn sekenesse,
V. for vbertas, of spirituall plente,
S for suayitas, from whom comyth all suetnesse,
To them that knele to Iesu on there kne. 164

(23)
I in Iesu, is ioye that neuere shall ende,
Joy, Everlasting suffisance,
150 most blessid Ha. 152 bowe doun Ha. 154 for synne Ha.
155 strangnelid J. stanzas 20-21 transposed in T. 156 oure
om. J. 159 Erudice] condite St. 162 my] oure J. 168
wherfor Ha. oure T. apon Ha. 169 condygne lande for,
etc. T. 173 sanctus Ha. all sykenesse T. 176 ther Ld Hy.
The Testament.

Salvation, 336
Sour sauciation when we shall hens wende;
V. wounds, 180
V. his fyve woundes, pat made vs acquietauce, 180
Fro Sathanes myght thurgh his meke sufferaunce,
Sacrament. S for the sacrament, which ech day we may se,
In forme of bred, to saue vs fro myschaunce,
When we devoutly reeceyue it on our kne. 184

(24)

Jacob, J fro Jacob, h from Habraham,
Habraham, The lyne descendyng be generaciuon,
Christ. C stant for Crist, that from heuene kam,
Born of a mayde for oure redempciouz,
The sharpe titel, tokene of his passioun,
When he was nayled vpon the rood tre,
O blyssed Iesu, do remissioun
To alle that aske mercy on ther kne. 192

(25)

Do mercy, Iesu, or [that] we hens passe, [leaf 58, back]
Out of this perilous dредfull 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 infirmitie,
Crye vnto Iesu 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,
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 Iesu on oure kne. 208

180 a quytance Ld. 181 meke] om. Ha. 182 that we
may dayly se Ha. may] om. T. 185 fro, from] for Ha T.
Abraham Hy Ha T. 186 lyne] lyfe T. 189 Therpe T (sic).
tocoun T sic. title J. 190 roode Ld Hy L H St. 191 do thu
H Ld St T L. 197 that] om. T. 200 this] om. T. vpon T.
202 nere with ins. T. 205 is] om. T. 206 on a ins. T.
(27)
And vnadir supporte, Iesu, of thy fauour.
Or I passe hens, this hoelly myn entent,
To make Iesu to be chief surveiour.
Of my laste wille sette in my testament,
Whiche of myself am Insufficient
To rekene or counte, but mercy & piete
Be preferryd, or thou do Ingement,
To alle that calle to Iesu on ther kne.

(28)
Age is crepe In, calleth me to my grave,
To make rekenyng how I my tyme haue spent,
Baryne of vertu, allas, who shall me saue,
Fro fendes daunger taccounte for my talent,
But Iesu be my staf and my potent,
Ouerstreite audite is like tencombre 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 comandement
Of Cryst Iesu, now with avisement
The lord besechyng, to haue mercy and piete,
My youthe, myn age, hou put I haue mysptente,
With this word seid knelyng on my kne.

(30)
O Iesu, mercy! with support of thi grace,
For thi meke passioun, remembre on my complaynt!
Duryng my lyf, with many grete trespace,
By many wrong path, where I haue myswent,

Lydgate, M. P.
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. 240

II.

Testamentum in nomine Iesu. [leaf 57, back]

Past years have brought to me the kalends of death.
The yeres passed of my tender youthe
Of my fresshe Age sered the grennesse,
Lust appalled, theexperience is kouthe,
The owwely Ioyntes starked with rudenesse,
The cloudy sight mysted with dirkenesse,
Without redresse, recure, or amendes,
To me of death han brought in the kalendes. 247

Of mysspent tyme a fole 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. 254

His beadle, Feebleness, summoned me,
One of his bediles, named feblenesse,
Cam with his potent in stede of a mace,
Somouned me and after cam sekenesse,
Malencolyk, erthely, and pale of face,
With ther warranty these twoyn can mane.
How doth of me his dewe dette soughte,
And to a bed of langoure thei me brought.

(34)
Where onto me anoon ther did appere
Wilh that I lay, compleynynge in a trance,
Clad in a mentell, a woman sad of chere,
Blak was her abyte, sobre of countenaunce,
Strange of her porte, froward of dalyaunce,
Castyng here looke to meward in certeyne
Lich of me she hadde but disdeyne.

(35)
This seid woman was called "remembranuce
Of myspent tyme," in youthes lustynesse,
Whiche to recorde did me gret grevanaunce,
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 tyme left behynde.

(36)
Lygyng alone, I gan«e to ymagyne
How with .iiij. tymes departed is the yere,
First how in ver, the soyle tenlumyne,
Buddes gyn open ageyne the sunne clere,
The bavme vpreysed most sonereynye and entere,
Out of the rote doth naturally ascende
With new lyffre, the bareyne soil tamende.

(37)
The honysoucle, the fresshe primerolles,
Ther leves splaye at Phesus vprysyng,
258 and] ad Hy. 259 ther] the C. those C. two Ha. ij T.
264 Clad] and Ha. 265 her] his C. sobre] sad Ha. of] was hir
Hy R Pn. 266 of] (2) whos T. 268 Lyk as ins. Hy R T. Lik as
to C. had had Ld Hy R Pn. but] om. Hy T Pn R. but gret Ha.
269 called was J R Pn. 270 Of my ins. T. 271 gret] om. Ha.
were R. Uere Pn. 279 gynnyng R Pn. 281 doth most ins. T.

Spring comes, with flowers,
The Testament.

Thamerous foules with motytes and carolles,
Salue this sesoun euery mor[we]nyng,
Whan Aurora hir licour distylyng
Sent on herbes the perely dropis shene,
Of siluer dewes, tenlumyne with the grene.

(38)
This tyme of Ver is named of grenesse,
Tyne of ioye, of gladnesse, and disporte,
Tyne of growyng, chief moder of freshnesse,
Tyne of reioysynge, ordeyned for counforte,
Tyne whan tyme maketh his resorte
In geryshe Marche toward the Ariete,
Our Emyspery to gladen with his hete.

(39)
Whiche sesoun prikkes fressh corages,
Reioyseth bestes walking in ther pasture,
Causeth byrdes to syngen in ther cages,
Whanme blood reneweth in euery creature,
Sum observance doyng to nature,
Which is of ver called chief pryncesse,
And vnder God ther worldly Emp[e]resse.

(40)
And for this lusty sesoun agreeable
Of gladnesse hath so gret avauntage.
Be convenyent resouw ful notable,
Therto ful wel resembleth chylde's age,
Quyk, grene, fressh, and delyuer of corage,
For ryght as ver ay moreth in grenesse.
So doth childhode in amorous lustynesse.

285 motetys Ld Hy Ha. 286
merthis T. 286
notes R Pn C. 286
this that Ld Hy R 'Pn C. 287
morynge R. 287
mornyng Ld J Ha T. 287
mor H (unfinished). 288
288 dropis] Ha T.
dew C. 289
289 to elumyne C. 290
290 of om. Ld Hy T Pn R C.
ymonyde C. 291 of (2) om. Ha. 295
296 enspere C. 297
glade C. 297
corage T C. 298
ther] the J.
299 corages Ha. 300
above which, i. nature Hy. of verr
trouthes T. 300
ther] than R Pn. 301
Emperesse] Hy. 301
emspresse R Pn L H Ld. 306
resouns Ld Hy R Pn. 307
childish Hy.
childysh R. childlyshe Pn. 308
Ful grene Ha. 308
delyuered T. 309
norrisseth T. contynueth C.
This quykynge season, nutritiue and good,
Of his nature hath tweyne qualitiees,
Of hote and moyst, which long also to blode,
In ther ascencyoum vyward by degrees;
Of kyndly ryght, the whiche propritees,
By natural hete and temperat moysture,
Rekened in childehode xiiij. yeer doth endure.

Thus in .vj. thynges be order men may seen
Notable accord and lust convenience,
Blod, cyre, and ver, south, and meridien,
And age of childehhood by naturall assistence,
Which, whill thei stonde in ther fressh prenymence,
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 every rote,
Causyng with floweres ageyn the sunne shene
May among mon[ce]thes sitt like a quene,
Hir suster Apryll watryng hir gardeynes
With holsom shoures shad in the tender vynes.

This tyme of Ver Flora doth hir cure,
With soleyne motles passyng fressh and gay,
Rurple colours wrought be dame nature,
Mounteyns, vales, and medewes for tarraye,
Hir warderobe open list not to delaye
The Testament.

Large measure to shewe out, and to shade
Tresoures of fayre, whiche she doth possede. 338

So childhood is changeable,

This sesoun, Ver, most plesaunt to childhode,
With hir chapelettes grene, white, and rede,
In whiche tyme the newe yonge blode
Hote and moyste ascendeth vp in dede,
Reioyssyng herties as it abrode doth sprede,
Wenyng this sesoun among ther myrthes alle
Sholde neuer discrecen nor appalle, 345

The variaunt sesoun of this stormy age
Abraydeth euere on newefangehiesse,
Now frownyng chiere, now fresch of visage,
Now glad, now lyght, now trouble and hevynesse; 349
Wylde as an herte, nowe mornyng for sadnesse,
Stormyssh as Marche, with channges ful sodeyne,
After cleer shynyng to turne and make it reyne. 352

Of this sesoun lust holte rene and brydell,
Seld or neuere abydyng in o poynte;
Now passyng besy, nowe dissolute, now ydell;
Now a good felowe, now all out of ioynte;
Now smothe, now stark, now like an hard purpynt;
Now as the peys of a diall goth,
Now gerysh glad, and anoon after wroth. 359

Liche as in ver men gretly them delyte
To beholde the beaute souerayne

337 mesur Hy. 338 Fayrve Hy. fayrie R Pn J. faire Ha.
procede J. 339 verray T. 340 chapelette sic J. 342 moyste
most J. 345 dyscrece nor yet R Pn. MS. T ends with this line,
catchword at bottom of leaf 228, back, The vareaunt. 347 apon
353 holdith R Pn. 355 now (3)] and R Pn L. 356 now (2)]
and L. 357 hard like a Ha. spere poynt C. 358 a] the
them] then Ha. 361 souerayne] of lovereyne J. of Iouerayne
Pn R.
Of these blomes, somme blewe, rede, and white,
In whos freshnesse no colour may atteyne,
But thanne vnwarly cometh a wynde sodeyne,
For no fauour list not for to spare
Freshnesse of branches, for to make hem bare.

