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Title: The Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman, Volume 2

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Editor: Thomas Wright

Release date: September 7, 2013 [EBook #43661]

Language: English

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PLOUGHMAN, VOLUME 2 \*\*\*

Transcriber's note: A few obvious typographical errors have been corrected. They appear in the text like this, and the explanation will appear when the mouse pointer is moved over the marked passage.

In this edition line numbers are displayed on every tenth line—in the printed work they were synchronised to the pagination, with sometimes only one number per page. Lines marked = were printed AND COUNTED as two lines.

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THE VISION AND CREED

OF

PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

EDITED,

FROM A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT,

WITH A HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,

NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY,

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:  
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND.  
1887.



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*Passus Decimus Quartus, etc.*

"**H**AVE but oon hool hater," quod Haukyn; 8900  
 "I am the lasse to blame,  
 Though it be soiled and selde clene:  
 I slepe therinne o nyghtes.  
 And also I have an houswif,  
 Hewen and children,—  
*Uxorem duxi, et ideo non possum venire.*—  
 That wollen by-molen it many tyme,  
 Maugree my chekes.  
 It hath be laved in Lente  
 And out of Lente bothe, 8910  
 With the sope of siknesse,  
 That seketh wonder depe,  
 And with the losse of catel,  
 Looth for to a-gulte  
 God of any good man,  
 By aught that I wiste;  
 And was shryven of the preest  
 That gaf me for my synnes  
 To penaunce pacience  
 And povere men to fede, 8920  
 Al for coveitise of my cristendom  
 In clenness to kepen it.  
 And kouthe I nevere, by Crist!  
 Kepen it clene an heure,  
 That I ne soiled it with sighte  
 Or som ydel speche,  
 Or thorough werk, or thorough word,  
 Or wille of myn herte,  
 That I ne flobre it foule  
 Fro morwe til even." 8930

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"And I shal kenne thee," quod Conscience,  
 "Of contricion to make  
 That shal clawe thi cote  
 Of alle kynnes filthe.  
*Cordis contritio, etc.*  
 Do-wel shal wasshen and wryngen it  
 Thorough a wis confessour.  
*Oris confessio, etc.*  
 Do-bet shal beten it and bouken it  
 As bright as any scarlet, 8940  
 And engreyven it with good wille  
 And Goddes grace to amende the,  
 And sithen sende thee to satisfaccion  
 For to sowen it after.  
*Satisfactio Do-best.*

"Shal nevere cheeste by-molen it,  
 Ne mothe after biten it,  
 Ne fend ne fals man  
 Defoulen it in thi lyve.  
 Shal noon heraud ne harpour 8950  
 Have a fairer garnement  
 Than Haukyn the actif man,

And thow do by my techyng;  
Ne no mynstrall be moore worth  
Amonges povere and riche,  
Than Haukyns wif the wafrer,  
With his *activa vita*."

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"And I shal purveie thee paast," quod Pacience,  
"Though no plough eryl,  
And flour to fede folk with 8960  
As best be for the soule,  
Though nevere greyn growed,  
Ne grape upon vyne.  
To alle that lyveth and loketh  
Liflode wolde I fynde,  
And that y-nogh shal noon faille  
Of thyng that hem nedeth,  
We sholde noght be to bisy  
Abouten oure liflode,"  
*Ne solliciti sitis, etc. Volucres cœli* 8970  
*Deus pascit, etc. Patientes*  
*vincunt.*

Thanne laughed Haukyn a litel,  
And lightly gan swerye,  
"Who so leveth yow, by oure Lord!  
I leve noght he be blessed."

"No," quod Pacience paciently;  
And out of his poke hente  
Vitailles of grete vertues 8980  
For alle manere beestes,  
And seide, "Lo here liflode y-nogh!  
If oure bileve be trewe.  
For lent nevere was lif,  
But liflode were shapen,  
Wher-of or wher-fore  
Or wher-by to libbe.

"First the wilde worm  
Under weet erthe,  
Fissh to lyve in the flood, 8990  
And in the fir the cricket,  
The corlew by kynde of the eyr  
Moost clenest flessh of briddes,  
And bestes by gras and by greyn  
And by grene rootes,  
In menyngge that alle men  
Myghte the same  
Lyve thorough leel bileve  
And love, as God witnesseth."  
*Quodcunque petieritis a patre in*  
*nomine meo, etc. Et alibi:* 9000  
*Non in solo pane vivit homo,*  
*sed in omni verbo quod procedit*  
*de ore Dei.*

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But I lokede what liflode it was  
That Pacience so preisede;  
And thanne was it a pece of the pater-noster,  
*Fiat voluntas tua.*

"Have, Haukyn," quod Pacience,  
"And et this whan the hungreth,  
Or whan thow clomsest for cold, 9010  
Or clyngest for drye;  
Shul nevere gyves thee greve,  
Ne gret lordes wrathe,  
Prison ne peyne;  
For *patientes vincunt.*  
By so that thow be sobre  
Of sighte and of tonge,  
In etyngge and in handlyngge,  
And in alle thi fyve wittes,  
Darstow nevere care for corn, 9020  
Ne lynnyn cloth ne wollen,  
Ne for drynke, ne deeth drede,

But deye as God liketh,  
 Or thorough hunger or thorough hete, {277}  
 At his wille be it.  
 For if thow lyve after his loore,  
 The shorter lif the bettre.  
*Si quis amat Christum,*  
*Mundum non diligit istum.*

"For thorough his breeth beestes woxen 9030  
 And a-brood yeden.  
*Dixit et facta sunt, etc.*  
*Ergo* thorough his breeth mowen  
 Men and beestes lyven,  
 As holy writ witnesseth,  
 Whan men seye hir graces.  
*Aperis tu manum tuam, et imples*  
*omne animal benedictione.*

"It is founden that **fourty wynter** 9040  
 Folk lyvede withouten tulying;  
 And out of the flynt sprong the flood  
 That folk and beestes dronken;  
 And in Elyes tyme  
 Hevene was y-closed,  
 That no reyn ne roon;  
 Thus rede men in bokes 9046  
 That many wyntres men lyveden,  
 And no mete ne tulieden.

"**Sevene slepe**, as seith the book,  
 Sevene hundred wynter,  
 And lyveden withouten liflode,  
 And at the laste thei woken.  
 And if men lyvede as mesure wolde,  
 Sholde nevere moore be defaute  
 Amonges cristene creatures,  
 If Cristes wordes ben trewe.

"Ac unkyndenesse *caristiam* maketh 9056  
 Amonges cristen peple;  
 And over plentee maketh pryde {278}  
 Amonges poore and riche.  
 Therefore mesure is muche worth, 9060  
 It may noght be to deere;  
 For the meschief and the meschaunce  
 Amonges men of Sodome,  
 Weex thorough plentee of payn,  
 And of pure sleuthe.  
*Otiositas et abundantia panis peccatum*  
*turpissimum nutrit.*

For thei mesured noght hemself  
 Of that thei ete and dronke,  
 Thei diden dedly synne 9070  
 That the devel liked,  
 So vengeaunce fil upon hem  
 For hir vile synnes;  
 Thei sonken into helle,  
 The citees echone.

"For-thi mesure we us wel,  
 And make oure feith oure sheltrom;  
 And thorough feith cometh contricion,  
 Conscience woot wel,  
 Which dryveth away dedly synne, 9080  
 And dooth it to be venial.  
 And though a man myghte noght speke,  
 Contricion myghte hym save,  
 And brynge his soule to blisse;  
 For so that feith bere witnesse,  
 That whiles he lyvede, he bilevede  
 In the loore of the holy chirche.  
*Ergo* contricion, feith, and conscience  
 Is kyndeliche Do-wel,  
 And surgiens for dedly synnes 9090  
 Whan shrift of mouthe failleth. {279}

Ac shrift of mouth moore worthi is,  
If man be y-liche contrit;  
For shrift of mouthe sleeth synne,  
Be it never so dedly.  
*Per confessionem* to a preest  
*Peccata occiduntur.*

"Ther contricion dooth but dryveth it down  
Into a venial synne,  
As David seith in the Sauter, 9100  
*Et quorum tecta sunt peccata;*  
Ac satisfaccion seketh out the roote,  
And bothe sleeth and voideth,  
An as it nevere hadde y-be  
To noghte bryngeth dedly synne,  
That it nevere eft is sene ne soor,  
But semeth a wounde y-heeled."

"Where wonyeth Charité?" quod Haukyn,  
"I wiste nevere in my lyve  
Man that with hym spak, 9110  
As wide as I have passed."

"Ther parfit truthe and poore herte is,  
And pacience of tonge,  
Ther is Charité the chief chaumbrere  
For God hymselfe."

"Wheither paciente poverte," quod Haukyn,  
"Be moore plesaunt to our Drighte  
Than richesse rightfulliche wonne,  
And resonably despended?"

"Ye, *quis est ille?*" quod Pacience; 9120  
"Quik *laudabimus eum.*

Though men rede of richesse {280}  
Right to the worldes ende,

I wiste nevere renk that riche was,  
That whan he rekene sholde,  
Whan he drogh to his deeth day,  
That he ne dredde hym soore,  
And that at the rekenyng in arrerage fel  
Rather than out of dette.  
Ther the poore dar plede, 9130  
And preve by pure reson,

To have allowance of his lord,  
By the lawe he it cleymeth;  
Joye, that nevere joye hadde,  
Of rightful jugge he asketh,  
And seith 'Lo! briddes and beestes  
That no blisse ne knoweth,  
And wilde wormes in wodes,  
Thorugh wyntres thow hem grevest;  
And makest hem wel neigh meke, 9140  
And mylde for defaute;  
And after thow sendest hem somer,  
That is hir sovereyn joye,  
And blisse to alle that ben,  
Bothe wilde and tame.'

"Thanne may beggeris as beestes  
After boote waiten,  
That al hir lif han lyved  
In langour and in defaute,  
But God sente hem som tyme 9150  
Som manere joye

Outher here or ellis where,  
Kynde wolde it nevere;  
For to wrotherhele was he wroght  
That nevere was joye shapen. {281}

Aungeles that in helle now ben  
Hadden joye som tyme;  
And Dives in the deyntees lyvede,  
And in *douce vie.*  
Right so reson sheweth 9160  
That the men that were riche,

And hir makes also,  
Lyvede hir lif in murthe.

"Ac God is of wonder wille,  
By that kynde wit sheweth,  
To gyve many man his mede  
Er he it have deserved.  
Right so fareth God by some riche,  
Ruthe me it thynketh;  
For thei han hir hire heer, 9170  
And hevene, as it were,  
And greet likyng to lyve  
Withouten labour of bodye:  
And whan he dyeth, ben disalowed,  
As David seith in the Sauter:

*Dormierunt, et nihil invenerunt.*  
And in another stede also:  
*Velut somnium surgentium, Domine,  
in civitate tua, et ad nihilum  
rediges, etc.* 9180

"Allas! that richesse shal reve  
And robbe mannes soule  
From the love of oure Lord,  
At his laste ende.

"Hewen, that han hir hire afore,  
Arn evere moore nedy;  
And selden deyeth he out of dette,  
That dyneth er he deserve it,  
And til he have doon his devoir 9190 {282}  
And his dayes journée.  
For whan a werkman hath wroght,  
Than many men se the sothe  
What he were worthi for his werk,  
And what he hath deserved;  
And noght to fonge bifore,  
For drede of disalowying.

"So I seye by yow riche,  
It semeth noght that ye shulle  
Have hevene in youre here dwellyng,  
And hevene also therafter; 9200  
Right so as a servaunt taketh his salarie bifore,  
And siththe wolde clayme moore,  
As he that noon hadde,  
And hath hire at the laste.  
It may noght be, ye riche men,  
Or Mathew on God lyeth:  
*Væ! deliciis ad delicias difficile est  
transire.*

"Ac if ye riche have ruthe,  
And rewarde wel the poore, 9210  
And lyven as lawe techeth,  
And doon leauté to hem alle,  
Crist of his curteisie  
Shal conforte yow at the laste,  
And rewarden alle double richesse  
That rewful hertes habbeth.

And as an hyne that hadde  
His hire er he bigonne,  
And whan he hath doon his devoir wel  
Men dooth hym oother bountee, 9220  
Gyveth hym a cote above his covaunt,  
Right so Crist gyveth hevene {283}  
Bothe to riche and to noght riche  
That rewfulliche libbeth;  
And alle that doon hir devoir wel  
Han double hire for hir travaille,  
Here forgifnesse of hir synnes,  
And hevene blisse after.

"Ac it is but selde y-seien,  
As by holy seintes bokes, 9230  
That God rewarded double reste

To any riche wye.  
For muche murthe is amonges riche,  
As in mete and clothyng;  
And muche murthe in May is  
Amonges wilde beestes,  
And so forth while somer lasteth  
Hir solace dureth.

"Ac beggeris aboute Midsomer  
Bred-lees thei slepe.  
And yet is wynter for hem worse,  
For weet shoed thei gone,  
A-furst soore and a-fyngred,  
And foule y-rebuked, 9244  
And a-rated of riche men  
That ruthe is to here.

Now, Lord, sende hem somer,  
And som maner joye,  
Hevene after hir hennes goyng,  
That here han swich defaute,  
For alle myghtestow have maad  
Noon mener than oother,  
And y-liche witty and wise,  
If thee wel hadde liked.

But, Lord, have ruthe on thise riche men, 9254  
That rewarde noght thi prisoners. {284}  
Of the good that thow hem gyvest  
*Ingrati* ben manye;

Ac, God, of thi goodnesse  
Gyve hem grace to amende.  
For may no derthe be hem deere, 9260  
Droghte ne weet hem greve,  
Ne neither hete ne hayll;  
Have thei hir heele,  
Of that thei wilne and wolde  
Wanteth hem noght here.

"Ac poore peple thi prisoners,  
Lord, in the put of meschief,  
Conforte tho creatures,  
That muche care suffren  
Thorough derthe, thorough droghte, 9270  
Alle hir dayes here,  
Wo in wynter tymes  
For wantyng of clothes,  
And in somer tyme selde  
Soupen to the fulle.  
Conforte thi carefulle,  
Crist, in thi richesse;  
For how thow confortest alle creatures,  
Clerkes bereth witsesse:  
*Convertimini ad me, et salvi eritis.* 9280

"Thus *in genere* of gentries  
Jhesu Crist seide,  
To robberis and to reveris,  
To riche and to poore,  
Thou taughtest hem in the Trinité  
To taken bapteme,  
And to be clene through that cristnyng  
Of alle kynnes synne;  
And if us fille thorough folie {285}  
To falle in synne after, 9290  
Confession and knowlichyng  
In cravyng thei mercy,  
Shulde amenden us as manye sithes  
As man wolde desire.

And if the pope wolde plede ayein,  
And punyssh us in conscience,  
He sholde take the acquitaunce as quyk,  
And to the queed shewen it.  
*Pateat, etc. per passionem Domini.*  
And putten of so the pouke, 9300  
And preven us under borwe.  
Ac the parchemyn of this patente

Of poverte be moste,  
And of pure pacience,  
And parfit bileve.

"Of pompe and of pride  
The parchemym decourreth,  
And principalliche of al the peple,  
But thei be poore of herte;  
Ellis is al on ydel, 9310  
Al that evere writen  
Pater-nostres and penaunce,  
And pilgrymages to Rome;  
But oure spences and spendynge  
Sprynge of a trewe wille,  
Ellis is al our labour lost,  
*Lo! how men writeth*  
In fenestres at the freres,  
If fals be the foundement.  
For-thi cristene sholde be in commune riche, 9320  
Noon coveitous for hymselfe.

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"For sevene synnes ther ben,  
That assaillen us evere;  
The fend folweth hem alle,  
And fondeth hem to helpe.  
Ac with richesse that ribaud  
He rathest men bigileth.  
For ther that richesse regneth,  
Reverence folweth;  
And that is plesaunt to pride, 9330  
In poore and in riche.  
And the riche is reverenced  
By reson of his richesse,  
Ther the poore is put bihynde,  
And peraventure kan moore  
Of wit and of wisdom,  
That fer away is bettre  
Than richesse or reautee,  
And rather y-herd in hevene.  
For the riche hath mucche to rekene; 9340  
And many tyme hym that walketh  
The heighe way to hevene-ward,  
Richesse hym letteth,—  
*Ita impossibile diviti, etc.—*  
Ther the poore preesseth bifore the riche,  
With a pak at his rugge,—  
*Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.—*  
Batauntliche, as beggeris doon,  
And boldeliche he craveth,  
For his poverte and his pacience, 9350  
A perpetuel blisse.  
*Beati pauperes, quoniam ipsorum  
est regnum cælorum.*

"And pride in richesse regneth  
Rather than in poverte;  
Arst in the master than in the man 9360  
Som mansion he haveth.  
Ac in poverte, ther pacience is,  
Pride hath no myghte,  
Ne none of the sevene synnes  
Sitten ne mowe ther longe,  
Ne have power in poverte,  
If pacience folwe.  
For the poore is ay prest  
To plesse the riche,  
And buxom at hise biddynges,  
For his broke loves;  
And boxomnesse and boost  
Arn evere moore at werre,  
And either hateth oother 9370  
In alle maner werkes.

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"If wrathe wrastle with the poore,  
He hath the worse ende;



And if thei bothe pleyne,  
The poore is but feble;  
And if he chide or chatre,  
Hym cheveth the worse.

"And if coveitise cacche the poore,  
Thei may noght come togideres;  
And by the nekke namely 9380  
Hir noon may hente oother.  
For men knowen wel that coveitise  
Is of kene wille,  
And hath hondes and armes  
Of ful greet lengthe;  
And poverte nys but a petit thyng,  
Apereth noght to his navele;  
And lovely layk was it nevere  
Bitwene the longe and the shorte.

"And though avarice wolde angre the poore, 9390  
He hath but litel myghte;  
For poverte hath but pokes  
To putten in hise goodes,  
Ther avarice hath almaries,  
And yren bounden cofres.  
And wheither be lighter to breke,  
And lasse boost maketh,  
A beggeris bagge  
Than an yren bounde cofre?

"Lecherie loveth hym noght, 9400  
For he gyveth but litel silver,  
Ne dooth hym noght dyne delicatly,  
Ne drynke wyn ofte.  
A straw for the stuwes!  
Thei stooode noght, I trowe,  
Hadde thei no thyng but of poore men,  
Hir houses stooode untyled.

"And though sleuthe suwe poverte,  
And serve noght God to paie,  
Meschief is his maister, 9410  
And maketh hym to thynke  
That God is his grettest help,  
And no gome ellis;  
And he is servaunt, as he seith,  
And of his sute bothe;  
And wheither he be or be noght,  
He bereth the signe of poverte,  
And in that secte oure Saveour  
Saved al mankynde.

For-thi every poore that pacient is, 9420  
May cleymen and asken  
After hir endynge here  
Hevene riche blisse, {289}

"Muche hardier may he asken,  
That here myghte have his wille  
In lond and in lordshipe,  
And likynge of bodie,  
And for Goddes love leveth al,  
Any lyveth as a beggere;  
And as a mayde for mannes love 9430  
Hire moder forsaketh,  
Hir fader and alle hire frendes,  
And folweth hir make.

Muche moore is to love  
Of hym that swich oon taketh,  
Than is that maiden  
That is married thorough brocage,  
As by assent of sondry parties,  
And silver to boote,  
Moore for coveitise of good 9440  
Than kynde love of bothe.  
So it fareth by ech a persone  
That possession forsaketh,

And put hym to be pacient.  
And poverte weddeth,  
The which is sib to God hymself,  
And so to hise seintes."

"Have God my trouthe!" quod Haukyn,  
"Ye preise faste poverte,  
What is poverte with pacience," quod he; 9450  
"Proprely to mene?"

*"Paupertas," quod Pacience, "est  
odibile bonum, remotio curarum,  
possessio sine calumnia,  
donum Dei, sanitatis mater,  
absque sollicitudine semita,  
sapientiæ temperatrix, negotium  
sine damno, incerta fortuna,  
absque sollicitudine  
felicitas."* {290} 9460

"I kan noght construe al this," quod Haukyn,  
"Ye moste kenne me this on Englissh."

"In Englissh," quod Pacience,  
"It is wel hard wel to expounen;  
Ac som deel I shal seyen it,  
By so thow understonde:  
Poverte is the firste point  
That pride moost hateth;  
Thanne is it good by good skile,  
Al that agasteth pride. 9470

Right as contricion is confortable thyng,  
Conscience woot wel,  
And a sorwe of hymself,  
And a solace to the soule,  
So poverte propreliche,  
Penaunce and joye,  
Is to the body  
Pure spiritual helthe.  
*Ergo paupertas est odibile bonum.*  
And contricion confort, 9480  
And *cura animarum*.

"Selde sit poverte,  
The sothe to declare;  
For as justice to jugge men,  
Enjoyned is no poore,  
Ne to be mair above men  
Ne mynystre under kynges;  
Selde is any poore y-put  
To punysshyn any peple. {291} 9490  
*Remotio curarum.*

*Ergo* poverte and poore men  
Perfournen the comaundement,  
*Nolite judicare*  
*Quemquam* the thridde,"

"Selde is any poore riche,  
But of rightful heritage;  
Wynneth he noght with wightes false,  
Ne with unseled mesures,  
Ne borweth of hise neighebores,  
But that he may wel paie. 9500  
*Possessio sine calumnia.*

"The ferthe is a fortune  
That florissbeth the soule,  
With sobretee fram alle synne,  
And also yit moore  
It afaiteth the flessch  
Fram folies ful manye,  
A collateral confort,  
Cristes owene gifte.  
*Donum Dei.* 9510

"The fifte is moder of helthe,  
A frend in alle fondynges,

And for the land evere a leche,  
A lemman of alle clennesses.  
*Sanitatis mater.*

"The sixte is a path of pees,  
Ye, thorough [the paas of Aultone](#)  
Povert myghte passe  
Withouten peril of robberyng. 9520  
For ther that povert passeth,  
Pees folweth after;  
And ever the lasse that he bereth,  
The hardier he is of herte. {292}  
For-thi seith Seneca,  
*Paupertas est absque sollicitudine semita* =  
And an hardy man of herte,  
Among an heep of theves.  
*Cantabit paupertas coram latrone*  
*viatore.* 9530

"The seventh is wel of wisdom,  
And fewe wordes sheweth;  
Therefore lordes alloweth hym litel,  
Or listneth to his reson,  
For he tempreth the tonge to trutheward,  
And no tresor coveiteth  
*Sapientiae temperatrix.*

"The eightethe is a lele labour,  
And looth to take moore  
Than he may wel deserve, 9540  
In somer or in wynter.  
And if he chaffareth, he chargeth no losse,  
Mowe he charité wynne.  
*Negotium sine damno.*

"The nynthe is swete to the soule,  
No sugre is swetter.  
For pacience is payn  
For povert hymselfe,  
And sobretee swete drynke 9550  
And good leche in siknesse.  
Thus lered me a lettred man,  
For oure Lordes love of hevене;  
Seint Austyn a blessed lif  
Withouten bisynesse ladde  
For body and for soule,  
*Absque sollicitudine felicitas.*  
Now God, that alle good gyveth, {293}  
Graunte his soule reste  
That this first wroot to wissen men  
What povert was to mene!" 9560

"Allas!" quod Haukyn the actif man tho,  
"That after my cristendom  
I ne hadde be deed and dolven  
For Do-welis sake!  
So hard it is," quod Haukyn,  
"To lyve and to do no synne.  
Synne seweth us evere," quod he,  
And sory gan wexe,  
And wepte water with hise eighen,  
And weyled the tyme 9570  
That he evere dide dede  
That deere God displesed;  
Swound and sobbed  
And siked ful ofte,  
That evere he hadde lond outhur lordshipe,  
Lasse other moore,  
Or maistrie over any man  
Mo than of hymselfe.  
"I were noght worthi, woot God!" quod Haukyn,  
"To werien any clothes, 9580  
Ne neither sherte ne shoon,  
Save for shame one  
To covere my careyne," quod he;

And cride mercy faste,  
And wepte and wailed;  
And therwith I awakede.

9586



{294}

*Passus Decimus Quintus, etc. finit Do-wel, et incipit  
Do-bet.*

**A**C after my wakyng,  
It was wonder longe  
Er I koude kyndely  
Knowe what was Do-wel.

9587

And so my wit weex and wanyed,  
Til I a fool weere;  
And some lakkede my lif,  
Allowed it fewe,  
And lete me for a lorel,  
And looth to reverencen  
Lordes or ladies,  
Or any lif ellis;  
As persons in pelure,  
With pendauntz of silver;

9600

To sergeauntz ne to swiche  
Seide I nocht ones,  
"God loke yow, lordes!"  
Ne loutede faire;  
That folk helden me a fool,  
And in that folie I raved.  
Til reson hadde ruthe on me,  
And rokked me a-slepe,  
Til I seigh, as it sorcerie were,  
A sotil thyng withalle;

9610

Oon withouten tonge and teeth  
Tolde me whider I sholde,  
And wherof I cam, and of what kynde;  
I conjured hym at the laste,  
If he were Cristes creature  
Anoon me to tellen.

{295}

"I am Cristes creature," quod he,  
"And cristene in many a place,  
In Cristes court y-knowe wel,  
And of his kyn a party.  
Is neither Peter the porter,  
Nor Poul with his fauchon,  
That wole defende me the dore,  
Dyngge I never so late;  
At mydnyght, at mydday,  
My vois so is knowe,  
That ech a creature of his court  
Welcometh me faire."

9620

"What are ye called," quod I, "in that court,  
Among Cristes peple?"

9630

"The whiles I quikne the cors," quod he,  
"Called am I *Anima*;  
And whan I wilne and wolde,  
*Animus* ich hatte;  
And for that I kan knowe,  
Called am I *Mens*;  
And whan I make mone to God,  
*Memoria* is my name;  
And whan I deme domes,  
And do as truthe techeth,  
Thanne is *Ratio* my righte name,  
Reson on Englisshe;

9640

{296}

And whan I feele that folk telleth,  
 My firste name is *Sensus*,  
 And that is wit and wisdom,  
 The welle of alle craftes.  
 And whan I chalange or chalange noght,  
 Chepe or refuse,  
 Thanne am I *Conscience* y-called,  
 Goddes clerk and his notarie; 9650  
 And whan I love leelly  
 Oure Lord and alle othere,  
 Thanne is lele Love my name,  
 And in Latyn *Amor*;  
 And whan I flee fro the flesshe,  
 And forsake the careyne,  
 Thanne am I a spirit specheless,  
*Spiritus* thanne iche hatte.  
 Austyn and Ysodorus,  
 Either of hem bothe, 9660  
 Nempnede me thus to name,  
 And now thow myght chese  
 How thow coveitest to calle me,  
 For now thow knowest my names."  
*Anima pro diversis actionibus diversa*  
*nomina sortitur; dum*  
*vivificat corpus, anima est;*  
*dum vult, animus est; dum*  
*scit, mens est; dum recolit,*  
*memoria est; dum judicat,* 9670  
*ratio est; dum sentit, sensus*  
*est; dum amat, amor est;*  
*dum negat vel consentit, conscientia*  
*est; dum spirat, spiritus*  
*est.*  
 "Ye ben as a bisshope," quod I,  
 Al bourdyng that tyme; {297}  
 "For bisshopes y-blessed,  
 Thei bereth manye names,  
*Præsul* and *pontifex*, 9680  
 And *metropolitanus*,  
 And othere names an heep,  
*Episcopus* and *pastor*."  
 "That is sooth," seide he;  
 "Now I se thi wille;  
 Thow woldest knowe and konne  
 The cause of alle my names,  
 And of me, if thow myghtest,  
 Me thynketh by thi speche."  
 "Ye, sire," I seide, 9690  
 "By so no man were greved,  
 Alle the sciences under sonne,  
 And alle the sotile craftes,  
 I wolde I knewe and kouthe  
 Kyndely in myn herte."  
 "Thanne artow inparfit," quod he,  
 "And oon of Prides knyghtes;  
 For swich a lust and likyng  
 Lucifer fel from hevене."  
*Ponam pedem meum in aquilone, et* 9700  
*similis ero altissimo.*  
 "It were ayeins kynde," quod he,  
 "And alle kynnes reson,  
 That any creature sholde konne al,  
 Except Crist oone:  
 Ayein swiche Salomon speketh,  
 And despiseth hir wittes,  
 And seith, *Sicut qui mel comedit*  
*multum, non est ei bonum; sic*  
*qui scrutator est majestatis,* 9710  
*opprimitur a gloria.*  
 "To Englisshe men this is to mene,

That mowen speke and here,  
The man that muche hony eteth,  
His mawe it engleymeth;  
And the moore that a man  
Of good matere hereth,  
But he do thereafter,  
It dooth hym double scathe.  
*Beatus est*, seith seint Bernard, 9720  
*Qui scripturas legit,*  
*Et verba vertit in opera*

Fulliche to his power.  
Coveitise to konne  
And to knowe sciences,  
Putte out of Paradis  
Adam and Eve.  
*Scientiæ appetitus hominem immortalitatis*  
*gloria spoliavit.*

"And right as hony is yvel to defie, 9730  
And engleymeth the mawe;  
Right so he that thorough reson  
Wolde the roote knowe  
Of God and of hise grete myghtes,  
Hise graces it letteth.  
For in the likyng lith a pride,  
And licames coveitise,  
Ayein Cristes counseil  
And alle clerkes techynge;  
That is *Non plus sapere quam oportet sapere* =

"Freres and fele othere maistres, 9742  
That to lewed men prechen,  
Ye moeven materes unmesurable  
To tellen of the Trinité, {299}  
That ofte tymes the lewed peple  
Of hir bileve doute.

Bettre it were to manye doctours  
To leven swich techyng,  
And tellen men of the ten comaundmentz, 9750  
And touchen *the sevene synnes*,  
And of the braunches that burjoneth of hem,  
And bryngen men to helle,  
And how that folk in folies  
Misspenden hir fyve wittes,  
As wel freres as oother folk  
Foliliche spenden

In housynge, in haterynge,  
And in to heigh clergie shewynge,  
Moore for pompe than for pure charité, 9760  
The peple woot the sothe,  
That I lye noght, loo!  
For lordes ye plesen,  
And reverencen the riche  
The rather for hir silver  
*Confundantur omnes qui adorant*  
*sculptilia. Et alibi: Ut quid*  
*diligitis vanitatem, et quæritis*  
*mendacium.*

"Gooth to the glose of this vers, 9770  
Ye grete clerkes;  
If I lye on yow to my lewed wit,  
Ledeth me to brennyng.  
For as it semeth, ye forsaketh

No mannes almesse  
Of usurers, of hoores, {300}  
Of avarouse chapmen;  
And louten to this lordes  
That mowen lene yow nobles,  
Ayein youre rule and religion, 9780

I take record at Jhesus,  
That seide to hise disciples,  
*Ne sitis personarum acceptores.*  
Of this matere I myghte  
Make a long bible!

Ac of curatours of cristen peple,  
As clerkes bereth witsesse,  
I shal tellen it, for trouthes sake,  
Take hede who so liketh.

"As holynesse and honesté  
Out of holy chirche spredeth  
Thorugh lele libbynge men  
That Goddes lawe techen;  
Right so out of holi chirche  
Alle yveles spryngeth,  
There inparfit preesthode is,  
Prechours and techeris.  
I se it by ensaunple  
In somer tyme on trowes:  
Ther some bowes ben leved,  
And some bereth none,  
Ther is a meschief in the morre  
Of swiche manere bowes.

"Rightso bi persons and preestes,  
And prechours of holi chirche,  
That aren roote of the right feith  
To rule the peple.  
And ther the roote is roten,  
Reson woot the sothe,  
Shal nevere flour ne fruyt  
Ne fair leef be greene.

For-thi wolde ye, lettrede, leve  
The lecherie of clothyng;  
And be kynde, as bifel for clerkes,  
And curteise of Cristes goodes,  
Trewe of youre tonge,  
And of youre tail bothe,  
And hatien to here harlotrie;  
And noght to underfonge  
Tithes, but of trewe thyng,  
Y-tilied or chaffared;  
Lothe were lewed men,  
But thei youre loore folwede,  
And amendeden hem that mysdoon  
Moore for youre ensaunples,  
Than for to prechen and preven it noght,  
Ypocrisie it semeth;  
The which [in Latyn](#)  
Is likned to a dongehill  
That were bi-snewed with snow,  
And snakes withinne;  
Or to a wal that were whit-lymed,  
And were foul withinne;

"Right so manye preestes,  
Prechours and prelates,  
Ye aren enblanched with *bele paroles*,  
And with clothes also;  
Ac youre werkes and youre wordes ther under,  
Aren ful unloveliche.  
Johannes Crisostomus  
Of clerkes speketh and preestes;

*Sicut de templo omne bonum progreditur,  
sic de templo omne  
malum procedit. Si sacerdotium  
integrum fuerit, tota floret  
ecclesia: si autem corruptum  
fuerit, omnis fides marcida  
est. Si sacerdotium fuerit  
in peccatis, totus populus  
convertitur ad peccandum. Sicut  
cum videris arborem pallidam  
et marcidam, intelligis  
quod vitium habet in radice.  
Ita cum videris populum indisciplinatum  
et irreligiosum, sine  
dubio sacerdotium ejus non est  
sanum.*

{301}

{302}

"If lewed men wiste  
What this Latyn meneth,  
And who was myn auctour, 9860  
Muche wonder me thinketh,  
But if many a preest beere,  
For hir baselardes and hir broches,  
A peire of bedes in hir hand,  
And a book under hir arme.  
Sire Johan and sire Geffrey  
Hath a girdel of silver.  
A baselard or a ballok-knyf,  
With botons over gilte;  
Ac a porthors that sholde be his plow 9870  
*Placebo* to sigge,  
Hadde he nevere service to save silver therto.  
Seith it with ydel wille.

"Allas! ye lewed men,  
Muche lese ye on preestes.  
Ac thing that wikkedly is wonne,  
And with false sleightes,  
Wolde nevere the wit of witty God  
But wikkede men it hadde, {303}  
The whiche arn preestes inparfite, 9880  
And prechours after silver,  
Executours and sodenes,  
Somonours and hir lemmannes;  
That that with gile was geten,  
Ungraciousliche is despended;  
So harlotes and hores  
Arn holpe with swiche goodes,  
And Goddes folk, for defaute therof,  
For-faren and spillen.

"Curatours of holy kirke, 9890  
As clerkes that ben avarouse,  
Lightliche that thei leven,  
Losels it habbeth,  
Or deieth intestate,  
And thanne the bisshope entreth  
And maketh murthe thermyd,  
And hise men bothe,  
And seyen he was a nygard  
That no good myghte aspare  
To frend ne to fremmed, 9900  
The fend have his soule!  
For a wrecchede hous held he  
Al his lif tyme;  
And that he spared and bisperede,  
Dispende we in murthe;  
By lered, by lewed,  
That looth is to despende.  
Thus goon hire goodes.  
Be the goost faren.

Ac for goode men, God woot! 9910  
Greet doel men maken,  
And bymeneth goode mete gyveres,  
And in mynde haveth, {304}  
In preieres and in penaunces,  
And in parfit charité."

"What is charité?" quod I tho.  
"A childisshe thyng," he seide.  
*"Nisi efficiamini parvuli, non intrabitis  
in regnum cælorum.*  
Withouten fauntelté or folie, 9920  
A fre liberal wille."

"Where sholde men fynde swich a frend,  
With so fre an herte?"  
"I have lyved in londe," quod he,  
"My name is Longe-wille;  
And fond I nevere ful charité  
Byfore ne bihynde.  
Men beth merciabie



To mendinauntz and to poore,  
And wollen lene ther thei leve 9930  
Lelly to ben paied.  
Ac charité that Poul preiseth best,  
And moost plesaunt to oure Lord,  
Is *Non inflatur, non est ambitiosa, non  
quærit quæ sua sunt, etc.*

"I seigh nevere swich a man,  
So me God helpe!  
That he ne wolde aske after his,  
And outhere while coveite 9940  
Thyng that neded hym noght,  
And nyme it, if he myghte.

"Clerkes kenne me  
That Crist is in alle places;  
Ac I seigh hym nevere soothly,  
But as myself in a mirour:  
*In ænigmate tunc facie ad faciem.*  
And so I trowe trewely, {305}  
By that men telleth of charité,  
It is noght chaumpions fight,  
Ne chaffare, as I trowe, 9950

"Charité," quod he, "ne chaffareth noght,  
Ne chalangeth, ne craveth;  
As proud of a peny,  
As of a pound of golde;  
And is as glad of a gowne  
Of a gray russet,  
As of a *tunycle of Tarse*,  
Or of trie scarlet.  
He is glad with alle glade,  
And good til alle wikkede, 9960  
And leveth and loveth alle  
That oure Lord made.  
Corseth he no creature,  
Ne he kan bere no wrathe,  
Ne no likyng hath to lye,  
Ne laughe men to scorne;  
Al that men seyn, he leet it sooth,  
And in solace taketh,  
And alle manere meschiefs  
In myldenesse he suffreth. 9970  
Coveiteth he noon erthely good,  
But hevене riche blisse,  
Hath he anye rentes or richesse,  
Or anye riche frendes.

"Of rentes nor of richesse  
Ne rekketh he nevere;  
For a frend that fyndeth hym,  
Failed hym nevere at neede.  
*Fiat voluntas tua*  
Fynt hym evere moore; 9980  
And if he soupeth, eteth but a sop {306}  
Of *spera in Deo*.  
He kan portreye wel the paternoster,  
And peynthe it with aves;  
And outhere while he is woned  
To wenden on pilgrimages,  
Ther poore men and prisons liggeth,  
Hir pardon to have.  
Though he bere hem no breed,  
He bereth hem swetter liflode, 9990  
Loveth hem as oure Lord biddeth,  
And loketh how thei fare.

"And whan he is wery of that werk,  
Than wole he som tyme  
Labouren in lavendrye  
Wel the lengthe of a mile,  
And yerne into youthe,  
And yepeliche speke

Pride with al the appurtenaunces,  
 And pakken hem togideres, 10000  
 And bouken hem at his brest,  
 And beten hem clene,  
 And leggen on longe,  
 With *laboravi in gemitu meo*;  
 And with warm water at hise eighen  
 Wasshen hem after.  
 And thanne he syngeth whan he doth so,  
 And som tyme seith wepynge,  
*Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus,*  
*non despicias."* 10010

"By Crist! I wolde that I knewe hym," quod I,  
 "No creature levere!"

"Withouten help of Piers Plowman," quod he,  
 "His persone sestow nevere." {307}

"Wheither clerkes knowen hym," quod I,  
 "That kepen holi kirke?"

"Clerkes have no knowyng," quod he,  
 "But by werkes and by wordes.  
 Ac Piers the Plowman  
 Parceyveth moore depper 10020  
 What is the wille and wherfore  
 That many wight suffreth.  
*Et vidit Deus cogitationes eorum.*  
 For ther are ful proude herted men,  
 Pacient of tonge,  
 And buxome as of berynge  
 To burgeises and to lordes,  
 And to poore peple  
 Han pepir in the nose,  
 And as a lyoun he loketh, 10030  
 Ther men lakken hise werkes.

"For ther are beggeris and bidderis,  
 Bedemen as it were,  
 Loken as lambren,  
 And semen ful holy;  
 Ac it is moore to have hir mete  
 With swich an esy manere,  
 Than for penaunce and perfitnesse,  
 The poverte that swiche taketh.

"Therefore by colour ne by clergie 10040  
 Knowe shaltow nevere,  
 Neither thorough wordes ne werkes,  
 But thorough wil oone.  
 And that knoweth no clerk,  
 Ne creature on erthe,  
 But Piers the Plowman  
*Petrus, i. Christus.* {308}  
 For he nys noght in lolleris,  
 Ne in lond leperis heremytes,  
 Ne at ances there a box hangeth, 10050  
 Alle swiche thei faiten.  
 Fy on faitours,  
 And *in fautores suos!*  
 For charité is Goddes champion,  
 And as a good child hende,  
 And the murieste of mouth  
 At mete where he sitteth.  
 The love that lith in his herte  
 Maketh hym light of speche,  
 And is compaignable and confortatif, 10060  
 As Crist bit hymselfe.  
*Nolite fieri sicut hypocritæ tristes, etc.*  
 For I have seyen hym in silk,  
 And som tyme in russet,  
 Bothe in grey and in grys,  
 And in gilt harneis;  
 And as gladliche he it gaf  
 To gomes that it neded.

- "[Edmond and Edward](#)  
 Bothe were kynges,  
 And seintes y-set,  
 For charité hem folwede. 10070
- "I have y-seyen charité also  
 Syngen and reden,  
 Riden and rennen  
 In raggede wedes;  
 Ac biddynge as beggeris  
 Biheld I hym nevere.  
 Ac in riche robes  
 Rathest he walketh, 10080  
 Y-called and y-crymyled, {309}  
 And his crowne y-shave;  
 And in a freres frokke  
 He was y-founden ones,  
 Ac it is fern ago,  
 In saint Fraunceis tyme:  
 In that secte siththe  
 To selde hath he ben founde.
- "Riche men he recomendeth,  
 And of hir robes taketh, 10090  
 That withouten wiles  
 Ledeth hir lyves.  
*Beatus est dives qui, etc.*
- "In kynges court he cometh ofte,  
 Ther the counseil is trewe;  
 Ac if coveitise be of the counseil,  
 He wolnoght come therinne,
- "In court amonges japeris  
 He cometh noght but selde,  
 For braulynge and bakbitynge, 10100  
 And berynge of fals witnesse.
- "In the consistorie bifore the commissarie  
 He cometh noght but ofte;  
 For hir lawe dureth over longe,  
 But if thei lacchen silver,  
 And matrimoyne for moneie  
 Maken and unmaken;  
 And that conscience and Crist  
 Hath y-knyt faste,  
 Thei undoon it unworthily, 10110  
 Tho doctours of lawe.
- "Ac I ne lakke no lif,  
 But, Lord, amende us alle,  
 And gyve us grace, good God, {310}  
 Charité to folwe.  
 For who so myghte meete myd hym,  
 Swiche maneres hym eileth,  
 Neither he blameth ne banneth,  
 Bosteth ne preiseth,  
 Lakketh ne loseth, 10120  
 Ne loketh up sterne,  
 Craveth ne coveiteth,  
 Ne crieth after moore.  
*In pace in idipsum dormiam, etc.*
- "The mooste liflode that he lyveth by,  
 Is love in Goddes passion;  
 Neither he biddeth ne beggeth,  
 Ne borweth to yelde,  
 Misdooth he no man,  
 Ne with his mouth greveth. 10130
- "Amonges cristene men  
 This myldenesse sholde laste.  
 In alle manere angres  
 Have this at herte,  
 That theigh thei suffrede al this,

God suffrede for us moore,  
In ensample we sholde do so,  
And take no vengeaunce  
Of oure foes that dooth us falsnesse,  
That is oure fadres wille. 10140

"For wel may every man wite,  
If God hadde wold hymselfe,  
Sholde nevere Judas ne Jew  
Have Jhesu doon on roode,  
Ne han martired Peter ne Poul,  
Ne in prison holden.  
Ac he suffrede in ensample  
That we sholde suffren also, {311}  
And seide to swiche that suffre wolde,  
That *patientes vincunt*. 10150

"*Verbi gratia*," quod he,  
"And verray ensamples manye,  
In *Legenda Sanctorum*,  
The lif of holy seintes,  
What penaunce and poverte  
And passion thei suffrede,  
In hunger, in hete,  
In alle manere angres.

"[Antony and Egidie](#),  
And othere holy fadres, 10160  
Woneden in wildernesse  
Among wilde beestes;  
Monkes and mendinauntz,  
Men by hemselfe,  
In spekes and in spelonkes,  
Selde speken togideres.

"Ac neither Antony ne Egidie,  
Ne heremyte that tyme,  
Of leons ne of leopardes  
No liflode ne toke; 10170  
But of foweles that fleeth,  
Thus fyndeth men in bokes.  
Except that Egidie  
[After an hynde cride](#),  
And thorough the mylk of that mylde beest  
The man was sustened;  
And day bi day hadde he hire noght  
His hunger for to slake,  
But selden and sondry tymes,  
As seith the book and techeth. 10180

"Antony a dayes,  
Aboute noon tyme, {312}  
[Hadde a brid](#) that broughte hym breed,  
That he by lyvede;  
And though the gome hadde a gest,  
God fond hem bothe.

"[Poul primus heremita](#)  
Hadde parroked hymselfe,  
That no man myghte hym se  
For mosse and for leves; 10190  
Foweles hym fedde  
Fele wyntres withalle,  
Til he foundede freres  
Of Austynes ordre.  
Poul, after his prechyng,  
Paniers he made,  
And wan with hise hondes  
That his wombe neded.

"Peter fisshed for his foode,  
And his felawe Andrew; 10200  
Som thei solde and som thei soden,  
And so thei lyved bothe.

"And also [Marie Maudeleyne](#)

By mores lyvede and dewes  
Ac moost thorough devocion  
And mynde of God almyghty.  
I sholde nocht these seven daies  
Siggen hem alle,  
That lyveden thus for oure Lordes love  
Many longe yeres. 10210

"Ac ther ne was leon ne leopard  
That on laundes wenten,  
Neither bere ne boor,  
Ne oother beest wilde,  
That ne fil to hir feet,  
And fawnd with the taillies; {313}  
And if thei kouthe han y-carped,  
By Crist! as I trowe,  
Thei wolde have y-fed that folk  
Bifore wild foweles. 10220  
Ac God sente hem foode by foweles,  
And by no fierse beestes,  
In menyng that meke thyng  
Mylde thyng sholde fede.

"Ac who seith religiouses  
Rightfulle men sholde fede,  
And lawefulle men to lif-holy men  
Liflode sholde brynge;  
And thanne wolde lordes and ladies  
Be looth to agulte, 10230  
And to taken of hir tenauntz  
Moore than trouthe wolde,  
Foulde thei that freres  
Wolde forsake hir almesses,  
And bidden hem bere it  
There it was y-borwed.  
For we ben Goddes foweles,  
And abiden alwey  
Til briddes brynge us  
That we sholde lyve by. 10240  
For hadde ye potage and payn y-nogh,  
And peny ale to drynke,  
And a mees thermyd  
Of o maner kynde,  
Ye hadde right y-nogh, ye religieuse,  
And so youre rule me tolde.

*Nunquam, dicit Job, rugit onager  
cum herbam habuerit, aut mugiet  
bos cum ante plenum præsepe  
steterit. Brutorum animalium  
natura te condemnat,  
quia cum eis pabulum commune  
sufficiat, ex adipe prodiit iniquitas tua.* 10250 {314}

"If lewed men knewe this Latyn,  
Thei wolde loke whom thei yeve,  
And avisen hem bifore  
A fyve dayes or sixe,  
Er thei amortisede to monkes  
Or chanons hir rente.  
Allas! lordes and ladies, 10260  
Lewed counseil have ye,  
To gyve from youre heires  
That youre aiels yow lefte,  
And gyveth it to bidde for yow  
Fo swiche that ben riche,  
And ben founded and feffed ek  
To bidde for othere.

"Who perfourneth this prophecie  
Of the peple that now libbeth?  
*Dispersit, dedit pauperibus.* 10270

"If any peple perfourne that text,  
It are these poore freres;  
For that thei beggen aboute,

In buyldynge thei spende it,  
And on hemself som,  
And swiche as ben hir laborers;  
And of hem that habbeth thei taken,  
And gyveth hem that habbeth.

"Ac clerkes and knyghtes,  
And comuners that ben riche, 10280  
Fele of yow fareth  
As if I a forest hadde  
That were ful of faire trees, {315}  
And I fondede and caste  
How I myghte mo therinne  
Amonges hem sette.

"Right so, ye riche,  
Ye robeth that ben riche,  
And helpeth hem that helpeth yow,  
And gyveth ther no nede is. 10290  
As who so filled a tounne  
Of a fressh ryver,  
And wente forth with that water  
To woke with Temese;  
Right so, ye riche,  
Ye robeth and fedeth  
Hem that han as ye han,  
Hem ye make at ese.

"Ac religiouse that riche ben,  
Sholde rather feeste beggeris 10300  
Than burgeises that riche ben,  
As the book techeth.

*Quia sacrilegium est res pauperum  
non pauperibus dare. Item:  
Peccatoribus dare, est dæmonibus  
immolare. Item: Monache,  
si indiges et accipis, potius  
das quam accipis; si autem  
non eges et accipis, rapis.  
Porro non indiget monachus, si  
habeat quod naturæ sufficit.* 10310

"For-thi I counseille alle cristene  
To conformen hem to charité,  
For charité withouten chalangynge  
Unchargeth the soule,  
And many a prison fram purgatorie  
Thorough his preieres he delivereth. {316}  
Ac ther is a defaute in the folk  
That the feith kepeth;  
Wherfore folk is the febler, 10320  
And noght ferm of bileve,  
As in [lussheburwes](#) is a luther alay,  
And yet loketh he lik a sterlyng;  
The merk of that monee is good,  
Ac the metal is feble.

"And so it fareth by som folk now,  
Thei han a fair speche,  
Crowne and cristendom,  
The kynges mark of hevене;  
Ac the metal, that is mannes soule, 10330  
With synne is foule alayed.  
Bothe lettred and lewed  
Beth alayed now with synne,  
That no lif loveth oother,  
Ne oure Lord, as it semeth.  
For thorough werre and wikkede werkes,  
And wederes unresonable,  
Weder-wise shipmen,  
And witty clerkes also,  
Han no bileve to the lifte, 10340  
Ne to the loore of filosofres.

"Astronomiens al day  
In hir art failen,

That whilom warned bifore  
What sholde falle after.

"Shipmen and shepherdes,  
That with ship and sheep wenten,  
Wisten by the walkne  
What sholde bitide,  
As of wedres and wyndes  
Thei warned men ofte.

10350

{317}

"Tilieris, that tiled the erthe,  
Tolden hir maistres,  
By the seed that thei sewe,  
What thei selle myghte,  
And what to lene, and what to lyve by,  
The lond was so trewe.

"Now faileth the folk of the flood,  
And of the lond bothe,  
Shepherdes and shipmen,  
And so do thise tilieris,  
Neither thei konneth ne knoweth  
Oon cours bifore another.

10360

"Astronomyens also  
Aren at hir wittes ende,  
Of that was calculated of the element  
The contrarie thei fynde;  
[Grammer, the ground of al](#),  
Bigileth now children,  
For is noon of this newe clerkes,  
Who so nymeth hede,  
Naught oon among an hundred  
That an auctour kan construwe,  
Ne rede a lettre in any langage  
But in Latyn or in Englissh.

10370

"Go now to any degree,  
And but if gile be maister,  
And flaterere his felawe  
Under hym to fourmen,  
Muche wonder me thynketh  
Amonges us alle,  
Doctours of decrees  
And of divinité maistres,  
That sholde konne and knowe  
Alle kynnes clergie,  
And answeere to argumentz,  
And also to a *quodlibet*;  
I dar nocht siggen it for shame,  
If swiche were apposed,  
Thei sholde failen of her philosophie,  
And in phisik bothe.

10380

{318}

"Wherfore I am a-fered  
Of folk of holy kirke,  
Lest thei overhuppen, as oothere doon,  
In office and in houres;  
And if they overhuppe, as I hope nocht,  
Oure bileve suffiseth;  
As clerkes in [Corpus Christi feeste](#)  
Synge and reden,  
That *sola fides sufficit*  
To save with lewed peple;  
And so may Sarzens be saved,  
Scribes, and Jewes.

10400

"Allas, thanne! but our looresmen  
Lyve as thei leren us,  
And for hir lyvyng that lewed men  
Be the lother God agulten.  
For Sarzens han somewhat  
Semyng to oure bileve;  
For thei love and bileve  
In o persone almyghty,  
And we, lered and lewed,

10410

In oon God almyghty;  
And oon Makometh, a man,  
In mysbileve broughte  
Sarzens of Surree,  
And see in what manere.

"This Makometh was a cristene  
And for he moste nocht ben a pope {319}  
Into Surrie he soughte, 10420  
And thorough hise sotile wittes  
He daunted a dowve,  
And day and nyght hire fedde,  
The corn that she croppede  
He caste it in his ere;  
And if he among the peple preched,  
Or in places come,  
Thanne wolde the colvere come  
To the clerkes ere  
Menynge as after mete,— 10430  
Thus Makometh hire enchauntede;  
And dide folk thanne falle on knees,  
For he swoor in his prechyng  
That the colvere that com so,  
Com from God of hevene,  
As messenger to Makometh,  
Men for to teche.  
And thus thorough wiles of his wit,  
And a whit dowve,  
Makometh in mysbileve 10440  
Men and wommen broughte;  
That lyved tho there and lyve yit  
Leeven on hise lawes.

"And siththe oure Saveour suffred,  
The Sarzens so bigiled  
Thorough a cristene clerk,  
Acorsed in his soule!  
For drede of the deeth  
I dare nocht telle truthe, 10450  
How Englisshe clerkes a colvere fede  
That coveitise highte,  
And ben manered after Makometh,  
That no man useth trouthe. {320}

"Ancres and heremytes,  
And monkes and freres,  
Peeren to the apostles  
Thorough hire parfit lyvyng;  
Wolde nevere the feithful fader  
That hise ministres sholde  
Of tirauntz that teneth trewe men 10460  
Taken any almesse,  
But doon as Antony dide,  
Dominyk and Fraunceys,  
Beneit and Bernard  
The whiche hem first taughte  
To lyve by litel, and in lowe houses,  
By lele mennes almesse.  
Grace sholde growe and be grene  
Thorough hir goode lyvyng;  
And folkes sholden fare, 10470  
That ben in diverse siknesse,  
The bettre for hir biddynges  
In body and in soule.  
Hir preieres and hir penaunces  
To pees sholde brynge  
Alle that ben at debaat,  
And bedemen were trewe.  
*Petite et accipietis, etc.*  
Salt saveth the catel,  
Siggen these wives. 10480  
*Vos estis sal terræ, etc.*  
The hevedes of holy chirche,  
And thei holy were,  
Crist calleth hem salt



For cristene soules.  
*Et si sal evanuerit in quo salietur, etc.*

{321}

"For fressh flessch outhr fissh,  
Whan it salt failleth,  
It is unsavory for sothe,  
Y-soden or y-bake; 10490  
So is mannes soule, soothly,  
That seeth no goode ensamples  
Of hem of holi chirche,  
That the heighe wey sholde teche,  
And be gide, and go bifore,  
As a good banyer;  
And hardie hem that bihynde ben,  
And gyve hem good evidence.

"Ellevene holy men 10500  
Al the world tornede  
Into lele bileve;  
The lightloker me thinketh  
Sholde all maner men,  
We han so manye maistres,  
Preestes and prechours,  
And a pope above,  
That Goddes salt sholde be  
To save mannes soule.

"Al was hethynesse som tyme 10510  
Engelond and Walis,  
Til Gregory garte clerkes  
To go here and preche;  
Austyn at Caunterbury  
Cristnede the kyng,  
And thorough miracles, as men now rede,  
Al that marche he tornede  
To Crist and to cristendom,  
And cros to honoure;  
And follede folk faste,  
And the feith taughte, 10520  
Moore thorough miracles  
Than thorough mucche prechyng,  
As wel thorough hise werkes  
As with hise holy wordes,  
And seide hem what fullynge  
And feith was to mene.

{322}

"Clooth that cometh fro the wevyng  
Is noght comly to were,  
Til it be fulled under foot  
Or in fullyng stokkes, 10530  
Wasshen wel with water,  
And with taseles cracched,  
Y-touked and y-teynted,  
And under taillours hande;  
Right so it fareth by a barn,  
That born is of a wombe,  
Til it be cristned in Cristes name,  
And confermed of the bisshope,  
It is hethene as to hevене-ward.  
And help-lees to the soule. 10540  
Hethen is to mene after heeth  
And untiled erthe,  
As in wilde wildernesse  
Wexeth wilde beestes,  
Rude and unresonable,  
Rennyng withouten cropiers.

"Ye mynnen wel how Mathew seith,  
How a man made a feste;  
He fedde him with no venyson,  
Ne fesauntz y-bake, 10550  
But with foweles that fram hym nolde,  
But folwede his whistlyng.  
*Ecce altilia mea, et omnia parata sunt.*  
And with calves flessch he fedde =

"The calf bitokneth clenness  
 In hem that kepeth lawes.  
 For as the cow thorough kynde mylk  
 The calf norisseth til an oxe; 10560  
 So love and leauté  
 Lele men susteneth,  
 And maidenés and mylde men  
 Mercy desiren,  
 Right as the cow calf  
 Coveiteth melk swete,  
 So doon rightfulle men  
 Mercy and truthe.

"Ac who beth that excuseth hem  
 That ben persons and preestes, 10570  
 That hevedes of holy chirche ben,  
 That han hir wil here  
 Withouten travaille the tithe deel  
 That trewe men biswynken;  
 Thei wol be wrooth for I write thus,  
 Ac to witnessse I take  
 Bothe Mathew and Marc,  
 And *Memento Domine David*.

"What pope or prelat now  
 Perfourneth that Crist highte. 10580  
*Ite in universum mundum et prædicate, etc.* =

"Allas! that men so longe  
 On Makometh sholde bileve,  
 So manye prelates to preche  
 As the pope maketh,  
 Of Nazareth, of Nynyve,  
 Of Neptalym and Damaske,  
 That thei ne wente as Crist wisseth,  
 Sithen thei wille have name 10590  
 To be pastours and preche  
 To lyve and to dye. {324}  
*Bonus pastor animam suam ponit, etc.* =  
 And seide it in salvacion  
 Of Sarzens and othere,  
 For cristene and uncristene  
 Crist seide to prechours:  
*Ite vos in vineam meam, etc.*

"And sith that thise Sarzens, 10600  
 Scribes, and Jewes,  
 Han a lippe of our bileve,  
 The lightlier me thynketh  
 Thei sholde turne, who so travailed  
 To teche hem of the Trinité.  
*Quærite et inveniatis, etc.*

"It is ruthe to rede  
 How rightwise men lyvede,  
 How thei defouled hir flessch,  
 Forsoke hir owene wille, 10610  
 Fer fro kyth and fro kyn  
 Yvele y-clothed yeden,  
 Baddely y-bedded,  
 No book but conscience,  
 Ne no richesse but the roode  
 To rejoisse hem inne.  
*Absit nobis gloriari nisi in cruce  
 Domini nostri, etc.*

"And tho was plentee and pees  
 Amonges poore and riche, 10620  
 And now is routhe to rede  
 How the rede noble  
 Is reverenced er the roode,  
 And receyved for worthier  
 Than Cristes cros, that overcam  
 Deeth and dedly synne. {325}

And now is werre and wo;  
And who so why asketh,  
For coveitise after cros  
The crowne stant in golde. 10630  
Bothe riche and religious  
[That roode thei honoure](#)  
That in grotis is y-grave  
And in gold nobles.  
For coveitise of that cros,  
Men of holy kirke  
[Shul torne as templers dide,](#)  
The tyme approacheth faste.

"Wite ye noght, ye wise men,  
How tho men honoured 10640  
Moore tresor than trouthe,  
I dar noght telle the sothe,  
Reson and rightful doom  
The religieuse demede.

"Right so, ye clerkes,  
For youre coveitise, er longe,  
Shal thei demen *dos ecclesiæ*,  
And youre pride depose,  
[Deposuit potentes de sede, etc.](#)

"If knyghthod and kynde wit 10650  
And the commune by conscience  
Togideres love leelly,  
Leveth it wel, ye bisshopes,  
The lordshipe of youre londes  
For evere shul ye lese,  
And lyven as *levitici*,  
As oure Lord techeth.  
*Per primitias et decimas, etc.*

"[Whan Costantyn](#) of curteisie 10660  
Holy kirke dowed  
With londes and ledes, {326}  
Lordshipes and rentes,  
An aungel men herden  
An heigh at Rome crye,  
*Dos ecclesiæ* this day  
Hath y-dronke venym,  
And tho that han Petres power  
Arn apoisoned alle.

"A medicyne moot therto,  
That may amende prelates, 10670  
That sholden preie for the pees,  
Possession hem letteth;  
Taketh hire landes, ye lordes,  
And leteth hem lyve by dymes.

"If possession be poison,  
And inparfite hem make,  
Good were to deschargen hem,  
For holy chirches sake,  
And purgen hem of poison,  
Er moore peril falle. 10680

"If preesthode were parfit,  
The peple sholde amende  
That contrarien Cristes lawe,  
And cristendom dispise.  
For alle paynymes preieth,  
And parfitly bileveth  
In the holy grete God,  
And his grace thei asken,  
And make hir mone to Makometh  
Hir message to shewe. 10690  
Thus in a feith leve that folk,  
And in a fals mene;  
And that is routhe for rightful men  
That in the reawme wonyen,  
[And a peril to the pope,](#) {327}

And prelates that he maketh,  
That bere bisshopes names  
Of Bethleem and Babiloigne,  
[That huppe aboute in Engelond](#)  
To halwe mennes auteres, 10700  
And crepe amonges curatours,  
And confessen ageyn the lawe.  
*Nolite mittere falcem in messem alienam, etc.*

"Many man for Cristes love  
Was martired in Romayne,  
Er any cristendom was knowe there,  
Or any cros honoured.

"Every bisshop that bereth cros,  
By that he is holden 10710  
Thorough his province to passe,  
And to his peple to shewe hym,  
Tellen hem and techen hem  
On the Trinité to bileve,  
And feden hem with goostly foode,  
And gyve there it nedeth.  
*In domo mea non est panis neque  
vestimentum, et ideo nolite constituere  
me regem.*

"Ozias seith for swiche  
That sike ben and feble, 10720  
*Inferte omnes decimas in horreum  
meum, ut sit cibus in domo mea.*

"Ac we cristene creatures  
That on the cros bileven,  
Arn ferme as in the feith,  
Goddes forbode ellis!  
And han clerkes to kepen us therinne,  
And hem that shul come after us. {328}

"And Jewes lyven in lele lawe,  
Oure Lord wroot it hymselfe 10730  
In stoon, for it stedefast was,  
And stonde sholde evere.

*Dilige Deum et proximum,*  
Is parfit Jewen lawe;  
And took it Moyses to teche men  
Til Messie coome;  
And on that lawe thei lyve yit,  
And leten it the beste,  
And yit knewe thei Crist  
That cristendom taughte 10740

For a parfit prophete  
That mucche peple savede  
Of selkouthe sores,  
Thei seighen it ofte,  
Bothe of miracles and merveilles,  
And how he men festede,  
With two fisses and fyve loves,  
Fyve thousand peple;  
And by that mangerie men myghte wel se  
That Messie he semede, 10750  
And whan he lifte up Lazar,  
That leid was in grave,  
And under stoon deed and stank,  
With stif vois hym callede:  
*Lazare, veni foras.*  
Dide hym rise and rome,  
Right bifore the Jewes.

"Ac thei seiden and sworn  
With sorcerie he wroughte,  
And studieden to struyen hym, 10760  
And struyden hemselve;  
And thorough his pacience, hir power  
To pure nocht he broughte. {329}  
*Patientes vincunt.*

"Daniel of hire undoyng  
Devyned and seide,  
*Cum sanctus sanctorum veniat, cessabit  
unctio vestra.*

And wenen tho wrecches  
That he were *pseudo-propheta*, 10770  
And that his loore be lesynges,  
And lakken it alle,  
And hopen that he be to come  
That shal hem releve,  
Moyses eft or Messie  
Hir maistres yit devyneth.

"Ac Pharisees and Sarzens,  
Scribes and Jewes,  
Arn folk of oon feith,  
The fader God thei honouren. 10780  
And sithen that the Sarzens,  
And also the Jewes,  
Konne the firste clause of oure bileve,  
*Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentem*,  
Prelates of cristene provinces  
Sholde preve, if thei myghte,  
To lere hem *litlum and litlum*  
*Et in Jesum Christum filium*,  
Til thei kouthe speke and spelle  
*Et in Spiritum sanctum*,  
And reden it and recorden it  
With *remissionem peccatorum*,  
*Carnis resurrectionem, et vitam æternam. Amen.*" 10793



{330}

*Passus Decimus Sextus, etc. et Primus de Do-bet.*

"**N**OW faire falle yow," quod I tho, 10794  
"For youre faire shewyng;  
For Haukyns love, the actif man,  
Evere I shal yow lovye!  
Ac yit I am in a weer  
What charité is to mene."

"It is a ful trie tree," quod he, 10800  
"Trewely to telle;  
Mercy is the more therof,  
The myddul stok is ruthe;  
The leves ben lele wordes,  
The lawe of holy chirche;  
The blosmes beth buxom speche,  
And benigne lokynge;  
Pacience hatte the pure tree,  
And pure symple of herte;  
And so, thorough God and thorough goode men, 10810  
Groweth the fruyt charité."

"I wolde travaille," quod I, "this tree to se,  
Twenty hundred myle;  
And for to have my fulle of that fruyt,  
Forsake alle othere saulees.  
Lord!" quod I, "if any wight wite  
Whider out it groweth."

{331}

"It groweth in a gardyn," quod he,  
"That God made hymselfe,  
Amyddes mannes body, 10820  
The more is of that stokke,  
Herte highte the herber  
That it inne groweth.

And *liberum arbitrium*  
Hath the lond the ferme  
Under Piers the Plowman,  
To piken it and to weden it."

"Piers the Plowman!" quod I tho,  
And al for pure joye  
That I herde nempne his name, 10830  
Anoon I swowned after,  
And lay longe in a lone dreem;  
And at the laste, me thoughte  
That Piers the Plowman  
Al the place me shewed,  
And bad me to toten on the tree,  
On top and on roote;  
With thre piles was it under-pight,  
I perceyved it soone.

"Piers," quod I, "I preie thee, 10840  
Whi stonde these piles here?"

"For wyndes, wiltow wite," quod he,  
To witen it fro fallyng.  
*Cum ceciderit justus, non collidetur,  
quia Dominus supponit manum  
suam.*

And in blowyng tyme, abite the flowres,  
But if these piles helpe,

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"The world is a wikked wynd  
To hem that willen trithe; 10850  
Coveitise comth of that wynd,  
And crepeth among the leves,  
And for-freteth neigh the fruyt  
Thorugh manye faire sightes;  
Thanne with the firste pil I palle hym down,  
That is *Potentia Dei*.

"The flessh is a fel wynd,  
And in flouryng tyme  
Thorugh likyng and lustes  
So loude he gynneth blowe, 10860  
That it norisseth nyce sightes,  
And som tyme wordes,  
And wikkede werkes therof,  
Wormes of synne,  
And for-biteth the blosmes  
Right to the bare leves.

"Than sette I to the secoude pil  
*Sapientia Dei patris;*  
That is the passion and the power  
Of oure prince Jhesu. 10870  
Thorugh preieres and thorough penaunces,  
And Goddes passion in mynde,  
I save it til I se it ripen  
And som del y-fruyted.

"And thanne fondeth the fend  
My fruyt to destruye,  
With alle the wiles that he kan;  
And waggeth the roote,  
And casteth up to the crop 10880  
Unkynde neighebores;  
Bakbiteris breke the cheste,  
Brawleris and chideris,  
And leith a laddre therto,  
Of lesynges are the ronges,  
And feccheth away my floures som tyme  
Afore bothe myne eighen.

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*Ac liberum arbitrium*  
Letteth hym som tyme,  
That is lieutenaunt to loken it wel,  
Bi leve of myselve. 10890  
*Videatis qui peccat in spiritum  
sanctum nunquam remittetur,*

*etc. Hoc est idem, qui peccat  
per liberum arbitrium non  
repurgatur.*

"Ac whan the fend and the flessch  
Forth with the world  
Manacen bihynde me  
My fruyt for to fecche,  
Thanne *liberum arbitrium* 10900  
Laccheth the firste plante,  
And palleth adoun the pouke,  
Pureliche thorough grace  
And help of the Holy Goost,  
And thus have I the maistrie."

"Now faire falle yow! Piers," quod I,  
"So faire ye discryven  
The power of these postes,  
And hire propre myghtes.  
Ac I have thoughtes a threve 10910  
Of these three piles,  
In what wode they woxen,  
And where that they growed;  
For alle are they alike longe,  
None less than oother,  
And to my mynde, as me thinketh,  
On o more they growed, {334}  
And of o greetnesse,  
And grene of greyn they semen."

