PREFACE.

Among the *capellani* of the quiet monastery of Haghmon, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, lived one, a truly penitent and righteous monk, who atoned for the excesses of his early life by the devotion of an enthusiast, and called the priesthood to their duty by the voice of literature, even during the afflictions of the blind and the deaf. He was no Lollard. A pious priest, denouncing the opinions of Wickliffe, teaching that dissent and heresy would assuredly lead to damnation, he was yet well aware that the return of the leaders of his religion to their early discipline, was the only chance left for restoring orthodoxy. His name was John Audelay, or Awdlay, as the name is spelt different ways in the same manuscript.

A selection from the poems of this somewhat remarkable writer, is presented to the reader in the following pages. The original MS. formerly belonged to Farmer, and is now in Mr. Douce's
collection. We have printed only a small portion of it; for the MS. is scarcely worthy of being published entire, and is, indeed, principally valuable as exhibiting a faithful specimen of the Salopian dialect at so early a period. The greater portion appears to form part of one work, the MS. being unfortunately imperfect; but the following colophon is found about the middle of it:—

"Finito libro, sit laus et Gloria Christo!
Liber vocatur concilium conciencie sic nominatur,
Aut scala celi et vita salutis eterni.

Iste liber fuit compositus per Johannem Awdelay, capellanum, qui fuit secus et surdus, in sua visitatione, ad honorem Domini nostri Jhesu Christi, et ad exemplum aliorum, in monasterio de Haghmon, anno Domini millesimo cccc. mo vicensimo vi. to cujus anime propicietur Deus. Amen."

In the following lines, which are found immediately before the colophon, he expresses, somewhat feelingly, the afflictions under which he laboured, and the inspiration of his muse:—

"As I lay seke in my langure,
In an abbay here be west,
This boke I made with gret dolour,
When I myst not slep ne have no rest;
Ofte with my prayers I me blest,
And sayd hilé to heven kyng,
I knowlache, Lord, hit is the best
Mekelé to take thi vesetyng,
Ellis wot I wil that I were lorne,
   Of al lordis be he blest!
Fore al that 3e done is fore the best,
Fore in thi defawte was never mon lost,
   That is here of womon borne.

"Mervel 3e not of this makyng,
Fore I me excuse, hit is not I;
This was the Holé Gost wercheng,
   That sayd these wordis so faythfully;
Fore I quoth never bot hye foly,
God hath me chastyst fore my levyng!
I thong my God my grace treuly
Fore his gracious vesityng.
Beware, seris, I soue pray,
Fore I mad this with good entent,
In the reverens of God omnipotent;
Prays fore me that beth present,
   My name is Jon the blynd Awelay."

In another place, in nearly the same words, he apparently alludes to the errors of his earlier years:—

"Mervel 3e no3t of this makyng,
Fore I me excuse, hit is not I,
Fore this of Godis oun wrytyng,
   That he send doun fro heven on hye,
Fore I couth never bot he foly;
He hath me chastist for my levyng.
I thonk my God my grace treuly,
   Of his gracious vesetyng."

Nearly all Audelay’s poems that have descended
to us are of a religious cast, and partake of much sameness. The following lines on King Henry VI are an exception, and by no means an unfavourable specimen of his poetical talents:—

De rege nostro Henrico sexto.

“A! perles pryys, to the we pray,
Save our kyng both nyȝt and day!
Fore he is ful song, tender of age,
Semelé to se, o bold corage,
Lovelé and lofté of his lenage,
Both perles prince and kyng veray;
His gracious granseres and his grawndame,
His fader and moderis of kyngis thay came,
Was never a worthier prynce of name,
So exelent in al our day.
His fader fore love of mayd Kateryn,
In Fraunce he wroȝt turment and tene,
His love hee sayd hit schuld not ben,
And send him ballis him with to play.
Then was he wyse in wers withalle,
And taȝt Franchemen to plai at the ball,
With tence hold he ferd ham halle,
To castelles and setis thei flyyn away.
To Harfete a sege he layd anon,
And cast a bal unto the towne;
The Franchemen swere be se and sun,
Hit was the fynd that mad that fray!
Anon thai toke ham to cownsele,
Oure gracious kyng thai wold asayle,
At Agyncourt at that batayle
The flour of Frawnce he fel that day.
The kyng of Frawnce then was agast,
Mesagers to him send in hast,
Fore wele he west hit was bot wast
   Hem to withstand in honé way;
And prayd hym to sese of his outrage,
And take Kateryn to mareage,
Al Frawnce to him schuld do homage,
   And crowne him kyng afftyr his day.
Of Frawnce he mad him anon regent,
And wedid Kateren in his present;
Into England anon he went,
   And crownd our quene in ryal aray.
Of quen Kateryn our kyng was borne,
To save our ryzt that was fore-lorne,
Oure faders in Frawns had won beforne,
   Thai han hit hold moné a day.
Thus was his fader a conqueroure,
And wan his moder with gret onoure,
Now may the kyng bere the floure
   Of kyngis and kyngdams in uche cuntré!
On him schal fal the prophecé,
That hath ben sayd of kyng Herré,
The holé cros wyn or he dye,
   That Crist habud on good Fryday;
Al wo and werres he schal acese,
And set alle reams in rest and pese,
And turne to Christyndam al hevynes,
   Now grawnt him hit so be may!
Pray we that Lord is Lord of alle,
To save our kyng his reme ryal,
And let never myschip uppon him falle,
   Ne false traytoure him to betray!
I pray youe, seris, of sour gentré,
Sing this carol reverently,
Fore hit is mad of kyng Herré,
Gret ned fore him we han to pray!
3if he fare wele, wele schul we be,
Or ellis we may be ful soré;
Fore him schal wepe moné an e;
Thus prophecis the blynd Awdlay."

Among the other portions of the MS. may be noticed an account of St. Paul's journey to the regions of the wicked; a prayer to St. Francis; a curious alliterative poem somewhat defaced, entitled "De tribus regis;" and a copy of the poem commencing "De mundus militat," which has been printed by Mr. Wright in his edition of Walter Mapes, p. 147. The MS. concludes with the following lines, which inform the reader that he may have a copy on condition that he will pray for the author's soul:—

"Cujus finis bonus ipsum totum bonum,
Finito libro, sit laus et gloria Christo!
No mon this book he take away,
Ny kutt owte noo leef, y say for why;
For hyt ys sacrelege, sirus, y 3ow say,
[He] beth acursed in the dede truly;
3el 3e wil have any copi,
Askus leeve and 3e shul have,
To pray for hym specialy,
That hyt made 3our soules to save,
Jon the blynde Awdelay;
The furst prest to the Lord Strange he was,
Of thys chauntré here in this place,
That make thys bok by Goddus grace,
Deeff, siek, blynd, as he lay,
Cujus anime propicietur Deus."

With regard to the dialect in which these poems are written, it would be both difficult and unsatisfactory to make a comparison of them with the present language of Shropshire. Mr. Hartshorne has exhibited the modern Salopian dialect very fully; but the similarities are not very easily perceptible. The tendency to turn o into a, and to drop the h, may be recognized in the following pages, as ald for hold, &c. I is still turned into e, which may be regarded one of Audelay's dialectical peculiarities, especially in the prefixes to the verbs; but the ch for sh or sch, so common in Audelay, has not found a place in Mr. Hartshorne's glossary. There is much uncertainty in reasoning on the early provincial dialects, owing to the wide difference between the broad and the more polished specimens of the language of the same county; and the present work can be by no means considered as affording an example of the broadest and purest early Salopian dialect.

Nothing seems to be known of Audelay beyond the little that the sole existing MS. of his poems has recorded; and we have already selected all the biographical information to be derived from that source. The MS. Bodl. 546, formerly belonged
to one John Audelay, whose name occurs in several places, but although of nearly the same period, it may be doubted whether this person was the Shropshire poet. It may also be added that a very good account of the contents of the MS. of Audlay's poems is given in the recent Catalogue of Douce's MSS., a collection now deposited in the Bodleian library. The ruins of Haghmon Monastery, the place of the poet's abode, still remain, and are, we believe, the property of John Corbet, Esq.

J. O. HALLIWELL.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

I.

* * * * *

In hel ne purgatore non other plase,
Thes synnes wold make you schamyd and schent,
And lese your worshyp in erth and grace.
Al day withene sene thou has
Hou men bene slayne fore dedle synne,
And han vengans fore here trespaces,
Both lyve and goodes that lesyn then
by londys law.

jif thai had kept Cristis comaundment,
Thai schuld never be schamyd ne chent,
Ne lost here lyfe, ne lond, ne rent,
nouther hongud ne draw.

Hel is not ordent fore ry3twyseme[n],
Bot fore hom that here serven the fynd;
No more ys a preson of lyme and ston,
Bot to hom that the lauys thai done offend.
Fore wyckyd dedys makys thevys i-schent,
Hye on galouys fore to heng,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Ther ry3twyse men thai han god end;
Føre thay bene treue in here levyng,
trust wel therto.

He that levys here ry3twysly,
On what dey that ever he dy,
His soul never schal ponyschyd be,
ne never wyt of wo.

The syn of sodomi to heven
Hit crysen on God Almy3t;
And monsla3t with a rewfyl steyen
Hit askys vengans day and ny3t;
Extorcyons a3ayns the ry3t,
And huyrus that with wrong holdon be,
Damnacion to ham hit is y-dy3t
That usyn these, and avowteré,
everychon.

These synny a mon thai done blynde,
Fore thai be done a3ayns kynde,
And bene the werkys of the fynde
of damnacion.

Thre synns princypaly a man doth mare,
Murthyr, theft, and avoutré;
Thai wyl you schend ore 3e be ware,
Be thai done never so prevely;
The fynd wyl schew ham hopunly,
That al the werd schal have wyttying;
Fore thai bene cursyd in heven on hye,
Al that usus that cursid doying
thai wyl be schent.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Fore morther Cayme cursud of God was he;
And fore theft, thevys al day hongud thay be;
For avoutré vengans had kyng Davé,
fore brekying of the sacrement.

Avoutré ne lechory men set not by,
    To breke the bond of the sacrement;
Thay schuld aby ful sekyrly
    Bot thai have spase ham to repent.
Herefore, 3e curatis, 3e wyl be schent,
    And pristis that bene lewyd in here levyng,
Fore to this syn 3e done assent
    With evyl ensampyl to other 3eveng :
    and wretyn hit ys,

3e were chosen to chastyté,
To kepe 3our holy order and 3our degré
In perfyt love and charité,
    and mend all other that done amys.

Kepe 3oure wedloke, 3e weddid men;
    In paradyse God furst hit mad,
Betwene Adam and Eve with trew love then,
    Both mon and wemon therwith to glad.
Therwith he is both plesud and payd,
    3if hit be kept laufully :
Hym selfe was borne of a mayde,
    To fulfyl that sacrement prinsypaly,
    into herth he come,
To make ther eyrus of heven blys,
That Lucefyr lost, and al hys,
Monkynd schal hyt a3ayne encrise
    or the day of dome.
Nou 3if a woman maryd schal be,
   Anoon sche schal be bo3t and sold;
Hit is fore no love of hert treuly,
   Bot fore covetyse of lond or gold.
This is Goddis wyl and his lau wolde
   Evan of blood, evan good, evan of age;
Fore love together thus cum thai schal be,
   Fore this makus metely maryage,
      herein alwyse.
Thai schal have ayrs ham betwene,
That schal have grace to thryve and thene;
Thother schul have turment and tene
   fore covetyse.

Ther is no cryatour, as wreton y fynde,
   Save only mon that doth outrage;
Thai chesun here makus of here honne kynd,
   With treasore makun here mareage.
Nou a ladé wyl take a page,
   Fore no love, bot fore fleschely lust;
And al here blood dysparage,
   This lordys and lordschips thay ben i-lost
      in moné a place.

Lordys and lordchypus thay wastyn away,
That makys false ayris, hit is no nay,
And wele and worchyp fore ever and ay,
   onour and grace.

Now 3if that a man he wed a wyfe,
   And hym thynke sche plesse hym no3t,
Anon ther rysis care and stryfe;
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

He wold here selle that he had boȝt,
And schenchypus here that he hath soȝt,
    And takys to hym a loteby.
These bargeyn wyl be dere aboȝt,
    Here ore henns he schal aby.
    He is foresworne,
When he as chosyn hyr to his make,
    And plyȝt here trowth to here y-take,
Hy schuld never here foresake,
    even ne morne.

Aȝayns al this remedy I fynde,
    Forsake ȝoure syn, ȝou pray;
To God and mon loke ȝe be kynde,
    To heven ther is [no] nother way.
And make amendis wyle that ȝe may,
    ȝif ȝe wyl have remyssyon,
God ȝe most both plese and pay,
    Or ellus have damnacion,
    wyle ye han space.
Thus graciously says the kyng of blys,
    ȝef ȝe wyl mend that ȝe do mysse,
Nolo mortem peccatoris,
    ȝe schul have grace.

In what order or what degré
    Holé cherche hath bound ye to,
Kepe hit wel, I counsel ye;
    Dyssyre thou never to go therfro.
Fore thou art boundon, go were thou goo,
When thou hast reassyed the sacrament,
Ther is no mon may hit undoo
Bot he be cursid verament;
    in the gospel thou sist,
That God be law byndus y-fyre,
Ther ys no mon that hath povere
Hit to undo in no manere,
    bot he be curst.

