


THE TEMPLE OF GLASS



CENTRE
for
REFORMATION
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RENAISSANCE
STUDIES

VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY

T O R O N T O



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HERBERT S. SQUIBBER

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

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

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

F. JENKINSON

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

P. DUJARDIN

The temple of glas.

F Or thought constraint & greuous heynes
For pensifled & high distress
To bed? I went now this other nyght
Whan that lucina With hir pale light
Was Joyned? last With plebus in aquarpe
Amyd? decembre, Whan of Januarpe
Ther be kalendes of the new yere
And? derk dyane horned? and? nothyn? clere
Had? her beames vnder a mystry cloude
With in my bed? for cold? I gan me shroude
All desolate for constraynt of my woo
The long? nyght Walowyn? to and? fro
Til at laste er I began take kepe
Me dyde oppresse a soden dedly slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Raysshed? in spiryte in to a temple of glas
I nyfte hold fer in Wildernes
That founded? Was as by liklynes
Not vpon stele, but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse y froze, and? as I did? approche
Agayn the some that shone so clere

As ony Cristal andz ever ner andz ner
As I can nyghe this grisly dredful place
I Wex astonpedz the light so in my face
He gan to smyte so perfinz ever in one
On every part wher that I gan gone
That I ne might no thingz as I wolde
Aboute me considere andz beholde
The wonder estres for brightnes of the some
Til atte last certayn skyes dome
With Wynde chasedz han her cours y Went
To fore the streames of titan andz y blent
So that I mighte With in andz With oute
Wherso I wolde beholde me aboute
For to reporte the facōn andz manere
Of all this place that was circular
In compas Wyse roundz by entayle brought
Andz whan I hadz longe gone andz sought
I foundz a Wicket andz entredz in as fast
In to the temple andz myn eyen cast
On every spde now lobe eft alofte
Andz right anon as I gan Walken softe
Yf I the soth a right reporte shal
I salbe depeyntedz Spon a Wal

From este to Weste many a fair ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they Were of age
Y sette in ordze after they Were trewe
With liuely colours wonder fresh of hue
And as me thought I sawe som fitte & som stāde
And some knelyng With billes in their hande
And some With compleynt Woful & pietous
With doleful chere to putten to Venus
So as she sat flectyng in the see
Upon her Woo forto haue pitee
And first of alle I saugh there of cartage
Did the quene so goodly of Visage
That gan compleyne hir auenture and cas
How she deceyued Was of Eneas
For al his bestes and his othes sworn
And said alas that ever she Was born
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And next I sawe the compleynt of Medee
How that she falsed Was of Jason
And nygh by Venus sawe I fitte atheon
And al the maner how the boox hym slough
For Whom she Wepte and had pyne ynough
The sawe I also how that penelope

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

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

Only by enuye of the godd Cuppde
And how that dyane vnto a laurer tre
Wtorned Was whan that she did fle
And how that Ioue changed his cope
Only for loue of the fair Europe
And in to a hole, whan he did he sue
Liste of his godhed his fourme to transmue
And how that he by transmutacion
The shap gan take of Amphitryon
For Alcamena so passing Was of beaute
So Was he hurt for al his depte
With louys dart, and might it not escape
Ther salde I also how mars Was take
Of Vulcanus and With Venus founde
And With the cheynes Inuyfible bounde
Ther Was also al the poesye
Of hym Mercurye and al the philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Wtbedded Was to the godd of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly did obeye
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye
And With her songe how she Was magnified
With Iupiter there to be stelled

And? hypermore depeynt men might see
How With her ryng the goodly canace
Of every fobble, the leytons and? songe
Coude vnderstand as she Walked them among
And? hou her brother so often holpen Was
In his myschief, by the steed of bras
And? furthermore in the temple Were
Ful many a thousand? louers here & there
In sondry Wyse redy to compleyne
Vnto the goddesse, of her Woo and? peyne
How they Were hyndred? som for enuye
And? how the serpent of fals Jelousie
Ful many a louer hath put a lack
And? causeles on them haue leidy a lack
And? some they Were that playned? on absence
That Were exiled? and? put out of presence
Thurgh Wicked? tinges and? fals suspencion
Withoute mercy or ony remission
And? othe eke her seruyse spent in veyn
And? of her lady Were not loued? ageyn
And? othe eke that for pouerte
Dursten in no Wyse her grete aduersite
Discouere ne opene, lest they Were refused?