"That is sooth," quod Piers, 10920  
"So it may bifalle;  
I shal telle thee as tid  
What this tree highte.  
The ground there it groweth,  
Goodnesse it hatte;  
And I have told thee what highte the tree,  
The Trinite it meneth."

And egreliche he looked on me;  
And therefore I spared  
To asken hym any moore therof, 10930  
And bad hym ful faire  
To discryve the fruyt  
That so faire hangeth.

"Heer no bynethe," quod he tho,  
"If I nede hadde,  
Matrimoyne I may nyme,  
A moiste fruyt withalle;  
Thanne continence is near the crop,  
As kaylewey bastard, 10940  
Thanne bereth the crop kynde fruyt,  
And clennest of alle,  
Maidenhode aungeles peeris  
And ratherest wole be ripe,  
And swete withouten swellyng,  
Sour worth it nevere."

I preide Piers tho to pulle a-doun  
An appul, and he wolde,  
And suffre me to assaien  
What savour it hadde.

And Piers caste to the crop, 10950  
And thanne comsed it to crye, {335}  
And waggede widwehode,  
And it wepte after;  
And whan it meved matrimoyne,  
It made a foul noise.

And I hadde ruthe whan Piers rogged,  
It gradde so ruffulliche;  
For evere as they dropped a-doun,  
The devel was redy  
And gadrede hem alle togideres, 10960  
Bothe grete and smale,

Adam and Abraham,  
And Ysaye the prophete,  
Sampson and Samuel,  
And seint Johan the Baptist,  
Bar hem forth bodily,  
No body hym letted,  
And made of holy men his hoord  
*In limbo inferni*,  
There is derknesse and drede, 10970  
And the devel maister.

And Piers, for pure tene,  
Of that a pil he raughte;  
He hitte after hym,  
Hitte how it myghte,  
*Filius* by the fader wille,  
And frenesse of *Spiritus sancti*,  
To go robbe that rageman,  
And reve the fruyt fro hym.

And thanne spak *Spiritus sanctus* 10980  
In Gabrielis mouthe,  
To a maide that highte Marie,  
A meke thyng withalle,  
That oon Jhesus a justices sone  
Moste jouke in hir chambre, {336}  
Til *plenitudo temporis*  
Fully comen were,  
That Piers fruyt floured,  
And felle to be rype,  
And thanne sholde Jhesus juste therfore, 10990  
By juggement of armes,  
Wheither sholde fonge the fruyt,  
The fend or hymselfe.

The maide myldeliche tho  
The messenger graunted,  
And seide hendeliche to hym,  
"Lo me his hand-maiden  
For to werchen his wille,  
Withouten any synne."  
*Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi, etc.* 11000

And in the wombe of that wenche  
Was he fourty woukes,  
Til he weex a faunt thorough hir flessh,  
And of fightyng kouthe,  
To have y-foughte with the fend  
Er ful tyme come.  
And Piers the Plowman  
Perceyved plener tyme,  
And lered hym lechecraft  
His lif for to save, 11010  
That though he were wounded with his enemy,  
To warisshen hymselfe,  
And dide hym assaie his surgenrie  
On hem that sike were,  
Til he was perfit praktisour,  
If any peril fille;  
And soughte out the sike  
And synfulle bothe,  
And salvede sike and synfulle, {337}  
Bothe blynde and crokede, 11020  
And commune wommen convertede,  
And to goode turnede.  
*Non est sanis opus medicinæ, sed in, etc.*

Bothe meseles and mute,  
And in the menyson blody,  
Ofte heeled swiche,  
He ne held it for no maistrie,  
Save tho he leched Lazar  
That hadde y-leye in grave,  
*Quatriduanus* quelt, 11030  
Quyck dide hym walke.



Ac as he made the maistrie,  
*Mæstus cæpit esse,*  
 And wepte water with hise eighen,  
 Ther seighen it manye.  
 Some that the sighte seighen,  
 Seiden that tyme  
 That he was leche of lif,  
 And lord of heigh hevене.  
 Jewes jangled ther ayein, 11040  
 And juggede lawes  
 And seide he wroghte thorough wichecraft,  
 And with the develes myghte.  
*Dæmonium habet, etc.*

Thanne, "are ye cherles," quod ich,  
 "And youre children bothe,  
 And Sathan youre saveour,  
 Ye self now ye witnessen."  
 "For I have saved yow self," seith Crist,  
 "And youre sones after, 11050  
 Youre bodies, youre beestes,  
 And blynde men holpen {338}  
 And fed yow with two fisshes  
 And with fyve loves,  
 And lefte baskettesful of broke mete,  
 Bere away who so wolde."  
 And mys-seide the Jewes manliche  
 And manaced hem to bete,  
 And knocked on hem with a corde,  
 And caste a-doun hir stalles 11060  
 That in chirche chaffareden,  
 Or chaungeden any moneie,  
 And seide it in sighte of hem alle,  
 So that alle herden:—

"I shal overturne this temple,  
 And a-doun throwe it,  
 And in thre daies after  
 Edifie it new,  
 And maken it as mucche outhere moore  
 In alle manere poyntes 11070  
 As evere it was, and as wid;  
 Wherfore I hote yow,  
 Of preieres and of perfittesse  
 This place that ye callen."  
*Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.* =

Envye and yvel wil  
 Was in the Jewes;  
 Thei casten and contreveden  
 To kulle hym whan thei myghte, 11080  
 Eche day after oother  
 Hir tyme thei awaiteden;  
 Til it bifel on a Friday  
 A litel bifore Pasqe,  
 The Thursday bifore  
 There he made his maundee, {339}  
 Sittyngge at the soper  
 He seide thise wordes,  
 "I am sold thorough oon of yow,  
 He shal the tyme rewe, 11090  
 That evere he his Saveour solde,  
 For silver or ellis."

Judas jangled ther ayein;  
 Ac Jhesus hym tolde,  
 It was hymself soothly,  
 And seide *tu dicis.*

Thanne wente forth that wikked man,  
 And with the Jewes mette,  
 And tolde hem a tokne  
 How to knowe with Jhesus, 11100  
 And which tokne to this day  
 To mucche is y-used,

That is kissynge and fair countenance,  
And unkynde wille.  
And so was with Judas tho,  
That Jhesus bitrayed:  
"Ave, raby," quod that ribaud,  
And right to hym he yede,  
And kiste hym, to be caught therby,  
And kulled of the Jewes. 11110

Thanne Jhesus to Judas  
And to the Jewes seide,  
"Falsnesse I fynde  
In thi faire speche,  
And gile in thi glad chere,  
And galle is in thi laughyng;  
Thow shalt be myroure  
To many men to deceyve,  
Ac the worse and the wikkednesse  
Shal worthe upon thiselve. 11120 {340}

*Necesse est ut veniant scandala:  
Væ homini illi per quem scandalum  
venit!*

"Though I bi treson be take  
At youre owene wille,  
Suffreth myne apostles in pees  
And in pays gange."  
On a Thursday in thesternesse  
Thus was he taken,  
Thorough Judas and Jewes, 11130  
Jhesus was his name,  
That on the Friday folwyng  
For mankyndes sake  
Justed in Jherusalem,  
A joye to us alle.  
On cros upon Calvarie  
Crist took the bataille  
Ayeins deeth and the devel,  
Destruyed hir botheres myghtes,  
Deide and deed for-dide, 11140  
And day of nyght made.

And I awaked therwith,  
And wiped myne eighen,  
And after Piers the Plowman  
Pried and stared  
Est-ward and west-ward,  
I waited after faste,  
And yede forth as an ydiot  
In contree to asprie,  
After Piers the Plowman 11150  
Many a place I soughte.  
And thanne mette I with a man,  
A myd-lenten Sondag,  
As hoor as an hawethorn, {341}  
And Abraham he highte.  
I frayned hym first  
Fram whennes he come,  
And of whennes he were,  
And whider that he soughte.

"**I**AM Feith," quod that freke, 11160  
"It falleth noght to lye,  
And of Abrahames hous  
An heraud of armes,  
And seke after a segge  
That I seigh ones,  
A ful bold bacheler,  
I knew hym by his blasen."

"What berth that buyrn?" quod I tho,  
"So blisse thee bitide!"

"Thre leodes in oon lyth, 11170  
Noon lenger than oother,  
Of oon muchel and myght

In mesure and in lengthe;  
That oon dooth, alle dooth,  
And ech dooth bi his one.

"The firste hath myght and majestee,  
Makere of alle thynges,  
*Pater* is his propre name,  
A persone by hymselfe.

"The secounde of tha sire is 11180  
Sothfastnesse *filius*,  
Wardeyn of that wit hath  
Was evere withouten gynnyng.

"The thridde highte the Holi Goost,  
A persone by hymselfe,  
The light of al that lif hath  
A-londe and a-watre, {342}  
Confortour of creatures,  
Of hym cometh alle blisse.

"So thre bilongeth for a lord 11190  
That lordshipe cleymeth,  
Might and mene  
To knowe his owene myghte,  
Of hym and of his servaunt,  
And what thei suffre bothe.

"So God that gynnyng hadde nevere,  
But tho hym good thoughte,  
Sente forth his sone,  
As for servaunt that tyme,  
To ocupie hym here, 11200  
Til issue were spronge,  
That is, children of charité,  
And holi chirche the moder;  
Patriarkes and prophetes  
And apostles were the children,  
And Crist and cristendom,  
And cristene holy chirche,  
In menyngge that man moste  
On o God bileve.

And there hym likede and lovede, 11210  
In thre persones hym shewede,  
And that it may be so and sooth,  
Manhode it sheweth,  
Wedlok and widwehode,  
With virginité y-nempned,  
In tokenyngge of the Trinité  
Was out of man taken.

"Adam was oure aller fader,  
And Eve was of hymselfe,  
And the issue that thei hadde 11220 {343}  
It was of hem bothe,  
And either is otheres joie  
In thre sondry persones,  
And in hevene and here  
Oon singuler name;  
And thus is mankynde and manhede  
Of matrimoyne y-spronge,  
And bitokneth the Trinité  
And trewe bileve.

"Mighty is matrimoyne, 11230  
That multiplieth the erthe,  
And bitokneth trewely,  
Telle if I dorste,  
Hym that first formed al,  
The fader of hevene.

"The sone, if I it dorste seye,  
Resembleth wel the widewe.  
*Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me!* =

"That is, creatour weex creature 11240

To knowe what was bothe.  
 As widewe withouten wedlok  
 Was nevere yit y-seighe;  
 Na-moore myghte God be man,  
 But if he moder hadde.  
 So widewe withouten wedlok  
 May noght wel stande,  
 Ne matrimoyne withouten muliere  
 Is noght muche to preise.  
*Maledictus homo qui non reliquit* 11250  
*semen in Israel! etc.*

"Thus in thre persones  
 Is perfitliche manhede;  
 That is man and his make {344}  
 And mulliere children.  
 And is noght but gendre of a generacion  
 Bifore Jhesu Crist in hevene;  
 So is the fader forth with the sone,  
 And fre wille of bothe.  
*Spiritus procedens a patre et filio, etc.* =  
 Which is the Holy Goost of alle, 11262  
 And alle is but o God.

"Thus in a somer I hym seigh  
 As I sat in my porche.  
 I roos up and reverenced hym,  
 And right faire hym grette,  
 Thre men to my sighte  
 I made wel at ese,  
 Wessh her feet and wiped hem, 11270  
 And afterward thei eten  
 Calves flessh and cake-breed,  
 And knewe what I thoughte!  
 Ful trewe toknes bitwene us is,  
 To telle whan me liketh.

"First he fonded me  
 If I lovede better  
 Hym or Ysaak myn heir,  
 The which he highte me kulle.  
 He wiste my wille bi hym, 11280  
 He wol me it allowe;  
 I am ful siker in soule therof,  
 And my sone bothe.  
 I circumscised my sone  
 Sithen for his sake,  
 Myself and my meynee,  
 And alle that male weere,  
 Bledden blood for that Lordes love, {345}  
 And hope to blisse the tyme.  
 Myn affiaunce and my feith 11290  
 Is ferme in his bileve;  
 For himself bihighte to me,  
 And to myn issue bothe,  
 Lond and lordshipe,  
 And lif withouten ende;  
 To me and to myn issue  
 Moore yet he grauntede,  
 Mercy for oure mys-dedes,  
 As many tyme as we asken.  
*Quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et* 11300  
*semini ejus.*

"And siththe he sente me to seye  
 I sholde do sacrificise,  
 And doon hym worship with breed  
 And with wyn bothe;  
 And called me the foot of his feith,  
 His folk for to save,  
 And defende hem fro the fend,  
 Folk that on me leveden.

"Thus have I ben his heraud 11310  
 Here and in helle,

And confortd many a careful  
That after his comynge waiteden.  
And thus I seke hym," he seide,  
"For I herde seyn late  
Of a barn that baptysed hym,  
Johan Baptist was his name,  
That to patriarkes and to prophetes,  
And to oother peple in derknesse,  
Seide that he seigh here  
That sholde save us alle."  
11320

*Ecce agnus Dei! etc.*

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I hadde wonder of hise wordes,  
And of hise wide clothes;  
For in his bosom he bar a thyng  
That he blissed evere.  
And I loked in his lappe,  
A lazar lay therinne  
Amonges patriarkes and prophetes  
Pleyinge togideres.  
11330

"What awaitestow?" quod he,  
"And what woldestow have?"

"I wolde wite," quod I tho,  
"What is in youre lappe."

"Loo!" quod he; and leet me see.  
"Lord, mercy!" I seide;  
"This is a present of muche pris,  
What prynce shal it have?"

"It is a precious present," quod he;  
"Ac the pouke it hath attached,  
And me thermyde," quod that man,  
"May no wed us quyte,  
Ne no buyrn be oure borgh,  
Ne brynge us fram his daunger;  
Out of the poukes pondfold  
No maynprise may us feeche,  
Til he come that I carpe of,  
Crist is his name.  
That shal deliver us som day  
Out of the develes power,  
And bettre wed for us legge  
Than we ben alle worthi,  
That is lif for lif,  
Or ligge thus evere  
Lollynge in my lappe,  
Til swich a lord us fecche."  
11340

11350

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"Allas!" I seide, "that synne  
So longe shal lette  
The myght of Goddes mercy,  
That myghte us alle amende."  
I wepte for hise wordes.  
With that saugh I another  
Rapeliche renne forth,  
The righte wey he wente.  
I affrayned hym first  
Fram whennes he come,  
And what he highte, and whider he wolde;  
And wightly he tolde.  
11360  
11368



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*Passus Decimus Septimus, etc. et Secundus de Dobet.*

**I**AM *Spes*," quod he, "aspie 11369  
And spire after a knyght,  
That took me a maundement  
Upon the mount of Synay,  
To rule alle reames with,  
I bere the writ here."

"Is it enseled?" I seide,  
"May men see thi lettres?"

"Nay," he seide, "seke hym  
That hath the seel to kepe;  
And that is cros and cristendom,  
And Crist theron to honge. 11380  
And whan it is enseled so,  
I woot wel the sothe,  
That Luciferis lordshipe  
Laste shal no lenger."

"Lat se thi lettres," quod I,  
"We myghte the lawe knowe."

Thanne plukkede he forth a patente,  
A pece of an hard roche,  
Wheron were writen two wordes  
On this wise y-glosed. 11390  
*Dilige Deum et proximum tuum.*

This was the tixte trewely,  
I took ful good yeme; {349}  
The glose was gloriously writen,  
With a gilt penne.  
*In his duobus mandatis tota lex  
pendet et prophetia.*

"Ben here alle thi lordes lawes?" quod I.  
"Ye, leve me wel," he seide;  
And who so wercheth after this writ, 11400  
I wol undertaken  
Shal nevere devel hym dere,  
Ne deeth in soule greve.  
For, though I seye it myself,  
I have saved with this charme,  
Of men and of wommen  
Many score thousand.

"Ye seien sooth," seide this heraud;  
"I have y-founde it ofte.  
Lo! here in my lappe 11410  
That leaved on that charme,  
Josue and Judith,  
And Judas Macabeus,  
Ye, and sixti thousand biside forth,  
That ben noght seyen here."

"Youre wordes arn wonderfulle," quod I tho,  
"Which of yow is trewest,  
And lelest to leve so,  
For lif, and for soule?  
Abraham seith 11420  
That he seigh hoolly the Trinité,  
Thre persones in parcelles  
Departable fro oother,  
And alle thre but o god;  
Thus Abraham me taughte,  
And hath saved that bileved so,  
And sory for hir synnes. {350}

He kan noght siggen the somme,  
And some arn in his lappe.  
What neded it thanne 11430  
A newe lawe to bigynne,  
Sith the firste suffiseth  
To savacion and to blisse?  
And now cometh *Spes* and speketh,  
That aspied the lawe;  
And telleth noght of the Trinité  
That took hym hise lettres,  
To bileeve and lovye  
In o lord almyghty,  
And siththe right as myself 11440  
So lovye alle peple.

"The gome that gooth with o staf,  
He semeth in gretter heele  
Than he that gooth with two staves,  
To sighte of us alle.

"And right so, bi the roode!  
Reson me sheweth  
That it is lighter to lewed men  
O lesson to knowe, 11450  
Than for to techen hem two,  
And to hard to lerne to the leeste  
It is ful hard for any man  
On Abraham bileve;  
And wel away worse yit  
For to love a sherewe.  
It is lighter to leeve  
In thre lovely persones,  
Than for to lovye and leve  
As wel lorels as lele." {351}

"Go thi gate!" quod I to *Spes*, 11460  
"So me God helpe!  
Tho that lernen thi lawe,  
Wol litel while usen it."  
And as we wenten thus in the wey  
Wordyngge togideres,  
Thanne seighe we a Samaritan  
Sittyngge on a mule,  
Ridyngge ful rapely  
The righte wey we yeden,  
Comyngge from a contree 11470  
That men called Jerico,  
To a justes in Jerusalem  
He chaced away faste.  
Bothe the heraud and Hope  
And he mette at ones  
Where a man was wounded,  
And with theves taken;  
He myghte neither steppe ne stande,  
Ne stere foot ne handes,  
Ne helpe hymself soothly, 11480  
For semy-vif he semed,  
And as naked as a nedle,  
And noon help aboute hym.

Feith hadde first sighte of hym;  
Ac he fleigh aside,  
And nolde noght neghen hym  
By nyne londes lengthe.

Hope cam hippyngge after,  
That hadde so y-bosted  
How he with Moyses maundement 11490  
Hadde many men y-holpe;  
Ac whan he hadde sighte of that segge  
Aside he gan hym drawe {352}  
Dredfully bi this day,  
As doke dooth fram the faucon.

Ac so soone so the Samaritan  
Hadde sighte of this leode,

He lighte a-down of lyard,  
 And ladde hym in his hande,  
 And to the wye he wente 11500  
 Hise woundes to biholde;  
 And perceyved bi his pous  
 He was in peril to dye,  
 And but he hadde recoverer the rapelier,  
 That rise sholde he nevere.  
 With wyn and with oille  
 Hise woundes he wasshed,  
 Enbawmed hym and bond his heed,  
 And in his lappe hym leide,  
 And ladde hym so forth on lyard 11510  
 Te *lex Christi*, a graunge  
 Wel sixe mile or sevene  
 Biside the newe market;  
 Herberwed hym at an hostrie,  
 And to the hostiler called,  
 And seide, "Have kepe this man  
 Til I come fro the justes;  
 And lo! here silver," he seide,  
 "For salve to hise woundes."  
 And he took hym two pens, 11520  
 To liflod, as it weere;  
 And seide, "What he spendeth moore,  
 I make thee good herafter;  
 For I may noght lette," quod that leode;  
 And lyard he bistrideth,  
 And raped hym to Jerusalem-ward  
 The righte wey to ryde. {353}

Feith folwede after faste,  
 And fondede to mete hym;  
 And *Spes* spakliche hym spedde, 11530  
 Spede if he myghte  
 To overtaken hym and talke to hym,  
 Er thei to towne coome.

And whan I seigh this, I sojourned noght,  
 But shoop me to renne,  
 And suwed that Samaritan  
 That was so ful of pité,  
 And graunted hym to ben his groom.  
 "Graunt mercy!" he seide;  
 "Ac thi frend and thi felawe," quod he, 11540  
 "Thow fyndest me at nede."

And I thanked hym tho,  
 And siththe I hym tolde  
 How that Feith fleigh away,  
 And *Spes* his felawe bothe,  
 For sighte of that sorweful man  
 That robbed was with theves.

"Have hem excused," quod he,  
 "Hir help may litel availle;  
 May no medycyne on molde 11550  
 The man to heele brynge,  
 Neither feith ne fyn hope,  
 So festred be hise woundes,  
 Withouten the blood of a barn  
 Born of a mayde.  
 And he be bathed in that blood,  
 Baptised as it were,  
 And thanne plastred with penaunce  
 And passion of that baby,  
 He sholde stonde and steppe. 11560 {354}  
 Ac stalworthe worth he nevere.  
 Til he have eten al the barn,  
 And his blood y-dronke.  
 For wente nevere wye in this world  
 Thorough that wildernesse,  
 That he ne was robbed or rifled,  
 Rood he there or yede,  
 Save Feith and his felawe,



*Spes*, and myselve,  
And thiself now, 11570  
And swiche as suwen oure werkes.

"For outlawes in the wode  
And under bank lotieth,  
And mowen ech man see,  
And good mark take  
Who is bihynde and who bifore,  
And who ben on horse  
For he halt hym hardier on horse  
Than he that is foote.

For he seigh me that am Samaritan 11580  
Suwen Feith and his felawe  
On my capul that highte *caro*,  
Of mankynde I took it;  
He was unhardy that harlot,  
And hidde hym *in Inferno*.

Ac er this day thre daies,  
I dar undertaken,  
That he worth fettred, that feloun,  
Faste with cheynes,  
And nevere eft greve gome 11590  
That gooth this ilke gate.

"And thanne shal Feith be forster here,  
And in this fryth walke, {355}  
And kennen out comune men  
That knowen noght the contree  
Which is the wey that I wente,  
And wher forth to Jerusalem.

And Hope the hostilers man shal be,  
Ther the man lith an helyng;  
And alle that feble and feynte be, 11600  
That Feith may noght teche,  
Hope shal lede hem forth with love,  
As his lettre telleth,  
And hostele hem and heele

Thorough holy chirche bileve,  
Til I have salve for alle sike;  
And thanne shal I turne,  
And come ayein bi this contree,  
And conforten alle sike  
That craveth it and coveiteth it, 11610  
Or crieth thereafter.

For the barn was born in Bethleem,  
That with his blood shal save  
Alle that lyven in feith  
And folwen his felawes techynge."

"A! swete sire," I seide tho,  
"Wher I shal bileve,  
As Feith and his felawe  
Enformed me bothe,  
In thre persones departable, 11620  
That perpetuele were evere,  
And alle thre but o God,  
Thus Abraham me taughte.

"And Hope afterward  
He bad me to lovye  
O God with al my good, {356}  
And alle gomes after,  
Lovye hem lik myselve,  
Ac oure Lord aboven alle.

"After Abraham," quod he, 11630  
"That heraud of armes,  
Sette fully thi feith  
And ferme bileve;  
And as Hope highte thee,  
I hote that thow lovye  
Thyn evene cristene evere moore  
Evene forth with thiselve.  
And if Conscience carpe ther ayein,

Or kynde wit eyther,  
Or eretikes with argumentz  
Thyn hond thow hem shewe;  
For God is after an hand,  
Y-heer now and knowe it. 11640

"The fader was first as a fust,  
With o fynger foldynge;  
Til hym lovede and liste  
To unlosen his fynger,  
And profre it forth as with a pawme  
To what place it sholde,

"The pawme is purely the hand,  
And profreth forth the fyngres,  
To ministren and to make  
That myght of hand knoweth;  
And bitokneth trewely,  
Telle who so liketh,  
The Holy Goost of hevene  
He is as the pawme. 11650

"The fyngres that fre ben  
To folde and to serve,  
Bitoknen soothly the Sone  
That sent was til erthe,  
That touched and tastede  
At techynge of the pawme  
Seinte Marie a mayde,  
And mankynde laughte.  
*Qui conceptus est de Spiritu sancto, etc.* 11660 =

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"The Fader is pawme as a fust,  
With fynger to touche,—  
*Quia omnia traham ad meipsum, etc.*  
Al that the pawme perceyveth  
Profitable to feele. 11672 =

"Thus are thei alle but oon,  
As it an hand weere,  
And thre sondry sightes  
In oon shewynge,  
The pawme for it putteth forth fyngres,  
And the fust bothe;  
Right so redily,  
Reson it sheweth  
How he that is Holy Goost  
Sire and Son preveth. 11680

"And as the hand halt harde,  
And alle thyng faste,  
Thorough foure fyngres and a thombe  
Forth with the pawme;  
Right so the Fader and the Sone,  
And Seint Spirit the thridde,  
Al the wide world  
Withinne hem thre holden,  
Bothe wolkne and the wynd,  
Water and erthe,  
Hevene and helle,  
And al that is therinne. 11690

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"Thus it is, nedeth no man  
Trowe noon oother,  
That thre thynges bilongeth  
In oure Lord of Hevene;  
And aren serelopes by hemself,  
A-sondry were thei nevere,  
Na-moore than myn hand may  
Meve withoute my fyngres. 11700

"And as my fust is ful hand  
Y-holden togideres;  
So is the Fader a ful God,  
Formour and shappere.  
*Tu fabricator omnium, etc.*

And al the myght myd hym is  
In makynge of thynges. 11710  
The fynGRES formen a ful hand  
To portreye or peynten,  
Kervynge and compasyng,  
As craft of the fynGRES.

"Right so is the Sone  
The science of the Fader,  
And ful God as is the Fader,  
No febler ne no better.

"The pawme is pureliche the hand,  
And hath power by hymselfe, 11720  
Other wise than the writen fust,  
Or werkmanshipe of fynGRES.  
For he hath power  
To putte out alle the joyntes,  
And to unfolde the folden fust,  
At the fynGRES wille.

"So is the Holy Goost God,  
Neither gretter ne lasse.  
Than is the Sire and the Sone, {359}  
And in the same myghte. 11730

And alle are thei but o God;  
As is myn hand and my fynGRES,  
Unfolden or folden,  
My fust and my pawne,  
Al is but an hand;  
Evene in the myddes,  
He may receyve right noght,  
Reson it sheweth,  
For the fynGRES that folde sholde  
And the fust make, 11740  
For peyne of the pawme,  
Power hem failleth  
To clucche or to clawe,  
To clippe or to holde.

"Were the myddel of myn hand  
Y-maymed or y-perissed,  
I sholde receyve right noght  
Of that I reche myghte.

"Ac though my thombe and my fynGRES  
Bothe were to-shullen, 11750  
And the myddel of myn hand  
Withoute *male-ese*,  
In many kynnes maneres  
I myghte myself helpe,  
Bothe mene and amende,  
Though alle my fynGRES oke.

"By this skile, me thynketh,  
I se an evidence  
That who so synneth in the Seint Spirit,  
Assoilled worth he nevere, 11760  
Neither here ne ellis where,  
As I herde telle.

*Qui peccat in Spiritu sancto, etc.* {360}  
For he priketh God as in the pawme,  
That *peccat in Spiritu sancto*.

For God the fader is as a fust,  
The Sone is as a fynger,  
The Holy Goost of hevене  
Is as it were the pawme;  
So who so synneth in the Seint Spirit, 11770  
It semeth that he greveth  
God, that he grypeth with,  
And wolde his grace quenche.

"And to a torche or a tapur  
The Trinité is likned;  
As wex and a weke  
Were twyned togideres,

And thanne a fir flawmyng  
 Forth out of bothe;  
 And as wex and weke 11780  
 And hoot fir togideres  
 Fostren forth a flawmbe  
 And a fair leye,  
 So dooth the Sire and the Sone  
 And also *Spiritus sanctus*,  
 That alle kynne cristene  
 Clenseth of synnes  
 And as thow seest som tyme  
 Sodeynliche a torche,  
 The blase therof y-blowe out, 11790  
 Yet brenneth the weke  
 Withouten leye or light  
 That the macche brenneth;  
 So is the Holy Goost God,  
 And grace withoute mercy  
 To alle unkynde creatures,  
 That coveite to destruye {361}  
 Lele love or lif  
 That oure Lord shapte.

"And as glowyng gledes 11800  
 Gladeth nocht these werkmen,  
 That werchen and waken  
 In wyntres nyghtes,  
 As dooth a kex or a candle  
 That caught hath fir and blaseth;  
 Na-moore dooth Sire ne Sone  
 Ne Seint Spirit togidres  
 Graunte no grace  
 Ne forgyfnesse of synnes,  
 Til the Holy Goost gynne 11810  
 To glowe and to blase.  
 So that the Holy Goost  
 Gloweth but as a glade,  
 Til that lele love  
 Ligge on hym and blowe,  
 And thanne flawmeth he as fir  
 On Fader and on *Filius*,  
 And melteth hire myght into mercy;  
 As men may se in wyntre  
 Ysekeles and evesynges 11820  
 Thorough hete of the sonne  
 Melte in a minut while  
 To myst and to watre.

"So grace of the Holy Goost  
 The greet myght of the Trinite  
 Melteth to mercy,  
 To merciabile and to othere;  
 And as wex withouten moore  
 On a warm glede  
 Wol brennen and blasen, 11830  
 Be thei togideres, {362}  
 And solacen hem that mowe se,  
 That sitten in derknesse.

"So wol the Fader forgyve  
 Folk of mylde hertes,  
 That rufully repenten,  
 And restitution make,  
 In as mucche as thei mowen  
 Amenden and paien;  
 And if it suffise nocht for assetz, 11840  
 That in swich a wille deyeth,  
 Mercy for his mekenesse  
 Wol maken good the remenaunt.  
 And as the weke and fir  
 Wol maken a warm flaumbe,  
 For to murthen men myd  
 That in the derke sitten;  
 So wole Crist of his curteisie,  
 And men crye hym mercy,

Bothe forgyve and foryete, 11850  
And yit bidde for us  
To the Fader of hevene  
Forgifnesse to have.

"Ac hewe fir at a flynt  
Foure hundred wynter,  
But thow have tow to take it with,  
Tonder or broches,  
Al thi labour is lost,  
And al thi long travaille;  
For may no fir flaumbe make, 11860  
Faille it is kynde.

"So is the Holi Goost God,  
And grace withouten mercy  
To alle unkynde creatures,  
Crist hymself witnesseth. {363}  
*Amen dico vobis, nescio vos, etc.*

"Be unkynde to thyn evene cristene,  
And al that thow kanst bidde,  
Delen and do penaunce  
Day and nyght evere, 11870  
And purchace al the pardon  
Of Pampilon and Rome,  
And indulgences y-nowe,  
And be *ingratus* to thi kynde,  
The Holy Goost hereth thee noght,  
Ne helpe may thee by reson;  
For unkyndenesse quencheth hym,  
That he kan noght shyne,  
Ne brenne ne blase clere  
For blowynge of unkyndenesse. 11880  
Poul the apostel  
Preveth wheither I lye.  
*Si linguis hominum loquar, etc.*

"For-thi beth war, ye wise men,  
That with the world deleth,  
That riche ben and reson knoweth,  
Ruleth wel youre soule,  
Beth noght unkynde, I conseilte yow,  
To youre evene cristene,  
For manye of yow riche men, 11890  
By my soule! men telleth,  
Ye brenne, but ye blase noght,  
That is a blynd bekene.  
*Non omnis qui dicit Domine! Domine!  
intrahit, etc.*

"Dives deyde dampned,  
For his unkyndenesse  
Of his mete and of his moneie {364}  
To men that it nedede.  
Ech a riche I rede 11900  
Reward at hym take,  
And giveth youre good to that God  
That grace of ariseth;  
For thei that ben unkynde to hise,  
Hope I noon oother,  
But thei dwelle ther Dives is  
Dayes withouten ende.

"Thus is unkyndenesse the contrarie,  
That quencheth, as it were,  
The grace of the Holy Goost, 11910  
Goddess owene kynde.  
For that kynde dooth, unkynde for-dooth;  
As thise corsede theves  
Unkynde cristene men,  
For coveitise and envye,  
Sleeth a man for hise moebles  
With mouth or with handes.  
For that the Holy Goost hath to kepe,  
The harlotes destruyeth,

The which is lif and love, 11920  
The leye of mannes body.  
For every manere good man  
May be likned to a torche,  
Or ellis to a tapur,  
To reverence the Trinité;  
And who morthereþ a good man,  
Me thynketh by myn inwit,  
He for-dooth the levest light  
That oure Lord lovyeth.

"And yet in manye mo maneres 11930  
Men offenden the Holy Goost.  
Ac this is the worste wise  
That any wight myghte {365}  
Synnen ayein the Seint Spirit,  
Assenten to destruye  
For coveitise of any kynnes thyng  
That Crist deere boughte,  
That wikkedliche and wilfulliche  
Wolde mercy aniente.

"Innocence is next God, 11940  
And nyght and day it crieth,  
'Vengeaunce! vengeaunce!  
Forgyve be it nevere  
That shente us and shedde oure blood,  
For-shapte us, as it were!'  
*Vindica sanguinem justorum.*

"Thus 'Vengeaunce! vengeaunce!'  
Verrey Charité asketh.  
And sith holy chirche and Charité  
Chargeth this so soore, 11950  
Leve I nevere that oure Lord  
Wol love that charité lakketh,  
Ne have pité for any preiere  
Ther that he pleyneth."

"I pose I hadde synned so,  
And sholde now deye;  
And now I am sory that I so  
The Seint Spirit a-gulte,  
Confesse me and crye his grace,  
God that al made, 11960  
And myldeliche his mercy aske,  
Myghte I noght be saved?"

"Yis," seide the Samaritan,  
"So wel thow myght repente,  
That rightwisnesse thorough repentaunce,  
To ruthe myghte turne.  
Ac it is but selden y-seighe  
Ther soothnesse bereth witnessse, {366}  
Any creature that is coupable  
Afore a kynges justice, 11970  
Be raunsoned for his repentaunce,  
Ther alle reson hym dampneth.  
For ther that partie pursueth,  
The peple is so huge,  
That the kyng may do no mercy  
Til bothe men acorde,  
And eyther have equité,  
As holy writ telleth.  
*Nunquam dimittitur peccatum, etc.*

"Thus it fareth by swich folk 11980  
That falsly al hire lyves  
Yvele lyven, and leten noght  
Til lif hem forsake.  
Good hope, that helpe sholde,  
To wanhope torneth,  
Noght of the noun power of God,  
That he ne is myghtful  
To amende al that amys is,  
And his mercy gretter

Than alle oure wikkede werkes, As holy writ telleth. <i>Misericordia ejus super omnia opera ejus.</i> Ac er his rightwisnesse to ruthe torne, Som restitucion bihoveth. His sorwe is satisfaccion, For hym that may noght paie.	11990 =	
"Thre thynges ther ben That doon a man by strengthe For to fleeen his owene, As holy writ sheweth.	12000	
"That oon is a wikkede wif, That wol noght be chastised; Hir feere fleeth fro hire, For feere of hir tonge.		{367}
"And if his hous be un-hiled, And reyne on his bedde, He seketh and seketh Til he slepe drye.		
"And whan smoke and smolder Smyt in his sighte, It dooth hym worse than his wif Or wete to slepe. For smoke and smolder Smyteth in hise eighen, Til he be bler-ighed, or blynd, And hoors in the throte, Cogheth, and curseth That Crist gyve hem sorwe That sholde brynge in bettere wode, Or blowe it til it brende.	12010 12020	
"Thise thre that I telle of Ben thus to understonde; The wif is oure wikked flessh, That wol noght be chastised; For kynde clyveth on hym evere To contrarie the soule. And though it falle, it fynt skiles That freleté it made, And that is lightly forgyven And forgeten bothe, To man that mercy asketh, And amende thenketh.	12030	
"The reyn that reyneth Ther we reste sholde, Ben siknesse and sorwes That we suffren ofte; As Poul the apostle To the people taughte. <i>Virtus infirmitate perficitur, etc.</i>	12040	{368}
"And though that men make Muche doel in hir angre, And ben impacient in hir penaunce, Pure reson knoweth That thei han cause to contrarie By kynde of hir siknesse; And lightliche oure Lord At hir lyves ende Hath mercy on swiche men, That so yvele may suffre.	12050	
"Ac the smoke and the smolder That smyt in oure eighen, That is coveitise and unkyndenesse, That quenmeth Goddes mercy. For unkyndenesse is the contrarie Of alle kynnes reson. For ther nys sik ne sory, Ne noon so mucho wrecche,		

That he ne may lovye, and hym like,  
And lene of his herte 12060  
Good wille and good word,  
And wisshen and willen  
Alle manere men  
Mercy and forgifnesse,  
And lovye hem lik hymself,  
And his lif amende.

"I may no lenger lette," quod he;  
And lyard he prikede,  
And went away as wynd;  
And therwith I awakede. 12070



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*Passus Decimus Octavus, etc. et Tertius de Do-bet.*

**W**OLLEWARD and weet-shoed =  
Wente I forth after, 12073  
As a recchelees renk  
That of no wo roughete,  
And yede forth lik a lorel  
Al my lif tyme,  
Til I weex wery of the world,  
And wilned eft to slepe,  
And lened me to a lenten, 12080  
And longe tyme I slepte;  
And of Cristes passion and penaunce,  
The peple that of raughte,  
Reste me there, and rutte faste  
Til *ramis palmarum*.  
Of gerlis and of *gloria laus*  
Gretly me dremed,  
And how *hosanna* by organye  
Olde folk songen.

Oon semblable to the Samaritan, 12090  
And som deel to Piers the Plowman,  
Bare-foot on an asse bak  
Boot-les cam prikye,  
Withouten spores other spere, {370}  
Spakliche he lokede,  
As is the kynde of a knyght  
*That cometh to be dubbed,*  
To geten hym gilte spores,  
Or galoches y-couped.

Thanne was Feith in a fenestre, 12100  
And cryde a *fili David*,  
As dooth an heraud of armes,  
Whan aventrous cometh to justes.  
Old Jewes of Jerusalem  
For joye thei songen,  
*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.* =

Thanne I frayned at Feith,  
What al that fare by-mente,  
And who sholde juste in Jerusalem. 12110  
"Jhesus," he seide,  
"And fecche that the fend claymeth,  
Piers fruyt the Plowman."

"Is Piers in this place?" quod I.  
And he preynte on me:  
"This Jhesus of his gentries  
Wol juste in Piers armes,  
In his helm and in his haubergeon,



*Humana natura;*  
That Crist be noght bi-knowe here 12120  
For *consummatus Deus*.  
In Piers paltok the Plowman  
This prikiere shal ryde.  
For no dynt shal hym dere,  
As *in deitate Patris*."

"Who shal juste with Jhesus?" quod I,  
"Jewes or scrybes?" {371}

"Nay," quod he; "The foule fend,  
And fals doom and deeth.  
Deeth seith he shal for-do 12130  
And a-doun brynge  
Al that lyveth and loketh  
In londe and in watre.

"Lif seith that he lieth,  
And leieth his lif to wedde,  
That for al that deeth kan do  
Withinne thre daies  
To walke and fecche fro the fend  
Piers fruyt the Plowman,  
And legge it ther hym liketh, 12140  
And Lucifer bynde,  
And for-bete and a-doun brynge  
Bale deeth for evere."  
*O mors, ero mors tua.*

Thanne cam Pilatus with muche peple,  
*Sedens pro tribunali*,  
To se how doghtiliche Deeth sholde do,  
And deme hir botheres right.

The Jewes and the justice  
Ayeins Jhesu thei weere, 12150  
And al the court on hym cryde  
*Crucifige* sharpe.  
Tho putte hym forth a pilour  
Bifore Pilat, and seide,  
"This Jhesus of oure Jewes temple  
Hath japed and despised,  
To for-doon it on o day,  
And in thre dayes after  
Edifie it eft newe;  
Here he stant that seide it; 12160  
And yit maken it as muche  
In alle manere poyntes,  
Bothe as long and as large,  
Bi lofte and by grounde."

"*Crucifige!*" quod a cachepol;  
"I warrante hym a wicche."

"*Tolle! tolle!*" quod another,  
And took of kene thornes,  
And bigan of kene thorn  
A garland to make, 12170  
And sette it sore on his heed,  
And seide in envye,  
"Ave, Raby," quod that rybaud,  
And threw reedes at hym,  
Nailed hym with thre nailes  
Naked on the roode,  
And poison on a poole  
Thei putte up to hise lippes,  
And beden hym drynken his deeth yvel, 12180  
Hise daies were y-done,  
"And if that thow sotil be,  
Help now thiselve;  
If thow be Crist and kynges sone,  
Com down of the roode;  
Thanne shul we leve that lif thee loveth,  
And wol noght lete thee deye."

"Consummatum est," quod Crist,  
 And comsede for to swoune  
 Pitousliche and pale,  
 As a prison that deieth. 12190  
 The lord of lif and of light  
 Tho leide hise eighen togideres.  
 The day for drede withdrough, {373}  
 And derk bicam the sonne;  
 The wal waggede and cleef,  
 And al the world quaved;  
 Dede men for that dene  
 Come out of depe graves,  
 And tolde why that tempeste  
 So longe tyme durede; 12200  
 "For a bitter bataille,"  
 The dede body seide,  
 "Lif and deeth in this derknesse  
 Hir oon for-dooth hir oother.  
 Shal no wight wite witterly  
 Who shal have the maistrie  
 Er Sunday aboute sonne risyng;"  
 And sank with that til erthe.

Some seide that he was Goddes sone  
 That so faire deide. 12210  
*Vere filius Dei erat iste.*  
 And some seide he was a wicche,  
 "Good is that we assaye  
 Wher he be deed or noght deed,  
 Doun er he be taken."

Two theves also  
 Tholed deeth that tyme,  
 Upon a croos besides Crist,  
 So was the comune lawe. 12220  
 A cachepol cam forth  
 And craked bothe hire legges,  
 And the armes after  
 Of either of tho theves.  
 Ac was no body so boold  
 Goddes body to touche;  
 For he was knyght and kynges sone,  
 Kynde for-yaf that tyme, {374}  
 That noon harlot were so hardy  
 To leyen hond upon hym.

Ac ther cam forth a knyght, 12230  
 With a kene spere y-grounde,  
 Highte *Longeus*, as the lettre telleth,  
 And longe hadde lore his sighte.  
 Bifore Pilat and oother peple  
 In the place he hoved;  
 Maugree his manye teeth,  
 He was maad that tyme  
 To take the spere in his hond,  
 And justen with Jhesus.  
 For alle thei were unhardy, 12240  
 That hoved on horse or stode,  
 To touchen hym or to tasten hym,  
 Or taken doun of roode.  
 But *this blynde bachelor*  
 Baar hym thorough the herte;  
 The blood sprong doun by the spere,  
 And unspered the knyghtes eighen.

Thanne fil the knyght upon knees,  
 And cryde hym mercy;  
 "Ayein my wille it was, Lord, 12250  
 To wownde yow so soore."  
 He sighed and seide,  
 "Soore it me a-thynketh,  
 For the dede that I have doon  
 I do me in youre grace.  
 Have on me ruthe! rightful Jhesu!"  
 And right with that he wepte.

Thanne gan Feith felly  
 The false Jewes despise,  
 Called hem caytyves 12260 {375}  
 Acorsed for evere;  
 "For this foule vileynye  
 Vengeaunce to yow falle!  
 To do the blynde bete hym y-bounde,  
 It was a boyes counseille.  
 Curseded caytif!  
 Knyghthood was it nevere  
 To mys-do a deed body  
 By daye or by nyghte.  
 The gree yit hath he geten, 12270  
 For al his grete wounde.

"For youre champion chivaler,  
 Chief knyght of yow alle,  
 Yilt hym recreaunt rennyng  
 Right at Jhesus wille.  
 For be this derknesse y-do,  
 His deeth worth avenged;  
 And ye, lurdaynes, han y-lost,  
 For lif shal have the maistrye; 12280  
 And youre fraunchise, that fre was,  
 Fallen is in thraldom,  
 And ye, cherles, and youre children  
 Cheve shulle nevere  
 To have lordshipe in londe,  
 Ne no lond tilye,  
 But al barayne be,  
 And usurie usen,  
 Which is lif that oure Lord  
 In alle lawes acurseth.  
 Now youre goode dayes arn doon, 12290  
 As Daniel prophecied,  
 Whan Crist cam, of hir kyngdom  
 The crowne sholde cesse."  
*Cum veniat sanctus sanctorum, cessabit  
 unctio vestra.* {376}

What for feere of this ferly,  
 And of the false Jewes,  
 I drow me in that derknesse  
 To *descendit ad inferna*;  
 And there I saugh soothly 12300  
*Secundum Scripturas*  
 Out of the west coste  
 A wenche, as me thoughte,  
 Cam walkynge in the wey,  
 To helle-ward she lokede.  
 Mercy highte that mayde,  
 A meke thyng withalle,  
 A ful benigne burde,  
 And buxom of speche.

Hir suster, as it semed, 12310  
 Cam soothly walkynge.  
 Evene out of the est,  
 And west-ward she lokede,  
 A ful comely creature,  
 Truthe she highte,  
 For the vertue that hire folwede  
 A-fered was she nevere.

Whan these maydenes mette,  
 Mercy and Truthe, 12320  
 Either asked oother  
 Of this grete wonder,  
 Of the dyn and of the derknesse,  
 And how the day rowed,  
 And which a light and a leme  
 Lay bifore helle.  
 "Ich have ferly of this fare,  
 In feith!" seide Truthe,  
 "And am wendynge to wite {377}

What this wonder meneth."

"Have no merveille," quod Mercy, 12330  
"Murth it bitokneth.  
A maiden that highte Marie,  
And moder withouten felyng  
Of any kynnes creature,  
Conceyved thorough speche  
And grace of the Holy Goost,  
Weex greet with childe,  
Withouten wem  
Into this world she broghte hym;  
And that my tale be trewe, 12340  
I take God to witesse.

"Sith this barn was y-bore  
Ben .xxx.<sup>ti</sup> wynter passed,  
Which deide and deeth tholed  
This day aboute myd-day,  
And that is cause of this clips  
That closeth now the sonne,  
In menyng that man shal  
Fro merknesse be drawe,  
The while this light and this leme 12350  
Shal Lucifer a-blende.  
For patriarkes and prophetes  
Han preched herof ofte:  
That man shal man save  
Thorough a maydenes helpe;  
And that was tynt thorough tree,  
Tree shal it wyne;  
And that deeth a-down broghte,  
Deeth shal releve."

"That thow tellest," quod Truthe, 12360  
"Is but [a tale of Waltrot](#).  
For Adam and Eve, {378}  
And Abraham, with othere,  
Patriarkes and prophetes,  
That in peyne liggen,  
Leve thow nevere that yon light  
Hem a-lofte brynge,  
Ne have hem out of helle.  
Hold thi tonge, Mercy!  
It is but a trufle that thow tellest; 12370  
I, Truthe, woot the sothe.  
For he that is ones in helle,  
Out cometh he nevere.  
Job the prophete patriark  
Repreveth thi sawes."  
*Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio.*

Thanne Mercy ful myldely  
Mouthed these wordes,  
"Thorough experience," quod she, 12380  
"I hope thei shul be saved.  
For venym for-dooth venym;  
And that preve I by reson.  
For of alle venymes  
Foulest is the scorpion,  
May no medicyne helpe  
The place ther he styngeth,  
Til he be deed, and do therto,  
The yvel he destruyeth,  
The firste venymousté  
Thorough venym of hymselfe. 12390

"So shal this deeth for-do,  
I dar my lif legge,  
Al that deeth for-dide first  
Thorough the develes entisyng;  
And right as thorough gile  
Man was bi-giled, {379}  
So shal grace that bi-gan  
Make a good sleighte."

"Now suffre we," seide Truthe; 12400  
"I se, as me thynketh,  
Out of the nyppe of the north  
Noght ful her hennes  
Rightwisnesse come rennyng.  
Reste we the while;  
For he woot moore than we,  
He was er we bothe."

"That is sooth," seide Mercy;  
"And I se here by sowthe  
Where Pees cometh pleyinge, 12410  
In pacience y-clothed.  
Love hath coveited hire longe,  
Leve I noon oother,  
But he sente hire som lettre,  
What this light by-meneth  
That over-hoveth helle thus,  
She us shal telle."

When Pees in pacience y-clothed  
Approched ner hem tweyne,  
Rightwisnesse hire revered, 12420  
By hir riche clothyng,  
And preide Pees to telle hire  
To what place she wolde,  
And in hire gaye garnementz  
Whom she grete thoughte.

"My wil is to wende," quod she,  
"And welcome hem alle  
That many day myghte I noght se  
For merknesse of synne, 12430  
Adam and Eve, {380}  
And othere mo in helle;  
Moyses and many mo  
Mercy shul have,  
And I shal daunce therto,  
Do thow so, suster,  
For Jhesus justede wel,  
Joy bigynneth daw.  
*Ad vesperum demorabitur fletus, et  
ad matutinum lætitia.*

"Love, that is my lemman, 12440  
Swiche lettres me sente,  
That Mercy, my suster, and I  
Mankynde sholde save,  
And that God hath for-gyven  
And graunted me pees and mercy,  
To be mannes meynpernour  
For evere moore after.  
Lo here the patente!" quod Pees,  
"In pace in idipsum.  
And that this dede shal dure, 12450  
*Dormiam et requiescam.*"

"What! ravestow?" quod Rightwisnesse,  
"Or thow art right dronke?  
Levestow that yond light  
Unlouke myghte helle,  
And save mannes soule?  
Suster, wene it nevere.  
For God the bigynnere  
Gaf the doom hymselfe, 12460  
That Adam and Eve,  
And alle that hem suwede,  
Sholden deye down righte,  
And dwelle in pyne after, {381}  
If that thei touchede a tree,  
And the fruyt eten.

"Adam afterward  
Ayeins his defence

Freet of that fruyt,  
And forsook, as it weere,  
The love of oure Lord 12470  
And his loore bothe,  
And folwede that the fend taughte,  
And his felawes wille,  
Ayeins reson and rightwisenesse,  
Recorde thus with truthe,  
That hir peyne be perpetuel,  
And no preiere hem helpe.  
For-thi lat hem chewe as thei chosen,  
And chide we noght, sustres;  
For it is bote-lees bale, 12480  
The byte that thei eten."

"And I shal preve," quod Pees,  
"Hir peyne moot have ende,  
And from wo into wele  
Mowe wenden at the laste.  
For hadde thei wist of no wo,  
Wele hadde the noght knowen.  
For no wight woot what wele is,  
That nevere wo suffrede;  
Ne what is hoot hunger, 12490  
That hadde nevere defaute.

"If no nyght ne weere,  
No man, as I leeve,  
Sholde nevere wite witterly  
What day is to meene.  
Sholde nevere right riche man,  
That lyveth in reste and ese, {382}  
Wite what wo is,  
Ne were the deeth of kynde.

"So God, that bigan al 12500  
Of his goode wille,  
Bicam man of a mayde  
Mankynde to save;  
And suffrede to be sold,  
To se the sorwe of deying,  
The which unknytteth alle care,  
And comsynge is of reste.  
For til *modicum* mete with us,  
I may it wel avowe,  
Woot no wight, as I wene, 12510  
What y-nogh is to mene.

"For-thi God of his goodnesse  
The firste gome Adam  
Sette hym in solace,  
And in sovereyn murthe;  
And siththe he suffred hym synne,  
Sorwe to feele,  
To wite what wele was  
Kyndeliche and knowe it.  
And after God auntrede hymself, 12520  
And took Adames kynde,  
To wite what he hath suffred  
In thre sondry places,  
Bothe in hevne and in erthe,  
And now til helle he thenketh  
To wite what alle wo is,  
And what is alle joye.

"So it shal fare by this folk,  
Hir folie and hir synne  
Shal lere hem what langour is 12530  
And lisse withouten ende. {383}  
Woot no wight what werre is  
Ther that pees regneth,  
Ne what is witterly wele  
Til weylawey! hym teche."

Thanne was ther a wight  
With two brode eighen,

Book highte that beau-peere,  
A bold man of speche;  
"By Goddes body!" quod this Book, 12540  
"I wol bere witnesse  
That tho this barn was y-bore,  
Ther blased a sterre  
That alle the wise of this world  
In o wit acorden,  
That swich a barn was y-bore  
In Bethleem the citee,  
That mannes soule sholde save,  
And synne destroye.  
And alle the elementz," quod the Book, 12550  
"Herof beren witnesse,  
That he was God that al wroghte,  
The wolkne first shewed.

"Tho that weren in hevене  
Token *stella cometa*,  
And tendeden it as a torche  
To reverencen his burthe;  
The light folwede the Lord  
Into the lowe erthe.

"The water witnessed that he was God, 12560  
For he wente on it.  
Peter the apostel  
Parceyved his gate,  
And as he wente on the water,  
Wel hym knew, and seide, {384}  
*Jube me venire ad te super aquas.*

"And lo! how the sonne gan louke  
Hire light in hirselve,  
Whan she seigh hym suffre,  
That sonne and see made. 12570

"The erthe for hevynesse  
That he wolde suffre,  
Quaked as quyk thyng,  
And al biquasshed the roche.

"Lo! helle myghte nat holde,  
But opnede tho God tholede,  
And leet out Symondes sone  
To seen hym hange on roode.  
And now shal Lucifer leve it,  
Though hym looth thynke; 12580  
For *Gigas* the geaunt  
With a gyn hath engyned  
To breke and to bete a-doun  
That ben ayeins Jhesus.

And I, Book, wole be brent,  
But Jhesus rise to lyve  
In alle myghtes of man,  
And his moder gladie,  
And conforte al his kyn  
And out of care brynge, 12590  
And al the Jewene joye  
Unjoynen and unlouken,  
And but thei reversen his roode,  
And his resurexion,  
And bileve on a newe lawe,  
Be lost lif and soule."

"Suffre we," seide Truthe;  
"I here and see bothe  
*How a spirit speketh to helle,* {385}  
And biddeth unsperre the yates."  
*Attolite portas, etc.* 12600

A vois loude in that light  
To Lucifer crieth,  
"Prynces of this place,  
Unpynneth and unlouketh!  
For here cometh with crowne

That kyng is of glorie."

Thanne sikede Sathan,  
And seide to hem alle,  
"Swich a light ayeins oure leve 12610  
Lazar out fette;  
Care and encombraunce  
Is comen to us alle!  
If this kyng come in,  
Mankynde wole he fecche,  
And lede it ther hym liketh,  
And lightliche me bynde.  
Patriarkes and Prophetes  
Han parled herof longe,  
That swich a lord and light 12620  
Sholde lede hem alle hennes."

"Listneth," quod Lucifer,  
"For I this lord knowe.  
Bothe this lord and this light,  
Is longe a-go I knew hym.  
May no deeth hym dere,  
Ne no develes queyntise;  
And where he wole is his wey,  
Ac ware hym of the perils.  
If he reveth me my right, 12630  
He robbeth me by maistrie;  
For by right and by reson  
The renkes that ben here {386}  
Body and soule beth myne,  
Bothe goode and ille.  
For hymself seide,  
That sire is of hevene,  
If Adam ete the appul,  
Alle sholde deye  
And dwelle with us develes; 12640  
This thretyng he made.  
And he that soothnesse is,  
Seide this wordes.  
And sithen I seised  
Sevene hundred wynter,  
I leeve that lawe nyl noght  
Lete hym the leeste."

"That is sooth," seide Sathan;  
"But I me soore drede.  
For thow gete hem with gile, 12650  
And his gardyn breke,  
And in semblaunce of a serpent  
Sete upon the appul-tree,  
And eggedest hem to ete,  
Eve by hirselve;  
And toldest hire a tale,  
Of treson were the wordes;  
And so thow haddest hem out,  
And hider at the laste.  
It is noght graithly geten, 12660  
Ther gile is the roote.  
For God wol noght be bi-giled,"  
Quod Gobelyn, "ne by-japed;  
We have no trewe title to hem,  
For thorough treson were thei dampned." =

"Certes, I drede me," quod the devel,  
"Lest Truthe wol hem fecche;  
Thise thritty wynter, as I wene,  
Hath he gon and preched. 12670  
I have assailed hym with synne,  
And som tyme y-asked  
Whether he were God or Goddes sone;  
He yaf me short answer.  
And thus hath he trolled forth  
Thise two and thritty wynter.  
And whan I seigh it was so,  
Lepyng I wente

{387}



To warne Pilates wif  
 What done man was Jhesus. 12680  
 For Jewes hateden hym,  
 And han doon hym to dethe.  
 I wolde have lengthed his lif;  
 For I leved if he deide,  
 That his soule wolde suffre  
 No synne in his sighte.  
 For the body, while it on bones yede,  
 Aboute was evere  
 To save men from synne,  
 If hemself wolde. 12690  
 And now I se wher a soule  
 Cometh hiderward seillynge,  
 With glorie and with gret light,—  
 God it is, I woot wel.  
 I rede that we fle," quod he,  
 "Faste alle hennes;  
 For us were bettre noght be,  
 Than biden his sighte.  
 For thi lesynges, Lucifer,  
 Lost is al oure praye. 12700 {388}

"First thorough the we fellen  
 Fro hevene so heighe,  
 For we leved on thi lesynges;  
 Y-lorn we have Adam,  
 And al oure lordshipe, I leve,  
 A-londe and a-watre."  
*Nunc princeps hujus mundi ejicietur foras.*

Eft the light bad unlouke;  
 And Lucifer answerede,  
 "What lord artow?" quod Lucifer. 12710  
*Quis est iste?*  
*"Rex Gloriæ,"*  
 The light soone seide,  
 "And lord of myght and of man,  
 And alle manere vertues.  
*Dominus virtutum.*  
 Dukes of this dymme place,  
 Anoon undo thise yates,  
 That Crist may come in,  
 The kynges sone of hevene!" 12720

And with that breeth helle brak,  
 With Belialles barres,  
 For any wye or warde,  
 Wide opned the yates.

Patriarkes and prophetes,  
*Populus in tenebris,*  
 Songen seint Johanes song,  
*Ecce agnus Dei.*  
 Lucifer loke ne myghte,  
 So light hym a-blente. 12730

And tho that oure Lord lovede  
 Into his light he laughte;  
 And seide to Sathan,  
 "Lo! here my soule to amendes {389}  
 For alle synfulle soules,  
 To save tho that ben worthi.  
 Myne thei ben and of me,  
 I may the bet hem cleyme.  
 And though Reson recorde  
 And Right, of myselve, 12740  
 That if he ete the appul  
 Alle sholde deye;  
 I bi-highte hem noght here  
 Helle for evere.  
 For the dede that thei dide,  
 Thi deceite it made;  
 With gile thow hem gete,  
 Ageyn alle reson.

For in my paleis Paradis,  
In persone of an addre,  
Falsliche thow fettest  
Thyng that I lovede. 12750

"Thus *y-lik a lusard*,  
With a lady visage,  
Thefliche thow me robbedest;  
And the olde lawe graunteth  
That gilours be bigiled,  
And that is good reson.  
*Dentem pro dente et oculum pro oculo.*

*Ergo* soule shal soule quyte,  
And synne to synne wende,  
And al that man hath mys-do 12761  
I, man, wole amende;

Membre for membre  
By the olde lawe was amendes,  
And lif for lif also,  
And by that lawe I clayme it, {390}

Adam and al his issue  
At my wille herafter, 12770  
And that deeth in hem for-dide  
My deeth shal releve,  
And bothe quykne and quyte  
That queynt was thorough synne.  
And that grace gile destruye,  
Good feith it asketh.

So leve I noght, Lucifer,  
Ayein the lawe I fecche hem;  
But by right and by reson  
Raunsone here my liges. 12780  
*Non veni solvere legem, sed adimplere.*

"Thow fettest myne in my place  
Ayeins alle reson,  
Falsliche and felonliche;  
Good feith me it taughte,  
To recovere hem thorough raunson,  
And by no reson ellis.  
So that thorough gile thow gete,  
Thorough grace it is y-wonne. 12790  
Thow Lucifer in liknesse  
Of a luther addere  
Getest bi gile  
Tho that God lovede.

"And I in liknesse of a leode,  
That lord am of hevене,  
Graciousliche thi gile have quyte;  
Go gile ayein gile.  
And as Adam and alle  
Thorough a tree deyden; 12800  
Adam and alle *through a tree*  
Shul turne ayein to lyve; {391}  
And gile is bi-giled,  
And in his gile fallen.  
*Et cecidit in foveam quam fecit.*

"Now bi-gynneth thi gile  
Ageyn thee to turne,  
And my grace to growe  
Ay gretter and widder;  
That art doctour of deeth, 12810  
Drynk that thow madest.

"For I that am lord of lif,  
Love is my drynke;  
And for that drynke to-day  
I deide upon erthe.  
I faught so, me thursteth yit,  
For mannes soule sake;  
May no drynke me moiste,  
Ne my thirst slake,  
Til the vendage falle 12820

In the vale of Josaphat,  
That I drynke right ripe must,  
*Resurrectio mortuorum*;  
And thanne shal I come as a kyng,  
Crouned with aungeles,  
And have out of helle  
Alle mennes soules.

"Fendes and fyndekynes  
Bifore me shul stande,  
And be at my biddynge 12830  
Wher so evere me liketh;  
And to be merciablen to man  
Thanne my kynde asketh.  
For we beth bretheren of blood,  
But noght in baptisme alle.  
Ac alle that beth myne hole bretheren {392}  
In blood and in baptisme.  
Shul noght be dampned to the deeth  
That is withouten ende.  
*Tibi soli peccavi, etc.* 12840

"It is noght used in erthe,  
To hangen a feloun  
Ofter than ones,  
Though he were a tretour.  
And if the kyng of that kyngdom  
Come in that tyme  
There feloun thole sholde  
Deeth or oother juwise,  
Lawe wolde he yeve hym lif,  
If he loked on hym. 12850

And I, that am kyng of kynges,  
Shal come swich a tyme  
Ther doom to the deeth  
Dampneth alle the wikked;  
And if lawe wole I loke on hem,  
It lith in my grace  
Wheither thei deye or deye noght  
For that thei diden ille;  
Be it any thyng a-bought  
The boldnesse of hir synnes, 12860

I do mercy thorough rightwisnesse,  
And alle my wordes trewe;  
And though holy writ wole that I be wroke  
Of hem that diden ille,—  
*Nullum malum impunitum, etc.*—  
Thei shul be clensed clerliche,  
And wasshen of hir synnes,  
In my prisone Purgatorie,  
Til *parce* it hote, {393}  
And my mercy shal be shewed 12870  
To manye of my bretheren.  
For blood may suffre blood,  
Bothe hungry and a-cale;  
Ac blood may noght se blood  
Blede, but hym rewe.  
*Audivi arcana verba quæ non licet  
homini loqui.*

"Ac my rightwisnesse and right  
Shul rulen al helle,  
And mercy al mankynde 12880  
Bifore me in hevne.  
For I were an unkynde kyng,  
But I my kynde helpe,  
And nameliche at swich a nede.  
Ther nedes help bihoveth.  
*Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo.* =

"Thus by lawe," quod oure Lord,  
"Lede I wole fro hennes  
Tho that me lovede 12890  
And leved in my comynge.  
And for thi lesynge, Lucifer,

That thow leighe til Eve,  
Thow shalt abyen it bittre;"—  
And bond hym with cheynes.  
[Astroth](#) and al the route  
Hidden hem in hernes;  
They dorste noght loke on oure Lord,  
The boldeste of hem alle,  
But leten hym lede forth whom hym liked, 12900  
And lete whom hym liste.

{394}

Manye hundred of aungeles  
Harpeden and songen,  
*Culpat caro, purgat caro,*  
*Regnat Deus Dei caro.*

Thanne pipede Pees  
Of Poesie a note,  
*Clarior est solito post maxima nebula Phœbus,* =  
*Post inimicitias, etc.* 12910

"After sharpe shoures," quod Pees,  
"Moost shene is the sonne;  
Is no weder warmer  
Than after watry cloudes;  
Ne no love levere,  
Ne lever frendes,  
Than after werre and wo,  
Whan Love and Pees ben maistres.  
Was nevere werre in this world,  
Ne wikkednesse so kene, 12920  
That ne Love, and hym liste,  
To laughynge ne broughte,  
And pees thorough pacience  
Alle perils stoppeth."

"Trewes," quod Truthe;  
"Thow tellest us sooth, by Jhesus!  
Clippe we in covenant,  
And ech of us clippe oother."  
"And leteth no peple," quod Pees,  
"Perceyve that we chidde. 12930  
For impossible is no thyng  
To hym that is almyghty."

"Thow seist sooth," quod Rightwisnesse;  
And reverentliche hire kiste.  
"Pees and pees here!

{395}

*Per sæcula sæculorum.*  
*Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt*  
*sibi, justitia et pax osculatæ sunt.*

Truthe trumpede tho,  
And song *Te Deum laudamus;* 12940  
And thanne lutede,  
In a loud note,  
*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum, etc.*

Til the day dawed  
Thise damyseles dauncede,  
That men rongen to the resurexion.  
And right with that I wakede,  
And callede Kytte my wif,  
And Calote my doghter;  
And bad hem rise and reverence 12950  
Goddess resurexion;  
And crepe to the cros on knees,  
And kisse it for a juwel,  
For Goddess blissede body  
It bar for oure boote;  
And it a-fereth the fend,  
For swich is the myghte,  
May no grisly goost  
Glide there it walketh. 12959



*Passus Decimus Nonus, explicit Do-bet, et incipit  
Do-best.*

**T**HUS I awaked and wroot 12960  
 What I hadde y-dremed;  
 And dighte me derely,  
 And dide me to chirche,  
 To here holly the masse,  
 And to be housled after.

In myddes of the masse,  
 Tho men yede to offryng,  
 I fel eft-soones a-slepe;  
 And sodeynly me mette  
 That Piers the Plowman 12970  
 Was peynted al bloody,  
 And com in with a cros  
 Bifore the comune peple,  
 And right lik in alle thynges  
 To oure Lord Jhesus.

And thanne called I Conscience,  
 To kenne me the sothe;  
 "Is this Jhesus the justere," quod I,  
 "That Jewes dide to dethe?  
 Or it is Piers the Plowman. 12980  
 Who peynted hym so rede?"

Quod Conscience, and kneled tho,  
 "Thise arn Piers armes,  
 Hise colours and his cote armure; {397}  
 Ac he that cometh so bloody  
 Is Crist with his cros,  
 Conquerour of cristene."

"Why calle hym Crist," quod I,  
 "Sithen Jewes calle hym Jhesus?  
 Patriarkes and prophetes 12990  
 Prophecied bifore  
 That alle kynne creatures  
 Sholden knelen and bowen,  
 Anoon as men nempned  
 The name of God Jhesu.

*Ergo* is no name  
 To the name of Jhesus;  
 Ne noon so nedeful to nempne  
 By nyghte ne by daye. 13000  
 For alle derke develes  
 Arn a-drad to heren it;  
 And synfulle aren solaced  
 And saved by that name.  
 And ye callen hym Crist;  
 For what cause telleth me?  
 Is Crist moore of myght,  
 And moore worthi name,  
 Than Jhesu or Jhesus,  
 That al oure joye com of?"

"Thow knowest wel," quod Conscience, 13010  
 "And thow konne reson,  
 That knyght, kyng, conquerour,  
 May be o persone.  
 To be called a knyght is fair,  
 For men shul knele to hym;  
 To be called a kyng is fairer,  
 For he may knyghtes make; {398}  
 Ac to be conquerour called,  
 That cometh of special grace,  
 And of hardynesse of herte, 13020

And of hendenesse,  
To make lordes of laddes  
Of lond that he wynneth,  
And fre men foule thralles  
That folwen noght hise lawes.