Love 3our God over al thyng,
3oure ne3bore as 3ourselwe, as I 3ou saye;
Let be 3oure othis, 3oure false sweryng;
    In clannes kepe 3oure haleday;
3oure fader, 3oure moder worship ay;
    See no mon fore worldle thyng,
Bakbyte no mon ny3t ne day,
    Ne say no word to hym sklaunderyng;
False wytnes loke thou non bere,
    Dysseyte ne theft loke thou do non;
And lechory thou most foreswere:
    Here beth the comaundments everychon,
    loke 3e kepe hem wele,
I rede 3e serve heven kyng,
Fore ané loust or lykying,
Have mynd apon 3oure endyng
    of the payns of helle.

Another remedé 3et ther is,
    Gentyl sires, herkene to me:
The .vij. werkys of mercé, so have I blys,
I wyl declare ham oponlé;
Thai schul be schewed ful petuysly
   At domysday at Cristis cumyng,
Ther God and mon present schal be,
   And al the world on fuyre brennyng,
       a reuful aray:
Then wele is hym, and wele schal be,
That doth these workys with peté,
He schal have grace and mercé
       on domysday.

The hungré jif mete, the thorsté jif dryng,
   Cleth the nakyd, as I ye say;
Vysyte the seke, in prisen lying,
   And beré the ded, as I the pray;
And herbere the pore that goth be the way,
   And teche the unwyse of thi cunnyng;
Do these werkys both nyþt and day,
   To Goddis worship and his plesyng;
       this is his wylle.
Ever have this in thy mynd,
To the pore loke thou be kynd,
Then in heven thou schalt hit fynd,
       thou schalt never spyl.

Thi .v. wyttis thou most know,
   Thonke thi God that land ham the;
Thi heryng, thi seynge, as I the schewe,
   Thi syþt, thi smellyng, here be .iij.;
Thi touchyng, thi tastyng, here .v. ther be,
To reule the with yn thi levying;
God hath the grauntid ham graciously,
Hym to love over al thyng,
   his wyl hit is;
3if thi v. wyttis here hym will spend,
Thi God thou schalt no3t afend,
Bot bryng thiselfe to good end,
   into heven blys.

Ellys a mon he were unabille,
   As a best ys of kynd;
Better mon ys made resnabyl,
   Good and evyl to have in his mynd;
And has fre choys, as we fynde,
   Weder he wyl do good or ylle,
Owther y-savyd or ellys y-schent,
   Owther have heven or ellus have hell,
   thou hast fre choys.

Then I red foresake the fynd,
To God and mon loke thou be kynd,
And have his passyon in thi mind
   that dyed on cros.

Thou most have sayth, hope, and charyté,
   This is the ground of thi beleve,
Ellys i-savyd thou mat no3t be,
   Thus Poul in his pystyl he doth preve.
Then God and mon thou schalt never greve,
   This is the ground of good levyng;
Then charyté he is the chif,
   Hereffore he lovys God over al thyng,
   thys wyl I prove.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Lok in thi merour,
3if thou love thi ne3tboure
Then thou lovyst thi Savyoure,
   thou art trew in thi beleve.

Thi beleve is the fayth of holé cherche,
   Soule in hope God hath ordynd the,
Ever good werkys that thou schuld werche,
   And be rewarded therfore in heven on hye.
Then charyté chif callid is hee,
   Fore he counsalys uche mon that is levyng
To do as thou woldest me dud by the,
   And bryng thi lyf to good endyng,
   here and hen.

Do fore 3oure self ore 3e gone,
Or mede of God get 3e none,
Bot sone before 3etone
   of kyth and of kyn.

Ever have peté of the pore,
   Of the goodus that God the sende ;
Thou hast no other here tresoure,
   À3ayns the day of judgment ;
Or ellys thou schall br schamyd and chent
   When thou art callid to thy rekynyng,
Ther God and mon schal be present,
   And al the world on fuyre brennyng,
   the to afray.
3if thou have partyd with the pore,
God wyl thonke the therfore,
And in his kyndom the restore
   the lyf that lastyth ay.
The pore schul be made domysmen
    Apon the ryche at domysday:
Let se houe thai cun onswere then,
    For al here ryal reverent aray.
In hunger, in cold, in thurst, weleaway!
    Aftyr here almes ay waytyng,
Thay wold not vysete us ny3t ne day,
    Thus wyl thai playn ham to heven king
        that is above.
Thus we dydon myschyvysly,
Fore hungyst, thurst, ful petuysly,
Thai wold not on us have no peté,
        ny for thai love.

The "day of dome' shuld come in here,
Vor the defawte of the wrytete,
At the .xii. leef afore hyt ys,
Seche hyt there thou shalt nott mys.

II.

De concordia inter fratres et rectores ecclesiae.

God hath grauntyd grace unto our lernyng,
    Al that we fynden fayfully wrytyyn in holé wryt,
That be our pacyens princypaly and holy wryting
    We schuld have consolacioun and conford, byleve
        truly in hyt.
I schal say 3ou the soth, that wele schul 3e wyt,
    Hit ys Godys word and his werke, and his worchyng;
Be the grace of the Holé Gozt togedyr hit is y-knyt,
    Redlé us to remembyr in oure redyng,
        And hold hit in mynde,
POEMS OF JOHN AULELAY.

Ther is no mon that saved may be,
But he have fayth, hope, and charité,
And do as thou woldust me dud by the,
to God and men be kynde.

Hæc est fides Catholica.

This foreward furst we mad at the forston,
To-fore owre fader faythely that folowed in ray,
To forsake syr Sathanas his werkus everychon,
And become Cristen men to byleve in God veray,
And kepe his comawndmentis kyndly nyzt and day,
Ther we were croydis in a crysun with a carful krye;
To this covenant was called to wytnes, y say,
Oure godfars,oure godmoders, to stond ther us by;
when we myzt not speke,
Ther thai answerd for us,
In the name of Jhesus,
Al thre with one woys,
this bond we schuld nozt breke.

Time Dominum, et mandata serva.

Hwo so brekys this bond, bare thai bene of blys,
Bot thai ben salvyd of here syn or thai hens passe,
Thai schulun way of wo, y warne 30ue y-wys,
Hit schal be ponysched here ore henus evere tres-
passe.
Men have not this in mynd, nowther more ne lasse,
Thai most obey obeyans that thai be bounden to,
And mend her here mysdedys, and her matens and masse,
And kepe the comawndments of Crist, this deute most thai doo,

    with devocion.
Fore thai beth ayres of heven blys,
The fader of heven hath grauntid ham this,
3if thai wyl mend that thai do mys,
    to have remyssyon.

Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia spud Dominum.
Alas I ale the wyt of this word fallus to soly,
    Thus sayth Sapyens forsoth in the boke of lyfe ;
He has wysdom and wyt, I tel 3ow trewly
    That can be ware or be won, and leve in clene lyve.
Who mai kepe hym unkyt fro a kene knyfe,
3if he boldly that blad touche in his tene ;
No more may a mon here, maydon ne wyfe,
    Plesse God unto his pay bot his consyans be clene ;
ensaumpyly I make,
Who may here serve a lorde,
Bot 3if he hold hym fo[r]warde
He getys never reward,
    y dare undertake.

Si quis diligit me, sermonem meum servabit.
He that sayth he lovys his Lord, on hym take good eme,
    And kepus not his comawndmentes as a Crystyn mon,
Leve he is a lyere, his dedis thai done hym deme
    Fore he schuld walkethe same wayes his Lord had i-gone.
Ellys lely hit is loke that treusone ys ther non,
Fore he schuld sew his soferayns, and his saucour;
This may ye kyndlé know hit is treu as aane ston,
He lese al his lyve-days, and his labour,
and stondis in gret drede,
He that is untreu to his lorde,
Outher in dede or in word,
The law wyl hym reward
deth to his mede.

Vox populi vox Dei.
I Marcol the more fole, mon, on my mad wyse,
I send the brod Salamon to say as I here,
Hou homlé hosbondmen here hertys thai aryse,
Thai woldon thai wro3ton wysely that schuld ham
 lede and lere.
Do thi message mekely to pryst and to frere,
Thai are the lanternys of lyf ye lend men to ly3t,
Bot thai be ca3t with covetyse, with conscious unclere,
A3eyns the lauys of here Lord reson and ry3t,
hit is no3t unknow;
Comawnd hem in al wyse,
Never on other dai dar dyspyse,
Fore here cursid covetyse

here horne is e-blaw.

Ubi est thesaurus tuus, ibi et cor tuum erit.
Counsel ham fro covetyse, cursid mat he be,
He wyl hem lede to here lost and lyke to be lore,
3if thai fowyn his fare thai fallyn to foly,
He wyl ham gyde gyldulley, and goo hem before.
Have thai never so mekyl mok he wyl have more,
   With wylis and with wrongus he wyl hit ay wyn.
He is unkynd and uncurtes; he kepis not to restore
   That he takys amys to no maner mon,
       hent his endyng;
Then is he a traytour,
Fore he trustys to his secatour,
He schuld his soule socour
       here in his levyng.

Ante oculos tuos ne videant vanitatem.

Dispise you no pristhod, brother, I the pray,
   Bot veyn glory and here vysis and here vanité;
Bed ham mend that thay do mys, spare not to say,
   Fore her dedus wyl hem deme 5if thai be gylté,
Thai schuld rader repreve the synnys that thai se,
   Rennying and reynying in the reume al aboute,
And clanse here consyans clene and kepe charité;
   Then my3t thai say a sad say, and stond out of doute
       in al mens sy3t.

Therof the pepul wold be sayue,
Fore to cum home a3ayne,
That hath goon gatis ungayne,
       for defaute of ly3t.

Quod natura dedit, nemo tollere poterit.

Uche best that ys blest, togeder thai wyl draw,
   Be kynd to the cuntré that thai come fro;
3et thai ben unleryd, unwyse in the law,
   Bot as nature has ham noryschid, hit nedus no noder
       to do.
We were put in paradise to have wele withoutyn woo,
    Hent we had unblest brokyn the commandmentes of
    our kyng,
That is lord of all lordys, were bene onc moo,
    That mai us salve of ouresore oure botyng to us bryng?
    that lord be he blest!
I rede 3e draun to 3our kyng,
Fore one lust or lykyng,
Pray hem with here prechyng,
    to set mon soule in rest.

Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris, etc. Sed unusquisque
    onus suum portabit.

What was Abel the worse that Kayme his borne broder
    Were cursid for his covetyse and his creuel dede;
No more ys a good prest the worse for another,
    That wyl love his Lord God, hym serve and drede.
Make moche of a good mon, on hym take good hede,
    Loke ye bite not bayard for bryd ne for brend;
As a sete may be savyd and schal the better spede,
    Thro3 the prayere of a good prist, an holé and an hynd,
    that kepys his ordore;
He whot never hou sone
God wyl here his bone,
And al that here wele done,
    heryd ys here prayoure.

Declinate a me, maligni, etc.

3if ther be a pore prest, and spiritual in spiryt,
    And be devout, with devocioun his servyse syng and say,
Thay likon hym to a lossere, and to an epocryte,
    3if he be besé in his bedus the prync of heven to pay,
And holde hym in holé cherche dule uche day,
    Oute of the curse of compané,
And [he] kepe his conyans clewe,
    He ys a nything, a nost, a negard, thai say:
Bot 3if he folou his felows, his chekys mai be ful lene,
    on hym men han no mynde,
A holy prest men set not by,
    Therfore ther bene bot feu truly,
Thai kepe not of here cumpany,
    to hom men beth unkynde.

      Inrepasti superbos, maledicti qui declinant amantis.

Oure gentyl ser Jone, joy hym mot betyde,
    He is a meré mon of mony among cumané,
He con harpe, he con syng, his orglus ben herd ful wyd,
    He wyl nost spare his prese to spund his selaré;
Alas he ner a parsun or a vecory,
    Be Jhesu! he is a gentylmon and jolylé arayd,
His gurdis harnesshit with silver, his baslald hongusbye,
    Apon his parté pautener uche mon ys apayd,
    both maydyn and wyfe ;
I-fayth he shal nost fro us gon,
Fore oure myrth hit were e-don
Fore he con glad us everychon,
    y pray God hold his lyve.

Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.

Thus this wyckyd world is plesid with vanité,
    And wrathyn God wyttyngly unwysely evermore,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

God of his gret grace graunt hem that beth gulté
Here mysse and here mysdedus to mende here therfore;
And let hem never fore here lust, Lord, be forelore,
But send sorewe in here hert here synnus to slake,
Into thi curte and thi kyngdam Lord hem restore;
From al temtacioun and tene the Treneté us take,
his hestis to fulfyl.

Here schul 3e here anon
Of men of releygon,
What lyfe thay leedon,
   Goddus heest to fulfyl.

Religio munda et immaculata. Hoc est preceptum meum ut
diligatis invicem.

I move these mater to monkys in a meke maner,
   And to al releygious, that beth i-blest by Goddis
   ordynans;
Forst Saynt Benet hom enformyd to kepe hem cloyster,
   In povert and in pryerys, in prive penaws,
   And to abyd abstinens and forsake abundans,
   To sle the lust of hore lycam, and hore lykyng,
   And obey obedyans and kepe observans:
   Both in cloystyr and in quere holdyth ylens fore ane
   thyng,
   and to God and mon be kynde;
And ryse at midnyg3t out of here ryst,
And pray fore here gooddeers as bred i-blest,
And depert here almys lest hit be lest,
   fore the founders that hem fynd.

