



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

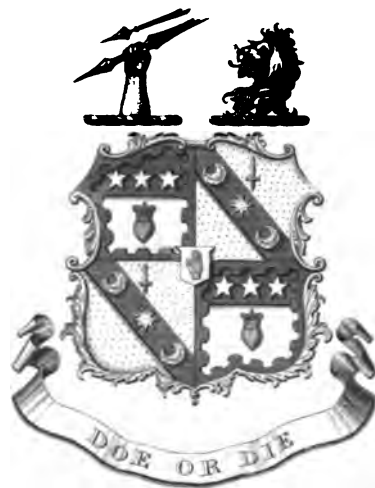
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

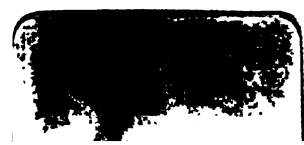
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SPRINGWOOD PARK  
KELSO  
DIVISION.....  
SHELF.....

6



*Mr. George Henry Scott Douglas, Bt.*



UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD  
ENGLISH FACULTY  
LIBRARY

ST. CROSS BUILDING, OXFORD

---

*This book is confined to  
the Library*

---

Most facsimile and limited editions, dictionaries, and bibliographical catalogues, are treated as reference books for use in the Library only, but in exceptional cases some of them are occasionally lent to Readers with special needs.

Any Reader with particular reasons for wishing to borrow a book which is ordinarily confined to the Library is invited to consult the Librarian.



300149591W

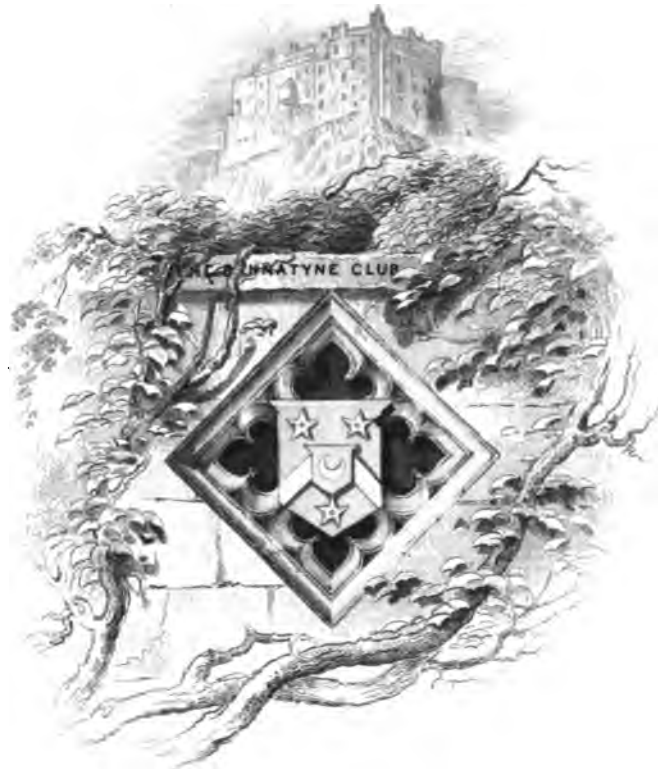






**ROBENE AND MAKYNE,**  
**AND**  
**THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID;**

**BY**  
**ROBERT HENRYSON.**



**EDINBURGH: 1824.**

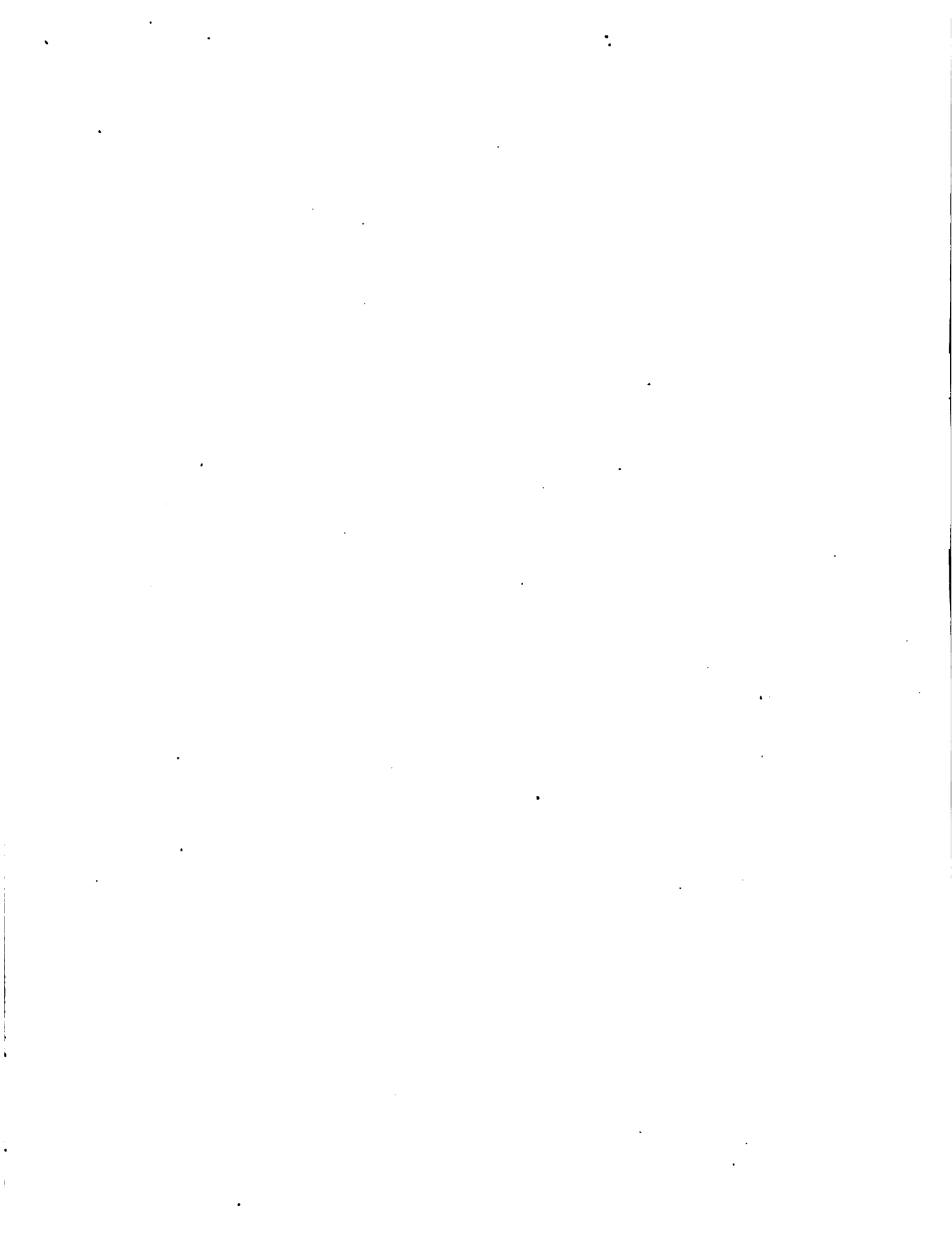
**PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.**





THE  
FOLLOWING WRITINGS  
OF  
**ROBERT HENRYSON;**  
CONSISTING OF  
ROBENE AND MAKYNE,  
AND OF  
THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID,  
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
AND PRESENTED  
TO THE PRESIDENT  
AND MEMBERS  
OF THE BANNATYNE CLUB,  
BY THEIR FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE,  
GEO. CHALMERS.