"The Jewes that were gentil men,  
Jhesus thei despised,  
Bothe his loore and his lawe;  
Now are thei lowe cherles. 13030  
As wide as the world is,  
Noon of hem ther wonyeth  
But under tribut and taillage,  
As tikes and cherles;  
And tho that bicom cristene  
Bi counseil of the baptisme,  
Aren frankeleyns, free men,  
Thorugh fullynge that thei toke,  
And gentil men with Jhesu;  
For Jhesu was y-fulled,  
And upon Calvarie on cros 13040  
Y-crowned kyng of Jewes.

"It bicometh to a kyng  
To kepe and to defende;  
And conquerour of conquest  
Hise lawes and his large.  
And so dide Jhesus the Jewes,  
He justified and taughte hem  
The lawe of lif,  
That laste shal evere;  
And defended from foule yveles, 13050  
Feveres and fluxes, {399}  
And from fendes that in hem were,  
And false bileve.  
Tho was he Jhesus of Jewes called,  
Gentile prophete,  
And kyng of hir kyngdom,  
And croune bar of thornes.

"And tho conquered he on cros,  
As conquerour noble. 13060  
Mighte no deeth hym for-do,  
Ne a-doun brynge,  
That he narooos and regnede,  
And ravysshed helle:  
And tho was he conquerour called  
Of quyke and of dede.  
For he yaf Adam and Eve  
And othere mo blisse,  
That longe hadde y-leyen bifore  
As Luciferis cherles.

"And sith he yaf largely 13070  
Alle hise lele liges  
Places in Paradis,  
At hir partynge hennes;  
He may wel be called conquerour,  
And that is Crist to mene.

"Ac the cause that he cometh thus  
With cros of his passion,  
Is to wissen us therwith  
That whan that we ben tempted,  
Therwith to fighte and defenden us 13080  
Fro fallynge to synne.  
And so bi his sorwe,  
That who so loveth joye  
To penaunce and to poverte  
He moste puten hymselfen, {400}  
And muche wo in this world  
To willen and suffren.

"Ac to carpe moore of Crist,  
And how he com to that name,  
Faithly for to speke, 13090

His firste name was Jhesus;  
Tho he was born in Bethleem,  
As the book telleth,  
And cam to take mankynde,  
Kynges and aungeles  
Reverenced hym faire  
With riches of erthe,  
Aungeles out of hevne  
Come knelynge and songe,  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo, etc.* 13100

"Kynges that come after  
Knelede, and offrede  
Mirre and muche gold,  
Withouten mercy askynge  
Or any kynnes catel,  
But knowelichynge hym sovereyn  
Bothe of lond, sonne, and see,  
And sithenes thei wente  
Into hir kyngene kith,  
By counseil of aungeles. 13110  
And there was that word fulfilled  
The which thow of speke.  
*Omnia cælestia terrestria flectantur  
in hoc nomine Jhesu.*

"For alle the aungeles of hevne  
At his burthe knelede,  
And al the wit of the world  
Was in tho thre kynges,  
Reson and rightwisnesse {401}  
And ruthe thei offrede; 13120  
Wherfore and why  
Wise men that tyme,  
Maistres and lettred men,  
*Magi* hem callede.

"That o kyng cam with reson,  
Covered under sense.

"The seconde kyng siththe  
Soothliche offrede  
Rightwisnesse under reed gold,  
Resones felawe. 13130  
For gold is likned to leautee  
That laste shal evere.

"The thridde kyng tho kam  
Knelynge to Jhesu,  
And presented hym with pitee,  
Apperynge by mirre.  
For mirre is mercy to mene  
And mylde speche of tonge.

"Thre y-liche honeste thynges  
Were offred thus at ones, 13140  
Thorugh thre kynne kynges  
Knelynge to Jhesu,

"Ac for alle these precieuse presentz,  
Oure Lord kyng Jhesus  
Was neither kyng ne conquerour,  
Til he gan to wexe  
In the manere of a man,  
And that by muchel sleighte,  
As it bi-cometh a conquerour  
To konne manye sleightes, 13150  
And manye wiles and wit,  
That wole ben a ledere.  
And so dide Jhesu in hise dayes, {402}  
Who so hadde tyme to telle it.

"Som tyme he suffrede,  
And som tyme he hidde hym;  
And some tyme he faught faste,  
And fleigh outhere while;

And som tyme he gaf good,  
 And grauntede heele bothe, 13160  
 Lif and lyme,  
 As hym liste he wroghte.  
 As kynde is of a conquerour,  
 So comsede Jhesu,  
 Til he hadde alle hem  
 That he for bledde.

"In his juventee this Jhesus  
 At Jewene feeste  
 Water into wyn turnede,  
 As holy writ telleth. 13170  
 And there bigan God  
 Of his grace to do-wel.  
 For wyn is likned to lawe  
 And lif-holynesse,  
 And lawe lakkede tho,  
 For men lovede noght hir enemys.  
 And Crist counseileth thus,  
 And comaundeth bothe,  
 To lered and to lewede  
 To lovyen oure enemys. 13180  
 So at the feeste first,  
 As I bifore tolde,  
 Bigan God of his grace  
 And goodnesse to do-wel.  
 And thanne was he called  
 Noght holy Crist, but Jhesu,  
 A faunt fyn ful of wit, {403}  
*Filius Mariæ.*  
 For bifore his moder Marie  
 Made he that wonder; 13190  
 That she first and formest  
 Ferme sholde bileve  
 That he thorough grace was gete,  
 And of no gome ellis.  
 He wroghte that by no wit,  
 But thorough word one;  
 After the kynde that he cam of,  
 There comsede he do-wel.

"And whan he woxen was moore,  
 In his moder absence, 13200  
 He made lame to lepe,  
 And yaf light to blynde,  
 And fedde with two fisses,  
 And with fyve loves,  
 Sore a fyngred folk  
 Mo than fyve thousand.

"Thus he confortede carefulle  
 And caughte a gretter name,  
 The which was Do-bet,  
 Where that he wente, 13210  
 For deve thorough hise doynge to here  
 And dombe speke he made,  
 And alle he heeled and halp  
 That hym of grace askede.  
 And tho was he called in contré  
 Of the comune peple,  
 For the dedes that he dide,  
*Fili David, Jhesus.*  
 For David was doghtiest  
 Of dedes in his tyme. 13220  
 The burdes tho songe, {404}  
*Saul interfecit mille, et David decem millia.* =

"For-thi the contree ther Jhesu cam  
 Called hym *fili David*,  
 And nempned hym of Nazareth,  
 And no man so worthi  
 To be kaiser or kyng  
 Of the kyngdom of Juda,  
 Ne over Jewes justice, 13230



As Jhesus was, hem thoughte.

"Wherof Cayphas hadde envye,  
And othere of the Jewes;  
And for to doon hym to dethe  
Day and nyght thei casten,  
Killeden hym on cros wise  
At Calvarie on Friday,  
And sithen buriede his body,  
And beden that men sholde,  
Kepen it fro nyght comeris 13240  
With knyghtes y-armed,  
For no frendes sholde hym fecche.  
For prophetes hem tolde  
That that blissede body  
Of burieles risen sholde,  
And goon into Galilee,  
And gladen hise apostles,  
And his moder Marie;  
Thus men bifore demede.

"The knyghtes that kepten it 13250  
Bi-knewe it hemselven,  
That aungeles and archaungeles  
Er the day spronge  
Come knelynge to the corps,  
And songen *Christus resurgens*, {405}  
Verray men bifore hem alle,  
And forth with hem he yede.

"The Jewes preide hem be pees,  
And bi-soughte the knyghtes  
Telle the comune that ther cam 13260  
A compaignie of hise apostles,  
And bi-wicched hem as thei woke,  
And away stolen it.

"Ac Marie Maudeleyne  
Mette hym by the weye,  
Goynge toward Galilee  
In godhede and manhede,  
And lyves and lokynge,  
And she a-loud cride  
In ech a compaignie ther she cam, 13270  
*Christus resurgens*.

"Thus cam it out that Crist over-coom,  
Recoveredde and lyvede  
*Sic oportet Christum pati et intrare, etc.* =  
For that that wommen witeth,  
May noght wel be counseille.

"Peter parceyved al this,  
And pursued after,  
Bothe James and Johan, 13280  
Jhesu for to seke,  
Thaddee and ten mo,  
With Thomas of Inde.  
And as alle thise wise wyes  
Weren togideres,  
In an hous al bi-shet,  
And hir dore y-barred,  
Crist cam in, and al closed  
Bothe dore and yates, {406}  
To Peter and to thise apostles, 13290  
And seide *pax vobis!*  
And took Thomas by the hand,  
And taughte hym to grope,  
And feele with hise fynGRES  
His flesshliche herte.

"Thomas touched it,  
And with his tonge seide,  
'*Deus meus et Dominus meus*—  
Thow art my lord, I bi-leve,  
My God, lord Jhesu; 13300

Thow deidest and deeth tholedest,  
And deme shalt us alle,  
And now art lyvyng and lokynge,  
And laste shalt evere.'

"Crist carpede thanne,  
And curteisliche seide,  
'Thomas, for thow trowest this,  
And troweliche bi-levest it,  
Blessed mote thow be,  
And be shalt for evere; 13310  
And blessed mote thei alle be  
In body and in soule  
That nevere shul se me in sighte,  
As thow doost nowthe,  
And lelliche bi-leve al this,  
I love hem and blesse hem.'  
*Beati qui non viderunt, etc.*

"And whan this dede was doon,  
Do-best he taughte,  
And yaf Piers power, 13320  
And pardon he grauntede,  
To alle maner men  
Mercy and forgifnesse, {407}  
Hym myght to assoille  
Of alle manere synne,  
In covenant that thei come  
And kneweliched to paie  
To Piers pardon the Plowman,  
*Redde quod debes.*

"Thus hath Piers power, 13330  
By his pardon paied,  
To bynde and unbynde,  
Bothe here and ellis where;  
And assoille men of alle synnes,  
Save of dette one.

"Anoon after an heigh  
Up into hevne  
He wente, and wonyeth there,  
And wol come at the laste,  
And rewarde hym right wel 13340  
That *reddit quod debet*,  
Paieth parfitly,  
As pure truthe wolde;  
And what persone paieth it nought,  
Punysshon he thenketh,  
And demen hem at domes day  
Bothe quyke and dede.  
The goode to the godhede  
And to greet joye,  
And wikkede to wonye 13350  
In wo withouten ende."

Thus Conscience of Crist  
And of the cros carpede,  
And counseiled me to knele therto.  
And thanne cam, me thoughte,  
Oon *spiritus paraclitus*  
To Piers and to hise felawes {408}  
In liknesse of a lightnyng  
He lighte on hem alle,  
And made hem konne and knowe 13360  
Alle kynne langages.  
I wondred what that was,  
And waggede Conscience,  
And was a-fered of the light,  
For in fires lightnesse  
*Spiritus paraclitus*  
Over-spradde hem alle.

Quod Conscience, and knelede,  
"This is Cristes messenger,  
And cometh fro the grete God, 13370

And Grace is his name.  
Knele now," quod Conscience,  
"And if thow kanst synge,  
Welcome hym and worshiþe hym  
With *Veni creator spiritus*."

Thanne song I that song,  
So dide manye hundred,  
And cride with Conscience,  
"Help us, God of Grace!"

And thanne bigan Grace  
To go with Piers Plowman,  
And counseilled hym and Conscience  
The comune to somþne;  
"For I wole dele to-day  
And gyve divine grace  
To alle kynne creatures  
That han hir fyve wittes,  
Tresour to lyve by  
To hir lyves ende,  
And weþne to fighte with  
That wole nevere faille.  
For Antecrist and hise  
Al the world shul greve,  
And acombred thee, Conscience,  
But if Crist thee helpe.

13380

13390

{409}

"And false prophetes fele,  
Flatereris and gloseris,  
Shullen come and be curatours  
Over kynges and erles,  
And Pride shal be pope,  
Prynce of holy chirche,  
Coveitise and unkyndenesse  
Cardinals hym to lede;  
For-thi," quod Grace, "er I go,  
I wol gyve yow tresor,  
And weþne to fighte with  
Whan Antecrist yow assaileth."  
And gaf ech man a grace  
To gide with hymselfen,  
That ydelnesse encombre hym noght,  
Envye ne pride.  
*Divisiones gratiarum sunt, etc.*

13400

13410

Some he yaf wit  
With wordes to shewe,  
Wit to wyne hir liflode with,  
As the world asketh,  
As prechours and preestes,  
And prentices of lawe,  
They lelly to lyve  
By labour of tonge,  
And by wit to wissen othere  
As grace hem wolde teche.

13420

And some he kennede craft  
And konnyng of sighte,  
With sellyng and buggynge  
Hir bilyve to wyne.

{410}

And some he lered to laboure,  
A lele lif and a trewe;  
And some he taughte to tilie,  
To dyche and to thecche,  
To wyne with her liflode  
Bi loore of his techynge.

13430

And some to devyne and divide,  
Nombres to kenne;  
And some to compace craftily,  
And colours to make;  
And some to se and to seye  
What sholde bi-falle,  
Bothe of wele and of wo,

Telle it er it felle, 13440  
As astronomyens thorough astronomye,  
And filosofres wise.

And some to ryde, and to recovere  
That wrongfully was wonne;  
He wissed hem to wynne it ayein  
Thorough wightnesse of handes,  
And fecchen it fro false men  
With folvyles lawes.

And some he lered to lyve  
In longynge to ben hennes, 13450  
In poverte and in penaunce,  
To preie for alle cristene.  
And alle he lered to be lele,  
And ech a craft love oother;  
And forbad hem alle debat,  
That noon were among hem.

"Though some be clenner than some,  
Ye se wel," quod Grace,  
"That he that useth the faireste craft, 13460 {411}  
To the fouleste I kouthe have put hym.  
Thynketh alle," quod Grace,  
"That grace cometh of my gifte;  
Loketh that no man lakke oother,  
But loveth alle as bretheren.

"And who that moost maistries kan  
Be myldest of berynge;  
And crouneth Conscience kyng,  
And maketh Craft youre stiward,  
And after Craftes conseil 13470  
Clotheth yow and fede.  
For I make Piers the Plowman  
My procuratour and my reve,  
And registrer to receyve,  
*Redde quod debes.*  
My prowor and my plowman  
Piers shal ben on erthe,  
And for to tilie truthe  
A teeme shal he have."

Grace gaf Piers a teeme  
Of foure grete oxen. 13480  
That oon was Luk, a large beest,  
And a lowe chered;  
And Mark, and Mathew the thridde,  
Myghty beestes bothe;  
And joyned to hem oon Johan,  
Moost gentil of alle,  
The pris neet of Piers Plow,  
Passynge all othere.

And Grace gaf Piers  
Of his goodnesse foure stottes; 13490  
Al that hise oxen eriede,  
Thei to harewen after. {412}  
Oon highte Austyn,  
And Ambrose another,  
Gregori the grete clerk,  
And Jerom the goode.  
Thise foure the feith to teche  
Folweth Piers teme,  
And harewede in an hand while  
Al holy Scripture, 13500  
With two harewes that thei hadde,  
An oold and a newe.  
*Id est, vetus testamentum et novum.*

And Grace gaf greynes,  
The cardynal vertues,  
And sew hem in mannes soule,  
And sithen he tolde hir names.  
*Spiritus prudentiæ.*  
The firste seed highte;

And who so ete that, 13510  
Ymagynen he sholde  
Er he deide any deeth,  
Devyse wel the ende;  
And lerned men a ladel bugge  
With a long stele,  
And caste for to kepe a crokke  
To save the fatte above.

The seconde seed highte  
*Spiritus temperantiæ.*  
He that ete of that seed 13520  
Hadde swich a kynde,  
Sholde nevere mete ne muchel drynke  
Make hym to swelle,  
Ne no scornere ne scolde  
Out of skile hym bringe,  
Ne wynnynge ne wele {413}  
Of worldliche richesse,  
Waste word of ydelnesse  
Ne wikked speche moeve;  
Sholde no curious clooth 13530  
Comen on his rugge,  
Ne no mete in his mouth  
That maister Johan spicede.

The thridde seed that Piers sew  
Was *spiritus fortitudinis.*  
And who ete that seed,  
Hardy was he evere  
To suffren al that God sente,  
Siknesse and angres;  
Mighte no lesynges ne lyere, 13540  
Ne los of worldly catel,  
Maken hym for any mournynge  
That he nas murie in soule,  
And bold and abidyng  
Bismares to suffre;  
And pleieth al with pacience  
And *parce mihi domine*;  
And covered hym under conseille  
Of Caton the wise:  
*Esto forti animo, cum sis dampnatus inique.* =

The ferthe seed that Piers sew 13552  
Was *spiritus justitiæ.*  
And he that ete of that seed,  
Sholde be evere trewe,  
With God, and naught a-gast,  
But of gile one;  
For gile gooth so pryvely,  
That good feith outhere while  
Maye nought ben espied, 13560  
For *spiritus justitiæ.* {414}

*Spiritus justitiæ.*  
Spareth noght to spille  
Hem that ben gilty,  
And for to correcte  
The kyng, if he falle  
In gilt or in trespas.  
For counteth he no kynges wrathe,  
Whan he in court sitteth  
To demen as a domesman, 13570  
A-drad was he nevere  
Neither of duc ne of deeth,  
That he ne dide lawe,  
For present or for preiere,  
Or any prynces lettres;  
He dide equité to alle  
Evene forth his power.

Thise foure sedes Piers sew;  
And siththe he dide hem harewe  
With olde lawe and newe lawe, 13580

That love myghte wexe  
Among tho foure vertues,  
And vices destruye.  
For comunliche in contrees  
Cammokes and wedes  
Foulen the fruyt in the feld,  
Ther thei growen togideres;  
And so doon vices  
Vertues worthi.

Quod Piers, "Hareweth alle that konneth kynde wit,  
By conseil of thise doctours; 13591  
And tilieth after hir techynge  
The cardynale vertues." {415}

"Ayeins thei greynes," quod Grace,  
"Bi-gynneth for to ripe,  
Ordeigne thee an hous, Piers,  
To herberwe inne thi cornes."

"By God! Grace," quod Piers,  
"Ye moten gyve tymbre,  
And ordeyne that hous, 13600  
Er ye hennes wende."

And Grace gaf hym the cros,  
With the croune of thornes,  
That Crist upon Calvarie  
For mankynde on pyned,  
And of his baptisme and blood  
That he bledde on roode  
He made a manere mortar,  
And mercy it highte. 13610  
And therwith Grace bi-gan  
To make a good foundement,  
And watlede it and walled it  
With his peyne and his passion,  
And of al holy writ  
He made a roof after,  
And called that hous *Unitee*,  
Holy chirche on Englysshe.

And whan this dede was doon,  
Grace devysede 13620  
A cart highte cristendom  
To carie Piers sheves;  
And gaf hym caples to his carte,  
Contricion and confession;  
And made preesthod hayward,  
The while hymself wente  
As wide as the world is  
With Piers to tilie truthe. {416}

Now is Piers to the plow;  
And Pride it aspide,  
And gadered hym a greet oost, 13630  
For to greven he thynketh  
Conscience and alle cristene  
And cardinale vertues,  
Blowe hem down and breke hem,  
And bite a-two the mores;  
And sente forth Surquidous,  
His sergeaunt of armes,  
And his spye Spille-love,  
Oon Spek-yvel bihynde.

Thise two coome to Conscience, 13640  
And to cristen peple,  
And tolde hem tidynges,  
That tyne thei sholde the sedes  
That Piers there hadde y-sowen,  
The cardynale vertues;  
"And Piers bern worth y-broke,  
And thei that ben in *Unitee*  
Shulle come out, and Conscience  
And youre two caples,

Confession and Contricion; 13650  
And youre carte the bileeve  
Shal be coloured so queyntely,  
And covered under sophistrie,  
That Conscience shal noght  
Knowe by Contricion  
Ne by Confession  
Who is cristene or hethene;  
Ne no manere marchaunt  
That with moneie deleth,  
Wheither he wynne with right, 13660  
With wrong, or with usure. {417}

"With swiche colours and queyntise  
Cometh Pride y-armed,  
With the lord that lyveth after  
The lust of his body,  
To wasten on welfare,  
And in wikked lyvyng,  
Al the world in a while  
Thoroughoure wit," quod Pryde.

Quod Conscience to alle cristene tho, 13670  
"My counseil is to wende  
Hastiliche into Unitee,  
And holde we us there;  
And praye we that a pees weere  
In Piers berne the Plowman.  
For witterly I woot wel,  
We beth noght of strengthe  
To goon agayn Pride,  
But Grace weere with us."

And thanne kam Kynde Wit 13680  
Conscience to teche,  
And cryde and comaundede  
Alle cristene peple  
For to delven a dych  
Depe aboute Unitee,  
That holy chirche stode in Unitee,  
As it a pyl weere.

Conscience comaundede tho  
Alle cristene to delve,  
And make a muche moot, 13690  
That myghte ben a strengthe  
To helpe holy chirche  
And hem that it kepeth.

Thanne alle kynne cristene,  
Save comune wommen, {418}  
Repenteden and refused synne,  
Save thei one,  
And false men, flatereris,  
Usurers, and theves,  
Lyeris, and queste-mongeres 13700  
That were for-sworen ofte,  
Wityng and wilfully  
With the false helden,  
And for silver were for-swore,  
Soothly they wiste it.

Ther nas no cristene creature  
That kynde wit hadde,  
Save sherewes one  
Swiche as I spak of,  
That he ne halp a quantité 13710  
Holynesse to wexe,  
Some thorough bedes biddynge,  
And some thorough pilgrymages  
And othere pryvé penaunces,  
And somme thorough penyes delyng.

And thanne wellede water  
For wikkede werkes,  
Egreliche ernynge

Out of mennes eighen,  
Clennesse out of comune, 13720  
And clerkes clene lyvyng,  
Made Unitee holy chirche  
In holynesse to stonde.

"I care noght," quod Conscience,  
"Though Pride come nouthe.  
The lord of lust shal be letted  
Al this lente, I hope.

Cometh," quod Conscience,  
"Ye cristene, and dyneth,  
That han laboured lelly  
Al this lenten tyme.

Here is breed y-blessed,  
And Goddes body therunder:  
Grace, thorough Goddes word,  
Yaf Piers power

And myghtes to maken it,  
And men to ete it after  
In helpe of hir heele

Ones in a monthe,  
Or as ofte as thei hadde nede,  
Tho that hadde y-paied  
To Piers pardon the Plowman.  
*Redde quod debes.*"

"How?" quod al the comune,  
"Thow conseildest us to yelde  
Al that we owen any wight,  
Er we go to housel?"

"That is my conseil," quod Conscience,

"And cardinale vertues,  
That ech man for-gyve oother,  
And that wol the pater-noster.  
*Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, etc.*  
And so to ben assoilled,  
And siththen ben houseled."

"Ye, baw!" quod a brewere,  
"I wol noght be ruled,  
By Jhesu! for al youre janglyng  
With *spiritus justitiæ*,

Ne after Conscience, by Crist!  
While I kan selle

Bothe dregges and draf,  
And drawe it out at oon hole  
Thikke ale and thynne ale,

For that is my kynde,  
And noght hakke after holynesse.

Hold thi tonge, Conscience!  
Of *spiritus justitiæ*,  
Thow spekest mucche on ydel."

"Caytif!" quod Conscience,  
"Cursede wrecche!

Un-blessed artow, brewere,  
But if thee God helpe.

But thow lyve by loore  
Of *spiritus justitiæ*,

The chief seed that Piers sew,  
Y-saved worstow nevere.

But Conscience the comune fede,  
And cardinale vertues,

Leve it wel, thei ben lost,  
Bothe lif and soule."

"Thanne is many a man lost,"  
Quod a lewed vicary.—

"I am a curatour of holy kirke,  
And cam nevere in my tyme

Man to me, that me kouthe telle  
Of cardinale vertues,

Or that acountede Conscience  
At a cokkes fethere or an hennes.

13730 {419}

13740

13750

13760

{420}

13770

13780



I knew nevere cardynal,  
That he ne cam fro the pope; 13790  
And we clerkes, whan thei come,  
For hir comunes paieth,  
For hir pelure and hir palfreyes mete,  
And pilours that hem folweth.

"The comune *clamat cotidie*  
Ech a man til oother,  
The contree is the corseder {421}  
That cardinals comme inne;  
And ther thei ligge and lenge moost,  
Lecherie there regneth. 13800

"For-thi," quod this vicory,  
"By verrey God! I wolde  
That no cardynal coome  
Among the comune peple;  
But in hir holynesse  
Helden hem stille  
*At Avynone among the Jewes,—*  
*Cum sancto sanctus eris, etc.—*  
Or in Rome, as hir rule wole,  
The relikes to kepe; 13810  
And thow, Conscience, in kynges court,  
And sholdest nevere come thennes;  
And Grace, that thow graddest so of,  
Gyour of alle clerkes;  
And Piers with his newe plow,  
And ek with his olde,  
Emperour of al the world,  
That alle men were cristene.

"Inparfit is that pope  
That al the world sholde helpe, 13820  
And sendeth swiche that sleeth hem  
That he sholde save.

"And wel worthe Piers the Plowman,  
That pursueth God in doynge,  
*Qui pluit super justos*  
*Et injustos* at ones,  
And sent the sonne to save  
A cursed mannes tilthe,  
As brighte as to the beste man,  
Or to the beste womman. 13830

"Right so Piers the Plowman  
Peyneth hym to tilye  
As wel for a wastour  
And wenches of the stewes,  
As for hymself and his servauntz,  
Save he is first y-served;  
And travailleth and tilieth  
For a tretour also soore  
As for a trewe tidy man,  
Alle tymes y-like. 13840

And worshiped be he that wroghte al,  
Bothe good and wikke,  
And suffreth that synfulle be,  
[Tyl som tyme that thei repenten].  
And God amende the pope!  
That pileth holy kirke,  
And cleymeth bifore the kyng  
To be kepere over cristene;  
And counteth noght though cristene ben  
Killed and robbed; 13850  
And fynt folk to fighte,  
And cristen blood to spille,  
Ayein the olde lawe and newe lawe,  
As Luc therof witnesseth.  
*Non occides, mihi vindictam, etc.*

"It semeth, bi so  
Hymself hadde his wille,  
That he reccheth right noght

Of al the remenaunt.  
 And Crist of his curteisie 13860  
 The cardinals save,  
 And torne hir wit to wisdom,  
 And to welthe of soule!  
 For the comune," quod this curatour,  
 "Counten ful litel {423}  
 The counseil of Conscience,  
 Or cardinale vertues.  
 But if thei seighe, as by sighte,  
 Som what to wynnyng,  
 Of gile ne of gabbyng 13870  
 Gyve thei nevere tale.  
 For *spiritus prudentiæ*  
 Among the peple is gyle;  
 And alle tho faire vertues  
 As vices thei semeth.  
 Ech man subtileth a sleighte  
 Synne for to hide,  
 And coloureth it for a konnyng,  
 And a clene lyvyng."

Thanne lough ther a lord, 13880  
 And "By this light!" seide,  
 "I holde it right and reson  
 Of my reve to take  
 Al that myn auditour,  
 Or ellis my styward,  
 Counseilleth me bi hir acounte  
 And my clerkes writyng.  
 With *spiritus intellectus*  
 Thei seke the reves rolles;  
 And with *spiritus fortitudinis* 13890  
 Fecche it I wole after."

And thanne cam ther a kyng,  
 And, by his croune! seide,  
 "I am kyng with croune  
 The comune to rule,  
 And holy kirke and clergie  
 From cursed men to fende;  
 And if me lakketh to lyve by,  
 The lawe wole I take it {424}  
 Ther I may hastilokest it have. 13900  
 For I am heed of lawe;  
 And ye ben but membres,  
 And I above alle.  
 And sith I am youre aller heed,  
 I am youre aller heele,  
 And holy chirches chief help,  
 And chieftayn of the comune;  
 And what I take of yow two,  
 I take it at the techyng  
 Of *spiritus justitiæ*, 13910  
 For I jugge yow alle.  
 So I may boldely be housled,  
 For I borwe nevere,  
 Ne crave of my comune,  
 But as my kynde asketh."

"In condicion," quod Conscience,  
 "That thow konne defende  
 And rule thi reaume in reson,  
 Right wel and in truthe,  
 Take thow mayst in reson 13920  
 As thi lawe asketh.  
*Omnia tua sunt ad defendendum,*  
*sed non ad deprædandum."*  
 The viker hadde fer hoom,  
 And faire took his leeve;  
 And I awakned therwith,  
 And wroot as me mette. 13927



*Passus Vicesimus de Visione, et Primus de Do-best.*

- T**HANNE as I wente by the wey, 13928  
 Whan I was thus awaked,  
 Hevy-chered I yede,  
 And elenge in herte;  
 I ne wiste wher to ete,  
 Ne at what place,  
 And it neghed neigh the noon,  
 And with Nede I mette  
 That afrounted me foule,  
 And faitour me called:  
 "Kanstow noght excuse thee,  
 As dide the kyng and othere,  
 That thow toke to thy bilyve, 13940  
 To clothes and to sustenance;  
 And by techyng and by tellyng  
 Of *spiritus temperantiæ*,  
 And thow nome na-moore  
 Than nede thee taughte,  
 And nede he hath no lawe,  
 Ne nevere shal falle in dette;  
 For thre thynges he taketh,  
 His lif for to save.
- "That is mete, whan men hym werneth 13950  
 And he no moneye weldeth, {426}  
 Ne wight noon wol ben his borugh,  
 Ne wed hath noon to legge;  
 And he caughte in that caas,  
 And come therto by sleighte,  
 He synneth noght, soothliche,  
 That so wynneth his foode.
- "And though he come so to a clooth,  
 And kan no better chevysaunce,  
 Nede anoon righte 13960  
 Nymeth hym under maynprise.
- "And if hym list for to lape,  
 The lawe of kynde wolde  
 That he dronke at ech dych,  
 Er he for thurst deide.  
 So Nede al gret nede  
 May nymen, as for his owene,  
 Withouten counseil of Conscience  
 Or cardynale vertues,  
 So that he sewe and save 13970  
*Spiritus temperantiæ*.
- "For is no vertue bi fer  
 To *spiritus temperantiæ*;  
 Ne *spiritus justitiæ*  
 Ne *spiritus fortitudinis*.  
 For *spiritus fortitudinis*  
 Forfeteth ful ofte.  
 He shal do moore than mesure  
 Many tyme and ofte,  
 And bete men over bittre, 13980  
 And some of hem to litel,  
 And greve men gretter  
 Than good feith it wolde
- "And *spiritus justitiæ*  
 Shal juggen, wol he nele he,  
 After the kynges counseil,  
 And the comune like.  
 And *spiritus prudentiæ*  
 In many a point shal faille  
 Of that he weneth wolde falle, 13990

If his wit ne weere,  
 Wenynge is no wysdom,  
 Ne wys ymaginacion,  
*Homo proponit, et Deus disponit,*  
 And governeth alle goode vertues;  
 Ac Nede is next hym,  
 For anoon he meketh,  
 And as lowe as a lomb,  
 For lakkyng of that hym nedeth.  
 Wise men forsoke wele, 14000  
 For thei wolde be nedy,  
 And woneden in wildernesse,  
 And wolde noght he riche.

"And God al his grete joye  
 Goostliche he lefte,  
 And cam and took mankynde,  
 And bi-cam nedy.  
 So nedy he was, as seith the book,  
 In manye sondry places,  
 That he seide in his sorwe 14010  
 On the selve roode,  
 Bothe fox and fowel  
 May fle to hole and crepe,  
 And the fissh hath fyn  
 To flete with to reste,  
 Ther Nede hath y-nome me  
 That I moot nede abide  
 And suffre sorwes ful soure {428}  
 That shal to joye torne,  
 For-thi be noght abashed 14020  
 To bide and to be nedy;  
 Sith he that wroghte al the world  
 Was wilfulliche nedy,  
 Ne nevere noon so nedy  
 Ne poverer deide."

**W**HAN Nede hath under-nome me thus,  
 Anoon I fil a-slepe;  
 And mette ful merveillously,  
 That in mannes forme  
 Antecrist cam thanne, 14030  
 And al the crop of Truthe  
 Torned it up-so-down,  
 And over-tilte the roote;  
 And fals sprynge and sprede,  
 And spede mennes nedes,  
 In ech a contree ther he cam  
 He kutte away truthe,  
 And gerte gile growe there,  
 As he a Good weere.

Freres folwede that fend, 14040  
 For he gaf hem copes;  
 And religiouse revered hym,  
 And rongen hir belles,  
 And al the covent forth cam  
 To welcome that tyraunt,  
 And alle hise as wel as hym,  
 Save oonly fooles.  
 Whiche foolis were wel levere  
 To deye than to lyve  
 Lenger, sith Lenten 14050  
 Was so rebuked. {429}

And as a fals fend, Antecrist  
 Over alle folk regnede,  
 Save that were mylde men and holye,  
 That no meschief dradden,  
 Defyed alle falsnesse  
 And folk that it usede;  
 And what kyng that hem confortod,  
 Knowynge hem any while,  
 They cursed and hir conseil, 14060  
 Were it clerk or lewed.

Antecrist hadde thus soone  
Hundredes at his baner,  
And Pride it bar  
Boldely aboute,  
With a lord that lyveth  
After likyng of body,  
That kam ayein Conscience,  
That kepere was and gyour  
Over kynde cristene 14070  
And cardynale vertues.

"I conseille," quod Conscience tho,  
"Cometh with me, ye fooles,  
Into Unité holy chirche,  
And holde we us there;  
And crye we to kynde  
That he come and defende us,  
Fooles, fro thise fendes lymes,  
For Piers love the Plowman;  
And crye we to al the comune, 14080  
That thei come to Unitee,  
And there abide and bikere  
Ayeins Beliales children."

{430}

Kynde Conscience tho herde,  
And cam out of the planetes,  
And sente forth his forreyours,  
Feveres and fluxes,  
Coughes and cardiacles,  
Crampes and tooth-aches,  
Rewmes and radegundes, 14090  
And roynous scabbes,  
Biles and bocches,  
And brennyng agues,  
Frenesies and foule yveles,  
Forageres of kynde,  
Hadde y-priked and prayed  
Polles of peple,  
That largeliche a legion  
Loste hir lif soone.

There was, "Harrow and help!  
Here cometh Kynde,  
With Deeth that is dredful  
To undo us alle!" 14100

The lord that lyved after lust  
Tho aloud cryde  
After Confort, a knyght,  
To come and bere his baner;  
"A l'arme! à l'arme!" quod that lord,  
"Ech lif kepe his owene!"

And thanne mette thise men, 14110  
Er mynstrals myghte pipe,  
And er heraudes of armes  
Hadden discryved lordes,  
Elde the hoore  
That was in the vaunt-warde.  
And bar the baner bifore Deeth,  
Bi right he it cleymede.

{431}

Kynde cam after,  
With many kene soores,  
As pokkes and pestilences, 14120  
And mucche peple shente;  
So Kynde thorough corrupcions  
Kilde ful manye.

Deeth cam dryvyng after,  
And al to duste passhed  
Kynges and knyghtes,  
Kaysers and popes,  
Lered and lewed,  
He leet no man stonde  
That he hitte evene, 14130

That evere stired after.  
Manye a lovely lady,  
And lemmans of knyghtes,  
Swowned and sweltd  
For sorwe of hise dyntes.

Conscience of his curteisie  
To Kynde he bi-soughte  
To cesse and suffre,  
And see wher thei wolde  
Leve Pride pryvely, 14140  
And be parfite cristene.

[And Kynde cessede tho](#)  
To se the peple amende.  
Fortune gan flatere thanne  
Tho fewe that were alyve,  
And bi-highte hem long lif,  
And Lecherie he sente  
Amonges alle manere men,  
Wedded and unwedded,  
And gaderede a greet hoost 14150  
Al agayn Conscience.

{432}

This Lecherie leide on  
With a janglynge chiere,  
And with pryvee speche  
And peyntede wordes;  
And armede hym in ydelnesse,  
And in heigh berynge.  
He bar a bowe in his hand,  
And manye brode arewes,  
Weren fethered with fair bi-heste 14160  
And many a fals truthe.  
With hise un-tidy tales  
He tened ful ofte.  
Conscience and his compaignye,  
Of holy chirche the techeris.

Thanne cam Coveitise,  
And caste how he myghte  
Overcome Conscience  
And cardinale vertues,  
And armed hym in avarice, 14170  
And hungriliche lyvede.  
His wepne was al wiles  
To wynnen and to hiden;  
With glosynges and with gabbynges  
He giled the peple.

Symonye hym sente  
To assaille Conscience,  
And preched to the peple;  
And prelates thei hem maden  
To holden with Antecrist, 14180  
His temporaltees to save;  
And cam to the kynges counseille  
As a kene baroun,  
And kneled to Conscience  
In court afore hem alle,  
And garte good feith flee, 14190  
And fals to abide;  
And boldeliche bar a-doun,  
With many a bright noble,  
Muche of the wit and wisdom  
Of [Westmynstre Halle](#).  
He jogged to a justice,  
And justed in his eere,  
And over-tilte al his truthe  
With "Tak this up amendement."

{433}

And to [the Arches](#) in haste  
He yede anoon after,  
And tornede cyvyle into symonye,  
And siththe he took the official  
For a mantel of menever, 14200

And made lele matrymoyne  
Departen er deeth cam,  
And devors shapte.

"Allas!" quod Conscience, and cryde tho,  
"Wolde Crist of his grace  
That coveitise were cristene!  
That is so kene a fightere,  
And boold and bidynge  
While his bagge lasteth."

And thanne lough Lyf, 14210  
And leet daggen hise clothes,  
And armed hym an haste  
With harlotes wordes;  
And heeld holynesse a jape,  
And hendenesse a wastour;  
And leet leautee a cherl,  
And lyere a fre man;  
Conscience and his counseil  
He counted at a flye

Thus relyede Lif, 14220 {434}  
For a litel fortune;  
And priketh forth with Pride,  
Preiseth he no vertue,  
Ne careth noght how Kynde slow,  
And shal come at the laste,  
And kille alle erthely creatures,  
Save Conscience oone.

Lyf lepte aside,  
And laughte hym a lemman;  
"Heele and I," quod he, 14230  
"And heighnesse of herte,  
Shal do thee noght drede  
Neither deeth ne elde,  
And to forgyte sorwe,  
And gyve noght of synne."

This likede Lif,  
And his lemman Fortune;  
And geten in hir glorie  
A gadelyng at the laste, 14240  
Oon that mucche wo wroghte,  
Sleuthe was his name.  
Sleuthe wax wonder yerne,  
And soone was of age,  
And wedded oon Wanhope,  
A wenche of the stuwes.  
Hir sire was a sysour  
That nevere swoor truthe,  
Oon Tomme Two-tonge,  
Atteynt at ech enqueste.

This Sleuthe was war of werre, 14250  
And a slynge made,  
And threw drede of dispair  
A dozeyne myle aboute.

For care Conscience tho  
Cryde upon Elde,  
And bad hym fonde to fighte,  
And a-fere Wanhope.

And Elde hente good hope,  
And hastiliche he shifte hym,  
And wayved away Wanhope, 14260  
And with Lif he fighteth.  
And Lif fleigh for feere  
To phisik after helpe,  
And bi-soughte hym of socour,  
And of his salve he hadde.  
He gaf hym gold good woon,  
That gladede his herte;  
And thei gyven hym ageyn  
A glazene howve.

Lyf leevd that lechecraft 14270  
Lette sholde elde,  
And dryven away deeth  
With dyas and drogges.

And Elde auntred hym on lyf,  
And at the laste he hitte  
A phisicien with a furred hood,  
That he fel in a palsie,  
And there dyed that doctour  
Er thre dayes after.

"Now I se," seide Lif, 14280  
"Thaturgerie ne phisik  
May noght a myte availle  
To mede ayein Elde."  
And in hope of his heele  
Good herte he hente,  
And rood forth to a revel,  
A ryche place and a murye;  
The compaignye of confort {436}  
Men cleped it som tyme.

And Elde anoon after me 14290  
And over myn heed yede;  
And made me balled bifore,  
And bare on the crowne.  
So harde he yede over myn heed,  
It wole be sene evere.

"Sire yvele y-taught, Elde!" quod I,  
"Unhende go with the!  
Sith whanne was the wey  
Over mennes heddes?  
Haddestow be hende," quod I, 14300  
"Thow woldest have asked leeve."

"Ye, leve lurdeyn!" quod he;  
And leyde on me with age,  
And hitte me under the ere,  
Unnethe myghte ich here.  
He buffeted me so aboute the mouth,  
That out my teeth he bette;  
And gyved me in goutes,  
I may noght goon at large.  
And of the wo that I was inne 14310  
My wif hadde ruthe,  
And wissshed ful witterly  
That I were in hevene;  
For the lyme that she loved me fore,  
And leef was to feele,—  
On nyghtes, namely,  
Whan we naked weere,—  
I ne myghte in no manere  
Maken it at hir wille;  
So Elde and she, soothly, 14320  
Hadden it for-beten.

And as I seet in this sorwe, {437}  
I saugh how Kynde passede;  
And Deeth drogh neigh me.  
For drede gan I quake,  
And cryde to Kynde,  
"Out of care me brynge!  
Lo! Elde the hoore  
Hath me bi-seye.  
Awreke me! if youre wille be, 14330  
For I wolde ben hennes."

"If thow wolt be wroken,  
Wend into Unitee,  
And hold thee there evere,  
Til I sende for thee;  
And loke thow konne som craft,  
Er thow come thennes."



"Counseille me, Kynde," quod I,  
"What craft is best to lerne."

"Lerne to love," quod Kynde, 14340  
"And leef of alle othere."

"How shal I come to catel so,  
To clothe me and to feede?"

"And thow love lelly," quod he,  
"Lakke shal thee nevere  
Metene ne worldly weede,  
While thi lif lasteth."

And there by conseil of Kynde  
I comsed to rome  
Thorough Contricion and Confession, 14350  
Til I cam to Unitee.  
And there was Conscience conestable  
Cristene to save,  
And bisegede soothly  
With sevene grete geauntz  
That with Antechrist helden {438}  
Harde ayein Conscience.

Sleuthe with his slynge  
An hard assaut he made.  
Proude preestes coome with hym 14360  
Mo than a thousand,  
In paltokes and pyked shoes,  
And pisseris longe knyves,  
Coomen ayein Conscience,  
With Coveitise thei helden.

"By Marie!" quod a mansed preest  
[Of the Marche of Walys](#),  
"I counte na-moore Conscience,  
By so I cacche silver,  
Than I do to drynke 14370  
A draughte of good ale."  
And so seiden sixty  
Of the same contree;  
And shotten ayein with shot  
Many a sheef of othes,  
And brode hoked arwes,  
Goddess herte and hise nayles;  
And hadden almost Unitee,  
And holynesse a-down.

Conscience cryede, "Helpe, Clergie!" 14380  
Or ellis I falle,  
Thorough inparfite preestes  
And prelates of holy chirche."  
Freres herden hym crye,  
And comen hym to helpe;  
Ac for thei kouthe nocht wel hir craft,  
Conscience forsook hem.

Nede neghede tho neer,  
And Conscience he tolde  
That thei come for coveitise 14390 {439}  
To have cure of soules;  
"And for thei are povere, peraventure,  
For patrymoyne thei faille,  
They wol flatere and fare wel  
With folk that ben riche.  
And sithen thei chosen chele  
And cheitiftee poverte,  
Lat hem chewe as thei chose,  
And charge hem with no cure.  
For lomere he lyeth, 14400  
That liflode moot begge,  
Than he that laboureth for liflode,  
And leneth it beggeris.  
And sithen freres forsoke  
The felicité of erthe,

Lat hem be as beggeris,  
Or lyve by aungeles foode."

Conscience of this counseil tho  
Comsede for to laughe,  
And curteisliche confortd hem, 14410  
And called in alle freres,  
And seide, "Sires, soothly  
Welcome be ye alle  
To Unitee and holy chirche;  
Ac o thyng I yow preye,  
Holdeth yow in Unitee,  
And haveth noon envye  
To lered ne to lewed,  
But lyveth after youre reule,  
And I wol be youre borugh 14420  
Ye shal have breed and clothes  
And othere necessaries y-nowe,  
Yow shal no thyng faille,  
With that ye leve logik, {440}  
And lerneth for to lovye.  
For love lafte thei lordshipe,  
Bothe lond and scole,  
Frere Fraunceys and Domyntyk,  
For love to be holye.

"And if ye coveite cure, 14430  
Kynde wol yow teche  
That in mesure God made  
Alle manere thynges,  
And sette hem at a certein  
And a siker nombre,  
And nempnede names newe,  
And noumbrede the sterres.  
*Qui numerat multitudinem stellarum,  
et omnibus eis, etc.*

"Kynges and knyghtes 14440  
That kepen and defenden,  
Han officers under hem,  
And ech of hem a certein.  
And if thei [wage men to werre](#),  
Thei write hem in noumbre;  
Alle othere in bataille  
Ben y-holde brybours,  
Pylours and pyke-harneys,  
In ech a place y-cursed,  
Wol no man tresore hem paie, 14450  
Travaille thei never so soore.

"Monkes and moniales,  
And alle men of religion,  
Hir ordre and hir reule wole  
To han a certein noumbre,  
Of lewed and of lered,  
The lawe wole and asketh  
A certein for a certein, {441}  
Save oonliche of freres.

"For thi," quod conscience, "by Crist! 14460  
Kynde wit me telleth  
It is wikked to wage yow,  
Ye wexen out of noumbre;  
Hevene hath evene noumbre,  
And helle is withoute noumbre.  
For-thi I wolde witterly  
That ye were in the registre,  
And youre noumbre under notaries signe,  
And neither mo ne lasse."

Envye herde this, 14470  
And heet freres to go to scole  
And lerne logyk and lawe,  
And ek contemplacion,  
And preche men of Plato,  
And preve it by Seneca,

That alle thynges under hevene  
Oughte to ben in comune.

And yet he lyeth, as I leve,  
That to the lewed so precheth;  
For God made to men a lawe, 14480  
And Moyses it taughte.  
*Non concupisces rem proximi tui.*

And yvele in this y-holde  
In parisshe of Engelonde;  
For persons and parisshe-preestes  
That sholde the peple shryve,  
Ben curatours called,  
To knowe and to hele  
Alle that ben hir parisshe,  
Penaunce to enjoigne; 14490  
And sholden be ashamed in his shrift;  
Ac shame maketh hem wende {442}  
And fleen to the freres,  
As fals folk to Westmynstre,  
That borweth, and bereth it thider,  
And thanne biddeth frendes  
Yerne of forgifnesse,  
Or lenger yeres loone.  
Ac while he is in Westmynstre,  
He wol be bifore, 14500  
And maken hym murie  
With oother mennes goodes.

And so it fareth with muche folk  
That to the freres hem shryveth,  
As sisours and executours,  
Thei wol gyve the freres  
A parcel to preye for hem,  
And make hemself murye  
With the residue and the remenaunt  
That othere men bi-swonke, 14510  
*And suffre the dede in dette*  
To the day of doome.

Envye herfore  
Hatede Conscience;  
And freres to philosophie  
He fond thanne to scole,  
The while Coveitise and Unkyndenesse,  
Conscience assaillde.  
In Unitee holy chirche  
Conscience held hym, 14520  
And made Pees porter  
To pynne the yates,  
Of alle tale-telleris  
And titeleris in ydel {443}  
Ypocrisie and he  
An hard assaut thei made,  
And woundede wel wikkedly  
Many a wis techere  
That with Conscience acordede  
And cardynale vertues. 14530

Conscience called a leche,  
That koude wel shryve,  
To go salve tho that sike ben  
And thorough synne y-wounded  
Shrift shoop sharpe salve,  
And made men do penaunce  
For hir mys-dedes  
That thei wroght hadde,  
And that Piers were y-payed:  
*Redde quod debes.* 14540

Some liked noght this leche,  
And lettres thei sente,  
If any surgien were the segge  
That softer koude plastre.  
Sire Leef-to-lyve-in-lecherie

Lay there and groned,  
For fastynge of a Frydaye  
He ferde as he wolde deye.

"Ther is a surgien in this sege  
That softe kan handle, 14550  
And moore of phisik bi fer  
And fairer he plastreth,  
Oon frere Flaterere,  
Is phisicien and surgien."

Quod Contricion to Conscience,  
"Do hym come to Unitee;  
For here is many a man  
Hurt thorough Ypocrisyse." {444}

"We han no nede," quod Conscience,  
"I woot no better leche 14560  
Than person or parissh-preest,  
Penitauncer or bisshope,  
Save Piers the Plowman,  
That hath power over hem alle,  
And indulgence may do,  
But if dette lette it."

"I may wel suffre," seide Conscience,  
"Syn ye desiren  
That frere Flaterere be fet  
And phisike yow sike." 14570

The frere herof herde  
And hiede faste  
To a lord for a lettre,  
Leve to have to curen,  
As a curatour he were;  
And cam with hise lettres  
Boldely to the bisshope,  
And his brief hadde,  
In contrees ther he coome  
Confessions to here, 14580  
And cam there Conscience was,  
And knocked at the yate.

Pees unpynned it,  
Was porter of Unitee,  
And in haste askede  
What his wille were.

"In faith!" quod this frere,  
"For profit and for helthe  
Carpe I wolde with Contricion,  
And therefore cam I hider." 14590

"He is sik," seide Pees,  
"And so are manye othere. {445}  
Ypocrisie hath hurt hem,  
Ful hard is if thei kevere."

"I am a surgien," seide the segge,  
"And salves kan make.  
Conscience knoweth me wel,  
And what I kan do bothe."

"I praye thee," quod Pees tho,  
"Er thow passe ferther, 14600  
What hattestow? I praye thee;  
Hele noght thi name."

"Certes," seide his felawe,  
"Sire *Penetrans-domos*."

"Ye, go thi gate," quod Pees,  
"By God! for al thi phisik,  
But thow konne som oother craft,  
Thow comest nought herinne.  
I knew swich oon ones,

Noght eighte wynter hennes, 14610  
 Coom in thus y-coped  
 At a court there I dwelde,  
 And was my lordes leche,  
 And my ladies bothe.  
 And at the laste [this lymytour](#),  
 Tho my lord was oute,  
[He salvede so oure wommen](#)  
 Til some were with childe."

Hende-speche heet Pees  
 Open the yates, 14620  
 "Lat in the frere and his felawe,  
 And make hem fair cheere;  
 He may se and here,  
 So it may bifalle  
 That lif thorough his loore  
 Shal leve Coveitise, {446}  
 And be a-drad of Deeth,  
 And withdrawe hym fram Pryde,  
 And acorde with Conscience,  
 And kisse hir either oother." 14630

Thus thorough Hende-speche  
 Entred the frere,  
 And cam in to Conscience,  
 And curteisly hym grette.

"Thou art welcome," quod Conscience,  
 "Kanstow heele the sike?  
 Here is Contricion," quod Conscience,  
 "My cosyn, y-wounded.  
 Conforte hym," quod Conscience,  
 "And tak kepe to hise soores. 14640  
 The plastres of the person  
 And poudres biten to soore;  
 He lat hem ligge over longe,  
 And looth is to chaunge hem;  
 Fro lenten to lenten  
 He lat hise plastres bite."

"That is over longe," quod this lymytour,  
 "I leve I shal amende it."  
 And gooth and gropeth Contricion,  
 And gaf hym a plastre 14650  
 Of 'a pryvee paiement,  
 And I shal praye for yow  
 For al that ye ben holden to,  
 Al my lif tyme,  
 And make yow, my lady,  
 In masse and in matyns  
 As frere of oure fraternytee  
 For a litel silver.' {447}

Thus he gooth and gadereth,  
 And gloseth there he shryveth, 14660  
 Til Contricion hadde clene foryeten  
 To crye and to wepe;  
 And wake for hise wikked werkes,  
 As he was wont to doone,  
 For confort of his confessour  
 Contricion he lafte,  
 That is the soverayneste salve  
 For alle kynne synnes.

Sleuthe seigh that,  
 And so dide Pryde, 14670  
 And comen with a kene wille  
 Conscience to assaille.

Conscience cryed eft,  
 And bad Clergie helpe hym,  
 And also Contricion,  
 For to kepe the yate.

"He lyth and dremeth," seide Pees,

"And so do manye othere,  
The frere with his phisyk  
This folk hath enchaunted,  
And plastred hem so esily,  
Thei drede no synne."  
14680

"By Crist!" quod Conscience tho,  
"I wole bicomme a pilgrym,  
And walken as wide  
As the world lasteth,  
To seken Piers the Plowman,  
That Pryde may destruye;  
And that freres hadde a fyndyng,  
That for nede flateren,  
And countreplede me, Conscience.  
Now Kynde me avenge, {448}  
And sende me hap and heele,  
Til I have Piers the Plowman."  
And siththe he gradde after Grace,  
Til I gan awake.  
14690  
14696

*Explicit hic Dialogus Petri Plowman.*



## THE CREED OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN.



## PIERS PLOUGHMAN'S CREED.

{451}

**C**ROS and curteis Christ  
This begynnyng spede,  
For the faders frendshipe  
That fourmed heaven,  
And through the special spirit  
That sprong of hem tweyne,  
And al in one God-hed  
Endles dwelleth.  
A, and all myn a.b.c.  
After have I lerned,  
1  
10

And patred in my pater-noster  
 Iche poynt after other;  
 And after al, myne Ave-marie  
 Almost to the end;  
 But al my care is to comen,  
 For I can nought my Crede.  
 Whan I shall shewen my shrift,  
 Shent mote I worthen;  
 The preeste wil me punyche,  
 And penaunce enjoyne; 20  
 The lengthe of a lenton  
 Flesh moot I leve,  
 After that Estur is y-come,  
 And that is hard fare;  
 And Wedenesday iche wyke {452}  
 Withouten flesh-mete.  
 And also Jesu hymselfe  
 To the Jewes he saide,  
 "He that leeveth nought on me,  
 He leseth the blisse." 30  
 Therfor lerne the byleve  
 Levest me were,  
 Gif any worldly wight  
 Wil me [it] couthe;  
 Other lewed or lered,  
 That lyveth thereafter  
 And fulliche folweth the feith,  
 And feyneth non other;  
 That no worldeliche wele  
 Wilneth no tyme, 40  
 But liveth in lovyng of God,  
 And his lawe holdeth;  
 And for no gettingyng of good  
 Never his God greveth,  
 But folweth hym the full way,  
 As he the folke taughte.  
 But to many maner of men  
 This matter is asked,  
 Both to lered and to lewed,  
 That seyn that they liveden 50  
 Hollich on the grete God,  
 And holden al his hestes.  
 But by a fraynyng for than  
 Faileth ther manye.  
 For first I frayned the freres,  
 And they me fulle tolden,  
 That al the fruyt of the fayth  
 Was in her foure orders;  
 And the cofres of Christendom,  
 And the keie bothen, 60  
 And the lock of byleve,  
 Lieth loken in her hondes,  
  
 Then wennede I to wyttten,  
 And with a whight I mette,  
 A Minoure in a morwe-tide;  
 And to this man I saide,  
 "Sire, for greate Godes love!  
 The graith thou me tell,  
 Of what myddel-erde man  
 Myght I best lerne 70  
 My Crede? For I can it nought,  
 My kare is the more.  
 And therefore, for Christes love!  
 Thy counseyl I preie.  
 A Carm me hath y-covenant,  
 The nede me to teche;  
 But for thou knowest Carmes wel,  
 Thy counsail I aske."  
  
 This Minour loked on me,  
 And laughyng he sayde, 80  
 "Leve christen man,  
 I leve that thou [art] madde:  
 Whough shulde thei techen the god,

That con non hemselfe?  
 They ben but jugulers,  
 And japers of kynde;  
 Lorels and lechures,  
 And lemans holden,  
 Neyther in order ne out,  
 But unneth lybbeth, 90  
 And by-japeth the folk  
 With gestes of Rome.  
 It is but a faynt folke, {454}  
 Y-founded upon japes.  
 They maketh hem [Maries men](#),  
 And so thei men tellen;  
 And leieth on oure Lady  
 Many a long tale.  
 And that wicked folk  
 Wymmen betraieþ, 100  
 And begileth hem her good  
 With glaverynge wordes,  
 And therwith holden her hous  
 In harlotes warkes.  
 And, so save me God!  
 I hold it greate synne  
 To gyven hem any good,  
 Swiche glotones to fynde,  
 To mayntaynen swiche maner men  
 That michel good destruieth. 110  
 Yet seyn they in her sultie  
 To sottes in townes,  
 Thei comen out of Carmeli  
 Christ for to folwen,  
 And feyneth hem with holynesse,  
 That yvele hem bisemeth.  
 Thei lyven more in lecherie,  
 And lyeth in her tales,  
 Than suen any good liif;  
 But lurken in her selles, 120  
 And wynnen werdliche good,  
 And wasten it in synne.  
 And ghif thei couthen her Crede,  
 Other on Christ leveden,  
 Thei weren nought so hardy  
 Swyche harlotri usen.  
 Sikerli I can nought fynden {455}  
 Who hem first founded;  
 But the foles foundeden hemselfe  
[Freres of the Pye](#), 130  
 And maken hem mendynans,  
 And marre the puple.  
 But what glut of tho gomes  
 May any good kachen,  
 He wyl kepen it hemself,  
 And cofrene it faste;  
 And though his felawes fayle good,  
 For hym he may sterven.  
 Her monei mai byquest,  
 And testament maken, 140  
 And none obedience bere,  
 But don as hym luste.  
 And ryght as [Robartes men](#)  
 Raken aboute  
 At feyres and at full ales,  
 And fyllen the cuppe;  
 And precheth al of pardon,  
 To plesen the puple.  
 Her pacience is al pased,  
 And put out to ferme; 150  
 And pride is in her povertie,  
 That litel is to preisen.  
 And at the lullyng of oure lady  
 The wymmen to lyken,  
[And miracles of mydwyses](#),  
 And maken wymmen to wenen  
 That the lace of oure Lady smok  
 Lighteth hem of children.



Thei ne prechen nought of Powel,  
 Ne penaunce for synne; 160 {456}  
 But al of merci and mensk,  
 That Marie may helpen.  
 With sterne staves and stronge  
 Thei over lond straketh,  
 Thider as here lemmans liggeth,  
 And lurketh in townes,  
 Grey grete-heded quenes  
 With gold by the eighen,  
 And seyne that her sustern thei ben,  
 That sojurneth aboute. 170  
 And thus abouten the gon,  
 And Godes folke betrayeth.  
 It is the puple that Powel  
 Preched of in his tyme;  
 He seyde of swich folke  
 That so aboute wente,  
 Wepyng, I warne you  
 Of walkers aboute,  
 It beth enemyes of the cros  
 That Christ upon tholede. 180  
 Swiche slomrers in slepe,  
 Slaughte in her ende,  
 And glotonye is her God,  
 With gloppyng of drynk,  
 And gladnesse in gleees,  
 And grete joye y-made.  
 In the shendying of swiche  
 Shal mychel folk lawghe;  
 Therefore, frend, for thy feith  
 Fond to don beter; 190  
 Leve nought on tho losels,  
 Put let hem forth pasen,  
 For thei ben fals in her faith,  
 And feele mo other." {457}

"Alas! frere," quath I tho,  
 "My purpos is y-failed;  
 Now is my comfort a-cast.  
 Canstou no bote,  
 Wher I myght meten with a man  
 That myghte me wyssen 200  
 For to conne my Crede,  
 Christ for to folwen?"

"Certeyn, felawe," quath the frere,  
 "Withouten any fayle,  
 Of al men upon mold,  
 We Minorities most sheweth  
 The pure aposteles liif,  
 With penance on erthe,  
 And suen hem in sanctité,  
 And sufferen wel harde. 210  
 We haunten no tavernes,  
 Ne hobelen abouten;  
 At marketes and miracles  
 We medeleth us never;  
 We hondlen no moneye,  
 But monelich faren,  
 And haven hunger at the mete,  
 At ich a mel ones.  
 We haven forsaken the world,  
 And in wo libbeth, 220  
 In penaunce and poverte,  
 And prechethe the puple  
 By ensample of oure liif  
 Soules to helpen;  
 And in poverte preien  
 For al oure parteneres,  
 That gyveth us any good  
 God to honouren,  
 Other bel other book, {458}  
 Or bred to our foode, 230  
 Other catel, other cloth

To coveren with oure bones.  
For we buldeth a burwgh,  
A brod and a large,  
A chirch and a chapitle,  
With chaumbers a-lofte;  
With wide wyndowes y-wrought,  
And walles wel heye,  
That mote ben portreid and paint,  
And pulched ful clene, 240  
With gay glitering glas  
Glowyng as the sunne.

And mightestou amenden us  
With moneye of thyn owen,  
Thou shouldest knely bifore Christ  
In compas of gold,  
In the wyde window west-ward  
Wel neigh in the myddel,  
And saint Fraunceis hymselfe 250  
Shal folden the in his cope,  
And present the to the Trinité,  
And praye for thy synnes.

Thy name shal noblich ben wryten  
And wrought for the nones,  
And in remembraunce of the  
Y-rad there for evere.  
And, brother, be thou nought a-ferd;  
Bythenk in thyne herte,  
Though thou conne nought thy Crede, 260  
Care thou no-more!  
I shal asoilen the, syr,  
And setten it on my soule;  
And thou may maken this good, {459}  
Think thou non other."

"Sir," I sayde, "in certaine  
I shal gon and asaye."  
And he set on me his hond,  
And asoiled me clene,  
And there I parted him fro  
Wythouten and peyne; 270  
In covenaut that I come agayne,  
Christ he me be-taught.

Then saide I to myself,  
"Here semeth litel treuthe!  
First to blame his brother,  
And bakbyten hym foule,  
There as curteis Christ  
Clerliche saide,  
Whow myght thou in thy brothers eighe 280  
A bare mote loken,  
And in thyn owen eighe  
Nought a beme toten?  
See fyrst on thyself,  
And sithen on another,  
And clense clene thy syght,  
And kepe wel thyne eighe,  
And for another mannes eighe  
Ordeyne after.

And also I see covetise  
Catel to fongen, 290  
That Christ hath clerliche forboden,  
And clenliche destrueden;  
And sayde to his sueres  
For sothe on this wyse,  
'Nought thy neighbors good  
Coveyte in no tyme.'  
But charité and chastité {460}  
Ben chased out clene.  
But Christ seide by her fruit  
Men shal hem ful knowen." 300  
Thanne saide I, "certeine, syr,  
Thou demest ful trewe."

Than thought I to frayne the first

Of this foure ordres;  
 And presed to [the Prechoures](#),  
 To proven hir wille.  
 Ich highed to her house,  
 To herken of more;  
 And when I came to that court,  
 I gaped aboute, 310  
 Swich a bild bold  
 Y-buld upon erthe heighte  
 Say I nought in certeyn  
 Syththe a long tyme.  
 I semed opon that hous,  
 And yerne theron loked,  
 Whow the pileres weren y-paint,  
 And pulched ful clene,  
 And queyntly y-corven  
 With curious knottes; 320  
 With wyndowes wel y-wrought,  
 Wyde up a-lofte,  
 And thanne I entred in,  
 And even forth wente;  
 And al was walled that wone,  
 Though it wiid were,  
[With posternes in privité](#)  
 To pasen when hem liste;  
 Orcheyardes and erberes  
 Evesed wel clene, 330  
 And a curious cros  
 Craftly entayled, {461}  
 With tabernacles y-tight  
 To toten al abouten.  
 The pris of a plough-lond  
 Of penies so rounde  
 To aparaille that pyler  
 Were pure litel.  
 Than I munte me forth  
 The mynstre to knowen, 340  
 And awaytede a woon  
 Wonderly wel y-bild,  
 With arches on everiche half,  
 And bellyche y-corven,  
 With crochetes on corneres,  
 With knottes of gold,  
 Wyde wyndowes y-wrought,  
 Y-wryten ful thikke,  
 Shynen with shapen sheldes,  
 To shewen aboute, 350  
[With merkes of merchauntes](#)  
 Y-medeled betwene,  
 Mo than twentie and two  
 Twyse y-noumbbred.  
 Ther is non heraud that hath  
 Half swich a rolle,  
 Right as a rageman  
 Hath rekned hem newe.  
 Tombes upon tabernacles  
 Tylde opon lofte, 360  
 Housed in hornes,  
 Harde set abouten,  
 Of armede alabaustre  
 Clad for the nones,  
 Maad opon marbel {462}  
 In many manner wyse,  
 Knyghtes in ther conisante  
 Clad for the nones;  
 Alle it semed seyntes  
 Y-sacred opon erthe; 370  
 And lovely ladies y-wrought  
 Leyen by her sydes  
 In manye gay garnemens,  
 That weren gold beten.  
 Though the tax of ten yere  
 Were trewely y-gadered,  
 Nolde it nought maken that hous  
 Half, as I trowe.

Than cam I to that cloystre,  
And gaped abouten, 380  
Whough it was pilere and peynt,  
And portreyed wel clene,  
Al y-hyled with leed  
Lowe to the stones,  
And y-paved with poynttyl  
Ich point after other;  
With cundites of clene tyn  
Closed al aboute,  
With lavoures of latun  
Loveliche y-greithed. 390  
I trowe the gaynage of the ground  
In a gret shyre  
Nold aparaile that place  
Oo poynt tyl other ende.  
Thanne was that chapitre house  
Wrought as a greet chirche,  
Corven and covered;  
And queyntelyche entayled,  
With semliche selure {463}  
Y-seet on lofte, 400  
As a parlement-hous  
Y-peynted aboute.  
Thanne ferd I into fraytoure,  
And fond there another,  
An halle for an hygh kynge  
An houshold to holden,  
With brode bordes abouten  
Y-benched wel clene,  
With wyndowes of glaas  
Wrought as a chirche 410  
Than walkede I ferrer,  
And went al abouten,  
And seigh halles full heygh,  
And houses ful noble,  
Chambres with chymeneyes,  
And chapeles gaye,  
And kychenes for an high kynge  
In casteles to holden;  
And her dortoure y-dight  
With dores ful stronge; 420  
Fermerye and fraitur,  
With fele mo houses,  
And al strong ston wal  
Sterne upon heithe,  
With gaye garites and grete,  
And iche hole y-glased,  
And other houses y-nowe  
To herberwe the queene.  
And yet thise bilderes wiln beggen  
A bagge ful of whete 430  
Of a pure pore man,  
That may onethe paye  
Half his rent in a yere, {464}  
And half ben byhynde.

Than turned I ayen,  
Whan I hadde all y-toted,  
And fond in a freitoure  
A frere on a benche,  
A greet chorl and a grym,  
Growen as a tonne, 440  
With a face so fat  
As a ful bleddere  
Blowen brethful of breth,  
And as a bagge honged  
On bothen his chekes, and his chyn  
With a chol lollode  
So greet as a gos ey,  
Growen al of grece;  
That al wagged his fleish  
As a quick myre. 450  
His cope, that bi-clypped hym,  
Wel clene was it folden,

Of double worstede y-dyght  
 Doun to the hele.  
 His kyrtel of clene whiit,  
 Clenlyche y-sewed,  
 Hit was good y-now of ground  
 Greyn for to beren.  
 I haylsede that hirdman,  
 And hendlich I sayde, 460  
 "Gode sire, for Godes love!  
 Canstou me graith tellen  
 To any worthely wiight  
 That wissen me couthe,  
 Whow I shulde conne my Crede,  
 Christ for to folwe,  
 That levede lelliche hymselfe {465}  
 And lyvede thereafter,  
 That feynede no falskede,  
 But fully Chrise suwede? 470  
 For sich a certeyn man  
 Syker wold I trosten,  
 That he wolde telle me the trewthe,  
 And turne to non other.  
 And an Austyn this ender day  
 Egged me faste,  
 That he wolde techen me wel,  
 He plyght me his treuthe,  
 And seyde me "certeyn,  
 Syghthen Christ deyed 480  
 Oure ordre was [euelles](#)  
 And erst y-founde."

