

THE ASSEMBLE OF GODDES
BY JOHN LYDGATE

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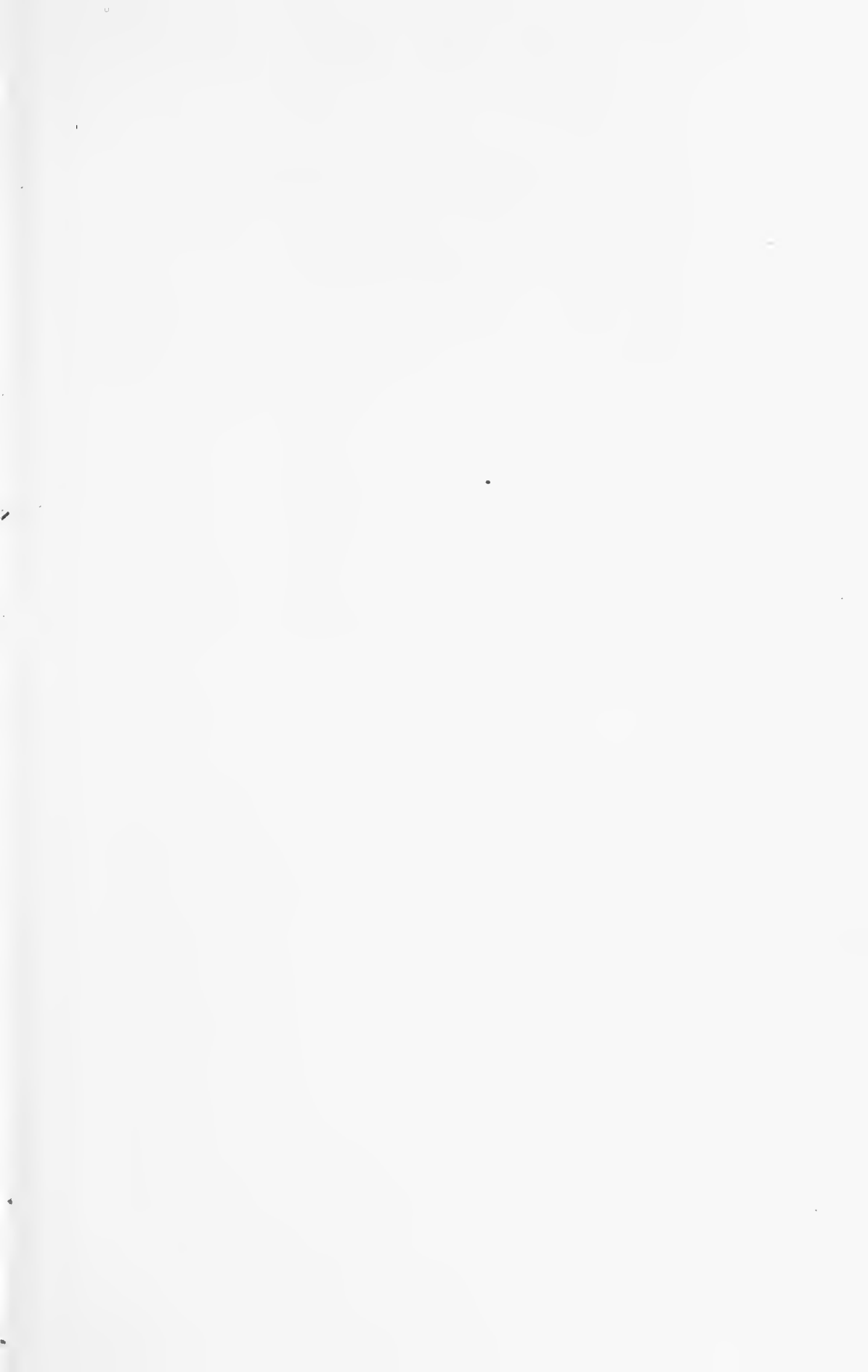
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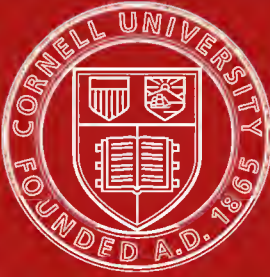
The assemble of goddes
by
John Lydgate

Printed at Westminster
by Wynkyn de Worde about the year
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Or



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The work here reprinted formed part of the famous volume of black-letter tracts (formerly marked AB. 4. 58), which came to the University Library in 1715 by the gift of King George the First with the rest of the library of John Moore, Bishop of Ely. No other copy of this edition is recorded to be in existence.

The types used are Caxton's type 3 (for the title) and Wynkyn de Worde's type 3, with final m and n etc. from type 1 (in the rest of the book). This type 3 is not known to have been used before 1499.

Mr Sayle remarks that the woodcut illustration is taken from Caxton's second edition (ab. 1483-4) of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

FRANCIS JENKINSON

1906 March 5.

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

P. DUJARDIN



Here foloweth the Interpretacoin of the na-
mes of goddes and goddesse as is reherced
in this tretyse folowynge as Poetes wryte



☿ Phœbus is as moche to lape as the Sonne.

☿ Apollo is the same or elles God of syght.

♄ Jovisplenus Shewer of drems

♄ Pluto God of hell.

♄ Jovinos Judge of hell.

♄ Cerberus Porter of hell.

☿ Colus the wynde or God of the Eyre.

☿ Diana Goddesse of wode and chale.

☿ Rhebe the Mone or Goddesse of waters.

☿ Aurora Goddes of þe mornynge or spryng of þe daye

♄ Mars God of batayll

♄ Jupiter God of wysdom.

♄ Juno Goddesse of rycheſſe

♄ Saturne God of colde.

♄ Ceres Goddesse of corne.

♄ Cupydo God of loue.

♄ Othea Goddesse of wysdome.

☿ Fortune The varyant Goddesse

☿ Pan God shepherdes.

☿ Jlys Goddesse of frute.

♄ Neptunus God of the ſe.

♄ Jovinetue Goddes of þe bataill or of herueit

♄ Bachus God of wyne.

♄ Mercurys God of langage.

♄ Venus Goddesse of loue.

♄ Dyscorde Goddes of debate & stryffe

♄ Atropos Dethe

☿ Here endeth þe interpretacyon of the names
of Goddes & Goddesſes as is rehersed in the
treatyſe folowynge as poetes wryte.



May Phebus the crabbe had
nere his cours ronne
And toward þe Leon his Jour
ney gay take
To loke on Pyctagozas speere/
I had begonne

¶ Syttynge all solytary allone besyde a lake.
¶ Mulyng on a maner how þe I myght make.
¶ Bealon and sensualyte in one to a corde.
¶ But I coude not bryng about þe manacorde.

¶ For longe er I myght slepe me gay oppres
¶ So ponderously I coude make none obstacle
¶ In myne hede was fall suche an heuynesse.
¶ I was fayne to drawe to myne habytacle.
¶ To rowne w a pylow me lemyd best tpyacle.
¶ So leyde I me downe myn dylease to releue.
¶ Anone cam in Morpleus & toke me by þe sleue

¶ And as I soo lay halfe in a traunse
¶ Twene slepyng & wakyng he bad me arysle.
¶ For he sayd I must yeue attendaunce.
¶ To the grete Courte of Wynes the Justyle.
¶ He nought auapled a yene hym to sylogyle.
¶ For hit is oft sayd by hem that yet lyues.
¶ He must nedes go that the deuell dryues.

¶ Whan I see noo better but I must go.
¶ I sayd I was redy at his comaundment.
¶ Wheder that he wolde me lede to or fro.

¶ Soo by Iazole and forth with hym went.
¶ Tyll he had me brought to the parliament.
¶ Where Pluto late and kepte is estate.
¶ And with hym Mynos the Iuge desperate.

¶ But as we thyderwarde went by the way.
¶ I hym besought his name me to tell.
¶ Morpleus he sayde thou me call may.
¶ A lyz sayde I thay where do ye dwell.
¶ In heuen or in erthe eyther elles in hell.
¶ Nay he sayde myn abydyng most comonly
¶ Is in a lytyll corner called fantaly.

¶ And as sone as he thyle wordes had sayd.
¶ Cerberus the porter of hell w his cheyne.
¶ Brought theder Colus i ragges euill arayd
¶ Agas whom Neptun⁹ & Dyana dyd copeyt
¶ Saynge thus O Mynos þ Iuge souerayn.
¶ Gyue thy cruell iugemēt aye this traytour so
¶ I we may haue cause to p reyse thy lord Pluto

¶ Then was there made a proclamacyon.
¶ In Plutoos name cōmaunded scylencz.
¶ Upon the payn of strayt correccon.
¶ I Dyana & Neptun⁹ might haue audience.
¶ To declare her grefe of the grete offence.
¶ To hem do by Colus wheron they cōplained
¶ And to begyn Dyana was constreyned.

¶ Whyche thus begyn as ye shall here.

Saynge in this wyle. O thou lord Pluto.
Worth thy iuge Mynos lyttynge wth the iⁿ fere
Execute your fury vpon Colus soo.
Accordynge to thofence that he to me hath do
That I haue no cause forther to appele.
Whyche yf I do shall not be for poure wele.

Remembre fyrst how I a goddesse pure.
Quer all desertes/forestes and chaces.
Hauethe guydynge and vnder my cure.
This traytour colus hath mani of nu places
Destroyd wth his blastes & daily me manaces
Where ony wood is he shall make it playne.
If he to his lyberte may relozte ageyne

The grettest trees that ony may may fynde
In focest to shade the dere for her comforte.
He breketh hē aloder or rendith he rote & ride
Out of the erthe this is his dyspozte.
So that the deere shall haue noo relozte.
Wythyn chozte tyme to noo maner shade
Where thorough the game is lykly to fade.

Which to my name a reproche synguler.
Sholde be for euer whyle the worlde laste.
And to all the goddes an hygh dysplexer.
To see the game soo destroyed by his blaste.
Wherfore a remedy puruey in haste.
And lete hym be punysshed after his offence.
Consyder the cryme and geue you^r sentence.

¶ And whan Dyana had made her complest
¶ To mynos the Juge in Plutoos p[re]sence.
¶ Came forth Neptun⁹ wth bylage pale & feynt
¶ Desyrynge of fauour to haue audyence.
¶ Saynge thus Pluto to thy magnyfyce[n]ce.
¶ I shall reherce what this creature.
¶ Colus hath done me out of mesure.

¶ Thou knowest well that I haue the charge
¶ Ouer all the se and therof god I am.
¶ No shyp may sayl keruel/bote ne barge.
¶ Grete karyk noz hulke wth ony lpyng may.
¶ But he haue my saueconduyte than.
¶ Who me offendith wythin my Jurysdyccyon?
¶ Wyth to submyt him to my correccyon.

¶ But in asmoche as it is now soo.
¶ That ye hym here haue as your prysone[r]
¶ I shall shew my compleynt soo.
¶ wherfore I pray you that ye wyll here.
¶ And let h^y not escape out of your daunger.
¶ Tyl he haue made full sethe & recompence
¶ For hurt of my name thurgh his grete offence.

¶ Hyt to begyn this Colus hath ofte.
¶ Made me to reto[r]ne mi course ageyn nature.
¶ Wyth his grete blastes whan he hath be alofte
¶ And charged me to labour fer out of mesure.
¶ If it was gtete merueyl how I might endure.
¶ The com of my swete wyll testyfy.

That on the se bankes lye beten full hye.

Secundly where my nature is.

Both to eb & flowe and so thy course to kepe.

Oft of myne entent hath he made me mys

Where as I shulde haue fylled dykes depe.

At a full water I myght not theder crepe.

Before my sealon came to retorne ageyn.

And than went I faster than I wold certayn

Thus he hath me dryuen ayen myn entente

And contrary to my course naturall.

Where I shuld haue be he made me absente

To my grete dyshonour & in especyall.

Do thyng he bled that worst was of all.

For where I my sauegard graunted

Ay in that coste he comonly haunted

Of very pure malyce and sylf wyll.

Theym to destruy in dyspyte of me.

To whome I promysed both in gode & yll.

For to be her protectour in all aduersyte.

That to theym shulde fall vpon these.

And euen sodenly or they could beware

Wyth a lodeyn pyrry he lapped theym in care.

And full oft syth wyth hys boystous blaste.

Or they myght beware he drof he on þe sond

And other whyle he brake top sayl & maiste.

Which caused thei to peryshe or thei ca to lond

Then cursed they the tyme þe euer thei me fād
Thus amonge the people lost is my name.
And so by his labour put I am to blame.