Fore in the rewle of releygious ther may 3e rede,
   Hou the graceous goodys of God schuld be spend,
Uche preson schuld have his part after that he had ned,  
And cast hit al in comyn the goodys that God ham send;  
And leve not lyke leud men, fore scheame, lest 3e be schent,  
That steren stryf and wrath because of covetyng.  
3e schuld have no propurté, on the pore hit schuld be spend;  
And hold up 3oure houshold and 3oure housynge,  
and let hem not adoune;  
And herbore the pore per charyté,  
And 3e mete and dreng to the nedé,  
And cumford hem that woful be,  
elli be 3e no relegyon.

Servite Domino in timore, et exultate ei cum tremore.

Both in cloyster and in quere when that thai syng and rede,  
\textit{Aperte et distincte} han mynd for ham thay pray,  
And kepun her pausus and her poyntes, elles my3t thai gete no mede,  
Fore thus sayth here sovereyns sothely to say:  
\textit{Mi pepyl praysy me with here lyppus, here hertis ben far away;}  
Fore thai be ca3t with covetyse, that schal ham cast in care,  
To the worship of this world thai wryn fro me away,  
Thai han no lykyng ne no lust to lerne apon my lare;  
to me thai beth unkynd,  
A3ayns my gret goodnes  
Thai chewyn me unbuxumnes,  
And I graunt ham fore3ifnes,  
thai have not this in mynd.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Thus he provys 5oure prayers and 5our spirit;  
For when 5e prayyn to 5our God, 5e spekyn with hym  
in spirit,  
And 5if 5e reden in holé wryt he speke 5ayn with the,  
Remembyr 5ou redely when 5erred, that may 5e wyl wyt;  
Take knowlache at 5oure consians, fore ther hit is y-knyt;  
Thus sayth Marke sothely, Mathou, Louke, and Jon,  
No mon mese in this mater ny in Holy Wryt,  
For al the iij. doctors acordon al in hon,  
and clerkys of deveneté,  
Thai conferme the same,  
And comawndon in Cristis name,  
Holé wryt no mon blame,  
hit is Goddis privaté.

Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.

Fayne mai be the sadyrs and al the fonders,  
That sustyne or sokere relygious in one way;  
And so mai be sothli al here good doars,  
That prayin for hom besly both nyzt and day.  
When 5our care is y-cluggun and caste into clay,  
Hore matyns, here masse fore ham thai red and syng,  
When al the welth of this world is went from hem away,  
Then the bedis of holé cherche thai beth abydying,  
fore ever and for ay.  
And do 5ou dredles out of drede,  
Thai schal have Heven to here mede,  
That socures religyous at nede,  
her in ane way.

\[c2\]
Da tua dum tua sunt; post mortem tune tua non sunt.

Lokys, lordus, to 3oure lyffe and to 3our levyng,
For I am touchid upon the tong, the soth for to say,
That 3e be leders of the lond 3ete 3ou lovyng,
And cal the clargé to 3our counsel, that beryn Cristiskay,
And holdist up holé cherche the prynce of Heven to pay,
That did lest dedle sun this reme wyl dystry,
For the lauys of this lond ben lad a wrong way,
Both temperall and spiritual I tel 3ou treuly,
even up-so-doune.

3if Godds lawys 3e dystry,
And holy cherche set not by,
Then farewell the clergy,
Hit is 3our damnacion.

Honora Deum tuum de tuis substanciis.

Takys faire ensampyl be 3our faders that were 3ou before,
How thai worchypd holé cherche hyly to Godys
honore;
Therfore thai blessun her burth, and the bodys that ham
bare,
For thai knowyn wel in her consians hit was her tresoure.
Foras har lordchip and here londys hit farys as a floure,
This day hit ys fresche, to-morow hit is fadyng;
A sad ensampyl forsoth 3our soule to socour,
And do as 3oure faders ded before here in here levyng,
hit is fore the best.
Do fore 3oure self or 3e gone,
Trust not to another mon,
Ellus med of God get 3e non,
    bot then 3e be e blest.

Qui perseveraverit usque in finem, hic salvus erit.

Redelé these relegyos men schul have hy3 reward,
    3if thai kepyn her cloyster and here comawndment ;
Fore one fonding of the fynd fullsy 3our forward,
    And castis awai covetyse that is cause of cumberment,
And kepe 3oue clene in chastyté, to charité asent.
    What sad 3our soveren to his dyssiples when he dyd
    wesche hem,
And kneud lowly apon his knen to-fore his blessid covent,
    And be-toke hom this tokyn, diligatis invicem ?
    As I have lovyd 3ow,
Then joyful schal 3e be,
For in my kyngdom 3e schul me se,
And sit apon my dome with me,
    my counsel schal 3e knowe.

Withdraw 3e not from holé cherche, 3our faderes han
    3even before
    To the prelatis and the prystis fore hom fore to pray;
Bot 3e han grace of God hit to restore,
    3e schul 3ild a carful counte on dreedful domys-day.
Y rede 3e mend 3our mysdedus here wyle 3e may,
    And let no cursid counsel cast 3ou in care ;
Fore al the worchyp of this word hit wyl wype sone
    away,
Hit fallus and fadys forth so doth a cheré fayre,
    Thenke wel on this;
Thai bene acursid be Goddis law,
The goodys of holé cherche that withdrawe,
That other han 3even in holdoun dais,
    to mayntyn Godys servyse.

Quid prodest homini, si universum mundum lucetur.
Thus have I cumford 3ou, covens, and counsel 3ou fro care,
    I rede 3e obey obedyens that 3e bene bowndon to;
Then schul 3e blis 3our byrth and the bodyms that 3oue bare,
    For 3e forsake this wyckyd word to have wele without woo.
This may 3e know kyndle y fayth both frynd and so,
    Remember 3ou of the rychemen and redle on his end,
What is reches, his reverans, his ryot broght hym to,
    Sodenle was send to hel with moné a foul fynde,
    to serve ser Satanas;
Fore to his God he was unkynd,
The lazar he had not in his mynd,
Fore worldys worship hit com hym blynd,
    therefore he syngys, alas!

Humilitas est radix omnium virtutum.
Ever have mekenes in your mynd, relegyouse, I 3ou rede,
    And use vertuys, and leve visibal vayne and vaneté,
Fore 3if 3e love 3our Lord God his lauys thai wyl 3ow leede
    Into his court and his coindom, were ys no vayn glorie,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

That unfyttyn sum forsothe al verteus hit duustry,
Hit lad Lucysfer to him los that was an angel clere,
God had claryfyud hym so clene of his cortesyy,
He sy3 the Trinyte apere within his body clere,
then enterd in hym envy,
Whan he hade seyne this gloryis sy3t,
He wolde wrast hym his my3t,
Anoon he fel downe ry3t
into hel sodenly.

Qui se exaltat humiliabitur.

A sad ensampyl forsooth to al relygyous men,
That bene ca3t with covetyse to be sit in hye astate ;
Thai most hem ground furst in grace, hemselfe know
and ken,
Ellys the worship of this world hit wyl sone abaté.
3e most have mekenes and mercé, hy3nes of hert hate,
And werche not hafter wylfulnes bot wysdam to 30ue
cal ;
After chec for the roke ware foere the mate,
For 3if the fondment be false, the werke most nede
falle,
within a lyty stounde.

No mon make a covernour,
Bot 3if hit be to Godys honour,
His worship wyl fare as floure,
and gud to grounde.

Non honorem sed onus accepere nomen honoris.

Ther is no worchyp wyt hit bot a gret charche,
To take the name of a state and of hye honour ;
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELEY.

Fore both to God and to mon thou most ned be large,
Fore thou art choson fore chif and made here cover-nour.
Then loke thou groundeth in God and dredethi Saveoure,
That wyl cal the to thi countus, and to thi rekynynge;
How thou hast done thi deuté and treuly thi devour,
And spend his goodys princypaly to his plesyng,
fore this most thou nede.

If thou hast spend more fore the worde,
Then fore love of thi Lord,
The law wyl the reward
deth to thi mede.

Concilium meum non est cum impiis.

A foul defaute feythfully in holé Cherche we fynde,
To let lordis or leudmen make electioun,
Thai schul not know 3our counsel, hit is a3ayn kynde,
Fore this cause Saynt Thomas soferd deth and passyon.
3our chapytre schuld be counsels and confession;
And now boldly theryn thay man ne boy halle;
Thus these preletus of her prevelache thay deprevon,
There holy qhirche was fre now thay make hit thral,
and leson worship and grace.

To let lord or leudmen,
Know of 3oure corexeon,
Ye men of relegyon
beth cursid in that case.

Leges meas custodite, dicit Dominus.

3e schuld rather sofyrdeth, payn, and passyon,
Then lese the love of 3oure Lord and let down his laue;
POEMS OF JOHN AUDLEY.

Corsid covetyse hit is the cause, prid, presomseon,
3e beth ungroundid in grace, 3our God 3e con not
knowe,
3our dedus demeys 3oue dredles, devocioun hit is withdraw,
3e han chasid away charité and the reule of relegyon;
Al gestlé grace and holenes hit is layd ful lowe,
Thus have 3e pot holé cherche to gret confusioun,
and made 3ourselfe thral.

Godys lauys 3e han suspend,
Herefore 3e wyl be schamyd and chend,
Bot ye han grace 3ou to amend,
ful dere aby 3e schal.

Quid prodest homini, si universum mundum lucetur.

Thenke on the cursid covetyse mon, that to hymself gon
say,
Ete and drenke, and make the meré,—this word is at
thi wyl.
A voyse onswerd hym anon, to-morw or hit be day,
Thi soule sodenly schal be send into the fouyre of hel,
Fore thou trustis more to thi tresoure and to thi catel,
Then in the love of thi Lord, that al thi wele hath
wro3t.
Thou carful caytyf the curst, hit is treu that I the tell,
Thou schuldyst thonke thi Lord God that with his
blod the bo3t;
to hym thou art unkynd,

Therfore damnyd schalt thou be,
Into hel perpetually,
Withoutyn grace and mercy

world withoutyn end.
Qui vult venire post me abneget semetipsum.
Bot he that wyl come after Crist,
And kyndle bere his cros,
And crucyfie his caren with love and charyté,
Leve thou me that his love schal not turne to lesse,
Both fore his meryd and hys mede rewardyd schal he be,
Ther is no tong that con tel, hert thenkene ye se,
That joye, that jocundnes, that Jhesus wyl joyn hym to.
Ne the melodé, ne the myry minstrasye,
Hit is without comparisoun wele withouten woo,
and love that lastis ay.
That joy hit schal never sesse,
Bot ever endoyre and e3ever encresese;
Thus with rest and with pesse
I make a loveday.

Pacem et veritatem diligite, ait Dominus omnipotens.
My blessid broder Salamon, spesialy I the pray
Meve this mater maysterfully to prest and to frere,
Spare not to say the soth and make a loveday
Loke thou core not favel ne be no flaterer.
I am hevy in my hert and chaunget al my chere,
To wyt leud men unleryd laʒ ham to scorne,
They were better unborne and broʒt on a bere,
Bot ʒif thai mend here mysdede y lykyn hem belorne
and kepe charité.
Fore mon soule thai schuld save,
No spot of sun thai schuld have.
Alas ! I trou that thai rave,
Lord, benedycite !

Fore schryfte and fore trental thai scorne al this stryf,
ʒif hit because of govetyse, cursud then thai be:
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

3if thai loven more here lucour then the soule lyve,
   Lytul deynteth of here doctrine and of here dygnite.
For thai were chosun to be chast and kepe charyte,
   And cast away covetys is cause of cumberment,
And be a clene kalender the sekelers on to see,
   Ellys with chenchip and with chame thai wyll be e-chent,
   thai stond in gret drede.

Pray ham al for charyte,
To save mon soule spesialy,
Ellys woful schal thay be
   for her falshe.

   Si linguis hominum loquar et angelorum, caritatem autem
   non habeam.

I say the, broder Salamon, tel in thi talkynge,
   Furst of the frerys thus meve thou may,
Of here prevelache, and of here prayryes, and here prech-
ing,
   And of here clerge and clannes and onest aray.
3if thou say not the soth, then may won say,
   That thou art leud and unlerd and letter cansteth non;
3if thou touche the treuth, truly thou hem pray,
   Fore to holde the excusid everichon,
   3if hit be here wyl.

I hold hit bot a leude thyng
Fore to make a lesyng,
To God hit his displesyng,
   outher loud or styl.

   Vos amici mei estis, si feceritis quae praecipio vobis.

The furst founders of the freres of the iiiij. ordyrs,
   Weren iiiij. be[rn]es i-blest of oure Saveour I say,
And be-tokyn here bokys and baggus to be beggers,
   To preche the pepul apert the Prince of Heaven to pay,
To heron, to beg, to put schame bothe away,
   To by and to byle with here beggyng,
And pray for her good doerys both ny3t and day,
   That sendus ham here sustynans and her levyng here in this worlde.

Ny3t and day contynualy,
Fore hom thai prayn spesealy,
In matyns, messe, and no more,
   to her lovely lord.

Petite et accipietia.