(19)
This sesoun ver stant neuer in no certeyne,
For summe on houre though Phebus freshly shyne,
In Marches woderes it sodeynly wyll reyne,
Which of the day all dirkenesse doth declyne,
And semblably a lyknesse to dyffyne,
Men sen chylde[n] of byrth[e] yong and grene,
Buryed withinne the yeres fiftene.

(50)
When Ver is fresshest of blomes and of floures,
An vnware storne his freshnesse may appayre,
Who may withstonde the sterne sharpe schoures
Of dethes powere, where hym list repayre ?
Though fettes fresshe, angelyke, and fayre
Shewe out in chyldhode as ony crystall cleere,
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 came no more defence
Than croked age in his most impotence.

362 these] hys T. chefe Pu R. 363 In] To Ld L Hy Ha T
Pu R]. 364 wonderly Ha. 365 but for ins. Ha. 366 The
enee Ld. enir Hy. ener R Pu. no] om. T Ha. noncertaine Pu
R. 370 dirkenesse] brightnesse Pu R. enclyne L. 372 seen
Ld Hy. birthe Ld Hy. 373 yeres of in all MSS. ex. H. L.
374 blomes Ld. of [2.] om. J. 375 aper T. 376 sterne
stormy T. 377 to pere T. 378 Though the ins. T J Pu R.
381 abide] bode J. 382 soionrne T. 383 Thaye Pu R. 384 as
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.

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 phane, ay turnyng to and fro,
Or like an orloge when the peys is goo.

But to directe be grace my matere, [leaf 61, back]
Mekely knelyng, Iesu, in thy presence,
I me purpose to gynne with prayere,
Vnder thi mercyfull fructuous influence,
So thou Iesu of thy benevolence,
To my requestes be mercyfull attendaunce,
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentauence.
(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 embraeyng, fro which I shaH not twynne,
Mercy requyryng, thus I wyH begynne. 422

IIII.
Iesu.
(57)
O myghty lord, of powere myghtyest!
Without whom alle force is febylnesse,
Boventeuous 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 highi goodnesse,
Graunte or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentuance. 430

(58)
Though thou be myghty, thou art eke merciable,
To alle folkes that mekely hem repente;
I a wrecche contagyous and couplable,
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, repentuance. 438

(59)
Of my confession receyve the sacrifyce
Be my tunge vp offered onto the,

416 to amende T. 418 the sign ✠ om. in all MSS. save II L. 422 wyll I R Pn. Jesu] Oracio Pn R. Oracio previa humili
cum auctt Hy. Others have no title. 423 myghtest Lord T. most myghtyest Ha. 425 Bewtens J. om. T. 427 Delayeth Pn R. 430 Graunte me ins. T. hosel & ins. T Ha, and so here-
That I may seyn in all my best[e] guyse
Mekely with Davuid, have mercy vpon me!
Sa[l]ue alle my sores, that they ne cankred be,
With noon olde rust of dysesperaunce;
Which of hole herte erye vpon my kne
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentauence.

(60)
O Iesu! Iesu! here myn orisoun;
Brydel myn outrage vnder thy disciplyne;
Fetre sensualyte, 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 lyfshal fyne,
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentauence.

(61)
Suffre me to haue savour nor sweetnesse
But in thy name that called is Iesu;
Alle foreyn thing to me make bitternessse,
Saue only Iesu, most souereyne of vertu!
To my professioun accordyng and most du,
Euere to be prented in my remembraunco,
At myn ende to graunt me this issu,
Tofore my deth, shryft, hosel, repentauence.

(62)
No lord but Iesu, most mercyable and benygue,
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 shryft, hosel, and repentauence.
I am excited and moved of nature
This name Jesu souereynyly to praye;
Name commended most hyghly in scripture,
Which name hath powere dede men to reynes 474
To lyf eternall, whos vertu doth so psyse,
Ageyn my symmes weyed in balaunce
That grace and mercy shal so counterpsyse,
Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentauence.

Lat me not reste, nor haue no quiete;
Occupy my soule with spirytuall traualy
To syng and seyn, O mercy, Jesu suete! 482
My proteccioun geues in bataylue—
And in Jesu, putte all hole myn affiaunce,
Tresour of tresoures that me may most availl,
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentauence.

My feyth, myn hope, to the Jesu doth calle,—
Which glorious name shall never out of my mende.
I shall the seke what happe that euer befalle,
Be grace and mercy, in trust I shal the fynde; 490
And but I dede, trewly I were vnkynde,
Which for my sake were perced with a launce,
Onto the herte, Jesu! lef not behynde
Graunt or I deye, shryfte, hosel, repentauence.

Ther is no God, Jesu, but thou alone;
Souerynest, and eke most mercyfull,
Fayrest of fayre! erly, late and sone,
Stable, and most strong, pietous and rightfull,
Reformyng synneres that ben in vertu dull,
Dauntyng the proude, mekenesse to enhaunce,
Thy tunne of mercy is euer a-liche full;
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentaunce. 502

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 substaunce?
Provide for me, and late it not asterte,
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentaunce. 510

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 renewe,
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, repentaunce. 518

Show Thy face upon me.
Shewe glad thy face, and thy lyght down shede,
The meczyful lyght of thyn eyzen twyene
On me thi servaunt which hath so much nele
For his synnes to wepe[n] and compleyne.
And blyssed Iesu! of mercy not disdeyne
Thi gracios shoures lat reyne in abundaunce
Vpon myn herte, tadewen euer veyne,
And or I deye shryft, hosel, repentaunce. 526

euer lyke R. Pn. every lych J. 503 that y ins. Ha. 505 me]
om. R. leyther H L. leyser all other MSS. 506 entrete H.
thou] that T. 517 to entre Ha. 519 thy glad T. 521 mekyll
J Pn R. 522 his] my T. weepen Hy. wepe Ha. 524 to
let T. 525 to refresshe T. twochyng Ha.
Saluum me fac in miserrordia tua domine. [leaf 61]

Save me in Thy mercy, Lord.

Sane me thy seruantaunt, O lord! in thy mercy,

For lack of which lat me not be confounded,

For in the, Iesu, myn hope stant fynally,

And all my trust in the Iesu is grounded,

For my synnes thynke, Iesu, thou were wounded,

Naked on the rode be mortall gret penance,

Be which the power of Sathan was confounded,

Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentauce.

Tu es refugium meum a tribulacione.

Thou art, Iesu, my socour and refuge,

Geyn eueri tempest and tribulacioun,

That worldly wawes with ther mortall deluge

Ne drowne me nat in the dredfull dongeoun

Where Caribdes hath domynacioun,

And Cirees syngyth songes of disturbaunce,

To passe that daunger be my proteccioun,

Graunt or I deye shryft, hosel, repentauce.

Quis dabit michi venias in cor meum.

Who shal yeue me lichi to myn entent,

That thou Iesu mayst make thyn herbergage,

Be receyvyng of Holy sacrament,

Into myn herte, which is to myn olde age

Repast eternall geyn all foreyn damage,

Dewly receyvyed with deuout observaunce?

Celestiall guerdoun, ende of my pilgrymage,

Is shryft, and hosel, and hertly repentauce.

I fele myn herte brotel and roynous,

Nat purified Iesu therin to reste,

But as a carpentere cometh to a broken hous,
   Or an artificer repareth a ren cheste,
554
So thou, Iesu, of crafty men the best,
   Repare my thought, broke with mysgouernaunce,
   Visite my soule, my herte of stele to breste,
558
Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentauce.

(74)
With wepyng eyen and contrite chere,
Accepte me, Iesu, and my compleynt conceyve,
As most onworthy tappere at thy autere,
   Which in my-self no vertu appareeyve,
But yf thy mercy be grace me receyve,
Be synful leuyng brought onto outraunce,
   Pray with good hope, which may not disseyve,
Graunt or I deye shryfte, hosel, repentauce.

(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
   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 crowned on þi hed,
Or I passe hens shryfte, hosel, and repentauce.

(76)
And one request in especiall,
   Graunt me, Iesu, whil I am here a-lyve,
   Euere to haue prented in my memoriall,
   The remembraunce of thy woundes fyve,
   Nayles with the spere that dyd thy herte ryve,
   Thy croune of thorne, which was no smal penaunce,
   Language and tunge, me dewly for to shryve,
   The holy vnccioun, shryft, hosel, repentauce.

578

554 reven] broken T.  556 with my ins. R.  557 to] H L.
559 eyen] om. Ha.  557 thon all other MSS.  and a ins. Hy R Pn
561 tbefore T.  562 a trunce Ha.  564 I quyje T.
565 was H Pn R J.  566 to] om. T.  574 and] om. Hy J
(77)

Alle the toknes of thy passion,
I prey the, Iesus, grave hem in my memorye,
Dewly marke myd Centre of my resoun,
On Calvery thy triumphall victorie,
Man to restore to thyne eternall glorie,
Be meditacion of thy meke sufferance,
Out of this exile, vnseur and transitorye,
And when I passe shryfte, hosel, repentance,

(78)

Of thy mercy requyryng the to myne
Of my mende the mydpoynt most profounde,
This word Iesus my v. wittes tenlumyne,
In length & brede like a large wounde,
Alle ydel thoughtes tavoyde hem and confounde,
Thi cros, thy skorges, thy garnement cast at chaunce,
The rope, the peler to which thowe were bounde,
Graunt or I deye, shryft, hosel, repentance.

(79)

Of this prayere mekely I make an ende,
Vnder thy mercyfull supportacioun,
O gracious Iesus, graunt where-euer I wende,
To haue memorie vpon thi passioun,
Testimonial of my redempciouw,
In my testament set for allegeaunce,
This clause last of my peticioun,
Graunt or I deye shryft, hosel, repentance!

IV.

Iesus.

