## The House Of Fame

## by Geoffrey Chaucer

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## Book I

## Proem.

	That purely her impressions	
	Causen hem to have visions;	40
	Or yf that spirites have the myght	
	To make folk to dreme a-nyght;	
5	Or yf the soule, of propre kynde,	
	Be so parfit, as men fynde,	
	That yt forwot that ys to come,	45
	And that hyt warneth alle and some	
	Of everych of her aventures	
10	Be avisions, or be figures,	
	But that oure flessh ne hath no myght	
	To understonde hyt aryght,	50
	For hyt is warned to derkly;	
	But why the cause is, noght wot I.	
15	Wel worthe, of this thyng, grete clerkys,	
	That trete of this and other werkes;	
	For I of noon opinion	55
	Nyl as now make mensyon,	
	But oonly that the holy roode	
20	Turne us every drem to goode!	
	For never, sith that I was born,	
	Ne no man elles me beforn,	60
	Mette, I trowe stedfastly,	
	So wonderful a drem as I	
25	The tenthe day now of Decembre,	
	The which, as I kan now remembre,	
	I wol yow tellen everydel.	65
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30		
	=	
		70
35	=	
	There siepeth ay this god unmerie	
	10 15 20 25	Causen hem to have visions; Or yf that spirites have the myght To make folk to dreme a-nyght; Or yf the soule, of propre kynde, Be so parfit, as men fynde, That yt forwot that ys to come, And that hyt warneth alle and some Of everych of her aventures  Be avisions, or be figures, But that oure flessh ne hath no myght To understonde hyt aryght, For hyt is warned to derkly; But why the cause is, noght wot I.  Wel worthe, of this thyng, grete clerkys, That trete of this and other werkes; For I of noon opinion Nyl as now make mensyon, But oonly that the holy roode  Turne us every drem to goode! For never, sith that I was born, Ne no man elles me beforn, Mette, I trowe stedfastly, So wonderful a drem as I  The tenthe day now of Decembre, The which, as I kan now remembre, I wol yow tellen everydel.  The Induction.  But at my gynnynge, trusteth wel, I wol make invocacion, With special devocion, Unto the god of slep anoon, That duelleth in a cave of stoon

With his slepy thousand sones,	75	Of gold, stondynge in sondry stages,	
That alwey for to slepe hir wone is.		And moo ryche tabernacles,	
And to this god, that I of rede,		And with perre moo pynacles,	
Prey I that he wol me spede		And moo curiouse portreytures,	125
My sweven for to telle aryght,		And queynte maner of figures	
Yf every drem stonde in his myght.	80	Of olde werk, then I saugh ever.	
And he that mover ys of al		For certeynly, I nyste never	
That is and was and ever shal,		Wher that I was, but wel wyste I,	
So yive hem joye that hyt here		Hyt was of Venus redely,	130
Of alle that they dreme to-yere,		The temple; for in portreyture,	
And for to stonden alle in grace	85	I sawgh anoon-ryght hir figure	
Of her loves, or in what place		Naked fletynge in a see.	
That hem were levest for to stonde,		And also on hir hed, pardee,	
And shelde hem fro poverte and shonde,		Hir rose garlond whit and red,	135
And from unhap and ech disese,		And hir comb to kembe hyr hed,	
And sende hem al that may hem plese,	90	Hir dowves, and daun Cupido,	
That take hit wel and skorne hyt noght,		Hir blynde sone, and Vulcano,	
Ne hyt mysdemen in her thoght		That in his face was ful broun.	
Thorgh malicious entencion.		But as I romed up and doun,	140
And whoso thorgh presumpcion,		I fond that on a wall ther was	
Or hate, or skorn, or thorgh envye,	95	Thus writen on a table of bras:	
Dispit, or jape, or vilanye,		"I wol now singen, yif I kan,	
Mysdeme hyt, pray I Jesus God		The armes, and also the man	
That (dreme he barefot, dreme he shod),		That first cam, thurgh his destinee,	145
That every harm that any man		Fugityf of Troy contree,	
Hath had, syth the world began,	100	In Itayle, with ful moche pyne	
Befalle hym therof, or he sterve,		Unto the strondes of Lavyne."	
And graunte he mote hit ful deserve,		And tho began the story anoon,	
Lo, with such a conclusion		As I shal telle yow echon.	150
As had of his avision		First sawgh I the destruction	
Cresus, that was kyng of Lyde,	105	Of Troye, thurgh the Grek Synon,	
That high upon a gebet dyde!		[That] with his false forswerynge,	
This prayer shal he have of me;		And his chere and his lesynge,	
I am no bet in charyte!		Made the hors broght into Troye,	155
Now herkeneth, as I have yow seyd,		Thorgh which Troyens loste al her joye.	
What that I mette, or I abreyd.	110	And aftir this was grave, allas!	
		How Ilyon assayled was	
Story.		And wonne, and kyng Priam yslayn	
Of Decembre the tenthe day,		And Polytes, his sone, certayn,	160
Whan hit was nyght, to slepe I lay		Dispitously, of daun Pirrus.	
Ryght ther as I was wont to done,		And next that sawgh I how Venus,	
And fil on slepe wonder sone,		Whan that she sawgh the castel brende,	
As he that wery was forgo	115	Doun fro the heven gan descende,	
On pilgrymage myles two		And bad hir sone Eneas flee;	165
To the corseynt Leonard,		And how he fledde, and how that he	
To make lythe of that was hard.		Escaped was from al the pres,	
But as I slepte, me mette I was		And took his fader, Anchises,	
Withyn a temple ymad of glas;	120	And bar hym on hys bak away,	
In which ther were moo ymages		Cryinge, "Allas! and welaway!"	170

The whiche Anchises in hys hond Bar the goddes of the lond, Thilke that unbrende were. And I saugh next, in al thys fere,		And graunted of the tempest lysse. Ther saugh I how the tempest stente, And how with alle pyne he wente, And prively tok arryvage	220
How Creusa, daun Eneas wif, Which that he lovede as hys lyf, And hir yonge sone Iulo, And eke Askanius also, Fledden eke with drery chere,	175	In the contree of Cartage; And on the morwe, how that he And a knyght, highte Achate, Mette with Venus that day, Goynge in a queynt array,	225
That hyt was pitee for to here; And in a forest, as they wente,	180	As she had ben an hunteresse, With wynd blowynge upon hir tresse;	230
At a turnynge of a wente, How Creusa was ylost, allas! That ded, not I how, she was;		How Eneas gan hym to pleyne, When that he knew hir, of his peyne; And how his shippes dreynte were,	
How he hir soughte, and how hir gost Bad hym to flee the Grekes host, And seyde he moste unto Itayle,	185	Or elles lost, he nyste where; How she gan hym comforte thoo, And bad hym to Cartage goo,	235
As was hys destinee, sauns faille; That hyt was pitee for to here, When hir spirit gan appere,	190	And ther he shulde his folk fynde, That in the see were left behynde. And, shortly of this thyng to pace,	
The wordes that she to hym seyde, And for to kepe hir sone hym preyde.	150	She made Eneas so in grace Of Dido, quene of that contree,	240
Ther sawgh I graven eke how he, Hys fader eke, and his meynee, With hys shippes gan to saylle	195	That, shortly for to tellen, she Becam hys love, and let him doo Al that weddynge longeth too.	
Towardes the contree of Itaylle As streight as that they myghte goo. Ther saugh I thee, cruel Juno,		What shulde I speke more queynte, Or peyne me my wordes peynte To speke of love? Hyt wol not be;	245
That art daun Jupiteres wif, That hast yhated, al thy lyf, Al the Troianysshe blood,	200	I kan not of that faculte. And eke to telle the manere How they aqueynteden in fere,	250
Renne and crye, as thou were wood, On Eolus, the god of wyndes,		Hyt were a long proces to telle, And over-long for yow to dwelle.	230
To blowen oute, of alle kyndes, So lowde that he shulde drenche Lord and lady, grom and wenche,	205	Ther sawgh I grave how Eneas Tolde Dido every caas That hym was tyd upon the see.	255
Of al the Troian nacion, Withoute any savacion. Ther saugh I such tempeste aryse,		And after grave was, how shee Made of hym shortly at oo word Hyr lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord,	
That every herte myght agryse To see hyt peynted on the wal. Ther saugh I graven eke withal,	210	And dide hym al the reverence, And leyde on hym al the dispence, That any woman myghte do,	260
Venus, how ye, my lady dere, Wepynge with ful woful chere, Prayen Jupiter on hye	215	Wenynge hyt had al be so As he hir swor; and herby demed That he was good, for he such semed.	
To save and kepe that navye Of the Troian Eneas,	210	Allas! what harm doth apparence, Whan hit is fals in existence!	265
Syth that he hir sone was. Ther saugh I Joves Venus kysse,		For he to hir a traytour was; Wherfore she slow hirself, allas!	

