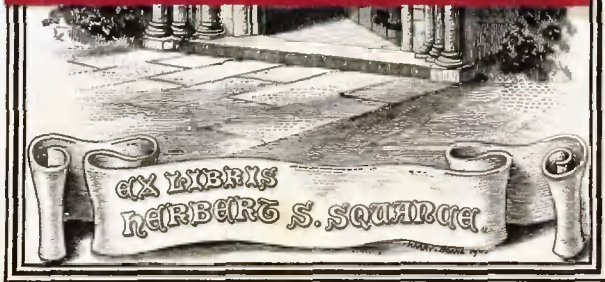
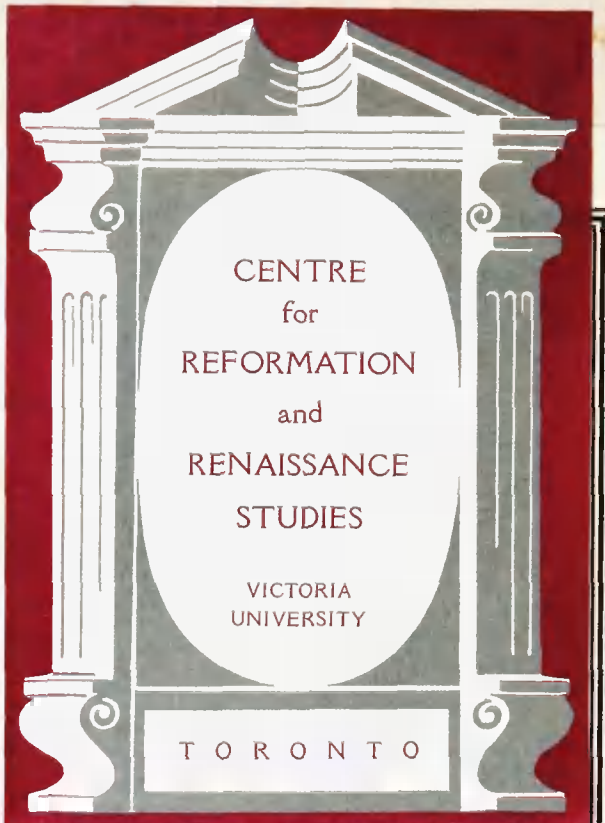
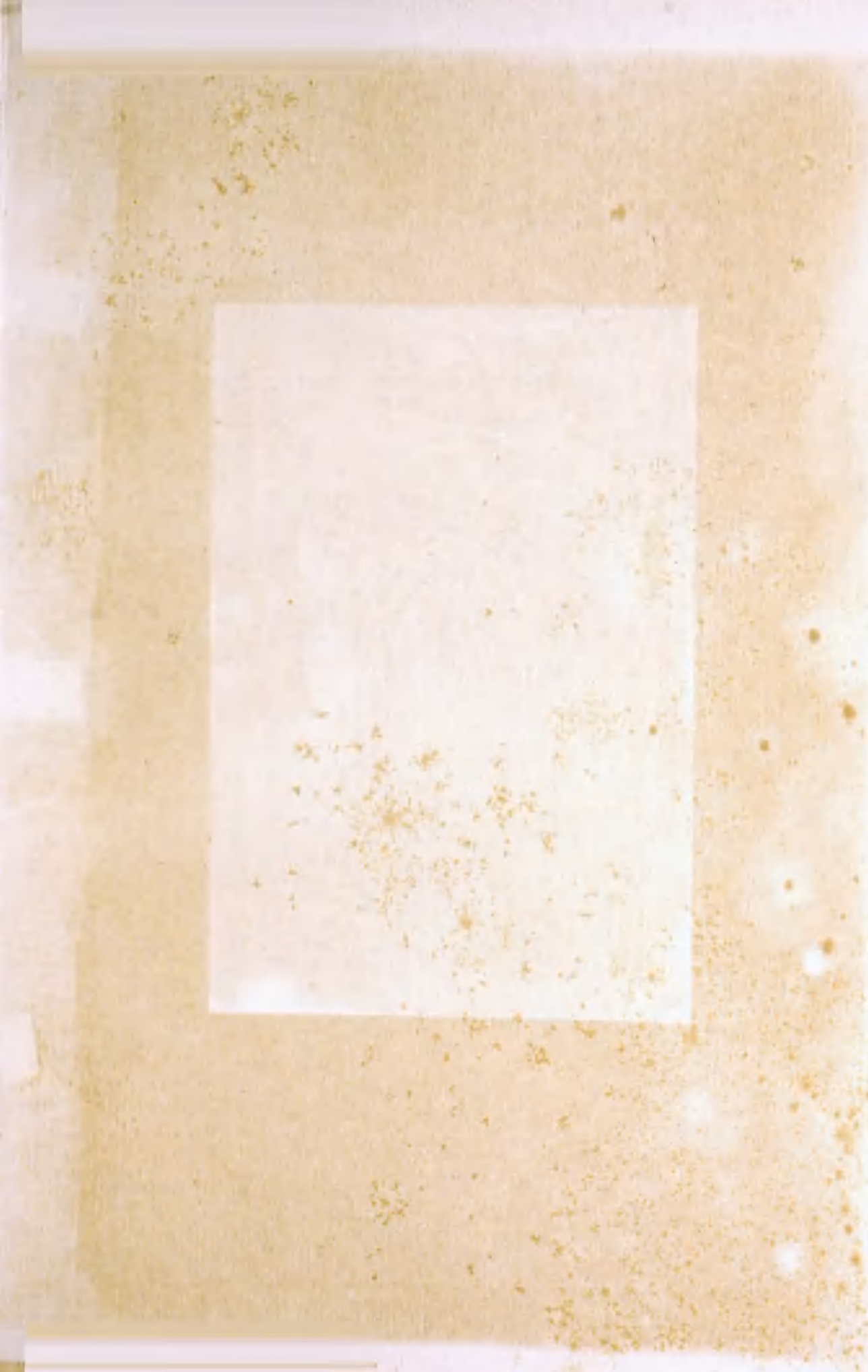


THE TEMPLE OF GLASS











## The Temple of Glass







The Temple of Glass  
by  
John Lydgate

Printed at Westminster  
by William Caxton about the year  
1477

Cambridge  
at the University Press  
1905

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241  
L95  
1905  
cop. 2

REF. & REN.

3995

The unique book here reprinted in facsimile came to the Cambridge University Library in a famous volume of tracts described by Mr Blades (Biography and Typography of W. Caxton, 1882, p. 201).

The volume had formed part of the collection of John Moore, Bishop of Ely, which was given to the University by King George the First in 1715.

The first leaf, which is wanting, was probably blank.

F. JENKINSON

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed.

P. DUJARDIN







o. / wantons

The temple of glas.

F Or thought constrainnt & greuous heynes  
For pensifhedz and high distress  
To bedz I went now this other nyght  
Whan that lucina With hir pale light  
Was Joyned last With phebus in aquarpe  
Amoyd decembre, Whan of Januarpe  
Ther be kalendes of the new yere  
Andz derk dyane hornedz andz nothmyz clere  
Hadz her beames vnder a mysty cloude  
With in my bedz for coldz I gan me shroude  
All desolate for constraynt of my woo  
The long nyght walowynz to andz fro  
Til at laste er I began take kepe  
Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe  
With in the whiche me thought I was  
Rauysshedz in spiryte in to a temple of glas  
I nyfte hold fer in wildernes  
That foundedz was as by liklynes  
Not vpon stele, but on a craggy roche  
Lyke yse y froze, andz as I didz approche  
Agayn the some that shone so clere

7 JUL 77



As ony Cristal andz ever ner andz ner  
As I cam nyghe this grisly dzedful place  
I Wep astonyedz the light so in my face  
He gan to smyte so persingz ever in one  
On every part Wher that I gan gone  
That I ne might no thingz as I Wolde  
Aboute me considere andz beholde  
The Wonder estres for brightnes of the sonne  
Til atte last certayn shyes dome  
With Wynde chasedz han her cours y Went  
To fore the streemes of titan andz y blent  
So that I mighte With in andz With oute  
Wherso I Wolde beholdey me aboute  
For to reporte the facōy andz manere  
Of all this place that Was circular  
In compas Wyse roundz by entayle Brought  
Andz Whan I hadz longe gone andz sought  
I foundz a Wicket andz entredz in as fast  
In to the temple andz myn eyen cast  
On every spde now wolbe eft alofte  
Andz right anon as I gan Walken softe  
If I the soth a right reporte shal  
I salbe depeyntedz Spon a Wal

