

The House Of Fame

by Geoffrey Chaucer

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Book I

Proem.

God turne us every drem to goode!	That purely her impressions	
For hyt is wonder, be the roode,	Causen hem to have visions;	40
To my wyt, what causeth swevenes	Or yf that spirites have the myght	
Eyther on morwes or on evenes;	To make folk to dreme a-nyght;	
And why th'effect folweth of somme,	Or yf the soule, of propre kynde,	5
And of somme hit shal never come;	Be so parfit, as men fynde,	
Why that is an avisioun	That yt forwot that ys to come,	45
And this a revelacioun,	And that hyt warneth alle and some	
Why this a drem, why that a sweven,	Of everych of her adventures	
And noght to every man lyche even;	Be avisions, or be figures,	10
why this a fantome, why these oracles,	But that oure flessch ne hath no myght	
I not; but whoso of these miracles	To understonde hyt aryght,	50
The causes knoweth bet then I,	For hyt is warned to derkly; --	
Devyne he; for I certainly	But why the cause is, noght wot I.	
Ne kan hem noght, ne never thinke	Wel worthe, of this thyng, grete clerkys,	15
To besily my wyt to swinke,	That trete of this and other werkes;	
To knowe of hir signifaunce	For I of noon opinion	55
The gendres, neyther the distaunce	Nyl as now make mensyon,	
Of tymes of hem, ne the causes,	But oonly that the holy roode	
Or why this more then that cause is;	Turne us every drem to goode!	20
As yf folkys complexions	For never, sith that I was born,	
Make hem dreme of reflexions;	Ne no man elles me beforne,	60
Or ellys thus, as other sayn,	Mette, I trowe stedfastly,	
For to gret feblenesse of her brayn,	So wonderful a drem as I	
By abstinence, or by seknesse,	The tenthe day now of Decembre,	25
Prison, stewe, or gret distresse,	The which, as I kan now remembre,	
Or ellys by dysordynaunce	I wol yow tellen everydel.	65
Of naturel acustumaunce,		
That som man is to curious	The Invocation.	
In studye, or melancolyous,	But at my gynnynge, trusteth wel,	30
Or thus, so inly ful of drede,	I wol make invocacion,	
That no man may hym bote bede;	With special devocion,	
Or elles that devocion	Unto the god of slep anoon,	
Of somme, and contemplacion	That duelleth in a cave of stoon	70
Causeth suche dremes ofte;	Upon a strem that cometh fro Lete,	35
Or that the cruel lyf unsofte	That is a flood of helle unswete,	
Which these ilke lovers leden	Besyde a folk men clepeth Cymerie, --	
That hopen over-muche or dreden,	There slepeth ay this god unmerie	

With his slepy thousand sones,
 That alwey for to slepe hir wone is.
 And to this god, that I of rede,
 Prey I that he wol me spede
 My sweven for to telle aryght,
 Yf every drem stonde in his myght.
 And he that mover ys of al
 That is and was and ever shal,
 So yive hem joye that hyt here
 Of alle that they dreme to-yere,
 And for to stonden alle in grace
 Of her loves, or in what place
 That hem were levest for to stonde,
 And shelde hem fro poverte and shonde,
 And from unhap and ech disese,
 And sende hem al that may hem plese,
 That take hit wel and skorne hyt noght,
 Ne hyt mysdemen in her thoght
 Thorgh malicious entencion.
 And whoso thorgh presumpcion,
 Or hate, or skorn, or thorgh envye,
 Dispit, or jape, or vilanye,
 Mysdeme hyt, pray I Jesus God
 That (dreme he barefot, dreme he shod),
 That every harm that any man
 Hath had, syth the world began,
 Befalle hym therof, or he sterve,
 And graunte he mote hit ful deserve,
 Lo, with such a conclusion
 As had of his avision
 Cresus, that was kyng of Lyde,
 That high upon a gebet dyde!
 This prayer shal he have of me;
 I am no bet in charyte!
 Now herkeneth, as I have yow seyde,
 What that I mette, or I abreyde.