(80)

Duryng the tyme of this sesoun Ver,
I mene the sesoun of my yeres grene,
Gynnyng fro chyldhode strecced vp so fer

To the yeres accounted full fiftene,
Bexperience, as it was weel sene,
The geryssh sesoun, strange of condiciouns,
Disposed to many vnbyrdeled passiouns.

(81)
I was wild and wanton.
Voyd of resovn, yone to wilfulnesse,
Froward to vertu, of thryfte take litel hede,
Loth to lerne, loued no besynesse,
Saue pley or merth, strange to spelle or rede,
Folowyng alle appetytes longyng to childhede,
Lyghtly turnyng, wylde and selde sad,
Wepyng for nowyt, and anone after glad.

(82)
Easily angered,
For litel wroth to stryue with my felawe,
As my passiouns 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.

(83)
always late,
I had in custome to come to skole late,
Nat for to lerne but for a contenaunce,
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.

(84)
impudent, obstinate.
To my better did no reuerence,
Of my sovereynes gaf no force at all,
Wex obstinat by Inobedience,
The Testament.

Ran in-to gardeynes, apples ther I stall;
To gadre frutes, spared nedir hegge nor wall,
To plukke grapes in other mennes vynes
Was more reedy, than for to sey matynes.

(85)
My lust was all to skorne folke and jape,
Shrewed turnes ever among to vse,
To skoffe and mowen like a wantoun ape,
When I dyd euere, other I koude accuse,
My wytes fyve in wast I did alle vse,
Redier cheristones for to telle
Than gon to chirche, or here the sacryng belle.

(86)
Loth to ryse, lother to bedde at eve,
With vnwasshe hondes reedy to dyner,
My pater noster, 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,
Mal deef ere, list not to them attende.

(87)
A chyld resembling which was not lyke to thryve,
Froward to God, rekles in his servyce,
Loth to correccion, slough my-selue to shryve,
All good thewes redy to despice,
Chief belweder of [feynyd] truantice,
This is to mene, myself I coude fayne,
Sike like a truant, and felt no maner peyne.
Always untrustworthy.

My port, my pas, my foot allwey vnstable,  
My loke, myn eyen, vnssure and vagabound,  
In alle my werkes sodeynly chaungeable,  
To all good thewes contrarye I was founde,  
Now ouersadd, now mornyng, now iocounde,  
Wilfull, rekles, made stertyng as a hare,  
To folowe my lust for no man wold I spare.

Entryng this tyme into relygioun,  
Onto the plowe I put forth myne hond,  
A yere complete made my professioun,  
Consideryng litel charge of thilke bond,  
Of perfeccioun ful gode examaple I fond,  
Ther techyng good, in me was [all] the lake,  
With Lothes wyf I loked often abak.

Taught of my maystres be vertuous disciplyne  
My loke restreyne, and kepe clos my syght,  
Of blyssed Benet to folowe the doctryne,  
And bere me lowly to eve ry maner wyght,  
Be the aduertence of myn Inward syght,  
Cast to godward of hole affeccioun,  
To folowe thempryses of my professioun.

His holy rewle was onto me rad,  
And expounded in ful notable wyse,  
Be vertuous men, religious and sad,  
Ful weeel 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!

664 And of look with myn eyen T.  667 ouersad] sad T.  
675 alt] om. H L only.  676 ofte L Hy ctc.  677 Taught]  
om. T.  678 restreynde T. kept T.  681 aduenture T.  
684 His] The Ha. hoole J.  687 full expert T.  688 observaunces]  
Ld Hy H. observauntes L Pn R. many a T.  690 bot lytell  
Pn R.
(92)
Of religioun I wou'd u blak liabite,
Only outward as be apparence,
To folowe that charge sauoured but fullyte,
Same be a maner counterfete pretence;
But in effecte ther was none existence,
Like the image of Pygmalyon,
Shewed lyly, and was made but of ston.

(93)
Upon the ladder, with staves thryes thre,
The .ix. degrees of vertuous mekenesse
Called in the reule grees of humylite,
Whereon tascende my feet me lyst not dresse,
But be a maner feyned fals humblenesse,
So courteyly, whan folkes were present,
On to shewe outward, another in myn entent.

(94)
First, where as I forsook myne owne wylle,
Shette with a look of obedience,
Tobeye my souereynes, as it was ryght & skylle,
To folowe the skole of perfyst pacience,
To myn Eynes toke worship and reuerence,—
Folowyng the reuers, toke all another weye,
What I was boden, I koude weel disobeye.

(95)
With tongue at large and brotel conscyence,
Ful of wordes, disordinat of language,
Rekeles to kepe my lyppes in silence,
mouth, eyen, and eres token ther avantage,
To hane ther cours onbrydeled be outrage,
Out of the reynes of attemperaunce,
To sensualyte gaf alle the gouernaunce.


\[leaf e8\]
riotous,

Wacche out of tyme, ryot and dronkenesse,  
Unfruituous talkyng, Intemperat diete, 
To veyn fables I did myn erys 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,

One with the firste to take my disporte,  
Last that aros to come to the quere,  
On contemplacion 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.  

grumbling at my food,

Kowde grucch, And fond no cause why,  
Causeles ofte compleynyng on my fare,  
Geyn my correcciouns answered frowardly,  
Withoute reverence, list no man to spare,  
Of all vertu and pacience I was bare,  
Of rekles youthe list non hede to take,  
What Cryst Iesu suffred for my sake.  

When I was less than 15,  
I saw one a crucifix,  
with the word "Vide" upon it.  

Which now remembrying in my later age,  
Tyme of my childhode, as I reherse shall,  
Wythinne xv. holdyng my passage,  
Myd of a cloyster, depicte vpon a wall,  
I sawgh a crucifyx, whos woundes were not smalle,  
With this [word] "vide," wrete there besyde,  
"Behold my mekenesse, O child, and leve thy pryde."
The Testament.

(100)
The which word, when I dyd vnderstond, [leaf 69]
In my last age takyn the sentence,
Thron remembryng, my penne I toke in honde,
Gan to wryte with humble reverence,
On this word, "vide," with humble diligence,
In remembrance of Cristes passioun,
This litel dite, this compilacioun.

Now I will write a song upon this word in remembrance.

IESUS.

Vide.

(101)
Beholde, o man! lyft vp thyne eyne, and see
What mortall peyne I suffre for thi trespace.
With pietous voys I crye, and seyd to the;
Beholde my woundes, behold my blody face,
Beholde the rebukes that do me so manace,
Beholde my enemyes that do me so despice,
And how that I to reforme the to grace,
Was like a lambe offred in sacrifise.

Behold, O man, what I suffer for thee.

(102)
Behold the paynemes of whom that I was take, [M. 69, back]
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 xxxi pens rounde,
Beholde his tresoun, beholde his couetyse,
Behold how I with [many a] mortall wounde,
Was like a lambe offred in sacrifice.

Pn J T. 752 In the ins. T. 753 Title: Nota Pn. L as in
H. Others omit, but mark division by illuminated letters. 754
thu man Ha. 755 suffred all other MSS. exc. L 757 blody]
prik Ar. 759 desayis Ar. 760 yow to reauarme Ar. do
reforme to Ha. 761 Was] om. Hy. 762 paynes J Pn R.
766 toke] for Rn. thrytly penyes Sh. 768 many a] all MSS.
om. Hn.
(103) 
Se my discyple which that hath me sold,
And se this feyned 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 thef with lanternes in ther guise,
And afterward for mannes redempcioun,
Was like a lambe offered in sacrifice.

(104) 
Behold to Cayphas how I was presented,
Behold how Pilat lyst jeue me no respite,
Behold how bysshopes 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 delughty,
Was like a lambe offered in sacryfice.

(105) 
Behold the mynystres which had me in kepynif,
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 hatefuU wrecchednesse.
Put ageyn me to my confusion,
Meyn eyen hyd and blended with derkenesse,
Bete and eke bobbed by fals illusion.

773 and (2) of Hy Ha Pn R J Ld. 775 a] om. R. 778
Beholde and see ins. Ar. J he H. 779 lefte me Ar. liste to geue
Rn. 779 asetid Rn. 781 in] at Ar. 782 cladde all Rn.
783 as a] lyke Rn. 784 1 om. Ar. of all] om. Ha. 786-793,
796-801 transposed Ar. 789 their J Sh R Pn Ar. om.
Ld L H Ha. 791 the bronte] they brought Rn. 795 Ageyn
me put Ar. 797 bobbed] bounde Pn R. built Ar.
Salued in skorn be ther fals knelyng down,
Behold al this, and se the mortal guyse,
How I only, for mannes salucioun,
Was like a lombe offered in sacryfice.

(107)
Se the witnesse be whom I was deceyved,
Behold the Iuges that gaf my Ungement,
Behold the crosse that was for me devised,
Behold my body with betyng 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 followed me aferre,
That sore wept when I thus was assayled,
Behold the Iewes whiche be ther cruel werre,
Han my body unto the cros Inayled,
Behold my tormentes most sharply apparayled,
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,
Beholdle the reed spyre galle and eyssel felt,
Behold the skornynges which pat I did abyde;
And my w. 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.
My disciples left me. Se my discipels, how thei haue me forsake, And fro me fled almost euerychoun, 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 compleynynge in most doolfull wyse, Se, fro my crosse they wold neuer goon, For mannes offence whan I did sacryfice.

Se how that I was Iuged to the deth, Se Baraban gon at his liberte, Se with a spere Longeus me sleth, Beholde two lykours distylyng down fro me, Se blood and water by mercifull plente, Rayle be my sydes, which ought Inow suffyce To man whan I uppon the rood tree, Was like a lambe offered in sacrifice.

The knights cast diew for my clothes. Behold the knyghtes which be ther froward chaunce Sat for my clothes at the dees to play; Behold my modyr swownyng for grevaunce, Vpon the crosse whan she sawe me deye; Beholde the sepulere 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.

And geyn thi pryde behold my gret mekenesse; Geyn thyn envie behold my charite; Geyn thi leccherye behold my chast clemnesse; Geyn thi cowtyse behold my poverte.
Atweene too thevys mayled 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.