Loo, how a woman doth amys		O woful Dido, wel-away!"	
To love him that unknowen ys!	270	Quod she to hirselve thoo.	
For, be Cryste, lo, thus yt fareth:		"O Eneas, what wol ye doo?	320
"Hyt is not al gold that glareth."		O that your love, ne your bond	
For also browke I wel myn hed,		That ye have sworn with your ryght hond,	
Ther may be under godlyhed		Ne my crewel deth," quod she,	
Kevered many a shrewed vice.	275	"May holde yow stille here with me!	
Therfore be no wyght so nyce,		O haveth of my deth pitee!	325
To take a love oonly for chere,		Iwys, my dere herte, ye	
Or speche, or for frendly manere,		Knowen ful wel that never yit,	
For this shal every woman fynde,		As ferforth as I hadde wyt,	
That som man, of his pure kynde,	280	Agylte [I] yow in thoght ne dede.	
Wol shewen outward the fayreste,		O, have ye men such godlyhede	330
Tyl he have caught that what him leste;		In speche, and never a del of trouthe?	
And thanne wol he causes fynde,		Allas, that ever hadde routhe	
And swere how that she ys unkynde,		Any woman on any man!	
Or fals, or privy, or double was.	285	Now see I wel, and telle kan,	
Al this seye I be Eneas		We wrechched wymmen konne noon art;	335
And Dido, and hir nyce lest,		For certeyn, for the more part,	
That loved al to sone a gest;		Thus we be served everychone.	
Therfore I wol seye a proverbe,		How sore that ye men konne groone,	
That "he that fully knoweth th'erbe	290	Anoon as we have yow receyved,	
May saufly leve hyt to his yë";		Certaynly we ben deceyvyd!	340
Withoute drede, this ys no lye.		For, though your love laste a seson,	
But let us speke of Eneas,		Wayte upon the conclusyon,	
How he betrayed hir, allas!		And eke how that ye determynen,	
And lefte hir ful unkyndely.	295	And for the more part diffynen.	
So when she saw al utterly,		"O, wel-awey that I was born!	345
That he wolde hir of trouthe fayle,		For thorgh yow is my name lorn,	
And wende fro hir to Itayle,		And alle myn actes red and songe	
She gan to wringe hir hondes two.		Over al thys lond, on every tonge.	
"Allas!" quod she, "what me ys woo!	300	O wikke Fame! for ther nys	
Allas! is every man thus trewe,		Nothing so swift, lo, as she is!	350
That every yer wolde have a newe,		O, soth ys, every thing ys wyst,	
Yf hit so longe tyme dure,		Though hit be kevered with the myst.	
Or elles three, peraventure?		Eke, though I myghte duren ever,	
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame	305	That I have don, rekever I never,	
In magnyfyinge of hys name;		That I ne shal be seyd, allas,	355
Another for frendshippe, seyth he;		Yshamed be thourgh Eneas,	
And yet ther shal the thridde be		And that I shal thus juged be,	
That shal be take for delyt,		'Loo, ryght as she hath don, now she	
Loo, or for synguler profit."	310	Wol doo eft-sones, hardely;'	
In suche wordes gan to pleyne		Thus seyth the peple prively."	360
Dydo of hir grete peyne,		But that is don, is not to done;	
As me mette redely;		Al hir compleynt ne al hir moone,	
Non other auctour alegge I.		Certeyn, avayleth hir not a stre.	
"Allas!" quod she, "my swete herte,	315	And when she wiste sothly he	
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,		Was forth unto his shippes goon,	365
And slee mee not! goo noght awey!		She into hir chambre wente anoon,	

And called on hir suster Anne,		He lefte hir slepynge in an ile	
And gan hir to compleyne thanne;		Desert allone, ryght in the se,	
And seyde, that she cause was		And stal away, and let hir be,	
That she first loved him, allas!	370	And took hir suster Phedra thoo	
And thus counseylled hir thertoo.		With him, and gan to shippe goo.	420
But what! when this was seyd and doo,		And yet he had yswore to here	
She rof hirselve to the herte,		On al that ever he myghte swere,	
And deyde thorgh the wounde smerte.		That, so she saved hym hys lyf,	
And al the maner how she deyde,	375	He wolde have take hir to hys wif;	
And alle the wordes that she seyde,		For she desired nothing ellis,	425
Whoso to knowe hit hath purpos,		In certeyn, as the book us tellis.	
Rede Virgile in Eneydos		But to excusen Eneas	
Or the Epistle of Ovyde,		Fullyche of al his grete trespas,	
What that she wrot or that she dyde;	380	The book seyth Mercurie, sauns fayle,	
And nere hyt to long to endyte,		Bad hym goo into Itayle,	430
Be God, I wolde hyt here write.		And leve Auffrikes regioun,	
But wel-away! the harm, the routhe,		And Dido and hir faire toun.	
That hath betyd for such untrouthe,		Thoo sawgh I grave how to Itayle	
As men may ofte in bokes rede,	385	Daun Eneas is goo to sayle;	
And al day sen hyt yet in dede,		And how the tempest al began,	435
That for to thynken hyt, a tene is.		And how he loste hys sterisman,	
Loo, Demophon, duk of Athenys,		Which that the stere, or he tok kep,	
How he forswor hym ful falsly,		Smot over bord, loo! as he slep.	
And traysed Phillis wikkidly,	390	And also sawgh I how Sybile	
That kynges doghtre was of Trace,		And Eneas, besyde an yle,	440
And falsly gan hys terme pace;		To helle wente, for to see	
And when she wiste that he was fals,		His fader, Anchyses the free;	
She heng hirself ryght be the hals,		How he ther fond Palinurus,	
For he had doon hir such untrouthe.	395	And Dido, and eke Deiphebus;	
Loo! was not this a woo and routhe?		And every turment eke in helle	445
Eke lo! how fals and reccheles		Saugh he, which is longe to telle;	
Was to Breseyda Achilles,		Which whoso willeth for to knowe,	
And Paris to Oenone;		He moste rede many a rowe	
And Jason to Isiphile,	400	On Virgile or on Claudian,	
And eft Jason to Medea;		Or Daunte, that hit telle kan.	450
And Ercules to Dyanira,		Tho saugh I grave al the aryvayle	
For he left hir for Yole,		That Eneas had in Itayle;	
That made hym cache his deth, parde.		And with kyng Latyne hys tretee	
How fals eke was he Theseus,	405	And alle the batayles that hee	
That, as the story telleth us,		Was at hymself, and eke hys knyghtis,	455
How he betrayed Adriane;		Or he had al ywonne his ryghtis;	
The devel be hys soules bane!		And how he Turnus reft his lyf,	
For had he lawghed, had he loured,		And wan Lavina to his wif;	
He moste have ben al devoured,	410	And alle the mervelous signals	
Yf Adriane ne had ybe.		Of the goddys celestials;	460
And, for she had of hym pite,		How, mawgree Juno, Eneas,	
She made hym fro the deth escape,		For al hir sleight and hir compas,	
And he made hir a ful fals jape;		Acheved al his aventure,	
For aftir this, withyn a while,	415	For Jupiter took of hym cure	

At the prayer of Venus,	465	Book II	
The whiche I preye alwey save us,			
And us ay of oure sorwes lyghte!		Incipit liber secundus.	
When I had seen al this syghte		20	
In this noble temple thus,		Proem.	
"A, Lord!" thoughte I, "that madest us,	470	Now herkeneth, every maner man	
Yet sawgh I never such noblesse		That Englissh understonde kan,	510
Of ymages, ne such richesse,		And listeneth of my drem to lere.	
As I saugh graven in this chirche;		For now at erste shul ye here	
But not wot I whoo did hem wirche,		So sely an avisyon,	
Ne where I am, ne in what contree.	475	That Isaye, ne Scipion,	
But now wol I goo out and see,		Ne kyng Nabugodonosor,	515
Ryght at the wiket, yf y kan		Pharoo, Turnus, ne Elcanor,	
See owhere any stiryng man,		Ne mette such a drem as this!	
That may me telle where I am."		Now faire blisfull, O Cipris,	
When I out at the dores cam,	480	So be my favour at this tyme!	
I faste aboute me beheld.		And ye, me to endite and ryme	520
Then sawgh I but a large feld,		Helpeth, that on Parnaso duelle,	
As fer as that I myghte see,		Be Elicon, the clere welle.	
Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,		O Thought, that wrot al that I mette,	
Or bush, or grass, or eryd lond;	485	And in the tresorye hyt shette	
For al the feld nas but of sond		Of my brayn, now shal men se	525
As smal as man may se yet lye		Yf any vertu in the be,	
In the desert of Lybye;		To tellen al my drem aryght.	
Ne no maner creature		Now kythe thyn engyn and myght!	
That ys yformed be Nature	490		
Ne sawgh I, me to rede or wisse.		The Dream.	
"O Crist!" thoughte I, "that art in blysse,		This egle, of which I have yow told,	
Fro fantome and illusion		That shon with fethres as of gold,	530
Me save!" and with devocion		Which that so hye gan to sore,	
Myn eyen to the hevene I caste.	495	I gan beholde more and more,	
Thoo was I war, lo! at the laste,		To se the beaute and the wonder;	
That faste be the sonne, as hye		But never was ther dynt of thonder,	
As kenne myghte I with myn yë,		Ne that thyng that men calle fouder,	535
Me thoughte I sawgh an egle sore,		That smot somtyme a tour to powder,	
But that hit semed moche more	500	And in his swifte comynge brende,	
Then I had any egle seyn.		That so swithe gan descende	
But this as sooth as deth, certeyn,		As this foul, when hyt beheld	
Hyt was of gold, and shon so bryghte		That I a-roume was in the feld;	540
That never sawe men such a syghte,		And with hys grymme pawes stronge,	
But yf the heven had ywonne	505	Withyn hys sharpe nayles longe,	
Al newe of gold another sonne;		Me, fleynge, in a swap he hente,	
So shone the egles fethers bryghte,		And with hys sours ayen up wente,	
And somwhat dounward gan hyt lyghte.		Me caryinge in his clawes starke	545
<i> </i>		As lyghtly as I were a larke,	
Explicit liber primus.		How high, I can not telle yow,	
		For I cam up, y nyste how.	
		For so astonyed and asweved	
		Was every vertu in my heved.	550

