

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Stephen Hawes**  
**- poems -**

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## Stephen Hawes(1474-1523)

Stephen Hawes (died 1523), was a popular English poet during the Tudor period who is now little known. He was probably born in Suffolk owing to the commonness of the name in that area and, if his own statement of his age may be trusted, was born about 1474. He was educated at Oxford and travelled in England, Scotland and France. On his return his various accomplishments, especially his most excellent vein in poetry, procured him a place at court. He was Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII, as early as 1502. According to Anthony Wood, he could repeat by heart the works of most of the English poets, especially the poems of John Lydgate, whom he called his master. He was still living in 1521, when it is stated in Henry VIII's household accounts that £6, 13s. 4d. was paid to Mr Hawes for his play, and he died before 1530, when Thomas Field, in his *Conversation between a Lover and a Jay*, wrote "Yong Steven Hawse, whose soule God pardon, Treated of love so clerkly and well". His capital work is *The History of Graunde Amour and la Bel Pucel*, containing the knowledge of the Seven Sciences and the Course of Mans Life in this Woride or *The Passetyme of Pleasure*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1509, but finished three years earlier. It was also printed with slightly varying titles by the same printer in 1517, by J. Wayland in 1554, by Richard Tottel and by John Waley in 1555. Tottels edition was edited by T. Wright and reprinted by the Percy Society in 1845.

*The Passetyme of Pleasure* is a long allegorical poem in seven-lined stanzas of mans life in this world. It is divided into sections after the manner of *Le Morte d'Arthur* and borrows the machinery of romance. Its main motive is the education of the knight, Graunde Amour, based, according to Mr W. J. Courthope (*Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. I. 382), on the Marriage of Mercury and Philology, by Martianus Capella, and the details of the description prove Hawes to have been well acquainted with medieval systems of philosophy. At the suggestion of Fame, and accompanied by her two greyhounds, Grace and Governance, Graunde Amour starts out in quest of La Bel Pucel. He first visits the Tower of Doctrine or Science where he acquaints himself with the arts of grammar, logic, rhetoric and arithmetic. After a long disputation with the lady in the Tower of Music he returns to his studies, and after sojourns at the Tower of Geometry, the Tower of Doctrine, the Castle of Chivalry, etc., he arrives at the Castle of La Bel Pucel, where he is met by Peace, Mercy, Justice, Reason and Memory. His happy marriage does not end the story, which goes on. to tell of the oncoming of Age, with the concomitant evils of Avarice and Cunning. The admonition of Death brings Contrition and Conscience, and it is only when Remembraunce has delivered an epitaph chiefly dealing with the Seven Deadly Sins, and Fame has enrolled Graunde Amours name with the knights of antiquity, that we are allowed

to part with the hero. This long imaginative poem was widely read and esteemed, and certainly exercised an influence on the genius of Edmund Spenser.

Hawes' poetry sought to revive the earlier medieval romances and allegorical poems which he much admired. Other works of Hawes include *The Conversyon of Swerers* (1509) and *A Joyfidi Medytendon to all Englonde*, a coronation poem (1509).

# A Ioyfull Medytacyon To All Englonde Of The Coronacyon Of Our Moost Naturall Souerayne Lorde Kynge Henry The Eyght.

The prologue

The prudent problems/& the noble werkes  
Of the gentyll poetes in olde antyquyte  
Unto this day hath made famous clerkes  
For the poetes wrote nothyng in vanyte  
But grounded them on good moralyte  
Encensynge out the fayre dulcet fume  
Our langage rude to exyle and consume  
The ryght eloquent poete and monke of bery  
Made many fayre bookes/as it is probable  
From ydle derkenes/to lyght our emyspery  
Whose vertuous pastyme/was moche c&#333;mendable  
Presentynge his bookes/gretely prouffitable  
To your worthy predecessour the .v. kynge Henry  
Whiche regystred is in the courte of memory  
Amyddes the medowe of flora the quene  
Of the goddes elycon/is the sprynge or well  
And by it groweth/a fayre laurell grene  
Of whiche the poetes do ofte wryte and tell  
Besyde this olyue/I dyde neuer dwell  
To tast the water whiche is aromatyke  
For to cause me wryte with lusty rethoryke  
Wherfore good souerayne/I beseche your hyghnes  
To pardon me whiche do rudely endyte  
As in this arte hauynge small intres  
But for to lerne is all myn appetyte  
In folowyng the monke whiche dyde nobly wryte  
Besechyng your hyghnes and grace debonayre  
For to accepte this rude and lytell quayre  
Explicit prologus.

O God alone in heuen werynge crowne  
In whose inspecte is euery regall se  
Both to enha&#363;ce & for to cast adowne  
Suche is y&supere; power of th&ybar; hygh magiste

Neyther hardynes treasour nor dygnyte  
May withstande thy strength whiche is &#299; euery place  
So grete and myghty is thy dyuyne grace  
Two tytles in one thou dydest well vnyfye  
Whan the rede rose toke the whyte in maryage  
Reygnynge togyder ryght hygh and noblye  
From whose vnyd tytyls and worthy lygnage  
Descended is by ryght excellent courage  
Kynge Henry the .viii. for to reygne doutles  
Unyuersall his fame honour and larges  
Whiche hathe spousyd a fayre floure of vertue  
Descended of kynges dame kwtheryn of Spayne  
Descended of Kynges dame Kathelyn of Spayne  
By grace and prudens the peace to attayne  
Wherefore Englonde thou nedes not complayne  
Syth thou hast crowned openly in syght  
This kynge and quene by good true loue and ryght  
What sholde I shewe by perambulacyon  
All this grete tryumphe of whiche reporte  
Is made aboute nowe in euery nacyon  
Unto all this realme to be Ioy and comforte  
Wherefore you lordes I humby you exhorte  
Spyrytuall and temporall with the comyns vnyfyde  
To gyue god the prayse whiche dothe grace prouyde  
Englonde be gladde/the dewe of grace is spred  
The dewe of Ioy/the dewe holsome and soote  
Dystylled is nowe from the rose so red  
And of the whyte so spryngyng from the roote  
After our trouble to be refute and boote  
This ryall tree was planted as I knowe  
By god aboue the rancour to downe throwe  
Who is the floure that dothe this grace dystyll  
But onely Henry the .viii. kynge of his name  
With golden droppes all Englonde to fulfyll  
To shewe his larges his honour and his fame  
His dedes therto exemplefye the same  
Wherefore nowe Englonde with hole deuocyon  
For this yonge kynge make dayly orayson  
Our late souerayne his fader excellent  
I knowe ryght well some holde oppynyon  
That to auaryce he had entendement  
Gadrynge grete rychesse of this his regyon

But they lytell knowe by theyr small reason  
For what hye entente he gadered doutles  
Unto his grace suche innumerable ryches  
For I thinke well and god had sente him lyfe  
As they haue meruaylled moche of this gadrynge  
So it to them shoue haue best affyrmatyfe  
To haue had grete wonder of his spendyng  
It may fortune he thought to haue mouyng  
Of mortall warre our fayth to stablysshe  
Agaynst the turkes theyr power to mynysshe  
But syth that dethe by his course naturall  
Hathe hym arested/and wolde not delay  
Lyke wyse as he was so be we mortall  
How/where/or whan I cam nothyng say  
Therefore to god aboue let vs all pray  
For to graunt hym mercy whiche was our kyng  
Bryngyng his soule to Ioy euerlastinge  
A fayre Englonde mystruste the ryght nought  
Regarde ryght well/his sonnes Iustyce  
Se how that they whyche inuencyons sought  
Delytyng them in the synne of auaryce  
To oppresse the comyns by grete preiudyce  
Dothe he not punyssh them accordyng to lawe  
Suche newe promocyons to dampne and withdrawe  
Fy on the saturne with thy mysty fume  
Replete with fraude treason and wyckednes  
To shewe thy beames thou darest not presume  
So cursed thou arte withouten stablenes  
Deuoyde of grace fulfilled with doblenes  
Thy power to Englonde was neuer amyable  
But alwayes euyl vntrue and varyable  
Now gentyll Iupyer the lodesterre of lyght  
Thy stedfast beames so fayre and so clere  
Cast now abrede that we may haue a syght  
To gladde vs all whan that they do appere  
Sendyng downe trouthe from thy fulgent spere  
For to make our hertes mekely to enclyne  
To serue our souerayne whiche doth nowe domyne  
O myghty Mars o god of the warre  
O flambyng honour of euery hardy herte  
Sende downe thy power truely from so ferre  
Us to encourage that we do not sterte

But by hardynes that we maye subuerte  
Our soueraynes enemyes to hym contraryous  
By bataylles fyerse ryghtfull and rygorous  
And thou fayre bryght/and aureate phebus  
Encrease now lyght with loue aud honoure  
Amonge the lordes so gay and gloryus  
With thy radyant beames so hye of fauoure  
Deuoydyinge all trechery debate and rancoure  
And yllumyne the mynde with lyberalyte  
Of our good souerayne with welth and vnyte  
And lady Uenus with thy sone Cupyde  
Of euery lorde do nowe the herte enspyre  
With feruent loue that he do not slyde  
And of the comyns set the hertes on fyre  
To loue our souerayne with theyr hole desyre  
Folowyng his grace with dulcet armonye  
To the ryghtfull waye withouten Ieoperdye  
Also thou Mercury the god of eloquence  
The gentyll sterre of grace and vertue  
Thy beames of ryght peace and conscyence  
On our kynges counsayll downe sende and renue  
The trouthe of Iustyce/that they may extue  
For to do wronge by the synne of couetyce  
That here before hathe done grete preiudyce  
And thou watery dyane of the se the goddes  
With thy broder eolus the god of the wynde  
Encourage the hertes by in warde hardynes  
And enemyes ryse that they be not behynde  
Them for to chace and the se to scoure  
By grace and fortune in many a stormy stoure  
O god aboue/trononysed in heuen  
In whose wyll resteth euery thyng alone  
The skye/the erthe/with all the planettes seuen  
Without whose grace/comforte haue we none  
As thou arte thre enclused in one  
So saue our souerayne/from all maner wo  
And this his realme from mortall warre also  
Holy chirche reioyse/with all your lybertees  
Withouten d&#333;mage/the kynge wyll ye encrease  
And be your shelde from all aduersytees  
No wronge shall be but he wyll it soone seace  
Knyttynge the knotte of fayth loue and peace

Bytwene you and hym without dysturbaunce  
So for to endure by longe contynuaunce  
Ryght myghty prynce our good souerayne lorde  
To god enclynyng be hardy and gladde  
Of you and your realme he wyll se concorde  
Though other nacyons be therfore full sadde  
Agaynst you murmuryng with theyr werkes badde  
Yet drede ye nothyng for god with his myght  
Wyll be alwaye redy to defende the ryght  
Ryght noble/wyse/and excellent pryncesse  
Ryght benygne lady/lyberall and vertuous  
Dyscended lynally of the lyne of noblenesse  
Fayre quene Katheryne so swete and precyous  
To our souerayne espoused with Ioy solacyous  
Almyghty god gyue grace to multiplye  
From you your floures to reygne ryght ryally  
And lady Mary prynces ryght beauteuous  
Indued with honour/vertue/and prudence  
Ryght meke/goodly/gentyll and gracyous  
Syster ryght dere vnto the excellence  
Of our good souerayne/surmountyng in sapyence  
Ryght fayre yonge lady/the grete lorde aboue  
He graunte you grace/hygh fame/fortune/and loue  
And all you lordes and ladyes honourable  
And you noble knyghtes so hauntyng chyalry  
Unto our souerayne be meke and tendable  
Whiche wyll rewarde you well and nobly  
As to shewe his largesse vnyuersally  
Encouragyng your hertes y<sup>&</sup>supert; courage chyualrous  
In tyme of batayll for to be vycoryous  
And all ye offycers of euery degree  
Beware extorcyon/for and it be knowen  
No doute it is but ye shall punysshed be  
Take hede of them/the whiche be ouerthrowen  
Remembre well how fortune hathe blowen  
The promoters downe/and castyng them full lowe  
In folowyng them ye shall fall as I trowe  
Englonde be true and loue well eche other  
Obey your souerayne/and god omnypotent  
Whiche is aboue/of all the worlde the rother  
Wyll sende you welth/from whome all good is sente  
He gyue vs grace to kepe his comaundement



And saue our souerayne/with his semely quene  
With all theyr bloode/without trouble and tene.  
Amen

Stephen Hawes

# An Epitaph

[illegible]

Stephen Hawes

# The Auctor

Go lytell treatyse deuoyde of eloquence  
Tremblynge for drede to approche the maieste  
Of our souerayne lorde surmountyng in excellence  
But vnder the wyng of his benygnyte  
Submyttyng the to his mercyfull pyte  
And beche his grace to pardon thy rudenes  
Whiche of late was made to eschewe ydylnes.

Stephen Hawes

# The C&#333;Forte Of Louers

The prohemye.

The gentyll poetes/vnder cloudy fygures  
Do touche a trouthe/and clokeit subtylly  
Harde is to c&#333;strue poetycall scryptures  
They are so fayned/& made s&#275;t&#275;cyously  
For som do wryte of loue by fables pryuely  
Some do endyte/vpon good moralyte  
Of chyualrous actes/done in antyquyte  
Whose fables and storyes ben pastymes pleasaunt  
To lordes and ladyes/as is theyr lykyng  
Dyuers to moralyte/ben oft attendaunt  
And many delyte to rede of louyng  
Youth loueth aduenture/pleasure and lykyng  
Aege foloweth polycy/sadnesse and prudence  
Thus they do dyffre/eche in experyence  
I lytell or nought/experte in this scyence  
Compyle suche bokes/to deuoyde ydlenes  
Besechyng the reders/with all my delygence  
Where as I offende/for to correct doubtles  
Submyttyng me to theyr grete gentylnes  
As none hystoryagraffe/nor poete laureate  
But gladly wolde folowe/the makynge of Lydgate  
Fyrst noble Gower/moralytees dyde endyte  
And after hym Cauncers/grete bokes delectable  
Lyke a good phylozophre/meruaylously dyde wryte  
After them Lydgate/the monke commendable  
Made many wonderfull bokes moche profytable  
But syth the are deed/& theyr bodyes layde in chest  
I pray to god to gyue theyr soules good rest

Finis prohemii.

Whan fayre was phebus/w&supere; his bemes bryght  
Amyddes of gemyny/aloft the fyrmament  
Without blacke cloudes/castyng his pured lyght  
With sorowe opprest/and grete incombement  
Remembryng well/my lady excellent  
Saynge o fortune helpe me to preuayle

For thou knowest all my paynfull trauayle  
I went than musynge/in a medowe grene  
Myselfe alone/amonge the floures in dede  
With god aboue/the futertens is sene  
To god I sayd/thou mayst my mater spede  
And me rewarde/accordynge to my mede  
Thou knowest the trouthe/I am to the true  
Whan that thou lyst/thou mayst them all subdue  
Who dyde preserue the yonge edyppus  
Whiche sholde haue be slayne by calculacyon  
To deuoyde grete thynges/the story sheweth vs  
That were to come/by true reuelacyon  
Takyng after theyr hole operacyon  
In this edyppus/accordynge to affecte  
Theyr cursed calkyng/holly to abiecte  
Who dyde preserue/Ionas and moyses  
Who dyde preserue yet many other mo  
As the byble maketh mencyon doubles  
Who dyde kepe Charles frome his euyl fo  
Who was he/that euer coude do so  
But god alone/than in lykewyse maye he  
Kepe me full sure/frome all iniquyte  
Thus as I called to my remembraunce  
Suche trewe examples/I tenderly dyde wepe  
Remembryng well/goddes hyghe ordyna#363;ce  
Syghynge full oft/with inwarde teres depe  
Tyll at the last/I fell in to a slepe  
And in this slepe/me thought I dyde repayre  
My selfe alone/in to a garden fayre  
This goodly gardyn/I dyde well beholde  
Where I sawe a place/ryght gaye and glorious  
With golden turrets/paynted many a folde  
Lyke a place of pleasure moste solacyous  
The wyndowes glased/with crystall precyous  
The golden fanes/with wynde and melody  
By dulcet sounde/and meruaylous armony  
The knottes flagraunt/with aromatyke odoure  
With goodly sprynges/of meruaylous mountaynes  
I dyde than tast/the redolent lycoure  
Moost clere and swete/of the goodly vaynes  
Whiche dyde me ease/somwhat of my paynes  
Tyll to me came/a lady of goodly age

Apareyled sadly/and demure of vysage  
To me she sayd/me thynke ye are not well  
Ye haue caught colde/and do lyue in care  
Tell me your mynde/now shortly euerydeie  
To layne the trouthe/I charge you to beware  
I shall for you/a remedy prepare  
Dyspeyre you not/for no thyng that is past  
Tell me your mynde/and be nought agast  
Al as madame/vnto her than I sayd  
It is no wonder/of myne inwarde payne  
Yf that my herte be meruayllously dysmayde  
My trouthe and loue/therof is cause certayne  
Dyuers yeres ago/I dyde in mynde retayne  
A lady yonge/a lady fayre of syght  
Goodwyse/and goodly/an holsome sterre of lyght  
I durst not speke vnto her of my loue  
Yet vnder coloure I dyuers bokes dyde make  
Full pryuely/to come to my aboue  
Thus many nyghtes/I watched for her sake  
To her and to hers/my trouthe well to take  
Without ony spotte/of ony maner yll  
God knoweth all myn herte/my mynde & my wyll  
The hygh dame nature/by her grete myght & power  
Man/beest/and foule/in euery degre  
Fro whens they came at euery maner houre  
Dooth trye the trouthe/without duplycyte  
For euery thyng must shewe the properte  
Gentyll vngentyll/dame nature so well tryet  
That all persones it openly espyeth  
The lorde and knyght/delyteth for to here  
Cronycles and storyes/of noble chyualry  
The gentyll man gentylnes/for his passe tyme clere  
The man of lawe/to here lawe truely  
The yeman delyteth to talke of yomanry  
The ploman his londe for to ere and sowe  
Thus nature werketh/in hye degre and lowe  
For yf there were one of the gentyll blode  
Conuayde to yomanry for nourysshement  
Dyscrecyon comen he sholde chaunge his mode  
Though he knewe not/his parentes verament  
Yet nature wolde werke/so by entendymment  
That he sholde folowe/the condycyons doubteles

Of his true blode/by outwarde gentylnes  
In all this worlde/ben but thynges twayne  
As loue and hate/the trouth for to tell  
And yf I sholde hate my lady certayne  
Than worthy I were/to dye of deth cruell  
Seynge all ladyes/that she doth excell  
In beaute/grace/prudence and mekenes  
What man on lyue/can more in one expres  
Yf she with me sholde take dyspleasure  
Whiche loueth her by honoures desyre  
What sholde she do/with suceh a creature  
That hateth her/by inwarde fraude and yre  
I yet a louer/do not so atyre  
My fayth and hope/I put in her grace  
Releace to graunt me/by good tyme and space  
Thretened with sorowe/of may paynes grete  
Thre yeres ago my ryght hande I dyde bynde  
Fro my browes for fere/y<sup>e</sup>; dropes doune dyde sweet  
God knoweth all it was nothyng my mynde  
Unto no persone/I durst my her to vntwynde  
Yet the trouthe knowynge/the good gretest P  
Maye me releace/of all my/p/p/p/thre  
Now ryght fayre lady/so sadde and demure  
My mynde ye knowe/in euery maner thyng  
I trust for trouthe/ye wyll not me dyscure  
Sythes I haue shewed you without lesynge  
At your request/the cause of my mournynge  
Whiche abyde in sorowe/in my remembraunce  
Without good conforte/saufe of espraunce  
Fayre sone sayd she/sythes I knowe your thought  
Your worde and dede/and here to be one  
Dyspayre you not/for it auayleth nought  
Ioye cometh after/whan the payne is gone  
Conforte yourselfe/and muse not so alone  
Doubt ye no thyng/but god wyll so agre  
That at the last/ye shall your lady se  
Be alwaye meke/let wysdome be your guyde  
Aduenture for honoure/and put your selfe in preace  
Clymbe not to fast/lest sodenly ye slyde  
Lets god werke styll/he wyll your mynde encrece  
Begynne no warre/be gladde to kepe the peace  
Prepence no thyng/agaynst the honoure

Of ony lady/by fraudulent fauoure  
Alas madame/vnto her than sayd I  
Aboue .xx. woulues/dyde me touse and rent  
Not longe agone/delynge moost shamefully  
That by theyr tuggynge/my lyfe was nere spent  
I dyde perceyue/somwhat of theyr entente  
As the trouthe is knowen/vnto god aboue  
My ladyes fader they dyde lytell loue  
Seynge theyr falshode/and theyr subtylte  
For fere of deth/where as I loued best  
I dyde dyspraise/to knowe theyr cruelte  
Somwhat to wysdome/accordynge to behest  
Though that my body had but lytell rest  
My herte was trewe vnto my ladyes blood  
For all theyr dedes I thought no thyng but good  
Some had wende the hous for to swepe  
Nought was theyr besom/I holde it set on fyre  
The inwarde wo in to my herte dyde crepe  
To god aboue/I made my hole desyre  
Saynge o good lorde of heuenly empyre  
Let the mouut with all braunches swete  
Entyerly growe/god gyue vs grace to mete  
Soma had wened for to haue made an ende  
Of my bokes/before he hadde begynnyng  
But all vayne they dyde so comprehend  
Whan they of them lacke vnderstandynge  
Uaynfull was & is theyr mysse contryuyng  
Who lyst the trouthe of them for to enfuse  
For the reed and whyte they wryte full true  
Well sayd this lady I haue perceuraunce  
Of our bokes/whiche that ye endyte  
So as ye saye is all the cyrcumstaunce  
Unto the hyghe pleasure of the reed and the whyte  
Which hath your trouthe/and wyll you acquyte  
Doubte ye no thyng/but at the last ye maye  
Of your true mynde yet fynde a Ioyfull daye  
Forsothe I sayd/dysdayne and straungenesse  
I fere them sore/and fals reporte  
I wolde they were/in warde all doutles  
Lyke as I was/without conforte  
Than wolde I thynke/my lady wolde resorte  
Unto dame mercy/my payne to consyder



God knoweth all/I wolde we were togyder  
Though in meane season/of grene graspe I fede  
It wolde not greue me/yf she knewe my heuynesse  
My trauayle is grete/I praye god be my spede  
To resyste the myght/of myn enmyes subtylnesse  
Whiche awayte to take/me by theyr doublenesse  
My wysdome is lytel/yet god may graunt me grace  
Them to defende/in euery maner of cace  
Lerne this she sayd/yf that you can by wytte  
Of foes make frendes/they wyll be to you sure  
Yf that theyr frendshyp/be vnto yon knytte  
It is oft stedfast/and wyll longe endure  
Yf alwaye malyce/they wyll put in vre  
No doubte it is/than god so hyght and stronge  
Ful meruaylously/wyl soone reuenge theyr wronge  
And now she sayd come on your waye with me  
Unto a goodly toure whiche is solacious  
Beholde it yonder/full of felycyte  
Quadrant it was/me thought full meruaylous  
With golden turrets/gaye and glorious  
Gargayled with greyhounds/and with many lyons  
Made of fyne golde/with dyuers sondry dragons  
The wyndowes byrall/without resplendysshant  
The fayre yuery/coloured with grene  
And all aboute there was dependaunt  
Grete gargyles of golde/full meruaylously besene  
Neuer was made/a fayrer place I wene  
The ryght excellent lady toke her intresse  
Ryght so dyde I/by meruaylous swetnesse  
Whan we came in/I dyde aboute beholde  
The goodly temple/with pynacles vp sette  
Wherin were ymages/of kynges all of golde  
With dyuers scryptures/without ony lette  
Aloft the rooffe/were emeraudes full grette  
Set in fyne golde/with amiable rudyes  
Endented with dyamondes/and mayn turkyes  
The wyndowes hystoried/with many noble kynges  
The pyllers Iasper/dyuersed with asure  
By pendaunt penacles/of many noble rynges  
The pauement calcedony/beynge fayre and sure  
The aras golde/with the story pure  
Of the syche of thebes/with actes auenturous