*15th November, 1824.*



# THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

FEBRUARY MDCCCXXV.

—  
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

**President.**

THE LORD CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE JURY COURT,  
SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT, BART.

JAMES BALLANTYNE, ESQ.

SIR WILLIAM MACLEOD BANNATYNE,

ROBERT BELL, ESQ.

WILLIAM BLAIR, ESQ.

GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ.

HONOURABLE JOHN CLERK, LORD ELDIN,

HENRY COCKBURN, ESQ.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, ESQ.

DAVID CONSTABLE, ESQ.

J. T. GIBSON CRAIG, ESQ.

ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.

ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

HENRY JARDINE, ESQ.

THOMAS KINNEAR, ESQ.

DAVID LAING, ESQ.

REVEREND DOCTOR JOHN LEE,

JAMES MAIDMENT, ESQ.

THOMAS MAITLAND, ESQ.

GILBERT LAING MEASON, ESQ.

EARL OF MINTO.

**JOHN ARCHIBALD MURRAY, ESQ.**

**ROBERT PITCAIRN, ESQ.**

**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR SAMUEL SHEPHERD, LORD  
CHIEF BARON OF SCOTLAND,**

**JAMES SKENE, ESQ.**

**GEORGE SMYTHE, ESQ.**

**THOMAS THOMSON, ESQ. VICE-PRESIDENT,**

**PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.**

## THE PREFACE.

---

THE Poems of "Robene and Makyne," and "The Testament of Cresseid," were written by Mr Robert Henryson, who was schoolmaster of Dunfermlin, during the reign of James III. Of the former, a copy has been preserved in Bannatyne's MSS., from which it was printed, in "Ancient Scottish Poems," by Lord Hailes, who castrated a line of the fifth stanza. It is now given complete, with illustrative notes, on the ancient language, in which it is composed. Robene and Makyne is called by Ritson, "an uncommonly excellent pastoral;" and he might have added, that it is the first pastoral, which is known to have been written, by any Scottish poet.

"The Testament of Cresseid" was written by Henryson, as a Supplement to Chaucer's Poem of "Troilus and Cresseid." Of the Testament of Cresseid, there was a copy in Asloan's MSS. in the Auchinleck Library; but it has been lost, with many other pieces of that curious collection. It was first printed with Chaucer's works, at London, in 1532,<sup>1</sup> folio, and again in

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1532, printed by Thomas Godfray, is the first collected edition of Chaucer's works. The Testament of Cresseid was evidently inserted after the rest of the volume had been printed; Folio.ccxix having been cancelled, in order to introduce the poem, which occupies four leaves, the first of them only being numbered—sign. Qq. thus containing nine leaves instead of six.

several subsequent editions, without the name of Henryson. Sir Francis Kinaston, who published, in 1635, the first and second books of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseid*, with a translation into Latin verse, wrote a copious commentary on the whole poem, in English, with Introductory Notices.<sup>2</sup> In this work, Sir Francis has prefixed to the Testament of Cresseid, the following note: "For the Author of this Supplement, called the Testament of Cresseid, which may passe for the sixth, and last booke of this story, I have very sufficiently been informed by Sir Thomas Erskin, late Earle of Kelly, and divers aged scholars of the Scottish nation, that it was made, and written, by one Mr Robert Henderson, sometime chiefe Schoolemaster in Dunfermling, much about the time that Chaucer was first printed, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. by Mr Thinne, which was neere the end of his raigne. This Mr Henderson wittely observing, that Chaucer, in his 5th booke, had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention of what became of Cresseid, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to expres the punishment, and end due to a false unconstant whore, which commonly terminates in extreme misery."<sup>3</sup>

The Testament of Cresseid was printed alone, as the work of Henryson, at Edinburgh, by Henry Charteris, in 1593, 4to.

<sup>2</sup> From this MS. of Sir Francis Kinaston, Mr Waldron published, in 1796, Introductory extracts, with a specimen of the Poem and Commentary, in an octavo Pamphlet, entitled, "The Loves of Troilus and Cresseid, written by Chaucer; with a Commentary by Sir Francis Kinaston; Never before published." Mr Waldron did not, however, meet with sufficient encouragement to induce him to publish the whole work.

<sup>3</sup> Introductory Extracts, p. xxix. A garbled copy of this note was prefixed to the Testament of Cresseid, in Urry's Edition of Chaucer's Works, (London, 1721, folio, p. 333.) without mentioning Sir Francis Kinaston's name, which has misled Tyrwhit to suppose, that the note was written by Urry.

Of this edition there is a copy in the British Museum, from which the present has been made.<sup>4</sup> It was again printed at Edinburgh, by Robert Charteris, in 1605, 8vo. And another edition was printed at Edinburgh, by Thomas Finlason, in 1611, 8vo.<sup>5</sup>

Of Mr Robert Henryson, the author of these two poems, and of various other pieces, very little is known. It is indeed certain, that he was Schoolmaster at Dunfermlin, and also a Notary Public, during the reign of James III. He is called Schoolmaster<sup>6</sup> of Dunfermlin, in the title of his Testament of Cresseid, printed at Edinburgh; and also in the title of his Fables, both in MS., and in print. That he was, also, a Notary Public, appears from a document, in the Chartulary of Dunfermlin,—*Magister Robert Henrison, Notary Public*, being one of the witnesses to a charter of Henry, the Abbot of Dunfermlin, to Patrick Baron, and Margaret his spouse, of the lands of Spitalfield, near the burgh of Innerkeithing, on the 6th of July 1478.<sup>7</sup> In Henryson's Testament of Cresseid, he speaks

<sup>4</sup> In the original, the Saxon  $\text{ȝ}$  occurs sometimes, in place of *y*.

<sup>5</sup> In 1599, Robert Smyth, printer in Edinburgh, obtained a grant of the privilege of printing *the Testament of Cresseid*, the Fables of Esop, and other books. After his death, this privilege was transferred, in 1602, by his widow, and his children's tutor, to Thomas Finlason, who, in 1606, obtained a renewal of the grant, for 25 years, as appears by the Privy Seal Register.

<sup>6</sup> Lord Hailes supposes, that Henryson's office was Preceptor of Youth, in the Benedictine Convent of Dunfermlin. [*Ancient Scottish Poems*, p. 273.] His Lordship seems not to have been aware, that in Henryson's time, and even as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, there were schools, in each of the most considerable towns in Scotland; and the rectors, or masters, of these schools appear, in various documents, in the Chartularies. There were certainly schools in Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Strivelin, Air, Berwick, Dunfermlin, and, probably, in other towns. Boys of good families were frequently educated in the monasteries, but this was done by the monks themselves, and not by established schoolmasters, who were not monks.