What with his sours and with my drede, But er I bere the moche ferre, 600 That al my felynge gan to dede; I wol the telle what I am, For-whi hit was to gret affray. And whider thou shalt, and why I cam Thus I longe in hys clawes lay, To do thys, so that thou take Til at the laste he to me spak 555 Good herte, and not for fere quake." In mannes vois, and seyde, "Awak! "Gladly," quod I. "Now wel," quod he, 605 And be not agast so, for shame!" "First, I, that in my fet have the, And called me tho by my name, Of which thou hast a fere and wonder, And, for I shulde the bet abrevde, Am dwellynge with the god of thonder, Me mette, "Awak," to me he seyde, Which that men callen Jupiter, 560 Ryght in the same vois and stevene That dooth me flee ful ofte fer 610 That useth oon I koude nevene; To do al hys comaundement. And with that vois, soth for to seyn, And for this cause he hath me sent My mynde cam to me ageyn, To the; now herke, be thy trouthe! For hyt was goodly seyd to me, Certeyn, he hath of the routhe, 565 So nas hyt never wont to be. That thou so longe trewely 615 And here-withal I gan to stere, Hast served so ententyfly And he me in his fet to bere, Hys blynde nevew Cupido, Til that he felte that I had hete, And faire Venus also, Withoute guerdon ever yit, And felte eke tho myn herte bete. 570 And thoo gan he me to disporte, And never-the-lesse hast set thy wit --620 Although that in thy hed ful lyte is --And with wordes to comforte, And sayde twyes, "Seynte Marye! To make bookys, songes, dytees, Thou art noyous for to carye, In ryme, or elles in cadence, And nothyng nedeth it, pardee! As thou best canst, in reverence 575 For, also wis God helpe me, Of Love, and of hys servantes eke, 625 As thou noon harm shalt have of this; That have hys servyse soght, and seke; And this caas that betyd the is, And peynest the to preyse hys art, Is for thy lore and for thy prow; --Although thou haddest never part; Let see! darst thou yet loke now? Wherfore, also God me blesse, 580 Be ful assured, boldely, Joves halt hyt gret humblesse, 630 I am thy frend." And therwith I And vertu eke, that thou wolt make Gan for to wondren in my mynde. A-nyght ful ofte thyn hed to ake "O God!" thoughte I, "that madest kynde, In thy studye, so thou writest, Shal I noon other weyes dye? And ever mo of love enditest, 585 Wher Joves wol me stellyfye, In honour of hym and in preysynges, 635 Or what thing may this sygnifye? And in his folkes furtherynges, I neyther am Ennok, ne Elye, And in hir matere al devisest, Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede, And noght hym nor his folk dispisest, That was ybore up, as men rede, Although thou maist goo in the daunce 590 To hevene with daun Jupiter, Of hem that hym lyst not avaunce. 640 And mad the goddys botiller." "Wherfore, as I seyde, ywys, Loo, this was thoo my fantasye! Jupiter considereth this, And also, beau sir, other thynges; But he that bar me gan espye That I so thoughte, and seyde this: That is, that thou hast no tydynges 595 "Thow demest of thyself amys; Of Loves folk yf they be glade, 645 For Joves ys not theraboute --Ne of noght elles that God made; I dar wel putte the out of doute --And noght oonly fro fer contree To make of the as yet a sterre. That ther no tydynge cometh to thee,

But of thy verray neyghebores, That duellen almost at thy dores, Thou herist neyther that ne this; For when thy labour doon al ys, And hast mad alle thy rekenynges, In stede of reste and newe thynges, Thou goost hom to thy hous anoon; And, also domb as any stoon,	650 655	Then ever cornes were in graunges, Unnethe maistow trowen this?" Quod he. "Noo, helpe me God so wys!" Quod I. "Noo? why?" quod he. "For hyt Were impossible, to my wit, Though that Fame had alle the pies In al a realme, and alle the spies, How that yet she shulde here al this,	700 705
Thou sittest at another book Tyl fully daswed ys thy look, And lyvest thus as an heremyte, Although thyn abstynence ys lyte. "And therfore Joves, thorgh hys grace,	660	Or they espie hyt." "O yis, yis!"  Quod he to me, "that kan I preve Be reson worthy for to leve, So that thou yeve thyn advertence To understonde my sentence.	710
Wol that I bere the to a place Which that hight the Hous of Fame, To do the som disport and game, In som recompensacion	665	"First shalt thou here where she duelleth, And so thyn oune bok hyt tellith; Hir paleys stant, as I shal seye,	710
Of labour and devocion, That thou hast had, loo causeles, To Cupido, the rechcheles! And thus this god, thorgh his merite, Wol with som maner thing the quyte,	670	Ryght even in myddes of the weye Betwixen hevene, erthe, and see; That what so ever in al these three Is spoken, either privy or apert, The way therto ys so overt,	715
So that thou wolt be of good chere. For truste wel that thou shalt here, When we be come there I seye, Mo wonder thynges, dar I leye,		And stant eke in so juste a place That every soun mot to hyt pace, Or what so cometh from any tonge, Be hyt rouned, red, or songe,	720
And of Loves folk moo tydynges, Both sothe sawes and lesinges; And moo loves newe begonne, And longe yserved loves wonne, And moo loves casuelly	675	Or spoke in suerte or in drede, Certeyn, hyt moste thider nede. "Now herkene wel, for-why I wille Tellen the a propre skille And a worthy demonstracion	725
That ben betyd, no man wot why, But as a blynd man stert an hare; And more jolytee and fare, While that they fynde love of stel, As thinketh hem, and over-al wel;	680	In myn ymagynacion.  "Geffrey, thou wost ryght wel this, That every kyndely thyng that is Hath a kyndely stede ther he May best in hyt conserved be;	730
Mo discordes, moo jelousies, Mo murmures, and moo novelries, And moo dissymulacions, And feyned reparacions;	685	Unto which place every thyng, Thorgh his kyndely enclynyng, Moveth for to come to, Whan that hyt is awey therfro;	735
And moo berdys in two houres Withoute rasour or sisoures Ymad, then greynes be of sondes; And eke moo holdynge in hondes, And also moo renovelaunces	690	As thus: loo, thou maist alday se That any thing that hevy be, As stoon, or led, or thyng of wighte, And bere hyt never so hye on highte, Lat goo thyn hand, hit falleth doun.	740
Of olde forleten aqueyntaunces; Mo love-dayes and acordes Then on instrumentes be cordes; And eke of loves moo eschaunges	695	Ryght so seye I be fyr or soun, Or smoke, or other thynges lyghte; Alwey they seke upward on highte. While ech of hem is at his large,	745

Lyght thing upward, and dounward charge.		And that the thridde, and so forth, brother,	795
And for this cause mayst thou see		Every sercle causynge other	
That every ryver to the see		Wydder than hymselve was;	
Enclyned ys to goo by kynde,		And thus fro roundel to compas,	
And by these skilles, as I fynde,	750	Ech aboute other goynge	
Hath fyssh duellynge in flood and see,		Causeth of othres sterynge	800
And treës eke in erthe bee.		And multiplyinge ever moo,	
Thus every thing, by thys reson,		Til that hyt be so fer ygoo,	
Hath his propre mansyon,		That hyt at bothe brynkes bee.	
To which hit seketh to repaire,	755	Although thou mowe hyt not ysee	
Ther-as hit shulde not apaire.		Above, hyt gooth yet alway under,	805
Loo, this sentence ys knowen kouth		Although thou thenke hyt a gret wonder.	
Of every philosophres mouth,		And whoso seyth of trouthe I varye,	
As Aristotle and daun Platon,		Bid hym proven the contrarye.	
And other clerkys many oon;	760	And ryght thus every word, ywys,	
And to confirme my resoun,		That lowd or pryvee spoken ys,	810
Thou wost wel this, that spech is soun,		Moveth first an ayr aboute,	
Or elles no man myghte hyt here;		And of thys movynge, out of doute,	
Now herke what y wol the lere.		Another ayr anoon ys meved,	
"Soun ys noght but eyr ybroken,	765	As I have of the watir preved,	
And every speche that ys spoken,		That every cercle causeth other.	815
Lowd or pryvee, foul or fair,		Ryght so of ayr, my leve brother;	
In his substaunce ys but air;		Everych ayr another stereth	
For as flaumbe ys but lyghted smoke,		More and more, and speche up bereth,	
Ryght soo soun ys air ybroke.	770	Or voys, or noyse, or word, or soun,	
But this may be in many wyse,		Ay through multiplicacioun,	820
Of which I wil the twoo devyse,		Til hyt be atte Hous of Fame,	
As soun that cometh of pipe or harpe.		Take yt in ernest or in game.	
For whan a pipe is blowen sharpe,		"Now have I told, yf thou have mynde,	
The air ys twyst with violence	775	How speche or soun, of pure kynde,	
And rent; loo, thys ys my sentence;		Enclyned ys upward to meve;	825
Eke, whan men harpe-strynges smyte,		This, mayst thou fele, wel I preve.	
Whether hyt be moche or lyte,		And that same place, ywys,	
Loo, with the strok the ayr tobreketh;		That every thyng enclyned to ys,	
And ryght so breketh it when men speketh.	780	Hath his kyndelyche stede:	
Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche.		That sheweth hyt, withouten drede,	830
"Now hennesforth y wol the teche		That kyndely the mansioun	
How every speche, or noyse, or soun,		Of every speche, of every soun,	
Thurgh hys multiplicacioun,		Be hyt eyther foul or fair,	
Thogh hyt were piped of a mous,	785	Hath hys kynde place in ayr.	
Mot nede come to Fames Hous.		And syn that every thyng that is	835
I preve hyt thus take hede now		Out of hys kynde place, ywys,	
Be experience; for yf that thow		Moveth thidder for to goo,	
Throwe on water now a stoon,		Yif hyt aweye be therfroo,	
Wel wost thou, hyt wol make anoon	790	As I have before preved the,	
A litel roundell as a sercle,		Hyt seweth, every soun, parde,	840
Paraunter brod as a covercle;		Moveth kyndely to pace	
And ryght anoon thow shalt see wel,		Al up into his kyndely place.	
That whel wol cause another whel,		And this place of which I telle,	