(114)

Behold my loïde, and gyf me thyn ageyn; Give Me thy
Behold, I deyde thy raunsom for to paye,
Se howe myn herte is open brode and pleyn,
Thy gostly enemyes onely to affraye,
An hardere batayle no man myght assaye,
Of all triumphies the grettest hye empryse,
Wher-for, O man! no lenger to dismaye,
I gaf for the my blood in sacryfice.

(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;
Thy love and myn, togedyr do hem bynde,
And late hem never parte in nowys,
Whan thou were lost, thy sowle ageyn to fynde,
My blod I offred for the in sacryfice.

(116)

Emprente thes thynges in thyn inward thought,
And gratie hem depe in thy remembrance;
Thynke on hem [wel], and forgete hem nowght,
Al this I suffred to do the allegaunce,
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 blod I gaf in sacryfice.

857 as] like Ar. 859 Belde R sic. 860 open] om. Rn. 862 assayle Rn. 864 O] om. Ha Rn. [o] H. the all other MSS. 866 do] om. Pn R Ha J. 870 blynde Ha Rn. 871 departe in any wise Ar. 872 agane [i samle Ar. 875 deeply Ar. 876 wel Hy R Sh L Li D J. [om. H. hem (2)] me Ar. 877 the allegaunce] thy deligence Ar. 879 In hevin a croun I do for ye devise. 880 a place (2)] om. L Hy.
The Testament.

(117) And more my mercy to putte att a preef, [leaf 72]
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 guise
All repentaunt to bryng hem to my blysse,
For whom my blood I gaf in sacryfice.

(118) Tarry no lenger 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 above the sterres clere, Noon ertyly 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 puttyn Ld. puten L Hy. put to Rn Ha Sh Ar. 884
gane my ins. Pn R. the Ar. 885 The qubilik so lang had Ar. long tyme Rn. doon] om. J. 888 repentauntes Rn. that
repentis Ar. hem] om. Pn R. 889 I] om. Ar. 890 toward] to thyne owne Sh. fro Ar. 892 on] to Ar. 893 shalt abiden
Ha Sh. shalt abyde L Ha R Pn Ar Rn. 894 beld Ar. bilt
Gracias Jesus Maria Explicit Testamentum Johannes Lydgate De
Bery Ha. om. Sh. Thus endeth the testament of Johan Lydgate
monke of Bery on whose soule Jesu haue mercy. Et sic est finis
sit laus et gloria trinis Pn R. Emprinted at London in fletestrete
by Richard Pynson: printer vnto the kynges noble grace. With
priuylege of our souerayne lorde the kyng Pn.
69. **A KALENDA*E.**  

[MS. Bodl. Rawlinson B. 408, leaves 1-6.]

(1)

**Iuarius.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III. A.</td>
<td><strong>KL.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>iiij</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>xi</td>
<td>c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d</td>
<td>iij</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>xix e</td>
<td><strong>Nonas.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>viij f</td>
<td>viij</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g</td>
<td>viij</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vixi A vxij</td>
<td><strong>KL.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v</td>
<td>b v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>c</td>
<td>iiij</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>xiii d</td>
<td>iij</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ij</td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>x g</td>
<td>viij</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**O** Lene lorde, for pe Circumsicyon.  
In pe begynnynge as of pe new yere,

Kepe me ever from al confusion,

When pe I shal stonde at myne answere; 
Lorde, graunte me grace wel for to apere, 
And for pe worship[ful] Epyphanye, 
Graunte pone me good lyfe, and wel for to dye.

(2)

**Now pray for me, blessid Seynt Lucyan,**  
That I myght be haide forth vnto youre daunce,  
There God reulith both angel and man,

In right true lone with-outen variance. 
Jiffe me som comfort, as of acqueyntaunce, 
Confessor and bishop Seynt Hillary, 
With good Seynt Felice, pat ioyeth pe by.

(3)

**A sacred abbot Maure, kepe me from vyce,**  
With help of pe pope and martir Marcel, 
I pray pe teche me, blessid Seynt Sulpiice, 
With pat holy virgyn Prisce, syng nowel.

O bysshop Wlstan, zif me good counsell, 
And pese martirs, Fabian and Sebastian, 
With pe, virgyn Agnes, pat wel help can.

---

1 Probably only revamped by Lydgate, and included here as doubtful.
Sette that my patience, halowed Vincent,
That hit may grow withynne my inwarde saule.
That we escape pe wikked fentes braule,
Help us, Seynt Tulyan, to be vnbound,
With pe, virgyn Agnes, now pe second.

Kepe us dayly from al maner of synne,
Quene Batyld, in especyalf from pryde,
Suffer us neuer for to dye pere yyne.

Februarius.

Lede pou us virgyn and martir Agas,
And pe bisshopes Vedast and Amand,
We walke now here in pis derykenes, alas,
Teche us pe trouth for to vnderstond;
Delyneryung us from the fennes bond,
Help pe us holy virgyn Seynt Scolast,
Until pis short lyfe here be ouer past.

Be of good comfort and ioye now, hert[e] myne,
Wel mayst pu glade and verray lusty be,
For as I hope truly, Seynt Valentyne
Wil schewe us lone, and daunysyng 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.

A hope and trist to lerne for to pursewe
After pesse valentynes be metre,
I loue þem al wel, with olde and newe,
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.  

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,  
Vu-to a-nooper contrey we ben bought,  
Now pray for us, moost holy virgyn,  
That in our wey no wise we erre nought,  
But aloure werkes both in worde and pought,  
Be made so plesaunt vnto pi hyge spruse,  
That we may ben servantes in his hyge house.  

O holy doctour, blessid pope Gregour,  
That sendist Seynt Austyn in-to Englonde,  
In my temptation I may fynde socour,  
By comfort of pi moost gracious soonde,  
But sit by pi writyng I vndirstonde  
That al pis wrecchid lyfe is here ful harde,  
Now pray for us blessid kyng Seynt Edward.

A Kalendare.

(12)

We ben ful myche daily in Goddes dete, 
Good bishopp Cuthbert, pray pu now for us,
And pother holy Abbot good Seynt Benette,
Help whyle we stond in pe myre now pus,
Thatoure good lord now, swete Jesus,
May make us perof a myhtignacion
In reuerence of his Anuanciaion. 84

(13)

O blessid lady, with pis Emanuel,
Now for his glorious Resureccion,
Helpe us with pene angel Gabriel,
For his worshipful salutation,
And for his mervolous incarnation
Which fat wrought was porth phe Holigost,
Kepe us, lady, vnder pi blessid ost. 91

(14)

Now thenke on gentil oft chose,
For pe riȝt good prayer of Seynt Richard,
And pe huge loue of doctour Ambrose,
For pis world is now ful fals and hard,
Turne not swete lady pi chere awayward,
For al pogh fat we ryȝt synful be,
The more nede lady haue we now to pe.

(15)

Who spareth to speke he spareth to spede,
Therfore we ought to cry both day & nyght,
Now helpe us, good lady, in oure nede,
For pi halowed some ys ful of myght;
Of the blessid some beem ȝene us summe light,
For Seynt Tyburch, and for Valerian,
And shew us pu art a gentil woman. 105
A Kalendare.

(16)

A xvj KL

Whiles pat I lyue, y wil no wyse sese

To cye on hym pat ys my sonerayn lege,

Halowed kyng Iesu now sende us pese,

For pe holy prayer of Seynt Alphege,

I wil now me walke from sege to sege,

And pray to help me now evry saynt,

For vuto hym I made fre my complaynt.

109

(17)

ix A ix KL

O sacred Seynt George, oure lady knyght,

To pat lady pry pray now for me;

3eueth me, Seynt Marke, some goostely sight,

pat I may my-self pe bettur to se,

Alas myne ye is blidyng in his dege,

But 3itte y pry pe marter Seynt Vital,

Helpe me to lyue wel, when pat I dye shal.

115

(18)

A ij KL

And 3e two apostelis now both in fere,

Mayus.

Philip and Iacob, maken mencyon

To God of us al, in 3oure good prayer,

Now, for the holy Crosse Inuencyon,

Heuen blisse we ane, for oure pension,

Thorgh meryte of hy dyuyne Ascencion

With pe helpe of Seynt Iohn at porte latyne.

126

(19)

v A KL

Nonas

Now glorious seynt, Iohn of Beuerray,

I pray pe hertely, draw not a backe,

Gadre us floures of heuenely maye,

With martyrs Gordian and Epimache,

And cernell per-with oure grete soules ache,

Now. Nerei Achille, And Pancraice

Seyth forteynesse as of oure trespass.

133

(20)

xvij A ij ID' Good seyntes, make ye al oure soules hole
vij b Idus A2isten ye hyse fest as of Pentecost,
c xvj KL' pat we ben claudde in a snow whyt stole,
xe d xvij He us comfort pat is of myghtes moost,
iiij e xv KL' With ye holy prayers of Seynt Dunston,
Xij g xij For with out hym forsoth wytte haue we noon.

(21)

j A xij God, pat is but one in persones thre,
b xj b With Holy Trynyte with-oute begynnynge,
ix c x Sende us such grace, pat we saued may be,
d viij When we wol pe shal passe at pis lyues endyng,
xviij c viij Helpe us Seynt Aldeime, for oure amendyng,
vj f vij With pe feste of Corpus Christi, and Seynt Austinye,
g v Which pat teauht to us to his feyth endyng.

(22)

xiiij A v O pou blessid bysshopp, Seynt German,
iiij b iiiij I pray pe my petycyon fulfyl,
c iiiij I pray pe same, as hertily as I can,
xj d ij Helpe us gentil viryn, Seynt Petronyl.

IUNIUS. [leaf 3, back]

e KL Also Seynt Nichomede, I pray py good wille,
ix f iiiij Teche me youre danaunce, Marcellynge and Petre.
iiij g iiiij To whom I synge with pis sympul metre.

(23)

xvj A ij N. I cry vnto 3ow now, al on a rowe,
v b Nounes In special to martyr Boneface,
c viij With al pi feloweus, both hyse and lowe,
xiij d viij That sey gete to us repentauunce and space,
ij e vj Medard and Gildard, now where is your grace,
f v Prayeth for our synnes with [Seynt Edmund],
x g iiij ID' And aftur pis lyfe to haue pe secund.

