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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TEMPLE OF GLASS ***

Transcriber's Note: As the characters used to display the, that and thou are not in unicode, they were replaced with the words that they represent. The character for per is found in unicode, but is rare, so it was also replaced by the phrase it represents. All other abbreviations are represented by the letters they were represented by in the original.

The Temple of Glass

by

John Lydgate

Printed at Westminster
by William Caxton about the year
1477

Cambridge
at the University Press
1905

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

.The temple of glas.

For thought constreynt & greuous heuynes
For pensifhed and high distres
To bed I went now this other nyght
Whan that lucina with hir pale light
Was Ioyned last with phebus in aquarye

Amyd decembre, whan of Ianuarye
Ther be kalendes of the new yere
And derk dyane horned and nothing clere
Had her beames vnder a mysty cloude
With in my bed for cold I gan me shroude
Al desolate for constraynt of my woo
The long nyght walowyng to and fro
Til at laste er I began take kepe
Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Rauysshed in spiryte in to a temple of glas
I nyste how fer in wildernes
That founded was as by liklynes
Not vpon stele, but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse y froze, and as I did approche
Agayn the sonne that shone so clere

As ony Cristal and euer ner and ner
As I cam nyghe this grisly dredful place
I wex astonyed, the light so in my face
Be gan to smyte, so persing euer in one
On euery part wher that I gan gone
That I ne might no thing as I wolde
Aboute me considere and beholde
The wonder estres for brightnes of the sonne
Til atte last certayn skyes donne
With wynde chaced han her cours y went
To fore the stremes of titan and y blent
So that I mighte with in and with oute
Wherso I wolde beholden me aboute
For to reporte the facōn and manere
Of all this place that was circuler
In compas wyse, round by entayle wrought
And whan I had longe gone and sought
I found a wicket and entred in as fast
In to the temple and myn eyen cast
On euery syde now lowe eft alofte
And right anon as I gan walken softe
Yf I the soth a right reporte shal
I sawe depeynted vpon a wal

From este to weste many a fair ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
Y 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 fleetyng 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 hestes and his othes sworn
And said alas that euer she was born
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And next I sawe the compleynt of Medee
How that she falsed was of Iason
And nygh by venus sawe I sitte atheon
And al the maner how the boor hym slough
For whom she wepte and had pyne ynough
Ther saw I also how that penelope

For she so longe her lord ne mighte see
Was of colour bothe pale and grene
And after next was the fresh quene
I mene alcest the noble trewe wyf
And for admete hou she lost her lif
And for her trouth yf I shal not lye
How she was turned in to a daysye
Ther was Grisildes Innocence
And al her mekenes and pacience
There was eke Isode & 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 slow amynd the hous
That was forwrynked by craft of dedalus
Whan he was in pryson shit in Crete
And how that philles felte of loues hete
The grete fyre of demophon allas
And for his falshed and for his trespas
Vpon the walles depeynt men might see
How she henge vpon a fylberd tree

And many a story moo than I rekene can
Were in the temple, and how that paris wan
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
And hou Achilles was for Policene
Y slayn vnwarly withyn Troye toun
Al this sawe I walkyng vp and down
Ther sawe I wreton eke the hole tale
How Philomene in to a nyghtyngale
Y torned was, and proigne vnto a swalowe
And how the sabyns in their maner halowe
The feste of lucesse yet in Rome toun
Ther saw 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 vnwarly 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 hou phebus with an arowe of golde
Y wounded was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the god Cupyde
And how that dyane vnto a laurer tre
Y torned was whan that she dide fle
And how that loue changed his cope
Only for loue of the fair Eurepe
And in to a hole, whan he did he sue
Liste of his godhed his fourme to transmue
And hou that he by transmutacion
The shap gan take of Amphitrion
For Alcumena so passing was of beaute
So was he hurt for al his deyte
With louys dart, and might it not escape
Ther sawe I also how mars was take
Of vulcanus and with venus founde
And with the cheynes Inuysible bounde
Ther was also al the poesye
Of hym Mercurye and al the philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Y wedded was to the god of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly did obeye
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye
And with her songe hou she was magnified
With Jubiter there to be stelled

And vppermore depeynt men might see
How with her ryng the goodly canace
Of euery fowle, the ley dons and songe
Coude vnderstond as she walked them among
And hou her brother so often holpen was
In his myschief, 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 goddess, of her woo and peyne
How they were hyndred som for enuye
And how the serpent of fals Ielousie
Ful many a louer hath put a back
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 tunges and fals suspēcōn
Withoute mercy or ony remissiōn
And other eke her seruyse spent in veyn
And of her lady were not loued ageyn
And other eke that for pouerte
Dursten in no wyse her grete aduersite
Discouere ne opene, lest they were refused