Story.
 Of Decembre the tenthe day,
 Whan hit was nyght, to slepe I lay
 Ryght ther as I was wont to done,
 And fil on slepe wonder sone,
 As he that wery was forgo
 On pilgrymage myles two
 To the corseynt Leonard,
 To make lythe of that was hard.
 But as I slepte, me mette I was
 Withyn a temple ymad of glas;
 In which ther were moo ymages

75 Of gold, stondynge in sondry stages,
 And moo ryche tabernacles,
 And with perre moo pynacles,
 And moo curiouse portreytures, 125
 And queynte maner of figures
 80 Of olde werk, then I saugh ever.
 For certeynly, I nyste never
 Wher that I was, but wel wyste I,
 Hyt was of Venus redely, 130
 The temple; for in portreyture,
 85 I sawgh anoon-ryght hir figure
 Naked fletynge in a see.
 And also on hir hed, pardee,
 Hir rose garlond whit and red, 135
 And hir comb to kembe hyr hed,
 90 Hir dowves, and daun Cupido,
 Hir blynde sone, and Vulcano,
 That in his face was ful broun.
 But as I romed up and down, 140
 I fond that on a wall ther was
 95 Thus writen on a table of bras:
 "I wol now singen, yif I kan,
 The armes, and also the man
 That first cam, thurgh his destinee, 145
 Fugityf of Troy contree,
 100 In Itayle, with ful moche pyne
 Unto the strondes of Lavyne."
 And tho began the story anoon,
 As I shal telle yow echon. 150
 First sawgh I the destruction
 105 Of Troye, thurgh the Grek Synon,
 [That] with his false forswerynge,
 And his chere and his lesynge,
 Made the hors broght into Troye, 155
 Thorgh which Troyens loste al her joye.
 110 And aftir this was grave, allas!
 How Ilyon assayled was
 And wonne, and kyng Priam yslayn
 And Polytes, his sone, certayn, 160
 Dispitously, of daun Pirrus.
 And next that sawgh I how Venus,
 Whan that she sawgh the castel brende,
 115 Doun fro the heven gan descende,
 And bad hir sone Eneas flee; 165
 And how he fledde, and how that he
 Escaped was from al the pres,
 And took his fader, Anchises,
 120 And bar hym on hys bak away,
 Cryynge, "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,
 How Creusa, daun Eneas wif, 175
 Which that he lovede as hys lyf,
 And hir yonge sone Iulo,
 And eke Askanius also,
 Fledden eke with drery chere,
 That hyt was pitee for to here; 180
 And in a forest, as they wente,
 At a turnynge of a wente,
 How Creusa was ylost, allas!
 That ded, not I how, she was;
 How he hir soughte, and how hir gost 185
 Bad hym to flee the Grekes host,
 And seyde he moste unto Itayle,
 As was hys destinee, sauns faille;
 That hyt was pitee for to here,
 When hir spirit gan appere, 190
 The wordes that she to hym seyde,
 And for to kepe hir sone hym preyde.
 Ther sawgh I graven eke how he,
 Hys fader eke, and his meynee,
 With hys shippes gan to saylle 195
 Towards the contree of Itaylle
 As streight as that they myghte goo.
 Ther saugh I thee, cruel Juno,
 That art daun Jupiteres wif,
 That hast yhated, al thy lyf, 200
 Al the Troianysshe blood,
 Renne and crye, as thou were wood,
 On Eolus, the god of wyndes,
 To blowen oute, of alle kyndes,
 So lowde that he shulde drenche 205
 Lord and lady, grom and wenche,
 Of al the Troian nacion,
 Withoute any savacion.
 Ther saugh I such tempeste aryse,
 That every herte myght agryse, 210
 To see hyt peynted on the wal.
 Ther saugh I graven eke withal,
 Venus, how ye, my lady dere,
 Wepyng with ful woful chere,
 Prayen Jupiter on hye 215
 To save and kepe that navye
 Of the Troian Eneas,
 Syth that he hir sone was.
 Ther saugh I Joves Venus kysse,
 And graunted of the tempest lysse. 220
 Ther saugh I how the tempest stente,
 And how with alle pyne he wente,
 And prively tok arryvage
 In the contree of Cartage;
 And on the morwe, how that he 225
 And a knyght, highte Achate,
 Mette with Venus that day,
 Goyng in a queynt array,
 As she had ben an hunteresse,
 With wynd blowynge upon hir tresse; 230
 How Eneas gan hym to pleyne,
 When that he knew hir, of his peyne;
 And how his shippes dreynte were,
 Or elles lost, he nyste where;
 How she gan hym comferte thoo, 235
 And bad hym to Cartage goo,
 And ther he shulde his folk fynde,
 That in the see were left behynde.
 And, shortly of this thyng to pace,
 She made Eneas so in grace 240
 Of Dido, quene of that contree,
 That, shortly for to tellen, she
 Becam hys love, and let him doo
 Al that weddyng longeth too. 245
 What shulde I speke more queynte,
 Or peyne me my wordes peynte
 To speke of love? Hyt wol not be;
 I kan not of that faculte.
 And eke to telle the manere 250
 How they aqueeynteden in fere,
 Hyt were a long proces to telle,
 And over-long for yow to dwelle.
 Ther sawgh I grave how Eneas
 Tolde Dido every caas 255
 That hym was tyd upon the see.
 And after grave was, how shee
 Made of hym shortly at oo word
 Hyr lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord,
 And dide hym al the reverence,
 And leyde on hym al the dispence, 260
 That any woman myghte do,
 Wenyng hyt had al be so
 As he hir swor; and herby demed
 That he was good, for he such semed. 265
 Allas! what harm doth apparence,
 Whan hit is fals in existence!
 For he to hir a traytour was;
 Wherfore she slow hirself, allas!