Whosoever sparys fore to speke sparys for to spede,
   And he that spekys and spedys no3t, he spellys the wynd;
I do 3oue clene out of dout and dredles out of drede,
   Better is to speke and sped then hold hit in mynd;
Fore moné hanne moné manners, and mony beth unkynd,
   Unclene in here consyans because of covetyse.
Spek and have I the hete, seche and thou schalt fynd,
   Ellys may thou fal in myschif and fare al amysse;
   nyk not this with nay.

Asay thi frynd or thou have nede,
And of his answerw take good hede,
Thou getyst no good withoutyn drede,
   bot 3if thou byd or pray.

Querite et invenietis.

3if ye wyl 3if ham of your good without beggyng,
   Thai wold nowther begge ne borou, thus dare I say;
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

And fynd hem hem here hou$h$and and here housyng,
   Nouther by ne byld I red 3e assay;
Behold, syrus, apon here chyrche, now I 3ou pray,
   Apon here bellys, on here bokys, and here byldyng,
Apon here prechyng, her prayes, her reverent aray,
   Thai pase al other men in here governyng,
       I whot hit is no nay.
Thai play not the fo$le,
Contenualy thai go to scole,
Lordys worship han thai wole,
   and poton folys away.

Dignus est mercenarius mercede sua; ego autem mendicus sum
   et pauper.
Sum men sayn these selé frerys thai han no consyans,
   A mon to take vii. salerys x. trental 3if thai may,
And cast ham in a hogpoch togedur fore to daunce,
   Hit ys no ferly tha3 the folke in hom thai han no say.
I lekyn ham to Judas that Crist he con betray,
   Because of his covetyse he sold his soferayn;
So to begyle the selé pepul and greve God, weleaway!
   Rededélé thai ben ravenowrys and non religyous men;
       that schal han reful sore.
Hit is a3ayns Godys ordenans
To covet more then 3oure sustynans,
This makys debat and dystans,
   and mend you, syrus, herefore.

Ego autem mendicus sum et pauper.
Sothly hit is wel be-set at my wetyng,
   The grace and the goodness that men done hem here;
Hit provys wel apirt by here levying,
   To pot hom to povert in soche a manere.
yet thai makyn moné men ful mekusly chere,
With the grace and the goodys that God here hom
sende,
Wyselé and wytlé and wittlé the leud thai wyl here
Her mys and her mysdedis her to amende;
why schuld men be wroth?
Sethying God sendys hom of his sond,
Withoutyn plo3 or londe,
Ore salere of kovenande,
mete, and drinke, and cloth.

Fratres, nolumus vos ignorare veritatem.
I wyl not faver 30ue, freys, with no flateryng,
3e were better unborn then fore to be to bolde;
Passe not 3oure prevelage because of covetyng,
Fore this tale treulé apon 3oue hit is told;
Of soche that knouen hom gulté agayns me thai wold,
And I repreve no presthod bot here leud levying,
For to stond at a stake bren ther y wolde;
3if y say falsé at my wyttyng,
blynd as y am,
To me hit were a slawnder
To lye apon my broder,
I wold han fayne forther
but songe locum acam.

Attendite a falsis prophetis.
Beth faythful, 3e freys, in 3ourfay, le the 3our flateryng.
Preche the pepul pryncypaly the Prince of Heven
to pay,
Pil not the pore peple with your prechyng,
Bot begge at abundand and at ryche aray:
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

3e may mete moné men ye walkyn be the way,
That bene nedé and nedful, and woful begoon,
That ave apeny in here perse thay 3e beg and pray,
A3ayns xx. of 3ours y trou thai have not hone:
this is no charyté,
For to beg at the pore,
3e schuld haven here socoure
Of that 3e potyn in tresoure,
on ham have peté.

Estote misericordes, sicut Pater vester misericors est.

Thus 3e techyn truly to al maner men,
For to part with the pore, on ham have pité;
As 3e counsel other, y counsel 3ou then,
To solaus ham, to socour ham, in here fyrmété.
Ellys, lele, hit is lyke 3e have no charété,
3e schul schew good ensampyl to the soule-hele;
Men waytyn apon 3our werkys, y tel 3ou wytterly,
As 3e techen other to do 3e don never a dele,
beth seche as 3e seme;

A prechur schuld lyve parfytly,
And do as he techys truly,
Ellys hit is ypocresy,
3our dedus that doth 3ou deme.

Nullum malum pro malo reddentes.

He that wyl not forther these frerus wyllun han no harme,
Wyl thai loven her lord God thai mow not fare amys;
Thenk on the leyth lazar was borne into Abragus barme,
With his povert and his payne he bo3t hym heven blys.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDENAY.

Fore the ryche mon hym refused he faryth al amys,
And lyus law with Lucayfr le3yst in hel,
Parte with these pore frerus, your fader wyl hit his,
Last the case on 3oue fall that on hym befelle;

3e schuld fynde hit fare the best:
Do as thou woldus me dud be the;
Apon thi broder thou have peté.
Depart with hym, and he with the,
then be thai both y-blest.

Ignorantia non excusat sacerdotem.

Moné men of holé cherche thai ben al to lewd,
I lekyn ham to a bred is pynud in a cage;
When he hath shertly hymselfe al be-scherewd,
Then he begynnys to daunse, to harpe, and to rage:
Fore he is leud and understand not his oune langwage,
Therfore he settys therby not a lytyl prise,
Fore he had lerd hit in his 3outhe and in his 3enge age,
And castis hym never to lerne more, and att her oun devyse;

I say 3ow fore why,
Thus leud men thai can sey,
He is an honest prest in good faye,
3if his goune be pynchit gay,
he getis a salary.

Legere et non intelligere est quasi non legere.

Now 3if a pore mon set hys son to Oxford to scole,
Both the fader and the moder hyndyd thay schal be;
And 3if ther salue a benefyse, hit schal be 3if a folle,
To a clerke of a kechyn, ore into the chauncery;
This makys the worship of clerkys wrong fore to wry,
Seth sekelar men schul have mon soulys in keepynge;
And pytton here personache to ferme to a baylé,
And caston doune here houwses and here housynge,
Here paryschun dystroy;
Clerkys that han cunnyng,
Schuld have monys soule in keepynge,
Bot thai mai get no vaunsyng
Without symony.

Qui intrat in ovile nisi per hostium, ille fur est et latro.

Symony is a sun forbedun be the laue,
Hyly in holy cherche no mon hit use,
And fro that dredful dede 3e schul 3ou withdraw,
Ellus the lauys of God 3e doth not bot dyspyse;
Curatis that beth unkunynge, hem 3e schuld refuse,
And aspy pore provyd clerkys among the clergy,
And 3if hem awaunsment and a benefyse,
To save synful soulys with here feleceté,
Goddys wyl hit ys.

Curatus resident thai schul be,
And ald houshold openly,
And part with the pore that beth nedé,
And mend that 3e do mys.

In tres partes dividite rerum ecclesiae substantiam.

The furst princypale parte lungus to 3our levyng;
The iij. part to holé church to hold his honesté;
The iijj. part to 3our parechyngs that al to 3oue bryng,
To hom that saylun the fode, and fallun in poverté.
Thus the goodys of holé cherch schuld be spend spe-
caly;
Both 3our meryt and 3our mede in heavenschul3e have;
Al Cristyn men on Crist wold thai crye,
ffor the bodé and the soule bothe do 3e save,
Here in this word;
That susteyne ham both ny3t and day,
And techyn to heven the rode way,
Pryncepel fore 3oue thai wold pray
To here gracious Lord.

Apprehendite disciplinam, ne quando nascatur.
Trulé, I trow, this rewme where chamyd and chent,
Nere ther foretheryng of the frerys and here prechyng,
Fore the seculars pristis take non entent,
Bot to here leudnes and her lust and here lykyng;
Thai beth nothing covetese to lerne no conyng,
The laus of here Lord God to know and to ken,
Hit demys wele be here dedys thy have no lovyng
Norther to God ne goodness, ne non to odyr men;
This is a gret peté.
Here holé order when that thai toke,
Thai where exampnyd apon a boke,
Godys lauys to lerne and to loke,
And kepe charyté.

Accipite jugum castitatis.
Clerkys were chosen to be chast and kepe charyté,
With alle here wyt, and here wyl, and here worchyng,
And be a cleene calender the leud men on to se,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY. 35

And not to stere stryf and wrath fore here covetyng.
Hit is a schenchyp and a schame and a sclawnderyng,
Aȝayns the order of holé cherch and Goddys orden-
awns,
Prestis fore to covet al, the frerys to han no thyng,
This dole is undeulé dalt, hit maketh dystans,
   And al thai beth breder.
And sethen thai serven won Lord,
Thai schuld never be at dyscord,
Nouther in ded nor in word,
   But ychon part with othyr.

Erant illis omnia communia.

In Actibus Apostolorum ther may ȝe rede,
   Hou the goodys of holé cherchesumtyme were i-sempde,
Uche postyl had his part ryȝt as he had nede,
   Thai cast hit al in comyn the goodys that God hym
   sende;
Curst covetyse forsothe the clerge hath y-blynd,
   That schuld be lanterns lyȝt in holé cherche to bren,
And chast away charyté, therfore thai wyl be chent,
   And turne hemself fro the treuth and marrun other
   men,
   More arme is;
Thai pottyn hamselfe in gret parel,
Fore treuly the pepul thai schuld tel
And warne ham of the payns of hel,
   And mend that thai do mys.

D 2
Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum.

Take tent to this tyxt, pristis, I you pray,
   Habitate semper fratres in unum,
Thus Davit in the Sauter sothlé con he say,
   Crist of his curtesse to curatis toke his kay,
Mon soul with mekenes to have in kepyng,
   With the treuth of here toung to teche hem the way,
Thro3 the vij. sacramentis here soule to blis bryng.
   God grauntyth hem his pouere
To asoyle that wyl repent,
And schryve hem clene with good entent,
And do here penans verament,
   Wyle that thai bén here.

Ego sum pastor bonus.

The ground of al goodnes curatis schuld be the cause,
   And knyt hem kyndly togedur al the clergé,
And leve here leudnes and here lust and lern Godys laues,
   With here conyng and clannes dedlé synnus dystroy,
Both the flesche and the fynd false covetys defye,
   With mercé and with mekenes the treuth for to teche,
The comawndmentis of Crist to kepe kyndly,
   To-lore the pepul apart thus schuld he preche,
   sfore 3e ben scheperdys al one;
Then Crist to Peter, what said he?
   "My keyis I betake to the,
Kepe my schepe fore love of me,
   That they perisiche never on."
POEMS OF JOHN AULELAY.

The prophecy of the prophetus al nowe hit doth apere,
That sumtyme was sayd be the clery,
That leud men the laue of God that schuld love and lere,
Fore curatis fore here covetyse wold count noȝt therby,
Bot to talke of her tythys y tell you treuly;
And zif the secular say a soth anon thai bene e-schent,
And lyen upon the leudmen and sayn hit is lollere;
Thus the pepul and the pristis beth of one aȝent,
They dare no noder do:
Fore dred of the clergé
Wold dampnen hem unlaufullly,
To preche upon the peleré,
And bren hem after too.

De vobis qui dicitis malum bonum et bonum malum.
Lef thou me a loller, his dedis thai wyl hym deme,
Zif he withdraue his deutés from holé cherche away,
And wyl not worship the cros; on hym take good eme,
And here his matyns and his masse upon the haleday,
And beleveys not in the sacrement, that hit is God veray,
And wyl not schryve him to a prest on what deth he dye,
And settis noȝt be the sacramentis sothly to say,
Take him fore a loller y telȝou treuly,
And false in his fay;
Deme hym after his saw,
Bot he wyl hym withdrawe,
Never fore hym pray.
Corripite inquietos, qui volunt intelligere ut bene facerent.

Tha3 the pepyl be never so leud in here leyng,
And brekun the comawndementes of Crist, and wykud werks worch,
They may go mery al the 3ere for ane reprevyn,
Outher of person, or of prest, or men of holé cherche.
Bot 3if thai faile thus, or schof another that with thai groche,
Comawnd in Cristis name her techynge to hem bryng.
Ellis a lecter of sentens thai wyl on hem sorche,
Hit cemys that to the celé soule thai have no leyng.
Thus may se wel knowe,

Y pray serys that se aspye,
Houe contemnys lechoré,
Have he cordit with the consteré,
Vola verede voo.

Videte rectores ecclesiae, ne propter lucrum damnetis animas Christianas.

Alas! that thes offeecers of holé cherchis laue
Lettyth these leud men lye in here syn,
That dredun nothyng here domus hem to withrawe,
Fore mede the maydyn mantens hem therin,
Because of ser covetys is neyre of here kyn,
May do with mon of holé cherche hollé his entent,
The wyf and the hosbond he mai part atwyn,
Tha3 thai be boundon to God be the sacrement,
He wyl dyssever hem two;
And 3et the gospel hem dos lere,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDENAY.

That God commis togeder y fere,
There is no mon that hath pouere

That sacrament undo.

Episcopus debet esse sine crimine, et corrigere rectores ecclesiae,
sicut vult respondere coram Summo Judice.

Thus oure blessed byscop, dene officiale,
Sofers thes sekelers in here sy3t to sun opynly,
Tha3 thai to here constri hom to here court call,
Thai mercyn hem with moné and med prevely;
Thai schuld put hom to prayers and to penans opunly,
Fore opun syn opun penans, this is Godys laue.
3if 3e wyl serche the soth here is remedé,
Then wold thai dred 3our domys and sone hom with-
draw,

And kepe Godys laus.