Conlyder this mater and ponder my case.
Tender my compleynt as rygure requyret
She forth your sentence wth a breef clause
I may not longe tary the tyme fast expyret
The offence is grete wherfore it despyret:
The more greuous payn and hasty iugement
For offence don wylfully wyl non auplement

And whā þe god pluto a whyl had hi bethought
He rowned wth mynos what was to do.
Then he sayde openly loke thou sayl nought
Thy sentence to yue wythoute fauoure soo.
Lyke as thou hast herde the causes the too.
And so euenly dele twene thise partyes twayne
That none of hē haue cald on þe other cōpleint

Thenne sayd mynos full indyfferently.
To Dyana & Neptunus is there ony more.
That ye wyl declare ageyn hym openly.
Say in dede they sayd we kepe none in store
Twe haue sayd I nought to punyssh hym fore
If ye in this mater be not partypall
Remembre your name was wont to be egall

Well than sayd Mynos now let vs see.
What this boystous Colus for hys self say

¶ For here / Prima facie to vs doth appere.
¶ That he hath offended no man can say naye
¶ wherfore thou Colus wythoute more delaye
¶ Shape vs an answer to thyne accusement
¶ And elles I must procede vpon thy iugemēt

¶ And euen as col^{us} was onward to haue said
¶ For his excuse / came in a messengere.
¶ Fro god Appolo to Pluto and hym prayde.
¶ On his behalfe that he wythoute daungere
¶ wolde to hym come & brýge wyth hym in fere
¶ Dyana and Neptunus vnto his banket
¶ And yf they dysdeyned hys self he wold hē fet.

¶ Moreouer he sayde to god Appolo
¶ Desyred to haue respyte of the iugemente
¶ Of Colus bothe of Hymos and Pluto
¶ So Dyana & Neptun^{us} were therwith cōtēt
¶ And yf they were dyspoled to assente
¶ That he myght come vnto his presente
¶ He it desyred to knowe his offence

¶ What say ye herto sayd Pluto to hem tweyn
¶ Wyl ye both assente that it shal be thus
¶ Ye sayd the goddesse for my parte certeyne
¶ And I also sayd this Neptunus
¶ I am well plesid quod this Colus
¶ And whan they had a whyle th^{us} togyd spoke
¶ Pluto commaunded the court to be broke

And thay togeder went they in fere.
Pluto and Neptunus ledynge the goddesse
Whome folowed Cerberus w his pylonere.
And alderlast wyth grete heuynesse.
Came I and Morpleus to the forteresse.
Of the god appolo vnto his banket.
Where many goddes and goddesles met.

Whan Appolo se that they were come.
He was ryght glad & prayed theym to syt.
May sayd Dyana this is all and lome.
Ye shall nie pardone I shall not syt yet.
I shall fyrste know why Colus abyde.
And what execucyon shall on hym be doo
For his offence/well sayd Appollo.

Madame ye shall haue all your plesere.
Syth that it wyll none otherwyse be.
But fyfte I pray you let me þ mater here
Why he is brought in this perplexte.
Well sayd Pluto that shall ye lone se.
And gan to declare euen by and by.
Bothe theyr complayntes oꝝ dynatly.

And whan Appolo had herd the reporte
Of Pluto in a maner simplynge he sayd.
I se well Colus thou hast small comfozte.
Thy selfe to excuse thou mayst be dylmayde.
For to here so grete cōpleyntes aye the layd
And not wythstondyng if thou can say ought

For thyne own wele say and tary nought

Nota

Horlooth sayd Colus yf I had respyte.

Hereto an answere coud I counterfete.

But to haue her grace moze is my delyte.

Wherfore I pray you all for me entrete.

That I may by your reqst her gode grace gete

And what payn or greef ye for me prouyde

Wythout ony grutchyng I shall it abyde.

To good dame sayd god Appollo.

What may he do moze but sew to your grace.

Beholde how the tezes from his eyen goo.

It is satysfaction half for his trespase.

Now gloꝝy^o goddes shew your petio^o face

To this poze prysoner at my request.

All we for youre honour thynke thus is best.

And yf it lyke you to do in thys wyle.

And so to foryeue hym clerely his offence.

One thynge surely I wyll you promyse.

If he ought rebell and make resystence.

Dy dylobey vnto your lence.

For euery tree that he maketh fall.

Out of the erthe an Cryle shall.

Soo that youre game shall not dyscrease

For lacke of shade i dare vndertake

Iwell syz Appollo sayd she than wyll I cease

Off all my rancour and mercy w you make

¶ And than god Neptuneus of his maner spak
¶ Saying th' appolo though dyana him relese
¶ Yet shall he sue to me to haue his pease.

¶ A layd Appolo ye wende I had forgete.
¶ You for my lady Dyana the godd esse.
¶ Nay thynke not so for I wyl you entrete.
¶ As well as her wythoute longe processe.
¶ Wyl ye agre that Phebus your maystresse.
¶ May haue the gypdyng of your baryaunce.
¶ I shall abyde quod he her ordynaunce.

¶ Wel than quod appolo I pray you godds all
¶ And goddesles that ben here presente.
¶ That ye companable wyl a boorde falle.
¶ Nay than layd Othea it is not conueniente.
¶ A dew ordre in euery place is expediente.
¶ To be hadde wherfore ye may not lette.
¶ To be your own mayshal at your own bakete

¶ And whan appolo se it wolde none other be
¶ He called to hym Aurora the goddesse.
¶ And layd though ye wepe ye shall befoze me.
¶ If kepe your courle and put yourself in p'sse
¶ Soo he her set fyrste at his owne messe.
¶ Wyth her moyst clothes w' tetes all he sprest
¶ The medewes in may shewther of her cōpleit

¶ Next her sat Mars myghty god and strong
¶ Wyth a flamme of fyre enuyroned all aboue

A crown of yron on his hede a spere i his hōd
It semed by his chē as he wold haue fought.
And next vnto hym as I perceyue mought.
Sat goddesse Dyana in a mantell fyne.
Of black sylke purfyled w poudred ermine

Lyke as he had take h mantell & the ryng
And next vnto her arayed roally.
Sat the god Jupyter in his demenyng.
Full sad and wyle he semed sykerly.
A crowne of tynne stood on his hede.
And that Irecorde of all phylosophers.
Ilytill store of Coyne kepe in her cofres.

Torned to h in syttyng next there was
The goddesse Juno full rychely besene.
In a fercote & thone as bryght as glas
Of golde myth werk w spāgles wrought be den.
Of royall ryches wanted she none I wene.
And next to her sat the god saturene.
That oft syth causeth many one to moyne.

But he was clad me thought straungely
For of froste & snowe was all his aray.
In his honde he helde a sawchon all bloody
It semed by his chere as he wold make a frat
A baudryck of Ilykles about his neckegaye
He had. and aboue on hygh on his hede.
Couchid w hayl stōes he wered a crow of lede.

And nexte in ordre was set by his syde.
Ceres the goddesse in a garmente.
Of sacke cloth made wth sleeves large & wyde
Embrowdered wyth sheues and lycles bent
Of all maner greynes she sealed y^r patente.
In token y^e she was goddes of corne.
Olde Poetes saye she beryth the heruest hoyn

Then was there set the god cuppydo.
All frellhe & galaunte and costly in aray.
Wyth ouches and rynges he was beset so.
Iy paleys therof shon as though it had be day
A kerchyst of plelaüs stood ouer his helmy ay
The goddesse Ceres he lokyd in the face.
And wyth one arme he her dyde embrace.

Next to Cupido in order by and by
Of wordly wysdum sat the forteresse.
Called Othea chyef grounde of polycy.
Reuler of knyghthode of prudence y^r goddes
Clad all in purpure was she more & lesse.
Saaf on her hede a crowne there stode.
Couched wyth perles oryent fyne & good.

And nexte to her was god Pluto set
Wyth a derke myste enuyrond al about.
His clothy was made of a smoky net.
His colour was bothe wythin & wythoute.
Foule derke & dymme his eyen grete & stoute.
Of fyre & sulfure all his odoure wale.

¶ That wo was me whyle I beheld his face

¶ Fortune the goddesse wth her perty face.

¶ Was vnto Pluto next in order sette.

¶ Maryant she was ay in thorte space.

¶ Her whele was redy to turne wythout let.

¶ Her gowne was of gawdy grene clamelet

¶ Chaungeable of sondry dyuerse colours.

¶ To þ^e condycyons accordyng to her shoures

¶ And by her sat thoughe he vnworthy were.

¶ The rewde god Pan of shepherdes þ^e gyde

¶ Clad in russet frese & breched lyke a bere.

¶ Wyth a grete terbor hangyng by his syde.

¶ A shepcok in his hōd he spared for no pryde.

¶ And by his fete lay a prekered curre.

¶ He rateled in þ^e throte as he had þ^e murre.

¶ Ilys the goddes bare hym company.

¶ For at the table next she sat by his syde.

¶ In a close kyt^e ell embrowdered curpously

¶ wth braunches and leues brood large & wyde.

¶ Grene as any grasse in þ^e somer tyde.

¶ Of all maner frute she had the gouernaunce

¶ Of fauours odyferous was her lustynauns

¶ Next to her thay was god Neptunus set.

¶ He saucured lyke a fyssh^e of h^y i spak before

¶ It semed by his cl^othes as they had be wet.

¶ About h^y i his gyrdelsted hig fysshes nam a xx.

** score.*

Of his straunge aray merueyled I soze.
Al chyp wyth a top and sayle was hys cresse.
He thought he was gayly dylgyled at f fest.

Than toke mynerue the goddes her sete.
Joyntly to Neptunus all in curas cladde.
Gaulelettis on hōdes & labatoūs on her fete
She loked about as though she had be mad.
Allyhamer and a sythe on her hede she hadde
She wered two bokelers one by her syde.
That other ye wote were this was al her pyd

Thā cam þ god bach⁹ & by her set hþ down
Holdynge in his honde a cuppe full of wyne.
Of grene vyne leues he wered a Joly croun
He was clad in clustres of grapes gode & fine
A garlonde of puy he chole for his sygne.
On his hede he had a thredbare kēdall hode.
Al gymlot and a faulet therupon stode.

Next hym sat phebus wyth her colour pale.
Sat she was of face but of complexon feynte.
She sayd therewled Neptun⁹ & made hþ bayl
And ones in þ monthe w pheb⁹ was the meit
Allo ne were she Ceres were ateynte
Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature
And on her hede she wered al croun of siluer pure

Joyntly to her Marcurys toke his see.
As came to his cours wytnesse the zodyake.

¶ He had a gylden tonge as fyll for his degree
¶ In eloquence of langage he passed al þe pake
¶ For in his talkyng noman could fynde lake
¶ A box wyth quyk syluer he had in his honde/
¶ Multyplyers know it wel in euery londe

¶ By hym sat dame Uen⁹ wth colour crySTALLINE
¶ Whos long here shone as wyre of gold bryzt
¶ Cryspe was her skyn her eyen columbyne
¶ Raryshed myne herte her there was so lyzt
¶ Patrones of plesaunce be named wel she myzt
¶ A smocke was her wede garnysshed curpuss
¶ But all other she had a wanton eye

¶ On her hede she wered a red coper crowne
¶ A nosegay she had made ful plesauntly
¶ Bytwene her & aurore Apollo set hym doune
¶ Wyth his beames bryght he shone so feruently
¶ That he ther wyth gladyd al þe company
¶ A crown of pure gold was on his hede set
¶ In syne þe he was mayster & lord of þe banquet

¶ Nota

¶ Thus was the table set round a bonte
¶ Wyth goddes & goddesles as i haue you told
¶ Awaytyng on the bord was a grette route
¶ Of sage phyllosophers & poetes many fold
¶ There was sad Sychero & Arystotle olde
¶ Cholome Dozoth wyth Dyogenes
¶ Plato Myllchala and wyle Socrates

¶ **S**ortēs & Saphīr⁹ wth hērmes stode behynd
¶ **A**uycen & Aueroys wyth hem were in fere
¶ **G**alyen & ypocras that phyls^{ph} haue in mynd
¶ **w**yth help of Esculappō toward hē drowner
¶ **U**rygyle Orace Duyd and Omere
¶ **E**uclyde and albert yauē her attendaunces
¶ **T**o do the godd^s & goddesses plesaunce

¶ **H**orcherded Orphe⁹ was there wth his harpe.
¶ **A**nd as a popt musycal made he melody
¶ **O**ther mistral had thci non saf Pan gā to carpe
¶ **O**f his leud bagpyp which caused h^e compani
¶ **T**o law yet many mo ther wē yf i shuld notly
¶ **S**om yong som old both better and werse
¶ **B**ut mo of they^r names can I not reherce

¶ **O**f al maner deyntes there was habūdāfice
¶ **O**f metes & drynkes foyson plenteuous
¶ **I**n cam Dyscord to haue varyaunce
¶ **B**ut there was no roum to set her i that hous
¶ **T**he goddis remembred the scylme odious
¶ **A**mong the thre goddesses h^e had wrought
¶ **A**t the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

¶ **T**hey wold not wth her delc in a venture
¶ **A**est she hem brought to som inconueniente
¶ **S**he scyng this was wroth out of melure
¶ **A**nd in that grete wrath out of h^e paleple wēt
¶ **S**aŷg to herself that chere shuld thei repent
¶ **A**nd anone wth Atropes happed she to mete .

¶ As he had ben a goost came in a wyrdyng shete

¶ She toke hym by þe hond & rowned in his ere

¶ And told hy of the banket þe was so delycate.

¶ How he was receyued & what chere he had þere

¶ And how euery god sat in his astate

¶ Is it thus quod attropos what in þe deuyls date

¶ Wel he sayd I se well how the game goth

¶ Ones yet for your sake shal I make he wroth

¶ And whan she had hym al togyder told

¶ From her he departed & of her toke his leue

¶ Sayng þe for her sake his way take he wolde

¶ In to the paleys his maters to meue

¶ And oþer thens went he trowed he to greue.