Loo, how a woman doth amys
To love him that unknowen ys!
For, be Cryste, lo, thus yt fareth:
"Hyt is not al gold that glareth."
For also browke I wel myn hed,
Ther may be under godlyhed
Kevered many a shrewed vice.
Therefore be no wyght so nyce,
To take a love oonly for chere,
Or speche, or for frendly manere,
For this shal every woman fynde,
That som man, of his pure kynde,
Wol shewen outward the fayreste,
Tyl he have caught that what him leste;
And thanne wol he causes fynde,
And swere how that she ys unkynde,
Or fals, or privy, or double was.
Al this seye I be Eneas
And Dido, and hir nyce lest,
That loved al to sone a gest;
Therefore I wol seye a proverbe,
That "he that fully knoweth th'erbe
May sauflly leye hyt to his yē";
Withoute drede, this ys no lye.
But let us speke of Eneas,
How he betrayed hir, allas!
And lefte hir ful unkyndely.
So when she saw al utterly,
That he wolde hir of trouthe fayle,
And wende fro hir to Itayle,
She gan to wringe hir hondes two.
"Allas!" quod she, "what me ys woo!
Allas! is every man thus trewe,
That every yer wolde have a newe,
Yf hit so longe tyme dure,
Or elles three, peraventure?
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame
In magnyfyinge of hys name;
Another for frendshippe, seyth he;
And yet ther shal the thridde be
That shal be take for delyt,
Loo, or for synguler profit."
In suche wordes gan to pleyne
Dydo of hir grete payne,
As me mette redely;
Non other auctour alegge I.
"Allas!" quod she, "my swete herte,
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,
And slee mee not! goo noght away!

O woful Dido, wel-away!"
270 Quod she to hirselve thoo.
"O Eneas, what wol ye doo? 320
O that your love, ne your bond
That ye have sworn with your ryght hond,
Ne my crewel deth," quod she,
275 "May holde yow stille here with me!
O haveth of my deth pitee! 325
Iwys, my dere herte, ye
Knowen ful wel that never yit,
As ferforth as I hadde wyt,
280 Agylte [I] yow in thoght ne dede.
O, have ye men such godlyhede 330
In speche, and never a del of trouthe?
Allas, that ever hadde routhe
Any woman on any man!
285 Now see I wel, and telle kan,
We wrechched wymmen konne noon art; 335
For certeyn, for the more part,
Thus we be served everychone.
How sore that ye men konne groone,
290 Anoon as we have yow receyved,
Certaynly we ben deceyvyd! 340
For, though your love laste a seson,
Wayte upon the conclusyon,
And eke how that ye determynen,
295 And for the more part diffynen.
"O, wel-away that I was born! 345
For thorgh yow is my name lorn,
And alle myn actes red and songe
Over al thys lond, on every tonge.
300 O wikke Fame! for ther nys
Nothing so swift, lo, as she is! 350
O, soth ys, every thing ys wylt,
Though hit be kevered with the myst.
Eke, though I myghte duren ever,
305 That I have don, rekever I never,
That I ne shal be seyde, allas, 355
Yshamed be thourgh Eneas,
And that I shal thus juged be, --
'Loo, ryght as she hath don, now she
310 Wol doo eft-sones, hardely;'
Thus seyth the peple prively." 360
But that is don, is not to done;
Al hir compleynt ne al hir moone,
Certeyn, avayleth hir not a stre.
315 And when she wiste sothly he
Was forth unto his shippes goon, 365
She into hir chambre wente anoon,

And called on hir suster Anne,
 And gan hir to compleyne thanne;
 And seyde, that she cause was
 That she first loved him, allas! 370
 And thus counseyllid hir thertoo.
 But what! when this was seyde and doo,
 She rof hirselve to the herte,
 And deyde thorgh the wounde smerte.
 And al the maner how she deyde, 375
 And alle the wordes that she seyde,
 Whoso to knowe hit hath purpos,
 Rede Virgile in Eneydos
 Or the Epistle of Ovyde,
 What that she wrot or that she dyde; 380
 And nere hyt to long to endyte,
 Be God, I wolde hyt here write.
 But wel-away! the harm, the routhe,
 That hath betyd for such untrouthe,
 As men may ofte in bokes rede, 385
 And al day sen hyt yet in dede,
 That for to thynken hyt, a tene is.
 Loo, Demophon, duk of Athenys,
 How he forswor hym ful falsly,
 And traysted Phillis wikkidly, 390
 That kynges doghtre was of Trace,
 And falsly gan hys terme pace;
 And when she wiste that he was fals,
 She heng hirself ryght be the hals,
 For he had doon hir such untrouthe. 395
 Loo! was not this a woo and routhe?
 Eke lo! how fals and reccheles
 Was to Breseyda Achilles,
 And Paris to Oenone;
 And Jason to Isiphile, 400
 And eft Jason to Medea;
 And Ercules to Dyanira,
 For he left hir for Yole,
 That made hym cache his deth, parde.
 How fals eke was he Theseus, 405
 That, as the story telleth us,
 How he betrayed Adriane;
 The devel be hys soules bane!
 For had he lawghed, had he loured,
 He moste have ben al devoured, 410
 Yf Adriane ne had ybe.
 And, for she had of hym pite,
 She made hym fro the deth escape,
 And he made hir a ful fals jape;
 For aftir this, withyn a while, 415

He lefte hir slepyng in an ile
 Desert allone, ryght in the se,
 And stal away, and let hir be,
 And took hir suster Phedra thoo 420
 With him, and gan to shippe goo.
 And yet he had yswore to here
 On al that ever he myghte swere,
 That, so she saved hym hys lyf,
 He wolde have take hir to hys wif; 425
 For she desired nothing ellis,
 In certeyn, as the book us tellis.
 But to excusen Eneas
 Fullyche of al his grete trespas,
 The book seyth Mercurie, sauns fayle, 430
 Bad hym goo into Itayle,
 And leve Auffrikes regioun,
 And Dido and hir faire toun.
 Thoo sawgh I grave how to Itayle
 Daun Eneas is goo to sayle; 435
 And how the tempest al began,
 And how he loste hys sterisman,
 Which that the stere, or he tok kep,
 Smot over bord, loo! as he slep.
 And also sawgh I how Sybile 440
 And Eneas, besyde an yle,
 To helle wente, for to see
 His fader, Anchyses the free;
 How he ther fond Palinurus,
 And Dido, and eke Deiphebus; 445
 And every turment eke in helle
 saugh he, which is longe to telle;
 Which whoso willeth for to knowe,
 He moste rede many a rowe
 On Virgile or on Claudian,
 Or Daunte, that hit telle kan. 450
 Tho saugh I grave al the aryvayle
 That Eneas had in Itayle;
 And with kyng Latyne hys treetee
 And alle the batayles that hee
 Was at hymself, and eke hys knyghtis, 455
 Or he had al ywonne his ryghtis;
 And how he Turnus reft his lyf,
 And wan Lavina to his wif;
 And alle the marvelous signals
 Of the goddys celestials; 460
 How, mawgree Juno, Eneas,
 For al hir sleight and hir compas,
 Acheved al his aventure,
 For Jupiter took of hym cure

At the prayer of Venus, --
 The whiche I preye alwey save us,
 And us ay of oure sorwes lyghte!
 When I had seen al this syghte
 In this noble temple thus,
 "A, Lord!" thoughte I, "that madest us,
 Yet sawgh I never such noblesse
 Of ymages, ne such richesse,
 As I saugh graven in this chirche;
 But not wot I whoo did hem wirche,
 Ne where I am, ne in what contree.
 But now wol I goo out and see,
 Ryght at the wiket, yf y kan
 See owhere any stiryng man,
 That may me telle where I am."
 When I out at the dores cam,
 I faste aboute me beheld.
 Then sawgh I but a large feld,
 As fer as that I myghte see,
 Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,
 Or bush, or grass, or eryd lond;
 For al the feld nas but of sond
 As smal as man may se yet lye
 In the desert of Lybye;
 Ne no maner creature
 That ys yformed be Nature
 Ne sawgh I, me to rede or wisse.
 "O Crist!" thoughte I, "that art in blysse,
 Fro fantome and illusion
 Me save!" and with devocion
 Myn eyen to the hevene I caste.
 Thoo was I war, lo! at the laste,
 That faste be the sonne, as hye
 As kenne myghte I with myn yë,
 Me thoughte I sawgh an egle sore,
 But that hit semed moche more
 Then I had any egle seyn.
 But this as sooth as deth, certeyn,
 Hyt was of gold, and shon so bryghte
 That never sawe men such a syghte,
 But yf the heven had ywonne
 Al newe of gold another sonne;
 So shone the egles fethers bryghte,
 And somewhat downward gan hyt lyghte.

Explicit liber primus.

465

Book III

Incipit liber secundus.

Proem.

470

Now herkeneth, every maner man
 That Englissh understonde kan, 510
 And listeneth of my drem to lere.
 For now at erste shul ye here
 So sely an avisyon,

475

That Isaye, ne Scipion,
 Ne kyng Nabugodonosor, 515
 Pharoo, Turnus, ne Elcanor,
 Ne mette such a drem as this!

480

Now faire blisfull, O Cipris,
 So be my favour at this tyme!
 And ye, me to endite and ryme 520
 Helpeth, that on Parnaso duelle,
 Be Elicon, the clere welle.

485

O Thought, that wrot al that I mette,
 And in the tresorye hyt shette 525
 Of my brayn, now shal men se
 Yf any vertu in the be,
 To tellen al my drem aryght.

490

Now kythe thyn engyn and myght!

The Dream.

495

This egle, of which I have yow told,
 That shon with fethres as of gold, 530
 which that so hye gan to sore,
 I gan beholde more and more,
 To se the beaute and the wonder;

500

But never was ther dynt of thonder,
 Ne that thyng that men calle foudere, 535
 That smot somtyme a tour to powder,
 And in his swifte comynge brende,
 That so swithe gan descende

505

As this foul, when hyt beheld
 That I a-roume was in the feld; 540
 And with hys grymme pawes stronge,
 Withyn hys sharpe nayles longe,
 Me, fleyng, in a swap he hente,

And with hys sours ayen up wente,
 Me caryng in his clawes starke 545
 As lyghtly as I were a larke,
 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,
 That al my felynge gan to dede;
 For-whi hit was to gret affray.
 Thus I longe in hys clawes lay,
 Til at the laste he to me spak 555
 In mannes vois, and seyde, "Awak!
 And be not agast so, for shame!"
 And called me tho by my name,
 And, for I schulde the bet abreyde,
 Me mette, "Awak," to me he seyde, 560
 Ryght in the same vois and stevene
 That useth oon I koude nevene;
 And with that vois, soth for to seyn,
 My mynde cam to me ageyn,
 For hyt was goodly seyde to me, 565
 So nas hyt never wont to be.
 And here-withal I gan to stere,
 And he me in his fet to bere,
 Til that he felte that I had hete,
 And felte eke tho myn herte bete. 570
 And thoo gan he me to disporte,
 And with wordes to comfote,
 And sayde twyes, "Seynte Marye!
 Thou art noyous for to carye,
 And nothyng nedeth it, pardee! 575
 For, also wis God helpe me,
 As thou noon harm shalt have of this;
 And this caas that betyd the is,
 Is for thy lore and for thy prow; --
 Let see! darst thou yet loke now? 580
 Be ful assured, boldly,
 I am thy frend." And therwith I
 Gan for to wondren in my mynde.
 "O God!" thoughte I, "that madest kynde,
 Shal I noon other weyes dye? 585
 wher Joves wol me stellyfye,
 Or what thing may this sygnifye?
 I neyther am Ennok, ne Elye,
 Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede,
 That was ybore up, as men rede, 590
 To hevене with daun Jupiter,
 And mad the goddys botiller."
 Loo, this was thoo my fantasye!
 But he that bar me gan espye
 That I so thoughte, and seyde this: 595
 "Thow demest of thyself amys;
 For Joves ys not theraboute --
 I dar wel putte the out of doute --
 To make of the as yet a sterre.

But er I bere the moche ferre, 600
 I wol the telle what I am,
 And whider thou shalt, and why I cam
 To do thys, so that thou take
 Good herte, and not for fere quake."
 "Gladly," quod I. "Now wel," quod he, 605
 "First, I, that in my fet have the,
 Of which thou hast a fere and wonder,
 Am dwellynge with the god of thonder,
 Which that men callen Jupiter,
 That dooth me flee ful ofte fer 610
 To do al hys comaundement.
 And for this cause he hath me sent
 To the; now herke, be thy trouthe!
 Certeyn, he hath of the routhe,
 That thou so longe trewely 615
 Hast served so ententyfly
 Hys blynde newew Cupido,
 And faire Venus also,
 Withoute guerdon ever yit,
 And never-the-lesse hast set thy wit -- 620
 Although that in thy hed ful lyte is --
 To make bookys, songes, dytees,
 In ryme, or elles in cadence,
 As thou best canst, in reverence
 Of Love, and of hys servantes eke, 625
 That have hys servyse soght, and seke;
 And peynest the to preyse hys art,
 Although thou haddest never part;
 Wherfore, also God me blesse,
 580 Joves halt hyt gret humblesse,
 And vertu eke, that thou wolt make
 A-nyght ful ofte thyn hed to ake
 In thy studye, so thou writest,
 And ever mo of love enditest,
 In honour of hym and in preysynges, 635
 And in his folkes furtherynges,
 And in hir matere al devisest,
 And noght hym nor his folk dispisest,
 Although thou maist goo in the daunce
 Of hem that hym lyst not avaunce. 640
 "Wherfore, as I seyde, ywys,
 Jupiter considereth this,
 And also, beau sir, other thynges;
 That is, that thou hast no tydynges
 Of Loves folk yf they be glade, 645
 Ne of noght elles that God made;
 And noght oonly fro fer contree
 That ther no tydyng cometh to thee,