PRAYETH FOR US, MARCELLYAN AND MARKE,

Wyth Geruase and Prothase, martyrs ylcone,
This world now, Seynt Edward! welyth darke,
For oure ynowward syght ys almost agoene.
Lede us oure first martyr, Seynt Albone,
Etheldrede of Ely, I pray now helpe me,
Wyt Seynt Iohn Baptist p3 natuuite.

BRYNG US MYDSOMER OF HEUNELY BLYS,

I pray 3ow martyrs both Paule and Iohn,
Werof gladsom myrth we shal not mys,
For pat Leo Pope endureth al one,
Now Petre and Paule, I trist 3ow vpon,
And, Seynt Paule p3 commemoracyon.

HELPE US ENER TO OURSE SALUYACON.

0 3e martirs, Martynygan and Processe,
Now al oure floures beginneth to fade.
In pis eth, Martyn, is but wrecchidnesse,
Syth pat Adam put pe-on his spade;
Now, mercyful God, pat al ping hath made,
For pe translacayon of Seynt Thomas
Bryng us ones to his endeles solace.

LYDGATE, M. P.
(28)  
A viji  
Lo now tymne passith of chyryr faye,  
That I may be one of Benet ys heyre,  
Where I ben yn Relyques of heuyn;  
Ientyl broer Iesu, bryng us þer euyn,  
Now help, þe holy bysshop Swithinne!  

(29)  
iij A xvij  
I mette a while with blesid Seynt Botulphe,  
Now sacred Seynt Keneelme, with þe I mete,  
Prayng þe with hert pis, Seynt Arnulphe,  
Bryng me to þat mery dannysyng so swete,  
A, gentyl mayden, O, seynt Margarete!  
And noble Praxede, lete me bere youre trayne,  
And þoure also, Lady Magdaleyne!  

(30)  
xvij A  
Seynt Appollinare, teche me þoure games,  
Make us, Seynt Cristyn, heenely lepars,  
Lete us dispute with þe good Seynt Iames,  
Bryng us to Seynt Anne to oure verse pars,  
Make us to study þe seuen slepars,  
Lede us, Seynt Sampson, to þe hyse soles,  
For þedir, Felice, comen no foles.  

(31)  
iij A  
O Abdon and Sennen, I me redresse,  
Good Seynt German, bring us to blys [of heuyn].  

Augustus.  

(leaf 4, back)  

(viiij c)  
The bondes of Seynt Petur of lammessee,  

A Kalendare.

\[371\]

Unbyeud us, [with \(\text{pe}\)] blessid pope Steven, 214

And sacred Stephen, deken [of heuen] 217

Help with \(\text{pi}\) merytis many a folde, xiiij g Nonas

With \(\text{pis}\) kyng and martir Seynt Oswolde.

(32)

\[ij\] A viij \(\text{ID}'\)

Seynt Sixte, \(\text{pe}\) pope, for Goddes loue and sake,

With Donate Byshop, do \(\text{pi}\) diligence,

And with \(\text{pi}\) felowes Seynt Cyriake,

With Seynt Romane, helpe \(\text{pi}\) oure conscience. 221

O \(\text{pow}\) worthy martir, Seynt Laurence,

Pray for us now, with \(\text{pis}\) Seynt Fyburce,

I hope now, hit will be neuer \(\text{pe}\) worse.

(33)

\[xv\] A Idus \(\text{KL}'\)

Seynt Ypolyte, here my petecyon,

With Seynt Euseby, the holy confessour,

Now, lady, for \(\text{pyne}\) hy\(\text{ye}\) Assumpcyon,

\(\text{3eue}\) us \(\text{pi}\) hande, and \(\text{pi}\) holy socour,

That we nowe movye stige in-to \(\text{pe}\) hy\(\text{ye}\) toure,

Where \(\text{pat}\) glorious Seynt Magne is with \(\text{pe}\)

Lady [Agapite], only socour me!

(34)

\[xv\] b xix \(\text{KL}'\)

To my valentyne, lady, I chese \(\text{pe}\),

Whom \(\text{pat}\) I wy\(\text{e}\) chauenge neuer for no newe,

Now pray for me, halowed Seynt Tymothe,

To my lady pat I ever be trewe.

(35)

\[xj\] A viij \(\text{KL}'\)

Helpe us, Seynt Ruphe, \(\text{pe}\) martir of Crist,

And Seynt Austyn, \(\text{pe}\) worthy hy\(\text{ye}\) doctour,

With Decollacyon of Seynt Iohn Baptyst

A Kalendar.

Seynt Felice, pray Iesu xpbyst oure saviour, 242
With blessyd Seynt Cuthburge, pat virgyn flour,
September. [left 5]

So pat we may daunse with hooly Seynt Gyle, 245
In heuen an hyse aftir pis litil whyle.

Al pis world ys ful of care and pyne,
Now pray for us, holy bysshop Seynt Cuthbert
With pe holy Abbot, Seynt Bertyne,
That we may now graciously astert;
Jitte I pray to pe with al myne hert,
Lady for pi ioyful Natyuyte,
That with Seynt Gorgone pow þenke on me. 252

Souverayn lady, pyne Vsas we done holde,
With Prothe and Iacinte A commemoracyon,
Much grace of the lady haue I herde tolde,
Now helpe lady in our temptacyon,
For þy holy Crosse Exaltacyon,
Pray for us now martyr atte ooure moost nede,
With virgyn Edythe for þe better speide. 259

Now, pow bysshop and martyr Seynt Lambert,
Pray here for us al, to swete Iesu Crist,
That he poure and clense ooure soules and hert,
Flo al wikked synful and derkely myst,
Help us Seynt Mathew þe evangclist,
And al þi felowes of Seynt Mauryce,
With þe virgyn Tecele to make a spycye. 266

(rep.) D. 244 So] Also D. rec] I M. iove B H M. hooly] om. B H L M. 245 an
me M. helpe vs B H. 257 thy songs ins. B H M L. for the holy crosses D. holy]
virgyn[el] Seint M make] mak D. have M.
A Kalendar.

(30)

That heenely spyece, hit is ful swete,
Help us yerf, good byshop Fermynaye,
Sacred Cipriane, if hit wold be gete,
With Cosme and Damane wold I dyne,
Lede us pederward as ryght as a lyne,
Seynt Myghel, To pat heenely kyngdome,
Helpynge pe holy doctour Seynt Ierome.

October.

(leaf 3, back)

Now holy Seynt Kemyge, with al angeles,
Thorg by prayer of Seynt Leodegate,
Bring us now from al wrecchidnesesse,
Beyng ful of synne, wrecchid sorow, and care.
I wyl not lone pis world I wyl be wel ware,
For me hit is tyne as to leue pat warke,
By help of yow martirs Marcelle and Marke.

(40)

I wyl be as stedfast as any stone,
Helpe with pi felowes Seynt Dyonyse,
So pat I may dwelle with Seynt Gerone,
And with Seynt Nichaise in hyse paradyse,
For of pis lyfe I sette ful litul pryce.
I pray pe, Seynt Edward, confessour and kyng,
That I may with Kalynte both happe and syng.

(41)

Teche me pe way, glorious Seynt Wolfstan,
To Myghel in pe Mount, wold I ryde,
Flesh is my hors, sowle ys pe man,
I pray pe, Seynt Luke, for to be your gyde,
Help me, ientyl virgyne, Seynt Fryswyde,
One of pe flores here of Englond,
With al holy virgyns Eleuen pou sond.

(42)

A Kalendare.

(43)

That was a present, made al in a day, 
Ful worthy to God, Seynt Romanian,
Hys floures in October as well as I may,
God gaderyth Seynt Crystpyn and Crystpynian, 298
Some of them fadeth and weith al wan,
Why? for her maners be so lewe and rude,
But prayeth for us now, Symon and Iude! 301

(44)

I chase al seyntes to my valentyne,
Trewly I hold hit ryght as for the beste,
Teche us for to Daunse, bessid Seynt Quyntyne,
November.  [leaf 6]

With Al halowen in pis most hysye festye, 305
Al Cristen sowles, God ywe peem good reste,
Abydyng hys mercy in purgatory,
Suffryng for her synnes, peynes bitturly. 308

(45)

Lord Iesu Crist pe peynes ben ful scharpe,
Now Seynt Leonard, Helpe us pefore,
Make peem easy with pry moste dowcet harpe,
And pe Foure crowned, I pray now evermore, 312
Helpyng with pry sawtry Seynt Theodore.
That hit may aswage somewhat oure grete peyne,
With pe prayere of holy Seynt Martyne. 315

(46)

For pis holy daunce mynstralcy ys goode,
Now, Seynt Bruce, helpe with pry sounded lute,
That Criste washei me with his precyous blode,
Pray for us now, al sacred Seynt Machute, 319
Edmund of Pounteyne, now in sovre sute,
I wold yat I were, with sacred Seynt Hewe,
Wher hit were coloure whyte, rede, or blewe.

(47) Wold be clopeth in Cristemasse quyery, Helpe me yersto, holy Edmund þe kynge,
Of all that huge feste þere ys but a day,
Where þat Seynt Cecily ys quere beynge,
And þere Seynt Clement ys euer enduryng,
Bring me þere Grysonoge with my valenteine,
So þat I may daunse with Seynt Kateryne.

(48) Wold God I cowth þy steppes wel to sewe,
Help me to daunse, in þy halowed cope,
With Seynt Saturne, þe martyr ful trewe,
Pray for us þen, Apostel Seynt Andrewe.

December. [Leaf 6, back]

As ænynst oure lordes Secund aduent,
So at domes-day þat we be not shent.

(49) A lord Iesu Crist, to þe now I cry,
Whome þis þat we offendeth with synnes, Alas,
Lord haue mercy for þy moder Mary,
And also for þe loue of Seynt Nicholas,
As truly lord as she þy moder was,
Wassh us from synne with þy swete passyon.

(50) Saue, lord, þy blessid spowse, holychurch,
From errores and heresyes þat doon spyring,
And tech with feyth truly for to wurche,
Graunt us þyne hert, as for to ioye and synye,
With al oper sayntes in þy presence,
Thy worthy so greet song, O Sapience.