¶ Wyth such tydynges as he wold hem tel

¶ So forth he went & spake wordes fell

¶ Whan he came in the plesence of þe goddis velle

¶ As he had ben mad he lokyd hym a bout

¶ His shete from his body downe he let fall

¶ And on a reud maner he saluted al the route

¶ Wyth a bold boys spekyng wordes stoute

¶ But he spake all holow as it had ben one

¶ Had I poken in a nother world þe had wo begon

¶ He stode forth boldly wth gryn countenance

¶ Sayng on this wyle as ye shal here

¶ All ye goddes yeue attendaunce

¶ Unto my wordes wout all daungere

¶ Remembre how ye made me your offycere
¶ Al tho wyth my darte fynally to chastyse
¶ That I dysobeyed or wolde your law dyspise

¶ And for the more surete sealed my patent
¶ Gyuynge me full power so to occupy
¶ Wherto I haue employed myn entent
¶ And that can dame Nature testefy
¶ If she be examyned she wyll not it deny
¶ For whan she forlakyth ony creature
¶ I am al redy to take hy to my cure

¶ Thus haue I deuily wyth al my dyligence.
¶ Executed the offyce of olde antyquyte
¶ To me by you grauted by your comyn sctee
¶ For I spared none hygh nor low degre
¶ So that on my parte no faute hath be
¶ For as sone as ony to me comytted was
¶ I smote hy to þe hert he had none other grace

¶ Hector of Troy for al his cheualry
¶ Alexander the grete & myghty conqueroure
¶ Iulys Cesar w al his companye
¶ Dauid nor Iosue nor worthy Artur
¶ Charlis the noble that was so gret of honour
¶ Nor Judas Machabee for al his trew herte
¶ Nor Godfrey of Boleyn could me not asterte

¶ Nabugodonozor for al his grete pryde
¶ Nor the kyng of Egypt cruel Pharao

Ifason ne Hecules went they neuer so wyde.
Coldras Hanyball nor gentyll Syppo.
Cyrus Achylles nor many a nother mo
For fayr nor foule gat of me no grace
But al be at y last I sealed hem w my mace.

Thus haue I brought euery creature
To an ende both may tyl the foule and best
And euery other thyng in whome dame nature
Hath ony Iurysdyccion eyther most or lest
Except oonly one in whome your be hest
Is to me broke for ye me promysed
That my myght of non shold haue be dyspyled

Wherof the aontrary daoe I well a uow
Is trew for one there is that wyl not apply
Unto my correction nor in no wyse how
To the dynt of my darte for dole nor desteny.
What comforythe hath nor the cause why
That he so rebellyth I can pot thyнк of ryzt
But yf ye hy graūted your alders lafcondyght.

And yf he lo haue thay do ye not as goddis.
For a goddys wrytyng may not reuerled be.
Yf it shold I wold not gyue you u pelecoddz
For graūt of your patent of offycenere of fee.
Wherfore in this mater do me equyte
Accerday to my patant for tyl this be do
Ye haue nomore my scruplz nor my gode wy

¶ And whay al the goddis had attropos hered
¶ As they had ben wode brayd bp attones
¶ & sayd they wold not rest tyll he were conq̃red
¶ Taken an d dysstroyed body blode and bones
¶ And that they swere grete othes for þ̃ nomis
¶ Her lau to dyspyce that was so malapert
¶ They sayd he shuld be taught for to be so pert

¶ Wel sayd Appollo yf he oyerth be
¶ Wyth my brennyng chare I shall h̃ cōfound
¶ Iy feyth quod neptunus & he kepe these
¶ He may be well sure he shall be drown
¶ Al syr sayd Mars this haue we wel found
¶ That ony dysubeyed oure goodly precept
¶ We may well thynk we haue to long slept

¶ But neuertheles where I may hym fynd
¶ Wyth thūd & lyghtning about I shall h̃ chase
¶ And I quod Saturnus before and behynd
¶ W̃ my bytte cold shall shew h̃ harde grace
¶ Well sayd Mercurys yf I may se his face
¶ For euer of his spech I shall hym depryue
¶ So that hym were better dede than alyue

¶ Ye quod Othea yet may he well be
¶ Iy ihe eyr where he wyll & ax you no leue
¶ wherfore my counseyl is that all we
¶ May entrete Neptun⁹ his rahcour foryeue
¶ And than I dout not Colus wyl h̃ myscheue
¶ So may ye be sure he shal you not escape

Cællis. of you anger he wyll make but a tape.

But for to tel you how Colus was brought.

In daungere of Pluto yei had I forget

Wherfore on this mater forther wyl I nouzt.

Procede tyll I therof haue knowlege you let

It befell on a day the weder was wete

And Colus thought he wold on his dysport.

Goo in reioyse his spyrytis and comforte

He thought he wold se what was in þe ground

And in a krauers forth he gay hym drelle

A drough had the erthe late before found.

That caused it to chyne & krauy more & lesse

Sodenly by wete constreyned by duresse

Was the ground to close his supferyall face.

So steyt that to scape col^r had noo space

This seying Colus be styll wythin abode.

Sekyng where he myzt haue gene fer or nere.

Nuone he was espyed and one to Pluto rode

And told hy how Colus was in his daungere.

Than sayd he to Cerber^r fet me þe prysonere.

Oyl I haue hy sene let hy not go at large.

As þe wylt answere of hen I yeue the charge

Thus was this Colus take prysonere

Than happed it so that thylawe day

Pluto had presyded for a grete mater

Amyng to syt in his robe of Ray

¶ Wherefore Cerberus took the next way
¶ And led hy to the place where the court shalbe
¶ Where I told you Morpleus brought me

¶ So thyder came Dyaua carped in carre
¶ To make her compleynt as I told you all
¶ And so dyd Neptunus & doth make and mar
¶ Malewpyng whis wayys & toblyng as a ball
¶ Her matters they meued sal what may befall
¶ There was the fyrst lyght & euer I them saw
¶ And yf I neuer do eft I care not a straw

¶ But now to my matter retourne agayn
¶ And tu begyn new where I left.
¶ Whan al the goddis had done her besy payne.
¶ The way to contrpyue how it shuld be rest
¶ Of his lyf Attropos had no cause eft
¶ To copleyn than Phebus stert vpon her fete/
¶ And sayd I pray you let me speke a word yet

¶ O thea menyth wel to say on this wyle
¶ But al to entret Neptun? i hope shal not nede
¶ He menyth I alone durst take & entespyse.
¶ Er I am begyled or ellie I shal spede
¶ How say ye Neptunus shal I do this dede.
¶ Wyl ye your rancour seale at my request
¶ Madame quod he reule me as ye lyketh best

¶ O remercy sayd she of your good wyl
¶ That it plepyth you to shew methat fauours

¶ Wherfore the goddys hygh pleyſur to fulfyll
¶ Performe my deſyre & leue al olde rancoure
¶ For oure elders wele & ſauyng of oure honour
¶ Agayn this colus that ye long haue had
¶ It is done quod he forlooth than am I gladd

¶ Sayd he now than Colus be þ to vs trewe
¶ Kepe well the eyre and oure grete rebell
¶ May we than ſone euer to vs ſubdew
¶ Yes and that quod Colus ſhall here tell
¶ Nowhere in the eyre ſhall he reſt nor dwell
¶ If he do therof put me in the faute
¶ Wyth my bytter blaſtes ſo ſhal I hye aſaut

¶ What ſayd the god Pluto what is his name.
¶ That thus preſumyth agayn vs to rebell
¶ Vertu quod attropes þ haue he mykyl ſhame
¶ He is neuer confounded thus of hye here I tell
¶ A ſayd this pluto in dede I know hye wel
¶ No hath ben euer myn vtter enemye
¶ Wherfore this mater agayn hye take wyll I

¶ For all the baytes þ we for hym haue layde
¶ Wythout my helpe be not worth a peze
¶ For though ye all the contrary had ſayd
¶ yet wold he brede right nigh your althris ere
¶ No maner of thyng can hym hurt or dere
¶ Saue only a ſone of my baſtard
¶ Whos name is vice he kepyth my bawarad.

¶ Wherfore you Cerber? now I the charge
¶ Of Colus & wyl that thou heder fet
¶ My dere sone Wyce & say that I hþ charge,
¶ That he to me come wythou: onylet
¶ Armed at all poyntes for a day is set
¶ That he w Vertu for al þ goddis sake
¶ Your defence must on hym batayl take.

¶ Forth they went Cerberus w his fyrr cheyn
¶ Brought thys wyce as he comaunded was
¶ Agayn noble Vertu þ batayl to dercygne
¶ On a glydþg serpent rydþge a grete pace
¶ Formed lyke a dragon scaled hard as glas
¶ Whoos mouth flammed fyre wout fayll
¶ Wyng had it serpentyne & a long tayll

¶ Armed was wyce all in cure boyll
¶ Harde as horne blacker fer than lute
¶ An vngoodly sort folowed hym perde
¶ Of unhappy capteyns of myschylfe crop & rot
¶ Wyde was the fyrst þ next hþ rode god wote
¶ On a rozyng Lyon next whom came Enuye
¶ Sytting on wolfe he had a scornful eye

¶ Wrath bestrode a wyld boze & next hþ gā ride.
¶ In his hond he bare a bloody swerd
¶ Next whom cam couetise þ goth so fer & wide
¶ Rydþg on a Dylfaūt as he had ben a ferd
¶ After whom rode Gloteny wyth his fat berd
¶ Sytting on a bere wyth his grete bely

¶ And next hy on a gote folowed Lechery

¶ Sloth was so slepy he came all behynd
¶ On a dull asse a full wery pale
¶ Thyle were þ capteins that byce coud fynde
¶ Best to set his feld & folow on the chale
¶ As for pety capteyns many mo there was
¶ As sacrilege symony & dysymulacyon
¶ Manslaughter mozdre theft & extorcyon

¶ Arrogauce Presumpcyon wyth contumact
¶ Contepcyon Cōtempt & Inobedynce
¶ Malyle frowardnes grete Felasy
¶ Wodnes Hate Stryf and Impacynce
¶ Unkyndnes Oppssyon w wolfull neglygēce.
¶ Murmur Myschefe fallshod & detraccyon
¶ Usury Perjury Ly and adulacyon

¶ Wrong Raupne Sturdy vyolence
¶ Fals Jugement w Obstynacyon
¶ Dysceyt Dronknes & Improurdynce.
¶ Boldnes in yll w foule and bybaudy.
¶ Fornycacyon Incest and Auoutry
¶ Unchamfastnes w Brodygalyte
¶ Blasseme baynglozy & worldly vanpte

¶ Ignorauce Dysfydence w Ipocrysy
¶ Scylme Rancour Debate and Offence
¶ Herely Errour w Idolatry.
¶ New fangynnes and sotyll false Pretence

Fordynat desyre of worldly excellence
Fayned pouerte wyth apostasy
Dysclaunder scoyn & vnkynnd Jelousy

Hoordom baudry false mayntenaunce
Creyson abusyon and pety bybry
Usurpacyon wth horryble bengauce
Came alder last of that company
All thyle pety capetayns folowed by and by.
Shewyng theymself in the paleyle wyde
And say th; y were redy that batayl to abyde

Dylnes set the compys in a ray
Without the palayse on a fayr felde
But there was an ost for to make a fray
I trow suche a nother neuer may beheld
Many was the wepyng among hē & they weld
What they were & came to that dysporte
I shall you declare of many a sondry sort

There were bosters crakers & brybours
Draters salers stretchers and wrythers
Shamefull shakelers soleyn clauédours
Oppressours of people and myghty crakers
Mayntenours of quarels horryble lers
Theues traytours wth falle heretykes
Charmars sorcerers & many scylmatykes.

Oreup symonyakes wyth falle blurers
Multyplyers coryn wallhers & clyppers

Wrong blurpers wyth grete extorcyoners
Bachpters Glosters and fayre flaterers.
Malycpous murmurers with grete claterers
Tregetours Cryfelers fepners of tales.
Lastyuous lurdeyns and Bykers of malys.

Rouners Wagabundes Forgers & lesingis.
Robbers Reuers Rauenous Ryfelers.
Choppers of Chyrches fynders of tydynge
Merers of maters and monymakers.
Stalkers by nyght wyth Cuyldroppers.
Fyghters Brawlers Brekers of louedayes
Getters Chyders Caulers of frayes.

Typuyllis Tyraūtis w Courmentours.
Corlyd apostatis Kelygpous dysymulers:
Closshers Carders wyth comon halsardours.
Tyburne colops and Burkkytters.
Dylary knyghtys double tolling Myllers.
Gay Joly tapterys w hostelers of the stewes.
Hozes and Bawdes that many bale brewes

Bold blassemers wyth false Jpocryptes.
Brothellers Brokers abhomynable swerers.
Dryuylls Dastardes dyspylers of ryghtis
Momycydes Moyleners & comon mozderers
Scoldis Caytyues Comberous clappers.
Idolatre's Enchauntoys w false regenerates.
Sotyl ambydextrys and sekeers of debatis.