Ther as Fame lyst to duelle,		Looke that thou warne me,	
Ys set amyddys of these three,	845	And y anoon shal telle the	
Heven, erthe, and eke the see,		How fer that thou art now therfro."	895
As most conservatyf the soun.		And y adoun gan loken thoo,	
Than ys this the conclusyoun,		And beheld feldes and playnes,	
That every speche of every man,		And now hilles, and now mountaynes,	
As y the telle first began,	850	Now valeyes, now forestes,	
Moveth up on high to pace		And now unnethes grete bestes;	900
Kyndely to Fames place.		Now ryveres, now citees,	
"Telle me this now feythfully,		Now tounes, and now grete trees,	
Have y not preved thus symply,		Now shippes seyllynge in the see.	
Withoute any subtilite	855	But thus sone in a while he	
Of speche, or gret prolixite		Was flowen fro the ground so hye	905
Of termes of philosophie,		That al the world, as to myn yë,	
Of figures of poetrie,		No more semed than a prikke;	
Or colours of rethorike?		Or elles was the air so thikke	
Pardee, hit oughte the to lyke!	860	That y ne myghte not discerne.	
For hard langage and hard matere		With that he spak to me as yerne,	910
Ys encombrous for to here		And seyde, "Seest thou any toun	
Attones; wost thou not wel this?"		Or ought thou knowest yonder doun?"	
And y answered and seyde, "Yis."		I sayde, "Nay." "No wonder nys,"	
"A ha!" quod he, "lo, so I can	865	Quod he, "for half so high as this	
Lewedly to a lewed man		Nas Alixandre Macedo;	915
Speke, and shewe hym swyche skiles		Ne the kyng, Daun Scipio,	
That he may shake hem be the biles,		That saw in drem, at poynt devys,	
So palpable they shulden be.		Helle and erthe and paradys;	
But telle me this, now praye y the,	870	Ne eke the wrechche Dedalus,	
How thinketh the my conclusyon?"		Ne his child, nyce Ykarus,	920
[Quod he]. "A good persuasion,"		That fleigh so highe that the hete	
Quod I, "hyt is; and lyk to be		Hys wynges malt, and he fel wete	
Ryght so as thou hast preved me."		In myd the see, and ther he dreynte,	
"Be God," quod he, "and as I leve,	875	For whom was maked moch compleynte.	
Thou shalt have yet, or hit be eve,		"Now turn upward," quod he, "thy face,	925
Of every word of thys sentence		And behold this large space,	
A preve by experience,		This eyr; but loke thou ne be	
And with thyne eres heren wel		Adrad of hem that thou shalt se;	
Top and tayl, and everydel,	880	For in this region, certeyn,	
That every word that spoken ys		Duelleth many a citezeyn,	930
Cometh into Fames Hous, ywys,		Of which that speketh Daun Plato.	
As I have seyd; what wilt thou more?"		These ben the eyryssh bestes, lo!"	
And with this word upper to sore		And so saw y all that meynee	
He gan, and seyde, "Be seynt Jame,	885	Boothe goon and also flee.	
Now wil we speken al of game!"		"Now," quod he thoo, "cast up thyn yë.	935
"How farest thou?" quod he to me.		Se yonder, loo, the Galaxie,	
"Wel," quod I. "Now see," quod he,		Which men clepeth the Milky Wey,	
"By thy trouthe, yond adoun,		For hit ys whit (and somme, parfey,	
Wher that thou knowest any toun,	890	Kallen hyt Watlynge Strete)	
Or hous, or any other thing.		That ones was ybrent with hete,	940
And when thou best of ought knowing		Whan the connec cone the rade	

That hights Photon, wolds lade		With that this egle gan to crye,	
That highte Pheton, wolde lede Algate hys fader carte, and gye.		"Lat be," quod he, "thy fantasye!	
The carte-hors gonne wel espye		Wilt thou lere of sterres aught?"	
That he koude no governaunce,	945	"Nay, certeynly," quod y, "ryght naught."	
And gonne for to lepe and launce,	943	"And why?" "For y am now to old."	995
And beren hym now up, now doun,		"Elles I wolde the have told,"	993
Til that he sey the Scorpioun,		Quod he, "the sterres names, lo,	
Which that in heven a sygne is yit.		And al the hevenes sygnes therto,	
And he, for ferde, loste hys wyt	950	And which they ben." "No fors," quod y.	
Of that, and let the reynes gon	950	"Yis, pardee!" quod he; "wostow why?	1000
Of his hors; and they anoon		For when thou redest poetrie,	1000
Gonne up to mounte and doun descende,		How goddes gonne stellifye	
Til bothe the eyr and erthe brende;		Bridd, fissh, best, or him or here,	
Til Jupiter, loo, atte laste,	955	As the Raven, or eyther Bere,	
Hym slow, and fro the carte caste.	955	Or Arionis harpe fyn,	1005
Loo, ys it not a gret myschaunce		Castor, Pollux, or Delphyn,	1005
To lete a fool han governaunce		Or Athalantes doughtres sevene,	
Of thing that he can not demeyne?"		How alle these arn set in hevene;	
And with this word, soth for to seyne,	960	For though thou have hem ofte on honde,	
He gan alway upper to sore,	900	Yet nostow not wher that they stonde."	1010
And gladded me ay more and more,		"No fors," quod y, "hyt is no nede.	1010
So feythfully to me spak he.		I leve as wel, so God me spede,	
Tho gan y loken under me		Hem that write of this matere,	
And beheld the ayerissh bestes,	965	As though I knew her places here;	
Cloudes, mystes, and tempestes,	903	And eke they shynen here so bryghte,	1015
Snowes, hayles, reynes, wyndes,		Hyt shulde shenden al my syghte,	1015
And th'engendrynge in hir kyndes,		To loke on hem." "That may wel be,"	
All the wey thrugh which I cam.		Quod he. And so forth bar he me	
"O God!" quod y, "that made Adam,	970	A while, and than he gan to crye,	
Moche ys thy myght and thy noblesse!"	970	That never herde I thing so hye,	1020
And thoo thoughte y upon Boece,		"Now up the hed, for al ys wel;	1020
That writ, "A thought may flee so hye,		Seynt Julyan, loo, bon hostel!	
Wyth fetheres of Philosophye,		Se here the Hous of Fame, lo!	
To passen everych element;	975	Maistow not heren that I do?"	
And whan he hath so fer ywent,	773	"What?" quod I. "The grete soun,"	1025
Than may be seen, behynde hys bak,		Quod he, "that rumbleth up and doun	1025
Cloude," and al that y of spak.		In Fames Hous, full of tydynges,	
Thoo gan y wexen in a were,		Bothe of feir speche and chidynges,	
And seyde, "Y wot wel y am here;	980	And of fals and soth compouned.	
But wher in body or in gost	700	Herke wel; hyt is not rouned.	1030
I not, ywys; but God, thou wost!"		Herestow not the grete swogh?"	1030
For more clere entendement		"Yis, parde!" quod y, "wel ynogh."	
Nas me never yit ysent.		"And what soun is it lyk?" quod hee.	
And than thoughte y on Marcian,	985	"Peter! lyk betynge of the see,"	
And eke on Anteclaudian,	703	Quod y, "ayen the roches holowe,	1035
That sooth was her descripsion		Whan tempest doth the shippes swalowe;	1000
Of alle the hevenes region,		And lat a man stonde, out of doute,	
As fer as that y sey the preve;		A myle thens, and here hyt route;	
Therfore y kan hem now beleve.	990	Or elles lyk the last humblynge	
Theriote , Ruit Helli How Deleve.	<i>,,,</i> 0	or energy the fact framing type	

After the clappe of a thundringe, And I of him tok leve anon, 1040 Whan Joves hath the air ybete. And gan forth to the paleys gon. But yt doth me for fere swete!" Explicit liber secundus. "Nay, dred the not therof," quod he; "Hyt is nothing will byten the; Thou shalt non harm have trewely." 1045 And with this word both he and y As nygh the place arryved were As men may casten with a spere. Y nyste how, but in a strete He sette me fair on my fete, 1050 And seyde, "Walke forth a pas, And tak thyn aventure or cas, That thou shalt fynde in Fames place." "Now," quod I, "while we han space To speke, or that I goo fro the, 1055 For the love of God, telle me --In sooth, that wil I of the lere --Yf thys noyse that I here Be, as I have herd the tellen, Of folk that down in erthe duellen, 1060 And cometh here in the same wyse As I the herde or this devyse; And that there lives body nys In al that hous that yonder ys, That maketh al this loude fare." 1065 "Noo," quod he, "by Seynte Clare, And also wis God rede me! But o thing y will warne the Of the whiche thou wolt have wonder. Loo, to the Hous of Fame vonder, 1070 Thou wost now how, cometh every speche; Hyt nedeth noght eft the to teche. But understond now ryght wel this, Whan any speche ycomen ys Up to the paleys, anon-ryght 1075 Hyt wexeth lyk the same wight Which that the word in erthe spak, Be hyt clothed red or blak; And hath so verray hys lyknesse That spak the word, that thou wilt gesse 1080 That it the same body be, Man or woman, he or she. And vs not this a wonder thyng?" "Yis," quod I tho, "by heven kyng!" And with this word, "Farewel," quod he, 1085 "And here I wol abyden the; And God of heven sende the grace Some good to lernen in this place."