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

For to be coupled to olde Jamarpe
They be so dyuerse that they must varye
For olde is graching and malencolious
Oly ful of yre and suspicious
And yongth extendeth to Joye & lustynes
To mirth and play and to al gladnes
Alas that euer hit shold falle
So swete sugre y coupled be to galle
These yonge folke cryeden oft sicke
And praid Venus her power to kythe
Upon this myschief and shape remedye
And right anon I herde other crye
With sobbyng teres and pietous sorow
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constrayned in their yongthe
And in childhode as is ofte couthe
Y entrid were in to Religion
Or they had yeres of discrecion
That al her lif can not but compleyne
In Wyde Copes perfection for to seyne
Ful couertly for to coueren thair smert
And shewe the contrary of thair hert
Thus saib I wepe many a faire mayde

That on theyr frendes al the wyte they layde
And other next I saw ther in grete rage
That they were married in theyr tendre age
With oute freedom of fre election
Where loue hath selde domynacion
For loue at large and at liberte
Wolde frely chese and not with suche trette
And other saw I ful ofte wepe and wrynge
That they in men fonde suche carrynge
To loue a season whyle that beaute flourith
And after by disdayn so vngoodly lounith
On her that whylom he callyd his lady dere
That was to hym so playfant and entier
But lust with fairnes is so ouer goon
That in her herte trouthe abideth noon
And some also I sawe in teres reyne
And pietously on god and kynde pleyne
That euer they bold on ony creature
So moche beaute passinge he mesure
Sette on a woman to geue occasion
A man to loue to his confusion
And namely there where he shal haue no grace
For with a loke forth by as he doth pace

Ful ofte falleth thurgh castynge of an eye
A man is wounded that he must nedis wepe
That neuer perauunter after he shal her see
Why wil god? don so grete a crueltie
To ony man, or to his creature
To make hym so muche woo endure
For her, percas, Whom he shal in no wyse
Reioyse neuer, but so forth in Iurse
Lede his lif til that he be graue
For he ne durst of hir no mercy craue
And eke painter though he durst a worde
He can not wite where he hir fynd? holde
I salbe ther eke, and therof had? I woulde
That som were hyndred? by couetyse & slouthe
And some also for their hastynes
And other eke for their rechelesnes
But altherlast as I Walked? and? behelde
Beside pallas With her Cristal sheld?
Tofore the statue of Venus set on height
Ther kneled? a lady in my sight
Tofore the goddesse, Whiche as the sonne
Passeth the sterres, and? eke the stormys downe
And? lucifer to sope the nyghtes sorowe

In clementes passeth erly the morow
And so as maye hath the souereynthe
Of euery moneth the faynes and beaute
And as the Rose in swetnes and odour
Surmounted flouris/ and fame of al licour
Hath the pryse/ and as the rubye bright
Of al stonnes in beaute and in sight
As it is knowe hath the Regalpe
Right so this ladye With her goodly eye
And With the stremps of hir loke so bright
Surmounteth al thourgh beaute in my sight
That for to tel her grete semelnes
Her womankyde her porte and her fairnes
Hit was a meruayle/ how euer that nature
Colde in her Werkes make a creature
So angelik so goodly on to see
So femyny or passing of beaute
Whos sommysk her brighter than golde wire
Lyche phibus beames shynnyng in his spyre
The goodlyd eke of her fresh face
So replenyshed of beaute and of grace
So wel emelwed by nature and depeynt
As Rose and lilyes to gyder Were meynt

So egally by goodz propozcion
That as me tought by myn inspection
I gan meruaylle hou godz or Werk of kynde
Mighten of beaute fuche a tresour fynde
To yauen hir so passynz excellence
For in goodz faith thurgh her hys presence
The temple Was enlumynedz enuyron
Andz forto speke of her condicion
She Was the beste that might be on lyue
For ther Was none þ With her might stryue
To speke of hounte or of gentileste
Of Womanlyde or of loWlynesse
Of curtyse or of goodlyde
Of speche of chere or of semelike
Of port benigne or of daliaunce
The best taught andz therto of playsaunce
She Was the Welle eke of honeste
An Exampair andz mirrou eke Was she
Of secretnes of trowth of feithfulnes
Andz to alle othez lady andz maistres
To helpe vertu Who so list to lere
Andz so this lady right humble of chere
Kneelingz I sawe cladz in grene andz Whyte