From eke to beste many a fair ymage  
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age  
V sette in ordre after they were trewe  
With liuely colours wonder fresh of hue  
And as me thought I sawe som sitte & som stāde  
And some knelyng With billes in their hande  
And some With compleynt woful & pietous  
With doleful chere to putten to Venus  
So as she sat flectyng in the see  
Vpon her woo forto haue pitee  
And first of alle I saugh there of cartage  
Dido the quene so goodly of visage  
That gan compleyne hir auenture and cas  
How she deceyued Was of Eneas  
For al his bestes and his othes sworn  
And said alas that euer she was born  
When she sawe that ded she must be  
And next I sawe the compleynt of Medee  
How that she falsed Was of Jason  
And nygh by Venus sawe I sitte at heon  
And al the maner how the boox hym slough  
For whom she wepte and had pyne ynough  
Then saw I also how that penelope

For she so longe her lordz ne mighte see  
Was of colour bothe pale and grene  
And alter next Was the fresh quene  
I mene alcest the noble trewe Wyf  
And for admete hou she lost her lif  
And for her trowth yf I shal not lye  
How she Was torned in to a days ye  
Ther Was Grisildes Innocence  
And al her mekenes and pacience  
There Was eke Ifoe & many other moo  
And al the torment and the cruel woo  
That she had for tristram al her lyue  
And how that Tisbe her hert dyde ryue  
With thilk swerd of sir Piramus  
And al the maner hou that Theseus  
The mynotaure slaw amyd the hous  
That Was forwrynked by crafte of dedalus  
Whan he Was in pryson shyt in Crete  
And how that philles felte of loues hete  
The grete fyre of demophon allas  
And for his falsshed and for his trespass  
Vpon the Walles depeynt men might see  
How she henge vpon a fylberd tree



4

And many a story moe than I rekene can  
Were in the temple, and how that paris was  
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene  
And how Achilles was for Polixene  
Y slayn vnbarly withyn Troye town  
All this sawe I walkyng vp and down  
Ther sawe I wrote eke the hole tale  
How Philomene in to a nyghtyngale  
Y torne was, and proigne vnto a swalowe  
And how the sabyne in their maner halowe  
The feste of lucesse yet in Rome town  
Ther sawe I also the sorow of Palamon  
That he in prison felte and al the smert  
And how that he thurgh vnto his hert  
Was hurt vnbarly by castyng of an eye  
On fair fresh the lusty yong Emelye  
And al the stryf bytwene hym & his brother  
And how that one faught with that other  
Withyn the groue, til they by Theseus  
Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs  
And furthermore as I gan beholde  
I sawe how phobus with an arrowe of golde  
Y wounded was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the godd Cuppde  
And how that dyane vnto a laurer tre  
W torned Was when that she did fle  
And how that Ioue changed his coxe  
Only for loue of the fair Europe  
And in to a hole when he did he fue  
Liste of his godhed his fourme to transmue  
And how that he by transmutacion  
The shap gan take of Amphitriou  
For Alcaimena so passing Was of beaute  
So Was he hurt for al his deyte  
With louys dart and might it not escape  
Thee salbe I also how mars Was take  
Of Vulcanus and with Venus founde  
And with the cheynes Inuisible bounde  
Thee Was also al the poesye  
Of hym Mercurye and al the philogye  
And how that she for her sapience  
W wedded Was to the godd of eloquence  
And how the Muses lobbly did obeye  
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye  
And with her songe how she Was magnified  
With Iubiter there to be stelled

And hypermore depernt men might see  
Holt With her ryng the goodly canace  
Of euery fobble, the ley dons and songe  
Coude vnderstonde as she Walked them among  
And hou her brother so often holpen Was  
In his myschiefe, by the stede of bras  
And furthermore in the temple Were  
Ful many a thousand louers here & there  
In sondry Wyse redy to compleyne  
Vnto the goddesse, of her Woo and payne  
Holt they Were hyndred som for enuye  
And holt the serpent of fals Jelousie  
Ful many a louer hath put a lack  
And causeles on them haue leid a lack  
And some ther Were that playned on absence  
That Were exiled and put out of presence  
Thurgh Wicked tinges and fals suspescon  
Withoute mercy or ony remission  
And othe eke her scrupse spent in beyn  
And of her lady Were not loued ageyn  
And othe eke that for puerte  
Dursten in no Wyse her grete aduersite  
Discouere ne opene, lest they Were refused



And some for wantynge also were accused  
And other eke that loued secretly  
And of her lady durst aye no mercy  
Lest that she wolde of hym haue despyte  
And some also that putten right grete wite  
Ou double louers that loue thinges newbe  
Thurgh whos falsenes hyndred he the trewe  
And som there were as hit is ofte founde  
That for her lady many a bloody wounde  
Endured hath in many a region  
Whiles that an other hath had possession  
All of his lady and hereth a way the fruyt  
Of his labour and of all his suyt  
And other compleyned of richesse  
How he with tresour doth his besynesse  
To byrme agaynst al kynde and right  
Where as true louers haue force none ne might  
And som ther were as maydyns pong of age  
That pleyneith so with pypynge & with rage  
That were coupled agayn al nature  
With croked elde that may not long endure  
For to perfourme the lust of loues playe  
For hit ne fit not vnto fresch maye



For to be coupled to olde Januarie  
They be so dyuerse that they must varye  
For elce is grauching and malencolious  
Aly ful of yre and suspitious  
And yongth attendeth to Ioye & lustynes  
To mirth and play and to al gladnes  
Alas that euer hit shold falle  
So swete sugre y coupled be to galle  
These yonge folke cryeden oft sith  
And praid Venus her power to kythe  
Oppon this myschief and shape remedye  
And right anone I herde other crye  
With sobbyng teres and pietous solowre  
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion  
That were constrayned in their yongthe  
And in childhode as is ofte couthe  
Y entrid were in to Religion  
Or they had yeres of discrecion  
That al her lif can not but compleyne  
In Wyde Copes perfection forto feyne  
Ful couertly for to coueren thair smert  
And shewe the contrary of thair hert  
Thus saith I Wepe many a fair mayde

That on theyr frendes at the Wyte they sayde  
And other next I saw ther in grete rage  
That they were married in theyr tendre age  
With oute freedom of fre election  
Where loue hath selde dempnacion  
For loue at large and at liberte  
Wolde frely chese and not with suche trette  
And other saw I ful ofte wepe and wyngre  
That they in men fonde suche varyngre  
To loue a season while that beaulte flourith  
And after by disdayn so vngoodly flourith  
On her that whylom he callyd his lady dere  
That was to hym so playfant and entier  
But lust with farnes is so ouer goon  
That in her herte trouthe abideth noon  
And some also I sawe in teeres reyne  
And pietoussly on godd and kynde pleyne  
That euer they hold on ony creature  
So moche beaute passyng be mesure  
Sette on a woman to geue occasion  
A man to loue to his confusion  
And namely there where he shal haue no grace  
For with a loken forth by as he doth pace

Ful ofte falleth thurgh castyng of an eye  
A man is wounded that he must nedis dye  
That neuer perauiter after he shal her see  
Why wil god? don so grete a cruelte  
To ony man, or to his creature  
To make hym so muche woo endure  
For her, percas, whom he shal in no wyse  
Reioyse neuer, but so forth in Iurse  
Lede his lif til that he be graue  
For he ne durst of hir no mercy craue  
And eke pauiter though he durst & wolde  
He can not wite where he hir fynd? sholde  
I salbe ther eke, and? therof had? I woulde  
That som were hyndred? by couetyse & slougt?he  
And? some also for their hastynes  
And? othe? eke for their rechelesnes  
But altherlast as I Walked? and? beheld?  
Beside pallas With her Cristal sheld?  
Tofore the statue of Venus set on height  
The? kneled?, a lady in my sight  
Tofore the goddesse, whiche as the sonne  
Passeth the sterres, and? eke the stormys dome  
And? lucifer to boyde the nyghtes sorowe