And sōme for wantyng also were accused
And other eke that loued secretly
And of her lady durst axe no mercy
Lest that she wolde of hym haue despyte
And sōme also that putten right grete wite
Ou double louers that loue thinges newe
Thurgh whos falsenes hyndred be the trewe
And sōm there were as hit is ofte founde
That for her lady many a bloody wounde
Endured hath in many a regyon
Whiles that an other hath had possession
Al of his lady and bereth a way the fruyt
Of his labour and of all his fuyt
And other compleyned of richesse
How he with tresour doth his besynesse
To wynne agaynst al kynde and right
Where as true louers haue force none ne might
And som ther were as maydyns yong of age
That pleyneeth so with pipyng & with rage
That were coupled agayn al nature
With coked elde that may not long endure
For to perfourme the lust of loues playe
For hit ne fit not vnto fressh maye

For to be coupled to olde Ianuarye
They be so dyuerse that they must varye
For elde is gruoching and malencolious
Ay ful of yre and suspēcious
And yongth entendeth to Ioye & lustynes
To mirth and play and to al gladnes
Allas that euer hit shold falle
So swete sugre y coupled be to galle
These yonge folke cryeden oft sithe
And praid venus her power to kythe
Vpon this myschief and shape remedye
And right anone I herde other crye
With sobbyng teres and pietous sowne
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constrayned in their yougthe
And in childhode as is ofte couthe
Y entrid were in to Religion
Or they had yeris of discreścōn
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 saw I wepe many a fair mayde

That on theyr frendes al the wyte thay layde
And other next I saw ther in grete rage
That they were maried in theyr tendre age
With oute fredom of fre election
Where loue hath selde domynacion
For loue at large and at liberte
Wolde frely chese and not with suche trete
And other saw I ful ofte wepe and wrynge
That they in men fonde suche varyynge
To loue a season whyle that beaulte flourith
And after by disdayn so vngoodly lourith
On her that whylom he callyd his lady dere
That was to hym so playsant and entier
But lust with fairnes is so ouer goon
That in her herte trouthe abideth noon
And sōme also I sawe in teres reyne
And pietously on god and kynde pleyne
That euer they wold on ony creature
So moche beaute passing be mesure

Sette on a woman to yeue occasion
A man, to loue to his confusion
And namely there, where he shal haue no grace
For with a loke forth by as he doth pace

Ful ofte falleth thurgh castyng of an eye
A man is wounded that he must nedis deye
That neuer peraunter after he shal her see
Why wil god don so grete a cruelte
To ony man, or to his creature
To make hym so mucche woo endure
For her, percas, whom he shal in no wyse
Reioyse neuer, but so forth in Iuyse
Lede his lif til that he be graue
For he ne durst of hir no mercy craue
And eke peraunter though he durst & wolde
He can not wite where he hir fynd sholde
I sawe ther eke, and therof had I couthe
That som were hyndred by couetyse & slougthe
And some also for their hastynes
And other eke for their rechelesnes
But altherlast as I walked and behelde
Beside pallas with her Cristal sheld
Tofore the statue of venus set on height
Ther kneled a lady in my sight
To fore the goddesse, whiche as the sonne
Passeth the sterris, and eke the stormys donne
And lucifer to voyde the nyghtes sorowe

In clerenes passeth erly the morowe
And so as maye hath the souereynte
Of euery moneth the fayrnes and beaute
And as the rose in swetnes and odour
Surmounted flouris, and baine of al licour
Hath the pryse, and as the rubye bright
Of al stonys in beaute and in sight
As it is knowe hath the Regalye
Right so this ladye with her goodly eye
And with the stremys of hir loke so bright
Surmounteth al thourgh beaute in my sight
That for to tel her grete semelines
Her womanhed her porte and her fairnes
Hit was a meruayle, how euer that nature
Cowde in her werkes make a creature
So angelyk so goodly on to see
So femynyn or passing of beaute
Whos sonnysh heer brighter than goldwire
Lyche phebus beames shynyng in his spyre
The goodlihed eke of her fresh face
So replenyshed of beaute and of grace
So wel ennewed by nature and depeynt
As Rose and lilyes to gyder were meynt

So egally by good proporcion
That as me tought by myn inspection
I gan meruaylle hou god or werk of kynde
Mighten of beaute suche a tresour fynde
To yeuen hir so passing excellence
For in good faith thurgh her hye presence
The temple was ensumyned enuyron
And forto speke of her condicion
She was the beste that might be on lyue
For ther was none that with her might stryue
To speke of bounte or of gentillesse
Of womanhede or of lowlynesse
Of curtoysie or of goodlihede
Of speche of chere or of semelihede
Of poort benigne or of daliaunce
The best taught and therto of playsaunce
She was the welle eke of honeste
An Examplair and mirrour eke was she
Of secretnes of trouthe of feithfulnes
And to alle other lady and maistres
To shewe vertu who so list to lere
And so this lady right humble of chere
Kneling I sawe, clad in grene and whyte

To fore venus goddesse of al delyte
Enbrowded al with stones and perre
So richely that Ioye it was to see
With sondry rolles on her garnement
For texpowne the trouth of her entent
To shewe fully that for her humblesse
And for her vertu and her stablenesse
That she was cote of al womanly playsance
Therefore her word withoute variance
Enbrowded was as men might see
De mieulx en mieulx 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 somewhat by her chere
For to compleyne she had grete desire
For in her hand she held a lityl bylle
For to declare the sume of al her wylle
And to the goddesse her quarel for to shewe
Theeffect of whiche was in wordes fewe

.The cople of the supplicacion.