"First, felawe," quath he,  
 "Fy on his pilche!  
 He is but abortiif,  
 Eked with cloutes,  
 He holdeth his ordynaunce  
 With hores and theves,  
 And purchaseth hem pryvyleges  
 With penyes so rounde. 490  
 It is a pur pardoners craft,  
 Prove and asay;  
 For have they thy money,  
 A moneth thereafter  
 Certes, theigh thou come agen,  
 He wil the nought knowen.  
 But, felawe, oure fundament  
 Was first of the othere,  
 And we ben founded fulliche  
 Withouten fayntise, 500  
 And we ben clerkes y-cnowen,  
 Cunnyng in schole,  
 Proved in processyon  
 By processe of lawe.  
 Of oure order ther beth  
 Bichopes wel manye,  
 Seyntes on sundri stedes  
 That suffreden harde;  
 And we ben proved the priis  
 Of popes at Rome, 510  
 And of grettest degré,  
 As godspelles telleth."

"A! syre," quath I thanne,  
 "Thou seyst a grete wonder;  
 Sithen Christ sayd hymselfe  
 To alle his diciples,  
 'Which of you that is most,  
 Most shal he werche;  
 And who is goere byforne,  
 First shal he serven.' 520  
 And seyde he saugh Satan  
 Sytten ful heyghe,  
 And ful low ben y-leid.  
 In lyknesse he tolde,  
 That in povernesse of spyrit

Is spedfullest hele;  
And hertes of heyne  
Harmeth the soule.  
And therefore, frere, farewel;  
Here fynd I but pride. 530  
I preise nought thy prechyns,  
But as a pur myte."

And angerich I wandrede  
The Austyns to prove,  
And mette with a maistre of tho men, {467}  
And meklich I seyde,

"Maistre, for the moder love  
That Marie men calleth!  
Knowest thou ought there thou comest  
A creature on erthe 540

That coude me my Crede teche,  
And trowelich enfourme,  
Withouten flateryng fare,  
And nothing feyne,  
That folweth fulliche the feith,  
And non other fables,  
Withouten gabinge of glose,  
As the godspelles telleth?

A Minoure hath me holly behyght  
To helen my soule, 550  
For he seith that her secte  
Is sykkest on erthe,

And ben keepers of the key  
That Chrystendom helpeth,  
And puriche in poverté  
The apostles they suweth."

"Allaas!" quath the frere,  
"Almost I madde in mynde,  
To sen hough this Minoures  
Many men bygyleth. 560

Sothly somme of tho gomes  
Hath more good hymselfe  
Than ten knyghtes that I knowe,  
Of catel in cofres.

In fraytoure they faren best  
Of al the foure ordres,  
And usun ypocricie  
In al that thei werchen,

And prechen al of perfinesse; {468}  
But loke now, I the prey, 570  
Nought but profre hem in privité  
A peny for a masse,

And, but his name be prest,  
Put out myn eighe,  
Though he had more money hid  
Than marchauntes of wolle.

Loke hough this loresmen  
Lordes betrayen,  
Seyn that they folwen  
Fully Fraunceyses rewle, 580

That in cotinge of his cope  
Is more cloth y-folden  
Than was in Fraunceis froc  
Whan he hem first made.

And yet under that cope  
A cote hathe he furred  
With foyns, or with fichewes,  
Other fyn bevere,

And that is cutted to the kne,  
And queyntly y-botend, 590  
Lest any spiritual man  
Aspie that gyle.

Fraunceys bad his brethern  
Bar-fot to wenden;  
Now han they buclede shone,  
For blenyng of her heles,  
And hosen in harde weder  
Y-hamled by the ancle,  
And spicerie sprad in her purs

To parten where hem luste. 600  
 Lordes loveth hem wel,  
 For they so lowe crouchen;  
 But knowen men her cautel {469}  
 And her queynte wordes,  
 Thei wolde worshypen hem  
 Nought but a litle,  
 The ymage of ypocricie  
 Ymped upon fendes.  
 But, sone, gif thou wilt ben seker,  
 Seche thou no ferther, 610  
 We freres beth the firste,  
 And founded upon treuthe;  
 Paule *primus heremita*  
 Put us hymselfe  
 Away into wilderness,  
 The world to despisen,  
 And there we lengeden ful long,  
 And leveden ful harde;  
 For to alle this freren folke  
 Weren founden in tounes, 620  
 And taughten untrewely,  
 And that we wel aspiede.  
 And for chef charyté,  
 We chargeden us selven  
 In amendyng of this men,  
 We maden oure celles  
 To ben in cytés y-set,  
 To styghtle the puple,  
 Prechyng and prayeng  
 As profetes shoulde. 630  
 And so we holden us the hetheved  
 Of al holy chirche.  
 We han power of the Pope  
 Purliche assoylen  
 Al that helpen oure hous  
 In helpe of her soules;  
 To dispensen hem with {470}  
 In dedes of synne,  
 Al that amendeth oure hous  
 In money other elles, 640  
 With corne other catel,  
 Or clothes to beddes,  
 Other bedys or broche,  
 Or breed for our fode.  
 And gif thou hast any good,  
 And wilt thyselven helpen,  
 Help us hertelich therwith,  
 And here I undertake  
 Thou shalt ben brother of oure hous,  
 And a book habben 650  
 At the nexte chapitre  
 Clerliche enseled.  
 And than oure provincial  
 Hath power to assoylen  
 Alle sustren and bretheren  
 That beth of oure ordre.  
 And though thou conne nought the Crede,  
 Knele down here,  
 My soule I sette for thyn,  
 To asoile the clene, 660  
 In covaunt that thou come ageyne,  
 And katel us brynge."  
 And thanne loutede I adoun,  
 Add he me leve grauntede;  
 And so I parted hym fro,  
 And the frere lefte.

Than seide I to myself,  
 "Here is no bote;  
 Here pride is the pater-noster  
 In preying of synne; 670  
 Her Crede is covetise:—  
 Now can I no ferthere.  
 Yet wil I fonden forth,

And fraynen the Carmes."
   
Than toted I into a taverne,
   
And there I aspyede
   
Two frere Carmes
   
With a ful coppe.
   
There I auntrede me in,
   
And aisliche I seyde, 680
   
"Leve sire, for the Lordes love
   
That thou on levest!
   
Lere me to som man
   
My Crede for to lerne,
   
That lyveth in lel liif,
   
And loveth no synne,
   
And gloseth nought the godspel,
   
But halt Godes hetes,
   
And neyther money ne mede
   
Ne may hym nought letten, 690
   
But werchen after Godes word,
   
Withouten any faile.
   
A Prechoure y-professed
   
Hath plight me his trewthe
   
To techen me trewely;
   
But wouldest thou me tellen,
   
For they ben certeyne men,
   
And syker on to trosten,
   
I would quiten the thy mede
   
As my myght were." 700

"A trefle," quath he, "trewely!
   
His treweth is ful litel;
   
He dynede nought with Dominic,
   
Sithe Christ deide.
   
For with the prynces of pryde {472}
   
The Prechours dwellen;
   
They ben so digne as the devel
   
That droppeth fro heven,
   
With hartes of heynesse,
   
Whough halwen the cherches, 710
   
And deleth in devynyte
   
As dogges doth bones.
   
Thei medeleth with mesages
   
And mariages of grete;
   
Thei leeven with lordes
   
With lesynges y-nowe;
   
Thei biggeth hem bichopriches
   
With bagges of gold;
   
Thei wilneth worchipes:—
   
But waite on her dedes. 720
   
[Harkne at Herdforthe](#)
  
How that they werchen,
   
And loke when that they lyven
   
And leeve as thou fyndest.
   
They ben counseylours of kynges,
   
Christ wot the sothe,
   
Whou thei curreth kynges
   
And her bak claweth.
   
God leve hem laden wel
   
In lyvyng of hevене, 730
   
And glose hem nought for her good
   
To greven her soules.
   
I pray the, where ben they pryvé
   
With any pore whightes
   
That may nought amenden her hous,
   
Ne amenden hemselven?
   
They prechen in proud herte,
   
And preyseth her ordre,
   
And werdlich worchype
   
Wilneth in erthe. 740
   
Leeve it wel, lef man,
   
And men right lokede,
   
There is more pryvé pryde
   
In Prechoures hertes,
   
[Than there lefte in Lucifere,](#)
  
Or he were lowe fallen.
   
They bene dygne as dich-watere,

{473}



That dogges in bayteth.  
Lok a ribaut of hem  
That can nought wel reden 750  
His Rewel ne his Responses,  
But be pure rote;  
Als as he were a connyng clerk,  
He casteth the lawes  
Nought lowly, but lordly,  
And lesynges lyeth.  
For right as Minoures  
Most hypocrice useth,  
Ryght so ben Prechoures proude  
Purlyche in herte. 760

"But, chrysten creatoure,  
We Carmes firste comen,  
Even in Elyes tyme,  
First of hem alle;  
And lyven by oure Lady,  
And lelly her serven,  
In clene commun liif  
Kepen us out of synne;  
Nowt proude as Prechoures beth,  
But preyen ful style. 770  
We couuen on no quentyse,  
Christ wot the southe!  
But bisyeth us in oure bedes,  
As us best holdeth. {474}

And, therefore, leeve leelman,  
Leeve that iche sigge,  
A masse of us meene men  
Is of more mede,  
And passeth alle prayers  
Of this proude freres.— 780  
And thou wilt ghyven us any good,  
I wolde ye here graunten  
To taken al thy penaunce  
In peril of my soule;  
And tho thou conne nought thy Crede,  
Clene the assoyle,  
So that thou mowe amenden oure house  
With money other elles,  
With som catel, other corn,  
Or cuppes of sylvere." 790

"Trewely, frere," quath I tho,  
"To tellen the the sothe,  
There is no peny in my pakke  
To payen for my mete.  
I have no good, ne no golde,  
But go thus abouten,  
And travaile ful trewely  
To wynnen with my fode.  
But woldest thou for Godes love  
Lerne me my Crede, 800  
I shulde don for the wil,  
Whan I wele hadde."

"Trewely," quath the frere,  
"A fole I the holde:—  
Thou woldest nought wetten thy fote,  
And woldest fich kachen.  
Oure pardon and oure preieres {475}  
So beth they nought parten,  
Oure power lasteth nought so feer,  
But we som peny fongen. 810

"Fare wel," quath the frere,  
"For I mot hethen fonden,  
And hyen to an house-wiif  
That hath us byquethen  
Ten pound in hir testament.  
To tellen the sothe,  
Ho draweth to the deth-ward;  
But yet I am in drede

Leste ho turne hire testament,  
And therfore I hyghe 820  
To haven hire to oure hous,  
And henten, gif I mighte,  
An anuel for myne owen use,  
To helpen to clothe."  
"Godys forbode!" quath his felawe,  
"But ho forth passe  
Whil ho is in purpos  
With us to departen!  
God let hir no lengere lyven!  
For letteres ben manye." 830

Thanne turnede I me forth,  
And talked to myselfe  
Of the falshede of this folke,  
Whow feythles thei weren.  
And as I wente by the way  
Wepyngge for sorowe,  
I seigh a sely man me by,  
Opon the plough hongen.  
His cote was of a cloute  
That cary was y-called; 840  
His hod was ful of holes,  
And his heare oute;  
With his knoppede shon  
Clouted ful thykke;  
His ton toteden out,  
As he the lond tredede;  
His hosen over-hongen his hok-shynes  
On everich a syde,  
Al beslomered in fen,  
As he the plow folwede. 850

Tweye myteynes as meter  
Maad al of cloutes,  
The fynGRES weren for-werd,  
And ful of fen honged.  
This whit waseledede in the feen  
Almost to the ancle;  
Foure rotheren hym byforne,  
That feble were worthi;  
Men myghte reknen ich a ryb,  
So rentful they weren. 860

His wiif walked hym with,  
With a long gode,  
In a cuttede cote,  
Cuttet ful heyghe,  
Wrapped in a wynwe shete  
To weren hire fro wederes,  
Bar-fot on the bare iis,  
That the blod folwede.

And at the londes ende lath  
A little crom-bolle, 870  
And theron lay a lytel chylde  
Lapped in cloutes,  
And tweyne of tweie yeres olde  
Opon another syde.  
And al they songen o songe,  
That sorwe was to heren;  
They crieden alle o cry,  
A kareful note.

The sely man sighed sore,  
And seyde, "Children, beth stille!" 880  
This man lokede opon me,  
And leet the plough stonden;  
And seyde, "Sely man,  
Whi syggest thou so harde?  
Gif the lakke liiflode,  
Lene the ich wille  
Swich good as God hath sent;  
Go we, leeve brother."

I sayde thanne, "Nay, syre,  
My sorowe is wel more. 890  
For I can nought my Crede,

{476}

{477}

I care wel harde;  
For I can fynden no man  
That fulli byleveth,  
To techen me the heyghe weie,  
And therfore I wepe.  
For I have fonded the freres  
Of the foure ordres;  
For there I wende have wist,  
But now my wit lakketh; 900  
And al myn hope was on hem,  
And myn herte also,  
But thei ben fulli faithles,  
And the fend sueth."

"A! brother," quath he tho,  
"Be ware of tho foles;  
For Christ seyde hymself,  
'Of swiche I you warne,'  
And false profetes in the feith {478}  
He fulliche hem calde, 910  
*In vestimentis ovium,*

But only withinne  
They ben wilde *werwolves*  
That wiln the folke robben.  
The fen[d] founded hem first,  
The feyth to distrie;  
And by his craft thei comen in,  
To combren the chirche,  
By the covetise of his craft  
The curates to helpen. 920

But nowe they haven an hold,  
They harmen ful manye;  
They don nought after Dominik,  
But dreccheth the puple.  
He folwen nought Fraunceis,  
But falsliche lybben;  
And Austynes rewle  
They rekeneth but a fable;  
And purchaseth hem privilege  
Of popes at Rome. 930  
They coveten confessiones,  
To kachen some hyre;  
And sepulturus also,  
Somme wayten to lacchen;  
But other cures of Christen  
They coveten nought to have,  
But there as wynnyngge liith,  
He loketh non other."

"Whough shal I nemne thy name,  
That neyghbores the calleth?" 940  
"Peres," quath he, "the pore man,  
The Ploughman I hatte."

"A! Peres!" quath I tho,  
"I pray the thou me telle  
More of thise tryflers,  
Hou trechurly they libbeth;  
For ichon of hem hath tolde me  
A tale of that other,  
Of her wikked liif, 950  
In werld that he libbeth.

I trowe that some wicked wight  
Wroughte this ordres.  
Trow ye that gleym of that gest  
That *Golias* is y-cald,  
Other els Satan hymself,  
Sente hem fro helle,  
To combren men with her craft,  
Christendome to shenden."

"Dere brother," quath Peres,  
"The devel is ful queynte, 960  
To encombren holy chirche  
He casteth ful harde,

And fluricheth his falsnesse  
Opon fele wise,  
And fer he casteth to-forn  
The folk to dystroye.

"Of the kynrede of Caym

He cast the freres,  
And founded hem on Sarysenes,  
Feyned for God. 970

But they with her falshe faith  
Mychel folk shendeth.  
Christ calde hem hymself  
Kynd ipocrites;  
How often he cursed hem,  
Wel can I tellen.

He seide ons hymself {480}  
To that sory puple:

'Who worthe you, wyghtes,  
Wel lerned of the lawe!' 980

Eft he seyde to hem selfe,  
'Wo mote you worthen  
That the toumbes of profetes  
Bildeth up heighe!  
Your faderes for-deden hem,  
And to the deth hem broughte.'  
Here I touche this two,  
Twynnen hem I thenke.

Who wilneth be wiser of lawe  
Than lewede freres, 990

And in multitude of men  
But maistres y-called,  
And wilneth worship of the werld,  
And sytten with heye,  
And leveth lovyng of God  
And lownesse byhynde,  
And in beldyng of toumbes  
Thei traveileth grete,  
To chargen her chirche flore,  
And chaungen it ofte. 1000

And the fader of the freres  
Defouled her soules,  
That was the dyggyng devel,  
That dreccheth men ofte.  
The devel by his dotage  
Dissaveth the chirche,  
And put in the Prechours,  
Y-paynted withouten,  
And by his queyntise they comen in  
The curates to helpen; 1010

But that harmed hem harde, {481}  
And halp hem ful littel.

But Austynes ordinaunce  
Was on a good treuthe;  
And also Dominikes dedes  
Weren dernelich y-used;  
And Fraunceis founded his folke  
Fulliche on treuthe,  
Pure parfit prestes  
In penaunce to libben, 1020  
In love and in lownesse  
And lettyng of pryde,  
Grounded on the Godspel,  
As God baad hymselfe.

But now the glose is so greet  
In gladdyng tales,

That turneth up two-fold  
Un-teyned upon treuthe,  
That they ben cursed of Christ,  
I can hem wel prove 1030

Withouten his blissyng,  
Bare beth thei in her werkes.  
For Christ seyde hymselfe  
To swiche as him folwede:  
'Y-blissed mot they ben  
That mene ben in soule;'

And alle power in gost  
 God hymself blisseth.  
 Whou fele freres fareth so,  
 Fayne wolde I knowe, 1040  
 Prove hem in proces,  
 And pynch at her ordre,  
 And deme hem after that the don,  
 And dredles, Y leve,  
 Thei wiln wexon pure wroth {482}  
 Wonderliche sone,  
 And shewen the a sharp wil  
 In a short tyme  
 To wiln wilfully wrathe,  
 And werche thereafter. 1050  
[Wytnes on Wyclif](#),  
 That warned hem with trewth.  
 For he in goodnesse of gost  
 Graythliche hem warned  
 To wayven her wikednesse  
 And werkes of synne.  
 Whou sone this sorimen  
 Seweden hys soule,  
 And overal lolled hym  
 With heritikes werkes! 1060  
 And so of the blissing of God  
 Thei bereth little mede.

"Afterward another,  
 Onliche he blissede  
 The meke of the myddel-erde  
 Through myght of his fader.  
 Fynd foure freres in a flok  
 That folweth that rewle,  
 Than have I tynt al my tast,  
 Touche and assaye. 1070  
 Lakke hem a littel wight,  
 And her liif blamen;  
 But he lepe up on heigh  
 In hardenesse of herte,  
 And nemne the anon nought,  
 And thy name lakke,  
 With proude wordes apert  
 That passeth his rewle,  
 Bothe with 'thou leyst,' and 'thou lext,' {483}  
 In heynesse of soule, 1080  
 And turnnen as a tyraunt  
 That turmenteth hymselfe.  
 A lord were lother  
 For to leyne a knave,  
 Thanne swich a begger,  
 The best in a toun.  
 Loke now, leve man,  
 Beth nought thise y-lyke  
 Fully to the Pharisens,  
 In fele of these poyntes. 1090  
 Al her brad beldyng  
 Ben belded with synne,  
 And in worshipe of the world  
 Here wynnyng they holden;  
 They shapen her chapolories,  
 And strecchet hem brode,  
 And launceth heighe her hemmes  
 With babelyng in stretes.  
 They ben y-sewed with whight silke,  
 And semes ful queynte, 1100  
 Y-stongen with stiches  
 That stareth as sylver.  
 And but freres ben fyrst y-set  
 At sopers and at festes,  
 They wiln ben wonderly wroth  
 Y-wis, as I trowe;  
 But they ben at the lordes borde,  
 Louren they willeth.  
 He mot bygynne that bord,  
 A beggere with sorowe; 1110

And first sitten in se  
 In her synagoges,  
 That beth her heigh helle hous, {484}  
 Of Caymes kynd.  
 For though a man in her mynstre  
 A masse wolde heren,  
 His sight shal so by set  
 On sondrye werkes,  
 The penonnes and the pomels  
 And poyntes of sheldes 1120  
 Withdrawen his devocion,  
 And dusken his herte.  
 I likene it to a lim-yerde  
 To drawen men to helle,  
 And to worchipe of the fend,  
 To wraththen the soules.  
 And also Christ himself seide  
 To swich ypocrites,  
 He loveth in marketes ben met  
 With gretynge of povere, 1130  
 And lowynge of lewed men  
 In Lentenes tyme;  
 For thei han of bichopes y-bought  
 With her propre silver  
 And purchased of penaunce  
 The puple to asoyle.  
 But money may maken  
 Mesure of the peyne;  
 After that his power is to payen,  
 His penaunce shal fayle. 1140  
 God leve it be a good help  
 For hele of the soules!  
 And also this myster men  
 Ben maysters i-called,  
 That the gentill Jesus  
 Generalliche blamed,  
 And that poynt to his apostles {485}  
 Purly defended.  
 But freres haven forgeten this,  
 And the fend suweth, 1150  
 He that maystri loved,  
 Lucifer the olde.  
 Where Fraunceys or Dominik,  
 Other Austyn ordeynde,  
 And of this dotardes  
 Doctur to worthe,  
 Maysters of divinité  
 Her matynes to leve,  
 And cherlich as a cheveteyn  
 Hys chaumbre to holden, 1160  
 With chymené, and chaple,  
 And chosen whan hem lyste,  
 And served as a sovereyn,  
 And as a lord sytten.  
 Swich a gome Godes wordes  
 Grysliche gloseth;  
 I trowe he toucheth nought the text,  
 But taketh it for a tale.  
 God forbad to his folk,  
 And fullyche defendede, 1170  
 They shoulde nought stodyen biforne  
 Ne sturren her wyttes,  
 But sodenly the same word  
 With here mouth shewe,  
 That weren given hem of God,  
 Thorugh gost of hemselve.  
 Now mot a frere studyen  
[And stumlen in tales,](#)  
 And leven his matynes,  
 And no masse synge, 1180  
 And loken hem lesynges  
 That liketh the puple, {486}  
 To purchasen hym his purs ful,  
 To paye for the drynke.  
 And, brother, when bernes ben ful,

And holy tyme passed,  
 Thanne comen cursed freres,  
 And croucheth ful lowe,  
 A losel, a lymytoure,  
 Over al the lond lepeth. 1190  
 And loke that he leve non hous,  
 That somewhat he ne laiche;  
 And there thei gylen hemself,  
 And Godes word turneth,  
 Bagges and beggyng  
 He bad his folke leven,  
 And only serven hymself,  
 And his ruwel sechen,  
 And al that nedly nedeth,  
 That shulden hem nought lakken. 1200  
 Wherto beggen thise men,  
 And ben nought so feble?  
 Hem fayleth no furryng,  
 Ne clothes atte fulle,  
 But for a lustful liif  
 In lustes to dwellen;  
 Withouten any travail  
 Untrulych libbeth;  
 Thei beth nought maymed men,  
 Ne no mete lakketh; 1210  
 Thei [ben] clothed in curious cloth,  
 And clenliche arayed.  
 It is a lawles liif,  
 As lordynges usen,  
 Nether ordeyned in ordre, {487}  
 But onethe libbeth.

"Christ bad blissen  
 Bodies on erthe  
 That wepen for wikkednesse  
 That he byforn wroughte. 1220  
 That ben few of tho freres,  
 For thei ben nere dede,  
 And put al in pur clath,  
 With pottes on her hedes;  
 Thanne he warieth, and wepeth,  
 And wicheth after heven,  
 And fyeth on her falshedes  
 That thei before deden.  
 And therfore of that blissyng,  
 Trewely, as I trowe, 1230  
 Thei may trussen her part  
 In a terre powghe.

"Alle tho blissed beth  
 That bodyliche hongreth;  
 That ben the pore penyles,  
 That han over-passed  
 The poynt of her pris liif,  
 In penaunce of werkes,  
 And mown nought swynken ne sweten, 1240  
 But ben swith feble,  
 Other mayned at meschef,  
 Or meseles lyke,  
 And her god is a-gon,  
 And greveth hem to beggen.  
 Ther is no frere, in feith,  
 That fareth in this wyse,  
 That he may beggen his bred,  
 His bed is y-greithed  
 Under a pot he shall be put {488}  
 In a pryvye chaumbre, 1250  
 That he shal lyven ne last  
 But lytel whyle after.  
 Almyghti God and man,  
 The merciabile blessed,  
 That han mercy on men  
 That mis-don hem here.  
 But who so for-gabbed a frere  
 Y-founden at the stues,

And brought blod of his bodi,  
 On back or on syde, 1260  
 Hym were as good greven  
 A grete lord of rentes;  
 He shoulde sonnere ben shryven,  
 Shortly to tellen,  
 Though he kilde a comly knyght,  
 And compasd his mother,  
 Then a buffet to beden  
 A beggere frere.

"The clene hertes Christ  
 He curteyliche blissed 1270  
 That coveten no catel  
 But Christes fulle blysse,  
 That leveth fulliche on God,  
 And lelliche thenketh  
 On his lore and his lawe,  
 And lyveth opon trewthe.  
 Freres han forgetten this,  
 And folweth another,  
 That they may henten they holden,  
 By-hirneth it sone; 1280  
 Here hertes ben clen y-hid  
 In her heighe cloystre,  
 As cures from careyne {489}  
 That is cast in diches.

"And parfiit Christ  
 The pesible blissede,  
 That ben suffrant and sobre,  
 And susteyne anger.  
 Asay of her sobernesse,  
 And thou might y-knowen 1290  
 Ther ne is no waspe in this world  
 That wil folloke styngen,  
 For stappying on a too  
 Of a styncand frere.  
 For neyther soveren ne seget  
 Thei ne suffereth never.  
 Al thei blessing of God  
 Beouten thei walken,  
 For of her suffraunce, for sothe,  
 Men say but lytel. 1300

"Alle that persecution  
 In pure liif suffren,  
 They han the beneson of God,  
 Blissed in erthe.  
 I pray, parceyve now  
 The pursut of a frere,  
 In what mesure of a mekenesse  
 These men deleth.  
 Byhold upon [Water Brut](#)  
 Whou bisiliche thei pursueden, 1310  
 For he seid hem the sothe.  
 And yet, syre, ferther  
 Hy may no more marren hem,  
 But men telleth  
 That he is an heretik,  
 And yvele beleveth.  
 And precheth it in pulpit {490}  
 To blenden the puple.  
 They wolden awyrien that wight  
 For his wel dedes, 1320  
 And so they chewen charité,  
 As chewen shaf houndes.  
 And thei persueth the povere,  
 And passeth pursutes,  
 Bothe they wyln and thei wolden  
 Y-worthen so grete,  
 To passen any manes myght,  
 To mortheren the soules;  
 First to brenne the body  
 In a bale of fiir, 1330



And sythen the sely soule slen,  
And senden hyre to helle.  
And Christ clerly forbad  
His christene, and defended,  
They shoulde nought after the face  
Never the folke demen."

"Sire," I seide myself,  
"Thou semest to blamen.  
Why dispisest thou thus  
Thise sely pore freres, 1340  
None other men so mychel,  
Monkes ne prestes,  
Chanons ne charthous  
That in chirche serveth?  
It semeth that thise sely men  
Han somewhat the greved,  
Other with word, or with werk,  
And therfore thou wilnest  
To shenden other shamen hem  
With the sharp speche, 1350  
And bannen holliche, {491}  
And her hous greven."

"I prey the," quath Peres,  
"Put that out of thy mynde;  
Certeyn for soule hele  
I say the this wordes.  
I preise nought pocessioneres  
But pur lytel;  
For falshed of freres  
Hath fulliche encombred 1360  
Manye of this maner men,  
And maad hem to leven  
Her charité and chasteté,  
And shosen hem to lustes,  
And waxen to werly,  
And wayven the trewethe,  
And leven the love of her God,  
And the werld serven.

But for falshed of freres  
I fele in my soule, 1370  
Seyng the synful liif,  
That sorweth myn herte,  
Hou they ben clothed in cloth  
That clennest sheweth,  
For angeles and archangeles  
Alle they whiit useth,  
And al aldremen  
That ben *ante thronum*.

Thise toknes haven freres taken;  
But I trowe that a fewe 1380  
Folwen fully that cloth,  
But falslyche that useth.  
For whiit, in trowthe, bytokeneth  
Clennes in soule:—

Gif he have undernethen whiit, {492}  
Thanne he above wereth  
Black, that betokeneth  
Bale for oure synne,  
And mournyng for mis-dede  
Of hem that this useth, 1390  
And sorwe for synful liif,  
So that cloth asketh.

I trowe there ben nought ten freres  
That for synne wepen.  
For that liif is her lust,  
And therby thei libben,  
In fraytour and in fermori  
Her fostryng is synne;  
It is her mete at ich a mel,  
Her most sustinaunce. 1400  
Herkne opon [Hildegare](#)  
Hou homlich he telleth  
How her sustinaunce is synne;

And syker, as I trowe,  
 Weren her confessiones  
 Clenly destrued,  
 Hy shoulde nought beren hem so brag,  
 Ne belden so heyghe.  
 For the fallyng of synne  
 Socoreth the foles, 1410  
 And begileth the grete  
 With glaverynge wordes;  
 With glosyng of godspels  
 Thei Godes word turneth,  
 And passen al the pryvylege  
 That Peter after used.  
 The power of the apostles  
 Thie pasen in speche,  
 For to sellen the synnes 1420 {493}  
 For selver other mede.  
 And purliche *a pœna*  
 The puple asoyleth,  
 And *a culpa* also,  
 That they may kachen  
 Money other money-worth,  
 And mede to fonge;  
 And ben at lone and at bode,  
 As burgeises useth.  
 Thus they serven Sathanas,  
 And soules bygyleth, 1430  
 Marchaunes of malisones,  
 Mansede wrecches.  
 Thei usen russet also  
 Some of this freres,  
 That bitokeneth travaile  
 And treuth upon erthe,  
 But loke whou this lorels  
 Laboren the erthe.  
 But freten the fruyt that the folke  
 Ful lellich beswynketh; 1440  
 With travail of trewe men  
 Thei tymbren her houses,  
 And of the curiouse cloth  
 Her copes they beggen;  
 And als his gettyng is grete  
 He shal ben good holden.  
 And right as dranes doth nought  
 But drynketh up the huny,  
 Whan been with her busynes  
 Han brought it to hepe, 1450  
 Right so fareth freres  
 With folk opon erthe;  
 They freten up the firste froyt,  
 And falsliche lybbeth. 1460 {494}  
 But alle freres eten nought  
 Y-liche good mete,  
 But after that his wynnyng is  
 Is his wel-fare,  
 And after that he bringeth hom  
 His bed shal ben graythed, 1470  
 And after that his richesse is raught  
 He shal ben redy served.  
 But se thiself in thi sight  
 Whou somme of hem walketh  
 With clouted shon,  
 And clothes ful feble,  
 Wel neigh for-werd,  
 And the wlon offe;  
 And his felawe in a frok  
 Worth swich fiftene, 1470  
 Arayd in rede stone,  
 And elles were reuthe:  
 And sexe copes or seven  
 In his celle hongeth;  
 Though for fayling of good  
 His felawe shulde sterve,  
 He wolde nought lenen hym a peny  
 His liif for to holden.

I myght tymen tho troiflarden  
To toylen with the erthe, 1480  
Tylyen, and trewlich lyven,  
And her flesh tempren.  
Now mot ich soutere hys sone  
Seten to schole,  
And ich a beggeres brol  
On the book lerne.  
And worth to a writere {495}  
And with a lorde dwelle;  
Other falsly to a frere  
The fend for to serven; 1490  
So of that beggares brol  
An abbot shal worthen,  
Among the peres of the lond  
Prese to sytten,  
And lordes sones lowly  
To tho losels aloute,  
Knyghtes crouketh hem to  
And cruccheth ful lowe;  
And his syre a soutere  
Y-suled in grees, 1500  
His teeth with toylyng of lether  
Tatered as a sawe.  
Alaas! that lordes of the londe  
Leveth swiche wrechen,  
And leveth swych lorels  
For her lowe wordes.  
They shulden maken abbots  
Her owen bretheren childre,  
Other of som gentil blod,  
And so yt best semed, 1510  
And fostre none forytoures,  
Ne swich false freres,  
To maken fat and fulle  
And her flesh combren.  
For her kynde were more  
To y-clense diches,  
Than ben to sopers y-set first,  
And served with sylver.  
A grete bolle-ful of benen  
Were beter in hys wombe, 1520  
And with the bandes of bakun  
His baly for to fillen, {496}  
Then pertryches, or plovers,  
Or pecokes y-rosted,  
And comeren her stomakes  
With curiuse drynkes,  
That maketh swyche harlotes  
Hordom usen,  
And with her wikked word  
Wymmen bitrayeth. 1530  
God wold her wonyunge  
Were in wildernesse,  
And fals freres forboden  
The fayre ladis chaumbres.  
For knewe lordes her craft,  
Treuly I trowe,  
They shulden nought haunten her house  
So holy on nyghtes,  
Ne bedden swich brothels  
In so brode shetes; 1540  
But sheten her heved in the stre,  
To sharpen her wittes;  
Ne ben kynges confessours of custom,  
Ne the counsel of the rewme knowe.  
For Fraunceis founded hem nought  
To faren on that wise,  
Ne Domynyk dued hem nevere  
Swyche drynkers to worthe,  
Ne Helye ne Austyn  
Swyche liif never used, 1550  
But in povert of spirit  
Spended her tyme.  
We have seyn ourself

In a short tyme  
 Whou freres wolden no flesh {497}  
 Among the folk usen;  
 But now the harlotes  
 Han hyd thilke reule,  
 And for the love of oure Lord  
 Han leyd hire in water. 1560  
 Wenest thou ther wolde so fele  
 Swich warlawes worthen?  
 Ne were werliche wele  
 And her welfare,  
 Thei shulden delven and dyken,  
 And dongen the erthe,  
 And menemong corn breed  
 To her mete fongen,  
 And wortes fleshles wrought,  
 And water to drynken, 1570  
 And werchen and wolward gon,  
 As we wrecches usen.  
 An aunter gif ther wolde on,  
 Among an hol hundred,  
 Lyven so for Godes love  
 In tyme of a wyntere."

"Leve Peres," quath I tho,  
 "I pray that thou me telle  
 Whou I may conne my Crede  
 In Christen byleve." 1580

"Leve brother," quath he,  
 "Hold that I segge,  
 I wil techen the the trouthe,  
 And tellen the the sothe.— 1584

#### THE CREDE.

"Leve thou in oure Loverd God 1585  
 That al the werld wrought,  
 Holy heven eke on hey {498}

Holliche he fourmede,  
 And is almyghti hymself  
 Over alle his werkes. 1590

And wrought as his wil was  
 The werld and the heven;  
 And on gentil Jesu Christ,  
 Engendred of hymselven,  
 His owen onlyche sone,  
 Lord over all y-knowen,  
 That was clenlich conceived  
 Clerli in trewthe  
 Of the heye Holy Gost,  
 This is the holy beleve. 1600

And of the maiden Marye  
 Man was he born,  
 Withouten synful seed,  
 This is fully the byleve.  
 With thorn y-crouned, crucified,  
 And on the cros dyede,  
 And sythen his blessed body  
 Was in a stone byried,  
 And descended a-doun  
 To the derk helle, 1610

And fet out our formfaderes,  
 And hy ful fayn weren.  
 The thyrd day redeliche  
 Hymself ros fram deeth,  
 And, on a ston there he stod,  
 He steigh up to hevене,  
 And on his fader ryght hand  
 Redelich he sitteth,  
 That almyghti God,  
 Over alle other whyghtes; 1620  
 And is herafter to commen,  
 Christ all himselven,  
 To demen the quyke and the dede,

Withouten any doute.  
And in the heighe Holy Gost  
Holly I beleve;  
And generall holy chirche also,  
Hold this in the minde;  
The communion of sayntes,  
For soth I to the sayn; 1630  
And for our great sinnes  
Forgivenes for to getten,  
And only by Christ  
Clenlich to be clensed;  
Our bodies again to risen  
Right as we been here;  
And the liif everlasting  
Leve ich to hebben. Amen.

"Although this flatteryng freres  
Wyln, for her pryde, 1640  
Disputen of Godes deyté,  
As dotardes shulden,  
The more the matere is moved  
The masedere hi worthen.  
Lat the loseles alone,  
And leve thou the trewth;  
For these maystres of dyvynité  
Many, als I trowe,  
Folwen nought fully the feith,  
As fele of the lewede. 1650

Whough may mannes wiit,  
Through werk of himselve,  
Knowen Christes privité,  
That alle kynde passeth? {500}

It mot ben a man  
Of also mek an herte,  
That myght with his good liif  
The Holy Gost fongen;  
And thanne nedeth him nought  
Nevere for to studyen; 1660  
He myght no maistre ben cald,  
For Christ that defended,  
Ne puten no pylion  
On his pild pate,  
But prechen in parfit liif,  
And no pryde usen.

But al that ever I have seyde,  
Soth it me semeth;  
And al that evere I have wryten  
Is soth, as I trowe; 1670  
And for amendyng of these men  
Is most that I write.

God wolde hy wolden ben war,  
And werchen the betere!  
But for I am a lewed man,  
Paraunter I myghte  
Passen par adventure,  
And in some poynt erren,  
I wil nought this matere  
Maistrelly avowen. 1680

But gif ich have mys-said,  
Mercy ich aske,  
And pray al mannere men  
This matere amende,  
Ich a word by hymself,  
And al, gif it nedeth.  
God of his grete myght,  
And his good grace, {501}

Save alle freres  
That feithfulli lybben! 1690  
And alle tho that ben fals,  
Fayre hem amende,  
And gyve hem wiit and good wil  
Swiche dedes to werch,  
That thei may wynnen the liif  
That evere shal lesten."

*Amen.*



## NOTES AND GLOSSARY



## NOTES.

Line 1. Bale, quoting the first two lines, translates them *In æstivo tempore, cum sol caleret*. The printers of the early editions altered *softe* to *set*.

4, 5. *shroudes ... sheep*. The other text of this poem reads *Yshop into shrobbis / as y shepherde were*. See the Introduction.

28. The text represented in Whitaker's edition here differs much from the other. Our dreamer is there introduced very unadvisedly telling us of this tower, 'truthe was thereynne,' a piece of information which he only learns afterwards from dame 'Holy Church':

Ich was aferd of hure face,  
Thauh hue faire were,  
And saide, mercy, madame,  
Wat may this be to mene,  
*The tour upon toft*, quath hue,  
Treuthe ys thereynne.

(Passus Secundus, ed. Whit.)

Where there is an evident reference to the "tour on a toft," which has been previously mentioned in the more correct text.

43, 44. Dr. Whitaker, misunderstanding this passage, has printed 'ther' for 'that,' which is in all the MSS. In his gloss, he interprets 'wonnen' by 'to dwell,' and he paraphrases the sentence, 'some destroying themselves by gluttony and excess,' translating it, I suppose, "And there dwell wasters whom gluttony destroyeth." The meaning is, the ploughmen worked hard, "and obtained (wan) that which wasters destroy with their gluttony." The writer of the second Trin. Coll. MS. seems to have understood the meaning of the passage, but not the words, and has 'whom that thise wastours.'

68. I have here to preserve the alliteration, adopted 'giltles,' from the second Trin. Coll. MS., and one of the printed editions, in place of 'synneles,' which the other MS. has. Though we find instances of irregularity in the sub-letters (or alliterative letters in the first line) in *Pierce Plowman*, the chief letter is not so often neglected. In Whitaker's text the account of the minstrels is very confused. Here the minstrels get gold by their song without sin, but the japers and janglers are condemned as getting their living by what is afterwards called 'turpiloquium,' when they had ability to get it in an honest way.

88. *Roberdes knaves*. These are the same class of malefactors who are named *Roberdesmen* in

the Statutes, 5 Ed. III. c. 14. "Et diverses roberies, homicides, et felonies ont esté faitz eintz ces heures par gentz qui sont appellez Roberdesmen, Wastours, et Draghelatche, si est acordé et establi que si homme eit suspecion de mal de nuls tielx, soit-il de jour soit-il de nuyt, que maintenant soient arestus par les conestables des villes." This law was confirmed by 7 Ric. II. c. 5, where the word is again introduced. Whitaker supposes, without any reason, the 'Roberdes knaves' to be Robin Hood's men. The other Trin. Coll. MS. reads *Robertis knaves*.

93. *Seint Jame*. St. James of Compostello was a famous resort of pilgrims in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. An amusing song on the inconveniences which attended the voyage is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 2.

107. *Walsyngham*. The shrine of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham in Norfolk, also enjoyed an extraordinary celebrity, as a resort of English pilgrims. It appears that the first complaints of the Wicliffite reformers were strongly expressed against this pilgrimage. "Lolardi sequaces Johannis Wiclif ... prædicaverunt peregrinationes non debere fieri, et præcipue apud Walsingham," etc. Th. Walsingh. p. 340.

116. The four orders of friars were, of course, the Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites.

131. These four lines stand thus in Whitaker's text, *Bote holy churche and charité / choppe adoun swich shryvers, / the moste myschif of molde / mounteth up faste*. Whitaker has translated it quite wrong, "May true charity and church discipline knock down these, the greatest pests on earth, who are rapidly increasing!" The simple meaning of the passage, as given by Whitaker, is, "Unless holy church and charity chop down such shrivers (confessors), the greatest mischief of the world is increasing fast." The present text affords a better and equally clear meaning, "Unless holy church and they hold better together, the greatest mischief in the world is increasing, or gaining ground very fast."

141. *of falshede of fastynge*, the comma has slipped in by accident. The meaning is "of breaking fast-days."

147. *He bunchith hem*, MS. Trin. 2.

168. *the pestilence tyme*. See further on, the [note](#) on l. 2497. The great plague of 1349 and 1350 had carried off so much people, that hands were wanting to cultivate the lands in many parishes, and the distress which followed, with the failure of tithes which naturally accompanied it, drove the parsons to plead poverty as an excuse for going to London and seeking other occupations.

192. Whitaker's text inserts the following passage between this line and the one following:—

Conscience cam and acusede hem,  
And the commune herde hit,  
And seide, "Ydolatrie ye soffren  
In sondrye places menyne,  
And boxes ben y-set forth  
Bounden with yren,  
To undertake the tool  
Of untrewre sacrifice,  
In menyng of miracles  
Muche wex hongeth there,  
Al the worldle wot wel  
Hit myghte nat be trywe.  
Ac for it profitith yow to pors-warden,  
Ye prelates soffren  
That lewede men in mysbylyve  
Leven and deien.  
Ich lyve wel, by oure Lorde!  
For love of youre covetyse,  
That al the worldle be the wors;  
As holy wryght telleth  
What cheste and meschaunce  
To children of Israel  
Ful on hem that free were,  
Thorwe two false preestes.  
For the synne of Ophni  
And of Finees hus brother,  
Thei were disconfit in bataille,  
And losten *Archa Dei*,  
And fore hure syre sauh hem syngen,  
And aoffred hem don ylle,  
And noght chasted hem therof,  
And wolde noght rebukie hem,  
Anon as it was y-told hyme  
That the children of Israel  
Weren disconfit in bataille,

And *Archa Dei* y-lore,  
 And hus sones slayen,  
 Anon he ful for sorwe  
 Fro hus chaire thare he sat,  
 And brak hus necke a-tweyne;  
 And al was for venjaunce  
 That he but noght hus children.  
 And for they were preestes,  
 And men of holy churche,  
 God was well wrother,  
 And toke the rather venjaunce.  
 For-thei ich seye, ye preestes,  
 And men of holy churche,  
 That soffren men do sacrifice  
 And worsheppen mawmettes,  
 And ye sholde be here fadres,  
 And techen hem betere;  
 God shal take venjaunce  
 In alle swiche preestes  
 Wel harder and grettere,  
 On suche shrewede faderes,  
 Than ever he dude on Ophni  
 And Finees, or in here fadere.  
 For youre shrewede suffraunce,  
 And youre owen synne,  
 Youre masse and youre matynes,  
 And meny of youre houres, etc.

225. This is the constitutional principle which was universally acknowledged by our early political writers, and of which some strong declarations will be found in my "Political Songs" (published by the Camden Society). The doctrine of "right divine" was certainly not a prevalent one in the middle ages.

291. This fable appears to be of middle-age formation, for it is not found in any of the ancient collections. It does not occur in the fables of Marie. It is however found in the old collection, in French verse of the fourteenth century, entitled *Ysope*; and M. Robert has also printed a Latin metrical version of the story from a MS. of the same century. La Fontaine has given it among his fables. It may be observed that the fable is nowhere so well told as in *Piers Ploughman*. (See Robert, *Fables Inédites*, des xii<sup>e</sup>, xiii<sup>e</sup>, et xiv<sup>e</sup> siècles, i, pp. 98-101.) The readers of Scottish history will remember the application of this fable in 1481, by the earl of Angus (popularly named, from this circumstance, Archibald Bell-the-cat), in the conspiracy against the royal favourites, which forms an excellent illustration of our text.

381. *Væ terræ, etc.* Ecclesiastes, x, 16. "Væ tibi, terra, cujus rex puer est, et cujus principes mane comedunt."

423. *and pointeth the lawe.* MS. Trin. 2.

429. after this line the following are inserted in the second MS. of Trin. Coll.

I saugh bisshopis bolde,  
 And bachelers of devyn,  
 Become clerkis of accountis  
 The king for to serve,  
 Archideknes and denis,  
 That dignités haven,  
 To preche the peple  
 And pore men to fede,  
 Ben y-lope to Lundone  
 Be leve of hire bisshop,  
 And ben clerkis of the kinges bench  
 The cuntré to shende.

438. *Taillours, tanneris, / And tokkeris bothe.* MS. Trin. 2.

453. The Cottonian MS. *Vespas. B. xvi*, from which Price has given a long extract in his edition of Warton, has here "With wyne of Oseye | and wyn of Gascoyne." Whitaker's reading is "Whit wyn of Oseye and of Gascoyne." Price observes, in a note, "good wyne of Gaskyne, and the wyne of Osee [is the reading of MS. Harl. No. 875].—The same hand already noticed has corrected *wyn* to *weyte* (wheat) of *Gascoyne*;—an obvious improvement." I by no means partake in this opinion: *wine* of Gascony, and *not wheat* of Gascony, is perpetually alluded to in the literature of France and England from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The reading of the text now printed is evidently the original one, which has been corrupted in the others: the wine more particularly known as Gascon, was a red wine. The writer of "*La Desputoison du Vin et de l'iaue*," says of it—

Vin de Gascoigne, sa coulour



N'est pas de petite valour;  
 Les autres vins fet honnorer.  
 Quant de soi les veult coulourer:  
 Force donne, aide, et confort,  
 Et d'un vin foible, fet. i. fort.  
 Il a de vin plaine sustance;  
 Il nourrist sans faire grevance:  
 Aus testes est bons et au flanc.  
 Et du rouge y a et du blanc.  
 (*Jubinal, Nouveau Recueil de Contes, &c.*, i. 399.)

The 'wyn of the Rochel' (vin de la Rochelle) was also a favourite wine.—

Rochelle, qui tant a de pris,  
 Que l'en la va de partout querre;  
 Chascun si l'enclot et l'enserre,  
 Car il n'est pas à garçonner,  
 N'en ne la doit q'aus bons donner;—  
 Por les grans seignors l'en salache.  
 (*ib.* p. 300).

The "wyn of Oseye" (vin d'Osaie) was a foreign wine, very rare and dear, and sought up by 'gourmands:' it is mentioned with those of Malvoisia, Rosetta, and Muscadet. (Depping *Réglemens sur les Arts et Métiers de Paris*, p. lxiii.) It is unnecessary to explain what was 'wyn of the Ryn' (Rhine).

456. *of the Reule | and of the Rochel.* Whitaker.

458. These two lines, omitted in the MS. from which our text is printed, have been added from MS. Trin. 2.

489. *fyve wittes.* The five wits were equivalent to the five *senses*. One of the characters in the early interlude of *The Four Elements*, a production of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, says:—

I am callyd Sensuall Apetyte,  
 All craturs in me delyte;  
 I comferte the *wyttys fyve*,  
 The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge,  
 I refresh the syght and felynge,  
 To all creaturs alyve.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure* (chap. xxiv), belonging to this same age, refines upon this notion, and talks of five "internall wittes," answering to the five external wits, or to those which were commonly understood by that name.

522. Genesis xix, 32. It is very singular that this story of Lot and his daughters was the favourite example of the medieval preachers against drunkenness.

563. Luke xx, 25.

595. *on an eller.* It was the prevailing belief during the middle ages, that the tree on which Judas hanged himself was an elder. Maundevile tells us that this tree was still in existence, when he visited Jerusalem. "Also streghte from Natatorie Siloe is an ymage of ston and of olde auneyen werk, that Absalon leet make; and because thereof, men clepen it the hond of Absalon. And faste by is yit the *tree of eldre* that Judas henge himself upon for despeyr that he hadde, whan he solde and betrayed oure Lord." The same notion continued to exist in the age of Shakespeare, and is alluded to by Shakespeare himself, Ben Jonson, and others.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir; you are *my elder*.

*Biron.* Well followed: *Judas was hang'd on an elder.*

*Love's Labours Lost*, v, 2.

681. *Lucifer with legions.* The story of Lucifer's rebellion and fall was extremely popular in the middle ages, and particularly among the Anglo-Saxons, who, in the fine poem ascribed to Cædmon, had given it almost as much detail as Milton had done at a later date. This legend is related in prose in an Anglo-Saxon tract in MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. xiv, fol. 2.

682. The second Trin. Col. MS. has, *Leride it in hevене, | and as the lovelokest | to loke on, aftir oure Lord.*

697-704. Instead of these lines, we find the following in Whitaker's text:

Lord, why wolde he tho,  
 Thulke wrechede Lucifer,  
 Lepen on a-lofte  
 In the northe syde,  
 To sitten in the sonne side  
 Ther the day roweth,  
 Ne were it for northerne men,  
 Anon ich wolde telle:  
 Ac ich wolle lacke no lyf,  
 Quath that lady sotthly.  
 'Hyt is sykerer by southe,  
 Ther the sonne regneth,  
 Than in the north, by meny notes,  
 No man loyne other.  
 For theder as the fend flegh,  
 Hus fote for to sette,  
 Ther he failede and fuel,  
 And hus felawes alle.  
 And helle is ther he is,  
 And he ther y-bounde,  
 Evene contrarie suteth Criste,  
 Cierkus knowen the sothe,  
*Dixit Dominus Domino meo, sede a dextris  
 meis.*  
 'Ac of this matere  
 No more mene ich nelle,  
 He was in the halyday  
 After heten wayten,  
 They care noght thauh it be cold  
 Knaves wen thei worchen.'

Whitaker has translated the last four lines of the foregoing extract thus, "Excepting that hyndes on the holyday look out for warm places, but knaves (servants) when working hard, are indifferent to cold."

695. Isaiah xiv, 14. The citation varies a little from the text of the printed vulgate.

707. *Somme in the eyr*. The monks in the middle ages endeavoured to explain the existence of different classes of spirits and fairies, which the popular creed represented as harmless, or even beneficent creatures, by supposing that some of the angels who fell with Lucifer were less guilty than others, and were allowed to occupy the different elements on the earth instead of being condemned to "the pit." In "The Master of Oxford's Catechism," written early in the fifteenth century, and printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 231, we have the following question and answer,—"*C.* Where be the anjelles that God put out of heven, and bycam devilles? *M.* Som into hell, and som reyned in the skye, and som in the erth, and som in waters and in wodys."

815. Mark iv, 24. In qua mensura mensi fueritis, remetietur vobis, et adjicietur vobis.

835. Epist. Jac. ii, 17. Sic et fides, si non habeat opera, mortua est in semetipsa.

862. Luke vi, 38.

901. The second Trin. Col. MS. has—

Frettid with rynges,  
 Of the pureste perreighe  
 That prince werde evere,  
 In red scarlet robid  
 And ribande with gold.  
 Ther nis no quen queyntere  
 That quyk is o-lyve,  
 'What is this womman,' quod I.

934. Matth. vii, 17. *bonus* (for *bona*) is the reading of the MS. Perhaps it was thought allowable to use the masculine thus before a fem. noun beginning with *a*, for the sake of euphony, as the French still write *mon amie*, instead of *ma amie*, and the like. Whitaker's text has here—

*Talis pater, talis filius.*  
 For shal never brere bere  
 Beries as a vyne,  
 No on crokyd kene thorne  
 Kynde fygys wexe.  
*Bona arbor bonum fructum facit.*

The lines which follow differ considerably in the two texts.

958. Psalm xiv, 1.

991-994. Instead of these lines, the following are substituted in the second Trin. Coll. MS.:—

Sire Symonye is assent  
To asele the chartres,  
That Fals and Favel  
Be any fyn halden,  
And feffe Mede therwith  
In mariage for evere.  
Ther nas halle ne hous  
To herberwe the peple,  
That iche feld nas ful  
Of folk al aboute.  
In myddis a mounteyne  
At myd-morewe tide  
Was pight up a pavyloun  
Proud for the nones,  
And ten thousand of tentis  
Teldit beside,  
Of knightes of cuntrés,  
Of comeres aboute,  
For sisours, for somonours, etc.

And the rest, as far as line 1100, differs very much in the two MSS.

1103. *of Banneburies sokne, / Reynald the reve, / and the redyngkynges menye, / Munde the mylnere.* Whit.

1128. Luke x, 7.

1177. *With floryns ynowe.* Edward III had issued, not very long before the date of this poem, the first extensive English gold coinage, to which he gave the Italian name of florins, derived originally from that of the city of Florence.

1204. *to Westmynstre: i. e.* to the courts of law which were held there.

1404. *A moton of golde.* A mutton (mouton) was a small French coin of gold, which bore the stamp of a lamb or sheep. See Ducange, v. *Multo*.

1501. Matth. vi, 3.

1523. Reyrating, or the buying up of provisions and other things to make extravagant profits by retailing them, was one of the great sources of oppression of the poor by the rich in the middle ages, and was a constant subject of popular complaint.

1529. Whitaker's text adds here,—

Thei have no puteye of the puple  
That parcel-mele mote biggen,  
Thauh thei take hem untydy thyng,  
Thei hold it no treson;  
And thauh thei fulle nat ful,  
That for lawe y-seelde,  
He gripeth therfor as grete  
As for the grete treuthe.

Meny sondry sorwes  
In cyté fallen ofte,  
Bothe thorw fyur and flod,  
And al for false puple,  
That bygylen good men,  
And greveth hem wrongliche,  
The wiche cryen on hure knees  
That Christ hem avenge  
Here on this erthe,  
Other elles on helle,  
That so bygyleth hem of here good,  
And God on hem sendeth  
Feveres, other fouler hyveles,  
Other fur on here houses,  
Moreyne, other meschaunce.  
And menye tyme hit falleth,  
That innocence ys y-herde  
In hevене amonge seyntes,  
That louten for hem to oure Lorde,  
And to oure Lady bothe,  
To granten gylours on erthe  
Grace to amende,

And have here penaunce on pure erthe,  
 And noght in the pyne of helle.  
 And thenne falleth the fur  
 On false menne houses,  
 And good men for here gultes  
 Gloweth on fuyr after.  
 Al thys have we seyen,  
 That some tyme thorw a brewere  
 Many burgages y-brent,  
 And bodyes thereynne,  
 And thorw a candel cloming  
 In a cursed place,  
 Fel a-don and for-brende  
 Forth al the rewe,  
 For-thy mayres that maken free-men,  
 Me thynken that thei ouhten  
 For to spure and aspye,  
 For eny speche of selver,  
 What manere mester  
 Of merchaundise he usede,  
 Er he were underfonge free  
 And felawe in youre rolles.  
 Hit ys nought semly, for soth,  
 In cyté ne in borw-ton,  
 That usurers other regratours  
 For eny kynne geftes,  
 Be fraunchised for a free-man,  
 And have fals name.

1548. Job, xv, 34.

1611. *Youre fader she felled.* An allusion to the deposition and death of Edward II.

1652. Provisors were people who obtained from the pope the reversion of ecclesiastical dignities, and several severe statutes were made against them, one well-known one by Edward III.

1674. *Love-daies.* See further on, the [note](#) on l. 5634.

1735. *In Normandie.* 1750. *To Caleis.* Allusions, no doubt, to recent events in the wars of Edward III. See the Introduction.

1769. *Caytiflyche thow, Conscience, / Consailedist the kyng leten / In hus enemys honde / Ys heritage of Fraunce.* Whit.

1827. Psalm xiv, 1.

1835. Ps. xiv, 2.

1845. Ps. xiv, 5.

1862. Psalm xxv, 10.

1875. Matth. vi, 5.

1885. *Regum.* The reference is to 1 Sam. xv, which in the old Vulgate was called *primus liber regum.*

1985, 2019. Isaiah ii, 4.

2043. Prov. xxii, 9. *Victoriam et honorem acquirit qui dat munera; animam autem aufert accipientium.*

2099. *lernest.* Whitaker's text has *ledest.*

2149. Psalm xiii, 3. The quotation which follows is from the same verse.

2171. *his sone.* The Black Prince, who was a great favourite with the people.

2175-2186. The variation in Whitaker's text deserves notice. This passage there stands as follows:—

Thenne cam Pees into parlement,  
 And putte up a bylle.  
 How that Wrong wilfullich  
 Hadde hus wif for-leyen;  
 And how he ravysed Rose,  
 The riche widewe, by nyghte;  
 And Margarete of here maidenhod,

As he met hure late.  
 'Both my goos, and my grys,  
 And my gras he taketh,  
 Ich dar nouht for is felaweshepe,  
 In faith!' Pees saide,  
 'Bere sickerlich eny selver  
 To seint Gyles doune;  
 He watteth ful wel,  
 Wan ich sulfere taketh,  
 Wat wey ich wende.  
 Wel yerne he aspieth,  
 To robbe me and to ryfle me,  
 Yf ich ride softe.  
 Yut he is bolde for to borwe,  
 And baldelich he payeth:  
 He borwede of me Bayarde,' etc.

2177. *How Wrong ayeins his wille*. What follows is a true picture of the oppressions to which the peasantry were frequently subjected by the king's purveyors, and by others in power. See the Political Songs, pp. 377, 378; and Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, pp. 41, 42.

2197. *taillé*, a tally. See the Political Songs, as above quoted. Whitaker translates this passage, which stands thus in his edition,

And taketh me bote a taile  
 For ten quarters other twelve,

by, "and for ten or twelve quarters of it repaid me but *a sheep's tail!*"

2298. *in my stokkes*. In my prison. Prisons were usually furnished with stocks, in which, instead of fetters, prisoners were set.

2323. *Beneyt*. St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine order; St. Bernard, of the order of Cistercians; St. Francis, of the Franciscans.

2335. *Galis*. Compostello in Galicia.

2473. *Passus Quintus*. In Whitaker's text, this section, which is called *Passus Sextus*, is prefaced by the following long exordium, intended as a satire against the mendicant friars:—

Thus ich awaked, God wot!  
 Wanne ich wonede on Cornhulle,  
 Kytte and ich in a cote,  
 Clothede as a lollere:  
 And a lytel ich let by,  
 Leyve me, for sothe,  
 Among lolleres of London,  
 And lewede heremytes.  
 For ich made of tho men,  
 As Reson me tauhte.  
 For as ich cam by Conscience,  
 Wit Reson ich mette,  
 In an hote hervest,  
 Wenne ich hadde myn hele,  
 And lymes to labore with,  
 And lovede wel fare,  
 And no dede to do  
 Bote drynke and to slepe,  
 In hele and in unité,  
 On me aposede,  
 Romyng in remembraunce.  
 Thus Reson me arated:  
 'Canstow serven,' he seide,  
 'Other syngen in a churche?  
 Other loke for my cokers?  
 Other to the carte picche?  
 Mowe, other mowen,  
 Other make bond to sheves?  
 Repe, other be a repe-reyve  
 And arise erliche?  
 Other have an horne and be hay-warde,  
 And ligen out a nyghtes,  
 And kepe my corn in my croft  
 From pykers and theeves?  
 Other shap shoon other clothes?  
 Other shep other kyne kepe?

Eggen, other harwen,  
Other swyne other gees dryve?  
Other eny kyne craft  
That to the comune nudeth,  
Hem that bed-reden be  
Bylyve to fynde?'

'Certes,' ich seyde,  
'And so me God helpe!  
Ich am to waik to worche  
With sykkel other with sythe;  
And to long, leyf me,  
Lowe for to stoupe,  
To worchen as workeman  
Eny wyle to dure.'  
'Then havest thou londes to lyve by,'  
Quath Reson, 'other lynage ryche  
That fynden the thy fode?  
For an hydel man thou semest,  
A spendour that spende mot,  
Other a spille-tyme;  
Other beggest thy lyve  
Aboute ate menne hatches;  
Other faitest upon Fridays  
Other feste dayes in churches;  
The wiche is lollerene lyf,  
That lytel is preysed  
Ther ryghtfulnesse rewardeth  
Ryght as men deserveth.

*Reddit unicuique juxta opera sua.*

Ether thou ert broke, so may be,  
In body other in membre,  
Other y-maymed thorow som myshap.  
Werby thou myght be excusede.'  
'Wanne ich yong was,' quath ich,  
'Many yer hennes,  
My fader and my frendes  
Founden me to scole,  
Tyl ich wiste wyterliche  
Wat holy wryt menede,  
And wat is best for the body,  
As the bok telleth,  
And sykerest for the soule,  
By so ich wolle continue.  
And yut fond ich never in faith,  
Sytthen my frendes deyden,  
Lyf that me lyked,  
Bote in thes long clothes.  
Hyf ich by laboure sholde lyf,  
And lyflode deserven,  
That labour that ich lerned best  
Therwhit lyve ich sholde.

*In eadem vocatione qua vocati estis.*

And ich lyve in Londene  
And on Londen bothe.  
The lomes that ich laboure with  
And lyflode deserve,  
Ys paternoster and my prymer,  
*Placebo et dirige,*  
And my sauter some tyme,  
And my sevene psalmes.  
Thus ich synge for hure soules  
Of suche as me helpen.  
And tho that fynden me my fode  
Vochen saf, ich trowe,  
To be wolcome wan ich come  
Other wyle in a monthe,  
Now with hym, and now with hure,  
And thus gate ich begge  
Withoute bagge other botel,  
Bote my wombe one.  
And also, moreover,  
Me thynketh, syre Reson,  
Men sholde constreyne  
No clerke to knavene werkes.  
For by law of Livitici,

That oure Lord ordeynede,  
Clerkes that aren crowned  
Of kynde understondyng,  
Sholde nother swynke ne swete,  
Ne swere at enquestes,  
Ne fyghte in no vauntwarde,  
Ne hus fo greve.

*Nou reddas malum pro malo.*

For it ben aires of hevene,  
And alle that ben crounede  
And in queer in churches,  
Cristes owene mynestres.

*Dominus pars hæreditatis meæ*

*Et alibi, Clementia non constringit.*

Hit bycometh for clerkus  
Crist for to serven;  
And knaves uncrounede  
To cart and to worche.  
For shold no clerk be crouned,  
Bote yf he y-come were  
Of franklens and freemen  
And of folke y-weddede.  
Bondmen and bastardes,  
And beggers children,  
Thuse bylongeth to labour.  
And lordes children sholde serven,  
Bothe God and good men,  
As here degree asketh;  
Some to synge masses,  
Others sitten and wryte,  
Rede and receyve  
That Reson oughte spende.  
And sith bondemenne barnes  
Han be made bisshopes,  
And barnes bastardes  
Han ben archidekenes;  
And sopers and here sones  
For selver han be knyghtes,  
And lordene sones here laboreres,  
And leid here rentes to wedden  
For the ryght of the reame,  
Ryden ayens oure enemys,  
In consort of the comune  
And the kynges worshep.  
And monkes and moniales.  
That mendinauns sholden fynde,  
Han mad here kyn knyghtes,  
And knyght fees purchase.  
Popes and patrones  
Povre gentil blod refuseth,  
And taken Symondes sonne  
Seyntewarie to kepe.  
Lyf-holynesse and love  
Han ben longe hennes,  
And wole, til hit be wered out,  
Or otherwise y-chaunged.  
For-thy rebuke me ryht nouht,  
Reson, ich yow praye;  
For in my conscience ich knowe  
What Crist wolde that ich wroughte.  
Preyers of perfynt man,  
And penaunce discret,  
Is the levest labour  
That oure Lord pleseth.  
*Non de solo*, ich seyde,  
For sothe *vivit homo*,  
*Nec in pane et pabulo*,  
The paternoster witnesseth.  
*Fiat voluntas tua*  
Fynt ous alle thynges.'  
Quath Conscience, 'By Crist!  
Ich can nat see this lyeth.  
Ac it semeth nouht perfitnesse  
In cyties for to begge,  
Bote he be obediencer

To pryour other to mynstre.'  
'That ys soth,' ich seide,  
'And so ich by-knowe  
That ich have tynt tyme,  
And tyme mys-spended.  
And yut ich hope, as he  
That ofte haveth chaffarede,  
That ay hath lost and lost,  
And at the latest hym happeth  
He bouhte suche a bargayn  
He was the bet evere,  
And sette hus lost at a lef  
At the laste ende;  
Suche a wynnynge hym warth  
Thorw wyrdes of his grace.  
*Simile est regnum cœlorum thesauro  
abscondito in agro, etc.*

*Mulier quæ inveniet dragmam, etc.*

So hope ich to have of hym  
That his almyghty  
A gobet of hus grace,  
And bygynne a tyme  
That alle tymes of my tyme  
To profit shal turne.'  
'Ich rede the,' quath Reson tho,  
'Rathe the to bygynne  
The lyf that ys lowable  
And leel to the soule.'  
'Ye, and continue,' quath Conscience.  
And to the church ich wente.  
And to the church gan ich go,  
God to honourie,  
Byfor the crois on my knees  
Knocked ich my brest,  
Sykinge for my sennes,  
Segginge my paternoster,  
Wepyng and wailinge,  
Tyl ich was a-slepe  
Thenne mete me moche more  
Than ich byfor tolde,  
Of the mater that ich mete fyrst  
On Malverne hulles.  
Ich sawe the feld ful of folk  
Fram ende to the other;  
And Reson revested  
Ryght as a pope,  
And Conscience his crocer  
Byfore the kynge stande.  
Reson reverentliche  
Byfor all the reame  
Prechede and provede  
That thuse pestilences  
Was for pure synne, etc.

*See l. 2497, of the present edition.*

[2497](#). *these pestilences*.—There were three great pestilences in the reign of Edward III, the terrible effects of which were long fresh in people's minds, and they were often taken as points from which to date common events. Two of them had passed at the period when the *Visions of Piers Ploughman* are believed to have been written, and are the ones here alluded to. Of the first, or great pestilence, which lasted from 31 May, 1348, to 29 Sept. 1349, the contemporary chroniclers give a fearful account. In a register of the Abbey of Gloucester (MS. Cotton. Domit. A. VIII, fol. 124), we have the following entry:—"Anno Domini m<sup>o</sup>.ccc<sup>o</sup>.xlviij<sup>o</sup>. anno vero regni regis Edwardi III, post conquestum xxij<sup>o</sup>. incepit magna pestilentia in Anglia, ita quod *vix tertia pars* hominum remansit." This pestilence, known as the *black plague*, ravaged most parts of Europe, and is said to have carried off in general about two-thirds of the people. It was the pestilence which gave rise to the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. For an interesting account of it, see Michelet's *Hist. de France*, iii, 342-349. The second pestilence lasted from 15 Aug. 1361, to May 3, 1362, and was much less severe. The third pestilence raged from 2 July to 29 September, 1369.

[2500](#). *The south-westrene wynd / on Saterdag at even*. Tyrwhitt, in his Preface to Chaucer, first pointed out the identity of this wind with the one mentioned by the old chroniclers (Thorn, *Decem. Script.* col. 2122; Walsingham, p. 178; the continuator of Adam Murimuth, p. 115), as occurring on the evening of Jan. 15, 1362. The fifteenth of January in that year was a Saturday. The following is the account given by Walsingham: "Anno gratiæ millesimo trecentesimo



sexagesimo secundo, qui est annus regni regis Edwardi a conquestu tertii tricesimus sextus, tenuit rex natale apud Wyndesor, et quinto decimo die sequente ventus vehemens, nothus auster affricus, tanta vi erupit, quod flatu suo domos altas, ædificia sublimia, turrets, et campanilia, arbores, et alia quæque durabilia et fortia violenter prostravit pariter et impegit, in tantum quod residua quæ modo extant, sunt hactenus infirmiora." The continuator of Murimuth is more particular as to the time of the day, and in other respects more exact. "A.D. m. ccc. lxii, xv die Januarii, *circa horam vesperarum*, ventus vehemens notus australis affricus tanta rabie erupit," etc.

2529. *And fecche Felis his wyf / Fro wyuene pyne*. MS. Trin. Col. 2.