In clevenes passeth erly the morowe  
And so as maye hath the souereynthe  
Of euery moneth the fayrnes and beaute  
And as the Rose in swetnes and odour  
Surmounted flouris and kame of al licour  
Hath the pryse and as the rubye bright  
Of al stonnes in beaute and in sight  
As it is knowe hath the Regalpe  
Right so this ladye with her goodly eye  
And with the stremps of hir loke so bright  
Surmounteth al thourgh beaute in my sight  
That for to tel her grete semelnes  
Her womanlyd by her porte and her fairnes  
Hit was a meruayle how euer that nature  
Colde in her werkes make a creature  
So angelik so goodly on to see  
So femyny or passing of beaute  
Whos somysch her brighter than golde  
Lyche phebys beames shynnyng in his spyre  
The goodlyd eke of her fresh face  
So replenyshed of beaute and of grace  
So wel emmeded by nature and depernt  
As Rose and lilyes to gyder were meynt

So egally by goodz propozcion .  
That as me taught by myn inspection  
I gan meruaylle hou godz or Werk of kynde  
Mighten of beaute fuche a tresour fynde  
To pauen hir so passingz excellence  
For in goodz faith thurgh her hys presence  
The temple Was enlumynedz enuyron  
Andz forto speke of her condicion  
She Was the beste that might be on spue  
For ther Was none þ With her might scrpue  
To speke of bounte or of gentilesse  
Of womanlyde or of loWlynesse  
Of curtosie or of goodlyhede  
Of speche of chere or of semelike  
Of port benigne or of daliaunce  
The best taught andz therto of playsaunce  
She Was the Welle eke of honeste  
An Exampair andz mirrour eke Was she  
Of secretnes of trowth of feithfulnes  
Andz to alle other lady andz maistres  
To shewe vertu Who so list to lere  
Andz so this lady right humble of chere  
Kneelingz I sawe cladz in grene andz Whyte

To fore Venus goddesse of al delyte  
Embrowded al With stones and perre  
So richely that Joye it Was to see  
With sondry rolles on her garnement  
For to polone the trowth of her entent  
To shewe fully that for her humbleste  
And for her vertu and her stablenesse  
That she Was wote of al Womanly playfance  
Therefore her Word Withoute Variance  
Embrowded Was as men might see  
De miculy en miculy With stones of perre  
This is to sayne that she Was so benygne  
From better to better her hert doth resigne  
And al her Wyll to Venus the goddesse  
Whan that her list her harmes to redresse  
For as me thought somwhat by her chere  
For to compleyne she had grete desire  
For in her hand she held a lityl bylle  
For to declare the fume of al her Wyll  
And to the goddesse her quarel for to shewe  
Theffet of Whiche Was in Wordes felde

• The coppe of the supplicacion.



O lady Venus moder of cuppe  
That in this world hast the gouernance  
And hertes hpe that halde by pryde  
Enclpnest mekely to thyn obeyssance  
Causer of Joye Relees of penance  
And with thy streames canst euery thing discern  
Thurgh heuently fire of loue that is etern

O blessful sterre persaunt and ful of light  
Of beames gladfom deuoyder of derknes  
Chief recomfort after the blak nyght  
To wyde woful hertes out of theyr heuynes  
Take now good hede lady and goddesse  
So that my bille may your grace attayne  
Redresse to fynde of that I me compleyne

For I am bounde to thing that I nolde  
Freely to chese ther lack I liberte  
And so I want of that myn herte wolde  
The body is knyt though my thought be fre  
So that I muste of necessity  
My hertes lyst outwarde contrarpe  
Though we be oon the dede muste varpe



My Worshipp fauf I saylle election  
Agayn al right both of godz andz kynde  
Therto be knyt vnder subiection  
For Whens for both ar out of mynde  
My thought goth furth my body is behynde  
For I am here andz yondz my remembrance  
Betwene tbo so hange I in balance

Deuoyce of Joye of Woe I haue plente  
What I desire that may I not possede  
For that I nolde is redy ay to me  
Andz that I loue for to sue I drede  
To my desire contrary is my mede  
Andz thus I stonde departedz in ttheyne  
Of Wyll andz dede placedz in a cheyne

For though I brenne with feruence & herte  
Withyn myn herte I mote compleyne of colde  
Andz by excesse though I welte andz swete  
Me to compleyne godz Wote I am not holde  
Vnto no Wight ner one wordz vnsfolde  
Of al my peyne allas the hardz stounde  
The hotter that I brenne y colder is my bounde

For he that hath myn hert feythfully  
And hool my loue in al honeste  
Without chaunge al he hit secretly  
I haue no space With hym for to be  
O lady Venus consider now and see  
Onto theffete and compleynt of my byll  
Sith lyf and deth I put all in thy Wyll

And tho me thought the goddess did enclpne  
Mekely her hede and softly gan expresse  
That in short tyme her torment shold fyne  
And hool of hym for whom al her distresse  
Contynned had and al her heynesse  
She shold haue Joye and of her purgatorye  
Be holpen sone and so lyue forth in glorie

And said daughter for thy sad trowth  
Thy faithful menyng and Innocence  
That planted he With outen ony flouth  
In your persone deuoyed of al offence  
So han they atteyned to our audience  
That With our grace ye shal be Wel releynd  
I you belete of al that hath you greuynd

And for that ye be euer of one entent  
Without change or mutabilyte  
And in your paynes ben so patient  
To take lowly your aduersyte  
And that so longe thurgh the cruelte  
Of olde saturne my fader Infortunedy  
Your woo shal now no lenger be contunedy

And thinketh this with in a litil while  
Hit shal a swage and ouer passen sone  
For men by layfir passen many a myle  
And ofte after a droppynge mone  
The weder cleareth, and whan y storme is done  
The some shyneth in his spyer bright  
And Joye waketh whan woo is putto flight

Remember eke how neuer yet no wight  
Me can to worship with out som debate  
And folke reioyse also more of light  
That they with derknes were waped & mate  
No mans chance is allewey fortunate  
Me no wight preyseth of sugre the swetnes  
But they to fore haue tasted bitternes



Crissyld? Was asayed? atte full  
That tozned? after to increse of Joye  
Penelope gan eke for sorowes dulle  
For that her lord? abode so long? at troye  
Also the torment ther coude noman accoye  
Of dorygere flour of al Bretaigne  
Thus euer Joye is fyn and? ende of payne

And? trusteth this for conclusion  
The ende of sorow is Joye boyde of drede  
For holly seyntes thurgh her passion  
Haue heuy? Wome by their souerain mede  
And? plente gladly foloweth after nede  
And? so my doughter after your greuaunce?  
I you behote ye shal haue ful plessaunce

For euer of loue the maner and? the gyse  
Is for to hurte his seruaunt & to wounde  
And? Whan he hath taught them his empyse.  
He can in Joye make them to habounde  
And? sith that ye haue in my laas be bounde  
With oute gruching? or rebellyon  
Ye muste of right haue consolacion

This to sayne dobeth neuer a deel  
That ye shal haue ful possession  
Of hym that ye now cherisse so weel  
In honest maner With oute offencion  
By cause. I knowe youre entencion  
Is truly sette in party and in all  
To loue hym best and most in speciall

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue  
Shal be to you suche as ye desire.  
With oute charge fully til he serue  
So With my bronde I haue sette hym a fyre  
And With my grace I shal hym so enspyre  
That he in herte shal be right at your wyll  
Wherfo you liste to saue hym or to spylle

For vnto you I shal his herte so holde  
With oute spotte of ony doblenesse  
That he ne shal escape from the holde  
Thaugh that hym self by vnstedfastnesse  
I mene of cupide that shal hym so distresse  
Vnto your honde With tharolde of golde  
That he ne shal escapen thaugh he wolde

And sith ye list of pyte and of grace  
 In vertu only his yonghtle to cherisse  
 I shal by aspectes of my benigne face  
 Make hym tescelbe euery synne and vice  
 So that he shal haue no maner spice  
 In his corage to loue thinges newe  
 He shal to yoll so playn be found and trewe

And Whan this goodly fair fressh of hue  
 Humble and benygne of trowth crop & rote  
 Conceued had holl Venus gan to rewe  
 On her prayer plainly to do lote  
 To chaunge her bitter attones in to sote  
 She fyl on knees of high deuocion  
 And in this wyse began her orison