O lady venus moder of cupyde
That in this world hast the gouernance
And hertes hie that hawteyn be by pryde
Enclynest mekely to thyn obeyssance
Causer of Ioye Relees of penance
And with thy stremes canst euery thing discern
Thurgh heuenly fire of loue that is eterne

O blesful sterre persaunt and ful of light
Of beames gladsom, 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
Frely to chese ther lack I liberte
And so I want of that myn herte wolde
The body is knyght, though my thought be fre
So that I muste of necessite
My hertes lyst outward contrarye
Though we be oon the dede muste varye

My worship sauf I faylle election
Agayn al right both of god and kynde
Therto be knyght vnder subiiection
For whens for both ar out of mynde
My thought goth furth my body is behynde
For I am here, and yond my remembrance
Betwene two so hange I in balance

Deuoyde of Ioye, of woo I haue plente
What I desire, that may I not possede
For that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue, for to sue I drede
To my desire contrary is my mede
And thus I stonde departed in tweyne
Of wyll and dede yplaced in a cheyne

For though I brenne with feruence & hete
Withyn myn herte I mote compleyne of colde
And by excesse though I swelte and swete
Me to compleyne god wote I am not bolde
Vnto no wight, ner one word vnfolde
Of al my peyne, allas the hard stounde
The hotter that I brenne, the colder is my wounde

For he that hath myn hert feythfully
And hool my loue in al honeste

Without chaunge al be hit secretly
I haue no space with hym for to be
O lady venus consider now and see
Vnto theeffecte and compleynt of my byll
Sith lyf and deth I put all in thy wyll

And tho me thought the goddes did enclyne
Mekely her hede and softly gan expresse
That in short tyme her torment shold fyne
And how of hym for whom al her distresse
Contynned had and al her heuynesse
She shold haue Ioye and of her purgatorye
Be holpen sone and so lyue forth in glorye

And said doughter for thy sad trouthe
Thy faithfull menyng and Innocence
That planted be with outen ony slouthe
In your persone deuoyed of al offence
So han they atteyned to our audience
That with our grace ye shal be wel releuyd
I you behete of al that hath you greuyd

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

And thinketh this with in a litil whyle
Hit shal aswage and ouer passen sone
For men by laysir passen many a myle
And ofte after a droppynge mone
The weder clereth, and whan the storme is done
The sonne shyneth in his spyer bright
And Ioye waketh whan woo is putto flight

Remembre eke how neuer yet no wight
Ne cam to worship with out som debate
And folke reioyse also more of light
That they with derknes were waped & mate
No mañs chañce is allewey fortunate
Ne no wight preyseth of sugre the swetnes
But they to fore haue tasted bitternes

Gryssyld was asayed atte full
That torned after to encrease of Ioye
Penolope gan eke for sorowes dulle
For that her lord abode so long at troye
Also the torment ther coude noman accoye
Of dorygene flour of al Bretaine
Thus euer Ioye is fyn and ende of payne

And trusteth this for conclusion
The ende of sorow is Ioye voyde of drede
For hoolly seyntes thurgh her passion
Haue heyn wonne by their souerain mede
And plente gladly foloweth after nede
And so my doughter after your greuaunce
I you behote ye shal haue ful plesaunce

For euer of loue the maner and the gyse
Is for to hurte his seruauant & to wounde
And whan he hath taught them his empryse
He can in Ioye make them to habounde
And sith that ye haue in my laas be bounde
With oute gruoching or rebellyon
Ye muste of night haue consolacion

This to sayne dolteth 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 chaunge fully til he sterue
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 wylle
Wherso you liste to saue hym or to spylle

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

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

And whan this goodly fair fressh of hue
Humble and benygne of trouth crop & rote
Conceyued had how venus gan to rewe
On her prayer plainly to do bote
To chaunge her bitter attones in to sote
She fyl on knees of high deuocion
And in this wyse began her orison

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

To you my lady vpholder of my lyf
Mekely I thanke so as I may suffise
That ye list now with herte ententyf
So graciously for me to deuyse
That whyle I lyue with humble sacrefise
Vpon your auters your fest yer by yer
I shal encence casten in to the fyre

For of your grace I am ful reconciled
From euery troble 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 barye 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 visitacion
So humble liste hym to conuerte
Fully to ben at my subiencion
With oute chaunge or transmutacion
Vnto his laste, now 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 & hest
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 doun
In to her lappe braunches whyte and grene
Of hawthorn that wenten enuyron
Aboute her heed that ioye was to sene
And had her kepe hem honestly and clene
Whiche shold not fade ne neuer wexe olde
Yf she her bidding kepe as she hath told