A Kalendar.

(51)

Kakndare.  
Kepe al þy peple which þat ben on lyne  
Them especayl þat I haue of mynd  
And al good sowles þat with þy woundes fyne,  
Whoom hit pleasith þe from peynes vnbynde,  
Graunt us for to be with Thomas of ynde,  
A curyous caral pis Crystemasse  
As to syng newel when þat we hens passe.

(52)

Lo, now ys come þe moost glorious feste  
The holy Natyuyte of oure lorde, 
Goode Stephen make us al, moste and lest,e, 
With Seynt John in vertues to acorde, 
That we may sitte at Innocentes borde, 
With Thomas of Caunturbbery, oure frende, 
Now saue us fauler with oure flessh þy worde, 
For Seynt Silvester loue at oure laste ende.

leau fro þe fende L. 365 And that seynt Silester be at B H. And Seint Siluestre at M. with sent Silvester at L.  
Colophon: lacking in R D. Amen B H L M. B adds: Thyys ys a Kalendar of englysshe made in Baladys by dan John Lydegat monke of Bury, whyche ys a fauer prayer, and hit ys made after the forme of a compote Manuett. D has the following additioanl verse (possibly spurious) on its following folio:

In thi handes, lord, y betake my soule.  
Whom thon boughtest with thi better passione;  
Assoile me for marie and Iohan, for seint petir & paeul,  
And all thynye holie seintes supplacions;  
And be vertue of thi woundrefull ascencione  
Sawe me fro peyne & fro the fende,  
And bryme to blisse, that neuer shat end.
"The aureat noumbre in kalenders set for prime."

Lydgate: *Mydsoner 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.]
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.L.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.
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 Cynewulf, 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 1st of January, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, post 'Union of London and Smith's Bank,' to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. Dalziel, Esq., 67, Victoria Rd., Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 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 1896, and also of nos. 29, 26, and 33. Dr. Otto Glanville has undertaken Seinte Marhere; and Hali Melenhead 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 to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique Ms. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleophas 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. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it 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 Leet 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. 136, Extra Issue, an off-print—by the kind leave of the Syndics of the 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. 1–12), 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 314, edited by Prof. A. O. Belfour, M.A., Part I, the Text; and No. 138, the Coventry Leet 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 Fistula in Ano_, ed., edited by D'Arey Power, M.D., English about 1425 from the Latin of about 1380 A.D.; No. 140, Capgrave'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 Leet Book, Part IV, containing its miscellaneous 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 Osney Abbey, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark. Later Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne's _Handlyng Synne_, with a Glossary of Wm. of Waddington's French words in his _Manuel des Vehicules_, 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. Brandes; the Alliterative _Siege of Jerusalem_, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kolbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the Minor Poems of the _Vernon MS._ by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain 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 _Legifric 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 _Capitula of Bp. Theodulf_: it is now at press.

The Extra Series Texts for 1900 were, No. CIV, _The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays_, re-edited by O. Waterhouse, M.A.; and No. CV, _The Tale of Erynn_, with a Prologue of the merry Adventure of the Pardoner 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 Erynn_, 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. Hy. Bergen; _De Medicina_, re-edited by Prof. Delecourt; Loevel's _Romance of Merlin_, re-edited by Prof. E. A. Roek, Part II; Miss Eleanor Planner's re-edition of _Sir Gauther and Sir Percevalle_; Miss K. B. Lockett's re-edition of Hylton's _Ladder of Perfection_; Miss Warren's two-text edition of _The Dene of Death_ from the Ellesmere and other MSS.; _The Owl and Nightin-
gale, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe's re-edition of Mark's \textit{Festial}, Part II; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of \textit{William of Shoreham's Poems}, Part II; Prof. Erdmann's re-edition of Lydgate's \textit{Siege of Thebes} (issued also by the Chaucer Society); Prof. Israel Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, \textit{Winner and Waster}, &c., about 1360; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of \textit{The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London}, from the unique MS. about 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Kather, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; \textit{The Craft of Nombringe}, with other of the earliest English Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and the Second Part of the prose Romance of \textit{Melusine}—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India).

Later Texts for the Extra-Series will include \textit{The Three Kings' Sons}, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of \textit{The Chester Plays}, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jepsen's editions of John Hart's \textit{Orthographic} (MS. 1551 A.D.; black-letter 1569), and \textit{Method to teach Reading, 1570}; Deguilleville's \textit{Pilgrimage of the Soule}, in English prose, edited by Mr. Hans Koestner. (For the three prose versions of \textit{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 1896, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century \textit{Prose Versions} of Guillaume de Deguilleville's \textit{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 Deguilleville 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 Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chalais, in the diocese of Sensis, wrote his first verse \textit{Pelerinaige de l'Homme} in 1330-1 when he was 36.\footnote{He was born about 1295. See Abbé Gouzer's \textit{Bibliothèque française}, Vol. IX, p. 734.-P. M. The Roxburgh Club printed the 1st version in 1893.} Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,\footnote{The Roxburgh Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unfortunately burnt too with is other MSS.} a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1350 1, a prose English, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. F. 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.\footnote{These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.} 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 condenst and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. F. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library;\footnote{Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.} \textit{The Pilgrimage of Man in this World}, copied by Will. Basjoole, whose copy was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1845, and from thence transcribed by G. E. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655. This last edition may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bynan, and may have been the groundwork of his \textit{Pilgrim's Progress}. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herbage's edition of the \textit{Gesta Romanorum} for the Society. In February 1645,\footnote{According to Lord Aldenham's MS.} Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—translated Deguilleville's first verse \textit{Pelerinaige} into a prose \textit{Pelerinaige de la vie humaine}.\footnote{These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.} 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 Deguilleville's \textit{Pelerinaige de l'Homme}, A.D. 1355 or -6, was English 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,\footnote{15th cent., containing only the \textit{Vie humaine}.} and Additional 22,937\footnote{15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being \textit{Jesus Christ's}.} and 25,594\footnote{14th cent., containing the \textit{Vie humaine} and the 2nd Pilgrimage, de l'Ame: both incomplete.}) are all of the First Version.

1. The Second Edition of the 15th century, was issued in 1408.
2. The Third Edition of the 15th century was issued in 1415.
3. The Fourth Edition of the 15th century was issued in 1421.
4. The Fifth Edition of the 15th century was issued in 1425.
Besides his first Pilgrimage de l'homme in its two versions, Deguillaume wrote a second, "de l'ame 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 Hoeckeye, already printed for the Society with that author's Regement of Princes), exists in the Egerton MS. 615, at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1, 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll., and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' 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 edition 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—they 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 Land set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Land 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 englising of Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum, the medieval 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 Ælfric's prose, Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kolbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the Ancren Riwle, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thimmiller. 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 Surtess 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 Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early English 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 Kölling, the living Hansknecht. Einenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülfing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Rock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser ( alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischacker; 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 cald 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.

---

1 Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damnd 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 Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.
ORIGINAL SERIES. (One guinea each year.)

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 1s.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s.
5. Hume’s Orthographic and Conjugative of the Britine Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s.
7. Genesis & Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 8s.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7s.
9. Thynne on Speght’s ed. of Chaucer, ab. 1599, ed. Dr. G. Kingsley and Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 10s.
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 2s. 6d.
12. Wright’s Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 1s.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 7s. 6d.
16. The Book of Quince Essence, ab. 1400-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
17. Parallel Extracts from 45 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 1s.
19. Lydessa’s Monarch, &c., Part II., ed. J. Small, M.A. 3s. 6d.
22. Partenay or Luzignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s.
23. Dan Michel’s Ayenbite of Inwy, 1510, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. 6d.
24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s.
25. The Statues of Rome, the Pilgrims’ Sea-voyage, with Cicci Maynedenh, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
29. Old English Homilies (ab. 1220-50 A.D.), Series I., Part I. Edited by Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 7s.
31. Myrce’s Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4s.
32. Early English Meals and Manners: the Boke of Nourte of John Russell, the Bokes of Keruynge, Curseyas, and Demanor, the Babees Book, Urbanitatis, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall. 12s.
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry, ab. 1410 A.D. A Book for Daughters, ed. T. Wright, M.A. [Reprint].
35. Lydessa’s Works, Part I.; The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s.
40. English Gilda, their Statutes and Customs, 1639 A.D. Ed. Toulmin Smith and Lucy T. Smith, with an Essay on Gilda’s and Trades-Unions, by Dr. L. Brentano. 21s.
42. Bernardus De Curia Rei Familiaris, Early Scottish Prophecyes, &c. Ed. J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2s.
46. Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion and Cross Poems, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s.
47. Sir David Lydessa’s Works, Part V., ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 3s.
51. The Life of St Juliana, 2 versions, A.D. 1220, with translations; ed. T. O. Cockayne & E. Brock. 2s.
53. Old-English Homilies, Series II., and three Hymns to the Virgin and God. 13th-century, with the music to two of them, in old and modern notation; ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 8s.
55. Generydes, a Romance, ab. 1440 A.D., ed. W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Part I. 3s.
56. The Gest Hystorial of the Destruction of Troy, in alliterative verse; ed. by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the late Rev. G. A. Panton. Part II. 10s. 6d.
57. The Early English Version of the “Cursor Mundi”; in four Texts, edited by the Rev. R. Morris, M.A., LL.D. Part I, with 2 photolithographic facsimiles. 10s. 6d.
The Extra Series of the "Early English Text Society."