<sup>7</sup> Chart. of Dunfermlin, fol. 64, in the Advocates' Library.

of himself as "*ane man of age*;" and some other of his poems seem to have been written when he was advanced in years. From an anecdote related by Sir Francis Kinaston, who obtained it from Thomas, the first Earl of Kelly, Henryson appears to have died aged, of a flux;<sup>8</sup> but the time of his death is not mentioned. He probably died in the end of the fifteenth century, some time between 1490 and 1500.<sup>9</sup> He had been dead for some time before Dunbar wrote his Lament for the death of

<sup>8</sup> After the note which has been already given from Sir Francis Kinaston, he adds, "For this Mr Robert Henderson, he was, questionless, a learned, and a witty man, and it is a pity we have no more of his works. Being very old, Henryson died of a diarrhea, or flux, of whom there goes this merry, though somewhat unsavoury tale; that all physicians having given him over, and he lying drawing his last breath, there came an old woman unto him, who was held a witch, and asked him, whether he would be cured; to whom he sayed, very willingly; Then, quod she, there is a Whikey tree in the lower end of your orchard, and if you will go, and walk but thrice about it, and thrice repeat these words, '*Whikey tree, Whikey tree, take away this flux from me,*' you shall be presently cured. He told her, that beside he was extreme faint and weak, it was extreme frost and snow, and that it was impossible for him to go; she told him, that unless he did so, it was impossible he should recover. Mr Henderson then lifting up himself, and pointing to an oaken table in the room, asked her, and said, Gude dame, I pray ye, tell me if it would not do as well if I repeated thrice these words:

Oaken burd, Oaken burd,  
Garre me s\*\*\*\* a hard t\*\*\*.

The woman seeing herself derided and scorned, ran out of the house in a great passion, and Mr Henderson, within half a quarter of an hour, departed this life."— [Introductory Extracts, p. xxx.]

The *Whikey tree*, is the mountain-ash, called also, the *rowan-tree*, which was noted in witchcraft.

<sup>9</sup> In the Treasurer's Accounts, on the 23d May, 1501, there is a payment of 90 French crowns, (equal to £14 Scots,) "to ane callit *Robert Henryson*, in the name of Maister James Merchamestoun, by command of a precept." It is not probable that this person, though of the same name, was the poet, who is uniformly stiled "Maister Robert Henryson," and who was probably dead before this time. The poet, who had attained some celebrity, and was the near relation of the King's Advocate, would not have been mentioned in the obscure manner of "*ane callit Robert Henryson*;" and it is not likely that he would have been receiving money for Mr James Merchamestoun, who was a merchant, and money-dealer in Edinburgh.



the Makers ; and this was certainly written sometime between 1505 and 1508, in which last year it was printed at Edinburgh, by Chepman and Millar. In this piece, Dunbar, after lamenting a number of Scottish poets, whom Death had taken, says :

“ In *Dunfermling* he hes tane Broun,  
With *gude Mr Robert Henrysoun*.”

Mr Robert Henryson is said to have been the father of Mr James Henryson, who was King's Advocate, and Justice Clerk, during the reign of James IV., and fell, with his sovereign, on Flodden Field, in 1513 ; but, this filiation is assumed without proof. [Douglas's Baron. 518.] It is indeed certain, that they were of the same family, and it is highly probable, that Mr Robert Henryson was either the father, or the uncle, of Mr James Henryson, who appears, as King's Advocate, in 1494, and continued so till his death. He was also appointed clerk of Justiciary, after the death of Mr Richard Lawson, in 1507, and he held this office, along with that of King's Advocate, till he fell, at Flodden, in 1513. He redeemed two seventh-parts of the lands of Fordel, in Fife, which belonged to his predecessors, and had been wadset, or mortgaged, to Alexander Drummond of Ardmore.<sup>10</sup> He also acquired the other parts of the lands of Fordel, of which he obtained charters, and the whole of these lands were united in a barony.<sup>11</sup> Mr James Henryson was, undoubtedly, the progenitor of the Henrysons,

<sup>10</sup> Charter to Mr. James Henryson, and Helen Baty, his spouse, of two-seventh parts of the lands of Fordel, on the resignation of Alexander Drummond, 8th March, 1510-11. Regist. Mag. Sig. xvi. 51. Fordel is nearly four miles from Dunfermlin, in Fife.

<sup>11</sup> Charters, dated 9th April, 26th April, and 1st May, 1511 ; and 11th January, 1511-12. Ibid. xvii. 6, 7, 8, 70.

or Henderson's,<sup>12</sup> of Fordel, who obtained the dignity of baronet, in 1664. If he was the son of the Poet, which is not improbable, this family may derive their descent from "Gude Mr Robert Henryson," the schoolmaster of Dunfermlin.<sup>13</sup>

Mr Robert Henryson was author of various other poems, beside those of "Robene and Makyne," and "The Testament of Cresseid." His poetry is more miscellaneous than that of any Scottish poet who preceded him, or of any of his contemporaries. Most of his poems have a moral turn; and, with a few exceptions, they are free from the licentiousness which appears in many of the compositions of his successors, during the reigns of James IV. and James V. As printing had not been introduced into Scotland in Henryson's time, and as no MS. collection of his poems has been discovered, it may be presumed that several of his compositions have been lost. This is the more probable, as very few of the poems of his contemporaries have been preserved. Of Henryson's poetical works which have been preserved, or of which any notice has been discovered, the following may be regarded as a pretty complete catalogue:

- (i) The Moral Fables of Esope, compyled into meeter; by Mr Robert Henrison, schoolmaster of Dunfermlin.

These consist of a prologue, and thirteen fables, viz.

1. The tale of the Cock and the Jaspe.

<sup>12</sup> In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the name was variously written, *Henrison*, *Henrisoun*, *Henryson*, *Hendrison*, and *Henderson*, which last became the established form.

<sup>13</sup> Of the same family, perhaps, was Mr Henry Henryson, who, in 1529, was appointed principal master of the Grammar School of Edinburgh. This appointment was made by the abbot and monks of Holyroodhouse, who were patrons of that school; and it was confirmed, by the King, on the 21st of March 1529-30. [Privy Seal Register, viii, 170.]

2. The tale of the Upland Mouss and the Borowstoun Mouss.
3. The tale of Sir Chanteclair and the Fox.
4. The tale of the foresaid Tod, his Confessioun to Frier  
Wolf Wait-skaith.
5. The tale of the Sonne and Heire of the foresaid Foxe, called  
Father Ware ; also the Parliament of foure-futtred Beistis,  
halden be the Lyoun.
6. The tale of the Scheip and the Dog.
7. The tale of the Lyoun and the Mous.
8. The Preiching of the Swallow.
9. The tale of the Wolfe that gat the Neck-herring throw the  
Wrinkis of the Foxe that begylit the Cadgear.
10. The tale of the Foxe that begylit the Wolfe in the Scha-  
dow of the Moone.
11. The tale of the Wolfe and the Wedder.
12. The tale of the Wolfe and the Lamb.
13. The tale of the Paddock and the Mous.

A copy, dated in 1571, of all these Fables, with the Prologue, is preserved in MS. Harl. 3865, under this title ; “ The Morall Faibillis of Esope, compylit be Maister Robert Henri-soun, Scolmaister of Dunfermling, [and transcribed in] 1571.”<sup>14</sup>

These fables have been several times printed ; but, the following are the only editions of which any copies are known to exist. “ The Fabulous Tales of Esope the Phrygian, compiled

<sup>14</sup> There are ten of the Fables, viz. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, and 13, preserved in Bannatyne's MS. in the Advocates' Library. The second fable, wanting the 18th stanza, is in Asloan's MS. in the Auchinleck Library, which also contained other six of the fables, viz. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 13 ; but these six have been lost, with many other pieces in that collection. Two of the fables, Nos. 6 and 12, and the “ Moralities ” of Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 13, have been printed by Lord Hailes, in *Ancient Scottish Poems*, from Bannatyne's MS. The Prologue, and the 9th Fable, have been printed in the *Scots Mag.* 1813, p. 505, from Hart's edition, 1621.

moste eloquently in Scottishe Metre, by Mr Robert Henryson ; and now lately Englished. London, printed by Richard Smith, 1577." 8vo,<sup>15</sup> " The Morall Fables of Esope the Phrygian ; compyled into eloquent and ornamentall Meeter ; by Robert Henrysoun, Schoolemaster of Dunfermling. Newly revised and corrected. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1621," 8vo.<sup>16</sup> From the intimation of "*Newlie revised and corrected*," in this title, it is evident that an earlier edition than this of Andro Hart had been printed at Edinburgh ; but, it is not known where there is now any copy of it.<sup>17</sup>

- (ii) " The Buke of Orpheus and Erudices his Quene." This piece of Henryson's is preserved in Asloan's MS., in the Auchinleck Library. It consists of nineteen seven line stanzas, five ten line stanzas, thirty-three seven line stanzas, and the moralitas 164 lines. It was printed at Edinburgh, by Chepman and Millar, in 1508, under the title of, " Heir begynniss

<sup>15</sup> Of this there is a copy in Sion College Library. It has escaped the notice of Ames and Herbert.

<sup>16</sup> Bagford's Coll. Sloane MS. 885. Of this edition there is a copy in the library of Archibald Constable, Esquire. Of the contents of this copy, which is somewhat mutilated, an account is given in the Scots Magazine, 1813, p. 504.

<sup>17</sup> A copy of Henryson's Fables of Esop, printed at Edinburgh in 1570, occurs in the sale catalogue of the curious library of Sir Andrew Balfour, M.D. which was dispersed, by auction, at Edinburgh, in 1695. From this Edinburgh edition, in 1570, the transcript of these Fables, in Harl. MS., dated 1571, was probably made ; and it was no doubt from the same edition that Richard Smith " Englished" the Fables printed by him, at London, in 1577. (See the notices prefixed to Henryson's " Bludy Serk," printed in the " Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1822, 4to.) In 1599, Robert Smyth, printer in Edinburgh, obtained a grant of the privilege of printing "*The Fables of Esope*," and "*The Testament of Cresseid*," with other books ; and, after his death, this privilege was transferred, by his widow, and his children's tutor, in 1602, to Thomas Finlason, who, in 1606, obtained a renewal of the grant for twenty-five years. [Privy Seal Register.]

the traite of Orpheus Kyng, and how he ȝeid to Hewyn and to Hel to seik his Quene."

- (iii) "The Testament of Cresseid." Already noticed.
- (iv) "Robene and Makyne." Already noticed.
- (v) "The Bludy Serk;" a tale of fifteen eight-line stanzas, versified, from the *Gesta Romanorum*. Of this piece there is a copy in Bannatyne's MS., subscribed, "Quod *Mr R. Henrici*." It was printed by Pinkerton, in *Ancient Scottish Poems, 1792*, vol. iii. 189; and more accurately by Mr David Laing, in the very curious volume, entitled, "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland." Edinburgh, 1822, 4to.
- (vi) "The Abbey Walk;" seven eight-line stanzas, in Bannatyne's MS, with Henryson's name; and in the Maitland MS. anonymous. It was printed, from the former, by Lord Hailes.
- (vii) "Aganis Hesty Credence of Tatlaris;" seven eight-line stanzas in Bannatyne's MS., and the Maitland MS., from the former of which it was printed, by Lord Hailes.
- (viii) "The Garment of Gud Ladyis;" ten four-line stanzas in Bannatyne's MS., from which it was printed, by Lord Hailes.
- (ix) "The Ressoning betwixt Age and Youth;" nine eight-line stanzas in Bannatyne's MS., and the Maitland MS., from the former of which it was printed, by Lord Hailes.
- (x) "The Resoning betwixt Deth and Man;" six eight-line stanzas, in Bannatyne's MS., from which it was printed, by Lord Hailes.
- (xi) "The Prais of Aige;" four eight-line stanzas in Bannatyne's MS., from which it was printed, by Lord Hailes.

- (xii) "Sum Practysis of Medecyne;" seven thirteen-line stanzas, of the same structure as those of Holland's Howlat. It begins, "*Guk, guk, gudday Sir, gaip quhill 'ye get it,*" and has at the end, "*Qd. Mr Robert Henrysone.*" In Bannatyne's MS.
- (xiii) "A Religious poem on the Virgin Mary;" six twelve-line stanzas, in James Gray's MS., in the Advocates' Library. It begins, "*Forcy as deith is likand lufe;*" and is subscribed, "*Ro. Henrisoun.*"
- (xiv) "Master Robert Henderson's dreame,—*On fut by Forth,*"—was in Asloan's MS. in the Auchinleck Library, but has been lost, with many other pieces. "*On fut by Forth,* as I could found," is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, (p. 98,) as one of the tales, or fables, popular in the middle of the sixteenth century.
- (xv) "Ane Prayer for the Pest;" eleven eight-line stanzas, in Bannatyne's MS. It begins, "*O! eterne God of power infinyt;*" and is subscribed, "*Qd. Henrysone;*" but this subscription is in a different, and more modern hand-writing than the rest of the MS.
- "The Thre Deid Powis;" eight eight-line stanzas, in the Maitland MS. is subscribed, "*Qd. Mr Robert Henryson;*" but, in the Bannatyne MS., the same piece is subscribed, "*Qd. Patrick Johnston.*" It was published by Lord Hailes, from Bannatyne's MS., which is rather the better authority for the author.

## Robene and Makyne.<sup>1</sup>

---

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,  
Kepand<sup>2</sup> a flok of fe,<sup>3</sup>  
Miny Makyne said him till,<sup>4</sup>  
Robene, thow rew on me;<sup>5</sup>  
I haif thé luvit lowd and still,<sup>6</sup>  
Thir yeiris<sup>7</sup> two or thré;

---

<sup>1</sup> This name is variously spelt, Makyne, Mawkyne, and Mackyne.

<sup>2</sup> Keipand, in Sibbald.

<sup>3</sup> Fe, in Sibbald. *Fe* is sheep, from the A. Sax., *fea* of Lye: It afterwards came to signify any *goods* or *chattels*; as in Chaucer,

“ Shall nevir leve 'hem londe ne fe.”

<sup>4</sup> Said him *to*, for *till*, which last is common in Langtoft, and R. Glouc, in this sense. In *Candlemas-day*, Herowd says,

“ ——— take heed what I say the tyll.”

<sup>5</sup> Thou *pity* have on me. *Rew* is pity, from the A. S. *Hreowian* of Lye. Hoccleve uses *rew* as a verb, as Henryson,

“ *Rewe* on our distress.”

And in Chaucer,

“ God so wise y on my soule *rew*.”

Again, Chaucer in his admirable description of Absolm serenading the carpenter's wife:

“ Now, dere lady, as if thy wille be,  
I pray you that ye wol *rew* on me.”

<sup>6</sup> Lowd and still, openly and secretly.

<sup>7</sup> These years.

My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,<sup>8</sup>  
Dowtless but dreid I dé.<sup>9</sup>

Robene answerit, be the rude,<sup>10</sup>  
Na thing of lufe I knaw,  
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wude,  
Lo! quhair thay raik on raw :<sup>11</sup>  
Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,  
Makyne to me thow schaw,  
Or quhat is lufe, or to be lûde,<sup>12</sup>  
Fane wald I leir that law.

<sup>8</sup> My *dule* or *grief*, in *secret*, unless thou *share*. In the old Eng. *dule* is sorrow, grief: So *doolle*, in R. Gloc; *dole*, in Minot; and the same in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. *Dern* is *secret*, from the A. S., *dyrn* of Lye: So in Chaucer,

“Of *derne* love he coude.”

*Dill*, to suit the rhyme, is put for *dele*, or *dail*. *Dele*, to share, is from the A. S., *Daelan* of Lye. In R. Gloc, Langtoft, Minot, Chaucer, it is *dele*; in Spenser and Shakespeare, *deal*.

<sup>9</sup> *Doubtles bot*, in Sibbald. *Doubtless*, without doubt, or dread. So in Chaucer,

“I will not come again withouten *drede*.”

<sup>10</sup> By the *cross*: among the old poets, who could neither sing, nor say, without an oath, it was a frequent practice to swear, be the *rude*, or *cross*.

<sup>11</sup> Range in a row. *Raik* is from the A. S., *racan* of Lye; signifying to range, or stretch out; and *raik*, as a subs., means a range, or walk, a sheep-raik. The prep. *on*, for *in*, is merely the A. S., *on* of Lye, which is, frequently, in Chaucer, in this sense.—*Raw*, for row, is the A. S., *Rawa*. So it is *raw*, *rew*, and row, in the old English: Chaucer has, “*Alle on rew*,” for all in a row. It was the practice both of the English, and the Scottish, poets, to drop the article (a). Lyndsay, when speaking of Falkland park, says,

“The fallow deir, to se thaim *raik on raw*.”

<sup>12</sup> *Lude* is put in this form, to rhyme with *mude*. It is doubtless an abbreviation of *lufed*, or *luved*, the past tense of *lufe*, or *luve*, from the A. S., *lufian* of Lye: So *lufed* in Langtoft. *Lufe*, and *luve*, is sometimes abbreviated *lue*, and *lu'ed*, in more recent poetry, assumes the form of *loo*, and *loo'd*, or *loo'ed*.



At luvis lair gif thow will leir,<sup>13</sup>  
 Tak thare ane a, b, c ;  
 Be heynd,<sup>14</sup> courtass, and fair of feir,<sup>15</sup>  
 Wyse, hardy, and fré :  
 Se<sup>16</sup> that no denger do thé deir,<sup>17</sup>  
 Quhat dule in dern thow dre,<sup>18</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Ramsay, who has, in his *Evergreen*, published a manuscript copy of this pastoral, has interpolated this verse, to

“ The law of luve gin thou wold leir.”

*Lair, leir, lere*, as variously written, by the old poets, both of Scotland, and England, signifies, equally, to teach or to learn, from the A. S. *laeran* ; and as a noun, lair and leir, from the A. S. *laere*, signifies learning, instruction. The verb to learn is still used, according to the ancient mode, both in the provinces, and in London.

<sup>14</sup> Ramsay, and Sibbald, interpolated *kynd*, for *heynd*, as neither of them knew the proper sense of *heynd* to be gentle, civil, polite ; as in Chaucer,

“ Tho spaks our hoste, A, sire, ye should ben *hende*  
 And curteis, as a man of your estate.”

Chaucer often applies the term *hend* to his gallant clerk,

“ Jenkin that was so *hend*.”

*Hend* is also used, in the sense of *kind, gentle, civil*, by R. Gloc, Langtoft, &c. It was, probably, derived from the A. Sax., *heane, hean, humilis, Lye*.

<sup>15</sup> *Alliteration* is the Goddess to whom Henryson sacrifices all the proprieties of poetry. What did he mean by *fair of feir* ? is the question. Johnson has shewn the several senses of fair, as an adjective and adverb ; but it was reserved for Stevens, in his comment on the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, to shew it as a substantive ; yet did he forget to tell us the meaning of his substantive,

“ Demetrius loves your *fair*.”

In the *Pinner of Wakefield*, Bonfield says to Bettris,

“ Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy *fair* ?”

The editor of this old play still leaves the question open, What does Belfield mean ? Gawyn Douglas, as we learn from Ruddiman, has *fere*, for *entire, whole* : and Belfield, in wooing Bettris, might mean to say, affectedly, give me your *entirety*. In the History of Scotland, there is a well-known expression, that the people are to appear, in the field, “ Well boden in *feir* of war ;” meaning the port, appearance, or circumstance of war. Henryson might mean, by his alliterative expression, fair of appearance, mien, air, look, manner. *Feir* is put, by him, to rhyme with leir.

<sup>16</sup> The MS. has *so* ; but the sense requires *se*.

<sup>17</sup> Do thee hurt : Dere, deir, signify hurt, or injury, from the A. S., *derian* of *Lye* ; as in R. Gloc, Langtoft, and Minot. So in Chaucer,

“ Nevir mo ye shul my contree *dere*.”

*Deir* is here used by Henryson as a verb ; and *do thee deir*, means hurt thee. This was the usual mode of the old poets, in using *do*, transitively, with some other verb : Chaucer has “ do me drench ; do me stripen ;” and Lyndsay has, “ done indyte,” for has indyted ; and “ done complete,” for completed.

<sup>18</sup> What grief, in secret, thou *suffer*. Dre, dree, drie, mean to suffer, from the

Preiss the with pane at all poweir,<sup>19</sup>  
Be patient and previe.

Robene answerit hir agane,  
I wait nocht<sup>20</sup> quhat is lufe,  
Bot I haif mervell in certaine,  
Quhat makis thé this wanrufe;<sup>21</sup>  
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,<sup>22</sup>  
My schein gois hail abufe,  
And we wald play us in this plane,  
Thay wald us bayth reprufe.

Robene, tak tent<sup>23</sup> unto my tail,  
And wirk all as I reid,<sup>24</sup>  
And thow sall haif my hairt all hail,<sup>25</sup>  
Eik<sup>26</sup> and my madinheid :

A. S., *dreogan* of Lye. So in Chaucer,  
" Which that I *drie*, I may not long endure."

And " To *dry*, in our pennance."

<sup>19</sup> This verse, which means, merely, to press forward, amid danger, at whatever pain, Ramsay has interpolated,

" Press ay to pleis, and blyth appear."

<sup>20</sup> I know not. Wait, wat, wate, is the present tense of the verb *wite*, to know, from the A. S., *witan* of Lye. So in Chaucer,

" That he trespassith well I *wate*."

*Nocht* is the old form of *not*.

<sup>21</sup> *Wanrufe* is joyless; and is, probably, a corruption of *wandrem*, the (m) being sometimes changed to (f). So *wandreme*, in Ritson's Romances, for uneasiness,

" For hur he was in great *wandreme*."

The word is perhaps derived from the A. S. *wan*, and the A. S. *dream* of Lye; or, *wanrufe* may be derived from the A. S. *wyn*, and *reaf*.

<sup>22</sup> *Fane* is fond.

<sup>23</sup> Take heed unto my tale. *Tent* is used for heed in Langtoft; and Wiclif, and Bailey, have *tent*, for *tend*.

<sup>24</sup> *Reid* from the A. S.; *redan* means to advise. So in Langtoft, and in Chaucer,

" Remeveth him betimes I you *rede*."

<sup>25</sup> *All hail*, entirely, wholly; as in Chaucer,

" Whom she had *all hol* hire harte yeve."

<sup>26</sup> *Eik* is also.

Sen God sendis bute<sup>27</sup> for baill,<sup>28</sup>  
 And for murning remeid,  
 I dern with thé ; bot gif I daill,<sup>29</sup>  
 Downtless I am bot deid.

Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,<sup>30</sup>  
 And<sup>31</sup> ye will meit me heir,  
 Peraventure my schein ma gang besyde,<sup>32</sup>  
 Quhill we haif liggit<sup>33</sup> full neir ;  
 Bot mawgre<sup>34</sup> haif I, and I byde,  
 Fra thay begin to steir ;  
 Quhat lysis on hairt I will nocht hyde,  
 Makyne, than mak gud cheir.

<sup>27</sup> *Bute*, bote, remedy, help, from the A. S., *bote* of Lye, which may have been derived, from the British, *budd*, in the same sense. So *bote*, in R. Gloc, Langtoft, and in Minot,

“ He traisted of no better *bote*.”

<sup>28</sup> *Bail*, or *bale*, from the A. S., *beal* of Lye, means sorrow, misery : So in Minot,

“ For thou art *bute* of all my *bale*.”

And so it is in Langtoft, Chaucer, and Spenser.

<sup>29</sup> This is a difficult verse. The *dern*, herein, may be the *derne*, *derayne*, of Gawyn Douglas ; signifying to behold, see, perceive ; and then the meaning would be, I perceive, unless with thee I deal, or have connection, I must doubtless die.

<sup>30</sup> To-morrow, at this same time : *morne*, for morrow ; *ilk*, for same, and *tyde*, for time, may be all seen in Langtoft.

<sup>31</sup> *And*, *an*, for *if*, are common in the old English writers.

<sup>32</sup> Perhaps my sheep may go astray.

<sup>33</sup> While we have *lain* full near. *Lig*, means to lie, from the A. S., *ligan* ; and is very common, in this sense, in Wiclif, Mandevile, and Chaucer.

<sup>34</sup> *Mawgre*, from the Fr., *malgre*, is here used in the original sense of ill will, or spite. So Chaucer uses it,

“ I drede thou caust me, grete *maugre*.”

And in this sense, Henryson's verse would mean, But *ill will* may I have, *if* I stay. *Maugre*, in the secondary sense, if in spite, or against the will, is also common, in the old English, and Scottish writers. *Byde* means to stay, from the A. S., *bidan*, as we know from Lye ; and is common, in the old English writers.

Robene, thow reivis me roiss and rest,<sup>35</sup>  
 I luvè bot thé allane ;  
 Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,  
 The day is neirhand gane ;  
 Robene, in dule I am so drest,<sup>36</sup>  
 That lufe will be my bane ;  
 Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thow list,  
 For leman I lue nane.<sup>37</sup>

Robene, I stand in sic a style,  
 I sicht, and that full sair.<sup>38</sup>  
 Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle,  
 At hame God gif I wair.<sup>39</sup>  
 My hinny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,  
 Gif thow will do na mair.  
 Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,  
 For hamewart I will fair.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>35</sup> This verse seems to be corrupted. I doubt if there be such a word as *roiss* in old English, or Scotch poetry ; and the *and* where it stands has no meaning. Ramsay has substituted a very good verse :

“ Robene, thou reivs me of my rest.”

*Reive*, in Langtoft, and Chaucer, means to rob, or bereave.

<sup>36</sup> Robyn, in wae I am so plunged. *Dress* here is used figuratively, as in the old poets, to prepare, order, manage ; and Chaucer has,

“ All his wittis *dress*.”

<sup>37</sup> Go love, Makyne, where thou please ; for sweatheart I love none.

<sup>38</sup> *Sicht*, sighed, and that full *sair*. So Chaucer,

“ And in the pulling *sore* I *sight*.”

This seems to be an abbreviation of *sichit*, the pret. and part. of *sic*, *sik*, and *sich*, to *sigh*, from the A. S., *sican* of Lye.

<sup>39</sup> God gif I were, God grant that I were ; a common imprecation among the old poets.

<sup>40</sup> Homeward I will go ; *fare*, signifying to go.

Robene on his wayis went,  
 As licht as leaf of tré,<sup>41</sup>  
 Makyne murnit in hir intent,  
 And trowd<sup>42</sup> him nevir to sé.  
 Robene brayd attour the bent ;<sup>43</sup>  
 Than Makyne cryit on hie,  
 Now ma thow sing, for I am schent,<sup>44</sup>  
 Quhat alis lufe with me ?<sup>45</sup>

Mawkyne went hame, withoutten fail,  
 Full wery,<sup>46</sup> eftir cowth weip ;  
 Than Robene in a ful-fair daill  
 Assemblit all his schein.  
 Be that<sup>47</sup> sum parte of Makyne's aill  
 Out-throw his hairt coud creip ;  
 He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,  
 And till hir take gude keip.<sup>48</sup>

<sup>41</sup> In the Romance of Syr Cauline, in Percy, V. 1, are these verses :

“ Home then pricked Syr Cauline,  
 As light as leafe on tree.”

<sup>42</sup> *Trow* is the well-known old English word for *believe*. So Chaucer,  
 “ If thou not *trowest* me.”

So Shakespeare,

“ Why *trowest* thou, Warwick, that Clarence is so hard ?”

*Trow* is from the A. S. *treowan* of Lye.

<sup>43</sup> Robene *bolted* over the heath. *Braid*, and *brayd*, from the A. S., *braidan* of Lye, signifies to propel, to bolt ; as in Chaucer,

“ For veray we out of his wit he *braide*.”

Langtoft has *braid* for an *eruption*. *Attour*, over. *Bent* is heath.

<sup>44</sup> *Schent*, from the A. S., *scendan*, means disgraced ; as in Langtoft, Wiclif, Chaucer, and Spenser.

<sup>45</sup> What *ails* love with me. So Dryden,

“ What *ails* me, that I cannot lose thy thought !”

<sup>46</sup> Full weary, after could weep.

<sup>47</sup> Be the time that, according to the practice of those times.

<sup>48</sup> *Kepe*, and *Keep*, from the A. S., *cepan* of Lye, means attention. So Chaucer,  
 “ And she for wonder toke of it no *kepe*.”

Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,  
 A word for ony thing ;  
 For all my luve it sal be thýne,  
 Withouttin departing.<sup>49</sup>  
 All haill thy harte for till haif myne ;  
 Is all my cuvating ;  
 My schein to morne, quhill houris nyne,  
 Will neid of no keping.

Robene, thow hes hard sounge and say,  
 In gestis and stories auld :<sup>50</sup>  
 The man that will not quhen he may,  
 Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.  
 I pray to Jesu every day,  
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,<sup>51</sup>  
 That first pressis with thé to play,<sup>52</sup>  
 Be frith, forrest, or fawld.<sup>53</sup>

<sup>49</sup> Without *departing*, without *dividing*. So was the verb *departe* often used, by Langtoft and Mandevile ; and Chaucer has,

“ And will not departed be.”

It is also used by Spenser, and by Shakespeare, in the sense of to give away, or part with ;

“ Which we much rather had *depart withal*.”

<sup>50</sup> In *romances*, and stories, that were sung and said. We here see, that Henryson was well acquainted with the *gests* and stories of his time.

<sup>51</sup> May add to their cares cold.

<sup>52</sup> That first pressis, or insists, with thee to play.

<sup>53</sup> So Dunbar,

“ In frith, forrest, and feild.”

Such expressions were very common in the old poets, both of England, and Scotland. *Frith*, in the British, signifies a forest, or woodland ; so in the Scoto-Irish. Mr Sibbald, in defiance of all the dictionaries, British, Irish, and English, explains *frith*, to mean a cultivated field. This word has been confounded sometimes with the Saxon *frith*, signifying *peace*.

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,  
 The wedder is warm and fair,  
 And the grene woed rycht neir us by  
 To walk attour all quhair ;  
 Thair ma na janglour<sup>54</sup> us espy,  
 That is to lufe contrair ;  
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye, and I,  
 Unseen we ma repair,

Robene, that warld is all away,  
 And quyt brocht till ane end,  
 And nevir agane thereto perfay,<sup>55</sup>  
 Sall it be as thow wend ;<sup>56</sup>  
 For of my pane thow maid it play,  
 And all in vane I spend ;  
 As thow hes done, sa sall I say,  
 Murne on, I think to mend.

Makyne, the howp of all my heill,<sup>57</sup>  
 My hairt on thé is sett,

<sup>54</sup> A *janglour* means a tell-tale, from *jangle*, to prate. So in Chaucer,  
 "A *jangler* is to God abominable."

<sup>55</sup> *Parfay*, from the Fr., *par foi*, signifies by my faith. So in Chaucer,  
 "Some maner comfort shall I have *parfay*."

<sup>56</sup> *Wend* means to think, or imagine. *Wene*, *wein*, from the A. S., *wenan*. *Wened*,  
*wend*, *wende*, often appear in Langtoft, Wiclif, Mandevile, and in Chaucer. *Wend*  
 is put above to rhyme with end, instead of *wendet*.

<sup>57</sup> The *hope* of all my happiness. *Hail*, *hele*, from the A. S., *hel*, *hael*, signifies  
 health, welfare, prosperity ; so *hele* is used by R. Gloc. And, Minot has,

"Hald tham in gude *hele*."

And Wiclif uses *hele* for salvation.

And evir mair to thé be leill,<sup>58</sup>  
 Quhill I may leif but lett,<sup>59</sup>  
 Nevir to fail, as utheris feill,  
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.  
 Robene, with thé I will not deill ;<sup>60</sup>  
 Adew, for thus we mett.

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,  
 Attour the holtis hair ;<sup>61</sup>  
 Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche ;<sup>62</sup>  
 Scho sang, he sichit sair ;  
 And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,<sup>63</sup>  
 In dolour and in cair ;

<sup>58</sup> And ever more to thee be *true*. *Leil*, *lele*, from the Fr., *Loial*, signifies honest, loyal. Minot has,

“ His neme that was gude and *lele*.”

And Chaucer says,

“ And teach the folk their *lele* labour.”

<sup>59</sup> *But lett*, without stop, or hinderance ; and so it is used by Mandevile. Chaucer has,

“ And in she gotte withouten lenger *lette*.”

So Shakespeare,

“ What *lets*, but one may enter at her window ?”

In this sense, however, this word must not be confounded with *let*, to permit, or suffer, which is in present use.

<sup>60</sup> With thee, I will have no *concern* ; for, *dail*, *dele*, and *deal*, signify this in Langtoft ; and Shakespeare says,

“ He privily *deals* with our cardinal.”

<sup>61</sup> *Holt*, in the ancient language, signified both a *hill* and a *wood*. Here, the context requires that it should be regarded as a *hill* : Makyne went home blyth enough over the *holtis hair*, over the hoary hills. Our poet would have made Makyne skip through the woods :

“ Skip o'er the lawns, and by the rivers play.”

<sup>62</sup> Makyne *lewche*, laughed. *Lough* was the old English form of the past tense of *laugh* ; as in Chaucer,

“ And with that book he *lough* away ful fast.”

<sup>63</sup> She left him both *wo* and *wreuch* ; vexed. Chaucer uses *wo* in the same sense :

“ Was nevir wight yet half so *wo*.”

*Wreuch*, or *wrough*, means vexed, in Langtoft ; and in Chaucer, *wrawe* is used for peevish. Chaucer also uses *wro*, substantively, for grief, anger.



Kepand his hird under a heuch,<sup>64</sup>  
Amangis the holtis hair.<sup>65</sup>

<sup>64</sup> Keeping his *hird*, herd, or flock, *under a heuch*. *Heuch*, *heugh*, and *hew*, signify a *height*, particularly, a cliff, or high steep bank. The word, under whatever form, is derived from the British *uch*, superior, *altior*, *supra*.—Davis. Having the aspirate (h) prefixed, it becomes *hoch*; *vox Celtica*, quæ Cambris effertur *uch*.—Wachter's Gloss. *Heuch*, and *hew*, are equally common in the language, and typography of England, and Scotland. From the inaccurate application of the term, sometimes to the hollow, or glen, below the *heugh*, or cliff, the editor of *The Complaint of Scotland* has mistakingly explained *heugh* to be "a deep rugged valley, or small glen," which is directly contrary to the meaning of his author.

"Under ane hingand heuch, under a hanging cliff."

From his own mistake, Leyden goes on to charge Ruddiman with an error, in explaining *heuch*, a rock, or steep hill, which comes very near to the genuine meaning of the word, and to the sense, wherein Gawyn Douglas uses it.

<sup>65</sup> *Holt* signified a *wood*, or *grove*, from the A. S., *holt*, lucus, Sylva; *remus*, Somner, and Lye. The same word also signified a *height*, or *hill*, from the Fr., *haul*, perhaps; as *holt* is pronounced *hout*, in the vulgar language. And, in Dumfries-shire, the word *holt* is still used, for a *dunghill*, and a *haycock*, and, at the same time, for a *mount*.—Stat. Ac. v. 13, p. 568-9. In this same stanza above, we have seen *attour* the *holts*, which plainly means *over the hills*. Gawyn Douglas also uses *holts*, for hills, or heights;

"Than throw the wodeis and the *holtys* hie."

In the same manner, Turbervill, in his *Songs and Sonnets*,

"Yee that frequent the *hills* and *highest holtis* of all."

The only meaning, which can be given to the epithet *hair*, is hoary, or grey, from the A. S., *har*, *hare*, Canus, Lye. The epithet *hore*, or grey, is, in fact, coupled with the *holtis*, in Ritson's Romances:

"An huntynge went Syr Launfel,  
To chary yn *holtis hore*."

And again, in Sir Orpheo:

"In Welderness now wol y be,  
And wonne there in *holtys hore*."

The only difference is, that here the epithet *hore* is coupled with the *holtis*, for woods, while in the other, *hair* is coupled with the *holtis*, for hills. But, as the epithet *green* is applied to hills, when speaking of them, in the spring, so the epithet *grey*, may be equally applied to both, when speaking of them, in the autumn; and, Spenser, in February, metaphorically, calls the branches, and withered leaves of the oak, "his *hoarie* locks." Yet, Lord Hailes could not discover any sense in *hoary woods*.





**The Testament of  
CRESSEID,**

Compylit be M. Robert  
Henryson, Sculemai-  
ster in Dunfer-  
meling.



**Imprentit at Edin-  
burgh be Henrie Charteris.  
M.D.XCIII.**

THE  
Testament of Cresseid.

---

**A** NE doolie sessoun to ane cairfull dyte  
Suld correspond, and be equivalent.  
Richt sa it wes quhen I began to wryte  
This tragedie; the wedder richt fervent,  
Quhen Aries, in middis of the Lent,  
Schouris of haill can fra the North descend,  
That scantlie fra the cauld I nicht defend.

¶ Yit, nevertheles, within myne oratur  
I stude, quhen Titan had his bemis bricht  
Withdrawin down, and sylit under cure,  
And fair Venus, the bewtie of the nicht,  
Uprais, and set unto the west full richt  
Hir goldin face, in oppositioun  
Of God Phebus, direct descending down.