1090

Book III		To bilden on a place hye.	
		He ought him lytel glorifye	
Incipit liber tercius.		That hereon bilt, God so me save!"	1135
Invocation.		Tho sawgh I al the half ygrave	
O God of science and of lyght,		With famous folkes names fele,	
Appollo, thurgh thy grete myght,		That had iben in mochel wele,	
This lytel laste bok thou gye!		And her fames wide yblowe.	
Nat that I wilne, for maistrye,		But wel unnethes koude I knowe	1140
Here art poetical be shewed;	1095	Any lettres for to rede	
But for the rym ys lyght and lewed,	1075	Hir names by; for, out of drede,	
Yit make hyt sumwhat agreable,		They were almost ofthowed so	
Though som vers fayle in a sillable;		That of the lettres oon or two	
And that I do no diligence		Was molte away of every name,	1145
To shewe craft, but o sentence.	1100	So unfamous was woxe hir fame.	
And yif, devyne vertu, thow		But men seyn, "What may ever laste?"	
Wilt helpe me to shewe now		Thoo gan I in myn herte caste	
That in myn hed ymarked ys		That they were molte awey with hete,	
Loo, that is for to menen this,		And not awey with stormes bete.	1150
The Hous of Fame for to descryve	1105	For on that other syde I say	
Thou shalt se me go as blyve		Of this hil, that northward lay,	
Unto the nexte laure y see,		How hit was writen ful of names	
And kysse yt, for hyt is thy tree.		Of olds true and out the research	115
Now entre in my brest anoon!		Of olde tyme, and yet they were As fressh as men had writen hem here	1155
·			
The Dream.		The selve day ryght, or that houre	
Whan I was fro thys egle goon,	1110	That I upon hem gan to poure. But wel I wiste what yt made;	
I gan beholde upon this place.		Hyt was conserved with the shade	1160
And certein, or I ferther pace,		Of a castel that stood on high	1100
I wol yow al the shap devyse		Al this writynge that I sigh	
Of hous and site, and al the wyse		And stood eke on so cold a place	
How I gan to thys place aproche	1115	That hete myghte hit not deface.	
That stood upon so hygh a roche,		Thoo gan I up the hil to goon,	1165
Hier stant ther non in Spayne.		And fond upon the cop a woon,	110.
But up I clomb with alle payne,		That al the men that ben on lyve	
And though to clymbe it greved me,		Ne han the kunnynge to descrive	
Yit I ententyf was to see,	1120	The beaute of that ylke place,	
And for to powren wonder lowe,		Ne coude casten no compace	1170
Yf I koude any weyes knowe		Swich another for to make,	
What maner stoon this roche was.		That myght of beaute ben hys make,	
For hyt was lyk alum de glas,		Ne so wonderlych ywrought;	
But that hyt shoon ful more clere;	1125	That hit astonyeth yit my thought,	
But of what congeled matere		And maketh al my wyt to swynke,	1175
Hyt was, I nyste redely.		On this castel to bethynke,	
But at the laste aspied I,		So that the grete craft, beaute,	
And found that hit was every del	1120	The cast, the curiosite	
A roche of yse, and not of stel.  Thoughte I "By soynt Thomas of Kentler"	1130	Ne kan I not to yow devyse;	
Thoughte I, "By seynt Thomas of Kent!  This were a feble fundament		My wit ne may me not suffise.	1180
THIS WELL A TENIE IMINATHETH		But natheles al the substance	

I have yit in my remembrance;		For that she wolde envien, loo!	
For whi me thoughte, be seynt Gyle!		To pipen bet than Appolloo.	
Al was of ston of beryle,		Ther saugh I famous, olde and yonge,	
Bothe the castel and the tour,	1185	Pipers of the Duche tonge,	
And eke the halle and every bour,		To lerne love-daunces, sprynges,	1235
Wythouten peces or joynynges.		Reyes, and these straunge thynges.	
But many subtil compassinges,		Tho saugh I in an other place	
Babewynnes and pynacles,		Stonden in a large space,	
Ymageries and tabernacles,	1190	Of hem that maken blody soun	
I say; and ful eke of wyndowes,		In trumpe, beme, and claryoun;	1240
As flakes falle in grete snowes.		For in fight and blod-shedynge	
And eke in ech of the pynacles		Ys used gladly clarionynge.	
Weren sondry habitacles,		Ther herde I trumpen Messenus,	
In which stoden, al withoute	1195	Of whom that speketh Virgilius.	
Ful the castel, al aboute		There herde I trumpe Joab also,	1245
Of alle maner of mynstralles,		Theodomas, and other mo;	
And gestiours, that tellen tales		And alle that used clarion	
Both of wepinge and of game,		In Cataloigne and Aragon,	
Of al that longeth unto Fame.	1200	That in her tyme famous were	
Ther herde I pleyen on an harpe		To lerne, saugh I trumpe there.	1250
That sowned bothe wel and sharpe,		There saugh I sitte in other seës,	
Orpheus ful craftely,		Pleyinge upon sondry gleës,	
And on his syde, faste by,		Whiche that I kan not nevene,	
Sat the harper Orion,	1205	Moo than sterres ben in hevene,	
And Eacides Chiron,		Of whiche I nyl as now not ryme,	1255
And other harpers many oon,		For ese of yow, and los of tyme.	
And the Bret Glascurion;		For tyme ylost, this knowen ye,	
And smale harpers with her gleës		Be no way may recovered be.	
Sate under hem in dyvers seës,	1210	Ther saugh I pleye jugelours,	
And gunne on hem upward to gape,		Magiciens, and tregetours,	1260
And countrefete hem as an ape,		And Phitonesses, charmeresses,	
Or as craft countrefeteth kynde.		Olde wicches, sorceresses,	
Tho saugh I stonden hem behynde,		That use exorsisacions,	
Afer fro hem, al be hemselve,	1215	And eke these fumygacions;	
Many thousand tymes twelve,		And clerkes eke, which konne wel	1265
That maden lowde mynstralcies		Al this magik naturel,	
In cornemuse and shalemyes,		That craftely doon her ententes	
And many other maner pipe,		To make, in certeyn ascendentes,	
That craftely begunne to pipe,	1220	Ymages, lo, thrugh which magik	
Bothe in doucet and in rede,		To make a man ben hool or syk.	1270
That ben at festes with the brede;		Ther saugh I the, quene Medea,	
And many flowte and liltyng horn,		And Circes eke, and Calipsa;	
And pipes made of grene corn,		Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus,	
As han thise lytel herde-gromes,	1225	Limote, and eke Symon Magus.	
That kepen bestis in the bromes.		There saugh I, and knew hem by name,	1275
Ther saugh I than Atiteris,		That by such art don men han fame.	
And of Athenes daun Pseustis,		Ther saugh I Colle tregetour	
And Marcia that loste her skyn,		Upon a table of sycamour	
Bothe in face, body, and chyn,	1230	Pleye an uncouth thyng to telle;	

Y saugh him carien a wynd-melle	1280	But noght nyl I, so mote y thryve,	
Under a walsh-note shale.		Ben aboute to dyscryve	1330
What shuld I make lenger tale		Alle these armes that ther weren,	
Of alle the pepil y ther say,		That they thus on her cotes beren,	
Fro hennes into domes day?		For hyt to me were impossible;	
Whan I had al this folk beholde,	1285	Men myghte make of hem a bible	
And fond me lous, and nought yholde,		Twenty foot thykke, as y trowe.	1335
And eft imused longe while		For certeyn, whoso koude iknowe	
Upon these walles of berile,		Myghte ther alle the armes seen	
That shoone ful lyghter than a glas		Of famous folk that han ybeen	
And made wel more than hit was	1290	In Auffrike, Europe, and Asye,	
To semen every thing, ywis,		Syth first began the chevalrie.	1340
As kynde thyng of Fames is,		Loo! how shulde I now telle al thys?	
I gan forth romen til I fond		Ne of the halle eke what nede is	
The castel-yate on my ryght hond,		To tellen yow that every wal	
Which that so wel corven was	1295	Of hit, and flor, and roof, and al	
That never such another nas;		Was plated half a foote thikke	1345
And yit it was be aventure		Of gold, and that nas nothyng wikke,	
Iwrought, as often as be cure.		But, for to prove in alle wyse,	
Hyt nedeth noght yow more to tellen,		As fyn as ducat in Venyse,	
To make yow to longe duellen,	1300	Of which to lite al in my pouche is?	
Of this yates florisshinges,		And they were set as thik of nouchis	1350
Ne of compasses, ne of kervynges,		Ful of the fynest stones faire,	
Ne how they hatte in masoneries,		That men rede in the Lapidaire,	
As corbetz, ful of ymageries.		As grasses growen in a mede.	
But, Lord! so fair yt was to shewe,	1305	But hit were al to longe to rede	
For hit was al with gold behewe.		The names; and therfore I pace.	1355
But in I wente, and that anoon.		But in this lusty and ryche place,	
Ther mette I cryinge many oon,		That Fames halle called was,	
"A larges, larges, hold up wel!		Ful moche prees of folk ther nas,	
God save the lady of thys pel,	1310	Ne crowdyng for to mochil prees.	
Our oune gentil lady Fame,		But al on hye, above a dees,	1360
And hem that wilnen to have name		Sitte in a see imperiall,	
Of us!" Thus herde y crien alle,		That mad was of a rubee all,	
And faste comen out of halle		Which that a carbuncle ys ycalled,	
And shoken nobles and sterlynges.	1315	Y saugh, perpetually ystalled,	
And somme corouned were as kynges,		A femynyne creature,	1365
With corounes wroght ful of losenges;		That never formed by Nature	
And many ryban and many frenges		Nas such another thing yseye.	
Were on her clothes trewely.		For alther-first, soth for to seye,	
Thoo atte last aspyed y	1320	Me thoughte that she was so lyte	
That pursevantes and heraudes,		That the lengthe of a cubite	1370
That crien ryche folkes laudes,		Was lengere than she semed be.	
Hyt weren alle; and every man		But thus sone, in a whyle, she	
Of hem, as y yow tellen can,		Hir tho so wonderliche streighte	
Had on him throwen a vesture	1325	That with hir fet she erthe reighte,	
Which that men clepe a cote-armure,		And with hir hed she touched hevene,	1375
Enbrowded wonderliche ryche,		Ther as shynen sterres sevene.	
Although they nere nought ylyche.		And therto eke, as to my wit,	