Hyghest of hie quene and Emperice  
 Goddesse of loue, of good, yet the best  
 That thurgh your beaute Witthoute vice  
 Whylom conquerd thappel atte fest  
 That Iupiter thurgh his hie request  
 To alle the goddes aboue celestyal  
 Made in his palais most Imperyal



To you my lady Upholder of my lyf  
Mekely I thanke so as I may suffise  
That ye list now With herte entent  
So graciously for me to deuyse  
That Whyle I lyue With humble sacrifice  
Upon your auters your fest per by per  
I shal enence casten in to the fyre

For of your grace I am ful reconsiled  
From euery trouble vnto ioye and ease  
That sorowes alle be from me exiled  
Sith ye my lady list now tappease  
My paynes olde and fully my disease  
Vnto gladnes so sodenly to torne  
Hauyng no cause from hens forth to morne

For sithen ye so mekely liste to daunte  
To my seruise hym that loueth me best  
And of your bounte so graciously to graunte  
That he ne shal varye though hym leste  
Wherof myn herte is fully brought to reste  
For now and euer o lady myn benigne  
That hert and Will I hooly to you resigne



Thankyng you With al my ful herte  
That of your grace and Visitation  
So humble liste hym to conuerte  
Fully to be at my subiection  
With oute chaunge or transmutacion  
Vnto his laste nobl laude and reuerence  
Be to your name and excellence

This al and sum and chief of my request  
And hool substance of my ful entente  
You thankyng euer of your graunt & best  
Both now and euer that ye me grace sent  
To conquer hym that neuer shal repent  
Me for to serue and humblye for to please  
As fynal tresour of my hertes ease

And than anon Venus cast a dowry  
In to her lappe braunches Whyte and grene  
Of hallowen that wenten eueryon  
Aboute her heed that ioye Was to sene  
And had her kepe hem honestly and clene  
Whiche hold not fade ne neuer beye olde  
Of she her biddynge kepe as she hath told

And as these bowes be both fair and swete  
Folowe theffete that they do specifye  
This is to seyne both in cold and hete  
Be ye of one hert and of one fantasye  
As ar these leues Whiche may not dye  
By no duresse of stormes that be here  
Nomore in Wynter than in somer grene

Right so by ensample of Wele or Woo  
For Joye torment or for aduersite  
Whether so fortune fauoure, or be foo  
For pouert riches or prosperyte  
That ye your hert kepe in on degre  
To loue hym best for no thing that ye fyne  
Whom I haue bound so lowe vnder your cheyne

And with þe word the goddesse shoke her heed  
And was in pces & spack as tho nomore  
And therwith all ful femyng of drede  
Me thought this lady sighen gan ful sore  
And said agayn lady that maist restore  
Hertes in Joye from theyr aduersite  
To do your wil & mieulx en mieulx ma gree

Thus euer sleppynge drempynge as I laye  
Withyn the temple me thought I laye  
Grette prees of folk With murmur Wonderful  
To croude and shoue the temple Was so ful  
Euerich ful besy in his owne cause  
That I ne may shortly in a clause  
Discruien alle the rites and the guyse  
And eke I Wante comynge to deuyse  
How some ther Were With bloody encrease & milk  
And some With flouris sote & softe as silk  
And some With sparowes & doves Whyte  
That for to offren gan hem delpce  
Vnto the goddesse With sighe and prayer  
Them to relesse of that they most desire  
That for the prees shortly to conclude  
I Wente my Way for the multitude  
Me for to refressh out of the prees allone  
And by my self me thought as I gan gone  
With in the estres and gan a Whyle tarye  
I sawe a man that Walked al solitarie  
That as me semed for heuynes and dole  
Hym to compleyne that he Walked so sole  
With oute espyng of any other Wight



And if I shal discryuen hym a right  
Of that he had not ben in heuynes  
Me thought he was, to speke of semelnes  
Of shap of fourme, and also of stature  
The most passing, that euer yet nature  
Made in her werkes, and lyke to be a man  
And therewith al as I reherce can  
Of face and there the most gracypous  
To be biloued, happy and elbrous  
But as it semed outward by his chere  
That he complayned for lack of his desire  
For by hym self as he walkedy vp and down  
I herde hym make a lamentacion  
And said alas, what thing may this be  
That now am bonde that whylom was fre  
And wente at large at myn election  
Now am I caught vnder subiection  
For to become a stray homager  
To god of loue, wher er I can here  
Felt in myn herte, nought of loues pepne  
But now of newbe, within hur fyr cheyne  
I am embraced so that I may not stryue  
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue

The godly freshe in the temple ponder  
I saue right now, that I had wonder  
How euer god, for to rekeare all  
Might make a thing, so celestiall  
So angelike on erthe to appere  
For With the streemes of her eyen clere  
I am wounded, euen to the hert  
That fro the deth I may not avert  
And most I meruayle that so soevely  
I was so yolde to be at hur mercy  
Withoute more, I muste her lust obeye  
Whether that she liste me to lyue or deye  
And take mekely my soeuy auenture  
For sith my lif, my deth, and eke my cure  
Is in her hand, it wil not auaylle  
To graue agayn, for of this bataylle  
The palme is hris, and plainly the victorpe  
If I rebellid, honour none ne glorie  
I might not in ony wyse achyue  
Sith I am yolden, how shold I thenne proue  
To reme a wey, I wote hit wil not be  
Ehough I be loos, at large I may not fle  
O god, of loue how sharp is now thy nylle



How mayst thou now so cruelly and so narrow  
With oute cause hurte me and bounde  
And takest none heed my sorowes to founde  
But like a bird that fleeth at her desire  
Tyl sodenly within the pautere  
She is caught though late she was at large  
A newe tempest forecasteth now my large  
Now vp now down, with wynde it is so blowe  
So am I possed and almost ouerthrowe  
For dyue in derknes of many sondry walle  
Alas when shal this tempest ouerdrabe  
To cleve the skyes of myn aduersite  
The lode sterre when that I ne may see  
Hit is so hid with clothes that be blake  
Alas when wyll this torment ouerslake  
I can not wyte, for who is hurt of newe  
And bledeth inward til he be pale of hue  
And hath his wounde vnwarly fressh & grene  
And hit is not couthe vnto the harmes kene  
Of myghty cuppe that can so hertes daunte  
That no man may in his warre hym saunte  
To gete a pryce but only by mekenes  
For ther ne hapleth stryf ne sturdynes

15  
So may I sayne that With a loke am polde  
And haue no power to stryue though I Wolde  
Thus stonde I euer betwix lif and deth  
To loue and serue Whyle I haue breath  
In such a place Where I dar not pleyne  
Liche hym that is in torment and in payne  
And knoweth not to Whom to discur  
For ther that I haue holly set my cure  
I dar not Wel for drede ne for daunger  
And for vnknowen telley how the fyre  
Of loues bronde is kyndlid in my breste  
Thus am I murdered and slayn ake lesse  
So priuely Withyn my thought  
O lady Venus Whom I haue fought  
So Wyffe me now What me is best to doo  
That am distraught With my self so  
That I ne Wote What Way for to torne  
Sauf by my self soleyn for to morne  
Hangyng in balance betwix hope and drede  
With oute comfort remedye or rede  
For hope biddeth pursue and assaye  
And agaynward drede answerth naye  
And now With hope I am set a losse

But drede and daunger hard & nothyng softe  
Hath ouerthrowe my trust and put a down  
Now at my large, now fetred in prison  
Now in torment, now in souerayn glorie  
Now in paradysse and now in purgatorie  
As man dyspayred in a double Were  
Horn by With hope, and thence anon daunger  
Me draweth aback, and saith it shal not be  
For Where as I of myne aduersite  
Am holde somwhyle mercy to requyre  
Thence cometh dyspaire & gynneth me to lere  
A newe lesson to hope ful the contrary  
They be so diuerse they wil do me harpe  
And thus I stand dismayed in a traunce  
For When that hope Were likly me tauaunce  
For drede I tremble & dar one word not speke  
And yf hit so be, that I not out breke  
To telle the harmes that greuen me so sore  
But in my self encrece them more and more  
And to be slayn fully me delyte  
When of my deth she is nothyng to Wyte  
For but yf she my constreynt plainly knowe  
How shold she euer, on my paynes rue



Thus oft tyme With hope I am maynd  
To tel her all how I am greuynd  
And to be hardy on me for to take  
To aye mercy but drede doth me theie awake  
And than Wanhop answert me agayn  
That better Were than she haue disdayn  
To dye attones vnknowe of ony Wight  
And ther With all biddeth hope anon right  
Me to be boldy and prayen her of grace  
And sith alle vertues be portreyd in her face  
Hit Were not sittynge that pyte Were behynde  
And right anon Withyn my self I fynde  
A newe plee brought on me With drede  
That me so maseth that I see no spede  
The cause he saith that stonpeth al my blood  
I am so symple and she is so good  
Thus hope & drede in me Wyl not see  
To plete and stryue my harmys to encrece  
But at hardest yet or I be dede  
Of my distresse sith I can no rede  
But stande don styl as ony stone  
To fore the goddesse I wil me haste anon  
And compleyne With oute more sermon

Though death be fyn and ful conclusion  
Of my request, yet I wyl assaye  
And right anon me thought I saye  
This woful man as I haue memorye  
Ful lowly entre in to an oratorye  
And knelid a down in ful humble wyse  
To fore the goddesse and gan anon deuyse  
His pitous quarel with a doleful chere  
Sayng right this as ye shall here

• The compleynt of the man.