To fore Venus goddesse of al delyste
Embrowdyd al With stones and? perre
So richely that Joye it Was to see
With sondry rolles on her garnement
For to p[ro]ve the trowth of her entent
To shewe fully that for her humbleesse
And? for her Vertu and? her stablenessse
That she Was wote of al Womanly playfance
Therefore her Word? Withoute Variance
Embrowdyd Was as men might see
De meuly en meuly With stones of perre
This is to sayne that she Was so benygne
From better to better her hert doth resigne
And? al her Wyll to Venus the goddesse
Whan that her list her harmes to redresse
For as me thought somwhat by her chere
For to compleyne she had? grete desire
For in her hand? she held? a lityl bylle
For to declare the sume of al her Wyll
And? to the goddesse her quarel for to shewe
Theffet of Whiche Was in Wordes felde

• The coppe of the supplicacion.

O lady Venus moder of cypre
That in this World hast the gouernance
And hertes hpe that halwteyn be by pryde
Enclynest mekely to thyn obeyssance
Causer of Joye Relees of penance
And With thy streames canst euery thing discern
Thurgh heuenly fire of loue that is etern

O blefful sterre persaint and ful of light
Of beames gladson deuoyder of derknes
Chief recomfort after the blak nyght
To Royde Woful hertes out of theyr heuynes
Take noll good hede lady and goddesse
So that my bille may your grace attayne
Redresse to fynde of that I me compleyne

For I am bounde to thing that I nolde
Frely to chese ther lack I liberte
And so I Want of that myn herte Wolde
The body is knyt though my thought be fre
So that I muste of necessite
My hertes lyst outwardo contrarpe
Though We be oon the dede muste sarpe

My Worshyp sauf I saylle election
Agayn al right both of godd and kynde
Therto be knyt vnder subiection
For Whens for both ar out of mynde
My thought goth furth my body is behynde
For I am here and yond my remembrance
Get Wene tWo so hange I in balance

Deuoyde of Joye, of Woog I haue plente
What I desire, that may I not possede
For that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue, for to sue I drede
To my desire contrary is my mede
And thus I stonde departed in tWeyne
Of Wyll and dede placed in a cheyne

For though I brenne With feruence & herte
Withyn myn herte I mote compleyne of colde
And by excessse though I swelte and swete
Me to compleyne godd Wote I am not holde
Vnto no Wight, ner one word, Infolde
Of al my peyne, allas the hard stounde
The hotter that I brenne, y colder is my bounde

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

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

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

Andz for that ye be euer of one entent
Withoute chaunge or mutabilyte
Andz in your paynes ben so patient
To take lowly your aduersyte
Andz that so longe thurgh the cruelte
Of olde saturne my fader vnfortunedy
Your woo shal now no lenger be contunedy

Andz thinketh this With in a litil Whyle
Hit shal a Wage andz ouer passen sone
For men by layfir passen many a myle
Andz ofte after a droppngz mone
The Weder cleareth, andz Whan y storme is done
The some shyneth in his spyer bright
Andz Joye Waketh Whan Woo is putto flight

Remembre eke how neuer yet no Wight
Me cam to Worship With out som debate
Andz folke reioyse also more of light
That they With derknes Were Wapedz & mate
No mans chance is allewey fortunate
Me no Wight preyseth of sugre the swetnes
But they to fore haue tasted bitternes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And whan this goodly fair fressh of hue
Humble and benygne of trowth crop a rote
Conceyued hadd holb Venus gan to telle
On her prayer plainly to do hote
To chaunge her bitter attones in to sote
She fyl on knees of high deuocion
And in this wyse began her orison

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

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

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

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

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

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

And than anon Venus cast a dowry
In to her lappe braunches Whyte and grene
Of hawthorn that Werten enuyron
Aboute her heed that ioye Was to sene
And had her kepe hem honestly and clene
Whiche hold not fade ne neuer beye olde
Of she her bidding kepe as she hath tolde

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

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

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

Thus euer slepyng drempng as I laye
Withyn the temple me thought I laye
Grette prees of folk With murmur Wonderful
To croude and shoue the temple Was so ful
Euerich ful besy in his owne cause
That I ne may shortly in a clause
Discruen alle the rites and the guyse
And eke I Wante comyng to deuyse
How some ther Were With bloody encence & milke
And some With flouris sote & softe as silke
And some With sparowes & douues Whyte
That for to offren gan hem delyste
Onto the goddesse With sighs and prayer
Them to relese of that they most desire
That for the prees shortly to conclude
I Wante my Way for the multitude
Me for to refressh out of the prees allone
And by my self me thought as I gan gone
With in the estres and gan a Whyke tarpe
I sawe a man that Walked al solitarie
That as me semed for heynes and wile
Hym to compleyne that he Walked so sole
With oute espyng of ony other Wight