I saugh a gretter wonder yit,		Of which I wil yow telle fonde,	
Upon her eyen to beholde;		Upon the piler saugh I stonde.	
But certeyn y hem never tolde.	1380	Alderfirst, loo, ther I sigh	
For as feele eyen hadde she	1360	Upon a piler stonde on high,	1430
As fetheres upon foules be,		That was of led and yren fyn,	1430
Or weren on the bestes foure		Hym of secte saturnyn,	
		The Ebrayk Josephus, the olde,	
That Goddis trone gunne honoure,	1205		
As John writ in th'Apocalips. Hir heer, that oundy was and crips,	1385	That of Jewes gestes tolde;	1425
,		And he bar on hys shuldres hye	1435
As burned gold hyt shoon to see; And, soth to tellen, also she		The fame up of the Jewerye.	
		And by hym stoden other sevene,	
Had also fele upstondyng eres	1200	Wise and worthy for to nevene,	
And tonges, as on bestes heres;	1390	To helpen him bere up the charge,	1440
And on hir fet woxen saugh y		Hyt was so hevy and so large.	1440
Partriches wynges redely. But, Lord! the perry and the richesse		And for they writen of batayles,	
* ·		As well as other olde mervayles,	
I saugh sittyng on this godesse!	1205	Therfor was, loo, thys piler	
And, Lord! the hevenyssh melodye	1395	Of which that I yow telle her,	1.445
Of songes, ful of armonye,		Of led and yren bothe, ywys,	1445
I herde aboute her trone ysonge,		For yren Martes metal ys,	
That all the paleys-walles ronge!		Which that god is of bataylle;	
So song the myghty Muse, she	4.400	And the led, withouten faille,	
That cleped ys Caliope,	1400	Ys, loo, the metal of Saturne,	1.450
And hir eighte sustren eke,		That hath a ful large whel to turne.	1450
That in her face semen meke;		Thoo stoden forth, on every rowe,	
And ever mo, eternally,		Of hem which that I koude knowe,	
They songe of Fame, as thoo herd y:	4.40=	Though I hem noght be ordre telle,	
"Heryed be thou and thy name,	1405	To make yow to longe to duelle,	1.455
Goddesse of Renoun or of Fame!"		These of whiche I gynne rede.	1455
Tho was I war, loo, atte laste,		There saugh I stonden, out of drede,	
As I myne eyen gan up caste,		Upon an yren piler strong	
That thys ylke noble quene	4.440	That peynted was, al endelong,	
On her shuldres gan sustene	1410	With tigres blod in every place,	1.160
Bothe th'armes and the name		The Tholosan that highte Stace,	1460
Of thoo that hadde large fame:		That bar of Thebes up the fame	
Alexander and Hercules,		Upon his shuldres, and the name	
That with a sherte hys lyf les!		Also of cruel Achilles.	
Thus fond y syttynge this goddesse	1415	And by him stood, withouten les,	
In nobley, honour, and rychesse;		Ful wonder hy on a piler	1465
Of which I stynte a while now,		Of yren, he, the gret Omer;	
Other thing to tellen yow.		And with him Dares and Tytus	
Tho saugh I stonde on eyther syde,		Before, and eke he Lollius,	
Streight down to the dores wide,	1420	And Guydo eke de Columpnis,	1.50
Fro the dees, many a peler		And Englyssh Gaufride eke, ywis;	1470
Of metal that shoon not ful cler;		And ech of these, as have I joye,	
But though they nere of no rychesse,		Was besy for to bere up Troye.	
Yet they were mad for gret noblesse,		So hevy therof was the fame	
And in hem hy and gret sentence;	1425	That for to bere hyt was no game.	
And folk of digne reverence,		But yet I gan ful wel espie,	1475

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Betwex hem was a litil envye.		For al the world, hyt semed me.	1525
Oon seyde that Omer made lyes,		Tho gan I loke aboute and see	
Feynynge in hys poetries,		That ther come entryng into the halle	
And was to Grekes favorable;		A ryght gret companye withalle,	
Therfor held he hyt but fable.	1480	And that of sondry regiouns,	
Tho saugh I stonde on a piler,		Of alleskynnes condiciouns	1530
That was of tynned yren cler,		That dwelle in erthe under the mone,	
The Latyn poete, Virgile,		Pore and ryche. And also sone	
That bore hath up a longe while		As they were come in to the halle,	
The fame of Pius Eneas.	1485	They gonne doun on kneës falle	
And next hym on a piler was,		Before this ilke noble quene,	1535
Of coper, Venus clerk, Ovide,		And seyde, "Graunte us, lady shene,	
That hath ysowen wonder wide		Ech of us of thy grace a bone!"	
The grete god of Loves name.		And somme of hem she graunted sone,	
And ther he bar up wel hys fame	1490	And somme she werned wel and faire,	
Upon his piler, also hye		And some she graunted the contraire	1540
As I myghte see hyt with myn yë;		Of her axyng outterly.	
For-why this halle, of which I rede,		But thus I seye yow, trewely,	
Was woxen on highte, length, and brede,		What her cause was, y nyste.	
Wel more, be a thousand del,	1495	For of this folk ful wel y wiste,	
Than hyt was erst, that saugh I wel.		They hadde good fame ech deserved	1545
Thoo saugh I on a piler by,		Although they were dyversly served;	
Of yren wroght ful sternely,		Ryght as her suster, dame Fortune,	
The grete poete, daun Lucan,		Ys wont to serven in comune.	
And on hys shuldres bar up than,	1500	Now herke how she gan to paye	
As high as that y myghte see,		That gonne her of her grace praye;	1550
The fame of Julius and Pompe.		And yit, lo, al this companye	
And by him stoden alle these clerkes		Seyden sooth, and noght a lye.	
That writen of Romes myghty werkes,		"Madame," seyde they, "we be	
That yf y wolde her names telle,	1505	Folk that here besechen the	
Al to longe most I dwelle.		That thou graunte us now good fame,	1555
And next him on a piler stood		And let our werkes han that name;	
Of soulfre, lyk as he were wood,		In ful recompensacioun	
Daun Claudian, the sothe to telle,		Of good werkes, yive us good renoun."	
That bar up al the fame of helle,	1510	"I werne yow hit," quod she anon;	
Of Pluto, and of Proserpyne,		"Ye gete of me good fame non,	1560
That quene ys of the derke pyne.		Be God! and therfore goo your wey."	
What shulde y more telle of this?		"Allas!" quod they, "and welaway!	
The halle was al ful, ywys,		Telle us what may your cause be."	
Of hem that writen olde gestes,	1515	"For me lyst hyt noght," quod she;	
As ben on treës rokes nestes;	1010	"No wyght shal speke of yow, ywis,	1565
But hit a ful confus matere		Good ne harm, ne that ne this."	1000
Were alle the gestes for to here,		And with that word she gan to calle	
That they of write, or how they highte.		Her messager, that was in halle,	
But while that y beheld thys syghte,	1520	And bad that he shulde faste goon,	
I herde a noyse aprochen blyve,	1020	Upon peyne to be blynd anon,	1570
That ferde as been don in an hive		For Eolus the god of wynde,	13/0
Ayen her tyme of out-fleynge;		"In Trace, ther ye shal him fynde,	
		And bid him bringe his clarioun,	
Ryght such a maner murmurynge,		And bld lilli billige his ciarloull,	

That is ful dyvers of his soun, And hyt is cleped Clere Laude, With which he wont is to heraude Hem that me list ypreised be. And also bid him how that he Brynge his other clarioun,	1575	And thou, dan Eolus, let see, Tak forth thy trumpe anon," quod she, "That is ycleped Sklaundre lyght, And blow her loos, that every wight Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse, In stede of good and worthynesse.	1625
That highte Sklaundre in every toun, With which he wont is to diffame Hem that me liste, and do hem shame." This messager gan faste goon,	1580	For thou shalt trumpe alle the contrayre Of that they han don wel or fayre." "Allas!" thoughte I, "what aventures Han these sory creatures!	1630
And found where in a cave of ston, In a contree that highte Trace, This Eolus, with harde grace, Held the wyndes in distresse,	1585	For they, amonges al the pres, Shul thus be shamed gilteles. But what! hyt moste nedes be." What dide this Eolus, but he	1635
And gan hem under him to presse, That they gonne as beres rore, He bond and pressed hem so sore. This messager gan faste crie, "Rys up," quod he, "and faste hye,	1590	Tok out hys blake trumpe of bras, That fouler than the devel was, And gan this trumpe for to blowe, As al the world shulde overthrowe, That thrughout every region	1640
Til thou at my lady be; And tak thy clariouns eke with the, And sped the forth." And he anon Tok to a man, that highte Triton,	1595	Wente this foule trumpes soun, As swifte as pelet out of gonne, Whan fyr is in the poudre ronne. And such a smoke gan out wende	1645
Hys clarions to bere thoo, And let a certeyn wynd to goo, That blew so hydously and hye That hyt ne lefte not a skye	1600	Out of his foule trumpes ende, Blak, bloo, grenyssh, swartish red, As doth where that men melte led, Loo, al on high fro the tuel.	
In alle the welken long and brod. This Eolus nowhere abod Til he was come to Fames fet, And eke the man that Triton het;		And therto oo thing saugh I wel, That the ferther that hit ran, The gretter wexen hit began, As dooth the ryver from a welle,	1650
And ther he stod, as stille as stoon, And her-withal ther come anoon Another huge companye Of goode folk, and gunne crie,	1605	And hyt stank as the pit of helle.  Allas, thus was her shame yronge,  And gilteles, on every tonge!  Tho come the thridde companye,	1655
"Lady, graunte us now good fame, And lat oure werkes han that name Now in honour of gentilesse, And also God your soule blesse!	1610	And gunne up to the dees to hye, And doun on knes they fille anon, And seyde, "We ben everychon Folk that han ful trewely	1660
For we han wel deserved hyt, Therfore is ryght that we ben quyt." "As thryve I," quod she, "ye shal faylle! Good werkes shal yow noght availle To have of me good fame as now.	1615	Deserved fame ryghtfully, And praye yow, hit mote be knowe, Ryght as hit is, and forth yblowe." "I graunte," quod she, "for me list That now your goode werkes be wist,	1665
But wite ye what? Y graunte yow That ye shal have a shrewed fame, And wikkyd loos, and worse name, Though ye good loos have wel deserved.	1620	And yet ye shul han better loos, Right in dispit of alle your foos, Than worthy is, and that anoon. Lat now," quod she, "thy trumpe goon,	1670
Now goo your wey, for ye be served.		Thou Eolus, that is so blak;	