The Publications for 1867-1910 (one quina each year) are:

2. Elian English Pronunciation with especial Reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part I. 1867
3. Caxton's Book of Curtesye, in Three Versions, Ed. F. J. Furnivall. 5s. 1868
5. Chaucer's Boethius. Edited from the two best MSS. by Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 12s. 1871
6. Cheverelle Assigne. Re-edited from the unique MS. by Lord Ailenhain, M.A. 3s. 1871
7. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part II. 1869
8. Queen Elizabethes Achademy, &c, Ed. F. J. Furnivall. Essays on early Italian and German Books ofCourtesy, by W. M. Rosselli and Dr. E. Ousval. 5s. 1869
9. Awdeley's Fraternity of Vacabondes, Harman's Caveat, &c, Ed. F. Viles & F. J. Furnivall. 5s. 1871
10. Robert Boorde's English and Maysters, edited by Dr. J. Cowper, Esq. 12s. 1872
14. X. The Complaynt of Scotlande, 1549 a.d., ed. Dr. Murray. Part II. 8s. 1871
17. X. X. Barbour's Bruce, Part II., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 4s. 1871
18. X. X. Henry Brinklow's Complaynt of Roderick Mors (ab. 1542); and The Lamentacion of a Christian against the Gite of London, made by Roderigo Mors, a.d. 1545, ed. J. M. Cowper. 3s. 1871
19. X. X. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part IV. 10s. 1871
22. X. X. Guy of Warwick, 15th-century Version, ed. Prof. Zupitza. Part II. 18s. 1876
23. X. X. Bp. Fisher's English Works (died 1535), ed. by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor. Part I, the Text. 16s. 1876
24. X. X. Lovelichs Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D. Part III. 10s. 1877
26. X. X. Lovelich's Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D. Part IV. 15s. 1878
27. X. X. The Alliterative Romance of Alexander and Dindimus, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s. 1878
28. X. X. Starke's "Engelnd in Henry VIII time." Pt. I. Starkey's Life and Letters, ed. S. J. Heritge. 8s. 1878
29. X. X. Gesta Romanorum (english ab. 1140), ed. S. J. Heritge, B.A. 15s. 1879
30. X. X. The Charlemagne Romances:—1. Sir Ferumbras, from Asim, MS. 25, ed. S. J. Heritge. 15s. 1880
31. X. X. Charlemagne Romances:—2. The Sege off Melayne, Sir Oteall, &c, ed. S. J. Heritge. 12s. 1880
32. X. X. Charlemagne Romances:—3. Lyf of Charles the Grete, Pt. 1, ed. S. J. Heritge. 10s. 1881
33. X. X. Charlemagne Romances:—4. Lyf of Charless the Grete, Pt. II., ed. S. J. Heritge. 15s. 1881
34. X. X. Charlemagne Romances:—5. The Sowdone of Babylone, ed. Dr. Hausknec. 15s. 1881
XIV. Charlemagne Romances:—10. The Four Sons of Aymon, ed. Miss Octavia Richardson. PT. I. 15a.
XV. Charlemagne Romances:—11. The Four Sons of Aymon, ed. Miss O. Richardson. PT. II. 29a. 1883.
XVIII. Sir Bevis of Hamton, ed. Prof. E. Kößling, Ph. D. Part II. 10a.
XIX. Guy of Warwick, 2 texts (Auchinleck and Cains MSS.), PT. II., ed. Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph. D. 15a.
XXI. Torrent of Portyngale, from the unique MS, in the Chester Library, ed. E. Adams, Ph. D. 10a.
XXII. Bulleins's Dialogue against the Feuer Paporation, ed. by M. & A. H. Bullen. 10a.
XXIV. Caxton's Explanishing of Alcharit's Catilin As Auncient and Moderne Times, ed. by D. P. F. Furnivall & Prof. P. Meyer. 10a.
XXVI. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F. R. S., Pt. II., the present English Dialects. 25a.
XXVIII. Caxton's Blanchard and Egliante, c. 1489, extracts from ed. 1595, & French, ed. Dr. L. Keliner. 17a.
XXIX. Guy of Warwick, 2 texts (Auchinleck and Cains MSS.), Part III., ed. Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph. D. 15a.
XXX. Lydgate's Temple of Glass, ed. from the MSS. by Dr. J. Schick. 15a.
XXXII. The Chester Plays, re-edited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deinling. Part I. 15a.
XXXIII. Thomas a Kempis's De Imitatione Christi, englisht ab. 1440, & 1605, ed. Prof. J. K. Ingram. 15a.
XXXIV. Caxton's Godfrey of Boleyn, or Last Siege of Jerusalem, 1481, ed. Dr. Mary N. Colvin. 15a.
XXXVI. Lydgate's and Burgh's Sacres of Philosophers, ab. 1445-50, ed. R. Steele, B.A. 15a.
XXXVII. The Three Kings's Sonas, a Romance, ab. 1500, Part I, the Text, ed. Dr. Furnivall. 10a.
XXXVIII. Melusine, the prose Romance, ab. 1500, Part I, the Text, ed. A. K. Donald. 20a.
XXXI. The Digby Plays, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 15a.
XXXII. Hoceleve's Regement of Princes, 1411-12, and 14 Poems, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 15a.
XXXIII. La Hire's Poems, in. from the Ashburnham MS, ed. G. Pollancier, M.A. [At Press].
XXXV. Speculum Guidonis de Warwyk, edited by Miss G. L. Morrill, M.A., Ph. D. 10a.
XXXVI. George Ashby's Poems, &c., ed. Miss Mary Bateson. 15a.
XXXVIII. The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene, by T. Robinson, c. 1620, ed. Dr. H. O. Sommer. 5a.
XXXI. Lydgate's Two Nightingale Poems, ed. Dr. Otto Glaninger. 5a.
XXXV. Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality, ed. by Dr. E. Steiper. Part I. 5a.
XXXVI. Alexander Scott's Poems, 1568, from the unique Edinburgh MS, by A. K. Donald, B.A. 10a.
XXXVII. William of Shoreham's Poems, ed. from the unique MS, by Dr. M. Konrath. Part I. 10a.
XXXVIII. Two Coventry Christi-Plays, re-edited by Dardine Craig, M.A. 10a.
XXXIX. Le Morte Arthur, re-edited from the Harleian MS. 2252 by Prof. Bruce, Ph. D. 15a.
LXX. Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality, ed. by Dr. E. Steiper. Part I. 5a.
LXXI. English Fragments from Latin Medieval Service-Books, ed. by A. D. Little. 5a.
LXXII. The Macro Plays, from Mr. Gunney's unique MS, ed. Dr. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard, M.A. 10a.
LXXIII. Lydgate's DeGuillievile's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, Part III., ed. by Dr. A. K. Donald. 10a.
LXXIV. Respublica, a Play on Social England, a. 1558, ed. L. A. Magoun, 12b. 1907.
LXXVI. Kirk's Festival, edited from the MSS. by Dr. Erbe. Part I. 12a.
LXXVIII. Skelton's Magnificence, edited by Dr. R. L. Ramsay, with an Introduction. 7v, 6d.
LXXIX. The Romance of Emare, re-edited from the MSS., by Miss Edith Rickert, Ph. D. 7v, 6d.
LXXX. The Harrowing of Hell and the Gospel of Nicodemus, re-ed. by Prof. Halne, M.A., Ph. D. 10a.
LXXXI. Songs, Carols, &c., by Richard Hill's Bullded MS., ed. by Dr. Roman Hydoshki. 15a.
LXXXIII. Lydgate's Troy Book, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. H. B. Bergen. Part II, Book III. 10a.
LXXXV. The Tale of Beryn, with the Parideron and Tapster, ed. Dr. F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone. 15a.
LXXXVIII. Lydgate's Siege of Thebes, re-ed. from the MSS, by Prof. Dr. A. Erdmann. Part I, The Text. 10a.
EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY TEXTS PREPARING.

Besides the Texts named as at press on p. 12 of the last Statement of the Early English Text Society's publications, the following Texts are also slowly preparing for the Society:

ORIGINAL SERIES.
The Earliest English Prose Psalter, ed. Dr. K. D. Buelbring. Part II.
The Earliest English Verse Psalter, 3 texts, ed. Rev. R. Harvey, M.A.
Anglo-Saxon Poems, from the Vercelli MS., re-edited by Prof. J. Gollanze, M.A.
Anglo-Saxon Glosses to Latin Prayers and Hymns, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen.
All the Anglo-Saxon Homilies and Lives of Saints not accessible in English editions, including those of the Vercelli MS., &c., edited by Prof. Napier, M.A., Ph.D.
The English Disciplina Clericalis, Worcester Cathedral MS. 172, ed. Prof. W. H. Hulme, Ph.D.
The Statutes of Black Roger, Worcester Cathedral MS. 172, ed. Prof. W. H. Hulme, Ph.D.
The Anglo-Saxon Psalms; all the MSS. in Parallel Texts, ed. Dr. H. Locceman and F. Harsley, B.A.
Beowulf, a critical Text, &c., edited by a Pupil of the late Prof. Zipitzka, Ph.D.
Byrhtferth's Handbook, ed. by Prof. G. Hempel.
Early English Confessionsals, ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
The Seven Sages, in the Northern Dialect, from a Cotton MS., edited by Dr. Squires.
The Master of the Game, a Book of Huntsing for Hen. V. when Prince of Wales, ed. G. A. Beacock, B.A.
Aired's Rule of Nuns, &c., edited from the Vernon MS., by the Rev. Canon H. R. Branly, M.A.
Early English Verse Lives of Saints, Standard Collection, from the Harl. MS. (Editor wanted.)
A Lapidary, from Lord Tollemache's MS., &c., edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
Early English Deeds and Documents, from unique MSS., ed. Dr. Lorenz Morsbach.
Gilbert Banaster's Poems, and other Boccaccio englishings, ed. by Prof. Dr. Max Förster.
Lanfranc's Cursorie, ab. 1000 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker. Part II.
William of Nassington's Mirror of Life, from Jn. of Waldby, edited by J. A. Herbert, M.A.
More Early English Wills from the Probate Registry at Somerset House. (Editor wanted.)
Alliterative Prophecies, edited from the MSS. by Prof. Brandl, Ph.D.
Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, edited from the MSS. by Dr. L. Morsbach.
Bird and Beast Poems, a collection from MSS., edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.
Nicholas Trivet's French Chronicle, from Sir A. Acland-Hood's unique MS., ed. by F. W. Clarke, M.A.
Early English Homilies in Harl. 2276, &c., c. 1400, ed. J. Frieländer.
The Pore Caltif, edited from its MSS., by Mr. Peake.
Trevisa's english Vegetis on the Art of War, MS. 30 Magd. Coll. Oxf., ed. L. C. Wharton, M.A.
Knighthood and Battle, a verse-Vegetis from a Pembroke Coll. MS., Camb., ed. Dr. R. Dyhoski.
Othea and Hector, 3 texts,—2 from MSS., 1 from Wyer's print, edited by Hy. N. MacCracken, Ph.D.