Pseudo Prophetes false Sodemytes.
Quelmers of chyl dren wyth fornycatours.
Wetewoldes that suffre syn in thei syghtis.
Auoutreys and abhomynable auauntours.
Of syn grete clappers & makers of clamours
Unthryftes & unlustes came al to that game
W lusk & loselis þ might not thryue for sham

These were the comons þ came thid þ day.
Redy bowne in batayl Vertu to abyde.
Apollo theym beholdyng began to say.
To the goddys & goddesses beyng there þ tid
Me semyth conuenient aȝ herowd to ryde
To Vertu & byð hȝ to batayl make hȝ boune
Hyself to defend forsoth it shal be lone.

And let hym not be sodeynly take.
All dyspurneyed oȝ that he bewaze.
For than shold our dyshonour awake.
If he were cowardly take in a snare.
Ee quod Wyre for that haue I no care.
I wyll auantage take where I may.
That heryng Morpleus puely stale away.

And went to warne Vertu of al this asray.
And bad hȝ awake and make hymself strong
For he was lyke to endure that daye.
A grete moztall shoure er. it were euenlonge.
W Wyre whet fore he bad hym not longe.
Tary to lend afteȝ moȝe. socoure.

Ef he dyde it shold toz ne hym to dolour.

And brefely the matex to be declared.

Lyke as ye haue herd begynnynge and ende.

Well quod Vertu he shall not be repared

To the feld I wyl go how it wende.

But gramercy Morple⁹ myn own dere frēde

Of your trew hertæ fapthfull entente.

That ye in this mat to neward haue ment.

This done Morpleus departed away.

Fro Vertu to the palayse retoz n̄g agayn.

Done hym aspyed that I dare well say.

In which tyme Vertu dyde his bely payn

People to reple his quarell to maynteyn.

Imagynacyon was his messengere.

He went to warne people both ter & nere.

And bad hem come in all hast they myght

For to strength Vertu for wyth out fayll.

Helayd he shold haue long or it were nyght.

Wyth Wyce to do a myghy strong batayl.

Of vng racpo⁹ gesses he byngyth a gret fayll

Wherfore it behouyth to help at this uide.

And after this shal Vertu rewar po^r mede

Whay ymagynacyon had gone his cyrcuyte

To Vertue & frendis thus all about.

Wythyn short tyme many men of myght

Gadered to Vertu in all that they myght.

¶ They hym comforted & bad hy put no doute.
¶ His bitter enemy Wyce to ouerthrow.
¶ Thoughe hyd hy brouzt neuer so gret azow

¶ And whan Vertu se the sustaunce of his oost
¶ He prayed all the comons to the feld hem hye
¶ Wyth her pety capteyns both lest and mooste
¶ And wyth his capteyns shold folow redely.
¶ For he sayd he knew well þe wyce was ful nye.
¶ And who myght fyrst of þe feld recouer þe cētre
¶ Wold kepe out þe other he shuld not esely etre

¶ Then sent he forth Baptym to þe feld before
¶ And prayed hym hartely it to ouerse
¶ That no maner trayn nor cottrop therein wold
¶ To noy nor hurt hym nor his meyne.
¶ And whan he thyder came he began to se.
¶ How Wyce his purscuantt cryme oꝝpgynall.
¶ Was entred before and had sealed vp all.

¶ But as sone as herof Baptym had a syght.
¶ He fled fast away and left the feld alone.
¶ And anone Baptym entred wyth his myght.
¶ Serchyng al about where this crym had gon.
¶ But the feld was clene defaut found he none.
¶ Then came Vertu after with his gret oste.
¶ And his myghy capteyns both lest and most

¶ But to ensourme you how he thyder came.
¶ And what maner capteins he to þe feld brouzt

Hymselfe sekerly was the fyrst man.
Of all his grete host þ̄ thyderwarde sought.
Syttynge in a chare þ̄ ryghely was wrought.
Wyth golde and peerles ægemies precyous.
Crowned with laurer as lord vyctoryous.

Houre doubty knyghtes about þ̄ chare went.
At euery corner one hit for to gyde.
And conuey accordyng to. Vertue his entent.
At the fyrst corner was Ryghtwylnesse þ̄ tyde.
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde.
Ath̄ thyrd strength þ̄ fourth kept temperaūce.
These þ̄ chare gyded to. Vertue his pleasaūce.

Next to þ̄ chare leuen capyteyns there roode.
Echone attre other in ordre by and by.
Humptye was þ̄ fyrst a lambe he bestroode.
With contaūce demure he rood full soberly.
A farwcon gentyll stood on his helme on hy.
And next after hym came there. Charpte.
Rydynge on a tygre as fylle to his degre.

Roode as a roole ay he kept his chere.
On his helme on hygge a pellycan he bare.
Next whom can pacyēce þ̄ nowhere hath no pere
On a camell rydng as boyde of all care.
Afenix on his helm stood so forth gay he fare.
Who next hym folowed but lyberalyte.
Syteng on a dromedary þ̄ was both good & fre.

¶ On his helm for his crest he bare on olp tray.
¶ And next after hym folowed abstynence.
¶ Rydyng on an hete was trapure and gay.
¶ He semed a lord of ryght grete excellence.
¶ A popyniay was his crest he was of gret dyffere.
¶ Next hym folowed chastyte on an brucorne.
¶ Armed at all poyntes behynde & befozne.

¶ A tozt yldoue he bare on hygge for his crest.
¶ Than came good besynesse last of þe seven.
¶ Rydyng on a panter a sondry coloured best.
¶ Glozously beleen as he had come from heuen.
¶ A crane on his hede stood his crest for to steuch.
¶ All these. vii. capteyned had standardis of pryce.
¶ Eche of hem accordyng after his duple.

¶ Many pety capteyns after these went.
¶ As trewe feyth & hope mercy peale & pyte.
¶ Ryght trouth mekenesse wrood entent.
¶ Goodnes concore & parfyte byte.
¶ Hocest trewe loue with symplycyte.
¶ Prayer fastyng preyv almyldede.
¶ Joyued with þe artycles of the crede.

¶ Confessyon contricyon & satysfaccyon.
¶ With sorow for synne & grete repentaunce.
¶ Forveuenesse of trespass w good dyspolsycyon.
¶ Resystence of wrong performyng of penance.
¶ Holy deuocyon wyth good contynauce
¶ Prethcde hem folowed with the sacramētis

And sadnesse alse wyth the commaundementes

Suffraunce in trouble wyth Innocensy
Clenne contynence and virgynyte
Ryndnes reuerence w curteply
Content & pleased wyth pyteous pouerte
Entendynge wel mynysteryng cquyte
Tweyne ryght & wrong hole indyfferently
And labouryng the scruple of god to multiply

Refuse of ryches & worldly bayngloze
Perfeccon wyth perfyght contemplacon
Relygion professyon wel kept in memory
Merry drede of god wyth holy predycacyon
Celestyall sapyence wyth gostly inspyracyon
Grace was the guyde of al this meyne
Whome folowed konnyng w his genealogy

That is to say grammer and Sophistry
Phylosophy naturall logyke and Rhythyke
Arismetrycke geometry wyth astronomye
Canecy and Cyuill melodyous musyke
Noble Theology and corpozal phylsophy
Mozalyzacyon of holy scrypture
Profound poetry and drawyng of pycture

Thyse folowed connyng & thyd wyth hye
Wyth many one mo offeryng her scrupie
To Werru at that nede but not wyth stodyng thay
Some he refused and sayd in nowyse

¶ They shuld wyth hym go & as I coude auyse
¶ Chylewore her names fyrst Hygromancy
¶ Geomanly magyke and glotony

¶ A dryomanly Dynomancy w pyromancy
¶ Fylenomy also and parwellytry
¶ And al her sequeles yf I shal not lye
¶ Yet connyng prayed Uertu he wold not deny
¶ Theym for to know nor dysdeyn his eye
¶ On hem to loke wherto Uertu graunted
¶ How be it in his werres ge wold not they haüted

¶ So had they connyng lyghly to depart
¶ From Uertu his feld and they seyng this
¶ By comyn assent hyred them a carte
¶ And made hem be carped toward Uyce & wyse.
¶ Fro thens forth to serue hy this wold, not mys
¶ For loth they were to be maysterles
¶ In stede of the better the worse there they ches

¶ But forth to relese al the rrmenaunt
¶ Of pety capteins that wyth Uertu were
¶ Moderate dyet and wysdom auenant
¶ Euen weyght and mesure ware of contagyo⁹ ge
¶ Loth to offend ann louyng ay to lere
¶ Worshyp and profyte w myzth in maner
¶ Thise pety capteyns wyth Uertu were in fere

¶ Comons hem folowed a grete multitude
¶ But in came pylson to that oither syde

I trow there was not brefely to conclude.
The .x. man that batayl to abyde.
Et neuer theles I shal not from you hyde.
What maner people they were & of what secte
As nere as my wyt therto wyll me direct.

There were noble and famous doctours.
Example geuers of luyng gracious.
Perpetuall prestes and dyscrete confessours.
Of holy scrypture declarers fructuous.
Rebukers of syn & myscheues odyous.
Fylthers of soules & louers of clennes.
Dylpylers of beyn and worldly rychesse.

Deasible prelatys Justycyal gouernours.
Founders of chyches wyth mercyfull peres.
Reformers of wrong of her progenytours
On peynfull poze pyteous compassyoners
Well menyng marchautes w trewartefecers
Wygyns pure and also Innocentes
Hooly matrones w chaste contynence

Oylgrymes & palmers w trew laborers
Holy heremytes goddys solpyctours
Honesteryal monkes & well dyspoled freres
Chanons and nonnes seyth pfessours
Of worldly people trew coniugatours.
Louers of Cryst Confounders of yll.
And all that to godward yeue her good wyll

¶ Mayntenours of ryghte berey penytentes.
¶ Dystroyers of errour causers of vnyte.
¶ Crew actyflyuers that set her ententis
¶ The dedis to perforce of mercy and pyte
¶ Contemplatyf people that delyze to be.
¶ Salytary seruauntis vnto god alone.
¶ Rather the to habound in rychelless echone.

¶ Thyle wyth many mo than Treherce can
¶ were come thyder redy that batayl to abyde.
¶ And take such part as fyl to Vertu than
¶ Wyce to uercome they hoped for al his prude
¶ Al though he had more people on his syde
¶ For the men that Vertu had were ful sure.
¶ To trust on at nede & connyng in armure

¶ Macrocolme was the name of the feld
¶ where this grete batayll was set for to be
¶ In the myddys therof stode cōspence & beheld
¶ whyche of hem shold be brought to captyuyte
¶ Of that noble tryūph Juge wold he be
¶ Synderelys late hē wythin closed as a park
¶ w his table in his honde her dedys to marke.

¶ To come in to the feld were hygh wayes .v.
¶ Fre to both partyes large brode and wyde
¶ Vertu wold not tari but highed hē thyd blinde
¶ Lest hē were by wyce deceyued at that tyde
¶ Long out of the feld loth was he to abyde
¶ In auenture that he out of it were kept.

For thā wold he haue thouzt he had to long slept

In this mene tyme whyle Vertu th^o pceded

For h^y & his people the feld for to wynde.

He charged euery man by grace to be gnyded

And al that euer myght h^y feld to enter ynde.

In all that seASON went ovygynal synne.

To let Wyce know how Baptym w^h his hoste.

Had entred Macrocolume & serched euery cooste

He sayd Wyce I se well it is tyme.

Baners to dysplay & standardes to auauce.

Al most to long haddest h^y taryed cryme.

To let vs haue knolege of this purueyaunce.

Eyet I trow I chal lerne hem a new daunce.

Wherfore I commaund you al wout delaye.

Toward the felde drawin all the hast ye may

When sayd h^y god Pluto h^y al men myzt here

Wyce I the charge as thou wylt elchem.

Our heuyous Indygnacyō h^y draw not arete.

But put h^y forth boldly to ouerthrowe Vertu.

In sayth quod Attropos & I chal after sew.

For yf he escape oure hondys this day.

Itell you my scruple haue lost for ay.

Forth than rode Wyce w^h al his hole strength

On his stede serpentyne as i told you byfore.

The ost that h^y folowed was of a grete lēgth.

Amoḡ whō were penous & gnyts mani a scoḡ

¶ Of hys pety capteynes he made many a knizt
¶ For they shuld not fle but manly wth him fight

¶ He doubted fallshod wyth Dyssyniplacyon.
¶ Symony Vlury Wrong and Rybawdy.
¶ Malyce Deceyt Lye wythout Extorcyon.
¶ Beuury Dyssydence and Apostasy.
¶ Wyth boldnes in pl to bere hym company.
¶ Thyle. xiii. knyghtes made byce that daye.
¶ To wyⁿ h^{er} spozes they sayd they wold allay

¶ In lyke wyse Vertu doubted on his syde:
¶ Of pety capteyns other fourtene.
¶ Whych made her auou wyth hym to abyde:
¶ For spozes wold they wth h^{is} day shold it be lest
¶ Thyle wore her names yf it be as I wene
¶ feyth Hope & Mercy Trowth & also Ryght.
¶ wth Resystence of wronge a full hardy wyghte

¶ Confessyon Contrycyon wyth Satisfaction
¶ Verrey drede of God Performyng of penaunce
¶ Perfeccyon Connyng and Good dyspocicon
¶ And all knyt to Vertu they were by alyauns
¶ Wherfore to hym they made assuraunce.
¶ That feld to kepe as long as they myght.
¶ And in his quarel agayn Wyce to fyght.