Redresse of sorow O Citheera  
That with the stremps of thy playfauit herte  
Gladest the mounte of al Cirrea  
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete  
Whos bright beames ben Westren and Wete  
In the ryuer of Elycon the Belle  
Haue now ppte of that I shal you telle



And not despayne ye of your benygnyte  
My mortal woo O lady myn goddesse  
Of grace and bounte & merciful pyte  
Benygneley to helpe and to redresse  
And though so be I can not wel expresse  
The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte  
Haue neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne O cler heuenes light  
That next the sonne sercledy han your spere  
Sith ye me hurte With your dredful myght  
By influence of your beames clere  
And that I by your seruyse now so dere  
As ye me brough in to this mala dye  
Be ye gracypus and shap ye remedye

For in you holly lieth help of al this tras  
And knowe best my sorow and al my payne  
For drede of deeth, how I ne dar allas  
To axen mercy ones, ne me compleyne  
Now With your fyre he hert so constrayne  
With oute more, or I deye atte leste  
That she may Witte What is my request

*John M. Wright*

Hov I no thyng in al this Worldz desire  
But for to serue fully to myn ende  
That goodly freshe so Womanly of chere  
Without chaunge Whyle I haue lyf & mynde  
And that ye Wolde suche grace sende  
Of my scrupse that she not disceyne  
Sithen her to serue I may not me restreyn

And sith that hope me hath yaued hardynes  
To loue her best and neuer to repente  
Whylis that I lyue With al my besynes  
To drede & serue, though daunger neuer assente  
And here vpon ye knowe myn entente  
How I haue solwed fully in myn mynde  
To be her man, though I no mercy fynde

For in my hert emprynted is so fore  
Her shap her forme & al her semelynes  
Her portre her chere, her godenes more & more  
Her Womanhed and eke her gentiles  
Her trowth, her faith and her kyndnes  
With alle vertues eche set in her degre  
There is no lack, sayng only of pyte

Her sad demouring of Wyl not variable  
Of loke benygne, and wote of al plesance  
And exemplaire to alle that Wyl be stable  
Discrete prudent of Wisedomy suffisance  
Mirroure of Witte ground of gouernance  
A Worlde of beaute compassed in her face  
Whos persant loke doth thurgh my hert race

And ouer this wonder secreete and true  
A Wel of fredome and right bounteous  
And euer increcyng in vertu newe & newe  
Of speche goodly, and wonder gracypous  
Deuoyd of pryde, to poure not despytous  
And yf that I shortly shal not feyne  
Saue vpon mercy, I no thing compleyne

What wonder thence, though I be with drede  
Iuly surprised, for to apen grace  
Of her that is quene of womankede  
For Wel I wote in so high a place  
Hit wil not be, therfore I ouer pace  
And take lowly what wo I endure  
Til she of pyte me take to her cure



But one auowbe plainly here I make  
That Whether so be, she do me lyue. or deye  
I wil not gruaule, but humbly hit take  
And thanke god, and wil fully obeye  
For by my trowth my hert shal neuer reneye  
For lyf ne deth mercy ne daunger  
Of wil and thought to be at her desire

To ben as tresse as euer Was antonyus  
To cleopatre Whyle hym lasteth breath  
Or vnto thesle yong Piramus  
That Was faithful found, til theym deytid, deth  
Right so shal I til Antropos me steth  
For Whyle or Woo her faithful man be found  
Vnto my last, like as my hert is bound

To loue as Wel as did Achilles  
Vnto his laste the fair Polixene  
Or as the grete famous Hercules  
For dyanyre that felte the shott here  
Right so shal I saye right as I mene  
Whyle that I lyue, her both drede and serue  
For lack of mercy though she do me sterue

Most lady Venus to Whom nothing unknowne  
Is in the World hid, ne nought may be  
For ther nys thynge nether hys ne lowe  
May be conceyled from your pryete.

For Whom my menyng is not now secret.  
But Wite fully that myn intent is true  
And like my trowth now on my payne rue

For more of grace than of presumption  
I aske mercy, and no thynge of dute  
Of lowly humbles, With oute offencion  
That ye encline of your benygnyte  
Your audiance vnto my humplyte  
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle  
Some day relees yet of my paynes alle

And sith ye haue the guerdon and the mede  
Of alle louers plainly in your honde  
Most of grace and pyte take ye hede  
Of my distress, that am vnder your honde  
So lowly bound, as ye wel vnderstonde  
In that place where I toke first my bounde  
Of pyte suffice ye my helth may be founde



That like as she me hurte With a sight  
Right so With helth late me hur fustone  
And as the streames of her epen bright  
Whylom my hert With woundes sharp & here  
Thurgh pased haue and yet be fresh & grene  
So as she me hurte, lette her me socoure  
Or ellis certayn I may not long endure

For lack of speche I can say you no more  
I haue mater but I can not pleyne  
My Witte is dull to tel al my forre  
A mouth I haue, And yet for al my peyn  
For want of wordes I may not now atteyn  
To tel half, that doth my hert greue  
Mercy abydyng, til she me list releue

But this the effect of my mater fynal  
With deth or mercy relees for to fynde  
For hert body thought lyp lust and al  
With al my reson and al my ful mynde  
And spue Wittes of on assent I bynde  
To her seruyse With oute ony stryf  
And make her pryncesse of my deth or lyp

And now I pray of wouth and the pyte  
O goodly planet, O lady Venus bright  
That ye your sone of his deyte  
Cupide I mene that With his dreadful myght  
And With his bzond that is so clere of light  
Her herte so to fyre and to marke  
As ye me Whylem bent With a sparke

That euensich and With the same fyre  
She may be hit, as I now brenne and melte  
So that her herte be flamed With desire  
That she may knowe by feruence hou I write  
For of pyte plainly yf she felte  
The self herte that doth myn hert enbrace  
I hope of wouth she Will do me grace

And ther With al Venus as me thought  
Towardes this man ful benyngely  
Can cast her eye, like as that she wought  
Of his disease, and said ful goodly  
Sith it is so, that thou so humbly  
With out grutchyng our bestes liste obeye  
Toward thy help I Wil anon purueye

And eke my sone Cuppe that is so blynde  
He shal be helppynge fully to performe  
Your hool desire, that no thinge be behynde  
Me shal be leste, so We shal reforme  
This pietous cōpleynt, y maketh the to morne  
That she for Whom thou sorwest most in hert  
Shal thurgh hur mercy relect al thy smert

Whan she seeth tyme, thurgh our purueaunce  
Be not to hasty, but suffre althinge wele  
For in abydynge, thurgh lowly obeyssaunce  
Lyeth ful redres, of al that ye now fele  
And she shal be as trewe as ony stele  
To you allone, by our myght and grace  
If ye list mekely abyde a lityl space

But vnderstande ye that al her cherishinge  
Shal be groundedy vpon honeste  
That no Wight shal by ony compaynyng  
Demeyn amys of hur in no degre  
For neyther mercy, wouth ner pyte  
She shal not haue ne take of the non hede  
Further than longeth vnto her Womanhede