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

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

That highte Pheton, wolde lede
 Algate hys fader carte, and gye.
 The carte-hors gonne wel espye
 That he koude no governaunce,
 And gonne for to lepe and launce,
 And beren hym now up, now down,
 Til that he sey the Scorpioun,
 Which that in heven a sygne is yit.
 And he, for ferde, loste hys wyt
 Of that, and let the reynes gon
 Of his hors; and they anoon
 Gonne up to mounte and doun descende,
 Til bothe the eyr and erthe brende;
 Til Jupiter, loo, atte laste,
 Hym slow, and fro the carte caste.
 Loo, ys it not a gret myschaunce
 To lete a fool han governaunce
 Of thing that he can not demeyne?"
 And with this word, soth for to seyne,
 He gan alway upper to sore,
 And gladded me ay more and more,
 So feythfully to me spak he.
 Tho gan y loken under me
 And beheld the ayerissh bestes,
 Cloudes, mystes, and tempestes,
 Snowes, hayles, reynes, wyndes,
 And th'engendrynge in hir kyndes,
 All the wey through which I cam.
 "O God!" quod y, "that made Adam,
 Moche ys thy myght and thy noblesse!"
 And thoo thoughte y upon Boece,
 That writ, "A thought may flee so hye,
 Wyth fetheres of Philosophye,
 To passen everych element;
 And whan he hath so fer ywent,
 Than may be seen, behynde hys bak,
 Cloude," -- and al that y of spak.
 Thoo gan y wexen in a were,
 And seyde, "Y wot wel y am here;
 But wher in body or in gost
 I not, ywys; but God, thou wost!"
 For more clere entendement
 Nas me never yit ysent.
 And than thoughte y on Marcian,
 And eke on Anteaclaudian,
 That sooth was her description
 Of alle the hevenes region,
 As fer as that y sey the preve;
 Therefore y kan hem now beleve.

With that this egle gan to crye,
 "Lat be," quod he, "thy fantasy!
 Wilt thou lere of sterres aught?"
 "Nay, certeynly," quod y, "ryght naught."
 "And why?" "For y am now to old."
 "Elles I wolde the have told,"
 Quod he, "the sterres names, lo,
 And al the hevenes sygnes therto,
 And which they ben." "No fors," quod y.
 "Yis, pardee!" quod he; "wostow why?
 For when thou redest poetrie,
 How goddes gonne stellifye
 Bridd, fissh, best, or him or here,
 As the Raven, or eyther Bere,
 Or Arionis harpe fyn,
 Castor, Pollux, or Delphyn,
 Or Athalantes doughtres sevene,
 How alle these arn set in hevene;
 For though thou have hem ofte on honde,
 Yet nostow not wher that they stonde."
 "No fors," quod y, "hyt is no nede.
 I leve as wel, so God me spede,
 Hem that write of this matere,
 As though I knew her places here;
 And eke they shynen here so bryghte,
 Hyt shulde shenden al my syghte,
 To loke on hem." "That may wel be,"
 Quod he. And so forth bar he me
 A while, and than he gan to crye,
 That never herde I thing so hye,
 "Now up the hed, for al ys wel;
 Seynt Julyan, loo, bon hostel!
 Se here the Hous of Fame, lo!
 Maistow not heren that I do?"
 "What?" quod I. "The grete soun,"
 Quod he, "that rumbleth up and doun
 In Fames Hous, full of tydynges,
 Bothe of feir speche and chidynges,
 And of fals and soth compouned.
 Herke wel; hyt is not rouned.
 Herestow not the grete swogh?"
 "Yis, parde!" quod y, "wel ynogh."
 "And what soun is it lyk?" quod hee.
 "Peter! lyk betynge of the see,"
 Quod y, "ayen the roches holowe,
 Whan tempest doth the shippes swalowe;
 And lat a man stonde, out of doute,
 A myle thens, and here hyt route;
 Or elles lyk the last humblynge

After the clappe of a thundringe,	1040	And I of him tok leve anon,	
Whan Joves hath the air ybete.		And gan forth to the paleys gon.	1090
But yt doth me for fere swete!"			
"Nay, dred the not therof," quod he;		Explicit liber secundus.	
"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 doun 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 yonder,	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 ys 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."			