¶ The lord of Macrocolme & rewler of h^{is} see
¶ Was called Frewyll chaunger of the chalice:
¶ To whome Vertu sent embassatours thre

¶ Beson dyscrecyon & good remembraunce.
¶ And prayed hys be fauorable his honoure to chas
¶ For but he had his fauour at þe poynt of nede.
¶ He stood in gret doute he coude not lightly spede.

¶ In lyke wyse. Wyce embassatours thre.
¶ For his party vnto fre wyll sent.
¶ Temptacyon foly & sensualyte.
¶ Praying hys of fauour that he wolde assent.
¶ To hys as he wolde at his commaundement.
¶ Haue hys estones whan he lyst to call.
¶ On hys for ony thyng þe after ward myght fall.

¶ Answer paue he non to neyther party.
¶ Saue oonli he sayd þe batayll wolde he le
¶ To wete whiche of hys shold haue þe vyctory.
¶ Bit hys in his balaunce þe ambygyte.
¶ He sayd he wolde not restrayne his lyberte.
¶ Whan he come where sorow shold awake.
¶ Than it shold be know what part he wyl take

¶ Whan. Vertu & Wyce be her ambassatours.
¶ Knew of this answer they stood in gret doute.
¶ Neuertheles they seyde they wold endure tho shours
¶ And make an ende shortly of þe they wet aboute.
¶ Soo forth came. Wyce w all his greter route.
¶ Er he came at þe felde he sent yet priuely.
¶ Sensualyte before in maner of a spy.

¶ Whiche fewe þe felde w his vnkynde seede.

¶ That caused Vertu after mykyl wso to feele
¶ For therof grewe nought but all conly weede.
¶ Whiche made the grounde as sleper as an yele.
¶ He went a yene to vice & tolde hym euery dele.
¶ How he had done and bad hym come a way.
¶ For he had so putueyde þ byce sholde haue þ day.

¶ Soo as it happed at þ felde they mete.
¶ Frewyll vertu and vice as tripartite.
¶ Saaf vertu a litil befoze the felde had gete.
¶ And ellis his auantage sozloth had be fullyght.
¶ Not for they encombred so was neuer wpyght.
¶ As vertu & his men were with the ranke. weede
¶ That in þ felde gre w of sensualitees seide

¶ But as soone as byce of vertu had a syght.
¶ He gaynswage gonnes as he had be wcode
¶ That herpyng vertu comaunded euery wpyght
¶ To paupce hym vnder the sygne of þ rode.
¶ And bad he not drede but kepe styll wh ere thy.
¶ It was but a shour shold sone cōfōūde (stode.
¶ wherfoze he comaūded the stād & kepe her grouūd

¶ And whan byce cam nerer to the felde.
¶ He callyd soze for bowes & bad hem shote faste
¶ But vertu & hys meyny bare of with þ held.
¶ Of the bylyd Cerynte ay tyll shot was past.
¶ And whā shot was done byce cam forth at last.
¶ Purposyng the felde wyth assaute to wpy.
¶ But vertu kept it long he myght not ent therpy.

All that tyme frewyl stode & hym bethought.
To which he myzt leue & what pr he wold take.
At last sensualite had hy so fer brought.
That he sayd playnly he wold forsake.
And in vyce hys quarell all his power make.
Nota I was quod reason is not for the beste.
Notorse sayd frewyl I wyl do as my lyst.

Vertu was full heuy when he see frewyl
Take part with vyce but yet neuerthele.
He dyde that he myght the felde to kepe styll.
Tyll vyce with frewyl so loze gay hy oppresse.
That he was constrayed clerely by durrelle.
A lytyll tyne abacke to make abew retreat.
All thyng confydered hit was the best feet.

Fyrst to remembre how vyce parte was.
Ten apen one stronger by lykynesse.
And than how frewyl was with hym alas.
Whoo coude deme vertu but in heuy nesse.
Notouer to thynke how that sleper gresse.
That of sensuallte hys on kynde seede grew.
Under foot in standyng encombyed vertew

But notwithstanding bertue his men all.
Nobelly theym bare and faught myghtyly.
Howbeit s sleper gresse made many of he fail.
And from thense in maner departe sodenly.
That seying vyce his hoost began to shout & cry.
And sayd o my Pluto name on & all is ouer

¶ For this day shal Wyce be made a conquerour.

¶ Thus Vertu was by myght of vyce & frew
¶ Dryuen out of the feld it was the more pyte. yll
¶ How by it yet Baptym kept his ground styll.
¶ And whym abode feyth hope & vyte.
¶ And konnyng also w a grete meyne.
¶ Confessyon contrycyon were redy at her hond.
¶ And Satysfaction Wyce to wythstond.

¶ But al the tyme whyle Vertu was away.
¶ A myzty conflycte kept they w Wyces rout.
¶ And yet neuertheles for al that grete afray.
¶ Hope stod byrght & feyth wold neuer lout
¶ And euermor sayd Baptym spres put no dout.
¶ Vertu shal return & haue his entent.
¶ This feld shal be ours o; let me be shent.

¶ And whyl thyle pety capteys suffend th^o þ feld
¶ Wyth Vertu his reward come good pleurauns
¶ Ah hugy myzty hoost & whan he beheld.
¶ How Vertu hym withdrew he toke dyspleauns.
¶ And whā he to h^o cam he sayd ye shal your chās
¶ Take as it fallyth wherfoze retorne ye must.
¶ Yet ones for your sake w Wyce shal I Just.

¶ Alas that euer ye shold lese your honour.
¶ And ther wyth also þ hygh ppetuel crown.
¶ Which is for you kept in the celestyal tour.
¶ Wherfoze be ye called chrystys champpon.

How is it that ye haue noo compassyone.
On baptyme seyth & hope konnyng & vnite.
That stād so hard bestad & fyght as ye may see.

All the tresour erthely vnder þ̄ fyrnamēt
That euer was made of goddys creacyon.
To reward theym euently were not equyualent.
For her noble labour in his affleccyon.
Wherfore take vpon you your Ju rīl dyccyon
Rescu ponder knyghtes & recontynu fyght.
And els a dew your crown: or al your gret myzt

With these & suche wordys as I haue you tolde
By good perseueraunce vttered in this wyle.
Uertu hym remembred & gay to bere bolde.
And layd yeuetrew knyghtis to rescu I lauple
Let vs no lengar tary from this entrepyple.
Again to þ̄ felde soo Uertu retourned.
That caused hē be mery þ̄ lōg afore had moyned

Auaunt baner qđ he in þ̄ name of Iesu
And with þ̄ his people set bp a gret shoute.
And cryed with a loude voce a Uertu a Uertu.
Then began Wyce his hoost for to loke a bout.
But I trow pleueraūce was not long withoute
He bathed his swerd in his foos blood.
The boldest of hem all not ones h̄ withstoode.

Constaūce hym folowed & brought h̄ his spere
But whē pleueraūce saw Wyce on his stede.

¶ Noman coude hym let tyll he came there.
¶ For to byd hym ryde I trow it was no nede.
¶ All Vertu his oost prayed for his good spede.
¶ Agayn Wyce he rode with his grete shaft.
¶ And hym ouerthrew for all his sorpyll craft.

¶ That seying frewill came to conscience.
¶ And gayn hym to repente þ he with hym had be.
¶ Prayeng hym of coulell for his grete offence.
¶ That he agayn Vertu had made his arme.
¶ What was best to doo to humylyte:
¶ Oð conscience must þ go so he hym thyder sent.
¶ Dysguyled þ he were not knowen as he wente.

¶ And whan he thyder came humylyte hym toke.
¶ A token & bad hym go to confesseyon.
¶ And shew hym his mater with a peteous loke.
¶ Whiche done he hym sent to contrycyon.
¶ And fro then foz the to satylfaccyon.
¶ Thus fro poost to pylle was he made to daunce.
¶ And at the last he went foz the to penaunce.

¶ But now for to tel you whē Wyce was outhrow.
¶ A gret part of his oost about hym gayn resoꝛte.
¶ But he was so febyll þ he coude noman know.
¶ And whan they se þ they knew no comfoꝛte.
¶ But carped hym a way be a preuy poꝛte.
¶ And as they carped dyspeyre with hþ met.
¶ With Wyce his rewarde he cam theym foz to fet.

¶ Then came there downe goodly ladies twen.
¶ From the hyghe heuen aboue the fyrmamente.
¶ And sayd the gret Alpha & Do moost souereyn.
¶ For that nobell tryumphe had hem thyder sent.
¶ One of hem to dryue Wyce to grete tormente.
¶ With a fyry strong & she bare in her hande.
¶ And so he dede dyspere & all his hole bande.

¶ The name of this lady was called Prestyence.
¶ She neuer left Wyce ne none & wolde hy folow.
¶ Tyll they were comytted by & dyuine sentence.
¶ All to payne perpetuell & Infynyte sorow.
¶ Right wysnes went to le & nomā shold hē borow.
¶ Th^o al entreted sharpely were they tyll Cerber?
¶ Had hem beshut within his gates tenebr?

¶ And all & whyle & Prestyēce wth her scorge smert
¶ To rewarde Wyce gan her thus occupy.
¶ With all his hole bande after her desert.
¶ That other glorio^{us} lady & came fro heuē on hy.
¶ Hauyng in her honde the palme of byctory.
¶ Came downe to Vertu & toke hym to & p^{re}sēt.
¶ Sayeng thus that Alpha & Do hath hym sent.

¶ And as ferre as I ryght coude vnderstonde
¶ That ladies name was Predestynacyon.
¶ Vertu & his oost she blessyd with her honde.
¶ And in heuyn graunted hem habytacyon.
¶ Whereto eche of hem reseruyd was a crowne.
¶ She sayd in token that they enherytours.

Of the glory were a gracious conquerours.

Wych! done the ladyes' ayen to gyder met
And towarde heuen by they gay to sty
Embraced in armes as they had ben knyght.
Cogyd w a gyrdyl but so sodenly.
As py wot banyslyd saw I neu thys w ey.
And anone Vertu wyth al his company.
Kneled douyn a thaked god of þ byctory.

Yet had I forget whan Wyce was ouerthrow.
To haue told you hou many of Wyces hoost.
Gay to seke pease a darked douyn ful low.
And besought mercy what so euer it coste.
To be her mene to Vertu els py wot but lost.
And some in yke wyse to feyth a hope sought.
What to do for pease they sayd they ne rouste.

Some also Baptym sewed to be her mene.
Som to one som to other as thei he gete myzte.
But al to Confessyon wot to make he clene
And as py came to cōspēce he theþ bad go lyzte.
Er thā old attropes of he had a lyzt.
For yf he so theym toke, lost they wot for euer
He sayd Wyce to forlake better late thþ neu.

Some eke for socour drew to circūcisiō.
But by hys coud they gete but smal fauoure.
For he in that company was h. d but in derpsyd
Neuerylle to feyth he bad he go labour.

Prayng they for olde acqweyntāce they socoure
Wel qd feth for his sake I shal do y I may doo
But fyrste for the best way baptym go ye to.

For by hym sonest shal ye recouer grace.
Which shal to Vertu byng you by processe.
Wherfore in ony wyle loke ye make good face.
And let noman know of your heupnes.
So they were ty baptym brouzt out of deskes
Turned al to Vertu & whan this was done.
Vertu cūmaūded frewyl before hym come.

To whom thus he sayd I haue grete merueyl
Redurst be so bold Wyces party to take.
Who bad you do so & yauē you that counseyl.
Justly vnto that ye shal me preuy make.
They sayd frewyll & swemfully spake.
Knelyng on his kne wyth a chere denyng.
I pray you syz let pyte your ezes to me enclyne.

And I shall yow tel the berrey soth of all.
How it was & who made me that way drawe.
For soth sensualyte his pprie name they call.
Al sayd reason then I know wel that feiowe.
Wyld he is & wanton of me stan t hy none awe.
Is he so qd Vertu wel he shall be taught.
As a player shuld to draw another draught.

And w that came sadnelle wyt his sober chere.
Byngyng Sensualite beyng ful of thought.

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And sayd that he had take hym prysoner.
A welcome sayd Vertu now haue I þe I souzt.
Blessed be the good lord as þe wold it is nought
Why arte þe so wanton he sayd for shame.
O þe go at large þe shalt be more tame.

But stod a part a while tyl I haue spoke a word
Wyth frewyl a lytyl & then shalt þe knowe.
What shalbe thy tynauce: then he sayd in bode
Unto frewyl the bend of your bowe.
Begynnyth to take but suche as ye haue sowe
Whit needes repe there is none waye.
Notwithstondyng that lette what ye can saye.

What is your habillite me to recompense.
For the grete harme that ye to me haue do.
Forlooth sayd frewyl in open audyence.
But oonly Macrocolme more haue I not loo.
Take þe yf it pleyse you I wyl that it be soo.
Yf I may vnderstand ye be my good lord.
In dede sayd Vertu to that wyl I accorde.

Then made Vertu Reason his leyftenaunte.
And gaue hi a grete charge macrocolme to kepe
That done Sensualite yeld hym recreaunte.
And began for anger bytterly to wepe.
For he demed surely hys sorowe shold not slepe
Then made Vertu frewyl bayl vnto Reason.
The feld for to occupy to his behoue that season.