2547. This was a very old and very common proverb in England. Thus in the Proverbs of Hending (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 110):—

Ne bue thi child never so duere,  
Ant hit wolle unthewes lerne,  
Bet hit other whyle;  
Mote hit al habben is wille,  
Woltou nultou hit wolle spille,  
Ant bicomme a fule.  
*Luef child lore byhoveth;*  
Quoth Hendyng.

The proverb is a little varied in another copy of these "Proverbs," p. 194 of the same work. There is a German proverb closely resembling it, "Je lieberes Kind, je schärfere Ruthe."

2551. Prov. xiii, 24.

2569. After this line Whitaker's text has inserted a passage, answering nearly word for word (except in the few first lines) to the passage in our text, ll. 6218-6274.

2573. In the same text, the following lines are here added:—

'And also,' quath Reson,  
'Ich rede yow, riche  
And comeners, to acorden  
In alle kynne treuthe.  
Let no kynne consail  
Ne covetyze yow departe,  
That on wit and on wil  
Alle youre wardes kepe.  
Lo! in hevne on hy  
Was an holy comune,  
Til Lucifer the lyere  
Leyved that hymselfe  
Were wittyour and worthiour  
Than he that was hus maister.  
Hold yow in unité.  
And ye that hother wolde  
Is cause of alle combraunce  
To confounde a reame.

2586. Matt. xxv, 12.

2594. Whitaker's *Passus Sextus* ends with this line.

2625. Before Envy's confession, and in the place of Lechery, Whitaker's text introduces the confession of Pride—

Ich, Pruyde, patientliche  
Penaunce ich aske;  
For ich formest and ferst  
To fader and to moder  
Have y-be unboxome,  
Ich beseche God of mercy;  
And unboxome y-be,  
Nouht abaissed to agulte  
God and alle good men,  
So gret was myn herte;  
Inobedient to holy church,  
And to hem that ther serven,  
Demed for hure yvel vices,  
And excited othere  
Thorw my word and al my wit  
Hure yvel workes to shewe;  
And scorned hem and othere,  
Yf a skylle founde,

Lauhyngge al aloude,  
 For lewede men sholde  
 Wene that ich were witty  
 And wyser than anothere;  
 Scornor and unskilful to hem  
 That skil shewede,  
 In all manere manners  
 My name to be y-knowe,  
 Semeng a sovereyn on,  
 Wer so me byfulle  
 To telle eny tale.  
 Ich trowede me wiser  
 To carpen other to counsaile  
 Than eny, lered other lewede.  
 Proud of aparail  
 In porte amonge the puple,  
 Otherwise than ich have,  
 Withynne other withoute,  
 Me wilnede that men wende  
 Ich were in aveyr  
 Riche and resonable,  
 And ryghtful of lyvyng;  
 Bostyng and braggyng  
 Wyt meny bolde othes;  
 Avauntyng upon my veine glorie  
 For eny undernemyng;  
 And yut so syngeler by myself  
 Ne non so pomp holy,  
 Som tyme on a secte,  
 Sam tyme on another;  
 In all kynne covetyse  
 Contrevede how ich myghte  
 Be holde for holy,  
 And hondred sithe by that encheison;  
 Wilnede that men wende  
 My werkes were the beste  
 And konnygest of my craft,  
 Clerkes other othere,  
 And strengest upon my stede,  
 And styvest under gurdell,  
 And lovelokest to loken on,  
 And lykyngest a-bedde;  
 And lykyng of such a lif  
 That no lawe preyseth;  
 Proud of my faire fetours;  
 And for ich songe shrille;  
 And what ich gaf for Godes love,  
 To godsybbes ich tolde,  
 Ther to wene that ich were  
 Wel holy and wel almesful.  
 And non so bold begger  
 To bydden an[d] crave,  
 Tales to telle  
 In tavernes and in stretes,  
 Thyng that nevere was thouhte,  
 And yut ich swor ich sauh hit,  
 And lyed on my lykame  
 And on my lyf bothe.  
 Of werkes that ich wel dude  
 Witnessse ich take,  
 And syngen to such  
 That sytten me bysyde,  
 'Lo! yf ye leyve me nouht,  
 Other that ye wene ich lye,  
 Ask of hym other of hure,  
 And thei conne yow telle  
 What ich soffrede an[d] seih,  
 And som tyme hadde,  
 And what ich knew and couthe,  
 Of wat kyn ich kam of;  
 Al ich wolde that men wuste,  
 When it to pruyde sonede,  
 As to preised among the puple,  
 Thauh ich povre semede.'  
*Si hominibus placerem, Christi servus*

*non essem. Nemo potest duobus  
dominis servire.*

'Now God, of hus goodnesse,  
Geve the grace to amende!'  
Quath Repentaunce ryght with that;  
And thenne roos Envye.

The description of Envy, which follows, is shorter in Whitaker's text, and differs much from our text.

[2819-2822](#). The discipline here described seems to have been peculiar to the chapter-house of the monasteries. Matth. Paris, p. 848, has an anecdote which illustrates curiously this passage of Piers Ploughman. In speaking of the turbulent Falcasius de Breuté, who had been warned in a vision to offer himself to suffer penance in the monastery of St. Albans, in the reign of Henry III, he says, "Vestibus igitur spoliatus cum suis militibus, similiter indumentis spoliatis, ferens in manu virgam quam vulgariter *baleis* appellamus, et confitens culpam suam, ... a singulis fratribus disciplinas nuda carne susceptit."

[2846](#). In the text which Whitaker has printed, the confession of Wrath was followed by that of Luxury or Lechery. It stands as follows in the copy of the same text in MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xvi. (*See* l. [8713](#), of our present text.)

Thanne seide Lecherie, Alas!  
And to oure Ladi criede,  
'Ladi, for thi leve sone,  
Loute for me nouthe,  
That he have pité on me, putour,  
For his pure merci.'  
'With that I schal,' quod that schrewe,  
'Saterdaies, for thi love,  
Drynke with the doke,  
And dine but ones.'  
I, gulti in gost,  
To God I me schrive,  
As in likyng of lecherige  
My licames gultes,  
In wordes, in wedes,  
In waityng of eyen,  
To eche maide that I mette  
I made here a sigge,  
Semyng to synne-ward,  
And summe can I taste  
Aboute the mouth, and binethe  
Bigon I to grope,  
Til bothe oure wil was on,  
To werke we yeden,  
As wel fastyng daies,  
And hi festes eves,  
And wel in Lente as out of Lente,  
Al tymes i-liche;  
Swiche werkes with us  
Weren nevere out of seson,  
Til we mighten ne more,  
Tho hadde we muri tales  
Of putrige and of paramours,  
And provede thorw speche,  
Handelyng, and halsyng,  
And also thorw cussyng,  
Excityng heither other  
To oure elde synne;  
Sotilde songes,  
And sente out elde baudes  
For te wynne to my wil  
Wemmen with gile;  
Bi sorcerie sum time,  
And sum time be maistrie,  
I lai bi the lovelokest,  
And lovede hem nevere aftur.  
Whan I was eld and hor,  
And hadde i-lorn that kynde,  
I hadde likyng to lige  
Of lecherous tales.  
Now, lord, for thi lewté,  
On lecheres have merci.

2850. *Sire Hervy*. Whitaker and Price (in Warton) suppose that there is here a personal allusion, which at the time had become proverbial.

2874. *Symme at the Style*. Whit.

2881. *To Wy and to Wynchestre / I wente to the feyre*. Warton (Hist. of Eng. p. ii, 55, edit. 1840) supposes Wy to be Weyhill, in Hampshire, "where a famous fair still subsists." In fact it is one of the greatest fairs in England, lasting ten days. For anecdotes of the celebrity of the great fair at Winchester in former times, and for some interesting observations on fairs in general, see Warton, loc. cit.

2933. *The Roode of Bromholm*. At the Priory of Bromholm, in Norfolk, there was a celebrated cross, said to be made of fragments of the real cross, and much resorted to by pilgrims. It was brought from Constantinople to England in 1223. The history of this cross, and the miracles said to have been performed by it at Bromholm, are told by Matthew Paris (p. 268). In the MS. Chronicle of Barthol. de Cotton, it is recorded at the date 1223, "Eo tempore Peregrinatio de Bromholm inceptit."

2949. *Frensshe ... of Northfolk*. Norfolk, it would appear by this, was one of the least refined parts of the island.

3030. In this part of the poem, the smaller variations between the present text and Whitaker's are very numerous. After this line, the following passage is inserted:—

With false wordes and writes  
Ich have wonne my goodes,  
And with gyle and glosynge  
Gadered that ich have;  
Meddled my merchaundise,  
And mad a good moustre,  
The werst lay withynne,  
A gret wit ich let hit.  
And yf my neyhgebore had an hyne,  
Other eny best ellys,  
More profitable than myn,  
Ich made meny wentes,  
How ich myght have hit  
Al my wit ich caste;  
And bote ich hadde hit by othes away,  
At last ich stal hit,  
Other pryvyliche hus pors shok,  
Unpiked his lokes.  
And yf ich yede to the plouh,  
Ich pynchede on hus half acre,  
That a fot londe other a forwe  
Fetchen ich wolde  
Of my neyhgeboris next,  
Nymen of hus erthe,  
And yf y repe, over reche,  
Other gaf hem red that repen  
To sese to me with here sykkel,  
That ich sewe nevere.  
In haly dayes at holy church  
Wenne ich hurde messe,  
Ich hadde nevere witerlich  
To byseche mercy  
For my mysdedes,  
That ich ne mornede ofter  
For lost of good, leyve me,  
Then for lycames gultes.  
Thauh ich dedliche synne dude,  
Ich dradde hit nat so sore  
As wenne ich lenede and leyvede hit lost,  
Other longe er hit were paied.  
And yf [ich] sente over see  
My servaunt to Brugges,  
Other into Prus my prentys,  
My profit to awaite,  
To marchaunde with monye  
And maken here eshaunge,  
Myght nevere man comforty me  
In the meyn time,  
Neither matyns ne masse,  
Ne other manere syghtes,  
And nevere penaunce performede,  
Ne paternoster seyde.

That my mynde ne was  
More in my goodes,  
Than in Godes grace,  
And hus grete myghte.  
*Ubi thesaurus tuus, ibi cor tuum.*  
See ll. 8751-8827.

3039. Psa. l, 8.

3083. The confessions of the robber and the glutton are reversed in Whitaker's text, and present many variations. The robber's confession is there preceded by the following curious lines:—

Then was ther a Walishman  
That was wonderlich sory,  
He hight Yyvan Yeld ageyn;  
'If ich so moche have,  
Al that ich wickedlich wan  
Setthen ich hit hadde;  
And thauh my liflode lache  
Leten ich nelle  
That ech man shal have hus,  
Er ich hennes wende.  
For me ys levere in this lif  
As a lorel beggen,  
Than in lysse to lyve,  
And lese lyf and soule.'

3162. Between this line and the next, MS. Trin. Col. 2, inserts *Bargoynes and beverechis / Begonne for to arise*.

3277, 3278. *rymes of Robyn Hood | and Randolf erl of Chestre*. This seems to be the earliest mention of the ballads of Robin Hood which can now be found. Ritson was quite mistaken (Robin Hood, Introd. p. xlix) in the supposed mention of him by the prior of Alnwick, the title of the Latin song being modern. The passage of Fordun, in which Robin Hood is spoken of, is probably an interpolation.

I am not sure that Ritson is right in taking the *Randolf erl of Chester* of Piers Ploughman, to be Ranulf de Blundevile: it is quite as probable that he was the Ranulf of Chester of the days of Stephen, whose turbulent deeds may have been the subject of popular ballads. Warton (H. E. P. ii, 373), quoting the passage of Piers Ploughman with the word *erl* omitted, conceives it to mean Ralph Higden, and imagines the *rymes* to be the Chester Mysteries, of which he conjectured that Ralph Higden was the author.

3311. *Ite missa est*. The concluding sentence of the service of the Mass.

3408. *the Rode of Chestre*. There was a celebrated cross or rood at Chester, which was long an object of great veneration, and even of pilgrimage, among our Roman Catholic forefathers. "I do not recollect any thing remarkable (says Mr. Pennant, speaking of Chester) on the outside of the walls which has been unnoticed, unless it be the Rood-eye, and the adjacent places."—"The name of this spot is taken from *eye*, its watery situation, and rood, the cross which stood there, whose base is still to be seen." Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, edit. 1778, p. 191. According to Gough's *Camden*, the base was still remaining in 1789.

3410. *Roberd the robbere*. This name is rather curious in conjunction with the term *Roberdesmen* mentioned in the [note](#) on l. 88. It was no uncommon practice to give punning names in this way to people or classes of people. In a Latin song of the reign of Henry III (*Political Songs*, p. 49), we have a very curious instance of it, one of the names being, as here, *Robert*:—

Competentur per *Robert*, *robbur* designatur; Robertus excoriat, extorquet, et minatur.— Vir quicunque ravidus consors est Roberto.

Still earlier (12th cent.) a scribe says of one of his brothers, "Secundus dicebatur *Robertus*, quia a re nomen habuit, *spoliator* enim diu fuit et *prædo*." (*Polit. Songs*, p. 354.)

3419. *Dysmas*. In middle-age legends, Dismas and Gestas were the names of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. The former was the one who believed in the Saviour, and received a promise of paradise.

3443. Before this line, Whitaker's text has the following passage:—

Ac whiche be the braunches  
That bryngeth me to sleuthe,  
Ys wanne a man mourneth nat  
For hus mysdedes;  
The penaunce that the prest enjoyneth  
Parfourmeth uvele;  
Doth non almys-dedes,

And drat nat of synne:  
 Lyveth ayens the byleyve,  
 And no lawe kepeth;  
 And hath no lykynge to lerne,  
 Ne of houre Lord hure,  
 Bote harlotrie other horedom,  
 Other elles of som wynnyng.  
 Wan men carpen of Crist  
 Other of clenness of soule,  
 He wext wroth, and wol not huyre  
 Bote wordes of murthe,  
 Penance and povre men,  
 The passion of seyntes,  
 He hateth to huyre therof  
 And alle that therof carpen.  
 Thuse beth the braunches, be war,  
 That bryngeth man to wanhope.  
 Ye lordes and ladyes,  
 And legates of holy churche,  
 That feden fool sages,  
 Flaterers and lyers,  
 And han lykynge to lythen hem,  
 In hope to do yow lawe—  
*Væ! vobis qui ridetis, etc.*  
 And geveth suche mede an mete,  
 And povre men refusen;  
 In youre deth deynge,  
 Ich drede me sore  
 Lest tho maner men  
 To moche sorwe yow brynge.  
*Consensientes et agentes pari pæna punientur.*  
 Patriarkes and prophetes,  
 Prechours of Godes wordes,  
 Saven thorgh here sermons  
 Mannes soule fro helle:  
 Ryght so flaterers and foles  
 Aren the fendes procuratores,  
 Entysen men thorgh here tales  
 To synne and to harlotrie.  
 Clerkus that knowen this,  
 Sholde kennen lordes  
 What David seide of suche men,  
 As the Sauter telleth:  
*Non habitabit in medio domus meæ qui  
 facit superbiam, qui loquitur  
 iniquum.*  
 Sholde non harlot have audience  
 In halle ne in chaumbre,  
 Ther that wys men were.  
 Whitnesse of Godes wordes;  
 Nother a mys-prout man  
 Among lordes alouwed.  
 Clerkus and knyghtes  
 Wolcometh kynges mynstrales,  
 For love of here lordes  
 Lithen hem at festes:  
 Muche more, me thenketh,  
 Riche men auhte  
 Have beggers byfore hem,  
 Wiche beth Godes mynstreles,  
 As he seith hymself,  
 Seynt Johan berith whitnesse:  
*Qui vos spernit, me etiam spernit.*  
 Therfor ich rede yow, riche,  
 Reveles when ye maken,  
 For to solace youre soules,  
 Suche mynstrales to have,  
 The povre for a foul sage  
 Syttinge at thy table,  
 Whith a lered man to lere the  
 What oure Lord suffrede,  
 For to savy thy saule  
 Fram Satan thyn enemye,  
 And fitayle the withoute flateryng  
 Of Good Friday the feste:

And a blynde man for a bordiour,  
 Other a bed-reden womman  
 To crye a largesse byfor oure Lord,  
 Youre good loos to shewe.  
 Thuse thre manere mynstrales  
 Maken a man to lauhe;  
 In hus deth deyng  
 Thei don hym gret comfort,  
 That by hus lyfe loveth hem,  
 And loveth hem to huyre.  
 Thuse solaceth the soule,  
 Til hymself be falle  
 In a wele good hope, for he wroghte so,  
 Among worthy seyntes,  
 Ther flaterers and foles  
 Whith here foule wordes  
 Leden tho that lithen hem  
 To Luciferes feste,  
 With *Turpiloquio*, a lay of sorwe,  
 And Lucifers fitele,  
 To perpetual peyne  
 Other purgatorye as wykke,  
 For he litheth and loveth  
 That Godes lawe despiteth.  
*Qui histrionibus dat, dæmonibus sacrificat.*

3466. *qui manet*, &c. Epist. Joan. iv, 16.

3477. Epist. Paul, ad Ephes. iv, 8.

3484. Isai. ix, 2.

3496. Matt. ix, 13.

3502. John i, 14.

3520. Psalm xxxv, 8.

3545. *Signes of Synay, / and shelles of Galice ... keyes of Rome*. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that the articles mentioned here were borne by the pilgrim to indicate the particular holy sites which he had visited. The reader will readily call to mind the lines of a modern poet:—

The summon'd Palmer came in place,  
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face;  
 In his black mantle was he clad,  
 With *Peter's keys* in cloth of red  
 On his broad shoulders wrought;  
 The *scallop shell* his cap did deck;  
 The crucifix around his neck  
 Was from Loretto brought.

3622. *Seint Thomas shryne*. St. Thomas of Canterbury. It may not perhaps be generally known that an interesting description of this shrine, when in its glory, is given by Erasmus, Colloq. *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*.

3713. *eten apples un-rosted*. One of the many specimens of the burlesque manner in which scripture was frequently quoted in these times. A very singular passage (but in a tract professedly burlesque) occurs in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 83:—"Peter askud Adam a full greyt dowtfull question, and seyde, 'Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appull unparde?' 'For sothe,' quod he, 'for y had no wardyns fryde.'"

3826. *leven*, should be *lenen*.

3890. Luke xiv, 10.

3944, 3948. Psalm [lxviii](#), 29.

3997. *the rode of Lukes*. The second Trin. Col. MS. has *be the rode of Chestre*. There was a famous cross at Lucca, but whether a part of the real cross, I have not ascertained. Calvin, in his most able and entertaining *Admonitio de Reliquiis*, declines undertaking a list of all the places where pieces of the real cross were shown. "Denique si congesta in acervum essent omnia quæ reperiri possent, integrum navis onus efficerent: cum tamen evangelium testificetur ab unico homine ferri potuisse. Quantæ igitur audaciæ fuit, ligneis frustis sic totum implere orbem, quibus ferendis ne trecenti quidem homines sufficient?" *Calvini, Opusc.* p. 277. There was also at Lucca one of the impressions of our Saviour's face on the handkerchief of Veronica. The peculiar oath of William Rufus was by the holy face at Lucca.

4027. *with hey trolly lolly*. MS. Trin. Col. 2.

4154. In the second Trin. Col. MS. the passage stands as follows:—

Ne hadde Peris but a pese lof,  
Thei preyede hym beleve,  
And with a bene batte  
He hadde betwene,  
And hitte hunger therwith  
Amydde hise lippes,  
And blodde in it the bodyward  
A bolle ful of growel,  
Ne hadde the fisician ferst  
Defendite him watir,  
To abate the barly bred,  
And the benis y-grounde,  
Thei hadde be ded be this day,  
And dolven al warm.  
Faitours for fer, etc.

4194. *Thei corven here coppes, / and courtepies made*. Whitaker, who translates it, "They carved wooden cups, and made themselves short cloaks." It ought to be, "They cut their copes to make courtpies (a kind of short cloaks) of them."

4242. Paul Epist. ad Galat. vi, 2.

4251. Scimus enim qui dixit, mihi vindicta, et ego retribuam. Paul. ad Heb. x, 30; conf. Paul. ad Rom. xii, 19.

4256. Luke xvi, 9.

4272. Propter frigus piger arare noluit. Prov. xx, 4.

4306. Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis, beatus es et bene tibi erit. Psal. cxxvii, 2.

4336. *His mawe is alongid*. MS. Trin. Coll. 2.

4336. Whitaker's text inserts here the following passage, which is curious as containing the same word, *latchedrawers*, that occurs in Edward's statute, quoted before in the [note](#) to l. 88:—

Think that Dives for hus delicat lyf  
To the devel wente,  
And Lazar the lene beggere  
That longed after cromes,  
And yut had he hem nat,  
For ich Hunger culde hym,  
And suthe ich sauh hym sute,  
As he a syre were,  
At alle manere ese  
In Abrahame lappe.  
An yf you be of power,  
Peers, ich the rede,  
Alle that greden at thy gate  
For Godes love after fede,  
Parte wit hem of thy payn,  
Of potage and of souel,  
Lene hem som of thy loof,  
Thauh thu the lesse chewe.  
And thauh lyers and latchedrawers,  
And lolleres knocke,  
Let hem abyde tyl the bord be drawe,  
Ac bere hem none cromes,  
Tyl al thyn nedy neihebores  
Have none y-maked.

4339. *Phisik ... hise furred hodes ... his cloke of Calabre*. Whitaker cites, in illustration of the dress of the physician, the costume still worn by the Doctors of Medicine in the universities. Chaucer gives the following description of the dress of the "Doctour of Phisike":—

In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,  
Lyned with taffata, and with sendal.  
(Cant. T. Prolog. 441.)

*Calabre* appears to have been a kind of fur: a document in Rymer, quoted by Ducange, speaks of an *indumentum foderatum cum Calabre*.

4390. *ripe chiries manye*. This passage, joined with the mention of cherry-time in l. 2794, shows



that cherries were a common fruit in the fourteenth century. "Mr. Gough, in his *British Topography*, says that cherries were first brought in by the Romans, but were afterwards lost and brought in again in the time of Henry VIII, by Richard Harris, the king's fruiterer; but this is certainly a mistake. When in the New Forest in Hampshire in the summer of 1808, I saw a great many cherry-trees, apparently, of much more considerable age than the time of Henry VIII. The *very old* trees were universally of the kind called *merries*." H. E.

4431. Cato, Distich. i, 21:—

Infantem nudum quum te natura crearit,  
Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento.

4453. *so seide Saturne*. See the Introduction, p. xii.

4490. Whitaker's text reads after this line:—

Leel and ful of love,  
And no lord dreden,  
Merciable to meek,  
And mylde to the goode,  
And bytynge on badde men  
Bote yf thei wolde amende,  
And dredeth nat for no deth  
To distruye by here powere  
Lecherie among lordes,  
And hure luther custymes,  
And sithen lyve as thei lereth men,  
Oure lorde Treuthe hem graunteth,  
To be peeres to Apostles, &c.

4525. *sette scolers to scole*. It was common in the *scholastic* ages for scholars to wander about gathering money to support them at the universities. In a poem in MS. Lansdowne, No. 762, the husbandman, complaining of the many burdens he supports in taxes to the court, payments to the church, and charitable contributions of different kinds, enumerates among the latter the alms to scholars:—

Than cometh clerkys of Oxford, and mak their mone,  
To her scole-hire they most have money.

4547. Psa. xiv, 5. Qui pecuniam suam non dedit ad usuram, et munera super innocentem non accepit.

4571. Psa. xiv, 1.

4593. Matt. vii, 12. Luke vi, 31.

4618. *the clerck of stories*. Called, elsewhere, *maister of stories*. These names were given popularly to Peter Comestor, author of the famous *Historia Scolastica*, a paraphrase of the Bible history, with abundance of legendary matter added to it. The title given him by the author of *Piers Ploughman* is not uncommon in English treatises of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Lydgate, *Minor Poems*, p. 102 (Ed. Halliwell), speaks of Comestor thus:—

*Maister of storyes*, this doctour ful notable,  
Holding a chalice here in a sonne cliere.

4619. *Catons techyng*. "Cui des videto," is the twenty-third of the "Distichorum Lemmata" of Dionysius Cato.

4621. Instead of ll. 4621-4658, the following long and curious passage is substituted in the text adopted by Mr. Whitaker:—

Wot no man, as ich wene,  
Who is worthy to have.  
The most needy aren oure neighebores,  
And we nyme good hede;  
As prisoners in puttes,  
And poore folke in cotes  
Charged with children  
And chef lordes rente,  
That thei spynnyng may spare,  
Spynen hit in hous hyre,  
Bothe in mylk and in mele.  
To maken with papelotes  
To aglotye with here gurlles  
That greden after fode.  
Al so hemselve  
Suffren muche hunger,

And wo in winter tyme;  
With wakyng a-nyghtes  
To ryse to the ruel,  
To rocke the cradel,  
Bothe to karde and to kembe,  
To clouten and to wasche,  
To rubbe and to rely,  
Russhes to pilie,  
That reuthe is to rede  
Othere in ryme shewe  
The wo that theese women  
That wonyeth in cotes,  
And of meny other men  
That muche wo suffren,  
Bothe a-fyngrede and a-furst,  
To turne the fayre outwarde;  
And beth abasshed for to begge,  
And wolle nat be y-knowe  
What hem needeth att here neihebores  
At non and at even.  
This Wit wot witerly,  
As the world techeth,  
What other byhoveth  
That hath meny children.  
And hath no catel bote hus craft  
To clothy hem and to fede,  
And fele to fonge therto,  
And fewe pans taketh.  
Ther is payn and peny ale,  
As for a pytaunce y-take;  
Cold flesch and cold fyssh,  
For veneson y-bake.  
Frydays and fastyng-dayes  
Ferthyng worth of muscles  
Were a feste for suche a folke,  
Other so fele cockes.  
Theese were almes to helpe  
That han suche charges,  
And to comferte suche cotyers,  
And cokede men and blynde.  
Ac beggers with bagges, the wiche  
Brewhouses ben here churches,  
Bote thei be blynde other broke,  
Other elles syke,  
Thauh he falle for defaute,  
That faiteth for hus lyflode,  
Reicheth nevere, ye ryche,  
Thauh suche lorelles sterven;  
For all that han here hele  
And here eyen syghte,  
And lymes to laborye with,  
And lolleres lyf usen,  
Lyven ayens Godes lawe,  
And love of holy churche.  
And yut arn ther other beggers,  
In hele, as it semeth;  
Ac hem wanteth here witt,  
Men and women bothe,  
The wiche aren lunatik lollers  
And leperes aboute,  
And mad, as the mone sitt,  
More other lasse:  
Thei caren for no cold,  
Ne counteth of no hete,  
And are mevenge after the mone,  
Moneyles thei walke,  
With a good wil wit-lees,  
Meny wyde contreys,  
Ryght as Peter dude and Paul,  
Save that thei preche nat,  
Ne myracles maken;  
Ac meny tymes hem happeth  
To prophetien of the puple,  
Pleyninge, as hit were,  
And to oure sight, as hit semeth,

Suththe God hath the myghte  
To yeven eche a whit wit,  
Welthe, and his hele,  
And suffreth suche so gon,  
Hit semeth to myn inwitt,  
Hit arn as hus aposteles suche puple,  
Other as his prevye disciples;  
For he sente hem forth selverles,  
In a somer garnement,  
Withoute bred and bagge,  
As the Bok telleth.

*Quando misi vos sine pane et pera.*

Bar fot and bred-les,  
Beggeth thei of no man;  
And thauh he mete with the meyere  
In mydest the strete,  
He reverenceth hym ryght nouht  
No rather than another.

*Neminem salutaveris per viam,*

Suche manere of men,  
Matheu ous techeth,  
We sholde have hem to house,  
And help hem when thei come.

*Et egenos vagosque induc in domum tuam.*

For hit aren murye mouthede men,  
Mynstrales of hevene  
And Godes boyes bordiours,  
As the Bok telleth.

*Si quis videtur sapiens, fiet stultus ut  
sit sapiens.*

And alle manere mynstrales,  
Men wot wel the sothe,  
To underfonge hem faire  
Byfalle for the ryche;  
For the lordes love and ladies  
That thei with lengen,  
Men suffren al that suche seyn,  
And in solas taken;  
And yut more to suche men  
Doth, er thei passe,  
Gyven hem gyftes and gold,  
For grete lordes sake.  
Ryght so, ye riche,  
Rather ye sholde, for sothe,  
Wolcomen and worsshepen  
And with youre goode helpen  
Godes mynstrales, and hus messagers,  
And hus murye burdiours,  
The wiche are lunatik lollares  
And leperes aboute.

For under Godes secré seel  
Here synnes ben y-keverede.  
For thei bereth no bagges,  
Ne non botels under clokes,  
The wiche is lollaren lyf  
And lewede eremytes,  
That loken ful louheliche  
To lacchen mennes almesse,  
In hope to suten at even  
By the hote coles,  
Unlouke hus legges abrod,  
Other lygge at hus ese,  
Reste hym and roste hym,  
And his ryg turne,  
Drynke drue and deepe,  
And drawe hym thanne to bedde,  
And when hym lyketh and lust  
Hus leve ys is to aryse;  
When he rysen, rometh out,  
And ryght wel aspieth  
War he may rathest have a repast,  
Other a rounde of bacon,  
Sulver other fode-mete  
And some tyme bothe,  
A loof other alf a loof,

Other a lompe of chese,  
 And carieth it hom to hus cote,  
 And cast hym to lyve  
 In ydelnesse and in ese,  
 And by others travayle.  
 And wat frek of thys tolde  
 Fisketh thus aboute  
 With a bagge at hus bak,  
 Abegeneldes wyse,  
 And can som manere craft,  
 In cas he wolde hit use.  
 Thorgh wiche craft he couthe come  
 To bred and to ale,  
 And ovar more to an hater  
 To helye with hus bones,  
 And lyveth like a lollere,  
 Godes lawe him dampneth.  
 Lolleres lyvinge in sleuthe,  
 And overe lond stryken,  
 Beeth nat in thys bulle, quath Peers,  
 Til thei ben amended.  
 Nother beggars that beggen,  
 Bote yf thei have neede.  
 The Bok blameth alle beggerye,  
 And banneth in this manere: etc.

4645. Luke xix, 23.

4659. Ps. xxxvi, 25. Junior fui, etenim senui: et non vidi justum derelictum, nec semen ejus quærens panem.

4695. Here again, after many verbal variations from our text, Whitaker's text adds the following long passage, which is very curious, and well worthy to be preserved. Whitaker calls it "one of the finest passages in the whole poem."

Ac eremites that enhabiten hem  
 By the heye weyes,  
 And in borwes among brewesters,  
 And beggen in churches  
 Al that holy eremytes  
 Hateden and despisede,  
 As rychesses and reverences  
 And ryche mennes almesse.  
 These lolleres, latche-draweres,  
 Lewede eremytes,  
 Coveyten the contrarie,  
 As cotyers thei lybben,  
 For hit beth bote boyes,  
 Lolleres atten ale,  
 Of language of lettrure  
 Ne lyf-holy as eremytes  
 That wonnede wyle in wodes  
 With beres and lyones.  
 Some had lyflode of here lynage,  
 And of no lyf elles;  
 And some lyvede by here lettrure  
 And labour of here hondes;  
 Some had foreynes to frendes,  
 That hem fode sente;  
 And bryddes brouhten to some bred,  
 Werby thei lyveden.  
 Alle thuse holy eremytes  
 Were of hye kynne,  
 Forsoke londe and lordshep  
 And lykynges of the body;  
 Ac thuse eremytes, that edefyen  
 Thus by the hye weyes,  
 Wylen were workmen,  
 Webbes and taillours,  
 And carters knaves  
 And clerkus without grace,  
 Heelden hungry hous,  
 And had much defaute,  
 Long labour and lyte wynnyng,  
 And atte laste aspiden

That faitours in frere clothyng  
Had fatte chekus;  
For-thi lefte thei here labour,  
Theese lewede knaves,  
And clothed hem in copes,  
Clerkus as hit were.  
Other on of som ordre,  
Othere elles prophite,  
Ayens the lawe he lyveth,  
Yf Latyn be trywe:  
*Non licet nobis legem voluntate, sed voluntatem  
conjugere legi.*

Now kyndeliche, by Crist!  
Beth suche callyd lolleres,  
As by Englisch of oure eldres,  
Of olde menne techynge,  
He that lolleth his lame,  
Other his leg out of the joynte,  
Other meymed in som membre,  
For to meschief hit souneth;  
And ryght so sothlyche  
Suche manere eremytes  
Lollen ayen the bylyeve  
And lawe of holy churche.  
For holy churche hoteth  
Alle manere puple  
Under obedience to bee,  
And buxum to the lawe,  
Furst religious of religion  
Here ruele to holde,  
And under obedience to be  
By dayes and by nyghtes,  
Lewede men to laborie,  
Lordes to honte  
In frythes and in forestes  
For fox and other bestes  
That in wilde wodes ben,  
And in wast places,  
As wolves that wyrhyeth men,  
Wommen, and children,  
And upon Sonedayes to cesse,  
Godes service to huyre,  
Bothe matyns and messe,  
And after mete in churches  
To huyre here eve song  
Every man ouhte.  
Thus it bylongeth for lorde,  
For lered and lewede,  
Eche halyday to huyre  
Hollyche the service,  
Vigiles and fastyng dayes  
Forthere to knowe,  
And fulfille tho fastynges  
Bote infirmité hit made,  
Poverté othere penaunces,  
As pilgrymages and travayles.  
Under this obedience  
Arn we echone.  
Who so brekyeth this, be wel war,  
Bot yf he repente,  
Amenden hym and mercy aske,  
And meekliche hym shryve,  
Ich drede me, and he deye,  
Hit worth for dedlich synne  
Accounted byfore Crist,  
Bote Conscience excuse hym.  
Loke now were theese lolleres  
And lewede eremytes,  
Yf thei breke thys obedience  
That ben so fro churche,  
Wher see we hem on Sonedays  
The servise to huyre?  
As matyns by the morwe  
Tyl masse bygynne,  
Other Sonedays at eve songe,

See we wol fewe;  
 Othere labory for our lyflode  
 As the lawe wolde  
 Ac at mydday meel tyme  
 Ich mete with hem ofte,  
 Conynge in a cope  
 As he a clerke were,  
 A bachelor other a beaupere  
 Best hym bysemeth,  
 And for the cloth that kevereth hem  
 Cald his here a frere,  
 Whassheth and wypeth,  
 And with the furste suteth.  
 Ac while he wrought in thys worlde,  
 And wan hus mete with Treuthe,  
 He sat atte syd benche  
 And secoude table,  
 Com no wyn in hus wombe  
 Thorw the weke longe,  
 Nother blankett in hus bed,  
 Ne white bred byfore hym.  
 The cause of al thys caitifté  
 Cometh of meny bisshepes,  
 That suffren suche sottes  
 And othere synnes regne.  
 Certes ho so thurste hit segge,  
*Symon quasi dormit.*  
*Vigilate* were fairour,  
 For thow hast gret charge:  
 For meny waker wolves  
 Ben broke into foldes.  
 Thyne berkeres ben al blynde,  
 That bryngeth forth thy lambren;  
*Disperguntur oves*, thi dogge  
 Dar nat beerke.  
 The tarre is untydy  
 That to thyne sheep bylongeth;  
 Hure salve ys of *supersedeas*  
 In someneres boxes,  
 Thyne sheep are ner al shabbyd,  
 The wolf sheteth woolle.  
*Sub molli pastore lupus lanam cacat, et*  
*grex incustoditus dilaceratur eo.*  
 Hoow hurde wher is thyn hounde,  
 And thyn hardy herte,  
 For to wyne the wolf  
 That thy woolle fouleth.  
 Ich leyve for thy lacchesse  
 Thow leest meny wederes,  
 And ful meny fayre flus  
 Falsliche wasshe.  
 When thy lord loketh to have  
 Allowance for hus bestes,  
 And of the monye thow haddist thermyd,  
 Hus meable to save,  
 And the woolle worth weye,  
 Woo ys the thenne!  
*Redde rationem villicationis tuæ,*  
 Other arerage, ffalle.  
 Then hyre hurde, as ich hope,  
 Hath nouht to quyty thy dette,  
 Ther as mede ne mercy  
 May nat a myte avayle,  
 Bote have this for that,  
 Tho that thow toke  
 Mercy for mede,  
 And my lawe breke;  
 Loke now for thi lacchesse  
 Whether lawe wol the graunt  
 Purgatorie for thy paye,  
 Other perpetuel helle.  
 For shal no pardone praye for yowe ther,  
 Nother princes letteres.

4721. Psal. xxii, 4.

4739. Psal. xli, 4.

4745. Luke xii, 22. Conf. Matth. vi, 25.

4764. "Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus," is the commencement of Psalms xiii. and lii.

4769. Prov. xxii, 10. Ejice derisorem, et exhibit cum eo jurgium, cessabuntque causæ et contumeliæ.

4771. *Perkyn*, the diminutive of Peter, or Piers. Formerly the diminutives of people's names were constantly used as marks of familiarity or endearment, as Hawkyn or Halkyn for Henry, Tymkyn for Tim or Timothy, Dawkyn for David, Tomkyn for Thomas, &c.

4796. Cato, Distich. ii, 31.

Somnia ne cures, nam mens humana quod optans,  
Dum vigilat, sperat, per somnum cernit id ipsum.

4847. Matth. xvi, 19.

4941. Prov. xxiv, 16. Septies enim cadet justus, *et resurget*; impii autem corrudent in malum.

4963. *To falle and to stonde*. I by no means agree with Price's interpretation of this phrase, or in his preference of the reading *to falle if he stonde*. (Note on Warton ii, 67.) The motion of the boat causes the firm man alternately to fall and stand; be he ever so stable, he stumbles now and then, but his strength is shown in his being able to recover himself. Such are the moral slips which even the just man cannot avoid. But if the man in the boat be too weak to arise again and place himself at the helm, his boat and himself will be lost for want of strength and guidance. So it is with the wicked man. The completion of the phrase quoted from Proverbs, as given in the preceding note, shows the justice of this explanation.

5014. *if I may lyve and loke*. Price (in Warton) first pointed out the identity between this expression and the one so common in Homer: it is "one of those primitive figures which are common to the poetry of every country."

Οὐτίς, ἔμεῦ ζῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένοιο,  
Σοὶ κούλης παρὰ νηυσὶ βαρείας χεῖρας ἐποίσει.  
Il. i, 88.

Whitaker's interpretation is nonsense, "If I have space to live and look in the book." Other instances of this phrase occur in ll. 12132, 13268, and 13303 of Piers Ploughman.

5082. 2 Corinth. xi, 19.

5157. *of four kynnes thynges*. The medieval notion of the manner in which the elements were mixed together in the formation of the human body, here alluded to, appears to partake more of Western legend than of Eastern tradition. In the English verses on Popular Science (given in my "Popular Treatises of Science written during the Middle Ages," p. 138), we have the following curious account of the four things forming the body, and the influence of each:—

Man hath of urthe al his bodi, of water he haveth wete,  
Of eyr he haveth wynd, of fur he haveth hete.  
Ech quic thing of alle this foure, of some hath more other lasse;  
Ho so haveth of urthe most, he is slou as an asse;  
Of vad colour, of hard hide, boustes forme, and ded strong,  
Of moche thoght, of lute speche, of stille grounyng, and wraththe long,  
A slough wrecche and ferblet, fast and loth to geve his god,  
Sone old, and noght wilful, stable and stedefast of mode.

And so on with the other elements. This doctrine of the composition of man from the four elements became a very popular one in the sixteenth century, when the poets frequently allude to it, as may be seen in the examples given by Nares (*v. ELEMENTS*). In the *Mirror for Magistrates* (*King Forrex*, page 76), it is said:—

If we behold the substance of a man,  
How he is made of *elements* by kind,  
Of earth, of water, aire, and fire, than  
We would full often call unto our mind,  
That all our earthly joys we leave behind.

Massinger (*Renegado* iii, 2) says:—

—I've heard  
Schoolmen affirm, man's body is compos'd  
Of *the four elements*.

In Shakespeare (*Twel. N. ii, 3*), Sir Toby Belch inquires, "Does not our life consist of *the four elements*?" and Brutus is commended for possessing these elements properly blended, in which the perfection of a man's nature was supposed to consist:—

His life was gentle; and the *elements*  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, This *was a man*.  
*Jul. Cæs. v, 5.*

On the other hand, the ill mixing of these elements was supposed to be accompanied with a corresponding derangement of the intellectual faculties. Thus, in one of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, a madman is addressed:—

I prithee, thou *four elements* ill brew'd  
Torment none but thyself: Away, I say,  
Thou beast of passion.  
*B. and Fl. Nice Valour, act i, p. 312.*

The more mythic form of this legend gives *eight things* to the formation of the body, instead of four. Our earliest notice of this legend in England occurs in the prose Anglo-Saxon Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon (Thorpe's *Analecta*, p. 95):—"Saga me þæt andworc þe Adám wæs of-ge-worht se ærusta man? Ic þe secge of viii punda ge-wiht. Saga me hwæt hatton þage? Ic þe secge þæt æroste wæs fórdan pund, of ðam him wæs fleesc ge-worht; oðer wæs fyres pund, þanon him wæs þæt blód reád and há; þridde wæs windes pund, þanon him wæs seo æðung ge-seald; feorðe wæs wolcnes pund, þanon him wæs his módes unstaðelfæstnes ge-seald; fife wæs gyfe pund, þanon him wæs ge-seald se fat and geðang; syxste wæs blostnena pund, þanon him wæs eagenas myssenlicnys ge-seald; sefoðe wæs deawes pund, þanon him becom swat; eahtothe wæs sealtas pund, þanon him wæron þa tearas sealte."—*Tell me the matter of which Adam the first man was made? I tell thee, of eight pound-weights. Tell me their names? I tell thee, the first was a pound of earth, of which his flesh was made; the second was a pound of fire, from which his blood was red and hot; the third was a pound of wind, of which breath was given him; the fourth was a pound of cloud, whereof was given him his instability of mood; the fifth was a pound of ..., whereof was given him fat and sinew; the sixth was a pound of flowers, whereof was given him diversity of eyes; the seventh was a pound of dew, whereof he had sweat; the eighth was a pound of salt, whereof he had salt tears.* This legend was still prevalent in England as late as the fifteenth century, when we find it among the curious collection of questions (closely resembling those of Saturn and Solomon just quoted) entitled "Questions bitwene the Maister of Oxinford and his Scoler" (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 230),—"C. Whereof was Adam made? M. Of viij. thingis: the first of erthe, the second of fire, the iij<sup>de</sup> of wynde, the iiij<sup>th</sup> of clowdys, the v<sup>th</sup> of aire wherethorough he speketh and thinketh, the vj<sup>th</sup> of dewe wherby he sweteth, the vij<sup>th</sup> of flowres, wherof Adam hath his ien, the viij<sup>th</sup> is salte wherof Adam hath salt teres." A similar account is given in an extract from an old Friesic manuscript communicated to the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum*, by Dr. James Grimm,—"God scôp thene êresta meneska, thet was Adam, fon achta wendem; that bête fon tha stêne, thet flâsk fon there erthe, thet blód fon tha wetere, tha herta fon tha winde, thene togta (l. thochta) fon tha wolken, the(ne) suêt fon tha dawe, tha lokkar fon tha gerse, tha âgene fon there sunna, and tha blêrem on thene helga ôm."—*God created the first man, who was Adam, of eight elements: the bone from the stone, the flesh from the earth, the blood from the water, the heart from the wind, the thought from the cloud, the sweat from the dew, the hair from the grass, the eyes from the sun.*

5169. *a proud priker of Fraunce.* A proud rider of France. Until the fifteenth century there appears to have been a strong prejudice among the lower orders against horsemen: their name was connected with oppressors and foreigners. Horses appear to have been comparatively little used for riding among the Anglo-Saxons until they were introduced by the Norman favourites of Edward the Confessor, in whose reign we read that the Anglo-Saxon soldiers in Herefordshire were defeated by the Welsh owing to their awkwardness on horseback, having been unadvisedly mounted by their Norman commander. The Anglo-Norman barons of the three following centuries, with their numerous household of knights and attendants who plundered and oppressed the peasantry and middle classes of society, kept alive the prejudice alluded to, and we trace it in several popular songs. In a song of the reign of Edward I (*Political Songs*, p. 240), we find the following lines:—

Whil God wes on erthe  
And wondrede wyde,  
Whet wes the resoun  
Why he nolde ryde?  
For he nolde no grom  
To go by ys syde,  
Ne grucchyng of no gedelyng  
To chaule ne to chyde.  
Spedeth ou to spewen,  
Ase me doth to spelle;  
The fend ou afretie  
With fleis ant with felle!  
Herkneth hideward, horsmen,



A tidyng ich ou telle,  
That ye shulen hongen,  
Ant herbarewen in helle!

5276. Epist. ad. Philippens. iii, 19.

5283. Epist. Joan. iv, 16.

5289. Matth. xxv, 12; Psal. lxxx, 13. Et dimisi eos secundum desideria cordis eorum, ibunt in adventionibus suis.

5305. *the four doctours*. The four doctors *par excellence* of the western church were, I believe, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome.

5354. Ecclesiast. i, 16.

5363. Epist. Jacob. ii, 10. Quicumque autem totam legem servaverit, offendat autem in uno, factus est omnium reus.

5412. *as Caym was on Eve*. See further on l. 5549. According to a very curious legend, which was popular in the middle ages, Cain was born during the period of penitence and fasting to which our first parents were condemned for their breach of obedience.

5415. Psa. vii, 15. Concepit dolorem et peperit iniquitatem.

5417. Whitaker's text inserts before this line—

Caym, the cursed creature,  
Conceyved was in synne;  
After that Adam and Eve  
Hadden y-synged,  
Withoute repentaunce  
Of here rechelessnesse,  
A rybaud thei engendrede,  
And a gome unryghtful;  
As an hywe that ereth nat  
Auntreth hym to sowe  
On a leye lond,  
Ayens hus lordes wille,  
So was Caym conceyved,  
And so ben cursed wretches  
That lycame han ayen the lawe  
That oure Lord ordeynede.

5433. Gen. vi, 7. pænitet enim me fecisse eos.

5464. Ezech. xviii, 20.

5470. Whitaker's text adds here:—

Westminster lawe, ich wot,  
Worcheth the contrarie;  
For thauh the fader be a frankelayne,  
And for a felon be hanged,  
The heritage that the air sholde have  
Ys at the kynges wille.

5479. Matt. vii, 16.

5497. John xiv, 6.

5507. *many a peire, sithen the pestilence*. The continuator of William de Nangis, who gives a detailed account of the effects of the great pestilence on the Continent, mentions the hasty marriages which followed it, but he gives quite a different account of their fruitfulness. "Cessante autem dicta epidimia, pestilentia, et mortalitate, nupserunt viri qui remanserunt et mulieres ad invicem, conceperunt uxores residuæ per mundum ultra modum, nulla sterilis efficiebatur, sed prægnantes hinc inde videbantur, et plures geminos pariebant, et aliquæ tres infantes insimul vivos emittebant." The writer goes on to observe, "Sed proh dolor! ex hujus renovatione sæculi non est mundus propter hoc in melius commutatus. Nam homines fuerunt postea magis avari et tenaces, cum multo plura bona quam antea possiderent; magis etiam cupidi et per lites, brigas, et rixas, atque per placita, seipsos conturbantes.... Charitas etiam ab illo tempore refrigescere cæpit valde, et iniquitas abundavit cum ignorantibus et peccatis; nam pauci inveniebantur qui scirent aut vellent in domibus, villis, et castris informare pueros in grammaticalibus rudimentis."—*Contin. G. de Nangis, in Dacherii Spicileg.* iii, 110 (ed. 1723).

5515. *do hem to Dunmowe*. This is, I believe, the earliest allusion at present known to the custom of the flitch of bacon at Dunmow, which was evidently, at that time, a matter of general celebrity. In Chaucer, about half a century later, the Wife of Bath says of her two old husbands, and of the

way in which she tyrannized over them,—

The bacoun was nought fet for hem, I trowe,  
That som men fecche in Essex at Donmowe.—*Cant. T.* 5799.

In a curious religious poem preserved in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, written about the year 1460, from which some extracts are printed in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," ii, 27-29, we have the following satirical allusion to this custom:—

I can fynde no man now that wille enquere  
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;  
For they repent hem within a yere,  
And many within a weke, and sonner, men trow;  
That cawsith the weis to be rowgh and over-grow,  
That no man may fynd path or gap,  
The world is turnyd to another shap.

Befe and moton wylle serve wele enow;  
And for to seche so ferre a lytill bakon flyk,  
Which hath long hanggid resty and tow  
And the wey, I telle you, is comborous and thyk,  
And thou might stomble, and take the cryk;  
Therfor hide at home, what so ever hap  
Tylle the world be turnyd into another shap.

One or two other allusions to this custom have been found in manuscripts of the fifteenth century, and in the sixteenth century these allusions become more numerous.

5563. 1 Corinth. vii, 1.

5613. *Margery perles*. A margarite pearl, *perle marguerite*. The Latin name for a pearl (*margarita*) seems to be the origin of this expression.

5634. *a love day / to lette with truthe*. Love days (*Dies amoris*) were days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or to violence. The ecclesiastics seem generally to have had the principal share in the management of these transactions, which throughout the Visions of Piers Ploughman appear to be censured as the means of hindering justice and of enriching the clergy. A little further on, Religion is blamed for being "a ledere of love-dayes." (l. 6219.) In Chaucer, it is said of the friar:—

And over'al, ther eny profyt schulde arise,  
Curteys he was, and lowe of servyse.  
.  
.  
.  
And rage he couthe and pleye as a whelpe,  
In love-dayes, ther couthe he mochil helpe.  
For ther was he not like a cloysterer  
With a thredbare cope, as a pore scoler,  
But he was like a maister or a pope.—*Cant. T.* 249, 259.

5646. The quotation is made up from Job xxi, 7; and Jerem. xii, 2.

5651. Psal. lxxii, 12.

5659. Psal. x, 4. Quoniam quæ perfecisti, destruxerunt: justus autem quid fecit?

5739. Psal. cxxxi, 6.

5769. Isai. lviii, 7.

5778. Tob. iv, 9. Si multum tibi fuerit, abundanter tribue; si exiguum tibi fuerit, etiam exiguum libenter impertiri stude.

In what follows, Whitaker's text is in parts much more brief than the one now printed; there are also many transpositions, and other variations, which are not of sufficient importance to be pointed out more particularly.

5801. *in a pryvee parlour*. 5803. *in a chambre with a chymenee*. This is a curious illustration of contemporary manners. The hall was the apartment in which originally the lord of the household and the male portion of the family passed nearly all their time when at home, and where they lived in a manner in public. The chambers were only used for sleeping, and as places of retirement for the ladies, and had, at first, no fire-places (*chymenees*), which were added, in course of time, for their comfort. The parlour was an apartment introduced also at a comparatively late period, and was, as its name indicates, a place for private conferences or conversation. As society advanced in refinement, people sought to live less and less in public, and the heads of the household gradually deserted the hall, except on special occasions, and lived more in the parlour and in the "chambre with a chymenee." With the absence of the lord from the hall, its festive character and indiscriminate hospitality began to diminish; and the popular agitators declaimed against this as an unmistakable sign of the debasement of the times.

5829. Ezech. xviii, 19.

5835. Galat. vi, 5.

5844. Pauli Epist. ad Rom. xii, 3.

5911. *seven artz*. In the scholastic system of the middle ages, the whole course of learning was divided into seven arts, which were, grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy. They were included in the following memorial distich:—

Gram. loquitur, Dia. vera docet, Rhet. verba colorat,  
Mus. canit, Ar. numerat, Geo. ponderat, As. colit astra.

5963. *a baleys*. See before, the [note](#) on l. 2819.

5990. *Caton*. Distich. lib. i, 26.

6009. Galat. vi, 10.

6022. Epist. ad Rom. xii, 19.

6037. The second Trin. Coll. MS. reads here—

Experimentis of Alkenemye  
Of Albertis makyng,  
Nigromancie and permansie  
The pouke to reisen,  
Gif thou thenke, etc.

6146. Matth. vii, 3.

6179. Matth. xv, 14; Luke vi, 39; Mark (?)

6186. *mausede*. An error of the press for *mansede*. See the Glossary.

6191. *Offyn and Fynes*. Ophni and Phinees. See 1 Samuel iv. (in the Vulgate called 1 Kings).

6199. Psal. xlix, 21.

6207. Isai. lvi, 10.

6217. The text of the Trin. Coll. MS. 2, differs very much from ours in this part of the poem. Instead of 6217-6277, we have the following lines:—

Ac now is Religioun a ridere  
And a rennere aboute,  
A ledere of ladies,  
And a lond biggere;  
Poperith on a palfrey  
To toune and to toune;  
A bidowe or a biselard  
He berith be his side;  
Godis flessh and his fet  
And hise fyve woundis  
Arn more in his mynde  
Than the memorie of his foundours.  
This is the lif of this lordis  
That lyven shulde with Do-bet,  
And wel away wers,  
And I shulde al telle.  
I wende that kinghed and knighted,  
And caiseris with erlis,  
Wern Do-wel and Do-bet  
And Do-best-of-hem-alle.  
For I have seighe it myself,  
And siththen red it aftir,  
How Crist counseilleth the comune,  
And kenneth hem this tale,  
*Super cathedram Moisi sederunt principes*  
For-thi I wende that tho wyes  
Wern Do-best-of-alle.  
I nile not scorne, etc.

6223. *an heepe of houndes*. "Walter de Suffield, bishop of Norwich, bequeathed by will his pack of hounds to the king, in 1256. Blomefield's Norf. ii, 347. See Chaucer's Monke, Prol. v, 165. This was a common topic of satire. It occurs again fol. xxvii, a [l. 3321, of the present Edition]. See Chaucer's Testament of Love, page 492, col. ii, Urr. The Archdeacon of Richmond, on his visitation, comes to the priory of Bridlington in Yorkshire, in 1216, with ninety-seven horses,

twenty dogs, and three hawks. Dugd. Mon. ii, 65." WARTON.

6251. Psal. xix, 8.

6259. *the abbot of Abyngdone*. There was a very ancient and famous abbey at Abingdon in Berkshire. Geoffrey of Monmouth was abbot there. It was the house into which the monks, strictly so called, were first introduced in England, and is, therefore, very properly introduced as the representative of English monachism.

6266. Isai. xiv, 4, 5.

6289. Ecclesiasticus x, 10.

6291. Catonis Distich. iv, 4.

Dilige denari, sed parce dilige, formam;  
Quem nemo sanctus nec honestus captat ab ære.

6327. Colos. iii, 1.

6353. *mœchaberis*. A mistake in the original MS. for *necaberis*, as it is rightly printed in Crowley's edition.

6372. John iii, 13.

6414. Matth. xxiii, 2. Super cathedram Moysi sederunt Scribæ et Pharisæi.

6440. Psal. xxxv, 8.

6476. Ecclesiastes ix, 1.

6504. Matth. x, 18. The quotation is not quite literal.

6528. For *idiotæ irapiunt*, read *idiotæ vi rapiunt*: the error was caused accidentally in the printing, and has escaped in the present edition.

6571. Matth. xx, 4.

6741. John iii, 3.

6755. Matth. vii, 1.

6764. Psal. l, 21.

6815. Isai. lv, 1.

6825. Mark xvi, 16.

6831. *may no cherl chartre make*. Such was the law of *vileinage*, then in existence. There is a curious story illustrative of the condition of the *cherl* or peasant, in the *Descriptio Norfolciensium*, in my *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, p. 94. The 'cherl,' vilein, or bondman, could not even be put apprentice without the licence of the lord of the soil. In the curious poem on the Constitution of Masonry (14th cent.) published by Mr. Halliwell, the master is particularly cautioned on this point:—

The fowrthe artycul thys moste be,  
That the mayster hym wel be-se  
That he no bondemon prentys make,  
Ny for no covetyse do hym take;  
For the lord that he ys bonde to,  
May fache the prentes whersever he go.  
*Early History of Freemasonry in England*, p. 14.

6859. *Trojanus*. 6869. *Gregorie*. The legend here alluded to is given briefly as follows, in the life of St. Gregory in the *Golden Legend*, fol. lxxxxvii,—

"In the tyme that Trayan themperour regned, and on a tyme as he wente toward a batayll out of Rome, it happed that in hys waye as he shold ryde a woman a wydowe came to hym wepyng and sayd: I praye thee, syre, that thou avenge the deth of one my sone, whyche innocently and wythout cause hath ben slayn. Themperour answerd: yf I come agayn fro the batayll hool and sounde, thenne I shall do justyce for the deth of thy sone. Thenne sayd the wydowe: Syre, and yf thou deye in the bataylle, who shall thenne avenge hys deth for me? And the wydowe sayd, is it not better that thou do to me justice, and have the meryte thereof of God, than another have it for thee? Then had Trayan pyté, and descended fro his horse, and dyde justyce in avengynge the deth of her sone. On a tyme saynt Gregory went by the marked of Rome whyche is called the marked of Trayan. And thenne he remembred of the justyce and other good dedes of Trayan, and how he had ben pyteous and debonayr, and was moche sorowfull that he had ben a paynem; and he tourned to the chyrche of saynt Peter waylyng for thorroure of the mescreaunce of Trayan. Thenne answerd a voys fro God, sayng: I have now herd thy prayer, and have spared Trayan fro

the payne perpetuelly. By thys thus, as somme saye, the payne perpetuell due to Trayan as a mescreaunt was somme dele take awaye, but for all that was he not quyte fro the pryson of helle; for the sowle may well be in helle, and fele ther no payne, by the mercy of God."

6907. 1 John iii, 15.

6938. Luke xiv, 12.

6964. John viii, 34.

6981. Galat. vi, 2.

7015. Matth. vii, 3.

7063. Luke x, 40.

7072. Luke x, 42.

7113. Although our writer quotes the circumstance from Luke xviii, the words he gives are from Matth. xix, 21.

7113. In Whitaker's text the following passage is here inserted:—

Thus consaileth Crist  
In comun ous alle,  
'Ho so coveyteth to come  
To my kynriche,  
He mot forsake hymself,  
Hus suster, and hus brother,  
And al that the worlde wolde,  
And my wil folwen.'  
*Nisi renuntiaveritis omnia quæ possidetis,*  
*etc.*

Meny proverbis ich myghte have  
Of meny holy seyntes,  
To testifie for treuthe  
The tale that ich shewe,  
And poetes to preoven hit,  
Porfirie and Plato,  
Aristotle, Ovidius,  
And ellevene hundred,  
Tullius, Tholomeus,  
Ich can nat telle here names,  
Preoven pacient poverté  
Pryns of alle vertues.  
And by greyn that groweth,  
God ous alle techeth.  
*Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terra,*  
*et mortuum fuit, ipsum solum manet.*

Bot yf that sed that sowen is,  
In the sloh sterve,  
Shal nevere spir springen up,  
Ne spik on strawe curne;  
Sholde nevere wete wexe,  
Bote wete fyrste deyde;  
And other sedes also  
In the same wyse,  
That ben leide on louh eerthe,  
Y-lore as hit were,  
And thorw the grete grace of God,  
Of greyn ded in erthe  
Atte the laste launceth up  
Werby lyven alle.  
Ac sedes that ben sowen  
And mowe suffre wyntres,  
Aren tydyor and tower  
To mannes by-hofte,  
Than seedes that sowen beeth  
And mowe nouht with forste,  
With wyndes, ne with wederes,  
As in wynter tyme,  
As lynne-seed, and lik-seed,  
And Lente-seedes alle,  
Aren nouht so worthy as whete,  
Ne so wel mowen  
In the feld with the forst,

And hit freese longe.  
 Ryght so, for sothe,  
 That suffre may penaunces  
 Worth allowed of oure Lorde  
 At here laste ende,  
 And for here penaunce be preysed,  
 As for puyre martir,  
 Other for a confessour y-kud,  
 That counteth nat a ruysshe  
 Fere ne famyne,  
 Ne false menne tonges;  
 Bote as an hosebonde hopeth  
 After an hard wynter,  
 Yf God gyveth hym the lif  
 To have a good hervest,  
 So preoveth thees prophetes  
 That pacientliche suffreth  
 Myschiefs and myshappes,  
 And menye tribulacions,  
 Bytokneth ful triweliche  
 In tyme comynge after  
 Murthe for hus mornynge,  
 And that muche plenté.  
 For Crist seide to hus seyntes  
 That for hus sake tholeden  
 Poverte, penaunces,  
 Persecution of body,  
 Angeles in here angre  
 On this wise hem grate,  
*Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium.*  
 Youre sorwe into solas  
 Shal turne atte laste,  
 And out of wo into wele  
 Youre wyrdes shul chaunge.  
 Ac so redeth of riche,  
 The revers he may fynde,  
 How God, as the Godspel telleth,  
 Geveth hem foul towname,  
 And that hus gost shal go,  
 And hus good byleve,  
 And asketh hym after  
 Ho shal hit have,  
 The catel that he kepeth so  
 In coffres and in hernes,  
 And ert so loth to lene  
 Thet leve shalt needes.  
*O stulte, ista nocte anima tua egrediatur,  
 thesauriza et ignorat.*  
 An unredy reve  
 Thi residue shal spene,  
 That menye moththe was ynne  
 In a mynte while;  
 Upholderes on the hul  
 Shullen have hit to selle.  
 Lo! lo! lordes, lo!  
 And ladies taketh hede,  
 Hit lasteth nat longe  
 That is lycour swete,  
 Ac pees-coddes and pere-ronettes,  
 Plomes and chiries,  
 That lyghtliche launceth up,  
 Litel wile dureth,  
 And that that rathest rypeth,  
 Roteth most sannest.  
 On fat londe and ful of donge  
 Foulest wedes groweth,  
 Right so, for sothe,  
 Suche that ben bysshopes,  
 Erles and archdekenes,  
 And other ryche clerkes.  
 That chaffaren as chapmen,  
 And chiden bote thei wynne,  
 And haven the worlde at here wil  
 Other wyse to lyve;  
 Right as weodes wexen

In wose and in dunge,  
 So of rychesse upon richesse  
 Arist al vices.  
 Lo! lond overe-layde  
 With marle and with donge,  
 Whete that wexeth theron  
 Worth lygge ar hit repe;  
 Right so, for sothe,  
 For to sigge treuthe,  
 Over plenté pryde norssheth  
 Ther poverte destrueth hit.  
 For how hit evere be y-wonne,  
 Bote hit be wel dispended,  
 Worliche wele is wuked thyng  
 To hym that hit kupeth.  
 For yf he be feer therfro,  
 Ful ofte hath he drede  
 That fals folke fetche away  
 Felonliche hus godes.  
 And yut more hit maketh men  
 Meny time and ofte  
 To synegen, and to souchen  
 Soteltees of gyle,  
 For covetyze of that catel  
 To culle hem that hit kepeth;  
 And so is meny men y-morthred  
 For hus money and goodes;  
 And tho that duden the dede  
 Y-dampned therfore after,  
 And he, for hus harde heldyng,  
 In helle paraunter;  
 So covetise of catel  
 Was combraunce to hem alle.  
 Lo! how pans purchasede  
 Faire places, and drede,  
 That rote is robbers  
 The richesse withynne.

[*Passus quartus de Dowel.*]

Ac wel worth Poverte,  
 For he may walke unrobbede,  
 Among pilours in pees,  
 Yf pacience hym folwe,  
 Oure prynce Jhesu poverte chees,  
 And hus aposteles alle,  
 And ay the lenger thei lyveden  
 The lasse good thei hadde.  
*Tanquam nihil habentes, et omnia  
 possidentes.*  
 Yut men that of Abraam  
 And Job were wonder ryche,  
 And out of numbere tho men  
 Menye meobles hadden.  
 Abraam, for al hus good,  
 Hadde muche teene,  
 In gret poverte was y-put,  
 A pryns as hit were  
 Bynom hym ys housewif  
 And heeld here hymself,  
 And Abraam nat hardy  
 Ones to letten hym,  
 Ne for brightnesse of here beauté  
 Here spouse to be byknowe.  
 And for he suffrede and seide nouht,  
 Oure Lord sente tokne,  
 That the kynge cride  
 To Abraam mercy,  
 And deliverede hym hus wif,  
 With muche welthe after.  
 And also Job the gentel  
 What joye hadde he on erthe,  
 How bittere he hit bouhte!  
 As the book telleth.  
 And for he songe in hus sorwe,

*Si bona accipimus a Domino,*  
Dereworthe dere God,  
Do we so *mala*;  
Al hus sorwe to solas  
Thorgh that songe turnede,  
And Job bycam a jolif man,  
And al hus joye newe.  
Lo how patience in here poverte  
Thees patriarkes relevede,  
And brouhte hem al above  
That in bale rotede,  
As greyn that lyth in the groot  
And thorgh grace atte laste  
Spryngeth up and spreadeth,  
So spedde the fader Abraam,  
And also the gentel Job,  
Here joie hath non ende.  
Ac leveth nouht, ye lewede men,  
That ich lacke richesse,  
Thauh ich preise poverte thus,  
And preove hit by ensamples,  
Worthiour as by holy writ,  
And wise philosophers,  
Bothe two but goode,  
Be ye ful certayn,  
And lyves that our Lorde loveth,  
And large weyes to hevене.  
Ac the povre pacient  
Purgatorye passeth  
Rathere than the ryche,  
Thauh thei renne at ones.  
For yf a marchaunt and a messenger  
Metten to-gederes,  
For the parcels of hus paper  
And other pryvey dettes,  
Wol lette hym as ich leyve  
The lengthe of a myle;  
The messenger doth namore  
Bote hus mouth telleth,  
Hus lettere and hus ernde sheweth,  
And is anon delyvered;  
And thauh thei wende by the wey  
Tho two to-gederes.  
Thauh the messenger made hus wey  
Amyde the whete,  
Wole no wys man wroth be,  
Ne hus wed take,  
Ys non haiwarde y-hote  
Hus wed for to take.

*Necessitas non habet legem.*

Ac yf the marchaunt make hus way  
Overe menne cornne,  
And the haywarde happe  
With hym for to mete,  
Other hus hatt, other hus hed,  
Other elles hus gloves,  
The merchaunt mot for-go,  
Other moneys of huse porse,  
And yut be lett, as ich leyve,  
For the lawe asketh  
Marchauns for here merchandise  
In meny place to tullen.  
Yut thauh thei wenden on wey  
As to Wynchestre fayre,  
The marchaunt with hus marchaundise  
May nat go so swythe  
As the messenger may,  
Ne with so mochel ese.  
For that on bereth bote a boxe,  
A brevet therynne,  
Ther the marchaunt ledeth a male  
With meny kynne thynges;  
And dredeth to be ded therefore,  
And he in derke mete  
With robbours and with revers



That riche men despoilen,  
Ther the messenger is ay murye,  
Hus mouthe ful of songes,  
And leyveth for hus letters  
That no wight wol hym greve.  
Ac yut myghte the marchaunt  
Thorgh monye and other yeftes  
Have hors and hardy men,  
Thauh he mette theoves,  
Wolde non suche asailen hym  
For hem that hym folweth,  
As safliche passe as the messenger,  
And as sone at hus hostel.  
Ye, wyten wel, ye wyse men,  
What this is to mene.

The marchaunt is no more to mene  
Bote men that ben ryche  
Aren accountable to Crist  
And to the kyng of hevене,  
That holden mote the heye weye,  
Evene ten hestes,  
Bothe lovye and lene,  
The leele and the unleele,  
And have reuthe, and releve  
With hus grete richesse  
By hus power alle manere men  
In meschief y-falle,  
Fynde beggars bred,  
Backes for the colde,  
Tythen here goodes tryweliche,  
A tol as hit semeth  
That oure Lord loketh after  
Of eche a lyf that wyneth,  
Withoute wyles other wrong,  
Other wommen atte stuwes,  
And yut more, to make pees,  
And quyte menne dettes,  
Bothe spele and spare  
To spene upon the needful,  
As Crist self comandeth  
To alle Cristene puple.