Curatis the soth thai dar not say,
ffore thai be worse levers then thai,
And leven in syn for day to day,

So thai beth the cause.

Inclina cor meum, Deus, in testimonia tua, et non avaritiam.

3e curatis, fore 3our covetyys 3e castun in the new fayre,
The churches that 3e byn chosun to be Godus orde-
nauns,
And callun hit permetacion cunteys about to kayre,
Bot 3if 3e han pluralytis hit is not plesans.
I preve the pope principaly ys worthy to have penaunce,
That grauntus ane secche grace because of covetyng,
Hit dous dysese in holé cherche and makys bot dys-
tauns,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

A mon to have iiiij. benefyse, anoder no lyvyng,
This is not Godys wyl.
The furst benefyce 3e ben bound to,
3e shuld not desire to go therfro,
And tak a levyng and no more,
Lest 3e 3our soulis spyl.

Nemo potest duobus dominis servire.
3e schul make no marketyss, ne no marchandyse,
Nouther for to by ne to sel for lucre, I say;
Hit chasis away charyté 3our covetyse,
Alle 3our goostly grace hit wypis clene away.
Who may serve two lordis and bothe to here pay,
That is, this wyckyd word and God to plesyng?
3it 3e serve not 3our God, the synd wyl 3ou fray,
When 3e bun callud to 3our countys and to 3our
rekenys,
That most 3e nede;
3if 3e have servyd the worlde,
And be untreue to 3our Lorde,
The laue wyl 3oue rewarde
Deth to your ende.

Hoc quocienscunque feceritis, in mei memoriam faciatis: qui
vero propter lucrum quodlibet temporale officium dominicum
presumit celebrare, prorsus quidem similis proditori Judæ, qui
Christum Judæis, propter denarios triginta, non dubitavit vendere.
Qui ergo hoc modo accedit ad corpus dominicum, indigné vere
sibi id ipsum accipit, et sanguinem Dominicum, non ad salutem
sed ad judicium, et juste. Nullus itaque propter lucrum hoc
agat, ne Judæ proditori socius in poenis fiat.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

A foule defaute saythfully I fynd in holé cherche,
   Pristis to syng twysse a day fore here leucre,
3if thai schuld fore Cristis sake, anon then thy groche,
   And thus thai sellyn here soverayn and here Saveoure;
I lekyn hem to Judas that was a traytoure,
   Because of his covetyse his soveren he solde.
Boldlé, the byschop is to blame that doth ham favour,
   Fore this tale treuly on hem hit is tolde;
       This is a gret schame;
And yet the laue hit doth hem lere,
Thai schuld syng bot twysse a 3ere,
   At Crystymas and Astere,
       Ellys thai beth to blame.

Sicut aqua extinguit ignem, ita elemosina extinguit peccatum.

Prestis 3e schul prove 3ourselfe and princypale in dede,
   Ever depart with the pore, on hem have pité,
Counsel ham and cumford ham and cloth hem at here nede,
   In prisun, and in poverté, and infyrmety;
Thus 3e prechyn the pepul and in the pylpit opynlé
   The vij. werkys of mercé mekelé to fulfyl,
And to ressayve here reward remyssyon redelé
   At the dredful dai of dome, fore this is Godys wyl,
       Ore ellus schul thai rew.

As 3e techon other to do,
Do 3ourselve al so,
Ore ellis men wyl part 3oue fro,
       And say ye bene untrew.
De confessione, et de sacramento altaris. Subjecti estote omni 
humanæ creature propter suum.

I counsel 3oue, al Christun men, and comawnd in 
Cristis name,

That 3e obey 3our curatis that 3e ben boundon to, 
3if one be fallyn be freltē in ane febel fame, 
God graunt hem of his grace no more so to do; 
And beth in ful charytē with frynd and with foo, 
Fore that is the grownd of al goodnes with contri-
cioun, 
And serve that lord of al lordys where bene ané mo, 
That may soyle 3oue of 3our sunne and graunt you 
remyssyon, 

In fayth no mo bot hee; 
Of al lordyis be he blest, 
He wold no mon where e-lost, 
That wyl in his mercé trust, 

And in his benyngneté.

3if 3our curatis comaund 3ou to kepe Cristis lawus, 
Then do aftyr here doctrine and 3e bene out of drede, 
Fore, serys, thai may save 3our soule thro3 here soth saus, 
Then in heven schal 3e have 3our meryd and 3our mede; 
Bot do not as thai doun, thereof take good hede, 
Bot 3if thai showe 3oue good emsampil to the soule hele, 
Fore God in the Gospel this he forebed, 
After here werkus worche 3e never a dele, 
Ellus schul ye reue; 
Fore as thai techyn 3ou to do,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDENAY.

Bot 3if thai don hamselve al so,
Ellus y rede 3e gon him fro,
And say thay ben untreu.

Quodcunque ligaveris super terram.
Fore God hath graunt of his grace to curatis his pouere,
Tha3 thai ben synful men to asoyle 3oue of 3our synne,
Thor3 virtu of the sacremente soyle I 3owe enseure,
No mon mese in this mater 3if he wyl savvyd bene.
Evere prest he hath pouere to asoyle 3ou then,
And to here confession in 3our necescyté,
3if to 3our curatis 3e mai not cum that beth 3our soveren,
Thai may do 3oue ry3tus, y telle 3oue treuly
Thai have this povere,
To asoyle that wyl repent,
And schryve han clene with good entent,
Be vertu of the sacrement,
Both prest and frere.

Nota secundum decretales et constitutiones ecclesiae quod omnis
homo utriusque sexus tenetur confiteri suo proprio sacerdoti
semel in anno ad minus, nisi habeat licentiam, vel dispensationem,
vel privilegium a superiore.

Bot 3e most come to 3our curatures be the comen laue,
And schryve 3oue sothely of 3our synne at the lest
enus a 3ere;
3e stonden in doute and in dred 3if 3e 3ou withdraw,
Without lysens or leve outher to prest or frere:
Thai most 3our counsel knoue that schal 3oue led and
lere,
That have the charche of 3oure soule in here kepyng,
3e byth princypaly under here pouere,
    Go not ungodly away without here wytyng,
    And know 3our entent;
Thai mai not answere fre 3eve,
3our counsel bot thai know,
Thai beth excusid be the laue,
    And 3e schul be schent.

Quicunque enim manducaverit vel biberit calicem hanc indigne.
3if the prestat unworthelé presume to syng his mas,
    Serus, y say the sacrement enpayrd hit may not be,
Bot hes owne deth and his dome he ressayns, alas I
    3if in his consians he knaw that he be gulté,
Tha3 he syng and say no mas the prest unwothelé,
Both 3our maret and 3our mede in heven 3e schul have,
Fore God hath grauntyd of his grace be his auctoreté,
    Be he never so synful 3oure soulys may he save,
    Have this in thost;
The masse is of so hye degré,
Apayryd forsoth hit mai not be,
Ne no mon mend it may,
    Theron doctours han so3t.

Nichil impossibile apud Deum.
Take ensampyl by the sunne 3e syne here with sy3t,
    Wha may depreve hit hym of his pouere and let hit ly3tyng,
That shenus apon a synful man as wel as on a ry3t,
    Alse wile on fouele as on fayre without defouteryng,
Alse wel apon a knave as apon a kyng;
   A sad saumpil forsoth her may se se,
Hit is Godys word and his werke and his worchynge,
   The sacrament of the autere desoulyd mai not be,
        I do soue out of drede.
His Godhed may not be sayne
With no fleschē eyne,
Bot in the sacrament se may hit sene,
        In figure and fourme of bred.

I se sothē in the sunne knyt iiij. maner kynde,
   His clerÊte and his clerene what clerÊte can declare,
Behold the hete in thi hert and have hit in mynd,
   The conselacioun and the conford thai iiij. what thai are;
Fore al that levys in this lond ful eyvl schul hit fare,
   Nere that gloreus gleme that fro the heven glydis,
Ho that servyth not that soverayn his hert may be ful sare,
   That lenus of his loveseche alyzt that al this word gladis
        In everych a place.
A l synful mon, have this in mynde,
To that Lord be not unkynde,
Fore he may both louse and bynde,
        Graunt mercy and grace.

I declare the clerÊte to the Fader of my3tis most,
   The heete hyle therof to his onlé sunne,
The conselacioun and the comford to the Holé Gost,
   Kyndly y-knyt togeder without devesioun;
The Fader, the Son, the Holé Gost, al thai beth bot hone,
   Thre persons prevyd in the Treneté,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

That never had begynnynge, ende have thai none,
    That now is, and ever was, and ever schal be,
    Lord of myystys most.
Thus the fader our lyȝt us broȝt,
With the hete of his blod his son us boȝt,
Consolacioun and cumford thus have thai wroȝt,
    Throȝ the grace of the Holé Gost.

Fides non habet meritum.

Ryȝt as ye se all this world is gloryfied with one sunne,
    Serrs, so is mons soule with the sacrament,
Als moné men at a mas as ye acount con,
    Uche person has his part that is ther present;
And al hit is bot hone Good, beleve this verament,
    That is sacyrd on the autere between the pristis house,
That schal ȝou deme at domysday at his jugement,
    After ȝour dedis dredles thus schal ȝe understande,
Thaȝ ȝe have done amyȝs;
            ȝif fore ȝour synnus ȝe be soré,
Then ȝe resseyve hem worthelé,
    And schul have grace and mercy,
    And joy in Heven bliss.

Estate fortas in bello.

Dredles uche dedly sunne y declare a wounde,
    That when the fynd hath foȝt with ȝoue and hath the
    maystré,
Then most ȝeseche a surgoun, ȝif ȝe wyl be save and sound,
    That can sothlê serche ȝour sore and make ȝoue holé;
Confession and contresion thi salve schal hit be,
The penans of this penetawnsere thi satisfaccion.
Then fe3tust with the fynd a3ayne and hast the maystré,
And dost hym schenchip and schame for ever confu-
cyon,

Thi soule fore to save.
Thus thi wondis helyd schul be,
With gret worship to the,
Because of thi victoré,

Reward schalt thou have.

Miserere mei, Deus, quia infirmus sum.

I lekyn uche a synful soule to a seke man,
That is y-schakyd and schent with the aksis,
Thir is no dayntel e-dy3t that pay hym thai con,
Bot al that is a3ayns him that wyl hym pleese ;
So hit farus by a mon that ys recheles,
That is seke in his soule the sothe he vel not here,
Bot wry3 away fro Godys word to his wyckyndes,
Here may 3e know kyndlé 3if 3our consians be clere,
The soth verament.

Cristyn men 3if that 3e be,
Then loke 3e done cristynlé,
Ellus 3e berun that nome in veyne, treuly ;
3e wyl be shamed and y-shent.

I counsel al 3oue, al curators, that wysele 3ou wayt,
That han the cure of mons soule in 3oure kepynge,
Engeyne 3e not to 3eeasy penans, ne to strayt algat,
Lest 3e slene both bodé and soule with 3our ponyschyng ;
Fore better is a pater noster with repentyng,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

To send hem to the mercé of God to purgatoré,
Fore Crist enjoyned no nother penans in his levyng,

Bot vade in pace, amplius noli peccare.
Fore as possebel hit were

Here with a tere of thyn nye
To quench the feyre of purgatoré,
Als al the water in the se

To quench a blase of foyle.

3e that be chosun to ben chif and sittyng in Cristis place,
3e most have treuth and ry3twysnes in 3our demyng:
Then let treuth ale tok hym both mercé and grace,

And ry3twysnes, rest pes, fore dred of perechyng;
These iiiij. sistyrs made acord betwene heven kyng,
And manse soule that was forjuggyd to damnacioun,
Fore pes a3ayns ry3twysnesche was over pleyng,
Whyle mercé with his mekenes turne treuth to re-

myssioun.

Herewith God plesid was,
And send doune his son from heven an hye
To le3t in the virgyn ma3de Mary,
In herth to be boren of here body,

To graunt mercé and grace.

Qui praeliantur non falletur.

I hold hym wyse that wyl be ware whare he has warnyng,

Have this mas in 3our hert and hoolde hit in mynde,
Bot never hone whyl be ware in here levyng,

Bot al blustyrne furth unblest as bayard the blynd.
A3ayns the goodnes of God men bene unkynd,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDENAY.

Frerys fekul, and freel, and false in here fay;
A monke, the men of holé cherche, feu ther I fynd
That worchyn wysly hemselfe to wyse men the way,
This is a carful case.

To curatis, sayth Saynt Gregoré,
That thai schal answere trewlé,
Fore men soull specialé,

To-fore Goddis face.

Verbi gratia, gratia qui sicut dicit episcopo, episcopus rectorum ecclesiae, qui recipiunt potestatem ligandi atque solvendi et curam animarum fratres in Christo habet, trado vobis carum animarum parochanorum vestrorum, ut respondatis pro me et pro nobis coram summo Judice in die judicii.

I mene this mater mekelé fore murmure of men,
Wherefore I pray you specyaly that se wyl aspye,
At clerkus that have conyng that can this know and ken,
Bene the trouth is he touchid, wherefore and why.
I red se rede hit aryzt, remember you redlé,
Fore the love of our Lord non there la3 ne gren,
As God of my mysdedis he have mercé,
I mene this to amend me and al other men,
My God to plese and pay.