Of ryght noble knyghes/hardy and chyualrous  
 Than sayd this lady/I must now go hence  
 Passe ye tyme here/accordynge to your lykynge  
 It maye fortune/your lady of excellence  
 Wyll passe her tyme here/soone by walkynge  
 Than maye she se/your dolefull mournynge  
 And fare ye well/I maye no lenger tary  
 Marke well my lesson/and from it do not vary  
 Whan she was gone/the temple all alonge  
 I went my selfe/with syghtes grete and feruent  
 Alas I sayd/with inwarde paynes stronge  
 My herte doth blede/now all to torne and rent  
 For lacke of conforte/my herte is almost spent  
 O meruelous; fortune/whiche hast brought  
 Where is my conforte/that I so longe haue sought  
 O wonderfull loue/whiche fell vnto my lotte  
 O loue ryght clene/without ony thought vntrue  
 Syth thy fyrst louynge/not blemysed with spotte  
 But euermore/the falseshede to extue  
 O dolorous payne/whiche doste renue  
 O pyteous herte/where is the helthe and boote  
 Of thy lady/that perst the at the roote  
 What thyng is loue/that causeth suche turment  
 From whens cometh it/me thynke it is good questy;  
 Yf it be nature/from nature it is sent  
 Loue maye come of kynde by true affeccyon  
 Loue may appetyte/by naturall eleccyon  
 Than must loue nedes be/I perceyue it in mynde  
 A thyng fyrst gyuen/by the god of kynde  
 Alas o nature/why mayst not thou truely  
 Cause my lady loue/as thou hast me constrayned  
 Hath she power to domyne the vtterly  
 Why mayst not thou/cause her be somewhat payned  
 With natures moeuyng/for loue is not fayned  
 Alas for sorowe/why madest thou her so fayre  
 Without to loue/that she lyst soone repayre  
 Two thynges me conforte/euer in pryncypall  
 The fyrst be bokes/made in antyquyte  
 By Gower and Chauncers/poetes rethorycall  
 And Lydgate eke/by good auctoryte  
 Makynge mencyon/of the felycyte  
 Of my lady and me/by dame fortunes chaunce

To mete togyders/by wonderull ordynaunce  
The seconde is/where fortune dooth me brynge  
In many placys/I se by prophecy  
As in the storyes/of the olde buyldynge  
Letters for my lady/depeynted wonderly  
And letters for me/besyde her meruayllously  
Agreyng well/vnto my bokes all  
In dyuers placys/I se it in generall  
O loue moost dere/o loue nere to my harte  
O gentyll floure/I wolde you knewe my wo  
How that your beaute/perst me with the darte  
With your vertue/and your mekenes also  
Sythens ye so dyde/it is ryght longe ago  
My herte doth se you/it is for you bebledde  
Myne eyen with teeres/ben often made full redde  
Where are ye now/the floure of Ioye and grace  
Whiche myght me conforte/in this inwarde sorowe  
Myne excellent lady/it is a ryght pyteous case  
Good be my guyde/aud saynt George vnto borowe  
O clere Aurora/the sterre of the morowe  
Whiche many yeres/with thy bemes mery  
Hath me awaked/to se thyne emyspery  
Thus as I mourned/I sawe than appere  
Thre goodly myrours dependaunt on the wall  
Set in fyne golde bordred with stones clere  
The glasses pure/they were of crystall  
Made longe ago to be memoryall  
And vnder the fyrst glasse ryght fayre wryten was  
Beholde thy selfe/and thy fautes or thou passe  
By a sylken threde/small as ony heere  
Ouer I sawe hange/a swerde full ponderous  
Without a scauberde/full sharpe for to fere  
The poynt downward/ryght harde and asperous  
All this I sawe/with hert full dolorous  
Yet at auenture/to se the mystery  
In the myroure/I loked than full sodenly  
In this glasse I sawe/how I had ledde my lyfe  
Sythens the tyme of my dyscrecyon  
As vnto wyldnesse/always affyrmatyfe  
Folowyng the pleasure/of wylfull amonycyon  
Not vnto vertue, hauynge intencyon  
Ihesu sayd I/thou hast me well preserued

From this swerdes fall/whiche I haue oft deserued  
O ye estates/aloft on fortunes whele  
Remembre this swerde/whiche ouer you dependeth  
Beware the fall/before that ye it fele  
Se your one euyl/se what vengeaunce ensueth  
Correcte none other/whan that your fautes renueth  
Calke not not goddes power/bryef not y<sup>&</sup>supere; tens future  
Beholde this glasse/se how he may endure  
Many one wanteth the nature sens to brefe  
By calculacyon goddes power to withstande  
Bathynge theyr swerdes/in blode by myschefe  
Tyll at the last as I do vnderstande  
This swerde doth fal by the myght of goddes hande  
Upon them all/whiche wolde his power abate  
Than they repent but than it is to late  
This goodly myrour/I ryght well behelde  
Remembrynge well/my dedes done in tymes past  
I toke forwytte/than for to be my shelde  
By grace well armed/not to be agast  
Thus as I stode/I dyde se at the last  
The seconde myrour/as bryght as phebus  
Set rounde about/with stones precyous  
Ouer whiche dyde h<sup>&</sup>ge/a floure of golde ryght fyne  
Wherin was set/an emeraude full bryght  
Ryght large and grete/whiche w<sup>&</sup>derfull dyde shyne  
That me thought it was/grete conforte to my syght  
Bordred dyamondes/castybarged a meruaylous; lyght  
This floure dyde hange/by a ryght subtyll gynne  
With a chayne of yron/and many a pryue pynne  
Besyde whiche there was/a table of golde  
With a goodly scrypture/enameled of grene  
The sentence wherof/I dyde well beholde  
The whiche sayd thus/it is openly sene  
That many a one/full pryuely dooth wene  
To blynde an other/by crafte and subtylnes  
That ofte blyndeth hym/for all his doublenes  
In this myrour whiche is here besyde  
Thou shalt well lerne/thy selfe for to knowe  
Passe forth no ferder/but loke and abyde  
Se what shall come/lest that thou ouer throwe  
A sodayne rysynge dooth oft fall alowe  
Without the grounde/beryghe sure and perfyte

Beholde well this glasse/& take thy respyte  
Whan thou hast so done/to this floure resorte  
Laboure to gete it/from this harde yren chayne  
Unto the gynnes/vnto thy grete conforte  
Yf that thou canst/and take it for thy payne  
To be thy helpe/in thy Journaye certayne  
Lo here the vertues vnder wryten be  
Of this ryall floure in euery degre  
This ryche emeraude/who so dooth it bere  
From his fyrst werynge/his syght shal not mynysshe  
Payne of the heed he nedeth not to fere  
By dynt of swerde/he shall neuer perysshe  
Ne no thyng begyn/but he shall well fynyshe  
Yf it be ryghtfull aftyr a true entent  
Without resystence of grete impedymment  
Of all nygromancy/and fals enchauntement  
Agaynst hym wrought/he shall knowe the effecte  
They can not blynde hym by cursed sentement  
But he theyr werkes may ryght soone abiecte  
No maner poyson he nedeth to susspecte  
Neyther in mete not yet in ale ne wyne  
Yf it beset well besyde a serpentyne  
Yf he vntrue be vnto his gentyll lady  
It wyll breke asondre/or crase than doubtlesse  
It kepeth close/neuet the auoutry  
This gentyll emeraude/this stone of rychesse  
Hath many mo vertues/whiche I do not expresse  
As saynt Iohan euangelyst doeth shewe openly  
Who of his makynge lyst se the lapydary  
Whan I had aduerted/in my remembraunce  
All the maters/vnto the glasse I wente  
Beholdynge it/by a longe cyrcumstaunce  
Where as I dyde perceyue well verament  
How preuy malyce/his messengers had sent  
With subtyll engynes/to lye in a wayte  
Yf that they coude take me with a bayte  
I sawe there trappes/I sawe theyr gynnes all  
I thanked god than/the swete holy goost  
Whiche brought me hyder so well in specyall  
Without whiche myrour/I had ben but loost  
In god aboue/the lorde of myghtes moost  
I put my trust/for to withstande theyr euyll

Whiche dayly wrought/by the myght of the deuyll  
I sawe theyr maysters blacke and tydyous  
Made by the craft of many a nacyon  
For to dystroye me/with strokes peryllous  
To lette my Iournaye/as I make relacyon  
Peryllous was the waye/and the cytuacyon  
Full gladde was I of the vertu of this glasse  
Whiche shewed me/what daungers I sholde passe  
O all ye estates/of the hygh renowne  
Beware these gynnes/beware theyr subtylte  
The deuyll is grete/and redy to cast downe  
By calculacyon/of the cursed cruelte  
Of the subtyll beestes/full of inyquyte  
In the olde tyme what snares were there sette  
By fals calkyng/to dystroye lordes grete  
Than after this to the yron gynne  
I wente anone my wyte for to proue  
By lytell and lytell/to vndo euery pynne  
Thus in and out/I dyde the chayne ofte moue  
Yet coude I not come/vnto myne aboue  
Tyll at the last/I dyde the crafte espy  
Undoyng the pynnes/& chayne full meruaylously  
Full gladde was I than/whan I had this floure  
I kyst it oft/I behelde the coloure grene  
It swaged ryght well/myn inwarde doloure  
Myn eyes confortd/with the bryghtnes I wene  
This ryall floure/this emeraude so shene  
Whan I had goten it by my prudence  
Ryght gladde I was/of fortunes premynence  
O fortune sayd I/thou arte ryght fauorable  
For many a one/hath ben by symylytude  
To wyne this floure/full gretely tendable  
But they the subtylnes/myght nothyng exclude  
Sythen by wysdome/I dyde this fraude conclude  
This floure/I sette nere my harte  
For perfyte loue/of my fayre ladyes darte  
So this accomplysshed/than incontynent  
To the thyrde myrour I went dyrectly  
Beholdyng aboute by good auysement  
Seynge an ymage madefull wonderly  
Of the holy goost with flambes ardauntly  
Under whiche I sawe with letters fayre and pure

In golde well grauen this meruaylous scrypture  
 Frome the fader and the sone my power procedynge  
 And of my selfe I god do ryght ofte inspyre  
 Dyuers creatures with spyrytuall knowynge  
 Inuysyble by dyuyne flambynge fyre  
 The eyes I entre not it is not my desyre  
 I am not coloured of the terrestriall grounde  
 Nor entre the eres for I do not sounde  
 Nor by the nose for I am not myxte  
 With any maner of the ayry influence  
 Nor by the mouthe for I am not fyxte  
 For to be swallowed by erthly experyence  
 Nor yet by felynge or touchynge exystence  
 My power dyuyne can not be palpable  
 For I myselfe am no thyng manyable  
 Yet vysyble I may be by good apparaunce  
 As in the lykenesse of a doue vnto chryste Ihesu  
 At his baptysme I dyde it with good countenaunce  
 To shewe our godhed to be hygh and true  
 And at his transfiguracyon our power to ensue  
 In a fayre cloude with clere rayes radyaunt  
 Ouer hym that I was well apparaunt  
 Also truely yet at the feest of pentycoste  
 To the sones moder and the apostelles all  
 In tonges of fyre as god of myghtes moost  
 I dyde appere shewynge my power spyrytuall  
 Enflambynge theyr hertes by vertues supernall  
 Whiche after that by languages well  
 In euery regyon coude pronounce the gospell  
 And where I lyst by power dyuyne  
 I do enspyre oft causynge grete prophecy  
 Whiche is mysconstrued whan some do enclyne  
 Thynkyng by theyr wytte to perceyue it lyghtly  
 Or elles calke with deuylls the trouth to sertyfy  
 Whiche contrary be to all true saynge  
 For deuylls be subtyll and alwaye lyenge  
 Whan I had aduerted with my dylygence  
 All the scrypture I sawe me besyde  
 H&#257;ge a fayre swerde & shelde of meruailous excell&#275;ce  
 Whiche to beholde I dyde than abyde  
 To blase the armes I dyde well prouyde  
 The felde was syluer/and in it a medowe grene

With an olyue trefull meruaylously besene  
Two lyons of asure vpon euery syde  
Couchande were truely besyde this olyue tree  
A hande of stele wherin was wryten pryde  
Dyde holde this ryall swerde in certaynte  
A scripture there was whiche sayd by subtylte  
Of a grete lady hondred yeres ago  
In the hande of stele this swerde was closed so  
No maner persone/may withstande this swerde  
But one persone/chosen by god in dede  
Of this ladyes kynred/not to be aferde  
To touche this hande/his mater for to spede  
And to vndo it/and take it for his mede  
But yf that he/be not of the lygnage  
The hande wyll sle hym/after olde vsage  
This ryall swerde/that called is preprudence  
Who can it gette/it hath these vertues thre  
Fyrst to wynne ryght/without longe resystence  
Secondly encreaseth/all trouth and amyte  
Thyrldy of the berer through duplycyte  
Be pryuely fals/to the ordre of chyualry  
The swerdes crosse wyll crase/and shewe it openly  
This shelde also/who so dooth it bere  
Whiche of olde tyme/was called perceuraunce  
Hath thre vertues/fyrst he nedeth not fere  
Ony grete blodeshede/by wronge incombraunce  
Secondly/it wolde make good apparaunce  
By hete vnto hym/to gyue hym warnyng  
To be redy/agayst his enmyes comyng  
The thyrd is this/yf this calenge be ryghtfull  
Neuer no swerde/shall through his harneys perce  
Nor make hym bloody/with woundes rufull  
For he there steength/may ryghtfully reuerce  
Yet moreouer/as I do well reherce  
This ryall shelde/in what place it be borne  
Shall soone be wonne/and shall not be forlorne  
These thynges sene/to the thyrd myroure clere  
I went anone/and in it lokyd ryght ofte  
Where in my fyght/dyde wonderly appere  
The fyrmament/with the sonne all alofte  
The wynde not grete/but blowyng fayre and softe  
And besyde the sonne/I sawe a meruaylous sterre



With beames twayne/the whiche were cast aferre  
 The one turnynge towarde the sterre agayne  
 The other stretched ryght towarde Phebus  
 To beholde this sterre/I was somewhat fayne  
 But than I mused with herte full dolorous  
 Whyder it sygnyfied thynges good or peryllous  
 Thus longe I studyed/tyll at the last I thought  
 What it sholde meane/as in my herte I sought  
 This sterre it sygnyfyeth the resynge of a knyght  
 The bowynge beame agayne so tournynge  
 Betokened rattonnes of them whiche by myght  
 Wolde hym resyst by theyr wronge resystynge  
 The beame towarde Phebus clerely shynynge  
 Betokened many meruaylous fyres grete  
 On them to lyght that wolde his purpose lete  
 In the fyre clerest of euery element  
 God hath appered vnto many a one  
 Inspyrynge them/with grete wytte refulgent  
 Who lyst to rede many dayes agone  
 Many one wryteth trouthe/yet c&#333;forte hath he none  
 Wherefore I fere me/lyke a swarme of bees  
 Wylde fyre wyll lyght amonge a thousande pees

Sepe expugnauerunt me a inuentute mea:etenim non potuerunt michi.  
 As the cantycles maketh good mencyon  
 They haue oft expugned me/syth my yonge age  
 Yet coude they haue me/in theyr domynyon  
 Though many a one/vnhappely do rage  
 They shall haue sorowe that shytted me in a cage  
 In a grte dyspyte of the holy goost  
 He maye them brenne/theyr calkyng is but loost

Supra dorsum me&#363; fabricauer&#363;t peccatores: prolongauersit  
 iniquitat&#275; su&#257;.  
 Upon my backe synners hath fabrysed  
 They haue prolonged theyr grete iniquyte  
 From daye to daye it is not mynysshed  
 Wherefore for vengeaunce by grete extremyte  
 It cryeth aboue/now vnto the deyte  
 Whiche that his mynysters haue suffred so longe  
 To lyue in synne and euyl wayes wronge  
 Whan I had perceyued euery maner thyng

Of this ryall myrour/accordynge to effecte  
Remembrynge the verses/of the olde saynge  
Whiche in my mynde I dyde well coniecte  
Than to the swerde/I thought to haue respecte  
Ryght so I went/than at all auenture  
Unto the hande/that helde the swerde so sure  
I felte the hande/of the stell so fyne  
Me thought it quaked/the fynghers gan to stretche  
I thought by that/I came than of the lyne  
Of the grete lady/that fyrst the swerde dyde fetchte  
The swerdes pomell/I began to ketchte  
The hande swerued/but yet neuer the lesse  
I helde them bothe/by excellent prowes  
And at the last/I felte the hande departe  
The swerde I toke/with all my besynesse  
So I subdued/all the magykes arte  
And founde the scauberde/of meruaylous rychesse  
After that I toke the shelde doune doubtlesse  
Kyssynge the swerde/and the shelde ofte I wys  
Thankynge god/the whiche was cause of this  
Gladde was I than/of my ryall floure  
Of my swerde and shelde/I reioyced also  
It pacyfied well/myn inwarde doloure  
But fro my ladyes beaute/my mynde myght not go  
I loued her surely/for I loued no mo  
Thus my fayre floure/and my swerde and shelde  
With eyen ryght meke/full often I behelde  
Than sayd I (well) this is an happy chaunce  
I trust now shortly/my lady for to se  
O fortune sayd I/whiche brought me on the da#363;ce  
Fyrst to beholde her ryght excellent beaute  
And so by chaunce/hast hyder conueyde me  
Getynge me also/my floure my shelde and swerde  
I nought mystrust the/why sholde I be aferde  
O ryght fayre lady/as the bryght daye sterre  
Shyneth before the rysynge of the sonne  
Castynge her beames/all aboute aferre  
Exylynge grete wyndes/and the mystes donne  
So ryght fayre lady/where as thou doost wonne  
Thy beautefull bryghtnes/thy vertue and thy grace  
Dooth clere Illumyne/all thy boure and place  
The gentyll heren is plunged in dystresse

Dooth walowe and tomble in somers nyght  
Replete with wo/and mortall heuynesse  
Tyll that aurora/with her beames bryght  
Aboute the fyrmament/castyng her pured lyght  
Ageynst the rysynge/of refulgent tytan  
Whan that declyneth/the fayre dame dyan  
Than dooth the loue/out of this bedde aryse  
With wofull mynde/beholdynge than the ayre  
Alas he sayth/what nedeth to deuyse  
Ony suche pastyme/here for to repayre  
Where is my conforte/where is my lady fayre  
Where is my Ioye/where is now all my boote  
Where is she nowe/that persed my herte rote  
This maye I saye/vnto my owne dere loue  
My goodly lady/fayrest and moost swete  
In all my bokes/fayre fortune doth moue  
For a place of grace/where that we sholde mete  
Also my bokes full pryuely you grete  
The effectes therof/dooth well dayly ensue  
By meruelous thynges/to proue them to be true  
The more my payne/the more my loue encreaseth  
The more my Ieopardy/the truer is my harte  
The more I suffre/the lesse the fyre releaseth  
The more I complayne the more is my smarte  
The more I se her/the sharper is the darte  
The more I wryte/the more my teeres dystyll  
The more I loue/the hotter is my wyll  
O moost fayre lady/yonge/good/and vertuous  
I knewe full well/neuer your countenance  
Shewed me ony token/to make me amerous  
But what for that/your prudent gouernaunce  
Hath enrached my herte/for to gyue attendaunce  
Your excellent beaute/you coude no thyng lette  
To cause my herte vpon you to be sette  
My ryght fayre lady/yf at the chesse I drawe  
My selfe I knowe not/as a cheke frome a mate  
But god aboute the whiche sholde haue in awe  
By drede truely euery true estate  
He maye take vengeaunce/though he tary late  
He knoweth my mynde/he knoweth my remedy  
He maye reuenge me/he knoweth my Ieoperdy  
O thou fayre fortune/torne not fro me thy face

Remembre my sorowe/for my goodly lady  
My tendre herte/she dooth full oft enbrace  
And as of that it is no wonder why  
For vpon her is all my desteny  
Submyttynge me/vnto her gracyous wyll  
Me for to saue or sodaynly to spyll  
O ryght fayre lady of grene flouryng age  
You can not do but as your frendes agre  
Your wyte is grete/you mekenes/dooth not swage  
Exyle dysdayne/and be ruled by pety  
The frenshe man sayth/that shall be shall be  
Yf that I dye loue was neuer none  
Deyed in this worlde/for a fayrer persone  
Your beaute causeth all my amyte  
Why sholde your beaute/to my dethe condyscende  
Your vertue and mekenes/dyde so arest me  
Why sholde ye than to dame dysdayne intende  
Your prudence your goodnes/dooth mercy extende  
Why sholde ye than enclyne to cruelte  
Your grace I trust wyll non extremyte  
A dere herte I maye complayne ryght longe  
You here me not/nor se me not arayed  
Nor causes my paynes for to be stronge  
It was myn eyes/that made me fyrst dysmayde  
With stroke of loue/that coude not me delaye  
My ryght fayre lady/my herte is colde and faynt  
Wolde now to god/that you knewe my complaynte  
Thus as I mourned I herde a lady speke  
I loked asyde I sawe my lady gracyous  
My herte than fared/as it sholde breke  
For perfyte Ioye whiche was solacyous  
Before her grace/ryght swete and precyous  
I kneled doune/saynge with all mekenesse  
Please it your grace/& excellent noblenes  
No dyspleasure to take for my beyng here  
For fortune me brought/to this place ryall  
Where I haue wonne this floure so vertuous & dere  
This swerde and shelde/also not peregall  
Towadre hym aduenture to be tryumphall  
And now by fortunes desteny and fate  
Do here my duety vnto your hygh estate  
Ihesu sayd she than/who hadde wende to fynde

Your selfe walkynge/in this place all alone  
Full lytell thought I/ye were not in my mynde  
What is the cause/that ye make suche mone  
I thynke some thyng/be from you past and gone  
But I wonder/how that ye dyde attayne  
This floure/this swerde/the shelde also certayne  
For by a lady in the antyquyte  
They were made to a meruaylous entente  
That none sholde get them/but by auctoryte  
Whiche onely by fortune/sholde hyder be sent  
Full many knyghtes by entendement  
Hath them aduentred/to haue them in dede  
But all was vayne/for they myght neuer spede  
Wherefore surely/ye are moche fortunate  
Them for to wyne by your aduenture  
But it was no thyng to you ordynate  
And you dyde well/to put your selfe in vre  
To proue the Jeoperdy/whiche hath made you sure  
Leue all your mournynge/for there is no wyght  
Hath greter cause/for to be gladde and lyght  
I behelde well her demure countenaunce  
Unto her swete wordes/gyuyng good audyence  
And than I marked in my remembraunce  
Her pleasaunt apparayle/with all my dylygence  
Whiche was full ryche of meruaylous excellence  
Fyrst alofte her forheed/full properly was dressed  
Under her orellettes/her golden heere well tressed  
About her necke whyte as ony lyly  
A prety chayne of the fynest golde  
Some lynkes with grene enameled truely  
And some were blacke/the whiche I dyde beholde  
The vaynes blewe/in her fayre necke well tolde  
With her swete vysage tydynges to my herte  
That sodynly my thoughtes were avertere  
Her gowne was golde/of the clothe of tyssewe  
With armyns poudred/and wyde sleues pendaunt  
Her kyrtell grene of the fyne satyn newe  
To bere her longe trayne/was well attendaunt  
Gentyll dame dylygence/neuer varyaunt  
Than as touchynge her noble stature  
I thynke there can be/no goodlyer creature  
As of her aege/so tendre and grene

Fayre/gracyous/prudent/and louynge humylyte  
Her vertue shyneth/beynge bryght and shene  
In her is nether pryde ne sybtylte  
Her gentyll herte/enclyneth to bounte  
Thus beaute/godlynesse/vertue/grace/and wytte  
With bounte and mekenesse/in this lady is knytte

Amour.

Thus whan my eyes hadde beholde her wele  
Madame I sayd how may I now be gladde  
But sygh and sorowe with herte euery dele  
Longe haue I loued/and lytell conforte hadde  
Wherefore no wonder though that I be sadde  
Your tendre age/full lytell knoweth ywys  
To loue vnloved/what wofull payne it is

Pucell.

Thoghe that I be yonge/yet I haue perceuera#363;ce  
That ther is no lady/yf that she gentyll be  
But ye haue with her ony acquayntaunce  
And after cast/to her your amyte  
Grounded on honoure/without duplycyte  
I wolde thynke in mynde/she wolde condescende  
To graunt your fauoure/yf ye none yll intende

Amour.

A fayre lady I haue vnto her spoken  
That I loue best/and she dooth not it knowe  
Though vnto her/I haue my mynde broken  
Her beuaet clere/dooth my herte ouerthrowe  
Whan I do se her/my herte booth sobbe I trowe  
Wherefore fayre lady/all dysparate of contorte  
I speke vnknownen/I must to wo resorte

Pucell.

Me thynke ye speke/now vnder parable  
Do ye se her here/whiche is cause of your grefe  
Yf ye so dyde/than sholde I be able  
As in this cause/te be to your relefe  
Ryght lothe I were to se your myschefe  
For ye knowe well/what case that I am yn  
Peryllous it wolde be/or that ye coude me wyne

Amour.