And out thyn other trumpe tak		That al the world may of hyt here."	
That highte Laude, and blow yt soo		And he gan blowe her loos so clere	
That thrugh the world her fame goo		In his golden clarioun	
Al esely, and not to faste,	1675	That thrugh the world wente the soun	
That hyt be knowen atte laste."		Also kenely and eke so softe;	1725
"Ful gladly, lady myn," he seyde;		But atte last hyt was on-lofte.	
And out hys trumpe of gold he brayde		Thoo come the sexte companye,	
Anon, and sette hyt to his mouth,		And gunne faste on Fame crie.	
And blew it est, and west, and south,	1680	Ryght verraily in this manere	
And north, as lowde as any thunder,		They seyden: "Mercy, lady dere!	1730
That every wight hath of hit wonder,		To tellen certeyn as hyt is,	
So brode hyt ran, or than hit stente.		We han don neither that ne this,	
And, certes, al the breth that wente		But ydel al oure lyf ybe.	
Out of his trumpes mouth it smelde	1685	But, natheles, yet preye we	
As men a pot of bawme helde		That we mowe han as good a fame,	1735
Among a basket ful of roses.		And gret renoun and knowen name,	
This favour dide he til her loses.		As they that han doon noble gestes,	
And ryght with this y gan aspye,		And acheved alle her lestes,	
Ther come the ferthe companye	1690	As wel of love as other thyng.	
But certeyn they were wonder fewe		Al was us never broche ne ryng,	1740
And gunne stonden in a rewe,		Ne elles noght, from wymmen sent,	
And seyden, "Certes, lady bryght,		Ne ones in her herte yment	
We han don wel with al our myght,		To make us oonly frendly chere,	
But we ne kepen have no fame.	1695	But myghten temen us upon bere;	
Hyde our werkes and our name,		Yet lat us to the peple seme	1745
For Goddys love; for certes we		Suche as the world may of us deme	
Han certeyn doon hyt for bounte,		That wommen loven us for wod.	
And for no maner other thing."		Hyt shal doon us as moche good,	
"I graunte yow alle your askyng,"	1700	And to oure herte as moche avaylle	
Quod she; "let your werkes be ded."		To countrepese ese and travaylle,	1750
With that aboute y clew myn hed,		As we had wonne hyt with labour;	
And saugh anoon the fifte route		For that is dere boght honour	
That to this lady gunne loute,		At regard of oure grete ese.	
And doun on knes anoon to falle;	1705	And yet thou most us more plese:	
And to hir thoo besoughten alle		Let us be holden eke therto	1755
To hide her goode werkes ek,		Worthy, wise, and goode also,	
And seyden they yeven noght a lek		And riche, and happy unto love.	
For fame ne for such renoun;		For Goddes love, that sit above,	
For they for contemplacioun	1710	Thogh we may not the body have	
And Goddes love hadde ywrought,		Of wymmen, yet, so God yow save,	1760
Ne of fame wolde they nought.		Leet men gliwe on us the name!	
"What?" quod she, "and be ye wood?		Sufficeth that we han the fame."	
And wene ye for to doo good,		"I graunte," quod she, "be my trouthe!	
And for to have of that no fame?	1715	Now, Eolus, withouten slouthe,	
Have ye dispit to have my name?		Tak out thy trumpe of gold, let se	1765
Nay, ye shul lyven everychon!		And blow as they han axed me,	
Blow thy trumpes, and that anon,"		That every man wene hem at ese,	
Quod she, "thou Eolus, y hote,		Though they goon in ful badde lese."	
And ryng this folkes werk be note,	1720	This Eolus gan hit so blowe	

That thrugh the world hyt was yknowe.	1770	"Nay, wis," quod she, "hyt were a vice.	1000
Thoo come the seventh route anoon,		Al be ther in me no justice,	1820
And fel on knees everychoon,		Me lyste not to doo hyt now,	
And seyde, "Lady, graunte us sone		Ne this nyl I not graunte yow."	
The same thing, the same bone,		Tho come ther lepynge in a route,	
That [ye] this nexte folk han doon."	1775	And gunne choppen al aboute	
"Fy on yow," quod she, "everychon!		Every man upon the crowne,	1825
Ye masty swyn, ye ydel wrechches,		That al the halle gan to sowne,	
Ful of roten, slowe techches!		And seyden: "Lady, leef and dere,	
What? false theves! wher ye wolde		We ben suche folk as ye mowe here.	
Be famous good, and nothing nolde	1780	To tellen al the tale aryght,	
Deserve why, ne never ye roughte?		We ben shrewes, every wyght,	1830
Men rather yow to hangen oughte!		And han delyt in wikkednesse,	
For ye be lyke the sweynte cat		As goode folk han in godnesse;	
That wolde have fissh; but wostow what?		And joye to be knowen shrewes,	
He wolde nothing wete his clowes.	1785	And ful of vice and wikked thewes;	
Yvel thrift come to your jowes,		Wherefore we praye yow, a-rowe,	1835
And eke to myn, if I hit graunte,		That oure fame such be knowe	
Or do yow favour, yow to avaunte!		In alle thing ryght as hit ys."	
Thou Eolus, thou kyng of Trace,		"Y graunte hyt yow," quod she, "ywis.	
Goo blowe this folk a sory grace,"	1790	But what art thow that seyst this tale,	
Quod she, "anon; and wostow how?		That werest on thy hose a pale,	1840
As I shal telle thee ryght now.		And on thy tipet such a belle?"	
Sey: 'These ben they that wolde honour		"Madame," quod he, "soth to telle,	
Have, and do noskynnes labour,		I am that ylke shrewe, ywis,	
Ne doo no good, and yet han lawde;	1795	That brende the temple of Ysidis	
And that men wende that bele Isawde		In Athenes, loo, that citee."	1845
Ne coude hem noght of love werne,		"And wherfor didest thou so?" quod she.	
And yet she that grynt at a querne		"By my thrift," quod he, "madame,	
Ys al to good to ese her herte.'"		I wolde fayn han had a fame,	
This Eolus anon up sterte,	1800	As other folk hadde in the toun,	
And with his blake clarioun		Although they were of gret renoun	1850
He gan to blasen out a soun		For her vertu and for her thewes.	
As lowde as beloweth wynd in helle;		Thoughte y, as gret a fame han shrewes,	
And eke therwith, soth to telle,		Though hit be for shrewednesse,	
This soun was so ful of japes,	1805	As goode folk han for godnesse;	
As ever mowes were in apes.	1005	And sith y may not have that oon,	1855
And that wente al the world aboute,		That other nyl y noght forgoon.	1000
That every wight gan on hem shoute,		And for to gette of Fames hire,	
And for to lawghe as they were wod,		The temple sette y al afire.	
Such game fonde they in her hod.	1810	Now do our loos be blowen swithe,	
Tho come another companye,	1010	As wisly be thou ever blythe!"	1860
That had ydoon the trayterye,		"Gladly," quod she; "thow Eolus,	1000
The harm, the grettest wikkednesse		Herestow not what they prayen us?"	
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That any herte kouthe gesse;	1015	"Madame, yis, ful wel," quod he,	
And prayed her to han good fame,	1815	And I wil trumpen it, parde!"	1065
And that she nolde doon hem no shame,		And tok his blake trumpe faste,	1865
But yeve hem loos and good renoun,		And gan to puffen and to blaste,	
And do hyt blowe in a clarioun.		Til hyt was at the worldes ende.	