And as these vowes be bothe fair and swete
Folowe theffecte 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 kene
Nomore in wynter than in somer grene

Right so by ensample of wele or woo
For Ioye torment or for aduersite
Whether so fortune faouere, 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 low vnder your cheyne

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

Thus euer slepyng dremyng as I laye
Withyn the temple me thought I saye
Grete 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
Discriuen alle the rites and the guyse
And eke I wante connyng to deuyse
How some ther were with blood, encence & milk
And some with flouris sote & softe as silk
And some with sparowes & douues whyte
That for to offren gan hem delyte
Vnto the goddesse with sighe and prayer
Hem to relese 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 solitarye
That as me semed for heynes and dole
Hym to compleyne, that he walked so sole
With oute espyyng of ony other wight

And yf I shal diseryuen hym a right
Yf that he had not ben in heynes
Me thought he was, to speke of semelines
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 ther with al as I reherce can
Of face and chere the most gracyous
To be biloued happy and ewrous
Bur as it semed outward by his chere
That he complayned for lack of his desire
For by hym self as he walked vp and doun
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 beray homager
To god of loue, wher er I cam here

Felt in myn herte, nought of loues peyne
But now of newe, within hur firy 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 yonder
I sawe right now, that I had wonder
How euer god, for to rekene all
Might make a thing so celestiall
So angelike on erthe to appere
For with the stremes of her eyen clere
I am wounded euen to the hert
That fro the deth I may not astert
And most I meruayle that so sodeinly
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 sodeyn auenture
For sith my lif, my deth, and eke my cure
Is in her hand it wil not auaylle
To gruoche agayn, for of this bataylle
The palme is heris, and plainly the victorye
Yf I rebellid honour none ne glorye
I might not in ony wyse achyeue
Sith I am theolden, how shold I thenne preue
To renne a wey, I wote hit wil not be
Though I be loos, at large I may not fle
O god of loue how sharp is now thyn arowe

How mayst thou now so cruelly and so narowe
With oute cause hurte me and wounde
And takest none hede my sorowes to founde
But liche a birde that fleeth at her desire
Tyl sodeynly withyn the pantere
She is caught though late she was at large
Anewe tempest forcasteth now my barge
Now vp now down, with wynd it is so blowe
So am I possed and almost ouerthrowe
For dryue in derknes of many sondry wawe
Alas whan shal this tempest ouerdrawe
To clere the skyes of myn aduersite
The lode sterre whan that I ne may see
Hit is so hid with clowdes that be blake
Alas whan wyl this torment ouerslake
I can not wyte, for who is hurt of newe
And bledeth inward til he wex pale of hue
And hath his wound vnwarly fressh & grene
And hit is not couthe vnto the harmes kene
Of myghty cupyde that can so hertes daunte
That no man may in his warre hym vaunte
To gete a pryce but only by mekenes
For ther ne hayleth stryf ne sturdynes

So may I sayne that with a loke am yolde
And haue no power to stryue though I wolde
Thus stonde I euer betwix lif and deth
To loue and serue whyle I haue breth
In suche a place where I dar not pleyne
Liche hym that is in torment and in peyne
And knoweth not to whom to discure
For ther that I haue holly set my aire
I dar not wel for drede ne for daunger
And for vnknowen tellen how the fyre
Of loues bronde is kyndlid in my breste
Thus am I murdred and slayn atte leste
So priuely withyn my thought
O lady venus whom I haue sought
So wysse 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 lofte

But drede and daunger hard & nothyng softe
Hath ouerthrowe my trust and put a doun
Now at my large, now fetred in prisoun
Now in torment, now in souerayn glorye
Now in paradyse and now in purgatorye
As man dispayred in a double were
Born vp with hope, and theñe anon daunger
Me draweth aback, and saith it shal not be
For where as I of myne aduersite
Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
Thenne cometh dispair & gynneth me to lere
A newe lesson to hope ful the contrary
They be so diuerse they wil do me varye
And thus I stand dismayed in a traunce
For whan 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 nothing to wyte
For but yf she my constreynt plainly knewe
How shold she euer, on my peynes rue

Thus oft tyme with hope I am meuyd
To tel her all, how I am greuyd
And to be hardy on me for to take
To axe mercy, but drede doth me theñe awake
And than wanhop answerth 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 bold and prayen her of grace
And fith alle vertues be portreyd in her face
Hit were not sitting, 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
Be cause he saith that stonyeth al my blood
I am so symple and she is so good
Thus hope & drede in me wyl not sece
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 doñ styl as ony stone
To fore the goddesse I wil me haste anoñ
And compleyne with oute more sermoñ