And they sayd Vertu to Sensualyte.
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse.
Under this furnie al fraglyte.
Shalt þ forlake both more and lesse.
And vnd the guydyng þ shalt be of sadnesse.
All though it somwhat be agayn thy herte.
Thy Iugement is givyn þ shalt it not asterte.

And eyn w that came in vaine nature.
Sayeng th^o to Vertu syr ye do me wronge.
By durcelles constreynt to put this creature.
Gemyl Sensualyte þ hath me fued longe.
Clerely from his lyberte & let hym amonge.
They that loue hy not to be her vndoute.
As it were a cast away or a sho cloute.

And perde ye know well a reule haue I must
Wyth my Macrocosme forsooth I say not nay.
No Vertu but Sensualyte shal not pform your lust
Lyke as he hath do befor this yf I may.
Therfro hy restreyn sadnesse shal assay.
How be it ye shal haue your hols lyberte.
Wyth my Macrocosme as ye haue had fre.

And whan Vertu had to Nature sayd thngs
A lytyll tyme his ey castyng hym besyde.
He se in a corner standyng Morpleus.
That hy befor warned of þ verely tyde.
A syr sayd Vertu yet we must abyde.
Here is a frend of ours may not be forgete.

After his deserte we shall hys entreate

Morple^s sayd. Vertu I thanke you hertely.
For your trew herte & your grete laboure.
That ye lyst to come to me so redely.
Whan ye vnderstod þe comyng of that shoure.
I thanke god & you of sauynge of my honour.
Wherfore this preuylage now to you I grāt
That wth Macrocolme ye shall haue your haūt

*ged
for*
And of fyue posternes þe keys shall ye kepe.
Lettyng in & out at hys whome ye lyst.
As long as in Macrocolme your sad wyll crepe.
Blere whos ey ye wyll hardely wth your myst
And kepe your werkes close there as in a chyst
Saaf I wold desyre you spare Dollucyon.
For no thyng may me please þe soueth to corrupcyon.

And whā he had th^s sayd þe keyes he hys toke.
And toward his castell wth his people went
Byddyng reafon take good hede & about loke.
That leſualite by nature were not shet.
Kepe hys thort he sayd tyll his lust be spēt
For better were a chylde to by vnboze.
Than let hys haue þe wyll & for euer belore.

And whā olde Attropos had seen & herd all this
How Vertu had opteyned aſtonyed as he stood.
He sayd to hys selfe ſom what there is amys.
I trow well my patent be not all good.

¶ Sayeng to the goddys I see ye do but iape.
¶ After a worthy whew haue ye made me gape.

¶ How a deuyl way sholde I Vertue ouerthrow.
¶ When he dredeth not all your holeroute.
¶ How cā ye make good your patēt wold I know
¶ Hit is to Impossible to byng that aboute.
¶ For stryke hym may I not his out of doute.
¶ A good Attropos sayd god Apollo.
¶ Answere conuenient shall thou haue hertō.

¶ The wordes of thy patent dare I well say
¶ Stretch to no forther but were dame Nature
¶ Hath Furys dyccyon thē to haue thy way Nota.
¶ And largesse to stryke as longe to thy cure.
¶ And as for Vertu he his no cryature.
¶ Under the predycament conteyned of quantyte
¶ Wherfore his dysstruccyon longeth not to the.

¶ A ha sayd Attropos then I see well.
¶ That all ye goodys be but couēterfete.
¶ For so God there is that can euerydell.
¶ Tourne as hym lest bothe dyre & whete.
¶ In to whoos scrupce I shal assay to gete.
¶ And yf I may ones to his scrupce come.
¶ Your names shal be put to oblyuone.

¶ Thus went Attropos fro the paleys wrooth.
¶ But in the mene tyme whyle he there was.
¶ Glydyng by the paleys resyduacyon gooth.

Towarde Macrocolme with a pēynted face.
Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pale.
In the forme as he had ben a man of ynde.
He wede haue made reson & sadnesse boih blyde

With sensualyte was he soone aqueynted.
To whome he dec. ared his mater pryuely.
Et he was espyed for all his face pēynted.
Then reson h^y comaunded pyke h^y thēs lightly.
For his ease qd sadnesse so cou. eyll hym wyll J.
Soo was sensualyte ay kepte vnder foote.
That to relydyuacyon myght he doo no boote.

Then went he to Nature & asked her auple.
His entent to opteynde what was he sto doo.
She layd euer syth Vertu of vyce wan & pryly.
Reson with sadnesse hath rewled the felde loo.
That J & sensualyte may lytyll for the doo.
For J may noo moze but oonly kepe my cours.
And yet is sensualyte strenger kept & wours.

Th^o her h^yg relydyuacōn fro thēs he went ageyn
Full of thought & sorow & he myght not spee.
Than reson & sadnesse toke wedehokes tweyn.
And all wylde wātonesse out & felde gan wede.
With all the clyper grasle & grewe of the lede.
That sensualyte befoze therin lew.
And fro thens forth kept it clene for berteu

Than began new grale in the felde to spryng.

¶ All vnlyke þe other of colour fayr & bryght.
¶ But then I alpyed a meruelous thyng.
¶ For the grounde of þe felde gan wep hore & whyt.
¶ I coude not conceyue how þe be myght.
¶ Tyll I was enformed & taught it to know.
¶ But wher vertu occupyet must nedes wel grow.

¶ Yet in the mene tyme while the felde thus grow.
¶ And reison with sadnesse therof had gouernaunce.
¶ Many a preuy messenger thyder sent Wertew.
¶ To know yf it were guyded to his plesaunce.
¶ Now praper eft fastyng & often tyme penaunce.
¶ And whan he myght goo preuely almeloede.
¶ And bad hy to his poxer helpe where he le nede.

¶ While þe felde thus rewled reison with sadnesse.
¶ Maugre dame Nature for all her car nall might.
¶ Came thyder Attropos boyd of all gladnesse.
¶ Wrapped in his shere & axed of eny wyght.
¶ Coude wysse hym the way to the lorde of light.
¶ Or ellis where myght fynde ryghwysnesse.
¶ Forsothe layd reysen I trow as I gelle.

¶ At Wertu his castell ye may soone hym fynde.
¶ I bye lyst the labour thyder to take.
¶ And there I hall ye know yf ye be not blynde.
¶ The next wey to the lord of lyght I vnder take.
¶ So thyder went Attropos pei pcyon to make.
¶ To ryghwysnesse preyeng that he myght.
¶ Be take in to the scruple of the lorde of lyght.

What sad ryghtwysnesse þolde dotyng foole.
Whome past thou seruyd syth the worlde begā
But oonly hym where hast þ go to scole.
Whethery art þ doubl coz elles the sam may.
That thou were fyrst a syr sayd he thay.
Ipraye you hertely holde me excused.
I am olde & febell my wyttys are dysused.

Well sayd ryghtwysnes for as moche as thou.
Knowest not thy mayst thy name shal I chaūge
De the shalt þ be caled from hēs forward now
Among all the peple that shal be had straūge.
But whan þ begynnest to make thy chalaūge.
Dredde shalt thou be where so thou become.
And to noo creature shalt thou be welcome.

And as for theym whome thou dedest serue.
For as moche as they presume on hem to take.
That hygh name of god they shal as they defue
Therfore be rewarded I dare vndtake.
Wyth payn ppetual among fendes blake.
And her names shall be put to oblyuon.
Among men but it be in dyspyon.

Aha sayd Attropos now begyne I wex glad.
That I shal thus auenged of hem be.
Syth they so long tyme haue made me so mad.
Pre qd ryght wysnesse here what I say to the.
The lord of lyght sent the worde by me.

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¶ That in Macrocolme lesyne shalt thou take
¶ Wherfore thy darte redy loken thou make

¶ And as soone as Vertue that vnderstood
¶ He sayd he was pleased that it sholde soo be
¶ And euen forth with he comaunded presthood
¶ To make hym redy the felde for to se
¶ So thyder went presthode with benygnyte
¶ Conueyeng thyder the blessyd sacrament
¶ Of Eukaryst but fyrst were thyder sent

¶ Confessyō contricyon and satysfaccyō (nota
¶ Sorow for synne and grete repentaunce
¶ Holy deuocyon with good bysposycyon
¶ All these thyder came and also penaunce
¶ As her dewte was to make purueaunce
¶ Agayn the comyng of that blessyd lord
¶ Seyth hope & charyte therto were acoorde

¶ Reason with sadnesse byde his dyligence
¶ To clenke the felde within and without
¶ And whan they se the nobely presence
¶ Of that holy Eukaryst lowly gan they lout
¶ So was that lord receyued out of dout
¶ With all humble chere debonayre & benygne
¶ Aply to pleasure it was a grete sygne

¶ Then came to the felde the mynyster fynall
¶ Called holy vncyon with a crysmatory
¶ The spue hys wayes in especyall

¶ Therof he anoynted & made hit sanctuary
¶ Whome folowed deth whiche wolde not tary
¶ His feruent power there to put in bze
¶ As he was cōmaūded graūtyng dame Paūre

¶ Nota.

¶ He toke his parte called his moztall aunce
¶ And bent his stroke towarde the felde herte
¶ That leyng preeſthode had good remembraūce
¶ Towarde the felde tourne hym & aduerte
¶ For except hym all vertues thenſe muſt ſterte
¶ And euen with that deſhe there ſelyne toke
¶ And then all the company clerely hit forſoke

¶ And as ſoone as deſhe thus had ſelyne take
¶ The colour of the felde was chaūged ſodeynly
¶ The graſſe therin ſeere as though it had be bak
¶ And the ſpye hygh wayes were niured. vpon hy
¶ That fro theſe forwarde none entre ſhold ther bi
¶ The poſternes were alſo without lette
¶ Bothe inwarde & outwarde ſyne faſt ſhette

¶ Whiche done ſodeynly deſhe vanyſhed a way
¶ And Vertu exalted was aboue the ſpyrmament
¶ Where he toke crowne of glozy ꝑ is ay
¶ Preparete by Alpha & oo omnyppotent
¶ The ſwete frute of macrocolme i hyꝝ whꝝ wꝛt
¶ And on all this mater as ꝑ ſtood muſyng thus
¶ Agayn fro the felde to me came Morpleus

¶ Sayēg thus what chere how lyketh ꝑ this ſpyght

Haste thou seen ynough or wyl thou see moze
May I sayd my trouthe I you plyght
This is suffycyente yf I knew wherfore
This was to me shewed for therof he loze
Coueyte I to haue yf I gete myght
Follow me quod he and haue thy delyght

Soo I hym folowed tyll he had me brought
To a foresquare herber walled round aboute
Loo qd Morple here maist thou þ thou sought
Fynde yf thou wyl I put the out of doute
Altyll whyle we stood styll there withoute
Tyll wytte chyef porter of that herber gate
Requyred by stodye lete vs in there ate

But whan I came in meruayled gretly
Of that I behelde a herde reporte
For fyrst in a chayre apparaylled royally
There late dam doctryne her children to exorte
And about her was many a sondry sorte
Some wyll yng to lerne dyuerse scyence
And some for to haue perfyte intellygence

Crowned she was lyke an Emperesse
With iii. crownes standyng on her hede on by
All teryng about her an Infynyte processe
Were to declare I tell you certaynly
Neuerthelesse some in mynde therof haue I
Whiche I shall to you as god wyl yeue me grace
As I sawe a herde tell in short space

Tast by Doctryne on that one syde
As I remembre late holy Terte
That opened his mouthe to þ people wyde
But not in comparyson to Gloſe þ late nexte
Mozalyſacyon with a cloke contexte
Sate & Scrypture was ſcrybe to theym all
He late ay wytyng of that that ſholde fall

Theſe were tho that I there knewe
Byn no maner waye of olde acqweyntaunce
But as I befoze ſaw theym with Wertewe
Company in felde & hauyng dalpauce
And as I thus ſtood halfe in a traunce
Whyle they were occupped in her beſynneſſe
Aboute the walles myn ey gan I dreſſe

Reghard France
Where I beheld the meruaylous ſtoꝝ
That euer I yet ſawe in ony pycture
For on tho walles was made memoꝝ
Sygulerly of euery creature
That there had byn bothe foꝝme & ſtature
Whoos names reherſe I wyll as I can
Brynng theym to mynde in oꝝdꝛe euery man

Fyrſt to begynne there was in poꝛtꝛature
Adꝛꝛꝛ & Cue holdyng an apell rounde
Noe in a ſhypp & Abꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ hauyng ſure
Aſlyntſtone in his honde & Iſꝛꝛꝛꝛ lay bounde
On an hygge moũte Iꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ ſlepyng ſounde
And a long ladder ſtood beſyde
Ioſeph in a Cꝛꝛſterne was alſo there that tyde.

¶ Next whom stode Moyses with his tables two
¶ Aaron and Urre his armes supportynge
¶ Ely in a brennyng chare was there also.
¶ And Elyze stode clad in hermytes c'othynge.
¶ Dauid wyth an harpe and a stone synge.
¶ Ilaye Jeremy and Ezechyell.
¶ And cloed wyth Lyons holy Danyell.

¶ Abacuc Mychce wyth Malachy.
¶ And Jonas out of a whales body comynge.
¶ Samuel in a Temple & holy zachary.
¶ Belyde an aulter all bloody stondynge.
¶ Olce wyth Judyth stood there conspyryng.
¶ The deth of Dioferne & Salamon.
¶ A chylde wyth hys swerde dyuydynge in two.