Madame sayd I/thoughe myn eyes se her not  
Made dymme w&supert; wepynde/& with grete wo togyder  
Yet dooth myn herte/at this tyme I wote  
Her excellent beaute/ryght inwardly concyder  
Good fortune I trust/hach now brought me hyder  
To se your mekenes/whiche doth her repayre  
Whose swete conforte/dooth kepe me fro dyspayre

Pucell.

Of late I sawe aboke of your makynge  
Called the pastyme of pleasure/whiche is w&#333;drous  
For I thyng and you had not ben in louynge  
Ye coude neuer haue made it so sentencyous  
I redde there all your passage daungerous  
Wherfore I wene for the fayre ladyes sake  
That ye dyd loue/ye dyde that boke so make

Amour.

Forsothe madame/I dyde compyle that boke  
As the holy goost/I call vnto wytnes  
But ygnorauntly/who so lyst to loke  
Many meruelous thynges in it/I do expresse  
My lyue and loue/to enserche well doublesse  
Many a one doth wryte/I knowe not what in dede  
Yet the effecte dooth folowe/the trouthe for to spede

Pucell.

I graunt you well/all that whiche you saye  
But tell me who it is/that ye loue so sure  
I promyse you that I wyll not bewraye  
Her name truely to ony creature  
Pyte it is/you sholde suche wo endure  
I do perceyue/she is not ryght ferre hence  
Whiche that ye loue/wihtouten neclygence

Amour.

Surely madame/syth it pleaseth your hyghnesse  
And your honour to speke so nobly  
It is your grace/that hath the intresse  
In my true herte/with loue so feruently

Ryght longe ago/your beaute sodanly  
Entred my mynde/and hath not syth dekyde  
With feruent loue/moost woefully arayde

Pucell.

And is it I/that is cause of your loue  
Yf it so be I can not helpe your payne  
It sholde be harde/to gete to your aboue  
Me for to loue/I dyde not you constrayne  
Ye knowe what I am/I knowe not you certayne  
I am as past your loue to specyfy  
Why wyll ye loue where is no remedy

Amour.

A madame you are cause of my languysshe  
Ye maye me helpe/yf that it to you please  
To haue my purpose/my herte dooth not menysshe  
Thoughe I was seke/ye knewe not my dysease  
I am not hole/your mercy maye me ease  
To proue what I am/the holy goost werke styll  
My lyfe and deth/I yelde nowe to your wyll

Pucell.

Fortune me thynke/is meruaylous fauorable  
To you by getynge/of this ryall floure  
Hauynge this swerde/and shelde so profytable  
In mortall daungers/to be your socoure  
But as touchynge your loue and fauoure  
I can not graunt/neyther fyrst ne last  
Ye knowe what I am/ye knowe my loue is past

Amour.

Madame the floure/the swerde and shelde also  
Whiche fortune gate me/are not halfe so dere  
As your persone the cause of my wo  
Whose grace and beaute/shyneth so ryght clere  
That in my herte your beaute doth appere  
Nothyng is past/but that fortunes pleasure  
May call it agayne/in the tyme futrure

Pucell.

I denye not but that your dedes do shewe



By meruaylous prowes/truely your gentylnesse  
To make you a carter/there were not afewe  
But tho by crafte/whiche thought you to oppresse  
To accombre them selfe applye the besynesse  
Yet thynke not you/so soone to se a cradle  
I graunt you loue/whan ye were golden sadle

Amour.

Madame truely/it is oft dayly sene  
Many a one dooth trust/his fortune to take  
From an other man/to make hym blynde I wene  
Whiche blyndeth hym/and dooth his pompe aslake  
Often some hye/do fall alowe and quake  
Ryght so maye they/whiche dyde fyrst prepenche  
My wo and payne for all theyr yll scyence

Pucell.

To loue me so/whiche knoweth my persone  
And my frendes eke/me thynke ye are not wyse  
As now of me conforte haue ye none  
Wherfore this answere/maye to you suffyse  
I can not do/but as my frendes deuyse  
I can no thyng do/but as they accorde  
They haue me promest/to a myghty lorde

Amour.

Madame in this worlde ben but thynges twayne  
As loue and hate/ye knowe your selfe the trouthe  
Yf I sholde hate you/deth I were worthy playne  
Than had you cause/with me to be wrothe  
To deserue dyspleasure/my herte wolde be lothe  
Wherfore fayre lady/I yelde at this hower  
To your mekenes/my herte my loue and power

Pucell.

Thynke you past all chyldy ygnoraunce  
That gladde I am/yf prudence be your guyde  
Grace cometh often after gouernaunce  
Beware of foly/beware of inwarde pryde  
Clymbe not to fast/but yet fortune abyde  
For your loue I thanke you/yf trouthe haue it fyxte  
As with yll thought/neuer for to be myxte

Amour.

Surely my mynde/nor yet my purpose  
In any cause by folly dyde vary  
Neuer doyng thynke open ne close  
That to your honour sholde be contrary  
As yet for grace I am content to tary  
For myn enmyes fraude and subtylnes  
Whiche pryuely begyne theyr owne vnhapynesse

Pucell.

Now of trouthe/I do vnto you tell  
The thyng y<sup>e</sup> to your enmyes is moost dyspleasure  
Is for to gouerne you by wysdome ryght well  
That causeth enuy in theyr hertes to endure  
But be ye pacyent and ye shall be sure  
Such thynges as they ordayne vnto your gref  
Wyll lyght on them fo theyr owne myschefe

Amour.

Surely I thynke/I suffred well the phypppe  
The nette also dydde teche me on the waye  
But me to bere I trowe they lost a lyppe  
For the lyfte hande extendyd my Iournaye  
And not to call me for my sporte and playe  
Wherefore by folly yf that they do synne  
The holy goost maye well the batayle wyne

Pucell.

Yf fortune wolde/for the payne ye haue taken  
I wolde gra<sup>n</sup>t you loue/but it may noth<sup>y</sup>ge al  
My loue is past/it can not be forsaken  
Therefore I praye you leue your trauayle  
Full lothe I were/your deth to bewayle  
There is no nette/nor no tempted snare  
But ye them knowe/wherefore ye maye beware

Amour.

The snares and nettes/set in sondrye maner  
Doone in tyme past/made many abyrd a dawne  
The tempted gynnes/were sette so cyrculer  
But euermore it is an olde sayd sawe

Examples past dooth theche one to withdrawe  
Frome all suche perylles/wherfore than maye I  
By grace of god/beware full parfytylly

Pucell.

Ye saye the trouthe/and I do not submytte  
My wyll and thought to the lady Uenus  
As she is goddesse/and doth true loue knytte  
Ryght so to determyne/the mater betwene vs  
With assent of fortune/so good gracyous  
Besechynge you now for to holde you styll  
For these two ladyes/maye your mynde fulfyll

Amour.

My ryght dere lady/I do therto consente  
Swete are your wordes they confort my thought  
Of Uenus and fortune/I abyde the Iugement  
But ryght dere lady/whome I longe haue sought  
Forgete me not/remembre loue dere bought  
Of my herte/I wolde ye knewe the preuyte  
Than as I thynke ye wolde remembre me  
That came ladyes [illeg.]  
The our talkynge/y<sup>e</sup> tyme dyde surrendre  
Dame/ye do well here repayre  
Ly temple/for to take the ayre  
With that sodaynly/I truely awoke  
Takyng pen and ynke to make this lytell boke  
Go lytell treaty se submyte the humbly  
To euery lady/excusynge thy neclygence  
Besechynge them/to remembre truely  
How thou doost purpose to do thy dylygence  
To make suche bokes by true experyence  
From daye to daye theyr pastyme to attende  
Rather to dye/thon thau wolde them offend.

Stephen Hawes

# The C#333;Uercyon Of Swerers

The fruytfull sentence & the noble werkes  
To our doctryne wryten in olde antyquyte  
By many grete and ryght notable clerkes  
Grounded on reason & hyghe auctoryte  
Dyde gyue vs example by good moralyte  
To folowe the trace of trouthe and ryghtwysnes  
Leuyng our synne and mortall wretchednes  
By theyr wrytynge dothe vnto vs appere  
The famous actes of many a champyon  
In the courte of fame renowned fayre and clere  
And some endyted theyr entencyon  
Clocked in coloure harde in construccyon  
Specyally poetes vnder cloudy fygures  
Coueryd the trouthe of all theyr scryptures  
So hystoryagraphes all the worthy dedes  
Of kynges and knyghtes dyde put in wrytynge  
To be in mynde for theyr memoryall medes  
How sholde we now haue ony knowledgyng  
Of thynges past/but by theyr endytyng  
Wherefore we ought to preyse them doubteles  
That spent theyr tyme in suche good besynes  
Amonge all other my good mayster Lydgate  
The eloquent poete and monke of bery  
Dyde bothe contryue/and also translate  
Many vertuous bookes to be in memorye  
Touchyng the trouthe well and sentencyously  
But syth that his dethe was intollerable  
I praye god rewarde hym in lyfe perdurable  
Amonge all thynges nothyng so prouffitable  
As is scyence with the sentencyous scrypture  
For worldly rychesse is often transmutable  
As dayly dothe appere well in vre  
Yet scyens a bydeth and is moost sure  
After pouerte to attayne grete rychesse  
Scyens is cause of promocyon doubtles  
I lytell or nought expert in poetrye  
Remembryng my youth so lyght and frayle  
Purpose to compyle here full breuyatly  
A lytell treatyse wofull to bewayle

The cruell swerers whiche do god assayle  
On euery syde his swete body to tere  
With terryble othes as often as they swere  
But also for drede plunged in neclygence  
My penne doth quake to presume to endyte  
But hope at laste to recure this scyence  
Exorteth me ryght hardely to wryte  
To deuoyde ydlenesse by good appetyte  
For ydlenesse the grete moder of synne  
Euery vyce is redy to lette ynne  
I with the same ryght gretely infecte  
Lykely to deye tyll grace by medecyne  
Recured my sekenes my payne to abiecte  
Commaundyng me by her hye power deuyne  
To drawe this treatyse for to enlumyne  
The reders therof by penytencyall pyte  
And to pardon me of theyr benygnyte

Ryght myghty prynces of euery crysten rygyon  
I sende you gretynge moche hertly & grace  
Right wel to gouerne vpryght your dominyon  
And all your lordes I greete in lyke cace  
By this my lettre your hertes to embrace  
Besechyng you to prynte it in your mynde  
How for your sake I toke on me mankynde  
And as a lambe moost mekely dyde enclyne  
To suffre the dethe for your redempcyon  
And ye my kynges whiche do nowe domyne  
Ouer my comons in terrestryall mancyon  
By pryncely preemynence and Iuredyccyon  
In your regall courtes do suffre me be rente  
And my tender body with blode all be sprete  
Without my grace ye maye nothyng preuayle  
Though ye be kynges for to mayntene your see  
To be a kynge it may nothyng auayle  
But yf my grace preserue his dygnyte  
Beholde your seruauntes how they do tere me  
By cruell othes now pvon euery syde  
Aboute the worlde launcyng my wo&#363;des wyde  
All the graces whiche I haue you shewed  
Reuolue in mynde ryght ofte ententyfly  
Beholde my body with bloody proppes endewed

Within your realmes nowe torne so pyteously  
Towsed and tugged with othes cruelly  
Some my heed some myn armes and face  
Some my herte do all to rente and race  
They newe agayne do hange me on the rode  
They tere my sydes and are nothyng dysmayde  
My woundes they open and deuoure my blode  
I god and man moost woefully arayde  
To you complayne it maye not be denyde  
ye nowe to tug me/ye tere me at the roote  
yet I to you am chefe refuyte and boote  
Wherefore ye kynges reygnyng in renowne  
Refourme your seruauntes in your courte abused  
To good example of euery maner towne  
So that theyr othes whiche they longe haue vsed  
On payne and punysshement be holly refused  
Meke as a Lambe I suffre theyr grete wronge  
I maye take vengeaunce thoughe I tary longe  
I do forbere I wolde haue you amende  
And graunte you mercy and ye wyll it take  
O my swete brederne why do ye offende  
Agayne to tere me whiche deyed for your sake  
Lose my kyndenes and frome synne awake  
I dyde redeme you frome the deuylls chayne  
And spyte of me ye wyll to hym agayne  
Made I not heuen the moost glorious mansyon  
In whiche I wolde be gladde to haue you in  
Now come swete brederne to myn habytacyon  
Alas good brederne with your mortall synne  
Why flee ye frome me/to torne agayne begynne  
I wrought you I bought you ye can it not denye  
Yet to the deuyll ye go nowe wyllingly

See  
Me  
Be  
kynde  
Agayne  
My payne  
Reteyne  
in mynde  
My swete bloode

On the roode  
Dyde the good  
my broder  
My face ryght red  
Myn armes spred  
My woundes bled  
thynke none oder  
Beholde thou my syde  
Wounded so ryght wyde  
Bledynge sore that tyde  
all for thyn owne sake  
Thus for the I smerted  
Why arte y&superu; harde herted  
Be by me conuerted  
and thy swerynge aslake  
Tere me nowe no more  
My woundes are sore  
Leue swerynge therfore  
and come to my grace  
I am redy  
To graunte mercy  
To the truely  
for thy trespace  
Come nowe nere  
My frende dere  
And appere  
before me  
I so  
In wo  
Dyde go  
se se  
I  
Crye  
Hy  
the

Unto me dere broder my loue and my herte  
Turmente me no more with thyn othes grete  
Come vnto my Ioye and agayne reuerte  
Frome the deuylles snare and his subtyll net  
Beware of the worlde all aboute the set  
Thy flesshe is redy by concupyscence

To burne thy herte with cursed vyolence  
Thoughe these thre enmyes do sore the assayle  
Upon euery syde with daungerous iniquite  
But yf thou lyst/they may nothyng preuayle  
Nor yet subdue the with all theyr extremyte  
To do good or yll/all is at thy lyberte  
I do graunte the grace thyn enemyes to subdue  
Swete broder accepte it theyr power to extue  
And ye kynges and prynces of hye noblenes  
With dukes and lordes of euery dygnyte  
Indued with manhode wysdome and ryches  
Ouer the comons hauynge the soueraynte  
Correcte them whiche so do tere me  
By cruell othes without repentaunce  
Amende by tyme lest I take vengeaunce.

non accipies nomen dei tui in vaniam.  
Exodi vicesimo

Unto the man I gaue commaundement  
Not to take the name of thy god vaynfully  
As not to swere but at tyme conuenient  
Before a Iuge to bere recorde truely  
Namyng my name with reuerence mekely  
Unto the Iuge than there in presence  
By my name to gyue to the good credence  
A my brederne yf that I be wrothe  
It is for cause ye falsly by me swere  
Ye knowe your selfe that I am very trothe  
Yet wrongfully ye do me rente and tere  
Ye neyther loue me nor my Iustyce fere  
And yf ye dyde ye wolde full gentyly  
Obeye my byddyng well and perfyte  
The worldly kynges hauynge the soueraynte  
Ye do well obey without resystence  
Ye dare not take theyr names in vanyte  
But with grete honoure and eke reuerence  
Than my name more hye of magnyfycence  
Ye ought more to drede whiche am kynge of all  
Bothe god and man and reygne celestyall  
No erthely man loueth you so well  
As I do/whiche mekely dyde enclyne



For to redeme you from the fendes of hell  
Takyng your kynde by my godhede dyuyne  
you were the fendes I dyde make you myne  
For you swete bretherne I was on the rode  
Gyuyng my body my herte and my blode  
Than why do ye in euery maner of place  
With cruell othes tere my body and herte  
My sydes and woundes it is a pyteous cace  
Alas swete brederne I wolde you conuerte  
For to take vengeance ye do me coherte  
From the hous of swerers shall not be absent  
The plage of Iustyce to take punysshement.

Uir multum iurans implebitur iniquitate et non descendet a domo eius plaga.  
Unde. Ecclesiastici .xxxiii.

A man moche sweryng with grete iniquite  
Shall be replete/and from his mancyn  
The plage of vengeance shall not cessed be  
Wherefore ye brederne full of abusyon  
Take good hede to this dyscrypcyon  
Come now to me and axe forgyuenes  
And be penytente and haue it douteles

Non potest male mori qui bene vixit et vix bene moritur qui male vixit.  
Augustinns.

Who in this worlde lyueth well and ryghwysly  
Shall deye well by ryght good knowlegynge  
Who in this worlde lyueth yll and wrongfully  
Shall hardly scape to haue good endynge  
I do graunte mercy but no tyme enlongynge  
Wherefore good brederne whyles that ye haue space.  
Amende your lyfe and come vnto my grace  
My wordes my prelates vnto you do preche  
For to conuerte you from your wretchednes  
But lytell anaylleth you now for to teche  
The worlde hathe cast you in suche blyndnes  
Lyke vnto stones your harres hathe hardnes  
That my swete wordes may not reconsyle  
Your hertes harde with mortall synne so vyle  
Wo worthe your hartes so planted in pryde

Wo worthe your wrath and mortall enuye  
Wo worthe slouth that dothe with you abyde  
Wo worthe also inmesurable glotony  
Wo worthe your tedyus synne of lechery  
Wo worthe you whome I gaue free wyll  
Wo worthe couetyse that dothe your soules spyll  
Wo worthe shorte Ioye cause of payne eternall  
Wo worthe you that be so peruerted  
Wo worthe your pleasures in the synnes mortall  
Wo worthe you for whome I sore smerted  
Wo worthe you euer but ye be conuerted  
Wo worthe you whose makynge I repente  
Wo worthe your horryble synne so vyolente  
Wo worthe you whiche do me forsake  
Wo worthe you whiche wyllingly offende  
Wo worthe your swerynge whiche dothe not aslake  
Wo worthe you whiche wyll nothyng amende  
Wo worthe vyce that dothe on you attende  
Wo worthe your grete vnkyndenes to me  
Wo worthe your hertes withouten pyte  
Wo worthe your falshode and your doublenesse  
Wo worthe also your corrupte Iugement  
Wo worthe delyte in worldely rychesse  
Wo worthe debate without extynguyschement  
Wo worthe your wordes so moche impacyent  
Wo worthe you vnto whome I dyde bote  
And worthe you that tere me at the rote  
Blessyd be ye that loue humylyte  
Blessyd be ye that loue trouthe and pacyence  
Blessyd be ye folowyng werkes of equitye  
Blessyd be ye that loue well abstynence  
Blessyd be ye vyrgyns of excellence  
Blessyd be ye whiche loue well vertue  
Blessyd be ye whiche do the worlde eschue  
Blessyd be ye that heuenly Ioye do loue  
Blessyd be ye in vertuous gouernaunce  
Blessyd be ye whiche do pleasures reproue  
Blessyd be ye that consyder my greuaunce  
Blessyd be ye whiche do take repentaunce  
Blessyd be ye remembryng my passyon  
Blessyd be ye makynge petycyon  
Blessyd be ye folowyng my trace

Blessyd be ye louynge trybulacyon  
Blessyd be ye not wyllynge to trespace  
Blessyd be ye of my castycacyon  
Blessyd be ye of good operacyon  
Blessyd be ye vnto me ryght kynde  
Blessyd be you whiche haue me in your mynde  
Blessyd be ye leuyng yll company  
Blessyd be ye hauntyng the vertuous  
Blessyd be ye that my name magnefy  
Blessyd be ye techynge the vycyous  
Blessyd be ye good and relygyous  
Blessyd be ye in the lyfe temperall  
Whiche applye yourselfe to Ioye celestyall  
The brytyll worlde ryght often transmutable  
Who wyll in it his lyfe and tyme well spende  
Shall Ioye attayne after inestymable  
For in the worlde he must fyrst condyscende  
To take grete payne as his power wyll extende  
Agaynst the worlde the flesshe and the deuyll  
By my grete grace for to withstande theyr euyl  
For who can be a gretter fole than he  
That spendeth his tyme to hym vncertayne  
For a breuyat pleasure of worldly vanyte  
Than after that to haue eternall payne  
Who of the worlde delyteth and is fayne  
Shall after sorowe and cry ve ve  
In an other worlde quante sunt tenebre  
Who is wyser than he that wyll applye  
In the worlde take payne by due dylygence  
After shorte payne to come grete glorye  
Whiche is eterne moost hye of excellence  
Where he shall se my grete magnyfycence  
With many aungelles whiche for theyr solace  
Insacyately do beholde my face  
Regarde no Ioye of the erthly consystory  
For lyke as Phebus dothe the snowe relente  
So passeth the Ioyes of the worlde transytory  
Tyme renneth fast tyll worldely lyfe be spent  
Consyder this in your entendement  
Blessed be they that my wordes do here  
And kepe it well/for they are to me dere  
Therefore good brederne your hertes enclyne

To loue and drede me that am omnipotent  
Bothe god and man in Ioye celestyne  
Beholde my body all to torne and rente  
With your spytefull othes cruell and vyolente  
I loue you ye hate me ye are to harde herted  
I helpe you ye tere me lo how for you I smerted  
Mercy and peace dyde make an vnyte  
Bytwene you and me but trouth & ryght wysnesse  
Do nowe complayne byddyng my godheed se  
How that ye breke the lege of sothfastnesse  
They tell me that by Iustyce doubtelesse  
I must take vengeaunce vpon you sykerly  
That by your swerynge/agayne me crucefye  
For at the request of good mercy and peace  
I haue forborne you longe and many a daye  
Yet more and more your synnes do encrease  
Wherefore my Iustyce wyll no more delaye  
But take vengeaunce for all your proude araye  
I warne you ofte ye are nothyng the better  
But ye amende my vengeaunce shall be gretter

Contra iuratores {epui} in celo crucifigentes per vera ard&#363; dixit dominne.  
Nonne satis pro te vulneratus sum? nonne satis pro te afflictus sum desine  
amplius peccare qr magis aggrauat vulnus peccati &quod; vulnus lateris mei

Am not I wounded for the suffycyent  
Haue I not for the ynoughe afflyccyon  
Leue more to synne by good amendement  
The wounde of synne to me is more passyon  
Than the wounde of my syde for thy redempcyon  
Thoughe I do spare I shall not desteny  
But ye amende to brenne eternally  
With my blody woundes I dyde your chartre seale  
Why do you tere it/why do ye breke it so  
Syth it to you is the eternall heale  
And the releace of euerlastyng wo  
Beholde this lettre with the prynte also  
Of myn owne seale by perfyte portrayture  
Prynte it in mynde and ye shall helthe recure  
And ye kynges and lordes of renowne  
Exhorte your seruauntes theyr swerynge to cease

Come vnto me and cast your synne adowne  
And I my vengeaunce shall truely releace  
With grace and plente/I shall you encrease  
And brynge you whiche reuolue inwardly  
This my complaynt/to eternall glory.  
Amen.

Stephen Hawes

# The Example Of Vertu : Cantos I.-Vii.

Here begynneth the boke called the example of vertu.

The prologe.

Whan I aduert in my remembraunce  
The famous draughtes of poetes eloquent  
Whiche theyr myndes dyd well enhaunce  
Bokes to contryue that were expedyent  
To be remembred without Impedymment  
For the profyte of humanyte  
This was the custume of antyquyte.  
I now symple and moost rude  
And naked in depured eloquence  
For dulnes rethoryke doth exclude  
Wherfore in makynge I lake intellygence  
Also consyderynge my grete neglygence  
It fereth me sore for to endyte  
But at auenture I wyll now wryte.  
As very blynde in the poetys art  
For I therof can no thyng skylle  
Wherfore I lay it all a part  
But somewhat accordynge to my wyll  
I wyll now wryte for to fulfyll  
Saynt Powles wordes and true sentement  
All that is wryten is to oure document  
O prudent Gower in langage pure  
Without corrupcyon moost facundious  
O noble Chauser euer moost sure  
Of frutfull sentence ryght delycious  
O vertuous Lydgat moche sentencyous  
Unto you all I do me excuse  
Though I your connyng do now vse  
Explicit prologus.

Capitulum Primsi.