EXTRA SERIES.
Sir Triestrum, from the unique Auchinleck MS., edited by George F. Black.
De Guileville's Pilgrimage of the Soule, edited by Mr. Hans Koestner.
William Staunton's St. Patrick's Purgatory, &c., ed. Mr. G. P. Krupp, U.S.A.
Trevisa's Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum, re-edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
The Romance of Bocutus and Sidrac, edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.
The Romance of Clariodus, and Sir Amadas, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.
Sir Degrevant, edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. Luick.
Robert of Brunne's Chronicle of England, from the Inner Temple MS., ed. by Prof. W. E. Mendl, Ph. D.
Maundeville's Voiage and Travale, re-edited from the Cotton MS. Titus C. 16, &c. (Editor wanted.)
Avowynge of Arthur, re-edited from the unique ireland MS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.
Guy of Warwick, Copland's version, edited by a pupil of the late Prof. Zipitzka, Ph.D.
Awdelay's Poems, re-edited from the unique MS. Donce 562, by Prof. Dr. E. Wolting.
Caxton's Dictes and Sayengis of Philosophers, 1477, with Lord Tollemache's MS. version, ed. S. I. Butler, Esq.
Lydgate's Lyfe of our Lady, ed. by Prof. Georg Fiedler, Ph.D.
Lydgate's Life of St. Edmund, edited from the MSS. by Dr. Axel Erdmann.
Among the MSS. and old books which need copying or re-editing, are:—

**ORIGINAL SERIES.**

Early Lincoln Wills and Documents from the Bishops' Registers, &c.

English Inventories and other MSS. in Canterbury Cathedral (4th Report, Hist. MSS. Com.).

Munumerie, from Lord Tollemache's MS.


Biblical MS., Corpus Cambri. 484 (ab. 1375).

Hampole's unprinted Works.


Sir Ranulph's English Translation of the Book of Consolamentum, the Scottish version of 1560, edited by George F. Black.

Burgh's Cato, re-edited from all the MSS. by Prof. Dr. Max Forster.

Wynkyn de Worde's English and French Phrase-book, etc., edited by Hermann Oelsner, Ph.D.

Extracts from the Rochester Diocesan Registers, ed. Hy. Littlehales, Esq.

The Coventry Plays, re-edited from the unique MS. by Dr. Matthews.

Walter Hylton's Ladder of Perfection, re-edited from the MSS. by Miss K. B. Lecock.

**EXTRA SERIES.**

Early Lincoln Wills.

Book for Recluse, Harl. 2375.

Lollard Theological Treatises, Harl. 2343, 2330, &c.

H. Selby's Northern Ethical Tract, Harl. 2388, art. 20.

Supplementary Early English Lives of Saints.

Prose Treatises from the Vernon MS.

Lyrical Poems from the Fairfax MS. 16, &c.

Prose Life of St. Andry, A.D. 1505, Corp. Oxf, 120.


Miscellanies from Oxford College MSS.


Poems on Virtues and Vices, &c., Harl. 2260.

Maundeville's Legend of Gyddy, Queen's, Oxf. 355.

Book of Warrants of Edw. VI., &c., New Coll. Oxf. 32.

Adam Loutof's Heraldic Tracts, Harl. 6149-56.

Rules for Gunpowder and Ordnance, Harl. 6355.

John Watton's English Speculum Christiani, Corpus Oxf. 155, Land 6, 12, Thursby 530, Harl. 2256, art. 20.

Verse and Prose in Harl. MS. 4012.

Nicholas of Hereford's English Bible.

The Prickynge of Love, Harl. 2254, Vernon, &c.

**SERIES.**

The Siege of Rouen, from Harl. MSS. 2256, 753, Eboron. 1995, Bodl. 3582, E. Musae 124, &c.

Octavian.

Libeaus Desconus.

Ywain and Gawain.

Sir Isambard.

Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Queen's Coll. Oxf. 357.

Other Pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Harl. 2333, &c.

Horne, Penitential Psalms, &c., Queen's Coll. Oxf. 207.


Stevyn Scrope's Doctrine and Wysedome of the Anceynt Philosophers, a.d. 1450, Harl. 2206.
Early English Text Society.

ORIGINAL SERIES.

The Publications for 1909 (one guinea) were:

137. Twelfth-Century Homilies in MS. Boley 243, edited by Prof. A. O. Belfour, M.A. Part I, the Text. 15s.

138. The Coventry Leet Book, edited from the unique MS. by Miss M. Dormer Harris. Part III. 15s.

The Publications for 1910 (one guineas) are:

139. John Arderne's Treatises on Fistula in Ano, &c., ed. by D'Arey Power, M.D. 15s.

139 b, c, d, e, Extra Issue. The Pierce Plowman Controversy: b, Dr. Jusserand's 1st Reply to Prof. Manly: c, Prof. Manly's Answer to Dr. Jusserand: d, Dr. Jusserand's 2nd Reply to Prof. Manly; e, Mr. R. W. Chambers's Article. 10s.


The Publications for 1911 will be chosen from:


The English Register of Godstow Nunney, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark. Part III. [At Press.]

The English Register of Osney Abbey, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark. Part II. [At Press.]

An Alphabet of Tales, in Northern English, from the Latin, ed. Mrs. M. M. Banks. Part III.

Twenty-six Political and other Poems from Digby MS. 102, &c., ed. by Dr. J. Kay. Part II.

The Laud Troy-Book, edited from the unique MS. Lutw 505, by Dr. J. Ernest Wulffing. Part III. [At Press.]


Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (1509), and its French original. Part III.

The Alliterative Siege of Jerusalem, ed. by Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D., and Prof. Kahura, Ph.D. [At Press.]

Alain Chartier's Quadrilogue, Englished, from the unique MS. by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins, M.A.

Iacob's Well, edited from the unique Salisbury Cathedral MS. by Dr. A. Brandeis. Part II.

Vices and Virtues, from the unique MS., ab. 1200 A.D., ed. Prof. Dr. F. Holthanen. Part II. [At Press.]

The Exeter Book (Anglo-Saxon Poems), re-ed. from the unique MS., by Prof. Gollanex, M.A. Part II. [At Press.]

North-English Matrical Homilies, from Ashmole MS. 42, &c., ed. G. H. Gerould, B.Litt.

Vegetius on the Art of War, edited from the MSS. by L. C. Wharton, M.A.

Shirley's Book of God's Maners, edited from the unique MS. by Hermann Oelsner, Ph.D.

Verse and Prose from the Hart, MS. 2253, re-ed. by Miss Hilda Murray, M.A., of the Royal Holloway College.

EXTRA SERIES.

The Publications for 1909 (one guinea) were:

CIV. The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays, re-edited by O. Waterhouse, M.A. 15s.

V. The Tale of Beryn, as re-edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Stone for the Chaucer Soc. 15s.

The Publications for 1910 (one guineas) are:


The Publications for 1911 and 1912 will be chosen from:

CIVIII. Lydgate's Siege of Thebes, re-edited from the MSS. by Prof. Dr. A. Erdmann. Part I, The Text.


Lovelich's Romance of Merlin, edited from the unique MS. by Prof. Dr. E. A. Kook. Part II. [At Press.]

De Medicina, a 12th-century Englishing, re-edited by Prof. Joseph Delcourt. [At Press.]

Lydgate's Dance of Death, edited from the MSS. by Miss Florence Warren.

Lydgate's Siege of Thebes, re-edited from the MSS. by Prof. Dr. A. Erdmann. Part II, Notes, &c.

Parotence, re-edited from its 3 MSS. by Dr. A. T. Bödtker. [At Press.]

The Owl and Nightingale, 2 Texts parallel, ed. G. F. H. Sykes, Esq. [At Press.]

The Court of Sapience, once thought Lydgate's, ed. by Dr. Jaeger.

Mirk's Festial, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. Eirbe. Part II.

William of Shoreham's Poems, re-edited by Dr. M. Konrath. Part II.

Winner and Waster, &c., two Alliterative Poems, re-edited by Prof. I. Gollanex, Litt.D.

Melasine, the prose Romance, from the unique MS., ab. 1500, ed. A. K. Donald, B.A. Part II. [At Press.]

Secreta Secretorum: Three Prose Engliishings, ab. 1440, ed. R. Steele, B.A. Part II. [At Press.]

The Craft of Nombringe, the earliest English Treatise on Arithmetic, ed. R. Steele, B.A.

The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, MS. ab. 1425, ed. Dr. Norman Moore. [Set.]

Caxton's Mirror of the World, with 27 Woodcuts, edited by O. H. Prior, M.A.

The Chester Plays, Part II, re-edited by Dr. Matthews. [At Press.]

Lichfeld Gilde, ed. Dr. F. J. Furnivall; Introduction by Prof. E. C. K. Gomme. [Text done.]

John Hart's Orthographie, from his unique MS. 1551, and his black-letter text, 1569, ed. Prof Otto Jespersen, Ph.D.

John Hart's Method to teach Reading, 1576, ed. Prof. Otto Jespersen, Ph.D.

The Three Kings' Sons, Part II, French collation, Introduction, &c., by Dr. L. Kellner.

The Ancren Riwele, edited from its five MSS., by the late Prof. E. Köbing, Ph.D., and Dr. Thümmler.

Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail, Part VI.

The Awnturs of Arthur, 2 Texts from the 3 MSS., edited by Wilhelm Wolff.

Caxton's Book of the Order of Chyvalry, edited by Miss Alice H. Davies.

Early English Fabliaux, edited by Prof. George H. McKnight, Ph.D.

LONDON: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD., AND HENRY FROWDE, OXFORD UNIV. PRESS, AMEN CORNER, E.C. BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 56, UNTER DEN LINDEN.
Lydgate, John

The minor poems of John Lydgate

PR 2032

1911

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY