

Appearing on the following pages are best versions of the syllabus, course calendar, course readings, and assignment materials for students in my sections of ENGL 1302: Literature & Composition during the Spring 2017 instructional term at Schreiner University in Kerrville, Texas. Some emendations have been made to what was given to students initially; the hope is that the document will serve as a useful guide moving forward.

Throughout the following, “the University” refers to Schreiner University, and “the Department” refers to the Department of English & World Languages.

Contents of this document are

Course Syllabus	1
Course Description.....	1
Course Objectives	1
Textbook	2
Other Resources	2
Evaluation	2
Discussion of Grades and Progress.....	4
Attendance	4
Tardiness and Early Departure.....	4
Late Work	4
Revisions.....	5
Student Professionalism.....	5
Section 504.....	5
Academic Integrity.....	5
Contact Policy.....	6
Course Calendar.....	7
Dates to Remember.....	8
Readings.....	9
Sample Essays.....	9
Cavell, Megan. “Sounding the Horn in Exeter Book Riddle 14.”	9
Dymond, Erica Joan. “Objectivity and the Overlook: Examining the Use of Multiple Narratives in Stephen King’s <i>The Shining</i> .”	13
Elliott, Geoffrey B. “Comments about ‘Martian Garden.’”.....	16
Elliott, Geoffrey B. “Sample Exploratory Essay: Shakespeare in Legend of the Five Rings.”	18
Elliott, Geoffrey B. “Sample Paper: A Quiet Zinger in Gantz’s ‘Pwyll, Lord of Dyved.’”.	21
Gold Diggers: You Never Sea Them Coming	24
Mercury: He Nose What Women Want.....	26
Reid, Lindsay Ann. “Virgilian and Ovidian Tree Similes in <i>Troilus and Criseyde</i> 2.1373-84.”	29
The Ultimate Poetic Shifts	32
Poetry	34
“Alisoun.”	35
“Another Medieval Drinking Song.”	36

“The Battle of Brunanburh.”	37
Chaucer, Geoffrey. “The Complaint of Chaucer to His Purse.”	39
Chaucer, Geoffrey. “Truth.”	40
“Cuckoo Song.”	41
“Deor.”	42
“Dream of the Rood.”	43
“God Speed the Plow!”	47
Hoccleve, Thomas. “To the Kinges Most Noble Grace; And to the Lordes and Knightes of the Garter.”	49
“I Have a Yong Suster.”	51
Lydgate, John. “Lydgate’s Verses on the Kings of England.”	52
“Merry It Is.”	55
Riddle 14.	56
“The Wanderer.”	56
Drama.....	59
<i>Everyman</i>	60
<i>Herod the Great</i>	76
<i>Mankind</i>	94
<i>The Second Shepherds’ Play</i>	127
Prose.....	135
Malory, Thomas. Book I, Chapters 1 through 7. <i>Le Morte d’Arthur</i>	136
Malory, Thomas. Book III, Chapters 6 through 8. <i>Le Morte d’Arthur</i>	142
Malory, Thomas. Book IX, Chapters 1 through 3. <i>Le Morte d’Arthur</i>	145
Malory, Thomas. Book XIX, Chapters 1 through 9. <i>Le Morte d’Arthur</i>	149
Malory, Thomas. Book XXI, Chapters 1 through 7. <i>Le Morte d’Arthur</i>	159
Diagnostic Writing Exercise	168
The Prompt.....	168
Essays Assignment.....	169
Identify a Topic of Discussion	170
Review Secondary (And, Optionally, Tertiary/Critical) Sources	170
Develop a Thesis	171
Develop Support for the Thesis	172
Develop an Introduction	172
Develop a Conclusion	172
Compose the Paper’s RV	173
Revise the Paper’s RV into the Paper’s FV	174
Grading Rubric.....	175
Notes	177

Course Syllabus

The course syllabus is perhaps the single most important piece of reading for the course, as it outlines the policies by which the course will operate. Reading early and often is highly recommended; many questions students have throughout the term are already answered in it, and knowing what is going on makes a student more impressive—so more likely to do well in the course.

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Instructor Email	gelliott@schreiner.edu
Office Hours	MWF, 0900-0950, and by appointment

Note that information on this syllabus is subject to change. Reasonable efforts will be made to inform students of any such changes that occur.

Course Description

Per the University catalog, ENGL 1302: Literature & Composition is described as

Providing an introduction to literature with units on the short story, drama, and poetry, this course emphasizes discussion and writing about great works of literature. Students will learn both to recognize and to apply literary techniques to thematic concerns, explicating short works as they organize and develop essays in MLA format.

It has a prerequisite of completing ENGL 1301: Rhetoric & Composition.

Course Objectives

The Department has established a number of outcomes for the course, appearing below.

Upon successful completion of ENGL 1302, a student will be able to:

1. Write papers of sufficient length to convey original thought, supported by documented research which demonstrates the ability to:
 - a. Formulate a clear thesis
 - b. Narrow the focus to a manageable topic
 - c. Locate source material and record accurate notes
 - d. Analyze and evaluate material
 - e. Organize and interpret the material
 - f. Document source material correctly in MLA format
2. Analyze and evaluate a literary work based on selected and articulated standards
3. Proofread for grammatical, contextual, and mechanical errors and recognize correct sentence structure.
4. Practice scholastic honesty, academic integrity, and the ethics of communication.

The objectives and outcomes will be addressed by meeting several requirements, articulated in part by the Department syllabus as

1. *Active participation in class discussions.* In addition to developing writing and reading skills, students are expected to give equal attention to cultivating and practicing effective speaking and listening skills. This requirement will be addressed through full-class discussions, small group discussions, reading performances, and brief extemporaneous presentations.
2. *Substantial commitment to the writing process.* Each student in English 1302 will produce 4-6 [four for my classes] papers, 3-5 pages [approx. 1,300 words for my classes] in length. These papers will respond to selected literature and take the form of analytical, thesis support papers. At least one assigned paper will be a documented research paper in MLA Style with proper citation. These papers will be accomplished in stages, the instructor commenting on drafts along the way.
3. *Ongoing collaboration in the writing and reading process.* Students will be asked to read and respond to texts-in-progress by other students and to texts in publication.

4. *Consequential engagement in the academic conversation.* Course activities will, at all times, reflect current data, up-to-date discussion points, and careful critical analysis. Students will be accountable for their methods of literary analysis and the consequences of their conclusions.

The Department syllabus additionally offers a minimum standard of engagement:

- Six hours of writing and reading outside of class each week.
- Prepared, alert, and cooperative daily class attendance.
- Active and meaningful participation in class discussions and workshops.
- Completion of all assigned writing projects.
- Completion of all reading assignments and related work.
- Active participation in all full-class peer review/writing workshops.
- Course evaluation.

Note that evidencing “minimum” engagement will result in a minimally passing grade; students desiring better scores should work to surpass minimum acceptable standards.

Textbook

The course packet in which this document is contained serves as the course textbook. Additions may be made to it during the term; any such will be provided in advance.

This document is also available in an electronic edition. Students who opt to use the electronic edition should note that they, and they alone, are responsible for securing access to the text during class time and for any hardware or software problems attendant upon their doing so.

Other Resources

In addition to the required textbook, the following resources will be helpful or vital in carrying out the tasks of the course:

- The University Writing Center, Dickey Hall, Room 106,
<http://www.schreiner.edu/academics/academic-support/center-for-teaching-learning/student-academic-success/writing-center.aspx>
- The University Undergraduate Research Center,
<http://www.schreiner.edu/academics/undergraduate-research.aspx>
- *Elliott RWI*, www.elliotttrwi.com
- *Purdue University Online Writing Lab*, <http://owl.english.purdue.edu/>
- The eighth edition of the *MLA Handbook*
- Major English-language dictionary, such as those from Oxford University (preferred) and Merriam-Webster
- Access to campus email and *Schreiner One*
- Pen/pencil and paper every class meeting

Evaluation

How grades happen can seem a bit complicated. How individual assignments and groups of assignments contribute to a student’s overall course grade is laid out in Table 1, below.

The papers and many other assignments will be assessed in terms of their demonstrated performance in several areas (the areas will be discussed in more detail on individual assignments’ materials). Specific areas on such assignments will be assigned a number of

“steps,” motions through the grading scale indicated on Table 2, below. The total number of steps, positive or negative, will indicate the final assignment score.

More explanation of my grading practices can be found on *Elliott RWI* as “Some Remarks about Grading,” <https://elliotttrwi.com/2016/02/28/some-remarks-about-grading/>.

Table 1: Grade Distribution

Assignment or Category	Percent of Grade
Minor Assignments (MinAss)	15
Poetry Essay (PoEss)*	15
Drama Essay (DrEss)*	15
Prose Essay (PrEss)*	15
Choice Essay (ChEss)*	15
Final Exam (FinEx)*	10
Professionalism (Prof)	15
Total	100

*Indicates a major assignment.

Table 2: Grading Scale

Score	A+	A	A-	B+	B	B-	C+	C	C-	D	F	0
Steps	+7	+6	+5	+4	+3	+2	+1	+0	-1	-2	-3 or more	N/A*
Numerical Equivalent	98	95	92	88	85	82	78	75	72	65	55	0

*Grades of zero (0) result from non-submission of assignments or from academic integrity violations.

Final grades will be reported according to the scale in Tale 3, below.

Table 3: Final Grades

Grade	A	B	C	D	F
Overall Score	90+	80-89.999	70-79.999	60-69.999	Below 60

The four essays (PoEss, DrEss, PrEss, and ChEss) are expected to be submitted as works of polished prose, meaning that they should be written and revised more than once. Some class time may be given over to reading and critique of the work done for the class. As such, you will need to be ready to read and comment appropriately on the work of your classmates, as well as to have them do the same to your work. You may also be asked to read your work aloud for the class to critique; sometimes talking through a piece is just what is needed to make it make sense.

Please note that many assignments will be submitted through Schreiner One and that the originality-checking software included in it will be applied to the materials submitted through it.

I generally grade fairly holistically. This does not mean that I shall not mark or penalize your errors, but I shall do my best to give you better and more useful feedback on the work you do than simply “fixing” your punctuation and spelling and slapping a grade on the work. Mechanical “correctness” is important, but organization, depth, and originality of thought are more so.

In this class, the fact that you or somebody else paid for you to have a seat does not entitle you to any specific grade. By registering and meeting the requirements for this class, you have earned the right to have access to higher learning and the **opportunity to earn** credit, much as you have to pay to take a martial arts class but are not assured of earning any specific belt. I do not **give** you a grade, you **earn** a grade; I report to you on the quality of the work you turn in to me, as measured against standards expressed for each assignment.

Discussion of Grades and Progress

I am always happy to discuss your progress and grades with you. I am not going to discuss your grades with your parents, your siblings, your roommates, your spouses, your children, or anyone else except as required by my superiors and the law. I am also not going to discuss your grades over the phone or through email; if you want to know your grades, come see me during office hours or set up an appointment, and we can go over how you are doing, what you have done well, and what you can improve upon.

Attendance

Attendance will be taken during each class meeting, whether formally through the submission of a piece of writing or informally through some convenient means. Ideally, every student will attend every class meeting. Some students, however, will have business to conduct as representatives of the University or in other official capacities. Students in military or military reserve units called to duty, or who are summoned for judicial proceedings, will have their absences excused once appropriate documentation (e.g., a copy of mobilization orders, an email from the student's commanding officer, or a court summons) is provided to the instructor. Students absent from class for University (**not student organization, intramurals, or Greek life**) events will have their absences excused, as well, once appropriate documentation is provided. Other absences may be excused at the discretion of the instructor, the Department Chair, the Dean of the School of Liberal Arts, or higher-level administration, but such circumstances are rare. Assignments due during excused absences will be handled on a case-by-case basis, as circumstances warrant.

Students who are absent without excuse will not be directly penalized. They will, however, be subject to the late work policy outlined below for any missed work.

Tardiness and Early Departure

Please be in class when it is scheduled to begin, and please remain in class for the scheduled duration. Students who arrive late or leave early are subject to being counted absent without in-class comment. So are students who are out of the room for protracted periods during class or multiple times in a given class period. Showing up late makes it hard to get the joke, and leaving early makes it hard to hear the punchline.

Late Work

Late work is generally not acceptable, and many instructors (as well as employers and authorities) will not accept it. In this class, minor assignments are not accepted if they are submitted late. Exams generally may not be taken late, although certain extenuating circumstances (e.g., military or judicial service) may make other arrangements appropriate. If you believe your circumstances merit consideration, please discuss them with me during office

hours. The major papers (PoEss, DrEss, PrEss, and ChEss) will be accepted late, albeit at an automatic grade of F; late papers will generally receive minimal or no feedback other than the grade.

Revisions

I encourage revision of papers, but I think that effective revision takes outside guidance. Thus, students desiring to revise any **major** assignment for a higher grade must consult with me before so doing. I shall determine on a case-by-case basis what the revision must entail and whether or not the revision will result in a change of grade for the assignment. Be advised also that I will tend to allow more leeway in revision on late work the less late it is. Trying to turn in late work during the last week of class and hoping to get to revise it up to an A is not going to get you anywhere, but if you miss the deadline by a day or two, you might just make it in revision.

Student Professionalism

Please treat the classroom with the same degree of attention and consideration as any professional space. Please show up to class prepared and on time; **this means having necessary materials, having completed the assigned readings, and having prepared any assignments upon entry into the classroom.** Silence or deactivate cell phones during class time, and refrain from private conversations outside of group/class discussion. If you are late, please be respectful of the instructor and others in the classroom by quietly and quickly finding a seat without gratuitous comment, questioning, or other obtrusive behavior (this includes interrupting lecture or discussion to explain your tardiness, ask what the class is doing, or make other comments). The same requests also apply to those who need to leave early. If you feel the need to discuss late arrival or early departure, please do so via email, during office hours, or before or after class.

Please note that excessive tardiness or early departure will negatively impact your professionalism. Please note also that egregious violations of professional conduct will result in your being asked to leave; if you are thusly asked to leave, you will be counted absent for the class.

Section 504 (per University Standards)

Schreiner University is compliant with Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973 with respect to providing academic adjustments/auxiliary aids to qualified students. Students requiring such accommodations should contact the Section 504 Coordinator in Dickey Hall, Room 218. Should a faculty office prove inaccessible, special arrangements to meet outside the office can be made for students with mobility impairments.

Additionally, the Departmental syllabus notes that contacting Dr. Jude Gallik at 380-792-7258 or JGallik@schreiner.edu will help with accommodations.

Academic Integrity

The Department has established a statement regarding academic honesty for the course:

Academic honesty is vital to the intellectual and spiritual health of Schreiner University. Plagiarism (i.e., presenting the work and/or ideas of another as one's own) and complicities in plagiarism will not be tolerated. *All instances of plagiarism are subject to academic sanctions.* In this course, the first offense will result in a "0" for the assignment, with no opportunity to resubmit the project. A second offense will result in an "F" for the course. All instances of academic dishonesty, including the first offense, will be reported to the Vice President of

Academic Affairs.

It is expected that all work for this class will be original and will not have been submitted to another course (or to another section of this course). Submitting the same written work, in part or in whole, in more than one class without receiving written authorization in advance from both instructors is a violation of academic integrity. Submitting the same assignment for a second class violates the assumption that every assignment advances a student's learning and growth. It is also expected that work will be completed independently; it is not acceptable to co-author work and submit it as a single-author project.

Additionally, this class recognizes the presentation of hired writing and Rogeting as academic dishonesty; other forms may be recognized as they emerge. This class will follow the University's Code of Academic Conduct, which may be found in the *Student Handbook*, in print and online at <http://students.schreiner.edu/handbook/docs/su-201516-handbook-dos-edits-page.pdf>.

Contact Policy

Email is my preferred mode of contact outside of class time; I check my email at least once (and usually more often) each day I am scheduled to teach, usually in the morning. As a note, I do not sit up all night waiting for my email inbox to chime, and I may not have time to read and answer all emails before class.

Additionally, per University standards, "All email communication for this course will be done via our schreiner.edu email accounts. Emails sent to me without schreiner.edu addresses will *not* [emphasis in original] be accepted by my faculty inbox. Grades, attendance, due dates, and handouts will be posted to Schreiner One [*sic*] on a regular basis."

Agreements

Students who remain enrolled in the class past the last day to add, drop, or change sections signal their understanding of, and agreement to, the policies and procedures outlined in this syllabus.

Late in the term, a form asking after students' agreement to allow instructor use of their materials in future teaching, research, and professional development will be distributed. Whether permission is granted or not will not affect the course grade, but a clear answer will be greatly appreciated.

Course Calendar

The course calendar is another important document for the course, since it lays out when things are expected to happen. Like the syllabus, it is subject to change as circumstances demand and as the instructor, Department, and University may provide; reasonable efforts will be made to inform students of any such changes.

Readings and daily assignments not already on the course calendar may be announced in class. When they are, they are to be treated as appearing on the calendar at the correct time. Also, readings may not always be discussed in class. You are still responsible for knowing the material; the readings form the bases for discussions and are likely to undergird any necessary quizzes.

“Readings Due” indicates that the readings listed are assigned **to be completed before the beginning of class** on the day listed, unless otherwise noted. Titles and pages in the calendar (Table 4, below) refer to the course packet as currently composed. “Assignment Due” indicates that the activities listed are to be completed and submitted at the time and in the manner indicated.

In the event that a given day has neither reading nor activity listed, class will still meet normally (and class will probably continue discussion from earlier days). The only times class does not meet as scheduled will be announced in advance (if possible) or posted on the door to the classroom.

Table 4: Course Calendar

Week	Date	Readings Due	Assignment Due
1	18 Jan.	Syllabus and Course Calendar, pp. 1-8 (in class).	
	20 Jan.		Diagnostic Writing Exercise (in class)
2	23 Jan.	“Sample Essays,” p. 9; Riddle 14, p. 55; Cavell, “Sounding the Horn,” pp. 9-12.	
	25 Jan.		
	27 Jan.	“Poetry,” p. 34; Reid, “Virgilian and Ovidian,” pp. 29-32.	
3	30 Jan.	“Another Medieval Drinking Song,” p. 36.	
	1 Feb.		
	3 Feb.	Chaucer, “The Complaint of Chaucer to His Purse,” pp. 38-39.	
4	6 Feb.		
	8 Feb.	“Deor,” pp. 41-43.	
	10 Feb.		
5	13 Feb.	Hoccleve, “To the Kinges Most Noble Grace,” pp. 48-50.	
	17 Feb.	“Drama,” p. 59	PoEss RV (due online before the beginning of class)
6	20 Feb.	<i>Second Shepherds Play</i> , pp. 126-35.	
	22 Feb.		
	24 Feb.		PoEss FV (due online before the beginning of class)

Week	Date	Readings Due	Assignment Due
7	27 Feb.	<i>Everyman</i> , pp. 59-75.	
	1 Mar.		
	3 Mar.		DrEss RV (due online before the beginning of class)
8	6 Mar.		
	8 Mar.		
	10 Mar.		DrEss FV (due online before the beginning of class)
9	20 Mar.	“Prose,” p. 135; Dyamond, “Objectivity and the Overlook,” pp. 13-16.	
	22 Mar.	Malory, Book III, pp. 141-44.	
	24 Mar.		
10	27 Mar.	Malory, Book I, pp. 135-41.	
	29 Mar.		
	31 Mar.		PrEss RV (due online before the beginning of class)
11	3 Apr.	Malory, Book IX, pp. 144-48.	
	5 Apr.		
	7 Apr.		
12	10 Apr.		
	12 Apr.		PrEss FV (due online before the beginning of class)
13	17 Apr.		
	19 Apr.		
	21 Apr.		
14	24 Apr.		ChEss RV (due online before the beginning of class)
	26 Apr.		
	28 Apr.		
15	1 May		
	3 May		
	5 May		ChEss FV (due online before the beginning of class)
Exams	Section 02 meets at 1030 on 9 May in the regular classroom Section 03 meets at 1030 on 8 May in the regular classroom		

Dates to Remember

- 24 January—last day to add, drop, or change sections
- 26 January—last day to drop with no grade
- 14-16 February—Dr. Elliott will be away at a conference. Class does not meet on 15 February.
- 13-17 March—Spring Break; class does not meet
- 30 March—last day to drop with a W
- 14 April—Good Friday; class does not meet
- 5 May—last day of classes

Other dates may be announced.

Readings

Because the class works with literature, it is needful to provide representative samples of literature with which to work in class and on independent assignments. Several sorts appear below, each meant to help students understand and complete their work. Sample essays composed by past students and professionals are offered so that students have useful models to inform their work. Selections of poetry, drama, and prose are presented to allow for working through the process of drafting literary critical essays and to provide materials with which to work.

Sample Essays

Students have tended to report that having sample essays makes the process of writing papers easier; they often benefit from knowing what what they are supposed to do looks like. As such, a few sample essays, some composed by previous students and some by academic and professional writers, are offered so that students have some idea what they are expected to do. Brief notes preface each, and student essays are used anonymously and by permission.

Note that the formatting presented will differ from that requested by MLA standards. Those standards are meant to facilitate review and are therefore adjusted prior to publication or presentation. Citation styles, however, remain in place, as do any errors in the original pieces.

Cavell, Megan. "Sounding the Horn in Exeter Book Riddle 14." *The Explicator*, vol. 72, no. 4, 2014, pp. 324-27.

The following essay appears in a fairly commonly cited academic journal and is used in accordance with Fair Use guidelines. Given its publication date, it reflects older MLA practice. It also focuses on some of the kinds of texts my classes often treat.

The conclusive nature of the solution to Riddle 14—Horn—appears to have banished the text from scholarly discussion.¹ However, the poem's careful composition merits attention in and of itself, which is why this note will provide an overview of the interaction between the riddle's style and subject. The poem reads:

Ic wæs wæpenwiga Nu mec wlonc þeceð
geong hagatealdmon golde ond sylfore,
woum wirbogum. Hwilum weras cyssað,
hwilum ic to hilde hleoþre bonne
wilgehleþan, hwilum wycg byreþ
mec ofer mearce, hwilum merehengest
fereð ofer flodas frætsum beorhtne,
hwilum mægða sum minne gefylleð
bosm beaghroden; hwilum ic bordum sceal,
heard, heafodleas, behlyped licgan,
hwilum hongige hystum frætwed,
wlitig on wage, þær weras drincað,
freolic fyrdsceorp. Hwilum folcwigan
on wicge wegað, þonne ic winde sceal
sincfag swelgan of sumes bosme;
hwilum ic gereordum rincas laðige
wlonce to wine; hwilum wrapum sceal

stefne minre forstolen hreddan,
flyman feondsceaþan. Frige hwæt ic hatte.²

(I was a warrior's weapon. Now a bold young retainer covers me with gold and silver, twisted coils of wire. Sometimes men kiss me, sometimes I call close comrades to battle with my voice, sometimes a horse bears me over the bounds, sometimes a seasteed draws me over the depths, brightly decorated, sometimes one of the girls fills my bosom, ring-adorned; sometimes I must lie on boards, hard, headless, despoiled, sometimes I hang decorated with ornaments, appealing on the wall, where men drink, comely army-attire. Sometimes battle-warriors carry me on a horse, when I must swallow, treasure-stained, breath from a certain one's breast; sometimes I proudly call with cries warriors to their wine; sometimes I have to reclaim stolen goods from enemies with my voice, put to flight fiendish foes. Reveal what I am called.)³

A quick scan reveals only five lines of clear-cut single alliteration: 2 (*g*), 5 (*w*), 8 (*m*), 16 (*r*), and 18 (*s*). Much more prevalent is double alliteration, which appears in at least eleven lines: 1 (*w*), 3 (*w*), 7 (*f*), 9 (*b*), 10 (*h*), 12 (*w*), 13 (*f*), 14 (*f*), 15 (*s*), 17 (*w*), 19 (*f*). The remaining three lines are open to debate because they involve a pronoun and adverb that, while not commonly alliterating parts of speech, may be read here as contributing to double alliteration: *mec* in the case of line 6 and *hwilum* in the case of lines 4 and 11.

One further line that I have mentioned as doubly alliterating is perhaps more properly considered to include triple alliteration, although again the verb “to be” does not commonly alliterate. This is, of course, line 1, where three out of four word-elements in the opening verse unit begin with *w*.⁴ In addition, there are four cases of potential cross or internal alliteration in lines 2 (*s*), 5 (*h*), 6 (*h*), and 9 (*h*). Notably, all three of the ornamental *h* alliterations involve the same word: *hwilum*.⁵

Hwilum is certainly a noteworthy term, given that it appears ten times in only nineteen lines.⁶ The constant poetic turns caused by the repeated reference to the many tasks the horn “sometimes” performs serve to emphasize the object's versatility.⁷ Yet the repetition of *hwilum* may also be pushed further, especially when we take into account the word's aurality. Arguably, the constricted, breathy quality of the glottal fricative /h/, along with the rounded shape of the mouth that the labiovelar approximant /w/ requires,⁸ invokes the actual blowing of a horn. In fact, *w* and *h* are the most prevalent alliterators in the poem, which may speak to a conscious choice on the part of the poet. Indeed, as noted, the poem opens with a concatenation of *ws* in the very first verse unit, while ornamental alliteration emphasizes the use of *h* throughout. Furthermore, the repetition of *h* serves the function of aurally recalling the first letter of OE horn, the riddle's solution—a letter that is also marked in the right-hand margin of the manuscript page.⁹ There is a possible precedent for this technique in Riddle 7's use of the verbs *swigan* (to be silent), *swogan* (to make a sound), and *swinsian* (to make melody), the first letters of which are linked to the solution: OE *swan*.¹⁰

The stylistic effects that help confirm the riddle's solution are also tied to the poetic tension that pits object against agent in this poem. While this theme is not specific to Riddle 14 but rather characterizes the riddles in general, this poem's concentration on actions rather than attributes

presents the horn as a remarkably passive object. Not only is the horn kissed, carried, and covered with treasure, it is also despoiled, drowned in drink, and eventually draped on a wall. That the horn is no longer a *wæpenwiga* (“armed warrior”) but a heroic object is undeniable.

However, the final four lines demonstrate a shift in the horn’s role. The horn is forced to swallow (*swelgan*) the breath from someone’s breast (*winde . . . of sumes bosme*), with the alliteration of *s* emphasizing this forcing of air through the horn’s narrow passage. Linked to the Anglo-Saxon understanding of speech emanating from the chest,¹¹ the riddle’s image of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation implies that, when human breath is transferred into the horn, the object takes on a voice. This voice is signified by the cries (*gereordum*) that call warriors to wine (*rincas . . . to wine*) and by the final lines’ reference to the active nature of the horn’s voice (*stefne minre*), which enables it to reclaim stolen goods (*forstolen hreddan*) and put enemies to flight (*flyman feondsceapan*). While the horn also calls warriors to battle earlier in lines 4–5, it should be noted that this indication of the horn’s activeness also occurs after a mouth-to-mouth image—that of a kiss.

A final rhetorical device to note is the envelope pattern that links the adjective *wlonc* (“proud”) and the adverb *wlonce* (“proudly”) in lines 1 and 17. The first instance refers to the warrior who takes up the horn and the second to the horn itself when it calls the retainers to their feast. In emphasizing the transition from object to agent at a stylistic level, this riddle’s use of sound play makes its theme and solution rather difficult to miss.

Notes

1. See the major editions: van Kirk Dobbie and Krapp 329; Williamson 170–73; Pinsker and Ziegler 34; Muir 2: 617–18. The poem’s content is briefly discussed in the following sources: Bitterli 128, 166–67; Teele 50–54; Stanley 206; Padelford 54–56.
2. Text from Krapp and Dobbie 187. Editorial changes include emending *behlyped* to *behlywed* in line 10 and *wraþpum* to *wraþum* in line 17, and adding on in the first verse unit of line 14.
3. This translation and discussion draw on and expand my blog posts for *The Riddle Ages* <theriddleages.com>. See “Riddle 14 (or 12)” and “Commentary for Riddle 14,” Web, 21 Oct. 2013 and 28 Oct. 2013.
4. In his forthcoming edition and translation of the Anglo-Saxon riddle tradition, Andy Orchard also notes that Aldhelm’s Enigma 68, *Salpix* (trumpet) opens with ornamental *c* and *q* alliteration. I am grateful to Prof. Orchard for making his drafts available to me. Enigma 68 can also be found in Glorie 472–73.
5. It is unclear whether *hw* represents a separate phonological cluster, which would affect whether or not *hwilum* alliterates with other *h* words. See Hogg § 2.72.
6. The anaphoric use of *hwilum* is especially common in riddles whose Old English solution may begin with *h*. See Riddle 12, lines 4–10 (five instances); Riddle 24, lines 2–6 (seven instances); and Riddle 93, lines 4–12 (four instances). John D. Niles solves these riddles as *oxa ond oxan-hyd* (although *hriþer* is also an option); *higoræ*; and *blæc-horn*. See Niles 141–43. However,

note also that such multiple repetitions occur in other poetic (and prose) contexts. See Riddle 3, lines 68–70 (four instances, with a further four in other sections of the poem); *Beowulf*, lines 2107–11 (four instances); *Metres of Boethius*, Metre 29, lines 47–49 (three instances); *Christ and Satan*, lines 131–34 (three instances), and 712–15 (four instances); and *Guthlac B*, lines 907–19 (five instances).

7. See the brief discussion of the shifts that *hwilum* highlights in Nelson 432–33.

8. For more on the phonology represented by *wynn* in Old English (*w* in Modern English), see Hogg § 2.77.

9. See Williamson 170–71.

10. See Bitterli 44–46.

11. See Jager 59.

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Dymond, Erica Joan. "Objectivity and the Overlook: Examining the Use of Multiple Narratives in Stephen King's *The Shining*." *The Explicator*, vol. 73, no. 2, 2015, pp. 124-28.

The following essay appears in a fairly commonly cited academic journal and is used in accordance with Fair Use guidelines. Given its publication date, it reflects older MLA practice. It also serves as a useful example of how literary critical work can be applied beyond "high" literature.

Stephen King's *The Shining* presents a fractured family teetering on divorce. Casting a menacing shadow over the text, the threat of domestic violence evokes a persistent undercurrent of tension. Not surprisingly, most critics view King's family drama as steeped in conservatism: Jack Torrance actively fights his demons, while Wendy Torrance passively becomes the object of rage (Eller 12). Nonetheless, the author's nuanced work allows for a more progressive reading. King's text presents multiple narratives and extensive internal dialogue. This method of storytelling fosters a sense of balance. The reader regards the work as documenting the struggles of a family rather than the inner torment of a single member. King depicts the pain of alcoholism not just through Jack's eyes but also through those of his loved ones. Though Wendy is not grappling with addiction, she is grappling with being the wife of an addict—and all that it entails. Moreover, the text presents the perspective of the often-disenfranchised child. By granting Danny "a voice," King validates the child's experience. In this work, the collective and personal pain of all parties receives the same weight. Here, King offers his most objective and a family-centered work to date.

Frequently, King's use of multiple narratives illustrates the Torrances' shared suffering. For example, chapter 21 opens with, "It was ten o'clock. Their quarters were filled with counterfeit sleep," and then separates into three distinct segments: one for each family member (King 207). The inner thoughts of Jack, Wendy, and Danny are revealed through this divided text. Jack's segment exposes the mounting pressure on him to control his outbursts and support his family. Repeatedly, Jack reminds himself of their emotional/financial reliance: "He desperately tried to think of Danny and Wendy depending on him" (209). Simultaneously, terror for her husband and son consumes Wendy: "She didn't like what the Overlook seemed to be doing to Jack and Danny" (213). At the same time, Danny obsesses about his family's tenuous condition: "His Daddy thought about drinking a lot more. Sometimes he was angry at Mommy and didn't know why . . . Mommy was worried about him and Danny, too" (216). In every instance, a member of the Torrance family lays awake thinking of another. They are all at the forefront of one another's thoughts. Not one has resigned this family to separation.

In addition to the multiple viewpoints presented in chapter 21, the introduction of each individual segment warrants notice: "Jack lay on his side facing the wall, eyes open, listening to Wendy's slow and regular breathing"; "Wendy Torrance lay on her back, eyes closed, listening to the sound of her husband's slumber"; and "Danny lay awake in his bedroom, eyes open, . . . listening to his parents sleep in their room" (207, 212, 215). Had only one character suffered through a sleepless evening, a sense of imbalance would be evoked. Instead, the repetitious openings unify the family. And although King alludes to Wendy's sheltered position by having her eyes closed while Jack and Danny's eyes are open (she cannot *foresee* the future like her son and husband), he nonetheless creates a strong tableau of communal fear.

While King's use of multiple perspectives often expresses the Torrance family's deep connection, it occasionally serves to expose its cracks. However, even in these instances, the multilayered approach merely provides balance. Never is the reader pitted against one member of the family. Chapters 27 and 28 exemplify this attention to objectivity. In chapter 27, Wendy and Jack find their son brutalized after his exploration of the forbidden room 217. Immediately, Wendy assigns blame. Plucking her child from the lobby's stairway, she flees to the refuge of the bedroom and bolts the door behind her. A resounding "No!" marks Jack's final word as a break in the text brings the reader entirely into Wendy's sanctuary (King 260). The chapter now belongs to her. And, appropriately, the text doubles back ever so slightly to the crucial moment when Wendy boldly determines to excommunicate her husband: cradling her catatonic son, she notes "[Danny's] eyes didn't even shift toward the door when Jack cried out 'No!' somewhere in the hallway" (260). This echo temporarily aligns the reader with Wendy. Within this solitude, King now allows access to the thoughts she could never voice. Wendy's misgivings regarding Jack are fully realized: "Jack had done this, she had no doubt of it. His denials meant nothing to her" (260). In this instant, the reader understands that Wendy has never completely trusted her husband since the night of Danny's broken arm; dark veins of suspicion entwine all the previous words of love and forgiveness.

And while the text's construction allows the reader to understand Wendy's doubts concerning Jack, it also shows her own sense of accountability. By the end of chapter 27, Wendy's anger turns inward. She realizes that as the family's mainstay, she must accept at least partial responsibility for their grave situation: "She was aware now that she had made one bad decision when she had gone against her feelings (and Danny's) and allowed the snow to close them in . . . for Jack's sake" (King 261). As her phrasing reveals, Wendy had the choice to leave and now must contend with the guilt of her current situation. She knows that before the first flake of snow fell, Jack suggested that she and Danny should relocate to her estranged mother's house for the child's welfare:

"If there's something wrong, I'm going to send you and him to your mother's, Wendy."

"No."

"I know," he said, putting an arm around her, "how you feel."

"You don't know how I feel at all about her."

"Wendy, there's no place else that I can send you. You know that."

"If you came—"

"Without this job, we're done," he said simply. "You know that."

Her silhouette nodded slowly. She knew it.

". . . Maybe I shouldn't have tried this with you two along. Forty miles from nowhere."

"I love you," she said, "And Danny loves you even more, if that's possible, he would have been heartbroken, Jack. He will be if you send us away." (King 144)

Now at the front of Wendy's thoughts, this conversation emphasizes her opportunity to shelter Danny and herself at her mother's home. And thus, in her words, it is not Jack "who allowed the snow to close them in," but Wendy herself.

While chapter 27 presents an intimate portrait of Wendy, chapter 28 does likewise for Jack. It opens with a return to Jack's abandonment in the hallway. As is soon revealed, his impassioned

“No!” was not a cry for Wendy’s attention but the result of a realization similar to hers. King now presents Jack’s perspective of the event. In chronological terms, shortly after Wendy registers her suspicions of abuse, Jack realizes that “things had never really changed. Not to Wendy. He could be off the juice for twenty years and still when he came home at night and she embraced him at the door, he would see/sense that little flare of her nostrils. . . she was always going to assume the worst” (263). Jack’s anguish is understandable. For the remainder of his existence, he will bear the brand of a child-abusing alcoholic, regardless of his recovery. For Jack, the injustice is crushing:

She had no goddamn right!

Yes, maybe at first. He had been a lush, he had done terrible things. Breaking Danny’s arm had been a terrible thing. But if a man reforms, doesn’t he deserve to have his reformation credited sooner or later? And if he doesn’t get it, doesn’t he deserve the game to go with the name? And if his wife secretly—and not so secretly—continues to believe that her teetotaling husband is a drunk . . . (263)

Steeped in impotent grief, Jack’s immediate descent to the first-floor bar is not surprising. And while Stanley Kubrick’s notorious film interpretation colors this decision as villainous, King’s text demands compassion. The reader already knows that a lifetime of abuse and violence haunts this man: Jack’s own father was a “miserable, bullying drunk” whom he loved “in spite of the spankings, the black and blues, and the occasional black eye” (248–49). That King allows the reader to experience these aching memories with Jack makes him all the more human and his rush to the (alcohol-barren) bar nearly forgivable. By bringing the reader uncomfortably close to Jack’s pain, the author successfully elicits sympathy for this overwrought father.

If told from single perspective or if the reader were denied the thoughts of each individual, *The Shining* would have been little more than a gratuitous nightmare of blood and ghouls. However, by granting equal time to each family member, King’s work becomes a compelling family drama. In fact, this remains the writer’s foremost frustration with Kubrick’s film:

It’s on the story level that the movie bothers me the most. The movie has no heart; there’s no center to that picture. I wrote the book as a tragedy, and if it was a tragedy, it was because all the people loved each other. Here it seems there’s no tragedy because there’s nothing to be lost. (Miller and Underwood 85; King’s emphasis)

King’s concerns are valid. Kubrick’s icy adaptation draws minimal viewer empathy. By virtue of technique alone, the director distances his audience. Film critic Steven Shiff notes that “most of the film feels like an endless subjective shot: we appear to be watching the hotel and its occupants through the eyes of an unearthly prowler” (2). When not in the predatory position of following the Torrances’ Volkswagen via aerial shots or stalking Danny’s Big Wheel by Steadicam, the viewer remains coolly distant as a result of the work’s stripped-down script. By concealing the vital inner thoughts of this family, the Torrances become flat and repulsive. Granted little dialogue, Danny seems withdrawn and disturbed. He elicits no compassion. Likewise, by denying Wendy’s silent suspicions, her character becomes excruciatingly naive—if not completely witless. Perhaps most damning, by eliminating both Jack’s childhood memories and his Jekyll-and-Hyde musings, Kubrick creates a simplistic portrait of evil incarnate. King’s complex characters become Kubrick’s ugly caricatures. Still, the director’s misguided work inadvertently stresses one essential point: achieved through multiple perspectives and internal dialogue, King’s judicious treatment of the fragile Torrances renders a flawed but devoted family portrait. His approach engages the reader—the Torrance family becomes *any* struggling family

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Elliott, Geoffrey B. "Comments about 'Martian Garden.'" *Elliott RWI*, 28 June 2016, elliotttwi.com/2016/06/28/comments-about-martian-garden. Accessed 5 January 2017.

The following essay performs a close reading of a poem in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. Owing to the venue and circumstances of composition, it is reasonably informal. Links originally in the piece have been removed.

I have subscribed to *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* since 1999. In the years since, I have remained an avid reader, and I have been rewarded for it by having access—along with many others; the magazine boasts reaching “100,000 high-income, highly educated readers” in its blurb about its marketplace in its July/August 2016 issue—to some of the best short science fiction and fantasy available. I have, in fact, commented on the magazine and its contents before. An October 2014 posting to *Travels in Genre and Medievalism*, “About ‘Avianca’s Bezel,’” is readily available, and it occasioned email from Matt Hughes, who authored the original piece; more recently, but with less engagement from the story’s author, was a piece on Albert E. Cowdrey’s “The Lord of Ragnarök.” In both cases, given the orientation of the blog, I look at how the works in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* treat the medieval, and there is certainly no shortage of material to treat in such a fashion. But there is also much else to consider in the pages of the magazine, and for other reasons.

One such thing is John Philip Johnson’s “Martian Garden,” a poem appearing in the pages of the July/August 2016 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. The poem is not the first to appear in the publication, to be sure; I recall several earlier poems during the length of my subscription, and I would be surprised to find that there were not some published before I began to read the magazine in earnest. But it is rare that a work of verse is included in the magazine; I recall only a handful since 1999, and the prose fiction on which the magazine focuses would not be expected to admit of works of verse standing alone. Johnson’s poem therefore immediately attracts attention and invites consideration; as an unusual inclusion, it necessarily will do so. And it serves to highlight the quality of the prose surrounding it, as well, juxtaposing itself against the other works in the issue so that each stands out more prominently against the presence of the other—in addition to carrying its own value as a work of quality writing.

Formally, the poem consists of 26 lines of free verse; no rhyme scheme presents itself among the lines, and there is no consistent meter. Nor does the poem take the tack that might be expected of its length, starting or focusing on one letter in the Latin alphabet used by modern English in each line. That it does not follow such a practice is to its credit; such a structure often reads as overly

contrived to be authentic in the ways contemporary poetry typically tries to be authentic, and the appearance of excessive contrivance is a detriment to literary quality.

The text of the poem, in addition to distributing itself across 26 lines, functions as four sentences, spanning lines 1-6, 7-10, 11-18, and 19-26. Line and sentence endings correspond; there is no enjambment to blur structural divisions in the poem. As such, it takes on a pseudo-stanzaic form, with the first two pseudo-stanzas setting up the narrative context (working a new farm on Mars and reflecting upon the work in art), the third describing an artistic product, and the fourth noting the effect of the art on the narrator. In effect, the poem ends up reading as a response to a quiet gesture of love, requiring an explication of circumstances and a description of the gesture before its effect can be discussed. In that regard, it serves well, conveying feelings of warmth and appreciation without having to speak them overtly. Such subtlety helps the literary quality of the poem, arguing in favor of its inclusion in the magazine.

The content also helps to situate the poem as appropriate to the magazine. The explicit subject matter, farming on Mars, is a recurring concept in science fiction, and a prominent one. (Recently, for example, the 2011 Andy Weir novel, *The Martian*, and its popular 2015 film adaptation both feature Martian farming, although of a different crop than is described in the poem.) A simple surface-level feature such as the mention of a Martian setting, however, would not suffice—and the poem works to integrate its setting into its content more thoroughly. The text repeatedly makes mention of the color yellow, repeating the word six times in 26 lines; it is the most frequently occurring adjective in the piece, suggesting its significance. It is a sensible color to use in representing a Martian garden. Mars is commonly “the red planet,” and gardens—whatever their crops and their colors—are strongly associated with green. In RGB color formation—with which readers of *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* can be assumed to be familiar, given the traditional association through nerdiness of audiovisual minutiae and science fiction—yellow results from a combination of red and green in equal measure. That the Martian garden of the poem’s title and content should be predominantly yellow, then, is eminently sensible—primarily to those informed readers likely to follow the magazine. The image, then, is one calculated to address a particular audience—the very audience the poem’s inclusion in the magazine reaches.

The specifically targeted address helps the inner messages of the poem to reach the readership. One such message is suggested by the clearest allusion in the poem, the description by the narrator of the other farmer, the painter, working “as though you [the painter] were in the caves / of Avignon, capturing elk and bison” (ll. 9-10). The second-person address does serve to bring the reader into the poem, reinforcing the targeted image of yellowness, but the more important idea encapsulated in the lines is the reference to the old cave-paintings in France. Although the geography is not precise—and why “Avignon” was more desirable than “Pont d’Arc” in the line is unclear—the evocation of one of the oldest iterations of human culture—and one that is as carefully tended as an extraterrestrial garden might expect to be—very much *is*. In making the reference, in tying an as-yet-hypothetical-future to an imagined-based-on-observed-data past, the poem suggests that the expression of love described within it is a continuous occurrence, that the painting of the narrator as a Martian farmer and as the focal figure of the depicted farm is one more in a series of such depictions that stretches back across ages to the beginnings of recorded human culture. It therefore addresses the continuity of the human condition, hinting that, at root,

we remain as we have been. It is a useful reminder to those who may be presumed to look to the future, that we are now what we were and what we are likely to continue to be, as well as to those who look at the present as somehow fallen or the past as somehow deficient. In providing such a reminder, one that speaks to readers across times and orientations in time, John Philip Johnson's "The Martian Garden" makes itself a piece well worth reading.

Elliott, Geoffrey B. "Sample Exploratory Essay: Shakespeare in Legend of the Five Rings." Elliott RWI, 5 October 2016, elliotrwi.com/2016/10/05/sample-exploratory-essay-shakespeare-in-legend-of-the-five-rings. Accessed 5 January 2016.

The following essay, written as a sample for a section of ENGL 3333: Shakespeare: Comedies & Sonnets at Schreiner University, looks at the way a modern property reinterprets Shakespeare. It includes original prefatory notes in italics before the essay proper begins. Links originally in the piece have been removed.

What follows is an exploratory essay like that students are asked to produce for the Expl assignment in my section of ENGL & THRE 3333: Shakespeare: Comedies & Sonnets during the Fall 2016 instructional term at Schreiner University. As with the sample proposal from which it arises (and which it echoes), its topic is slightly aside from that allowed to the students; rather than treating a single work, it treats a more general Shakespearean reconstruction, looking for what prompts continuance of the Bard in popular culture. It does, however, adhere to the length requirements expressed to students; they are asked for 1,300 to 1,625 words, exclusive of heading, title, page numbers, and any necessary Works Cited entries, and the essay below is 1,527 words long, assessed by those standards. Its formatting will necessarily differ from student submissions due to the differing medium. How the medium influences reading is something well worth considering as a classroom discussion, particularly for those students who are going into particularly writing- or design-intensive fields.

Set in a fantastical analogue of feudal Japan and China, the Legend of the Five Rings (L5R) is a tabletop gaming property that, across the first two decades of its existence, encompassed a collectible card game, a role-playing game, miniatures wargaming, and more "traditional" table games. (As of this writing, the property is undergoing a transition associated with new ownership. A card game is promised, and a role-playing game is suggested, as being forthcoming, but what connections to earlier incarnations of the property will be in place are unclear.) Each partook of an ongoing, player-driven storyline; that is, while there was an overarching plotline for the whole gaming property, many of the points of that plot were determined by players, whether explicitly by fiat or through results achieved by victories at major gaming events. The direct and identifiable impact on storyline by players accounted for much of the game's popularity and the loyalty of its player base. It also commanded a rich and detailed back history for the player-current narratives to emerge from, and that, in turn, included consideration of faux-historical cultural figures. One of them, Shosuro Furuyari, is a clear send-up of a particular view on William Shakespeare—one that is, unfortunately, not the most accurate view of the Bard to be found.

The focus of L5R is on the noble classes of the land of the Empire of Rokugan, the aforementioned analogue of feudal Japan and China. As noted in the core rulebook of the L5R role-playing game's fourth edition (Carman et al., 13-71), the members of those noble classes are divided, for the most part, into various Clans and Families. The mightiest of the Clans, the Great

Clans, originally descended from the divine children of the Sun and Moon, and their social roles and overall philosophies derive in large part from their founders. Each of the Clans adopts an animal totem to serve as its dominant heraldic emblem and as an overarching metaphor for the Clan as a whole. One such is the Scorpion Clan, descended from the underhanded Bayushi; its members are the spies and assassins of the Empire, those willing to take most any means to get done whatever jobs need to get done, regardless of the stains on their personal honor. They find secrets and keep them, doing much to disguise such truths as may not be palatable or helpful—and as part of their disguising, they maintain extensive groups of actors and workers associated with acting. This includes no few playwrights, among whom is the figure of Shosuro Furuyari, acknowledged as the greatest dramatist in the milieu—and a clear incarnation of Shakespeare.

To be fair, the nature of the tabletop role-playing game, even one with as involved a backstory as L5R, precludes full historical development. As it is, the in-game history of Rokugan is only cursorily sketched, more than a dozen centuries of material compressed into forms easily accessed by casual players (who still often find themselves daunted by the scope and extent of the material). That history occupies scores of pages across nearly two dozen books in the fourth edition of the role-playing game—as well as hundreds of other pages in the previous three editions of the game. Although the game texts are supplemented by no few works of fiction, written by the game’s writers and reflecting “official” developments of the storyline, there is still a paucity of evidence upon which to base any assertions about in-game historical figures.

Such evidence as exists, however, serves to associate Furuyari with Shakespeare. For one, the very name of the character connects the Scorpion dramatist to the Bard. The character’s personal name, Furuyari, can be read as *furu* + *yari*—and in a language deliberately patterned after (sometimes poorly translated) Japanese. At least one meaning of *furu*, depending on the transliteration, is “shake,” and at least one meaning of *yari* is “spear.” The name therefore reads as “shake spear,” a slightly punning reference to the name of the Swan of Avon of which the man himself was evidently aware, given his work in securing his family’s coat of arms (Wolfe). It is a fitting name for a premiere dramatist in another milieu, and its deployment makes clear that the game’s writers are using the figure as a representative of the most famous of all playwrights.

Other evidence functions similarly. For example, one of Furuyari’s best known plays is *One Winter’s Snowfall* (Wulf et al., 32), the title of which evokes Shakespeare’s *Winter’s Tale*. Another of his major works, *Death of the First Hantei*, presents a scene in which many people lie to their lord to ease his mind—but one refuses to do so (Soesbee 28); the scene evokes Cordelia’s refusal to tell sweet untruths to her father in *King Lear*. Yet another of his plays is described as “a three-part epic” (“Honest”), calling to mind the Bard’s three plays about Henry VI. Admittedly, no more than snippets of the texts of the plays are available—although role-playing games are themselves necessarily associated with theater through their performative nature, it is not often that full scripts are presented within them. But even that can be read as evocative of Shakespeare, given such theorized lost plays as *Love’s Labour’s Won*. There are connections, therefore, to be made between the role-playing game’s character and the Swan of Avon.

Unfortunately, the Shakespeare stand-in in L5R is a fraud, a non-existent person used as a cover for others. In its origins, the façade serves to cover over dramatists uncertain of the reception of

their plays and as a convenient vehicle for the Scorpion to maneuver into positions from which to gather intelligence (Wick 36). Agrarian feudal societies do not necessarily offer much in the way of entertainment, so traveling groups of performers were likely to be welcomed warmly—and in the hours after the plays and after-parties ended, as the grateful hosts slept, the actors could creep about and find out more than had already been revealed by careful observation and drink-loosened tongues. Later, the returned spirit of a villainous figure—again, L5R is a fantasy game—assumes the identity of Furuyari, using the reverence in which the setting holds the (imagined) writer to maneuver into positions of power and influence and thence to attempt a coup against the current rightful rulers; for a time, he stands among the closest advisers of the lord of the Scorpion Clan, only to be exposed—and to confess himself as—a traitor to that lord and to the Empire as a whole (Wulf, “Master”). Subsequently, he actively works to undermine the legitimate authorities of the Empire (Wulf, “Unfinished”). That is, by posing as the playwright, the pernicious antagonist accrues influence that is then put to vile—and objectively evil, in the context of the game—ends. Neither view of the Shakespeare-analogue—and therefore of the Bard, by proxy—is favorable.

It might be argued, and with some justice, that L5R is simply a game and that the assertions made in it are not to be taken as representative or directive—and the implications of it are far less so. L5R *is* a series of games, and there *is* a disjunction between the world of the game and the world that enfolds the game. Too, the contextual materials the game offers are scanty, as any simulation’s must be. But L5R is also a sprawling narrative, one that has pulled in thousands of audience members across decades, and it is no secret that the kinds of fans associated with tabletop gaming are often intense in their devotion to the objects of their fandom. As Flegel and Roth, Roth and Flegel, and Stein and Busse assert, fandoms take into themselves no small part of those properties of which they are fans, integrating with them in familial, communal ways; what the properties do exerts influence on who its fans are. For L5R to put forth a view of Shakespeare that holds him a fiction—and one easily exploited for nefarious purposes—is dangerous, even if the view is occluded and partial. That a thing works subtly and through suggestion does not mean it does not work, after all, as the victims of any number of half-heard rumors can attest.

Even with such problems, though, the fact that L5R does engage with Shakespeare—and not only in Furuyari; for example, the plot of a foregrounded scene from a work of prominent in-world fiction closely mimics the final scene of *Taming of the Shrew*, highlighting a wager of obedience (Wick 15-17)—is itself an important thing. Among others, it reaffirms the central place of the Bard to the narrative communities that have succeeded him. It shows that the Swan of Avon still swims through the currents of popular consciousness in the English-speaking world, even in those eddies which may be thought to be far removed from the main stream, and it offers promise that the utility of Shakespeare and studies thereof are far from exhausted. More is being done, so more is yet to do, and that offers no small hope for those who will continue to undertake academic study of the humanities.

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The following essay, written as a sample for a section of ENGL 2340: World Literature through the Renaissance at Schreiner University, examines humor in footnotes of a scholarly edition of a text. It includes original prefatory notes in italics before the essay proper begins. Links originally in the piece have been removed.

What appears below is a sample of the kind of paper students in my Fall 2016 section of ENGL 2340: World Literature through the Renaissance are asked to write here. Its topic is one that would need approval, although it would likely receive it if requested. It does, however, adhere to the length requirements expressed to students. They are asked for 1,300 to 1,625 words, exclusive of heading, title, page numbers, and any necessary Works Cited entries; the paper below is 1,328 words long as assessed by those standards. Its formatting will necessarily differ from student submissions due to the differing medium. How the medium influences reading is something well worth considering as a classroom discussion, particularly for those students who are going into particularly writing- or design-intensive fields.

One of the best-known works of medieval Welsh literature, *The Mabinogion* relates a number of stories that compose what Jeffrey Gantz describes as the only collection of medieval Welsh folktales available (10). No few translations of the tales allow them to be studied and appreciated by those who have no facility with one of the last living Celtic languages, but all such

translations necessarily impose other standards and other perspectives on the text. They are distortions of both the original language and the target (Conley 20-21), and so they will necessarily have different valences for different audiences. Following Naoki Sakai, they are not neutral; they specifically privilege and address particular usage communities, whether intentionally or otherwise. Which communities are addressed can be inferred from any number of features, ranging from the diction in the target language to the editorial apparatus—or gaps therein. One example among many that can be found inheres in Jeffrey Gantz’s translation of “Pwyll Lord of Dyved,” the story with which his rendition of *The Mabinogion* begins. In it, editorial apparatus points towards—but not *at*—a bit of political commentary easily passed over by many readers; those readers who *do* see the commentary, likely to be erudite cynical punsters (or those who fancy themselves such, at least) may well be those Gantz seeks to address most directly.

The political commentary in question inheres in a bit of wordplay that relies on an emblematic reading of character names. Gantz begins to motion toward it in a footnote appended to the first word of the tale, noting that the eponymous Pwyll of “Pwyll Lord of Dyved” bears a name meaning “sense, judgment” (46n1). The name is a fitting one for a ruler, as it is often hoped that those in power have some idea what they are about; this is almost certainly the case for the late twentieth century initial readership of Gantz’s translation from the Welsh, particularly given the upheavals of the Baby Boomers beginning to come into full adulthood and those who led the Greatest Generation passing on or retiring from active work. Motion towards the word-play continues as the character of Arawn King of Annwvyn is introduced; Gantz glosses the word tentatively as meaning “not-world” (47n5), implying that it is like More’s Utopia, a no-place, something not to be found within the world. The motion is completed in a later comment, one that takes place after Pwyll and Arawn have concluded their bargain and grown into fast friends; narration remarks that the Lord of Dyved “was called Pwyll Head of Annwvyn ever after” (51). Following Gantz’s glosses, he became known as Sense, Head of Nowhere, a comment not explicitly heralded in the editorial apparatus, although it can be inferred from those things that are so announced.

The joke itself, of course, is in its thrust a commonplace. Complaints about the irrationality of those in power persist in the literary and historical records, ranging in intensity from polite mentions that other decisions would be preferable to vitriolic screeds that rage against the inanity of governance, in length from such quips as Lord Acton’s to tome-length deconstructions of authority. Many of them make for entertaining and humorous reading. That Gantz’s translation—and, presumably, the original work being translated—would make such a comment does not, therefore, serve to narrow the audience for Gantz’s translation further than those who, already cynical, look for ways to heap aspersion upon things; making a widely understood joke bespeaks a wide audience.

The way the comment is presented, however, helps to direct the joke towards a narrower group. For one, unless Gantz’s reader is also a reader of Welsh, identifying the valence of Pwyll is a task requiring a glossary. So is discerning the meaning of Annwvyn. (Since the text is published in 1976, it is not one that can readily assume the availability of machine translation—but even for readers that *have* such access, *using* it to untangle proper nouns is not necessarily a go-to task; names are often readily accepted as themselves, having no greater significance.) Gantz provides

one, as noted above, but a *Cymræg*/English dictionary would also suffice—and in both cases, the possession and use of such a device denotes a particular kind of reading (and reader) commonly associated with greater education and formal training, thus, however arbitrarily, with greater intelligence. That is, setting up the joke in editorial, scholarly apparatus positions the joke to be taken up not by a casual reader, but by a “serious” one.

Many people can be counted on to look at the words presented on the page when they read a book or a story within one, however, so while embedding clues to a joke in footnotes *begins* to move that joke away from casual readers, it is not enough to take it fully away from them. (Admittedly, endnotes, requiring more effort to follow and removing explanation further from the explained, might do so.) Obliging that provided pieces be assembled, though, at least carries the joke further afield than the easy reading a casual reader might do would go, placing it more firmly among the paths trodden by the (perhaps self-styled) erudite. Gantz’s translation of “Pwyll Lord of Dyved” does not make a comment when the eponymous character is relabeled as Pwyll Head of Annwyvn; it does not point out the punning reference to the absence of good sense amid the governance of corporeal nations. Instead, it leaves readers to infer that such a comment is being made, demanding a higher level of reading comprehension than openly announcing the contents of the joke would. A cynical pun is thus aimed at those who look more deeply into things than might otherwise be the case—and such people are often held to be more intelligent.

It might well be argued that failing to call out the joke means the joke was deemed unimportant, or perhaps that it was not noticed or intended. Yet the fact that the components of the joke are identified and explained when they are first presented suggests that their result bears attention, as well; again, names of people and places are readily accepted as complete within themselves, needing no other meaning to be significant and needing no explanation to identify characters and geography. (Indeed, Arawn’s name is not defined; nor are many other names in the text.) Too, it is not to be expected that scholars—and the editorial apparatus and prefatory blurb for the volume, which identifies Gantz as having earned a doctorate in language and literature from Harvard (1), both indicate that Gantz *is* a scholar—would fail to notice a clever combination of textual elements in their areas of specialty, even if those outside it might not. And mention of the intentional fallacy allows for discard of whether the joke is *meant* or not; whether it was *meant* consciously has no bearing on whether it has a given function. Gantz could have been responding to subconscious or prevailing cultural ideas—the years leading up to 1976 were not a time of great trust in government—and it is a commonplace that people do things that others view as funny without any premeditation to that end.

That there is a bit of humor at work among the scholarly paraphernalia in Jeffrey Gantz’s translation of “Pwyll Lord of Dyved” is clear. That it is a comment bespeaking the age-old cynical conceit that government is senseless is evident. That it relies on word-play, making it a pun, is groaningly obvious. That it consists of parts embedded in places where only more educated—and therefore “more intelligent”—readers are likely to look can be sussed out. That the joke itself *has* to be sussed out means that it restricts the audience for the joke—and perhaps the audience Gantz’s translation has in mind, not simply one of scholars, but one of scholars who look for cynical commentaries and who revel in subtle puns wherever they might be.

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Gold Diggers: You Never Sea Them Coming

The following paper, written by a student for a section of ENGL 2340: World Literature through the Renaissance at Schreiner University, addresses the manifestation of humor in one of Aesop's *Fables*. The paper earned an A-, so there are a few problems to be found—but much, much more is done well.

The best ideas can lead to the worst conclusions. Fables are often quick to point this out. Well beloved by people across all ages and centuries, the collection of Aesop's *Fables* we possess today originated in both Greece and Rome. They generally teach small lessons and proverbs, or function as thought provoking jokes. In the fable "The Shepherd and the Sea," a young shepherd loses everything save his life to an ocean that he originally perceived as calm. Through the use of symbolism, personification, and an exuberant punchline, this fable constructs an amusing tale for past audiences with an underlying message about the female gender and their stereotypical unpredictability.

This text is rooted in many layers of enriching symbolism. The first layer which draws attention is the opposition of the sea and shore. The shepherd lives his life on solid ground with his sheep. He is in charge, yet he has the freedom to wander the lands wherever he wishes to take his flocks. He is a lonely, diligent worker. The dry land is aligned with the shepherd, representing the predictability and stability of masculinity. The ocean, by contrast, is fluid and ever changing. Though it is well known that the sea is treacherous, it catches the shepherd's eye with its calm and tranquil behavior. In the punchline of the fable, the shepherd refers to the ocean as a "she" (Aesop 631). This type of visual and emotional deception is portrayed as common in both the female sex and the ocean, binding the two as sisters. It is funny though, that he is leading his sheep through some treacherous cliffs when he "saw that the sea was calm and mild" (Aesop 630). This implies that when men go through rough times, they turn to women for consolation and distraction, despite the fact that they should know better from experience. Women are as changing and temperamental as the ocean, the cruel mistress that she is. Therefore, they should never be seen as a place of rest, but rather give rise to suspicion and anxiety. It is funny that the shepherd believes his life will be made peaceful by the comforts of a serene journey at sea, yet the ocean is even more treacherous than the harsh land he is used to. These misplaced expectations provide a roller coaster of a read, never giving the reader a place of rest, thus encouraging laughter as a sweet escape from the misery of the shepherd's life.

The next symbol we come across is that of dates. When the shepherd decides to give up his flocks and take a vacation upon the waves of the ocean, he brings along only date fruit as a provision for his voyage. In both Greek and Roman culture, where Aesop's *Fables* originated, dates were a sign of peace, longevity, and faithfulness due to the fact that they were a fruit which could survive the desert (Hatice 135-145). The dates are a symbol of his desire for the sea. He sells his entire flock of sheep then spends his money on only dates, which he has to load onto a ship, and then pays for a ticket. He is prepared for a long journey. The sea, catching sight of his

commitment, continues to entice him with its echoing promises of good behavior. As soon as he sets sail, though, the shepherd is met with a storm quite averse to the temperament he expected to come into contact with. He loses the ship, his dates, and very nearly his life. This is a symbol of the unpredictability of women. The message here is that women look beautiful and seem pleasing, yet as soon as you give them your dates, as soon as you make a commitment, their true nature is revealed. Women know how men like them to act: “calm and mild...tranquil” (Aesop 630-631), but as soon as they get what they want, they act according to their true feelings and desires. They are a conniving force to be reckoned with. They, unlike the shepherd, are fickle in their commitments. Women know this about themselves, and find it hilarious when they dupe a man, taking everything save his life, before moving on to the next one.

Dates were also a symbol of fertility in many cultures (Peabody 16). The man catches sight of the sea and begins to focus more on dates than on making a livelihood, which results in the demolishing of everything he is in possession of short of his life. Often in fables and other literature of the time, men are portrayed as thinking too strongly with the wrong head, and eventually becoming less manly because of it. In this case, the ocean symbolizes a woman who steals the shepherd's fertility. She either castrated the shepherd, or took away the free will of decision he used to possess when he roamed the ragged earth with his sheep. If the shepherd had known of the sea's intentions to rob him of his dates, he never would have bought them in the first place. Or perhaps he could have avoided the situation by never bringing the dates along, yet dates are required as a food item during long term voyages, so of course he had to bring them along in order to survive. The joke here is that women want commitment, ideas, and fertility. They could care less about men themselves. It is funny to the reader that the shepherd assumes he is valuable and he will enjoy his time on the sea, enjoying the privilege of keeping his dates to himself.

The paradoxical contrast of dates, a desert fruit, and a shepherd who spends his life on solid ground, floating upon the sea creates a situational irony for the reader. Neither of these things belong on the ocean traditionally, yet here they are, out of place from general expectations. The fact that the shepherd's decision to set sail is so abrupt strikes the reader as a foolish action at first, which proves to be true. This provides a satisfactory laugh to the readers who inferred the shepherd's impotence in relation to the sea. Of course the shepherd got caught in a storm, he had no idea what he was getting into with his frivolous plans and purchases.

The sea steals the shepherd's dates and then goes back to being peaceful. This message here is that all that matters to the ocean is being able to receive the ability to be fertile. Once women get the opportunity to bear children, they will care about little else and treat their man poorly. It is their ultimate goal to possess a man's manhood so that they can bring forth the power he possesses through a son. Even then, though the man proposed commitment in order to receive love and affection in return, he is not safe. If the woman so chooses, she can act like a storm and push him away with her tempestuous behavior. Thus the seeking of favorable conditions will always be a fruitless mission for the male gender.

Finally we see the symbol of the second man on the beach praising the sea for her tranquility. He is a complete stranger to the shepherd, yet the shepherd shouts words of warning to him. The man symbolizes each and every man who is on the edge of making a commitment to a woman.

He is “praising the sea for her tranquility,” not aware that it is “just because she’s after [their] dates” (Aesop 631). The stranger is interrupted from his praisings and we do not know as readers what his decision is, yet we know that the shepherd is making a joke. He feels robbed of his decision to take a tranquil vacation on the sea, and is hoping to prevent the stranger from falling prey to the treacherous intentions of the ocean. There is a bitter exuberance to his proclamation of warning, yet he makes it with laughter in mind. This fable in particular uses humor to reinforce the fact that is important to use caution when dealing with women, or at least to heed the warnings of other experienced people.

People are unpredictable, treacherous, and often follow through with whims that are likely to cause them some trouble. When reading fables, it is important to address the symbols provided and what each entails. Fables often utilize items in order to speak without words, hence most of the characters either being animals or personifications of nature. Symbols, when viewed from a different time frame, can add many layers of humor to an otherwise simple story. If one does not read into the gendering of the ocean and the meaning of dates, this fable will provide much less meaning than originally intended. Another thing to consider is the symbols in our own lives, and how the people we interact with behave. That is the moral of this fable in particular. We need to be careful who we trust, even if that someone is ourselves; our perception of the world around us may be tainted by desire, among other things. Sometimes our actions carry more meaning than we originally perceive. Life has jokes hidden everywhere we look.

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Mercury: He Nose What Women Want

The following paper, written by a student for a section of ENGL 2340: World Literature through the Renaissance at Schreiner University, addresses the manifestation of humor in one of Aesop’s <i>Fables</i> . The paper earned a B+, so there are problems to be found—but much more is done well.

Aesop’s *Fables* were widely beloved by the public of ancient Greece and Rome. Therefore, there are many to choose from. They offer a sweeping display of punch lines, proverbs, and morals. Fables are used to appeal to the masses, containing tidbits of wisdom and proverbs which help to reinforce the status quo of common culture. Others are simply jokes from which the listener or reader must draw their own conclusions. While each is enjoyable in its own right, I would like to focus on the tale of “Mercury and the Two Women.” In this fable, two women fail to impress Mercury with their hospitality skills. They are then returned the “cheap and tawdry” (633) treatment he determines they “deserve” (633) in the disguised form of a present. Many different forms of irony blend together in this fable to construct a humorously inspiring lesson which lives on even to this day.

This fable is similar to many others in the fact that it only possesses one line of dialogue. What sets this line of dialogue apart is its placement. The only words spoken, originating from the lips of Mercury, are unexpectedly nestled in the middle of the story line, rather than pouncing on the reader at the end of the fable in the form of a punchline. ““You are gazing upon a god:,” states Mercury, “I am prepared to give you right now whatever it is you want” (633). These words, not the opening line, are the threshold of the text. They introduce the duping of the two women. At first, this offer sounds harmless, even generous. The women are unaware of Mercury’s malicious intentions or feelings about their “hospitality” (633) thus creating a situational irony which is delightful to the reader. We, the readers, are on the edge of our seats wondering how the women are going to reap the consequences of their faulty actions; while the two women believe they are receiving a reward for their generous hospitality. A message we would discern from this irony today is the colloquial proverb “be careful what you wish for.” It is wise always to be skeptical when offered “whatever it is” (633) we want, as we often place our faith in something that will harm us if we are not careful.

Buying into Mercury’s sales pitch for desires, the mother gently “beseeched” Mercury to “see her son with a beard as soon as possible” (633). Mercury, being the trickster he is, immediately granted her request, thus producing an oxymoronic image of a “baby with a beard, wailing and screaming” (633). So while yes, the concept of masculinity is something to be treasured, it can be funny when ironically displayed on a young boy. If the mother had asked only for her son to be prosperous and manly throughout his life span, the entire bearded infant situation would have been avoided. Likewise, the hard working prostitute indirectly requested wealth, or “the power to attract anything she touched” (633). She must not have been thinking clearly when she mentioned the word “anything” (633). Indirectness is common in fables. What may appear verbally solid is actually ideally feeble. This cues in the audience that the prostitute, like the mother, is cluelessly seeking after more than she deserves. This will most likely end up getting her into some type of entertaining scenario. It does, of course, lead to the prostitute having a nose that reaches “all the way down to the floor” (633). If she had simply been direct about her wishes, and wished for more money, she would never have had to deal with a nose long enough to get stomped on. By dissecting the women’s requests, Mercury exposed the ironies contained within mortal expectations. Not everything is as it first sounds.

Now we see the adventure of the prostitute’s nose. A nose touching the ground is usually associated with submission. In contrast, the image of a nose turned up to the sky is associated with pride. One would assume interacting with Mercury and receiving “whatever you want” (633) from a god would boastfully breed pride. In reality, the prostitute gives herself a nose which touches the ground even when she is standing. Her countenance is literally crestfallen with shame (her own doing, to add insult to injury), rather than lifted by pride. Today, many people assume that they can become powerful or talented by association with the successful people of the world. The message imbued within this fable once attempted to encourage commoners to be content with their current social status. Now, it can be seen as a cautionary tale against getting too full of ourselves. No matter how grand you believe your life to be, the reality is that you are but a miniscule influence in the vast scheme of the world. This unexpected and often unnoticed sequence of events leads to all our lives being one long punchline, each a situation of irony in itself.

Each of the women hopes the rewarding consequences stemming from her wish will lend her the power to be either wealthier or more esteemed than their peers. Instead, they each end up brought down a step lower than before. These earthly desires are worthless, a dramatically ironic contrast to the women's expectations of them. This paints mortality as endlessly failing to meet the expectations both we and the gods place on it. It is laughable to Mercury that the women put so much faith in themselves and their values, yet they do not even consider the ways in which they may be disappointed.

It is ironic, then, that Mercury has so much faith in their hospitality skills, only to be miffed when they fail to treat him in a manner he sees fit. Is Mercury himself wishing too wide? He is a "god," (633), while the women are mere mortals, tethered to the ground by their desires for fleeting prosperity. Though Mercury seeks the fleeting pleasures of the earth, as well. He attempts to find them in the women's hospitality and finds them less illustrious than he first expected. Mercury takes "treating others as they treat you" to a whole new level. It is funny that he finds their treatment such a joke that it must be repaid. It was his own petty standards which landed them there in the first place.

Usually, these types of messages are not well received. People like to think of themselves as humble and successful. Our culture in America, specifically, pushes the message that anyone can be anything if they try hard enough. Yet this is not wholistically true. Lots of times, people end up with mundane lives and simple accomplishments (such as their son growing a beard before everyone else's). So how do we get the lesson out that sometimes it's just better to be who you were born as, and leave the succeeding to other people, such as the one percent? Humor. Consider the aside in reference to the prostitute's nose filling up with snot "(as sometimes happens)" (633). This timeless bodily humor, which was used to relate to the masses of Greeks and Romans who adored fables, humanizes the character. It makes her laughter relatable to the reader. The more relatable the humor, the more pathos provided, the more the lesson sticks. Without the pathos of humor, many fables would not have been received by the public. "Mercury and the Two Women" relies heavily on this factor, using irony as its main joke. It is imperative that many jokes are included so that the ending line of the fable, "In this way the woman who had laughed at someone else ended up being laughed at herself" (633), the lesson that basically everyone is a fool, will be well remembered.

Aesop's *Fables* were constructed to make people think, but not make them think too terribly hard. The great element provided by the ironies in "Mercury and the Two Women," is that they gesticulate easy to grasp, surface level content, yet simultaneously penetrate deep into the subconscious. The entire fable itself can be considered a verbal irony. It sounds great and leaves the reader laughing, but "Mercury and the Two Women" actually leaves a nasty, sarcastic aftertaste behind with the lessons it teaches. One can expect, and also receives, a funny tale imbued with simple morals. As one reads deeper into it, they find questions beginning to take shape beneath the words. Is there really a difference between getting what we want and getting what we deserve? Or is it simply a matter of being careful what we wish for?

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The following essay appears in a fairly commonly cited academic journal and is used in accordance with Fair Use guidelines. Given its publication date, it reflects older MLA practice. It also focuses on some of the kinds of texts my classes often treat.

As Pandarus urges the pining Troilus to take action and press his suit with Criseyde in Book 2 of Geoffrey Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, he employs two evocative arboreal metaphors to further his argument.¹ Anticipating and trying to preemptively dismiss the Trojan prince's hypothetical objections, Pandarus gives voice to his friend's imagined fear that Criseyde will never yield herself to him:

Peraunter thynkestow: though it be so,
That Kynde wolde don hire to bygynne
To have a manere routhe upon my woo,
Seyth Daunger, "Nay, thow shalt me nevere wyne!"
So reulith hire hir hertes gost withinne,
That though she bende, yeet she stant on roote;
What in effect is this unto my boote? (2.1373–79)

With his use of the word *roote*, Pandarus begins associating Criseyde's character with a tree; this tree imagery is subsequently developed in the counterargument to "Troilus's" supposed position that Criseyde's uncle forwards in the next stanza. This assumption about Criseyde's resistance to Troilus's "woo" would be wrong, Pandarus insists:

Thenk here-ayeins: whan that the stordy ook,
On which men hakketh ofte, for the nones,
Receyved hath the happy fallyng strook,
The greete sweigh doth it come al at ones,
As don these rokkes or these milnestones (2.380–84)

Scholarship on the poem has occasionally pointed to the proverbial feel of these lines, which have no counterpart in Il Filostrato, Chaucer's chief source for *Troilus and Criseyde*.² My intention in what follows is to instead briefly outline the ways in which the tree imagery of Pandarus's speech in 2.1373–84 has deeper roots, so to speak, in classical literature.

Pandarus's first arboreal reference in this passage—that is, his mention of the mighty, firmly rooted tree that may "bende" under pressure but ultimately "stant on roote"—evokes Virgil's oak simile from Book 4 the *Aeneid*, in which Aeneas's resolve to depart Carthage is thus described:

*sed nullis ille movetur
fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit;
fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit auris.
ac velut ann,oso validam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
eruerere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum vertice ad auras
aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros*

*tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;
mens immota manet, lacrimae volvuntur inanes.* (4.438–49)

Unmoved

By her tears, he made no response to her words.
Fate stood in the way, and a god sealed the man's ears.
Alpine winds swoop down from the North
And struggle to uproot an ancient oak.
They blow upon it from every side until its leaves
Strew the ground and the strong trunk-wood creaks.
But the tree clings to the crag, and as high as its crown
Reaches to heaven, so deep do its roots sink into the earth.
So too the hero, battered with appeals
On this side and that. His great heart feels
Unendurable pain, but his mind does not move,
And the tears that fall to the ground change nothing.³

Significantly, Virgil's epic simile, like Chaucer's derivative vernacular condensation of it, is framed within an amatory context. It appears at the point in Virgil's narrative when Dido has resorted to employing her sister Anna as a (proto-Pandarian?) go-between carrying pleading messages to her erstwhile lover as he unyieldingly prepares to leave. Like a firmly rooted oak, dendriform Aeneas remains fixed in his resolve to fulfill his epic destiny in Italy. It is thus that Virgil's wooden hero is battered by and yet resistant to the romantic entreaties and assaults of Dido, whose pleas for him to remain with her are likened to strong yet ultimately futile gusts of wind. But his niece is no Aeneas, Pandarus argues in this somewhat anachronistic example: Despite Troilus's fears to the contrary, Criseyde will not be able to withstand his romantic persuasions as adamantly as Aeneas did Queen Dido's.

To illustrate what Criseyde *is* like, in contrast to this Virgilian image of inert romantic resistance, Pandarus deploys yet another tree example recognizably gleaned from classical poetry. This next arboreal reference, meant to counter his friend's supposed fear by reassuring Troilus that the definitive stroke of an axe could certainly fell the "sturdy ook" Criseyde, alludes to a simile found in Book 10 of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

*virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni
carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat
et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque
et cupit, et, quid agat, non invenit, utque securi
saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur,
sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat
huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque,
nec modus et requies . . . reperitur amoris.* (10.369–77)

Cinyras' daughter . . . lies tossing, consumed by
The fires of passion, repeating her prayers in a frenzy;
Now she despairs, now she'll attempt it; now she is shamefaced,
Now eager: uncertain: What should she do now? She wavers,

Just like a tree that the axe blade has girdled completely,
When only the last blow remains to be struck, and the woodsman
Cannot predict the direction it's going to fall in,
She, after so many blows to her spirit, now totters,
Now leaning in one, and now in the other, direction,
Nor is she able to find any rest from her passion⁴

Drawn from the tale of Myrrha, in which it conspicuously foreshadows the unhappy girl's literal transformation into the myrrh, this is another tree simile with an immediate amatory context. It is used in Ovid's poem to illustrate Myrrha's state of extreme psychological agitation as she grapples with her incestuous attraction to her own father, Cinyras. Though interpreted to new ends by Pandarus, the tree-and-axe imagery in *Troilus and Criseyde* intertextually draws on the Ovidian original's associations with concealed desire, uncontrolled lust, and illicit romantic liaisons to paint a picture of Criseyde as capricious, passionate, secretive, and vulnerable—a woman who will crashingly “come al at ones” under Troilus's thrall when she “receyue[s] the happy fallyng strook” needed to push her over the edge.

In summation, we might paraphrase Pandarus's argument about Criseyde from 2.1373–84 in the following manner: You might think Criseyde's a *pious* Aeneas whom you will “nevere wynne,” but (don't worry) she's really more of an unstable and degenerate Myrrha at heart. This interpretation I have offered of Pandarus's classical resonances dovetails nicely with Michael A. Calabrese's observation that “the tale of Myrrha strangely parallels the story of [Chaucer's] lovers,” where we see a “movement from youthful desire to incest and exile, a tale of unrestrained and unquenchable passion in which a young lover, led by an older, wiser counselor, is finally united with her love object” (55). What is more, I would suggest that Pandarus's use of this classically derived simile may well be intended to foreshadow Book 3's climactic consummation scene—in which we are told “as aboute a tree, with many a twiste, / Bytrent and with the swote wodebynde, / Gan ech of hem in armes other wynde” (3.1230–32)—and it certainly inflects Book 4's (again, non-Boccaccian) comparison of both lovers' “woful teeris” to those shed by Ovid's Myrrha following her metamorphosis:

The woful teeris that they leten falle
As bittre weren, out of teris kynde,
For peyne, as is ligne aloes or galle—
So bittre teeris weep nought, as I fynde,
The woful Mirra thorough the bark and rynde—
That in this world ther nys so hard an herte
That nolde han rewed on hire peynes smerte. (4.1135–41)

Notes

1. In *Chaucer Reads the Divine Comedy*, 158–61, Karla Taylor provides an overview of Chaucer's use of tree imagery throughout *Troilus and Criseyde* more generally.

2. See, for instance, Taylor 155–56, as well as the relevant explanatory note in *The Riverside Chaucer*, which points to the Latin proverb “The oak is felled with many blows” (1036).

3. I cite the Latin text of the *Aeneid* from the Loeb edition and reproduce Lombardo's English translation. I have slightly modified the formatting of the text found in the Hackett edition of Lombardo's translation to achieve greater consistency within this essay.

4. I cite the Latin text of the *Metamorphoses* from the Loeb edition and reproduce Martin's English translation. I have slightly modified the formatting of the text found in the Norton edition of Martin's translation to achieve greater consistency within this essay

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The Ultimate Poetic Shifts

The following paper, written by a student for a section of ENGL 2340: World Literature through the Renaissance at Schreiner University, addresses the manifestation of humor in a work by Veronica Franco. The paper earned a B+, so there are problems to be found—but much more is done well.

Sex is great. Death: not so much. Yet both of these important parts of life have surpassed time and become main themes for literature all over the world. Yet, both themes only seem to cross paths when the overall theme of the specific piece is revenge or pillaging. An exceptional example for the former is Veronica Franco's "Capitolo 13: A Challenge to a Lover Who Has Offended Her". This poem, written in the latter half of the 1500's, presents a perfect example of an over-exaggeration using sex and death as conjoined themes. In fact, to the modern reader, the humor of the whole poem relies on the over-exaggerations, or hyperbole, that dictate the piece.

In the case of Franco's poem, the reader might think that the narrator is a woman who has been deeply and negatively affected by her partner. And though the audience is unaware of the severity of the crime committed by the partner, they can compare the narrator to a sixteenth-century version of Tyler Perry's original character, Madea. Our narrator is a strong, fierce competitor, coming at her faithless lover with a beating rage and over-exaggerated spiteful words. Within the first nine lines of the poem, the narrator confronts her partner, claiming that she will test him in a duel if he will not challenge her first. This is especially humorous because she most likely does not have the skills nor the true intentions of fighting.

The narrator's willful personality is the drive of the poem. By using such exaggerations as the means for scaring her lover. Instead, the audience can find the humor of her over-powering threats and her indecisiveness. And, although she seems to be quite serious in her desire for revenge, her acts only create a funnier atmosphere for the audience. And, as the poem continues

and the meanings of the lines shift, the audience receives new and different perspectives that continue the use of humor in the piece.

Beginning at line ten, the narrator decides to give her lover the choice of either choosing the place or the weapon to be used in their battle and she will choose the option that he declines. Then, on line twelve, she goes on to say, “rather, let both be your decision.” With the intent to kill, the narrator continues this obsessive need to battle her undignified love throughout the whole poem. Because of her rage, she becomes indecisive and changes her mind within a few short lines of each other. This spastic nature takes the reader on a whirlwind of ideas and emotions, making the poem more entertaining to read.

On lines twenty-five through twenty-seven, Franco creates a strong example of hyperbole by writing, “Then, with the same knife, my own breast / satisfied and appeased by slaying you, / I may cut open, regretting my deed”. In other words, she uses hyperbole to express both her delight for killing her lover and the regret that she feels for having to turn the knife on herself. Whether she feels regret because she had to kill her lover or because she felt regret for loving him in the first place is unclear, but a definite exaggeration is tied to the idea of having to kill herself after she finishes him. The poem seems to be broken up into three parts, each part beginning with a shift in mood. Each part deals with a battle between the narrator and her significant other. But, unlike in the first third of the poem, where the narrator is prepared to face her opponent in a physical duel, the other two thirds of the poem create a different type of battle.

The poem carries two turning points that change the entire meaning of the piece. The reader can see a gradual shift begin at line thirty-four where the narrator talks about the memories that her and her lover made on her bed. Then, on line thirty-seven, she says that because those memories now carried a negative connotation, she can no longer fall asleep on the bed. Three lines later, she returns to the fond memories that she possesses of that bed, only to shift back to the negative thoughts that she carried only a few lines before. These four sudden shifts in perceptions cause an extreme exaggeration in the case of the narrator’s personality. At the same time, they also create a gradual shift from the first third of the poem to the second. The first shift officially begins the second part of the poem at line forty-six, where the narrator calls her lover out, saying, “Come here, and, full of most wicked desire, / braced stiff for your sinister task, / bring the daring blade a piercing hand” (Franco 46-8). So, the plot shifts from an actual duel between the narrator and her lover to a call for sexual intercourse that is fueled by anger. When looking at it from the perspective of a modern audience member, the situation might be perceived as a couple who started out in a nearly physical fight that turned into a fit of angry sex.

This theory of the second part’s meaning can be further explained on line fifty-two, where the narrator tells her lover that he must fight naked so that his battle is fueled with valor and honor. Three lines later, she demands that no one else be in the room during their “match,” so that no one can intervene. In order to ensure her partner follows these specific guidelines, she goads him to believe that “this is custom of noble knights, / who, without clamor, strive to clear their names / when they consider their honor to be stained” (Franco 58-60). Franco uses hyperbole here to demean the lover’s position as a man. For he cannot be a “noble” knight without cleansing his name by giving the narrator the intercourse that she demands.

The second shift occurs on line seventy, where the narrator asks, “what if you were to offer me peace?” (Franco 70). As the reader can see, the narrator’s rage is beginning to subside as she allows other ideas to flow for her appease. This is the point where the use of hyperbole begins to lessen. The narrator’s need for rage-fueled sexual intercourse is replaced by her need for intercourse based on forgiveness between the two parties. She seems to be reflecting on her actions until the reader reaches lines seventy-four and seventy-five where she claims asks, “Must I continue to battle against you, / since whoever refuses pardon when asked / wends his erring way reputed a coward?” (Franco 74-5). In this brief moment, she returns to her exaggerations in order for the battle between the two characters of the poem to turn in her favor. The poem ends with the narrator’s desperate attempt to participate in sexual endeavors with her lover.

Along with hyperbole, the author’s use of satire and word play allows for an extra added depth of humor that keeps the reader from becoming bored of strict example, the narrator displays her position of power on line sixty-four by saying that rage-induced sexual intercourse is the “style in which I like to fight, / and this manner fulfills and satisfies / my desire for bitter revenge”. These three short lines create an ironic humor that tells the reader that she finds revenge and satisfaction in an act that is usually made to make both participating parties feel good. In other words, the narrator might not be the only one who feels the satisfaction of angry sex. Another section that focuses on humor without dealing with hyperbole begins on line seventy-nine, where the narrator uses a coy attitude to say that she “might” follow her victim to bed and she “might” let him take control of her in a non-combative way. This example of humor is the opposite of almost all other examples of humor because she tries to subdue her reactions, creating another ironic scenario.

Franco’s use of hyperbole, or exaggerations, shows mainly in the narrator’s words and actions towards her disobedient partner. It also takes place in the dramatic shifts between the three sections of the poem. By shifting from pure rage, to a desire for anger-based intercourse, then to a desire for regret-based intercourse, Franco develops a strong storyline that takes place in a short ninety lines. And, by using hyperbole as the main source of humor, it shows the modern reader that even authors of the sixteenth century knew how to exaggerate certain details in order to achieve a specific reaction from the readers.

Work Cited

Franco, Veronica. “Capitolo 13: A Challenge to a Lover Who Has Offended Her.” Translated by Ann Rosalind Jones and Margaret F. Rosenthal, *The Norton Anthology of World Literature*. Third ed., Vol. C., W. W. Norton & Company, 2012 pp. 175-77.

Poetry

Much of the oldest known literature takes poetic form—it organizes meaning primarily by lines rather than by clauses, although clauses continue to have meaning. Poetry tends to be viewed as “hard,” and it is true that verse generally takes more effort to plumb than either prose or drama. But if it does so, it is because poetry tends to be more explicit in offering materials to parse; because it is removed from “regular” speech and writing, it calls attention to its form and substance, and so there is no avoiding them. All that means, however, is that there is more with which to work, which would seem to make the work of interpretation easier to do.

The selections that follow reflect a combination of the stated course description's emphasis on "great works of literature," traditionally understood, and the instructor's focus on earlier English literatures. Anglo-Saxon and more exotic Middle English texts are presented in modern English; mainstream Middle English texts—Chaucer is the easy example—are presented with editorial apparatus but no other modernization.

**"Alisoun." *Luminarium*. Anniina Jokinen, 20 May 2011,
www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/alisoun.php. Accessed 9 January 2017.**

The text below hails from *Luminarium*, a useful website treating pre-Victorian English literature; it is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine and retains editorial apparatus.

	Bitweene Merch and Averil,	<i>in the seasons</i>
	When spray biginneth to springe,	
	The litel fowl hath hire wil	<i>pleasure</i>
	On hire leod to singe.	<i>In her language</i>
5	Ich libbe in love-longinge	<i>I live</i>
	For semlokest of alle thinge.	<i>seemliest, fairest</i>
	Heo may me blisse bringe:	<i>she</i>
	Ich am in hire bandoun.	<i>power</i>
	An hendy hap ich habbe yhent,	<i>A gracious chance I have received</i>
10	Ichoot from hevene it is me sent:	<i>I know</i>
	From alle women my love is lent,	<i>all other / removed</i>
	And light on Alisoun.	<i>alights</i>
	On hew hire heer is fair ynough,	<i>hue / hair</i>
	Hire browe browne, nire yē ⁿ blake;	<i>eyes</i>
15	With lossum cheere heo on me lough;	<i>With lovely face she smiled</i>
	With middel small and wel ymake.	
	But heo me wolle to hire take	<i>Unless</i>
	For to been hire own make,	<i>mate</i>
	Loge to liven ichulle forsake,	<i>I will</i>
20	And feye fallen adown.	<i>dead</i>
	An hendy hap, etc.	
	Nightes when I wende and wake,	<i>turn</i>
	Forthy mine wonges waxeth wan:	<i>therefore / cheeks</i>
	Levedy, al for thine sake	<i>lady</i>
25	Longinge is ylent me on.	<i>Longing has come upon me</i>
	In world nis noon so witer man	<i>clever</i>
	That al hire bountee telle can;	<i>excellence</i>
	Hire swire is whittere than the swan,	<i>neck / whiter</i>
	And fairest may in town.	<i>maid</i>
30	An hendy, etc.	
	Ich am for wowing al forwake,	<i>wooing / worn out from waking</i>
	Wery so in water wore.	<i>as</i>

Lest any reve me my make
Ich habbe y-yerned yore
35 Bettere is tholien while sore
Than mournen evermore.
Geinest under gore,
Herkne to my roun:
An hendy, etc.

*deprive me
I have been worrying long since
endure / for a time*

*Fairest beneath clothing
song*

**“Another Medieval Drinking Song.” *Medievalists.net*, 23 September 2015,
www.medievalists.net/2015/09/another-medieval-drinking-song. Accessed 9 January
2017.**

The text below hails from *Medievalists.net*, a useful website treating medieval studies; it is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. Line breaks and text are as presented on the site.

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no game;
But bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that goeth down at once;
And bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that;
And bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no mutton, for that is passing lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean;
But bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no egges, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else;
But bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pigges flesh for that will make us bears;
But bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God’s good,
Nor bring us in no venison, that is not for our blood;

But bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere;
But bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale!

**“The Battle of Brunanburh.” *Arts and Humanities Community Resource, U of Oxford,*
loki.stockton.edu/~kinsell/litresources/brun/brun2.html. Accessed 10 January 2017.**

The text below derives from work hosted at the University of Oxford and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is a commonly taught Anglo-Saxon poem. Breaks between irregular line-groups align with the online presentation.

In this year King Aethelstan, Lord of warriors,
ring-giver to men, and his brother also,
Prince Eadmund, won eternal glory
in battle with sword edges
around Brunanburh. They split the shield-wall,
they hewed battle shields with the remnants of hammers.
The sons of Eadweard, it was only befitting their noble descent
from their ancestors that they should often
defend their land in battle against each hostile people,
horde and home. The enemy perished,
Scots men and seamen,
fated they fell. The field flowed
with blood of warriors, from sun up
in the morning, when the glorious star
glided over the earth, God's bright candle,
eternal lord, till that noble creation
sank to its seat. There lay many a warrior
by spears destroyed; Northern men
shot over shield, likewise Scottish as well,
weary, war sated.

The West-Saxons pushed onward
all day; in troops they pursued the hostile people.
They hewed the fugitive grievously from behind
with swords sharp from the grinding.
The Mercians did not refuse hard hand-play to any warrior
who came with Anlaf over the sea-surge
in the bosom of a ship, those who sought land,
fated to fight. Five lay dead
on the battle-field, young kings,
put to sleep by swords, likewise also seven
of Anlaf's earls, countless of the army,

sailors and Scots. There the North-men's chief was put
to flight, by need constrained
to the prow of a ship with little company:
he pressed the ship afloat, the king went out
on the dusky flood-tide, he saved his life.
Likewise, there also the old campaigner through flight came
to his own region in the north--Constantine--
hoary warrior. He had no reason to exult
the great meeting; he was of his kinsmen bereft,
friends fell on the battle-field,
killed at strife: even his son, young in battle, he left
in the place of slaughter, ground to pieces with wounds.
That grizzle-haired warrior had no
reason to boast of sword-slaughter,
old deceitful one, no more did Anlaf;
with their remnant of an army they had no reason to
laugh that they were better in deed of war
in battle-field--collision of banners,
encounter of spears, encounter of men,
trading of blows--when they played against
the sons of Eadweard on the battle field.

Departed then the Northmen in nailed ships.
The dejected survivors of the battle,
sought Dublin over the deep water,
leaving Dinges mere
to return to Ireland, ashamed in spirit.
Likewise the brothers, both together,
King and Prince, sought their home,
West-Saxon land, exultant from battle.
They left behind them, to enjoy the corpses,
the dark coated one, the dark horny-beaked raven
and the dusky-coated one,
the eagle white from behind, to partake of carrion,
greedy war-hawk, and that gray animal
the wolf in the forest.

Never was there more slaughter
on this island, never yet as many
people killed before this
with sword's edge: never according to those who tell us
from books, old wisemen,
since from the east Angles and Saxons came up
over the broad sea. Britain they sought,
Proud war-smiths who overcame the Welsh,
glorious warriors they took hold of the land.

**Chaucer, Geoffrey. "The Complaint of Chaucer to His Purse." *eChaucer*, 31 March 2011,
www.ummutility.umm.maine.edu/necastro/Chaucer/texts/short/purse07.html.
Accessed 9 January 2017.**

The text below derives from work hosted at the University of Maine at Machias and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is a commonly taught shorter poem of Chaucer's. Breaks between stanzas align with the online presentation, and editorial apparatus is retained.

To yow, my purse, and to noon other wight
Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere.
I am so sory, now that ye been lyght;
For certes but yf ye make me hevy chere,
5 Me were as leef be layd upon my bere;
For which unto your mercy thus I crye,
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye.

Now voucheth sauf this day or hyt be nyght
That I of yow the blisful soun may here
10 Or see your colour lyk the sonne bryght
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere.
Quene of comfort and of good companye,
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles moot I dye.

Now purse that ben to me my lyves lyght
And saveour as down in this world here,
Out of this tounne helpe me thurgh your myght,
Syn that ye wole nat ben my tresorere;
For I am shave as nye as any frere.
20 But yet I pray unto your curtesye,
Beth hevy agen, or elles moot I dye.

Lenvoy de Chaucer

O conquerour of Brutes Albyon,
Which that by lyne and free eleccion
Been verray kyng, this song to yow I sende,
25 And ye, that mowen alle oure harmes amende,
Have mynde upon my supplicacion.

Chaucer, Geoffrey. "Truth." *Representative Poetry Online*, U of Toronto,
rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poems/truth. Accessed 9 January 2017.

The text below derives from work hosted at the University of Toronto and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is a commonly taught shorter poem of Chaucer's. Breaks between stanzas align with the online presentation, and editorial apparatus is retained. Links in the online version are removed.

1 Fle fro the pres, and dwelle with sothefastnesse,
2 Suffise thin owen thing, thei it be smal;
3 For hord hath hate, and clymyng tykelnesse,
4 Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal.
5 Savour no more thanne the byhove schal;
6 Reule weel thiself, that other folk canst reede;
7 And trouthe schal delyvere, it is no drede.

8 Tempest the nought al croked to redresse,
9 In trust of hire that tourneth as a bal.
10 Myche wele stant in litel besynesse;
11 Bywar therefore to spurne ayeyns an al;
12 Stryve not as doth the krokke with the wal.
13 Daunte thiself, that dauntest otheres dede;
14 And trouthe shal delyvere, it is no drede.

15 That the is sent, receyve in buxumnesse;
16 The wrestlyng for the worlde axeth a fal.
17 Here is non home, here nys but wyldernesse.
18 Forth, pylgryme, forth! forth, beste, out of thi stal!
19 Know thi contré! loke up! thonk God of al!
20 Hold the heye weye, and lat thi gost the lede;
21 And trouthe shal delyvere, it is no drede.

[*L'envoy.*]

Therefore, thou Vache, leve thine olde wrechednesse;
Unto the world leve now to be thral.
Crie hym mercy, that of hys hie godnesse
Made the of nought, and in espec{.i}al
Draw unto hym, and pray in general
For the, and eke for other, hevenelyche mede;
And trouthe schal delyvere, it is no drede.

Notes

1] This poem consists in twenty-two MSS. and was first printed by Caxton, c. 1477-8. In the MSS. it has such titles as *The good counceyl of chawcer* and *Moral balade of Chaucyre*. In the Chaucer Society reprint Furnivall entitled it *Truth*. One scribe, Shirley, heads the poem: *Balade that Chaucier made on his deeth bedde*, which would fix the date in 1400, but his statement has been questioned. The present text is from MS. Brit. Mus. Add. 10310, the only one that includes

the *Envoy*. This is addressed to one Vache, probably Sir Philip de la Vache (1346- 1408), son in-law to Chaucer's friend, Sir Lewis Clifford. A prosperous courtier, he lost his offices between 1386 and 1389, but afterwards recovered favour. It has been suggested that the poem was addressed to him during the time of his misfortune. Much of the thought of this poem is from Boethius, *Consolation of Philosophy*, which Chaucer translated.

- pres. Crowd.
sothefastnesse. Truth.
- 2] Let thy property suffice thee, though it be small.
3] tykelnesse. Instability.
4] wele blent overal. Prosperity blindeth everywhere.
6] reede. Advise.
7] Cf. John, viii, 32.
hit is no drede. There is no doubt.
8] Tempest the nought. Do not distress thyself.
9] In trust of Fortune who continually turns her wheel.
10] Much happiness stands in little anxiety.
11] Beware of kicking against an awl (Cf. Acts, ix, 5).
12] crokke. Crock, pot.
13] Daunte. Rule, dominate.
15] buxumnesse. Submissiveness, obedience.
18] beste. Beast.
19] of. For.
20] heye weye. The main road.
gost. Spirit. Cf. Romans, viii, 4; Gal., vi, 16.
21] Vache. See introductory note.
olde wrechednesse. Long continued wretchedness (over thy misfortunes).
21] thral. Slave.
21] Crie hym mercy, that ... Made thee of nought. Thank him who, out of his goodness, created thee of nothing.
21] other. Perhaps the poet himself.
mede. Reward.

**“Cuckoo Song.” *Luminarium*. Anniina Jokinen, 12 November 2012,
www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/cuckou.php. Accessed 9 January 2017.**

The text below hails from *Luminarium*, a useful website treating pre-Victorian English literature; it is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine and retains editorial apparatus.

Brit. Lib. MS Harley 978, f. 11v

Sumer is icumen in,
Loude sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth meed, *meadow blossoms*
And springth the wode now. *wood*
5 Sing cuckoo!

Ewe bleteth after lamb
Loweth after calve cow,

Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth,
Merye sing cuckoo!
10 Cuckou, cuckoo,
Wels ingest thou cuckoo:
Ne swik thou never now!

leaps / farts

cease

“Deor.” Translated by Aaron K. Hostetter. *Anglo-Saxon Narrative Poetry Project*, 22 July 2016, anglosaxonpoetry.camden.rutgers.edu/shorter-poems/. Accessed 9 January 2017.

The text below derives from the work of a professor at Rutgers University and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is an anonymous poem of the Anglo-Saxon period. Breaks among the irregular groups of lines align with the online presentation.

Weland experienced torment by the wyrms upon him,
a single-minded man, enduring miseries—
he had as his companions sorrow and longing,
winter-cold misery. He often suffered woe
after Nithhad laid him into constraint,
supple sinew-bindings upon an excellent man.

That passed over, so can this—

Beadohilde never was so pained upon
her brother’s death as about her own situation:
she had perceived readily that she was pregnant—
She never could boldly consider
what she must do about it.

That passed over, so can this —

Many of us have learned about Mæthild:
the affection of the Geat was without bottom.
so that the sorrowing love deprived them both of sleep.

That passed over, so can this —

Theodric possessed for thirty winters
the city of the Mæringas. That was known by many!

That passed over, so can this —

We have learned of the wolf-like mind
of Eormanric—he possessed rule widely
over the people of the Gothic realm.
That was a grim king. Many men sat
bound up by sorrows, expecting their woe—

often they wished that his kingdom
would be vanquished.

That passed over, so can this —

A sorrow-anxious man sits, deprived of his joys,
growing dark inside him, thinking to himself
that his portion of hardship seem endless.
He can ponder then that throughout this world
the wise Lord often changes things—
to many earls he shows his grace
and true profits, to some their share of woe.

I wish to speak that about myself:
that one time I was the poet of the Heodeningas,
dear to my lord. My name was Deor.
I possessed for many winters this good office,
loyal to my lord, until now Heorrenda,
a man skilled in verse, received my land-rights,
which before the shelter of earls had given to me.

That passed over, so can this —

“Dream of the Rood.” Translated by Aaron K. Hostetter. *Anglo-Saxon Narrative Poetry Project*, 30 January 2016, anglosaxonpoetry.camden.rutgers.edu/dream-of-the-rood/. Accessed 9 January 2017.

The text below derives from the work of a professor at Rutgers University and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is an anonymous poem of the Anglo-Saxon period. Breaks among the irregular groups of lines align with the online presentation; number in parentheses are line numbers assigned to the original Anglo-Saxon text.

What I wish to say of the best of dreams,
what came to me in the middle of the night
after the speech-bearers abode at rest! (1-3)

It seemed to me that I saw the greatest tree
conducted to the sky, bewound in light,
the brightest of beams. That beacon was entirely
adorned with gold. Gemstones stood
fairly at the corners of the earth—likewise there were five
upon the span of its shoulders. All the angels of the Lord
held it there, beautifully through its creation.
Indeed, nor was it the gallows of the wicked there,
yet there they held it there, the holy spirits
for men across the earth, and all this noted creation. (4-12)

Excellent was this tree of victory, and I was splattered with sins—
wounded throughout with faults. I saw this tree of glory,
well-worthied in its dressing, shining in delights,
geared with gold. The gemstones had
clothed honorably the Sovereign's tree.
Nevertheless I could perceive through all that gold
the wretched and ancient struggle, so that it first began
to sweat blood on its right side. I was entirely disturbed with my sorrows—
I was fearful for that lovely sight. Then I saw that eager beacon
alter its appearance and hue: at times it was steamy with bloody wet,
stained with the course of gore; at other times it was sparkling with treasure. (13-23)

Yet I, lying there for a long while,
beheld sorrow-caring the tree of the Savior
until I heard it speak. Then the best of wood said in words: (24-27)

“It happened long ago—I remember it still—
I was hewn down at the holt's end
stirred from my dreaming. Strong foes seized me there,
worked me into spectacular form, ordered me to heave up their criminals.
Those warriors bore me on the shoulders, until they set me down upon a mountain.
Enemies enough fastened me there. I saw then the Lord of Mankind
hasten with much courage, willing to mount up upon me. (28-34)

“There I did not dare beyond the Lord's word
to bow or burst apart—then I saw the corners of the earth
tremor—I could have felled all those foemen,
nevertheless I stood fast. (35-38)

“The young warrior stripped himself then—that was God Almighty—
strong and resolute—he climbed up onto the high gallows,
mindful in the sight of many, when he wished to redeem mankind.
I quaked when the warrior embraced me—
yet I dared not bow down to the ground, fall down to earthly regions,
but I must stand there firm. The rood was reared. I heaved the mighty king,
the Lord of Heaven—I did not dare to lean. (39-45)

“They pierced me with dark nails. On me the wounds were easy to see,
treacherous strokes gaping wide. I dared injure none of them.
They shamed us both together. I was besplattered with blood,
sprayed out from the man's side, after he had sent forth his soul. (46-49)

“Many vicious events have I experienced on that hill—
I saw the God of Hosts severely stretched out.
Darkness had covered over with clouds
the corpse of the Sovereign, shadows oppressed
the brightest splendor, black under stormclouds.

All of creation wept, mourning the king's fall—
Christ was upon the cross. (50-56)

“However people came hurrying from afar
there to that noble man. I saw it all.
I was sorely pained with sorrows—yet I bowed down
to the hands of those men, humble-minded with much courage.
They took up there Almighty God, lifting up him up
from that ponderous torment. Those war-men left me
to stand, dripping with blood—I was entirely wounded with arrows.
They laid down the limb-weary there, standing at the head of his corpse,
beholding there the Lord of Heaven, and he rested there awhile,
exhausted after those mighty tortures. (57-65a)

“Then they wrought him an earthen hall,
the warriors within sight of his killer. They carved it from the brightest stone,
setting therein the Wielder of Victories. Then they began to sing a mournful song,
miserable in the eventide, when they wished to venture forth,
weary, from the famous Prince. He rested there with a meager host. (65b-69)

“However, we, weeping there, stood a good while in that place,
after the voices of war-men had departed.
The corpse cooled, the fair hall of the spirit.
Then someone felled us both, entirely to the earth.
That was a terrifying event! Someone buried us in a deep pit.
Nevertheless, allies, thanes of the Lord, found me there
and wrapped me up in gold and in silver. (70-77)

“Now you could hear, my dear man,
that I have experienced the deeds of the bale-dwelling,
of painful sorrows. Now the time has come
that men across the earth, broad and wide,
and all this famous creation worthy me,
praying to this beacon. On me, the Child of God
suffered awhile. Therefore I, triumphant
now tower under the heavens, able to heal
any one of them, those who stand in terror of me.
Long ago I was made into the hardest of torments,
most hateful to men, until I made roomy
the righteous way of life for them,
for those bearing speech. Listen—
the Lord of Glory honored me then
over all forested trees, the Warden of Heaven's Realm!
Likewise Almighty God exalted his own mother,
Mary herself, before all humanity,
over all the kindred of women. (78-94)

“Now I bid you, my dear man,
to speak of this vision to all men
unwrap it wordfully, that it is the Tree of Glory,
that the Almighty God suffered upon
for the sake of the manifold sins of mankind,
and the ancient deeds of Adam.
Death he tasted there, yet the Lord arose
amid his mighty power, as a help to men.
Then he mounted up into heaven. Hither he will come again,
into this middle-earth, seeking mankind
on the Day of Doom, the Lord himself,
Almighty God, and his angels with him,
wishing to judge them then—he that owns the right to judge
every one of them—upon these deserts
as they have earned previously here in this life. (95-109)

“Nor can any remain unafraid there
before that word that the Wielder will speak.
He will ask before the multitude where that man may be,
who for the name of the Lord wished to taste
the bitterness of death, as he did before on the Cross.
Yet they will fear him then, and few will think
what they should begin to say unto Christ.
There will be no need to be afraid there at that moment
for those who already bear in their breast the best of signs,
yet every soul ought to seek through the Rood
the holy realm from the ways of earth—
those who intend to dwell with their Sovereign.” (110-21)

I prayed to that tree with a blissful heart,
great courage, where I was alone,
with a meager host. My heart's close was
eager for the forth-way, suffering many
moments of longing. Now my hope for life
is that I am allowed to seek that victorious tree,
more often lonely than all other men,
to worthy it well. The desire to do so
is strong in my heart, and my guardian
is righteous in the Rood. I am not wealthy
with many friends on this earth,
yet they departed from here from the joys of the world,
seeking the King of Glory—now they live
in heaven with the High-Father, dwelling in magnificence,
and I hope for myself upon each and every day
for that moment when the Rood of the Lord,

that I espied here upon the earth,
shall ferry me from this loaned life
and bring me then where there is great bliss,
joys in heaven, where there are the people of the Lord,
seated at the feast, where there is everlasting happiness
and seat me where I will be allowed afterwards
to dwell in glory, brooking joys well amid the sainted.
May the Lord be my friend, who suffered before
here on earth, on the gallows-tree for the sins of man. (122-46)

He redeemed us and gave us life,
a heavenly home. Hope was renewed
with buds and with bliss for those suffered the burning.
The Son was victory-fast upon his journey,
powerful and able, when he came with his multitudes,
the army of souls, into the realm of God,
the Almighty Ruler, as a bliss for the angels
and all of the holy, those who dwelt in glory
before in heaven, when their Sovereign came home,
Almighty God, where his homeland was. (147-56)

**“God Speed the Plow!” *Luminarium*, Anniina Jokinen, 8 January 2010,
www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/godspeed.php.**

The text below hails from *Luminarium*, a useful website treating pre-Victorian English literature; it is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine and retains editorial apparatus.

The merthe of alle this londe
maketh the gode husbonde,
With erynge of his plowe.
I-blessyd be Cristes sonde,
that hath us sent in honde
merthe & ioye y-nowe.

The plowe goth mony a gate,
Bothe erly & eke late,
In wynter in the clay.
Aboute barly and whete,
That maketh men to swete,
God spede the plowe al day!

Browne, morel, & sore
Drawen the plowe ful sore,
Al in the morwenyng.
Rewarde hem therefore
With a shefe or more,
Alle in the evenyng.

Whan men bygyne to sowe,
fful wel here corne they knowe,
In the mounthe of May.
Howe ever Ianyuer blowe,
Whether hye or lowe,
God spede the plowe all way!

Whan men bygyneth to wede
The thystle fro the sede,
In somer whan they may;
God lete hem wel to spede
& longe gode lyfe to lede,
All that for plowemen pray.

Notes

merthe, mirth; joy.

londe, land. *gode husbonde*, good husbandman; good farmer.

erynge, plowing or preparing of the soil.

I-blessyd, blessed.

Cristes sonde, Christ's ordering of things or events.

in honde, here at hand.

ioye, joy.

y-nowe, at present.

goth, goes; travels.

mony, many.

gate, path.

erly, early.

eke, also.

barly and whete, barley and wheat.

swete, sweat.

Browne, morel, & sore, brown, dusky-colored, and sorrel (reddish brown) [horses].

ful sore, laboriously.

morwenynge, morning.

hem, them.

shefe, sheaf of grain.

bygyne to sowe, begin to sow [seed].

here, their.

corne, wheat.

mounthe, month.

Ianyuer, January.

hye, high.

wede, weed.

thystle fro the sede, thistle from the seed.

somer, summer.

II.

Ye lords eek, shyninge in noble fame,
To whiche approped is the maintenaunce
Of Cristes cause; in honour of his name 35
Shove on, and putte his foos to the outrance!
God wolde so; so wolde eek your ligeaunce;
To tho two prikketh you your duëtee.
Who-so nat kepeth this double observaunce
Of merit and honour naked is he! 40

Your style seith that ye ben foos to shame;
No kythe of your feith the perséveraunce,
In which an heep of us arn halte and lame.
Our Cristen king of England and of Fraunce,
And ye, my lords, with your alliaunce, 45
And other faithful people that ther be
(Truste I to god) shul quenche al this nuisaunce
And this land sette in hy prosperitee.

Conquest of hy prowess is for to tame
The wilde woodnesse of the mescreaunce; 50
Right to the rote repe ye that same!
Slepe nat this, but, for goddess plesaunce
And his modres, and in signifaunce
That ye ben of saint Georges liverree,
Doth him service and knightly obiesauce; 55
For Cristes cause is his, wel knowen ye!

Stif stande in that, and ye shul greve and grame
The fo to pees, the norice of distaunce;
That now is earnest, torne it into game;
Dampnable fro feith werë variaunce! 60
Lord lige, and lords, have in rémembraunce,
Lord of al is the blessed Trinitee,
Of whos vertu the mighty habundaunce
You herte and strengthe in faithful unite! Amen.

Cest tout.

**“I Have a Yong Suster.” *Luminarium*, Anniina Jokinen, 20 May 2011,
www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/suster.php. Accessed 10 January 2017.**

The text below hails from *Luminarium*, a useful website treating pre-Victorian English literature; it is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine and retains editorial apparatus.

MS Sloane 2593. c. 1430.

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------------------------|
| | I have a yong suster
Fer biyonde the see;
Manye be the druries
That she sente me. | <i>far
gifts</i> |
| 5 | She sente me the cherye
Withouten any stoon,
And so she dide the dove
Withouten any boon. | <i>stone
bone</i> |
| 10 | She sente me the brere
Withouten any rinde;
She bad me love my lemman
Withoute longinge. | <i>briar
bark
sweetheart</i> |
| 15 | How sholde any cherye
Be withoute stoon?
And how sholde any dove
Be withoute boon? | |
| 20 | How sholde any brere
Be withoute rinde?
How sholde I love my lemman
Withoute longinge? | |
| | Whan the cherye was a flowr,
Thanne hadde it no stoon;
Whan the dove was an ey,
Thanne hadde it no boon. | <i>egg</i> |
| 25 | Whan the brere was unbred,
Thanne hadde it no rinde;
Whan the maiden hath that she loveth,
She is withoute longinge. | <i>ungrown
what</i> |

Lydgate, John. "Lydgate's Verses on the Kings of England." *British History Online*, www.british-history.ac.uk/camden-record-soc/vol17/pp49-54. Accessed 10 January 2016.

The text below derives from a work offered freely to the public, one written by an author in the generation after Chaucer and who looked up to him. Editorial apparatus is present, although adjusted, and hyperlinks are removed.

Wyllelmus Conquestor.

This myghty Wylliam Duke of Normandye,
As bokys olde make mencyon,
By juste tytylle and hys chevalrye
Made kynge by conqeste of Brutys Albyon,¹
Putte owte Harrolde ande toke possessyon,
Bare hys crowne fulle xxj yere,
Beryd at Cane, thys saythe thys croneculere.

Wyllelmus Rufus.

Nexste in ordyr by successyon
Wylliam Rufe his sone crownyde kynge,
Whiche to Godwarde hadde noo devocyon,
Destruyd chyrchis of newe and olde byggyng
To make a foreste plesaunte for hontynge.
xiiij yere he bare hys crowne in dede,
Beryde at Wynchester the cronycle ye may rede.

Henricus Primus.

His brother next, callyde the fryste Henry,
Was to London i-crownyde as I fynde,
Whos brother Robert of Normandye
Ganne hym werry, the cronycle makythe mynde,
Reconsyld alle rancor sette by hynde.
Fulle xxxiiij, by recorde of wrytyng,
Yeres he raygnyde, and ys byryde at Redyng.

Stephanus.

His cosyn Stevyn, when fryste Henry was dede,
Towarde Englonde ganne crosse the sayle;
The Archebyschoppe sette upon hys hedde
A riche crowne, beyng of hys consayle.
xix yere with sorowe and grete travayle
He bare hys crowne he hadde noo reste,
At Feversham lythe byryde in hys cheste.

Henricus Secundus.

Henry the Secunde the sone of the Emperesse
Was crownyd next, a manly knyght
As bokys olde playnely done expresse.

Thys sayde Henry by forwarde force and myghte
Slowe Thomas² for Hooly Chyrche ryght.
Yeres xxxv raygnyde as ys i-made mynde,
At Synt Everard beryd as I fynde.

Richardus Primus.

Richarde hys sone next by successyon,
Fryste of that name, stronge, hardy, and notable,
Was crownyd kynge, callyd Cuer de Lyon,
With Saresenys heddys i-servyd at his tabylle;
Slayne at Gaylarde by dethe lamentable,
The space raynyd fully of ix yere;
Hys herte i-beryd in Rone by the hyghe autere.

Johannes.

Next kyng Richarde raynyde hys brothe[r] John,
And afftre sone entred in to Fraunce.
He loste alle Anjoye and Normandye a non,
This londe enterdytyd by mys governaunce,
And as hit ys put in remembrance,
xviij yere kyng of this regyon,
And lythe at Worcester dede of pyson.

Henricus Tercius.

Henry the iij his sone of ix yere
At Gloucester was crownyde as I fynde;
Longe warre he hadde with hys baronage
Gretely delytete in almys dede.
lvj yere raygnyd he in dede,
Beryde at Westmynstre by recorde of wrytynge
Day of Synt Edward Marter mayde and kyng.

Edwardus Primus

The fryste Edward with the shankys longe
Was aftyr crownyde, that was soo goode a knyght,
Wanne Scotlonde mawgre the Scottys stronge,
And alle Walys in the dyspyte of ther myghte,
Duryng his lyffe mentaynyd trougt and ryght.
xxxv yere he was here kyng
And lythe at Westmynester, thys noo lesyng.

Edwardus Secundus.

Edward his sone, callyd Carnarvan,
Succedyng aftyr to make hys allyaunce,
As the Cronykylle welle rehersse canne,
Wedd the doughter of the Kyng of Fraunce;

On Thomas of Lancaster he toke venjaunce.
xix yere he hylde his regallye,
Beryd at Glowcester, as bokys specyfye.

Edwardus Tercius.
The iij Edwarde, borne at Wyndesore,
Whiche in knyghthode hadde soo grete a pryce,
Enherytyer of Fraunce withouten more,
Bare in his armys quartle the floure delyce,
And gate Calys by his prudent devyce.
Regnyd in Englonde lij yere,
And lythe at Westmynster as sayþe þe cronaculere.

Richardus Secundus.
The sone of Prynce Edwarde, Kyng Richard þe Secunde,
In whoos tyme was pes and grete plente,
Weddyd Queen Anne as hit ys i-founde,
Isabelle aftre of Fraunce he lystede to see.
xxij yere he ragnyde here, parde;
At Langle byryde fryste, soo stode the cas,
Aftyр to Wymynster his body caryd was.

Henricus Quartus.
Henry the iiij next crownyd in certayne
A famos knyght and of grete semblesse;
From his exsyle whenne he come home a-gayne
Travaylede aftyr with werre and grete sekenys.
xiiij yere he raygnyde in sothenysse,
And lythe at Cauntreburye, in that hooly place,
God of hys marcy doo of hys soule grace.

Henricus Quintus.
The v Henry, of knyghthoode lode starre,
Wysse ande manly playnly to termyne,
Ryght fortunate provyde in pes and yn warre,
Gretely experte and marcyalle dyssepleyne,
Spousyde the doughter of Fraunce, Katerynne,
Raynyd x yere, who lyste to have rewarde,
Lythe at Westmynster, not far fro Synt Edwarde.

Henricus Sextus.
The vj Henry, brought forthe in alle vertu,
By juste tytylle borne by heretaunce,
A forne provyde by grace of Cryste Jesu,
To were ij crownys in Englonde and in Fraunce,
To whom God hathe gevyn soverayne suffycyaunce,

A vertusse lyffe, and chosyn for hys knyght.
Long he hathe rejoyced bothe by day and nyght.

Edwardus Quartus.³

Footnotes

1. In margin: "*id est*, Englonde."
2. "Bekett" interlined here, in a later hand.
3. There is no stanza added to this title in our MS.; but another copy of the poem in the Harleian MS. 2251, f. 2 b., ends as follows:— "Comforth al thristy, and drynke with gladnes, Rejoyse with myrth, though ye have nat to spende. The tyme is come to avoyden your distres. Edward the Fourth the old wronges to amend Is wele disposed in wille, and to defend His lond and peple in dede with kynne and myght. Goode lyf and longe I pray to God hym send, And that Seynt George be with hym in his ryght!"

**"Merry It Is." *Luminarium*. Anniina Jokinen, 22 May 2011,
www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/merryitis.php. Accessed 10 January 2017.**

The text below hails from *Luminarium*, a useful website treating pre-Victorian English literature; it is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine and retains editorial apparatus.

Mirie it is while sumer y-last
With fugheles son
Oc nu neheth windes blast
And weder strong.
Ei, ei! What this nicht is long 5
And ich with wel michel wrong
Soregh and murne and fast.

[Beginning of the 13th century]

Mirie - merry
y-last - lasts
fugheles - birds
son - sound, song
Oc - but
nu - now
neheth - neareth, draws closer
weder strong - fierce weather
What... long - Oh but how long
ich - I
wel michel - "well mickle," very much
Soregh - sorrow, grieve
murne - mourn

Riddle 14. Translated by Aaron K. Hostetter. *Anglo-Saxon Narrative Poetry Project*, 13 June 2016, anglosaxonpoetry.camden.rutgers.edu/the-wanderer/. Accessed 9 January 2017.

The text below derives from the work of a professor at Rutgers University and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is an anonymous poem of the Anglo-Saxon period. Breaks among the irregular groups of lines align with the online presentation.

I was a weapon, a warrior—
Now pride covers me, still youthful,
with gold and with silver, twisted wire knots.

Sometimes men kiss me;
sometimes I summon familiar comrades
to battle with my voice; sometimes the horse bears
me over the marches; sometimes an ocean-steed
fares me over the flood, bright with ornaments;
sometimes some ring-adorned maiden fills my belly.

Sometimes I must lie on the tables,
hard, headless, plundered. Sometimes I hang,
fretted with adornments, beautiful on the wall,
where men are drinking, a noble battle-bauble.

Sometimes warriors are carried on their horses,
then I must, studded with treasure,
swallow the winds from someone's bosom.

Sometimes I invite proud warriors
to wine with my voices; sometimes I must
rescue what has been stolen from wrathful men
with this voice of mine, putting the robbers to flight.

Ask me what I am called.

“The Wanderer.” Translated by Aaron K. Hostetter. *Anglo-Saxon Narrative Poetry Project*, 13 June 2016, anglosaxonpoetry.camden.rutgers.edu/the-wanderer/. Accessed 9 January 2017.

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“Often the lone-dweller awaits his own favor,
the Measurer's mercy, though he must,
mind-caring, throughout the ocean's way
stir the rime-chilled sea with his hands
for a long while, tread the tracks of exile—
the way of the world is ever an open book.” (1-5)

So spoke the earth-stepper, mindful of miseries,
slaughter of the wrathful, crumbling of kinsmen: (6-7)

“Often, every daybreak, alone I must
bewail my cares. There is now no one living
whom I dare to articulate my mind’s understanding.
I know as truth that it is a noble custom
for a man to bind fast his spirit’s close,
to hold his hoarded coffer, think what he will. (8-14)

“Nor can the weary mind withstand these outcomes,
nor can a troubled heart effect itself help.
Therefore those eager for glory will often
bind fast a sorrowing mind in their breast-coffer;
just as I must fasten in fetters my heart’s understanding,
often wretched, deprived of my homeland,
far from freeborn kindred, since years ago
I concealed my gold-friend in the earth’s darkness,
and went forth from there abjected,
winter-anxious over the binding waves,
hall-wretched, seeking a dispenser of treasure,
where I, far or near, could find him who
in the mead-hall might know of my kind,
or who wishes to comfort a friendless me,
accustomed as he is to joys. (15-29a)

“The experienced one knows how cruel
sorrow is as his companion,
who has few beloved protectors—
the paths of the exile claim him,
not wound gold at all—
a frozen spirit-lock, not at all the fruits of the earth.
He remembers hall-retainers and treasure-taking,
how his gold-friend accustomed him
in his youth to feasting. Joy is all departed! (29b-36)

“Therefore he knows who must long forgo
the counsels of beloved lord,
when sleep and sorrow both together
often constrain the miserable loner,
it seems to him in his mind that he embraces
and kisses his lord, and lays both hands and head
on his knee, just as he sometimes
in the days of old delighted in the gift-throne.
Then he soon wakes up, a friendless man,

seeing before him the fallow waves,
the sea-birds bathing, fanning their feathers,
ice and snow falling down, mixed with hail. (37-48)

“Then the hurt of the heart will be heavier,
painful after the beloved. Sorrow will be renewed.
Whenever the memory of kin pervades his mind,
he greets them joyfully, eagerly looking them up and down,
the companions of men—

they always swim away.

The spirits of seabirds do not bring many
familiar voices there. Cares will be renewed
for him who must very frequently send
his weary soul over the binding of the waves. (49-57)

“Therefore I cannot wonder across this world
why my mind does not darken
when I ponder through all the lives of men,
how they suddenly abandoned their halls,
the proud young thanes. So this entire middle-earth
tumbles and falls every day — (58-63)

“Therefore a man cannot become wise, before he has
had his share of winters in this world.
A wise man ought to be patient,
nor too hot-hearted, nor too hasty of speech,
nor too weak a warrior, nor too foolhardy,
nor too fearful nor too happy, nor too money-grasping,
nor ever too bold for boasting, before he knows readily. (64-9)

“A stout-hearted warrior ought to wait,
when he makes a boast, until he readily knows
where the thoughts of his heart will veer.
A wise man ought to perceive how ghostly it will be
when all this world’s wealth stands wasted,
so now in various places throughout this middle-earth,
the walls stand, blown by the wind,
covered with frost, the buildings snow-swept.
The winehalls molder, their ruler lies
deprived of joys, his army all perished,
proud by the wall. War destroyed some,
carried off along the forth-way, some a bird bore away
over the high sea, another the grey wolf
separated in death, another a teary-cheeked
warrior hid in an earthen cave. (70-84)

“And so the Shaper of Men has laid this middle-earth to waste until the ancient work of giants stood empty, devoid of the revelry of their citizens.” (85-7)

Then he wisely contemplates this wall-stead and deeply thinks through this darkened life, aged in spirit, often remembering from afar many war-slaughterings, and he speaks these words: (88-91)

“Where has the horse gone? Where is the man? Where is the giver of treasure? Where are the seats at the feast? Where are the joys of the hall? Alas the bright goblet! Alas the mailed warrior! Alas the pride of princes! How the time has passed, it grows dark beneath the night-helm, as if it never was! (92-6)

“It stands now in the track of the beloved multitude, a wall wonderfully tall, mottled with serpents—the force of ashen spears has seized its noblemen, weapons greedy for slaughter, the well-known way of the world, and the storms beat against these stony cliffs. The tumbling snows bind up the earth, the clash of winter, when the darkness comes. The night-shadows grow dark, sent down from the north, the ferocious hail-showers, in hatred of men. (97-105)

All is misery-fraught in the realm of earth, the work of fortune changes the world under the heavens. Here wealth is loaned. Here friends are loaned. Here man is loaned. Here family is loaned— And this whole foundation of the earth becomes wasted!” (106-10)

So spoke the wise man in his mind, as he sat apart in secret consultation. (111)

A good man who keeps his troth ought to never make known his miseries too quickly from his breast, unless he knows beforehand, an earl practicing his courage. It will be well for him who seeks the favor, the comfort from our father in heaven, where a fortress stands for us all. (112-5)

Drama

Much of the most famous literature takes dramatic form—it organizes meaning primarily by spoken lines rather than by clauses, although clauses continue to have meaning as they do in speech. Drama is in some ways easier to interpret for modern readers, as many are accustomed to watching films and television, although drama does depend for its effect on performance, so that any reading of it that is not staged will necessarily be somewhat limited.

The selections that follow reflect a combination of the stated course description's emphasis on "great works of literature," traditionally understood, and the instructor's focus on earlier English literatures. The texts are presented with editorial apparatus but no other modernization than that of their editors' work.

***Everyman*. Transcribed by Risa S. Bear, *Renascence Editions*, 1999,
www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/everyman.html. Accessed 10 January
2016.**

The text below derives from the work of a doctoral student at the University of Oregon and is used in accord with Fair Use doctrine. It is an anonymous play of the Middle English period. Some adjustments to formatting are made to ease reading in the current situation.

I Pray you all gyue your audyence
And here this mater with reuerence
By fygure a morall playe
The somonyng of euery man called it is
That of our lyues and endyng shewes
How transytory we be all daye
This mater is wonders precyous
But the entent of it is more gracuous
And swete to bere awaye
The story sayth man in the begynnyng
Loke well and take good heed to the
 endyng
Be you neuer so gay
Ye thynke synne in the begynnyng full
 swete
Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to
 wepe
Whan the body lyeth in claye
Here shall you se how felawshyp and Iolyte
Bothe strengthe pleasure and beaute
Wyll fade from the as floure in maye
For ye shall here how our heuen kyng
Calleth euery man to a generall rekenyng
Gyue audyence and here what he doth saye.

God speketh.

I perceyue here in my maieste
How that all creatures be to me vnkynde
Lyuynge without drede in worldely
 prosperyte
Of ghostly syght the people be so blynde
Drowned in synne they know me not for
 theyr god
In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde

They fere not my ryghtwysnes the sharpe
 rood
My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed
They forgete clene and shedyng of my
 bloderede
I hanged bytwene two it can not be denyed
To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed
I heled theyr fete with thornes hurt was my
 heed
I coulde do nomore than I dyde truely
And nowe I se the people do clene for sake
 me
They vse the seuen deadly synnes
 damphable
As pryde coueteyse wrathe and lechery
Now in the worlde be made commendable
And thus they leue of aungelles ye heuenly
 company
Euery man lyueth so after his owne pleasure
And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothings sure
I se the more that I then forbere
The worse they be fro yere to yere
All that lyueth appayreth faste
Therefore I wyll in all the haste
Haue a rekenyng of euery mannes persone
For and I leue the people thus alone
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes
Verly they wyll become moche worse than
 beestes
For now one wolde by enuy another vp ete
Charyte they do all clene forgete
I hoped well that euery man
In my glory shulde make his mansyon
And therto I had them all electe

But now I se lyke traytours deiecte
They thanke me not for ye pleasure yt to
 them ment
Nor yet for theyr beyng that I them haue
 lent
I profered the people grete multytude of
 mercy
And fewe there be that asketh it hertly
They be so combred with worldly ryches
That nedes on them I must do Iustyce
On euery man lyuynge without fere
Where arte thou deth thou myghty
 messengere

 Dethe.

Almyghty god I am here at your wyll
Your commaundement to fulfyll.

 God.

Go thou to euery man
And shewe hym in my name
A pylgrymage he must on him take
Which he in no wyse may escape
And that he brynge with him a sure
 rekenynge
Without delay or ony taryenge.

 Dethe.

Lorde I wyll in the worlde go renne ouer all
And cruelly out searche bothe grete and
 small
Euery man wyll I beset that lyueth beestly
Out of goddes lawes and dredeth not foly
He that loueth rychesse I wyll stryke wt my
 darte
His sight to blynde and for heuen to departe
Excepte that almes be his good frende
In hell for to dwell worlde without ende
Loo yonder I se Euery man walkynge
Full lytlell he thynketh on my comynge
His mynde is on flesshely lustes and his
 treasure
And grete payne it shall cause hym to
 endure
Before the lorde heuen kinge

Euery man stande styll whyder arte thou
 goyng
Thus gayly hast thou thy maker forgete.

 Euery man.

Why askest thou
Woldest thou wete.

 Dethe.

Ye syr I wyll shewe you
In grete haste I am sende to the
From god out of his mageste

 Euery man.

What sente to me.

 Dethe.

Ye certaynly.
Thoughe thou haue forgete hym here
He thynketh on the in the heauenly spere
As or we departe thou shalte knowe.

 Euery man.

What desyreth god of me.

 Dethe.

That shall I shewe the.
A rekenynge he wyll nedes haue
Without ony lenger respite.

 Euery man.

To gyue a rekenynge longer layser I craue
This blynde mater troubleth my witte.

 Dethe.

On the thou must take a longe Iourney
Therefore thy boke of counte wt the thou
 brynge
For turne agayne thou can not by no waye
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge
For before god thou shalt answere and
 shewe
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe
How thou hast spente thy lyfe and in what
 wyse
Before the chefe lorde of paradyse

Haue I do we were in that waye
For wete thou well yu shalt make none
attournay.

Euery man.
Full vnredy I am suche rekenynge to gyue
I knowe the not what messenger arte thou.

Dethe.
I am dethe that no man dredeth
For euery man I rest and no man spareth
For it is gods commaundement
That all to me shold be obedyent.

Euery man.
O deth thou comest whan I had ye least in
mynde
In thy power it lyeth me to saue
Yet of my good wyl I gyue ye yf thou wyl
be kynde
Ye a thousand pound shalte thou haue
And dyffere this mater tyll an other daye

Dethe.
Euery man it may not be by no waye
I set not by golde syluer nor rychesse
Nor by pope emperour kyng duke ne
prynces
For and I wolde receyue gyftes grete
All the worlde I myght gete
But my custome is clene contrary
I gyue the no respyte come hens and not
tary.

Euery man.
Alas shall I haue no lenger respyte
I may saye deth geueth no warnynge
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke
For all vnredy is my boke of rekenynge
But .xii. yere and I myght haue a bydyng
My countynge boke I wolde make so clere
That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere
Wherefore deth I praye the for goddes
mercy
Spare me tyll I be prouyded of remedy.

Dethe.
The auayleth not to crye wepe and praye
But hast the lyghtly that yu were gone ye
Iournaye
And preue thy frendes yf thou can
For wete thou well the tyde abydeh no man
And in the worlde eche Iuyng creature
For Adams synne must dye of nature.

Euery man.
Dethe yf I sholde this pylgrymage take
And my rekenynge suerly make
Shewe me for saynt charyte
Sholde I not come agayne shortly.

Dethe.
No euery man and thou be ones there
Thou mayst neuer more come here
Trust me veryly.

Euery man.
O gracyous god in the hie seat celestyall
Haue mercy on me in this moost nede
Shall I haue no company fro this vale
terestryall
Of myne acqueynce that way me to lede.

Dethe.
Ye yf ony be so hardy
That wolde go with the and bere the
company
Hye the that yu were gone to goddes
magnyfyence
Thy rekenynge to gyue before his presence.
What weenest thou thy lyue is gyuen the
And thy worldely goodes also.

Euery man.
I had wende so verelye.

Dethe.
Nay nay it was but lende the
For as soone as thou arte go
Another a whyle shall haue it and than go
ther fro
Euen as thou hast done

Euery man yu arte made thou hast thy
wyttys fyue
And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyue
For sodeynly I do come.

Euery man.

O wretched caytyfe wheder shall I flee
That I myght scape this endles sorowe.
Now gentyll deth spare me tyll to morowe
That I may amende me
With good aduyement

Dethe.

Naye thereto I wyll not consent
Nor no man wyll I respyte
But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte
Without ony aduyement
And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy
Se thou make the redy shortely
For thou mayst saye this is the daye
That no man lyuynge may scape a waye

Euery man.

Alas I may well wepe with syghes depe
Now haue I no maner of company
To helpe me in my Iourney and me to kepe
And also my wrytynge is full vnredy
How shall I do now for to excuse me
I wolde to god I had neuer begete
To my soule a full grete profyte it had be
For now I fere paynes huge and grete
The tyme passeth lorde helpe that all
wrought
For though I mourne it auayleth nought
The day passeth and is almoost ago
I wote not well what for to do
To whome were I best my complaynt to
make
What and I to felawshyp therof spake
And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce
For in hym is all myne affyaunce
We haue in the worlde so many a daye
Be good frendes in sporte and playe
I se hym yonder certaynely
I trust that he wyll bere me company

Therefore to hym wyll I speke to ese my
sorowe
Well mette good felawshyp and good
morowe.

Felawship.

Euery man good morowe by this daye
Syr why lokest thou so pyteously
If ony thyng be a mysse I praye the me
saye
That I may helpe to remedy.

Every man.

Ye good felawshyp ye
I am in greate ieoparde.

Felawship.

My true frende shewe to me your mynde
I wyll not forsake the to my lyues ende
In the waye of good company.

Every man.

That was well spoken and louyngly.

Felawship.

Syr I must nedes knowe your heuynesse
I haue pyte to se you in ony dystresse
If ony haue you wronged ye shall reuenged
be
Thoughe that I knowe before that I sholde
dye.

Every man.

Veryly felawshyp gramercy.

Felawship.

Tusshe by thy thankes I set not a strawe
Shewe me your grefe and saye no more.

Every man.

If I my herte sholde to you breke
And than you to tourne your mynde fro me
And wolde not me comforte whan ye here
me speke
Than sholde I tentymes soryer be.

Felawship.
Syr I saye as I will do in dede.

Every man.
Than be you a good frende at nede
I haue found you true here before.

Felawship.
And so ye shall euermore
For in fayth and thou go to hell
I wyll not forsake the by the waye.

Every man.
Ye speke lyke a good frende I byleue you
well
I shall deserue it and I may.

Felawship.
I speke of no deseruyng by this daye
For he that wyll saye and nothyng do
Is not worthy with good company to go
Therefore shewe me the grefe of your mynde
As to your frende most louyng and kynde.

Every man.
I shall shewe you how it is
Commaunded I am to go on a iournaye
A longe waye harde and daungerous
And gyue a straye counte without delaye
Before the hie Iuge adonay
Wherfore I pray you bere me company
As ye haue promysed in this iournaye.

Felawship.
That is mater in dede promyse is duty
But and I sholde take suche a vyage on me
I knowe it well it shulde be to my payne
Also it make me aferde certayne
But let vs take counsell here as well as we
can
For your wordes wolde fere a stronge man.

Every man.
Why ye sayd yf I had nede
Ye wolde me neuer forsake quycke ne deed
Thoughe it were to hell truely.

Felawship.
So I sayd certaynely
But such pleasures be set a syde the sothe to
saye
And also yf we toke suche a iournaye
Whan sholde we come agayne.

Every man.
Naye neuer agayne tyll the daye of dome.

Felawship.
In fayth than wyll not I come there
who hath you these tydynges brought.

Every man.
In dede death was with me here.

Felawship.
Now by god that all hathe bought
If deth were the messenger
For no man that is lyuyng to daye
I wyll not go that loth iournaye
Not for the fader that bygate me.

Every man.
Ye promysed other wyse parde.

Felawship.
I wote well I say so truely
And yet yf yu wylte ete & drynke & make
good chere
Or haunt to women the lusty company
I wolde not forsake you whyle the daye is
clere
Truste me veryly

Every man.
Ye therto ye wolde be redy
To go to myrthe solas and playe
Your mynde wyll soner apply
Than to bere me company in my longe
iournaye.

Felawship.
Now in good fayth I wyll not that waye

But and thou wyll murder or ony man kyll
In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.

Every man.

O that is a symple aduysse in dede
Gentyll felawe helpe me in my necessyte
We haue loued longe and now I nede
And gentyll felawshyp remembre me.

Felawship.

Wheder ye haue loued me or no
By saynt John I wyll not with the go.

Every man.

Yet I pray the take ye labour & do so moche
for me
To brynge me forwarde for saynt charyte
And comforte me tyll I come without the
towne.

Felawship.

Nay and thou wolde gyue me a newe gowne
I wyll not a fote with the go
But and yu had taryed I wolde not haue lefte
the so
And as now god spedde the in thy Iournaye
For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.

Every man.

Wheder a waye felawshyp wyll yu forsake
me.

Felawship.

Ye by my faye to god I be take the.

Every man.

Farewell good felawshyp for ye my herte is
sore
A dewe for euer I shall se the no more

Felawship.

In fayth euery man fare well now at the ende
For you I wyll remembre ytptynge is
mournynge.

Every man.

A lacke shall we this departe in dede
A lady helpe without ony more comforte
Lo felawshyp forsaketh me in my most nede
For helpe in this worlde wheder shall I
resorte

Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery
make

And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take
It is sayd in prosperyte men frendes may
fynde

Whiche in aduersyte be full vnkynde
Now wheder for socoure shall I flee
Syth that felawshyp hath forsaken me
To my kynnesman I wyll truely
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte
I byleue that they wyll do so
For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go
I wyll go saye for yonder I se them go
Where be ye now my frendes and
kynnesmen.

Kynrede.

Here we be now at your commaundement
Cosyn I praye you shewe vs your entent
In ony wise and not spare.

Cosyn.

Ye euery man and to vs declare
Yf ye be dysposed to go ony whyder
For wete you well wyll lyue and dye to
gyder.

Kynrede.

In welth and wo we wyll with you bolde
For ouer his kynne a man may be holde.

Euery man.

Gramercy my frendes and kynnesmen kynde
Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my
mynde

I was commaunded by a messenger
That is a hye kynges chefe offycer
He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne
And I knowe well I shall neuer come agayne
Also I must gyue a rekenynge strayte

For I haue a grete enemy that hath me in
wayte
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.

Kynrede.
What a counte is that which ye must render
That wolde I knowe.

Euery man.
Of all my workes I must shewe
How I haue lyued and my dayes spent
Also of yll dedes that I haue vsed
In my tyme syth lyfe was me lent
And of all vertues that I haue refused
Therefore I praye you go thyder with me
To helpe to make myn accounte for saynt
charyte.

Cosyn.
What to go thyder is that the mater
Nay euery man I had leuer fast brede and
water
All this fyue yere and more.

Euery man.
Alas that euer I was bore
For now shall I neuer be mery
If that you forsake me.

Kynrede.
A syr what ye be a mery man
Take good herte to you and make no mone
But one thyng I warne you by saynt Anne
As for me ye shall go alone.

Euery man.
My cosyn wyll you not with me go.

Cosyn.
No by our lady I haue the cramp in my to
Trust not to me for so god me spede
I wyll deceyue you in your moost nede.

Kynrede.
It auayleth not vs to tyse
Ye shall haue my mayde with all my herte

She loueth to go to festes there to be nyse
And to daunce and a brode to sterte
I wyll gyue her leue to helpe you in that
Iourney
If that you and she may a gree.

Euery man.
Now shewe me the very effecte of your
mynde
Wyll you go with me or abyde be hynde.

Kynrede.
Abide behynde ye that wyll I and maye
Therefore farewell tyll another daye.

Euery man.
Howe sholde I be mery or gladde
For fayre promyses men to me make
But whan I haue moost nede they me
forsake
I am deceyued that maketh me sadde.

Cosyn.
Cosyn euery man farewell now
For veryly I wyl not go with you
Also of myne owne an vnredy rekenynge
I haue to accounte therefore I make taryenge
Now god kepe the for now I go.

Euery man.
A Iesus is all come here to
Lo fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne
They promyse and nothyng wyll do
certayne
My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully
For to a byde with me stedfastly
And now fast a waye do they flee
Euen so felawshyp promysed me
What frende were best me of to prouyde
I lose my tyme here longer to abyde
Yet in my lyfe I haue loued ryches
If that my good now helpe me myght
He wolde make my herte full lyght
I wyll speke to hym in this dystresse
Where arte thou my gooddes and ryches.

Goodes.

Who calleth me euery man what hast thou
haste
I lye here in corners trussed and pyled so
hye
And in chestes I am locked so fast
Also sacked in bagges thou mayst se with
thyn eye
I can not styre in packes lowe I lye
What wolde ye haue lyghtly me saye.

Euery man.

Come hyder good in al the hast thou may
For of counseyll I must desyre the.

Goodes.

Syr & ye in the worlde haue sorowe or
aduersyte
That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.

Euery man.

It is another dysease that greueth me
In this worlde it is not I tell the so
I am sent for an other way to go
To gyue a strayte counte generall
Before the hiest Iupyer of all
And all my lyfe I haue had Ioye & pleasure
in the
Therefore I pray the go with me
For paraurenture thou mayst before god
almighty
My rekenynge helpe to clene and puryfye
For it is sayd euer amonge
That money maketh all ryght that is wronge.

Goodes.

Nay euery man I synge an other songe
I folowe no man in suche vyages
For and I wente with the
Thou sholdes fare moche the worse for me
For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde
Thy rekenynge I haue made blotted and
blynde
That thyne accounte thou can not make truly
And that hast thou for the loue of me.

Euery man.

That wolde greue me full sore
Whan I sholde come to that ferefull answer
Vp let vs go thyther to gyder.

Goodes.

Nay not so I am to brytell I may not endure
I wyll folowe man one fote be ye sure.

Euery man.

Alas I haue the loued and had grete pleasure
All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure.

Goodes.

That is to thy dampnacyon without lesynge
For my loue is contrary to the loue
euerlastynge
But yf thou had me loued moderately
durynge
As to the poore gyue parte of me
Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be
Nor in this grote sorowe and care.

Euery man.

Lo now was I deceyued or I was ware
And all I may wyte my spendynge of tyme.

Goodes.

What wenest thou that I am thyne.

Euery man.

I had went so.

Goodes.

Naye euery man I saye no
As for a whyle I was lente the
A season thou hast had me in prosperyte
My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll
Yf I saue one a thousande I do spyll
Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the
Nay fro this worlde not veryle.

Euery man.

I had wende otherwyse.

Goodes.

Therefore to thy soule good is a thefe
For whan thou arte deed this is my gyse
Another to deceyue in this same wyse
As I haue done the and all to his soules
reprefe.

Euery man.

O false good cursed thou hast deceyued me
And caught me in thy snare.

Goodes.

Mary thou brought thy selfe in care
Wherof I am gladde
I must nedes laugh I can not be sadde.

Euery man.

A good thou hast had longe my hertely loue
I gaue the that whiche sholde be the lordes
aboue
But wylte thou not go with me in dede
I praye the trouth to saye.

Goodes.

No so god me spede
Therefore fare well and haue good daye.

Euery man.

O to whome shall I make my mone
For to go with me in that heuy Iournaye
Fyrst felawshyp sayd he wolde with me
gone
His wordes were very plesaunte and gaye
But afterwarde he lefte me alone
Than spake I to my kynnesmen all in
despayre
An also they gaue me wordes fayre
They lacked no fayre spekyng
But all forsake me in the endyng
Then wente I to my goodes that I loued best
In hope to haue comforte but there had I
leest
For my goodes sharpely dyd me tell
That he bryngeth many in to hell
Than of my selfe I was ashamed
And so I am worthy to be blamed

Thus may I wel my selfe hate
Of whome shall I now counsell take
I thynke that I shall neuer spede
Tyll that I go to my good dede
But alas she is so weke
That she can neuer go nor speke
Yet wyll I venter on her now
My good dedes where be you.

Good dedes.

Here I lye colde in the grounde
Thy synnes hath me sore bounde
That I can not stere.

Euery man.

O good dedes I stand in fere
I must you pray of counseyll
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

Good dedes.

Euery man I haue vnderstandyng
That ye be somoned of a counte to make
Before Myssyas of Iherusalem kyng
And you do by me yt Iournay wt you wyll I
take.

Euery man.

Therfor I come to you my moone to make
I praye you that ye wyll go with me.

Good dedes.

I wolde full fayne but I can not stande
veryly.

Euery man.

Why is there ony thyng on you fall.

Good dedes.

Ye syr I may thanke you of all
Yf ye had parfytely chered me
Your boke of counte full redy had be
Loke how the bokes of your workes and
dedes eke
Ase how they lye vnder the fete
To your soules heuynes.

Euery man.
Our lorde Iesus helpe me
For one letter here I can not se.

Good dedes.
There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of
dystres.

Euery man.
Good dedes I praye you helpe me in this
nede
Or elles I am for euer dampned in dede
Therefore helpe me to make rekenynge
Before the redemer of all thyng
That kynge is and was and euer shall.

Good dedes.
Euery man I am sory of your fall
And fayne wolde I helpe you and I were
able.

Euery man.
Good dedes your counseyll I pray you gyue
me.

Good dedes.
That shall I do veryly
Thoughe that on my fete I may not go
I haue a syster that shall with you also
Called knowledge whiche shall with you
abyde
To helpe you to make that dredefull
rekenynge

Knowlege.
Euery man I wyll go with the and be thy
gyde
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.

Euery man.
In good condycyon I am now in euery
thyng
And am hole content with this good thyng
Thanked by god my creature.

Good dedes.
And whan he hath brought you there
Where thou shalte hele the of thy smarte
Than go you wt your rekenynge & your
good dedes togyder
For to make you Ioyfull at herte
Before the blessed trynnte.

Euery man.
My good dedes gramercy
I am well content certaynly
With your wordes swete.

Knowlege.
Now go we togyder louyngly
To confessyon that clensyng ryuere.

Euery man.
For Ioy I wepe I wolde we were there
But I pray you gyue me cognycyon
Where dwelleth that holy man confessyon.

Knowlege.
In the hous of saluacyon
We shall fynde hym in that place
That shall vs comforte by goddes grace
Lo this is confessyon knele downe & aske
mercy
For he is in good conceyte with god
almighty.

Euery man.
O gloryous fountayne yt all vnclennes doth
claryfy
Wasshe from me the spottes of vyce vnclene
That on me no synne may be sene
I come with knowledge for my redempcyon
Redempte with herte and full contrycyon
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take
And grete accountes before god to make
Now I praye you shryfte moder of saluacyon
Helpe my good dedes for my pyteous
exclamacyon.

Confessyon.
I knowe your sorowe well euery man

Bycause with knowlege ye came to me
I wyll you comforte as well as I can
And a precyous Iewell I will gyue the
Called penaunce voyce voyder of aduersyte
therwith shall your body chastysed be
With abstynence & perseueraunce in goddes
seruyce
Here shall you receyue that scourge of me
Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must
endure
To remembre thy sauour was scourged for
the
With sharpe scourges and suffred it
pacyently
So must yu or thou scape that painful
pylgrymage
Knowlege kepe hym in this vyage
And hy tyme good dedes wyll be with the
But in ony wyse be seker of mercy
For your tyme draweth fast and ye wyll
saued be
Aske god mercy and he wyll graunte truely
Whan wt the scourge of penaunce man doth
hym bynde
The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde.

Euery man.

Thanked be god for his gracyous werke
For now I wyll my penaunce begyn
This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte
Though the knottes be paynfull and harde
within

Knowlege.

Euery man loke your penaunce that ye
fulfyll
What payne that euer it to you be
And knowledge shall gyue you counseyll at
wyll
How your accounte ye shall make clerely.

Euery man.

O eternall god O heuenly fygure
O way of ryghtwysnes O goodly vysyon
Whiche descended downe in a vyrgyn pure
Bycause he wolde euery man redeme

Whiche Adam forfayted by his
dysobedyence
O blessyd god heed electe and hye deuyne
Forgyue my greuouse offence
Here I crye the mercy in this presence
O ghostly treasure. O ransomer and redemer
Of all the worlde hope and conduyter
Myrrour of Ioye foundatour of mercy
Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby
Here my clamorous complaynt though it late
be
Receyue my prayers vnworthy in this heuy
lyfe
Though I be a synner moost abhomynable
Yet let my name be wryten in moyses table
O mary praye to the maker of all thynges
Me for to helpe at my endynges
And saue me fro the power of my enemy
For deth assayleth me strongly
And lady that I may by meane of thy prayer
Of your sonnes glory to be partynere
By the meanes of his passyon I it craue
I beseeche you helpe my soule to saue
Knowlege gyue me the scourge of penaunce
My flesshe therwith shall gyue
acquyentaunce
I wyll now begyn yf god gyue me grace.

Knowlege.

Euery man god gyue you tyme and space
Thus I bequeth you in ye handes of our
sauour
Now may you make your rekenynges sure

Euery man.

In the name of the holy trynyte
My body sore punysshid shall be
Take this body for the synne of the flesshe
Also thou delytest to go gay and fresshe
And in the way of dampnacyon yu dyd me
brynge
Therefore suffre now strokes of punysshynge
Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water
clere
To saue me from purgatory that sharp fyre.

Good dedes.

I thanke god now I can walke and go
And am delyuered of my sykenesse and wo
Therefore with euery man I wyll go and not
 spare
His good workes I wyll helpe hym to
 declare.

Knowlege.

Now euery man be mery and glad
Your good dedes cometh now ye may not be
 sad
Now is your good dedes hole and sounde
Goynge vpryght vpon the grounde.

Euery man.

My herte is lyght and shalbe euermore
Now will I smite faster than I dyde before.

Good dedes.

Euery man pylgryme my specyall frende
Blessed be thou without ende
For the is preparate the eternall glory
Ye haue me made hole and sounde
Therefore I wyll byde by the in euery
 stounde.

Euery man.

Welcome my good dedes now I here thy
 voyce
I wepe for very swetenes of loue.

Knowlege.

Be no more sad but euer reioyce
God seeth thy lyuynge in his trone aboue
Put on this garment to thy behoue
Whiche is wette with your teres
Or elles before god you may it mysse
Whan ye to your iourneys ende come shall.

Euery man.

Gentyll knowlege what do ye it call.

Knowlege.

It is a garmente of sorowe
Fro payne it wyll you borowe

Contrycyon it is
That getteth forgyuenes
He pleasyth god passynge well.

Good dedes.

Euery man wyll you were it for your hele.

Euery man.

Now blessyd be Iesu maryes sone
For now haue I on true contrycyon
And lette vs go now without taryenge
Good dedes haue we clere our rekenynge.

Good dedes.

Ye in dede I haue here.

Euery man.

Than I trust we nede not fere
Now frendes let vs not parte in twayne.

Kynrede.

Nay euery man that wyll we not certayne.

Good dedes.

Yet must thou led with the
Three persones of grete myght.

Euery man.

Who sholde they be.

Good dedes.

Dyscrecyon and strength they hyght
And thy beaute may not abyde behynde.

Knowlege.

Also ye must call to mynde
Your fyue wyttes as for your counseylours.

Good dedes.

You must haue them redy at all houres.

Euery man.

How shall I get them hyder.

Kynrede.

You must call them all togyder

And they wyll here you in contynent.

Euery man.
My frendes come hyder and be present
Dyscrecyon strengthe my fyue wyttes and
beaute.

Beaute.
Here at your wyll we be all redy
What wyll ye that we sholde do.

Good dedes.
That ye wolde with euery man go
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage
Aduyse you wyll ye with him or not in that
vyage.

Strengthe.
We wyll brynge hym all thyder
To his helpe and comforte ye may beleue
me.

Discrecion.
So wyll we go with him all togyder.

Euery man.
Almyghty god loued myght thou be
I gyue the laude that I haue hyder brought
Strengthe dyscrecyon beaute & .v. wyttes
lack I nought
And my good dedes with knowlege clere
All be in my company at my wyll here
I desyre no more to my besynes.

Strengthe.
And I strengthe wyll by you stande in dystres
Though thou wolde I batayle fyght in the
grounde.

V. wyttes
And though it were thurgh the worlde
rounde
We wyll not departe for swete ne soure.

Beaute.
No more wyll I vnto dethes houre

What so euer therof befall.

Discrecion.
Euery man aduyse you fyrst of all
Go with a good aduysment and
delyberacyon
We all gyue you vertuous monycyon
That all shall be well.

Euery man.
My frendes harken what what I wyll tell
I praye god rewarde you in his heuen spere
Now herken all that be here
For I wyll make my testament
Here before you all present
In almes halfe my good I wyll gyue wt my
handes twayne
In the way of charyte wt good entent
And the other halfe styll shall remayne
In queth to be retourned there it ought to be
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell
To go quyte out of his perell
Euer after and this daye.

Knowlege.
Euery man herken what I saye
Go to presthode I you aduyse
And receyue of him in ony wyse
The holy sacrament and oyntement togyder
Than shortly se ye tourne agayne hyder
We wyll all abyde you here.

V. wittes.
Ye euery man hye you that ye redy were
There is no Emperour Kinge Duke ne Baron
That of god hath commycyon
As hath the leest preest in the worlde beyng
For of the blessyd sacramentes pure and
benygne
He bereth the keyes and therof hath the cure
For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure
Whiche god for our soules medycyne
Gau vs out of his herte with grete payne
Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me
The blessed sacramentes .vii. there be

Baptym confyrmacyon with preesthode
good
And ye sacrament of goddes precyous
flesshe & blod
Maryage the holy extreme vnccyon and
penaunce
These seuen be good to haue in
remembraunce
Gracyous sacramentes of hye deuy[n]yte.

Euery man.

Fayne wolde I receyue that holy body
And mekely to my ghostly fader I wyll go.

V. wittes.

Euery man that is the best that ye can do
God wyll you to saluacyon brynge
For preesthode exceedeth all other thyng
To vs holy scrypture they do teche
And conuerteth man fro synne heuen to
reche
God hath to them more power gyuen
Than to ony aungell that is in heuen
With .v. wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in flesse and blode to make
And handleth his maker bytwene his hande
The preest byndeth and vnbyndeth all
bandes

Both in erthe and in heuen
Thou mynystres all the sacramentes seuen
Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy
Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deedly
No remedy we fynde vnder god
Bute all onely preesthode
Euery man god gaue preest that dygnyte
And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to
be
Thus be they aboue aungelles in degree.

Knowlege.

If preestes be good it is so surely
But whan Iesu hanged on ye crosse wt grete
smarte
There he gaue out of his blessyd herte
The same sacrament in grete tourment

He solde them not to vs that lorde
omnypotent
Therefore saynt peter the apostell dothe saye
That Iesus curse hath all they
Whiche god theyr sauour do by or sell
Or they for ony money do take or tell
Synfull preeste gyueth the synners example
bad
Theyr chyldren sytteth by other mennes
fyres I haue harde
And some haunteth womens company
With vnclene lyfe as lustes of lechery
These be with synne made blynde.

V. wittes.

I trust to god no suche may we fynde
Therefore let vs preesthode honour
And followe theyr doctryne for our soules
socoure
We be theyr shepe and they shepherdes be
By whome we all be kepte in suerte
Peas for yonder I se euery man come
Whiche hath made true satysfaccyon.

Good dedes.

Me thynke it is he in dede.

Every man.

Now Iesu be your alder spede
I haue receyued the sacrament for my
redemcyon
And than myne extreme vnccyon
Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to
take it
And now frendes let vs go with out longer
respyte
I thanke god that ye haue taryed so longe
Now set eche of you on this rodde your
honde
And shortely folowe me
I go before there I wolde be [] God
be your gyde.

Strength.

Euery man we wyll not fro you go
Tyll ye haue done this vyage longe.

Dyscrecion.
I dyscrecyon wyll byde by you also.

Knowlege.
And though this pylgrymage be neuer so
stronge
I wyll neuer parte you fro
Euery man I wyll be as sure by the
As euer I dyde by Iudas Machabee.

Euery man.
Alas I am so faynt I may not stande
My lymmes vnder me doth folde
Frendes let vs not tourne agayne to this
lande
Not for all the worldes golde
For in this caue must I crepe
And tourne to erth and there to slepe.

Beaute.
What in this graue alas.

Euery man.
Ye there shall ye consume more and lesse.

Beaute.
And what sholde I smoder here.

Euery man.
Ye by my fayth and neuer more appere
In this worlde lyue no more we shall
But in heuen before the hyst lorde of all.

Beaute.
I crosse out all this adewe by saynt Iohan
I take my tappe in my lappe and am gone.

Euery man.
What beaute whyder wyll ye.

Beaute.
Peas I am defe I loke not behynde me
Not & thou woldest gyue me all ye golde in
thy chest.

Euery man.
Alas wherto may I truste
Beaute gothe fast awaye from me
She promysed with me to lyue and dye.

Strength.
Euery man I wyll the also forsake and denye
Thy game lyketh me not at all.

Euery man.
Why than ye wyll forsake me all
Swete strength tary a lytell space.

Strengthe.
Nay syr by the rode of grace
I will hye me from the fast
Though thou wepe to thy herte to brast.

Euery man.
Ye wolde euer byde by me ye sayd.

Strength.
Ye I haue you ferre ynoughe conueyde
Ye be olde ynoughe I vnderstande
Your pylgrymage to take on hande
I repent me that I hyder came.

Euery man.
Strength you to dysplease I am to blame
Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette.

Strength.
In fayth I care not
Thou arte but a foole to complayne
You spende your speche and wast your
brayne
Go thyrst the in to the grounde.

Euery man.
I had wende surer I shulde you haue founde
He that trusteth in his strength
She hym deceyueth at the length
Bothe strength and beaute forsaketh me
Yet they promysed me fayre and loungly.

Dyscrecion.

Euery man I will after strength be gone
As for me I will leue you alone.

Euery man.
Why dyscrecyon wyll ye forsake me.

Dyscrecion.
Ye in fayth I wyll go fro the
For whan strength goth before
I folowe after euer more.

Euery man.
Yet I pray the for the loue of the trynyte
Loke in my graue ones pyteously.

Dyscrecyon.
Nay so nye wyll I not come
Fare well euerychone.

Euery man.
O all thyng fayleth saue god alone
Beaute strength and discrecyon
For whan deth bloweth his blast
They all renne fro me full fast.

V. wittes.
Euery man my leue now of the I take
I wyll folowe the other for here I the
forsake.

Euery man.
Alas than may I wayle and wepe
For I took you for my best frende.

V. wittes.
I wyll no lenger the kepe
Now fare well and there an ende.

Euery man.
O Iesu helpe all hath forsaken me.

Good dedes.
Nay euey man I will byde with the
I wyll not forsake the in dede
Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.

Euery man.
Gramercy good dedes now may I true
frendes se
They haue forsaken me euerychone
I loued them better than my good dedes
alone
Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also.

Knowlege.
Ye euery man whan ye to deth shall go
But not yet for no maner of daunger.

Euery man.
Gramercy knowlege with all my herte.

Knowlege.
Nay yet I wyll not from hens departe
Tyll I se where ye shall be come.

Euery man.
Me thynke alas that I must be gone
To make my rekenyng and my dettes paye
For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye
Take example all ye that this do here or se
How they that I loue best do forsake me
Excepte my good dedes that bydeth truely.

Good dedes.
All erthly thynges is but vanye
Beaute strength and dyscrecyon do man
forsake
Folysshe frendes and kynnesmen that fayre
spake
All fleeth saue good dedes and that am I.

Euery man.
Haue mercy on me god moost myghty
And stande by me thou moder & mayde
holy Mary

Good dedes.
Fere not I wyll speke for the.

Euery man.
Here I crye god mercy.

Good dedes.
Shorte oure ende and mynysshe our payne
Let vs go and neuer come agayne.

Euery man.
In to thy handes lorde my soule I commende
Receyue it lorde that it be not lost
As thou me boughtest so me defende
And saue me from the fendes boost
That I may appere with that blessyd hoost
That shall be saued at the day of dome

The aungell.
Come excellent electe spouse to Iesu
Here aboue thou shalte go
Bycause of thy syngular vertue
Now the soule is taken the body fro
Thy rekenynge is crystall clere
Now shalte thou in to the heuenly spere
Vnto the whiche all ye shall come
That lyueth well before the daye of dome.

Doctour.
This morall men may haue in mynde
Ye hearers take it of worth olde and yonge
And forsake pryde for he deceyueth you in
the ende
And remembre beaute .v. wyttes strength &
dy[s]crecion
They all at the last do euery man forsake
soule togyder
Therto helpe the trynyte

(in manus tuas) of myghtes moost
For euer (Commendo spiritum meum.)

Knowlege.
Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure
The good dedes shall make all sure
Now hath he made endynge
Me thynketh that I here aungelles syng
And make grete Ioy and melody
Where euery mannes soule recyued shall be.

Saue his good dedes there dothe he take
But be ware and they be small
Before god he hath no helpe at all
None excuse may be there for euery man
Alas how shall he do than
For after dethe amendes may no man make
For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake
If his rekenynge be not clere whan he doth
come

God wyll saye (ite maledicti in ignem
eternum)
And he that hath his accounte hole and
sounde
Hye in heuen he shall be crounde
Vnto whiche place god brynge vs all thyder
That we may lyue body and

Amen saye ye for saynt charyte.
F I N I S.

***Herod the Great. The Geoffrey Chaucer Page, Harvard U, 12 May 2000,
sites.fas.harvard.edu/~chaucer/special/litsubs/drama/herod.html. Accessed 10
January 2017.***

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Messenger: **Moste mighty Mahowne
meng you with mirth!
Both of burgh and of towne,
by felles and by firth,
Both king with crowne,
and barons of birth,
That radly will rowne,**

Mahowne = a pagan deity
make you merry
woods. . . forest
quickly; whisper;

many great girth	protection
Shall be happ.	
Take tenderly intent	notice
What sondes are sent,	messages
Else harmes shall ye hent,	take
And lothes you to lap.	hatreds
Herode, the hend,	courteous
king by grace of Mahowne,	Mahowne = a pagan deity
Of Jewry, surmounting	
sternly with crowne,	
On life that are living	
in towre and in towne,	
Gracius you greting,	
commaundes you be bowne	ready
At his bidding;	
Luf him with lewte,	love. . . loyalty
Drede him, that doughty!	
He charges you be redy	
Lowly at his liking.	pleasure
What man upon mold,	man on earth
menes him agane,	speaks against him
Tit teen shall be told,	quickly sorrow
knight, squiere, or swain;	quickly harm
Be he never so bold,	
byes he that bargan,	buys (i.e., pays for)
Twelf thowsand fold,	
more than I sayn	
May ye trast;	trust
He is worthy wonderly,	
Selcouthly sory;	unusually sad
For a boy that is borne her by	
Standes he abast.	abashed
A king thay him call,	
and that we deny;	
How shuld it so fall,	
great mervell have I;	
Therfor over all shall	
I make a cry,	
That ye busk not to brall,	hasten. . . brawl
nor like not to ly	
This tide;	at this time
Carpes of no king	speak

**Bot Herode, that lording,
Or busk to youre beylding,
Youre heedes for to hide.**

rush. . . dwelling

**He is King of Kinges,
kindly I knowe,
Chefe lord of lordinges
chefe leder of law,
Ther wates on his winges,
that bold bost will blow,
Great dukes downe dinges
for his great awe,
And him lowtes.
Tuskane and Turkey,
All Inde and Italy,
Cecyll and Surry,
Drede him and doutes.**

by nature
are at his bidding
beats, strikes
bows to him
Sicily and Syria
fear

**From Paradise to Padwa,
to Mownt Flascon;
From Egypt to Mantua,
unto Kemp Towne;
From Sarceny to Susa,
to Grece it abowne;
Both Normondy and Norway
loutes to his crowne;
His renowne
Can no tong tell,
From heven unto hell;
Of him can none spell
Bot his cosyn Mahowne.**

above
bow
speak

**He is the worthyest of all
barnes that are borne;
Free men are his thrall,
full teenfully torne;
Begin he to brall,
many men cach skorne;
Obey must we all,
or els be ye lorne
At ones.
Downe ding of youre knees,
All that him sees,
Displeased he bees,
And byrken many bones.**

boys
painfully
if he begins to fight
kneel
break

**Here he commes now, I cry,
that lord I of spake;
Fast afore will I hy,
radly on a rake,
And welcom him worshipfully,
laghing with lake,
As he is most worthy,
and knele for his sake
So low;
Downe dernly to fall,
As renk most ryall:
Hail, the worthyest of all!
To thee must I bow!**

hasten
quickly on my way

pleasure

quietly
royal

**Hail, luf lord! lo,
thy letters have I layde;
I have done I couth do,
and peasse have I prayd,
Mekill more therto
openly desplayd;
Bot romoure is rased so,
that boldly thay brade
Amanges thame;
Thay carp of a king,
Thay seasse not sich chatering.
Bot I shall tame thare talking,
And let thame go hang thame:**

beloved

much

boast

speak

Herodes:

**Stint, brodels, youre din,
yee, everychon!
I red that ye harken
to I be gone, advise
For if I begin,
I breke ilka bone,
And pull fro the skin
the carcass anone,
Yee, perde!
Sesse all this wonder,
And make us no blonder,
For I rife you in sonder,
Be ye so hardy.**

wretches

to = until

each

by God
Cease
trouble
tear you apart

**Peasse both yong and old,
at my bidding, I red,**

For I have all in wold;
in me standes life and dede; in my power
Who that is so bold,
I brane him through the hede; brain
Speke not or I have told,
what I will in this stede; or = ere
Ye wote not
All that I will meve; move, do
Stir not bot ye have leve,
For if ye do, I clefe
You small as flesh to pot.

My mirthes are turned to teen, sorrow
my mekenes into ire, wrath
And all for oone I ween,
with-in I fare as fire.
May I se him with eyn,
I shall gif him his hire;
Bot I do as I meen, say, intend
I were a full lewde sire
In wones;
Had I that lad in hand,
As I am king in land,
I shuld with this steell brand
Byrken all his bones. break

My name springes far and nere;
the doughtyest, men me call,
That ever ran with spere,
a lord and king ryall;
What joy is me to here,
a lad to sesse my stall! sieze my place
If I this crowne may bere,
that boy shall by for all. pay for all
I anger;
I wote not what devil me ailes,
Thay teen me so with tales, pain
That by Goddes dere nailes,
I will peasse no langer. hold my peace

What devil! me think I brast,
for anger and for teen;
I trow these kinges be past,
that here with me has been;
Thay promesed me full fast

or now here to be seen, or = ere
For els I shuld have cast
an othere sleght, I ween;
I tell you,
A boy thay said thay soght,
With offering that thay broght;
It meves my hart right noght moves
To breke his nek in two.

Bot be thay past me by,
by Mahowne in heven,
I shall, and that in hy, haste
set all on sex and seven;
Trow ye a king as I
will suffre thaym to neven name
Any to have mastery,
bot my self full even? mastery
Nay, leefe! believe (it)
The devil me hang and draw,
If I that losell knaw, scamp
Bot I gif him a blow,
That life I shall him reve. take away

For perils yit I wold wist know
if thay were gone;
And ye therof her told,
I pray you say anone,
For and thay be so bold, and=if
by God that sittes in trone, throne
The pain can not be told,
that thay shall have ilkon, each one
ffor ire;
Sich paines hard never man tell, heard
For ugly and for fell, fierce (one)
That lucifere in hell
Thare bones shall all to-tire. tear in pieces

First Soldier: Lord, think not ill if I
tell you how thay are past;
I kepe not layn, truly, care not to conceal
syn thay cam by you last,
An othere way in hy thay soght, in haste
and that full fast.

Herodes: Why, and are thay past me by?
Wee! Out! For teen I brast!

	Wee! Fy!	
	Fy on the devil! where may I	
	bide?	sorrow. . . argue
	Bot fight for teen and al to-chide!	thieves
	Thefes, I say ye shuld, have spide	
	And told, when thay went by;	
	Ye are knightes to trast!	trust
	Nay, losels ye ar, and theves;	scamps
	I wote I yelde my gast,	know
Second Soldier:	so sore my hart it greves.	
	What nede you be abast?	mischiefs
	Ther are no great meschefes	be troubled
Third Soldier:	For these maters to gnast.	
	Why put ye sich repreves	
	Without cause?	
	Thus shuld ye not thret us,	
	Ungainly to bete us,	rebuke
	Ye shuld not rehet us,	more talk
	Without othere sawes.	
Herodes:	Ffy, losels and liars!	louts each one
	Lurdans ilkon!	
	Traitoures and well wars!	
	Knaves, bot knightes none!	
	Had ye bene worth youre eres,	
	thus had thay not gone;	land-leapers
	Get I those land lepars,	
	I breke ilka bone;	
	First vengeance	
	Shall I se on thare bones;	dwelling places
	If ye bide in these wones	beat
	I shall ding you with stones,	I speak truly (fractured French)
	Yee, diti zance doutance.	
	I wote not where I may sit,	
	for anger and for teen;	
	We have not done all yit,	
	if it be as I ween;	
	Fy! devil! now how is it?	
	As long as I have eyn	
	I think not for to flit,	flee
	bot king I will be seen	
	For ever.	in safety
	Bot stand I to quart,	

	I tell you my hart, I shall gar thaym start, Or els trust me never.	make them jump
First Soldier:	Sir, thay went sodanly, or any man west, Els had met we, yee, perdy, and may ye trest.	west = wist, knew it trust
Second Soldier:	So bold, nor so hardy agans oure lest, Was none of that company durst mete me with fest For ferd.	desire fist
Third Soldier:	Ill durst thay abide, Bot ran thame to hide; Might I thaym have spide, I had made thaym a berd.	I.e., I'd have tricked them
First Soldier:	What couth we more do to save youre honoure? We were redy therto, and shal be ilk howre.	
Herodes:	Now syn it is so, ye shall have favoure; Go where ye will, go by towne and by towre, Goes hens! I have maters to mell With my prevey counsell; Clerkes, ye bere the bell, Ye must me encense.	deal with
	Oone spake in mine eere a wonderfull talking, And saide a maiden shuld bere another to be king; Sirs, I pray you inquere in all writing, In Virgill, in Homere, And all other thing Bot legende; Sekes poece-tales; Lefe pestyls and grales; Mes, matins, nocht avals, All these I defende;	except ecclesiastical texts poetic narratives leave aside Epistles and Graduals mass-books, service-books do not avail forbid

First Counselor:	<p>I pray you tell hendely now what ye finde. Truly, sir, prophecy, it is not blind; We rede thus by Isay, he shal be so kinde, That a maiden, sothely, which never sinde, Shall him bere: "Virgo concipiet, Natumque pariet;" "Emanuell" is hete, His name for to lere,</p>	<p>Isaiah sinned called learn</p>
Second Counselor:	<p>"God is with us," that is forto say. And othere sayes thus, trest me ye may: "Of Bedlem a gracios lord shall spray, That of Jewry mightius king shal be ay, Lord mighty; And him shall honoure both king and emperoure." Why, and shuld I to him cowre? Nay, ther thou lyes lightly!</p>	<p>trust spring forth</p>
Herodes:	<p>Fy! the devil thee speede, and me, bot I drink ones! This has thou done in dede, to anger me for the nones: And thou, knave, thou thy mede shall have, by cokes dere bones! Thou can not half thy crede! Out, theves, fro my wones! Fy, knaves! Fy, dotty-pols, with youre bookes! Go kast thaym in the brookes! With sich wiles and crokes My wit away raves!</p>	<p>cock's (God's) dwelling places crazy-heads crooked tricks</p>
	<p>Hard I never sich a trant, that a knave so sleight</p>	<p>trick</p>

	<p>now in a glope! For this nobill tithand thou shall have a drope Of my good grace; Markes, rentes, and poundes, Great castels and groundes; Through all sees and sandes I gif thee the chace.</p>	<p>palpitation tiding</p> <p>choice</p>
Messenger:	<p>Now will I procede, and take vengeance; All the flowre of knighthede call to legeance; Bewshere, I thee bid, it may thee avance. Lord, I shall me spede, and bring, perchaunce, To thy sight. Hark, knightes, I you bring Here new tything; Unto Herode king Hast with all youre might!</p>	<p>Fair Sir</p> <p>tiding</p>
First Soldier: Second Soldier: Third Soldier:	<p>In all the hast that ye may, in armoure full bright, In youre best aray looke that ye be dight. Why shuld we fray? This is not all right. Sirs, withouten delay I drede that we fight.</p>	<p>ready be afraid</p>
Messenger:	<p>I pray you, As fast as ye may, Com to him this day.</p>	
First Soldier: Messenger:	<p>What, in oure best aray? Yee, sirs, I say you.</p>	
Second Soldier:	<p>Somwhat is in hand, what ever it meen.</p>	
Third Soldier:	<p>Tarry not for to stand ther or we have been.</p>	<p>where previously</p>
Messenger:	<p>King Herode, all weldand, well be ye seen! all ruling Youre knightes are comand in armoure full sheen,</p>	<p>coming</p>

First Soldier:	<p>At youre will. Hail, doughtiest of all! We are comen at youre call For to do what we shall, Youre lust to fullfil.</p>	shall = must
Herodes:	<p>Welcom, lordinges, Jewes both great and small! The cause now is this that I send for you all: A lad, a knave, borne is that shuld be king ryall; Bot I kill him and his, I wote I brast my gall; Therfor, Sirs, Vengeance shall ye take, All for that lad sake, And men I shall you make Where ye com ay where, sirs.</p> <p>To Bedlem loke ye go, and all the coste aboute, All knave children ye slo, and, lordes, ye shal be stoute; Of yeres if they be two and within, of all that route On life lieve none of tho that lyges in swedyll clowte, I red you; Spare no kins bloode, Let all run on floode, If women wax woode; I warn you, sirs, to spede you;</p>	burst
Second Soldier:	<p>Hens! Now go youre way. That ye were thore. I wote we make a fray; bot I will go before.</p>	(I would that) you
Third Soldier:	<p>A, think, sirs; I say I mon whet like a bore.</p>	whet (tusks); boar
First Soldier:	<p>Set me before ay good enough for a skore; Hail hendely! We shall for youre sake Make a dulfull lake.</p>	doleful amusement

Herodes:	Now if ye me well wrake Ye shall find me freindly.	avenge
Second Soldier:	Go ye now til oure note, and handell thaim weell.	business
Third Soldier:	I shall pay thaym on the cote, begin I to reel.	
First Soldier:	Hark, fellowse, ye dote; yonder commes unseel; I hold here a grote she likes me not weell Be we parte; Dame, think it not ill, thy knave if I kill.	unhappiness bet here a groat (when) we part
First Woman:	What, thefe! Agans my will? Lord, kepe him in qwarte!	safety
First Soldier:	Abide now, abide! No farther thou gose.	
First Woman:	Peasse, thefe! Shall I chide and make here a noise?	
First Soldier:	I shall reve thee thy pride; kill we these boyse!	take away
First Woman:	Tid may betide; kepe well thy nose, Fals thefe! Have on loft on thy hode.	
First Soldier:	What, hoore, art thou woode?	whore . . . crazy
First Woman:	Out, alas, my childe bloode! Out, for repreve!	
	Alas, for shame and sin! Alas that I was borne! Of weping who may blin to see hir childe forlorne? My comforth and my kin, my son thus al to-torne! Vengeance for this syn I cry both even and morne.	cease lost torn apart
Second Soldier:	Well done! Com hedir, thou old stry! That lad of thine shall dy.	hither. . . hag
Second Woman:	Mercy, lord, I cry! It is min awne dere son.	own

Second Soldier:	No mercy thou meve; it mendes thee not, Maud!	
Second Woman:	Then thy skalp shall I cleve! Lest thou be clawd? Lefe, lefe, now by lefe!	Do you want to be Leave it, dear, by my life
Second Soldier:	peasse, bid I, bawd!	
Second Woman:	Fy, fy, for reprefe! Fy, full of fraude! No man! Have at thy tabard, Harlot and holard! Thou shall not be sparde! I cry and I ban!	debauchee curse
	Out! morder! Man, I say, strong tratoure and thefe! Out! alas! and waloway! My child that was me lefe! My luf, my blood, my play, that never did man grefe! Alas, alas, this day! I wold, my hart shuld clefe In sonder! Vengeance I cry and call, On Herode and his knightes all! Vengeance, lord, upon thaym fall, And mekill worldes wonder!	flagrant dear cleave great
Third Soldier:	This is well wroght gere that ever may be; Comes hederward here! Ye nede not to fle!	
Third Woman:	Will ye do any dere to my child, and me?	harm
Third Soldier:	He shall dy, I thee swere his hart blood shall thou see.	
Third Woman:	God for-bede! Thefe! thou shedes my childes blood! Out, I cry! I go near wood! Alas! my hart is all on flood, To see my child thus blede!	pay for
Third Soldier:	By God, thou shall aby this dede that thou has done.	

Third Woman:	<p>I red thee not stry by sun and by moon. Have at thee, say I! Take the ther a foin! Out on thee I cry have at thy groin An othere!</p>	stab
Third Soldier:	<p>This kepe I in store.</p>	
Third Woman:	<p>Peasse now, no more! I cry and I rore, Out on thee, mans morderere!</p>	
	<p>Alas! my babe, min Innocent, my fleshly get! For sorow That God me derly sent of bales who may me borow? Thy body is all to-rent; I cry both even and morow, Vengeance for thy blod, thus spent out! I cry, and horow! Go lightly! Get out of these wones, Ye trattes, all at ones, Or by cokes dere bones I make you go wightly!</p>	<p>offspring evils. . . redeem trots, old women cock's (God's)</p>
First Soldier:		
Second Soldier:	<p>Thay are flayd now, I wote, thay will not abide. Let us run fote hote; now wold I we hide, And tell of this lot, how we have betide.</p>	
Third Soldier:	<p>Thou can do thy note; that have I aspide; Go furth now, Tell thou Herode oure tail! For all oure avail, I tell you, saunce fail, He will us alow.</p>	<p>tale praise</p>
First Soldier:	<p>I am best of you all and ever has bene; The devil have my soul bot I be first sene;</p>	

	It fittes me to call my lord, as I wene.	brawl
Second Soldier:	What nedes thee to brall? Be not so kene In this anger; I shall say thou did best, Save meself, as I gest.	supposed
First Soldier:	Wee! That is most honest.	
Third Soldier:	Go; tary no langer!	
First Soldier:	Hail Herode, oure king full glad may ye be! Good tithing we bring; harken now to me; We have made riding thruh out Jure: Well wit ye one thing, that morderd have we Many thousandes.	Jewry murdered
Second Soldier:	I held, thaym full hote, I paid them on the cote; Thare dammes, I wote, Never binde them in bandes.	
Third Soldier:	Had ye sene how I fard when I cam amang them! Ther was none that I spard bot lade on and dang them. I am worthy a rewarde where I was amanges them. I stud and I stard no pitee to hang them Had I.	beat stood
Herodes:	Now, by mighty Mahowne, That is good of renowne! If I bere this crowne Ye shall have a lady	
First Soldier:	Ilkon to him laid, and wed at his will. So have ye lang saide do somewhat thertil!	
Second Soldier:	And I was never flayde for good ne for ill.	
Third Soldier:	Ye might hold you well paide	

oure lust to fulfil,
Thus think me,
With tresure untold,
If it like that ye wold,
Both silver and gold,
To gif us great plentee.

Herodes: As I am king crownde
I think it good right!
Ther goes none on grounde
that has sich a wight;
A hundreth thousand pounde
is good wage for a knight,
Of pennes good and rounde
now may ye go light
With store;
And ye knightes of oures
Shall have castels and towres,
Both to you and to youres,
For now and ever more.

First Soldier: Was never none borne
by downes ne by dales, assistance
Nor yit us beforne
that had sich avales. much. . . purses

Second Soldier: We have castels and corne
mych gold in oure males. worn out, used up

Third Soldier: It will never be worne
without any tales;
Hail hendely! forth hastening
Hail lord! Hail king!
We are furth founding!

Herodes: Now Mahowne he you bring
Where he is lord freendly;

Now in peasse may I stand
I thank thee, Mahowne!
And gif of my lande
that longes to my crowne;
Draw therfor nerehande
both of burgh and of towne; ready
Markes ilkon a thowsande
when I am bowne,
Shall ye have.
I shal be full fayn know

To gif that I sayn!
Wate when I com again,
And then may ye crave.

I set by no good,
now my hart is at ease,
That I shed so mekill blode
pes all my ryches!
For to see this flode
from the fote to the nese
Meves nothing my mode
I lagh that I whese;
A, Mahowne!
So light is my soul,
That all of sugar is my gall;
I may do what I shall,
And bere up my crowne.

nose

breathe

I was casten in care
so frightly afraid,
Bot I thar not despare
for low is he layd
That I most dred are
so have I him flayd;
And els wonder ware
and so many strayd
In the strete,
That oone shuld be harmeles,
and skape away hafles,
Where so many childes
Thare bales can not bete.

need not

ere, previously

were, would be

unhurt

know

A hundreth thowsand, I wat,
and fourty are slayn,
And four thowsand; ther-at
me aght to be fain;
Sich a morder on a flat
shall never be again.
Had I had bot oone bat
at that lurdan
So yong,
It shuld have bene spoken
How I had me wroken,
Were I dede and rotten,
With many a tong.

ought to be happy

field

lout

Thus shall I tech knaves
 ensampyll to take,
 In thare wittes that raves
 sich mastre to make;
 All wantoness wafes
 no langage ye crak!
 No sufferan you saves
 youre nekkes shall I shak
 In sonder;
 No king ye on call
 Bot on Herode the ryall,
 Or els many oone shall
 Upon youre bodes wonder.

example
 mastery
 waive, put aside
 sovereign
 message

For if I here it spoken
 when I com again,
 Youre branes bese broken
 therfor be ye bayn;
 Nothing bese unloken
 it shal be so plain;
 Begin I to reken
 I think all desdain
 For-daunche.
 Sirs, this is my counsell --
 Bese not too cruell,
 Bot adew! -- to the devil!
 I can nomore Fraunch!

brains are
 ready
 is to be revealed
 squeamishness
 overnice, too squeamish

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	Dramatis Personae	
Mercy	Mischief	New Gyse
Nought	Nowadays	Mankynde
	Titvillus	

MERCY The very fownder and begynner of owr fyrst
 creacyon

Amonge us synfull wrechys He oweth to be magnifyde,
 That for owr dysobedyenc He hade non indygnacyon
 To sende Hys own son to be torn and crucyfyede.

*ought; glorified
 did not refuse*

- 5 Owr obsequyouse servyce to Hym shulde be aplyede,
Where He was Lorde of all and made all thyng of
nought,
For the synfull synnere to hade hym revyvyde
And for hys redempcyon sett Hys own son at nought.
- Yt may be seyde and veryfyede, mankynde was dere
bought.
- 10 By the pytuouse deth of Jhesu he hade hys remedye. *piteous*
He was purgyde of hys defawte that wrechydly hade
wrought
By Hys gloryus passyon, that blyssyde lavatorye.
O soverence, I beseche yow yowr condycyons to
rectyfye
Ande wyth humylité and reverence to have a remocyon *return*
- 15 To this blyssyde prynde that owr nature doth gloryfye,
That ye may be partycypable of Hys retribucon.
- I have be the very mene for yowr restytucion. *been the true means*
Mercy ys my name, that mornyth for yowr offence. *mourns*
Dyverte not yowrsylffe in tyme of temtacyon,
20 That thee may be acceptable to Gode at yowr goyng *at the time of your death*
hence.
The grett mercy of Gode, that ys of most *By intercession; bountiful*
preemynence,
Be medyacyon of Owr Lady that ys ever habundante
To the synfull creature that wyll repent hys neclygence, *sinfulness*
I prey Gode, at yowr most nede, that mercy be yowr
defendawnte.
- 25 In goode werkys I avyse yow, soverence, to be *advise you, masters*
perseverante
To purifye yowr sowlys, that thei be not corupte; *so that*
For yowr gostly enemy wyll make hys avaunte,
Yowr goode condycyons yf he may interrupte.
- O ye soverens that sytt and ye brothern that stonde *you noble persons*
ryght uppe,
- 30 Pryke not yowr felycytes in thyngys transytorye. *Place; happiness*
Beholde not the erth, but lyfte yowr ey uppe. *eye*
Se how the hede the members dayly do magnifye. *head; worship*
Who ys the hede forsoth I shall yow certyfye:
- I mene Owr Savyowr, that was lykynnyde to a lambe;
35 Ande Hys sayntys be the members that dayly He doth *likened*
satsfye *by the parts of the body*
Wyth the precyose rever that runnyth from Hys wombe. *river*

	Ther ys non such foode, be water nor by londe, So precyouse, so gloryouse, so nedefull to owr entent, For yt hath dyssolyde mankynde from the bytter bonde	<i>purpose</i>
40	Of the mortall enmye, that vemynousse serpente, From the wyche Gode preserve yow all at the Last Jugement! For sekyrly ther shall be a streyt examynacyon, The corn shall be savyde, the chaffe shall be brente. I besech yow hertyly, have this premedytacyon.	<i>From whom</i> <i>surely; strict grain; burnt keep this thought in mind</i>
	[Enter Mischief]	
45	MISCHIEF I beseche yow hertyly, leve yowr calcacyon. Leve yowr chaffe, leve yowr corn, leve yowr dalyacyon. Yowr wytt ys lytyll, yowr hede ys mekyll, ye are full of predycacyon. But, ser, I prey this questyon to claryfye: Mysse-masche, dryff-draff,	<i>threshing</i> <i>idle chatter</i> <i>big; preaching</i>
50	Sume was corn and sume was chaffe, My dame seyde my name was Raffe; Onschett yowr lokke and take an halpenye.	<i>wheat</i> <i>Open your "purse"; half- penny [for me] welcome (desired)</i>
	MERCY Why com ye hethyr, brother? Ye were not dysryde.	
	MISCHIEF For a wynter corn-threscher, ser, I have hyryde,	<i>Because</i>
55	Ande ye sayde the corn shulde be savyde and the chaff shulde be feryde, And he provyth nay, as yt schewth be this verse: "Corn servit bredibus, chaffe horsibus, straw fyrybusque." Thys ys as moche to say, to yowr leude undyrstondyng, As the corn shall serve to brede at the nexte bakyng.	<i>burnt (fired)</i> <i>But; it is shown by {Grain for bread, chaff for horses, straw for burning} unlearned</i>
60	"Chaff horsybus et reliqua," The chaff to horse shall be goode provente, When a man ys forcolde the straw may be brent, And so forth, et cetera.	<i>and the rest provender very cold</i>
	MERCY Avoyde, goode brother! Ye ben culpable	<i>Go away</i>
65	To interrupte thus my talkyng delectable. MISCHIEF Ser, I have nother horse nor sadyll,	<i>neither</i>

Therfor I may not ryde.

MERCY Hye yow forth on fote, brother, in Godys name!

Hurry

MISCHIEF I say, ser, I am cumme hedyr to make yow game.

come hither to have fun with you

70 Yet bade ye me not go out in the devyllys name,
Ande I wyll abyde.

MERCY . . .

[A page is missing from the manuscript. It seems that Mischief continues to pester Mercy and then departs. New Guise, Nowadays, and Nought enter; the former two attempt to make Nought join in their foolhardy and very physical games and dances, but he will not. As the action resumes below they are flogging Nought's belly — perhaps tickling him — until it will “burst.” When they have exhausted Nought, they force Mercy into the “dance.”]

NEW GYSE Ande how, mynstrellys, pley the comyn trace!

popular dance

Ley on wyth thi ballys tyll hys bely breste!

bales (whips)

NOUGHT I putt case I breke my neke: how than?

suppose; wll break; what

75 **NEW GYSE** I gyff no force, by Sent Tanne!

I care not; Saint Anne

NOWADAYS Leppe about lyvely! Thou art a wyght man.

Leap; nimble

Lett us be mery wyll we be here!

while

NOUGHT Shall I breke my neke to schew yow sporte?

NOWADAYS Therfor ever beware of thi reporte.

In that case; talk

80 **NOUGHT** I beschrew ye all! Her ys a schrewde sorte.
Have theratt then wyth a mery chere!

curse; rascally

Take this

Her thei daunce. Mercy seyth:

MERCY Do wey, do wey this reull, sers! Do wey!

Stop; revelry

NOWADAYS Do wey, goode Adam? Do wey?

Thys ys no parte of thi pley.

concern

85 **NOUGHT** Yys, mary, I prey yow, for I love not this revelyng.

surely (or “by Mary”)

Cum forth, goode fader, I yow prey!

(i.e., Mercy)

Be a lytyll ye may assay.

With a little effort; try

Anon, of your wyth yowr clothes, yf ye wyll play.

Go to! For I have hade a praty scottlyng.

pretty caper

[They try to get Mercy to dance]

90	MERCY Nay, brother, I wyll not daunce.	
	NEW GYSE Yf ye wyll, ser, my brother wyll make yow to prawnce.	
	NOWADAYS Wyth all my herte, ser, yf I may yow avaunce.	<i>aid</i>
	Ye may assay be a lytyll trace.	<i>try (it); dance</i>
	NOUGHT Ye, ser, wyll ye do well	<i>[ironic]</i>
95	Trace not wyth them, be my counsell,	<i>Dance</i>
	For I have tracyed sumwhat to fell;	<i>danced; too violently</i>
	I tell yt ys a narow space.	<i>crowded</i>
	But, ser, I trow of us thre I herde yow speke.	<i>believe</i>
	NEW GYSE Crystys curse hade therfor, for I was in slepe.	<i>[I] had</i>
100	NOWADAYS And I hade the cuppe in my honde, redy to goo to met.	<i>supper (solid food)</i>
	Therfor, ser, curtly, grett yow well.	<i>quickly; greet</i>
	MERCY Few wordys, few and well sett!	<i>(i.e., "I'll be brief")</i>
	NEW GYSE Ser, yt ys the new gyse and the new jett.	<i>style; custom</i>
	Many wordys and shortely sett,	
105	Thys ys the new gyse, every-dele.	<i>every bit</i>
	MERCY Lady, helpe! How wrechys delyte in ther synfull weys!	<i>Our Lady (Mary)</i>
	NOWADAYS Say not ageyn the new gyse nowadays!	<i>against</i>
	Thou shall fynde us schrewys at all assays.	<i>rascals {always}</i>
	Beware! Ye may son lyke a boffett.	<i>soon get (taste) a blow</i>
110	MERCY He was well occupyede that browte yow brethern.	
	NOUGHT I harde yow call "New Gyse, Nowadays, Nought," all thes thre together.	<i>heard</i>
	Yf ye sey that I lye, I shall make yow to slyther.	<i>crawl on the ground</i>
	Lo, take yow here a trepett!	<i>trip</i>
	[<i>They trip Mercy</i>]	
	MERCY Say me yowr namys, I know yow not.	<i>Tell</i>
115	NEW GYSE New Gyse, I.	
	NOWADAYS I, Nowadays.	
	NOUGHT I, Nought.	
	MERCY Be Jhesu Cryst that me dere bowte Ye betray many men.	
	NEW GYSE Betray? Nay, nay, ser, nay, nay!	<i>sir</i>
	We make them both fresch and gay.	
120	But of yowr name, ser, I yow prey,	
	That we may yow ken.	<i>know</i>

	MERCY Mercy ys my name by denomynacyon. I conseyye ye have but a lytyll favour in my communyacyon.	<i>designation comfort</i>
	NEW GYSE Ey, ey! Yowr body ys full of Englysch Laten.	
125	I am aferde yt wyll brest. “ <i>Pravo te</i> ,” quod the bocher onto me When I stale a leg of motun. Ye are a stronge cunnyng clerke.	<i>afraid; burst I curse you; butcher stole; mutton very learned scholar</i>
	NOWADAYS I prey yow hertyly, worschyppull clerke,	
130	To have this Englysch mad in Laten:	<i>translated into</i>
	“I have etun a dyschfull of curdys, Ande I have schetun yowr mowth full of turdys.” Now opyn yowr sachell wyth Laten wordys Ande sey me this in clerycall manere!	<i>eaten; curds shitten; turds clerkly (learned)</i>
135	Also I have a wyf, her name ys Rachell; Betuyx her and me was a gret batell; Ande fayn of yow I wolde here tell Who was the most master.	<i>Between gladly from; wish</i>
	NOUGHT Thy wyf Rachell, I dare ley twenti lyse.	<i>wager; lice</i>
140	NOWADAYS Who spake to thee, foll? Thou art not wyse! Go and do that longyth to thin offyce: <i>Osculare fundamentum!</i>	<i>fool what belongs to; office Kiss my ass</i>
	NOUGHT [<i>to Mercy</i>] Lo, master, lo, here ys a pardon bely- mett.	<i>sufficient</i>
	Yt ys grawntyde of Pope Pokett,	<i>granted by</i>
145	Yf ye wyll putt yowr nose in hys wyffys sockett, Ye shall have forty days of pardon.	<i>vagina</i>
	MERCY Thys ydyll language ye shall repent. Out of this place I wolde ye went.	<i>I wish you would god one accord</i>
	NEW GYSE Goo we hens all thre wyth on assent.	
150	My fadyr ys yrke of owr eloquence. Therfor I wyll no lenger tary. Gode brynge yow, master and blyssyde Mary To the number of the demonycall frayry!	<i>{priest} is bothered by remain {demonic fraternity}</i>
	NOWADAYS Cum wynde, cum reyn, Thow I cumme never ageyn! The Devll put out both yowr eyn! Felouse, go we hens tyght.	<i>I'll never come back eyes Fellows; quickly (together)</i>

NOUGHT Go we hens, a devll wey! *the way of the devil*
Here ys the dore, her ys the wey.
160 Farwell, jentyll Jaffrey, *gentle Geoffrey {Mercy}*
I prey Gode gyf yow now goode nyght!

Exiant simul. Cantent. *{They exit.} They sing.*

MERCY Thankyde be Gode, we have a fayer *good riddance*
dylyverance
Of thes thre onthryfty gestys. *unthrifty guests*
They know full lytyll what ys ther ordynance. *appointed place*
165 I preve by reson thei be wers then bestys: *beasts*

A best doth after hys naturall instytucyon; *beast*
Ye may conseve be there dysporte and behaviour, *by*
Ther joy ande delyte ys in derysyon
Of her owyn Cryste to hys dyshonur.
170 Thys condycyon of levyng, yt ys prejudycyall;
Beware therof, yt ys wers than ony felony or treson.
How may yt be excusyde befor the Justyce of all
When for every ydyll worde we must yelde a reson?

They have grett ease, therfor thei wyll take no thought. *pay no mind*
175 But how then when the angell of hevyn shall blow the *(i.e., But how they will)*
trumpe
And sey to the transgressors that wykkydly hath *committed sin*
wrought,
“Cum forth onto yowr Juge and yelde yowr acownte?”

Then shall I, Mercy, begyn sore to wepe; *bitterly*
Nother comfort nor cownsell ther shall non be hade; *Neither*
180 But such as thei have sowyn, such shall thei reape. *sown; reap*
Thei be wanton now, but then shall thei be sade.

The goode new gyse nowadays I wyll not dysalow. *forbid*
I dyscomende the vycyouse gyse; I prey have me
excusyde,
I nede not to speke of yt, yowr reson wyll tell yt yow.
185 Take that ys to be takyn and leve that ys to be refusyde.

[Enter Mankind, dressed as a laborer, with a spade]

MANKYNDE Of the erth and of the cley we have
owr propagacyon.
By the provydens of Gode thus be we deryvatt, *derived*

	To whos mercy I recomende this holl congrygacyon: I hope onto hys blysse ye be all predestynatt.	<i>destined (for grace)</i>
190	Every man for hys degré I trust shall be partycypatt, Yf we wyll mortyfye owr carnall condycyon Ande owr voluntarye dysyres, that ever be pervercyonatt, To renunce them and yelde us under Godys provycyon.	<i>in {his way}; {participate}</i> <i>perverse</i> <i>place ourselves; care</i>
195	My name ys Mankynde. I have my composycyon Of a body and of a soull, of condycyon contrarye. Betwyx them tweyn ys a grett dyvisyon; He that shulde be subjecte, now he hath the victory.	 <i>two</i>
200	Thys ys to me a lamentable story To se my flesch of my soull to have governance. Wher the goodewyff ys master, the goodeman may be sory. I may both syth and sobbe, this ys a pytouse remembrance.	 <i>wife; husband</i> <i>sigh; piteous</i>
	O thou my soull, so sotyll in thy substance, Alasse, what was thi fortune and thi chaunce To be assocyat wyth my flesch, that stynkyng dungehyll?	 <i>delicate</i>
205	Lady, helpe! Soverens, yt doth my soull myche yll To se the flesch prosperouse and the soull trodyn under fote. I shall go to yondyr man and asay hym y wyll. I trust of gostly solace he wyll be my bote.	 <i>Our Lady (Mary)</i> <i>appeal to spiritual; helper</i>
210	All heyll, semely father! Ye be welcom to this house. Of the very wysdam ye have partycypacyon. My body wyth my soule ys ever querulose. I prey yow, for sent charyté, of yowr supportacyon.	 <i>well-dressed true at war</i>
215	I beseche yow hertyly of yowr gostly comforte. I am onstedfast in lyvyng; my name ys Mankynde. My gostly enmy the Devll wyll have a grett dysporte In synfull gydyng yf he may se me ende.	 <i>spiritual guidance</i> <i>sport</i>
	MERCY Cryst sende yow goode comforte! Ye be welcum, my frende. Stonde uppe on yowr fete, I prey yow aryse. My name ys Mercy; ye be to me full hende.	 <i>welcome</i>

- 220 To eschew vyce I wyll yow avyse.
- MANKYNDE** O Mercy, of all grace and vertu ye are *fountain*
the well,
I have herde tell of ryght worschypfull clerkys. *from*
Ye be aproxymatt to Gode and nere of hys consell. *close*
He hat instytut you above all hys werkys.
- 225 O, yowr lovely wordys to my soull are swetere then
hony.
- MERCY** The temptacyon of the flesch ye must resyst
lyke a man,
For ther ys ever a batell betwyx the soull and the body:
“*Vita hominis est milicia super terram.*”
- Oppresse yowr gostly enmy and be Crystys own
knyght.
- 230 Be never a cowarde ageyn yowr adversary.
Yf ye wyll be crownyde, ye must nedys fyght.
Intende well and Gode wyll be yow adjutory. *helper*
- Remember, my frende, the tyme of contynuance. *duration of life*
So helpe me Gode, yt ys but a chery tyme. *cherry time*
- 235 Spende yt well; serve Gode wyth hertys affyance. *loyalty*
Dystempure not yowr brayn wyth goode ale nor wyth
wyn.
- Mesure ys tresure. Y forbyde yow not the use.
Mesure yowrself ever; beware of excesse. *Moderate*
- 240 The superfluouse gyse I wyll that ye refuse; *superfluous mode; wish*
When nature ys suffysyde, anon that ye sese. *satisfied, then {stop}*
- Yf a man have an hors and kepe hym not to hye, *too well-fed*
He may then reull hym at hys own dysyere. *rule*
Yf he be fede overwell he wyll disobey
Ande in happe cast hys master in the myre. *by chance; mire*
- [*Enter New Guise, Nowadays, and Nought, hidden to
Mercy and Mankind*]
- 245 **NEW GYSE** Ye sey trew, ser, ye are no faytour. *liar*
I have fede my wyff so well tyll sche ys my master.
I have a grett wonde on my hede, lo! And theron leyth a *wound; plaster*
playster,
Ande another ther I pysse my peson. *where; penis*
Ande my wyf were yowr hors, sche wold yow all to- *If; fully curse*

	banne.	
250	Ye fede yowr hors in mesure, ye are a wyse man. I trow, and ye were the kyngys palfrey-man, A goode horse shulde be gesunne.	<i>moderation (sarcastically)</i> <i>believe, if; horsekeeper</i> <i>scarce</i>
	MANKYNDE [<i>hearing New Guise</i>] Wher spekys this felow? Wyll he not com nere?	
255	MERCY All to son, my brother, I fere me, for yow. He was here ryght now, by Hym that bowte me dere, Wyth other of hys felouse; thei kan moche sorow.	<i>too soon {he'll come}</i> <i>paid dearly for me</i> <i>fellows; know</i>
	They wyll be here ryght son, yf I owt departe. Thynke on my doctryne; yt shall be yowr defence. Lerne wyll I am here; sett my wordys in herte.	<i>very soon; go hence</i> <i>while</i>
260	Wythin a schorte space I must nedys hens.	<i>Soon I must depart</i>
	NOWADAYS [<i>unseen, to Mercy</i>] The sonner the lever, and yt be ewyn anon! I trow yowr name ys Do Lytyll, ye be so long fro hom. If ye wolde go hens, we shall cum everychon, Mo then a goode sorte.	<i>believe; far from</i> <i>everyone</i> <i>More than a great many</i>
265	Ye have leve, I dare well say. When ye wyll, go forth yowr wey. Men have lytyll deynté of yowr pley Because ye make no sporte.	<i>permission</i> <i>wish</i> <i>delight in</i>
	NOUGHT [<i>still unseen</i>] Yowr potage shall be forcolde, ser; when wyll ye go dyn? I have sen a man lost twenti noblys in as lytyll tyme; Yet yt was not I, be Sent Qwyntyn, For I was never worth a pottfull a wortys sythyn I was born.	<i>nobles (gold coins)</i> <i>Saint Quentin</i> <i>cabbages since</i>
270	My name ys Nought. I love well to make mery. I have be sethen wyth the comyn tapster of Bury And pleyde so longe the foll that I am evyn wery. Yyt shall I be ther ageyn to-morn.	<i>just now; barkeeper</i> <i>fool; very weary</i> <i>Yet; tomorrow morning</i>
275		
280	MERCY I have moche care for yow, my own frende. Yowr enmys wyll be here anon, thei make ther avaunte. Thynke well in yowr hert, yowr name ys Mankynde; Be not unkynde to Gode, I prey yow be Hys servante.	<i>concern; {Mankind}</i> <i>boast</i>
	Be stedefast in condycyon; se ye be not varyant. Lose not thorow foly that ys bowte so dere. Gode wyll prove yow son; ande yf that ye be constant, Of Hys blysse perpetuall ye shall be partener.	<i>easily changed</i> <i>through; bought {dearly}</i> <i>test</i>

285	Ye may not have yowr intent at yowr fyrst dysyere. Se the grett pacyence of Job in tribulacyon; Lyke as the smyth trieth ern in the feere, So was he triede by Godys vysytacyon.	<i>desire</i> <i>{smith tries} iron; fire visitation (i.e., of trials)</i>
290	He was of yowr nature and of yowr fragylyté; Folow the steppys of hym, my own swete sone, Ande sey as he seyde in yowr trobyll and adversyté: “ <i>Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit; sicut sibi placuit, sit nomen Domini benedictum!</i> ”	<i>He (i.e., Job_</i>
295	Moreover, in specyall I gyve yow in charge, Beware of New Gyse, Nowadays, and Nought. Nyse in ther aray, in language thei be large; To perverte yowr condycyons all the menys shall be sowte.	<i>I advise you especially</i> <i>Foolish; dress; boastful habits; means; sought</i>
300	Gode son, intromytt not yowrsylff in ther cumpeny. Thei harde not a masse this twelmonyth, I dare well say. Gyff them non audyence; thei wyll tell yow many a lye. Do truly yowr labure and kepe yowr halyday.	<i>heard; {year}</i> <i>holy day</i>
305	Beware of Tytivillus, for he lesyth no wey, That goth invysybull and wyll not be sen. He wyll ronde in yowre ere and cast a nett befor yowr ey. He ys worst of them all; Gode lett hym never then!	<i>he never fails</i> <i>Who goes; seen</i> <i>whisper</i> <i>never let him thrive</i>
310	Yf ye dysples Gode, aske mercy anon, Ellys Myscheff wyll be redy to brace yow in hys brydyll. Kysse me now, my dere darlynge. Gode schelde yow from yowr fon! Do truly yowr labure and be never ydyll. The blyssynge of Gode be wyth yow and wyth all thes worschypfull men!	<i>displease; immediately</i> <i>Else; fasten; bridle</i> <i>foes</i>
	[Exit]	
310	MANKYNDE Amen, for sent charyté, amen!	<i>saind</i>
	Now blyssyde be Jhesu! My soull ys well sacyatt Wyth the mellyfluose doctryne of this worschypfull man. The rebellyn of my flesch now yt ys superatt,	<i>satisfied</i> <i>mellifluous; honorable</i> <i>overcome</i>

- Thankynge be Gode of the commynge that I kam. *that I came here*
- 315 Her wyll I sytt and tytyll in this papyr *write on*
 The incomparable astat of my promycyon. *state; promised grace*
 Worschypfull soverence, I have wretyn here
 The gloryuse remembrance of my nobyll condycyon.
 To have remors and memory of mysylff thus wretyn yt *In order that I may*
 ys,
- 320 To defende me from all superstycyus charmys:
 “*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem*
reverteris.”
- [*Pointing to his breast, which bears this motto and*
perhaps a cross or a skull]
- Lo, I ber on my bryst the bagge of myn armys. *breast; badge; arms*
- [*New Guise approaches Mankind*]
- NEW GYSE** The wether ys colde, Gode sende us *fires*
 goode ferys!
 “*Cum sancto sanctus eris et cum perverso perverteris.*”
 325 “*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum,*” quod the Devll
 to the frerys,
 “*Habitare fratres in unum.*”
- [*Mankind picks up his spade and begins to till*]
- MANKYNDE** I her a felow speke; wyth hym I wyll *hear; associate*
 not mell.
 Thys erth wyth my spade I shall assay to delffe. *attempt to dig*
 To eschew ydullnes, I do yt myn own selffe.
 330 I prey Gode sende yt hys fusyon!
- [*They approach Mankind*]
- NOWADAYS** Make rom, sers, for we have be longe! *room; sirs; long (about)*
 We wyll cum gyf yow a Crystemes songe. *popular song*
NOUGHT Now I prey all the yemandry that ys here *yeomanry (i.e., people)*
 To syngе wyth us wyth a mery chere:
- [*They sing, leading the audience in the ditty*]
- 335 Yt ys wretyn wyth a coll, yt ys wretyn wyth a cole, *written; piece of coal*
NEW GYSE AND NOWADAYS Yt ys wretyn wyth
 a colle, yt ys wretyn wyth a colle,

	NOUGHT He that schytyth wyth hys hoyll, he that schytyth wyth hys hoyll,	<i>shits; hole</i>
	NEW GYSE, NOWADAYS He that schytyth wyth hys hoyll, he that schytyth wyth hys hoyll,	
	NOUGHT But he wyppe hys ars clen, but he wyppe hys ars clen,	<i>Unless; arse clean</i>
340	NEW GYSE, NOWADAYS But he wype hys ars clen, but he wype hys ars clen,	
	NOUGHT On hys breche yt shall be sen, on hys breche yt shall be sen,	<i>breeches; seen</i>
	NEW GYSE, NOWADAYS On hys breche yt shall be sen, on hys breche yt shall be sen.	
	<i>Cantant Omnes.</i> Hoylyke, holyke, holyke! Holyke, holyke, holyke!	<i>They all sing; holy</i>
	NEW GYSE Ey, Mankynde, Gode spede yow wyth yowr spade!	
345	I shall tell yow of a maryage: I wolde yowr mowth and hys ars that this made Wer maryede junctly together.	<i>wish; {made the song} married jointly</i>
	MANKYNDE Hey yow hens, felouse, wyth bredyng. Leve yowr derysyon and yowr japyng.	<i>{Hurry hence}; reproach foolish talk</i>
350	I must nedys labure, yt ys my lyvyng. NOWADAYS What, ser, we cam but lat hethyr.	<i>recently here</i>
	Shall all this corn grow here That ye shall have the nexte yer? Yf yt be so, corn hade nede be dere,	<i>{Is this enough room to grow grain for next year?} better bring a good price</i>
355	Ellys ye shall have a pore lyffe. NOUGHT Alasse, goode fadere, this labor fretyth yow to the bon.	<i>wears you down</i>
	But for yowr croppe I take grett mone. Ye shall never spende yt alonne; I shall assay to geett yow a wyffe.	<i>feel great sorrow complete wife</i>
360	How many acres suppose ye here by estymacyon? NEW GYSE Ey, how ye turne the erth uppe and down!	
	I have be in my days in many goode town Yett saw I never such another tyllynge.	<i>Yet; such a tilling</i>
	MANKYNDE Why stonde ye ydyll? Yt ys pety that ye were born!	<i>a pity</i>
365	NOWADAYS We shall bargin wyth yow and nother moke nor scorne.	<i>neither</i>
	Take a goode carte in hervest and lode yt wyth yowr	<i>harvest</i>

	corne, And what shall we gyf yow for the levyng?	<i>crop</i>
	NOUGHT He ys a goode starke laburrer, he wolde fayn do well. He hath mett wyth the goode man Mercy in a schroude sell.	<i>strong; surely</i> <i>at a bad time</i>
370	For all this he may have many a hungry mele. Yyt woll ye se he ys polytyke. Here shall be goode corn, he may not mysse yt; Yf he wyll have reyn he may overpysse yt; Ande yf he wyll have compasse he may overblysse yt	<i>Because of; meager meal</i> <i>wishes to; piss on it</i> <i>compost; overbless it</i>
375	A lytyll wyth hys ars lyke.	<i>arse</i>
	MANKYNDE Go and do yowr labur! Gode lett yow never the! Or wyth my spade I shall yow dyng, by the Holy Trinyté! Have ye non other man to moke, but ever me? Ye wolde have me of yowr sett?	<i>prosper</i> <i>strike</i> <i>mock; always</i> <i>of your gang</i>
380	Hye yow forth lyvely, for hens I wyll yow dryffe.	<i>Hasten; hence; drive</i>
	[<i>Strikes them with his spade</i>]	
	NEW GYSE Alas, my jewellys! I shall be schent of my wyff! NOWADAYS Alasse! And I am lyke never for to thryve, I have such a buffett.	<i>testicles; rejected by (of no</i> <i>use to)</i> <i>injury [from being hit]</i>
	MANKYNDE Hens I sey, New Gyse, Nowadays, and Nowte!	<i>Go away</i>
385	Yt was seyde befor, all the menys shuld be sought To perverte my condycyons and brynge me to nought. Hens, thevys! Ye have made many a lesyng.	<i>before; means</i> <i>habits</i> <i>Hence, thieves; lie</i>
	NOUGHT Marryde I was for colde, but now am I warne. Ye are evyll avysyde, ser, for ye have don harme.	<i>Ruined; on account of</i> <i>ill-advised</i>
390	By cokkys body sakyrde, I have such a peyn in my arme I may not chonge a man a ferthyng.	<i>Christ's sacred body</i> <i>change; farthing</i>
	MANKYNDE Now I thanke Gode, knelyng on my kne. Blyssyde be Hys name! He ys of hye degré. By the subside of Hys grace that He hath sente me	<i>high estate</i> <i>help</i>

395	Thre of myn enmys I have putt to flyght. Yt this instrument, soverens, ys not made to defende. Davide seyth, " <i>Nec in hasta nec in gladio salvat Dominus.</i> "	{The Lord saves not with sword and spear}
	NOUGHT No, mary, I beschrew yow, yt ys in <i>spadibus</i> .	curse you; by the spade
400	Therfor Crystys curse cum on yowr hedybus To sende yow lesse myght!	head
	<i>Exiant [except Mankind]</i>	<i>They exit</i>
	MANKYNDE I promytt yow thes felouse wyll no more cum here, For summe of them, certenly, were summewhat to nere. My fadyr Mercy avysyde me to be of a goode chere Ande agayn my enmys manly for to fyght.	promise advised against; to fight mainly
405	I shall convycte them, I hope, everychon. Yet I say amysse, I do yt not alon. Wyth the helpe of the grace of Gode I resyst my fon Ande ther malycyuse herte. Wyth my spade I wyll departe, my worschyppull soverence,	overcome; everyone incorrectly foes their malicious
410	Ande lyve ever wyth labure to corecte my insolence. I shall go fett corn for my londe; I prey yow of pacyence; Ryght son I shall reverte.	pride fetch grain soon; return
	<i>[Mankind exits to get his seed; Mischief enters]</i>	
415	MISCHIEF Alas, alasse, that ever I was wrought! Alasse the whyll, I am wers then nought! Sythyn I was here, by hym that me bought, I am utterly ondon! I, Myscheff, was here at the begynnyng of the game Ande arguyde wyth Mercy, Gode gyff hym schame! He hath taught Mankynde, wyll I have be vane,	made this moment; nothing Since undone while; absent
420	To fyght manly ageyn hys fon. For wyth hys spade, that was hys wepyn, New Gyse, Nowadays, Nought hath all to-beton. I have grett pyté to se them wepyn. Wyll ye lyst? I here them crye.	severely beaten weeping listen
	<i>Clamant.</i>	<i>They cry out</i>

- 425 Alasse, alasse! Cum hether, I shall be yowr borow. *hither; protector*
 Alac, alac! Ven, ven! Cum hethere wyth sorowe! *Come*
 Pesse, fayer babys, ye shall have a nappyll to-morow!
 Why grete ye so, why? *wail*
- [*New Guise, Nowadays, and Nought reenter in great pain*]
- 430 **NEW GYSE** Alasse, master, alasse, my privyté! *privates (testicles)*
MISCHIEF A, wher? Alake! Fayer babe, ba me! *kiss me*
 Abyde! To son I shall yt se. *see it (i.e., your privates)*
NOWADAYS Here, here, se my hede, goode master!
MISCHIEF Lady, helpe! Sely darlynge, ven, ven! *Poor; come*
 I shall helpe thee of thi peyn; *heal*
 435 I shall smytt of thi hede and sett yt on agayn. *smite off*
NOUGHT By owr Lady, ser, a fayer playster!
- Wyll ye of wyth hys hede! Yt ys a schreude charme! *off with; severe treatment*
 As for me, I have non harme. *injury*
 I were loth to forbere myn arme. *would be reluctant; lose*
 440 Ye pley *in nomine patris*, choppe! *in the name of the Father*
NEW GYSE Ye shall not choppe my jewellys, and I *tesitcles; if I can [stop*
 may. *you]*
NOWADAYS Ye, Cristys crose, wyll ye smyght my *Christ's cross; chop*
 hede away?
 Ther wer on and on! Oute! Ye shall not assay. *attempt it*
 I myght well be callyde a foppe. *fool*
 445 **MISCHIEF** I kan choppe yt of and make yt agayn. *it off; restore*
NEW GYSE I had a schreude *recumbentibus* but I *knockout blow; feel no*
 fele no peyn. *pain*
NOWADAYS Ande my hede ys all save and holl *safe and whole*
 agayn.
 Now towchyng the mater of Mankynde, *regarding; matter*
 Lett us have an interleccyon, sythen ye be cum hethere. *consultation, since*
 450 Yt were goode to have an ende. *conclusion*
- MISCHIEF** How, how, a mynstrell! Know ye ony *any at all*
 out?
NOUGHT I kan pype in a Walsyngham wystyll, I, *whistle*
 Nought, Nought.
MISCHIEF Blowe apase, and thou shall bryng hym *now; flute*
 in wyth a flewte.

[*Nought begins to play*]

TITIVILLUS [*from offstage*] I com wyth my leggyss

	under me.	
455	MISCHIEF How, New Gyse, Nowadays, herke or I goo!	<i>listen before</i>
	When owr hedys wer togethere I spake of <i>si dedero</i> .	<i>if I give</i>
	NEW GYSE Ye, go thi wey! We shall gather mony onto,	<i>unto [that purpose]</i>
	Ellys ther shall no man hym se.	<i>him (i.e., Titivillus)</i>
	[<i>to the audience</i>] Now gostly to owr purpos, worschypfull soverence,	<i>fiathfully</i>
460	We intende to gather mony, yf yt plesse yowr neclygence,	
	For a man wyth a hede that ys of grett omnipotens.	
	NOWADAYS Kepe yowr tayll, in goodnes I prey yow, goode brother!	<i>tally (account)</i>
	He ys a worschypfull man, sers, savyng yowr reverens.	<i>He (i.e., Titivillus)</i>
	He lovyth no grotys, nor pens or to pens.	<i>groats; {one or two pence}</i>
465	Gyf us rede reyallys yf ye wyll se hys abhomynabull presens.	<i>gold royals</i>
	NEW GYSE Not so! Ye that mow not pay the ton, pay the tother.	
	At the goodeman of this house fyrst we wyll assay.	<i>To the master; try</i>
	Gode blysse yow, master! Ye say as yll, yet ye wyll not sey nay.	
	Lett us go by and by and do them pay.	<i>{around}; make them pay</i>
470	Ye pay all alyke; well mut ye fare!	<i>{Fare as well as you pay}</i>
	NOUGHT I sey, New Gyse, Nowadays: " <i>Estis vos pecuniatus?</i> "	<i>Are you well-moneyed</i>
	I have cryede a fayer wyll, I beschrew yowr patus!	<i>begged; while; curse; head</i>
	NOWADAYS <i>Ita vere, magister</i> . Cumme forth now yowr gatus!	<i>your way (i.e., from your gates)</i>
	He ys a goodly man, sers; make space and beware!	
	[<i>Enter Titivillus</i>]	
475	TITIVILLUS [<i>to the audience</i>] <i>Ego sum dominancium dominus</i> , and my name ys Titivillus.	
	Ye that have goode hors, to yow I sey <i>caveatis!</i>	<i>horse; beware</i>
	Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hem out at yowr gatys.	
	<i>Loquitur ad New Gyse:</i>	<i>He says to</i>
	<i>Ego probo sic:</i> Ser New Gys, lende me a peny!	<i>I prove {their perfidy} thus</i>
	NEW GYSE I have a grett purse, ser, but I have no monay.	

- 480 By the masse, I fayll to farthyngys of an halpeny; *two (i.e., I have nothing)*
 Yt hade I ten pound this nyght that was. *Yet; last night*
- Loquitur ad Nowadays.* *He says to*
- TITIVILLUS** What ys in thi purse? Thou art a stout
 fellow.
- NOWADAYS** The Devll have thee qwytt! I am a clen
 jentyllman.
- I prey Gode I be never wers storyde then I am. *provided for than*
 485 Yt shall be otherwyse, I hope, or this nyght passe. *before*
- Loquitur ad Nought.* *He says to*
- TITIVILLUS** Herke now! I say thou hast many a *Listen*
 peny.
- NOUGHT** *Non nobis, domine, non nobis*, by Sent *Saint Denis*
 Deny!
- The Devll may daunce in my purse for ony peny; *any (i.e., {it's open})*
 Yt ys as clen as a byrdys ars. *clean as a bird's arse*
- 490 **TITIVILLUS** [*to the audience*] Now I say yet *beware*
 ageyn, *caveatis!*
- Her ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hem out of yowr *steal them (your horses)*
 gatys.
- Now I sey, New Gyse, Nowadays, and Nought,
 Go and serche the contré, anon yt be sowghte, *it will be seen*
 Summe here, summe ther, what yf ye may cache
 owghte.
- 495 Yf ye fayll of hors, take what ye may ellys. *fail to get; else*
NEW GYSE Then speke to Mankynde for *blow to my testicles*
 the *recumbentibus* of my jewellys.
- NOWADAYS** Remember my brokyn hede in the
 worschyppe of the fyve vowellys.
- NOUGHT** Ye, goode ser, and the sytyca in my arme. *sciatica*
- TITIVILLUS** I know full well what Mankynde dyde
 to yow.
- 500 Myschyff hat informyde of all the matere thorow. *thoroughly*
 I shall venge yowr quarell, I make Gode a vow.
 Forth, and espye were ye may do harme. *Go forth and spy where*
 Take William Fyde, yf ye wyll have ony mo. *any more*
 I sey, New Gyse, wethere art thou avysyde to go? *where do you plan to go*
- 505 **NEW GYSE** Fyrst I shall begyn at Master
 Huntyngton of Sauston,
 Fro thens I shall go to Wyllyam Thurlay of Hauston,

- Ande so forth to Pycharde of Trumpyngton.
 I wyll kepe me to thes thre.
NOWADAYS I shall goo to Wyllyham Baker of
 Waltom,
 510 To Rycherde Bollman of Gayton;
 I shall spare Master Woode of Fullburn,
 He ys a *noli me tangere*. *touch me not*
- NOUGHT** I shall goo to Wyllyam Patryke of
 Massyngham,
 I shall spare Master Alyngton of Botysam
 515 Ande Hamonde of Soffeham,
 For drede of *in manus tuas* — qweke. *into Thy hands*
 Felous, cum forth, and go we hens togethyr. *Fellows*
NEW GYSE Syth we shall go, lett us be well ware
 wethere, *Since; aware whither*
 If we may be take, we com no more hethyr.
 520 Lett us con well ovr neke-verse, that we have not a
 cheke. *recite; problem*
- TITIVILLUS** Goo yowr wey, a devll wey, go yowr
 wey all! *the devil's way*
 I blysse yow wyth my lyfte honde: foull yow befall! *left; {may ill befall you}*
 Com agayn, I werne, as son as I yow call, *advise; as soon*
 And brynge yowr avantage into this place. *your body*
- Exeunt. Manet Titivillus* *They exit. Titivillus*
remains
- 525 To speke wyth Mankynde I wyll tary here this tyde *wait here a while*
 Ande assay hys goode purpose for to sett asyde. *try; distract*
 The goode man Mercy shall no lenger be hys gyde. *guide*
 I shall make hym to dawnce another trace. *dance another step*
- 530 Ever I go invysybull, yt ys my jett, *fashion*
 Ande befor hys ey thus I wyll hange my net *eye*
 To blench hys syght; I hope to have hys fote-mett. *deceive; take his measure*
 To yrke hym of hys labur I shall make a frame. *{irk him about}; scheme*
 Thys borde shall be hyde under the erth prevely; *board; hidden; secretly*
- [*Places a board under the earth Mankind has been*
tilling]
- 535 Hys spade shall enter, I hope, onredyly; *with difficulty*
 Be then he hath assayde, he shall be very angry *After he has attempted it*
 Ande lose hys pacyens, peyn of schame. *on penalty of shame*
 I shall minge hys corne wyth drawke and wyth durnell; *mix; cockle; {weeds}*

Yt shall not be lyke to sow nor to sell. *fit*
Yondyr he commyth; I prey of counsell. *please keep my secret*
540 He shall wene grace were wane. *think [that his]; lost*

[Enter Mankind with his seed]

MANKYNDE Now Gode of hys mercy sende us of *guidance*
Hys sonde!
I have brought sede here to sow wyth my londe.
Qwyll I overdylew yt, here yt shall stonde. *While I till and cover it*
over

[Sets down the seed, which Titivillus promptly snatches]

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti now I wyll *{In the name of the Father,*
begyn. *the son, and the Holy*
Ghost}

[He begins to dig, but strikes the board]

545 Thys londe ys so harde yt makyth unlusty and yrke. *[one] weary and annoyed]*
I shall sow my corn at wynter and lett Gode werke! *by chance*

[He looks to pick up his seed]

Alasse, my corn ys lost! Here ys a foull werke!
I se well by tyllynge lytyll shall I wyn. *by tilling I gain little*
Here I gyff uppe my spade for now and for ever.

Here Titivillus goth out wyth the spade

550 To occupye my body I wyll not put me in dever. *I will not endeavor*
I wyll here my evynsonge here or I dyssever. *before I leave*
Thys place I assyng as for my kyrke. *assign; church*
Here in my kerke I knell on my knees. *knees*
Pater noster qui es in celis.

555 **TITIVILLUS** *[re-entering]* I promes yow I have no *lead in my heels*
lede on my helys.
I am here ageyn to make this felow yrke. *annoyed*

Qwyst! Pesse! I shall go to hys ere and tytyll therin. *Shush; whisper*
A schorte preyere thyrlyth hewyn; of thi preyere blyn. *pierces; cease*
Thou art holyer then ever was ony of thi kyn.
560 Aryse and avent thee! Nature compellys. *relieve yourself*

MANKYNDE I wyll into thi yerde, soverens, and
cum ageyn son.
For drede of the colyke and eke of the ston *also; kidneystone*
I wyll go do that nedys must be don.

My bedys shall be here for whosummever wyll ellys.

[*Throws down the rosary beads.*] *Exiat*

Exits

565 **TITIVILLUS** Mankynde was besy in hys prayere, yet
I dyde hym aryse.

made

He ys conveyde, be Cryst, from hys dyvyn servyce.
Wethere ys he, trow ye? Iwysse I am wonder wyse;
I have sent hym forth to schyte lesynges.

*distracted
Truly; baffled
shit lies*

Yff ye have ony sylver, in happe pure brasse,
570 Take a lytyll powder of Parysch and cast over hys face,
Ande ewyn in the howll-flyght let hym passe.
Titivillus kan lerne yow many praty thyngys.

*even in {twilight}
teach; crafty*

I trow Mankynde wyll cum ageyn son,
Or ellys I fere me evynsonge wyll be don.
575 Hys bedys shall be trysyde asyde, and that anon.
Ye shall a goode sport yf ye wyll abyde.
Mankynde cummyth ageyn, well fare he!
I shall answeere hym *ad omnia quare*.
Ther shall be sett abroche a clerycall mater.
580 I hope of hys purpose to sett hym asyde.

*believe
evening prayer; done
tossed aside; right away
shall [be shown]; stay*

*to every question
stirred up {debate}*

[*Mankind reenters*]

MANKYNDE Evynsong hath be in the saynge, I
trow, a fayer wyll.

for a good while

I am yrke of yt; yt ys to longe be on myle.
Do wey! I wyll no more so oft over the chyrche-style.
Be as be may, I shall do another.
585 Of laboure and preyer, I am nere yrke of both;
I wyll no more of yt, thow Mercy be wroth.
My hede ys very hevvy, I tell yow forsoth.
I shall slepe full my bely and he wore my brother.

*weary; loo long by a mile
{go above the church}
Regardless; otherwise
nearly
want; though; angry
truly*

[*He falls asleep*]

TITIVILLUS Ande ever ye dyde, for me kepe now
yowr sylence.

If

590 Not a worde, I charge yow, peyn of forty pens.
A praty game shall be scheude yow or ye go hens.
Ye may here hym snore; he ys sade aslepe.
Qwyst! Pesse! The Devll ys dede! I shall goo ronde in
hys ere.

*on penalty of
shown you before
sound
whisper*

Alasse, Mankynde, alasse! Mercy stown a mere!
595 He ys runn away fro hys master, ther wot no man

*has stolen a mare
no one knows*

- where;
 Moreover, he stale both a hors and a nete. *cow (or ox)*
 But yet I herde sey he brake hys neke as he rode in *broke*
 Fraunce;
 But I thynke he rydyth on the galous, to lern for to
 daunce,
 Bycause of hes theft, that ys hys governance. *conduct*
 600 Trust no more on hym, he ys a marryde man. *in; ruined*
 Mekyll sorow wyth thi spade befor thou hast wrought. *Much; earlier*
 Aryse and aske mercy of New Gyse, Nowadays, and
 Nought.
 Thei cun avyse thee for the best; lett ther goode wyll be
 sought,
 And thi own wyff brethell, and take thee a lemman. *deceive; lover (mistress)*
- 605 Farwell, everychon, for I have don my game,
 For I have brought Mankynde to myscheff and to
 schame.
- [*Exit. Mankind awakes*]
- MANKYNDE** Whope who! Mercy hath brokyn hys *neck*
 neke-kycher, avows,
 Or he hangyth by the neke hye uppon the gallouse.
 Adew, fayer masters! I wyll hast me to the ale-house *tavern*
 610 Ande speke wyth New Gyse, Nowadays and Nought
 And geett me a lemman wyth a smattrynge face. *lover; kissable*
- [*Enter New Guise through the audience*]
- NEW GYSE** Make space, for cokkys body sakynde, *Christ's sacred body*
 make space!
 A ha! Well overron! Gode gyff hym evyll grace! *escaped*
 We were nere Sent Patrykes Wey, by Hym that me *near; Him (i.e., Christ)*
 bought.
- 615 I was twychyde by the neke; the game was begunne.
 A grace was, the halter brast asonder: *ecce signum!*
 The halff ys abowte my neke; we hade a nere rune! *half {a noose}; close call*
 "Beware," quod the goodewyff when sche smot of here
 husbondys hede, "beware!"
- 620 Myscheff ys a convicte, for he coude hys neke-verse. *knew*
 My body gaff a swynge when I hynge uppon the casse. *hang upon; gallows*
 Alasse, he wyll hange such a lyghly man, and a fers, *handsome; fierce*
 For stelynge of an horse, I prey Gode gyf hym care!

	Do wey this halter! What devll doth Mankynde here, wyth sorow!	<i>Get rid of; What the</i>
	Alasse, how my neke ys sore, I make avowe!	<i>I swear</i>
625	MANKYNDE Ye be welcom, New Gyse! Ser, what chere wyth yow?	<i>how are you</i>
	NEW GYSE Well ser, I have no cause to morn.	
	MANKYNDE What was that abowte yowr neke, so Gode yow amende?	
	NEW GYSE In feyth, Sent Audyrs holy bende. I have a lytyll dyshes, as yt plesse Gode to sende,	<i>Saint Audrey's; band disease</i>
630	Wyth a runnyng ryingeworme.	
	<i>[Enter Nowadays through the audience]</i>	
	NOWADAYS Stonde arom, I prey thee, brother myn! I have laburryde all this nyght; wen shall we go dyn? A chyrche her besyde shall pay for ale, brede, and wyn. Lo, here ys stoff wyll serve.	<i>Stand back nearby that will serve us well</i>
635	NEW GYSE Now by the holy Mary, thou art better marchande then I!	<i>merchant</i>
	NOUGHT Avante, knawys, lett me go by! I kan not geet and I shulde sterve.	<i>Out of my way, knaves</i>
	<i>[Enter Mischief]</i>	
	MISCHIEF Here cummyth a man of armys! Why stonde ye so styll? Of murder and manslawter I have my bely-fyll.	
640	NOWADAYS What, Myscheff, have ye ben in presun? And yt be yowr wyll, Me semyth ye have scoryde a peyr of fetters.	<i>If It seems to me; worn out</i>
	MISCHIEF I was chenye by the armys: lo, I have them here. The chenys I brast asundyr and kyllde the jaylere, Ye, ande hys fayer wyff halsyde in a cornere;	<i>ravished</i>
645	A, how swety I kyssyde the swete mowth of hers!	
	When I hade do, I was myn owyn bottler; I brought away wyth me both dysch and dublere. Here ys anow for me; be of goode chere! Yet well fare the new chesance!	<i>was done; own butler platter enough financial dealing</i>
	<i>[They begin to feast, but Mankind interrupts them]</i>	
650	MANKYNDE I aske mercy of New Gyse, Nowadays,	

and Nought.
 Onys wyth my spade I remember that I faught.
 I wyll make yow amendys yf I hurt yow ought *at all*
 Or dyde ony grevaunce. *any*

NEW GYSE What a devll lykyth thee to be of this *makes*
 dysposycyon?
 655 **MANKYNDE** I drempt Mercy was hange, this was
 my vysyon,
 Ande that to yow thre I shulde have recors and *recourse and resort*
 remocyon.
 Now I prey yow hertyly of yowr goode wyll.
 I crye yow mercy of all that I dyde amyssse. *bet*
NOWADAYS I sey, New Gys, Nought, Tytivillus *put all this in his head*
 made all this:
 660 As sekyr as Gode ys in hewyn, so yt ys. *surely*
NOUGHT [*to Mankind*] Stonde uppe on yowr feet!
 Why stonde ye so styll?

NEW GYSE Master Myscheff, we wyll yow exort
 Mankyndys name in yowr bok for to report.
MISCHIEF I wyll not so; I wyll sett a corte.
 665 Nowadays, mak proclamacyon,
 And do yt *sub forma jurys*, dasarde! *in legal form, fool*
NOWADAYS Oyyt! Oyyt! Oyet! All manere of men *Oyez (hear ye)*
 and comun women
 To the cort of Myschyff othere cum or sen! *send [excuses]*
 Mankynde shall retorn; he ys on of owr men. *one of our*
 670 **MISCHIEF** Nought, cum forth, thou shall be *seward (scribe)*
 stewerde.

NEW GYSE Master Myscheff, hys syde gown may be *long coat*
 solde.
 He may have a jakett therof, and mony tolde. *money left over*

Nought scribit *writes*

MANKYNDE I wyll do for the best, so I have no *as long as*
 colde.

[Mankind takes off his coat]

675 Holde, I prey yow, and take yt wyth yow.
 Ande let me have yt ageyn in ony wyse. *way*
NEW GYSE I promytt yow a fresch jakett after the *style*
 new gyse.

MANKYNDE Go and do that longyth to yowr offyce,
And spare that ye mow!

*belongs; duty
And slavage what you can*

[*New Guise exits with Mankind's coat*]

NOUGHT Holde, master Myscheff, and rede this.

680 **MISCHIEF** Here ys *blottybus in blottis*,
Blottorum blottibus istis.

*(nonsense Latin)
(nonsense Latin)
curse; written hand*

I beschrew yowr erys, a fayer hande!

NOWADAYS Ye, yt ys a goode rennyng fyst.

{cursive writing}

Such an hande may not be myst.

neglected

685 **NOUGHT** I shulde have don better, hade I wyst.

known

MISCHIEF Take hede, sers, yt stoude you on hande.

it should behoove you

[*He reads*] *Carici tenta generalis*.

{Court having met}

In a place ther goode ale ys

Anno regni regitalis

690 *Edwardi nullateni*

*In the regnal year
of Edward the Nothing*

On yestern day in Feverere — the yere passyth fully,

As Nought hath wrytyn; here ys owr Tulli,

Anno regni regis nulli!

Cicero

In the regnal year of king

nobody

NOWADAYS What how, New Gyse! Thou makyst
moche taryng.

delay

695 That jakett shall not be worth a ferthyng.

farthing

NEW GYSE Out of my wey, sers, for drede of
fyghtyng!

[*Reentering through the audience*]

Lo, here ys a feet tayll, lyght to leppe abowte!

NOUGHT Yt ys not schapyn worth a morsell of
brede;

Ther ys to moche cloth, yt weys as ony lede.

is as heavy as

700 I shall goo and mende yt, ellys I wyll lose my hede.

after it; else

Make space, sers, lett me go owte.

[*Exits through the audience with Mankind's coat*]

MISCHIEF Mankynde, cum hethere! God sende yow
the gowte!

gout

Ye shall goo to all the goode felouse in the cuntré
about;

Onto the goodewyff when the goodeman ys owte.

705 "I wyll," sey ye.

MANKYNDE I wyll, ser.

NEW GYSE There arn but sex dedly synnys, lechery

six deadly sins

	ys non, As yt may be veredyede be us brethellys everychon. Ye shall goo robbe, stell, and kyll, as fast as ye may gon. “I wyll,” sey ye.	<i>rascals (villains)</i> <i>go</i>
710	MANKYNDE I wyll, ser. NOWADAYS On Sundays on the morow erly betyme Ye shall wyth us to the all-house erly to go dyn And forbere masse and matens, owres, and prime. “I wyll,” sey ye.	<i>early in the morning</i> <i>alehouse</i>
715	MANKYNDE I wyll, ser. MISCHIEF Ye must have be yowr syde a longe <i>da</i> <i>pacem</i> , As trew men ryde be the wey for to onbrace them, Take ther monay, kytt ther throtys, thus overface them. “I wyll,” sey ye.	<i>“give peace” (i.e., a</i> <i>dagger)</i> <i>cut them up</i> <i>cut; overcome</i>
	MANKYNDE I wyll, ser. NOUGHT [<i>reentering</i>] Here ys a joly jakett! How sey ye? NEW GYSE Yt ys a goode jake of fence for a mannys body.	<i>tunic</i>
720	Hay, doog, hay! Whoppe whoo! Go yowr wey lyghtly! Ye are well made for to ren.	<i>run</i>
	[<i>Mercy enters to the side</i>]	
	MISCHIEF Tydyngys, tydyngys! I have aspyede on! Hens wyth yowr stuff, fast we were gon! I beschrew the last shall com to hys hom.	<i>seen one (i.e. Mercy)</i> <i>stolen goods; {let’s move}</i> <i>curse; last one who</i>
725	<i>Amen! Dicant omnes.</i>	<i>Let them all say</i>
	MERCY What how, Mankynde! Fle that felyschyppe, I yow prey! MANKYNDE I shall speke wyth thee another tyme, to-morn, or the next day. We shall goo forth together to kepe my faders yer-day. A tapster, a tapster! Stow, statt, stow!	<i>Run away from that gang</i> <i>anniversary of his death</i> <i>tapster (innkeeper)</i>
730	MISCHIEF A myscheff go wyth! Here I have foull fall. Hens, away fro me, or I shall beschypte yow all. NEW GYSE What how, ostlere, hostlere! Lende us a football! Whoppe whow! Anow, anow, anow, anow!	<i>with you; a bad fall</i> <i>beshit</i> <i>innkeeper</i>

[After much play, in which Mercy is trampled, they exit.
Mercy remains]

	MERCY My mynde ys dyspersyde, my body trymmelyth as the aspen leffe.	<i>trembles; leaf</i>
735	The terys shuld trekyll down by my chekys, were not yowr reverence. Yt were to me solace, the cruell vysytacyon of deth. Wythout rude behaver I kan not expresse this inconvenyens.	<i>death would be a comfort misfortune</i>
740	Wepyng, sythyng, and sobbyng were my suffycyens. All naturall nutriment to me as caren ys odybull. My inwarde affliccyon yeldyth me tedyouse unto yowr presens. I kan not bere yt evynly that Mankynde ys so flexybull. Man onkynde, wherever thou be! For all this world was not aprehensyble To dyscharge thin orygynall offence, thraldam, and captyvyté, Tyll Godys own welbelovyde son was obedient and passyble.	<i>sighing; sustenance carren; odious makes calmly; easily swayed</i>
745	Every droppe of hys bloode was schede to purge thin iniquité. I dyscomende and dysalow thin ofty n mutabylyté. To every creature thou art dyspectouse and odyble. Why art thou so oncurtess, so inconsyderatt? Alasse, who ys me! As the fane that turnyth wyth the wynde, so thou art convertyble.	<i>your (thine) moral changeability despicable; odious uncurteous</i>
750	In trust ys treson; thi promes ys not credyble; Thy perversyose ingrattyude I cannot rehers. To God and to all the holy corte of hewyn thou art despectyble, As a nobyll versyfyer makyth mencyon in this verse: “ <i>Lex et natura, Cristus et omnia jura</i>	<i>perverse; describe contemptible</i>
755	<i>Damnans ingratum, lugent eum fore natum.”</i> O goode Lady and Mother of mercy, have pety and compassyon Of the wrechydnes of Mankynde, that ys so wanton and so frayll! Lett mercy excede justyce, dere Mother, amytt this supplycacyon, Equyté to be leyde onparty and Mercy to prevayll.	<i>(i.e., Virgin Mary) On admit (hear)</i>

- 760 To sensuall lyvyng yz reprovab, that yz nowadays,
As be the comprehence of this mater yt may be
specyfede.
New Gyse, Nowadays, Nought wyth ther allectuose *alluring*
ways
They have pervertyde Mankynde, my swet sun, I have *sweet son; seen*
well espyede.
- A, wyth thes cursyde caytyfs, and I may, he shall not
long indure.
- 765 I, Mercy, hys father gostly, wyll procede forth and do *spiritual; duty*
my propyrte.
Lady, helpe! This maner of lyvyng yz a detestabull
plesure.
Vanitas vanitatum, all yz but a vanyte. *Vanity of vanities*
- Mercy shall never be convicte of hys oncurtes
condycyon.
Wyth wepyng terys be nygte and be day I wyll goo and
never sesse.
- 770 Shall I not fynde hym? Yes, I hope. Now Gode be my
proteccyon!
My predylecte son, where be ye? Mankynde, *ubi es?* *most beloved; where are*
you
- [*Exit. Enter Mischief; the others are offstage relieving*
themselves]
- MISCHIEF** My prepotent fadere, when ye sowpe,
sowpe out yowr messe.
Ye are all to-gloryede in yowr termys; ye make many a *too-fancy; lie*
lesse.
Wyll ye here? He cryeth ever “Mankynde, *ubi es?*” *hear; where are you*
- 775 **NEW GYSE** *Hic hyc, hic hic, hic hic, hic hic!*
That yz to sey, here, here, here! Ny dede in the cryke. *Near(lu) dead in the creek*
Yf ye wyll have hym, goo and syke, syke, syke! *sigh, seek (pun)*
Syke not overlong, for losynge of yowr mynde!
- NOWADAYS** Yf ye wyll have Mankynde,
how *domine, domine, dominus!* *O Lord, Lord, Lord*
- 780 Ye must speke to the schryve for a *cape corpus,* *sheriff; {arrest warrant}*
Ellys ye must be fayn to retorn wyth *non est inventus.* *it is not found*
How sey ye, ser? My bolte yz schett. *has been shot*
- NOUGHT** I am doynge of my nedynngys; beware how
ye schott!
Fy, fy, fy! I have fowll arayde my fote. *fouly dirtied my foot*
- 785 Be wyse for schotyng wyth yowr takylls, for Gode *shooting; weapons; knows*

	wott My fote ys fowly overschett.	<i>covered wth shit</i>
	MISCHIEF A parlement, a parlement! Cum forth, Nought, behynde. A cownsell belyve! I am aferde Mercy wyll hym fynde. How sey ye, and what sey ye? How shall we do wyth Mankynde?	<i>Let's confer counsel quickly afraid</i>
790	NEW GYSE Tysche! A flyes weyng! Wyll ye do well? He wenyth Mercy were honge for stelyng of a mere. Myscheff, go sey to hym that Mercy sekynth everywere. He wyll honge hymselff, I undyrtake, for fere.	<i>fly's wing (a small matter) thinks; mare He (i.e., Mankind)</i>
	MISCHIEF I assent therto; yt ys wyttyly seyde and well.	<i>wittily</i>
795	NOWADAYS [<i>to New Gyse</i>] Qwyppe yt in thi cote; anon yt were don. Now Sent Gabryellys modyr save the clothes of thi schon! All the bokys in the worlde, yf thei hade be undon, Kowde not a cownselde us bett.	<i>Sait Gabriel's mother; shoes opened [and read]</i>
	<i>Hic exit Myscheff [who then returns with Mankind]</i>	<i>Here</i>
	MISCHIEF How, Mankynde! Cumm and speke wyth Mercy, he is here fast by.	<i>near by</i>
800	MANKYNDE A roppe, a rope, a rope! I am not worthy. MISCHIEF Anon, anon, anon! I have yt here redy, Wyth a tre also that I have gett.	<i>gallows tree; gotten</i>
	Holde the tre, Nowadays, Nought! Take hede and be wyse!	
	NEW GYSE Lo, Mankynde! Do as I do; this ys thi new gyse.	<i>fashion</i>
805	Gyff the roppe just to thy neke; this ys myn avyse.	<i>Set; just so; advice</i>
	<i>[Mercy reenters with a whip, chasing Mischief]</i>	
	MISCHIEF Helpe thisylff, Nought! Lo, Mercy ys here! He skaryth us wyth a bales; we may no lengere tary.	<i>scares; whip; remain</i>
	<i>[They run off, leaving New Guise hanging]</i>	

NEW GYSE Qweke, qweke, qweke! Alass, my thrott! *curse; indeed*
 I beschrew yow, mary!
 A, Mercy, Crystys cppyde curse go wyth yow, and *heaped-up; Saint David*
 Sent Davy!
 810 Alasse, my wesant! Ye were sumwhat to nere. *throat; too close*
Exiant *They exit*

[The Vices return to save New Guise, but leave behind Mankind, who grovels on the ground before Mercy.]