Though deth 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 doun 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 Citherea
That with the stremys of thy playsaunt hete
Gladest the mounte of al Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bright beames ben wesshen and wete
In the ryuer of Elycon the welle
Haue now pyte of that I shal you telle

And not desdayne ye of your benygnyte
My mortal woo O lady myn goddesse
Of grace and bounte & merciful pyte
Benygnely 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 sercled 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 brought in to this maladye
Be ye gracyous and shape ye remedye

For in you hoolly lieth help of al this caas
And knowe best my sorow and al my peyne
For drede of deth, how I ne dar allas
To aren mercy ones, ne me compleyne
Now with your fyre her hert so constrayne
With oute more, or I deye atte leste
That she may witte what is my request

How I no thyng in al this world desire
But for to serur fully to myn ende
That goodly freshe so womanly of chere
Without chaunge whyle I haue lyf & mynde
And that ye wold suche grace sende
Of my seruyse that she not disdeyne
Sithen her to serue I may not me restreyne

And sith that hope me hath yeue 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 vowed fully in myn mynde
To ben her man, though I no mercy fynde

For in my hert emprynted is so sore
Her shap her forme & al her semelynes
Her porte her chere, her godenes more & more
Her womanhed and eke her gentiles
Her trouth, her faith and her kyndnes
With alle vertues eche set in her degre
Ther is no lack, sauynge only of pyte

Her sad demenyng of wyl not variable
Of loke benygne, and rote of al plesance
And exemplayre to alle that wyl be stable
Discrete prudent of wisdom suffisance
Mirrour of witte ground of gouernance
A world of beaute compassed in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh my hert race

And ouer this wonder secrete and true
A wel of fredome and right bounteous
And euer encrecyng in vertu new & newe
Of speche goodly, and wonder gracyous
Deuyd of pryde, to poure not despytous
And yf that I shortly shal not feyne
Saue vpon mercy I no thing compleyne

What wonder thenne, though I be with drede
Inly supprised for to axen grace
Of her that is quene of womanhede
For wel I wote in so high a place
Hit wil not be, therefore I ouer pace
And take lowly what wo I endure
Til she of pyte me take to her cure

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

To ben as trewe as euer was antonyus
To cleopatre whyle hym lasteth breth
Or vnto thesbe yong Pirus

That was faithful found, til them deþtid deth
Right so shal I til Antropos me sleth
For whele 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 kene
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

Now lady venus to whom nothing vnknowe
Is in the world hid, ne nought may be
For ther nys thing nether hye ne lowe
May be conceyled from your pryuate
Fro whom my menyng is not now secret
But wite fully that myn entent is true
And liche my trouthe now on my peyne rue

For more of grace than of presumpcion
I axe mercy, and no thing of dute
Of lowly humbles, with oute offencion
That ye enclyne of your benygnyte
Your audience vnto my humylyte
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle
Sum day relees yet of my peynes alle

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

That liche as she me hurte with a sight
Right so with helth late me hur sustene
And as the stremes of her eyen bright
Whylom my hert with woundes sharp & kene
Thurgh persed haue and yet be fresh & grene
So as she me hurte, lete 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 sore
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 theeffect of my mater fynal
With deth or mercy relees for to fynde
For hert body thought lyf lust and al
With al my reson and al my ful mynde
And fyue wittes of on assent I bynde
To her seruyse with oute ony stryf
And make her pryncesse of my deth or lyf

And now I pray of routh and eke pyte
O goodly planet, O lady venus bright
That ye your sone of his deyte
Cupide I mene that with his dredful myght
And with his brond that is so clere of light
Her herte so to fyre and to marke
As ye me whylem brent with a sparke

That euenlich 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 swelte
For of pyte plainly yf she felte
The self hete that doth myn hert embrace
I hope of routh she will do me grace

And ther with al bemis as me thought

Towards this man ful benyngely
Gan cast her eye, like as that she rought
Of his disease, and said ful goodly
Sith it is so, that thou so humbly
With out gruachyng our hestes liste obeye
Toward thyn help I wil anon pourueye

And eke my sone Cupyde that is so blynde
He shal be helpyng fully to performe
Your hool desire, that nothing be behynde
Ne shal be lefte, so we shal reforme
This pietous cōpleynt, that maketh the to morne
That she for whom thau sorowest most in hert
Shal thurgh hur mercy relece al thy smert

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

But vnderstande ye that al her cherising
Shal be grounded vpon honeste
That no wight shal by ony compacyng
Demen amys of hur in no degre
For neyther mercy, couth ner pyte
She shal not haue ne take of the non hede
Further than longeth vnto her womanhede

Be not astonyed of no wilfulnes
Ne not despeyred of this dissolucion
Late reson bridle lust by buxumnes
Without gruochyng or rebellyon
For ioye shal folowe al this passion
For who can suffre torment and endure
Ne 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 enspire in her brest
In honest wyse with ful entencion
For tenclyne by clene affection
Her hert fully on the to haue routhe
Be cause I knowe that thou menest trouthe