No mon deney this,
3if that he thynke to have blys,
Betwene prestis and frerys y-wys
I make this loveday.

Misericordia et veritas obbeaverunt; sibi pax et justicia osculati sunt.

Thus sayd David foressoth in the Sautere,
And verefyus in asife the love of our Lord,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Misericordia et veritas han thai met efere,
That long tyme before had bene at dyscord;
There was faythfolé made a feneal corde,
Fore justicia and pax made ham to kus,
Fro that day furth to fulfyl that forward,
Never that mater to have in mynd to fere was a-mys,
So I 3ou pray.
Fore Godis wyl forsoth hit is,
That 3e amend 3e han do mys,
And hochon othere 3e cusse,
For ever and for ay.

Cujus finis bonum ipsum totum bonum.
Thus Salamon hath sayd the soth verement,
As Marcel, the more sole, warned hym I wene,
Bot 3if this dra3t be draun wele thai goune wil be sc lent,
And schal turne treulé to torment and to tene;
Have mynd on this mater, 3e wot what I mene,
Bluster not furth unblest as Bayard the blynd,
Bot cal a3ayne charyté with consians clene,
And wry not fro Godis word as the wroth wynd,
Herkyns hit as the hynd;
Apon 3our levyng take good eme,
And beth seche as 3e schul seme,
Fore be 3our dedis men wyl 3ou deme.
Here I make an end.

Si veritatem dico quare non creditis mihi qui ex Deo est, verba
Dei audit ideo non auditis qui ex Deo non estis.

Fore I have towchid the trouth I trow I schal be schent,
And said sadlé the soth without flatteryng,
Hald me fore no parté that beth here present,
    I have no lykyng, ne lust to make no lesyng,
Fore favel with his fayre werdis and his flaterynge,
    He wyl preche the pepul apert hem for to pay,
I nel not wrath my God at my wetyng,
    As God have mercé on me, syr Jon Audlay,
        At my most ned.
I reche never who hit here,
Weder pret or freere,
For at a folc 3e ma lere,
        zif 3e wil take hede.

III.

*    *    *    *    *    *

To thi neʒbour fore love of me,
    To make debate ny dyscorde,
And thou dust me more aunferd,
    Then thaz thou wentust barefote in the strete,
For love of me that ys thi Lorde,
    That stremus of blood folowed thi sete,
        I sai for wi.
A wickid worde a mon may schame,
To lese his godes and hys good name,
Who so falsly duth men fame,
        Beth curse[d] trly.

The vij. vertu ys good conselyng,
    Entyse not thi neʒbour to wekednes,
Ny say no worde to hym ni sklanderyng,
    But consel hym to al goodenes.
And this thou myst me more plese,
   Then thå3 thou styndest ones a day,
Into heven thi soawe to sese,
   Into that joy that lastus ay,
   Withouten drede.
For bi thi goodenes and thi consele,
Thou may pytte thi ne3bour fro gret perele,
And save hym fro the peynes of hel,
   And encresc thi mede.

The viij. vertu is holé prayere ;
   Dyssyre and aske of me ry3twesly,
Thi selfe thou schalt be messangere,
   And do thi message dewoutly,
And thou plesust me more speciali,
   Then thå3 my moder and sayntis alle
Praydyn in heven on hy fore the,
   For thou ast fre choyse to ryse or falle,
   Both thou may.
3if thou falle, aryse anon,
   And call to me with contricion,
Then my moder and sayntis uchon
   Wil fore the pray.

The ix. vertu is thou schalt only
   Love me in herte over al thyng,
Then gold, or selver, or lond, or fee,
   Or wyf, or child, or worldlé thyng : 
Thou dost me then more plesyng,
   Then thå3 thou styedust up-on hy3 pelere,
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Folle of rayssors kene stekyng,
Fore me love thi flesche to tere,
    Bileve wyl this.
Love plesis me over al thyng,
Fore charéte with hym is ever dwellyng,
Mon soule to joy hit doth hit bryng
    Into my blis.

These ix. vertue son soth thou schalt fynd,
    Lerne this lesson now I the pray,
To God and mon loke thou be kynd,
    And make amendis wyle thou may;
For to heven ther ys noon oder way,
    3yf thou wolt have salvasyon,
Me thou most nede plesse and pay,
    Or ells have damnacyon,
    Hit ys for the best.
Do as thou woldust me dud by the,
Uche on of oder 3e have pyté,
And leve in love and charyté,
    Then be 3e blest.

Sum men ther ben that stelon heven,
    With penans, prayers, and poverté;
And sum goon to hel ful even,
    For lust, and lykyng of here body.
Here twey wayes, my sone ther be,
    Thou hast fre choyse wedur to passe,
Chese the better y consel the,
    Lest thou syng the sung alasse
    For ever and ay.
I rede thou serve heven kyng,
For any lust or lykyng,
Have mynde apon thi endyng.

And dreadful domusday.

Marvel se not of this makyng,
I me excuse, hit ys not y,
Hit ys Goddus worde and his techyng,
That he tæst a salutary.
Fore y kowthe never but hye foly,
God hath me chastest for my levynge,
I thonk my God my grace trewly,
Of his graceyouse visetyng,

Ellus were y lore.

Ever that Lorde be he blest,
Al that he duth ys for the best,
Ellus were se lyke to be lost,

And betterunbore.

Upon seour lyfe take good eme,
Bewar lest God that se offende;
As he syndes sowe he wil seou deme,
Owther be saved or ellus be schent!
For soden deth loke se amende,
And seettus no trist where noon ys,
For se ys good that hath good ende,
When se han mended se han do mys,

This ys no nay.

Y made this wit good intent,
In hope the rather se wolde repent,
Prayes for me that beth present,

My name hyt ys the blynde Audelay.
IV.

De effusione sanguinis Christi in remissione peccatorum.

An holy prayer here bygynnes,
In remedy of seuen dedly synnes.
Vij. blodes Crist he bled,
The fyrst in his circumsacyon,
The secund in holé oresown,
The deth when that he dred;
The thred in his flagellacion,
The fourth in his coronacion,
The fyfth in his hondis also,
The vj. in his holé fete,
The vii. blode ran out of his hert wete,
To wasche us out of our wo;
With moné an other enstrement,
He suffryd tene and turmentyng,
In his mon-heed.

In tyme of his passcion,
Here fore our redemcion,
His blesful blod he bled!

O Jhesu, fore the blod thou bledyst,
And in the furst tyme thou cheddust,
In thy circumcecion,
That I have synnyd in lechoré,
That stynkyng syn fore3yf thou me,
And my delectacion.

O Jhesu, at the mount of Olefete,
There blod and water thou con swete,
To thi Fader when thou dydist pray;
So, Fader, zif thi wyl hit be,
Put envy away fro me,
And temptacions ny3t and day.

O Jhesu, thi payns were ful strong,
When the skorgis both scharp and long,
Mad thi body to bled.
To the, Lord, mercé I cry,
Thou kepe me out of glotoné,
And helpe me at my ned.

O Jhesu, fore thi scharp croune,
That mad the blod to ren adoune
About thi sayre face,
Ther proud in hert I have be,
Lord unbuxum to the,
Grawnt mercé and grace.

O Jhesu, as I understand
Thou ched blod at both thi hond,
When thai were naylid,
Thou cast me out of covetyse,
And graunt me grace sone to aryse,
Of syn when I am seylid.

O Jhesu, thou bledyst more blod,
Wen thou wast nayld apon the rood,
Thro3 thi fete with naylis.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Let me never in sloth stynke,
Bot grawnt me grace for to swynke,
Thyng me avaylis.

O Jhesu, blessid be thi bones,
Fore blod and water thou chedist at once,
Out of thi pressious hert.
Out of wrath kepe thou me,
And grawnd me love and charyté,
For thi wondis smert.

O Jhesu, for the peler strong,
Thi bodi was bound therto with wrong,
Y-buffet and y-blend.
That holé cherche as bound me to,
Grawnt me grace that fore to do,
Lest I be chamyd and schent.

O Jhesu, fore thi blesful face,
Thou betoke Veroneca bi grace,
Upon here sudaré.
That face be ne consolacion,
And to the fynd confusion,
That day when I schal dye.

O Jhesu, fore thi holé cros,
Thi body sprad theron was,
Fore our syn sake.
That cros be my proteccion
A3ayns my nennys everychon,
Weder I slepe or wake.
O Jhesu, fore thi naylis thre,
That persid the to the rod tre,
    Y-drevyn with gret distres;
Thou grawnt me repentawns,
Fore my syns to do penans,
    My payns to relese.

O Jhesu, fore the vessel also,
That aysel and gal thai broȝt the to,
    That drenke hit was unsele;
That I have synd in glotency,
That stynkyng syn forȝif thou me,
    That me hath thotȝt ful swete.

O Jhesu, fore the charp spore,
That throȝ thyn hert Longyus can bere,
    That was a blynd knyȝt;
Thou perse.me hert with contricion,
Fore the syns I have edone,
    As thou ȝif him his syȝt.

O Jhesu, fore the lovelé ladder,
And fore the tongis and fore hamyr,
    That laust the fro the tre;
Thou graunt me contemplacion
To theng the fore thi passioun,
    That thou soferest fore me.

O Jhesu, as Josep of Haramathé
Beryd the ful onestlé
    In his monument,
Fore thi gloryous resurexion,  
And thi marvelis assencion,  
Thou grawnt me remyssion,  
Tofore thi jugement.

In worship of thi holé passion,  
And of my syns remyssion,  
   xv. pater noster y say;  
And xv. avés to Our Lady,  
Fore heo is the wel of al pyté,  
   That heo wel fore me pray.

He that says this prayere  
Every day in the 3ere,  
   He worship euere wonde;  
That Crist sofyrd fore his sake,  
Fore his syns amendis to make,  
   I-blessid be that stounde.

Wherefore y pray 3oue specialy  
That 3e say hit dewolutely,  
   3oure souls 3e may save;  
Fore Crist hath grawndtid seche a grace,  
In heven he schal have a plasse,  
   That other schal no3t have,

That ffufyld not this prayere,  
And worshipd not his passion wyle thai bene here  
   With devotion;  
Thes that to him be unkynd,  
He wil not have ham in mynd,  
   In here trebulacion.
He that techis another mon this,
He schal be sekyr of heven blis,
Thus wretyn I fynde;
Fore thai be blessud of our Lord,
That heren and don after Godis word,
And holdyn hit in mynd.
Explicit de sanguine Christi.

V.
Quomodo Jhesus fuit reprobatus a Judæis.

O God, the wyche thou woldust, Lorde,
Fore the redempcion of the worlde
Of Jewis to be reprevyd.
And to be betrayd of Judas,
Of that traytur with a cos,
Strayt boundyn and dispilid.

And as a lomb and ennosent,
To be lad to sacrefyce to fore present,
Of Ann and Kayface;
Of Pilate, Erod, and moné mo,
Unsemelé to be offyrd up so,
That never didist trespace.

And to be acusid of false witnes,
Reprevyd and scorgid with creuelnes,
And to be crownd with thorns;
And to be spit in the face,
And to be bofet and blyndfuld, alas!
With moné schamful skorns.
And to be throullid hond and food
With charp naylus to the rod,
   And to be lift up in the cros,
Bettene two thevys for to hyng ;
Of aysel and gal thai propherd the drynke,
      With a spere thi hert persid was.

Be these most holé payns, Lord,
Fore me synful that thou soffyrd,
   I worship with hert and wylle.
Also fore the holé cros,
Delyver my soule, Lord, fro losse,
   Fro the payns of helle.

And led me, Lord, graciously,
Synful wreche and onworthé,
   Into that some plasse
Thou ladist the these hongyng the by,
And grauntust him grace and thi mercy,
   Fore-jif me my trespace.

Wele is him that wil and may
Say this oreson everé day,
   Of Cristis passion ;
Out of this word or that he wynd,
Of al his synnus, as wretyn I fynd,
   Schal have remyssion.
VI.

De septem verbis Jhesu Christi pendentis in Cruce.

O Jhesu Crist hongyng on Cros,
vij. wordis thou saydest with myld voys,
    Unto the fader of Heven;
Be the vertu of tho wordis foregif thou me,
That I have trespast here to the,
    In the dedlé syns seven.

In pride, in wrath, and in envy,
In lechory, in glotonry,
    With gret unkyndnes;
In slouth, Lord, in thi servyse,
And in this wordis covetyse,
    Graunt me foregifnes.

O Jhesu, this word furst 3e sayde,
"Fader, I am els apayd,
    Graunt ham remission,
That don me al this tormenté,
On ham fader have peté,
    That wot not what thai done!"

O Jhesu, so I the beseche,
Ryst with her fulli speche,
    Thou graunt myn enmes grace.
Here mystedis here to mende,
Out of this word or thai wynde,
    Fader, thou 3if ham space.
O Jhesu, the theff to the con say,
"Have mynd on me, Lord, I the pray,
When thou cumyst to thi kynghom."
"Amen, I say thou schalt be
This day in Paradysse with me,
Without syn and schame!"

O Jhesu, my soveren and my Lord,
Have mynd on me with that word
In that same wyse.
When my soule schal wynd away,
Graunt me part, I the pray,
Of the joys of Paradysse.

O Jhesu, thi moder had gret peté,
When heo se the torment on rod tre,
To here thus con thou say:
"Woman, lo! here thi sune,
Take here to thi moder, Jon,
And kepe here now, I the pray."