MERCY Aryse, my precyose redempt son! Ye be to
 me full dere.
 He ys so tymerouse, me semyth hys vytall spryt doth *timorous; it seems to me*
 exspyre.
MANKYNDE Alasse, I have be so bestyally
 dysposyde, I dare not apere.
 To se yowr solaycyose face I am not worthy to desyere. *comrforting*
 815 **MERCY** Yowr crymynose compleynt wondyth my *guilty lament wounds*
 hert as a lance.
 Dyspose yowrsylff mekly to aske mercy, and I wyll
 assent.
 Yelde me nethyr golde nor tresure, but yowr humbyll *obedience*
 obeysyance,
 The voluntary sujeccyon of yowr hert, and I am content.
MANKYNDE What, aske mercy yet onys agayn? *petition*
 Alas, yt were a vyle petycyun.
 820 Evyr to offend and ever to aske mercy, yt ys a puerilité. *puerility {childishness}*
 Yt ys so abhominabyll to rehers my iterat transgrescion *repeated*
 I am not worthy to have mercy be no possibilité. *by*
MERCY O, Mankend, my singler solas, this is a *singular solace*
 lamentabyll excuse.
 The dolorous terys of my hert, how thei begyn to
 amownt!
 825 O pirssid Jhesu, help thou this synfull synner to *wounded; reform*
 redouce!
Nam hec est mutacio dextre Excelsi; vertit impios et non *{For the Lord's right hand*
sunt. *is changed; the wicked are*
overthrown and ended}
 Aryse and aske mercy, Mankend, and be associat to me. *allied*
 Thy deth schall be my hevynesse; alas, tys pety yt *it is a pity*
 schuld be thus.
 Thy obstinacy wyll exclude thee fro the glorijs *from the eternal glory*
 perpetuité.
 830 Yet for my lofe ope thy lypys and sey "*Miserere mei,* *love; Have mercy on me,*

	<i>Deus!"</i>	<i>God</i>
	MANKYNDE The egall justyse of God wyll not permytte such a synfull wrech To be revyvyd and restoryd ageyn; yt were impossibyll.	<i>equitable</i>
	MERCY The justyce of God wyll as I wyll, as Hymselfe doth preche: <i>Nolo mortem peccatoris, inquit,</i> yff he wyll be redusyble.	<i>{I desire not the death of the wicked}</i>
835	MANKYNDE Than mercy, good Mercy! What ys a man wythowte mercy? Lytyll ys our parte of paradyse were mercy ne were. Good Mercy, excuse the inevytabyll objection of my gostly enemy. The proverbe seyth, "the trewth tryith the sylfe." Alas, I have mech care.	<i>where there is no mercy</i>
	MERCY God wyll not make yow prevy onto hys last jugement.	
840	Justyce and Equité shall be fortyfyid, I wyll not denye. Trowthe may not so cruelly procede in hys streyt argument But that Mercy schall rewle the mater wythowte contraversye.	<i>fortified strict However; undoubtedly</i>
	Aryse now and go wyth me in thys deambulatorye. Incline yowyr capacité; my doctrine ys convenient.	<i>walkway relevant</i>
845	Synne not in hope of mercy; that is a cryme notary. To truste overmoche in a prince yt ys not expedient.	<i>notorious</i>
	In hope when ye syn ye thynke to have mercy, beware of that aventure. The good Lord seyde to the lecherus woman of Chanane, The holy gospell ys the autorité, as we rede in scrypture,	<i>authority</i>
850	" <i>Vade et iam amplius noli peccare.</i> "	<i>{“Go now, and sin no more.”}</i>
	Cryst preservyd this synfull woman takeyn in avowtry; He seyde to here theis wordys, "Go and syn no more." So to yow, go and syn no more. Beware of veyn confidens of mercy; Offend not a prince on trust of hys favour, as I seyde before.	<i>adultery listen to vain</i>
855	Yf ye fele yoursylffe trappyd in the snare of your gostly enemy,	

	Aske mercy anon; beware of the contynuaunce.	<i>persisting in sin</i>
	Whyll a wond ys fresch yt ys provyd curabyll be surgery,	<i>wound</i>
	That yf yt procede ovyrlong, yt ys cawse of gret grevans.	<i>grievnace</i>
	MANKYNDE To aske mercy and to have, this ys a lyberall possescion.	<i>generous gift</i>
860	Schall this expedycius petycion ever be alowyd, as ye have insyght?	
	MERCY In this present lyfe mercy ys plenté, tyll deth makyth hys divysion;	<i>division</i>
	But whan ye be go, <i>usque ad minimum quadrantem</i> ye schall rekyn your ryght.	<i>{you must figure your reward to the least}</i>
	Aske mercy and have, whyll the body wyth the sowle hath hys annexion;	<i>union</i>
	Yf ye tary tyll your dyscesse, ye may hap of your desyre to mysse.	
865	Be repentant here, trust not the owr of deth; thynke on this lessun:	<i>hour</i>
	“ <i>Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile, ecce nunc dies salutis.</i> ”	<i>{“Behold, now is the acceptable time, the day of salvation.”}</i>
	All the vertu in the word yf ye myght comprehend Your merytys were not premyabyll to the blys above, Not to the lest joy of hevyn, of your propyr efforte to ascend.	<i>world merits would not earn you</i>
870	Wyth mercy ye may; I tell yow no fabyll, scrypture doth prove.	
	MANKYNDE O Mercy, my suavius solas and synguler recreatory,	
	My predilecte specyall, ye are worthy to have my love; For wythowte deserte and menys supplicatorie Ye be compacient to my inexcusabyll reprove.	<i>chosen beloved means of supplicaiton compassionate; shame</i>
875	A, yt swemyth my hert to thynk how onwysely I have wroght.	<i>grieves; unwisely; sinned</i>
	Tytivillus, that goth invisibele, hyng hys nett before my eye	<i>goes; hung</i>
	And by hys fantastical visionys sediciously sowght, To New Gyse, Nowadayis, Nowght causyd me to obey.	<i>sought [to destroy me]</i>
	MERCY Mankend, ye were obliyows of my doctrine monytorye.	<i>forgetful; admonitory</i>
880	I seyde before, Titivillus wold asay yow a bronte.	<i>attempt an attack on you</i>

	Beware fro hensforth of hys fablyys delusory. The proverbe seyth, " <i>Jacula prestita minus ledunt.</i> "	<i>Darts anticipated hurt less</i>
	Ye have thre adversaryis and he ys mayster of hem all: That ys to sey, the Devell, the World, the Flesch and the Fell.	<i>skin</i>
885	The New Gyse, Nowadayis, Nowgth, the World we may hem call; And propyrly Titivillus syngnyfyth the fend of helle;	<i>fiend</i>
	The Flesch, that ys the unclene concupissens of your body. These be your thre gostly enmyis, in whom ye have put your confidens. Thei browt yow to Myscheffe to conclude your temporall glory,	<i>unclean carnal desire</i>
890	As yt hath be schewyd before this worscheppyll audiens.	<i>been shown</i>
	Remembyr how redy I was to help yow; fro swheche I was not dangerus; Wherfore, goode sunne, absteyne fro syn evermore after this. Ye may both save and spyll yowr sowle that ys so precyus. <i>Libere welle, libere nolle</i> God may not deny iwys.	<i>destroy</i> <i>{To freely will or not}</i>
895	Beware of Titivillus wyth his net and of all enmys will, Of your synfull delectacion that grevyth your gostly substans. Your body ys your enemy; let hym not have hys wyll. Take your leve whan ye wyll. God send yow good persverans!	<i>spiritual being</i> <i>leave</i>
	MANKYNDE Syth I schall departe, blyse me, fader, her then I go.	<i>Since; bless; before (ere)</i>
900	God send us all plenté of Hys gret mercy! MERCY <i>Dominus custodit te ab omni malo</i> <i>In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen!</i>	<i>{The Lord keep you from</i> <i>all evil / In the name of the</i> <i>Father, Son, and Holy</i> <i>Spirit}</i> <i>Here exits</i>
	<i>Hic exit Mankynde</i>	
	Wyrschepyll sofereyns, I have do my propirté: Mankynd ys deliveryd by my faverall patrocynye.	<i>have completed my task</i> <i>practical protection</i>
905	God preserve hym fro all wyckyd captivité	

And send hym grace hys sensuall condicions to
mortifye!

habits

910 Now for Hys love that for us receyvyd hys humanité,
Serge your condicyons wyth dew examinacion.
Thynke and remembyr the world ys but a vanité,
As yt ys provyd daly by diverse transmutacyon.

*took human form
Examine; habits; thorough*

Mankend ys wrechyd, he hath sufficyent prove.
Therefore God grant yow all *per suam misericordiam*
That ye may be pleyferys wyth the angellys above
And have to your porcyon *vitam eternam. Amen!*

*sufficiently proven
through his mercy
companions (playmates)
for; portion eternal life*

Fynis.

The end

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Characters:

Coll, Gib, and Daw: Three shepherds
Jill: his shrewish, starving wife
Baby Jesus

Mak: A poor, hungry, dishonest man
Mary: the mother of Jesus
A sheep (several, actually)

An angel

Sets: A pasture; Mak's house; the stable at Bethlehem.

(A pasture. Coll enters alone.)

Coll: Lord, but these weathers are cold! And
I am ill wrapped.
I'm nearly numb, so long have I napped.
My legs give way, my fingers are chapped.
It is not as I would; I am in sorrow lapped.
In storms and tempest,
Now in the east, now in the west,
Woe is him that never has rest
Midday nor morrow.

But we silly shepherds that walk on the
moor,

In faith, we are nearly turned out of the
door;
Our harsh lords oppress us and keep us
poor.
Whatever we do, they always want more.
Thus they hold us under,
They bring us in blunder—
It would be a great wonder
If ever we should thrive.

(Gib enters)

Gib: Bless us, Lord, what does this mean?
The weather is freezing, the frost so hideous

It makes my eyes water, no lie!
Now in dry, now in wet,
Now in snow, now in sleet,
My shoes freeze to my feet!

Coll: Hey, Gib, look! Have you seen Daw?

Gib: Here he comes. Let's hide and give him
a scare. (They hide nearby)

Daw: Christ's cross bless me and St.
Nicholas!
I can scarce keep my feet on the snow and
the ice.
It's as brittle and slippery as glass.
The world hasn't fared this badly since the
great flood of Noah—
Winds and rains so rude, And storms so
keen.
We that walk in the night our flocks to
keep,
We see sudden sights when other men
sleep.

(notices others, is frightened, then
recognizes them)

You are two wicked ones! You'll scare my
sheep!
Ah, sir, God save you. I'd love a drink and
something to eat.

Coll: Christ's curse, you knave, you're a lazy
bum!

Gib: The boy must be crazy! Wait 'til later.
Supertime's over.

Coll: He comes late and wants to eat
whenever he likes!

Daw: Servants like me work hard all day
and then eat dry bread for dinner, and that
makes me mad.
We're all wet and weary when master-man
winks,

But he's still stingy with dinners and drinks,
And manages to put off paying us.
But here's my plan:
I'll work according to what you pay me.
I'll do a little, sir, and then I'll knock off,
For your supper is never enough to fill me
up.

Why should I whine when I can run away?
A servant hired cheap
Does cheap work.

Coll: You're a fool to keep working for a
man who can't pay you well.

Gib: Knock it off, you two, or I'll give you
something to yell about.
Where are our sheep in this storm?

Daw: Sir, I left them over in that field this
morning. They have a good pasture;
they can't go wrong.

Gib: That's right. By the Cross, these nights
are long!
Before we get going, let's all sing a song.

Daw: Good idea.

Coll: Let me sing the tenor.

Daw: I'll sing the treble so high.

Gib: Then the low part falls to me. Let's see
how you do.

(They sing, not very well. Enter Mak, who
tries to sing along at a distance. He's
tone deaf.)

Mak: Now Lord, that made the moon
and so many stars I can't count,
Bless me. I'm going mad!
I wish I were in heaven, for there are no
crying children.

Coll: Who is this that pipes so poor?

Mak: (aside) Oh, if you knew how bad my life is...

(aloud) It's a man who walks on the hill and has no peace!

Gib: Mak! What's new? Tell us the news.

Daw: Is he here? Everyone look out for your things. (Grabs cloak from Mak to see if he's stolen anything)

Mak: (Grandly, pretending not to know them) What?! I am a yeoman, I tell you, sent by the king and ... uh... some important people.

Fie on you! Go hence out of my presence. I must have reverence

Gib: Mak, the devil in your eye! I should smack you.

Coll: Mak, you know me! By God, I could skin you!

Mak: God bless you all three--I thought that I knew you!

You're a fair company; it's a pleasure to see you.

Daw: That's a laugh! Showing up late. You'll get a bad name--you're known for stealing sheep!

Mak: And I'm honest and true as steel, as all men know!

But I'm feeling sick. My belly's empty. What I've eaten in the last month would fit on the point of a needle.

Coll: How's your wife? How's she doing?

Mak: Lies sprawling by the fire, with a house full of children.

She drinks well, too--she does that better than anything!

She eats as fast as she can, and every year she has another baby,

And some years two.

If I were a rich man I'd be eaten out of house and home.

She's a foul sweetheart. Nobody can imagine how bad I have it.

Gib: I'm exhausted. I need to retire. (lies down)

Daw: I'm frozen and tired and would have a fire. (lies down)

Coll: I'm tired from walking all day in the mire. (lies down)

Daw: Here, Mak, come lie down between us.

Mak: Then I'd be in the way if you wanted to whisper together.

(He lies down nearby, but not in the middle of the pack)

Manus tutus commendo Pontio Pilato.
Christ's cross save me!

(He gets up as the others fall asleep.)

Now it's time for a man whose plate is cold
To stalk secretly as he can into a fold
And nimbly to plan, nor be too bold,
Or he'll be sorry when all is told
At the ending.

(Shepherds snore)

Lord! but they sleep hard--you can all hear!
I was never a shepherd, but now I'll learn.
If the flock is scared, I'll sneak up on one.
Here, come here! (He catches one.)
Now things are starting to look good.

A fat sheep, I dare say! with a good fleece,
I'll bet!
When I can I'll repay, but this sheep I'll
borrow.

(He takes the sheep home.)

Hey, Jill, are you up? Give us some light.

Jill: Who's making all that racket this late at
night? I can't get my housework
done with all these interruptions!

Mak: Good wife, open quick--don't you see
what I bring?

Jill: Open the door yourself. (sees sheep)
Oh, it's you, sweetheart!

Mak: Sure, let me stand here all night...

Jill: By your naked neck, you'll probably
hang for this!

Mak: Get outta here! I'm worthy of my
meat--in a pinch I can get more than
men who work all day.
I had some good luck today!

Jill: It would be a shame to be hanged for
this.

Mak: I've gotten out of tighter situations.

Jill: But you know what they say: "If the pot
keeps going to the water, eventually
it will come back broken."

Mak: Oh, just come help me. Let's slay it so
we can eat. I'm starved.

Jill: What if they show up and hear it
bleating before we kill it?

Mak: Then I'm in big trouble. Go lock the
gate.

Jill: Yes, but Mak, if they come in the
back—

Mak: Then I'm really in trouble.

Jill: I have an idea, since you can't think of
anything. Let's hide him here until
they leave, in the cradle!
Leave me alone, And I'll lie in bed and
groan.

Mak: Get ready! And I'll say you've just had
a baby boy tonight.

Jill: This is my lucky day! This is a good
disguise.

A woman's advice saves the day once again.
You go back to the field in case anyone
notices you're missing.

Mak: I'll get back before they wake up. (He
sneaks back to the field)

Still sleep all this crew,
And I'll sneak in too,
As if I never knew
Who lifted their sheep. (Lies down and
snores)

Coll: (wakes up and speaks to no one in
particular) Resurrex a mortuis! Take
hold of my hand

Judas carnis dominus! I can hardly stand—
My foot's asleep, and I'm famished.
I dreamed we were somewhere in England.

Gib: Ah, yeah? Lord, but I've slept weel,
As fresh as an eel,
As light I feel
As a leaf on a tree.

Daw: God bless us--my body's quaking,
My heart is out of my skin and my limbs are
shaking.

Who's making all this noise? My head
hurts.

Hey, men, wake up! There were four of us.
Where's Mak?

Gib: He's still asleep.

Daw: I thought he was covered in a wolf-
skin.

Coll: So are many wrapped now, only
within.

Daw: I dreamed he trapped a fat sheep, but
he didn't make any noise.

Gib: Oh, you're crazy. You were just
dreaming.

Mak! Wake up! You can't sleep all day.

Mak: (yawns, gets up) Christ's holy name
be with us.

Ow, my neck is stiff. I can hardly stand up.

(Someone twists his neck).

Thank you!

Oh, I had a horrible dream. I thought Jill
began to croak and cry
And labor at having a little boy to add to our
flock.

That gave me a scare.

Oh, we have a house full of children
already--The devil knock out their
brains—

It's a shame to have so many kids and so
little bread.

I must go home to Jill. Here, look in my
sleeve--I wouldn't want you to think
I've stolen anything.

Daw: Don't try to trick us! (Drives Mak
away)

I think we'd better count our sheep.
Let's split up and meet by the crooked
thorn.

(They divide up and go to look for the
sheep.)

Mak: (arriving at his home): Open the door!
You're asleep, I suppose,
You have nothing to do but play with your
toes.

Jill: Why, who wanders, who wakes? Who
comes, who goes?

Who brews? Who bakes? Who makes me
these hose?

My no-good man?

What would a house do without a woman?
But what did you do about those shepherds,
Mak?

Mak: When I left they were going off to
count the sheep. I know they'll miss
one, and I'm sure they'll come after
me. Come, save me, my mate!

Jill: Okay. I'll swaddle him here in the
cradle. Now I'll lie down. Tuck me
in.

Now get ready and sing a lullaby. I'll groan
and cry.

When you hear them coming, sing loudly,
and I'll do my part.

(The shepherds gather by the bush)

Daw: What's wrong, Coll? Why aren't you
smiling?

Coll: Oh, we have big trouble. We've lost a
fat sheep.

Daw: God forbid!

Gib: Who would steal a sheep from us?
What a disgrace!

Coll: I've looked everywhere.

Daw: What would you bet--either Mak or Jill was in on this!

Coll: Peace, man, be quiet: I saw him when he left. He didn't have anything. You're slandering him.

Daw: I swear to you, if I were to die right here, I'd say Mak did this deed.

Gib: Let's go find him!

(They hurry to Mak's house. Mak singing lullaby, Jill in bed, groaning loudly.)

Daw: Listen to them squawk! The man's trying to croon!

Coll: I've never heard anyone sing so out of tune. Call to him.

Gib: Mak--open up!

Mak: Who's out there, yelling as if it were noon? Who's there?

Daw: Good friends, if it were daytime.

Mak: Keep it down, gentlemen--I've got a sick woman inside. I'd rather die than give her more sorrows.

Jill: Get away from my bed, and walk on your toes:
Each step you take goes clean through my nose. SHHHH!

Coll: How are you doing, Mak?

Mak: What brings you to town? How are you? You're wet and cold. Let me build you a fire and get you something to eat.

Gib: That won't help.

Mak: What's wrong?

Daw: Someone stole our best sheep. It touches us deep.

Mak: Had I not been asleep, I'd have made his teeth chatter!

Gib: Mak, this guy thinks it was you.

Daw: Either you or your wife, that's what I say.

Mak: If you don't trust us, Jill or me, Come search our house, and you can see for yourself
If I have any sheep or cow or anything. And Jill hasn't been out of bed since we put her there.
This will be my first meal of the day.

Coll: Mak, by my soul, listen to me: "He learned early to steal who couldn't say no."

(The shepherds begin to search)

Jill: Oh, I'm dying! Get out, you thieves; you've come to rob us. Ohhhh!

Gib: She's moaning.

Mak: Don't you hear that? Your hearts should melt.

Jill: Get out, get away from my baby. Don't go near him.

Mak: If you knew what she's been through you'd feel terrible. I'm telling you, you do wrong to accuse a woman who's been though...oh, I won't say it.

Jill: Ahhh, my middle!

I pray to God so mild
If I ever you beguiled
That I eat this child
That lies in this cradle

Mak: Peace, woman, for God's pain, and
don't cry so!
You spill your brain and make me full of
woe!

Gib: I think our sheep's been butchered--
what do you two think?

Coll: I can't find anything here but two
empty platters.
There's no cattle here but this one (gesturing
to cradle and walking over to admire
the baby).

Jill: No, so God give me bliss, and joy of my
child.

Coll: We searched for nothing. We were
mistaken.

Gib: That's right. Sir, is your child a boy?

Mak: Any lord might enjoy this child for his
son.

Gib: Mak, we're all friends here--we're all
one.

Mak: But I get no apology. Farewell, all
three (aside) and get yourselves out
of here

Daw: Fair words there may be, but love is
there none this year.

(They leave.)

Did you give the child anything?

Gib: Nothing. Not a penny.

Daw: I'm going back to give him a present.
Wait here. (He returns to the door.)
Mak, don't take it wrong if I come back to
your child.

Mak: No: you want to do me some harm.

Daw: I won't bother your or him, the little
day-star--Just let me give your baby
a sixpence.

Mak: No, go away; he's sleeping.

Daw: I think I hear him crying.

Mak: If he wakes up he'll cry. Please, just
go.

(The other shepherds return.)

Daw: Let me just give him a kiss, and lift up
the blanket.
What the devil is this? He has a long snout.

Coll: Something's wrong with this baby.

Gib: I'll say: he looks like our sheep!

Coll: Let me see, Gib!

(Mak and Jill try to escape)

Daw: I see thieves trying to sneak away!

Gib: That was clever. I've never seen
anything like it.

Coll: What a fraud!

Daw: Yes, men, wasn't it?
Let's tie her up and bind her fast.
A false scold when she's caught hangs at
last.

So will you.

Look how they swaddled his four feet in the
middle?

I've never seen a horned baby in a cradle
before.

I know him by his ear-mark. He's ours.

Mak: I'm telling you, sirs, his nose was
broken!

The doctor told me he's under a spell.

Coll: Let's ring his bell. Get a weapon.

Jill: He was cursed by an elf! I saw it, at the
stroke of midnight!

Gib: You two are wasting your breath.

Coll: Since they won't confess, let's put them
to death.

Mak: I'm left to your mercy. If I'm not a
changed man, I'll lose my head.

Daw: Men, listen: let's not fight or kill him
for this theft. Let's just wrap him up
and toss him in this blanket.

(They toss Mak around inside the blanket--
unpleasant for Mak, but better than
hanging—then Mak and Jill creep
away.)

Coll: I'm sore. I need a rest before we go on.

Daw: Let's take a nap.

(They lie down and sleep. An angel
appears.)

Angel: Rise, shepherds, have joy, for now is
he born

That will take from the fiend what Adam
had lost;

That fiend to destroy this night is he born.

God is made your friend on this very morn,
He promises.

To Bethlehem go see
There lies that baby

In a cradle so poorly
Beside two beasts.

(Sings Gloria in Excelsis)

Coll: That was amazing. I've never heard
such a wonderful voice. I'm afraid.

Daw: He spoke of God's son. And he made a
star appear in the sky.

He spoke of a child in Bethlehem,
remember?

Coll: That's what the star is for. Let's go find
him!

Gib: Say, what was that song? Did you hear
how he sang it?

Daw: It was perfect. Beautiful.

Gib: Let's try to sing it ourselves. (He/they
try to sing the Gloria, but not very
well; they laugh)

Coll: Hurry, let's go to Bethlehem.

Daw: Be merry and not sad; we're strong
and glad, and we don't need a song to
keep us going.

Coll: Let's go quickly, though we're wet and
weary.

To see that child and that lady, let nothing
delay us.

Gib: We know by the prophecy--be quiet
and listen!—

Of David and Isaiah and more,

They prophesied that a virgin would give
birth to a child

relieve our sin and save humankind.

Isaiah said it: Ecce Virgo Concipiet a child.

Daw: Let's be glad and remember this
wonderful day.

Lord, I would love to kneel before that
child.

But the angel said he was poorly clothed
And laid in a crib among animals.

Coll: Patriarchs and prophets have longed to
see this child;

They are long gone, but we will see him
before morning.

When I see him I'll know that the prophets
have spoken true.

They said he would appear first to poor
people like us,
announced first by his messenger.

Gib: Let's go find him; the place is near.

Daw: Lord, if it be your will,
We are poor and rude, all three,
But grant us this great joy.

(They go to the stable in Bethlehem.)

Coll: Hail, comely and clean! Hail, young
child!

Hail, Maker, born of a maiden!

You have tricked the devil!

Ha, he's laughing! This is wonderful!

Here, I brought you a bob of cherries.

Gib: Hail, sovereign Savior, for you've
bought us,

Hail, full of favor, who made everything
from nothing.

Hail, I kneel and I cower. I've brought a
little bird for my baby.

Hail, tiny little mop! Little day-star!

Daw: Hail, darling dear, full of Godhead!

I pray you will be near when I'm in need.
Hail, sweet is your cheer! My heart bleeds
To see you here in so poor need with no
pennies.

Here, put out your hand; I've brought you a
ball.

Have it, enjoy it, go play some tennis.

Mary: The father of might, God
omnipotent,

Who set all things alight, his Son has us
lent.

I conceived him forthright, through his Holy
Spirit.

He came forth as light comes through glass
And now he is born.

He keeps you from woe; I'll pray him do so.
Tell his praise as you go, and remember this
morning.

Coll: Farewell, lady so fair to see,
With your child upon your knee.

Gib: But he's cold. (Wraps cloak around
child)

Now we are all well, and we may go.

Daw: It seems as though the story is already
being told everywhere.

Coll: What grace have we found!

Gib: Now we are safe and sound.

Daw: To sing we are bound; make it echo
around!

(The shepherds exit, singing Gloria better
than they have ever sung before.)

Prose

Much of the most famous literature takes the form of prose—it organizes meaning primarily by by clauses. Prose tends to be easy to interpret for modern readers, as teaching reading is generally done with prose, and the form allows for easy and reasonably complete understanding.

The selections that follow reflect a combination of the stated course description's emphasis on "great works of literature," traditionally understood, and the instructor's focus on earlier English literatures. The texts are presented with editorial apparatus but no other modernization than that of their editors' work, except as noted.

Malory, Thomas. Book I, Chapters 1 through 7. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Corpus of Middle English Prose and Verse*, U of Michigan, quod.lib.umich.edu/c/cme/MaloryWks2/1:3?rgn=div1;view=toc. Accessed 13 January 2017.

The text below is adapted from a work in the public domain. Indications of pagination in the online source are omitted, and some alterations to formatting are made for ease of reading. Spellings are retained; Malory's text is the last in Middle English and directly antecedent to modern work; it admits of little difficulty with attention.

¶ Capitulum primum

HIt befel in the dayes of Vther pendragon when he was kyng of all Englonde / and so regned that there was a myȝty duke in Cornewail that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme / And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil / and so by meanes kyng Vther send for this duk / charging hym to brynge his wyf with hym / for she was called a fair lady / and a passynge wyse / and her name was called Igrayne / So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn vnto the kyng by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe / the kyng lyked and loued this lady wel / and he made them grete chere out of mesure / and desyred to haue lyen by her / But she was a passynge good woman / and wold not assente vnto the kyng / And thenne she told the duke her husband and said I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured Wherfor husband I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte vnto oure owne castell / and in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed / that neyther the kyng nor none of his counceill were ware of their departynge Also soone as kyng Vther knewe of their departynge soo sodenly / he was wonderly wrothe / Thenne he called to hym his pryuy counceille / and told them of the sodeyne departynge of the duke and his wyf /

¶ Thenne they auysed the kyng to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge / And yf he wille not come at your somōs / thenne may ye do your best / thenne haue ye cause to make myghty werre vpon hym / Soo that was done and the messagers hadde their ansuers / And that was thys shortly / that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym / Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth / And thenne the kyng sente hym playne word ageyne / and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysse hym / for within xl dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath /

¶ Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge / anone he wente and furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge Castels of his of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil / & the other castell hyȝt Terrabyll / So his wyf Dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil / And hym self he putte in the castell of Terrabyll the whiche had many yssues and posternes oute / Thenne in alle haste came Vther with a grete hoost / and leyde a syege aboute the castell of Terrabil / And ther he pyght many pauelyons / and there was grete warre made on bothe partyes / and moche peple slayne / Thenne for pure angre and for grete loue of fayr Igrayne the kyng Vther felle seke / So came to the kyng Vther Syre Vlfius a noble knyght / and asked the kyng why he was seke / I shall telle the said the kyng / I am seke for angre and for loue of fayre Igrayne that I may not be hool / wel my lord

said Syre Vlfius / I shal seke Merlyn / and he shalle do yow remedy that youre herte shalbe pleasyd / So Vlfius departed / and by aduenture he mette Merlyn in a beggars aray / and ther Merlyn asked Vlfius whome he soughte / and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym / Well saide Merlyn / I knowe whome thou sekest / for thou sekest Merlyn / therfore seke no ferther / for I am he / and yf kyng Vther wille wel rewarde me / and be sworne vnto me to fulfille my desyre that shall be his honour & profite more thā myn for I shalle cause hym to haue alle his desyre / Alle this wyll I vndertake said Vlfius that ther shalle be nothyng resonable / but thow shalt haue thy desyre / well said Merlyn / he shall haue his entente and desyre / And therfore saide Merlyn / ryde on your wey / for I wille not be long behynde

Capitulum Secundum

Thenne Vlfius was glad and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kyng Vtherpendragon / and told hym he had met with Merlyn / where is he said the kyng sir said Vlfius he wille not dwelle long / ther with al Vlfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the paelions dore / And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kyng Whan kyng Vther sawe hym he said he was welcome / syr said Merlyn I knowe al your hert euery dele / so ye will be sworn vnto me as ye be a true kyng enoynted to fulfille my desyre ye shal haue your desyre / thenne the kyng was sworne vpon the iij euuāgelistes / Syre said Merlyn this is my desyre / the first ny3t þ^t ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her & whan that is borne that it shall be delyuerd to me for to nourisse there as I wille haue it / for it shal be your worship / & the childis auaille as mykel as the child is worth / I wylle wel said the kyng as thow wilt haue it / Now make you redy said Merlyn this nyght ye shalle lye with Igrayne in the castel of Tyntigayll / & ye shalle be lyke the duke her husband Vlfius shal be lyke Syre Brastias / a knyghte of the dukes And I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Iordanus a knyghte of the dukes / But wayte ye make not many questions with her nor her men / but saye ye are diseased and soo hye yow to bedde / and ryse not on the morne tyll I come to yow / for the castel of Tyntygaill is but x myle hens / soo this was done as they deuysed /

But the duke of Tyntigail aspyed hou the kyng rode fro the syege of tarabil / & therfor that nyghte he yssued oute of the castel at a posterne for to haue distressid the kynges hooste / And so thorowe his owne yssue the duke hym self was slayne or euer the kyng cam at the castel of Tyntigail / so after the deth of the duke kyng Vther lay with Igrayne more than thre houres after his deth / and begat on her that nyg3 arthur / & on day cam Merlyn cā to the kyng / & bad hym make hym redy / & so he kist the lady Igrayne and departed in all hast / But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her husbād and by all record he was dede or euer kyng Vther came to her thenne she merueilled who that myghte be that laye with her in lykenes of her lord / so she mourned pryuely and held hir pees / Thenne alle the barons by one assent prayd the Kyng of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym / the kyng gaf hem leue / for fayne wold he haue ben accorded with her / Soo the kyng put alle the trust in Vlfius to entrete bitwene them so by the entrete at the last the kyng & she met to gyder / Now wille we doo well said Vlfius / our kyng is a lusty knyghte and wyueles / & my lady Igrayne is a passyng fair lady / it were grete ioye vnto vs all and hit myghte please the kyng to make her his quene / vnto that they all well accordyd and meued it to the kyng / And anone lyke a lusty knyghte / he assentid therto with good wille / and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and Ioye /

And Kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne wedded Margawse that was Gaweyns moder / And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne / Al this was done at the request of kynge Vther / And the thyrd syster morgan lesey was put to scole in a nonnery / And ther she lerned so moche that she was a grete Clerke of Nygromancye / And after she was wedded to kynge Vryens of the lond of Gore that was Syre Ewayns le blanche maynys fader /

Capitulum tercium

[An editorial note remarks that the next several chapters are run together. They are presented here as online.]

THEne quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter & gretter / so it befel after within half a yere as kyng Vther lay by his quene he asked hir by the feith she ouȝt to hym whos was the child within her body / thēne she sore abashed to yeue ansuer / Desmays you not said the kyng but telle me the trouthe / and I shall loue you the better by the feythe of my body Syre saide she I shalle telle you the trouthe / the same nyght þt my lord was dede the houre of his deth as his knyȝtes record ther came in to my castel of Tyntigaill a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenance / and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes barcias and Iordans / & soo I went vnto bed with hym as I ouȝt to do with my lord / & the same nyght as I shal answer vnto god this child was begoten vpon me / that is trouthe saide the kynge as ye say / for it was I my self that cam in the lykenesse / & therfor desmay you not for I am fader to the child / & ther he told her alle the cause / how it was by Merlyns counceil / thenne the quene made grete ioie whan she knewe who was the fader of her child /

Sone come merlyn vnto the kyng / & said syr ye must puruey yow / for the nourisshyng of your child / as thou wolt said the kyng be it / wel said Merlyn I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a passyng true man & a feithful / & he shal haue the nourysshyng of your child / & his name is sir Ector / & he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in Englund & walys / & this lord sir ector lete hym be sent for / for to come & speke with you / & desyre hym your self as he loueth you that he will put his owne child to nourisshyng to another woman / and that his wyf nourisshes yours / And whan the child is borne lete it be delyuerd to me at yōder pryuy posterne vncrystned /

So like as Merlyn deuysed it was done / And whan syre Ector was come / he made fyaūce to the kyng for to nourisshes the child lyke as the Kynge desyred / and there the kyng graunted syr ector grete rewardys / Thenne when the lady was delyuerd the kynge commaunded ij knyghtes & ij ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold / & that ye delyuer hym to what poure man ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel / So the child was delyuerd vnto Merlyn / and so he bare it forth vnto Syre Ector / and made an holy man to crysten hym / and named hym Arthur / and so sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe /

Thenne within two yeres kyng Vther felle seke of a grete maladye / And in the meane whyle hys enemyes Vsurpped vpon hym / and dyd a grete bataylle vpon his men / and slewe many of his peple / Sir said Merlyn ye may not lye so as ye doo / for ye must to the feld though ye ryde on an hors lyttar / for ye shall neuer haue the better of your enemyes / but yf your persone be there / and thenne shall ye haue the vycory So it was done as Merlyn had deuysed / and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hooste towarde his enemyes / And at saynt Albons ther

mette with the kyng a grete hoost of the north / And that day Syre Vlfyus and sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes / and kyng Vthers men ouercome the northeryn bataylle and slewe many peple & putt the remenaunt to flight / And thenne the kyng returned vnto london and made grete ioye of his vycory / And thēne he fyll passynge sore seke / so that thre dayes & thre nyghtes he was specheles / wherfore alle the barons made grete sorow and asked Merlyn what counceill were best / There nys none other remedye said Merlyn but god wil haue his wille / But loke ye al Barons be bifore kyng Vther to morne / and god and I shalle make hym to speke /

So on the morne alle the Barons with merlyn came to fore the kyng / theñe Merlyn said aloud vnto kyng Vther / Syre shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenance / thenne Vtherpendragon torded hym and said in herynge of them alle I gyue hym gods blissing & myne / & byd hym pray for my soule / & righteously & worshipfully that he clayme þ^e croune vpon forfeiture of my blessing / & therwith he yelde vp the ghost & thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng / wherfor the quene fayre Igrayne made grete sorowe and alle the Barons /

Thenne stood the reame in grete ieopardy long whyle / for euery lord that was myghty of men maade hym stronge / and many wende to haue ben kyng / Thenne Merlyn wente to the archebisshop of Caunterbury / and counceilled hym for to sende for alle the lordes of the reame / and alle the gentilmen of armes that they shold to london come by Cristmas vpon payne of cursynge / And for this cause þ^t Ihū that was borne on that nyghte that he wold of his grete mercy shewe some myracle / as he was come to be kyng of mankynde for to shewe somme myracle who shold be rightwys kyng of this reame /

So the Archebisshop by the aduys of Merlyn send for alle the lordes and gentilmen of armes that they shold come by crystmasse euen vnto london / And many of hem made hem clene of her lyf that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable vnto god / Soo in the grettest chirch of london whether it were Powlis or not the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon / alle the estates were longe or day in the chirche for to praye / And whan matyns & the first masse was done / there was sene in the chircheyard ayēst the hyghe aulter a grete stone four square lyke vnto a marbel stone / And in myddes therof was lyke an Anuyld of stele a foot on hyghe / & theryn stack a sayre swerd naked by the poynt / and letters there were wryten in gold aboute the swerd that saiden thus / who so pulleth oute this swerd of this stone and anuyld / is rightwys kyng borne of all Enlond / Thenne the peple merueilled & told it to the Archebisshop I commande said tharchebisshop that ye kepe yow within your chirche / and pray vnto god still that no man touche the swerd tyll the hyghe masse be all done /

So whan all masses were done all the lordes wente to beholde the stone and the swerd / And whan they sawe the scripture / som assayed suche as wold haue ben kyng / But none myght stere the swerd nor meue hit He is not here said the Archebisshop that shall encheue the swerd but doubte not god will make hym knowen / But this is my counceill said the archebisshop / that we lete puruey x knyȝtes men of good fame / & they to kepe this swerd / so it was ordeyned / & thēne ther was made a crye / þ^t euery mā shold assay þ^t wold for to wyne the swerd / And vpon newe yeersday the barons lete maake a Iustes and a tournament / that alle knyȝtes shat wold Iuste or tourneye / there myȝt playe / & all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes to gyders & the

comyns / for the Archebisshop trusted / that god wold make hym knowe that shold wyne the swerd /

So vpon newe yeresday whan the seruyce was done / the barons rode vnto the feld / some to Iuste / & som to torney / & so it happed that syre Ector that had grete lyuelode aboute london rode vnto the Iustes / & with hym rode syr kaynus his sone & yong Arthur that was hys nourisshed broder / & syr kay was made knyzt at al halowmas afore So as they rode to ye Iustes ward / sir kay lost his swerd for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng / & so he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his swerd / I wyll wel said Arthur / & rode fast after ye swerd / & whan he cam home / the lady & al were out to see the Ioustyng / thenne was Arthur wroth & saide to hym self / I will ryde to the chircheyard / & take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone / for my broder sir kay shal not be without a swerd this day /

so whan he cam to the chircheyard sir Arthur aliȝt & tayed his hors to the style / & so he wente to the tent / & found no knyȝtes there / for they were atte Iustyng & so he handled the swerd by the handels / and liȝtly & fiersly pulled it out of the stone / & took his hors & rode his way vntyll he came to his broder sir kay / & delyuerd hym the swerd / & as sone as sir kay saw the swerd he wist wel it was the swerd of the stone / & so he rode to his fader syr Ector / & said / sire / loo here is the swerd of the stone / wherfor I must be kyng of thys land / when syre Ector beheld the swerd / he returned ageyne & cam to the chirche / & there they aliȝte al thre / & wente in to the chirche / And anon he made sir kay swere vpon a book / how he came to that swerd /

Syr said sir kay by my broder Arthur for he brought it to me / how gate ye this swerd said sir Ector to Arthur / sir I will telle you when I cam home for my broders swerd / I fond no body at home to delyuer me his swerd And so I thought my broder syr kay shold not be swerdles & so I cam hyder egerly & pulled it out of the stone withoute ony payn / found ye ony knyȝtes about this swerd seid sir ector Nay said Arthur / Now said sir Ector to Arthur I vnderstāde ye must be kyng of this land / wherfore I / sayd Arthur and for what cause / Sire saide Ector / for god wille haue hit soo for ther shold neuer man haue drawn oute this swerde / but he that shal be rightwys kyng of this land / Now lete me see whether ye can putte the swerd ther as it was / and pulle hit oute ageyne / that is no maystry said Arthur / and soo he put it in the stone / wherwith alle Sir Ector assayed to pulle oute the swerd and faylled.

¶Capitulum sextum

Now assay said Syre Ector vnto Syre kay / And anon he pulled at the swerd with alle his myghte / but it wold not be / Now shal ye assay said Syre Ector to Arthur I wyll wel said Arthur and pulled it out easily / And therwith alle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe and Syre Kay / Allas said Arthur myne own dere fader and broder why knele ye to me / Nay nay my lord Arthur / it is not so I was neuer your fader nor of your blood / but I wote wel ye are of an hygher blood than I wende ye were / And thenne Syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nourissh hym And by whoos commandement / and by Merlyns delyueraūce

¶ Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he vnderstood that Syre Ector was not his fader / Sir said Ector vnto Arthur woll ye by my good & gracious lord when ye are kyng / els were I to blame said arthur for ye are the man in the world that I am most be holdyng to / & my good lady and moder your wyf that as wel as her owne hath fostred me and kepte / And yf euer hit be

goddess will that I be kynge as ye say / ye shall desire of me what I may doo / and I shall not faille you / god forbode I should faille you / Sir said Sire Ector / I will aske no more of you / but that ye will make my sone your foster brother Syre Kay Senceall of alle your landes / That shall be done said Arthur / and more by the feith of my body that neuer man shall haue that office but he while he and I lyue / There with all they wente vnto the Archebysshop / and told hym how the swerd was encheued / and by whome / and on twelfth day alle the barons cam thider / and to assay to take the swerd who that wold assay / But there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur / wherfor ther were many lordes wroth And saide it was grete shame vnto them all and the reame to be ouer gouernyd with a boye of no hyghe blood borne /

And so they fell oute at that tyme that it was put of tyll Candelmas / And thenne alle the barons shold mete there ageyne / but alwey the x knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the swerd day & nyght / & so they sette a paulione ouer the stone & þ^e swerd & fyue alweyes watched / Soo at Candalmasse many moo grete lordes came thider for to haue wonne the swerde / but there myghte none preuaile / And right as Arthur dyd at Cristmasse / he dyd at Candelmasse and pulled oute the swerde easely wherof the Barons were sore agreued and put it of in delay till the hyghe feste of Eester / And as Arthur sped afore / so dyd he at Eester / yet there were some of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur shold be kynge / and put it of in a delay tyll the feest of Pentecoste / Thenne the Archebysshop of Caunterbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the best knyghtes that they myghte gete / And suche knyghtes as Vtherpendragon loued best and moost trusted in his dayes / And suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn / syre kaynes / syre Vlkyus / syre barsias / All these with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the feste of Pentecost

¶ Capitulum septimum

AND at the feste of pentecost alle maner of men assayed to pulle at the swerde that wold assay / but none myghte preuaile but Arthur / and pulled it oute afore all the lordes and comyns that were there / wherfore alle the comyns cryed at ones we will haue Arthur vnto our kyng we will put hym nomore in delay / for we alle see that it is goddess wille that he shall be our kynge / And who that holdeth ageynst it we will slee hym / And therwith all they knelyd at ones both ryche and poure / and cryed Arthur mercy by cause they had delayed hym soo longe / and Arthur foryaf hem / and took the swerd bitwene both his handes / and offred it vpon the aulter where the Archebysshop was / and so was he made knyghte of the best man that was there /

And so anon was the coronacyon made / And ther was he sworne vnto his lordes & the comyns for to be a true kyng to stand with true Iustyce fro thenns forth the dayes of this lyf / Also thenne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in / and to do seruyce as they oughte to doo / And many complayntes were made vnto sir Arthur of grete wronges that were done syn the dethe of kyng Vther / of many londes that were bereued lordes knyghtes / ladyes & gentilmen / wherfor kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeuen ageyne to them that oughte hem /

¶ Whanne this was done that the kyng had stablissed alle the countreyes aboute london / thenne he lete make Syr kay sencial of Englonde / and sir Bawdewyn of Bretayne was made Constable / and sir Vlkyus was made chamberlayn / And sire Brastias was maade wardeyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was þ^tyme þ^e most party the kynges enemyes / But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the north scotland / and alle that were vnder their obeissaunce / Also

walys a parte of it helde ayenst Arthur / but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble prowesse of hym self and his knyghtes of the round table

Malory, Thomas. Book III, Chapters 6 through 8. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Corpus of Middle English Prose and Verse*, U of Michigan, quod.lib.umich.edu/c/cme/MaloryWks2/1:3?rgn=div1;view=toc. Accessed 13 January 2017.

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¶ Capitulum vj

SYre gauayne roode more than a paas and gaheryse his broder that roode with hym in stede of a squyer to doo hym seruise / Soo as they rode they sawe two knyghtes fyghte on horsbak passyng sore / so syr gauayn & his broder rode betwixe them / and asked them for what cause they foughte so / the one knyght ansuerd and sayd / we fyghte for a symple mater / for we two be two bretheren born & begoten of one man & of one woman / allas said sir gauayn why do ye so / syr said the eldar / ther cam a whyte hert this way this day & many hoūdes chaced hym / & a whyte brachet was alwey next hym / and we vnderstood it was auenture made for the hyhe feest of kyng Arthur / and therefore I wold haue gone after to haue wonne me worship / and here my yonger broder said he wolde go after the herte / for he was better knyght than I / And for this cause we felle at debate / & so we thouȝt to preue whiche of vs bothe was better knyȝt /

This is a symple cause said sir gauayn / vncouth mē ye shold debate with al & no broder with broder / therfor but yf ye wil do by my couceil I wil haue ado with yow / that is ye shal yelde you vnto me / & that ye go vnto kyng Arthur and yelde yow vnto his grace / sir knyȝt said the ij bretheren we are forfoughten & moche blood haue we loste thorow our wilfulnesse / And therefore we wolde be loth to haue adoo with yow / thenne do as I will haue yow said sir gauayne / we wille agree to fulfille your wylle / But by whom shalle we saye that we be thyder sente / ye maye say / by the knyȝt that foloweth the quest of the herte that was whyte / Now what is your name sayd gauayne /

Sorlouse of the forest said the eldar & my name is sayde the yonger Bryan of the forest and soo they departed and wente to the kynges Court / and Syr gauayne on his quest / and as gauayne folowed the herte by the crye of the houndes euen afore hym ther was a grete Ryuer / and the hert swamme ouer / and as syr gauayne wold folowe after / ther stode a knyght ouer the other syde and sayd /

Syre knyghte come not ouer after this herte / but yf thou wilt Iuste with me / I wille not faille as for that said sir gauayn to folowe the quest that I am in / and soo maade his hors to swymme ouer the water / and anone they gat their speres / and ranne to gyder ful hard / but syre gauayne smote hym of his hors / and thenne he torned his hors & bad hym yelde hym /

Nay sayd the knyght not so though thou haue the better of me on horsbak / I pray the valyaunt knyght alyghte a foote and matche we to gyders with swerdes / what is youre name said sir gauayne / Alardyn of the Ilys said the other / thenne eyther dressid her sheldes and smote to

gyders / but sir gauayne smote hym so hard thorow the helme that it went to the braynes and the knyght felle doune dede / A said Gaheryse that was a myghty stroke of a yonge knyght /

¶ Capitulum Septimum

THēne Gauayne and Gaheryse rode more than a paas after the whyte herte / and lete slyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes / and so they chace the herte in to a castel / and in the chyef place of the castel they slewe the hert / syr gauayne and gaheryse folowed after / Ryght soo there came a knyght oute of a chamber with a swerd drawe in his hand and slewe two of the greyhoundes euen in the syghte of syre gauayne / and the remenaunte he chaced hem with his swerd oute of the castel /

And whan he cam ageyne he sayd / O my whyte herte / me repenteth that thow art dede / for my souerayne lady gaf the to me / and euyll haue I kepte the / and thy deth shalle be dere bought and I lyue / and anone he wente in to his chamber and armed hym / and came oute fyersly / & there mette he with syr gauayne /

why haue ye slayne my houndes said syr gauayn / for they dyd but their kynde / and leuer I had ye had wroken your angre vpon me than vpon a dom best thow saist trouth said the knyght I haue auengyd me on thy houndes and so I wille on the or thow goo /

Thenne syr Gauayne alyght afoote and dressid his shelde and stroke to gyders myghtely / and clafe their sheldes and stoned their helmes and brak their hawberkes that the blood ranne doune to their feet / Atte last syr gauayne smote the knyght so hard that he felle to the erthe / and thenne he cryed mercy / and yelded hym and besought hym as he was a knyghte and gentylman / to saue his lyf / thow shalt dye said sir gauayne for sleying of my houndes / I wille make amendys said the knyght vnto my power /

Syr gauayne wold no mercy haue but vnlacyd his helme to haue stryken of his hede / Ryght soo came his lady oute of a chamber and felle ouer hym / and soo he smote of her hede by mysauenture /

Allas saide Gaheryse that is fowle and shamefully done / that shame shal neuer from yow / Also ye shold gyue mercy vnto them that aske mercy / for a knyzt without mercy is withoute worship /

Syr gauayne was so stonyed of the deth of this fair lady / that he wiste not what he dyd / and said vnto the knyght aryse I wille gyue the mercy / nay nay said the knyght / I take no force of mercy now / for thou hast slayne my loue and my lady that I loued best of alle erthely thyng /

Me sore repentith it said syr gauayn / for I thoughte to stryke vnto the / But now thow shalt goo vnto kyng Arthur and telle hym of thyne aduentures and how thow arte ouercome by the knyghte that wente in the queste of the whyte herte / I take no force said the knyzt whether I lyue or I dye but so for drede of deth he swore to goo vnto kynge Arthur / & he made hym to bere one greyhound before hym on his hors and another behynde hym / what is your name said sir gauayn or we departe / my name is said the knyght Ablamor of the marise / soo he departed toward Camelot

¶ Capitulum Octauum

AND syr gauayne went in to the castel and made hym redy to lye there al nyght / and wold haue vnarmed hym / what wylle ye doo sayd gaheryse / wylle ye vnarme yow in this Countrey / ye may thynke ye haue many enemyes here / they had not sooner sayd that word but ther cā four knyghtes wel armed and assayled syr gauayne hard and said vnto hym thou newe made knyght thow hast shamed thy knyghthode / for a knyght withoute mercy is dishonoured Also thow hast slayne a fayr lady to thy grete shame to the worldes ende / and doubte thow not thow shalt haue grete nede of mercy or thow departe from vs /

And therwith one of hem smote syr gauayne a grete stroke that nygh he felle to the erthe / and gaheryse smote hym ageyne sore / and soo they were on the one syde and on the other / that syr gauayne and gaheryse were in ieopardy of their lyues / and one with a bowe an archer smote syr gauayne thurȝ the arme that it greued hym wonderly sore / And as they shold haue ben slayne / there cam four fair ladyes / and besought the knyghtes of grace for syre gauayne / and goodely atte request of the ladyes they gaf syr gauayne and gaheryse their lyues / & made hem to yelde them as prysoners / thenne gauayne and gaheryse made grete dole /

Allas sayd syre gauayne myn arme greueth me sore / I am lyke to be maymed and so made his complaynt pytously / erly on the morow ther cam to syr gauayne one of the four ladyes / that had herd alle his complaynte and said syr knyȝte what chere / not good said he it is your owne defaulte sayd the lady / for ye haue doone a passynge fowle dede in the sleynge of the lady / the whiche will be grete vylany vnto yow / But be ye not of kyng Arthurs kyn saide the lady / yes truly sayd syr gauayne / what is your name saide the lady / ye must telle it me or ye passe / my name is gauayne the kyng Lott of Orkeney sone / and my moder is kyng Arthurs syster / A thenne are ye neuewe vnto kyng Arthur sayd the lady / and I shalle so speke for yow that ye shall haue conduyte to go to kyng Arthur for his loue / and soo she departed / and told the foure knyghtes how their prysoner was kyng Arthurs neuewe / and his name is syr gauayne kyng Lots sone of Orkeney / and they gaf hym the hertes hede by cause it was in his quest /

¶ Thenne anone they delyuerd syr Gauayne vnder this promyse that he shold bere the dede lady with hym in this maner / The hede of her was hanged aboute his neck and the hole body of hyr lay before hym on his hors mane / Ryght soo rode he forth vnto Camelot / And anone as he was come merlyn desyred of kyng Arthur þ^tSyre Gauayne shold be sworne to telle of alle his auentures / and how he slewe the lady / and how he wold gyue no mercy vnto the knyght / where thurgh the lady was slayne /

Thenne the kyng and the quene were gretely displeasyd with syr gauayn for the sleynge of the lady / And ther by ordenaunce of the quene ther was set a quest of ladyes on syr gauayn / and they lured hym for euer whyle he lyued to be with all ladyes & to fyȝte for her quarels / & that euer he shold be curteys / & neuer to refuse mercy to hym / that asketh mercy / Thus was gauayne sworne vpon the four euuangelystes that he shold neuer be ageynst lady ne gentilwoman / but yf he fought for a lady / and his aduersary fouȝt for another /

And thus endeth the auenture of syr gauayn that he dyd at the maryage of kyng Arthur Amen

Malory, Thomas. Book IX, Chapters 1 through 3. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Corpus of Middle English Prose and Verse*, U of Michigan, quod.lib.umich.edu/c/cme/MaloryWks2/1:3?rgn=div1;view=toc. Accessed 13 January 2017.

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¶ Capitulum primum

AT the Courte of kynge Arthur there cam a yonge man and bygly made / and he was rychely bysene / and he desyred to be made knyghte of the kyng but his ouer garmēt sat ouerthwartly / how be hit / hit was ryche clothe of gold /

¶ What is your name said kynge Arthur / Syre saide he / my name is Breunor le noyre / and within shorte space ye shalle knowe that I am of good kyn / It maye wel be said sir kay the Seneschal / but in mockage ye shalle be called la cote male tayle / that is as moche to saye the euyl shapen cote / Hit is a grete thyng that thou askest said the kyng / And for what cause werest thou that ryche cote / telle me / for I can wel thynke for somme cause hit is / Syre he ansuerd I had a fader a noble knyght / And as he rode on huntynge vpon a daye hit happed hym to leye hym doune slepe / And there came a knyght that had ben longe his enemy / And whan he sawe he was fast on slepe / he alle to hewe hym / And this same cote had my fader on the same tyme / and that maketh this cote to sytte soo evyll vpon me / for the strokes ben on hit as I fond hit / and neuer shalle be amendyd for me / Thus to haue my faders dethe in remembraunce I were this cote tyl I be reuengyd / and by cause ye are callyd the moost noblest kynge of the world I come to you that ye shold make me knyght /

Sir said sir Lamorak and sir Gaherys / hit were wel done to make hym knyght / for hym besemeth wel of persone / and of countenaunce / that he shall preue a good man and a good knyght / and a myghty for sire and ye be remembryd euen suche one was sire launcelot du lake / whanne he came fyrste in to this Courte / and full fewe of vs knewe from whens he came / and now is he preued the man of moost worship in the world / and all your courte and alle your Round table is by sire launcelot worshipped and amended more than by ony knyghte now lyuyng / that is trouthe saide the kynge / and to morou att your request I shalle make hym knyght

¶ So on the morou there was an herte founden / and thyder rode kynge Arthur with a company of his knyghtes to slee the herte / And this yonge man that sire kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynd with Quene Gueneuer / and by sodeyne aduenture ther was an horryble lyon kepte in a stronge Toure of stone and it happend that he at that tyme brake loos / and came hurlyng afore the Quene & her knyghtes

¶ And whanne the Quene sawe the lyon / she cryed and fledde / and praide her knyghtes to rescowe her / And there was none of hem alle but twelue that abode / and alle the other fledde /

¶ Thenne saide La cote male tayle Now I see wel that alle coward knyghtes ben not dede / and there with alle he drewe his swerd / and dressid hym afore the lyon / and that lyon gaped wyde

and came vpon hym raumppynge to haue slayne hym / And he thenne smote hym in the mydde of the hede suche a myghty stroke / that it clafe his hede in sonder / and dasshed to the erthe /

¶ Thenne was hit tolde the Quene how the yonge man that sire kay named by scorne La cote male tayle hadde slayne the lyon / With that the kyng came home /

¶ And whanne the Quene tolde hym of that aduventure / he was wel pleased / and said / vpon payne of myn hede he shalle preue a noble man and a feythful Knyghte and true of his promyse / thenne the kyng forth with al made hym knyght / Now sire said this yonge knyght I requyre you and alle the knyghtes of youre courte / that ye calle me by none other name but la cote male tayle / in soo moche that syr kay hath soo named me / soo wille I be called / I assente me wel therto said the kyng

¶ Capitulum secundum

Thenne that same daye there came a damoyssel in to the courte / and she brought with her a grete black shelde / with a whyte hand in the myddes holdynge a swerd Other pyctour was there none in that shelde / whan kyng Arthur sawe her / he asked her from whens she came / and what she wold / Syr she said I haue ryden longe and many a day with this sheld many wayes / and for this cause I am come to your courte / There was a good knyght that ought this sheld / & this knyght had vndertake a grete dede of armes to enchieue hit / and soo it mysfortuned hym / another stronge knyght met with hym by sodeyne aduventure / and there they fought longe / & eyther wounded other passynge sore / and they were soo wery / that they lefte that bataille euen hand / Soo this knyghte that ought this shelde sawe none other way but he must dye / & thēne he commaunded me to bere this shelde to the Courte of kyng Arthur / he requyrynge and prayenge somme good knyzt to take this shelde / and that he wold fulfille the quest that he was in / Now what saye ye to this quest said kyng Arthur / Is there ony of you here that wille take vpon hym to welde this shelde /

¶ Thenne was there not one that wold speke one word / thenne sir kay took the shelde in his handes / Sire knyzt said the damoyssel what is your name / Wete ye wel said he my name is sir kay the seneschal that wyde where is knowen / Syre said that damoyssel laye doune that shelde / for wete ye wel it falleth not for you / for he must be a better knyzt than ye / that shalle welde this shelde / damoyssel sayd syr kay wete ye wel I toke this sheld in my handes by youre leue / for to behold it not to that entent / but goo where someuer thou wilt / for I will not go with you / Thenne the damoyssel stode styll a grete whyle / and byheld many of tho knyghtes /

Thenne spak the knyght La cote male tayle / fayre damoyssel I wille take the shelde and that aduventure vpon me / soo I wyst I shold knowe / wheder ward my iourney myght be / for by cause I was thys daye made knyght I wold take this aduventure vpon me / What is your name fayre yonge man said the damoyssel / My name is said he la cote male tayle / wel mayst thou be called so said the damoyssel / the knyzt with the euylle shapen cote / but & thou be soo hardy to take vpon the to bere that shelde and to folowe me / wete thou wel / thy skyn shalle be as wel hewen as thy cote / As for that said la cote male tayle whan I am soo hewen I wille aske you no salue to hele me with alle / And forth with all ther came in to the Court two squyers & brouzt hym grete horses and his armour and his speres / and anone he was armed and tooke his leue /

¶ I wold not by my will said the kyng that ye took vpon you that hard aduenture / sir said he / this aduenture is myn / and the fyrst that euer I took vpon me / and that wille I folowe what someuer come of me

¶ Thenne that damoyssel departed / and la cote male taylor fast folowed after / And within a whyle he ouertook the damoyssel and anon she myssaid hym in the fowlest maner

¶ Capitulum Tercium /

Thenne sire kay ordeyned sir dagonet / kyng Arthurs foole to folowe after la cote male taylor / and there sir kay ordeyned that sir Dagonet was horsed and armed and bad hym folowe la cote male taylor / and profer hym to Iuste and soo he dyd / and whan he sawe la cote male taylor he cryed and badde hym make hym redy to Iuste / Soo sir la cote male taylor smote sir Dagonet ouer his hors croupe / Thenne the damoyssel mocked la cote male taylor / and said fy for shame / now art thou shamed in Arthurs courte / whan they sende a foole to haue adoo with the / and specially at thy fyrst Iustes / thus she rode longe and chyde /

¶ And within a whyle there came sir Bleoberys the good knyght / and there he Iusted with la cote male taylor / and there syre Bleoberys smote hym so sore that hors and alle felle to the erth / Thenne la cote male taylor arose vp lyghtely and dressid his sheld / and drewe his suerd and wold haue done bataill to the vtteraunce / for he was wode wrothe / Not soo said Bleoberys de ganys / as at this tyme I wille not fyghte vpon foote / Thenne the damoyssel Maledysaunt rebuked hym in the foulest maner / and badde hym torne ayene coward / A damoyssel he said I pray you of mercy to myssay me no more / my gryef is ynough though ye gyue me no more / I calle my self neuer the wers knyght / whan a marys sone fayleth me / and also I comte me neuer the wers knyght for a falle of sir Bleoberys / Soo thus he rode with her two dayes / and by fortune there came sir Palomydes and encountred with hym / and he in the same wyse serued hym as dyd Bleoberys to fore hand /

¶ What dost thou here in my felauship saide the damoyssel maledysaunt / thou canst not sytte no knyghte / nor withstande hym one buffet / but yf hit were sir dagonet / A fair damoyssel I am not the wers to take a falle of sire Palomydes / and yet grete disworship haue I none / for neyder Bleoberys nor yet palomydes wold not fyghte with me on foote / As for that said the damoyssel wete thou wel they haue desdayne and scorne to lyghte of their horses to fyghte with suche a lewde knyght as thou arte / Soo in the meane whyle ther cam sir Mordred / sir Gawayns broder / and soo he felle in the felauship with the damoyssel maledysaunt / And thenne they came afore the castel Orgulous / and there was suche a customme that there myght no knyght come by that castel / but outhere he must Iuste or be prysoner / or at the lest to lese his hors and his harneis / and there came oute two knyghtes ageynst them / and sir Mordred Iusted with the formest / and that knyght of the castel smote sire Mordred doune of his hors / and thenne la cote male taylor Iusted with that other / and eyther of hem smote other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And whanne they auoyded their horses / thenne eyther of hem took others horses /

¶ And thenne la cote male taylor rode vnto that knyght that smote doune sire Mordred and Iusted with hym / And there syre La cote male taylor hurte & wounded hym passynge sore and putte hym from his hors as he had ben dede / So he torned vnto hym that mette hym afore / and he

took the flyght toward the castel / and sire la cote male taylor rode after hym in to the Castel
Orgulous / and there la cote male taylor slewe hym

¶ Capitulum iiij

AND anon there came an hondred knyghtes about hym and assaylled hym / and whan he sawe his
hors shold be slayne / he alyghte and voyded his hors / & putte the brydel vnder his feete / and so
put hym out of the gate / And whan he had soo done / he hurled in amonge hem / and dressid his
bak vnto a ladyes chamber walle / thynkyng hym self that he had leuer dye there with worship /
than to abyde the rebukes of the damoisel Maledysaunt / And in the meane tyme as he stood &
fought that lady whos was the chamber wente out slyly at her posterne / and without the gates she
foud la cote male taylor hors and lyghtly she gate hym by the brydel / and teyed hym to the
posterne /

And thenne she wente vnto her chambre slyly ageyn for to behold hou that one knyght fought
ageynst an hondred knyghtes / And whan she had behold hym longe / she wente to a wyndowe
behynde his bak / and said thou knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel / but for alle that at the last
thou must nedes dye / But and thou canst thorou thy myghty prowesse wynne vnto yonder
posterne / for there I haue fastned thy hors to abyde the / but wete thou wel thou must thynke on
thy worship / & thynke not to dye / for thou maiste not wynne vnto that posterne without thou
doo nobly and myghtly /

Whan la cote male taylor herd her saye so / he gryped his swerd in his handes and put his sheld
fayre afore hym / & thorou the thyckest prees he thrulled thorou them / And whan he came to the
posterne he foud there redy four knyghtes / and at two the fyrst strokes he slewe two of the
knyghtes / & the other fledde / & soo he wanne his hors and rode from them / and alle as it was it
was reherced in kyng Arthurs courte / hou he slewe twelue knyghtes within the castel Orgulous
/ and so he rode on his waye / And in the meane whyle the damoyssel said to sir Mordred I wene
my foolysse knyght be outhere slayn or takē prysoner / thēne were they ware where he came
rydyng / And whan he was come to them / he told alle how he hadde spedde / and escaped in
despyte of them alle / and somme of the best of hem wille telle no tales /

Thou lyst falsly saide the damoyssel / that dare I make good / but as a foole and a dastard to alle
knyghthode / they haue lete the passe / that may ye preue said La cote male taylor / With that she
sente a currou of hers that rode alweye with her for to knowe the trouthe of this dede / and soo
he rode thydde lyghtly / and asked how and in what maner that la cote male taylor was escaped
oute of the castel /

¶ Thenne alle the knyghtes cursyd hym and said that he was a fende and noo man / For he hath
slayne here twelue of oure best knyghtes / & we wende vnto this daye that hit ben to moche for
sir laūcelot du lake or for sire Tristram de lyones / And in despyte of vs alle he is departed from
vs and maugre oure hedes /

¶ With this ansuer the currou departed and came to Maledysaunt his lady / and told her alle how
syr la cote male taylor had spedde at the castel Orgulous / Thenne she smote doun her heed / and
sayd lytel / By my hede said sir Mordred to the damoyssel ye are gretely to blame so to rebuke
hym / for I warne you playnly he is a good knyghte / and I doubte not / but he shalle preue a

noble knyghte / but as yet he may not yet sytt sure on horsbak / for he that shalle be a good horsman / hit must come of vsage and excercyse / But whan he cometh to the strokes of his swerd / he is thenne noble and myghty / and that sawe sire Bleoberys and sir Palamydes / for wete ye wel they are wyly men of armes / and anon they knowe when they see a yonge knyghte by his rydyng / how they ar sure to yeue hym a falle from his hors or a grete buffet / But for the moost party they wille not lyghte on foote with yonge knyghtes / For they are wyght and strongly armed / For in lyke wyse sir launcelot du lake whan he was fyrste made knyghte / he was often putte to the werse vpon horsbak / but euer vpon foote he recouerd his renomme / and slewe and defoyled many knyghtes of the round table / And therfor the rebukes that sir Launcelot dyd vnto many knyghtes causeth them that be men of prowesse to beware / for often I haue sene the old preued knyghtes rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begynners / Thus they rode sure talkynge by the way to gyders /

Malory, Thomas. Book XIX, Chapters 1 through 9. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Corpus of Middle English Prose and Verse*, U of Michigan, quod.lib.umich.edu/c/cme/MaloryWks2/1:3?rgn=div1;view=toc. Accessed 13 January 2017.

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¶ Capitulum primum

SOo it befelle in the moneth of May / quene Gueneuer called vnto her kny3tes of the table round / and she gafe them warnynge that erly vpon the morowe she wold ryde on mayeng in to woodes & feldes besyde westmynstre / & I warne yow that there be none of yow but that he be wel horsed / and that ye alle be clothed on grene outhur in sylke outhur in clothe and I shalle brynge with me ten ladyes / and euery knyght shalle haue a lady behynde hym / and euery knyghte shal haue a squyer and two yomen / and I wyll that ye alle be wel horsed / Soo they made hem redy in the fresshest maner / and these were the names of the knyghtes / sir Kay the Seneschal / sir Agrauayne / sir Brandyles / sir Sagramor le desyrus / Sir Dodynas le saueage / sir Ozanna le cure hardy / sir Ladynas of the forest saueage / sir Persaunt on Inde / syre Ironsyde that was called the knyghte of the reed laundes / and sire Pelleas the louer / and these ten knyghtes made hem redy in the fresshest maner to ryde with the quene /

And soo vpon the morne they toke their horses with the quene / and rode on mayenge in woodes and medowes as hit pleasyd hem in grete Ioye and delytes / for the quene had cast to haue ben ageyne with kyng Arthur at the ferthest by ten of the klok / and soo was that tyme her purpos / Thenne there was a knyghte that hyghte Mellyagraunce / and he was sone vnto kyng Bagdemagus / and this knyghte had at that tyme a castel of the yefte of kyng Arthur within seuen myle of westmynstre / And this knyghte sir Mellyagraunce loued passynge wel Quene Gueneuer / and soo had he done longe and many yeres /

¶ And the book sayth he had layne in a wayte for to stele away the quene / but euermore he forbare for by cause of sir launcelot / for in no wyse he wold medle with the quene / and sir Launcelot were in her company / outhur els and he were nere hand her / and that tyme was suche

a customme / the quene rode neuer withoute a grete felaushyp of men of armes aboute her / and they were many good knyghtes / and the moost party were yong men that wold haue worshyp / and they were called the quenes knyghtes and neuer in no batail / turnement / nor Iustes / they bare none of hem no maner of knouelechyng of their owne armes / but playne whyte sheldes / and there by they were called the quenes knyghtes /

And thenne whan it happed ony of them to be of grete worshyp by his noble dedes / thenne at the next feest of Pentecost / yf there were ony slayne or dede / as there was none yere that there fayled / but somme were dede / Thenne was there chosen in his stede that was dede the moost men of worshyp that were called the quenes knyghtes / And thus they came vp alle fyrste or they were renoumed men of worship / both sire Launcelot and alle the remenaunt of them / But this knyghte sir Mellyagraunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpos and how sir launcelot was not with her / and how she had no man of armes with her but the ten noble knyghtes all arayed in grene for mayeng / thenne he purueyed hym a xx men of armes and an honderd archers for to destroye the quene and her knyghtes / for he thoughte that tyme was best season to take the quene /

¶ Capitulum secundum

SOo as the quene had mayed and alle her knyghtes / alle were bedasshed with herbys mosses and floures in the best maner and fresshest / Ryghte so came oute of a wode syre Mellyagraunce with an eyghte score men wel harnysed as they shold fyghte in a batail of a reeste and bad the quene and her knyghtes abyde / for maulgre theyr hedes they shold abyde / Traytoure knyghte sayd quene Gueneuer what cast thou for to doo / wolte thou shame thy self / bethynke the how thou arte kynges sone / and knyghte of the table roūd and thou to be aboute to dishonoure the noble kyng that made the knyghte / thou shamest alle knyghthode and thy selfe / & me I lete the wete shalte thou neuer shame / for I had leuer cutte myn owne throte in tweyne rather than thou sholdest dishonoure me /

As for alle this langage sayd sir Mellyagraunce be it as it be may / for wete yow wel madame I haue loued yow many a yere / and neuer or now coude I gete yow at suche an auauntage as I doo now / and therfor I wylle take yow as I fynde yow / thenne spake alle the ten noble knyghtes att ones and sayd / Syr Mellyagraunce wete thou wel ye ar aboute to Ieoparde your worshyp to dishonour / and also ye cast to Ieoparde oure persons / how be it we ben vnarmed / ye haue vs at a grete auayle / for hit semeth by yow that ye haue layd watche vpon vs / but rather than ye shold putte the quene to a shame and vs alle / we had as leef to departe from oure lyues / for & yf we other wayes dyd / we were shamed for euer Thenne sayd sir Mellyagraunce dresse yow as wel as ye can/ and kepe the Quene /

¶ Thenne the ten knyghtes of the table round drewe their swerdes / and the other lete renne at them/ with their speres / and the ten knyghtes manly abode them / & smote away their speres / that no spere dyd them none harme Thenne they lashed to gyder with swerdes / and anone syre Kay / sir Sagramor / sir Agrauayn / sir Dodynas / sir Ladynas and syr Ozanna were smyten to the erthe with grymly woundes / Thenne sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Ironsyde / syre Pelleas foughte longe / and they were sore wounded / for these ten knyghtes or euer they were layd to the ground slewe xl men of the boldest and the best of them /

Soo whan the Quene sawe her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded / and nedes must be slayne at the last / thenne for pyte and sorowe she cryed syr Mellyagraunce slee not my noble knyghtes / and I wille go with the vpon this couenant that thou saue hem / and suffer hem not to be no more hurte with this that they be ledde wyth me where someuer thou ledest me / for I wylle rather slee my self than I wylle goo with the / onles / that thyse my noble knyghtes maye be in my presence / Madame said Mellyagraunce for your sake they shalle be ledde with yow in to myn owne Castel with that ye wylle be ruled & ryde with me /

¶ Thenne the quene prayd the four knyghtes to leue their fyghtynge / & she and they wold not departe / Madame sayd sir Pelleas we will doo as ye doo / for as for me I take no force of my lyfe nor deth / For as the Frensshe book sayth sir Pelleas gaf suche buffets there that none armour myghte holde hym /

¶ Capitulum Tercium

Thenne by the quenes commaundement they lefte batail and dressid the wounded knyghtes on horsbak some syttyng somme ouerthwarte their horses / that hit was pyte to beholde them / And thenne sir Mellyagraunce charged the quene & al her knyghtes that none of al her felaushyp shold departe from her / for ful sore he dradde sir launcelot du lake lest he shold haue ony knouelechyng / Alle this aspyed the Quene / and pryuely she called vnto her a child of her chamber that was swyftly horsed to whome she sayd / Go thou whan thou seest thy tyme / and bere this ryngge vnto sir launcelot du lake / and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle see me / and rescowe me yf euer he wille haue Ioye of me / and spare not thy hors said the quene nouthur for water neyther for lond /

Soo the chyld aspyed his tyme / and lyghtely he took his hors with the spores and departed as fast as he myghte / and whan sir Mellyagraunce sawe hym soo flee / he vnderstood that hit was by the quenes commaundement for to warne sir launcelot / Thenne they that were best horsed chaced hym and shot at hym / But from hem alle the child wente sodenly / and thenne syre Mellyagraunce sayd to the quene / Madame ye are aboute to bitraye me / but I shalle ordeyne for sir launcelot that he shall not come lyghtely at yow / And thenne he rode with her and they alle to his castel in alle the haste that they myghte / And by the waye sire Mellyagraunce layd in an enbusshement the best archers that he myghte gete in his couētre to the nombre of a thyrty to awaite vpon sir Launcelot charyng them that yf they sawe suche a manere of knyghte come by the way vpon a whyte hors that in ony wyse they slee his hors / but in no manere of wyse haue not adoo with hym bodyly / for he is ouer hardy to be ouercomen /

Soo this was done / and they were comen to his castel / but in no wyse the quene wold neuer lete none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her syghte / but alwayes they were in their presence / for the book sayth sir Melyagraunce durste make no maystryes for drede of sir launcelot in soo moche he demed that he had warnynge / Soo whan the child was departed from the felauship of syr Mellyagraunce within a whyle he came to westmynstre / And anone he fonde sir launcelot / And whanne he had told his message / & delyuerd hym the quenes ryngge / Allas sayd syr Launcelot now am I shamed for euer onles that I maye rescowe that noble lady from dishonour / thenne egerly he asked his armour / and euer the child told syr launcelot how the ten knyghtes foughte merueyllously / and how sir Pelleas and sire Ironsyde and sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Inde fought strongly / but namely sir Pelleas / there myghte none withstāde hym / &

how they all fouzte tyll at the last they were layd to the erthe / and thenne the quene made apoyntement for to saue their lyues / and goo with syr Mellyagraunce /

Allas sayd syr Launcelot / that moost noble lady that she shold be so destroyed / I had leuer said sir launcelot than alle Fraunce that I had ben there were wel armed / Soo whan syre launcelot was armed / and vpon his hors / he prayd the chyld of the Quenes chamber to warne syr Lauayne how sodenly he was departed / and for what cause / and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle hyhe hym after me / and that he stynte not vntyll he come to the castel where sir Mellyagraunce abydeth / or dwelleth / for there sayd sire launcelot he shalle here of me / and I am a man lyuyng / and rescowe the quene and the ten knyghtes the whiche he traitoursly hath taken / and that shalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that hold with hym /

¶ Capitulum iiij

Thenne sir launcelot rode as fast as he myghte / and the book saith / he took the water at westmynstre brydge / & made his hors to swymme ouer Temse vnto lambehythe / And thēne within a whyle he came to the same place there as the ten noble knyghtes foughte with syre Mellyagraunce And thanne sir launcelot folowed the trak vntyl that he came to a wood / and there was a strayte waye / and there the xxx archers bad sir launcelot torne ageyne / and folowe noo lenger that trak / what commaundement have ye ther to sayd sir launcelot to cause me that am a knyghte of the round table to leue my ryghte way / This way shalte thou leue / outhere els thou shalt goo it on thy foote / for wete thou wel thy hors shalle be slayne / that is lytel maystry sayd syre launcelot to slee myn hors / but as for my self whan my hors is slayne I gyue ryght nought for yow / not and ye were fyue honderd moo / So thenne they shot sir launcelots hors / and smote hym with many arowes / and thenne syr launcelot auoyded his hors / and wente on foote / but there were soo many dyches and hedges betwixe them and hym that he myghte not medle with none of hem /

¶ Allas for shame said launcelot that euer one knyght shold bitraye another knyght / but hit is an old sawe / a good man is neuer in daunger / but whan he is in the daunger of a coward / Thenne sir launcelot wente a whyle / and thenne he was fowle combred of his armour / his sheld and his spere & alle that longed vnto hym / wete ye wel he was ful sore annoyed / and ful loth he was for to leue ony thyng that longed vnto hym / for he drad sore the treason of sir Mellyagraunce Thenne by fortune there came by hym a charyot that cam thyder for to fetche wood / Say me carter said syr launcelot what shal I gyue the to suffre me to lepe in to thy charyot / & that thou brynge me vnto a castel within this two myle / thou shalt not come within my charyot said the carter / for I am sente for to fetche wood for my lord sir Mellyagraunce / with hym wold I speke / thou shalt not go with me said the carter / thēne sir launcelot lept to hym / & gaf hym suche a buffet that he felle to the erthe starke dede / thenne the other carter his felawe was aferde & wende to haue gone the same way / & thenne he cryed fair lord saue my lyf / & I shal brynge you where ye wil / thēne I charge the sayd syr launcelot that thou dryue me and thys charyot euen vnto sir Melliagraunce yate / lepe vp in to the charyot sayd the carter / and ye shalle be there anone /

Soo the carter drofe on a grete wallop / and sir launcelots hors folowed the charyot with more than a xl arowes brode and rough in hym / and more than an houre and an half dame Gueneuer was awaytynge in a bay wyndowe with her ladyes / & aspyed an armed knyghte standynge in a

charyot / See madame sayd a lady where rydeth in a charyot a goodly armed knyghte / I suppose he rydeth vnto hangyng / where sayd the quene / thenne she aspyed by his shelde that he was there hym self sir launcelot du lake / And thenne she was ware where came his hors euer after that charyot / and euer he trade his guttes and his paunche vnder his feet / Allas sayd the quene now I see well and preue that wel is hym that hath a trusty frend /

¶ Ha a moost noble knyghte sayd quene Gueneuer I see wel thow arte hard bestad whan thow rydest in a charyot / thenne she rebuked that lady that lykend sir launcelot to ryde in a charyot to hangynge / hit was fowle mouthed sayd the quene and euylle lykened soo for to lyken the moost noble knyght of the world vnto suche a shameful dethe / O Ihesu defende hym and kepe hym said the quene from alle mescheuous ende / By thys was sir Launcelot comen to the gates of that Castel / and there he descended doune and cryed that alle the Castel range of it where arte thow fals traitour sir Melliagraunce and knyght of the table round / now come forth here thou traytour knyghte thou and thy felaship with the / For here I am sir launcelot du lake that shal fyghte with yow / and there with all he bare the gate wyde open vpon the porter / and smote hym vnder his zere with his gauntelet that his neck brast in sonder /

¶ Capitulum v

WHanne sir Mellyagraunce herd that sir Launcelot was there / he ranne vnto quene Gueneuer / and felle vpon his knee / and sayd mercy madame now I put me holy in to your grace / what eyleth yow now sayd quene Gueneuer / For sothe I myghte wel wete somme good knyght wold reuenge me / though my lord Arthur wyste not of this youre werke /

Madame said sir Mellyagraunce / alle this that is amys on my parte shalle be amended ryghte as your self wille deuyse / & holy I putte me in your grace / what wold ye that I dyd sayd the quene / I wold no more said Mellyagraunce but that ye wold take alle in your owne handes / and that ye wille rule my lord sir launcelot / and suche chere as maye be made hym in this poure castel ye and he shalle haue vntyl to morne / and thenne may ye and alle they retorne vnto westmynster / and my body and all that I haue I shal putte in your rule / ye saye wel sayd the quene / and better is pees than euer werre / and the lesse noyse / the more is my worship / thenne the quene and her ladyes wente doune vnto the knyghte syr launcelot / that stood wrothe oute of mesure in the Inner courte to abyde bataille / & euer he bad thou traytour knyghte come forth Thenne the quene came to hym and sayde syre Launcelot why be ye soo moeued /

Ha madame sayd sire Launcelot why aske ye me that question / Me semeth said sir launcelot ye ouzte to be more wrothe than I am / for ye haue the hurte and the dishonour / For wete ye wel madame my hurte is but lytel for the kyllynge of a mares sone / but the despyte greueth me moch more / than alle my hurte / truly sayd the quene ye saye trouth but hertely I thanke yow sayd the quene / but ye muste come in with me peasyble / for al thyng is put in my hand / and alle that is euylle shalle be for the best / for the knyghte ful sore repenteth hym of the mysaventure that is befallen hym / Madame saide sire Launcelot / syth it is soo that ye ben accorded with hym / as for me I may not be ageyn it / how be it sir Mellyagraunce hath done ful shamefully to me & cowardly /

¶ A madame said sir Launcelot / & I had wyst ye wold haue ben soo soone accorded with hym / I wold not haue made suche haste vnto yow / why saye ye soo sayd the quene / doo ye forthynke

your self of your good dedes / wete you well sayd the Quene I accorded neuer vnto hym for fauour nor loue that I had vnto hym / but for to laye doune euery shameful noyse

¶ Madame said syr launcelot ye vnderstande ful well I was neuer willynge nor gladde of shameful sklauder nor noyse And there is neyther kynge / quene ne knyght that bereth the lyf excepte my lord kynge Arthur and yow madame shold lette me / but I shold make sir Mellyagraunce herte ful cold/ or euer I departed from hens / That wote I wel said the quene / but what wille ye more ye shall haue alle thynges rulyd as ye lyst to haue it /

Madame said syr launcelot / soo ye be pleasyd I care not / as for my parte ye shal soone please / ryghte so the quene took syr launcelot by the bare hand / for he had put of his gauntelet / and soo she wente with hym tyl her chamber and thenne she commaunded hym to be vnarmed / and thenne syr launcelot asked where were the ten knyghtes that were wounded sore / so she shewed them vnto sir launcelot / and ther they made grete Ioye of the comynge of hym / and sir launcelot made grete dole of their hurtes and bewayled them gretely / & there sir launcelot told them how cowardly and traytourly Mellyagraunce sette archers to slee his hors / and how he was fayne to putte hym self in a charyot /

thus they complayned eueryche to other / and ful fayn they wold haue ben reuengid but they peaced them self by cause of the Quene / Thenne as the Frenssh book sayth / syr launcelot was called many a day after le cheualer du charyot / and dyd many dedes and grete aduentures he had / and soo leue we of this tale le Cheualer du Charyot and torne we to this tale /

¶ Soo syr Launcelot had grete chere with the quene / and thenne syr launcelot made a promys with the quene that the same nyghte sir launcelot shold come to a wyndowe outward toward a gardyn / & that wyndowe was y barryd with yron / and there sir launcelot promysed to mete her when alle folkes were on slepe / So thenne came syr lauayne dryuyng to the gates cryeng where is my lord syr launcelot du lake / thenne was he sente for / & when sir lauayne sawe sir Launcelot / he sayd my lord I fond well how ye were hard bestad / for I haue fonde your hors that was slayne with arowes / As for that sayd syr launcelot I praye yow syr Lauayne speke ye of other maters / and lete ye this passe / & we shalle ryghte hit another tyme when we beste may

¶ Capitulum vj

Thenne the knyghtes that were hurte were serched / & softe salues were leyd to their woundes / and soo hyt past on tyl souper tyme / and alle the chere that myght be made them / there was done vnto the quene and all her knyghtes / thenne whan season was / they wente vnto their chambres but in no wyse the quene wold not suffre the wounded knyghtes to be fro her / but that they were layde within draughtes by her chamber vpon beddes and pylowes that she her self myght see to them that they wanted no thynges / Soo whan sir launcelot was in his chamber that was assygned vnto hym / he called vnto hym sire Lauayne / and told hym that nyght he must goo speke with his lady dame Gueneuer /

Sir said syr Lauayne / lete me goo with yow and hit please yow / for I drede me sore of the treason of sir Mellyagraunce / Nay sayd sir launcelot I thanke yow / but I wille haue no body with me / thenne sir Launcelot took his suerd in his hand / and pryuely went to a place where he had spyed a ladder to fore hand / and that he took vnder his arme / and bare it thurgh the gardyn

/ & sette it vp to the wyndowe / and there anone the quene was redy to mete hym / and thenne they made eyther to other their complayntes of many dyuerse thynges / & thenne sir launcelot wysshed that he myghte haue comen in to her / wete ye wel said the quene / I wold as fayne as ye / that ye myghte come in to me wold ye madame said syre launcelot with youre herte that I were with yow / ye truly said the quene / Now shalle I proue my myght said syr Launcelot for your loue / and thenne he set his handes vpon the barres of yron / and he pulled at them with suche a myghte that he brast hem clene oute of the stone walles / and there with all one of the barres of yron kytte the braune of his handes thurgh out to the bone / & thenne he lepte in to the chamber to the quene / make ye no noyse sayd the quene / for my wounded knyghtes lye here fast by me /

So to passe vpon this tale syr Launcelot wente vnto bed with the quene / & took no force of his hurte hand / but took his plesaūce and his lykyng vntyll it was in the daunynge of the daye / & wete ye well he slepte not but watched / and whan he sawe his tyme that he myghte tary no lenger / he took his leue and departed at the wyndowe / and putte hit to gyder as wel as he myghte ageyne and soo departed vnto his owne chamber / & there he told sir Lauayne how he was hurte / thenne sir lauayn dressid his hand and staunched it / and putte vpon it a gloue that it shold not be aspyed / and soo the quene lay long in her bedde vntyl it was nyne of the clok / thēne sir Mellyagraunce wente to the quenes chamber / and fond her ladyes there redy clothed /

Ihesu mercy sayd sir Mellyagraunce what eyleth you madame that ye slepe thus longe / and ryght there with alle he opened the curteyn for to beholde her / and thenne was he ware where she laye & alle the shete & pylowe was bebled with the blood of sir Launcelot and of his hurte hand / Whan sir mellyagraunce aspyed that blood / thenne he demed in her that she was fals to the kyng / and that some of the wounded knyghtes had layne by her alle that nyghte / A madame said sir Mellyagraunce / now I haue founden you a fals traytresse vnto my lord Arthur / For now I proue wel it was not for nought that ye layd these wounded knyghtes within the bandes of your chamber / therfore I wille calle yow of treason before my lord kyng Arthur / and now I haue proued yow madame with a shameful dede / and that they ben all fals or somme of them I wille make good / for a wounded knyghte this nyght hath layne by yow /

That is fals sayd the Quene and that I wyl reporte me vnto them alle / thenne whanne the ten knyghtes herd sir Mellyagraunce wordes / they spak al in one voys and sayd to sire Mellyagraunce thou sayst falsly / and wrongfully puttest vpon vs suche a dede / and that we wil make good ony of vs chese whiche thou lyst of vs whan we are hole of oure woundes / ye shal not said syr Mellyagraunce away with your proud langage / for here ye may alle see sayd sir Mellyagraunce that by the quene this nyghte a wounded knyghte hath layne / thenne were they al ashamed whan they sawe that blood / and wete you wel syr Mellyagraunce was passynge glad that he had the quene at suche an auantage / For he demed by that to hyde his treson / soo with this rumoure came in syr launcelot and fond them al at a grete araye/

¶ Capitulum septimum /

WHat araye is this sayd sir Launcelot / thenne syr mellygraunce told hem what he had fonde & shewed hem the quenes bed / Truly said syr launcelot ye dyd not your part nor knyztly to touche a quenes bedde whyle it was drawen / & she lyeng therin / for I dar say my lord Arthur hym self wold not haue displayed her courteyns she beyng within her bed / onles that it had pleasyd hym to haue layne doune by her / and therfor ye haue done vnworshipfully & shamefully to your selfe

I wote not what ye mene sayd syr Mellyagraunce / but well I am sure ther hath one of her wounded kny3tes layne by her this ny3te / & therfor I wil proue with my handes that she is a traytresse vnto my lord Arthur / beware what ye do said launcelot / for & ye say so & ye wil preue it / it wil be taken at your handes /

My lord sir Launcelot said sire Mellyagraunce I rede yow beware what ye do / for thou3 ye are neuer so good a knyght as ye wote wel ye ar renommed the best kny3t of the world yet shold ye be aduysed to do batail in a wrong quarel / for god wil haue a stroke in euery batail / As for that sayd syr launcelot god is to be drad / but as to that I saye nay playnly / that this ny3te there lay none of these ten wounded kny3tes wyth my lady quene Gueneuer / & that wil I preue with my handes that ye say vntruly in that now / Hold said sir Mellyagraunce here is my gloue that she is traytresse vnto my lord kyng Arthur / & that this nyghte one of the wounded kny3tes lay with her / & I receyue your gloue sayd sir Launcelot / & so they were sealyd with their sygnettys / and delyuerd vnto the x kny3tes At what day shal we do batail to gyders said sir launcelot /

this day viij dayes said sir Mellyagraunce in the felde besyde westmynstre / I am agreed said sir Launcelot / but now said sir mellyagraunce / sythen it is so that we must fy3te to gyders I pray yow as ye be a noble kny3t awayte me with no treason / nor none vylony the meane whyle / nor none for yow / soo god me help said sir launcelot ye shal ry3te wel wete I was neuer of no suche condycyons / for I reporte me to al kny3tes that euer haue knowen me I ferd neuer with no treason / nor I loued neuer the felauship of no man that ferde with treson / Thenne lete vs go to dyner seid melliagraūce. & after dyner ye & þ^e quene and ye may ryde alle to westmester / I wylle wel sayd sir laūcelot / thenne sir Mellyagraunce sayd to sir launcelot pleaseth it yow to see the eftures of this castel / with a good wylle sayd sir Launcelot / and thenne they wente to gyders from chamber to chamber / for sir Launcelot drad noo peryls / for euer a man of worshyp and of prowesse / dredeth lest alwayes perils / For they wene euery man be as they ben / But euer he that fareth with treason putteth ofte a man in grete daunger /

So it befel vpon sir launcelot that no peryl dredde / as he wente with sire Mellyagraunce he trade on a trap and the bord rollyd / and there sir Launcelot felle doune more than ten fadom in to a caue ful of strawe / and thenne sir Mellyagraunce departed and made no fare as that he nyst where he was / And whan sir laūcelot was thus myssed / they merueylled where he was bycomen / and thenne the quene and many of them demed that he was departed as he was wonte to doo sodenly / For syr Mellyagraunce made sodenly to putte awaye on syde sir Lauayns hors that they myght alle vnderstande that sir launcelot was departed sodenly / soo it past on tyl after dyner / and thenne sir Lauayne wold not stynte vntyl that he ordeyned lyttyers for the wounded knyghtes that they myghte be lad in them / and so with the quene and them al bothe ladyes & gentilwymmen and other wente vnto westmynster / & there the kny3tes told kyng arthur hou Mellyagraūce had appelyd the quene of hyghe treason / and how sir Launcelot had receyued the gloue of hym / and this daye eyghte dayes they shall doo batail afore yow /

By my hede sayd kynge Arthur I am aferd syre Mellyagraunce has taken vpon hym a grete charge / but where is syr Launcelot sayd the kynge / Sir sayd they alle we wote not where he is / but we deme he is ryden to somme aduentures as he is oftymes wonte to doo / for he hath syr

Lauayns hors / lete hym be said the kyng / he wylle be founden but yf he be trapped with somme treason

¶ Capitulum octauum

SOo leue we syr Launcelot lyenge within that caue in grete payne / and euery day ther came a lady & brouzt hym his mete & his drynke / & wowed hym to haue layne by hym / and euer the noble knyghte syre Launcelot sayd her nay / sir Launcelot sayd she ye ar not wyse / for ye maye neuer oute of this pryson / but yf ye haue my helpe and also your lady quene Gueneuer shalle be brente in your deffaulte onles that ye be there at the daye of bataille /

God defende sayd syr Launcelot that she shold be brente in my deffaute / & yf hyt be soo said sir Launcelot that I maye not be there / hit shalle be wel vnderstande bothe at the kyng and at the quene & wyth alle men of worshyp that I am dede / seke / outhere in pryson / For alle men that knowe me / wille saye for me that I am in somme euyl caas and I be not there at that day / and wel I wote there is somme good knyghte outhere of my blood or some other that loueth me that wylle take my quarel in hand / and therfor said sir launcelot wete ye wel ye shalle not fere me / & yf there were no more wymmen in alle this land but ye / I wil not haue adoo with yow / thenne arte thow shamed sayd the lady / and destroyed for euer / As for worldes shame Ihesu defende me / and as for my dystresse it is welcome what so euer hit be that god sendeth me / soo she came to hym the same day that the batail shold be / and sayd sir launcelot / me thynketh ye are to hard herted / but woldest thow but kysse me ones I shold delyuer the and thyn armour / and the best hors that is within sir Mellyagraunces stable /

As for to kysse yow said sir launcelot I maye doo that and lese no worshyp / and wete ye wel and I vnderstood / there were ony disworshyp for to kysse yow / I wold not doo hit / thenne he kyssed her / & thenne she gat hym and broughte hym to his armour / and whan he was armed / she broughte hym to a stable / where stood xij good coursers / and bad hym chese the best / Thenne syr launcelot loked vpon a whyte courser the whiche lyked hym best / & anone he commaunded the kepers faste to saddle hym with the best sadel of werre that there was / and soo it was done as he badde / thenne gatte he his spere in his hand and his suerd by his syde / and commaunded the lady vnto god / and sayd lady for this good dede I shal doo yow seruyse yf euer hit be in my power /

¶ Capitulum Nonum

NOwe leue we sir Launcelot wallop alle that he myghte And speke we of Quene Gueneuer / that was broughte to a fyre to be brent / for sire Mellyagraunce was sure / hym thoughte that sir launcelot shold not be att that bataille / therfore he euer cryed vpon kyng Arthur to doo hym Iustyce / outhere els bryng forth syr launcelot du lake / thenne was the kyng and al the Courte ful sore abasshed & shamed that the quene shold be brente in the defaute of sir Launcelot My lord Arthur sayd sir Lauayne ye maye vnderstande that it is not wel with my lord syr launcelot / for and he were on lyue / soo he be not seke outhere in pryson / wete ye wel he wold ben here / for neuer herd ye that euer he failed his part for whome he shold doo batail for /

and therfor sayd sir lauayne / my lord kyng Arthur I byseche yow gyue me the lycence to doo batail here this day for my lord and maister / and for to saue my lady the quene / Gramercy gentil sir Lauayne sayd kyng arthur / for I day say alle that sir Mellyagraunce putteth vpon my lady the

Quene / is wronge / for I haue spoken with al the ten wounded knyghtes / and there is not one of them and he were hole and able to doo bataille / but he wold preue vpon sir Mellyagraunce body that it is fals that he putteth vpon my quene / soo shal I sayd sir lauayne in the defence of my lord syr launcelot and ye wylle gyue me leue /

Now I gyue yow leue sayd kynge Arthur and doo your best / for I dar wel say there is some treason done to sir launcelot / Thenne was sir Lauayne armed and horsed / and sodenly at the lystes ende he rode to performe this bataille / and ryghte as the herowdes shold crye / lesse les aler / Ryghte soo came in sir launcelot dryuyng with alle the force of his hors / and thenne Arthur cryed ho / and abyde / thenne was sir launcelot called on horsbak to fore kynge Arthur / and there he told openly to fore the kynge and alle how sire Mellyagraunce had serued hym fyrste and last / And whanne the kynge and the quene and al the lordes knewe of the treason of sir Mellyagraunce / they were alle ashamed on his behalfe / thenne was quene Gueneuer sente for / and sette by the kynge in grete truste of her champion

And thenne there was no more els to say / but syr Launcelot and sire Mellyagraunce dressid them vnto bataille / and took their speres / and soo they came to gyders as thonder / and there sir launcelot bare hym doune quyte ouer his hors croupe / And thenne sire Launcelot alyghte and dressid his sheld on his sholder with his suerd in his hand / and sir Mellyagraunce in the same wyse dressid hym vnto hym / and there they smote many grete strokes to gyders / and at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet that he felle on the one syde to the erthe / and thenne he cryed vpon hym alowde / Moost noble knyghte sir launcelot du lake saue my lyf / for I yelde me vnto yow / and I requyre yow / as ye be a knyghte & felawe of the table round slee me not / for I yelde me as ouercomen / and whether I shalle lyue or dye I put me in the kynges handes and yours /

thenne sir Launcelot wyste not what to doo / for he had had leuer than all the good of the world / he myghte haue ben reuenged vpon syr Mellyagraunce / and sir Launcelot loked vp to the Quene Gueneuer / yf he myghte aspye by ony sygne or countenaunce what she wold haue done / And thenne the quene wagged her hede vpon sir Launcelot / as though she wold saye slee hym / Ful wel knewe sir launcelot by the waggyng of her hede that she wold haue hym dede / thenne sir launcelot bad hym ryse for shame and performe that bataille to the vtterance /

nay said sir Mellyagraunce I wylle neuer aryse vntyll ye take me as yolden & recreaunt I shalle profer yow large profers sayd sir Launcelot / that is for to say / I shall vnarme my hede & my lyfte quarter of my body alle that may be vnarmed & lete bynde my lyfte hand behynde me / soo that it shalle not helpe me / and ryghte so I shall doo bataille with yow /

thenne sir Mellyagraunce starte vp vpon his legges / & sayd on hyghe My lord Arthur take hede to this profer / for I wille take hit / and lete hym be dysarmed & bounden accordyng to his profer / what saye ye sayd kyng Arthur vnto syre launcelot / wille ye abyde by youre profer / ye my lord sayd sir launcelot / I wille neuer goo fro that I haue ones sayd /

Thenne the knyghtes parters of the felde disarmed sir launcelot first his hede / & sythen his lyfte arme & his lyfte syde / & they bond his lyft arme behynd his bak without sheld or ony thyng / &

thenne they were put to gyders / Wete you wel there was many a lady & knyȝt merueyllled that
sir laūcelot wold leopardy hym self in suche a wyse /

Thenne syre Mellyagraunce came with his suerd all on hygh / and sire launcelot shewed him
openly his bare hede and the bare lyfte syde / and whan he wende to haue smyten hym vpon the
bare hede / thenne lyghtly he auoyded the lyfte legge & the lyfte syde / & put his ryght hand and
his suerd to that stroke / and soo putte it on syde with grete sleyghte / and thenne with grete force
syr launcelot smote hym on the helmet suche a buffet that the stroke kerued the hede in two
partyes / thenne there was no more to doo / but he was drawn oute of the felde / and at the grete
Instaunce of the knyghtes of the table round / the kyng suffred hym to be entered & the
mencyon made vpon hym who slewe hym/ and for what cause he was slayne / and thenne the
kyng and the Quene made more of syr Launcelot du lake / and more he was cherysshed than euer
he was afore hand

Malory, Thomas. Book XXI, Chapters 1 through 7. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Corpus of Middle English Prose and Verse*, U of Michigan, quod.lib.umich.edu/c/cme/MaloryWks2/1:3?rgn=div1;view=toc. Accessed 13 January 2017.