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

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

Holt mayst thou now so cruelly and so rawly
With oute cause hurte me and wounde
And takest none heed my sorowes to founde
But like a birde that fleeth at her desire
Eyl sodaynly Withyn the pantere
She is caught though late she was at large
A newbe tempest forecasteth now my large
Now up now down, With Wynd it is so blowe
So am I pessed and almost ouerthrowe
For dyue in derlines of many sondry walwe
Alas when shal this tempest ouerdrabe
To cleve the skyes of myn aduersite
The lode sterre when that I ne may see
Hit is so hid With clobdes that he blake
Alas when wyll this torment ouerslake
I can not wyte, for who is hurt of newbe
And bledeth inward til he bey pale of hue
And hath his wounde vnbarly fressh & grene
And hit is not woulde vnto the harmes here
Of myghty awpde that can so hertes daunte
That no man may in his warre hym daunte
To gete a pryce but only by mekenes
For ther ne sayleth stryf ne sturdynes

So may I sayne that With a loke am yoke
And haue no power to stryue though I wolde
Thus stonde I euer betwix lif and deth
To loue and serue Whyle I haue bresth
In suche a place Where I dar not pleyne
Liche hym that is in torment and in peyne
And knoweth not to Whom to discur
For ther that I haue holly set my care
I dar not Wel for drede ne for daunger
And for vnknowen telley how the fyre
Of loues bronde is kynndid in my breste
Thus am I murdered and slayn atte leste
So priuely Withyn my thought
O lady Venus Whom I haue sought
So Wyffe me now What me is best to doo
That am distraught With my self so
That I ne Wote What Way for to torne
Sauf by my self soleyn for to morne
Hangynge in balance betwix hope and drede
With oute comfort remedye or rede
For hope biddeth pursue and assaye
And agaynward drede answerth naye
And now With hope I am set a lofte

But drede and daunger hard & nothyng softe
Hath ouerthrowe my trust and put a down
Now at my large / now fetred in prifoun
Now in torment / now in fouerayn gloupe
Now in paradysse and now in purgatorye
As man dyspayred in a double were
Horn by With hope / and theie anon daunger
Me draweth a back / and saith it shal not be
For where as I of myne aduersite
Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
Theie cometh dyspaire & gynneth me to lere
A newe lesson to hope ful the contrary
They be so diuerse they wil do me harpe
And thus I stande dismayed in a traunce
For when that hope were likly me tauaunce
For drede I tremble & dar one word not speke
And yf hit so be / that I not out breke
To telle the harmes that greuen me so fore
But in my self encrece them more and more
And to be slayn fully me delpte
When of my deth she is nothyng to wyte
For but yf she my constreynt plainly knowe
How shold she euer / on my paynes rue

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

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

• The compleynt of the man.

Redresse of sorow O Citherea
That With the stremps of thy playfaint herte
Bladest the mounte of al Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bright beames ben Westren and Wete
In the ryuer of Elycon the Welle
Haue now ppte of that I shal you telle

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

This is to saynt O cler heuenes light
That next the some sercled han your spere
Sith ye me hurte With your dredful myght
By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your seruyse now so dere
As ye me brough^t in to this maladye
Be ye gracypus and shap ye remedye

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

John Myngham

How I no thyng in al this World desire
But for to serue fully to myn ende
That goodly freche so Womanly of chere
Without chaunge Whyle I haue lyf & mynde
And that ye World suche grace sende
Of my seruyse that she not disdayne
Sithen her to serue I may not me restrayne

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

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

Her sad demeryng of Wyl not variable
Of loke benygne, and rote of al plesance
And exemplare to alle that Wyl be stable
Discrete prudent of Wisedom suffisance
Mirroure of Witte ground of gouernance
A Woꝛld of beaute compassed in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh my hert race

And ouer this Wonder secrete and true
A Wel of fredome and right counteous
And euer increpnyng in vertu newe & newe
Of speche goodly, and Wonder gracypus
Deuoyd of pryde, to poure not despytous
And yf that I shortly shal not feyne
Saue vpon mercy, I no thynge compleyne

What Wonder thynke me, though I be With dreed
Inly surprised, for to apen grace
Of her that is quene of womankede
For Wel I Wote in so high a place
Hit wil not be, therfore I ouer pace
And take lowly what wo I endure
Til she of pyte me take to her cure

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

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

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

Alow lady Venus to Whom nothing vnknowe
Is in the World hid, ne nought may be
For ther nys thing nether hye ne lowe
May be conceled, from your pryuate.