In Septembre in fallynge of the lefe  
Whan phebus made his declynacyon  
And all the whete gadred was in the shefe  
By radyaunt hete and operacyon

Whan the vyrgyn had full domynacyon  
And Dyane entred was one degre  
Into the sygne of Gemyne  
Whan the golden sterres clere were splendent  
In the firmament purifyed clere as crystall  
By imperyall course without incombement  
As Iuppyter and Mars that be celestyall  
With Saturne and Mercury that wer supernall  
Myxt with venus that was not retrograte  
That caused me to be well fortunate  
In a slombrynge slepe with slouth opprest  
As I in my naked bedde was leyd  
Thynkyng all nyght to take my rest  
Morpleus to me than made abreyd  
And in my dreame me thought he sayd  
Come walke with me in a medowe amerous  
Depeynted with floures that be delycyous  
I walked with hym into a place  
Where that there grue many a fayre floure  
With Ioye replete and full of solace  
And the trees dystyllynge redolent lycoure  
More sweter fer than the Aprell shour  
And tary I dyd there by longe space  
Tyll that I saw before my face  
A ryght fayre lady of myddell stature  
And also enduyd with grete vertue  
Her apparell was set with perlys pure  
Whose beaute alway dyd renue  
To me she sayd and ye wyll extue  
All wyldnes I wyll be your guyde  
That ye to fraylte shall not slyde.  
Unto her I answerde o lady glorious  
I pray you tell me what is your name  
For ye seeme to be ryght precyous  
And I am yonge and sore to blame  
Of vyces full and in vertue lame  
But I wyll be ruled now by your pleasure  
So that your order be made by mesure  
Eclepyd I am she sayd dyscrecyon  
And yf ye wyll be ruled by me  
Ye shall haue Ioye without reprehencyon  
And neuer fall in to fragylyte

Youth lackynge me it is grete pyte  
For in what place I am exyled  
They be with synne ryght oft defyled  
It longeth euer vnto my properte  
Youth to gyue courage for to lerne  
I wyll not medle with no duplycyte  
But faythfulnes I wyll dyscerne  
And brynge thy soule to blesse eterne  
By wyse example and morall doctryne  
For youth hauynge to me is a good syne  
Forsake also all euyll company  
And be founde true in worde and dede  
Remembre that this worlde is transytory  
After thy desert shall be thy mede  
Loue god alway and eke hym drede  
And for no mannes pleasure be thyn owne foo  
Gyue theym fayre wordes and lete theym goo.  
Be to thy kynge euer true subgete  
As thou sholdest be by ryght and reason  
Lete thy herte lowely on hym be sete  
Without any spot of euyll treason  
And be obedyent at euery season  
Unto his grace without rebellyon  
That thou with trouth may be companyon  
Loue neuer vnloved for that is payne  
Whyle that thou lyuest of that beware  
Loue as thou seest the loued agayne  
Or elles it wyll torne the to care  
Be neuer taken in that fast snare  
Proue or thou loue that is moost sure  
And than thou in doubte shalt not endure.  
Beware byleue no flaterynge tonge  
For flaterers be moost disseyuable  
Though that they company with the longe  
Yet at the ende they wyll be varyable  
For they by reason are not fauorable  
But euermore fals and double  
And with theyr tonges cause of grete trouble  
This brytell worlde ay full of bytternes  
Alway turnynge lyke to a ball  
No man in it can haue no sykernes  
For whan he clymmeth he hath a fall



O wauerynge shadowe bytter as gall  
O fatall welth full soone at ende  
Though thou ryght hy do oft assende  
Whan she to me had made relacyon  
Of all these prouerbes by good conclusyon  
She gaue to me an Informacyon  
For to depryue all yll abusyon  
And to consydre the grete derysyon  
Whiche is in youth that may not se  
No thyng appropred to his prosperyte  
Forth than we went to an hauen syde  
Wher was a shyp lyenge at rode  
Taryenge after the wynde and tyde  
And with moche spyces ryght well lode  
Upon it lokynge we longe abode  
Tyll colus with blastes began to rore  
Than we her aborded with payne ryght sore  
This water eclyped was vayneglory  
Euer with yeopardy and tempestyous  
And the shyp called was ryght truly  
The vessell of the passage daungerous  
The wawys were hyghe and gretly troublous  
The captayn called was good comfort  
And the sterysman fayre pasport.

## Capitulum II.

Longe were we dryuen with wynde & weder  
Tyll we arryued in a fayre Ilonde  
Wher was a boote tyed with a teeder  
Of merueylous wood as I vnderstonde  
Precyous stones ley vpon the sond  
And poynted dyamondes grewe on the rockes  
And corall also by ryght hyghe stockes  
Amased I was for to beholde  
The precyous stones vnder my fete  
And the erth glysterynge of golde  
With floures fayre of odour swete  
Dame dyscrecyon I dyd than grete  
Praynge her to me to make relacyon  
Who of this Ilonde hath domynacyon  
She sayd foure ladyes in vertue excellent

Of whiche the eldest is dame nature  
That dayly fourmeth after her entent  
Euery beest and lyuyng creature  
Both foule and fayre and also pure  
All that dependynge in her ordynaunce  
Where that she fauoureth there is grete pleasaunce  
The seconde is called dame fortune  
Ayenst whome can be no resystence  
For she doth sette the strynges in tune  
Of euery persone by her magnyfycence  
Whan they sound best by good experyence  
She wyll theym loose and let theym slyp  
Causynge theym fall by her turnynge tryp  
The thyrde called is dame hardynes  
That often rulyth by her cheualry  
She is ryght stowt and of grete prowes  
And the captayn of a lusty company  
And ruleth theym euer full hardely  
And to gete honour and worldely tresure  
She putteth her oft in auenture  
The fourth is wysedome a lady bryght  
Whiche is my syster as ye shall se  
Whom I do loue with all my myght  
For she enclyneth euer to benygnyte  
And medeleth not with fraude nor subtylyte  
But maketh many noble clerkes  
And ruleth theym in all theyr werkes  
They dwell all in a fayre castell  
Besyde a ryuer moche depe and clere  
And be expert in feytys manuall  
That vnto theym can be no peere  
Of erthely persone that lyueth here  
For they be so fayre and wondrous  
That theym to se it is solacyous.  
Longe haue they trauerst gretly in the lawe  
Whiche of theym sholde haue the preemynence  
And none of them theyr case wyll withdrawe  
Tyll of dame Iustyce they knowe the sentence  
They argue often and make defence  
Eche vnto other withouten remedy  
I wyll no lenger of them specefy.

### Capitulum Tercium.

Come on fayre youth and go with me  
Unto that place that is delectable  
Bylded with towres of curyosyte  
And yet though that ye be lamentable  
Whan thou art there you wylt be comfortable  
To se the merueyles that there be wrought  
No man can prynt it in his thought  
A path we founde ryght gretely vsed  
Where in we went tyll at the last  
A castell I sawe wherof I mused  
Not fully from me a stones cast  
To se the towres I was agast  
Set in a valey so strongely fortifyed  
So gentyll compassed and well edifyed  
The towres were hyghe of adamond stones  
With fanes wauerynge in the wynde  
Of ryght fyne golde made for the noonys  
And roobuckes ran vnder the lynde  
And hunters came theym fer behynde  
A Ioye it was suche sawe I neuer  
Abyde quod she ye shall se a better.  
Forth she me ledde to the castell warde  
Where we were let in by humylyte  
And so after she lede me forwarde  
Tyll that I sawe a royall tre  
With buddys blossomed of grete beaute  
And than we wente in to the hall  
That glased was truly with crystall  
And hanged was with clothes of Aras  
Made of fyne golde with a noble story  
How that there some tyme reynyng was  
In the region of hyghe Italy  
A valyaunt emperour and a myghty  
That had to name forsothe Tyberius  
Whiche dyde enquire of prudent Iosethus  
Why he his offycers so longe kepte  
Unto hym he answered a good cause why  
Somtyme I sawe a man that slepte  
That wounded was full pyteously  
And on his woundes suckyng many a fly

I than for pyte moued theym away  
By whiche he woke and to me dyde say  
Wher that thou trowed to me comfort  
Thou now hast done me double greuaunce  
Puttynge away the flyes that dyde resorte  
To me beynge full of bloody sustynaunce  
By this thou mayst haue good perseueraunce  
That now wyll come the flyes moost hungry  
That wyll me byte .x. tymes more greuously  
The roof was wrought by merueylous gemetry  
Colered with asure gold and gowlys  
With knottes coruen full ryght craftely  
And set also with wanton fowlys  
As popyn iays/pyes/Iays/and owlys  
And as I loked on my ryght syde  
A lady I sawe of meruellous pryde  
Syttynge in a chayer at the vpper ende  
Of all the hall as a lady and prynces  
Amonge many kynges that dyde entende  
To be obedyent to her hyghe noblenes  
Her apparell was made of moche fayre ryches  
Set with rubyes moost pure and rubicound  
Embrawdred with perles and many a dyamound

Besydes her sate the worthyen nyne  
And she amonge theym a whele turnynge  
Full lowe to her they dyd than enclyne  
She somtyme laughynge and somtyme lowrynge  
Her condycyon was to be dyssymelynge  
And many exalten vpon her whele  
Gyuyng theym grete falles that they dyd fele  
Than sayd dyscrecyon beholde and see  
That in dame fortune is no stablenes  
This worlde also is but a vanyte  
A dreame a pompe nothyng in stedfastnes  
For fortune is fals and full of doblenes  
Whan she moost flatereth she is not sure  
As thou mayst se dayly in vre.

Capitulum IIII.

Forth than we went vnto the habytacle

Of dame hardynes moost pure and fayre  
Aboue all places a ryght fayre spectacle  
Strowyd with floures that gaue good eyer  
Of vertuous turkeys there was a cheyr  
Wherin she sate in her cote armure  
Berynge a shelde the felde of asure  
Wherin was sette a rampyng lyon  
Of fyne golde ryght large and grete  
A swerd she had of merueylous fassyon  
As though a thousand she sholde bete  
No man the vyctory of her myght gete  
A noble vyrgyn there dyde her serue  
That fyrst made harnes called Mynerue  
The chaumbre where she held her consystory  
The dewe aromatyke dyde oft degoute  
Of fragraunt floures full of delycasy  
That all yll heyres dyde ensence oute  
A carbuncle there was that all aboute  
Enlumyned the chaumbre both day and nyght  
My thought it was an heuenly syght  
Nyne quenes I sawe that satte her by  
Beynge all armed of grete fortytude  
In many a stower they wanne the vyctory  
And were endued with facounde pulcrynitude  
For to haunte armes was theyr consuetude  
Many a regyon they often wanne  
And also vaynquysshed many a noble man  
Nexste vnto her sate the hyghe quene Azia  
That was a conquieres so puyssaunt  
And besyde her the quene of Saba  
Whiche in grete ryches was tryumphauant  
And also Ipolyte in armes valyaunt  
Sate with her besyde quene Hecuba  
And yet also the quene Europa  
Present ther was the wiche quene Iuno  
And quene Pantasyll wyth fayre quene Elyn  
And yet I sawe by her than also  
The noble vyrgyn yonge Polyxyn  
That was destroyed at the last ruyn  
Of Troye the grete by cruell Pyrrus  
The sone of Achilles that was so cheualrus  
As I dyd loke I had commaundement

Of dame dyscrecyon for to remembre  
These noble ladyes so pure and excellent  
Hardy in corage of age ryght tendre  
Yet not withstandyng deth dyde surrendre  
And all theyr strength and lusty corage  
For he spareth nother youth ne age.

#### Capitulum V.

Forth we walked to the dwellynge place  
Of dame sapyence so full of blys  
Replete with Ioye vertu and grace  
No thyng there lacked that possyble is  
Man for to comfort withouten mys  
Though he were derke in wordely folly  
He sholde there be enlumyned shortely  
Her towre was made of werkes curyous  
I can no thyng extende the goodlynes  
Of her palays so good and glorious  
Bylded in the place soth of fastnes  
With owten tast of wordely bytternes  
No persone can extoll the souerente  
Of her worthy and royall dygnyte  
She eche estate sholde haue in gouernaunce  
As theym to rule or that they repent  
For better it is to haue good puruyaunce  
At the begynnynge as is expedyent  
Than for to wyssh for thynges myspent  
That myght be saued longe afore  
And with a for wytte kepte in store  
Her chaumbre was glased with byrall clarefyed  
Depeynted with colours of delectacyon  
A place of pleasure so heuenly gloryfyed  
In vertue heale lyfe and saluacyon  
Without ony stormy trybulacyon  
That myght anoy the heuenly helth  
But alway comfort to the sowlis welth  
There sate dame prudence in vertue magnifyed  
Impossyble it is to shewe her goodelyhed  
She was so fayre and clerely purifyed  
And so dyscrete and full of womanhede  
That and I trowe vertue were deed

It sholde reuyue yet in her agayne  
She was so gentyll and without dysdeyn  
It was grete comfort vnto my hert  
For to beholde that heuenly syght  
Dyscrecyon sayd I sholde not depert  
Tyll I had spoken with her syster bryght  
Forth she me ledde with all her myght  
Unto that prynces and royall souerayn  
Ergo my labour was not in vayn  
Than spake dame prudence with meke contenta#363;ce  
Welcome dyscrecyon my syster dere  
Where haue ye ben by longe contynuaunce  
Wyth youth she sayd that ye se here  
And for my sake I you requere  
Hym to receyue in to your seruyse  
And he shall serue you in goodely wyse  
Welcome she sayd for my systers sake  
And yet also now for your owne  
In to my seruyce I wyll you take  
Sythens that your wyldnes is ouerblowen  
The sede of vertu on you shall be sown  
Uyce to depryue by his good auctoryte  
As for to subdue all yll iniquyte  
Of other mennes wordes be thou not bolde  
And of theyr promys make no behest  
And yf thou here an yll tale tolde  
Gyue no iugement but say the best  
So shall thou lyue euermore in rest  
Who lytell medeleth is best at ease  
For well were he that all myght please  
Beware kepe the from grete offence  
That thou condemned be not by ryghtwysnes  
Whan she doth gyue her mortall sentence  
Without pease or mercy cause her releas  
Her iugement of mortall heuynes  
That the best frende to the wyll be  
The for to socour in grete necessyte  
But yet in theym haue none affyaunce  
As fyrst to synne thynkyng that they  
At the ende to the wyll be delyueraunce  
Nay ryghtwysnes wyll dryue theym away  
For of all synnes without delay

Suche synne in hope it is the moost  
For it is the synne of the holy ghoost  
Now I amytte you into your rome  
In the whiche ye shall your selfe apply  
Of myn owne chaumbre ye shall be grome  
Loke ye be dylygent and do not vary  
From my c&#333;maundementes neuer specyally  
For and ye wyll theym well obserue  
A moche better rome ye do deserue  
The fyrst c&#333;maundement that I gyue the  
Thynke on the ende or thou begynne  
For thou by ryght may knowe the certente  
That deth is fyne of euery synne  
Be neuer taken in dyabolycall engyne  
But that repentaunce may loose the sone  
Of that grete synne that thou hast done  
Trust not to moche in fortunes grace  
Though that she laugh on the a whyle  
For she can sodenly turne her face  
Whan that she lyst the to begyle  
She welth and Ioye can sone defyle  
And plonge the in the pyte of pouerte  
Wherefore in her haue thou no suertye  
Presume no farther than the behoueth  
For it wyll turne the to grete shame  
For who that from his rome remoueth  
He is often full gretely to blame  
And medeleth with other in theym lame  
As no thyng connyng nor expert  
They may hym say syr malapert  
Or that thou speke call to remembraunce  
Unto what mater thy worde shall sygnifye  
Loke that it torne no man to greuaunce  
Though that it be spoken merely  
Yet many a one wyll take it greuously  
Whiche that myght cause wroth and debate  
Whyle that thou lyues beware of that  
For a thyng lost without recouer  
Loke that thou neuer be to pensyfe  
Thanke god of it thynke to haue an other  
Lete wysedome than be to the comfortyfe  
That to thy brayn is best preseruatyfe



For euermore ryght wyse is he  
That can be pacyent in aduersyte  
Proue thy frende in a mater fayned  
Or thou haue nede than shalt thou se  
Whyther he be iustly with the reteyned  
The for to socour in thy necessyte  
By profe thou mayst knowe the veryte  
For profe afore that nede requere  
Defeteth dowte euer in fere  
Be thou neuer so blynde in wylle  
Yet loke thou be reformed by reason  
Than shalt thou my mynde fulfill  
And thou therto thy selfe abandon  
Stryue not with reason for none encheson  
For wher she lacketh ther is grete outrage  
And without her may not aswage  
Eschew also the synne of pryde  
The moder and the feruent rote  
Of all the synnes at euery tyde  
Wherefore trede thou her vnder fote  
With helpe of vertue so swete and sote  
Whiche is best salue to hele thy sore  
And to thy helth the to restore  
Wo worth synne without repentaunce  
Wo worth bondage without releas  
Wo worth man without good gouernaunce  
Wo worth infynall payne and dystresse  
Wo worth vyce put fer in presse  
Wo worth soueraynte hauynge dysdeyn  
And wo worth pyte that doth refrayn  
Wo worth ryght that may not be herd  
Wo worth frendshyp without stabylte  
Wo worth true sentence that is deferd  
Wo worth the man full of duplycyte  
Wo worth hym without benygnyte  
Wo worth lybertye withouten pease  
And wo worth crueltye that may not cease  
Wo worth connyng that is abused  
Wo worth promys withouten payment  
Wo worth vertue that is refused  
Wo worth trouble without extynguysment  
Wo worth foly on message sent

Wo worth reason that is exyled  
And wo worth trouth that is defyled  
Wo worth the trust without assuraunce  
Wo worth grace not sette by  
Wo worth Iustyce kepte in dystaunce  
Wo worth welth replete with enuy  
Wo worth the batayll without vycory  
Wo worth begynnyng without good ende  
And wo worth wronge that doth defende  
These commaundementes I put in memory  
Theym for to kepe doynge my dylygence  
With dame Sapyence I dyd longe tary  
Whiche dyd me teche with partynge influence  
Of her delycate and doulcete complacence  
Than spake dyscrecyon anone to me  
In the presens of her systers mageste  
Thou art beholdynge to my syster reuerent  
That the reteyned hath vnto her seruaunt  
Wherefore be thou to her obedyent  
And at euery houre to her attendaunt  
And ryotous company do thou not haunt  
For that wyll payre and yll thy name  
Wherefore of vertuous myrth let be thy game.

#### Capitulum VI.

Discrecyon ferther forth me lede  
Unto the solempne and royall mancyon  
Of dame nature in humayne stede  
Ryght pleasaunt was her habytacyon  
Of merueylous werke and sytuacyon  
And she her selfe helde her estate  
In a glorious chaumbre without chekmate  
Her towre was gylted full of sonne bemys  
And within hanged with cloth of aras  
The roof was paynted with golden stremys  
And lyke crystall depured was  
Euery wyndowe aboute of glas  
Where that she sat as a fayre goddes  
All thynges creatynge by her besynes  
Me thought she was of merueylous Beaute  
Tyll that Dyscrecyon lede me behynde  
Where that I sawe all the pryuyte

Of her werke and humayne kynde  
And at her backe I dyd than fynde  
Of cruell deth a dolfull ymage  
That all her beaute dyd perswage  
Full wonderous was her operacyon  
In euery kynde eke and ryght degre  
Withouten rest or recreacyon  
I wyll not medle with her secrete  
For it no thyng longeth to my faculte  
But somewhat after I wyll expres  
Of her grete power and worthynes  
But in my boke well for to procede  
Dame dyscrecyon ferther me brought  
Into a fayre chambre as ye may rede  
Of fyne gemetry ryght well wrought  
To comfort man there lacked nought  
But that me thought there was no company  
Saue onely dame dyscrecyon and I  
We had ben but a lytell whyle there  
But that we sawe a lady clere  
Ryght well appareled in sad gere  
Mylde in her hauour discrete of chere  
That came vs by and very nere  
Ascendynge vp in to her hyghe sete  
Garnysshed with perle and with gold bete  
Than sayd dyscrecyon this is dame Iustyce  
Clene of conscyence without corrupcyon  
And neuer be spotted with the synne of couetyse  
But true as stele in the entencyon  
Of ryght euermore without destruccyon  
Geuyng alway a ryghtfull iugement  
Obey thou youth this lady reuerent  
A iuge fulfilled with the synne of auaryce  
Or with fauour of kynne made blynd  
Must nedys do wronge by grete & iudyce  
For fauour shold not conscyence bynd  
Ryght to dyssymyll as I now fynd  
In problemys wryten of antiquyte  
Made by phylosophers of auctoryte  
As we stode talkynge thus to gydere  
Up came dame fortune so gayly gloryfied  
Impossyble it is for me to dyscouere

How gorges she was & gretly magnyfyed  
Full lyke a goddes that had ben deifyd  
Clothed with gold sette full of rubyes  
And tynst w<sup>th</sup>supert; emeraudys & many a turkes  
And next to her there dyd ensue  
Dame Hardynes that noble lady  
After whome anone dyd pursue  
Dame Sapyence whiche dyd not tary  
Than came dame nature appareled royally  
And all the other cladde in gold  
Set with dyamondes many a fold  
They lowted all vnto the ground  
Afore dame Iustyce for obeysaunce  
That sate there both hole and sound  
Withouten ony dyscontynuaunce  
Gyuyng god ere vnto the vteraunce  
Of these foure ladyes pledyng at barre  
With all theyr cases dyd well avarre.  
Capitulum VII.

Fyrst dame hardynes began to plede  
Saynge she was to man moost profytable  
For she the hertes hath often fede  
Of conquerous as it was couenable  
And by my corage haue made theym able  
Regyons to wyne theyr enemyes to subdue  
And yf I were not they had it rue  
And yf a man be neuer so wyse  
Withouten me he getyth none vteraunce  
Wherfore his wysedome may not suffyse  
All onely without myn allegeaunce  
For I by ryght must nedys enhauncce  
A lowe born man to an hyghe degre  
Yf that he wyll be ruled by me  
Haue I not caused many a noble warreour  
To wyne the batell by my grete myght  
Without me was made neuer conquerour  
Nor yet man coragious whan he dyd fyght  
No man without me may defende his ryght  
I may be worst from hym forborne  
For and I were not he were forlorne  
Dyd I not cause the noble hercules

By my power to wynne the vycory  
Of the sturdy and stronge Philotes  
As is recorded in bokes of memory  
For without me can be no cheualry  
And vnder the wynges of my proteccyon  
All rebels brought be to subieccyon  
A realme is vpholden by thynges thre  
The fyrst and the chyef it is the swerd  
Whiche causeth it to be in good suerte  
And other realmes of it to be aferd  
By whiche the vsurpers be dyfferd  
From theyr wyll with treason knyghte  
And by me slayn for theyr fals fyte  
The seconde is lawe that euer serueth  
But within the realme onely  
For other nacions our lawe ne dredeth  
But our swerd they do in specyally  
For and they roose ayenst vs proudly  
As they haue done often in tymes past  
Yet w---supert; our swerd they shold be ouercast  
The thyrde be marchauntes that do multiply  
In this realme welth and prosperyte  
For of euery thyng they often occupy  
Euery man lyke vnto his faculte  
For without marchauntes can not be  
No realme vpholden in welth & pleasure  
For it to vs is a specyall tresure  
Also yet hercules the puyssaunt geaunt  
Dyd flee the monstre afore Troy the grete  
And with his strokes he dyd hym daunt  
They were so peysantly on hym sette  
That he the vycory on hym dyd gette  
Had I not be comfort vnto his harte  
Suche vycory had ben leyd aparte  
Dyd he not vaynquyssh in y<sup>e</sup> forest of Nemee  
The thre mortall lyons by his grete hardynes  
And ryued theyr Iawes as was to se  
By twene his handes by chyualrus prowes  
And yet by armes and knyghtly exces  
In egypt he slewe the tyraunt Busyre  
And brent hym after in a grete fyre  
Also he slewe the tyraunt Cacus

For his tyranny and grete myschefe  
By cause his dedys were so odyous  
For he dyd murdre and was a thefe  
Wherefore his deth to many was leef  
Who more of his actes wyll haue report  
To the Troyans story lette hym resort  
Also the worthy and the noble hectour  
That eclyped was the troyans champyon  
And of all cheualry called the flour  
In his tyme reynynge and of renowne  
Of whose noble dedes the brute and sowne  
Was spred by euery straunge habytacyon  
That they of his faytys dyde make relacyon  
By his power and hardy corage  
He put the grekes full often to flyght  
And bete theym downe by a grete outrage  
That well was he that hym saue myght  
Full often he brought theym to the plyght  
His dedes were pure without magycyon  
And without nygromancy or suche corrupcyon  
Dyd I not cause also kynge dauith  
A lyon Iawbones to rent and tere  
That dyd deuour his shepe in the fryth  
As he sat kepyng of theym there  
The lyons crueltye myght not hym fere  
And he in his youth so hardy was  
That he dyd sle the gyaunt Golias  
Dyd I not cause the noble Iulius  
Emperour of rome for to be electe  
By cause he was so stronge and cheualrus  
Whan in armes he knewe the affecte  
He all his ennemyes dyd abiecte  
And by the support of my chyef socour  
He gouerned hymselfe lyke a noble emperour  
And also Arthur kynge of Bretayne  
With all the knyghtes of the rounde table  
Neuer auentures had sought certayne  
And I therto had not ben greable  
They for to fyght had not ben able  
Who that me lacketh is but a coward  
And shame is euer his rewarde  
Also kynge Charlemayne kynge of Fraunce