O Jhesu, for thi moder love,
That is crownd in heven with the above,
And Jon, thi dere darlyng;
Fore the love thai hadyn to the,
Uppon my soule thou have peté,
And graunt me good endyng.

O Jhesu, thou saydyst ful petuysly,
"Eloy Lamazabatani,"
With a reful voyse.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDENAY.

"My God, my God," hit is to say,
"Wy foresakis thou me this day,
HONGYNG upon the croyse?"

O Jhesu Lord, I the pray,
Graunt me grace that I may say,
In tyme of temptacion,
"Fader, thou have mercé on me,
As thou chadist thi blood on rod tre
Fore my redempcion."

O Jhesu, [thou] saydist cicio,
Eysel and gal thai prophered the to,
Thou foresoke that bittere drynke;
Hit were the soulis that were in payn,
To delyver ham thou wast ful fayne
Out of that darke dwellyng.

O Jhesu, graunt me grace to thorst
The water of lyve that ever schal last,
The wel that is ever lyȝtyng;
With al the dessire of my hert,
To foresake my synnis with terys smert,
Here in my levyng.

O Jhesu, thou saydist ful specialy,
"In manus tuas, Domine,
Commendo spiritum meum.
Out of this word I when schal wynd,
My soule to the I recomend,
Fader, to the I cum!"
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

O Jhesu, my Lord, and my soveren,
When bodé and soule schal part entwyn,
    My speryt I comende
In manus tuas, Domine,
In thi blis with the to be,
    Word without ende !

O Jhesu, thou saydist, "al endyd is !"
Labers, sorowys, wooful i-wys,
    Thou sofyrd fore synful men.
To us, Lord, thou wast ful kynd,
Graunt us grace to have in mynd
    To thonke the here and hen.

And make me worthé, fader dere,
Thi swete voyse that I may here,
    In the oure of my partyng,
Cum to me, my chosun blest,
And have the blis that ever schal last,
    Word without endyng.

In the worship of these wordis vij.,
Devoutlé to the fader of heven
    Vij. pater-nosters 3e say,
And vij. avés to our lady,
Fore sche is the wel of al peté,
    That heo wyl fore me pray.

And graunt me trew confession,
And every contrecion,
    Hens ore I wynd;
That Cristis holé passion,  
May be may satisfaccion,  
        And scenchip to the fynd.

Welle is him that wil and may  
Worship these wordis everé day  
        With devocion.  
Ful secur then may he be,  
 3if he be in love and charýté,  
        Hath playn remyssioun.

VII.  
De meritis missæ; quomodo debemus audire missam.  

Lordis, 3if 3e wil lythe,  
Of a thyng I wil 3ou kythe,  
        Is helth to al monkynd.  
Of the medis of the masse,  
Houevere mon more and lasse,  
        Schuld have hem in mynd.

How 3e schul 3our servyse say,  
 3our prayers prevelé to pray,  
        To hym that mai unbynd,  
In salvyng of 3our synis seven,  
To Jhesu Godis son in heven,  
        Oure fader that we schul synd.

 3our saythful fader he schal be fond,  
To everé mon that is ebonde,  
        In syn fore to say.
Be his soferens we may se,
How he provys the and me,
    And letys us wyle he may.

Fore he is bouné our bale to bete,
3ef we wyl of our syn lete,
    Into our deth day.
And 3if we wyl leve our synne,
He wyl wys us fore to wyne,
    To heven the redé way.

What mon long wold sofir to se,
Fore hys syn himselfe to sle,
    3if he myst lif a3ayne ;
Fore 3if he were fore traytre take,
Then he most amendis make,
    Or ellis to be slayne.

Ryst, serus, soo most we
In our hertis soré be,
    Fore our synnys sake.
And to the prest schryve the,
And do thi penans devoutly,
    And this amendis make.

Holerthyn may no mon here,
Ne ly3tyr thyn fore to lere,
    To lerne men of lore,
To teche mon in what wyse,
Hou thay schal say here servyse,
    In chorche when thai be thore.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

3if thou to the cherche go,
Toward, froward, or ellis cum fro,
To here masse 3if thou may.
Al the way that thou gase,
An angel payntus thi face,
The pryncel of heven to pay.

So in that oure thou lost no3t,
That thou hast therin thi th03t,
Thi prayers fore to praye.
Blynd that day thou schalt no3t be,
The sacrement 3if thou may se,
Soyle, as I the say.

And seche grace God hath the 3ene,
3if thou be clene of syne schrene,
When thou his bodé ast y-seyne,
3if thou dey that ilke eday,
Thou schalt be found in the fay,
As thou houseld hadust bene.

And both thi mete and thi drynke,
Thou schalt wyn with lasse swynke,
Without travayle or tene.
And 3if thou stond in one drede,
Alle day thou schalt the bettyr spede,
To kever thi cars kene.

Saynt Austyne comawndis 3oue专项y,
That 3e beleve truly
In that sacrement.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

That he is ther God veray,
That schal sou deme at Domysday,
    At his jugement.

That sofyrd payne and passione
Here, fore soure redempcion,
    Apon the rod tre.
And grawntis sou remission,
3if 3e have contresion,
    When schrevyn that 3e be.

When that thai knele to the sacreyng,
Knelis a doune fore one thyng,
    And hold up soure hond.
And thank that Lord of his grace,
That al thyng land sou he has,
    Thro3 his swet sond.

Then glad mai 3e be,
3our Saveour so to se,
    Tent and 3e wold take;
Fore hit is the same brede
That he dalt or he was dede,
    Före his disipilis sake;

And lafft hit with hem in memore,
And to ale other pristis truly,
    To have hit in mynd;
3eyry day of the 3ere,
To ofur hit upon his autere,
    In salvacion of al monkynd.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

And he that ressayus hit worthely,
At that day wen he schal dye,
    Hit is his salvacion;
And he that is in dedlé syn,
Anon as hit enters him withyn,
    Hit is his dampnacion.

Take ensampil be Judas,
At Cristis soper y wot he was,
    And ete of that blessid bred.
But fore he was in didlé syn,
The synd entyrd anon him yn,
    Fore his Lord he had betrayd.

Therfore loke that 3e be
In parfite love and charyté,
    And out of dedlésyn;
Loke what bone that 3e crave,
Aske God and 3e may have,
    And heven blis to wyn.

3owre pater nostere loke 3e con,
And 3our ave, everé mon,
    And specialy 3oure crede,
Ellis esavyd 3e may not be;
Bot 3e con 3our beleve truly,
    3e stond in grete dred.

For al that ever nedis to the,
And to thi ny3tbore truly,
    In the pater noster hit is;
Vij. petecions ther be in,
That getis you forezifnes of your syn,
And bryngis your soule to blis.

V. worshipis thou dost to our Lady;
When that thou sayst thyn ave,
Blessid mot heo be!
Thus angel Gabreel he con say,
"Hayle, ful of grace, thou swet may!
God he is with the!"

Xij. arteklus of thi beleve,
Thus clerkis thai don ham preve,
That beth in this crede,
That getyn the salvacion,
And of thi syns remission,
And heven to thi mede.

3our x. comawndmentis 3e most con,
And kepe hem wel everé mon,
Thus Crist he bede.
Thi gostlé Fader schal teche tham the,
Or ellis ful woful schal 3e be,
'Thai stond in gret dred.

The vij. dedlé synns 3e most know,
Wyche thai bene I wyl 3ou schew,
Ryzt here anon.
Pride, covetyse, wrath, envy,
Lechoré, slouth, and glotoné,
Here thai bene echon.
3if any of these that 3e in falle,
Anon on Crist loke that 3e calle,
   With contricion.
Anon schryve 3ou of 3our syn,
Be frelté 3if 3e fal theryn,
   And 3e schal have remission.

Then in the cherche 3e knele adowne,
With good hert and devocion,
   Hold up 3our hondis then;
Furst fore 3our selfe 3e schul pray,
Sethen fore fader and moder, as I the say,
   And then fore al thi kyn.

And fore thi frynd, and fore thi foo,
And fore thi good doeres also,
   Alse moné as thou mai myn;
And fore the prest that syngis masse,
That God for3if him his trespasse,
   And al the cherche beth in.

3if that the prest the masse doth syng,
Be not at thi lykyng,
   Thersfore let thou n03t.
For the his masse is as good to here,
As ané monkis ore ané frere,
   Have this in thi th03t.

Bot his prayers and his bone,
Be not hard half so sone,
   As the mon that wele hath wro3t;
Y-do 3ou out of dispaire,
The sacrament no mon may mend ne payre,
    Theron doctors han so3t.

Both saynt Barnard and saynt Bede,
Sayne the masse is of so gret mede,
    That no mon mend hit may,
Weder that be were hold or 3ong,
He my3t tel with no tung,
    Tha3 he my3t leve fore ay.

Ne exponere habit opus,
Half the medis of the masse,
    Into his last day.
Were he never so wyse of art,
He schuld fayle the v. part
    Of the soth to say.

I pray 3ou, serry3, more and lasse,
When 3e stond at 3our masse.
    Sum good word 3e say.
Fore as moné as 3e prayn fore,
Securly fore moné a score,
    At masse myn 3e may.

All thyng tha3 3e myn no3t,
Hold ham stil in 3our th03t,
    Hom that 3e fore pray.
I do 3ou clene out of dout,
Ther is non the masse without,
    Bot he be in hel for ay.
POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

Fore alse moné as 3e may myn,
When 3e beth the cherche withyn,
    Ther is non a masse without.
Bot 3if he be in dedlé syn,
And thynke to conten theryn,
    Then he stondis en dowte.

When that 3e bene in the kerke,
Thenke theron and thenke not erke,
    Hent to the last endyng.
Then have no dout of thi doole,
Thou hast a masse thiself al hole,
    Hit is so hy a thyng.

Saynt Austyn sayth fore soulis here,
A thousand and thou woldist here,
    Do a masse fore to syng ;
Hit is nouther more ny lasse,
Bot everé soule he hath a masse,
    Hit is to Godis plesyng.

In that houre thou herist thi masse,
Soules hit doth gret solas,
    That byth in payns bidyng.
Of that oure thai beth ful fayne,
Fore hit delyvers hem of here payne,
    This is a gracious thyng.

Fore his love that 3ou dere bo3t,
Have mynd of this, fore3ete hit no3t,
    3e not when 3e schul passe.
3if he wil be sekyr and sere
Everé day in the sere,
    Loke thou here thi masse.

3if thou may not thi masse here,
Then this lesson y rede thou lere,
    When thai to masse do knyle.
Pray God of his gret grace,
To send the part of that masse,
    3if hit be his wylle.

I do the clene out of dout,
That art not that masse without,
    Seche grace is 3if to the.
Fore thi hert dissiryng,
Thou hast part of beedis and masse synyng,
    Where that ever thou be.

Fore the prest that syngis the masse,
For al astatus more and lasse,
    That is here levyng.
He takis hem in his memoré,
And soulis that beth in purgatoré,
    That God to blis hem bring.

Here-fore, serys, more and lasse,
Everé day here 3our masse,
    On-morowe 3if 3e may.
And 3if 3e mai not on-morwe,
Loke 3e do be undorne,
    Or ellis be mydday.
Sertenly without sayle,  
    Thou shalt not of thi travaile  
        Lese a fote of thi way.  
Al dai thou shalt be the lyghtur,  
And have grace to do the better,  
    Foresoth as I the say.

Yet Saynt Austyn bede take tent,  
That he hold no parlement  
    With no levyng mon.  
Fro tyme the cherche se ben within,  
And the prest he doth begyn  
    His vestmentus to take on.

Fore wyckid gostis thai wyl hit wyt,  
And your wordys thay wil ham wryte,  
    In here bokis everechon.  
That witnes wele St. Austyne,  
That furst in Englund with his gyn,  
    The treuth to preche began.

To fore that Awstyn in England come,  
With Saynt Gregoré in gret Rome,  
    Ful derelé con he dwel,  
Hent on a day of gret dirnes,  
Saynt Gregoré wold syng his masse,  
    So sayre as him befelle.

To the Austyn he mad a syne,  
Fore to be his dekyn dene,  
    To red his gospel.
And as he rod he sau sit
Thre fyendys, as 3e may wit,
   And talis con thai telle.

What thai sayd he herd hit alle,
Thro3 a wyndow of the walle,
   No fer fro his face.
He se a fynd sit within,
With pen and enke and parchemen,
   As God 3if him grace.

He wrot so lung ther he did want,
And his parchment wex scant,
   To speek thai had space.
With his tethe he con hit tug,
And alfe Rofyn be-gon to rug,
   His rolle bigan to rase.

So hard Rofyn rogud his roll,
That he smot with his choule,
   A3ayns the marbystone.
Of that dynt thai had gret doute,
Al that setyn ther aboute,
   Fore thai herd hit echon.

When the fynd so hard drou,
Saynt Austyn stod and low,
   Saynt Gregoré con grame.
Never the less for grame he get,
Sone after masse the Austyn he met,
   And mysdele mad his mone.
He sayd to him with myld mode,
"What aylid the, thou wytytles woode,
To dai to do this dede?
Seche a dede was never done."
Then he answerd him ful sone,
Fore of him he had gret drede.

"Sere, greve 3e noȝt or 3e wyt,
Fore 3onder I se a Satanas sit,
Hit semyd his hed did blede.
What he wrot to fore he brayd,
That iij. wyvys seton and sayde,
As I stod to rede."