For Whom my menynge is not now secret.
But write fully that myn entent is true
And like my trowth now on my payne rue

For more of grace than of presumption
I aye mercy, and no thing of dute
Of lowly humbles, with oute offention
That ye encline of your benygnyte
Your audience vnto my humylte
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle
Sunn day relees yet of my paynes alle

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

That like as she me hurte With a sight
Right so With helth late me hur sustene
And as the streames of her eyen bright
Whylom my hert With Boundes sharp & hene
Thurgh persedy haue and yet be fresh & grene
So as she me hurte/lete her me socoure
Or ellis certayn I may not long endure

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

22
Be not astonied of no wilfulnes
Ne not despeired of this dissolucion
Late reson bridle lust by sursumnes
Without grucchyng or rebellyon
For ioye shal folowe al this passon
For who can suffre torment and endure
He may not faylle, but folowe shal his cure

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

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

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

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

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

For he that is in myschief relees
To seche help I holde hym a wreathe
And she ne may thyn hert brynge in pees
But yf thy compleynt to hir hert strecke
Woldest thou be cured? & wilt no salue feche
Hit wil not be for no wight may atteyne
To come to hys yf he list lyue in payne

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

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

Makynge chere as though he wought nought
Of lyf ne deth ne What so hym betyde
So moche fere he had on every side
To put hym forth to tel his payne
Unto his lady / other to compleyne
What Woo he felt torment or disese
What dedely sorow his hert dide sese
For wouth of Whiche his Wo as I erdite
My penne I fele quaken as I Wryte
Of hym I had so grete compassion
For to reherce his Weymentacion
That vmethe / though I With my self stryue
I Want comynge his paynes to discryue
Alas to Whom shal I for help calle
Not to the muses for cause they ben alle
Help of right in Joye and not in Woo
And in matiers that they delite also
Wherefore they nyl as now directe my style
Nor me enspiren Alas the hard Whyle
I can no further but to the syphon
And to her suster to calle help vpon
That be goddesses of torment and payne
Gode lette your teis in to myn Inke reyne

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

Pryncesse of pougth & flour of gentilesse
Ensample of vertu ground of curtesye
Of beaute rote quene and eke maistres
To alle Women how they shal hem gyve
And sothfast mirroure to exemplifye
The right Way of port and of Womanhede
What I shal saye, of mercy take ye heed
Besechyng first vnto your hye nobles
With quakyng hert of my Inward drede
Of grace and pyte & not of right wyfnes.
Of verrey wuthe to help in this neede
This is to say O Wel of goodly heed
That I ne telke thaughe ye do me depe
So ye list first to heere what I sepe

The dreadful stroke the gret force and might
Of godd cupide that noman may reſelle
So inwardly thurgh out myn hert right
Y perceyde hath that I ne may counceſe
Myn hid wound ne I ne may apele
Vnto no gretter / this mighty godd ſo faſte
You to ſerue hath me bound vnto my laſte

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

So that I can no thynge but mercy crye
Of you my lady / and chaunge for no nelſe
That ye liſt godely to fore er that I dye
Of terray routhe vpon my paynes rue
For by my trowth / and ye my peynes knewe
What is the cauſe of myne aduerſite
On myn diſeſe ye Wolde haue pyte

For vnto you trewe ande eke seere
 I wil be founde to serue as I best can
 Ande therwith al as lowly in eche degre
 To you be allone as euer yet was man
 Vnto his lady from the tyme I began
 Ande shal so forth withouten ony flout
 Whylis that I lyue, by godde & by my trowth

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

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

For vnto me it doth pnowh suffyse
That for your man ye hold me vessepue
Fully to ben as you lyst deuyse
And as ferforth as my Wittes can concepue
And therwith al liche as ye prae
That I be true, to guerdone me of grace
Or ellis to punyssh after my trespae

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For vnto the tyme that Venus list proude
To shape a way for our hertis ease
Bothe ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gree and not of our disease
To quicke agayn til that she list tappease
Our hid wo so Iuly that constreyneth
From day to day and our hertis peyneth