With his dyssypers Rowland and Olyuer  
With all the resydue of his alyaunce  
That in all armes so noble were  
On goddys ennemyes brake many a spere  
Causynge them to flee to theyr grete vylony  
Hardynes was cause that they had vyctory  
O worthy hardynes the shynyng sterre  
Alway to mannys herte the comfort  
Whan that it is the tyme of werre  
Unto what partye that thou resort  
They wyne the batall by thy support  
And wher that thou lettest thy bemys dyssende  
They often hye to honoure assende  
Than sayd dame hardynes vnto the Iuge  
I pray you that ryght I may haue  
Sythens I to man am chyef refuge  
Whan that he lysteth of me to craue  
I make hym coragious and his worshyp saue  
Wherefore I owte to haue the preemynence  
By ryght reason and good experyence  
That I deny you sayd dame Sapyence  
Of whom haue you your ordre of pledynge  
For ye neuer can haue none intellygence  
But by the meane of myn informynge  
For I am alway your mynde techynge  
And without me your tale were but a fable  
For ye without wytte sholde alway bable  
This wyll I proue by myn opynyon  
That I am grounde of the artes seuen  
And of all good werkes in c&#333;munion  
For no man without me can go to heuen  
My dedys be merueylous for man to neuen  
Whan they be wrought in to theyr degre  
Who that wyll lerne theym he hath the lyberte  
Of my dedes bokes do make recorde  
The whiche clerkes put into remembraunce  
For an example without dyscorde  
Of heuenly way by vertuous gouernaunce  
Without me man can haue no pleasaunce  
Nor yet hym rule in no maner wyse  
A man without wytte is to dyspyse  
Hardynes without prudence may not auayle

Though that a man be neuer so sturdy  
For a wyseman feble may wyne the batayle  
Of hym that is ryght stronge and myghty  
For better it is for to be ryght wytty  
In the defence of his good saue garde  
Than often to stryke and to renne forwarde  
That thyng that hardynes may not wyne  
May be goten by my hyghe souerente  
And with the helpe of subtile engynne  
It may be brought to the extremyte  
Wher that it myght not by possybyltye  
Of hardynes longe afore be wonne  
Yet by grete wysedome it may be donne  
Unto dyuers cases I take excepcyon  
Of dame Hardynes whiche are no lawe  
Unto the fyrst vndre your correccyon  
She sayd and she her power dyd wythdrawe  
No rebell than shold stand in awe  
And she is the chyef as I knowe well  
That causeth hym for to be rebell  
By her foly and folysshe hardynes  
She causeth men to ryse ayenst theyr lorde  
She is the cause of mortall heuynes  
Whan she doth breke the good concorde  
Wherefore me thynke by one accorde  
For to exyle her it is now the best  
Than man sholde lyue in peas and rest  
And where she sayd that she exalted  
Iulius cesar by her grete exylence  
In that case she ryght clerely varied  
For it was I by my grete dylygence  
That neuer was out of his presence  
But ruled hym and made hym worthy  
To be chosen emperour of all Italy  
Chosen he was by the comyn assent  
For the grete wysedome that in hym shone  
With a grete voyce and a hole entente  
For lyke vnto hym was there none  
That was so abell as he alone  
For to occupye an Emperours dygnyte  
Of his promocyon he myght thanke me  
I Sapyence am endewed with grace



And the lode sterre of heuenly doctryne  
The sprynge of comfort Ioye and solace  
Who that lyst to me for to enclyne  
He shall knowe thynges that be dyuyue  
And at his ende beholde the deyte  
That is one god and persones thre  
It pleased the fader that is omnipotent  
His sone to send to be incarnat  
Of the vyrgyn Mary the sterre moost excellent  
Mayden and moder yet not vyolate  
Lyke a vessell chosen and made ornat  
All onely for to be goddys moder  
All he hym selfe vnto man broder  
But a stryfe there was bytwene god and man  
Whan man consented to synne dedely  
By that the dyscorde fyrst began  
Whan he the sone of god on hy  
That is his brother agayn wyll crucefy  
Yf he had power by whiche is offended  
The fader of heuen as is entended  
Therefore lete vs to our brother go  
Named Ihesu Cryst and axe hym mercy  
With a good entent and hert also  
There is for vs none other remedy  
That ony tonge truely can specyfy  
And he wyll take it for a correccyon  
And of all vengeaunce sease the affeccyon  
That we may of hym haue forgyuenes  
Of our grete synne with reformacyon  
Of peas bytwene the faders hyghenes  
Of heuen and vs in suspyracyon  
Therefore yf thou drede the amocyon  
Of his ryghtwysnes loke that thou flee  
Ryght fast vnto his mercyfull pyte  
For his mercy is more than all our mysery  
And eke aboue his werkes all  
As Dauyd sheweth in his prophecy  
Saynge his mercy is ouer all  
To whom I pray euer in especyall  
To gyue me grace well my penne to lede  
That quaketh aye for drede  
Dame Sapyence sayd I do procede

Of the strength of the holy ghoost  
That is and shall be mater in dede  
God and lorde of myghtys moost  
Whose infynall power was neuer lost  
And yet neuer had no begynnyng  
But alway lyke stronge without endyng  
Where that dame hardynes in her pledyng  
Made her selfe to knyghtes moost necessary  
By the meanes of her power shewyng  
That I by ryght do now well deny  
For in that case she dyd moche vary  
For syxe there are that more profyte be  
Of whiche the lest is better than she  
The fyrst is prudence that is the chefe  
That hym doth rule and is his gyde  
And kepeth hym from grete reprefe  
And causeth his worshyp for to abyde  
So euery crysten man shold prouyde  
By his wit to withstand the deuyll  
That he consent not to do euyl  
The seconde is that he sholde be true  
To his souerayn lorde that on hym reyneth  
And all treason for euer to eschewe  
In whiche grete shame often remayneth  
And by whiche he his kyne dysteyneth  
So a crysten man sholde be true euer  
To Ihesu Cryst that was his redemer  
The thyrde is that he sholde be lyberall  
Amonge his c&#333;mons withouten lette  
That is the cause euer in generall  
That he the loue of theym doth gette  
For it causeth theyr hertes on hym be sette  
So euery true crysten man sholde be  
To god intended with lyberalyte  
The fourth is that he sholde be stronge  
His ryght euer for to defende  
And neuer to no man for to do wronge  
But wronges for to dyrecte and amende  
As ferre as his power wyll extende  
So a true crysten man sholde exclude  
All maner of vyces by his fortytude  
The fyfth is y&supert; he sholde be mercyable

In all his dedes withouten furoure  
For that to hym is gretly conuenable  
And eke to kepe hym out of erroure  
For he of mercy sholde be a myrroure  
So vnto them it is ryght necessary  
Who that wyll be saued for to haue mercy  
The syxte is a knyght ought for to kepe  
The poore folke in theyr grete nede  
That often for hungre and thyrst do wepe  
He ought with almes theym for to fede  
And the better he shall than spede  
So euery true crysten man sholde do  
As ferre as his power cometh vnto  
I Sapyence am of the kynges counsayll  
Whiche is clothed with purple that sygnyfyeth  
The grace and the pulcrynute without fayll  
Of grete vertues that in hym shyneth  
For to no vyces he neuer enclyneth  
Hauynge in his hede a fayre crowne royall  
That sheweth his dygnyte to be regall  
Whiche to his people is the chefe glory  
Through whome his subgetes be dyrekte  
And made obedyent to hym certaynly  
At euery houre by ryght true effecte  
But forthermore by good aspecte  
He bereth a ball in his lefte hande  
The whiche betokeneth as I vnderstande  
A kyng to be a good admynystratour  
Unto his subgetes in euery place  
And to be for theym a good prouysour  
As reason requyreth in euery case  
I Sapyence do rule his noble grace  
In his ryght hand he hath a septure  
That doth sygnyfy by ryght his rygoure  
Yll men to punyssh for theyr offence  
By his ryght wysnes whome the loue  
Of vertue shynynge in experyence  
Doth not extoll nor yet now remoue  
A lampe doth hange his heed aboue  
Alway lyght and clerely brennyng  
Whiche sygnyfyeth the mercy of a kyng  
The olde philosophers by theyr prudence

Fonde the seuen scyences lyberall  
And by theyr exercyse & grete dylygence  
They made theyr dedes to be memoryall  
And also poetes that were fatall  
Craftely colored with cloudy fygures  
The true sentence of all theyr scryptures  
O Iustyce lady and souerayne goddessse  
Gyue you true sentence now vpon me  
As ye be surmountynge in vertue & noblesse  
Lete me dame Sapyence haue the soueraynte  
As is accordynge to my royall dygnyte  
For I am moost profytable vnto man  
And euer had ben syns the world began  
Than sayd dame Fortune ye are imperfyte  
Without that I therto be accordaunt  
For all your hardynes & prudence perfyte  
I vnto you must be well exuberaunt  
And with your werkes euer concordant  
Where that I fauer they haue good c&#333;fort  
In all theyr dedes by my swete resort  
I Fortune am the rule and steere  
Of euery persone lyke to my wyll  
That in this worlde now lyueth here  
Whan that I lyst for to fulfyll  
My mynde ryght sone I can dystyll  
The dewe of comfort welth and rychesse  
To man exaltyuge hym to noblenesse  
Though that a man were neuer so hardy  
Without me he myght not attayne  
And though that a man were neuer so wytty  
And I dyd my power from hym refrayne  
All his labour were lost in vayne  
So hardynesse and prudence in no wyse  
Without good fortune may well suffyse  
Though that a man were but a fole  
Yf I consent that he be fortunate  
He nedyth not to make no grete dole  
For I shall mayntene so his estate  
That he in rychesse shall be so eleuate  
Fulfylled with welth & worldely tresure  
That he shall lacke no maner of pleasure  
Where that dame hardynes wold afferme

By her cases that are so vnſure  
That ſhe by her power doth conferme  
The knyghtes of vyctory for to be ſure  
Whan ſhe doth take theyr hertes in cure  
Yf fortune be awaye ſhe may not auayle  
For they by reaſon muſt loſe the batayle  
Yet forthermore as I do well conſyder  
How dame hardynes dyd expreſſe  
Sythens the tyme that I came hyder  
That ſhe promoted had to worthynes  
Hector dauid and the noble hercules  
With many other wherof ſhe fayleth  
For it was fortune as ſhe well knoweth  
For in olde tyme the noble warryours  
For to eſchewe euer my grete daungere  
In whiche tyme they were ydoleſtours  
Than they to put hym oute of fere  
To ydols went that theyr goddes were  
For to haue answer yf they ſholde wyne  
The batayll or they dyd begynne  
What nede I plead by longe contynuaunce  
As dame Sapyence dyd in maters hy  
It were of tyme but dyscontynuaunce  
But o dame Iuſtyce the gentyll lady  
Loke that ye Iuge my mater ryght wyſely  
That I of hardynes may be the pryncypall  
And of dame prudence & nature with all  
Than ſayd dame nature that may not be  
As I can proue by ryght and reaſon  
For I am moost confort to humanyte  
As man well knoweth at euery encheaſon  
And can not be forborne for none ſeaſon  
For where I lacke without ony delay  
Man is but dede and turned to clay  
That nature gyueth by her power  
Wyſedome nor hardynes may not defete  
For I to man am the chefe doer  
Durynge his lyfe without retrete  
Also dame fortune may not well lete  
Me of my courſe though ſhe it thought  
In ſondery wyſe my dedes are ſo wrought  
Though that a man were infortunate

And though that he were neuer so folysshe  
And a grete coward to fyght not able  
Yet shulde he lyue and neuer perysshe  
Tyll that my power of hym doth fynysse  
Whiche fayle must ones it is my proprete  
And that was gyuen me by the deyte  
I am the orygynall of mannes creacyon  
And by me alway the world doth multiply  
In welth pleasure and delectacyon  
As I wyll shewe now in this party  
My dedes be subtyll & wrought craftely  
What were the worlde yf I were note  
It were sone done as I well wote  
The lawe of nature doth man bynde  
Both beste foule and fysshe also  
In theyr degre to do theyr kynde  
Blame theym not yf they do so  
For harde it is euer to ouer go  
The kynde of nature in her degre  
For euery thyng must shewe his proprete  
Who of theyr propretes lyst to rede  
Lete hym loke in the boke of barthelmewe  
And to his scripture take good hede  
That ryght nobly of theym do shewe  
With all theyr actes beyng not a fewe  
But wondrous many by alteracyon  
For lyke hath lyke his operacyon  
I nature norysse by myn afflyccyon  
Mannes humayne partyes superfyxcyall  
And am the spryng of his complexion  
The fonteyne of his vaynes inferyall  
To hym conserue moost dere and specyall  
Though he were hardy & wyse he myzt not me forbere  
Nor fortune without me auayleth not hym a pere  
Wherefore dame Iustyce be you now indyfferent  
Consydre that I am moost dere and lefe  
Unto euery man that is eliquylent  
And aboue all medycyns to hym moost chefe  
And by my strongh vnto hym relefe  
In his dysease wherefore as thynke me  
I ought of reason to haue the soueraynte  
Than spake dame Iustyce with meke contenta&#363;ce

I wyll all your contrauersy now redresse  
For I of your reasons haue good perseueraunce  
And after your cases both more and lesse  
Wherefore I Iustyce by good ryghtwysnesse  
Gyue now vpon you a fynall Iugement  
That ye foure agree by a hole assent  
Man for to please at euery houre  
Without dysgrement or contradiccyon  
And in his nede to do hym socoure  
With louynge herte and true affeccyon  
He shall be in your good iurysdyccyon  
And you of hym shall be copertyners  
Both of his lyfe and of his maners  
Than sayd dame hardynes I agre therto  
And so do I than sayd dame Sapyence  
Than sayd dame Fortune I also do  
Agre vnto dame Iustyce sentence  
And I dame Nature wyll do my dylygence  
Lyke as ye do man for to please  
And hym to strength in his dysease  
With that dame Iustyce vp arose  
Unto the ladyes byddyng fare well  
And went into her chaumbre close  
I cleped conscyence wher she dyd dwell  
As dame Dyscrecyon dyd me tell  
Than hardynes & fortune went downe the stayre  
And after theym Nature so clere and fayre.

Stephen Hawes

# The Example Of Vertu : Cantos Viii.-Xiv.

## Capitalum VIII.

Dame Sapyence taryed a lytell whyle  
Behynd the other saynge to Dyscrecyon  
And began on her to laugh and smyle  
Axyng her how I stode in condycyon  
Well she sayd in good perfeccyon  
But best it is that he maryed be  
For to eschewe all yll censualyte  
I knowe a lady of meruelous beaute  
Spronge out of hyghe and noble lynage  
Replete with vertue and full of bounte  
Whiche vnto youth were a good maryage  
For she is comen of royall apparage  
But herde it wyll be to gete her loue  
Without youth frayltye do sore reproue  
I kneled downe than vpon my kne  
Afore dame Sapyence with humble chere  
Besechynge her of me to haue pyte  
And also Dyscrecyon her syster dere  
Than dame Sapyence came me nere  
Saynge youth wyll ye haue a wyfe  
And her to loue duryng her lyfe  
Ye madame that wolde I fayne  
Yf that she be both fayre and bryght  
I wyll her loue euer more certayne  
And pleas her alway with all my myght  
Of suche a persone wolde I haue a syght  
With all my herte now at this houre  
Wolde to god I had so fayre a floure  
Than sayd dyscrecyon there is a kynge  
Dwellynge fer hens in a fayre castell  
Of whome I oft haue herd grete talkynge  
Whiche hath a doughter as I you tell  
I trowe that youth wyll lyke her well  
She is both good eke fayre and pure  
As I report me vnto dame Nature  
But yf that youth sholde her go seke  
Ye must syster than hym well indue



With your grete power so good and meke  
That he all frayltye may eschue  
For by the way it wyll oft pursue  
On hym by flattery and grete temptacyon  
That shall brynge hym in tribulacyon  
As for that sayd she he shall not care  
For he shall theym sone ouercome  
And of theyr flattery ryght well beware  
For I to hym shall gyue grete wysedome  
Theyr dedes to withstande & make theym d&#333;me  
Wherefore dere syster as I you pray  
Unto her lede hym now on the way  
Loke that ye send me in his necessyte  
By dame swyftnes full sone a letter  
By whiche that I may knowe the certaynte  
That I may come to ayde hym beter  
So that fraylte to hym be no freter  
And though I be not alway vysyble  
With hym my power he hath inuyncyble  
Than sayd dame Sapyence to dyscrecyon  
Fare well dere syster I may not tary  
Loke ye of youth haue the tucyon  
That he fall not into vaynglory  
And that ye puruey for hym shortly  
That he may wedde the fayre dame clenness  
Whiche for her loue haue ben in duress  
With that dame Sapyence downe went  
Into her place that was the doctrynall  
Of famous clerkes in connyng splendent  
A myrrour of lernyng that was dyuynall  
With all the craftes artyfycyall  
Byfore her dame Fortune went to her mancyon  
And eke dame hardynes to her habytacyon

#### Capitulum nonum

Forth than went dyscrecyon and I  
Out of the castell into a grene  
Where byrdys sange by grete melody  
There daunst also the fayre quene  
Besyde a ryuer named Ephesene  
Ouer whiche we wente to the other syde

That was a medowe both longe and wyde  
Longe there we wandred tyll at the last  
We came vnto a ryght grete wyldernes  
By that tyme Phebus was ouer past  
Wherefore we walked in grete derkenes  
The whiche to me was a grete heuynes  
For Lucyna eke dyd her shrowde  
Under a blacke and mysty clowde  
For she was horned and no thyng cleere  
And entred into the sygne of caprycorne  
Ryght ferre from phebus fulgent speere  
And not ayenst hym the crowne had worne  
I went vp and downe tyll on the morne  
That phebus his golden reyes dyd sprede  
Than dyscrecyon ferther forth me lede  
Amonge thornes sharpe & bestes wylde  
There was the lyon the wolf & the bere  
But I coude mete nother man ne chylde  
But many serpentes that dyde me fere  
And by a swete smelle I knewe a pantere  
So forth I went by longe contynuaunce  
Tyll that I sawe an herber of pleasaunce  
To whiche I toke anone my waye  
Where that I sawe a lady excellent  
Rydyng on a goote in fresshe arraye  
Ryght yonge of age & lusty of entent  
Prayenge me to her for to assent  
As to fulfill the fleshly pleasure  
Whiche she desyred me out of mesure  
Nay sayd dyscrecyon that may not be  
No sayd I in no maner of wyse  
To her request I wyll now agree  
But euermore here foule lust despyse  
For I my selfe do now aduyse  
To kepe me chast that I may mary  
Fayre dame Clennes that noble lady

So forth I went walkyng my iournay  
Metyng a lady olde and amyable  
Syttynge in a castell both fressh and gay  
On an olyphauntes backe in strength so stable  
Whiche it to bere was good and able

Hauynge in her hande a cup of golde  
Sette with perles ryght many afolde  
She sayd she was the lady of rychesse  
The quene of welth and worldely glory  
Praynge me to company with her noblenesse  
And she than wolde promote me shortely  
To innumerable ryches and make me worthy  
Where I am poore and sette by nought  
By her to worshyp I sholde be brought  
Unto her I answered I wolde not so  
As for to hunt in the parke of pryde  
The whiche to Clennes is mortall fo  
But with Dyscrecyon I wyll abyde  
Whiche doth a wyfe for me prouyde  
By whome I shall haue the possessyowne  
Of heuenly kyngdome & grete renowne  
So forth I went and had grete trauayle  
Without the comfort of ony persons  
Saue of dyscrecyon whiche dyd me counsayle  
As she went walkynge with me alone  
Unto her I made full grete mone  
And lykened the wyldernes by morall scence  
Unto worldely trouble by good experyence  
She sayd the fyrst lady that I dyd mete  
Iclyped was dame Sensualyte  
Whiche can well flater with wordes swete  
Causynge a man to fall into fragylyte  
And for to haunt the carnall freylte  
Whiche vnto clennes is abhomynable  
For they in werke be gretely varyable  
The seconde was pryde enduyd with couetyse  
A lady of ryght fruytles medytacyon  
Delytynge gretly in the synne of auaryce  
The whiche is cause of her dampnacyon  
For she by her fals supportacyon  
Blyndeth many a mannes conscyence  
And dryueth ryght oft fer in absence  
So ferther I went tyll at the last  
I was in a mase goynge in and oute  
Ther was none other way I was agast  
But forth I walked in grete doute  
Now here now there and so rounde aboute

Than sayd vnto me dame Dyscrecyon  
Ye are in the besynes of worldely fastyon  
There in I trauayled by longe space  
Tyll that I mette a lady glorious  
Indued with vertue and grete grace  
To whom I sayd o lady precyous  
As ye seme to be good and vertuous  
I you beseche now without delaye  
Unto dame Clennes to teche me the waye  
I Sapyence now wyll shewe to the  
The ryght waye vnto fayre clennes  
And yf thou wylt be ruled by me  
Thou shalt mary that noble prynces  
Yes that wyll I sayd than douteles  
Dyscrecyon sayd she wolde be my suerte  
Sapyence sayd none better myght be  
Than sayd dyscrecyon to dame sapyence  
Welcome to vs my syster dere  
And I to her dyd humble reuerence  
Saynge who had went to fynde you here  
Yes she sayd I haue ben neere  
You often tymes syth my departyng  
And haue ben cause of your goode gydyng

#### Capitulum X.

Come on your waye walke on a pace  
For ye longe for to haue a syght  
Of dame Clennes so clere a face  
So goodely of body in beauty bryght  
That there can not be so fayre a wyght  
So forth we walked to a ryuer syde  
That ebbd and flowed at euery tyde  
Than I saw a castell a pales royall  
Bylded with marble blacke as the gette  
With glasse wyndowes as clere as crystall  
Whiche on the other syde was sette  
No man to the castell myght gette  
But ouer the water on a lytell brydge  
Not halfe so brode as a hous rydge  
But as I cast myn eye than asyde  
I saw a lady wondrous fayre

Demure of contenance without pryde  
That went her selfe for to repayre  
By the water syde to take the ayre  
Beholde and se than sayd dame sapyence  
Yonder is dame Clennes the sterre of excellence  
Full glad was I than in my mynde  
For to se that flour of complacence  
The syght of her dyd my herte bynde  
Euer her to loue with percynge influence  
Unto her I sayd o well of contynence  
Unto your grace fayne wolde I go  
Ner lettynge of this water blo  
To me she answered than agayne  
Saynge this worlde withouten mys  
Is but a vanyte no thyng certayne  
In the lyke wyse as this water is  
Ye can not come to me now ywys  
But by that brydge that goth ouer  
This stormy troublous & wawy water  
Therof sayd sapyence he shall not lette  
Well sayd Clennes be you his gyde  
And dyscrecyon also for to be sette  
For to vpholde hym vnto the other syde  
That he do not in the water slyde  
So to the brydge they dyde me lede  
I quacked than for fere and drede  
I sawe there wryten this lytterall sence  
No man this brydge may ouer go  
But he be pure without neglygence  
And stedfast in goddes byleue also  
Yf he be ignoraunt and do not so  
He must nedys into this water fall  
Ouer the heed and be drowned with all  
They led me ouer this brydge so peryllous  
Tyll that I came to a preuy place  
Where were wryten with letters glorious  
This is the kyngdome of grete grace  
No man by yonde this marke may trace  
But yf he be brought in by dame wysedome  
If he so be he is moche welcome  
So forthermore yet forth we went  
Into a hall that was solacyous

Made of precyous stones splendent  
That theym to se it was ryght wouderous  
They were there so gretly plenteuous  
That the hall paued was for the nones  
With none other grauell but precyous stones

There was dame Clennes that lady gent  
And eke her fader the kynge of loue  
He satte in a chayre ryght clere and excellent  
At the vpper ende of the hall aboue  
He satte styll and dyd not remoue  
Gyrde with wylowes and myght not se  
No maner a thyng in his degre  
He had two wynges ryght large and grete  
And his body also was naked  
And a dart in his ryght hand was sette  
And a torche in his left hand brenned  
A botell aboute his necke was hanged  
His one leg armed and naked the other  
Hym for to se it was a wonder  
Sapyence bad me meruayll no thyng  
For she wold shewe me the sygnifycacyon  
Why he so sate by shorte rekenyng  
Accordyng to a morylyzacyon  
Now of the fyrste to make relacyon  
Loue sholde be gyrde faste with stabylite  
Without whiche loue can haue no suerte  
Loue may not se but is alway blynde  
And wenyth no man can haue perseuera#363;ce  
Where that he loueth by naturall kynde  
But he do shewe hym by wordes of vtera#363;ce  
Trught he bewreyeth hym by contenance  
For hard it wyll be loue so to couere  
But that som man shall it perceuere  
Also his nakednes doth sygnyfy  
That true loue no thyng ellys desyreth  
But the very persone and eke body  
That he so well and feruently loueth  
His wynges also well betokenyth  
That his mynde fleeth vnto the persone  
That he doth loue so well alone  
And also loue is stryken with a sharpe darte