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Capitulum primo

AS syr Mordred was rular of alle englond he dyd do make letters as though that they came from
beyond the see / and the letters specefyed that Kyng Arthur was slayn in bataylle wyth syr
Launcelot /

¶ Wherfor Syr Mordred made a parlemente / and called the lordes togyder / & there he made
them to chese hym kyng & soo was he crowned at caunterburye and helde a feest there xv dayes
/ & afterward he drewe hym vnto wynchester / and there he took the Quene Gueneuer and sayd
playnly that he wolde wedde hyr / whyche was his vnkylls wyf and his faders wyf / And soo he
made redy for the feest / And a day prefyxt that they shold be wedded / wherfore quene
Gweneuer was passyng huey / But she durst not dyscouer hyr herte but spake fayre / & agreyd to
syr Mordredes wyll /

¶ Thenne she desyred of syr Mordred for to goo to London to bye alle manere of thynges that
longed vnto the weddyng / And by cause of hyr fayre speche Syr Mordred trusted hyr wel
ynough / and gaf her leue to goo / and soo whan she came to London she took the toure of
London / and sodeynlye in alle haste possyble she stuffed hyt wyth alle manere of vytaylle / &
wel garnysshed it with men and soo kepte hyt /

¶ Than whan Syr Mordred wyste and vnderstode how he was begyled he was passyng wrothe
oute of mesure / And a shorte tale for to make he wente and layed a myghty syege aboute the
toure of London / and made many grete assaultes therat / And threwe many grete engynes vnto
theym / and shotte grete gonnes / But alle myght not preuaylle Syr mordred / For quene

Gueneuer wolde neuer for fayre speche nor for foule wold neuer truste to come in hys handes ageyn /

¶ Thenne came the bysshop of caunterburye the whyche was a noble clerke and an holy man / and thus he sayd to Syr mordred / Syr what wyl ye doo / wyl ye fyrst dysplese god and sythen shame your self / & al knyghthode / Is not kyng Arthur your vncler no ferther but your moders broder / & on hir hym self kyng Arthur bygate you vpon his own syster / therfor how may you wedde your faders wyf Syr sayd the noble clerke leue this oppynyon or I shall curse you wyth book & belle and candell / Do thou thy werst said syr Mordred wyt thou wel I shal defye the / sir sayd the bysshop & wyt you wel I shal not fere me to do that me ouzt to do / also where ye noyse where my lord Arthur is slayne / & that is not so / & therfore ye wyl make a foule werke in this londe / Pees thou fals preest sayd syr Mordred for & thou chauffe me ony more / I shal make stryke of thy heed / So the bysshop departed and dyd the cursyng in the moost orgulist wyse that myght be doon / and than Syr mordred sought the bysshop of caunterburye for to haue slayne hym /

Than the bysshop flede and toke parte of his goodes with hym & went nygh vnto glastynburye / & there he was as preest Eremyte in a chapel / & lyued in pouerte & in holy prayers / For wel he vnderstode that myscheuous warre was at honde / Than Syr Mordred sought on quene Gueneuer by letters & sondes & by fayr meanes & foul meanys for to haue hir to come oute of the toure of london / but al this auaylled not / for she answerd hym shortelye / openlye and pryuelye that she had leuer slee hyr self than to be maryed wyth hym / Than came worde to syr Mordred that kyng Arthur had arayed the syege / For Syr Launcelot & he was comyng homeward wyth a grete hoost to be auenged vpon syr Mordred wherfore syr Mordred maad wryte wryttes to al the barownry of thys londe and moche peple drewe to hym For than was the comyn voys emonge them that wyth Arthur was none other lyf but warre and stryffe / And wyth Syr Mordred was grete Ioye and blysse /

thus was syr Arthur depraued and euyl sayd of . And many ther were that kyng Arthur had made vp of nought and gyuen them landes myght not than say hym a good worde / Lo ye al englyssh men see ye not what a myschyf here was / for he that was the moost kyng and knyght of the world and moost loued the felyshyp of noble knyghtes / and by hym they were al vpholden / Now myght not this englyssh men holde them contente wyth hym / Loo thus was the olde custome and vsage of this londe / And also men saye that we of thys londe haue not yet loste ne foryeten that custome & vsage / Alas thys is a grete defaulte of vs englysshe men / For there may no thyng plese vs noo terme And soo faryd the people at that tyme they were better plesyd with sir Mordred than they were with kyng Arthur / and moche peple drewe vnto sir Mordred and sayd they wold abyde with hym for better and for werse / and soo syr Mordred drewe with a grete hoost to Douer / for there he herd saye / that sir Arthur wold arryue / and soo he thoughte to bete his owne fader from his landes / and the moost party of alle Englund helde with sire mordred / the peple were soo newe fangle

¶ Capitulum ij

ANd soo as sire mordred wat at Douer with his host there came kyng Arthur with a grete nauye of shyppes and galeyes and Carryks / & there was syr Mordred redy awaytynge vpon his londage to lette his owne fader to lāde vp the lande that he was kyng ouer / thenne there was launcyng of

grete botes and smal / and ful of noble men of armes / and there was moche slaughter of gentyl knyghtes and many a full bolde baron was layd ful lowe on bothe partyes / But kynge Arthur was soo couragious that there myght no maner of knyghtes lette hym to lande / and his knyghtes fyersly folowed hym / and so they landed maulgre sir mordreds and alle his power / and put sir mordred abak that he fledde & alle his peple /

Soo whan this batail was done / kyng Arthur lete burye his peple that were dede / And thenne was noble syr Gawayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half dede / Whan syr Arthur wyst that syre Gawayne was layd so lowe he wente vnto hym / and there the kyng made sorowe oute of mesure / and took sire Gawayne in his armes / and thryes he there swouned / And thenne whan he awaked / he sayd / allas sir Gawayne my systers sone / here now thou lyggest the man in the world that I loued moost / and now is my Ioye gone / for now my neuewe syre Gawayne I will discouer me vnto your persone / in syr Launcelot & you I moost had my Ioye / & myn affyaunce / & now haue I lost my Ioye of you bothe / wherfor alle myn ertely Ioye is gone from me /

Myn vnkel kyng Arthur said sir Gawayn wete you wel my deth day is come / & alle is thorou myn owne hastynes & wilfulnes / for I am smyten vpon thold wounde the which sir launcelot gaf me / on the whiche I fele wel I must dye / & had sir laūcelot ben with you as he was / this vnhappy werre had neuer begonne / & of alle this am I causer / for sir laūcelot & his blood thorou their prowes helde alle your cankeryd enemyes in subiectyon and daungere And now sayd sir Gawayne ye shalle mysse sir Launcelot / But allas I wold not accorde with hym / and therfor sayd syr Gawayne I praye yow fayre vnkel that I may haue paper / pen / and ynke / that I may wryte to syre Launcelot a cedle with myn owne handes /

And thenne whan paper & ynke was broughte / thenne Gawayn was set vp weykely by kynge Arthur / for he was shryuen a lytel tofore / and thenne he wrote thus as the Frenshe book maketh mencyon /

Vnto syre Launcelot floure of alle noble knyghtes that euer I herd of / or sawe / by my dayes / I syre Gawayne kynge Lottes sone of Orkeney / syster sone vnto the noble kyng Arthur / sende the gretynge / & lete the haue knowleche that the tenth day of may I was smyten vpon the old wound that thou gauest me / afore the Cyte of Benwyck / and thorow the same woūd that thou gauest me / I am come to my dethe day /

And I wil that alle the world wete / that I sir Gawayne knyghte of the table round / soughte my dethe / and not thorou thy deseruyng / but it was myn owne sekyng / wherfor I byseche the sir launcelot / to retorne ageyne vnto this realme / and see my tombe / & praye some prayer more of lesse for my soule / And this same day that I wrote this sedyl / I was hurte to the dethe in the same wound / the whiche I had of thy hand syr Launcelot / For [a of a] more nobler man myghte I not be slayne /

Also sir Launcelot for alle the loue that euer was betwyxe vs / make no taryenge / but come ouer the see in al haste / that thou mayst with thy noble knyghtes rescowe that noble kynge that made the knyghte / that is my lord Arthur / for he is ful streyghtly bestadde with a fals traytour / that is my half broder syr Mordred / and he hath lete croune hym kynge / and wold haue wedded my

lady quene Gueneuer / and soo had he done had she not put her self in the toure of london / and soo the / x / day of May last past / my lord Arthur and we alle landed vpon them at douer / and there we putte that fals traytour syre Mordred to flyghte / and there it mysfortuned me to be stryken vpon thy stroke /

And at the date of this letter was wryten but two houres and an half afore my dethe wryten with myn owne hand / and soo subscribed with parte of my hertes blood / And I requyre the moost famous knyghte of the world that thou wylt see my Tombe / and thenne sir Gawayne wept and kynge Arthur wepte / And thēne they swouned both /

And whan they awaked bothe / the kynge made syr Gawayn to receyue his saueour / And thenne sir Gawayne praid the kynge for to sende for sir launcelot / and to cherysse hym aboute alle other knyghtes / And so at the houre of none syr Gawayn yelded vp the spyryte / and thenne the kynge lete entiere hym in a chappel within douer Castel / and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym / and the same wound is sene that syr Launcelot gaf hym in bataill /

Thenne was it told the kynge that syr Mordred had pyghte a newe feld vpon Baramdoune / And vpon the morne the kynge rode thyder to hym and there was a grete bataille betwixe them / and moche peple was slayne on bothe partyes / but at the last syr Arthurs party stode best / and sir Mordred and his party fledde vnto Caūturbery

¶ Capitulum iij

AND thenne the kyng lete serche all the townes for his knyghtes that were slayne / and enteryd them / & salued them with softe salues that so sore were wounded / Thenne moche peple drewe vnto kynge Arthur / And thenne they sayd that sir Mordred warred vpon kyng Arthur with wronge / and thenne kynge Arthur drewe hym with his hoost doune by the see syde westward toward Salysbury / and ther was a day assygned betwixe kyng Arthur and sire mordred that they shold mete vpon a doune besyde Salysbury / and not ferre from the see syde / and this day was assygned on a monday after Trynyte sonday / wherof kyng Arthur was passyng glad that he myghte be auengyd vpon sire Mordred /

Thenne syr Mordred areysed moche peple aboute london / for they of Kente Southsex and Surrey / Estsex and of Southfolke and of Northfolk helde the most party with sir Mordred / and many a ful noble knyghte drewe vnto syr Mordred and to the kynge / but they loued sir Launcelot drewe vnto syr Mordred Soo vpon Trynyte sonday at nyghte kynge Arthur dremed a wonderful dreme / & that was this / that hym semed / he satte vpon a chaflet in a chayer / and the chayer was fast to a whele and therupon satte kynge Arthur in the rychest clothe of gold that myghte be made / and the kyng thoughte ther was vnder hym fer from hym an hydous depe blak water / and there in were alle maner of serpentis and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble / and sodenly the kynge thoughte the whele torned vp soo doune / and he felle amonge the serpentys / & euery beest took hym by a lymme / and thenne the kynge cryed as he lay in his bedde and slepte / helpe/

And thenne knyghtes squyers and yomen awaked the kynge / and thenne he was soo amased that he wyst not where he was / & thenne he felle on slomberynge ageyn not slepyng nor thorouly wakyng / So the kynge semed veryly that there came syr Gawayne vnto hym with a nombre of

fayre ladyes with hym And whan kynge Arthur sawe hym/ thenne he sayd welcome my systers sone / I wende thou haddest ben dede / and now I see the on lyue / moche am I beholdynge vnto almyghty Ihesu / O fayre neuewe and my systers sone / What ben these ladyes that hydder be come with yow /

Sir said sir Gawayne / alle these ben ladyes for whome I haue foughten whanne I was man lyuyng / and alle these are tho / that I dyd batail for in ryghteous quarel / and god hath gyuen hem that grace at their grete prayer / by cause I dyd bataille for hem / that they shold brynge me hydder vnto yow / thus moche hath god gyuen me leue for to warne yow of youre dethe / for and ye fyghte as to morne with syre Mordred / as ye bothe haue assygned / doubte ye not / ye must slayne / and the moost party of your peple on bothe partyes / and for the grete grace and goodenes that almyghty Ihesu hath vnto yow and for pyte of yow / and many moo other good men there shalle be slayne God hath sente me to yow of his specyal grace gyue yow warnynge / that in no wyse ye doo bataille as to morne / but that ye take a treatyce for a moneth day and profer yow largely / so as to morne to be putte in a delaye / For within a monethe shall come syr launcelot with alle his noble knyghtes and rescowe yow worshipfully / and slee sir mordred and alle that euer wylle holde with hym /

Thenne syr Gawayne and al the ladyes vaynquysshed And anone the kyng callyd vpon hys knyghtes squyers and yemen and charged them wyghtly to fetche his noble lordes and wyse bysshoppes vnto hym / And whan they were come the kyng tolde hem his auysyon what sir Gawayn had tolde hym / and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he shold be slayn /

¶ Than the kyng comaunded syr Lucan de butlere And his broder syr Bedwere with two bysshoppes wyth hem and charged theym in ony wyse & they myght take a traytise for a monthe day wyth Syr mordred / And spare not proffre hym londes & goodes as moche as ye thynke best/

So than they departed & came to syr Mordred where he had a grymme hoost of an hondred thousand men / And there they entreted syr Mordred longe tyme and at the laste Syr mordred was agreyd for to haue Cornwayl and kente by Arthures dayes After alle Englonde after the dayes of kyng Arthur /

¶ Capitulum iiij

THan were they condesended that Kyng Arthure and syr mordred shold mete betwyxte bothe theyr hoostes and eueryche of them shold brynge fourtene persones And they came wyth thys word vnto Arthure / Than sayd he I am glad that thys is done And so he wente in to the felde / And whan Arthure shold departe he warned al hys hoost that and they see ony swerde drawen look ye come on fyersly and slee that traytour syr Mordred for I in noo wyse truste hym / In lyke wyse syr mordred warned his hoost that and ye see ony swerde drawen look that ye come on fyersly & soo slee alle that euer before you stondest / for in no wyse I wyl not truste for thys treatyse / For I knowe wel my fader wyl be auenged on me /

And soo they mette as theyr poyntemente was & so they were agreyd & accorded thorouly / And wyn was fette and they dranke / Ryght soo came an adder oute of a lytel hethe busshe & hyt stonge a knyghte on the foot / & whan the knyght felte hym stongen he looked doun and sawe the adder / & than he drewe his swerde to slee the adder / & thought of none other harme / And

whan the hoost on bothe partyes saw that swerde drawen than they blewe beamous trumpettes and hornes and shouted grymly And so bothe hoostes dressyd hem to gyders And kyng Arthur took his hors and sayd allas thys vnhappy day & so rode to his partye

¶ And syr mordred in like wyse / And neuer was there seen a more doolfuller bataylle in no crysten londe / For there was but russhyng & rydyng fewnyng and strykyng & many a grymme worde was there spoken eyder to other & many a dedely stroke But euer kyng Arthur rode thorough oute the bataylle of syr Mordred many tymes / & dyd ful nobly as a noble Kyng shold / & at al tymes he faynted neuer & syr Mordred that day put hym in deuoyr and in grete perylle

¶ And thus they faughte alle the longe day & neuer stynted tyl the noble knyghtes were layed to the colde erthe / & euer they faught styll tyl it was nere nyghte & by that tyme was there an hondred thousand layed deed vpon the down / Thenne was Arthure wode wrothe oute of mesure whan he sawe his peple so slayn from hym /

¶ Thenne the kyng loked aboute hym / & thenne was he ware of al hys hoost & of al his good knyghtes were lefte no moo on lyue but two knyghtes that one was Syr Lucan de butlere & his broder Syr Bedwere / And they were ful sore wounded / Ihesu mercy sayd the kyng where are al my noble knyghtes becomen Alas that euer I shold see thys dolefull day / for now sayd Arthur I am come to myn ende /

¶ But wolde to god that I wyste where were that traytour Syr mordred that hath caused alle thys meschyef / Thenne was kyng arthure ware where syr Mordred lenyd vpon his swerde emonge a grete hepe of deed men / Now gyue me my spere sayd Arthur vnto Syr Lucan / For yonder I haue espyed the traytour that alle thys woo hath wrought / Syr late hym be sayd Syr Lucan for he is vnhappy / And yf ye passe thys vnhappy day ye shalle be ryght wel reuengyd vpon hym

¶ Good lord remembre ye of your nyghtes dreme / & what the spyryte of Syr Gauwayn tolde you this nyght / yet god of his grete goodnes hath preserued you hyderto / Therefore for goddes sake my lord leue of by thys / for blessyd by god ye haue wonne the felde / For here we ben thre on lyue / and wyth syr Mordred is none on lyue / And yf ye leue of now thys wycked day of desteynye is paste / Tyde me deth betyde me lyf sayth the kyng now I see hym yonder allone he shal neuer escape myn handes / For at a better auaylle shal I neuer haue hym /

¶ God spede you wel sayd syr bedwere / Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes & ranne toward syr Mordred cryeng tratour now is thy deth day come / And whanne syr Mordred herde syr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his swerde drawen in his hande And there kyng Arthur smote syr mordred vnder the shelde wyth a foyne of his spere thoroughoute the body more than a fadom / And whan syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes wounde / He thyrst hym self wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of kyng Arthurs spere / And right so he smote his fader Arthur wyth his swerde holden in bothe his handes on the syde of the heed that he swerde persyd the helmet and the brayne panne / and therwythall syr Mordred fyl starke deed to the erthe / And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a swoune to the erthe / and there he swoune ofte tymes /

And syr Lucan de butlere and syr Bedwere oftymes heue hym vp / And soo waykely they ledde hym betwyxte them bothe to a lytel chapel not ferre from the see syde / And whan the kyng was

there he thought hym wel eased / Thenne herde they people crye in the felde / Now goo thou syr Lucan sayd the kyng and do me to wyte what bytokenes that noyse in the felde /

So syr Lucan departed for he was greuously wounded in many places And so as he yede he sawe and herkened by the mone lyght how that pyllars and robbers were comen in to the felde To pylle and robbe many a ful noble knyghte of brochys and bedys of many a good rynge & of many a ryche Iewel / and who that were not deed al oute / there they slewe theym for theyr harneys and theyr rychesse / Whan syr Lucan vnderstode thys werke he came to the kyng assone as he myght and tolde hym al what he had herde & seen / Therefore be my rede sayd syr Lucan it is beste that we brynge you to somme towne I wolde it were soo sayd the kyng /

¶ Capitulum v

BVt I may not stonde myn hede werches soo / A Syr Launcelot sayd the kyng Arthur thys day haue I sore myst the / Alas that euer I was ayenst the / for now haue I my dethe / Wherof syr Gauwayn me warned in my dreame / Than syr lucan took vp the kyng the one parte And Syr Bedwere the other parte / & in the lyftyng the kyng sowned and syr Lucan fyl in a sowne wyth the lyfte that the parte of his guttes fyl oute of his bodye / And therwyth the noble knyghtes herte braste / And whan the kyng awake he behelde syr Lucan how he laye foomyng at the mowth & parte of his guttes laye at his feet /

¶ Alas sayd the kyng thys is to me a ful heuy fyght to see thys noble duke so deye for my sake / for he wold haue holpen me that had more nede of helpe than I / Alas he wold not complayne hym / hys herte was so sette to helpe me / Now Ihesu haue mercy vpon hys soule / than syr bedwere wepte for the deth of his brother / leue thys mornynge & wepyng sayd the kyng for al this wyl not auaylle me / for wyte thou wel and I myght lyue my self / the deth of syr Lucan wolde greue me euer more / but my tyme hyeth fast sayd the kyng /

Therefore sayd Arthur vnto syr Bedwere take thou Excalybur my god swerde and goo with it to yonder water syde / and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that water & come ageyn and telle me what thou there seest / My lord sad Bedwere your commaundement shal be doon & lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn So syr Bedwere departed / & by the waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel & the haste was al of precyous stones / & thenne he sayd to hym self yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water therof shal neuer come good but harme & losse / And thenne syr bedwere hydde excalybur vnder a tree / And so as sone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and sayd he had ben at the water and had throwen the swerde in to the water /

¶ What sawe thou there sayd the kyng / syr he sayd I sawe no thyng but wawes and wyndes / That is vntrewly sayd of the sayd the kyng / Therefore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commaundemente as thou arte to me leef & dere spare not but throwe it in / Than syr bedwere retorned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hande / and than hym thought synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde / and so efte he hydde the swerde and retorned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water and done his commaundemente / what sawe thou there sayd the kyng Syr he sayd I sawe no thyng but the waters wappe and wawes wane

A traytour vntrewe sayd kyng Arthur now hast thou betrayed me twyse / Who wold haue wente that thou that hast been to me so leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde / But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete Jeopardye of my lyf / For I haue taken colde / and but yf thou do now as I byd the / yf euer I may see the I shal slee the myn owne handes / for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede

¶ Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly took hit vp / and wente to the water syde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes / and thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght / & there cam an arme and an hande aboute the water and mette it / & caught it and so shoke it thryse and braundysshed / and than vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water / So syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he sawe

¶ Alas sayd the kyng helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe / Than syr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and so wente wyth hym to that water syde / & whan they were at the water syde / euyn fast by the banke houed a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit / & emonge hem al was a quene / and al they had blacke hoodes / and al they wepte and shryked whan they sawe Kyng Arthur /

¶ Now put me in to the barge sayd the kyng and so he dyd softelye / And there receyued hym thre quenes wyth grete mornyng and soo they sette hem down / and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys heed / and than that quene sayd a dere broder why haue ye taryed so longe from me / Alas this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermoche colde / And soo than they rowed from the londe / and syr bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym /

¶ Than syr bedwere cryed a my lord Arthur what shal become of me now ye goo from me / And leue me here allone emonge myn enemyes / Comfort thy self sayd the kyng and doo as wel as thou mayst / for in me is no truste for to truste in / For I wyl in to the vale of auylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde

¶ And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my soule / but euer the quenes and ladyes wepte and shryched that hit was pyte to here / And assone as syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the baarge he wepte and waylled and so took the foreste / and so he wente al that nyght / and in the mornyng he was ware betwyxte two holtes hore af a chapel and an ermytage /

¶ Capitulum vi

THan was syr Bedwere glad and thyder he wente & whan he came in to the chapel he sawe where laye an heremyte grouelyng on al foure there fast by a tombe was newe grauen / whan the Eremyte sawe syr Bedwere he knewe hym wel / for he was but lytel tofore bysshop of caunterburye that syr Mordred flemed / Syr sayd Syr Bedwere what man is there entred that ye praye so fast fore / Fayr sone sayd the heremyte I wote not verayly but by my demyng / But thys nyght at mydnyght here came a nombre of ladyes / and broughte hyder a deed cors / and prayed me to berye hym / and here they offeryd an hondred tapers and they gaf me an hondred besautes

¶ Alas sayd syr bedwere that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buried in thys chapel / Than syr bedwere swowned and whan he awoke he prayed the heremyte he myght abyde wyth hym styll there / to lyue wyth fastyng and prayers / For from hens wyl I neuer goo sayd syr bedwere by my wylle but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur / Ye are welcome to me sayd the heremyte for I knowe you better than ye wene that I doo / Ye are the bolde bedwere and the ful noble duke Syr lucan de butlere was your broder / Thenne syr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herde to fore / so there bode syr bedwere with the hermyte that was tofore bysshop of Caunterburye / and there syr bedwere put vpon hym poure clothes / and seruyd the hermyte ful lowly in fastyng and in prayers

¶ Thus of Arthur I fynde neuer more wryton in bookes that ben auctorysed nor more of the veray certente of his deth herde I neuer redde / but thus was he ledde aweye in a shyppe wherin were thre quenes / that one was kyng Arthurs syster quene Morgan le fay / the other was the quene of North galys / the thyrd was the quene of the waste londes / Also there was Nynyue the chyef lady of the lake / that had wedded Pelleas the good knyght and this lady had doon moche for kyng Arthur / for she wold neuer suffre syr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf / & so he lyued to the vttermest of his dayes wyth hyr in grete reste / More of the deth of kyng Arthur coude I neuer fynde but that ladyes brought hym to his buryellys / & suche one was buried there that the hermyte bare wytnesse that somtyme was bysshop of caunterburye / but yet the heremyte knewe not in certayn that he was verayly the body of kyng Arthur / for thys tale syr Bedwer knyght of the table rounde made it to be wryton /

¶ Capitulum vij

YEt somme men say in many partyes of Englond that kyng Arthur is not deed / But had by the wylle of our lord Ihesu in to another place / and men say that he shal come ageyn & he shal wyne the holy crosse. I wyl not say that it shal be so / but rather I wyl say here in thys world he chaunged his lyf / but many men say that there is wryton vpon his tombe this vers

¶ Hic iacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rex que futurus

Diagnostic Writing Exercise

I tend to ask my students to do an initial bit of writing so that I may assess their strengths and needs at the beginning of the course. That I asked them in the Spring 2017 term appears below, slightly adjusted for format and stripped of the response space provided in what I gave to the students.

Read the prompt below. On the pages that follow, write a well-developed essay that addresses it, paying attention to presenting a clear thesis, solid structure, clear transitions, sufficient evidence to support points made, ample explanation of that evidence, and adherence to the conventions of edited academic American English. The results will be used to account for the day's attendance; they may also influence assessment of professionalism. They will be used to help determine the level and intensity of instruction, so do be sure to give an honest and sincere effort on the exercise. Please confine your remarks to the space provided for the response on the following pages.

The Prompt

The University curriculum requires students to take a literature class—and it is not alone in doing so; nearly every four-year undergraduate degree program in the United States asks its students to take one or more literature classes. Why might universities have such a requirement? What do they gain from it? What do the cultures in which the universities exist gain from it?

Essays Assignment

As befits a composition class, I asked my Spring 2017 students to write essays. In the interest of fair play, I gave them guidelines for what I wanted them to write. A version thereof, slightly reformatted and adjusted for sense, appears below.

Below appears a print version of the guidelines for the essays requested of students at <https://goo.gl/t7jkoY/>. The online version is to be considered authoritative, superseding any previously published information about the essays.

As is noted for another, similar assignment, that the assignment sheet is long is understood. It is also an artifact of trying to be detailed and explicit about expectations for the project. Additionally, it offers practice in attending closely to detail, which is likely to be of benefit.

Because ENGL 1302: Literature & Composition is a writing class that takes as its subject matter a variety of works in poetry, drama, and prose, it makes sense that it would require students to write essays about such works. Doing so not only addresses curricular requirements—a must in any educational organization—but fosters deeper engagement with works of literature and therefore with the cultures that produce those works and, as is traditionally held, with the underlying humanity of those cultures' peoples. As such, writing literary essays seems an eminently desirable activity to have students do.

Given the demands of the course, students are asked to write four essays—one on a work of each of poetry (PoEss), drama (DrEss), and prose (PrEss), and a fourth on a work in a genre of the student's choosing (ChEss). As students in the class are presumed to be relatively new to such tasks—the course *is* a first-year course, after all—the essays are to be relatively brief (although still of a length suitable for publication, so that students mimic the kind of work done professionally) and scaffolded.

Completing each paper will require students to accomplish several tasks:

- Identify a topic of discussion;
- Review secondary (and, optionally, tertiary/critical) source material pertaining to the topic;
- Develop a thesis regarding the topic, asserting that the selected topic is doing a particular thing in a particular way for a particular audience;
- Develop points of support for the thesis, working from both the text of the topic and relevant secondary (and, optionally, tertiary/critical) source materials to do so;
- Develop a workable introduction to the topic;
- Develop a useful conclusion that leads forward from the thesis;
- Collect the materials above into a cohesive essay of approximately 1,300 words, submitting the same online at the assigned time for instructor review as a minor assignment (the RVs); and
- Revise the submitted version of the paper in light of instructor comments and submitting the resulting version online at the assigned time for instructor review as a major assignment worth 15% of the total course grade (the FVs).

Information about each follows, along with a copy of the relevant grading rubric and notes.

Identify a Topic of Discussion

As I have noted elsewhere, writing a paper requires having something about which to write it. Fortunately, a class that makes much of literature—particularly one that operates under a mandate to focus on “discussion and writing about great works of literature,” as the University notes is true of ENGL 1302—has much to treat in each of the three overarching genres of prose, drama, and poetry.

In the interests of offering students the chance to customize their course experiences and follow their interests to some degree, as well as to foster additional reading (always to the good for literary scholars), the papers should each treat a text 1) from the appropriate genre (i.e., the PoEss should treat a poem, the DrEss a play, and the PrEss a story; the ChEss can treat a poem, a play, or a story, as the student decides), 2) included in the Course Pack, and 3) **not** already part of the assigned reading list. Additionally, each paper a student will write must be on a different work. While it may seem that such restrictions are overly harsh, they still leave a great deal of material open to treatment, so students should be able to find something that speaks to them and their interests.

Students may also petition to treat other topics. Such topics must still be of the appropriate genre, and preference will be given to treatments of works in earlier Englishes—although approval is not guaranteed in any event. Petitions must be made to the instructor in writing, preferably early on in the process to facilitate review and possible approval. **Papers treating non-approved topics will automatically receive failing grades**, so getting a start on permission for desired non-standard topics is worth doing.

Review Secondary (And, Optionally, Tertiary/Critical) Sources

Texts such as those generally available for treatment in the class essays, as befits selections for a “great works” class, attract no small amount of commentary. Some of it is contemporary to the works themselves, bespeaking then-current interpretations and understandings of the texts. Some is ephemeral commentary that has grown up through continued reading and interpretation of the works since their initial dissemination. Some is scholarly, informed commentary drafted by those who specialize in the interpretation of the texts and, because they have the time to focus on honing their craft, can therefore plumb the texts in ways not normally ready to hand for more casual readers. Despite the protestations of certain quarters, the attentions of critical experts can be revelatory; they should be considered therefore.

As such, students are asked to look into collections of criticism about their selected topics **after they have done their initial selections and readings of their chosen texts and made their initial forays into interpreting the texts for themselves**. That is, students should read criticism offered in literary critical journals and monographs after having begun to form their own ideas, using what is already present to situate themselves among the already-existing critical work being done. Finding support from others is useful. Finding that others disagree is also so, as it makes some intellectual work easier to do. And finding that others have not seen a particular aspect of a given work is perhaps most useful of all, as it offers the most promise of finding a new thing entirely, something that has heretofore not been known.

Also likely to be useful, although optional in its invocation, is material that offers context for the work and its circumstances rather than treating the work directly. Such material is referred to as tertiary, in that it helps to inform secondary (i.e., material treating the selected topic) material and to support understanding of the primary (i.e., the selected topic itself). Further likely to be of use is material that offers a framework for approaching the primary material, generally referred to as critical sources. For the course essays, neither tertiary nor critical material is required, but either or both are likely to be helpful; their inclusion would be welcomed.

Develop a Thesis

After having read the selected topic closely and developed an idea about it, and after having worked to situate that idea amid extant criticism of the topic, students will need to assert a thesis about the work. Typically, the thesis should take a form such as “[Selected topic] [performs some action or serves some purpose] for [a specific audience] through [the means by which the performance is made or the service enacted].” That is, it should say that the given topic does a particular thing for a particular audience in a particular way. Any number of such theses are available for such works as the essays are expected to treat, although some will be discounted for such reasons as being unavailable to specified audiences for one reason or another.

Experience suggests that the most common reason for students’ theses to be untenable is anachronism. A work written in the late 1300s cannot do anything for an audience found in the court of Alfred the Great, for example, since Alfred reigned in the late 800s, half a millennium too early for his courtiers to have read such works. Check on dates; they matter.

Some more commonly accessible areas of inquiry for theses are listed below. The list is far from exhaustive, however; students are not required to use any of the ideas noted:

- Death (How is death handled, who would get the references, and why would it be treated so for that audience?)
- Faith (How is faith handled, who would get the references, and why would it be treated so for that audience?)
- Gender (How are questions of masculinity/femininity/non-binary life handled, who would get the references, and why would they be treated so for that audience?)
- Humor (What joke is made, how, and for whom?)
- Politics (How is power handled, who would get the references, and why would it be treated so for that audience?)
- Professions (How is any one given type of work handled, who would get the references, and why would it be treated so for that audience?)
- Race (How is race handled, who would get the references, and why would it be treated so for that audience?)
- Sex (How is sex handled, who would get the references, and why would it be treated so for that audience?)

Students should keep in mind that the thesis advances an idea to be tested in the process of composing the rest of the essay. As work on each essay progresses, the thesis may well need to shift to reflect best understandings and available evidence. That it does so is far from a mark of

shame; instead, it reflects a growing and developing mind that makes it, and such is to be desired.

Develop Support for the Thesis

The thesis is the most important single statement to be made in the essay, but it will not suffice on its own. That is, readers must be given reason to believe that the idea advanced in the thesis is reasonable and worth considering to inform their own understanding of the work and the world in which the work exists. As such, students will need to provide evidence from their selected topic that it is doing what they claim it is doing. They will also, and more importantly, need to explain to their readers **how** what they claim is happening is happening; keeping in mind that each reader's context of reception differs, students will need to explicate their individual contexts so that readers can follow along their lines of thought and arrive at the same theses the students do. Application of secondary and tertiary/critical materials will likely be of benefit in doing so.

The bulk of each essay should inhere in the presentation of evidence and its explanation—and explanation should far exceed presentation. The sample essays in the course pack demonstrate how such can be done.

Develop an Introduction

With a thesis and support for it in place, students should turn to how they will get into their arguments. That is, they should work on how to lead readers from where they may be to the central point the essay will make and subsequently support. Doing so can take several forms, but one that is not likely to be of great use when addressing the writings on which the essays are expected to focus is summarizing what is presented, particularly offering an extended summary. Papers treating “great works” can, do, and quite possibly ought to assume readers are familiar with the works being treated; generally, only pieces treating obscure passages of larger works need to offer much in the way of summary, and that only to orient the reader.

A far better way to introduce a paper, particularly one of relatively limited scope (such as the requested essays are expected to be), is to offer a brief overview of current criticism of the work and to present the thesis within the context thereof. Papers that apply critical models to selected works can instead offer summaries of the critical model to follow, thereby contextualizing the specific discussion to be had. Other means of introducing the materials are also available, and students should not feel restricted to those enumerated herein.

Develop a Conclusion

Papers should not simply stop; they should return from the thesis the paper supports to the broader world in which the reader lives. That is, they need to come back out to a greater discussion. One particularly useful way to do so is to conclude a paper by addressing the issue of what readers can do with the thesis that the paper (hopefully) validates, to answer the question of “So what?” as a way to exit the discussion. Doing so not only offers opportunity for brief reflection, but it also demonstrates the applicability of the work done to the work and lives of others, and that demonstration is both needed in a time that tends to devalue humanistic work and a liberal arts education such as the University prides itself on offering and helpful for

students who might otherwise not realize how what they do now helps them later. (It also moves away from cheap repetition that too easily annoys.)

Compose the Paper's RV

The preceding sections can be considered an extended prewriting exercise. That is, they work towards the generation of deliverable writing, but they do not themselves generate it. The first deliverable towards which they lead is the review version (RV) of each of the essays. Each essay will do well to open with a brief introductory paragraph that offers context for a thesis it then asserts. Each will do well, then, to follow with a series of paragraphs that present supporting evidence for the thesis, explaining how each point serves to support the thesis. Each will then do well to conclude with a relatively brief paragraph that demonstrates the utility of the thesis advanced in the paper. Each essay will also do well to be written in such a way as demonstrates its writer merits serious consideration as a young literary scholar; that is, each essay should read as if the work of an incoming professional, one striving to contribute to the centuries-long conversation about the human condition that is literary study.

Each essay should be approximately 1,300 words in length (± 25), exclusive of heading (student name, instructor name, course/section, and date of composition), title, and any necessary end-citations. (See Note 1, below.) Each essay should be typed in black, double-spaced, 12-point Garamond, Georgia, or Times New Roman font on letter-sized pages; the heading should be flush left, the title centered horizontally, and the body flush left with first lines of paragraphs indented one-half inch from the left margin. Page numbers should be in the margin at the top of the page at the right margin, preceded by the writer's surname, and in the same typeface as the rest of the paper. The ending Works Cited list should be in the same spacing and typeface; its caption should be centered horizontally on the first line of the page, and its entries should be indented as MLA standards assert.

Each writer should submit a typed, electronic copy of each essay's RV to the instructor through *Schreiner One* before the beginning of class time according to the schedule noted below:

- PoEss RV, 17 February 2017
- DrEss RV, 3 March 2017
- PrEss RV, 31 March 2017
- ChEss RV, 24 April 2017

The copy needs to be in .doc, .docx, or .rtf format so that it can be opened, reviewed, and commented on by the instructor; other file formats potentially pose difficulties in such regards, and a paper that cannot be reviewed cannot receive a useful score or commentary. Each RV will be assessed a grade according to the grading rubric below for a **minor assignment grade**, and comments will be offered on a copy thereof that are meant to guide improvements to the work. (Obviously, those students who do not submit the RVs in timely fashion should not expect to receive any helpful score or commentary on them. Note the "Late Work" section of the course syllabus.)

Although a reasonably complete paper is expected, it is understood that each RV is a work in progress. Some changes are therefore expected; they should not be viewed as failures, but seized

upon as more opportunities to improve writing techniques and to enhance the connections among topic, writer, and reader yet more. Also, please note that consulting with the instructor and/or with the Writing Center throughout the process of composition is likely to be of benefit. No specific grade item will attach itself to doing so, but past practice suggests that those writers who do seek such input and attention generate far better writing than those who do not (which, for the grade-conscious, translates to higher scores).

Revise the Paper's RV into the Paper's FV

After receiving instructor feedback, writers should take their papers, review the comments made by their reader, and incorporate those found useful into their ongoing work. That is, they should work to improve their introductions to and statements of their theses, their motion into and through the supporting points, and their conclusions, ensuring that their papers encourage reading rather than interfering with it. The result will become the final versions (FVs) of each of the essays.

Each essay will still do well to open with a brief introductory paragraph that offers context for a thesis it then asserts. Each will do well, then, to follow still with a series of paragraphs that present supporting evidence for the thesis, explaining how each point serves to support the thesis. Each will then do well to conclude with a relatively brief paragraph that demonstrates the utility of the thesis advanced in the paper. Each essay will also do well to continue to be written in such a way as demonstrates its writer merits serious consideration as a young literary scholar; that is, each essay should read as if the work of an incoming professional, one striving to contribute to the centuries-long conversation about the human condition that is literary study.

Each essay should still be approximately 1,300 words in length (± 25), exclusive of heading (student name, instructor name, course/section, and date of composition), title, and any necessary end-citations. (See Note 1, below.) Each essay should still be typed in black, double-spaced, 12-point Garamond, Georgia, or Times New Roman font on letter-sized pages; the heading should be flush left, the title centered horizontally, and the body flush left with first lines of paragraphs indented one-half inch from the left margin. Page numbers should still be in the margin at the top of the page at the right margin, preceded by the writer's surname, and in the same typeface as the rest of the paper. The ending Works Cited list should still be in the same spacing and typeface; its caption should still be centered horizontally on the first line of the page, and its entries should still be indented as MLA standards assert.

Each writer should submit a typed, electronic copy of each essay's FV to the instructor through *Schreiner One* before the beginning of class time according to the schedule noted below:

- PoEss FV, 24 February 2017
- DrEss FV, 10 March 2017
- PrEss FV, 12 April 2017
- ChEss FV, 5 May 2017

The copy needs to be in .doc, .docx, or .rtf format so that it can be opened, reviewed, and commented on by the instructor; other file formats potentially pose difficulties in such regards, and a paper that cannot be reviewed cannot receive a useful score or commentary. Each FV will

be assessed a grade according to the grading rubric below for a **major assignment worth 15 % of the total course grade**, and comments will be offered on a copy thereof that are meant to guide improvements to the work. (Please note the “Late Work” and “Revisions” sections of the course syllabus.)

Please note that consulting with the instructor and/or with the Writing Center throughout the process of composition is likely to be of benefit. No specific grade item will attach itself to doing so, but past practice suggests that those writers who do seek such input and attention generate far better writing than those who do not (which, for the grade-conscious, translates to higher scores).

Grading Rubric

The rubric that appears below will be applied to the RV and FV of each essay. Generally, the papers being assessed will be reviewed and a copy of the rubric filled out during the review. The copy will be emailed to the student as an attachment. Retaining copies of the paper and the rubric suggests itself as a good idea.

Please note that, in the interest of offering students practice in proofreading and editing their own work, comments offered through reproductions of the form below are general in nature. That is, they identify systematic problems and make broad suggestions rather than offering line-by-line corrections.

All papers begin with a grade of C.

Assessment Category	Comments	Steps Yes/No
Assigned Guidelines Met?	•	+0/-3
Introduction Appropriate?	•	+1/-1
Thesis Clear and Appropriate?	•	+1/-1
Evidence Clear and Appropriate?	•	+1/-1
Explanations of Evidence Clear and Appropriate?	•	+1/-1
Conclusion Clear and Appropriate?	•	+1/-1
Organization Clear and Appropriate?	•	+1/-1
Formatting Correct?	•	+0/-1
Mechanics Correct?	•	+0/-1
Engagement Developed?	•	+1/+0
Total		
Overall Comments		

Descriptions of each category follow.

- Assigned Guidelines Met?—Does the paper appear in .doc, .docx, or .rtf format? Is it approximately 1,300 words (±25) in length? Is it a generally argumentative paper?

- Introduction Appropriate?—Does the paper offer context for the discussion it presents? Is it sufficient to allow a serious non-specialist reader to understand easily the context in which the discussion will occur?
- Thesis Clear and Appropriate?—Does the paper present a clear thesis that makes a claim about the function of a given work for a specific audience?
- Evidence Clear and Appropriate?—Does the paper present clear primary and secondary evidence that supports the thesis offered? Is the evidence of a sort likely to convince a serious non-specialist reader that it is valid? Is the evidence attested appropriately?
- Explanations of Evidence Clear and Appropriate?—Does the paper explain how the evidence serves to support the thesis? Does it do so in a way that allows a serious non-specialist reader to understand how the offered evidence functions to support the thesis?
- Conclusion Clear and Appropriate?—Does the paper motion to some end other than its own thesis, avoiding a repetition of the paper and moving instead into some indication of the utility of its argument?
- Organization Clear and Appropriate?—Does the paper move smoothly among and within its component parts, indicating the relationships among them? Does it allot space in such a way as privileges the argument being made? Does it offer supporting points in a convincing and appropriate order (likely to be emphatic)?
- Formatting Correct?—Does the paper appear in black, double-spaced, 12-point Garamond, Georgia, or Times New Roman font on letter-sized pages? Is its four-line heading flush left, the title centered horizontally, and the body flush left with first lines of paragraphs indented one-half inch from the left margin? Are page numbers in the margin at the top of the page at the right margin, preceded by the writer's surname, and in the same typeface as the rest of the paper? Is the ending Works Cited list in the same spacing and typeface? Is its caption centered horizontally on the first line of the page?
- Mechanics Correct?—Does the paper adhere to the standards of usage promulgated by the Modern Language Association of America and discussed during class time? Does it display a level of diction and variety of construction such as should be expected from students at the high end of lower division coursework?
- Engagement Developed?—As a sort of extra-credit offering, does the paper avoid the use of trite and/or cliché phrasing? Does it offer some unusual perspective? Does it present materials in such a way as stand out favorably against common expectations for first-year college writing?

Notes

1. Since the essays will each reference specific material, both primary and secondary sources, formal citation will be necessary. Current MLA guidelines apply; they can be found online here: <https://goo.gl/pjbZgs>. Both in-text and end-of-text citation are obligatory; failure to provide them may be investigated as an academic integrity violation, per the course syllabus.
2. Several examples of the kinds of essay requested of students are presented in the “Sample Essays” section of the course packet. They are, in fact, included specifically to serve as examples for student use; review of them is greatly encouraged. Additional example essays can be found at <https://elliotrwi.com/tag/sample-assignment-responses/>. Not all are directed towards the kind of assignment represented by the essays requested for the course, but many are—and even those that are not can offer useful models of composition.

It is possible that sample essays will continue to be composed to supplement those already available. They will be posted to the course website when and if they are.