Go now to hir where as she stant a syde
With humble chere, and put the in her grace
And al befor lete hope be thy guyde
And though that drede wold with the pace
Hit sitteth wel, but loke that thou arace
Out of thyn hert wanhop and despeire
To her presence er thou haue repeer

And mercy first shal thy way make
And honest menyng afore do thy message
To make pyte in her herte awake
And secretnes to further thy viage
With humble porte 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 nede
For atte lest of her goodly hede
She shal to the her audience enclyne
And lowe the to her til thou thy tale fyne

For wel thou wost yf I shal not feyne
Withoute speche thou maist no mercy haue
For who that wil of his pryue peyne
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 reklees
To seche help I holde hym a wrecche
And she ne may thyn hert bryng in pees
But yf thy compleynt to hir hert strecche
Woldest thou be cured & wilt no salue fecche
Hit wil not be, for no wight may atteyne
To come to blys, yf he list lyue in peyne

Therefore attones go forth in humble wyse
To fore thy lady and lowly knele a doun
And in al trouthe thy wordes so deuysel
That she on the haue compassion
For she that is of so hye renoun
In al vertues as quene and souerayn
Of womanhed shal rue on thy payn

And whan 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 supprised in his owne thought

Makyng chere as though he rought 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 peyne
Vnto his lady, other to compleyne
What woo he felt torment or disese
What dedely sorow his hert dide sese
For couth 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 weymentacion
That vnnethe, though I with my self stryue
I want connyng his peynes to discryue
Allas to whom shal I for help calle
Not to the muses for cause they ben alle
Help of right in loye and not in woo
And in matiers that they delite also
Wherfore they nyl as now directe my style
Nor me enspiren Alas the hard whyle
I can no further but to the siphon
And to her suster to calle help vpon
That be goddesses of torment and peyne
Nowe lete your teris in to myn Inke reyne

With woful wordes my paper for to blotte
This woful mater not to peynt, but spotte
To tel the maner of this dredeful man
Vpon his complaynt whan he first began
To tel his lady whan he gan declare
His hid sorowis, and his euel fare
That at his herte constreyned so sore
Theffect of whiche was this withoute more

Prynccesse of yougth & flour of gentillesse
Ensample of vertu ground of curtesye
Of beaute rote quene and eke maistres
To alle women how they shal hem gye
And sothfast mirrour texemplifye
The right way of port and of womanhede
What I shal saye, of mercy take ye hede
Besechyng first vnto your hye nobles
With quakyng hert of my Inward drede
Of grace and pyte & not of right wysnes
Of verrey couthe to help in this nede
This is to say O wel of goodlyhede
That I ne rekke though ye do me deye
So ye list first to heven what I seye

The dredeful stroke the gret force and might
Of god cupide that noman may rebelle
So inwardly thurgh out myn hert right
Y perced hath that I ne may councele
Myn hid wound ne I ne may apele

Vnto no gretter, this mighty god so faste
You to serue hath me bound vnto my laste

That hert and all with out stryf ar yolde
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 withoute chaunge anone
To your seruyse and neuer for to fayne
Wherso euer ye list to do me ease or payne

So that I can no thing but mercy crye
Of you my lady, and chaunge for no newe
That ye list godely to fore er that I dye
Of verray couthe vpon my paynes rue
For by my trouthe, and ye my peynes knewe
What is the cause of myne aduersite
On myn disese ye wolde haue pyte

For vnto you trewe and eke secre
I wil be founde to serue 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 sleuth
Whylis that I lyue, by god & by my trouth

For leuer I had to deyen sodenly
Than you offende in any maner wyse
And suffre paynes inward priuely
Than my seruyse as now ye shold dispysse
For I right neught wil axe in no wyse
But for your seruaunt ye wold 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 leve
You for to plese, and therwith al that ye
Whan I do mys, list for to teche me
In your seruyse hou that I may amende
From hensforth and neuer you offende

For vnto me it doth ynowh suffyse
That for your man ye wold me resseyue
Fully to ben as you lyst deuyse
And as ferforth as my wittes can conceyue
And therwith al liche as ye preue
That I be true, to guerdone me of grace
Or ellis to punyssh after my trespace

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 peyne
That I may deyen after my beheste
This is al and som the fyn of my request
Outher with mercy your seruaunt to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

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

And humbly she began her eyen caste
Towardes hym of hir benygnyte
So that no word by her lippes past
For hast nor drede mercy ne pyte
For so demened she was in honeste
That vnadused no thing fro her stert
So moche of reson was compassed in her hert

Til atte last of whiche she did abreyd
Whan she is trouthe and menyng did fele
And vnto hym ful goodly spack and seyde

Of your behest and your menyng wele
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
Only in vertu y bridled vnder drede
Ye must of right nedis face 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 drownd vnder her dredeful charge
Her lyste tobbeye withoute variaunce
But for my parte so hit be pleasaunce
Vnto the goddesse for trouth in your emprise
I you accepte fully to my seruyse