¶ Many mo pphetes certeynly there were.
¶ Whooes names now come not to my mynde;
¶ Melchisedech also I espyed there.
¶ Brede & wyne offryng as fell to his kynde.
¶ Joachym & Anna stode al behynde.
¶ Embraced in armes to the golden gate.
¶ And holy Johan Baptyst in desert sat.

¶ And now comyth to my remembrance.
¶ I am auyled I saw Sodechy:
¶ And Amos also with sober countenaunce.
¶ Stondynge wyth her faces towarde Sophony.
¶ Neemy & Eldras baze hem companye.
¶ The hoy man Job as an Impotent.

¶ Then folowed in pycture wyth **Thoby** pacient

¶ **Thysle** wyth many mo on that one syde.

¶ Of that grene herber poztrayed were.

¶ A sayd **Morpheus** a lypyl tynie abyde.

¶ Turn thy face where thy backe was ere.

¶ And beholde well what thou seeſte there.

¶ Than **I** me turned as he me badde.

¶ With herte ſtedfaſte & countenaunce ſadde.

¶ Where **I** ſawe **Peter** wyth his keyes ſtonde.

¶ Poule wyth a ſwerde and **James** alſo.

¶ Wyth a ſcalop & **Thomas** holdyng in his honde.

¶ A ſpere and **Phylp** aproched hym to:

¶ **James** the leſſe nexte hem in pycture loo.

¶ Stode wyth **Bartylmeu** whych was all flayn

¶ **Symon** & **Thadde** ſhewed how they were ſlayn

¶ **Mathy** and **Barnabe** drawyng ſottys ſtode

¶ Nexte whome was **Marke** a **Lyons** hym by.

¶ Hys boke holdyng & **Mathew** in his mode.

¶ Reſembled an aungell wyth wyngys g'pouly.

¶ **Luke** had a calfe to holde his boke on hye.

¶ And **Johan** wyth a cuppe & palme in his honde.

¶ An **Egle** bare his book thus ſaw **I** hem ſtonde

¶ **Gregory** and **Jerome** **Auſtyn** and **Ambroſe**.

¶ Wyth pyllyōs on ther hedes ſtode lyke doctors

¶ **Bernard** wyth **Amſelme** and as **I** ſuppeſe.

¶ **Thomas** of alquyne and **Domynyk** cōfeſſours

¶ Benet and Hew relygyous gouernours.
¶ Martyn & Johan with byllhops tweyne.
¶ Were there also and Crylostom: certayne.

¶ Behynd all thyle was worshypfull Bede.
¶ All behynde and next hym stood Drygene.
¶ Hydynge his face as he of his dede.
¶ Had hem a shamed ye wote what I mene.
¶ For of errour he was not al clene.
¶ And on that syde stode laste of alle.
¶ The noble pphetyssa Sybell men her call.

¶ Let me remembre now I you pray
¶ Why barayn is so thynne I deme in my herte
¶ Some of the felyshyp that I there lay.
¶ In all this whyle to haue ouersterte.
¶ I benedicte none ere coude I aduerte.
¶ To thynke on Andrew the apostle w his crosse.
¶ Whome to forgete were a grete losse.

¶ Many one were peynited on that wall.
¶ Whoos names come not to my remembraunce
¶ But thyle I marked in elpe cyall.
¶ And moo coude I tell in countenaunce.
¶ Of tyme but forih to shewe you the substaunce.
¶ Of this mater in the myndys of that arbere.
¶ Sat Doctryne coloured as ony crystall clere.

¶ Crowned as I tolde you late here before.
¶ Whoos apparayl was worth tresour In synye

¶ All eithly rycheſſe count I no more.
¶ To that in cōparyſon valewſg ſhē a myte.
¶ouer her hede houed a culuer ſayr & whyte.
¶ Out of her byll pceded a grete leme.
¶ Downward to Doctryne lyke a ſonne beme

¶ The wordes of Doctryne gaue grete redolēs.
¶ In ſwetneſſe of ſauour to her dyſcyples al.
¶ It fer exceded myr & frankencenſe.
¶ Or any other ſre ſpyce or els galle.
¶ And whan ſhe me elpyed anone ſhe gay me cal.
¶ Ad cōmaūded morple⁹ ſhel hold brī me nere
¶ For ſhe wold me hew the effect of my deſyre.

¶ She ſayd I know the cauſe of thy comyng.
¶ Is to vnderſtōd be in yn enformayon.
¶ Senſyble the mater of morp leus hiſ ſhe wyngē
¶ As he hath the led about in beſyon.
¶ Wherfore now I apply thy natural reaſon.
¶ Into my wordes & or thou hens wend.
¶ Thou ſhalt it know begynnyng and ende.

¶ For whan Colus to pluto was broughte:
¶ By hys owne necligence taken pryſonere.
¶ Wythin the erth for he ſo fer ſoughte.
¶ Sygnyfyd is nomore be that matere.
¶ But only to ſhew he how it doth appere:
¶ That welth vnbrýdeled at thyn eye.
¶ Enbraſeth myſfrewle and oft cauſyth foly.

¶ For lyke as Colus beyng at his large
¶ Strepted hymselfe thurgh his own lewdenesse
¶ For he wolde deele where he had no charge
¶ Ryght soo wantons by her wylidenesse
¶ Ofte sythe byng hymselfe in dystresse
¶ Be cause they somtyme to largely deele
¶ What may woꝝ be suffred thā ouermykell weele

¶ By Hynos the Juge of hell desperate
¶ May be vnderstonde goddys ryghtwylnes
¶ That to euery wyght his payne deputate
¶ Allyneth acorðyng to his wyckednes
¶ Wherfore he is called Juge of cruelnes
¶ And as for Dyana & Neptunus compleynte
¶ Fygured may be fooles reason feynt.

¶ For lyke as they made her sugg^r syon
¶ To haue me Colus from cours of his kynde
¶ Whiche was Impossyble to byng to correccyon
¶ For euermore his lyberte haue wyl the wynde
¶ In lyke wyle fooles other whyle be blynde
¶ Wenying to subdew with her one honde
¶ That is ouermykell for all an hole londe

¶ But what foloweth therof that shall thou here
¶ When they were come to the bankete
¶ The grete Apollo with his lad chere
¶ Soo fayre & curiously gan theym entret
¶ That he made her beerdys on the new gete
¶ Too what wysdome doothto a foole

¶ Wherefore are children put to scoole

¶ Ofte is it seen with sobre contenaunce

¶ That wyle men fooles ouercome ay

¶ Tornyng as hem lyst & all her varyaunce

¶ Chaunge from ernest in to mery play

¶ What were they bothe amendeth that day

¶ When they were dreuen to her wyttes ende

¶ Were they not sayne to graunt to be his frende

¶ Ryght soo fooles when they haue done

¶ All that they can than be they sayne

¶ Gyue by hed mater to oblyuone

¶ Without rewarde they haue nomore dayne

¶ And yet ful ofte hath hit be sayne

¶ When they it haue foryete & let at nought

¶ That they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

¶ And as for all tho that represent

¶ To be called goddys at that banket

¶ Resemble falle ydollys but to his entent

¶ Was Moyses comaunded thyder the to fet

¶ That thou sholdest know the maner & the get

¶ Of the paynym law and of her byleue

¶ How false ydolatry ledeth hem by the sleue

¶ For soone bypon the worldys creatyon

¶ When Adam and Eue had broke the precept

¶ Whiche clerkes call the tyme of deuyacyon

¶ The worldy people in paynym law slept

Tyll moyses bnd god the tables of stone kept
In whiche tyme Poetes feyned many a fable
To dyscrete Reason ryght acceptable

And to the entent that they sholde sounde
To the eeres of hem the moze pleasantly
That they sholde rede oz here they gaue they a
And addid names vnto they naturally (groun
Of whom they spake & callid he goddis hy
Some for the strength & myght of her nature
And some for her sotyll wyty coniecture

By nature thus as the leuen planettes
Haue her propre names by Astronomeres
But goddys were they called by olde Poetes
For her gret feruency of werkyn in her speres
Experyence preueth this at all yeres
And for as other that goddys called be
For sotyll wytte that shall I teche the

How they by that hyghe name of god cam
In this sayd tyme the people was so rude
That what maner creature man oz woman
Coude ony newelte contrpyue and conclude
For the comon wele all the multytude
Of the comon people a god sholde hym call
Or a goddesse after hit was fall

Of the same thyng that was so newe founde
As Ceres for she the crafte of tylthe fonde

¶ Wherby more plentouously corne dyd haboude
¶ The people her called thurgh out euery londe
¶ Goddesse of corne wendynge in her honde
¶ Had layn all power of cornes habundaunce
¶ Thus were þe paynems deceyued by ignoraunce

¶ In lyke maner Jlys was called the goddesse
¶ Of frute for she fyrst made it multiply
¶ By the name of grassyng & loo by proccesse
¶ The name of Dan gan to deysy
¶ For he fyrst founde the mene shepeto gup
¶ Some tokett also by her condycyon
¶ As Pluto fortune and suche other doon

¶ Thus all that doctes put vnder couerture
¶ Of fable the rurall people hit toke
¶ Properly as acte refusyng the fygure
¶ Whiche errour some of hem neuer forsoke
¶ Ofte a false myrour deceyueth a mannes loke
¶ As thou mayst dayly pryue at thyne ey
¶ Thus were the paynymis deceyued generally

¶ That seyng the dedely enemy of mankynde
¶ By his pouer premyssyue entred the ymagys
¶ Within the Temples to make the people blynde
¶ In her ydolatry standyng on hyghe stagys
¶ In somioche whoo bled daungerous passagys
¶ In any maner way by water or be londe
¶ When hyd his sacryfycce his answere redy fonde

¶ Thus during the tyme of deuyacion
¶ From Adam to Moyses was ydolatrie
¶ Through the worlde bled in conion oppynion
¶ These were the goddys that thou there sy
¶ And as for the awayters that stood hem by
¶ They polptyke Phylosophers & Poetes were
¶ Whiche feyned the fables þ I speke of here

¶ Then ceased the tyme of deuyacion
¶ When Moyses receyued that tables of stone
¶ Entying the tyme of reuocacyon
¶ On the mounte of Synay stondyng allone
¶ God gaue hym myght ayene all his sone
¶ And then began the olde testament
¶ Whiche to the people by Moyses was sent

¶ And that tyme dured the Incarnacyon
¶ Of Cryste and then began it to lese
¶ For then came the tyme of reconcylyacyon
¶ Of man to god I tell the doutlese
¶ When the sone of man put hym in prele
¶ Wylfully to suffre dethe for mankynde
¶ In holy scripture this mayst thou fynde

¶ This Reconcylyacyon was the tyme of grace
¶ When founded was the churche vpon þ fayre stoe
¶ And to holy Peter the keye delyuered was
¶ Of heuen hell dyspoyled was anone
¶ Thys was mankynde delyuered from his sone
¶ And then began the newe testament

¶ Whiche.iii.tymes a sondry dyuyded
¶ Mayst thou here see yt thou lyst beholde
¶ The fyrst behynde the in picture in prouyded
¶ The seconde of the lyft honde shew pphes olde
¶ The.iii.on the ryght honde here it is to y tolde
¶ Thus hast thou in bypon the verey fygure
¶ Of theie.iii.tymes here shewed in portcapture

¶ That is to say fyrst of deuycayon
¶ From Adam to Moyses recordeyng scripture
¶ Seconde fro Moyses to the Incarnacyon
¶ Of Cryst kepeth reuocacyon cure
¶ And as for the thyrd thou mayst be verrey sure
¶ Wyl dure from thens to the worldes ende
¶ But now the.iii.must thou haue in mynde

¶ Whiche is callid pperly þ tyme of pylgremage
¶ After some & some named it otherwyle
¶ And call hit the tyme of daungerous passage
¶ And some of werre that fully hit dyspyle
¶ But what so it be named I wyl the auple
¶ Remembre it well and prynte it in thy mynde
¶ wherof the fygure mayst thou me behynde

¶ And elles remembre thyselfe in thyne herte
¶ How Wyce & Vertue dayly theym occupy
¶ In maner one of hem hym to peruerte
¶ Another to bypnyng hym to endeles glozy
¶ Thus they contynue fyght for the vyctory
¶ Hit is no nede herof to tell the moze

For in this short bysyon þu hast seen it before

And as for Attropos greuous compleynt

Unto the goddys betokeneth noo more

But only to shew the how frendely constreint

On a stedfast herte weyeth full soxe

Good wyll requyreth good wyll ayene therfore

Dylcorde to deth hathe ay byn a frende

For Dylcorde byngeth many to her ende

Wherfore Dethe thought he wolde auenged be

On his frendes quatell yf that he myghte

For her gret unkyndnesse in somoche as she

Was among hem all had so in despyte

And at that bauket made of soo lyte

Whiche caused hym among hē to cast in a bone

That foude they gnawynge ynough euerichone

Thus ofte is seen on frende for a nother

Wyll say & doo and some tyme maters seyne

And also kynnyfynen a colyne or a brother

Wyll for his alyer he haue cause compleyne

And where that he loueth doo his bely peyne

His frendes mater as his owne to take

Whiche oft sythe causeth mychyll sorow awake

Be hit ryght or wrong he chargeth not a myte

Ap towarde that poynt he taketh lytyll hede

So that he may haue his frowarde appetyte

Wher formed he careth not how his soule spede not

C Of God or Deuyll haue suche lypyll drede
C How be it one there is that lord is of all
C whiche to euery wyght at last rewardes hall