*Alter alterius onera porta.*

The messenger aren the mendinans  
That lyveth by menne almesse,  
Beth nat y-bounde, as beeth the riche,  
To bothe the two lawes,  
To lene and to lere,  
Ne lentenes to faste,  
And other pryvey penaunces  
The wiche the preest wol wel,  
That the law yeveth leve  
Suche lowe folke to be excused,  
As none tythes to tythen,  
Ne clothe the nakede,  
Ne in enquestes to come,  
Ne contumax thauh he worthe  
Halyday other holy eve  
Hus mete to deserve;  
For yf he loveth and byleyveth  
As the lawe techeth,

*Qui crediderit et baptizatus fuerit, etc.*

Telleth the lord a tale,  
As a triwe messenger,  
And sheweth by seel and suthe by lettere  
With wat lord he dwelleth,  
Kneweleche hym crystene  
And of holy churche byleyve,  
Ther is no lawe, as ich leyve,  
Wol let hym the gate,  
Ther God is gatwarde hymself  
And eche a gome knoweth.  
The porter of pure reuthe  
May parforme the lawe  
In that he wilneth and wolde  
Ech wight as hemself;

For the wil is as mucche worth  
 Of a wretche beggere  
 As al that the ryche may reyme  
 And ryght fulliche dele,  
 And as much mede  
 For a myte that he offreth,  
 As the riche man for al is moneye,  
 And more, as by the Godspel:  
*Amen dico vobis quia hæc vidua paupercula,*  
*etc.*  
 So that povre pacient  
 Is parfitest lif of alle,  
 And alle parfit preestes  
 To poverté sholde drawe.

7128. Matth. xvii, 20.

7131. Psal. xxxiii, 11.

7141. Psal. xlii, 1.

7191. James ii, 10.

7194. *over-skipperis*. Those who skipped over words in reading or chanting the service of the church. The following distich points out the classes of defaulters in this respect:—

Ecclesiæ tres sunt qui servitium maie fallunt;  
 Momylers, for-scyppers, ovre-lepers, non bene psallunt.  
*Reliq. Antiq. p. 90. Poems of Walter Mapes, p. 148.*

A still more numerous list of such offenders is given in the following lines from MS. Lansdowne, 762, fol. 101, v<sup>o</sup>:—

Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequitur almos:  
 Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galper quoque, draggar,  
 Momeler, for-skypper, for-reynner, sic et over-leper,  
 Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.

Tutivillus was the popular name of one of the fiends (see Towneley Mysteries, pp. 310, 319; *Reliq. Antiq.* p. 257). According to an old legend, a hermit walking out met one of the devils bearing a large sack, very full, under the load of which he seemed to labour. The hermit asked him what he carried in his sack. He answered that it was filled with the fragments of words which the clerks had skipped over or mutilated in the performance of the service, and that he was carrying them to hell to be deposited among the stores there.

7195. Psal. xlvi, 7, 8.

7264. *Briddes I biheld*. A similar sentiment is expressed in the following parallel passage of a modern poet:—

But most of all it wins my admiration  
 To view the structure of this little work—  
 A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without,  
 No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
 No glue to join; his little beak was all:  
 And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,  
 With every implement and means of art,  
 And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,  
 Could make me such another? Fondly then  
 We boast of excellence, where noblest skill  
 Instinctive genius foils.—*Hurdis*.

7342. Ecclesiasticus xi, 9.

7344. Instead of ll. 7344-7363, Whitaker's text has the following passage:—

'Ho suffreth more than God?' quath he,  
 'No gome, as ich leyve.  
 He myght amende in a mynt while  
 Al that amys stondes.  
 Ac he suffreth, in ensauple  
 That we sholde all suffren.  
 Ys no vertue so feyr  
 Of value ne of profit,  
 As ys suffraunce, soveraynliche,  
 So hit be for Godes love,

And so wittneseth the wyse,  
 And wysseth the Frenshe,  
*Bele vertue est suffraunce,*  
*Mal dire est petite venjaunce;*  
*Bien dire e bien souffrer*  
*Fait ly suffrable à bien vener.*  
 For-thi.' quath Reson, 'Ich rede the,  
 Rewele thi tonge evere;  
 And er thow lacke eny lyf,  
 Loke ho is to preise.  
 For is no creature under Cryst,  
 That can hymselfe make;  
 And yf cristene creatures  
 Couthen make hemselfe,  
 Eche lede wolde be lacles,  
 Leyf thow non othere.  
 Man was mad of suche matere,  
 He may nat wel asterte,  
 That som tymes hym tit  
 To folwen hus kynde.  
 Caton acordeth herwith:  
*Nemo sine crimine vivit.*

7347. Genes. i, 31.

7363. Cato, Distich. i, 5.

Si vitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,  
 Quum culpent alios, nemo sine crimine vivit.

It may be observed here, that Whitaker, in his note on this passage, has very much misunderstood Tyrwhitt (in Chaucer, Cant. T. 3227), in making him the authority for calling the author of the *Disticha de Moribus* an obscure French writer. Tyrwhitt says that the mode in which Chaucer spells his name (Caton) seems to show that the French translation was more read than the Latin original. The same observation would apply to the present poem: but I am very doubtful how far it is correct. The Distiches of Cato were translated into English, French, German, &c., and were extremely popular. The author of these Distiches, Dionysius Cato, is supposed to have lived under the Antonines, and has certainly no claim to the title of *an obscure French writer*.

7441-7642. Instead of these lines, Whitaker has the following:—

And wissede the ful ofte  
 What Dowel was to mene,  
 And counsailede the, for Cristes sake,  
 No creature to bygyle,  
 Nother to lye nor to lacke,  
 Ne lere that is defendid,  
 Ne to spille speche,  
 As to speke an ydel;  
 And no tyme to tene,  
 Ne trywe thyng to teenen;  
 Lowe the to lyve forth  
 In the lawe of holy churche,  
 Thenne dost thow wel, withoute drede,  
 Ho can do bet no forse.  
 Clerkes that connen al, ich hope,  
 Thei con do bettere;  
 Ac hit suffuseth to be saved,  
 And to be suche as ich tauhte:  
 Ac for to loye and lene,  
 And lyve wel and byleyve,  
 Ys y-calid *Caritas*,  
 Kynde-love in English,  
 And that is Dobet, yf eny suche be,  
 A blessed man that helpeth,  
 And pees be and pacience,  
 And povre withoute defaute.  
*Beatius est dare quam petere.*  
 As catel and kynde witt  
 Encombe ful menye,  
 Woo is hym that hem weldeth,  
 Bote he hym wel dispeyne.  
*Scientes et non facientes variis flagellis  
 vapulabunt.*  
 Ac comunliche connynge

And unkynde rychesse,  
As lorels to be lordes,  
And lewede men techeres,  
And holy churche horen help,  
Averous and coveytous,  
Droweth up Dowel,  
And destruyeth Dobest.  
Ac grace is a gras therfore  
To don hem eft growe;  
Ac grace groweth nat,  
Til God wil gynne reyne,  
And wokie thorwe goode werkes  
Wikkede hertes;  
Ac er suche a wil wol wexe,  
God hymself worcheth,  
And send forth seint esprit  
To don love sprynge.

*Spiritus ubi vult spirat, etc.*

So grace withoute grace  
Of God and of good werkes,  
May nat bee, bee thow siker,  
Thauh we bid evere.

Cleregie cometh bote of siht,  
And kynd witt of sterres,  
As to be bore other bygete  
In suche constellacion  
That wit wexeth therof,  
And othere wordes bothe.

*Vultus hujus sæculi sunt subjecti vultibus  
cœlestibus.*

So grace is a gyfte of God,  
And kynde witt a chaunce,  
And cleregie and connyng of kynde  
Wittes techynge;  
And yut is cleregie to comende  
Fore Cristes love more,  
Than eny connyng of kynde witt,  
Bote cleregie hit rewele.  
For Moyses wutnesseth that God wrot  
In stoon with hus fynger,  
Lawe of love owre Lorde wrot,  
Long ere Crist were;  
And Crist cam and confermede,  
And holy-churche made,  
And in sond a sygne wrot,  
And seide to the Jewes,  
'That seeth hym synneles,  
Cesse nat, ich hote,  
To stryke with stoon other with staf  
This strompett to dethe.'

*Qui vestrum sine peccato est, etc.*

For-thi ich consaily alle Cristene  
Cleregie to honoure, etc.

7453. Luke xii, 38.

7461. Heb. xii, 6.

7464. Psalm xxii, 4.

7470. *makynge*s. 7483. *make*.—There is a curious analogy between the Greek and the Teutonic languages in the name given to the poet—the Greek ποιητής (from ποιεῖν), the Anglo-Saxon *scóp* (from *sceopan*, to make or create), and the Middle-English *maker*, preserved in the later Scottish *makkar* (also applied to a poet), have all the same signification. In the Neo-Latin tongues a different, though somewhat analogous, word was used: the French and Anglo-Norman *trouvère*, and the Provençal *trobador*, signify a finder or inventor.

7484. Catonis Distich. iii, 5.

7500. 1 Cor. xiii, 13. Nunc autem manent fides, spes, charitas, tria hæc: major autem horum est charitas.

7528, &c. *Aristotle*, *Ypocras*, and *Virgile*.—These three names were the great representatives of ancient science and literature in the middle ages. Aristotle represented philosophy, in its most general sense; Virgil represented literature in general, and more particularly the ancient writers who formed the *grammar* course of scholastic learning, whether verse or prose; Ypocras, or

Hippocrates, represented medicine. They are here introduced to illustrate the fact that men of science and learning, as well as warriors and rich men, experience the vicissitudes of fortune.

7534. *Felice*. Perhaps this name is only introduced for the sake of alliteration.

7536. *Rosamonde*. I suppose the reference is to "fair Rosamond."

7554. Luc. vi, 38.

7567. John iii, 8.

7572. John iii, 11.

7582. John iii, 8.

7600. *thorough caracters*. It was the popular belief in the middle ages, that while the Jews were accusing the woman taken in adultery, Christ wrote with his staff on the ground the sins of the accusers, and that when they perceived this they dropped their accusation in confusion at finding that their own guilt was known. See this point curiously illustrated in Mr. Halliwell's *Coventry Mysteries*, pp. 220, 221. These are the *characters* alluded to in *Piers Ploughman*.

7624. Luke vi, 37.

7701. 1 Cor. iii, 19.

7709. Luke ii, 15.

7714. Matth. ii, 1.

7721. Luke ii, 7.

7779. Psalm xxxi, 1.

7795. Luke vi, 39. The ignorance and inefficiency of the parish priests appear to have become proverbial in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the latter century a canon of Lilleshul in Shropshire, named John Myrk, or Myrkes, composed an English poem, or rather metrical treatise, on their duties, which he commences by applying to them this same aphorism of our Saviour:—

God seyth hymself, as wryten we fynde,  
That whenne the blynde ledeth the blynde,  
Into the dyche they fallen boo,  
For they ne sen whare by to go.  
So faren prestes now by dawe,  
They beth blynde in Goddes lawe, etc.

*MS. Cotton. Claud. A. II.*

It had previously been applied in the same manner to the parish priests by the author of a long French poem (apparently written in England in the fourteenth century) entitled *Le Miroir de l'Ome* (*Speculum Hominis*), as follows:—

Dieus dist, et c'est tout verité,  
Qe si l'un voegle soit mené  
D'un autre voegle, tresbucher  
Falt ambedeux en la fossée.  
C'est un essample comparé  
As fols curetz, qui sanz curer  
Ne voient pas le droit sentier,  
Dont font les autres forsvoier,  
Qui sont après leur trace alé.  
Car fol errant ne puet quider,  
Ne cil comment nous puet saner,  
Qui mesmes est au mort naufré.

*MS. in the possession of Mr. J. Russell Smith.*

The following picture of the corrupt manners of the parish priests at this time is extracted from a much longer and more minute censure in the same poem:—

Des fols curetz aucy y a,  
Qui sur sa cure demourra  
Non pour curer, mais q'il sa vie  
Endroit le corps plus easera.  
Car lors ou il bargaignera  
Du seculiere marchandie,  
Dont sa richesce multeplie;  
Ou il se donne à leccherie,  
Du quoy son corps delitera;  
Ou il se prent à venerie,  
Qant duist chanter sa letanie,

Au bois le goupil huera.

7802. Psal. xv, 5. We might be led to suppose that this was the "neck verse" in the time of Piers Ploughman. In later times the text which was given to read to those who claimed the benefit of clergy is said to have been the beginning of Psal. lv, *Miserere mei, &c.*

7840. Eccl. v, 5.

7846. *Trojanus*. See the [note](#) on line 6859.

7854. Matth. xvi, 27. Filius enim hominis venturus est in gloria Patris sui cum angelis suis: et tunc reddet unicuique secundum opera ejus.

7915. *his flesssh is foul flesssh*. Yet in spite of the "foulness" of its flesh, the peacock was a very celebrated dish at table. For an account of the use made of the peacock in feasts, see Le Grand d'Aussy, *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, tom. i, pp. 299-301, and 361. In the Romance of Mahomet, 13th century, it is said of Dives—

Et dou Riche qui *tant poon*  
*Englouti* et tant bon poisson,  
Tante piéche de venison,  
Et but bon vin par grant delit, &c.  
*Roman de Mahomet*, l. 301.

7944. *Avynet*. In the 14th and 15th centuries, as any grammar was called a *Donet*, because the treatise of Donatus was the main foundation of them all, so, from Esop and Avienus from whom the materials were taken, any collection of fables was called an *Avionet* or an *Esopet*. The title of one of these collections in a MS. of the Bibl. du Roi at Paris is, *Compilacio Ysopi alata cum Avionetto, cum quibusdam addicionibus et moralitatibus*. (*Robert, Fabl. Inéd. Essay*, p. clxv.) Perhaps the reference in the present case is to the fable of the Peacock who complained of his voice, the 39th in the collection which M. Robert calls *Ysopet*, in the morality to which are the following lines:—

Les riches conteront  
Des biens qu'il aront  
En ce siecle conquis.  
Cil qui petit ara,  
De petit contera  
Au Roy de paradis.  
Qui vit en povreté,  
Sans point d'iniquité,  
Moult ara grant richesse  
Es cieux, en paradis,  
O dieux et ses amis  
Seront joyeux et aise.

7961. Whitaker's text reads here:—

Thus Porfirie and Plato,  
And poetes menye,  
Lykneth in here logyk  
The leeste fowel oute;  
And whether hii be saf other nat saf  
The sothe wot not clergie,  
Ne of Sortes ne of Salamon  
No scripture can telle,  
Wether thei be in helle other in hevене,  
Other Aristotle the wise.

7961. *Aristotle, the grete clerk*. From the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries the influence of Aristotle's writings in the schools was all-powerful. It was considered almost an impiety to go against his authority. He was indeed "the great clerk."

7967. *Sortes*. I suppose this is an abbreviated form of the name Socrates. It occurs again in one of the poems printed among the Latin Poetry attributed to Walter Mapes (Camden Society's Publication), which has the following lines:—

Adest ei bajulus cui nomen Gnato,  
Præcedebat logicum gressu fatigato,  
Dorso ferens sarcinam ventre tensus lato,  
Plenam vestro dogmate, o *Sortes et Plato*.

7987. 1 Peter iv, 18.

8015. Psalm xxii, 4.

8073. *a maister*. This word was generally used in the scholastic ages in a restricted sense, to

signify one who had taken his degrees in the schools—a master of arts.

8103. Luke x, 7.

8133-8137. These are the indications of different Psalms. Psalm li begins with the words, *Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*. The thirty-first Psalm commences with the words, *Beati quorum remissæ sunt iniquitates, et quorum tecta sunt peccata*. *Beatus vir*, is the beginning of Psalm i. The fifth verse of Psalm xxxi contains the words *Dixi: Confitebor adversum me iniquitiam meam Domino*.

8141. Psalm xxxi, 6.

8145. Psalm l, 19.

8153. Isaiah v, 22.

8155. Whitaker's text has—

And ete meny sondry metes,  
Mortrews and poddynges,  
Braun and blod of the goos,  
Bacon and colhopes.

The second Trin. Coll. MS. has—

And sette many sundry metis,  
Mortreux and puddynges,  
Braun and blood of gees,  
Bacoun and colopis.

8167. 2 Corinth. xi, 24, 25, 27.

8173, 8180. 2 Cor. xi, 26.

8202. *Mahoun*. Mahoun was the middle-age name of Mohammed, and in the popular writers was often taken in the mere sense of an idol or pagan deity.

8204. *justly wombe*. MS. Trin. Coll. 2.

8225. *in a frayel*. Whitaker's text has *in a forel*, which he explains by "a wicker basket." The second Trin. Coll. MS. has also *in a forell*. *Forel* is the Low-Latin *forellus*, a bag, sack, or purse: a *frayel* (*fraellum*) was a little wicker basket, such as were used for carrying figs or grapes.

8273. Matth. v, 19.

8292. Psalm xiv, 1.

8368. 1 John iv, 18.

8416. Luke xix, 8.

8418. Luke xxi, 1-4.

8444. *Surré*. Syria.

8474. *a mynstrall*. The description of the minstrel given here is very curious. For a sketch of the character of this profession see Mr. Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages;" and for more enlarged details of the history of the craft the reader may consult the Introduction to Percy's Reliques, and Chappell's History of National Airs.

8518. *a pardon with a peis of leed*. The papal bulls, &c., had seals of lead, instead of wax.

8526. Marc. xvi, 17, 18.

8541. Acts iii, 6.

8554. Whitaker's text omits all that follows here to l. 8958 of our text, entering very abruptly upon the subject there treated. Some of the intervening matter had already been inserted in other places in Whitaker's text. See our notes on ll. 2846 and 3030.

8567. *cart ... with breed fro Stratforde*. Stratford-at-Bow is said to have been famous in old times for its numerous bakers, who supplied a great part of the metropolis. Stowe, in his Survey of London, p. 159 (who appears to have altered the text of Piers Ploughman to suit his own calculation, for all the manuscripts and printed editions I have collated give "twice *twenty* and ten"), observes, "And because I have here before spoken of the bread carts coming from Stratford at the Bow, ye shall understand that of olde time the bakers of breade at Stratford were allowed to bring dayly (except the Sabbaoth and principall feast) diverse long cartes laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the pennie wheate loafe heavier than the penny wheate loafe baked in the citie, the same to be solde in Cheape, three or foure carts standing there,

betweene Gutherans lane and Fausters lane ende, one cart on Cornehill, by the conduit, and one other in Grasse streete. And I have reade that in the fourth yere of Edward the second, Richard Reffeham being maior, a baker named John of Stratforde, for making bread lesser than the assise, was with a fooles whoode on his head, and loaves of bread about his necke, drawne on a hurdle through the streets of this cite. Moreover in the 44. of Edward the third, John Chichester being maior of London, I read in the visions of Pierce Plowman, a booke so called, as followeth. *There was a careful commune when no cart came to towne with baked bread from Stratford: thogan beggers weepe, and workemen were agast, a little this will be thought long in the date of our Dirte, in a drie Averell a thousand and three hundred, twise thirtie and ten, &c.* I reade also in the 20. of Henrie the eight, Sir James Spencer being maior, six bakers of Stratford were merced in the Guildhall of London, for baking under the size appoynted. These bakers of Stratford left serving of this cite, I know not uppon what occasion, about 30 yeares since."

**8572.** *a drye April.* This is without doubt the dry season placed by Fabyan in the year 1351, which, as he describes it, began with the month of April. The difference of the date arises probably from a different system of computation. Fabian says, "In the sommer of this xxvii yeare, it was so drie that it was many yeres after called the drie sommer. For from the latter ende of March, till the latter ende of Julye, fell lytle rayne or none, by reason whereof manye inconveniences ensued."

**8576.** *Whan Chichestre was maire.* According to Fabyan, John Chichester was mayor only once, in 1368, 1369, which was the period of the "thirde mortalytie." The other authorities seem to agree in giving this as the year of Chichester's mayoralty. He may perhaps have been mayor more than once. See INTRODUCTION.

**8645.** Galat. i, 10.

**8685.** Psalm x, 7.

**8707, 8708.** The two persons mentioned here (the shoemaker of Southwark and dame Emma of Shoreditch) were probably eminent sorcerers and fortune-tellers of the time.

**8769-8778.** To understand fully this passage, it must be borne in mind that the corn lands were not so universally hedged as at present, and that the portions belonging to different persons were separated only by a narrow furrow, as is still the case in some of the uninclosed lands in Cambridgeshire.

**8812.** *Brugges.* Bruges was the great mart of continental commerce during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

**8813.** *Pruce-lond*—Prussia, which was then the farthest country in the interior of Europe with which a regular trade was carried on by the English merchants.

**8827.** Matth. vi, 21.

**8858.** Luke vi, 25.

**8879.** Psalm ci, 7.

**8891.** *a lady of sorwe.* The old printed edition has a *laye of sorow*.

**8900.** Whitaker has no division here, but continues the previous *passus*, and omits many lines and has many variations in what follows.

**8903.** *I slepe therinne o nyghtes.* This passage is curious, because at the time the poem was written, it was the custom for all classes of society to go to bed quite naked, a practice which is said to have been not entirely laid aside in the sixteenth century. We see constant proofs of this practice in the illuminations of old manuscripts. The following memorial lines are written in the margin of a MS. of the thirteenth century:—

Ne be thi winpil nevere so jelu ne so stroutende,  
Ne thi faire tail so long ne so trailende,  
That tu ne schalt at evin al kuttid bilevin,  
And tou schalt to bedde gon so nakid as tou were [borin].

*MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. VI, fol. 22, r<sup>o</sup>.*

In the Roman de la Violette, the old nurse expresses her astonishment that her young mistress should retain her chemise when she goes to bed:—

Et quant elle son lit fait a,  
Sa dame apiele, si se couche  
Nue en chemise en la couche;  
C'onques en trestoute sa vie  
La biele, blonde, l'escavie,  
Ne volt demonstrer sa char nue.  
La vielle en est au lit venue,  
Puis li a dit: 'Dame, j'esgart  
Une chose, se Dex me gart,



Dont je sui molt esmervillie  
C'onques ne vous vi despoillie,  
Et si vous ai vij. ans gardée;  
Molt vous ai souvent esgardée  
Que vo chemise ne sachiés!

*Rom. de la Viol.* l. 577.

The lady explains her conduct by stating that she has a mark on the breast which she had promised that no one should ever see.

8906. Luke xiv, 20.

8950. *noon heraud ne harpour*. Robes and other garments were among the most usual gifts bestowed upon minstrels and heralds by the princes and great barons. See before, ll. 8480, 8481.

8970. Matth. vi, 25, 26.

8999. John xiv, 13; xv, 16. Matth. iv, 4.

9037. Psalm cxliv, 16.

9039. *fourty wynter*. During the forty years that the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, they did not apply themselves to agriculture.

9049. *Sevene slepe*. The legend of the seven sleepers was remarkably popular during the middle ages.

9101. Psalm xxxi. 1.

9176. Psalm lxxv, 6.

9178. Psalm lxxii, 20. Whitaker's *Passus sextus de Dowel* ends with this quotation.

9317. Both in the Vision of Piers Ploughman, and in the Creed, there are frequent expressions of indignation at the extravagant expenditure in painting the windows of the abbeys and churches. It must not be forgotten that a little later the same feeling as that exhibited in these satires led to the destruction of many of the noblest monuments of medieval art.

9344. Mat. xix, 23, 24.

9347. Apocal. xiv, 13.

9352. Matth. v, 3.

9452. Compare the defence of poverty in Chaucer (Cant. T. 6774):—

Juvenal saith of poverté merily:  
The poore man, whan he goth by the way,  
Before the theves he may sing and play.  
*Poverté is hateful good; and, as I gesse,*  
A ful gret *bringer out of besinesse;*  
*A gret amender eke of sapience,*  
To him that taketh it in patience.  
Poverté is this although it seme elenge,  
*Possession that no wight wol challenge.*  
Poverté ful often, whan a man is low,  
Maketh his God and eke himself to know:  
Poverté a spectakel is, as thinketh me,  
Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see.  
And therefore, sire, sin that I you not greve,  
Of my poverté no more me repreve.

The definition given in Piers Ploughman is taken from the Dialogues of Secundus, where it is thus expressed:—"Quid est paupertas? Odibile bonum, sanitatis mater, curarum remotio, absque sollicitudine semita, sapientiæ reparatrix, negotium sine damno, intractabilis substantia, possessio absque calumnia, incerta fortuna, sine sollicitudine felicitas." (MS. Reg. 9 A xiv, fol. 140 v<sup>o</sup>.) See also Roger de Hoveden, p. 816, and Vincent de Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. x, c. 71.

9517. *the paas of Aultone*. Whitaker has *Haultoun*, and says that this pass is Halton "in Cheshire, formerly infamous to a proverb as a haunt of robbers."

9529. *Cantabit, etc.* The author has modified, or the scribes have corrupted, the well-known line of Juvenal,

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

9665. These definitions will be found in Isidore, Etymol. lib. xl, c. 1, and Different, lib. ii, c. 29. They are repeated by Alcuin, De Anim. Rat. N. x, p. 149, *Anima* est, dum vivificat; dum

contemplatur, *spiritus* est; dum sentit, *sensus* est; dum sapit, *animus* est; dum intelligit, *mens* est; dum discernit, *ratio* est; dum consentit, *voluntas* est; dum recordatur, *memoria* est.

9708. Prov. xxv, 27.

9740. Epist. ad Rom. xii, 3.

9751. *the seven synnes*. The seven deadly sins were—pride, anger, envy, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, and lechery. "Now ben they cleped chiefetaines, for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen alle other synnes. The rote of these synnes than is pride, the general rote of alle harmes. For of this rote springen certain braunches: as, ire, envie, accidie or slouthe, avarice or coveitise, (to comun understanding) glotonie, and lecherie: and eche of these chief synnes hath his braunches and his twigges." Chaucer, *Persones Tale*, p. 40.

9766. Psal. xcvi, 7; iv, 3.

9828. *in Latyn*. The monks had collections of comparisons, similitudes, proverbs, &c., to be introduced in their sermons, and even when preaching in English they generally quoted them in Latin. This I suppose to be the meaning of the expression here.

9918. Matth. xviii, 3.

9934. 1 Corinth. xiii, 4.

9946. 1 Corinth, xiii, 12.

9957. *a tunicle of Tarse*. Tarse was the name given to a kind of silk, said to have been brought from a country of that name on the borders of Cathai, or China. Chaucer (*Cant. T. l. 2162*), describing "the king of Inde," says—

His coote armour was of a cloth of Tars,  
Cowched of perlys whyte, round and grete.

Ducange (v. *Tarsicus*) quotes a visitation of the treasury of St. Paul's, London, in 1295, where there is mention of Tunica et dalmatica de *panno Indico Tarsico* Besantato de auro, and of a Casula de *panno Tarsico*.

10004. Psal. vi, 7.

10009. Psal. l, 19.

10062. Matth. vi, 16.

10069. *Edmond and Edward*. St. Edmund the martyr, king of East Anglia, and king Edward the Confessor.

10124. Psal. iv, 9.

10159. *Antony and Egidie*. Whitaker has *Antonie and Ersenie*. St. Antony is well known as the father and patron of monks, and for the persecutions he underwent from the devil. St. Giles, or Egidius, is said to have been a Greek, who came to France about the end of the seventh century, and established himself in a hermitage near the mouth of the Rhone, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Nismes. Arsenius was a noble Roman who, at the end of the fourth century, retired to Egypt to live the life of an anchorite in the desert.

10174. *after an hynde cride*. The monkish biographer of St. Giles relates, that he was for some time nourished with the milk of a hind in the forest, and that a certain prince discovered his retreat while hunting in his woods, by pursuing the hind till it took shelter in St. Giles's hermitage.

10183. *Hadde a bird*. This incident is not found in the common lives of St. Antony.

10187. *Poul*. Paul was a Grecian hermit, who lived in the tenth century in the wilderness of Mount Latrus, and became the founder of one of the monastic establishments there. He was famous for the rigorous severity of his life.

10203. *Marie Maudeleyne*. By Mary Magdalen here is meant probably St. Mary the Egyptian, who lived in the fifth century, and who, according to the legend, after having spent her youth in unbridled debauchery, repented in her twenty-ninth year, and lived during the remainder of her life (forty-seven years) in the wilderness beyond the Jordan, without seeing one human being during that time, and sustained only by the precarious food which she found in the desert.

10239. Whitaker's text here adds a passage relating to Tobias:—

Marie Magdalene  
By mores levede and dewes;  
Love and leel byleyve  
Heeld lyf and soule togedere.  
Maria Egyptiaca

Eet in thyrti wynter  
 Bote thre lytel loves,  
 And love was her souel.  
 Ich can nat rekene hem ryght now,  
 Ne reherce here names,  
 That lyveden thus for oure Lordes love  
 Meny longe yeres,  
 Whitoute borwyng other beggyng,  
 Other the boke lyeth;  
 And woneden in wildernesse  
 Among wilde bestes;  
 Ac dorst no beste byten hem  
 By daye ne by nyghte,  
 Bote myldeliche whan thei metten  
 Maden louh chere,  
 And feyre byfore tho men  
 Fauhnede whith the tayles.  
 Ac bestes brouhte hem no mete,  
 Bote onliche the fouweles;  
 In tokenynge that trywe man  
 Alle tymes sholde  
 Fynde honeste men in holy men  
 And other ryghtful people.  
 For wolde never feithful goud  
 That freres and monkes token  
 Lyflode of luther wynnynge  
 In al here lyf tyme;  
 As wytnesseth holy writt  
 Whot Thobie deyde  
 To is wif, whan he was blynde,  
 Herde a lambe blete,—  
 'A! wyf, be war,' quath he,  
 'What ye have here ynne.  
 Lord leyve,' quath the lede,  
 'No stole thyng be here!'

*Videte ne furtum sit. Et alibi, Melius  
 est mori quam male vivere.*

This is no more to mene,  
 Bote men of holy churche  
 Sholde receyve ryght nauth  
 Bot that ryght wolde,  
 And refuse reverences  
 And raveneres offrynges;  
 Thenne wolde lordes and ladies  
 Be loth to agulte,  
 And to take of here tenaunts  
 More than treuthe wolde;  
 And marchauns merciable wolde be,  
 And men of lawe bothe.  
 Wold religeouse refuse  
 Raveneres almesse,  
 Then Grace sholde growe yut  
 And grene-leved wexe,  
 And Charité, that child is now,  
 Sholde chaufen of hem self,  
 And comforye all crystene,  
 Wold holy churche amende.  
 Job the parfit patriarch  
 This proverbe wrot and tauhte,  
 To makye a man lovye mesure,  
 That monkes beeth and freeres.

*Nunquam dicit Job, rugiet onager, etc.*

Throughout this part of the poem, Whitaker's text differs very much in words and phraseology from the one now printed, but it would take up too much space to point out all these variations.

10247. Job vi, 5.

10270. 2 Corinth, ix, 9.

10303. These sentences appear to be quotations from the fathers of the Latin Church.

10322. *Iussheburwes*. A foreign coin, much adulterated, common in England in the middle of the fourteenth century. Chaucer (C. T. 15445) uses the word in a very expressive passage:—

This maketh that oure wyfes wol assaye

Religious folk, for thay may better paye  
Of Venus payementes than may we:  
God woot! no *lusscheburghes* paye ye.

Among the foreign money, mostly of a base quality, which came into this country in the fourteenth century, the coinage of the counts of Luxemburg, or, as it was then called, Lusenburg (hence called *lussheburwes* and *lusscheburghes*), seems to have been the most abundant, and to have given most trouble. These coins were the subject of legislation in 1346, 1347, 1348, and 1351; so that the grievance must have been at its greatest height at the period to which the poem of Piers Ploughman especially belongs. Many of these coins are preserved, and found in the cabinets of collectors; they are in general very much like the contemporary English coinage, and might easily be taken for it, but the metal is very base.

**10368.** *Grammer, the ground of al.* In the scholastic learning of the middle ages, grammar was considered as the first of the seven sciences, and the foundation-stone of all the rest. See my Essay on Anglo-Saxon Literature, introductory to vol. i. of the *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, p. 72. The importance of grammar is thus stated in the *Image du Monde* of Gautier de Metz (thirteenth century):—

Li primeraine des vij. ars,  
Dont or n'est pas seus li quars,  
A ichest tans, chou est gramaire,  
Sans laquele nus ne vaut gaire  
Qui à clergie veut aprendre:  
Car petit puet sans li entendre.  
Gramaires si est fondemens  
De clergie et coumenchemens;  
Cou est li porte de science,  
Par cui on vient à sapience.  
De lettres en gramaire escole  
Qui ensegne et forme parole,  
Soit en Latin ou en Roumans,  
Ou en tous langages palans;  
Qui bien saroit toute gramaire,  
Toute parole saroit faire.  
Par parole fist Dius le monde,  
Et sentence est parole monde.

**10398.** *Corpus Christi feeste.* Corpus Christi day was a high festival of the Church of Rome, held annually on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in memory, as was said, of the miraculous confirmation of transubstantiation under pope Urban IV.

**10418.** *This Makometh.* This account of Mohammed was the one most popularly current in the middle ages. According to Hildebert, who wrote a life of the pseudo-prophet in Latin verse in the twelfth century, Mohammed was a Christian, skilled in magical arts, who, on the death of the patriarch of Jerusalem, aspired to succeed him:—

Nam male devotus quidam baptismate lotus,  
Plenus perfidia vixit in ecclesia.  
Nam cum transisset Pater illius urbis, et isset  
In cœlum subito corpore disposito,  
Tunc exaltari magus hic et pontificari  
Affectans avide; se tamen hæc pavide  
Dixit facturum, nisi sciret non nociturum  
Si præsul fiat, cum Deus hoc cupiat.

His intrigues being discovered, the emperor drives him away, and in revenge he goes and founds a new sect. The story of the pigeon (which is not in Hildebert) is found in Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. xxiii, c. 40. This story is said to be founded in truth. Neither of them are found in the Roman de Mahomet (by Alexander du Pont), written in the thirteenth century, and edited by MM. Reinaud and Michel, Paris, 1831, 8vo, a work which contains much information concerning the Christian notions relative to Mohammed in the middle ages.

**10478.** John xvi, 24.

**10481, 10486.** Matth. v, 13.

**10499.** *Elleven holy men.* The eleven apostles who remained after the apostasy of Judas and the crucifixion of their Lord.

**10550.** *Ne fesauntz y-bake.* The pheasant was formerly held in the same honour as the peacock (see before the note on l. 7915), and was served at table in the same manner. It was considered one of the most precious dishes. See Le Grand d'Aussy, Hist. de la Vie privée des François, ii, 19. The Miroir de l'Ome (MS. in the possession of Mr. Russell Smith) says (punning) of the luxurious prelates of the fourteenth century,—

Pour le phesant et le bon vin  
Le bien-faisant et le divin  
L'evesque laist à nonchalance;  
Si quiert la coupe et crusequin,  
Ainz que la culpe du cristin  
Pour corriger et mettre en cure.

10553. Matth. xxii, 4.

10581. Mark xvi, 15.

10585. *So many prelates.* 10699. *that huppe aboute in Engelond.* The pope appointed many titular bishops of foreign sees in which, from the nature of circumstances, they could not possibly reside, and who therefore were a burthen upon the church. Some of these prelates appear to have resorted to England, and to have exercised the episcopal functions, consecrating churches, &c. The church of Elsfield, in Oxfordshire, was consecrated by a foreign bishop. (See Kennett's Parochial Antiquities.)

10593. John x, 11.

10599. Matth. xx, 4, 7.

10606. Matth. vii, 7.

10617. Galat. vi, 14.

10632. *That roode thei honoure.* A cross was the common mark on the reverse of our English money at this period, and for a long time previous to it. The point of satirical wit in this passage of Piers Ploughman appears to be taken from the old Latin rhymes of the beginning of the thirteenth century. See the curious poem *De Cruce Denarii*, in Walter Mapes, p. 223. Another poem in the same volume (p. 38) speaks thus of the court of Rome:—

Nummis in hac curia non est qui non vacet;  
*Crux* placet, rotunditas, et albedo placet.

10637. *Shul torne as templers dide.* The suppression of the order of the Templars was at this time fresh in people's memories. It was the general belief, and not without some foundation, that the Templars had entirely degenerated from their original sanctity and faithfulness, and that before the dissolution of the order they were addicted to degrading vices and superstitions; and they were accused of sacrificing everything else to their grasping covetousness.

10659. *Whan Constantyn.* The Christian church began first to be endowed with wealth and power under the emperor Constantine the Great.

10649. Luke i, 52.

10695-10699. Instead of these lines, Whitaker's text has the following:—

And bereth name of Neptalym,  
Of Nynyve and Damaske.  
For when the holy kyng of hevne  
Sende hus sone to eerthe,  
Meny myracles he wroughte,  
Man for to turne,  
In ensample that men sholde  
See by sad reyson  
That men myghte nat be savede  
Bote thorw mercy and grace,  
And thorw penaunce and passioun,  
And parfycht byleyve;  
And bycam a man of a mayde,  
And *metropolitanus*  
And baptisede an busshoppede  
Whit the blode of hus herte,  
Alle that wilnede other wolde  
Whit inwhight byleyve hit.  
Meny seint sitthe  
Suffrede deth alsoo,  
For to enferme the faithe  
Ful wyde where deyden,  
In Inde and in Alisaundrie,  
In Ermanye, in Spayne;  
An fro mysbyleve  
Meny man turnede.  
In savacion of mannys saule  
Seynt Thomas of Cauntelbury  
Among unkynde Cristene

In holy churche was sleye,  
And alle holy churche  
Honourede for that deyinge:  
He is a forbusur to alle busshopes,  
And a bryghthe myrour,  
And sovereynliche to alle suche  
That of Surrye bereth name,  
And nat in Engelounde to huppe aboute,  
And halewen men auters.

In the remainder of this passus, Whitaker's text differs much from the one I have printed, but in such a manner that to give here the variations it would be necessary to reprint the whole. In the remainder of the poem, the variations are not great or important, being only such as we always find in different copies of poems which enjoyed considerable popularity.

10716. Isai. iii, 7.

10721. Malach. iii, 10.

10733. Luke x, 27. Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, et ex tota anima tua, et ex omni mente tua, et proximum tuum sicut teipsum.

10755. John xi, 43.

10787. *litlum and litlum*, by little and little, gradually. It is the pure Anglo-Saxon phrase. In the Anglo-Saxon version of Genesis xl, 10, the Latin *paulatim* is rendered by *lytlum and lytlum*.

10844. Psal. xxxvi, 24.

10891. Matth. xii, 32.

11000. Luke i, 38.

11023. Matth. ix, 12. Mark ii, 17. Luke v, 31.

11033. Matth. xxvi, 37.

11044. Matth. xi, 18.

11075. Matth. xxi, 13.

11121. Matth. xviii, 7.

11238. Matth. xxvii, 46, and Mark xv, 34.

11300. Rom. iv, 13.

11322. John i, 29 and 36.

11396. Matth. xx, 40.

11518, 11520. *lo! here silver ... two pens*. It must be remembered that at this period the mass of the coinage, including pence, halfpence, and farthings, was of silver; copper came into use for the smaller coinage at a later period. Two pence of Edward III would be worth about two shillings of our modern money.

11670. John xii, 32.

11708. *tu fabricator omnium*. This was one of the hymns of the catholic church.

11866. Luke xiii, 27.

11883. 1 Corinth. xiii, 1.

11894. Matth. vii, 21.

11998. *Thre thynges*. This proverb is frequently quoted by the satirical and facetious writers of the middle ages. Thus in Chaucer (C. T. 5860):—

Thou saist, that droppyng houses, and eek smoke,  
And chydying wyves, maken men to fle  
Out of here oughne hous.

In the poem entitled *Golias de Conjuge non ducenda*, in Walter Mapes, p. 83, the proverb is alluded to in the following words:—

Fumus, et mulier, et stillicidia,  
Expellunt hominem a domo propria.

There was an old French proverbial distich to the same effect,—

Fumée, pluye, et femme sans raison,  
Chassent l'homme de sa maison.

12040. 2 Corinth. [xii](#), 9.

12097. *to be dubbed*. These and the following lines contain a continued allusion to the ceremonies of knighthood and tournaments.

12106. Psal. cxvii, 26.

12211. Matth. xxvii, 54.

12232, 12244. *Longeus ... this blynde bachelor*. This alludes to one of the many legends which the monks engrafted upon the scripture history. Longeus is said to have been the name of the soldier who pierced the side of Christ with his spear; and it is pretended that he was previously blind from his birth, but that the blood of the Saviour ran down his spear, and a drop of it touching his eye, he was instantly restored to sight, by which miracle he was converted. See, in illustration of this subject, Halliwell's *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 334; *The Towneley Mysteries*, p. 321; *Jubinal, Mystères inédits du quinzisième Siècle*, tom. ii, pp. 254-257; &c.

12319, 12418, 12420. *Mercy and Truthe, ... Pees ... Rightwisnesse*. Lydgate seems to have had this passage in his mind, when he described the four sisters in the following lines at the commencement of one of his poems (MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 21):—

Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn  
Briht as the sonne with his beemys cleer,  
Pees and Justicia walkyng on the pleyn,  
And with foure sustryn, moost goodly of ther cheer,  
List nat departe nor severe in no maneer,  
Of oon accord by vertuuous encrees,  
Joyned in charité, pryncessis moost enteer,  
Mercy and Trouthe, Rihtwisnesse and Pees.

12361. *a tale of Waltrot*. This name, like Wade in Chaucer, appears to have been that of a hero of romances and tales, or a personage belonging to the popular superstitions. Perhaps it may be connected with the old German *Waltschrat* (*satyrus, pilosus*). See Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 270.

12438. Psal. xxix, 6.

12566. Matth. xiv, 28.

12599. *a spirit speketh to helle*. The picture of the "Harrowing of Hell," which here fol, bears a striking resemblance to the analogous scene in the old *Mysteries*, particularly in that edited by Mr. Halliwell under this title, 8vo, 1840. Compare the play on the same subject in the *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 244.

12601. Psal. xxiii, 7, 9.

12645, 12669, 12676. *sevene hundred wynter ... thritty wynter ... two and thritty wynter*. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers always counted duration of time by *winters* and *nights*; for so many years, they said so many winters, and so many nights for so many days. This form continued long in popular usage, and still remains in our words *fortnight* and *se'nnight*.

12663. *Gobelyn*. Goblin is a name still applied to a devil. It belongs properly to a being of the old Teutonic popular mythology, a hob-goblin, the "lubber-fiend" of the poet, and seems to be identical with the German *kobold*. (See Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 286.) *Gobelin* occurs as the name of one of the shepherds in the *Mystery of the Nativity*, printed by M. Jubinal in his *Mystères inédits*, vol. ii, p. 71. It occurs as the name of a devil in a song of the commencement of the fourteenth century, *Political Songs*, p. 238:—

Sathanas huere syre  
Seyde on is sawe,  
Gobelyn made is gerner  
Of gromene mawe.

12679. *to warne Pilates wif*. This is an allusion to a popular legend prevalent at this time that the devil wished to hinder Christ's crucifixion, and that he appeared to Pilate's wife in a dream, and caused her to beseech her husband not to condemn the Saviour. It was founded on the passage in Matthew xxvii, 19. *Sedente autem illo pro tribunali, misit ad eum uxor ejus, dicens: Nihil tibi et justo illi: multa enim passa sum hodie per visum propter eum*. The most complete illustration of the passage of *Piers Ploughman* will be found in Halliwell's *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 308, "Pilate's Wife's Dream."

12691. *And now I se wher a soule / Cometh hiderward seillynge, / With glorie, &c*. With this beautiful passage may be compared a very similar one in the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton:—

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,  
*Comes this way sailing*  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim.

12753. *y-lik a lusard*. In the illuminations of manuscripts representing the scene of the temptation, the serpent is often figured with legs like a lizard or crocodile, and a human face.

12759. Matth. v, 38.

12781. Matth. v, 17.

12801. *thorough a tree*. Some of the medieval legends go still farther, and pretended that the tree from which the wood of the cross was made was descended directly from a plant from the tree in Paradise of which Adam and Eve were tempted to eat the fruit.

12805. Psal. vii, 16.

12840. Psal. l, 6.

12876. 2 Corinth. xii, 4.

12886. Psal. cxlii, 2.

12896. *Astroth*. This name, as given to one of the devils, occurs in a curious list of actors in the Miracle Play of St. Martin, given by M. Jubinal, in the preface to his *Mystères inédits*, vol. ii, p. ix. It is similarly used in the Miracle Play of the Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, Jubinal, *ib.* vol. i, p. 69. In one of the Towneley Mysteries (p. 246), this name is likewise given to one of the devils:—

Calle up *Astarot* and *Anaballe*,  
To gyf us counselle in this case.

12937. Psal. lxxxiv, 11.

12943. Psal. cxxxii, 1.

13222. 1 Sam. xviii, 7.

13274. Luke xxiv, 46.

13317. John xx, 29.

13375. *Veni creator spiritus*. The first line of the hymn at vespers, on the feast of Pentecost.

13412. 1 Corinth. xii, 4.

13550. Cato, Distich. 14, lib. ii:—

Esto forti animo cum sis damnatus inique;  
Nemo diu gaudet qui iudice vincit iniquo.

13789. *I knew nevere cardynal*. The contributions levied upon the clergy for the support of the pope's messengers and agents was a frequent subject of complaint in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

13807. *At Avynone among the Jewes*. In the middle ages there was a large congregation of Jews at Avignon, as in most of the principal cities in the south of France. In the civil dissensions which disturbed Italy during this century, the pope was frequently obliged to take shelter at Avignon and other places within the French territory.

13825. Matth. v, 45.

13855. Rom. xii, 19; Hebr. x, 30.

14142. *Kynde cessede*. The lines which follow contain an allusion to the dissipation of manners which followed the pestilence.

14191, 14196. *Westmynstre Halle ... the Arches*. The law courts have been held at Westminster from the earliest Anglo-Norman times, it being the king's chief palace. The court of the arches was a very ancient consistory court of the archbishop of Canterbury, held at Bow church in London, which was called St. Mary de Arcubus or St. Mary le Bow, from the circumstance of its having been built on arches.

14211. *leet daggen hise clothes*. An account of the mode in which the rich fashionable robes of the dandies of the fourteenth century were dagged, or cut in slits at the edges and borders, will



be found in any work on costume: it is frequently represented in the contemporary illuminations in manuscripts. Chaucer, in the "Persones Tale," when treating of pride and of the "superfluities of clothing," speaks of "the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so moche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, so moche *dagging of sheres*," &c. And again, "if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and *dagged* clothing to the povre peple, it is not convenient to were for hir estate," &c. In the Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of Richard II (printed for the Camden Society), p. 21, the clergy is blamed for not preaching against the new fashions in dress:—

For wolde they blame the burnes  
That broughte newe gysis,  
And dryve out *the dagges*  
And alle the Duches cotis.

Whitaker gives the following singular explanation of this passage:—"Let *dagge hus clothes*, probably, let them fall to the ground, or divested himself of them; for warriors are 'succinct' for battle as well as 'for speed!'"

[14269](#). *A glazene howve*. I suppose this means that, in return for his gold, Physic gave him a hood of glass, *i. e.* a very frail protection for his person.

[14367](#). *of the Marche of Walys*. Whitaker's text reads, *of the Marche of Yrelonde*. The clergy of the Welsh border appear, from allusions in other works, to have been proverbial for their ignorance and irregularity of life.

[14438](#). Psal. cxlvi, 4.

[14444](#). *wage menne to werre*. This is a curious account of the composition of an army in the fourteenth century.

[14482](#). Exod. xx, 17.

[14511](#). *suffre the dede in dette, i. e.*, The friars persuade people to leave to them, under pretence of saving their souls, the property which was due to their creditors, and thus, after their death, their debts remain unpaid.

[14615](#), [14617](#). *this lymytour ... he salvede so oure wommen*. The whole of this passage, taken with what precedes, is an amusing satire upon the limitour. Compare the description of the limitour given by Chaucer in the Canterbury Tales, ll. 208-271, who alludes to his kindness for the women. The limitour was a friar licensed to visit and beg within certain limits. His pertinacity and inquisitiveness in visiting, alluded to in the name given him in Piers Ploughman (Sir Penetrans-domos), is admirably satirized by Chaucer, in the opening of the "Wif of Bathes Tale:"—

In olde dayes of the kyng Arthour,  
Of which that Britouns speken gret honour,  
Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie;  
The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,  
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede.  
This was the old oppynyoun, as I rede  
I speke of many hundrid yer ago;  
But now can no man see noon elves mo.  
For now the grete charité and prayeres  
Of lymytours and other holy freres,  
That sechen every lond and every strem,  
As thik as motis in the sonne-beem,  
Blesynge halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,  
Citees and burghes, castels hihe, and toures,  
Thropes and bernes, shepnes and dayeries,  
This makith that ther ben no fayeries:  
For ther as wont was to walken an elf,  
Ther walkith noon but the lymytour himself,  
In undermeles and in morwenynges,  
And saith his matyns and his holy thinges,  
As he goth in his lymytacioun.

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#### NOTES TO THE CREED.

[65](#). *a Minoure*. These were the Gray or Franciscan Friars, founded at the beginning of the thirteenth century by St. Francis of Assise. They are supposed to have come to England in 1224, when they settled, first at Canterbury, and afterwards at London.

[75](#). *a Carm*. [95](#). *Maries men*. The Carmelites, or White Friars, pretended to be of great antiquity, and were originally established at Mount Carmel, from whence they were driven by the Saracens about the year 1238. They were brought into England in 1244, and settled first at Alnwick in

Northumberland, and at Ailesford in Kent.

About the date (or a little before) of our poem, the Carmelites appear to have been very active in asserting in a boasting manner the superiority of their order over the others. An anecdote told by Fuller (History of Cambridge, p. 113), under the year 1371, affords a curious illustration. "John Stokes, a Dominican, born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, but studying in Cambridge, as champion of his order, fell foul on the Carmelites, chiefly for calling themselves 'The brothers of the Blessed Virgin,' and then by consequence all knew whose uncle they pretend themselves. He put them to prove their pedigree by Scripture, how the kindred came in. In brief, Bale saith, 'he left red notes in the white coats of the Carmelites,' he so belaboured them with his lashing language. But John Hornby a Carmelite (born at Boston in Lincolnshire) undertook him, called by Bale Cornutus, by others Hornet-bee, so stinging his stile. He proved the brotherhood of his order to the Virgin Mary by visions, allowed true by the infallible popes, so that no good Christian durst deny it."

**130.** *Freres of the Pye.* The Fratres de Pica, or Friars of the Pye, are said to have received their name from the circumstance of their wearing their outer garment black and white like a magpie. Very little is known of their history. They are said to have had but one house in England.

**143.** *Robartes men.* See before the notes on the Vision, ll. 88 and ll. 3410.

**155.** *miracles of mydwyves.* The monks had many relics and superstitious practices to preserve and aid women in childbirth. One of the commissioners for the suppression of the monasteries mentions among the relics of a house he had visited, "Mare Magdalens girdell, and yt is wrappyde and coveride with white, sent also with gret reverence to women traveling:" he had previously spoken of "oure Lades gyrdell of Bruton, rede silke, wiche is a solemne reliquie sent to women travelyng wiche shall not miscarie *in partu.*" (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 249.) See the account of a gem, which had a similar virtue, in Matthew Paris's History of the Abbots of St. Albans.

**305.** *the Prechoures.* The Black Friars, or Dominicans, were founded by St. Dominic, a Spanish monk of the end of the eleventh century. They were called Friars Preachers, because their chief duty was to preach and convert heretics. They came into England in 1221, and had their first houses in Oxford.

**327.** *posternes in privité.* These private posterns are frequently alluded to in the reports of the Commissioners for the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. One of them, speaking of the abbey of Langden, says, "Wheras immediatly descendyng fro my horse, I sent Bartlett your servant, with all my servantes to circumcept the abbay and surely to kepe *all bake dorres and startyng hoilles*, and I myself went alone to the abbottes logeyng joyning upon the feldes and wode, *evyn lyke a cony clapper full of startyng hoilles.*" (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 127.) Another commissioner (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 35), in a letter concerning the monks of the Charter-house in London, says, "These charterhowse monkes wolde be callyde solytary, but to the cloyster dore ther be above xxiiij. keys in the handes of xxiiij. persons, and hit is lyke my letters, unprofytable tayles and tydinges and sumtyme perverse concell commythe and goythe by reason therof. Allso to the buttrey dore ther be xij. sundrye keys in xij. [mens] handes wherin symythe to be small husbandrye."

**351.** *merkes of merchauntes.* Their ciphers or badges painted in the windows. For examples, see the note in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. ii, p. 98, last edition.

**481.** *euelles.* Perhaps for *evel-les*, *i. e.* without evil.

**534.** *the Austyns.* The Austin Friars, or Friars Eremites of the order of St. Augustine, came into England about the year 1250. Before the end of the fourteenth century they possessed a great number of houses in this island.

**566.** *the foure ordres.* The four principal orders of Mendicant Friars. See [note](#) on the Vision, l. 116.

**721.** *harkne at Herdforthe.* This appears to be an allusion to some event which had recently occurred among the Franciscans at Hertford, or at Hereford: if the latter, perhaps they had been active in the persecution of Walter Brut. [See below](#), l. 1309.

**745.** *than ther lefte in Lucifere.* Than there existed in Lucifer, before his fall. See before, the [note](#) on l. 681 of the Vision.

**771.** *couuen.* Probably an error of the old printed edition for *connen*.

**869.** *lath.* Perhaps an error of the printer of the first edition for *lay*.

**911.** Matth. vii, 15.

**913.** *werwolves.* People who had the power of turning themselves into, or were turned into, wolves. This fearful superstition, which is very ancient, was extremely prevalent in the middle ages. In French they were called *Loup-garous*. The history of a personage of this kind forms the subject of the *Lai de Bisclaveret*, by Marie de France. Sir Frederick Madden has published a very remarkable Early-English metrical romance on the subject of "William and the Werwolf." See on this superstition Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 620-622.

954. *Golias*. There is perhaps here an allusion to the famous satire on the Monkish orders entitled *Apocalypsis Goliae*, printed among the poems of Walter Mapes.

967. *the kynrede of Caym*. In the popular belief of the middle ages, hob-goblins and evil spirits (which haunted the wilds and the waters) literally, and bad men figuratively, were represented as being descended from the first murderer, Cain. In Old-English poetry, *Caymes kyn* is a common epithet for very wicked people. In the Anglo-Saxon romance of *Beowulf*, the Grendel is said to be of "Cain's kin."

1051. *wytnes on Wyclif*. In the persecutions to which Wycliffe was subjected for his opinions in 1382, his most violent opponents were the Mendicants. He died in 1384, quietly at his living of Lutterworth.

1189. *a lymytoure*. See before, the [note](#) on l. 14615 of the Vision.

1178. *stumlen in tales*. An allusion to the idle and superstitious tales with which the monks filled their sermons, in place of simple and sound doctrine.

1309. *Water Brut*. Walter Brut (or Bright) was a native of Herefordshire, and was prosecuted by the Bishop of Hereford for heresy in 1393. A long account of his defence will be found in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*.

1401. *Hildegare*. I suppose this refers to St. Hildegardis, a nun who flourished in the middle of the twelfth century, and who was celebrated among the Roman Catholics as a prophetess. Her prophecies are not uncommon in manuscripts, and they have been printed. Those which relate to the future corruptions in the monkish orders are given in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, book vi, and in other works.



## GLOSSARY.

[The figures in the following Glossary refer to the *page* of the text. Words preceded by a †, occur only in the CREED. A.S. and A.N. distinguish the two different languages of which our own is composed, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman.]

### A.

a, prefixed to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, has sometimes a negative, sometimes an intensative power: before nouns and adjectives it represents *on* and *at*, as, a-brood, a-fore (æ-t-foran), a-rowe (i. e. *on a row*), a-loft (i. e. *on high*), &c. In words of Anglo-Norman origin, it answers to the prepositions, *a*, *ab*, *ad*, of the original Latin words

a (A.N.) 355, *ah!* (an interjection)

abidyng (A.S.) 413, *patient*

abiggen (A.S.) 35, 127, abien, 58, abugge, 122, abye, 164, abyen, 393, *to make amends for, to atone for. pret. s. abouthte, 168, 190, 231, 268. part. past, aboutht, 392*

abite (A.S.) 331, *to bite, nip*

a-blende (A.S.) 377, a-blynden, *to blinde, dazzle. pret. s. a-blente, 388*

abosten (A.N.) 126, *to assault*

abouten, aboute (A.S.) *about*

a-brood (A.S.) *abroad*

ac (A.S.) *but, and*

a-cale (A.S.) 393, *cold*. It occurs in the Romance of the Seven Sages (Weber, p. 59):

That night he sat wel sore *a-kale*,  
And his wif lai warme a-bedde.

accidie (A.N.) 99, *sloth, a fit of slothfulness*

acombren (A.N.) *to embarrass, bring into trouble*

acorden (A.N.) *to agree, accord*

acorse, acursen (A.S.) 375, *to curse*. acorsed, 375, *accursed*

acoupen (A.N.) 272, *to blame, accuse*. (for acoulpen)

a-drad (A.S.) 397, *afraid*

a-drenchen (A.S.) 198, *to drown*

afaiten, 291, affaiten 81, 119, (A.N.) *to tame*

a-feren (A.S.) 395, 435, *to frighten, drive away*. a-fered, 376, *afraid, terrified*

affraynen (A.S.) 347, *to ask, question, interrogate*

afore (A.S.) *before*

aforthe (A.S.) 129, *to afford*

afrounte (A.N.) *to encounter, attack, accost rudely*. pret. s. afrounted, 425

a-fyngred (A.S.) 133, 176, 283, 403, *a-hungred, hungry*

a-furst (A.S.) 176, 283, *a-thirst, thirsty*. The two forms, *a-fyngred* and *a-furst*, appear to be characteristic of the dialect of the counties which lay on the Welsh border. They occur once or twice in MS. Harl. 2253, which, in my *Specimens of Lyric Poetry*, I have shown to have been written in Herefordshire. They also occur in several other manuscripts which may probably be traced to that part of England. In the *Romance of Horn*, in the MS. just mentioned, we have the lines:—

Horn set at grounde,  
Him thohte he wes y-bounde,  
He seide, Quene, so hende,  
To me hydeward thou wende.  
Thou shench us with the vurste,  
The beggares bueth *a-furste*.

i. e. the beggars are thirsty. Whitaker gives a very remarkable translation of *a-furst and a-fyngred*, i. e. *frost-bitten, and with aching fingers*. Ritson has no less inaccurately explained *a-furste* in the *Romance of Horn*, by *at first*: the Cambridge MS. of this *Romance*, earlier and better than the MS. Harl., reads:—

Thu gef us with the furste,  
The beggeres beoth *of thurste*.

ayein (A.S.) *again, in return for*. ayeins, *against, towards*

a-gulte (A.S.) 273, 313, 318, 365, *to fail in duty towards any one, offend, sin against*

aiels (A.N.) 314, *forefathers*

†aisliche (A.S.) 471, *fearfully*. The Anglo-Saxon *egeslice*

aken (A.S.) *to ache*. pret. pl. oke, 359

al (A.S.) *all*. pl. alle, *gen. pl. alre, aller*. oure aller fader, 342, *the father of us all*. your aller heed, 424, *head of you all*

a-leggen (A.N.) 207, *to allege*

a-liry (A.S.) 124, *across, cross-legged*

alkenamy (A.N.) 186, *alchemy*

allowen (A.N.) 294, *to allow, approve*

a-loft (A.S.) 378, *on high*

almarie (A.N.) 288, *a cupboard*

almesse (A.S.) *alms*

a-lough, a-logh (A.S.) 241, 242, *below*

†aloute (A.S.) 495, *to salute*

als (A.S.) *also*

a-maistren, a-maistryen (A.N.) *to overcome, be master of*

amenden (A.N.) *to make amends for*

amercy (A.N.) *to amerce*

amortisen (A.N.) 314, *to amortize, to give property in mortmain*

ampulle (A.N.) 109, *a small vessel containing holy water or oil*

an (A.S.) 2, *on*

ancren (A.S.) 3, 308, *anachorites, monks who live in solitude*. It is applied to nuns, in the early English Rule of Nuns. See *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 1

and (A.S.) the conjunction, is frequently used in the sense of *if*. and men crye, 362, *if men cry*

aniente (A.N.) 365, *to destroy, annihilate, reduce to nothing*

anoon (A.S.) *anon*

anoy (A.N.) *annoyance*

†anuel (A.N.) 475, *an annuity*: a yearly salary paid to a priest for keeping an anniversary

apayen (A.N.) 123, *to satisfy, to please*

apeiren (A.N.) 80, 111, 125, 127, 141, *to lessen, diminish, impair*

apertli (A.N.) *openly*

appenden, apenden (A.N.) 17, *to belong, appertain to*

apposen (A.N.) 18, 43, 252, 318, *to raise questions, to object*

arate (A.S.) 208, 283, *to rate, scold, correct* (the A.S. aretan?)

arayen (A.N.) *to array*

arere (A.N.) *backwards, back*

arwe, *pl.* arewes (A.S.) 438, *an arrow*

arst (A.S.) 287, *first, erst*

ascapen (A.N.) *to escape*

askes (A.S.) *ashes*

asondry (A.S.) 358, *separated*

aspere (A.N.) 303, *to spare*

aspien (A.N.) *to espy. part. s. aspied*, 350

assaien, assaie (A.N.) 334, 336, *to assay, try*

assetz (A.N.) 362, *assets sufficient to pay the debts or legacies of a testator*. A law term

assoille (A.N.) 57, 188, 407, 419, *to assoil, absolve, to explain or solve*

astronomien (Lat.) *an astronomer*

a-thynken (A.S.) 374, *to repent*

attachen (A.N.) 40, *to attach, indict*

atte (A.S.) *at the*. atte nale, 124, *at the ale*, a corruption of the Saxon, æt þan ale

attre (A.S.) 243, *poison, venom*

a-tweyne (A.S.) *in two*

aught (A.S.) *something, anything, everything*

auncer (A.N.) 90, *a small vessel or cup*. In Low-Latin it is called *anceria*. See Ducange, s. v., who quotes from a charter of the date of 1320 the words, *Una cum cuppis, anceriis, tonis, et aliis utensilibus*

auntren (A.N.) *to venture, adventure, pret. s. auntrede, 382, auntred, 435*

auter, *pl. auteres* (A.N.) *altar*

avarouser (A.N.) *more avaricious*

aventrous (A.N.) *370, adventurers, adventurous persons*

aventure (A.N.) *an adventure, an accident. an aventure, 47, by adventure, by chance*

avoutrye (A.N.) *adultery*

avowen (A.N.) *to make a vow*

avowes (A.N.) *vows, promises*

awaiten (A.N.) *346, to watch, wait. a-wayte, 193, to see or discover by watching*

awaken (A.S.) *to awake. pret. s. awaked, 396, awakned, 424, a-wook, 147, part. past, awaked, 425*

awreken (A.S.) *to avenge, revenge. part. pas. a-wroke, 129*

†awyrrien (A.S.) *490, to curse, execrate*

axen (A.S.) *71, to ask. pret. s. asked, 81*

ay (A.S.) *ever, always*

#### B.

bakstere (A.S.) *14, 47, a woman who bakes*

bale (A.S.) *70, 209, 381, 371 (?)*, evil, mischief, punishment

†bale (A.S.) *490, a bon-fire (rogus)*

baleis (A.N.) *184, 229, a rod*

baleisen (A.N.) *87, to beat with a rod*

balled (A.S.) *436, bald. balled reson, 176, a bald reason, a bare argument*

ballok-knyf (A.S.) *302, a knife hung from the girdle*

bannen, banne (A.N.) *18, 143, 167, 310, to ban, curse, banish. pret. s. banned, 173*

banyer (A.N.) *321, a banner-bearer, standard-bearer*

barn (A.S.) *353, a child*

baselarde (A.N.) *61, 302, a kind of large dagger, carried in the girdle*

batauntliche (A.N.) *286, hastily. Cotgrave gives the Fr. phrase, il arriva tout batant, he came very hastily*

baude (A.S.) *a bawd*

baudy (A.N.) *88, dirty, applied to garments. Thus in Chaucer, Cant. T. l 16102:—*

His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite  
As in effect to him, so mote I go.  
It is al *baudy* and to-tore also.

baw (A.S.) *210, 419, an interjection of contempt. Whitaker says that the word is still used in Lancashire, and that "the verb means *alvum levare*"*

bayard (A.N.) *72, a term for a horse. It means properly a bay horse*

beau-peere (A.N.) *383, a common title for a monk. "Beau-pere, titre que l'on donnoit aux religieux." Roquef.*

beche (A.S.) *a beech-tree*

bede, *pl. bedes* (A.S.) *prayer. Our modern word beads is derived from this word, because it was by such articles, hung on a cord, that our forefathers reckoned the number of their prayers*

bedeman (A.S.) *45, a person who prays for another*

†been (A.S.) *493, bees*

beigh (A.S.) *pl. beighes, rings, bracelets, collars*

bekene (A.S.) 363, *a beacon*

†beldyng (A.S.) 483, *building*. belded, 483, *built*

†bellyche (A.N.) 461, *fairly*

bel-sire (A.N.) 168, *grandfather*, or rather, *an ancestor*

belwe (A.S.) 222, *to bellow*

ben (A.S.) *to be*. *pres. pl.* arn, aren *or* ben, we beth, 391, ye aren, 301, they arn, 375. *subj. sing.* weere, 15, 19, 417, *pl.* were. what she were, 19

bene (A.S.) *a bean*, †*pl.* benen (A.S.) 495, *beans*

†beneson (A.N.) 489, *blessing*

†beouten (A.S.) 489, *without*

beren, bere (A.S.) *to bear*. *pr. s.* he berth, 341. *pret. s.* bere, 54, bar, 28, 109, *pl.* baren, 98. *part. pas.* born, y-bore, 377

bergh (A.S.) 112, *a hill, mount*

bern (A.S.) 416, *a barn*

best, beest, *pl.* beestes (A.N.) *a beast, animal*

bet (A.S.) 389, *better*

bete (A.S.) 375, *to beat*. *pret. s.* bette, 184, 436. *part. pas.* y-bet

bete (A.S.) 131, *to amend, heal, abate*. that myghtt not bete my bale (Sir Amadas, l. 46), *that might not amend my misfortune*. bete his nede (Rom. of Alexand. l. 5065, in Weber), *to satisfy his need*

bettere (A.S.) *better*

bi- *or* be- is a very common prefix to words in our language derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and has chiefly an intensative power, although it modifies the meaning in various degrees. Many verbs are no longer known, except in this compound form. Thus we have:—

bi-dravelen (A.S.) 88, *to slobber or slaver on anything*

bi-fallen (A.S.) *to befall, happen*. *pr. sing.* bifel

bi-yete (A.S.) *begetting, offspring*

bi-ginnen (A.S.) *to begin*. *pret. s.* bi-gonne, 106

bi-heste (A.S.) 50, *a behest, command*

bi-hest (A.S.) 432, *a promise*

bi-holden (A.S.) *to behold*. *pr. sing.* biheeld

†bi-hirnen (A.S.) 488 (?)

bi-hoten (A.S.) *to promise*. *pres. s.* bi-hote, 104. *pret. s.* bi-highte, 81, 345, 389. bi-hote God, 133, *an exclamation*

by-japen (A.S.) 386, 453, *to mock*

bi-kennen (A.S.) 31, 154, *to commit to*

bi-knowen (A.S.) 13, 45, *to know, recognize, acknowledge*. *pret. s.* bi-knewe, 404, *part. past,* bi-knowe, 370

bi-lien (A.S.) 174, bi-lye, 101, *to calumniate*. *part. past,* bi-lowen, 29

bi-love (A.S.) 184, *false love* (?)

bi-loven (A.S.) 130, *to make friends* (?)

by-menen (A.S.) *to signify*. *pret. s.* by-mente, 370

by-molen (A.S.) 273, 274, *to spot, stain*

by-nymen (A.S.) *to take from*. *part. past,* by-nomen, 62

bi-quasshen (A.S.) 384, *to crush to pieces*

bi-reve (A.S.) 132, *to take from, bereave*  
 bi-rewe (A.S.) 242, *to rue*  
 bi-seken, bi-sechen, 18 (A.S.) *to beseech. pret. bi-soughte. part. pas. bi-sought*  
 bi-semen (A.S.) *to appear*  
 bi-setten (A.S.) 93, 95, *to place, set*  
 bi-seggen (A.S.) *to reproach, insult. part. past, bi-seye, 437*  
 bi-sherewen (A.S.) 75, *to curse*  
 bi-shetten (A.S.) 40, *to shut up. part. past, bi-shet, 405*  
 bi-sitten (A.S.) 36, 195, *to beset*  
 †be-slomered, 476, *bedaubed*  
 bi-snewed (A.S.) 301, *snowed over, covered with snow*  
 bi-speren (A.S.) 303, *to lock up*  
 bi-swynken (A.S.) 323, *to labour hard. pret. pl. bi-swonke, 442*  
 bi-tiden (A.S.) *to happen to, betide*  
 bi-wicchen (A.S.) 405, *to bewitch*  
 bicche (A.N.) 98, *a bitch*  
 bidden, bidde (A.S.) *to pray, to ask, beg, to require, to order. pres. s. he bit, 308, 188. pret. s. bidde, bad, pl. beden, 372, 404. part. act. biddynge. (if he) bede, 157*  
 bidder (A.S.) *pl. bidderes, an asker, petitioner*  
 biden (A.S.) 387, 428, *to bide, wait. part. past, boden*  
 bienfait (A.N.) *a benefit*  
 bi-girdle (A.S.) 156, *a bag to hang at the girdle, a purse*  
 bi-hynde (A.S.) *behind*  
 bikere (A.S.) 429, *to skirmish, fight*  
 †bild (A.S.) 460, *a building*  
 bile (A.S.) *a bill*  
 bilyve (A.S.) 410, 425, *food*  
 bynden (A.S.) *to bind. pret. s. bond, 352. part. pas. bounden*  
 bisie (A.S.) *busy*  
 bismere, bismare (A.S.) 82, 413, *infamy, reproach, disgrace*  
 biten, bite (A.S.) 446, *to bite, urge. pres. s. bitit, 225. pret. s. boot, 82*  
 byte (A.S.) 381, *a morsel, bit*  
 bi-time (A.S.) *betimes*  
 bittre (A.S.) 393, *bitterly*  
 bi-yonde (A.S.) *beyond: when used indefinitely it signifies beyond sea, ultra mare*  
 blancmanger (A.N.) 252, *a made dish for the table. Receipts for cooking it are given in most of the early tracts on cookery*  
 bleden (A.S.) *to bleed. pret. s. bledde, 402, 415*  
 blenche (A.S.) 112, *to draw back*  
 blende (A.S.) 181, *to blind. blent, blinded*  
 †blenyng (A.S.) 468, *blistering*  
 bleren (A.S.) *to blear, to make a person's sight dim, impose upon him. bler-eighed, 367, blear-eyed*



blisse (A.S.) *joy, happiness*

blisful (A.S.) *joyful, full of happiness, blessed*

bloody (A.S.) [129](#), [213](#), *by blood, of or in blood*

bloo (A.S.) *blue*

blosmen (A.S.) *to blossom. pret. blosmede*

blowen (A.S.) *to blow. pret. s. blewe, blew. part. past, y-blowe, [360](#)*

blustren (A.N. ?) [108](#), *to wander or stray along without any particular aim*

bochier (A.N.) *a butcher*

†bode ( ) [493](#) (?)

bolden (A.S.) *to encourage, embolden*

bole (A.S.) *a bull*

bolc (A.S.) [100](#), *a belching*

bolle (A.S.) [83](#), [99](#), *a bowl*

bollen, bolne (A.S.) *to swell. pres. s. bolneth, [84](#)*

book, *pl. bokes* (A.S.) *a book*

boold (A.S.) [373](#), *bold*

boon (A.S.) *a bone*

boor (A.S.) *a boar*

boot (A.S.) *a boat*

boote (A.S.) [70](#), [139](#), [189](#), [209](#), [233](#), [266](#), *help, reparation, amendment, restoration, remedy*

bootne (A.S.) *to restore, remedy. part. pas. bootned, [128](#)*

boot-les (A.S.) [369](#), *without boots*

borde (A.S.) *table. Hence the modern use of the word board when we speak of "board and lodging"*

bord-lees (A.S.) [239](#), *without table*

borgh, [70](#), [143](#), [181](#), [346](#). borugh, [426](#), [439](#), *pl. borwes, [19](#) (A.S.) a pledge, surety. s. in obj. case, borwe, [285](#)*

borwen (A.S.) [71](#), *to give security, or a pledge to release a person or thing, to bail, to borrow. pret. s. borwed*

bosarde (A.N.) [189](#), *a worthless or useless fellow. It is properly the name of a worthless species of hawk, which is unfit for sporting; and is thus used in Chaucer's version of the Romance of the Rose, l. 4033:—*

This have I herde ofte in saying,  
That man ne maie for no daunting  
Make a sperhawke of a *bosarde*.