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

For she is that byndeth and can constreyn
Hertes in one, this fortunate planete
And can relece louers of her peyn
To turne fully her bitter in to swete
Now blifful goddes dym fro thy stery sete x
As to fortune cast your streemes here
Lyke as ye knowe, that we trowth mene

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

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

Your honour sauf and eke your womanhede
Hym to cherisse, hit sitteth you right wele
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and drede
* Ompd my cheyne that forged is of stele
Ye must of mercy shawe that he fele
In yowr fowr grace of his longy seruyse
And that in hast lik as I shal deuyse

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

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

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

Andy as for hym I Wil ben his sorowe
Of lobblyde andy besy attendance
Hob he shal be bothe eue andy morowe
Ful diligent to doon his obseruance
Andy euer abaytynyng, you to do playfance
Wherefore my sone, listen andy take hede
Fully to beye, as I shal the rede

And first of all my Will is that thou be
+ feithful in hert and constant as a Wal
True humble, meke and therewith al sece
With out change in partie or in all
And for no tozment that the fallen shal
Tempest the not, but euer in stedfastnes
Kote thy herte, and Royde doublenes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So that by aspectes of their faire lokis
Without mercy shal fal the Ryngrance
For to be raxed? clene out of my lokis
On Whiche of you be found? of Variance
Therefore attones. setteth your plesance
Fully to ben Whyle ye haue lyf and? mynde
Of one acorde vnto your lynes ende

That yf the spiryte of newfanglenes
In ony Wyse your hertes Bold? assaylle
To meue or styre to bynge in doublenes
Upon your trowth to gyuen a bataylle
Lete not your corage ne your force faylle
Nor none assautes you flitten or remeue
For vnaffayed? no man may trowth preue

For Whyte is Whitter yf it be set by black
And? swete is swetter after bitternes
And? falsshed? euer is dryue and? put a back
Where trowth is woted? With out doblenes
Without preue ther may be no sekernes
Of loue or hate and? therefore of you two
Shal loue be more for hit was bought With wo

And every thing is had more in deuyte
And more of pris whan it is dere bought
And eke loue stondeth more in seuerite
Whan it is to fore With payne woo & thought
Conquerour was first whan hit was fought
And every conquest hath his excellence
In his pursute as it fyndeth resistance

And so to you more softe and agreable
Shal loue be founde I do you plainly assure
Without guachyng that ye were suffrable
So lobe so meke paciently to endure
That al attones I shal do now my cure
For now and ever your hertis so to bynde
That nought but deth shal the knot vnbynde

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

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

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

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

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

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

Only for cause of the affinyte
Betwix these two not lusty to disseuere
And euery louer of lowbe and hie degre
Gan Venus pray fro thens forth and euere
That hool of them the loue may pfeuere
Withouten ende in suche wyse as they goune
And more encrece that hit of hard was wonne

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

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

Of Whiche graunt the temple enuiron
Thurgh hys comfort of them that were presen
Anon Was legun With a melodypous solun
In name of tho that trowth in loue ment
A balade newe in ful goodz entent
To fore the goddess With notis londe and cle
Synngng right this anon as ye shal here

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

Willy planete O esperus so bright
That Woful hertes can appese and steepe
And euer ar redy by your grace & might
To helpe al tho that lye loue so dere
And haue powerlyrtis to sette on fyre
Honour to you of al that ben here Jime
That haue this man his lady made to Wynne

* O mighty goddesse day steepe after nyght
Gladynge the moze when ye don appere
To wyde derknes by freshnes of your sight
Only With twinkynge of your pleasaunt chere
To you we thanke louers that ben here
That ye this man and neuer for to Wynne
Fortune haue his lady for to Wynne

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

So ful of vertu and so gracyous
Of womanhede and merciful pyte
This symple trefyse for to take in gre
Til I haue leyzer vnto her hye venou
For to expounde my forsaide visioun
And tel in playn the signesyaunce
As it cometh to my remembraunce
So that her after my lady may hit loke
Now go thy way thou litil rude boke
To her presence as I the comande
And first of all thou me recomande
Vnto hir and to her excellenxe
And pray to hir hit be non offence
Of ony word in the be myssaide
Besechynge her she be not euyl a praid
For as her list I wil the este correcte
Whan that her liketh agemward the directe
I mene that benygne and goodly of face
Now go thy way and put the in her grace

Explicit the temple of glas .