That maketh a man for to complayn  
Whan that it hath wounded sore his herte  
It brenneth hote lyke fyre certeyn  
Than loue his purpose wolde fayne atteyn  
And is euermore both hoot and drye  
Tyll his lady gyue hym drynke of mercy  
His one legge is armed to defende  
The ryght that longeth vnto amyte  
And wronge loue for to amende  
His naked legge betokeneth charyte  
That is the Ioye of grete felycyte  
So charyte ryght loue and good concorde  
With stablynnes reyneth in this myghty lorde

#### Capitulum XI.

Than forth me led good dame Sapyence  
Afore that myghty lordes mageste  
Come on she sayd put the in presence  
hat thou mayst se dame clennes beaute  
Ponder in thy mynde by veryte  
That so fayre as she was not quene helyn  
Quene Ipolyte or yonge Polyxyn  
This lady is clene without corrupcyon  
And wereth thre crownes for her vyrgynyte  
One is for people of perfyt relygyon  
An other for maydens kepynge chastyte  
The therde for true wedowes as y<sup>&superu</sup>; mayst se  
I wyll the now to her fader present  
Her for to mary yf she wyll consent  
Than sayd dame sapyence o noble emperour  
O souerayne lorde and royall potestate  
O vycoryous prynce & famous conquerour  
O kyng of loue and seaser of debate  
To the no creature may say chekmate  
I present the now this vertuous knyght  
For to mary clennes your doughter bryght  
I thanke you he sayd for your good wyll  
But he that to Clennes maryed must be  
He must my commaundement fyrste fulfyll  
As to scomfyte the dragon with heedes thre  
That is a serpent of grete subtylte

Whiche well betokeneth as we do fynde  
The worlde the flesshe & the deuyll by kynde  
Sapyence sayd I sholde not fayle  
To do his comma#363;dement for Clennes sake  
As for to sle the dragon in batayle  
That lay in a marys in a grete lake  
Whiche was moche stynkyng foule & blake  
Wysedome bade me be not aferde  
For she wolde gyue me a shelde and swerde  
And arme me also with fayre armure  
To vaynquyssh that dragon so ferse & grete  
She sayd it sholde be so good and sure  
That I no harme of hym sholde gete  
Though he his teth on me had sete  
Yet sholde I slee hym for all his myght  
By my grete strokes whan I dyd fyght  
Fyrst she my legge harneys sette on  
And after my plackerd of grete ryches  
She armed me her selfe alone  
And laced my helmet of her gentylnes  
I thanked her for her grete goodnes  
And gaue me my swerde and sheld also  
Saynge lete vs to the dragon go  
This is the armure for the soule  
That in his epystole wrote saynt Poule  
Good hope thy legge harneys shall be  
The habergyn of ryghtwysnes gyrde w&supert; chastyte  
Thy plackarde of besynes w&supert; bra#363;ches of almes dede  
Thy shelde of beleue and mekenes for the hede  
Thy swerde shall be the to defend  
The worde of god the deuyll to blynde

Dame sapyence & I dyd take our lycence  
Of the kyng of loue in vertue depured  
And of his doughter shynyng in excellence  
Whiche to me sayd with wordes assured  
O vertuous knyght you for me haue dured  
Ingrete wo & payne but thynke you verely  
To scomfyt that dragon by wysedome shortly  
Than went we forth to that serpent  
In merueylous trauayle of sorowe and bale  
By that tyme the daye ryght fayre was spent



And phebus his course began to auale  
But at the last we came into a dale  
Wher we felt the sauer of a dungeon  
Of the foule and stynkyng dragon  
Nere to that dragon there was a way  
That men vsed vpon a fayre hyll  
Unto hyghe heuen so fressh and gay  
But that dragon lette theym theyr wyll  
And by the way he dyd theym kyll  
Bryngyng theym vnto the dungeon  
Iclyped the place of grete oblyuyon  
I had not be there halfe an houre  
But that this dragon me approched  
As though that he wolde me deuoure  
He so fersly than on me marched  
The batayle bytwene vs longe contynued  
But he had me rygth sone ouercome  
If I had not helpe of dame wysedome  
I strake at hym fast with my swerde  
And with my shelde dyd me defende  
Wysedome bad me not be aferde  
But my stroke that for to amende  
As fer as my myght weld extende  
So by her wordes I plucked vp myn herte  
And dyd than vnto the dragon sterte  
But he caught me than in his clawes  
And so we wrasteled longe to gyder  
But he hyld me sharpely in his pawes  
Tyll wysedom my feblenesse dyd consyder  
Beholde she sayd dame clennes yonder  
Than as a syde I cast all my syght  
I sawe that lady so pure and bryght  
My strength than dobeled an hundred folde  
And I from hym brake by vertuous prowes  
My herte was warme that afore was colde  
With the c&#333;fortable syght of fayre dame clennes  
Than I to hym gaue strokes of exces  
And with my sharpe swerde cut of anone  
Two of his heedes leuyng hym but one  
These two heedes by good morall sens  
The worlde and the flesshe do sygnyfy  
As I in scrypture haue intellygence

The fyrste the worlde that is transytory  
Lyeth bytwene man and heuenly glory  
Lettyuge hym often of his passage  
If it of hym can gete auauntage  
The seconde is the flesschly desyre  
That troubleth a man ryght sore within  
Settynge his courage vpon a fyre  
Causynge hym to enclyne to dedely syn  
His flessch the batayll of hym doth wyn  
Often bryngynge hym into dampnacyon  
If repentaunce were not his saluacyon  
Repentaunce alway requyreth mercy  
And penaunce to god is a satisfaccyon  
For god desyreth euermore truely  
An humble herte full of contrycon  
And the worlde desyreth restytucyon  
Of goodes that haue be gotten wrongfully  
To be restored vnto the ryghtfull party  
Whan I by wysedom had won the vyctory  
Of these two heedes I was ryght glad  
His thyrde heed marched ayenst me sharpely  
But I my swerd in my hand had  
Strykyng at hym with strokes sad  
And blode of hym coude I drawe none  
For he had nother flesshe ne bone  
But at the last I dyd hym vaynquyssh  
Dryuyng hym home to his derke regyon  
Of infernall payne that shall not fynyshe  
For hell is called his propre mancyon  
And of all other of his opynyon  
That do the preceptes of god forsake  
And to deuelyche werkes theym do be take  
God by his ryghtwysnes made a lawe  
By whiche man for dedely synne is condempned  
If god his vengeaunce do not withdrawe  
In euerlastynge payne he sholde be prysoned  
But and man mercy of hym requyred  
With penytent hert he sholde it haue  
And with his mercy he wyll man saue.

#### Capitulum XII.

Whan I had scomfyte this serpent venymous

Sapyence to me ryght gentely sayd  
Blessyd be god ye are so gracyous  
That ye shall mary Clennes the mayd  
But yet erwhyles ye were a frayd  
Ye I sayd and swet full ryght sore  
Tyll ye newe strength dyd me restore  
This batayll was grete & longe endured  
Whiche caused me to be ryght wery  
But sapyence with her wordes me mured  
With walles of comfort makynge me mery  
Come on she sayd and walke on lyghtly  
Unto the castell that we come fro  
I answered to her I wolde do so  
Than forth we went a grete pace  
Tyll that we came to the castell syde  
There mette vs ladyes with grete solace  
And welcomed vs at the same tyde  
So fayre a sort in the worlde so wyde  
May not be founde by no maner of reason  
As I sawe there at the same season  
The fyrste lady that dyd vs mete  
Iclyped was dame perseueraunce  
Whiche to me sayd with wordes swete  
Blessyd be god of your good gouernaunce  
That hath kept you from the incomberaunce  
Of the serpent with the heedes thre  
And caused you vyctor of hym to be  
Than came dame fayth that lady gloryous  
Welcome she sayd with wordes amyable  
I am ryght glad ye ar so vycoryous  
Of that foule dragon so abhomynable  
She sayd that I was euermore stable  
In her in dede eke worde and thought  
Or elles my labour had ben to nought  
Than spake the lady fayre dame charyte  
Welcome vertue the noble veteran  
Sythens that ye alway haue loued me  
From the fyrst season that ye began  
Bothe in your youth & syth ye were man  
Ye haue had me in humble reuerence  
And haue ben ruled by my preemynence  
Than sayd dame prayer in my presence

Ye neuer cast me in oblyuance  
By no slouth nor wordely neglygence  
But haue had me in grete remembraunce  
Whiche hath ben to me very grete pleasaunce  
Wherefore welcome vertue my dere  
Unto this castell that ye se here  
Than came fast to me dame lowelynes  
Clyppynge me harde with louely chere  
Byddyng me welcome with grete gladnes  
As by her contena#363;ce it dyd well appere  
Come on she sayd and walke on nere  
So than amonge these fayre ladyes all  
I went in to the grete castell hall  
And there met me dame clennes blyue  
And dame grace bare vp her trayne  
Whiche euer to her was affyrmatyue  
From whome dame clennes myght not refrayne  
Than sayd she to me I am ryght fayne  
That ye ar comen in to this place  
Where ye shall wedde me in short space  
Upon my kne I kneled than downe  
Saynge o sterre of the blysse eterne  
O well of vertue and of grete renowne  
O dyuyne comfort moost sempyterne  
Whan I your beautye do so well decerne  
Ye set myn hert vpon a brennyng fyre  
With feruent loue to come to my desyre  
To me she answered in this wyse.  
O my dere herte my spouse so pure  
Why do ye not on your fete aryse  
You of my true loue shall be sure  
For ye my hert haue now in cure  
Lete vs go now to our fader reuerente  
So forthe vnto hym than we wente  
Whan that we came afore his fayre face  
Dame clennes made curtesye vnto the grounde  
Saynge o fader kynge of grete grace  
This knyght to loue ye are now bounde  
And so am I for I haue often founde  
Grete kyndnes on hym both nyght and day  
For he hath loued me ryght well alway  
Welcome he sayd ryght noble knyght

How haue ye done sythens your departynge  
Haue ye scomfyted with your myght  
The merueylous dragon so gretly stynkyng  
Ye I sayd with the power shynyng  
Of my maystresse good dame sapyence  
I dyd hym vaynquyssh by her experyence  
Wher is dame Sapyence than sayd he  
And eke her syster dame dyscrecyon  
Syr I sayd they are comen with me  
And they haue had me in iurisdyccyon  
Syns my departynge without destruccyon  
Than spake dame sapyence by her faculte  
Unto that myghty lordes mageste  
Saynge this knyght than cleped vertue  
Hath loued your doughter by longe contynua#363;ce  
With stable loue so faythfull and true  
And for her sake hath put to vterauce  
The thre heeded dragon by wyse puruyaunce  
Wherfore me thynke he ought to mary  
Your doughter Clennes that noble lady  
The kynge sayd me thynke the same  
If that my doughter wyll agre  
And she do not she moche is to blame  
Consyderynge his wysedome & grete beaute  
Come hyder he sayd my doughter fre  
To be wyfe to vertue wyll ye consent  
Ye fader she sayd with hole entent  
Than he called vnto his presence  
Perseueraunce charyte and fydelyte  
With lowlynes prayer and intellygence  
Shewynge vnto theym the certeynte  
How clennes his doughter wedded shall be  
Unto me now vertu in all godely hast  
By fore that thre dayes be ryght fully past  
He called me than to his magnyfycence  
Byddyng me go to bed and to rest  
In the chaumbre of clene conscyence  
Than so to do I thought it the best  
For phebus was tourned into the west  
So sapyence and I went forthe to bed  
For lake of rest oppressed was my hed  
A lytyll welp within this chaumbre was

That lay wakyng and barked alway  
That no man in to it sholde passe  
That wolde with conscyence make a fray  
I dyd slepe there tyll that it was day  
Than vp I rose and made me redy  
Callynge vnto me dame sapyence shortely  
Saynge vnto her o lady and maystres  
O comfortable salve vnto euery sore  
O fontayne of welth and carbuncle of clernes  
Without ye helpe me I am forlore  
Wherefore I shewe you as now before  
Without I mary fayre dame clennes  
I shall endure in mortall heuynes  
Therof sayd she be no thyng adred  
For ye shall mary here ryght soone  
By me your mater shall be well sped  
And the same daye it shall be doone  
Aboute the houre truely of noone  
And there shall be at your good dyner  
Charyte fayth penaunce and prayer  
Dame sapyence led me into a gardeyn  
Where Clennes was amonge floures swete  
Her to repayre without dysdeyn  
As I to her wente she dyd me mete  
Bryngynge me a floure called the margarete  
Whiche is a floure ryght swete and precyous  
Indued with beaute and moche vertuous  
This floure I kyst often ryght swetely  
Settynge it nere vnto my hert  
Dame Clennes loked vpon me louely  
Saynge that I sholde not depert  
Tyll she had shewed me a grete couert  
So with her I wente without delay  
Where byrdes sate on many a spray  
By this tyme phebus had begon  
His ascencyall cours in grete bryghtnes  
In to the sygne of the fierous lyon  
Exylynge the fenerous frosty coldnes  
And depryuyng the noxyall derkenes  
And also setherus his fragraunt breth  
Dystylled had vpon euery heth  
Than to her I sayd my lady dere

Beholde this weder so clere and fayre  
How royall walkynge that it is here  
Lyke a place of pleasure you to repayre  
Amonge the floures so swete of ayre  
An other she had as she me tolde  
Bryghter than phebus a thousande folde  
This is a place of recreacyon  
My mynde to comfort after study  
In welth pleasure and delectacyon  
For yf I sholde my selfe applye  
Euer to pray to god an hye  
Without this place I may not be sure  
An other tyme in prayer to endure  
But the other gardyn is celestyall  
That longeth to vs by enherytaunce  
And is entayled to vs in generall  
For our clene lyfe & vertuous gouerna#363;ce  
Who that vs loueth without doubt#363;ce  
With vs shall go to eternall glory  
In short space or elles to purgatory  
Than forth we went to her fader royall  
Whiche welcomed vs by grete humylyte  
Saynge my doughter dere and specyall  
Ye shall this daye by grete solempnyte  
Be wedded to vertue with benygnyte  
We kneled downe and thanked his grace  
And than forth we went to an other place

### Capitulum XIII.

In to a chapell gayly gloryfied  
And also hanged with cloth of tyssue  
A place it was ryght gretly deifyed  
The roof was set with stones of vertue  
As with rubyes and emeraudes bryght of hue  
The rood loft was yuery garnysshed with gold  
Set with dyamoundes ryght many a fold  
Ther I dyd se the arke of god  
With many sayntes that suffred martyrdom  
And also I sawe there Moyses rod  
And saynt Austyn that brought crystendom  
Into englonde by his grete wysedom  
And the xii. apostles that fast gan wryte

Of our byleue and eke dyd endyte  
There was saynt peter the noble pope  
That dyd stande on the ryght syde  
Of the hyghe auter in a ryche cope  
Dame clennes and I dyd there abyde  
And vp there came than at that tyde  
Dame prayer with her syster charyte  
And eke dame penytence with humylyte  
Than came dame fayth anone to vs  
With ryghtwysenes peas and dame mercy  
With dame contrycyon gay and glorious  
Whiche after theym dyd not longe tary  
And than came bede and eke saynt gregory  
With saynt ambrose the noble doctour  
Whiche of our fayth was good protectour  
Than came the kynge of feruent loue  
Led with argos in goodely wyse  
Without whome he myght not remoue  
From his sete by ryght prudent gyse  
Who loueth argos wyll not deuyse  
Nor yet begynne no maner of thyng  
Without in his mynde hese good endyng  
Also saynt Ierome the noble cardynall  
Came vp to vs by humble reuerence  
Whiche euermore was a good doctrynnall  
Prechyng to vs by vertuous influence  
With exhortacyon of dyuyne complacence  
And than foure bysshoppes in grete dygnyte  
Ryght connyng cernyng vnto the deyte  
On hym wayted by grete dylygence  
And neuer dyd forsake his company  
But hym obeyed by good experyence  
And from his c&#333;maundement dyd not vary  
But in the chapell they dyd there tary  
And than saynt Ierome wente to the kynge  
Of feruent loue vnto hym sayng  
O amyable kynge seasour of debate  
O ioynere of vertue and well of vnyte  
O royall emperour o souerayne estate  
O messenger of feruent amyte  
O feruent dart of cordyall pryuyte  
Here is your doughter fayre dame clennes



That must be maryed with good ryghtwysenes  
Unto vertue the louely knyght  
Whiche the batayle now hath won  
By dame sapyence helpe and myght  
Of the foule thre heeded dragon  
This maryage by me shall be don  
Go ye now streyght into your tabernacle  
Whiche is to you moost propre habytacle  
Than the souerayne kynge to hym dyd call  
Dame fayth dyscrecyon and dame sapyence  
With dame contrycyon & charyte withall  
And eke dame mercy and dame penytence  
Unto theym saynge ye haue intellygence  
That this daye clennes my doughter dere  
Shall be maryed to vertue that ye se here  
Than they dyde all come vnto me  
With dame peas and dame grace  
And after theym came dame virgynyte  
Whiche in her armes dyd me embrace  
Saynge that I was to her grete solace  
Gyuyng me vnto my good maryage  
A gowne of syluer for grete aparage  
She gafe an other of the same  
Unto dame clennes puttyng it one  
Upon her back withouten blame  
After whiche Clennes wente anone  
Unto her fader her selfe alone  
And I with saynt Ierome dyd there tary  
To wed dame Clennes that noble lady  
And all the ladyes with meke contenance  
Stode on a rewe besyde the closette  
Of Clennes fader without resystence  
Whiche hanged was gayly with blue veluet  
And with perles & rubyes rychely set  
Than forth came Clennes with two a&#363;gels led  
Whiche theyr golden wynges abrode dyd spred  
Dame grace after her bare vp her trayn  
And .xv. ladyes her dyd ensue  
Fyrst went dame humylyte certayn  
And after her than dyd pursue  
Dame fayth in stablenes so true  
Ledyng with her the fayre dame pease

That welth and ryches doth well encrease  
Than went dame reason with perseuera&#363;ce  
And than dame mercy with contricyon  
And than exersyce with remembraunce  
After whome went dame restytucyon  
With dame prayer and dame confessyon  
And dame charyte with obedyence  
And after theym came fayre dame abstynence  
Saynt Ierome dyd make there coniunccyon  
Of dame Clennes and me in matrimonye  
With heuenly wordes and vertuous fastyon  
And aungels came downe from heuen hye  
As saynt Mychell with gabryell & the gerachye  
To helpe saynt peter the masse to synge  
The organs went and the bellys dyd rynge  
My penne for feblenes may not now wryte  
Nor my tonge for domnes may not expresse  
Nor my mynde for neglygence may not endyte  
Of the aungelycall Ioye and swete gladnesse  
That I sawe there without heuynesse  
And whan this weddyng holy was fynysshed  
The aungels than to heuen vanysshed  
Than downe I went in to the hall  
Where ordeyned was by grete solempnyte  
A dyner of vertue moost celestyall  
To whiche came my wyf full of benygnyte  
On the one syde led by good auctoryte  
With saynt Edmond the noble kynge  
And martyr whiche dyd her downe brynge  
And she was led on the other syde  
With saynt Edward the kynge and confessour  
And so bytwene theym wente this bryde  
To whom all the ladyes made grete honour  
As alway seruyng her without errour  
And a lytell whyle anone after her  
Ergos brought downe her noble fader  
The kynge of loue than sat hym downe  
At the table for that tyme to ette  
Causynge dame Clennes for her renowne  
On his one syde than for to be sette  
And I on the other without ony lette  
And besyde me sapyence and dyscrecyon

And than by theym sat dame contrycyon  
Than sate saynt Edward with vyrgynyte  
And afore hym sate dame obedyence  
Saynt Edmond and dame charyte  
And than dame prayer with dame abstynence  
And than dame fayth shynyng in excellence  
With saynt Ierome and saynt Austeyn  
And than saynt gregory without dysdeyn  
There was two aungels holdyng fast  
The table cloth at euery ende  
Knelyng downe humbly and stedfast  
Whose seruyce no man coude amende  
Other there were that dyd entende  
Us for to serue with theyr grete dylygence  
That in theym founde coude be no neglygence  
There dyd saynt Peter by grete holynes  
Serue vs of our swete lordes body  
Fyrst he serued the fader of clennes  
And after that he serued her shortly  
With charyte fayth and dame mercy  
And I with dyscrecyon and dame sapyence  
Of saynt Peter was serued with grete indulgence  
So dame obedyence with contrycyon  
With saynt Edward and virgynyte  
In lykewyse were serued without corrupcyon  
And saynt Edmond with dame charyte  
And saynt Ierome with dame humylyte  
With saynt austyn and saynt gregory  
What nede I lenger of theym specyfy  
This was a fest moost swete and precyous  
To fede the soule with dyuyne comfort  
This was a mete moost dere and glorious  
That causeth all man for to resorte  
To sempyternall lyfe and comforte  
Than saynt ambrose beyng dyuyne  
After our mete gafe vs good wyne  
By this tyme was I .lx. yere olde  
And desyred for to lyue in peace  
For I began to growe two folde  
And my feblenes dyde sore encrease  
For nature her strength than dyd seace  
Wherefore after this ghoostly fest

I thought with my wyfe to abyde in rest  
And I to her sayd with louynge chere  
O my swete spouse moost fayre and beauteous  
To me euer ryght leyfe and dere  
Where is your lande that is solacyous  
Ye shewyd me of your gardeyn glorious  
Unto whiche now fayne wolde I go  
There for to dwell and you also  
Syr she sayd the aungell raphaell  
Shall with these martyrs & noble confessours  
Brynge you thyder with theym to dwell  
Where ye shall see all your progenytours  
With many sayntes and glorious auctours  
This lande is heuen that to vs longeth  
As our euydence the gospell telleth  
Than came my fader in lawe to vs  
Saynge by ryght I dyd combynd  
Clennes my doughter with vertue precyous  
And you must I loue by naturell kynde  
For on you now is all my mynde  
Afore hym I kyst my wyfe moost swetely  
For we loued to gyder hote and truely  
Than came my good aungell to me  
Causynge me with hym for to go  
With clennes my wyfe wher I dyd se  
The paynes of hell full of grete wo  
There was the dragon that I dyd slo  
Bounde with chaynes in fyer infynall  
With the seuen dedely synnes in generall  
Than my good aungell to me sayd  
If ye had loued dame sensualyte  
The whiche with you dyd make a brayde  
Ye had ben dampned by ryght and equyte  
In to this pytte full of all iniquyte  
Wherefore thanke god that sent you wysedome  
Suche deedly perylles for to ouercome  
Also the lady with the cup of golde  
Is here condempned for her grete pryde  
In endeles payne both hote and colde  
Where in for synne she shall abyde  
This is a dongeon longe and wyde  
Made for theym that do synne dedely

And of cryst Ihesu wyll axe no mercy  
This is a place full of all derkenes  
Wherin be serpentes foull and odyous  
This is a place of mortall heuynes  
Where I sawe deuyles blacke and tedyous  
Dampned soules turmented with hokes rygorous  
This is the vppermoost parte of hell  
In whiche paynymys dampned do dwell  
For as moche as they lacked instruccyon  
For to be leue in god omnypotent  
They haue deserued the lesse correccyon  
Yet theyr payne haue none extinguysshement  
For they are dampned by true sentyment  
For theyr byleue and fals idolatry  
That made theyr goddes of mars & mercury  
Than went we doune to an other vaute  
Where Iewes lay in grete paynes stronge  
Whome deuylles tourmented by grete assaute  
Drawynge theym with hokes a longe  
For theyr opynyon so fals and wronge  
Whiche byleued not in the natyuyte  
Of Ihesu cryst and the vyrgyn Mare  
Nor yet that he dyd suffre passyon  
Bothe for theym and all mankynde  
Nother yet of his resurreccyon  
In theyr byleue they are so blynde  
Yet as in bokes wryten we do fynde  
That they haue ben taught many a tyme  
For to forsake theyr owne fals cryme  
Than went we downe to a depper vale  
Where crysten soules dyd weppe & crye  
In grete sorowe payne and bale  
Brennyng in fyer moost hote and drye  
And some in Ice ryght depe dyd lye  
For to expresse it is impossyble  
The paynes there they are so horryble  
These crysten men knowe goddes lawe  
And euery daye had informacyon  
From deuelysshe werkes theym to withdrawe  
That they sholde not fall in dampnacyon  
Yet wyll they not make sequestracyon  
Of goddes c&#333;maundement but syn deedly

Therefore here are they dampned ryght wysey  
And thou haddest set thy delectacyon  
In flesshely pleasure and vayne glory  
Thou haddest ben here without saluacyon  
Without thou of god had axed mercy  
Who that it axeth shall haue it truely  
Yf he be contryt and do repent  
That he his lyfe in yll hath spent  
This place sythens it is moost heuy  
Moost derke and moost ferre from lyghtnes  
As philosophers afferme by astronomy  
Is in the myddes of the erthe doutles  
That is a place of dyssolate derkenes  
Wherefore by reason it must nedes be sette  
In the myddes of the erthe both longe & grette.