Book III

Incipit liber tercius.

Invocation.

O God of science and of lyght,
Appollo, thurgh thy grete myght,
This lytel laste bok thou gye!
Nat that I wilne, for maistrye,
Here art poetical be shewed; 1095
But for the rym ys lyght and lewed,
Yit make hyt sumwhat agreable,
Though som vers fayle in a sillable;
And that I do no diligence
To shewe craft, but o sentence. 1100
And yif, devyne vertu, thow
Wilt helpe me to shewe now
That in myn hed ymarked ys --
Loo, that is for to menen this,
The Hous of Fame for to descryve -- 1105
Thou shalt se me go as blyve
Unto the nexte laure y see,
And kysse yt, for hyt is thy tree.
Now entre in my brest anoon!

The Dream.

Whan I was fro thys egle goon, 1110
I gan beholde upon this place.
And certein, or I ferther pace,
I wol yow al the shap devyse
Of hous and site, and al the wyse
How I gan to thys place aproche 1115
That stood upon so hygh a roche,
Hier stant ther non in Spayne.
But up I clomb with alle payne,
And though to clymbe it greved me,
Yit I ententyf was to see, 1120
And for to powren wonder lowe,
Yf I koude any weyes knowe
What maner stoon this roche was.
For hyt was lyk alum de glas,
But that hyt shoon ful more clere; 1125
But of what congeled matere
Hyt was, I nyste redely.
But at the laste aspied I,
And found that hit was every del
A roche of yse, and not of stel. 1130
Thoughte I, "By seynt Thomas of Kent!
This were a feble fundament

To bilden on a place hye.
He ought him lytel glorifye
That hereon bilt, God so me save!" 1135
Tho sawgh I al the half ygrave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had iben in mochel wele,
And her fames wide yblowe.
But wel unnethes koude I knowe 1140
Any lettres for to rede
Hir names by; for, out of drede,
They were almost ofthowed so
That of the lettres oon or two
Was molte away of every name, 1145
So unfamous was woxe hir fame.
But men seyn, "What may ever laste?"
Thoo gan I in myn herte caste
That they were molte away with hete,
And not away with stormes bete. 1150
For on that other syde I say
Of this hil, that northward lay,
How hit was writen ful of names
Of folkes that hadden grete fames
Of olde tyme, and yet they were 1155
As fressh as men had writen hem here
The selve day ryght, or that houre
That I upon hem gan to poure.
But wel I wiste what yt made;
Hyt was conserved with the shade 1160
Of a castel that stood on high --
Al this writyng that I sigh --
And stood eke on so cold a place
That hete myghte hit not deface.
Thoo gan I up the hil to goon, 1165
And fond upon the cop a woon,
That al the men that ben on lyve
Ne han the kunnyng to describe
The beaute of that ylke place,
Ne coude casten no compace 1170
Swich another for to make,
That myght of beaute ben hys make,
Ne so wonderlych ywrought;
That hit astonyeth yit my thought,
And maketh al my wyt to swynke, 1175
On this castel to bethynke,
So that the grete craft, beaute,
The cast, the curiosite
Ne kan I not to yow devyse;
My wit ne may me not suffise. 1180
But natheles al the substance