C And as for þe batayl betwene Vertu holde
C Soo playnly appereth to the inwardly
C To make expolycyon therof new or olde
C were but superfluyte there fore refuse hit
C In man shall thou fynde þe were kept dayly
C Lyke as þe hast seen it forwyue before thy face
C The picture me behynd theweth it i lypyll space

C And as for Macrocolme it is nomore to say
C But the lesse worlde to the comon entent
C whiche applyed is to man both nyght & day
C Soo is man the felde to whiche all were sent
C On bothe partyes & they that thyder went
C Sygnyfye nomore but after the condycyon
C Of euery manes oppnyon

C And as for the noble knyght Perseueraunce
C whiche gate the felde when it was almost gone
C Betokeneth nomore but the contynuaunce
C Of vertuous luyng tyll dethe hath auergone
C who soo wyl doo rewarded is anone
C As Vertue was with the crowne on hy
whiche is noo more but cuerlastyng glozy

C And as for Prestynacyon
C That eche of hem rewarded after his deserte

Is to vnderstonde nomore but dampnacyon
To bycypous people is the verrey scourge smert
Rewarde for they fro Vertue wolde peruert
And endelelle Joye is to hem that be electe
Rewarded & to all that folow the same secte

And as for the keyes of the posternes syue
whiche were to Moyses rewarded for his labour
Sygnifye not elles but whyle man is on lyue
His syue inwarde wyttes shall be euery hour
In his slepe occupyed in hele & in langour
With fantasyes tryfels Illusions & dremes
Whiche Poetes call Moyses stremes

And as for Residuiacyon is nomore to say
But after Confessyon tomyng a veyne to synne
Whiche to euery man retornyth sauns delay
To bycypous lyuyng agayn hym to wyne
Whyle ony man lyueth wyl it neuer blynne
That cursed conclusyon for to byng aboute
But Reason with Sadnes kepe it styll oute

Here hast thou properly the verrey sentence
Herde now declared of this bysion
The pycture also yeucth clere intellygence
Therof beholden with good dyscrecyon
Loke well aboute and take consyderacyon
As I haue declared whether hit soo be
A s pr quoth Moyses what tolde I the

Hast thou properly the verey sentence
Loke on yon wall ponder before
And all that tyme stood I in a wyre
O hiche way fyrst myn hert wolde yee more
To loke in a stody stood I therfore
Neue thelle at last as Morpleus me badde
I looked forwarde with contenaunce sadde

Where I behelde in portraiture
The maner of the felde euen as it was
Shewed me before & euery creature
On bothe sydes beyng drawyng in small space
Soo caryoufly in soo lytyll a compase
In all this worlde was neuer thyng wrought
Thit were Impossyble in ertne to be thought

And when I had long beholde that pycture
What qd Morpleus how longe shalte thou loke
Daryng as a dastard on yon portraiture:
Come of for shame thy wytte stante a croke
I heryng that myn herte to me toke
Towarde the fourthe wall tozynyng my bysage
Where I sawe Poetes & Phylosophers sage

Many one moo than at the banket
Serued the goddes as I sayde before
Som were made standyng & som in chayris set
Som lokyng on bokys as they had stodyed soze
Som drawyng almenakis & in her hondis boze
Altyrلابes takyng the altytude of the some

¶ Among whome Dyogenes late in a tonne
¶ And as I was lokyng on that fourthe wall
¶ Of Dyogenes beholdyng the ymage
¶ Sodeynly Doctryne began me to call
¶ And bad me tourne towarde hyt my bylage
¶ And soo then I dyde with humble corage
¶ Whan thynkest þ she sayd hast þ not thentent
¶ Yet of these four walles what they represent

¶ The pycture on the fyrst þ standeth at my baks
¶ Sheweth the þ present tyme of pylgremage
¶ Of whiche before I vnto the spake
¶ Whiche is the tyme of daungerous passagē
¶ The seconde dyscretly agayne my bylage
¶ The tyme expresseth of Deuyacyon
¶ Whyle paynyme lawe had the domynacyon

¶ The thyrde wall standyng on my lyfe honde
¶ The tyme representeth of Reuocacyon
¶ And the fourthe standyng on my ryght honde
¶ Determyne the tyme of Reconсылacyon
¶ This is the effecte of thy bysion
¶ Wherfore the nedeth no more theron to muse
¶ Hit were but vayne thy wytes to dysluse

¶ But duryng the tyme of Reconсылacyon
¶ Thy tyme of pylgremage loke well þ spende
¶ And then well gracys Predestynacyon
¶ Wrynge he to glory at thy law ende

¶ And euen with that came to my mynde
¶ My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute
¶ To haue dreuen er slepe made me to lute

¶ That is to say how Sensualyte
¶ W Reason to acorde myght be brought aboute
¶ Whiche caused me to knele downe on my kne
¶ And beseeke Doctryne determyne that doute
¶ O lord god sayd Doctryne canst þ not withoute
¶ Me that conclusyon byng to an ende
¶ Ferre is fro the wytte & ferther good mende

¶ And euen with that Dethe gan appere
¶ Shewyng hymselfe as though that he wolde
¶ His darte haue occupied within that herbere
¶ But there was none for hym yong nor olde
¶ Saue oonly I Doctryne hym tolde
¶ And when I herde hyr with hym comon thus
¶ I me withdrew behynde Morpleus.

¶ Dredyng full soze lest he with his dart.
¶ Through Doctrynes wordes ony entresse.
¶ In me wolde haue had or claymed ony part
¶ Whiche sholde haue caused me grete heuynesse
¶ Within whiche tyme & short processe
¶ Came thyder Reason and Sensualyte.
¶ I quodh Doctryne ryght welcome be ye

¶ Hit is not long sythe we of you spake
¶ Ye must er ye goo determyne a doute

¶ And euen with that ſhe the mater bzake
¶ To theyn & tolde hit euery where aboute
¶ I wolde haue be thens yf I had moute
¶ For fere I loked as blake as a cole
¶ I wolde haue copen in a mouſe hole

¶ What quoth Doctryne where is he now
¶ That meurd this mater ſtraunge & dyffule
¶ He is a coward I make myn auow
¶ He hyded his hede his mocyon to reſule
¶ Blame hym not qd Reaſon alway ſ to ble
¶ When he ſeeth Dethe ſoo nere at his honde
¶ Yet is his part hym to withſtonde

¶ Or at the leſſe way elles fro fym flee
¶ As longe as he may who dooth other wyle
¶ Is an ydeote quoth Senſualyte
¶ Who dyedeth not Dethe wyle men hym dyſpyle
¶ What ſaid Doctryne how long hath this gyle
¶ We holden & vſed thus a twixe you tweyne
¶ Ye were not wonte to acorde certeyne

¶ Yes quoth Reaſon in this poynt alway
¶ To euery man haue we yeu en our counſayll
¶ Dethe for to flee as long as they may
¶ Al though wo other wyle haue done our trauayl
¶ Eche other to repreſſe yet withoute fayll
¶ In that poynt oonly dyſcorde we neuer
¶ Thus condeſcended therein be we for euer

¶ A ha sayd Doctryne then is the conclusyon
¶ Clerely determined of the gret doute
¶ That here was meuyd & halfe in deryfyon
¶ She me then called & baden me loke oute
¶ Come forth she sayd & feere not this route
¶ And euen with that Reason & Sensualyte
¶ And Dethe fro thens were banysshed all thre

¶ Then loked I forth as Doctryne me badde
¶ When Dethe was gone me thought I was bolde
¶ To shewe my selfe but yet was I sadde
¶ Me thought my doute was not as I wolde
¶ Clerely and openly declared & tolde
¶ Hit sowned to me as a parable
¶ Dethe as a mythe or a fayned fable

¶ And Doctryne my concepte gan espy
¶ Wherfore sayd she standest thou soo styll
¶ Wherin is thy thought arte thou in stody
¶ Of thy questyon hast thou not thy fyl
¶ To the declared tell me thy wyll
¶ Herdest thou not Reason & Sensualyte
¶ Declared thy doute here before the

¶ Forsothe quoth I. I herde what they sayde
¶ But neuerthelesse my wytte is so thynne
¶ And also of Dethe I was so afrayde
¶ That hit is out where hit bent ynne
¶ And so that water can I not wyne
¶ Without your helpe & benyuolence

Therof to expresse the veray sentence

Well quod Doctryne then yee attendaunce
Unto my wordes & thou shalt here
Openly declared the concor daunce
At wene Sensualyte & Reason in fere
If thou take hede hit clerely dooth apere
How they were knette in one oppnyon
Bothe agayn Dethe helde contradycon

Whiche concor daunce nomore sygnifyeth
To playne vnderstandyng but in euery mane
Bothe Sensualyte & Reason applyeth
Rather Dethe to flee then with hit to be tane
Loo in that poynt accorde they holly thanie
And in all other they clerely dyscorde
Thus is trewly set thy doubtfull monacorde

Iheryng that kneled on my kne
And thanked her lowly for her dyscyplyne
That she wouchelafe of her benygnyte
Of tho gret doubtes me to enlumpne
Well was she worthy to be called Doctryne
If it had benomore but for the solucyon
Of my demaunde & of this straunge bysyon

And as I with myne hede began for to bow
As me well ought to do her reuerence
She thens departed I can not tell how
But within a moment gone was she thens

¶ Then sayd Morpleus let vs go hens
¶ what I holde we here tarpe lengere
¶ Hast thou not herde a generall answere

¶ To all thy materes that thou lyst to meue
¶ My tyme draweth nere that I must rest
¶ And euen therwith he toke me by the sleue
¶ And sayd goo we hens for that I holde I best
¶ As good is ynough as a grete fest
¶ Thou hast seen ynough holde the content
¶ And euen with þ forthe with hym I went

¶ Tyll he had me bzought agene to my bedde
¶ where he me founde and then prupely
¶ He stale awaye I coude not vnderstande
¶ were he became but lodeynly
¶ As he came he went I tell you verpely
¶ whiche done fro slepe I gan to awake
¶ My body all in swet began for to shake

¶ For drede of the syght that I had sene
¶ wenyng to me all had be trew
¶ Actuely done where I had bene
¶ That batyll holde twene Wyce & Vertew
¶ But when I see hit hit was but a whew
¶ A dreame a fantasie & a thyng of nought
¶ To study theron I had nomore thought

¶ Tyll at the last I gan me bethynke
¶ For what cause shewed was this vylpon

¶ I know not wherfore I toke pen & ynke
¶ And paper therof to make mencyon
¶ In wrytyng takyng consyderacyon
¶ That noo defeaute were found in me
¶ Wheron accused I ought for to be

¶ For slouth that I had lest hit vntolde
¶ Neyther by mouthe nor in remembraunce
¶ Put it in wrytyng where thozugh manyfolde
¶ Wayes of accusacio myght tozme me to greuaunce
¶ All this I sawe as I lay in a traunce
¶ But wheder it was with myne ey bodely
¶ Or not in certayn god knoweth & not I

¶ That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele
¶ Soo large by my wyll it longeth not to me
¶ Were hit dreime or byspon for your owne wele
¶ All that shall hit rede here rad or se
¶ Take therof the best & let the worst be
¶ Try out the cozne clene from the chaff
¶ And then may ye say ye haue a sure staff

¶ To stande by at nede of ye Wyll it holde
¶ And walke by the way of Vertue
¶ But al wey beware be ye yong or olde
¶ That your frewyll ap to Vertue moze
¶ Apply than to Wyce the easer may be boze
¶ The burden of the felde that ye dayly fyght
¶ Agayn your .iii. enemyes for all her gret myght

That is to say the Deuyl & the flesshe
And also the worlde with hith his glosyng chere
Whiche on you loketh euer newe & fresshe
But he is not as he dooth apere
Loke ye kepe you ay out of his Daungere
And soo the byctory shall ye obteyne
Wyce fro you expyled & Vertue in you reyne

And then shall ye haue the triumphall guerdon
That god reserued to euery creature
Aboue in his celestyall mansyon
Joye & blyss in fynpte eternally to endure
Wherof we say we wolde fayne be sure
But the way thyderwarde to holde be we losse
That oft tyme causeth þ good lord to be wrothe

And by our deserte our habytacyon chaūgeth
Fro Joye to payne & woo perpetuelly
From his glorvous syght thus he vs estraūgeth
For our bycrous luyng thozugh our owne foly
Wherfore let vs praye to that lord of glory
Whyle we in erthe be þ he wyll yeuue vs grace
So vs here to guyde that we may haue a place

Accorpyng to oure Regeneracyon
Which heuenly spyrytes his name to magnify.
Whiche downe descendeth for oure redempcyon
Offryng hymselfe on the crosse to his fad on hy
Now benygne Ihesu that bozen was of Mary
All that to this bysyon haue gyue her audyence

Graunte eternal Joye after thy last sētnce

A M C R

Here endeth alytyll Treatyse
named The assemble of goddes