The original is,—

Ce oï dire en reprovier,  
Que l'en ne puet fere espervier  
En nule guise d'ung *busart*.

bosten (A.S.) *to boast. part. past, y-bosted, [351](#)*

bote-lees (A.S.) [381](#), *without remedy*

botenen (A.N.) *to button. †part. past, y-botend, [468](#), buttoned*

bothe (A.S.) *both. The genitive, botheres, of both, occurs. hir botheres myghtes, [340](#), the might of both of them. hir botheres right, [371](#), the right of each of them.*

botrasen (A.N.) [113](#), *to make buttresses to a building*

bouchen (A.N.) [5](#), *to stop people's mouths (?)*

bouken (A.S.) 274, 306, *to buck (clothes)*

bour (A.S.) *a bower, chamber*

bourde (A.S.) *a game, joke*

bourdyngge (A.N.) 297, *jesting*

ourn, *g. bournes* (A.S.) *a stream or river*

bowe (A.S.) 112, *a bough, branch*

bown (A.S.) 37, *ready*

boy (A.S.) 6 (?)

boye (A.S.) 214, *a lad servant*

bredden (A.S.) *to breed. pret. pl. bredden*

brede (A.S.) *breadth*

breed (A.S.) *bread*

breeth (A.S.) 388, *breath*

breken (A.S.) *to break, tear. pret. s. brak, 388. part. pas. y-broken, broke, y-broke, 416*

breme (A.S.) 241, *vigorous, fierce, furious*. Chaucer, C. T. l. 1701, speaking of Arcite and Palamon, says they—"foughten breme, as it were bolles two," *fought as fiercely as two bulls*. In the Romance of Sir Amadas (Weber, p. 250) a person is described as coming "lyke a breme bare," *like a fierce boar*. It appears to be most commonly applied to animals. In the Towneley Mysteries, p. 197, Anna says to Cayphas, "Be not to breme," *be not too fierce*

brennen, brenne (A.S.) 360, *to burn. pret. s. brende, 367. part. pas. brent*

bresten (A.S.) *to burst, pret. s. brast, 127*

brevet (A.N.) 5, *a little brief or letter*

brewestere (A.S.) 14, 47, *a woman who brews*

brid, *pl. briddes* (A.S.) *a bird*

bringen (A.S.) *to bring. pret. s. broughte, broghte. part. past, y-brought, broght, 235*

brocage (A.N.) 33, 289, *a treaty by a broker or agent*. It is particularly applied to treaties of marriage, brought about in this way. In Chaucer's Romance of the Rose, l. 6971, Fals Semblant says,—

I entremete me of *brocages*.  
I maken pece, and mariages.

So in the Miller's Tale (C.T. 3375), it is said of Absolon,

He woweth hire by mene and by *brocage*,  
And swor he wolde ben hir owne page.

That is, he wooed her by the agency of another person, whom he employed to persuade her to agree to his wishes.

broches (A.N.) *brooches, jewels*.

broches, 362, *matches* (?)

brocour (A.N.) 31, 32, 45, 84, *a seller, broker, maker of bargains*

broke (A.S.) *a brook*

brok, *pl. brokkes* (A.S.) 119, *an animal of the badger kind*

brol (A.S.) 55, 494, 495, *a child, brat*. Reliquiæ Antiquæ, ii, 177:—

Whan hi commith to the world, hi doth ham silf sum gode,  
Al bot the wrech *brol* that is of Adamis blode.

brood (A.S.) *broad*

brotel (A.S.) 153, *weak, brittle, unsteady*

†brothels (A.S.) 496, *wretches, men of bad life*. In the Coventry Mysteries (Ed. Halliwell, p. 308),

the term is applied to the damned who suffer punishment in hell:—

In bras and in bronston the *brethellys* be brent,  
That wene in this werd my wyl for to werke.

In another play in the same collection, p. 217, it is applied to the woman taken in adultery:—

Com forthe, thou bysmare and *brothel* bolde.

brouke (A.S.) 209, *to enjoy, use, to brook*

brugg, *pl.* brugges (A.S.) *a bridge*

bruneste (A.S.) *brownest*

buggen, bugge (A.S.) 412, *to buy. pres. pl.* biggen. *pret.* boughte. *part. act.* buggynge, 410

bummen (A.S. ?) 90, *to taste (?)*

burde (A.S.) 44, 404, *a maiden, damsel, lady*

burdoun (A.N.) 108, *a staff*

burel (A.N.) *a kind of coarse brown woollen cloth.* burel clerkes, 191. Tyrwhit (Glos. to Chaucer) thinks this means *lay clerks*. In the *Canterbury Tales*, l. 7453, the friar says:—

And more we se of Goddis secré thinges,  
Than *borel folk*, although that thay ben kinges,  
We lyve in povert and in abstinence,  
And *borel folk* in riches and dispence.

The hoste says (l. 15440)—

Religioun hath take up al the corn  
Of tredyng, and we *burel men* ben schrympes.

*Borel folk* and *borel men* evidently mean *laymen*

burgage (A.N.) 48, *lands or tenements in towns, held by a particular tenure*

burgeise (A.S.) *burgess, inhabitant of a borough*

burghe (A.S.) 135, *burgh, town*

burghe (A.S.) *castrated*, applied to a hog. burghe swyn, 34, *a barrow hog*

burjonen (A.N.) 299, *to bud, or spring*

burn (A.S.) *pl.* burnes, *a man.* buyrn, 341, 346

†burwgh (A.S.) 458, *a castle, palace, or large edifice*

busk, *pl.* buskes (A.S.) 223, *a bush*

busken (A.S.) 44, 167, *to busk, go, to array, prepare*

buxom (A.S.) *obedient.* buxomnesse, *obedience*

C. K.

caas (A.N.) *case*

cacchen (A.S.) 236, *to catch, take. part. past,* caught, 361

cachepol (A.S.) 372, 373, *a catchpole*

kaiser, kayser (A.S.) 404, *an emperor*

cammoke (A.S.) 414, *a weed more commonly known by the name of rest-harrow (anonis)*

kan (A.S.) *can*

capul, caple (A.N.) 354, *pl.* caples, 415, 416, *a horse* (said to be derived from the Low-Latin *caballus*)

caractes (A.N.) 233, *characters*

cardiacle (Gr.) 266, 430, *a disease affecting the heart*

careful (A.S.) *pl.* carefulle, 403, *full of care*

carien (A.S.) *to carry*  
 caroyne, careyne (A.N.) *carrion, flesh, a corpse*  
 carpen (A.N.) 356, 400, *to talk, chat, tell. part. pas. y-carped, 313*  
 †cary (A.N. ?) 475, *a kind of coarse cloth*  
 casten (A.S.) *to cast*  
 catel (A.N.) 70, 78, 175, 437, *goods, property, treasure, possessions*  
 cauken (A.S. ?) 223, 241, a technical term, applied to birds at their time of breeding. It is found in the St. Albans Book of Hawking, 1496, sign. A. i.; "And in the tyme of their (the hawks') love, they calle, and not *cauke*."  
 kaurymaury, 81, *care, trouble?*  
 †cautel (A.N.) 469, *a cunning trick*  
 kaylewey ( . ) 334 (?)  
 kemben (A.S.) 174, *to comb*  
 kene (A.S.) *sharp, earnest*  
 kennen, kenne (A.S.) 355, 396, 410, *to teach, pres pl. konne, 3. imperat. kenne (teach), 20. pret. kenned, 67, 241, kennede, 409*  
 kepen, kepe (A.S.) *to keep, to abstain, 60. pret. pl. kepten, 235, 404. have kepe this man, 352, have this man to keep*  
 kernelen (A.N.) 113, *to embattle a building, build the battlements*  
 kerse (A.S.) 174, *cross*  
 kerven (A.S.) *to carve. †part. past, y-corven, 460*  
 kerver, 184, *a sculptor*  
 cesse (A.N.) 375, *to end, cease*  
 kevere (A.N.) 445, *to recover*  
 kex (A.S.) 361, *the dried stalk of hemlock*  
 chace (A.N.) 351, *to race, to go fast*  
 chaffare (A.S.) 131, 292, 301, 305, 338, *to deal, traffic, trade*  
 chaffare (A.S.) 3, 31, 85, 268, 305, *merchandise*  
 chalangen (A.N.) *to challenge, claim. chalangynge, 82. chalanged, 87*  
 chapitle (A.N.) *a chapter*  
 †chaple (A.N.) 485, *a chapel*  
 chapman (A.S.) *a merchant, buyer*  
 †chapolories (A.N.) 483, *chapelaries*  
 †charthous (A.N.) 490, *Carthusians*  
 chastilet (A.N.) *a little castle*  
 chatre (A.N.) 287, *to chatter*  
 chauncelrie (A.N.) *chancery*  
 cheke (A.S.) 68, *the cheek, maugree hire chekes, 68. We have in Chaucer, maugré thin eyen, maugré hire hed, &c. See Tyrwhit's Gloss, v. Maugre. One of these instances is exactly analogous to the passage of Piers Ploughman (C. T. l. 6467):—*  

And happed, al alone as sche was born,  
 He saugh a mayde walkyng him by-forn,  
 Of which mayden anoon *maugré hir heed*,  
 By verray fors byraft hir maydenhed.

 cheker (A.N.) *the exchequer*

chele (A.S.) 176, 439, *cold*

chepen (A.S.) 296, *to buy*

chepyng (A.S.) 68, 135, *market, sale*

cherl (A.S.) 210, *pl. cherles, 337, 375, a serf, peasant, churl*

†cherlich (A.N.) 485, *richly, sumptuously*

chervelle (A.S.) 134, *chervil, a plant which was eaten as a pot-herb (cerefolium)*

chese (A.S.) 296, *to choose*

cheeste, cheste (A.S.) 33, 169, 253, *dissension, strife, debate*

cheve (A.N.) 375, *to compass a thing, to succeed, or bring to an end, to obtain, adopt. pres. s. cheveth, 287. pret. pl. cheveden, 3, chewe, 381, 439. lat hem chewe as thei chosen, let them take as they choose*

chewen (A.N.) 26, 490, *to eschewe*

chibolle (A.N.) 134, *a kind of leek, called in French ciboule*

chicke, *pl. chicknes, 67 (A.S.) a chicken*

chevysaunce (A.N.) 92, 426, *an agreement for borrowing money*

chiden (A.S.) *to chide*

child (A.S.) *a child. gen. pl. childrene, 72*

chymenee (A.N.) 179, *a fire-place*

chirie-tyme, 86, *cherry-time*

chyvelen (A.S. ?) 88, *to become shrivelled*

†chol (A.S.) 464, *the jowl*

kidde, *see couthen*

kirk (A.S.) *a church*

kirtel (A.S.) *a kirtle, frock*

kissen (A.S.) 395, *to kiss. pret. s. kiste, 394*

kith, kyth (A.S.) 55, 324, 400, *relationship, family connection. to kith and to kyn, 268, to family connection and kindred*

kitone (A.N.) *kitten, young cat*

clawe (A.S.) 274, *to brush, to stroke*

clene (A.S.) *pure, clean. clenner, 410, purer. clenness, purity, cleanness*

clepen, clepe (A.S.) *to call. pret. cleped, 436. part. pas. cleped, 174*

clergie (A.N.) *science, clergy*

clerk (A.N.) *pl. clerkes, gen. pl. clerkene, 72, a scholar*

cler-matyn (A.N.) 135, *a kind of fine bread*

cleven (A.S.) *to split, cleave (intransitive). pret. s. cleef, 373*

cleymen (A.N.) 389, *to claim. pret. s. cleymede, 430*

cliket (A.N.) 114, *a kind of latch key. cliketten, 114, to fasten with a cliket. Tyrwhit explains the word simply as meaning a key—but in Piers Ploughman it is put so in immediate apposition with the word key, that it must have differed from it. In Chaucer, C. T. 9990, et seq. it appears to be the key of a garden gate:—*

This freissche May, that I spake of so yore,  
 In warm wex hath emprynted the *cliket*  
 That January bar of the smale wicket,  
 By which into his gardyn ofte he went;  
 And Damyan, that knew al hir entent,  
 The *cliket* counterfeted prively.

In a document of the date 1416, quoted by Ducange, v. *Cliquetus*, it is ordered that, Refectorarius semper teneat hostium refectorii clausum *cum cliqueto*

clynge (A.S.) 276, *to shrink, wither, pine*. Reliq. Antiquæ, vol. ii, p. 210:—

When eld me wol aweld, mi wele is awai;  
Eld wol keld, and *cling* so the clai.

clippe (A.S.) 359, 394, *to embrace, enfold*

clips (A.N. ?) 377, *an eclipse*

clyven (A.S.) 367, *to cleave, stick to*

clokken (A.N.) 45, *to limp or hobble, to walk lamely*

clomsen (A.N.) 276, *to shrink or contract*. A verb used often in the Wycliffite Bible. In Prompt. Parv. aclomsid.

clooth (A.S.) *cloth*

clouch (A.S.) *pl. clouches, a clutch*

clouten (A.S.) *to patch, mend. part. past, y-clouted, 120*

clucche (A.S.) 359, *to clutch, hold*

knappe (A.S.) 133, *a knop, a button*

knave (A.S.) 14, 66, *a servant lad*

†knoppede (A.S.) 476, *full of knobs*

knowelichen (A.S.) *to acknowledge. pret. s. kneweliched, 239, 407. part. act. knowelichynge, 400*

knowes (A.S.) 98, *knees*

knownen, knowe (A.S.) 408, *to know, pres. pl. knownen. pret. s. knew, 232. pl. knewen, 237. part. pas. knownen, knowe*

coffe (A.S. ?) 120, *a cuff*

†cofrene (A.N.) 455, *to put in a coffer*

coghen (A.S.) 367, *to cough*

coke (A.S.) *a cook*

cokeney (A.N.) 134, *some kind of meager food, probably a young or small cock, which had little flesh on its bones*. This meaning of the word (which has been misunderstood) may be gathered from a comparison of the passage in Piers Ploughman with one in the "Turnament of Tottenham," where the writer intended to satirize the poorness of the fare:—

At that fest were thei servyd in a rich aray,  
Every fyve and fyve had a *cokeney*.

Heywood, in his Proverbs, part i, chap. xi, gives a proverb in which the word is evidently used in the same sense, and appears to be intentionally contrasted with a *fat hen*:—

—Men say,  
He that comth every daie shall have a *cocknaie*,  
He that comth now and then, shall have a fat hen;  
But I gat not so mucche in comyng seelde when,  
As a goode hens fether or a poore egshell.

I think that *cokenay* in Chaucer is the same word, used metaphorically to signify a person without worth or courage (C. T. 4205):—

And when this jape is tald another day,  
I sal be hald a daf, a *cokenay*.

coker (A.S.) 120, *a short stocking, or glove, a sheath*

coket (A.N.) 135, *a kind of fine bread*

cokewold (A.N.) 75, *a cuckold*

cole (A.N.) 134, *cabbage*

coler (A.N.) *a collar*

collen (A.N.) 203, *to embrace, put one's arms round a person's neck*, in French, *accoler*

colomy (A. .) 267 (?)

colvere (A.S.) 319, *a dove, pigeon*

come (A.S.) 416, *to come. pres. s. he comth, 18, 332. pret. s. cam, kam, coom, 168, com, 400. pl. comen, 438, come, 235, 237, 430, coome, 416, coomen, 438. subj., til he coome, 328, er thei coome, 353*

comsen (A.N.) 23, 24, 49, 77, 81, 119, 136, 152, 244, 372, *to begin, commence, to endeavour. pret. s. comsede, 402, 403. comsynge, 382*

comunes (A.N.) 80, 420, *commons, allowance of provision*

confus (A.N.) *confused*

congeyen, congeien (A.N.) 258, *to give leave, dismiss*

congie (A.N.) 258, *leave*

konne (A.S.) 401, 408, 437, *to learn, know. pres. s. kan. pret. kouthe, 411, koude. subj. in case that thow konne, 424, and thou konne, 397, if thou know. pret. act. konnyng, 206, knowing*

konnyng (A.S.) 409, *knowledge, science, cunning*

contenaunce (A.N.) 2, 203, *appearance, gesture, carriage*

contrarien (A.N.) 367, *to go against, vex, oppose*

contree (A.N.) *a country*

contreve (A.N.) *to contrive. contreved, contrived*

conying (A.N. ?) *a rabbit*

copen (A.N.) 51, *to cover with a cope, like a friar*

coppe (A.N.) 44, 191, *a cup, basin*

coroune (A.N.) *a crown*

corounen (A.N.) *to crown. part. p. y-corouned*

cors (A.N.) 295, *the body*

corsaint (A.N.) 109, *a relique, the body of a saint*

corsen (A.S.) 305, *to curse*

corsede (A.S.) *cursed. corseder, 421, more cursed, worse*

cost (A.N.) 33, 151, 376, *a side, region*

costen (A.N.) *to cost. pret. s. costed, 13. part. pas. costned, 13*

cote (A.S.) 152, *a cottage, cot*

coten (A.N.) 51, *to dress in a coat*

†cotinge (A.S.) 468, *cutting*

coupable (A.N.) 366, *guilty, culpable*

coupe (A.N.) 44, 95, *a cup*

coupen (A.N.) *to cut out, fashion (?) part. past, y-couped, 370*

courben (A.N.) 19, 28, *to bend, stoop*

courtepy (A.N.) 82, 128, *a short cloak of coarse cloth*

couthen (A.S.) 87, *to make known, discover, publish. pret. kidde, 103, 269*

†couen (A.S.) 473, perhaps an error in the old printed text for *connen*

coveiten (A.N.) *to covet*

covent (A.N.) 428, *a convent*

coveren (A.N.) 238, *to recover*

cracchen (A.S.) 211, 322, *to scratch*  
 crafte (A.S.) *craft, art. crafty-men, 121, artisans*  
 creaunt (A.N.) 239, *believing*  
 crepen (A.S.) *to creep. pret. s. crope, pl. copen*  
 cryen (A.N.) *to cry. pret. s. cried, cryde, 374, pl. cryden, cride*  
 croft (A.S.) *a small inclosed field, a croft*  
 crokke (A.S.) 412, *a pot, pitcher, vessel of earthenware*  
 †crom-bolle (A.S.) 476, *a crum-bowl*  
 crop (A.S.) 332, 334, *the head or top of a tree or plant; hence the expression "root and crop," still in use*  
 cropiers (A.N.) *the housings on the horse's back*  
 croppen (A.S.) 319, *to eat (said of a bird), to put into its crop or craw*  
 crouche (A.N.) 109, *a cross. Hence is derived the name of the Crutched Friars*  
 †crouken (A.S.) 495, *to bend*  
 †crucchen (A.S.) 495, *to crouch*  
 cruddes (A.S.) *curds*  
 cruwel (A.N.) 269, *cruel*  
 ku, *pl. kyen* (A.S.) 125, *a cow*  
 kulle (A.S.) 344, kille, 434, *to kill. pret. s. kilde, 431. part. past, kulled, 339. to kulle, 338*  
 culorum (*Lat.*) 60, 198, *the conclusion or moral of a tale*  
 cultour (A.S.) 123, kultour, 61, *a culter, blade*  
 cuppe-mele (A.S.) 90, *cup by cup*  
 kutte, 79 (A.S.) *to cut. imperat. kut, 75. pret. pl. kitten, 128*  
 kynde (A.S.) *nature, race, kind*  
 kynde (A.S.) *natural. kyndeliche, 382, naturally*  
 kyng (A.S.) *pl. kynges. gen. pl. kyngene, 21, 400, a king*  
 kyng-ryche (A.S.) *a kingdom*  
 kyn, *gen. s. kynnes* (A.S.) 40, *kin, kind. This word is used in the genitive case in such phrases as the following: of foure kynnes thynges, 151, of four kinds of things. other kynnes men, 177, other kinds of men. none kynnes riche, 213, no kind of rich men, or rich men of no kind. many kynnes maneres, 359, many sorts of manners. any kynnes catel, 400, any kind of property*

#### D.

daffe (A.S.) *a fool*  
 daggen (A.S.) 433, *to dag, to cut the edges of the garment in jagged ornaments, as was the custom at this period*  
 daren (A.S.) *to dare. pres. pl. dar, 10, 280. pret. s. and pl. dorste, 11, 42, 253, 393*  
 dawe (A.S.) 380, *dawn. pret. s. dawed, 395*  
 dawnten (A.N.) 319, *to tame,—also, to daunt, to fear*  
 decourren (A.N.) 285, *to discover, lay open, narrate*  
 dedeynous (A.N.) 156, *disdainful*  
 deed (A.S.) *dead*  
 deen (A.N.) *a dean*  
 dees (A.N.) *dice*  
 deaf (A.S.) *pl. deve, 403, deaf*



defende (A.N.) 47, 485, *to forbid, prohibit*  
defien, defyen, defie (A.N. ?) 84, 100, 141, 298, *to digest*  
defyen (A.N.) *to defy. pret. s. defyed, 429*  
degised (A.N.) 2, *disguised*  
deyen (A.S.) *to die. pret. s. deide, 214. to dye, 352*  
deyntee (A.N.) 205, *dainty, niceness, preciousness*  
deys, dees (A.N.) 139, 250, *the dais, or high table in the hall*  
deitee (A.N.) *deity, godhead*  
del, deel (A.S.) *part, portion. tithe deel, 323, tenth part*  
delen, dele, deelen (A.S.) 47, 175, 218, *share, distribute, give, deal. pres. ye deele, 144*  
deliten (A.N.) *to delight, take pleasure*  
delitable (A.N.) *delightful, pleasant*  
delven (A.S.) 417, *to dig, bury. pret. pl. dolven, 128. part. pas. dolven, 128, 293*  
delvere (A.S.) *a digger, delver*  
demen (A.S.) *to judge. pret. demede*  
dene (A.S.) 373, *din, noise*  
dene (A.N.) *a dean*  
departable (A.N.) 355, *divisible*  
depper (A.S.) 307, *deeper*  
dere (A.S.) 140, 349, 370, *to injure, hurt*  
derely (A.S.) 396, *expensively, richly*  
dereworthe (A.S.) *precious, honourable*  
derk (A.S.) *dark*  
derne (A.S.) 38, 249, *secret*  
destruyen, destruye (A.N.) 361, *to destroy. pret. s. destroyed, 340*  
dette (A.N.) *pl. dettes, a debt*  
devoir (A.N.) *duty*  
devors (A.N.) 433, *divorce*  
dya (A.N.) 435, *dyachylon*  
diapenidion, 84, *an electuary*  
dido (A. .) 256, *a trifle, a trick*  
dighte (A.S.) 134, *to fit out, make, dispose, dress. pret. s. dighte, 396*  
†digne (A.N.) 472, *worthy*  
digneliche (A.N.) *worthily, deservedly*  
dyk, 417 (A.S.) *dych, a ditch*  
dikere, dykere (A.S.) 96, *a ditch or foss digger, ditcher*  
dymes (A.N.) 326, *tithes*  
dymme (A.S.) 388, *dark. adv. dymme, 184, darkly*  
dymmen (A.S.) 98, *to become dim or dark*  
dyngen (A.S.) 62, 125, 193, 295, *to strike, ding, knock*  
dynt (A.S.) 370, *a blow, knock*  
disalowed (A.N.) 281, *disallowed, disapproved. disalowyng, 282, disapproving*

discryven (A.N.) *to describe*

disour (A.N.) *a player at dice*

disour (A.N.) 120, *a teller of tales*

dyssheres (A.S.) 96, *a female who makes dishes*

†distrie (A.N.) 478, *to destroy*

doel (A.N.) 100, 124, 368, *grief, lamentation*

doughtier (A.S.) 83, *more doughty, more to be feared*. doghtiest, 403, *bravest*. doghtiliche, 371, *doughtily, bravely*

doke (A.S.) 81, 352, *a duck*

dole (A.S.) 47, *a share, portion*. Another form of *del*.

donet (A.N.) 89, *grammar, elements, first principles*, from Donatus. See [note](#) on l. 7944

domesman (A.S.) 414, *a judge*

dongeon (A.N.) *a fort, the chief tower of a castle*

doom, dome (A.S.) *pl. domes, judgment*

doon (A.S.) *to do*. *pres. sing.* dooth, *pl.* doon, don. *pret. s.* dide, *pl.* diden, 278, 392, dide, 389. *part. pas.* doon, do. *imperat. pl.* dooth, 152. *to doone*, 226, 263

dore-tree (A.S.) *a door post*

†dortour (A.N.) 463, *a dormitory*

doted (A.S.) *foolish, simple*

doughtres (A.S.) *daughters*

doute (A.N.) *fear, doubt*

dowen (A.N.) *to endow*. *pret.* dowed, 325, *endowed*

dowve (A.S.) 319, *a dove*

draf (A.S.) 173, 419, *dregs, dirt*. Things thrown away as unfit for man's food, particularly the dust and husks of corn after it has been threshed. Chaucer's Parson (C. T. l. 17329) says:—

Why schuld I sowen *draf* out of my fest,  
Whan I may sowe whete, if that me lest?

†drane (A.S.) 493, *a drone*

drawen (A.S.) *to draw*. *pret. s.* drough, 89, 98. drogh, 280, 437. drow, 376, *pl.* drowen, 222. *part. pas.* drawe, 175

†drecchen (A.S.) 478, 480, *to vex, grieve, oppress*

drede (A.S.) 434, *to dread, fear*. *pres. s.* he drat, 165. *pret. s.* dredde, 280. *pl.* dradden, 429. *imperat.* dred, 17

dredfully (A.S.) 352, *fearfully, terrified*

dregges (A.S.) 419, *dregs*

dremels (A.S.) 148, 247, *a dream*

drenchen, drenche (A.S.) 154, 237, *to drown*. *pret. pl.* a-dreynten, 198

drevelen (A.S.) 175, *to drivel*

drye (A.S.) 276, *thirst*

drien (A.S.) 16, *to be dry, thirsty*

drihte (A.S.) 262, *lord*. drighte, 279

drinken (A.S.) *to drink*. *pret. s.* drank, *pl.* dronken, 277, dronke, 278. *part. pas.* dronken, y-dronke, 354

dryven (A.S.) *to drive*

droghte (A.S.) 134, *a drought, deficiency of wet*

dronklewe (A.S.) 156, *drunken, given to drink*. The word occurs in Chaucer, C. T. l. 7625:—

Irous Cambises was eek *dronkelewe*,  
And ay delited him to ben a schrewe.

Again (C. T. l. 12426):—

Seneca saith a good word douteles:  
He saith he can no difference find,  
Betwix a man that is out of his mind,  
And a man whiche that is *dronkelew*.

The word used by Seneca is *ebrius*

drury (A.N.) 20, *courtship, gallantry*

duc (A.N.) 414, *a duke. pl. dukes*, 388

†duen (A.N.) 496, *to endue, or endow*

E.

ech (A.S.) *each*. echone (i. e. *each one*) *every one, each*

edifie (A.N.) 371, *to build*

edwyte (A.S.) 99, *to reproach, blame, upbraid*

eest (A.S.) *east*

eft (A.S.) 354, 371, *again*

eggen (A.S.) 19, 386, *to egg on, urge, incite*

egreliche (A.N.) 334, 418, *sourly, bitterly*

tey (A.S.) 464, *an egg*

eighe (A.S.) 180, 190, 306, *pl. eighen*, 5, 80, 127, eighes, 33, *the eye*

eylen (A.S.) *to ail*

eyr (A.N.) *air*

elde (A.S.) *old age*

elenge (A.S.) 12, 179, 425, *mournful, sorrowful*. elengliche, 231, *sorrowfully, in trouble*

eller (A.S.) 19, *ellere*, 168, *an elder tree*

ellis (A.S.) 6, *else, otherwise, at other times*

enbawmen (A.N.) *to embalm. pret. s. enbawmed*, 352

enblaunchen (A.N.) 301, *to whiten over*

engyne (A.N.) 384, *to contrive, lay a plan, catch*

englymen (A.N.) 298, *to beslime*

engreyned (A.N.) 29, *powdered*

enselen (A.N.) *to put a seal to*

†entayled (A.N.) 462, *carved*

entre-metten (A.N.) 226, 263, *to intermeddle*

envenyme (A.N.) *venom, poison*

er (A.S.) *before, formerly*

erchdekenes (A.N.) *archdeacons*

ere (A.S.) *pl. eris, the ear*

erien, erie, eryl (A.S.) 117, 138, *to plough. pret. pl. eriede*, 411. *part. past, eryl*, 117

eerl. *pl. erles* (A.S.) *an earl*

ernynge (A.S.) 418, *running. see yerne*

ers (A.S.) 87, 180, 191, *the fundament, podex*

erst (A.S.) *first, most before, superl. of er*

eschaunge (A.N.) *exchange*

eschetes (A.N.) 75, *escheats*

ese (A.N.) *ease*

eten, ete (A.S.) 386, *to eat. pret. s. eet, 100, 135, 146, 241, &c. pl. eten, 114, 248, ete, 278. part. pas. eten, 354.*

tevelles (A.S.) 465, *without evil*

even (A.S.) *equal. even-cristen, equal christian, or equal by baptism; fellow-christian, evene, 76, evenly, equally. evene forth, 356, equally*

tevesed (A.S.) 460, *furnished with eaves*

evesynge (A.S.) 361, *the ice which hangs on the eaves of houses*

ewage (A.N.) 29, *a kind of precious stone*

expounen (A.N.) 290, *to expound, explain*

## F.

fader (A.S.) 361, *a father*

fayn (A.S.) *fain, glad*

faiten (A.N.) 144, 308, *to beg, idle, to flatter. pret. pl. faiteden, 3. faityng, 175, deceiving*

faiterie (A.N.) 207, *flattery, deception*

faitour (A.N.) *a deceiver, an idle lazy fellow, a flatterer*

faithly (A.N.) 400, *truly, properly*

fallen (A.S.) *to fall. pres. s. he falleth. pret. s. fel, 280, 297, fil, 278, 312, 374, fille, 285, 336, pl. fellen, felle, 336, 388. part. pas. fallen, 375*

fals (A.N.) *false, falseness. falshede, falsehood. falsliche, 390, falsely*

fangen (A.S.) 111, fonge, 282, 336, *to take, take hold of. pret. s. under-feng, 19, under-fonged, 209. part. past, under-fongen, 115, 211*

faren, fare (A.S.) 197, *to go, fare. pret. s. ferde, 443, pl. ferden, 168 part. past, faren 77, 123, 228*

fare (A.S.) 376, *proceeding, manner of going on, fare*

fasten (A.S.) *to fast*

fauchon (A.N.) 295, *a sword, falchion*

faunt (A.N.) 134, 144, 336, 403, *a child, infant*

fauntekyn (A.N.) 259, *a young child*

faunteltee, fauntelté (A.N.) 204, 304, *childishness*

faute, *pl. fautes* (A.N.) 179, *a fault*

fauten (A.N.) *to want. pret. fauted, 163*

favel (A.N.) 28, 30, *deception by flattery, cajolery*

feble (A.N.) 355, *feeble, weak*

fecchen (A.S.) 39, 385, 410, *to fetch. pres. s. I fecche, thow fettest, 390. pret. s. fet, fette, 36, 104, 202, 385. pl. fetten, 134. part. pas. fet, 444, fette water at hise eighen, threw water at his eyes; to fetch a thing at another, for, to throw, is an expression still in use*

feden (A.S.) *to feed*

fee (A.S.) *property, money, fee*

feere (A.S.) 367, *pl. feeres, feeris, companion*

feere (A.S.) 256, 367, 376, *fear*

feet (A.N.) 26, *a deed, fact*  
 feffement (A.N.) 32, *enfeofment*  
 feffen (A.N.) 33, 37, *to infeof, to fee, present*  
 feynen (A.N.) *to feign, dissemble*  
 feyntise (A.S.) 77, *faintness, weakness*  
 feire (A.N.) *a fair*  
 fel (A.S.) *the skin*  
 fele (A.S.) *many. fele fold, manyfold*  
 fellen (A.S.) *to fell, kill*  
 felonliche (A.N.) 390, *like a felon, in manner of a felon*  
 †fen (A.S.) 476, *mud, mire*  
 fend (A.S.) *pl. fendes, a fiend, devil. fyndekynes, 391, little fiends*  
 fennel-seed (A.S.) 95, *the seed of sweet-fennel was formerly used as a spice*  
 fenestre (A.N.) 285, 370, *a window*  
 fer (A.S.) *far*  
 fere (A.S.) 140, *to frighten*  
 ferly (A.S.) *pl. ferlies, a wonder, 196, 253, 376*  
 ferie (A.N.) 270, *a week-day*  
 ferme (A.N.) 403, *adv. firmly*  
 fermed (A.N.) 177, *strengthened*  
 fernyere (A.S.) 103, 228, *in former times*  
 fernmerye (A.N.) 253, *the infirmary*  
 †ferrer (A.S.) 463, *further*  
 ferthe (A.S.) 413, *fourth*  
 festnen (A.S.) *to fasten. part. pas. fest, 35*  
 festynge (A.N.) *feasting*  
 festu (A.N.) 190, *a mote in the eye. (festuca, Lat.)*  
 fetisliche, 28, fetisly, 38 (A.N.) *elegantly, neatly, featously*  
 fibicches (A.N. ?) 186 (?)  
 †fichewes (A.S.) 468, *a kind of weasel, called a fitchet in Shropshire*  
 †fyen (A.N.) 487, *to say, fy!* The exclamation, *fy!* was originally one of disgust, occasioned by anything that stunk, according to the old distich (MS. Cotton, Cleop. B. ix, fol. 11, v<sup>o</sup>. of the thirteenth cent.):—
 

*Phi, nota fætoris, lippus gravis omnibus horis,  
 Sit phi, sit lippus semper procul, ergo Philippus!*

 fiers (A.N.) *proud, fierce*  
 fighten (A.S.) *to fight. pret. s. faught, 391, 402. pl. foughten. part. pas. y-foughte, 126, 336*  
 fyle (A.N.) 86, *a daughter, girl*, apparently used here in the sense of a *common woman*; as they say now in French, *elle n'est qu'une fille*, she is no better than a strumpet  
 fyn (A.N.) 403, *fine, clever*  
 fynden (A.S.) *to find, to furnish. pres. s. he fynt, 73, 146, 305, 367. pret. s. fond, foond, 219, 304, 312*  
 fir (A.S.) 360, *fire. fuyr, fire*  
 fithele (A.N.) 272, *to fiddle. fithele, 165, a fiddle*

flappen (A.S.) *to strike with a flail or with any flat loose weapon. pret. pl. flapten, 128*

flatten (A.N.) *to slap. pret. s. flatte, 104*

flawmbe, flaumbe (A.N.) *360, 362, a flame*

flawme (A.S.) *243, to emit a fetid exhalation (?)*

flawmen (A.N.) *361, to flame. flawmynge, 360, flaming*

fle, *40, flee, 168, 366 (A.S.) to fly. pret. s. fleigh, 40, 351, 353, 402, 435. pl. flowen, 42, 128. fledden, 42*

fleckede (A.S.) *222, spotted*

flesshe (A.S.) *flesh*

fleten (A.S.) *237, to float, swim involuntarily*

flittyngge (A.S.) *206, disputing, flyting*

flobre (A.S. ?) *274, to slobber (?)*

florisshe (A.N.) *291, to adorn*

floryn (A.N.) *74, a florin (a gold coin)*

†flurichen (A.N.) *479, to flourish*

fode (A.S.) *food*

†foynes (A.N.) *468, a kind of marten, of which the fur was used for dresses*

fold, foold (A.S.) *24, 141, 243, the world, the earth*

fole (A.S.) *a foal*

follede, *321, baptized. see fullen*

†folloke (A.S.) *489 (?)*

folvyle (A.N.) *410 (?)*

folwe, folwen (A.S.) *355, to follow. pres. pl. folwen. pret. s. folwed, folwede, 353. pl. folwede, 301. part. past, folwed*

folwere (A.S.) *a follower*

fonden (A.S.) *238, to try, tempt, inquire. pret. s. fonded, fondede, 315, 344, 353*

fondyngge (A.S.) *291, a temptation, undertaking*

fongen, *see fangen*

foot (A.S.) *a foot. foote, 354, on foot*

for (A.S.) *for, for that, because; for-thi, because, therefore*

for-, in composition in verbs derived from the Anglo-Saxon, conveys the idea of privation or deterioration, and answers to the modern German ver-. It is preserved in a few words in our language, such as *forbid, forbear, forlorn, &c.* The following instances occur in *Piers Ploughman*:—

for-bete (A.S.) *to beat down, beat to pieces, or to death, beat entirely. part. past, for-beten, 436*

for-bode (A.S.) *denial, forbidding*

for-biten (A.S.) *332, to bite to pieces*

for-doon, for-do (A.S.) *78, 163, 371, to undo, ruin. pret. s. for-dide, 340, 390. part. past, for-do, 262, for-doon, 371*

for-faren (A.S.) *303, to go to ruin, perish, to fare ill*

for-freten (A.S.) *332, to eat to pieces*

†for-gabben (A.N.) *488, to mock*

for-yeten (A.S.) *362, to forget. pret. s. for-yat, 205*

for-gyven (A.S.) *to forgive. pret. s. 374. part. pas. for-gyve, 365*

for-glutten (A.S.) 178, *to devour, swallow up*

for-pynede (A.S.) 126, *pined or starved to death, wasted away, niggardly*. Chaucer, C. T. l. 1453:—

In derknes and horrible and strong prisoun  
This seven yeer hath seten Palamon,  
*For-pyned*, what for woo and for destresse.

And C. T. l. 205:—

He was not pale as a *for-pyned* goost.

In this latter place Tyrwhit seems to interpret it as meaning *tormented*

for-shapen (A.S.) *to unmake. pret. s. for-shapte*, 365

for-sleuthen (A.S.) 103, *to be spoilt from lying idle*

for-stallen (A.S.) 68, *to hinder, forestall, stop*

for-sweren (A.S.) 170, *to perjure, swear falsely. part. pas. for-sworen*, 418, forsworn

for-thynken (A.S.) 167, *to repent, beg pardon*

for-wandred (A.S.) 1, *worn out with wandering about*

for-wanye (A.S.) 79, *to spoil*

†for-werd (A.S.) 476, 494, *worn out*

for-yelden (A.S.) 133, 257, *to make a return for a thing, repay*

forbisne (A.S.) 152, *an example, similitude, parable*

forceres (A.N.) 186, *coffers*

fore-ward, for-ward, for-warde (A.S.) 65, 119, 206, *a bargain, promise*

for-goer (A.S.) 39, *a goer before*

for-goers (A.S.) 31, *people whose business it was to go before the great lords in their progresses, and buy up provisions for them*

formest (A.S.) 186, 403, *first, foremost*

†formfaderes (A.S.) 498, *first fathers*

formour (A.N.) 160, 358, *a creator, maker*

forreyour (A.N.) 430, *a scout, forager*

forster (A.N.) 354, *a forester*

†forytoures, 465, perhaps an error of the press in the old edition for *fautoures*

forwit (A.S.) 87, *prescience, forethought, anticipation*

fostren (A.S.) 360, *to foster*

foulen (A.S.) 414, *to defoul*

fowel (A.S.) *a fowl, bird*

fraynen (A.S.) *to ask, inquire, question. pret. s. frayned*, 18, 109, 151, 341, 370

†fraynyng (A.S.) 452, *questioning*

frankeleyn (A.N.) 398, *a large freeholder*, in rank in society classed with, but after, the *miles* and *armiger*. See Tyrwhit's note on the *Canterbury Tales*, l. 333

frayel (A.N.) 252, *a wicker basket*. See note. In the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, l. 1547, King Richard says:—

Richard aunsweryth, with herte free,  
Off froyt there is gret plenté;  
Fyggys, raysyns, in *frayel*,  
And notes may serve us fol wel.

fraytour (A.N.) 192, 463, *a refectory*

freke (A.S.) 74, 87, 130, 132, 188, 203, 246, 250, 341, *man, fellow*

frele (A.N.) *frail*

freletee (A.N.) 46, frelete, 367, *frailty*

fremmed (A.S.) 303, *strange*

frere (A.N.) *a friar, brother*

frete (A.S.) 265, *to fret*

frete, freten (A.S.) 33, *to eat, devour. pret. s. fret, 381*

fretien (A.S.) *to adorn. part. p. fretted*

fryth (A.S.) 224, 241, 355, *an inclosed wood*

frythed (A.S.) 112, *wooded*

frounces (A.N.) 265, *wrinkles*

fullen (A.S.) 322, *to full cloth*

fullen (A.S.) 176, *to become full*

fullen (A.S.) *to baptize. pret. s. follede, 321. part. past, y-fulled, 398*

fullynge (A.S.) 244, 322, 398, *baptizing, baptism*

furwe (A.S.) *a furrow*

fust (A.S.) 356, *the fist*

#### G. Y.

gabben (A.N.) 53, *to joke, trifle, tell tales. gabbyng (A.N.) 423, joking, idle talk*

gadelyng (A.S.) 434, gedelyng, 165. *pl. gedelynges, 171, gadelynges, 68, a vagabond.* In Anglo-Saxon the word *gædeling* means a companion or associate, apparently without any bad sense. Thus the romance of Beowulf speaks of the armour of one of the heroes:—

þæt Onela for-geaf,  
his gædelinges  
guð-ge-wædu.  
*which Onela had given him,  
the war-weeds of his comrade,  
the ready implements of war.*

This, and most of the other similar Anglo-Saxon words, applied to their heroes and warriors, became degraded under the Anglo-Normans. We may mention as other examples the words, *fellow, renk, grom, wye, &c.*

†gaynage (A.N.) 462, *profit*

gaynesse (A.N.) 178, *gaiety*

galoche (A.N.) 370, *a shoe.* The word occurs in Chaucer

galpen (A.S.) 252, *to belch*

gamen (A.S.) *play*

gangen, gange (A.S.) *to go*

†garites (A.S.) 463, *garrets*

garnementz (A.N.) 379, *garments, ornaments*

gare (A.S.) *to make or cause to do a thing. pret. s. garte, 22, 80, 135, 321, gart, 84, gerte, 428*

gate (A.S.) 67, 171, 383, *way, going. go thi gate, 351, 445, go thy way. this ilke gate, 354, this same way*

yate (A.S.) 385, 406, *a gate*

geaunt (A.N.) 384, *a giant*

gentile (A.N.) 26, 174, 175, *gentle, genteel*

gentilliche (A.N.) 44, *beautifully, finely, genteelly*

gentrie (A.N.) 370, *gentility*



gerl (A.S.) *pl.* gerles, girles, gerlis, 17, 184, 369, *youth of either sex*. In the Coventry Mystery of the Slaughter of the Innocents (p. 181) one of the knights engaged in the massacre says:—

I xall sle scharlys,  
And qwenys with therlys,  
Here *knave gerlys*  
I xal steke.  
Forthe wyl I spede,  
To don hem blede,  
Thow *gerlys* grede,  
We xul be wreke.

gerner (A.N.) *a garner*

gesene (A.S. ?) 262, *rare, scarce*

gesse (A.S.) *a guess*. up gesse, 102, *upon guess, by guess*

gest, *pl.* gestes (A.N.) *a deed, history, tale*

gest (A.S.) 312, *a guest*

geten, gete (A.S.) *to get. pres. pl.* geten. *pret. s.* gat, thow gete, 386, 389, 390, *getest*, 390, *part. past*, geten, 375, gete, 403

yiftes (A.S.) 49, *gifts*

gyle (A.S.) *guile, deceit*

gilour (A.S.) *a deceiver*

gyn (A.N.) 384, *a trap, machine, contrivance*

gynful (A.N.) 186, *full of tricks or contrivances*

gynnen (A.S.) *to begin. pret. sing.* gan, 2. *pl.* gonnen, 158, gonnen, 262. *gynnyng, beginning*. The preterite is frequently used as an auxiliary verb to form with others a kind of imperfect or preterite, as, gan drawe, 352, *drew*; gan despise, 374, *despised*

gyen (A.N.) 39, *to rule*

gyour (A.N.) 421, 429, *a ruler, leader*

girden (A.S.) 40, *to cast, strike. pret. s.* girte, 99. In the second Towneley Mystery of the Shepherds, p. 115, Mak says, "If I trespas eft, *gyrd* of my heede."

gyterne (A.N.) 260, *a gittern*, a musical instrument, resembling, or identical with, the modern guitar

gyven (A.S.) *to give. pres. pl.* gyven. *pret. sing.* gaf, yaf, 387. *part. past*, yeven, y-gyve, 37

gyven (A.S.) 436, *to fetter, bind in gyves*

†gladdyng (A.S.) 481, *merry* (?)

gladen, 404, gladie, 384 (A.S.) *to gladden, cause joy to. pret. s.* gladede, 435

†glaverynge (A.N.) 454, 492, *smooth, slippery, flattering*

glazene (A.S.) 435, *made of glass* (?) See note

glee (A.S.) *the performance of the minstrel or jongleur*

gle-man (A.S.) 98, 165, *a minstrel*

glede, glade (A.S.) 94, 361, *a spark, glowing ember*

†gley ( ) 479 (?)

†gloppyng (A.S.) 456, *sucking in*

glosen (A.N.) *to gloss, paraphrase, comment*

gloton (A.N.) *a glutton*

glotonye (A.N.) *gluttony*

glubben (A.S.) *to suck in, gobble up. part. pas.* y-glubbed, 97, *sucked in*. glubbere, 162, *a glutton*

gnawen (A.S.) *to gnaw*

†gode (A.S.) 476, a goad

goky (A.S.) 220, a gawky, clown

goliardeis (A.N.) 9, one who gains his living by following rich men's tables, and telling tales and making sport for the guests. See on this word the Introduction to the Poems of Walter Mapes. It occurs in Chaucer, C. T. l. 562

He was a jangler and a *golyardeys*,  
And that was most of synne and harlotries.

gome (A.S.) 257, 263, 267, 288, 308, 312, 350, 354, 382, 403, a man

gomme (A.N.) gum

goon (A.S.) 37, to go. pres. s. he gooth, 354. pl. gon, goon, 303. pret. sing. wente. pl. wenten, 233, 351

goost (A.S.) spirit, ghost

goostliche (A.S.) 427, spiritually

gorge (A.N.) 176, 177, the throat, mouth

gos (A.S.) pl. gees, a goose

gothelen (A.S.) 97, 252, to grumble (as is said of the belly)

gowe (A.S.) 14, a phrase of invitation, i. e. go we, let us go

graffen (A.N.) 85, to graft

†graith (A.S.) 453, 464, the truth (?)

graithe (A.S.) 27, ready, prepared

graithen (A.S.) to prepare, make ready. †part. pas. y-greithed, 462, 487. graythed, 494

graithly (A.S.) 386. graythliche, 482, readily, speedily

graunt (A.N.) 353, great

graven (A.N.) to engrave. part. pas. grave, 73, engraved

gravynge (A.N.) engraving, sculpturing

graven (A.N.) 206, to put in grave

greden (A.S.) 32, 47, to cry out, shout, make a noise. pret. s. thow graddest, 421, he gradde, 335, 448

gree (A.N.) 375, pleasure, will

greete (A.S.) 100, to lament

greyne (A.N.) 412, 415, a grain, seed

greten (A.S.) 97, 379, to greet. pret. s. grette, 186, 344, 446

gretter (A.S.) greater

greven (A.N.) 354, to grieve

grys (A.S.) 14, 68, 134, pigs. See the story of Will *Gris* in the Lanercost Chronicle

grys (A.N.) 308, a kind of fur

†grysliche (A.S.) 485, fearfully

grom (A.S.) 99, a man: hence the modern groom

grote (A.N.) 51, a goat, a coin of the value of four pennies

grucchen, grucche (A.S.) to grudge

H.

hailsen (A.S.) to salute. pres. s. hailse, 83. pret. hailed, 148, 151

hayward (A.N.) 415, a man employed to watch and guard the inclosed fields, or hays. An illustration of this word will be found in the passage from Whitaker's text given in the note on l. 2473

hakke (A.S.) [420](#), *to follow, run after, cut along after*

half (A.S.) *half, side*

halie (A.S.) [156](#), *to hawl*

hals (A.S.) *the neck*

halwe (A.S.) [327](#), *to hallow, consecrate, make holy*

hamlen (A.S.) †*part. pas. y-hamled*, [468](#), *to tie or attach (?)*

handy dandy (A.S.) [69](#), the expression still used in Shropshire and Herefordshire

hange, honge (A.S.) [348](#), [384](#), *to hang* (intransitive). *pret. s. hanged*, [19](#)

hange, hangen (A.S.) [39](#), [392](#), *to hang* (transitive). *pret. pl. hengen*, [25](#)

hanylons (A.N.) [181](#), *the wiles of a fox*. See Sir Frederick Madden's Glossary to Gawawyn (v. *hamlounez*), who quotes the following lines from the Boke of St. Albans:—

And yf your houndes at a chace renne there ye hunte,  
And the beest begyn to renne, as hartes ben wonte,  
Or for to *hanylon*, as dooth the foxe wyth his gyle,  
Or for to crosse, as the roo doth otherwhyle.

hanselle (A.S.) [96](#), *gift, reward, bribe*. It is used in the alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II, p. [30](#):—

Some parled as perte  
As provyd well after,  
And clappid more for the coyne  
That the kyng owed hem,  
Thanne ffor comfforte of the comyne  
That her cost paied,  
And were behote *hansell*,  
If they helpe wolde.

hardy (A.N.) [413](#), *bold, hardy, courageous*. *hardier*, [354](#), *more bold*

hardie (A.N.) [321](#), *to encourage, embolden*

harewe (A.S.) [412](#), *a harrow*

harewen, harewe (A.S.) [412](#), [414](#), *to harrow. pret. harewede, ib.*

harlot (A.N.) [175](#), [270](#), [271](#), [303](#), [354](#), *a blackguard, person of infamous life*. The word was used in both genders. It appears to have answered exactly to the French *ribaud*, as Chaucer in the Romance of the Rose translates *roy des ribaulx*, by *king of harlots*. Chaucer says of the Sompnour (C. T. l. 649):—

He was a *gentil harlot* and a kynde  
A bettre felaw schulde men nowher fynde.  
He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn,  
A good felawe to ban his concubyn,  
A twelve moneth, and excuse him atte fulle.

This passage gives us a remarkable trait of the character of the ribald, or harlot, who formed a peculiar class of middle-age society. Among some old glosses in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ (vol. i, p. 7), we find "*scurra*, a harlotte." In the Coventry Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery (p. 217), it is the young man who is caught with the woman, and not the woman herself, who is stigmatised as a *harlot*.

harpen (A.S.) *to harp. pret. pl. harpeden*, [394](#)

harrow (A.N.) [430](#), an exclamation, or rather a cry, said to have been peculiar to the Normans, the origin and derivation of which have been the subject of much discussion among antiquaries. It was the cry which every one was bound to raise and repeat, when any murder, theft, robbery, or other violent crime, was attempted or perpetrated, in order that the offenders might be hindered or secured. It was afterwards used in any great tumult or disorder, and became a general exclamation of persons wanting help. (See Ducange, in v. *Haro*.) In the Towneley Mysteries (p. 14), when Cain finds that his offering will not burn, he cries:—

We! out! haro! help to blaw!  
It wille not bren for me, I traw.

haspen (A.S.) *to clasp. y-hasped*, [26](#)

hastilokest (A.N.) [424](#), *most quickly, speedily, hastily*

haten (A.S.) *to call, order. pres. s. I hote. pret. s. highte, heet, 445. part. pas. y-hote, hoten, hote, called, ordered*

haten (A.S.) *to be called or named. pres. s. hatte, is called, I hatie, 260, am called. pret. s. highte, was called*

hater (A.S.) 273, *dress*

haterynge (A.S.) 299, *dressing, attire*

hatien (A.S.) 179, *to hate*

haven, have, han (A.S.) *to have. pres. pl. han. pret. s. hadde, pl. hadden, hadde*

haver (A.S.) *oats, 134, an haver cake, an oat-cake*

heed (A.S.) *the head. See heved*

heelee (A.S.) *health*

heep (A.S.) *a heap*

heeth (A.S.) 322, *heath*

hegge (A.S.) *pl. hegges, a hedge*

heigh (A.S.) *high*

theyne (A.N.) 466, *hatred (?)*

heyre (A.S.) *hair. gen. heris, 193, hair's*

hele, heele (A.S.) *health*

hele (A.S.) 150, *a heel*

helen, (A.S.) 87, 445. helien, 241, *to conceal, hide*

helen, heele, 355 (A.S.) *to heal. pret. s. heeled, 337. an helyng, 355, in healing, in the course of recovering his health*

helpen, helpe (A.S.) *to help. pret. s. halp, 403, 418, pl. holpen, 123. part. pas. holpen, 75, 303, 338, holpe, 115*

hem (A.S.) *them*

hemselve (A.S.) *themselves*

hende (A.S.) 308, *gentle, polite. hendenesse, 398, gentleness, worthiness. hendely, hendiliche, 44, politely, gently*

hennes (A.S.) *hence, from this time*

henten, hente (A.S.) *to take, seize. pret. s. hente, hent, 435*

heraud (A.N.) *a herald*

herberwe (A.S.) *a harbour*

herberwen (A.S.) *to harbour, shelter. pret. s. herberwed, 352*

heremite (A.N.) *a hermit*

heren, here (A.S.) *to hear. pret. s. herde. imperat. y-heer, 356*

herne (A.S.) 42, 393, *a corner*

herte (A.S.) *the heart*

heste (A.S.) *a commandment*

thethen (A.S.) 475, *hence*

thetheved (A.S.) 469, *head*

hethynesse (A.S.) 321, *heatheness, paganism, idolatry*

heved (A.S.) *a head. heed, 352*

hewe (A.S.) 110, *pl. hewen, 71, 273, 281, a husbandman, a workman*

hewe, *pl. hewes (A.S.) 224, hue, colour*

hiden (A.S.) *to hide. pret. s. hidde, 354. part. pas. y-hudde, 199*

þhyen (A.S.) 475, *to hie, go. pret. s. hiede, 444*

hyere (A.S.) *higher*

hii (A.S.) *they*

hil (A.S.) *pl. hulles, a hill*

hilen (A.S.) 113, *to cover over. pret. s. hiled, 241, pl. hileden, 223*

hynde (A.S.) 311, *a doe, female deer*

hyne (A.S.) *a servant, serf, rustic, labourer*

hyne, 72, 268, *a hen (?)*

hippynge (A.S.) 351, *hopping*

hire (A.S.) *their*

hir (A.S.) *of them. gen. pl. of he. hir neither, 67, neither of them. hir eyther, 212, 446, either of them. hir noon, 237, none of them. hir oon fordooth hir oother, 373, one of them destroys the other of them*

his (A.S.) *pl. hise, his*

hitten (A.S.) *to hit. pret. s. hite, 86, hitte, 96*

þhod (A.S.) 476, *a hood*

þhok-shynes (A.S.) 476, *crooked shins. hok seems almost superfluous: the shin towards the hock or ancle?*

holden (A.S.) *to hold. pres. s. he halt, 354, 357, pl. holde, 15, holden, 18. pret. s. heeld, 156, 206, pl. helden, 294, 418, 438. part. pas. y-holden, 358, holden, y-holde, 440, 441*

hool (A.S.) *pl. hole, 392, whole, entire. hooly, wholly. holly, 396, wholly. þhollich, 452, wholly*

homliche (A.S.) 179, *from house to house*

hoom (A.S.) *home. the viker hadde fer hoom, 424, the vicar had far to go home*

hoor (A.S.) *pl. hore, 144, hoary. as hoor as an hawethorn, 341*

hoord (A.S.) *a hoard*

hoors (A.S.) 367, *hoarse*

hoot (A.S.) 360, *hot*

hopen (A.S.) 329, *to expect, hope*

hoper (A.S.) 120, *the hopper of a mill*

hore (A.S.) 75, *pl. hoores, 299, hores, 303, a whore*

þhornes (A.S.) 461, *corners*

hostele (A.N.) 355, *to give lodging, to receive into an inn*

hostiler (A.N.) 352, 355, *the keeper of a hostelry or inn*

hostrie (A.N.) 352, *a hostelry, inn*

houpen (A.S.) 127, *to hoop, shout*

houres (A.N. heures, Lat. horæ) *the Romish service*

housel (A.S.) 419, *the sacrament of the Eucharist*

houselen (A.S.) *to receive the Eucharist. part. past, housled, 396, 424, houseled, 419*

hoven (A.S.) 13, *to tarry, hover, dwell. pret. s. hoved, 374*

howve (A.S.) *pl. howves, 13, 60, 435, a cap or hood*

hucche (A.S.) 72, *a hutch, chest*

huge (A.S.) 216, *great*

hukkerye (A.S.) 90, *huckstry*

hunten (A.S.) *to hunt. part. pas. y-honted*, 41

huppe (A.S.) 327, *to hop*

huyre (A.S.) 111, *hire, wages*

I. Y.

ic, ich, ik (A.S.) *I*

†ich (A.S.) *each. †ichon*, 479, *each one. See ech*

ydel (A.S.) *idleness, vanity. on ydel, in vain*

tiis (A.S.) 476, *ice*

ilke (A.S.) *same*

impe (A.N.) 85, *a sprig, twig growing from the root of a tree*

impen, ympen (A.N.) 85, *to graft. †part. past, ymped*, 469, *grafted*

in-going (A.S.) 115, *entrance*

inne (A.S.) *the adverbial form of in*

inne (A.S.) *a lodging, hence our inn*

inwit (A.S.) 160, 162, 364, *conscience, interior understanding. with inwit and outwit*, 263

yren (A.S.) 288, *iron*

ysekeles (A.S.) 361, *icicles*

J.

jangleres, jangleris (A.N.) 3, 175, *praters*

jangle (A.N.) 9, 33, 74, 136, 164, 251, 337, 339, *to jangle, to talk emptily, to prate*

janglynge (A.N.) 169, 419, *jangling, empty talking, nonsense*

jape (A.S.) 433, *a jest*

japen (A.S.) 19, 33, 260, *to jest, mock, cajole. part. past, japed*, 371

japer (A.S.) *pl. japeres, japeris*, 3, 164, 175, *a jester, mocker*

Jewe, *gen. pl. Jewen*, 19, *Jewene*, 384, 402, *a Jew*

jogele (A.N.) 260, *to play the minstrel, or jongleur*

jogelour (A.N.) 121, 175, *a minstrel, jongleur, one who played mountebank tricks*

jouke (A.S.) 336, *to rest, dwell*

joute (A.N.) 86, *a battle, combat*

jugge (A.N.) *a judge*

juggen (A.N.) 290, 427, *to judge*

jurdan (A.N.) 251, *a pot. At a later period the word was only applied to a chamber-pot, as in Shakespeare*

juste (A.N.) 251, *justes*, 351, 352, 370, *a joust, battle, tournament*

justen, juste (A.N.) 336, 370, 374, *to joust, tilt (in a tournament). pret. s. justed*, 340, *justede*, 380

justere (A.N.) 396, *one who goes to jousts, engages in tournaments*

justice (A.N.) 404, *to judge*

juttet (A.N. ?) 201, *low persons*

juventee (A.N.) 402, *youth*

juwise (A.N.) 392, *judgment, from judicium*

K. *See under C.*

## L.

lachesse (A.N.) 153, *negligence*

ladde (A.S.) *pl. laddes*, 398, *a low common person*

flaiche (A.S.) 486, *to catch, obtain. see lakke*

layk (A.S.) 287, *play*

laiken (A.S.) 11, *to play*. The writer of the romance of Kyng Alisaunder, in describing a battle (Weber, p. 159), says,—

There was *sweord lakkyng*,

*i.e. there was playing with the sword*. Weber, in his Glossary, has very wrongly explained it by *licking*. It is the Anglo-Saxon poetic phrase, *sweorda ge-lác*, *the play of swords*

lakke (A.S.) 189, *a fault, a lack, or something deficient or wanting*

lakken, lacche (A.S.) 31, 40, 130, 220, 262, 309, 333, *to obtain, catch, take. pret. s. laughte*, 357, 388, 434. *part. act. lacchynge*, 21

lakken (A.S.) 85, 130, 185, 189, 208, 214, 234, 263, 307, 309, 329, 411, *to mock, to blame, or reproach. pret. pl. lakkede*, 294. *part. pas. y-lakked*, 29

lakken (A.S.) 46, 218, 219, 262, 310, 365, 423, *to lack, to be wanting. pret. s. lakkede*, 402, *was wanting*

lambren (A.S.) 307, *lambs*. So Lydgate (Minor Poems, ed. Halliwell), p. 169,—

Takith to his larder at what price he wold,  
Of gretter *lambren*, j., ij., or thre,  
In wynter nyghtis frostis bien so colde,  
The sheppard slepith, God lete hym never the!

lang (A.S.) *long*

lape (A.S.) 426, *to lap, as a dog*

large (A.N.) 398, *largess* (?)

lasse (A.S.) *less*

late, lete (A.S.) 76, 386, *to let. pres. s. leet*, 305, 384. *pret. s. leet*, 25, 74, 127, 209, 346, *pl. leten*, lete, 294, 393. *subj. s. late*

flath ( ) 476. Perhaps an error of the old edition for *lay*?

flatun (A.N.) 462, *a mixed metal of the colour of brass*

laughen (A.S.) 439, *to laugh. pret. s. lough*, 423. *part. pas. lowen*, 82.

launde (A.N.) 155, 183, 312, *a plain, a level space clear of trees in the midst of a forest, a lawn*

lave (A.N.) 273, *to wash*

lavendrye (A.N.) 306, *washing*

flavoures (A.N.) 462, *lavers, ewers, basins to receive water*

leauté (A.N.) *loyalty*

leche (A.S.) 443, *a physician*

lechecraft (A.S.) 336, 435, *the art of healing, medicine*

lechen (A.S.) 261, *to cure. pret. s. leched*, 337

leden, lede (A.S.) 355, 393, *to lead. pret. s. ladde*, 352. *part. act. ledynge. part. pas. lad*, 160, 246

ledene (A.S.) 242, 243, *speech, language*. This is applied, as here, to birds, by Chaucer, C. T. 10749:—

This faire kynges doughter, Canace,  
That on hir fynger bar the queynte ryng,  
Thurgh which sche understood wel every thing  
That eny foul may *in his lydne* sayn,  
And couthe answer him in *his lydne* agayn.

ledes (A.S.) 326, *people attached to the land, peasants*

leef (A.S.) *dear, love*. his leef, *his dear*

leef (A.S.) 301, *pl. leves, a leaf*

leelly (A.N.) 19, lelly, 45, 146, *loyally, faithfully*. leele, lele, *loyal*. lelest, 349, *most loyal*

leere, lere (A.S.) 15, 173, *countenance, mien, complexion*

leggen (A.S.) 30, 133, 235, 306, 426, leyen, 374, *to lay, to bet (to lay down a wager)*. *pret. s. leide, 352, 372, 432, leyde, 98, 436*

legistre (A.N.) 139, *a legist, one skilled in the law*.

ley, *pl. leyes* (A.S.) 138, *a lea* (Lat. *saltus*)

leye (A.S.) 360, 364, *flame*

leme (A.S.) 376, 377, *brightness*

lemman (A.S.) *pl. lemmannes, 303, a sweetheart, a mistress*

lene (A.S.) *lean*

lenen, lene (A.S.) *to give; hence our lend*. *pret. lened, 269. part. past, lent, 275*

lenen (A.S.) *to lean*. *pret. s. lened, 369*

leng (A.S.) 27, 421, *to rest, remain, reside long in a place*. *pret. s. lenged, 151, †pret. pl. lengeden, 469, dwelt, remained*

Lenten (A.S.) *Lent*

lenten (A.S.) 369, *a linden tree*

leode (A.S.) 352, *people, a person, whence our lad*

lepen (A.S.) 41, 236, *to leap*. *pret. s. leep, 10, 41, lope, 71, lepe, 107, lepte, 434. pl. lopen, 14, 22, 86, lope, 74. part. pas. lopen, 88*

leperis (A.S.) *leapers*. lond leperis heremytes, *hermits who leap or wander over different lands*

lered (A.S.) 45, *learned, educated, clergy*

leren (A.S.) 146, *to teach*. *pres. he lereth. pret. lerned, 146, 412, lered, 292, 336, 410*

lerne (A.S.) 350, 351, 437, 441, *to learn*. *part. pas. y-learned, 141*

lesen (A.S.) *to lose*. *pres. s. lese, lees, 107, 148. part. act. lesynge. part. pas. lost, lore, 374, y-lorn, 388*

lese (A.S.) 121, *to glean*. The word is still used in Shropshire and Herefordshire.

lesynge (A.S.) 66, 387, 388, *a lie, fable, falsehood*

lethi (A.S.) 184, *hateful*

letten, leten, lette (A.S.) 352, 435, *to hinder, to tarry*, *pret. s. lette, 368, letted, 335. part. past, letted, 418. lettere, 19, a hinderer*. *lettyng, a hindrance*

lettrede (A.N.) 49, *lettered, learned*. *y-lettrede, learned, instructed*

lettrure (A.N.) *learning, scripture, literature*

leve (A.S.) 385, *leave, permission*

leve (A.S.) *pl. leeve, dear, precious*. *levere, dearer, rather*. *leveste, levest, 364, dearest*

leved (A.S.) 300, *leaved, covered with leaves*

leven (A.S.) 299, 301, *to leave*. *part. s. lafte, 447*

leven (A.S.) *to dwell, remain*. *pret. lafte, 440. †pret. s. leftte, 473, dwelt, remained*.

leven, leeve (A.S.) *to believe*, 304, 319. *pret. s. leeved, 435. leved, 393. pl. leveden*

lewed (A.S.) 26, 420, *lay, ignorant, untaught, useless*. *lewed of that labour, 237, ignorant of, or unskilful in, that labour*. *lewednesse, 45, ignorance, rusticity*

lewté (A.N.) *loyalty*

lyard (A.N.) 352, 368, *a common name for a horse, but signifying originally a horse of a grey colour*



libben, libbe (A.S.) 275, *to live. part. act. libbynge*

lyen (A.S.) *to lie. pres. s. 2 pers. thow lixt, 86. pret. thow leighe, 393, thou didst lie*

liere (A.S.) *a liar*

lif (A.S.) *pl. lives, life*

liflode (A.S.) *living, state of life*

lift (A.S.) 316, *air, sky*

lige (A.N.) 76, 390, *liege*

liggen, ligge (A.S.) 361, *to lie down. pres. s. I ligge, he lith, lyth, 355, thei ligge, 421. pret. sing. lay. part. act. liggynge. part. pas. leyen, 45, y-leye, 82, y-leyen, 198, 399*

lighten (A.S.) *to alight, descend, or dismount from. pret. s. lighte, 352*

lightloker (A.S.) 112, 237, 321, *more lightly, more easily*

lik, lich, y-lik (A.S.) 389, *like, resembling. liknesse, likeness, y-liche, 401*

liche (A.S.) 173, *the body. Chaucer, C.T. l. 2960, speaks of the liche-wake, or ceremonies of waking and watching the corpse, still preserved in Ireland:—*

Ne how the *liche-wake* was y-holde  
Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes pleye.