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

<p>Betwex hem was a litil envye. Oon seyde that Omer made lyes, Feynyng in hys poetries, And was to Grekes favorable; Therfor held he hyt but fable.</p> <p>Tho saugh I stonde on a piler, That was of tynned yren cler, The Latyn poete, Virgile, That bore hath up a longe while The fame of Pius Eneas.</p> <p>And next hym on a piler was, Of coper, Venus clerk, Ovide, That hath ysowen wonder wide The grete god of Loves name. And ther he bar up wel hys fame Upon his piler, also hye As I myghte see hyt with myn yë; For-why this halle, of which I rede, Was woxen on highte, length, and brede, Wel more, be a thousand del, Than hyt was erst, that saugh I wel.</p> <p>Thoo saugh I on a piler by, Of yren wrought ful sternely, The grete poete, daun Lucan, And on hys shuldres bar up than, As high as that y myghte see, The fame of Julius and Pompe. And by him stoden alle these clerkes That writen of Romes myghty werkes, That yf y wolde her names telle, Al to longe most I dwelle.</p> <p>And next him on a piler stood Of soulfre, lyk as he were wood, Daun Claudian, the sothe to telle, That bar up al the fame of helle, Of Pluto, and of Proserpyne, That quene ys of the derke pyne.</p> <p>What shulde y more telle of this? The halle was al ful, ywys, Of hem that writen olde gestes, As ben on treës rokes nestes; But hit a ful confus matere Were alle the gestes for to here, That they of write, or how they highte.</p> <p>But while that y beheld thys syghte, I herde a noyse aprochen blyve, That ferde as been don in an hive Ayen her tyme of out-fleyng; Ryght such a maner murmurynge,</p>	<p>1480</p> <p>1485</p> <p>1490</p> <p>1495</p> <p>1500</p> <p>1505</p> <p>1510</p> <p>1515</p> <p>1520</p>	<p>For al the world, hyt semed me. Tho gan I loke aboute and see That ther come entryng into the halle A ryght gret companye withalle, And that of sondry regiouns, Of alleskynnes condiciouns That dwelle in erthe under the mone, Pore and ryche. And also sone As they were come in to the halle, They gonne down on kneës falle Before this ilke noble quene, And seyde, "Graunte us, lady shene, Ech of us of thy grace a bone!" And somme of hem she graunted sone, And somme she werned wel and faire, And some she graunted the contraire Of her axyng outterly. But thus I seye yow, trewely, What her cause was, y nyste. For of this folk ful wel y wiste, They hadde good fame ech deserved Although they were dyversly served; Ryght as her suster, dame Fortune, Ys wont to serven in comune.</p> <p>Now herke how she gan to paye That gonne her of her grace praye; And yit, lo, al this companye Seyden sooth, and noght a lye. "Madame," seyde they, "we be Folk that here besechen the That thou graunte us now good fame, And let our werkes han that name; In ful recompensacioun Of good werkes, yive us good renoun." "I werne yow hit," quod she anon; "Ye gete of me good fame non, Be God! and therfore goo your wey." "Allas!" quod they, "and welaway! Telle us what may your cause be." "For me lyst hyt noght," quod she; "No wyght shal speke of yow, ywis, Good ne harm, ne that ne this." And with that word she gan to calle Her messenger, that was in halle, And bad that he shulde faste goon, Upon peyne to be blynd anon, For Eolus the god of wynde, -- "In Trace, ther ye shal him fynde, And bid him bringe his clarioun,</p>	<p>1525</p> <p>1530</p> <p>1535</p> <p>1540</p> <p>1545</p> <p>1550</p> <p>1555</p> <p>1560</p> <p>1565</p> <p>1570</p>
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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, That highte Sklaundre in every toun, With which he wont is to diffame Hem that me liste, and do hem shame."	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. For thou shalt trumpe alle the contrayre Of that they han don wel or fayre."	1625
This messenger gan faste goon, And found where in a cave of ston, In a contree that highte Trace, This Eolus, with harde grace, Held the wyndes in distresse, And gan hem under him to presse, That they gonne as beres rore, He bond and pressed hem so sore.	1585	"Allas!" thoughte I, "what adventures Han these sory creatures! For they, amonges al the pres, Shul thus be shamed gilteles. But what! hyt moste nedes be."	1635
This messenger gan faste crie, "Rys up," quod he, "and faste hye, 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, 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 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 ther he stod, as stille as stoon, And her-withal ther come anoon Another huge companye Of goode folk, and gunne crie, "Lady, graunte us now good fame, And latoure werkes han that name Now in honour of gentillesse, And also God your soule blesse! For we han wel deserved hyt, Therefore is ryght that we ben quyrt."	1590	What dide this Eolus, but he 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 throughtout every regioun 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 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. 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, And hyt stank as the pit of helle. Allas, thus was her shame yronge, And gilteles, on every tonge!	1640
"As thryve I," quod she, "ye shal faylle! Good werkes shal yow noght availle To have of me good fame as now. 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. Now goo your wey, for ye be served.	1600	Tho come the thriddre companye, And gunne up to the dees to hye, And down on knes they fille anon, And seyde, "We ben everychon Folk that han ful trewely 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, 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, Thou Eolus, that is so blak;	1650
	1610		1660
	1615		1665
	1620		1670

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

That thurgh the world hyt was yknowe.	1770	"Nay, wis," quod she, "hyt were a vice.	
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 lepyng 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 sweynthe 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.		And sith y may not have that oon,	1855
And that wente al the world aboute,		That other nyl y noght forgoon.	
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,		As wisly be thou ever blythe!"	1860
That had ydoon the trayterye,		"Gladly," quod she; "thow Eolus,	
The harm, the grettest wikkednesse		Herestow not what they prayen us?"	
That any herte kouthe gesse;		"Madame, yis, ful wel," quod he,	
And prayed her to han good fame,	1815	And I wil trumpen it, parde!"	
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.	