With that y gan aboute wende, For oon that stood ryght at my bak,		Out of the castel, soth to seye. Tho saugh y stonde in a valeye,	
Me thoughte, goodly to me spak,	1870	Under the castel, faste by,	1000
And seyde, "Frend, what is thy name? Artow come hider to han fame?"		An hous, that Domus Dedaly,	1920
		That Laboryntus cleped ys,	
"Nay, for sothe, frend," quod y;		Nas mad so wonderlych, ywis,	
"I cam noght hyder, graunt mercy, For no such cause, by my hed!	1875	Ne half so queyntelych ywrought. And ever mo, as swyft as thought,	
Sufficeth me, as I were ded,	18/5	This queynte hous aboute wente,	1925
That no wight have my name in honde.		That never mo hyt stille stente.	1923
I wot myself best how y stonde;		And therout com so gret a noyse	
For what I drye, or what I thynke,		That, had hyt stonden upon Oyse,	
I wil myselven al hyt drynke,	1880	Men myghte hyt han herd esely	
Certeyn, for the more part,	1000	To Rome, y trowe sikerly.	1930
As fer forth as I kan myn art."		And the noyse which that I herde,	1750
"But what doost thou here than?" quod he.		For al the world, ryght so hyt ferde,	
Quod y, "That wyl y tellen the,		As dooth the rowtynge of the ston	
The cause why y stonde here:	1885	That from th'engyn ys leten gon.	
Somme newe tydynges for to lere,		And al thys hous of which y rede	1935
Somme newe thinges, y not what,		Was mad of twigges, falwe, rede,	
Tydynges, other this or that,		And grene eke, and somme weren white,	
Of love, or suche thynges glade.		Swiche as men to these cages thwite,	
For certeynly, he that me made	1890	Or maken of these panyers,	
To comen hyder, seyde me,		Or elles hottes or dossers;	1940
Y shulde bothe here and se,		That, for the swough and for the twygges,	
In this place, wonder thynges;		This hous was also ful of gygges,	
But these be no suche tydynges		And also ful eke of chirkynges,	
As I mene of." "Noo?" quod he.	1895	And of many other werkynges;	
And I answered, "Noo, parde!		And eke this hous hath of entrees	1945
For wel y wiste ever yit,		As fele as of leves ben in trees	
Sith that first y hadde wit,		In somer, whan they grene been;	
That somme folk han desired fame		And on the roof men may yet seen	
Diversly, and loos, and name.	1900	A thousand holes, and wel moo,	
But certeynly, y nyste how		To leten wel the soun out goo.	1950
Ne where that Fame duelled, er now,		And be day, in every tyde,	
And eke of her descripcioun,		Been al the dores opened wide,	
Ne also her condicioun,		And by nyght, echon, unshette;	
Ne the ordre of her dom,	1905	Ne porter ther is noon to lette	
Unto the tyme y hidder com."		No maner tydynges in to pace.	1955
"Whych than be, loo, these tydynges,		Ne never rest is in that place	
That thou now [thus] hider brynges,		That hit nys fild ful of tydynges,	
That thou hast herd?" quod he to me;		Other loude, or of whisprynges;	
"But now no fors, for wel y se	1910	And over alle the houses angles	
What thou desirest for to here.		Ys ful of rounynges and of jangles	1960
Com forth and stond no lenger here,		of werres, of pes, of mariages,	
And y wil thee, withouten drede,		Of reste, of labour, of viages,	
In such another place lede,	40	Of abood, of deeth, of lyf,	
Ther thou shalt here many oon."	1915	Of love, of hate, acord, of stryf,	40.5
Tho gan I forth with hym to goon		Of loos, of lore, and of wynnynges,	1965

Of hele, of seknesse, of bildynges, Of faire wyndes, and of tempestes, Of qwalm of folk, and eke of bestes; Of dyvers transmutacions Of estats, and eke of regions; Of trust, of drede, of jelousye,	1970	Disesperat of alle blys, Syth that Fortune hath mad amys The [fruit] of al thyn hertys reste Languisshe and eke in poynt to breste That he, thrugh hys myghty merite, Wol do the an ese, al be hyt lyte,	2015
Of wit, of wynnynge, of folye; Of plente, and of gret famyne, Of chepe, of derthe, and of ruyne;		And yaf expres commaundement, To which I am obedient, To further the with al my myght,	
Of good or mys governement, Of fyr, and of dyvers accident. And loo, thys hous, of which I write, Syker be ye, hit nas not lyte,	1975	And wisse and teche the aryght Where thou maist most tidynges here, Shaltow here anoon many oon lere." With this word he ryght anoon	2025
For hyt was sixty myle of lengthe. Al was the tymber of no strengthe, Yet hit is founded to endure While that hit lyst to Aventure,	1980	Hente me up bytweene hys toon, And at a wyndowe yn me broghte, That in this hous was, as me thoghte And therwithalle, me thoughte hit stente,	2030
That is the moder of tydynges, As the see of welles and of sprynges; And hyt was shapen lyk a cage. "Certys," quod y, "in al myn age, Ne saugh y such an hous as this."	1985	And nothing hyt aboute wente And me sette in the flor adoun. But which a congregacioun Of folk, as I saugh rome aboute, Some wythin and some wythoute,	2035
And as y wondred me, ywys, Upon this hous, tho war was y How that myn egle, faste by, Was perched hye upon a stoon;	1990	Nas never seen, ne shal ben eft; That, certys, in the world nys left So many formed be Nature, Ne ded so many a creature;	2040
And I gan streghte to hym gon, And seyde thus: "Y preye the That thou a while abide me, For Goddis love, and lete me seen	1995	That wel unnethe in that place Hadde y a fote-brede of space. And every wight that I saugh there Rouned everych in others ere	
What wondres in this place been; For yit, paraunter, y may lere Som good thereon, or sumwhat here That leef me were, or that y wente."	2330	A newe tydynge prively, Or elles tolde al openly Ryght thus, and seyde: "Nost not thou That ys betyd, lo, late or now?"	2045
"Petre! that is myn entente,"  Quod he to me; "therfore y duelle.  But certeyn, oon thyng I the telle,  That but I bringe the therinne,	2000	"No," quod he, "telle me what." And than he tolde hym this and that, And swor therto that hit was soth "Thus hath he sayd," and "Thus he doth,"	2050
Ne shalt thou never kunne gynne To come into hyt, out of doute, So faste hit whirleth, lo, aboute. But sith that Joves, of his grace, As I have seyd, wol the solace	2005	"Thus shal hit be," "Thus herde y seye," "That shal be founde," "That dar I leye" That al the folk that ys alyve Ne han the kunnynge to discryve The thinges that I herde there,	2055
Fynally with these thinges, Unkouthe syghtes and tydynges, To passe with thyn hevynesse, Such routhe hath he of thy distresse, That thou suffrest debonairly	2010	What aloude, and what in ere. But al the wondermost was this: Whan oon had herd a thing, ywis, He com forth ryght to another wight, And gan him tellen anon-ryght	2060
And wost thyselven outtirly		The same that to him was told,	

Or hyt a forlong way was old, But gan somwhat for to eche To this tydynge in this speche	2065	After hir disposicioun, And yaf hem eke duracioun, Somme to wexe and wane sone,	2115
More than hit ever was.		As doth the faire white mone,	
And nat so sone departed nas		And let hem goon. Ther myghte y seen	
Tho fro him, that he ne mette		Wynged wondres faste fleen,	
With the thridde; and or he lette	2070	Twenty thousand in a route,	
Any stounde, he told him als;		As Eolus hem blew aboute.	2120
Were the tydynge soth or fals,		And, Lord, this hous in alle tymes,	
Yit wolde he telle hyt natheles,		Was ful of shipmen and pilgrimes,	
And evermo with more encres		With scrippes bret-ful of lesinges,	
Than yt was erst. Thus north and south	2075	Entremedled with tydynges,	
Wente every tydyng fro mouth to mouth,		And eek allone be hemselve.	2125
And that encresing ever moo,		O, many a thousand tymes twelve	
As fyr ys wont to quyke and goo		Saugh I eke of these pardoners,	
From a sparke spronge amys,		Currours, and eke messagers,	
Til al a citee brent up ys.	2080	With boystes crammed ful of lyes	
And whan that was ful yspronge,		As ever vessel was with lyes.	2130
And woxen more on every tonge		And as I alther-fastest wente	
Than ever hit was, [hit] wente anoon		About, and dide al myn entente	
Up to a wyndowe out to goon;		Me for to pleyen and for to lere,	
Or, but hit myghte out there pace,	2085	And eke a tydynge for to here,	
Hyt gan out crepe at som crevace,		That I had herd of som contre	2135
And flygh forth faste for the nones.		That shal not now be told for me	
And somtyme saugh I thoo at ones		For hit no nede is, redely;	
A lesyng and a sad soth sawe,		Folk kan synge hit bet than I;	
That gonne of aventure drawe	2090	For al mot out, other late or rathe,	
Out at a wyndowe for to pace;		Alle the sheves in the lathe	2140
And, when they metten in that place,		I herde a gret noyse withalle	
They were achekked bothe two,		In a corner of the halle,	
And neyther of hem moste out goo		Ther men of love-tydynges tolde,	
For other, so they gonne crowde,	2095	And I gan thiderward beholde;	
Til ech of hem gan crien lowde,		For I saugh rennynge every wight,	2145
"Lat me go first!" "Nay, but let me!		As faste as that they hadden myght;	
And here I wol ensuren the		And everych cried, "What thing is that?"	
Wyth the nones that thou wolt do so,	2100	And somme sayde, "I not never what."	
That I shal never fro the go,	2100	And whan they were alle on an hepe,	
But be thyn owne sworen brother!		Tho behynde begunne up lepe,	2150
We wil medle us ech with other,		And clamben up on other faste,	
That no man, be they never so wrothe,		And up the nose and yen kaste,	
Shal han on [of us] two, but bothe	2105	And troden fast on others heles,	
At ones, al besyde his leve,	2105	And stampen, as men doon aftir eles.	2155
Come we a-morwe or on eve,		Atte laste y saugh a man,	2155
Be we cried or stille yrouned."  Thus sough I fals and soth compouned		Which that y [nevene] nat ne kan; But he semed for to be	
Thus saugh I fals and soth compouned Togeder fle for oo tydynge.		A man of gret auctorite	
Thus out at holes gunne wringe	2110	11 man of gree auctorite	
Every tydynge streght to Fame,	4110	[Unfinished.]	
And she gan yeven ech hys name,			
This site gair yeven cent mys manne,			