Be not astonped of no wilfulnes  
 Me not despeyed of this dissolucion  
 Late weson bridle lust by bupumnes  
 Without gruchyng or rebellpon  
 For ioye shal folowe al this passion  
 For Who can suffre torment and endure  
 Me may not faylle, but folowe shal his cure

For to fore alle she shal the louen best  
 So shal I her withoute offencion  
 By Influence inspire in her brest  
 In honest wyse with ful entencion  
 For tenclpne by clene affection  
 Her hert fully on the to haue routh  
 Be cause I knowe that thou manest trowth

Go now to hir where as she stant a syde  
 With humble chere and put the in her grace  
 And al beforz let hope be thy gyde  
 And though that drede bold with the pace  
 Hit fitteth wel, but loke that thou arace  
 Out of thyn hert wanhop and despeire  
 To her presence er thou haue repere



And mercy first shal thy way make  
And honest meryng afore do thy message  
To make pyte in her herte awake  
And secretnes to further thy viage  
With humble portre to her that is so sage  
Shal menes be, and I my self also  
Shal the fortune, or thy tale be do

Go forth anon, and be right good of chere  
For specheles nothing mayst thou spede  
Be good of trust & be no thing in were  
Sith I my self shal helpen in this neede  
For atte lest of her goodly hede  
She shal to the her audience encline  
And lowe the to her til thou thy tale fyne

For wel thou wost yf I shal not feryne  
Withoute speche thou maist no mercy haue  
For who that wil of his pryue payne  
Fully be cured, his lyf to helpe and saue  
He must mekely out of his hert graue  
Discure his wound, and shewe hit his leche  
Or ellis deye for defaute of speche

For he that is in myschief reckless  
To seche help I holde hym a wretch  
And she ne may thyn hert brynge in pees  
But yf thy compleynt to hir hert strake  
Woldest thou be cured? & wilt no salve feake  
Hit wil not be for no Wight may atteyne  
To come to llys yf he list lye in peyne

Therefore attones go forth in humble wyse  
To fore thy lady and lowly knele a doun  
And in al trowth thy wordes so deuyse  
That she on the haue compassion  
For she that is of so hie renown  
In al vertues as queene and souerayn  
Of womanhed? shal we on thy payn

And when the goddes this lesson had? told?  
About me so I gan behold?  
Right so a stoned? stode in a traunce  
To se the maner and? contenance  
And? al the chere of this woful man  
That was of hue dedely pale and? wan  
With drede surprisid? in his owne thought

Makynge there as though he wought nought  
Of lyf ne deth ne what so hym betyde  
So moche fere he had on euery side  
To put hym forth to tel his payne  
Vnto his lady, other to compleyne  
What woo he felt torment or disese  
What dedely sorow his hert dide lese  
For wouth of Whiche his wo as I endite  
My penne I fele quaken as I wryte  
Of hym I had so grete compassion  
For to reherce his wepmentacion  
That vmethe, though I with my self stryue  
I want comynge his paynes to discriue  
Alas to Whom shal I for help calle  
Not to the muses for cause they ken alle  
Help of right in Joye and not in woo  
And in matiers that they delite also  
Wherfore they nyl as noll directe my style  
Nor me inspiren Alas the hardy Whyle  
I can no further but to the siphon  
And to her suker to calle help vpon  
That be goddesses of torment and payne  
Godde lete your teris in to myn Inke reyne



With Woful Wordes my paper for to blotte  
This Woful mater not to pepnt, but spotte  
To tel the maner of this dredeful man  
Opon his complaynt. Whan he first began  
To tel his lady Whan he gan declare  
His hidy sorowis, and his euell fare  
That at his herte constreyned so sore  
Theffet of Whiche Was this Withoute more

Pryncesse of pougth & flour of gentileffe  
Ensamplē of Vertu ground of curtesye  
Of beaute rote quene and eke maistres  
To alle Women how they shal hem gye  
And sothfast mirroure to exemplifye  
The right Way of port and of Womanhede  
What I shal saye, of mercy take ye hede  
Besechyng first vnto your hye nobles  
With qualynge hert of my Inward drede  
Of grace and pyte & not of right wysnes  
Of verrey wouthe to help in this nede  
This is to say O Wel of goodly hede  
That I ne velleke thraugh ye do me deye  
So ye list first to herey What I seye



The dredeful stroke the gret force and might  
Of goddys cupide that noman may rebelle  
So mwardly thurgh out myn hert right  
Y perceyd hath that I ne may councele  
Myn hidy wound ne I ne may apele  
Vnto no gretter / this mighty goddys so faste  
You to serue hath me bound vnto my laste

That hert and all With out stryfe ar polde  
For lyf or deth to your seruyse allone  
Right as the goddesse myghty Venus Wolde  
To for her mekely Whan I made my mone  
She me constrayned Without chaunge anone  
To your seruyse and neuer for to fayne  
Wherso ever ye list to do me ease or payne

So that I can no thynge but mercy aske  
Of you my lady / and chaunge for no newe  
That ye list godely to fore er that I dye  
Of verray routh vpon my paynes rue  
For by my trowth / and ye my paynes knele  
What is the cause of myne aduersite  
Oy myn disese ye Wolde haue pyte

Wiffen *Wiffen no moe*

For vnto you trewe and eke fere  
I wil be founde to ferue as I best can  
And therwith al as lowly in eche degre  
To you be allone as euer yet was man  
Vnto his lady from the tyme I began  
And shal so forth withouten ony flouth  
Whylis that I lyue, by god & by my trowth

For leuer I had to deyen sodenly  
Than you offende in any maner wyse  
And suffre paynes inwardly priuely  
Than my seruyse as now ye sholdy dispyse  
For I right neught wil aye in no wyse  
But for your seruante ye woldy me accepte  
And whan I trespace, goodly me correcte

And for to graunte of mercy the prayer  
Only of grace and womanly pyte  
From day to day that I myght lere  
You for to please, and therwith al that ye  
Whan I do mys, list for to teche me  
In your seruyse hou that I may amende  
From henceforth and neuer you offende

For vnto me it doth ynowh suffyse  
That for your may ye hold me ressepye  
Fully to be as you lyst deuyse  
And as ferforth as my Wittes can conceyue  
And therwith al liche as ye proue  
That I be true to guerdone me of grace  
Or ellis to punyshe after my trespase

And yf so be that I may not atteyne  
Vnto your mercy yet graunte at the leste  
In your seruyse for al my wo and payne  
That I may depen after my behest  
This is al and som the fyn of my request  
Outher with mercy your seruaint to saue  
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

And Whan this benygne of her entent true  
Conceyued hath the compleynt of this may  
Right as the fresh rody Rose newe  
Of her colour to Wapen she began  
Her blood astoned so from her herte ran  
In to her face of terray femynyte  
Thurgh honest drede abasshed was she

And humbly she began her eyen caste x  
Towardes hym of hir benygnyte  
So that no word by her lippes past  
For hast nor drede mercy ne pyte  
For so demeredy she Was in honeste  
That vnauyfedy no thing fro her stert  
So moche of reyon Was compassedy in her hert

Til atte last of Whiche she didy abreydy  
Whan she is trowth and menyng didy fele  
And vnto hym ful goodly spack and seydy  
Of your behest and your menyng wel  
And your seruyse so faithful euerydele  
Whiche vnto me so lowly now ye offre  
With al my herte, I thanke you of your profre

That for so moche your entent is sette x  
Only in vertu y bridledy vnder drede  
Ye must of right nedis fare the bet  
Of your request, and the better spede  
But as for me I may of womanhede  
No further graunte to you in myn entente  
Than as my lady Venus wil assente



For she wel knoweth I am not at my large  
To doon right nought but by her ordynance  
So am I drowndy vnder her dredeful charge  
Her lyst to bleye withoute variaunce  
But for my parte so hit be pleasaunce  
Vnto the goddesse for trowth in your empryse  
I you accepte fully to my seruyse

For she my herte hath in subiection  
Whiche holly is poures & neuer shal repente  
In thought ner dede in myn election  
Witness on Venus that knoweth myn intent  
Fully to kepe hir dome and Jgement  
So as hir liste disposen and ordeyne  
Right as she knoweth the trowth of vs twayne

For vnto the tyme that Venus list proude  
To shap a way for our hertis ease  
Both ye and I mekely must abyde  
To take at gree and not of our disease  
To gruache agayn til that she list tappease  
Our hidy woo so Iuly that constreyneth  
From day to day and our hertis peyneth