For she my herte hath in subiexion
Whiche hoolly is youre & neuer shal repente
In thought ner dede in myn election
Witnes on venus that knoweth myn entent
Fully tobeye hir dome and Iugement
So as hir liste disposen and ordeyne
Right as she knoweth the trouth of vs tweyne

For vnto the tyme that venus list prouyde
To shape away for our hertis ease
Bothe ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gree, and not of our disease
To grucche agayn til that she list tappease
Our hid woo so Iuly that constreyneth
From day to day and our hertis peyneth

For in abidyng of woo and al affraye
Who so can suffre is founden remedye
And for the beste ful ofte is made delaye
Er men be heled of their maladye
Wherfore as venus list this mater to gye
Leet vs agree, 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 relece louers of her peyn
To turne fully her bitter in to swete
Now blisful goddes doun fro thy sterry sete
Vs to fortune cast your stremes shene
Lyke as ye knowe, that we trouth mene

And ther with al as I myn eyen caste
For to perceyue the maner of these tweyne
To fore the goddesse mekely as they paste
Me thought I saw with a goldyn cheyne
Venus, anon enbrace and constreyne
Her bothe hertes in one, for to perseuere
Whilis that they lyue, and neuer to disseuere

Seyng right thus with a benygne chere
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 womanhede
Hym to cherisshe, hit sitteth you right wele
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and drede
Amyd my cheyne that forged is of stele
Ye must of mercy shape that he fele
In yow som grace of his long seruyse
And that in hast lik as I shal deuyse

This is to sayn that ye taken hede

Hou he to you most faithful is and true
Ofal your seruauntes, & nothing for his mede
Of you ne asketh, but ye on hym rue
For he vowed hath to change for no newe
For lyf ne deth, for ioie ne for peyne
Ay to be youris, so as ye list ordeyne

Wherfore ye muste or els it were wrong
Vnto 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 silf recorden cruelte
In your persone, and gret lack of pyte

Late hym for his trouth fynde than agayn
For long seruyse, guerdon hym with grace
And late ye pyte weye doun his payn
For tyme is now daunger to arace
Out of your hert, and mercy in to pace
And loue for loue world wel beseme
To yeue agayn and this I plainly deme

And as for hym I wil ben his borowe
Of lowlihede and besy attendance
How he shal be bothe eue and morowe
Ful diligent to doon his obseruance
And euer awaytyng, you to do playsance
Wherfore my sone, listen and take hede
Fully tobeye, as I shal the rede

And first of all my will is that thou be
Feithful in hert and constant as a wal
True humble, meke and therwith al secre
With out change in partie or in all
And for no torment that the fallen shal
Tempest the not, but euer in stedfastnes
Rote thyn herte, and wyde 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 vndertake
Hem to defende whether they slept or wake
And ay be redy to holden them party
Ayenst 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 relece of her peyn
Sith thou art one, & of no wight haue disdeyn
For loue hath power hertes for to daunte
And neuer for cherising, the to mucche auaunte

Be lusty eke voyd of all tristesse
And take no thought but euer be iocound
And not to pensif for none heuynes
And with thy gladnes, lete sadnes ay be found
Whan woo approached, lete mirth most habound
As manhod ayid, and though thou fele smert
Late not to many knowen of thyn hert

And alle vertues besily thou sue
Vices eschewe for the loue of one
And for no tales thyn hert not renewe
Word is but wynd that shal soon ouergoon
What euer thou here be domb as ony stoon
And to answeere to sone, not the delyte
For here she standeth that al this shal the quyte

And wherther thou be absent or in presence
None others beawte lete in thy hert myne
Sith I haue yeue hir of beaute excellence
Aboue al other in vertu for to shyne
And thynke hou in fyre men ar wont to fyne
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 lyurs ioye and al thy suffisance
So that good hope alway thy bridel lede
Lete no dispeir hyndre the with drede
But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde
Sith none but she may thy sorowe sounde

Eche hour and tyme. weke. day and yere
Be lich faithful and vary not for lyte
Abyde a whyle 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 womanhede

Thinke hou she is this worldis sonne & light
The sterre of beaute the flour eke of fairnes
Both crop and robe and eke the rubye bright
Hertes to glade, y troubled with derknes
And hou I haue made her, thin hertes Empresse
Be glad therfore to be vnder her bond
Now come ner doughter & take him by the hond

Vnto this syn that aftir alle these shouris
Of his torment he may be glad and light
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be youris
For euermore anon here in my sight
And eke I wil also as hit is right
Without more his langour for to lysse
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 bothe 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 assuraunce
The knot is knyt, that may not be vnbounde
That alle the goddes of this aliaunce
Satorne. Joue. and Mars as it is founde
And eke Cypyde that first did you wounde
Shal bere record, and ouermore bewreke
On whiche of yow, his trouth first breke