#### Capitulum XIII.

My good aungell by his grete vertue  
Shewed me all this in a shorte space  
And after hym I dyd than pursue  
With my wyfe vnto the fayre place  
That we came fro full of all solace  
Where was my fader in the company  
Of many sayntes that dyd there tary  
My wyfe and me than for to brynge  
To the place of eternall glory  
With heuenly tewnes swetely syngynge  
That theym to here it was grete melody  
More than ony tonge can specyfy  
This was theyr songe so swete and glorious  
That they dyd synge with voyce so vertuous  
O celestyall kynge one two and thre  
All people prayse the god and lorde  
Whiche art in heuen o noble trynyte  
Whose royall power and miserycorde  
Confermed is by thyn hye accorde  
On vs with trouth for to endure  
Withouten ende as we are sure  
Glory be to the fader almyghty  
And to the sone and to the holy ghoost  
Thre persones and one god truely

Whose power neuer can be loost  
For he is lorde of myghtes moost  
And so hath ben without begynnyng  
And euer shall be without endyng  
Whan we were in the ayre of asure  
There dyd vs mete the noble Ierarchy  
As Cherubyn and Seraphyn so pure  
With other aungels in theyr company  
That dyd proclayme & synge on hye  
With voyce insacyat moost melodyous  
To god aboue Sanctus sanctus sanctus  
There dyd I se the planettes seuen  
Moue in ordre by alteracyon  
To merueylous for me to neuen  
For they seassed not theyr operacyon  
Some assended some made declynacyon  
Entryng the houses of the .xii. synes  
Some indyrectly and some by dyrecte lynes  
To heuen we styed a place moost glorious  
Where that we dyd beholde the deyte  
With insaciablen contenance moost desyrous  
And truely than the more that we  
Dyd loke vpon his souerayne beaute  
The more our desyre dyd encrease  
This is a Ioye that shall not seace  
This is a regyon moost full of swetnes  
This is a realme of delectacyon  
This is a lande of infenye gladnes  
Without any stormy tribulacyon  
This place is of eterne saluacyon  
Where aungels and sayntes for theyr solace  
Euermore do loke on goddes face  
What sholde I wryte thynges of dyuynyte  
Or endyght of suche maters hye  
Sythen it no thyng longeth to my faculte  
Therefore of it I wyll not lenger tarye  
For fere that I in it sholde varye  
And by cause that trouthe shall be my mede  
I wyll now leue and take me to my crede  
So vertue and clennes by good ryght  
Truely in maryage ioyned must be  
For they loue to gyder with all theyr myght

Without dyscencyon or duplycyte  
And they both are alway in vnyte  
To whome heuen by tayll generall  
Entayled is by a dede memoryall  
Now are they to gyder to heuen gone  
There for to dwell in Ioye eternall  
Where that there is the heuenly trone  
Of our sauour Ihesu deere & specyall  
Who that hym loueth truely ouer all  
Ledynge his lyfe with vertue and clenness  
Shall come vnto the glory endeles  
But in the fynysshynge of my mater  
To god the maker of all thyng  
Deuoutely now I make my prayer  
To saufe kynge Henry our ryghtfull kynge  
From all treason and dolefull mornynge  
And for to maynteyn the grete honour  
Of this swete rede rose so fayre a colour  
This floure was kepte ryght longe in close  
Amonge the leuys holsom and sote  
And regally sprange and arose  
Out of the noble stoke and rote  
Of the rede rose tre to be our bote  
After our bale sente by grete grace  
On vs to reygne by ryght longe space  
O lorde god what Ioye was this  
Unto his moder so good and gracyous  
Whan that she sawe her sone I wys  
Of his ennemys to be so vycoryous  
It caused her to be moost Ioyous  
And yet there of no wonder why  
For he was ryght longe from her truely  
A ioyfull metynge than bytwene  
The moder and the sone so dere  
A daye of gladnes bryght and shene  
Fressher than phebus myddaye spere  
Whan her sone to vs dyd appere  
He dyd vs lyght with his pure bemys  
Quenchynge of mars the fyrous lemys  
O heuenly kynge o eternall emperoure  
O thre persons and one god equall  
I praye the to kepe from all doloure



This moder with her sone in specyall  
With all theyr noble buddes in generall  
And laude be to the that dyd enhaunce  
Hym to his ryght and propre herytaunce  
The whyte rose that w<sup>&</sup>supert; tempestes troublous  
Aualed was and eke blowen asyde  
The reed rose fortyfyed and made delycyous  
It pleased god for hym so to prouyde  
That his redolent buddes shall not slyde  
But euer encrease and be vyctoryous  
Of fatall brerys whiche be contraryous  
Thus god by grace dyd well combyne  
The rede rose and the whyte in maryage  
Beynge oned ryght clere doth shyne  
In all clennes and vertuous courage  
Of whose ryght and royall lynage  
Prynce Henry is spronge our kynge to be  
After his fader by ryght good equitye  
O noble prynce Henry our seconde treasure  
Surmontynge in vertue & myrour of Beaute  
O geme of gentylnes & lanterne of plasure  
O rubycound blossome and sterre of humylyte  
O famous bud full of benygnyte  
I pray to god well for to encrease  
Your hyghe estate in rest and pease  
O thoughtfull hert for lack of connyng  
Now layde to slepe this longe wynters nyght  
Ryse vp agayne loke on the shynyng  
Of fayre lucyna clere and bryght  
Beholde eke mercury with his fayre lyght  
Castynge a doune his stremys mery  
It may well glad thyn emyspery  
O gower fountayne moost aromatyke  
I the now lake for to depure  
My rudnes with thy lusty retoryke  
And also I mys as I am sure  
My mayster Chaucers to take the cure  
Of my penne for he was expert  
In eloquent termes subtyll and couert  
Where is now lydgate flouryng in sentence  
That shold my mynde forge to endyte  
After the termes of famous eloquence

And strength my penne well for to wryte  
With maters fresshe of pure delyte  
They can not helpe me there is no remedy  
But for to praye to god almyghty  
For to dystyll the dewe of influence  
Upon my brayn so dull and rude  
And to enlumyn me with his sapyence  
That I my rudnes may exclude  
And in my mater well to conclude  
Unto thy pleasure and to the reders all  
To whome I excuse me now in generall.

Explicit exemplum virtutis.

Stephen Hawes

# The Pastime Of Pleasure

The good Dame Mercy with Dame Charyte  
My body buryed full ryght humbly  
In a fayre temple of olde antyquyte,  
Where was for me a dyryge devoutely  
And with many a masse full ryght solempnely;  
And over my grave, to be in memory,  
Remembraunce made this lytell epytaphy:

"O erthe, on erthe it is a wonders cace  
That thou arte blynde and wyll not the knowe.  
Though upon erthe thou hast thy dwellynge-place,  
Yet erthe at laste must nedes the overthrowe.  
Thou thynekst the to be none erthe I trowe;  
For yf thou dydest, thou woldest than apply  
To forsake pleasure and to lerne to dy.

"O erthe, of erthe why arte thou so proude?  
Now what thou arte call to remembraunce.  
Open thyn eres unto my songe aloude.  
Is not thy beaut&eacute;, strength, and puyssaunce,  
Though it be cladde with cloth{.e}s of plesaunce,  
Very erthe and also worm{.e}s fode,  
Whan erthe to erthe shall so tourne the blode?

...

"The vyle carkes set upon a fyre  
Dooth often haunte the synne of lechery,  
Fulfyllynge the foule carnall desyre.  
Thus erthe with erthe is corrupte mervaylously;  
And erthe on erthe wyll nothyng purifye  
Tyll erthe to erthe be nere subverted.  
For erthe with erthe is so perverted.

"O mortall folke! you may beholde and se  
Howe I lye here, sometyme a myghty knyght;  
The end of joye and all prosperyte  
Is dethe at last, through his course and myght;  
After the day there cometh the derke night;  
For though the day be never so longe,  
At last the belles ryngeth to evensonge.

"And my selfe called La Graunde Amoure,  
Sekynge adventure in the worldly glory,  
For to attayne the ryches and honoure,  
Did thynke full lytell that I sholde here ly,  
Tyll dethe dyde marke me full ryght pryvely.  
Lo what I am! and whereto you must!  
Lyke as I am so shall you be all dust.

"Than in your mynde inwardely dyspyse  
The bryttle worlde, so full of doublenes,  
With the vyle flesshe, and ryght sone aryse  
Out of your slepe of mortall hevynes;  
Subdue the devill with grace and mekenes,  
That after your lyfe frayle and transytory,  
You may then lyve in joye perdurably."

Stephen Hawes

# The Pastime Of Pleasure : The First Part.

Here begynneth the passe tyme of pleasure.

Ryyght myghty prynce / & redoubted souerayne  
Saylynge forthe well / in the shyppe of grace  
Ouer the wawes / of this lyfe vncertayne  
Ryght towarde heuen / to haue dwellynge place  
Grace dothe you guyde / in euery doubtfull cace  
Your gouernaunce / dothe euermore eschewe  
The synne of slouth / enemy to vertewe  
Grace stereth well / the grace of god is grete  
Whiche you hathe brought / to your ryall se  
And in your ryght / it hath you surely sette  
Aboue vs all / to haue the soueraynte  
Whose worthy power / and regall dygnyte  
All our rancour / and our debate and ceace  
Hath to vs brought / bothe welthe reste and peace  
Frome whome dyscendeth / by the ryghtfull lyne  
Noble pryuce Henry / to succede the crowne  
That in his youthe / dothe so clerely shyne  
In euery vertu / castynge the vyce adowne  
He shall of fame / attayne the hye renowne  
No doubte but grace / shall hym well enclose  
Whiche by trewe ryght / sprange of the reed rose  
Your noble grace / and excellent hyenes  
For to accepte / I beseche ryght humbly  
This lytell boke / opprest with rudenes  
Without rethorycke / or colour crafty  
Nothyng I am / experte in poetry  
As the monke of Bury / floure of eloquence  
Whiche was in tyme / of grete excellence  
Of your predecessour / the .v. kynge henry  
Vnto whose grace / he dyde present  
Ryght famous bokes / of parfyte memory  
Of his faynyng with termes eloquent  
Whose fatall fyccyons / are yet permanent  
Grounded on reason / with cloudy fygyres  
He cloked the trouthe / of all his scryptures  
The lyght of trouthe / I lacke connyng to cloke  
To drawe a curtayne / I dare not to presume

Nor hyde my mater / with a mysty smoke  
My rudenes connyng / dothe so sore c&#333;sume  
Yet as I maye / I shall blowe out a fume  
To hyde my mynde / vnderneath a fable  
By conuert colour / well and probable  
Besechynge your grace / to pardon myne ignoraunce  
Whiche this fayned fable / to eschewe ydlenesse  
Hane so compyled / now without doubtaunce  
For to present / to your hye worthynesse  
To folowe the trace / and all the parfytenesse  
Of my mayster Lydgate / with due exercyse  
Suche fayned tales / I do fynde and deuyse  
For vnder a colour / a truthe maye aryse  
As was the guyse / in olde antyquyte  
Of the poetes olde / a tale to surmyse  
To cloke the trouthe / of theyr infyrmyte  
Or yet on Ioye / to haue moralyte  
I me excuse / yf by neclygence  
That I do offende / for lacke of scyence

How graunde Amoure walked in a medowe & met with fame enuyronned with  
tongues of fyre. ca. i.

Whan Phebus entred was / in Gemyny  
Shynynge aboue / in his fayre golden spere  
And horned Dyane / than but one degre  
In the Crabbe hadde entred / fayre and clere  
Whan that Aurora / dyde well appere  
In the depured ayre / and cruddy fyrmament  
Forthe than I walked / without impedymment  
In to a medowe / bothe gaye and glorious  
Whiche Flora depaynted with many a colour  
Lyke a place of pleasure / most solacyous  
Encensynge out / the aromatyke odoure  
Of zepherus brethe / whiche that euery floure  
Throughe his fume / dothe alwaye engendre  
So as I went / amonge the floures tendre  
By sodayne chaunce / a fayre pathe I founde  
On whiche I loked / and ryght ofte I mused  
And than all aboute / I behelde the grounde  
With the fayre pathe / whiche I sawe so vsed  
My chaunce or fortune / I nothyng refused

But in the pathe / forthe I went a pace  
To knowe whyther / and vnto what place  
It wolde me brynge / by ony symylytude  
So forthe I wente / were it ryght or wronge  
Tyll that I sawe / of ryall pulcrynitude  
Before my face / an ymage fayre and stronge  
With two fayre handes / stretched out alonge  
Vnto two hye wayes / there in pertycyon  
And in the ryght hande / was this dyscrypcyon  
This is the streyght waye / of contemplacyon  
Vnto the Ioyfull toure pedurable  
Who that wyll walke / vnto that mancyon  
He must forsake / all thynges varyable  
With the vayneglory / somoche deceyuable  
And thoughe the waye / be harde and daungerous  
The laste ende therof / shall be ryght precyous  
And in the other hande / ryght fayre wryten was  
This is the waye / of worldly dygnyte  
Of the actyfe lyfe / who wyll in it passe  
Vnto the toure / of fayre dame beaute  
Fame shall tell hym / of the waye in certaynte  
Vnto labell pucell / the fayre lady excellent  
Aboue all other / in clere beaute splendent  
I behelde ryght well / bothe the wayes twayne  
And mused oft / whiche was best to take  
The one was sharpe / the other was more playne  
And vnto my selfe / I began to make  
A sodayne argument / for I myght not slake  
Of my grete musynge / of this ryall ymage  
And of these two wayes / somoche in vsage  
For this goodly pycture / was in altytude  
Nyne fote and more / of fayre marble stone  
Ryght well fauoured / and of grete fortytude  
Thoughe it were made / full many yeres agone  
Thus stode I musynge / my selfe all alone  
By ryhgt longe tyme / but at the last I went  
The actyfe waye / with all my hole entent  
Thus all alone / I began to trauayle  
Forthe on my waye / by longe contynuaunce  
But often tymes / I hadde grete meruayle  
Of the bypathes / so full of pleasaunce  
Whiche for to take / I hadde grete doubtaunce

But euermore / as nere as I myght  
I toke the waye / whiche went before me ryght  
And at the last / whan Phebus in the west  
Gan to auayle / with all his beames mery  
Whan clere Dyana / in the fayre southeast  
Gan for to ryse / lyghtyng our emyspery  
With cloudes clere / without the stormy pery  
Me thought a fer / I hadde a vysyon  
Of a pycture / of meruoylous facyon  
To whiche I went / without lenger delaye  
Beholdyng well / the ryght fayre purtrayture  
Made of fyne copre / shynyng fayre and gaye  
Full well truely / accordyng to mesure  
And as I thought .ix. fote of stature  
Yet in the breste / with lettres fayre ande blewe  
Was wryten / a sentence olde and trewe  
This is the waye / and the sytuacyon  
Vnto the toure / of famous doctryne  
Who that wyll lerne / must be ruled by reason  
And with all his dylygence / he must enclyne  
Slouthe to eschewe / and for to determyne  
And set his hert / to be intellygyble  
To a wyllynge herte / is nought Impossyble  
Besyde the ymage / I adowne me sette  
After my laboure / myselfe to repose  
Tyll at the last / with a gaspyng nette  
Slouthe my heed caught / with his hole purpose  
It vayled not / the body for to dyspose  
Agaynst the heed / whan it is applyed  
The heed must rule / it can not be denyed  
Thus as I satte / in a deedly slombre  
Of a grete horne / I herde a ryall blast  
With whiche I awoke / and hadde a grete wondre  
From whens it came / it made me sore agast  
I loked aboute / the nyght was well nere paste  
And fayre golden Phebus / in the morowe graye  
With cloude reed began / to breke the daye  
I sawe come rydyng / in a valaye ferre  
A goodly lady / enuyronned aboute  
With tongues of fyre / as bryght as ony sterre  
That fyry flambes / ensensed alwaye out  
Whiche I behelde / and was in grete doubt



Her palfraye swyfte / rennyng as the wynde  
With two whyte grehoundes / that were not behynde  
Whan that these grehoundes / had me so espyed  
With faunyng chere / of grete humylyte  
In goodly hast / they fast vnto me hyed  
I mused why / and wherfore it shoulde be  
But I welcomed them / in euery degre  
They leped ofte / and were of me ryght fayne  
I suffred them / and cherysshed them agayne  
Theyr colers were of golde / and of tyssue fyne  
Wherin theyr names / appered by scypture  
Of Dyamondes / that clerely do shyne  
The lettres were grauen fayre and pure  
To rede theyr names / I dyde my besy cure  
The one was gouernaunce / the other named grace  
Than was I gladde / of all this sodayne cace  
And than the lady / with fyry flame  
Of brennyng tongues / was in my presence  
Vpon her palfraye / whiche hadde vnto name  
Pegase the swyfte / so fayre in excellence  
Whiche somtyme longed / with his premynence  
To kynge Percyus / the sone of Iubyter  
On whome he rode / by the worlde so fer  
To me she sayde / she meruayled moche why  
That her grehounde / shewed me that fauour  
What was my name / she axed me treuly  
To whome I sayde / it was la graunde Amour  
Besechynge you / to be to me socour  
To the toure of doctryne / and also me tell  
Your propre name / and where you do dwell  
My name quod she / in all the worlde is knowen  
Yclypped Fame / in euery regyon  
For I my horne / in sondry wyse haue blowen  
After the dethe / of many a champyon  
And with my tonges / haue made aye mencyon  
Of theyr grete actes / agayne to reuyue  
In flammyng tongues / for to abyde on lyue  
It was the custome / in olde antyquyte  
Whan the golden worlde / hadde domynacyon  
And nature hygh / in her auctoryte  
More stronger hadde / her operacyon  
Than she hath nowe / in her dygressyon

The people than dyde / all theyr besy payne  
After theyr dethe / in fame to lyue agayne  
Recorde of Satourne / the fyrste kynge of Creete  
Whiche in his youthe / throughe his dylygence  
Founde fyrst plowyng / of the landes swete  
And after this / by his grete sapyence  
For the comyn profyte / and beneuolence  
Of all metalles / he made deuysyon  
One frome an other / by good prouysyon  
And than also / as some poetes fayne  
He founde shotyng / and drawenge of the bowe  
Yet as of that / I am nothyng certayne  
But for his connyng / of hye degre and lowe  
He was well beloued / as I do well knowe  
Throughe whose labour / and aye besy cure  
His fame shall lyue / and shall ryght longe endure  
In whose tyme reigned / also in Thessayle  
A parte of Grece / the kynge Melyzyus  
That was ryght stronge / and fyerce in batayle  
By whose labour / as the story sheweth vs  
He brake fyrst horses wylde and rygoryous  
Techyng his men / on them ryght well to ryde  
And he hymselfe / dyde fyrst the horse bestryde  
Also Mynerue / the ryght hardy goddes  
In the same tyme / of so hyghe renowne  
Vaynquysshed Pallas / by her grete worthynesse  
And fyrste made harneys / to leye his pryde adowne  
Whose grete defence / in euery realme and towne  
Was spredde aboute / for her hye chyualry  
Whiche by her harneys / wanne the vycory  
Doth not remayne / yet in remembraunce  
The famous actes / of the noble hercules  
That so many monstres / put to vtterance  
By his grete wysdome / and hye prowes  
As the recule of Troye / bereth good wytnes  
That in his tyme / he wolde no batayle take  
But for the welthe / of the comyns sake  
Thus the hole myndes / were euer fyxte and set  
Of noble men / in olde tyme to deuyse  
Suche thynges as were / to the comyn proffet  
For in that tyme / suche was theyr goodly guyse  
That after dethe theyr fame shoulde aryse

For to endure / and abyde in mynde  
As yet in bokes / we maye them wryten fynde  
O ye estates / surmountynge in nobesse  
Remembre well the noble payyms all  
How by theyr laboure / they wanne the hyennesse  
Of worthy fame / to reygne memoryall  
And them applyed / euer in specyall  
Thynges to practyse / whiche shoulde prouffyte be  
To the comyn welthe / and theyr heyres in fee

Of the swete reporte of Fame of the fayre lady la bel pucell in the toure of  
musyke. ca. ii.

And after this / fame gan to expresse  
Of Ieoperdous waye / to the toure peryllous  
And of the beaute / and the semelynesse  
Of la bell pucell / so gaye and gloryons  
That dwelled in the toure so meruaylous  
Vnto whiche myght come / no maner of creature  
But by grete laboure / and harde aduenture  
For by the waye / there ly in wayte  
Gyauntes grete dysfygured of nature  
That all deuoureth / by theyr yll conceyte  
Ageynst whose strength / there maye no man endure  
They are so huge / and stronge out of mesure  
With many serpentes / soule and odyous  
In sundry lykenesse / blacke and tydeus  
But behonde them / a grate see there is  
Beyonde whiche see / there is a goodly lande  
Moost full of fruyte / replete with Ioye and blysse  
Of ryght fyne golde / appereth all the sande  
In this fayre realme / where the toure dothe stande  
Made all of golde / enameled aboute  
With noble storyes / whiche do appere without  
In whiche dwelleth / by grete auctoryte  
Of la bell pucell / whiche is so fayre and bryght  
To whome in beaute / no pere I can se  
For lyke as Phebus / aboue all sterres in lyght  
Whan that he is / in his spere aryght  
Dothe excede / wieh his beames clere  
So dothe her beaute / aboue other appeere  
She is bothe good / aye wyse and vertuous

And also dyscended / of a noble lyne  
Ryche / comly / ryght meke / and bounteous  
All maner vertues / in her clerely shyne  
No vyce of her / maye ryght longe domyne  
And I dame fame / in euery nacyon  
Of her do make / the same relacyon  
Her swete reporte / so my herte set on fyre  
With brennyng loue / moost hote and feruent  
That her to se / I hadde grete desyre  
Sayenge to fame / o lady excellent  
I haue determyned / in my Iugement  
For la bell pucell / the most fayre lady  
To passe the waye / of so grete Jeopardy  
You shall quod fame / atayne the vycory  
Yf you wyll do / as I shall to you saye  
And all my lesson / retayne in memory  
To the toure of doctryne / ye shall take your waye  
You are now within / a dayes Iourneye  
Bothe these grehounde / shall kepe you company  
Loke that you cherysshe them full gentely  
Ind countenaunce / the goodly portres  
Shall let you in / full well and nobly  
And also shewe you / of the parfytenes  
Of all the seuen scyences / ryght notably  
There in your mynde / you maye ententyfly  
Vnto dame doctryne / gyue parfyte audyence  
Whiche shall enfourme you / in euery scyence  
Fare well she sayde / I maye not now abyde  
Walke on your waye / with all your hole delyght  
To the toure of doctryne / at this morow tyde  
Ye shall to morowe / of it haue a syght  
Kepe on your waye / now before you ryght  
For I must hens / to specyfy the dedes  
Of theyr wortynesse / accordyng to theyr medes  
And with that she dyde / fro me departe  
Vpon her stede / swyfter than the wynde  
Whan she was gone / full wofull was my herte  
With inwarde trouble / oppressed was my mynde  
Yet were the grehoundes / lefte with me behynde  
Whiche dyde me comforte / in my grete vyage  
To the toure of doctryne / with theyr fawn&ybar;ge courage  
So forthe I went / tossyng on my brayne

Gretely musynge / ouer hyll and vale  
The waye was troublous / and ey nothyng playne  
Tyll at the laste / I came to a dale  
Beholdynge Phebus / declynyng lowe and pale  
With my grehoundes / in the fayre twy lyght  
I sate me downe / for to rest me all nyght  
Slouthe vpon me / so fast began to crepe  
That of fyne force / I downe me layde  
Vpon an hyll / with my greyhoundes to slepe  
Whan I was downe / I thought me well apayde  
And to my selfe / these wordes than I sayde  
Who wyll attayne / soone to his Iournays ende  
To nourysshe slouthe / he may not condyscende

Now fame departed frome graunde amoure and lefte with hym gouernaunce and  
grace / and howe he wente to the toure of doctryne. Ca. .iii.