For in abiding of Woo and al affraye  
Who so can suffre is founden remedye  
And for the beste ful ofte is made delaye  
Er men be haled of their maladye  
Wherfore as Venus list this mater to gyve  
Beet vs agreeen and take al for the best  
Til her liste sette bothe our hertes in rest

For she is that byndeth and can constreyn  
Hertes in one this fortunate planete  
And can relecte louers of her pepy  
To turne fully her bitter in to swete  
Now blissful goddesse win fro thy stercy sete x  
As to fortune cast your streemes shene  
Lyke as ye knowe that we trouth mene

And ther With al as I myn eyn caste  
For to perceyue the maner of these twayne  
To fore the goddesse mekely as they paste  
Me thought I saw With a goldeyn cheyne  
Venus anon embrace and constreyn  
Her bothe hertes in one for to perseuere  
Whilis that they lyue and neuer to disseuere

Seyng right thus With a kynge here  
Sith it is so, ye be vnder my myght  
My wil is thus, that ye my daughter dere  
Ful accepte this man as it is right  
Vnto your grace anon here in my sight  
That euer hath ben so lowly you to serue  
Hit is good, shil your thank that he deserue

Your honour sauf and eke your womankede  
Hym to cherisse, hit fitteth you right wele  
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and drede  
\* Almyd my cheyne that forged is of steele  
Ye must of mercy shape that he fele  
In yowr grace of his long seruyse  
And that in hast lik as I shal deuyse

This is to sayn that ye taken hede  
How he to you most faithful is and true  
Of al your seruauntes, & nothmyg for his mede  
Of you ne asketh, but ye on hym reue  
For he wolbed hath to change for no newe  
For lyf ne deth, for ioye ne for payne  
Oly to be youris, so as ye list ordeyne.



Wherefore ye muste or els it Were Wrong  
Unto your grace fully hym receyue  
In my presence, by cause he hath so long  
Hooly ben youris, as ye may conceyue  
That from your mercy, yf ye hym Weyue.  
I Wyl my self recorder cruelte  
In your persone, and gret lack of pyte

Late hym for his trowth fynde than agayn  
For long seruyse, guerdon hym With grace  
And late ye pyte Weye down his payn  
For tyme is now daunger to arace  
Out of your hert, and mercy in to pace  
And loue for loue Worlde Wel beseme  
To yeue agayn and this I plamly deme

And as for hym I Wil ben his howde  
Of lobblyde and besy attendance  
How he shal be both eue and morowe  
Ful diligent to doon his obseruance  
And euer abaytynge, you to do playfance  
Wherefore my sone, listen and take hede  
Fully to bepe, as I shal the rede



And first of all my Will is that thou be  
+ Faithful in hert and constant as a Wal  
True humble, meke and therwith al score  
With out change in partie or in all  
And for no torment that the fallen shal  
Tempest the not but ever in stedfastnes  
Kote thy herte, and Royde doublenes.

And furthermore haue in reuerence  
These Women al for thy lady sake  
And suffre neuer that men hem do offence  
For loue of one, but euermore vnder take  
Hem to defende Whether they slepe or Wake  
And ay be redy to holden them party  
Apenst all tho that to hem haue enuye

Be curtais ay and lowly of thy speche  
To riche and poure ay fressh & Wel beseyn  
And euer besy weyes for to seche  
Alle true louers to relect of her peyn  
Sith thou art one, & of no Wight haue disdeyn  
For loue hath power hertes for to daunte  
And neuer for cherishing, the to muche auaunte

Be lusty eke boyd of all tristesse  
And take no thought but ever be iocound  
And not to pensif for none heynes  
And with thy gladnes lette sadnes ay be found  
Whan woo approched lette mirth most labound  
As manhod apid and though y fele smert  
Late not to many knowen of thyn hert

And alle vertues kesily thou sue  
Vices escheue for the loue of one  
And for no tales thyn hert not remede  
Word is but wynd that shal soon ouergoon  
What euer thou here be dumb as ony stoon  
And to answere to sone not the delpte  
For here she standeth that al this shal y quyte

And whether thou be absent or in presence  
None others beaulte lete in thy hert myne  
Sith I haue yere hir of beaute excellence  
Aboue al othe in vertu for to shyne  
And thynke hou in fyre men ar wont to fyne x  
This pured gold to put hit in assaye  
So to the proue thou art put in delaye

But tyme shal come thou shalt for thy suffrance  
Be wel apaid and take for thy mede  
Thy lures ioye and al thy suffisance  
So that good hope alway thy bridel lede  
Let no dispeir hyndre the With drede  
But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde  
Sith none but she may thy sorowe founde

Eche hour and tyme, Welke, day and yere  
Be like faithful and vary not for lyte  
Abide a while and than of thy desire  
The tyme neygheth that shal the most delyte  
And late no sorow in thy hert byte  
For no differring, sith thou for thy mede  
Shal reioyse in pees the flour of Womankede

\* Thinke thou she is this Worldis some light  
The sterre of beaute the flour eke of fairnes  
Both crop and rote and eke the rubye bright  
Hertes to glade, y troubled, With derknes  
And thou I haue made her, thim hertes Empresse  
Be glad therefore to be vnder her bond  
Now come ner daughter & take him by the bond



Vnto this syn that after alle these shouris  
 Of his torment he may be glad and light  
 Whan by your grace ye take hym to be youris  
 For evermore anon here in my sight  
 And eke I wil also as hit is right  
 Without more his langour for to lyffe  
 In my presence anon that ye hym kysse

That ther may be of al your old smertis  
 A ful relees vnder ioye assured  
 And that one lok be of your both hertis  
 Shet with my keye of gold so wel pured  
 Only in signe that ye haue recured  
 Your hool desire here in this hooly place  
 Within my temple now in the yere of grace

Eternally be bounde of assurance  
 The knot is knyt that may not be vnbounde  
 That alle the goddes of this aliaunce  
 Saturne, Ioue, and Mars as it is founde  
 And eke Cuppe that first did you wounde  
 Shal here record and ouermore be breke  
 On whiche of gold his trowth first breke



So that by aspectes of their fair lokis  
Without mercy shal fal the vengeance  
For to be racede clene out of my lokis  
On Whiche of you be founde of variance  
Therefore attones setteth your plesance  
Fully to ben Whyle ye haue lyf and mynde  
Of one accord vnto your lyues ende

That yf the spiryte of newfanglenes  
In any wyse your hertes boldy assaile  
To meue or styre to bringe in doublenes  
Oppon your trowth to gyuen a bataylle  
Lete not your corage ne your force faylle  
Nor none assautes you flitten or remeue  
For snastayed no man may trowth preue

For Whyte is Whitter yf it be set by black  
And swete is swetter after bitternes  
And falsshede euer is dyue and put a back  
Where trowth is wotede with out doublenes  
Without preue ther may be no sekernes  
Of loue or hate and therefore of you tbo  
Shal loue be moze for hit was boughte with woo

And every thing is had more in deynce  
And more of pris than it is dere bought  
And eke loue stondeth more in selbte  
Than it is to fore with payne woo & thought  
Conquerd was first than hit was fought  
And every conquest hath his excellence  
In his pursute as it fyndeth resistance

And so to you more softe and agreable  
Shal loue be found I do you plainly assure  
Withcut guachyng that ye were suffrable  
So lobe so meke patiently to endure  
That al attones I shal do now my cure  
For now and ever your hertis so to bynde  
That nought but deth shal the knot vnbynde

Now in this mater what shold I lenger dwelle  
Come ye attones and do as I haue said  
And first my doughter that ar of bounte Welle  
In hert and thought be glad & wel apayd  
To done hym grace that shal & hath obeyd  
Your lustes ever and I wil for his sake  
Of trowth to you be bounde and vnder take

And so forth Within presence as they stand  
To fore the goddes this fair and? Wele  
Her humble seruant toke goodly by the hand  
As he to fore her mekely did? knele  
And? kyssed? hym after ful fillynge? euerydele  
From poynt to poynt in ful thryfte? wyse  
As ye to fory haue Venus herd? deuyse

Thus is this man to ioye and? al plesance  
From heynes and? from his paynes olde  
Ful reconcyled? and? hath ful suffisance  
Of her that euer ment Wel? and? Bold?  
That in good? faith and? I tel shold?  
The inward? mirthes did? her hertes brace  
\* For al my lyf to telle? it Were to lityl space

For he hath? Wonne hir that he loueth best  
And? she to grace hath take hym of pyte  
And? thus her hertes ben both set in rest  
Withoute chaunge or mutabilite  
And? Venus hath of her benygnyte  
Confermed? al? What shal I lenger tary  
These twayne in one and? neuer to vary



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That for the ioye in the temple aboute  
Of this accorde by grete solempnyte  
Was laude and honoure Within & Withoute  
Neare to Venus, and to the deyte  
Of godd Cupide, so that Calliope  
And al her susteren in her armonye \*  
Soon With songes the goddes did magnifye

And al attones With notes loud & sharp \*  
They did her honoure and her reuerence  
And Orpheus among them With his harp  
Can strynges touche With his diligence  
And Amphion that hath suche excellenc  
Of musyke ay dyde his besynes  
To please and queme Venus the goddesse.