In the romance of Alexander (Weber, p. 145), the word is applied to a living body (as in Piers Ploughman):—

The armure he dude on his liche—  
*he put the armour on his body*

likame, lycame (A.S.) *the body*

liken (A.S.) 455, *to please, to like (i. e. be pleased with). liketh, 17, 262. pret. s. liked*

likynge (A.S.) 203, *pleasure, love, liking*

likerous (A.N.) 133, *nice, voluptuous, lecherous*

likne (A.S.) 175, 190, *to imitate, to mimic, to make a simile*

lyme (A.S.) 436, *limb*

lyme-yerd (A.S.) 170, *limed twig*

lymitour (A.N.) 85, 445, *a limitour, a begging friar*

lynde (A.S.) 24, 155, *the linden tree*

lippe (A.S.) 324, *a slip, portion*

liser (A.N.) 89, *list of cloth (?)*

lisse (A.S.) 160, 383, *joy, happiness, bliss*

liste (A.S.) *to please, list. pret. list, 356, it pleased*

listre (A.S.) 85, *a deceiver*

lite (A.S.) 262, *little*

litel (A.S.) *little. litlum and litlum, 329, by little and little, the uncorrupted Anglo-Saxon phrase. See note*

lyth (A.S.) 341, *a body*

lythe, lithen (A.S.) 155, 270, *to listen to*

lyven, lyve (A.S.) *to live. pr. pl. lyveden, 2. part. act. lybbynge. See libben*

lyves (A.S.) *alive. lyves and lokynge, 405, alive and looking. See note on l. 5014*

lyveris (A.S.) 235, *livers, people who live*

lobies (A.S.) 4, *loobies, clowns*

loft (A.S.) *high, height. bi lofte and by grounde, 372, in height and in ground-plan. o-lofte, aloft, on high*

lok (A.S.) 27, a *lock*

loken (A.S.) 388, to *look*, to *over-see*, 148. *pret. s.* lokede, 276

lollen (A.S.) 240, to *loll. part. pas.* lolled, 239. *part. act.* lollynge, 346

lolleris (A.S.) 308, *lollards*. The origin of this word is doubtful, but it seems to mean generally people who go about from place to place with a hypocritical show of praying and devotion. It was certainly in use long before the time of the Wycliffites, in Germany as well as in England. Johannes Hocsemius (quoted by Ducange, v. *Lollardi*) says, in his chronicle on the year 1309, "Eodem anno quidam hypocritæ gyrovagi, qui *Lollardisive Deum laudantes* vocabantur, per Hannoniam et Brabantiam quasdam mulieres nobiles deceperunt," &c. The term, used in the time of Piers Ploughman as one of reproach, was afterwards contemptuously given to the church reformers. The writer of the Ploughman's Tale, printed in Chaucer, Speght, fol. 86, appears to apply it to wandering friars:—

i-cleped *lollers* and londlese.

lomere (A.S.) 439, *more frequently*

lond-buggere (A.S.) 191, a *buyer of land*

flone (A.S.) 493, a *loan* (?)

longen (A.S.) to *belong*

loof (A.S.) a *loaf*

loone (A.S.) 442, a *loan*. lenger yeres loone, a *loan of a year longer*, a *year's extension or renewal of the loan*

loore (A.S.) 79, 244, *teaching, lore, doctrine, science*

loores-man, lores-man (A.S.) 164, 318, a *teacher*

loos (A.S.) 219, *honour, praise*

lorel (A.N.) 147, 294, 351, 369, a *bad man, a good-for-nothing fellow*. Chaucer, in his translation of Boethius, uses it to represent the Latin *perditissimus*. Compare the description of the *lorel* in the Ploughman's Tale (Speght's Chaucer) fol. 91:—

For thou canst no cattell gete,  
But livest in lond as a *lorell*,  
With glosing gettest thou thy mete.

lorel (A.N.) 5, 124, 176, 303, a *wretch, good-for-nothing fellow*. It appears to be a different form of the preceding word. loselly, 240, in a *disgraceful, good-for-nothing manner*

losengerie (A.N.) 125, 176, *flattery, lying*

lothen (A.S.) to *loath*

looth (A.S.) *loath, hateful*. lother, 318, *more loath*. lothliche, *hateful*

lotebies (A.S. ?) 52, *private companions, bed-fellows*. In the romance of the Seven Sages (Weber, p. 57) it is said of a woman unfaithful to her husband:—

Sche stal a-wai, mididone,  
And wente to here *lotebi*.

Chaucer uses the word (in the romance of the Rose, l. 6339), in a passage rather similar to this of Piers Ploughman:—

Now am I yong and stout and bolde,  
Now am I Robert, now Robin,  
Now frere Minor now Jacobin,  
And *with me followeth my loteby*,  
To don me solace and company.

In the original the word is *compaigne*

lotien (A.S.) 354, to *lurk, lie in ambush*

louke (A.S.) 384, to *lock*

louren (A.S.) to *lower*

lous, lys (A.S.) *pl. a louse*

louten (A.S.) 50, 181, 182, 300, to *make a salutation, reverence. pret. s.* louted, 294, 470

lovyen, lovye, lovien (A.S.) *to love*. hym lovede, 356, *it pleased him*

lowen (A.S.) *to condescend* (?) *pret.* lowed, 8

luft (A.S.) 69, *fellow, person*

†lullyng (A.S.) 455, *lolling* (?)

lurdayne (A.S.) 375, 436, *a clown, rustic, ill-bred person*

lusard (A.N.) 389, *a lizard, crocodile*

lussheburwes (A.N.) 316, *base or adulterated coins*; which took their name and were imported from Luxemburg. See note on l. 10322

luten (A.N.) *to play on the lute*. *pret. s.* lutede, 395

luther (A.S.) 316, 390, *bad, wicked*

## M.

macche (A.S.) 248, 249, *companion, match-fellow*

macche (A.S.) 360, *a match*

macer (A.N.) 47, *one who carries a mace*

mayen (A.S.) *to be able* (it is seldom or never used in the infinitive mood). *pres. s.* may, *pl.* mowen, mowe. *pret. s.* myghte, *pl.* mighte

y-maymed (A.S.) 359, *maimed*

mayn-pernour, (A.N.) 71, 380. *See the next word*

mayn-prise (A.N.) 70, 346, *a kind of bail*, a law term. "It signifieth in our Common Law the taking or receiving a man in friendly custodie, that otherwise is or might be committed to prison, and so upon securitie given for his forth coming at a day assigned: and they that doe thus undertake for any, are called *mainpernours*, because they do receive him into their hands." MINSHEU. The persons thus received were allowed to go at large

mayn-prise (A.N.) 75, 426, meynprise, 39, *to bail in the manner described under the foregoing word*

mair (A.N.) 290, *pl.* meires, 150, *a mayor*

maistrie (A.N.) 66, *a mastery, a feat of science*

make (A.S.) 50, 222, 230, *a companion, consort*

maken, make (A.S.) *to make*. *pret. s.* made. *part. pas.* y-maked, 2. maad, 71, 248

make (A.S.) 229, *to compose poetry*. *See note*

makyngge (A.S.) 229, *writing poetry*

male (A.N.) 91, *a box, pack*

†malisones (A.N.) 493, *curses*

mamelen (A.S.) 78, 226, *to chatter, mumble*

menacen (A.N.) *to menace, threaten*

manere (A.N.) *manner*

mange (A.N.) 132, *to eat*

mangerie (A.N.) 209, 328, *an eating, a feast*

manlich (A.S.) 92. *humane*. manliche, *manfully, humanely*

mansed (A.N.) 30, 74, 190, 233, 438, *cursed, excommunicated*

marc (A.N.) 161, *a mark (a coin)*

marche (A.S.) 159, 321, *a border*. The word is preserved in the term "Marches of Wales," "Marches of Scotland"

marchen (A.N.) *to march, go*

mareys (A.N.) *a marsh*

†masedere (A.N.) 499, *more amazed*  
maugree (A.N.) 131, *ill thanks, in spite of*  
maundee (A.S.) 339, *maunday*  
maundement (A.N.) 348, *a commandment*  
mawe (A.S.) 298, *mouth, maw*  
maze (A.N.) 12, *doubt, amazement, a labyrinth*  
meden (A.S.) 56, *to reward, bribe*  
mede (A.S.) *meed, reward*  
medlen (A.N.) *to mix with*  
meel (A.S.) *meal*  
meene (A.N.) *poor, moderate, middle*  
mees (A.S.) 249, 313, *a mess or portion of meat*  
megre (A.N.) *meagre, thin*  
meynee (A.N.) 178, *household, household retinue*  
meken (A.S.) *to make meek, humiliate*  
mele (A.S.) 262, *meal, flour*  
mendinaunt, *pl.* mendinauntz (A.N.) *a beggar; friars of the begging orders*  
mene, meene (A.N.) *mean, middle*  
mene (A.N.) 326, *a mean*  
menen (A.S.) *to mean.* to meene, 15, 18. that is Crist to mene, 399, *that means Christ*  
menen (A.S.) *to moan, lament.* *pret.* mened  
†menemong (A.S.) 497, *of an ordinary quality*  
menever (A.N.) 433, *a kind of fur; the fur of the ermine and small weasel mixed*  
mengen (A.S.) *to mix, meddle*  
menyson (A.N.) 337, *a flux, dysentery*  
menour (A.N.) *a Minorite*  
menske (A.S.) 54, 455, *decency, honour, manliness*  
mercien (A.N.) *to thank*  
mercy (A.N.) 17, 353, *thanks*  
mercy (A.N.) 360, 361, *mercy*  
mercymment (A.N.) *amercement*  
merk (A.S.) 316, *a mark*  
merke (A.S.) 15, *dark.* merknesse (A.S.) 377, 379, *darkness*  
merveillous (A.N.) *marvellous, wonderful*  
meschief (A.N.) 197, *mishap, evil, mischief*  
mesel (A.S.) *pl.* meseles, 51, 144, 337, *a leper*  
meson-Dieux (A.N.) 139, *hospitals*  
messe (A.S.) *mass, the Romish ceremony*  
mestier (A.N.) 138, *occupation*  
mesurable (A.N.) *moderate*  
met (A.S.) 267, *measure*  
mete (A.S.) *meat.* mete-less, (A.S.) *without meat*

metels (A.S.) 13, 31, 147, 149, 155, 202, 207, *a dream*  
meten, meete (A.S.) 310, *to meet. pret. s. mette, 351. part. pas. met, 216*  
meten (A.S.) *to dream. pret. s. mette, 148, 155, 396. part. s. metyng, 221*  
metyng (A.S.) 246, *a dream*  
†meter (A.S.) 476, *fitter (?)*  
meve (A.N.) 153, 228, *to move. pres. pl. ye moeven, 298*  
myd (A.S.) *with*  
myddel-erthe (A.S.) 221, *the world*  
middles (A.S.) *middle, midst*  
mynistren (A.N.) 231, *to administer*  
mynnen (A.S.) 322, *to mind, to recollect*  
mynours (A.N.) *miners, diggers of mines*  
mys-beden (A.S.) 119, *to injure*  
mysese (A.N.) 16, *ill ease*  
mys-eise (A.N.) 139, *ill at ease*  
mysfeet (A.N.) 224, *ill deed, wrong*  
†myster (A.N.) 484, *kind species*  
mystier (A.S.) *more misty, more dark*  
†myteynes (A.N.) 476, *mittens, gloves*  
mnam, 131, *a Hebrew coin*  
mo (A.S.) *more*  
mody (A.S.) *moody. modiliche, moodily*  
moeble, meble (A.N.) 364, *goods*  
molde, moolde (A.S.) *earth, mould*  
moled (A.N.) 262, 264, *spotted, stained*  
mom (A.S.) 13, *a mum, sound*  
mone (A.S.) 295, *lamentation*  
†monelich (A.N.) 457, *meanly*  
monials (A.N.) 192, *nuns (Lat. moniales)*  
moore (A.S.) 403, *greater*  
moost (A.S.) *greatest*  
moot (A.N.) 113, 417, *a moat*  
moot-halle (A.S.) 73, 74, *hall of meeting, of justice*  
more (A.S.) 300, 330, 331, 334, *pl. mores, 416, a root*  
mornen (A.S.) *to mourn. pret. s. mornede*  
mortrews (A.N.) 248, 250, 252, *a kind of soup*  
morwe (A.S.) *morning, morrow*  
morwenyng (A.S.) *morning*  
mote (A.S.) 25, *to hold courts of justice*  
motyng (A.S.) 141, *judging, meeting for justice*  
moton (A.N.) 44, *the name of a coin. See note on l. 1404*  
mous (A.S.) *pl. mees, a mouse*

mouster (A.N.) 267, *muster, arrangement*

muche (A.S.) 155, 417, *great*

muchel (A.S.) 401, *great, much*

muliere, muliere (A.N.) 343, 344, *a wife, woman*

murie (A.S.) *pleasant, merry, joyful*. *murye*, 1, *pleasantly*, *murier*, *more pleasant*

murthe (A.S.) 382, *pleasure, joy, mirth*

murthen (A.S.) 362, *to make merry or joyful*

muson (A.N.) 183, *measures (?)*

must (A.S.) 391, *a liquor made of honey*

#### N.

nale (A.S.) 124, *the ale*. *see atte*

namoore (A.S.) *no more*

naught (A.S.) *not, nought*

ne (A.S.) *not*. The negative *ne* is combined with the verb *to will, to be, &c.*; as *nelle*, for *ne wille*, *nel, nyl*, for *ne wil*, *nerre*, for *ne were*, *molde*, for *ne wolde*, *nyste*, for *ne wiste*. It is sometimes combined with other verbs, as *naroos*, 399, for *ne aroos*. So we have such expressions as, *wol he nele he*, 427, i. e. *whether he will or he will not*

nede (A.S.) *need*

neddre (A.S.) 82, *an adder, venomous serpent*

nedlere (A.S.) 96, *maker of, or dealer in, needles*

neet (A.S.) 411, *cattle*. Farmers still talk of *neat cattle*

neghen (A.S.) *to approach, to near*. *pret. s. neghed*, 425, *neghede*, 438

neigh (A.S.) *near, nigh*

nempne (A.S.) 397, *to name, call*. *pret. s. nempned*, 397, 404. *part. pas. y-nempned, nempned*

nevelyng (A.S.) 85, *sniveling*

nygard (A.S.) *niggard*

nymen, nyme (A.S.) 268, 304 426, *to take*. *part. pas. y-nome*, 427

nyppe (A.S.) 379, *a point (?)*

noble (A.N.) 191, *a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence*

noght (A.S.) *nought, nothing*

noyen (A.N.) *to injure, annoy, plague*

nones (A.N.) 125, *the hour of two or three in the afternoon*

nonne (A.S.) 86, *a nun*

noon (A.S.) *none*

nounpere (A.N.) 97, *an umpire, an arbitrator*

noughty (A.S.) 130, *possessed of nothing*

noun (A.N.) 366, *no*

nouth (A.S.) *now*

#### O.

o (A.S.) 349, *one*

of-gon (A.S.) 166, *to derive (?)*

of-walked (A.S.) 258, *fatigued with walking*

o-lofte (A.S.) *aloft, on high*

one, oone (A.S.) *singly, alone, only*. myn one, 154, *myself singly*  
†onethe (A.S.) *scarcely*. See unnethe  
oon (A.S.) *one*  
oost (A.N.) 416, *a host, army*  
openen, opene (A.S.) *to open*. pret. pl. opned, 388  
ordeigne, ordeyne (A.N.) 415, *to ordain*  
organye (A.N.) 369, *a musical instrument*. by organye, *as an accompaniment to music*  
ote (A.S.) *an oat*  
oughen (A.S.) *to own, possess, owe*. pret. s. oughte, 47  
outher (A.S.) *other, either, or*  
over-come (A.S.) *to overcome*. pret. s. over-coom, 405  
over-hoven (A.S.) 55, 379, *to hover or dwell over, hang over*  
over-hippen (A.S.) *to hop over, skip over*. pret. pl. thei over-huppen, 250, 318  
over-leden (A.S.) 62, *to overlead, tyrannize over*  
over-sprenden (A.S.) *to spread over*. pret. s. over-spradde, 408  
over-tilten (A.S.) *to tilt or throw over*. pret. s. over-tilte, 428, 433, *threw over, dug up*  
owene (A.S.) 366, *own*

#### P.

paast (A.N.) 275, *paste, dough*  
payn (A.N.) *bread*  
paynym (A.N.) 108, 326, *a pagan*  
pays (A.N.) 340, *country*  
pallen (A.S.) 333, *to knock*. pret. s. I palle, 332  
palmere (A.N.) 83, *a palmer, pilgrim to distant lands*  
paltok (A.N.) 370, 438, *a cloak*  
panne (A.S.) 69, *the scull, head*  
pardonner (A.N.) *a dealer in pardons*  
parentrelynarie (A.N.) 220, *between the lines, interlineal*  
parfiter (A.N.) 229, *more perfectly*  
parfitly (A.N.) *perfectly*  
parfourne (A.N.) *to perform*  
parisshen (A.N.) 206, 441, *a parishioner*  
parle (A.N.) *to talk*. part. past, parled, 385  
parroken (A.N.) 312, *to park or inclose*  
parten (A.N.) *to share, to part*. †part. pas. parten, 475  
Pasqe (A.N.) 338, *Easter*  
passhen (A.S.) 431, *to crush*  
pawme (A.N.) 356, *the palm of the hand*  
pece (A.N.) 276, *a piece*  
peeren (A.N.) 320, *make themselves equal*  
peeren (A.N.) 11, *to appear*

pees (A.N.) *peace*. preide hem be pees, 405, *prayed them to be quiet*

peire (A.N.) *a pair*

peiren (A.N.) 50, *to diminish, injure*. see apeiren

peis (A.N.) 91, *weight*

peisen (A.N.) 90, *to weigh*

pelure (A.N.) 420, *fur*

pens (A.S.) *pence*

peraunter (A.N.) 202, *peradventure, by chance*

percell, *pl.* parcelles (A.N.) 177, 220, 349, *a parcel, part*

percel-mele (A.N.) 48, *piecemeal*

percile (A.N.) 134, *parsley*

pere (A.N.) 139, *a peer, an equal*

perfourne (A.N.) 251, *to finish, complete, to furnish*

perillousli (A.N.) *dangerously, rudely*

y-perissed (A.N.) 359, *perished, destroyed*

perree (A.N.) 173, *precious stones, jewellery*

persaunt (A.N.) 24, *piercing*

person (A.N.) 441, *a parson*. personage, *a parsonage*

pertliche (A.N.) 78, *openly*

pese (A.N.) *pease*

petit (A.N.) *little*

picche (A.S.) 123, *to pick*

pie (A.N.) 150, *a magpie*

pik (A.S.) *a pike*

pikstaf (A.S.) 123, *a pike-staff*

piken (A.S.) *to pick*

pyke-harneys (A.N.) 440, *plunderers*

pykoise (A.N.) 61, *a hoe*

pil, pyl, *pl.* piles (A.S.) 331, 332, 417, *a pile*

†pilche (A.S.) 465, *a coat of hair or some rude material*. We find the word used by Lydgate, ed. Halliwell, p. 154:—

Houndys for favour wyl nat spare,  
To pynche his *pylche* with greet noyse and soun.

And in Caxton's *Reynard the Foxxe*, cap. v, Reynard having turned hermit, bare "his slayvne and *pylche*, and an heren sherte therunder."

†pild (A.N.) 500, *bald*

pilen (A.N.) 422, *to rob*

pilour (A.N.) 371, 420, *a thief*

†pylion (A.S. ?) 500, *a kind of cap*

pyne (A.N.) *peyne*, *pl.* peynes, *pain, punishment*

pyne, 78. See wyne

pynynge-stoole (A.S.) 47, *literally, a stool of punishment, a cucking-stool*

pynne (A.S.) 442, *to bolt*



piones (A.N.) 95, *the seed of the piony*, which was used as a spice. In the Coventry Mysteries (ed. Halliwell, p. 22) we find the word joined, as here, with pepper:—

Here is pepyr, *pyan*, and swete lycorys,  
Take hem alle at thi lykying

pyries (A.N.) 78, *pear-trees*

pisseris (A.N.) 438 (?)

pistle (A.N.) *an epistle*

pitously (A.N.) *piteously, for the sake of pity*

pleyen (A.S.) *to play. pret. s. pleide, pl. pleiden*

pleyn (A.N.) *full*

pleyne (A.N.) 53, *to commiserate, to complain, make a complaint*

plener (A.N.) 209, 336, *full, fully*

pleten (A.N.) *to plead. pret. pl. pleteden, 140*

platten (A.N.) *to fall or throw down flat. pret. s. platte, 81*

plot (A.N.) 263, *pl. plottes, 265, a patch*

plow-foot (A.S.) 123, *a part of a plough*

po (A.S.) 243, *a peacock*

†poynttyl (A.N.) 462, the signification of this word appears to be the *square tiles* used for paving floors. See Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, ii, 99

poke (A.S.) 150, 259, 275, 288, *a sack*

poken (A.N.) *to urge, push forwards, poke, thrust*

pol, 205, polle (A.S.) 261, 430, *a head, poll*

polshen (A.N.) 105, *to polish*

pondfold (A.S.) 346, *the pinfold or pound*

poraille (A.N.) *the poor people*

poret (A.N.) *pl. porettes, 134, 135, a kind of leek*

porthors (A.N.) 302, *a breviary, (portiforium, Lat.)*

pose (A.N.) 365, *to place, put as a supposition*

possen (A.N.) *to push*

potente (A.N.) 156, *a club, staff*

pouke (A.S.) 256, 285, 333, 346, *the devil*

Poul (A.N.) *St. Paul*

poude-mele (A.S.) 41, *by the pound*

pous (A.N.) 352, *the pulse*

pouste (A.N.) 79, 228, *power, strength*

povere (A.N.) *poor*

†povert (A.N.) 496, *poverty*

†powghe, terre powghe, 487, *a torn sack or poke* (?) The imperfect glossary appended to the old printed edition of the "Creed" explains it by *tar box*

prayen (A.N.) 430, *to make prey of, plunder*

preessen (A.N.) 286, *to hasten, crowd*

preyen, preye (A.N.) *to pray. pret. s. preide, preyde*

preiere (A.N.) *prayer*

preynte (A.N. ?) 253 (?)

preise (A.N.) 97, *to appraise, value*

†prese (A.N.) 495, *to hasten. pret. s. presed, 460*

prest (A.N.) 287, *ready. prester, 191, more ready. presteste, 110, readiest, quickest. prestly, readily*

preven, preve (A.N.) *to prove*

prikye (A.S.) 369, *to ride over, ride, spur. pret. s. prikede, 368, part. past, y-priked, 430*

prikere (A.S.) 159, 191, prikiere, 370, *a rider*

pris (A.N.) 411, *prize, value*

prison (A.N.) 140, 315, 372, *a prisoner*

pryvee (A.N.) *private, intimate, confidential*

provisour (A.N.) 38, 73, *a purveyor, provider*

prowor (A.N.) 411, *a priest*

puffed (A.S.) 78, *blown*

†pulchen (A.N.) *to polish. part. past, pulched, 458, pulchud, 460, polished*

pulette (A.N.) *a chicken*

punysshen (A.N.) 407, *to punish*

pure (A.N.) *pure, simple, unmixed. pure (adv.) 213, purely, simply. purely for-do, 262, altogether destroyed or undone. †puriche (A.N.) 467, purely. perhaps it should be purliche*

purfill, purfil (A.N.) 72, 78, *embroidery, tinsel*

purfilen (A.N.) 28, *to embroider*

put (A.S.) 195, 284, *pl. puttes, a pit, cave*

putten, puten (A.S.) 400, *to put, place. pres. s. putte, pl. putten. pres. s. and pl. putte, 68, 110, 372. part. past, y-put, 290*

## Q.

quatron (A.N.) 90, *a quartern*

quave (A.N.) *to shake, tremble. pret. s. quaved, 373*

queed (A.S.) 285, *the evil one, the devil*

queste-mongere (A.N. and A.S.) *one who made a business of conducting inquests*

queynt (A.S.) 390, *quenched, destroyed*

queyntely (A.N.) 416, *quaintly, cunningly*

queyntise (A.N.) 385, 417, *cunning*

quellen (A.S.) *to kill. part. past, quelt, 337, killed*

†quenes (A.S.) 456, *women. The word is used in the modern sense of the word wench*

quyk (A.S.) 384, 399, *live, alive*

quykne (A.S.) 390, *to give life to, bring to life. pret. s. I quikne*

quite, quyte (A.N.) 389, 390, *to quit, pay off. part. past, quit, 390*

quod (A.S.) *quoth, says*

## R.

radegunde (A.S. ?) 430, *a disease, apparently a sort of boil*

rageman (A.N.) 5, 335, *a catalogue, list*

ray (A.N.) 89, *a ray, streak*

†raken (A.S.) 455, *to go raking about*

rakiere (A.S.) 96, *one who goes raking about*  
rape (A.S.) 97, *haste*  
rapen (A.S.) 65, 101, 124, *to prepare. pret. s. raped, 352*  
rapeliche (A.S.) 347, rapely, 351, *readily, quickly. rapelier, 352, more quickly*  
rappen (A.S.) 20, *to strike, rap*  
rather, 155, *earlier*  
rathe (A.S.) *early. rathest, earliest, first, soonest, most readily*  
raton (A.N.) *a rat*  
ratoner (A.N.) 96, *a rat-catcher*  
raunsone (A.N.) 390, *ransom*  
rave (A.S.) 380, *to rave. ravestow, 380, dost thou rave*  
ravysshen (A.N.) 399, *to ravage, rob, plunder, ravish*  
raxen (A.S.) 100, *to hawk, spit*  
reaume, reme (A.N.) *pl. remes, reames, a realm*  
recche (A.S.) 67, 204, *to reckon, care for. pret. s. roughte, 369*  
recchelees (A.S.) 369, *reckless*  
rechen (A.S.) 359, *to reach. pret. s. raughte, 5, 76, 153, 335, 369*  
recoverer (A.N.) 352, *a remedy (?)*  
recrayed (A.N.) 58, *recreant (?)*  
rede (A.S.) *red*  
rede (A.S.) *to read*  
reden (A.S.) *to advise, counsel. pret. s. redde, 106, pl. radde, 71, 84. imperat. reed, 72*  
redel (A.S.) 257, *a riddle*  
†redelich (A.S.) 498, *readily, promptly*  
redyng-kyng, 96, *a class of feudal retainers. See Spelman's Gloss. in v. rodknightes*  
reed (A.S.) *counsel, advice*  
regne (A.N.) *to reign. pret. s. regnede, 399, reigned*  
regratier, regrater (A.N.) 48, 90, *a retailer of wares and victuals*  
regratrie (A.N.) 48, *retailing, selling by retail*  
reyn (A.S.) *rain*  
reckenen (A.S.) *to reckon, count*  
relessen (A.N.) 46, *to forgive*  
releve (A.N.) 377, *to raise again, restore, rally*  
religious (A.N.) *pl. religiouses 192, a monk*  
renable (A.N.) 10, *reasonable*  
renden (A.S.) 13, *to rend, tear. imperat. rende, 76*  
reneye (A.N.) 210, *to deny, be a renegade to. part. pas. reneyed, 210, renegade*  
renk (A.S.) 12, 101, 149, 231, 238, 280, 369, 385, *a man*  
rennen, renne (A.S.) 353, *to run. imperative, ren thow, 230. pret. s. ran, roon, 277, yarn, 205 (? y-arn). part. past, ronne, 156*  
renner (A.S.) 72, *a runner*  
renten (A.N.) 140, *to give rents to*

†rentful (A.S.) 476, *meagre, miserable* (?)  
repen (A.S.) *to reap. pret. pl. ropen*, 268  
repreven (A.N.) 236, *to reprove, blame*  
rerages (A.N.) 91, *arrears*  
retenaunce (A.N.) 31, *a retinue*  
reve (A.S.) 34, 102, 411, 423, *an overseer, a reeve, steward, or bailiff*  
reve (A.S.) 335, 385, *to take from*  
revere, *pl. reveris* (A.S.) *reavers, people who deprive by force*  
reward (A.N.) 364, *attention, warning*  
†rewel (A.S.) 473, *rule*  
rewen (A.S.) *to rue, to have mercy*  
rewme (A.N.) 430, *a rheumatism, cold*  
ribaud (A.N.) 108, 286, 339, 372, *a profligate low man*. The word belonged properly to a particular class in society. See a detailed account of its derivation and signification in a note in my Political Songs, p. 369  
ribaudie (A.N.) *low profligate talk*  
ribaudour (A.N.) 121, *a teller of low tales*  
ribibour (A.N.) 96, *a player on the ribibe* (a musical instrument)  
riche, ryche (A.S.) *a kingdom*. *hevene riche blisse, the joy of the kingdom of heaven*  
richen (A.N.) *to become rich*  
riden, ryde (A.S.) *to ride. pres. s. ryt, pl. riden. pret. s. rood*, 354  
rightwisnesse (A.S.) 393, *righteousness*  
ringen (A.S.) *to ring. pret. pl. rongen*, 395, 428  
ripe (A.S.) 415, *to ripen*  
ripe (A.S.) 100, *ready*  
rise, ryse (A.S.) 352, *to rise. pret. s. roos*, 91, 344  
risshe (A.S.) 75, *a rush (juncus)*  
rody (A.S.) *ruddy, red*  
roggen (A.S.) *to shake* (explained in the Prompt. Parv. by *agito.*) *pret. s. rogged*, 335  
roynous (A.N.) 430, *scabby, rough*  
rolle (A.N.) 93, *to enrol*  
rome (A.S.) 209, 210, 328, *to roam*  
romere (A.S.) *pl. romeris, a person who wanders or roams about*  
ronges (A.S.) 333, *the steps of a ladder*  
roost (A.N.) 14, *roast*  
†rote (A.N.) *practice. by rote, by heart. be pure rote*, 473, *merely by rote*  
roten (A.S.) *to rot*  
rotey tyme (A.N.) 222, *the time of rut*  
†rotheren (A.S.) 476, *oxen*  
rounen, rownen (A.S.) 66, 97, *to whisper, talk privately*  
routhe (A.S.) *ruth, compassion*  
rowen (A.S.) *to become red, as the dawn of day* (?). *pret. s. rowed*, 376

rifulliche (A.S.) *ruefully*  
rugge (A.S.) 286, 413, *the back*. rugge-bone (A.S.) 98, *the back-bone*  
rulen (A.N.) 393, *to rule, govern*  
rusty (A.S.) 121, *filthy* (?). In the Coventry Mysteries, p. 47, Ham's wife says, "rustynes of synne is  
cause of these wawys;" i. e. *filthiness of sin is the cause of these waves*  
ruthe (A.S.) *compassion*  
ruten (A.S. ?) 100, *to snore*. *pret. s. rutte*, 369  
ruwet (A.S. ?) 98, *a small trumpet*

## S.

saaf (A.N.) *safe*  
sadde (A.S.) 188, *to make serious, steady*  
sadde (A.S.) 152, *serious, grave, steady*  
sadder (A.S.) 77, *sounder*  
safly (A.N.) *safely*  
saille (A.N.) 260, *to leap*  
salve (A.N.) 337, *to apply salves*  
samplarie (A.N.) 234, *type, first copy*  
saufté (A.N.) *safety*  
saughtne (A.S.) 65, *to be pacified, reconciled*  
saulee (A.N.) 331 (?)  
saunz (A.N.) *without*  
saute (A.N.) 260, *to jump*  
sauter (A.N.) *the Psalter*  
savoren (A.N.) 157, *to savour*  
savour (A.N.) 147, *knowledge*  
sawe (A.S.) 147, 165, 378, *pl. sawes*, 174, *a saying, legend, proverb*  
scathe (A.S.) 46, 70, 71, 298, *injury, hurt*  
scryveynes (A.N.) 193, *writers*  
†se (A.N.) 483, *seat*  
secte (A.N.) 106, 107, 216, *a suit*  
see (A.S.) *the sea*  
seel (A.S.) 348, *pl. seles, a seal*  
seem (A.S.) 45, 67, *a seam* (of wheat), a measure of eight bushels, originally as much as a horse  
could carry  
sege (A.N.) 443, *siege*  
†seget (A.N.) 489, *subject*  
segge (A.S.) 46, 78, 84, 100, 216, 341, 443, 445, *a man*  
seyen, 290, seye, seyn, seggen, 53, 264, sigge, 208, 302, siggen, 264, 312, 318, 350 (A.S.) *to say*.  
*pres. s. I seye, he seith, thei siggen*, 320. *pret. s. seide, pl. seiden*  
seillynge (A.S.) 387, *sailing*  
seynen (A.N.) *to sign*. *pret. s. seyned*, 104  
seint (A.N.) *a saint*  
seken, seche (A.S.) *to seek*; 273, *to penetrate*. *pret. s. & pl. soughte. part. pas. y-sought*

selde (A.S.) *seldom, seldom*, 365

selen (A.S.) *to seal*

self (A.S.) *objec. s. selve, pl. selves self-same. on the selve roode*, 427, *on the cross itself*

†sely (A.S.) 477, *simple, poor*

selkouth (A.S.) *pl. selkouthe wonderful, strange*

selles (A.N.) *cells*

semen (A.S.) 328, *to seem, appear, resemble. †I semed*, 460, *I looked*

semynge (A.S.) 318, *resembling*

semy-vif (A.N.) 351, *half alive, i. e. half dead*

sen, 25, see, 32 (A.S.) *to see. pres. sing. thow sest*, 15. *he seeth, pl. we seen. pret. sing. seigh*, 77, 147, 200, 247, *seyghe*, 82, *saugh*, 29, 77, 347, 376, 437, *pl. seighe. part. pas. y-seyen, seyen*, 216, 308, 349, *seene, y-seighen*, 77, *seighen*, 177, *y-seighe*, 365

senden (A.S.) *to send. pret. s. sent*, 421, *pl. senten*

serelopes (A.S.) 358, *severally, by themselves*

serk (A.S.) 81, *a shift, shirt*

serven (A.N.) *to serve*

setten (A.S.) *to set. pret. s. & pl. sette. part. past, seten*, 248

sewen (A.S.) *to follow. see suwen*

shaar (A.S.) 61, *the blade or share of a plough*

†shaf (A.S.) 490, *chaff*

shaft (A.S.) 161, 225, *make, creation*

shaken (A.S.) *to shake. pret. s. shook*, 268

shallen (A.S.) *the auxiliary verb. sing. I shal*, 15. *thow shalt, pl. ye shul*, 14, *shulle*, 25, *thei shulle*, 22—*sholde, sholdest, pl. sholden, sholde*

shapen, shape (A.S.) *to make, create, shape. pret. s. shoop*, 1, 163, 197, 225, 443, *shapte*, 361, 433, *for-shapte*, 365. *pl. shopen. part. past, mys-shapen*, 144, *shapen*, 280

shappere (A.S.) 358, *a maker, creator*

sharpe (A.S.) 443, *pungent*

sheep (A.S.) 1, *a sheep, or a shepherd*

sheltrom (A.S.) 278, *a host, troop of soldiers*

shenden (A.S.) *to ruin, destroy. pret. s. shente*, 365. *part. pas. shent*

shene (A.S.) 394, *bright*

shenfulliche (A.S.) 59, *shamefully, disastrously*

shepstere (A.S.) 265, *a sheep-shearer (?)*

shere (A.S.) *a shear*

sherreve (A.S.) 31, 51, *a shire-reeve, or sheriff*

sherewe, shrewe (A.S.) *a shrew; a cursed one*

shrewednesse (A.S.) *cursedness*

sheten (A.S.) *to shoot. pret. pl. shotten*, 438

shetten, shette (A.S.) *to shut. pret. s. shette*

shide (A.S.) 167, 197, *a thin board, a billet of wood*

shiften (A.S.) *to move away. pret. s. shifte* 435

shyngled (A.S.) 168, *made of planks or boards*

shonyen (A.S.) 87, *to shun*

†shosen ( ) 491 qu. for chosen, i. e. *dispose, incline to*

shrape (A.S.) 84, *to scrape*

shryve (A.S.) 441, *to shrive, make confession. pret. s. shrof, 45, 198. part. pas. y-shryve, 82, shryven, 273*

shrift (A.S.) *confession*

shroudes (A.S.) *clothes*

sib, sibbe (A.S.) *relation, companion. Gossip is God-sib, companion or fellow in God, and was originally applied to the attendants at a christening*

sidder (A.S.) 88, *wider*

sike (A.S.) 355, *sick*

siken (A.S.) *to sigh. pret. s. siked, 293, sikede, 385*

siker, syker (A.S.) *sure, secure. sikerer, 237, more secure, more sure*

syn (A.S.) 444, *since*

syngen, synge (A.S.) 408, *to sing. pret. s. songe, I song, 408. pl. songen, 369, 388, 405*

sinken (A.S.) *to sink. pret. s. sank, 373. pl. sonken, 278*

sisour (A.N.) 31, 32, 38, 51, 75, 434, *a person deputed to hold assizes. See Ducange in v. assisarii*

sith (A.S.) *since. sithen, since, afterwards. sithenes, 121, afterwards. siththe (adv.) since afterwards*

sithe (A.S.) 102, *time*

sitten, sitte (A.S.) *to sit. pret. s. thow sete, 386. I seet, 437. sat, pl. seten, 109*

skile (A.S.) 202, 240, 290, 359, 367, 412, *reason, argument*

†slaughte ( ) 456 (?)

sleighte (A.S.) 379, 401, *a trick, slight*

sleen (A.S.) *to slay. pres. sleeth. 364, 421. pret. s. slow, 434*

slepen (A.S.) *to sleep. pret. s. sleep, 99, 100, I slepte, 247. pl. slepe, 277*

slepying (A.S.) *asleep*

sleple (A.S.) 155, *to sleep gently*

sleuthe (A.S.) *sloth, idleness*

sliken (A.S.) 34, *to make sleek, smooth*

slombren (A.S.) *to slumber. pret. s. slombred, 1*

smal (A.S.) *pl. smale, small*

smecen (A.S.) *to taste, smack. pret. pl. smaughte, 98*

smythyen (A.S.) 61, 62, *to do the work of a smith, to forge*

so (A.S.) *so, as. so soone so, 352, as soon as*

soden (A.S.) 312, *to boil. part. pas. y-soden, 321*

sodenes (A.N.) 303, *sub-deans*

softe (A.S.) 1, *warm (like the Fr. doux)*

sokene (A.S.) 34, *a district held by tenure of socage*

solas (A.N.) *comfort, solace*

soleyn (A.N.) 240, *one left alone*

solne (A.N.) 102, *to sing by note*

som (A.S.) *pl. somme, some*

somone (A.N.) 37, sompne, 62, 209, 408, *to summon*

somonour (A.N.) 31, 51, 75, *a somner*, an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called *an apparitor*

sonde (A.S.) *mission, sending*

sone (A.S.) *a son*

songewarie (A.N.) 147, 148, *the interpreting of dreams*

sonne (A.S.) *the sun*

sooth (A.S.) *truth*

soothnesse, sothnesse (A.S.) *truth*

sope (A.S.) 254, *a sop*

sope (A.S.) 273, *soap*

soper (A.N.) *supper*

sorwe (A.S.) *sorrow*

sorweful (A.S.) 353, *sorrowful*

soth (A.S.) *true*

sothe (A.S.) *truth*

sotile (A.N.) 184, 186, *to apply one's cunning or penetration*

sotil (A.N.) *pl. sotile*, 294, 297, 319, 372, *clever, cunning, subtle, difficult to conceive or understand*

sotte (A.N.) *a fool*

souke (A.N.) 209, *to suck*

souter (A.S.) 101, 201, *a shoemaker*. †soutere, 494

souteresse (A.S.) 96, *a female shoemaker*

southdene (A.N.) *a subdean*

sowen (A.S.) 274, *to sow*. *pret. s. sew*, 268, 412, *pl. sewe*, 317. *part. pas. y-sowen*, 416

spakliche (A.S.) 353, *hastily (?)*

spede (A.S.) 353, *to haste, to speed*. *pret. s. spedde*, 353

speken, speke (A.S.) *to speak*. *pret. s. spak*

spelonke (LAT.) 311, *a cavern*

spences (A.N.) 285, *expense*

spillen (A.S.) (trans.) *to mix, spill, spoil, waste*, 414 (*intransitive*) *to perish*, 303. *part. pas. y-spilt*

spire (A.S.) 348, *to look closely into, to inquire*

spores (A.S.) 370, *spurs*

spring (A.S.) 79, *a sprig, rod*

springen (A.S.) *to spring*. *pret. s. sprong*, 277, *spronge*, 404

stabilisse (A.N.) 22, *to establish*

†stappyng (A.S.) 489, *stepping*

stede (A.S.) *pl. stedes*, *a place*

steere (A.S.) 153, *the helm of a ship*

steyen (A.S.) *to arise, mount*. †*pret. s. steigh*, 498, *arose*

stekie (A.S.) 22, *to stick fast*

stele (A.S.), 412, *a handle*



stelen (A.S.) *to steal. pret. s. stale, 268. pl. stolen, 405*  
 sterre, *pl. sterne, 310 (A.S.) a star*  
 †styghtle (A.S.) *469, to establish, confirm. Explained in the glossary appended to the old edition by to stay*  
 †stylle (A.S.) *473, quietly, with a low voice*  
 †y-stongen (A.S.) *483, stabbed, pierced*  
 stinken (A.S.) *to stink. pret. s. stank, 328. †styncand, 489, stinking*  
 stynten (A.S.) *22, 186, to stop*  
 stonden, stonde, stande, *354 (A.S.) to stand. he stondesth, it stant, 325, he stant, 372, thei stonden. pret. s. stood, 204, 247*  
 stoon (A.S.) *328, a stone*  
 stotte (A.S.) *411, an ox of three years old*  
 stoude (A.S.) *155, a short space of time*  
 stoupe (A.S.) *204, to bend, stoop. Chaucer, in the first line of the Nonne Preestes Tale, speaks of, —"A pore wydow somdel stoupe in age."*  
 †straken (A.S.) *456, to proceed directly*  
 †stre (A.S.) *496, straw*  
 streyte (A.S.) *straitly, narrowly*  
 streyves (A.N.) *6, estreys, beasts which have strayed, a law-term*  
 striken (A.S.) *to strike. pret. s. strook*  
 struyen (A.N.) *328, to destroy. pret. struyede*  
 stuwe (A.N.) *121, a house of ill fame, a stew. †stues, 488, stews, brothels*  
 †sueres (A.S.) *459, followers*  
 suffren (A.N.) *to suffer*  
 sulen (A.N.) *to soil. †part. pas. y-suled, 495, soiled*  
 suren (A.N.) *to assure*  
 surgenrie (A.N.) *336, surgery*  
 surquidous (A.N.) *416, overbearing, arrogant, conceited*  
 suster (A.S.) *pl. sustren, a sister*  
 suwen, sewe (A.S.) *203, 454 to follow. pret. s. and pl. suwed, 353, suwede, 380. part. p. suwed, 110, sued, 155*  
 swelte (A.S.) *86, to die, to perish. pret. s. sweltd, 431*  
 swerd (A.S.) *a sword*  
 sweren, swerye, *275 (A.S.) to swear. pret. s. swoor, 434, swor, 269. part. pas. sworn, 328, swore*  
 swetter (A.S.) *sweeter*  
 swevene (A.S.) *a dream*  
 sweyen (A.S.) *to sound. pret. s. sweyed, 1*  
 swich (A.S.) *385, pl. swiche, such*  
 swynken (A.S.) *to labour. pret. pl. swonken, 2.*  
 swynk (A.S.) *labour, work*  
 swithe (A.S.) *very, immediately, quickly*  
 swowe (A.S.) *86, to faint, to swoon*

tabard (A.N.) 88, *a short coat or mantle*. "Tabbard, *collobium*." Promp. Parv. One of the stage directions in the Coventry Mysteries (p. 244) is:—

Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage, be seyn after a busshop of the hoold lawe, in a skarlet gowne, and over that *a blew tabbard* furryd with whyte.

tacches (A.N.) 168, *stains, blemishes*

taillé (A.N.) 68, *a tally, notched stick; an account scored on a piece of wood*. See note

tailen (A.N.) *to keep an account by notches on a stick, to give a tally for a thing*. part. a. tailende, 156. part. pas. y-tailed, 102

taken (A.S.) *to take*. pres. s. took, pl. token, toke, 398. part. pas. taken

taken, take (A.S.) *to give*. pret. s. took, 328, pl. toke, token, 383

tale (A.S.) *an account, reckoning*

tale-wis (A.S.) 51, *wise in tales*

tasele (A.S.) 322, *a teasel*. The burs of this plant are used in the manufacture of cloth

tasten (A.N.) 266, 374, *to feel*. pret. s. tastede, 357

techen (A.S.) *to teach*. pret. s. taughte, 19, taghte, 135. part. pas. taught, 186, y-taught, 436

tellen, telle (A.S.) *to count, tell*, 405. pret. s. tolde. pl. tolden

teme, teeme (A.S.) 118, 125, 138, 411, 412, *a team of horses*

teme (A.N.) 48, 80, 147, 209, *a theme*

tenten (A.N.) *to offer, present, to hold out, stretch forth*. pret. pl. tendeden, 383

tenen, tene (A.S.) 256, 320, *to injure*. pret. s. tened, 432

tene (A.S.) 124, 125, 145, 209, 335, *anger, hurt*

teneful (A.S.) *injurious*

termes (A.N.) 242, *terms, times for their work*

teynten (A.N.) *to die, tint*. part. past, y-teynted, 322

y-termyned (A.N.) 20, *judged, determined*

thanne (A.S.) *then*

thecche (A.S.) 410, *to thatch*

theen (A.S.) *to thrive, be prosperous*. so thee ik! 90, *as I may prosper!*

thef, thief (A.S.) pl. theves, 239, 353, 373, *a thief*. thefliche, 389, *thievishly*

theigh (A.S.) *though*

thenke, thynke (A.S.) 211, 228, *to think*. pres. s. he thenketh, 407

ther (A.S.) *there, where*. thereafter, 90, *in proportion to it*. thermyd, *herewith*

thesternesse (A.S.) 340, *darkness*

thynke (A.S.) 384, *to seem*. pres. sing. I thynke, me thynketh (*it seems to me*). pret. s. thoghte, 1, 205, thoughte, 404

thirlen (A.S.) *to pierce, bore through*

thise (A.S.) *these*

tho (A.S.) *those, the*

tho (A.S.) *then, when*

tholien (A.S.) 70, thole, 392, *to bear, support, suffer*. pret. s. tholede, 251, 384, tholed, 377. pl. tholed, 373

thonkyng (A.S.) *thanking, thanks*

thorough (A.S.) *through*

thow (A.S.) The second personal pronoun is in interrogative clauses generally combined with its

verb, as *sestow, seest thou; slepestow, sleepest thou, &c.*

thral (A.S.) *pl. thralles, 398, a bond-man*

threve (A.S.) *333, a bundle*

thridde (A.S.) *413, third*

thringen (A.S.) *to crowd, to throng, to press forward. pret. pl. thrungen, 108*

tyd, tid (A.S.) *265, 334, quickly, promptly, readily*

tidy (A.S.) *422, clever, ready, neat*

tyen (A.S.) *to tie*

ty-tight, *461, furnished, provided*

tikes (A.S.) *398, low people; literally, dogs. The word is still used in Yorkshire*

til (A.S.) *305, to*

tilien, tilie, tilye (A.S.) *131, 138, 375, 410, to till the earth. †part. pas. tylde, 461*

tilthe (A.S.) *421, tilth, the result or produce of tilling or ploughing*

tymbre (A.S.) *223, to build. pret. tymbred, 48*

†tymen (A.S.) *494, to compel (?) It appears to be the same word which occurs in the alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II, p. 17:—*

Thus lafte they the leder  
That hem wrong ladde,  
And *tymed* no twynte,  
But tolled her cornes,  
And gaderid the grotus  
With gyle, as I trowe.

tynen, tyne (A.S.) *416, to lose. part. pas. tynt, 377*

titeleris (A.S. ?) *442, tattlers*

tithe (A.S.) *tenth, tithe*

tixte (A.N.) *348, text*

to (A.S.) *too*

to-, prefixed in composition to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, has the same force as the German *zu-*, giving to the word the idea of destruction or deterioration:—

to-bollen (A.S.) *82, to overswell*

to-breken (A.S.) *156, to break to pieces, break down. part. pas. to-broke, 139*

to-cleve (A.S.) *236, to cleave in pieces, cut open*

to-drawen (A.S.) *to draw to pieces, or to destruction. pret. to-drowe, 175*

to-luggen (A.S.) *41, to lug about, tear*

to-rende (A.S.) *180, to be torn or burst to pieces*

to-shullen (A.S.) *to cut off, destroy. part. pas. to-shullen, 359*

toft (A.S.) *an open exposed place, a hill*

to-fore (A.S.) *before. to-forn 235, before*

to-gidere, to-gidres, to-gideres (A.S.) *together*

†toylyng (A.S.) *495, tugging*

tollen (A.S.) *89, to measure out, count*

tollers (A.S.) *toll-gatherers*

tome (A.S.) *39, leisure, time. This form of the word seems to have been in use in the fourteenth century. It occurs at the commencement of the Seven Sages:—*

I sal yow tel, if I have *tome*,

Of the seven ages of Rome.

Its occurrence in Piers Ploughman shows that Weber was not right in supposing it a mere alteration of the word *time* for the sake of rhyme. See also Sir F. Madden's Glossary to Gawayne

tonder (A.S.) 362, *tinder*

†too (A.S.) *pl. ton*, 476, 489, *a toe*

torne (A.N.) 428, *to turn. pret. s. tornede*, 321, *torned*, 265, *turned*

torne, 325, *turne*, 324 (A.S.) *to turn* (intransitive)

toten (A.S.) 331, 459, 461, *to look, observe, to peep. pret. s. toted*, 471. *pl. toteden*, 476. *part. past, y-toted*, 464

touken (A.S.) *to dye. part. pas. y-touked*, 322

toune, 315, *a tun*. Perhaps it should be printed *tonne*.

tour (A.N.) *a tower*

travaille (A.N.) *to labour*

traversen (A.N.) 245, *to transgress*

treden (A.S.) *to tread. pret. pl. troden*, 223. †*pret. s. tredede*, 476, *trod*

tree, 330 (A.S.) *pl. trowes*, 300, *a tree*

tresor (A.N.) *a treasure*

triacle, tryacle (A.N.) *a remedy, a cure*

tricherie (A.N.) *treachery, cunning, trickery*

trie (A.N.) 305, 330, *choice, select. trieste*, 23, *most choice*, *trieliche*, *choicely*

†tryfler (A.S.) 479, *a trifler, a deceiver, a good-for-nothing*

†troiflarden (A.S.) 494, *triflers, idlers*

trollen (A.S.) 387, *to draw, to drag*

tronen (A.N.) *to throne*

trowe (A.S.) 358, *to believe, think, suppose. trowestow*, 237, *thinkest thou*

truffle (A.S.) 236, 378, *treble*, 471, *a silly tale, trifle, good-for-nothing thing or person*

trumpen (A.N.) *to sound a trumpet. pret. s. trumpede*, 395

tulien (A.S.) *to labour, to till. pret. pl. tulieden*, 277. *part. act. tulying*, 277

tweye (A.S.) *two*

twies (A.S.) *twice*

†twynnen (A.S.) 480, *to couple together*

U.

umwhile (A.S.) 97, *once, on a time*

unbuxome (A.S.) *disobedient, inobedient*

underfongen (A.S.) 301, *to undertake, accept, receive. pret. s. underfonged*, 209

undernymen (A.S.) 214, *to undertake, take possession of. pres. s. undernymeth*, 84. *part. past, under-nome*, 263, 428

under-pight (A.S.) 331, *propped up*

unhardy (A.N.) 254, 354, *not bold*

un-hiled (A.S.) 367, *uncovered, unroofed*

unjoynen (A.N.) 384, *to disjoin, separate*

unkynde (A.S.) *unnatural*

unkouthē (A.S.) 148, *unknown, strange, foreign*

unlosen (A.S.) 356, *to unloose*

unlouken (A.S.) 380, 384, 385, 388, *to unlock*

unnethe (A.S.) *scarcely*

unpynne (A.S.) 385, *to unbolt*

unsperen (A.S.) 374, 385, *to open, undo, unbolt*

†un-teyned (A.S.) 481, *unfastened (?)*

unthende (A.S.) 87, *unserved, without sauce*

untidy (A.S.) 432, *slovenly, not clever*

until (A.S.) *to*

unwittily (A.S.) 49, *unwisely, unreasonably*

up (A.S.) *upon. up so down, 428, upside down*

usen (A.S.) *to use*

#### V.

vaunt-warde (A.N.) 430, *the avant-guard, the van*

veille (A.N.) 104, *an old woman*

vendage (A.N.) 391, *vintage, harvest*

venymousté (A.N.) 378, *the property of being poisonous or venomous*

venym (A.N.) 326, *poison*

vernycle (A.N.) 109, "diminutive of *Veronike*. A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. Du Cange, in v. *Veronica*. Madox, Form. Angl. p. 428. Testam. Joh. de Nevill, an. 1386. Item Domino archiepiscopo Ebor. fratri meo. i. vestimentum rubeum de velvet cum *le Veronike* in granis rosarum desuper broudata. It was usual for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited; and therefore the Pardoner [in Chaucer], who is just arrived from Rome, is represented with a *vernicle sewed upon his cappe*."—TYRWHITT.

verrey (A.N.) 365, verrey, 405, *true*

verset (A.N.) 239, *a little verse*

viker (A.N.) 424, *a vicar*

vicory (A.N.) 420, *a vicar*

#### W.

waast (A.N.) 10, *a waste, wilderness*

wafrestere (A.S.) 115, *a maker of wafers for the priests, to be consecrated and administered at the sacrament*

wage, wagen (A.N.) 440, *to hire, to wage, pay wages, remunerate*

wage (A.N.) 71, *to be pledge for, to warrant*

waggen (A.S.) 332, *to shake. pret. s. waggede, 335, 373, 408*

wayte, waiten (A.S.) 89, 147, 157, 260, 269, *to watch, look about, wait. pret. s. waitede, 266. pl. waiteden, 345*

waitynges (A.S.) 33, *watchings, lookings*

walkne (A.S.) 316, *air, sky, welkin. wolkne, 357, 383*

walnote (A.S.) *a walnut*

wayven (A.N.) 113, 435, 482, 491, *to waive*

waken (A.S.) *to awake. pret. pl. woken, 277, woke, 405, awoke*

wanhope (A.S.) 34, 94, 140, 238, 366, *despair, hopelessness*  
wanye (A.S.) 141, 153, *to fade, wane. pret. s. wanyed, 294*  
war (A.S.) *ware, aware. y-war, 17*  
warde (A.N.) 388, *a keeper*  
wardemotes (A.N.) 6, *meetings of the ward*  
wareyne (A.N.) 10, *a warren*  
warisshen (A.N.) 336, *to cure*  
warlawes (A.S.) 497, *wizards, sorcerers, warlocks. See Jamieson, on this latter word*  
warner (A.N.) 96, *a warrener, keeper of a warren*  
warpen (A.S.) *to utter, cast. pret. s. warpe, 82, 99*  
warroken (A.S.) 66, *to girt*  
waselen (A.S.) *to become dirty, dirty one's self. †pret. s. waselede, 476*  
wasshe (A.S.) 248, *to wash. pret. s. I wessh, 344, washed, 352, pl. wesshen, 247. part. pas. y-wasshen, 167, whasshen, 272, wasshen, 392*  
wastel (A.N.) 94, *a cake, fine bread*  
watlen (A.S.) *to cover with hurdles, to wattle. pret. s. watlede, 415*  
wawe (A.S.) 153, *a wave*  
webbe (A.S.) 89, *a weaver*  
webbestere (A.S.) *a weaver. wollen webbesters, 14, woollen weavers*  
wed (A.S.) 91, 346, *a pledge*  
wedden (A.S.) 73, *to lay a wager*  
weder (A.S.) *weather. weder-wise, weather-wise*  
weddes (A.S.) *dress, clothes, apparel*  
weer (A.S.) 209, 330, *a doubt, perplexity*  
weet (A.S.) *wet. weet-shoed, 369, wet-shoed*  
weg (A.S.) 426, *a pledge*  
wey (A.S.) *a way*  
weye (A.S.) 82, *a wey of cheese*  
weyen (A.S.) *to weigh. part. past, weyen, 25*  
weylaway (A.S.) 383, *an exclamation of lamenting under suffering*  
weyves (A.S.) 6 (a law term), *animals lost or strayed*  
weke (A.S.) 360, 362, *the wick of a candle*  
welden (A.S.) 174, 175, 206, *to possess. pres. s. he welt, 178, when he weldeth, 426*  
wele (A.S.) 381, *weal, happiness, good fortune*  
wellen (A.S.) *to boil, to gush out as water from a spring. pret. s. wellede, 418*  
welle (A.S.) 296, *a spring*  
welthe (A.S.) 88, *a welt*  
wem (A.S.) 377, *a flaw, stain*  
wenden (A.S.) 306, *to go, to wend. pres. pl. wenden. imperat. weend, 59*  
wenen (A.S.) 264, 380, *to suppose, imagine, think, believe. pret. pl. wende, 263, supposed*  
wepen (A.S.) *to weep. pret. s. wepte, 374, pl. wepten*  
wepene (A.S.) 170, *membrum virile*

wepne (A.S.) *a weapon*

†werdliche (A.S.) 454, 473, *worldly*

were (A.S.) 322, *to wear*

werken, werche (A.S.) *to work. pres. pl. werchen. pret. s. wroghte. pl. wroughte, wroghten. part. act. werchyng. part. pas. wroughte, wroght, y-wroght*

†werly (A.S.) 491, *worldly*

wernard, wernarde (A.N.) 35, 53, *persons who lay information against others (?)*

wernen (A.S.) *to refuse, deny. pres. s. werneth, 425, refuses*

werre (A.N.) *war*

wers (A.S.) *worse*

†werwolves (A.S.) 478, *people turned into wolves by sorcery. An ancient superstition. See note*

wesshen (A.S.) *to wash*

weven (A.S.) *to weave*

wex (A.S.) 360, 361, *wax*

wexen, wexe (A.S.) 141, 209, 293, 401, *to wax, grow. pret. s. weex, 63, 94, 202, 278, 294, 336, 369. pl. woxen, 161, 277, 333. part. pas. woxen, 177, 403*

wexed (A.S.) 98, *washed (?)*

what! (A.S.) 146, *an interjection, lo!*

whiche (A.S.) *which a light, 376, what light*

†whit (A.S.) 476, *a wight, creature*

whiten (A.S.) *to make white*

†whough (A.S.) 453, *how. whou, 481*

wicche (A.S.) 372, 373, *a witch*

wye (A.S.) 109, 223, 245, 248, 283, 352, 354, 388, 405, *a man. It is the Saxon wig, and was originally applied to a warrior or hero. I am inclined to think this may be the origin of our present slang term, a guy*

wif (A.S.) *in the objective, wyve, pl. wyves, a woman, wife*

wight (A.S.) 160, *active, brave. wightly, actively, bravely, well. wyghtliche, 40, actively. wightnesse, 410, activity, cleverness*

wight (A.S.) *a creature, being*

wike (A.S.) *a week. pl. woukes, 336*

wikkedlokest (A.S.) 199, *most wickedly*

willen (A.S.) 400, *to will. pres. s. wol, wole, pl. wol. pret. s. wolde, pl. wolde. thow willest, 241*

wilne (A.S.) 49, *to will. pr. s. wilneth, 20. pl. wilne, 15. pret. s. wilned, 211, 369*

wyn (A.S.) 402, *wine*

wynen pyne (A.S.) 78, *the wine pin, or place where wine was sold (?)*

wynkyng (A.S.) 77, 99, *dozing, slumbering*

wynnen, wynne (A.S.) *to win, gain. pret. s. wan, 123, 231, pl. wonnen, 2. part. pas. y-wonne, 82, 213, wonne, 410*

†wynwe (A.S.) 476, *winnowing*

wis, *pl. wise* (A.S.) *wise*

wisloker (A.S.) 266, *more certainly*

wissen, wisse (A.S.) 399, *to teach. pres. sing. I wisse. pret. sing. wissed, 19. part. act. wissyng, 205, teaching*

wissen (A.S.) *to know. pret. sing. wiste, 151, 211, knew part. past, wist, 381*

wit (A.S.) *mind, wit, intelligence*

witen, wite (A.S.) 373, 377, *to know. pres. s. he woot, 105, 199. pret. s. woot, 3, 32, 35, 67. to witene, 152, to know. witynge, 418, knowingly*

witen (A.S.) 140, 331, *to hinder, keep*

witen (A.S.) *to blame. pret. s. witte, 17*

withdrawen (A.S.) *to withdraw. pret. s. withdrough, 373*

withholden (A.S.) *to withhold, retain. pres. s. he withhalt, 110*

withwynde (A.S.) 108, *crosswise (?) as if bound with a withy*

witterly (A.S.) *truly*

witty (A.S.) 196, *knowing, wise*

†wlon (A.S.) 494, *the nap of cloth (?)*

wo (A.S.) *woe*

wodewe (A.S.) 169, *pl. widwes, a widow*

woke (A.S.) 315, *to moisten (?)*

wolleward (A.S.) 369, *wolward, 497, miserable, plagued*

wolves-kynnes (A.S.) 126, *of the nature of wolves*

wombe (A.S.) *the belly*

wombe-cloutes (A.S.) 250, *tripes*

womman, *pl. wommen* (A.S.) *a woman*

wone (A.S.) *a dwelling-place, residence*

woned (A.S.) 306, *accustomed, wont*

wonyen (A.S.) *to dwell. pres. s. wonyeth, 18. pret. pl. woneden, 311*

woon (A.S.) 435, *plenty, abundance*

†woon (A.S.) *a dwelling*

worden (A.S.) *to discourse, have words together. pret. pl. wordeden, 68. wordyng, 351, talking, using words, conversing*

worm (A.S.) 222, *a serpent*

worstow, 420, *shalt thou be. See worthe*

wort (A.S.) 135, *a plant, vegetable*

worthe, y-worthe (A.S.) *to be, become. to late the cat worthe, 12, to let the cat be. worth, 26, 244, 359, shall be*

wowen (A.S.) 69, *to woo, court*

wower, *pl. woweris* (A.S.) 206, *a wooer*

wowes (A.S.) 46, *walls*

wrathen (A.S.) *to be or become angry, wroth*

wreken (A.S.) *to avenge. part. past, wroken, 39, 437, wroke, 392*

wrighte (A.S.) 197, *a workman, artist, maker*

wringen (A.S.) *to wring. pret. s. wrong, 42, 127*

writen (A.S.) *to write. pret. s. wroot, 183, 225, 233, 293, 328, 396. part. past, writen, 349*

writhen (A.S.) 358, *twisted, clenched*

wrooth (A.S.) *wroth*

wrotherhele (A.S.) 280, *ill fate, ill condition*



As a consonant; for other words beginning with *y*, see under *g* and *i*

yarken (A.S.) 143, *to make ready, prepare*

ye (A.S.) *yea, yes*

yeden (A.S.) *to go. pret. s. yede. pl. yeden*, 324, 351, 354

yeepe (A.S.) 203, *active, alert, prompt*

yelde (A.S.) 419, *to yield, pay, give. pres. s. he yelt*, 375. *pret. s. yald*, 239, 240. *yeldynge*

yeme (A.S.) 349, *heed, attention*

yemen (A.S.) 154, 171, 185, *to rule, guide, govern—to heed, take care of*

yepeliche (A.S.) 306, *promptly*

yerde (A.S.) *a rod, a yard*

yere (A.S.) *pl. yeer, a year. yeres-gyve*, 154. *yeres-yeves*, 49, *a year's gift*

yerne (A.S.) *to yearn, desire eagerly*

yerne (A.S.) (*adverb*) *eagerly, earnestly, readily*

yerne (A.S.) 306, *to run. pret. s. yarn*, 205. *part. act. ernynge*, 418. *See rennen*

yis (A.S.) *yes*

yit (A.S.) *yet*

ynowe (A.S.) *enough. ynogh*, 382

yvel (A.S.) *evil, wicked. yvele*, 87, *evilly, wickedly*.

*FINIS.*

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