"I was adenyd of that dynt,
Hit stonede me, and mad me stont
Styl out of my steven;
I schal 3ou tel what I se,
And word therof I wyl noȝt lye,
Be Godis son in heven!

"Syr, 3e may wyl trow
He lad hym to the wyndow,
Cum nere, syr, and sene."
The saynt Gregoré was adred,
Fore blak blood he se e-spred
Apon the aschelere even.

Then this good mon grevyd him lasse,
And comawndit at evenmasse
Of this mater to myn.
Kepe 3ou out of Godis wreke,
Fore ther is no word that 3e speke
Bot 3e don syn.

Therfore, serys, with good wyl,
Loke that 3e hold 3ou styl
   The cherche when 3e bene in;
A prest to stone in his masse
All alond may fare the worse
   Out of wo to wyn.

The chorche is a house of prayere,
Holdhile to Godis honoure,
   To worship hym therin;
What righful bone that 3e crave,
Aske God and 3e schul have,
   And before 3evyn of 3our syn.

Hit were hand to oure behove,
Uche prefende fore to prove
   Of our awntros alle.
Here shortlé I wyl chew hit
Lewd men for to know hit,
   Crist on fore to calle.

In the cherche thou knele adown,
With good hert and devocion
   Hold up thi hondis then;
Fore thi-self furnst thou pray,
Fore fader and moder as I the say,
   And sethyn fore all thi kyn;
And fore the weder and fore the pes,
And fore men and women mo and lees,
  That Crystyndam han tane;
In the name of the Treneté
Then pater noster say thou iij.,
  Say furst in Cristis name.

Then v. pater noster thou schalt say,
To pray him that best may
  To gyf the wit and grace.
The v. wyttis so to spende
Thi synful soule here to amend,
  To heven to folow the trasse.

Sethin unto the Holé Gost,
To kepe the out of werkis wast,
  And out of dedlé syn;
Ten pater noster say thou then,
Fore brekyng of thi hestis ten,
  And thus thou schalt begyn.

On the werkeday 5if that thou be
About thi labor treuly,
  In word as thou most nede.
On the haléday thou fulfyl,
Riȝt as I have sayd the tyll,
  And thou art out of drede.

And oche eday thi masse thou here,
And take halé bred and halé watere
  Out of the prestis hond;
Soche grace God hath ȝif the,
ȝif that thou dyen sodenly
Fore thi housil hit schal the stond.

Fore suche a power that blessyng hit has,
That God bessud the bred in wildernes,
And two fyshis also,
And fedd therwith v. thosand men,
xij. lepus of relèf laft after then,
Soche lordis ther be no moo.

And also loke that ȝe be
In perfyte love and charyté,
And out of dedlé syn;
What ryȝtful bone that ȝe crave,
Aske God and ȝe schul have,
And heven blis to wyn.

Alle that han herd this sermon
A c. days of pardon,
Saynt Gregoré grauntis ȝou this.
Out of this word wen ȝe sch[al] wynd,
Jeshu save ȝou from the fynd,
And bring ȝour soule to blis.
NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1.—The MS. commences imperfectly, and there is nothing to show how much is lost; but it must have been more than eleven leaves. See p. 10.

P. 3, l. 1.—Cayme.] This is the usual early orthography of Cain's name. See Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 166.

P. 4, l. 1.—Nou 3if a woman.] This, and the following stanza are repeated by Audelay at f. 30 of the same MS.

P. 4, l. 9.—Herein always.] Read, here in al wyse.

P. 4, l. 16.—Honne.] i.e. own.

P. 4, l. 24.—Ayris.] i.e., heirs. A similar orthography occurs in other places. See p. 12.

P. 5, l. 3.—Loteby.] i.e., a private companion, a bed-fellow. So in Piers Ploughman, p. 52.

She blesseth thise bishopes,
Theigh thei be lewed;
Provendreth persone,
And preestes maynteneth,
To have lemmans and lotebies
Alle hire lif dales,
And bryngeth forth barnes,
Ay ein forbode lawes.

P. 5, l. 22.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

P. 8, l. 22.—Fayth, hope, and charyté.]—Alluding to St. Paul's Epist. to the Corinthians, xiii. 13.

P. 9, l. 22.—Br.] Read, be.

P. 10, l. 14.—The day of dome.] These four verses were probably dictated by Audelay, and go far to prove that the
NOTES.

MS. was the first copy made. The leaf referred to is lost with the commencement.

P. 11, l. 5.—This is the conclusion of the creed of St. Athanasius.

P. 11, l. 6.—Forsston.] Read, fonsston.

P. 11, l. 19.—Mandata serva.] Read, mandata ejus serva.

This is from Ecclesiastes xii. 13.

P. 12, l. 7.—1 Corinth. iii. 19.

P. 12, l. 21.—John xiv. 15.

P. 13, l. 2.—Saucour.] Read, Saveour.

P. 13, l. 11.—Marcol.] See another allusion to Marcolf at p. 50. The dialogue between this personage and Solomon, was a favorite piece of the middle ages. The following is given as a specimen. It seems that Solomon was so enraged with him, that he positively commanded Marcolf never to let him see him again "between the eyes;" and the history proceeds as follows:—

NOTES.


P. 13, l. 25.—Matthew vi. 21.

P. 14, l. 7.—Secator.] i.e. an executor. This class of persons fall under a severe satire in an old proverb printed in the Reliquiae Antiquae,—"Two secatures and an overseer make three thieves."

P. 15, l. 17.—Bayard.] Probably the term for a bay horse. The old proverb of Bayard the Blind is the reverse of "look before you leap." Audelay compares himself to old blind Bayard.

P. 15, l. 25.—Matthew xxv. 41.

P. 16, l. 12.—Oure gentil ser Jone.] Audelay here describes one of his brother monks, and in lines of no contemptible merit. The baselard, though often worn by priests, was forbidden, and John Marks, in his poem on the duties of a parish priest, invects strongly against its being worn by persons in holy orders. Compare Piers Ploughman, p. 302.

If lewed men wiste
What this Latyn men eth,
And why was myn auctor,
Much e wonder me thinketh,
But if many a preest beare,
For hir baselardes and hir broches,
A peire of bedes in hir hand,
And a book under hir arme.
Sire Johan and sire Geffrey
Hath a girdel of silver,
A baselard or a ballok-knyf,
With botons over gilte.

P. 16, l. 25.—Ecclesiastes i. 2,
NOTES.

P. 18, l. 14.—*Aperte et distincte.*] The indistinct manner in which the reading or chanting was often performed, furnished subject for many complaints. See Wright’s notes to Piers Ploughman, p. 547. The following verses are in MS. Lansd. 762:—

Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequiter almos:
Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galper quoque, draggar.
Momeler, for-skypper, for-reynner, sic et over-leper,
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.

P. 18, l. 17.—*Mi pepyl.*] See Matthew xv. 8.

P. 19, l. 1. A Latin heading is here so nearly destroyed by the binder, as to be unintelligible.

P. 22, l. 1.—*A certe fayre.*] Cherry fairs are still held in Worcestershire on Sunday evenings, in the cherry orchards; and being often made the resort for lovers, and the light and gay, may appropriately retain their significant type of the uncertainty and vanity of the things of this world. The simile is used by Gower, and other early writers. The cherry season was a time of some consequence in our Western counties, and, in some respects, is so still. See Piers Ploughman, p. 86.

P. 22, l. 10.—*Bodyms.*] Read, bodyius.

P. 23, l. 10.—Luke xiv. 11.

P. 23, l. 14.—*Abatb.*] Read, abate.

P. 24, l. 26.—Leviticus xxii. 31.

P. 28, l. 12.—Matthew vii. 7.

P. 28, l. 26.—Luke xi. 9.

P. 31, l. 3.—Apeny.] Read, a peny.

P. 31, l. 10.—Luke vi. 36.

P. 31, l. 24.—*Nullum.*] See 1 Peter iii. 9. We should here probably read non.

P. 32, l. 26.—*To Oxford to scole.*] These curious lines have already been quoted by Mr. James Heywood in his edi-
tion of the Merton College Statutes. In the second line we should read *hyndryd*.

P. 33, l. 20.—*Ald.*] This form of the word may be still heard in Shropshire.

P. 36, l. 14.—*John x.* 14.

P. 36, l. 25.—*Matthew xvi.* 19.

P. 37, l. 15.—*A loller.*] The origin of the term *lollard* is doubtful; but according to Mr. Wright, it seems to mean generally people who go about from place to place with a hypocritical show of praying and devotion, nearly corresponding to the modern appellation of *methodists*. Here it refers to the new sect which had sprung up with Wickliffe, but the term was certainly in use both in Germany and in England, long before the reformed religion was broached in this country by the reformer of Lutterworth. Johannes Hocsemini, quoted by Ducange, says in his chronicle of the year 1309, “Eodem anno quidam hypocrite gyrovagi, qui *Lollardi sive Deum laudantes* vocabantur, per Hannoniam et Brabantiam quasdam mulieres nobiles deceperunt.” The term, used in the latter part of the fourteenth century as one of reproach, was afterwards contemptuously given to the Church reformers.

P. 40, l. 7.—*Matthew vi.* 24.

P. 44, l. 11.—*Resayus.*] Read, reassyus.


P. 48, l. 22.—*Preliantur.*] Read, praemunitur.

P. 49, l. 26.—*Loveday.*] So in the *House of Fame*, ii. 187:

Mo love-dayis, and mo accordes,
Than on instrumentis ben cordes,
And eke of love mo exchaungis
Than ever corne were in graungis.

P. 49, l. 27.—*Psalm lxxxv.* 10.

P. 49, l. 29.—*Asife.*] Read, aise.

P. 51, l. 3.—*Favel.*] Flattery. So in Piers Ploughman, p. 28:
NOTES.

Loke up on thi left half,
And lo where he stondeth!
Both Fals and Fawe,
And hire seeres manye.

P. 53, l. 11.—Make amendys.] The following extract from
a curious MS. of the fifteenth century, in the Public Library
at Cambridge, Ff. ii. 38, will illustrate this passage:—

Man, yf thou wilt of batayls blynne,
And charyte kepe in eche chaunce,
My mercy soone schalt thou wynne,
So thou do fruytys of peneance.
Loke thyn herte be contryte wythynne,
And sory for thy mysgovernaunce;
What profytyth the to shryve thy synne,
But thou in herte have repentaunce?
Thou scornest, and peneance doyst thou noone,
For thy synne but thyn herte be sere;
For worldely losse thou makest moone,
Thou synnest and sorowest nought therfore.
And yf thy body were woo begone,
What byttr medycyne the 3even were,
Joying thou woldest hyt take anoone,
To boodely hele the to restore.
Thy sowle with synne ys goostly slayne,
And thou with-owt sorow thy synne telles;
To do soche peneance thou art not fayne,
As thy schryfte, Fadur, the counsayles.
Thou wylt never restore a3ayne
False goten good that thou wyth melles.
Man thou muste algates suffre payne
For thy synne here, or somewhere elles.
Hyt ys impossyble and may not be,
To passe fro yoye to yoye worthy:
Take the cross to the and folow me,
If thou wylt to my blys up-stye,
Sekenes and all adversyte,
Whatsoever cometh suffre pacently.
Hate alwey synne and fro hyt flee,
And make amendys, man, or thou dye!
Lord, yf me grace amendys to make,
For of my-selfe me fasylyth powere,
Synne that ys deedly to forsake,
And to do dedys that worthy meryte were.
In this worlde send me woo and wrake,
For synnes that y have doon seere;
Who hath no dysese here he may qwake,
Them that thou lovest thou chastysest here!
For my sake xxxth jeere and moo,
    Grete travayle in erthe for me thou hadd;
Thy modur and thy postelys also,
    In grete dysase ther lyfys they laddes.
In adversyté and moche woo,
    Marturs and confessours weren cladd;
In soche a compency to go,
    In thy lyverey y schule be gladd.
Sythen the derlyng that with the doythe dwelle,
    Had soche an adversyté in thyris lyfe;
What hert may thenk or tunge telle,
    The peyne, the angwysch, and the stryfe
That damnd men schulle have in hell,
    There endeles woes and sorowes ben ryfe?
I wole for-sake my synnes falle,
    And to a dyscrect prest y wole me schryfe;
In trewe penaunce ys myn entente,
    From hens forward my tyme to spende,
And kepe y wole thy commaundement,
    Ellys in hell fyer y schalle be brende!
Ryalle repere, ryche robes, and rente,
    What may they helpe me at myn ende?
But y the serve y schalle be schente,
    Mercy, Jesus, y wole amende!

P. 58, l. 8.—\textit{Aysel.} i.e. vinegar.
P. 59, l. 13.—\textit{Eure.} Read, everé.
P. 60, l. 13.—\textit{Cos.} i.e. a kiss.
P. 63, l. 2.—Luke xxiii. 42.
P. 63, l. 4.—Luke xxiii. 43.
P. 63, l. 26.—Matthew xxvii. 46.
P. 64, l. 1.—Mark xvi. 34.
P. 64, l. 10.—John xx. 28.
P. 64, l. 23.—Luke xxiii. 46.
P. 65, l. 7.—John xx. 30.
P. 71, l. 8.—Luke i. 28.
P. 76, l. 7.—This legend does not seem to be in the Acta Sanctorum, but see ii. 153.

FINIS.

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