So that by aspectes of their fair lokis
Withoute mercy shal fal the vengeance
For to be raced clene out of my bokis
On whiche of you be found of variance
Therefore attones setteth your plesance
Fully to ben whyle ye haue lyf and mynde
Of one acorde vnto your lyues ende

That yf the spiryte of newfanglenes
In ony wyse your hertes wold assaylle
To meue or styre to brynge in doublenes
Vpon your trouth to gyuen a bataylle
Lete not your corage ne your force faylle
Nor none assaultes you flitten or remeue
For vnassayed no man may trouth preue

For whyte is whitter yf it be set by black
And swete is swetter after bitternes
And falshed euer is dryue and put a back
Where trouthe is roted with doblenes
Without preue ther may be no sekernes
Of loue or hate and therfore of you two
Shal loue be more, for hit was bought with woo

And euery thing is had more in deynte
And more of pris whan it is dere bought
And eke loue stondesth more in sewrte
Whan it is to fore with payne woo & thought
Conquerd was first whan hit was sought
And euery conquest hath his excellence

In his poursute as it fyndeth resistance

And so to you more sote and agreable
Shal loue be found I do you plainly assure
Without grucchyng that ye were suffrable
So lowe so meke paciently to endure
That al attones I shal do now my cure
For now and euer 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 euer, and I wil for his sake
Of trouth to you be bounde and vndertake

And so forth within presence as they stand
To fore the goddes this fair and wele
Her humble seruant toke goodly by the hond
As he to fore her, mekely did knele
And kyssed hym after fulfillyng eueridele
From poynt to poynt in ful thryfty wyse
As ye to forn haue venus herd deuyse

Thus is this man to ioye and al plesance
From heuynes and from his peynes olde
Ful reconcyled, and hath ful suffisance
Of her that euer ment wel, and wold
That in good faith and I tel shold
The inward mirthes did her hertis 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 tweyne in one and neuer to vary

That for the ioye in the temple aboute
Of this acorde by grete solempnyte
Was laude and honour within & withoute
Yeue to venus, and to the deyte
Of god cupide, so that Caliope
And al her sustren in her armonye
Soon with songes the goddes did magnifye

And al attones with notes loud & sharp
They did her honour and her reuerence
And Orpheus among them with his harp
Gan strynges touche with his diligence
And Amphion that hath suche excellence
Of musyke ay dyde his besynes
To plese and queme venus the goddessse

Only for cause of the affinyte
Betwix these two not lusty to disseuere
And euery louer of lowe and hye degre
Gan venus pray fro thens forth and euer
That hool of them the loue may perseuere
Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gonne
And more encrece that hit of hard was wonne

And the goddes heryng this request
As she that knewe the clene entencion
Of bothe them tweyne made a bihest
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 goddes haue in our presence
Fully deuysed thurgh their deyte
And hooly concluded by her Influence

That by thair myght and luste prudence
The loue of hem by grace and eke fortune
With oute chaunge shal euermore contune

Of whiche graunt the temple enuiron
Thurgh hie comfort of them that were present
Anon was begun with a melodyous sowun
In name of tho that trouth in loue ment
A balade newe in ful good entent
To fore the goddes with notis londe and clere
Syngyng right this anon as ye shal here

Fayrest of sterres that with your persant light
And with the cherysyng of your stremes clere
Causen in loue hertes to be light
Only by shynyng of your glad spere
Now lawde and pryce O venus lady dere
Be to your name that haue without synne
This man fortunad his lady for to wynne

Willy planete O esperus so bright
That woful hertes can appese and stere
And euer ar redy by your grace & might
To helpe al tho that bye loue so dere
And haue power hertis to sette on fyre
Honour to you of al that ben here Inne
That haue this man his lady made to wynne

O mighty goddesse day sterre after nyght
Gladyng the morowe whan ye don appere
To wyde derknes by freshnes of your sight
Only with twinkyng of your plesaunt chere
To you we thanke louers that ben here
That ye this man and neuer for to twynne
Fortune haue, his lady for to wynne

And with the noyse an heuenly 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 knewe as tho no rede
For sodeyn chaunge oppressed with drede
Me thought I was cast in a traunce
So clene away was tho my remembrance
Of alle my drede, wherof gret thought & wo
I had in herte and nyst what was to doo
For heuynes for that I had lost the sight
Of her that I al the longe nyght
Had dremed of in myn aduision
Wherof I made grete lamentacion
Be cause I had neuer in my lyf befor
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 trefyse and processe make
In pryce of women only for her sake
Hem to comence 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 gracyeus
Of womanhede and mercyful pyte
This symple trefyse for to take in gre
Til I haue leyzer vnto her hie renoun
For to expound my forsaid visioun
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 excellence
And pray to hir, hit be non offence
Yf ony word in the be myssaid
Besechyng her, she be not euyl a paid
For as her list I wil the efte correcte
Whan that her liketh ageinward 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.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TEMPLE OF GLASS ***

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