Only for cause of the affynyte  
Get by these two not lusty to disseuere  
And euery louer of lolbe and hye degre  
Can Venus pray fro thens forth and euer  
That hool of them the loue may pseuere  
Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gome  
And more encrece that hit of hard was wome



And the goddess heyrng this request  
As she that knele the clene entencion  
Of bothe them theyne made a hihst  
Perpetuelly by confirmacion  
Whylis they lyue of one affection  
They shal endure ther is no more to sayne  
That neyther shal haue mater to complayne

So ferfurth euermore in our eternal see  
The goddess haue in our presence  
Fully deuyse d thurgh their deyte  
And hooly concluded by her Influence  
That by their myght and Juste prudence  
The loue of hem by grace and eke fortune  
With oute chaunge shal euermore contune

Of Whiche graunt the temple environ  
Thurgh hys comfort of them that were present  
Anon was begun With a melodyous solun  
In name of tho that trowth in leue ment  
A balade newbe in ful good entent  
To fore the goddess With notis londe and clere  
Synngng right this anon as ye shal here

\* Fairest of sterres that With your pleasant light  
And With the cheryng of your streames clere  
Causen in loue hertes to be light  
Only by chynnyng of your glady spere  
Now laboure and pryce O Venus lady dere  
Be to your name that haue Without synne  
This man fortunedy his lady for to Wymme

Willy planete O esperus so bright  
That Woful hertes can appease and stere  
And euer ar redy by your grace & might  
To helpe al tho that lye loue so dere  
And haue powder & rtis to sette on fyre  
Honour to you of al that ben here I me  
That haue this man his lady made to Wymme

\* O mighty goddesse day sterre after nyght  
Gladnyng the moze be whan ye don appere  
To boyde derknes by freshnes of your sight  
Only With twinklyng of your pleisant chere  
To you be thanke louers that ben here  
That ye this man and neuer for to Wymme  
Fortune haue his lady for to Wymme

+ And with the noyse an heuonly melodye  
With that they made in her armonye  
Thurgh out the temple for this mans sake  
Out of my slepe anon I dyde awake  
And for astonyed knele as tho no rede  
For soepry chaunge oppressed With drede  
Me thought I Was cast in a traunce  
So clene a way Was tho my remembrance  
Of alle my dreame Wherof gret thought & wo  
I had in herte and nyght What Was to doo  
For heuynes for that I had lost the sight  
Of her that I al the longe nyght  
Had dreamed of in myn aduision  
Wherof I made grette lamentacion  
The cause I had neuer in my lyf beforen  
Saw none so fair sith that I Was born  
For loue of Whom so as I can endyte  
I purpose here to make and to Wryte  
A lityl tretyse and processe make  
In pryce of Women only for her sake  
Them to comende as it is skyl and right  
For her godenes With al my myght  
Prayng to her that is so bounteuous



So ful of vertu and so gracious  
Of womanhede and merciful pyte  
This symple trefyse for to take in gre  
Tel I haue leizer vnto her hpe venou  
For to expound my forsaide vision  
And tel in playn the signefyaunce  
As it cometh to my remembraunce  
So that her after my lady may hit loke  
Now go thy way thou litil rude boke  
To her presence as I the comande  
And first of all thou me recomande  
Vnto hir and to her excellen  
And pray to hir hit be non offence  
If any word in the be myssaide  
Besechyng her she be not euyl a prido  
For as her list I wil the este correcte  
Whan that her liketh agensward the directe  
I mene that benygne and goodly of face  
Now go thy way and put the in her grace

Explicit the temple of glas.





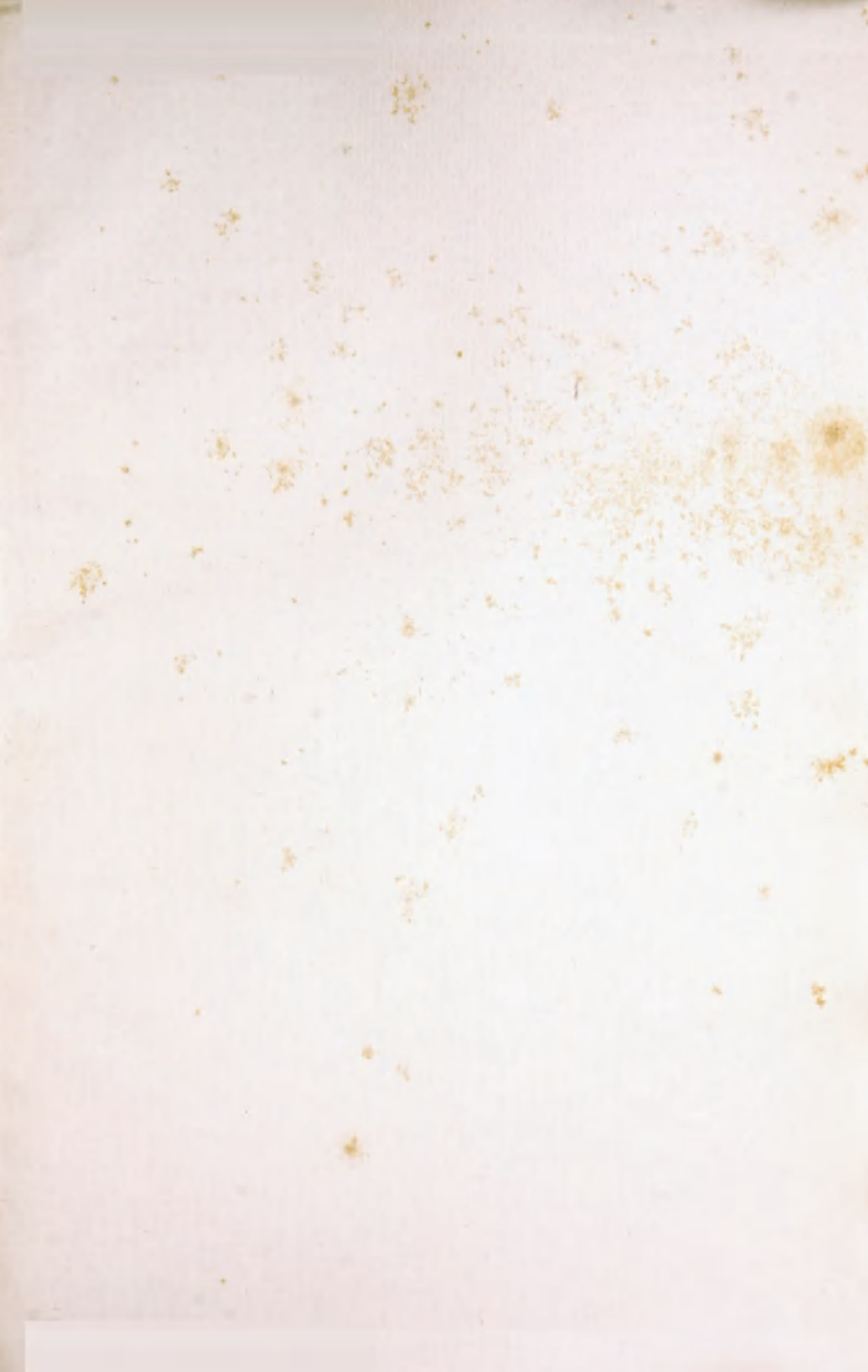






















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