Thus than I slepte / tyll y<sup>supert</sup>; Auroras beames  
Gan for to sprede / aboute the fymament  
And y<sup>supere</sup>; clere sonne / with his golden streames  
Began for to ryse / fayre in the oryent  
Without Saturnus / blacke encombrement  
And the lytell byrdes / makynge melodye  
Dyde me awake / with theyr swete armonye  
I loked aboute / and sawe a craggy roche  
Ferre in the west / nere to the element  
And as I dyde than / vnto it approche  
Vpon the toppe / I sawe refulgent  
The ryall toure / of morall document  
Made of fyne coper / with turrets fayre and hie  
Whiche agaynst Phebus / shone so meruaylously  
That for the veray perfyte bryghtnes  
What of the toure / and of the clere sonne  
I coude nothyng / beholde the goodlynes  
Of that palays / where as doctryne dyde wonne  
Tyll at the last / with mysty wyndes donne  
The radiant bryghtnes / of golden Phebus  
Auster gan couer / with cloudes tenebrus  
Than to the toure / I drewe nere and nere  
And often mused / of the grete hyghnes  
Of the craggy rocke / whiche quadrant dyde appere  
But the fayre toure / so moche of rychesse

Was all about / sexangled doubtles  
Gargeylde with grehoundes / & with many lyons  
Made of fyne golde / with dyuers sundry dragons  
The lytell turrets / with ymages of golde  
Aboute was set / wiche with the wynde aye moued  
With propre vyces / that I dyde well beholde  
Aboute the toures / in sondry wyse they houed  
With goodly pypes / in theyr mouthes Ituned  
That with the wynde / they pyped a daunce  
Yclyped amour de la hault pleasaunce

Now he was lette in by Countenannce the porteres and of the meruaylous  
buyldynge of the same toure. Capitulo. iiii.

The toure was grete / & of meruaylous wydnes  
To whiche there was / no way to passe but one  
In to the toure / for to haue an intres  
A grece there was / ychefyled all of stone  
Out of the rocke / on whiche men dyde gone  
Vp to the toure / and in lykewyse dyde I  
With bothe the grehonndes in my company  
Tyll that I came / to a ryall gate  
Where I sawe stondynge / the goodly portres  
Whiche axed me / from whens I came a late  
To whome I gan / in euery thyng expresse  
All myne aduenture / chaunce and busynesse  
And eke my name / I tolde her euery dell  
Whan she herde this / she lyked me ryght well  
Her name she sayde / was called countenaunce  
In to the besy courte / she dyde me than lede  
Where was a fountayne / depured of pleasaunce  
A noble sprynge / a ryall conduyte hede  
Made of syue golde / enameled with reed  
And on the toppe / foure dragons blewe and stonte  
This doulcet water / in foure partyes dyde spoute  
Of whiche there flowed / foure ryuers ryght clere  
Sweter than Nysus / or Ganges was theyr odoure  
Tygrys or Eufrates / vnto them no pere  
I dyde than tast / the aromatyke lycoure  
Fragraunt of fume / swete as ony floure  
And in my mouthe / it hadde a meruaylous cent  
Of dyuers spyces / I knewe not what it ment

And after this / ferder forthe me brought  
Dame countenaunce / in to a goodly hall  
Of Iasper stones / it was wonderly wrought  
The wyndowes clere / depured all of crystall  
And in the rose / on hye ouer all  
Of golde was made / a ryght crafty vyne  
In stede of grapes / the rubyes there dyde shyne  
The flore was paued / with berall claryfied  
With pylours made / of stones precyous  
Lyke a place of pleasure / so gayly gloryfied  
It myght be called / a palays glorious  
Somoche delectable / and solacyous  
The hall was hanged / hye and cyrculer  
With clothe of aras / in the rychest maner  
That treted well / of a full noble story  
Of the doughty waye / to the toure peryllous  
How a noble knyght / shoulde wyne the vycory  
Of many a serpent / foule and odyous  
And the fyrste mater / than appered thus  
How at a venture / and by sodayne chaunce  
He met with fame / by fortunes purueyaunce  
Whiche dyde hym shewe / of the famous pulcrynitude  
Of la bell pucell / so clere in beaute  
Excellynge all other / in euery symplytude  
Nature her fauoured / so moche in degre  
Whan he herde this / with feruent amyte  
Accompanied with grace and gouernaunce  
He toke his waye / without encombraunce  
Vnto the ryght famous toure of lernynge  
And so frome thens / vnto the toure of clyualry  
Where he was made knyght / the noble kynge  
Called Melyzyus / well and worthely  
And ferthermore / it shewed full notably  
Vpon the aras / ybrobred all of blewe  
What was his name / with lettres all of grewe  
Thus with his varlet / he toke on his waye  
To the peryllous toure / and sytuacyon  
Metynge folly / as he rode on his Iournaye  
Rydyng on a mare / by grete yllusyon  
After whome / ensued fast correccyon  
And in her hande / a stronge knotted whyppe  
At euery Iarte / she made hym for to skyppe

And than correccyon / brought la graunde amoure  
Vnto the toure / where as he myght well se  
Dyuers men / makynge ryght grete doloure  
That defrauded women / by theyr duplycyte  
Yet before this / in perfyte certaynte  
As the aras / well dyde make relacyon  
In Venus temple / he made his oblacyon  
After whiche / he mette an hydeous gyaunt  
Hauynge thre hedes of meruaylous kynde  
With his grete strokes / he dyde hym daunt  
Castynge hym downe / vnder the lynde  
With force and myght / he dyde hym bynde  
Strykynge of his hedes than euerychone  
That of all thre hedes / he left not one  
This terryble gyaunt / yet hadde a broder  
Whiche graunde amoure / destried also  
Hauynge foure heedes / more than the oder  
That vnto hym / wrought mykell wo  
But he slewe soone / his mortall fo  
Whiche was a grete gyaunt / with hedes seuen  
To meruaylous / now for me to nenen  
Yet more ouer / he put to vtteraunce  
A venymous beest / of sundry lykenes  
Of dyuers beestes / of ryght grete myschaunce  
Wherof the pycture / bare good wytnes  
For by his power / and his hye worthynesse  
He dyde scomfyte / the wonderous serpent  
Of the sceun metalles / made by enchauntement  
And eke the clothe / made demonstracyon  
How he weded / the grete lady beauteous  
La bell pucell / in her owne domynacyon  
After his labour / and passage daungerous  
With solempne Ioye / and myrthe melodyous  
This famous story / well pyctured was  
In the fayre hall / vpon the aras  
The marshall / yclyped was dame reason  
And the yewres / also obseruaunce  
The panter pleasaunce / at euery season  
The good butler / curteys contynuaunce  
And the chefe coke / was called temperaunce  
The lady chambrelayne / named fydelyte  
And the hygh stuarde lyberalyte



There sate dame doctryne / that lady gent  
Whiche called me / vnto her presence  
For to knowe / all the hole entent  
Of my comynge / vnto her excellence  
Madame I sayde / to lerne your scyence  
I am comen / now me to apply  
With all my cure / in perfyte study  
And yet also / I vnto her than shewed  
My name and purpose / without doublenes  
For very grete Ioye / than were endued  
Her crystall eyes / full of lowlenes  
Whan that she knewe / for veray sykernesse  
That I was he / that shoulde so attayue  
La bell pucell / with my busy payne  
And after this / I hadde ryght good chere  
Of mete and drynke / there was grete pleynte  
Nothyng I wanted / were it chepe or dere  
Thus was I serued / with delycate dysshes daynte  
And after this / with all humylyte  
I went to doctryne / prayenge her good grace  
For to assygne me / my fyrst lernynge place  
Seuen daughters / moost experte iu connyng  
Withouten foly / she hadde well engendred  
As the seuen scyences / in vertue so shynynge  
At whose encrease / there is grete thanks rendred  
Vnto the moder / as nothyng surrendred  
Her good name / and her dulcet sounde  
Whiche dyde engendre / theyr orygynall grounde  
And fyrst to gramer / she forthe me sent  
To whose request / I dyde well obay  
With dylygence / forth on my waye I went  
Vp to a chambre / depaynted fayre and gay  
And at the chambre / in ryght ryche araye  
We were let in / by hygh auctoryte  
Of the ryght noble / dame congruyte

How Scyence / sent hym fyrste / to gramer where he was receyued by dame  
Congruyte. ca. v.

The lady Gramer / in all humbly wyse  
Dyde me receyue / in to her goodly scole  
To whose doctryne / I dyde me aduertise

For to attayne / in her artyke poole  
Her gylted dewe / for to oppresse my doole  
To whome I sayde / that I wolde gladly lerne  
Her noble connyng / so that I myght decerne  
What that it is / and why that it was made  
To whiche she answered / than in specyall  
Bycause that connyng / shoulde not pale ne fade  
Of euery science / it is orygynall  
Whiche dothe vs teche / euer in generall  
In all good ordre / to speke dyrectly  
And for to wryte / by true artogrofy  
Somtyme in Egypte / reigned a noble kynge  
Yclyped Euander / whiche dyde well abounde  
In many vertues / especyally in lernynge  
Whiche hadde a doughter / that by her study founde  
To wryte true latyn / the fyrst parfyte grounde  
Whose goodly name / as her story sayes  
Was called Carmentis / in her lyuyng dayes  
Thus in the tyme / of olde antyquyte  
The noble phylozophres / with theyr hole delyght  
For the comyn prouffyte / of all humanyte  
Of the seuen sciences / for to knowe the ryght  
They studyed / many a longe wynters nyght  
Eche after other / theyr partes to expresse  
This was theyr guyse / to eschewe ydlenesse  
The pomped carkes / with fode delycyous  
They dyde not fede / but to theyr sustynance  
The folowed not / theyr flesshe so vycyous  
But ruled it / by prudent gouernaunce  
They were content / alwaye with suffysaunce  
They coueyted not / no worldly treasure  
For they knewe / that it myght not endure  
But now a dayes / the contrary is vsed  
To wyne the money / theyr studyes be all sette  
The comyn prouffyte / is often refused  
For well is he / that maye the money gette  
Frome his neyghboure / without ony lette  
They thynke nothyng / they shall from it pas  
Whan all that is / shall be tourned to was  
The brytell flesshe / nouryssher of vices  
Vnder the shadowe / of euyll slogardy  
Must nede haunt / the carnall delyces

Whan that the brayne / by corrupte glotony  
Vp so downe / is tourued than contrary  
Frayle is the body / to grete vnhappynes  
Whan that the heed / is full of dronkenes  
So do they now / for they nothyng prepence  
How cruell dethe / dothe them sore ensue  
They are so blynded / in wordly neclygence  
That to theyr meryte / they wyll nothyng renewe  
The seuen scyences / theyr slouth to eschewe  
To an oders profyte / they take now no kepe  
But to theyr owne / for to ete drynke and slepe  
And all this dame gramer / tolde me euery dele  
To whome I herkened / with all my dylygence  
And after this / she taught me ryght well  
Fyrst my donet / and than my accydence  
I sette my mynde / with percyng influence  
To lerne her scyence / the fyrst famous arte  
Eschewyng ydlenes / and layenge all aparte  
Madame quod I / for as moche as there be  
Viii. partes of speche / I wolde knowe ryght fayne  
What a nowne substantiue / is in his degre  
And wherfore it is / so called certayne  
To whome she answered / ryght gentely agayne  
Sayenge alwaye / that a nowne substantiue  
Mygh stande / without helpe of an adiectiue  
The latyn worde / whiche that is referred  
Vnto a thyng / whiche is substancyall  
For a nowne substantiue / is well auerred  
And with a gendre / is declynall  
So all the eyght partes in generall  
Are laten wordes / annexed properly  
To euery speche / for to speke formally  
And gramer is / the fyrste foundement  
Of euery scyence / to haue construccyon  
Who knewe gramer / without impedymment  
Soulde perfytely haue intelleccyon  
Of a lytterall cense / and moralyzacyon  
To construe euery thyng ententyfly  
The worde is gramer / well and ordynatly  
By worde the worlde / was made orygynally  
The hye kynge sayde / it was made incontynent  
He dyde commaunde / all was made shortly

To the worlde / the worde is sentencyous Iugement  
I marked well / dame gramers sentement  
And of her than / I dyde take my lycence  
Goynge to Logyke / with all my dylygence

How he was receyued / of Logyke. ca. vi.  
So vp I went / vnto a chambre bryght  
Where was wonte / to be a ryght fayre lady  
Before whome than / it was my hole delyght  
I kneled adowne / full well and mekely  
Besechynge her / to enstructe me shortely  
In her noble scyence / whiche is experyent  
For man to knowe / in many an argument  
You shall quod she / my scyence well lerne  
In tyme and space / to your grete vtylyte  
So that in my lokynge / you shall than decerne  
A frende from fo / and good from inyquyte  
Ryght from wronge / ye shall knowe in certaynte  
My scyence is / all the yll to eschewe  
And for to knowe / the false from the trewe  
Who wyll take payne / to folowe the trace  
In this wretched worlde / of trouthe & ryghtwysenes  
In heuen aboue / he shall haue dwellynge place  
And who that walbeth / the waye of derkenes  
Spendynge his tyme / in worldly wretchednes  
Amyddes the erth / in hell most horryble  
He shall haue payne / nothyng extynguyssyble  
So by logyke / is good perceyuerance  
To deuyde the good / and the euyll a sondre  
It is alway / at mannes pleasaunce  
To take the good / and cast the euyll vnder  
Yf god made hell / it is therof no wonder  
For to punysse man / that hadde intellygence  
To knowe good from yll / by trewe experyence  
Logyke alwaye / doth make probacyon  
Prouynge the pro / well from the contrary  
In sundry wyse / by argumentacyon  
Grounded on reason / well and wonderly  
Who vnderstode / all logyke treuly  
Nothyng by reason / myght be in pledynge  
But he the trouthe / shoulde haue in knowlegynge  
Her wyse doctryne / I marked in memory

And toke my leue / of her hye persone  
Bycause that I myght no lenger tary  
The yere was spent / and so ferre than goone  
And of my lady / yet syght hadde I none  
Whiche was abydyng / in the toure of musyke  
Wherefore anone / I went to Rethoryke

How he was receyued of Rethoryke / and what Rethoryke is. ca. vii.

Than aboue Logyke / vp we went a stayre  
In to a chambre / gayly gloryfied  
Strowed with floures / of all goodly ayre  
Where sate a lady / gretely magnyfied  
And her trewe vesture / clerely puryfied  
And ouer her heed / that was bryght and shene,  
She hadde a garlande / of the laurell grene  
Her goodly chambre / was set all about  
With depured myrroures / of speculacyon  
The fragraunt fumes / dyde well encense out  
All mysty vapours / of perturbacyon  
More lyker was / her habytacyon  
Vnto a place / whiche is celestyall  
Than to a terrayne / mancyon fatall  
Before whome / than I dyde knele a downe  
Sayenge o sterre / of famous eloquence  
O gylted goddess / of the hygh renowne  
Enspyred / with the heuenly influence  
Of the doulcet well / of complacence  
Vpon my mynde / with dewe aromatyke  
Dystyll adowne / thy lusty Rethoryke  
And depaynt my tonge / with thy ryall floures  
Of delycate odoures / that I maye ensue  
In my purpose / to glade myne audytoures  
And with thy power / that thou me endue  
To moralyse / thy lytterall censes trewe  
And clense away / the myst of ygnoraunce  
With depured beames / of goodly ordynaunce  
With humble eeres / of parfyte audyence  
To my request / she dyde than enclyne  
Sayenge she wolde / in her goodly scyence  
In short space / me so well indoctryne  
That my dull mynde / it shoulde enlumyne

With golden beames / for euer to oppresse  
My rude langage / and all my symplenesse  
I thanked her / of her grete gentylnes  
And axed her / after this questyon  
Madame I sayde / I welde knowe doubtles  
What rethoryke is / without abusyon  
Rethoryke she sayde / was founde by reason  
Man for to gouerne / well and prudently  
His wordes to ordre / his speche to purify  
Fyue partes hath rethoryke / for to werke trewe  
Without whiche fyue / there can be no sentence  
For these fyue / do well euermore renue  
The mater parfyte / with good intellygence  
Who that wyll se them / with all his dylygence  
Here folowenge / I shall them specyfy  
Accordynge well / all vnto myne ordynary

Of the fyrste called inuencyon. And a commendacyon of poetes. Ca. viii.

The fyrste of them / is called inuencyon  
Whiche fourdeth / of the most noble werke  
Of .v. inwarde wyttes / with hole affeccyon  
As wryteth ryght many a noble clerke  
With mysty colour / of cloudes derke  
How comyn wytte / dooth full well electe  
What it sholde take / and what it shall abiecte  
And secondly / by ymagynacyon  
To drawe a mater / full facundyous  
Full meruaylous / is the operacyon  
To make of nought / reason sentencyous  
Clokyng a trouthe / with colour tenebrous  
For often vnder a fayre fayned fable  
A trouthe appereth gretely profytable  
It was the guyse in olde antyquyte  
Of famous poetes / ryght ymagynatyfe  
Fables to fayne / by good auctoryte  
They were so wyse / and so inuentyfe  
Theyr obscure reason / fayre and sugratyfe  
Pronounced trouthe / vnder cloudy fygyres  
By the inuencyon / of theyr fatall scryptures  
And thyrldly they hadde suche a fantasy  
In this hygh arte / to be intellygyble

Theyr same encreasyng / euermore truely  
To slouth euer / they were inuyncyble  
To theyr wofull hertes / was nought impossyble  
With brennyng loue / of insacyate fyre  
Newe thynges to fynde / they set theyr desyre  
For though a man / of his propre mynde  
Be inuentyf / and he do not apply  
His fantasye / vnto the besy kynde  
Of his connyng / it maye not ratyfye  
For fantasye / must nedes exemplyfy  
His newe inuencyon / and cause hym to entende  
With hole desyre / to bryng it to an ende  
And fourtely / by good estymacyon  
He must nombre all the hole cyrcumstaunce  
Of this mater / with breuyacyon  
That he walke not / by longe contynuaunce  
The perambulat waye / full of all varyaunce  
By estymacyon / is made annuncyate  
Whether the mater be longe or breuyate  
For to inuencyon / it is equypolent  
The mater founde / ryght well to comprehende  
In suche a space / as it is conuenient  
For properly / it doth euer pretende  
Of all the purpose / the length to extende  
So estymacyon / maye ryght well conclude  
The parfyte nombre / of euery symylytude  
And yet than / the retentyfe memory  
Whiche is the fyfte / must euer agregate  
All maters thought / to retayne inwardly  
Tyll reason therof / hath made a brobate  
And by scrypture / wyll make demonstrate  
Outwardly / accordyng to the thought  
To proue a reason / vpon a thyng of nought  
Thus whan the fourth / hath wrought full wonderly  
Than must the mynde / werke vpon them all  
By cours ingenyous / to rynne dyrectly  
After theyr thoughtes / than in generall  
The mynde must cause them to be memoryall  
As after this / shall appere more openly  
All hole exprest / by dame phylosophy  
O thrust of vertue / and of ryall pleasure  
Of famous poetes / many yeres ago

O insacyate couetyse / of the specyall treasure  
Of newe inuencyon / to ydlenes the fo  
We maye you laude / and often prayse also  
And specyally / for worthy causes thre  
Whiche to this daye / we maye bothe here and se  
As to the fyrste / your hole desyre was set  
Fables to fayne / to eschewe ydlenes  
With amplyacyon / more connyng to get  
By the labour / of inuentyfe besynes  
Touchynge the trouthe / by couert lykenes  
To dysnull vyce / and the vycyous to blame  
Your dedes therto / exemplifyde the same  
And secondly / ryght well you dyde endyte  
Of the worthy actes / of many a conqueroure  
Throughe whiche laboure / that you dyde so wryte  
Vnto this daye reygne the honoure  
Of euery noble / and myghty warryoure  
And for youe labour / and your besy payne  
Youre fame yet lyueth / and shall endure certayne  
And eke to prayse you / we are gretely bounde  
Bycause our connyng / frome you so procedeth  
For you therof / were fyrst orygynall grounde  
And vpon youre scryptue / our scyence ensueth  
Your splendent verses / our lyghtnes renueth  
And so we ought to laude and magnify  
Your excellent sprynges / of famous poetry

A replycacyon agaynst ignoraunt persones. Ca. ix.792 But rude people / opprest  
with blyndnes

Agaynst your fables / wyll often solysgyse  
Suche is theyr mynde / suche is theyr folysshnes  
For they byleue / in no maner of wyse  
That vnder a colour / a trouthe may aryse  
For folysse people / blynded in a mater  
Wyll often erre / whan they of it do clatter  
O all ye cursed / and suche euyl fooles  
Whose syghttes be blynded / ouer all with foly  
Open your eyes / in the pleasaunt scoles  
Of parfyte connyng / or that you reply  
Agaynst fables / for to be contrary  
For lacke of connyng / no meruayle thoughe you erre  
In suche scyence / whiche is frome you so ferre



For now the people / whiche is dull and rude  
Yf that they do rede / a fatall scrypture  
And can not moralyse / the semelytude  
Whiche to theyr wyttes / is so harde and obscure  
Than wyll they saye / that it is sene in vre  
That nought do poetes / but depaynt and lye  
Deceyuyng them / by tongues of flattery  
But what for that / they can not defame  
The poetes actes / whiche are in effecte  
Vnto themselfe / remayneth the shame  
To dysprayse that / whiche they can not correcte  
And yf that they / hadde in it inspecte  
That they wolde it prayse / and often eleuate  
For it shoulde be / to them so delycate.

Stephen Hawes

# The Tower Of Doctrine - (From The History Of Graunde Amoure)

I loked about, and sawe a craggy roche  
Farre in the west, neare to the element;  
And as I dyd then unto it approche,  
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent  
The royall tower of Morall Document,  
Made of fine copper, with turrets fayre and hye,  
Which against Phebus shone so marveylously;

That for the very perfect bryghtnes,  
What of the tower and of the cleare sunne,  
I coulde nothyng beholde the goodliness  
Of that palaice whereas Doctrine did wonee;  
Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,  
The radiant bryghtnes of golden Phebus  
Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere,  
And often mused of the great hyghnes  
Of the craggy rocke, whiche quadrant did appeare;  
But the fayre tower so much of ryches  
Was all about sexangled doubttles,  
Gargeyled with greyhounds and with many lyons,  
Made of fyne golde, with divers sundry dragons.

The little 'turretts' with ymages of golde  
About was set, whiche with the wynde aye moved.  
With propre vices that I did well beholde,  
About the towers in sundry wyse they hoved,  
Wyth goodly pypes in their mouthes ituned,  
That with the wynde they pyped a daunce,  
Iclipped Amour de la hault plesaunce.

The toure was great, of marvelous wyndes,  
To whyche there was no way to passe but one,  
Into the toure for to have an intres;  
A grece there was, ychesyled all of stone  
Out of the rocke, on whiche men dyd gone

Up to the toure; an in lykewise dyd I,  
Wyth bothe the grayhoundes in my company:

Tyll that I that I came to a ryall gate,  
Where I sawe stondynge the goodly portres,  
Whiche axed me from whence I came a-late?  
To whome I gan in every thyng expresse  
All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse,  
And eke my name I tolde her every dell.  
When she herde this, she lyked me ryght well.

Her name, she sayd, was called Countenaunce:  
Into the 'base' courte she dyd me then lede,  
Where was a fountayne depred of pleasance,  
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduytehede,  
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed,  
And on the toppe foure dragons blewe, and stoute  
Thys dulcet water in foure partyes dyd spout.

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere,  
Sweter than Nylus or Ganges was theyr odoure,  
Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere.  
I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,  
Fragraunt of fume, swete as any floure,  
And in my mouthe it had a marveyulous cent  
Of divers spycys; I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys father forth me brought  
Dame Countenaunce into a goodly hall:  
Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought,  
The wyndowes cleare, depured all of crystall,  
And in the roufe on hye over all  
Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;  
Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,  
With pillers made of stones precious,  
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,  
It might be called a palaice glorious,  
So muche delectable and solacious.  
The hall was hanged, hye and circuler,  
With cloth of arras in the rychest maner.

That treated well of a ful noble story,  
Of the doubty waye to the tower perillous;  
Howe a noble knyght should wyne the victory  
Of many a serpente foule and odious:

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Stephen Hawes

# The True Knight

FOR knighthood is not in the feats of warre,  
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,  
But in a cause which truth can not defarre:  
  
He ought himself for to make sure and strong,  
  
Justice to keep mixt with mercy among:  
  
And no quarrell a knight ought to take  
  
But for a truth, or for the common's sake.

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## Stephen Hawes