¶ Throwout the glas hir bemis brast sa fair,  
That I nicht sé on everie syde me by  
The Northin wind had purifyit the air,  
And sched the mistie cloudis fra the sky;  
The froist freisit, the blastis bitterly  
Fra Pole Artick come quhisling loud and schill,  
And causit me remufe aganis my will.

¶ For I traistit that Venus, luifis quene,  
To quhome sum tyme I hecht obedience,  
My faidit hart of lufe scho wald mak grene;  
And therupon, with humbill reverence,  
I thocht to pray hir hie magnificence;  
Bot for greit cald as than I lattit was,  
And in my chalmer to the fyre can pas.

¶ Thocht

¶ Thocht lufe be hait, yit in ane man of age  
 It kendillis nocht sa sone as in youtheid,  
 Of quhome the blude is flowing in ane rage,  
 And in the suld the curage doif and deid :  
 Of quhilk the fire outward is best remeid.  
 To help be phisike quhair that nature faillit,  
 I am expert, for baith I have assailit.

¶ I mend the fyre, and beikit me about,  
 Than tuik ane drink my spreitis to comfort,  
 And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout,  
 To cut the winter nicht, and mak it schort,  
 I tuik ane Quair, and left all uther sport,  
 Writtin be worthie Chaucer glorious,  
 Of fair Creisseid, and worthie Troylus.

¶ And thair I fand, efter that Diomeid  
 Ressavit had that lady bricht of hew,  
 How Troilus neir out of wit abraid,  
 And weipit soir with visage pail of hew,  
 For quhilk wanhope his teiris can renew,  
 Quhill Esperus rejoisit him agane,  
 Thus quhyle in joy he levit, quhile in pane.

¶ Of hir behest he had greit comforting,  
 Traisting to Troy that scho suld mak retour,  
 Quhilk he desyrit maist of eirdly thing,  
 For quhy scho was his only paramour ;  
 Bot quhen he saw passit baith day and hour  
 Of hir ganecome, than sorrow can oppres  
 His wofull hart in cair and hevines.

¶ Of his distres me neidis nocht reheirs,  
 For worthie Chauceir, in the samin buik,  
 In gudelie termis, and in joly veirs,  
 Compylit hes his cairis, quha will luik.  
 To brek my sleip ane uther quair I tuik,

In quhilk I fand the fatall destenie  
Of fair Cresseid, that endit wretchitlie.

¶ Quha wait gif all that Chauceir wrait was trow,  
Nor I wait nocht gif this narratioun  
Be authoreist, or fenyait of the new,  
Be sum Poeit, throw his inventioun  
Maid to report the Lamentatioun  
And wofull end of this lustie Creisseid,  
And quhat distres scho thoillit, and quhat deid.

¶ Quhen Diomed had all his appetyte,  
And mair, fulfillit of this fair ladie,  
Upon ane uther he set his hail delyte,  
And send to hir ane lybell of repudie ;  
And hir excludit fra his companie.  
Than desolait scho walkit up and down,  
And, sum men sayis, into the Court commoun.

¶ O, fair Creisseid ! the flour and A per se  
Of Troy and Grece, how was thow fortunait ?  
To change in filth all thy feminitie,  
And be with fleschelic lust sa maculait,  
And go amang the Greikis air and lait,  
Sa giglotlike, takand thy foull plesance ;  
I have pietie thow suld fall sic mischance.

¶ Yit, neuertheles, quhat ever men deme or say  
In scornfull langage of thy brukkilnes,  
I sall excuse als, far furth as I may,  
Thy womanheid, thy wisdome and fairnes ;  
The quhilk Fortoun hes put to sic distres  
As hir pleisit, and nathing throw the gilt  
Of thé, throw wickit langage to be spilt.

This fair lady, in this wyse destitute  
Of all comfort and consolatioun,  
Richt privelie but fellowschip, on fute

Disagysit

Disagysit passit far out of the toun  
 Ane myle or twa, unto ane mansioun,  
 Beildit full gay, quhair hir Father Calchas  
 Quhilk than amang the Greikis dwelland was.

Quhan he hir saw, the caus he can inquyre  
 Of hir cumming ; scho said, siching full soir,  
 Fra Diomeid had gottin his desyre  
 He wox werie, and wald of me no moir.  
 Quod Calchas, Douchter weip thow not thairfoir,  
 Peraventure all cummis for the best,  
 Welcum to me, thow art full deir ane Gest.

¶ This auld Calchas, efter the law was tho  
 Wes keeper of the Tempill as ane Preist,  
 In quhilk Venus and hir sone Cupido  
 War honourit, and hir chalmer was thame neist,  
 To quhilk Cresseid with baill aneuch in breist  
 Usit to pas, hir prayeris for to say,  
 Quhill at the last, upon ane solempne day,

¶ As custome was, the pepill far and neir  
 Befoir the none, unto the Tempill went,  
 With sacrifice devoit in thair maneir ;  
 Bot still Cresseid, hevie in hir intent,  
 Into the kirk wald not hir self present,  
 For givin of the pepill ony deming,  
 Of hir expuls fra Diomeid the king ;

¶ Bot past into ane secreit orature  
 Quhair scho nicht weip hir wofull desteny ;  
 Behind hir bak scho cloisit fast the dure,  
 And on hir kneis bair fell down in hy ;  
 Upon Venus and Cupide angerly,  
 Scho cryit out, and said on this same wyse,  
 Allace ! that ever I maid yow sacrifice.

¶ Ye gave me anis ane devine responsaill

That

That I suld be the flour of luif in Troy,  
 Now am I maid ane unworthie outwail,  
 And all in cair translatit is my joy,  
 Quha sall me gyde ? quha sall me now convoy,  
 Sen I fra Diomeid and nobill Troylus  
 Am clene excludit, as abject odious.

¶ O fals Cupide, is nane to wyte bot thow,  
 And thy mother, of lufe the blind Goddes !  
 Ye causit me alwayis understand and trow.  
 The seid of lufe was sawin in my face,  
 And ay grew grene throw your supplie and grace.  
 Bot now, allace ! that seid with froist is slane,  
 And I fra luifferis left and all forlane.

¶ Quhen this was said down in ane extasie,  
 Ravischit in spreit, intill ane dreame scho fell,  
 And be apperance hard quhair scho did ly  
 Cupide the king ringand ane silver bell,  
 Quhilk men micht heir fra hevin unto hell ;  
 At quhais sound befoir Cupide appeiris  
 The sevin Planetis discending fra thair spheiris.

¶ Quhilk hes power of all thing generabill  
 To reull and steir be thair greit influence,  
 Wedder and wind, and coursis variabill :  
 And first of all, Saturne gave his sentence,  
 Quhilk gave to Cupide litill reverence,  
 Bot as ane busteous churle on his maneir,  
 Come crabitlie with auster luik and cheir.

¶ His face frosnit, his lyre was lyke the leid,  
 His teith chatterit, and cheverit with the chin,  
 His ene drowpit, how sonkin in his heid,  
 Out of his nois the meldrop fast can rin,  
 With lippis bla, and cheikis leine and thin,  
 The ice schoklis that fra his hair doun hang

Was



Was wonder greit, and as ane speir als lang.

¶ Atour his belt his lyart lokkis lay  
Felterit unfair, ovirfret with froistis hoir,  
His garmound and his gyis full gay of gray,  
His widderit weid fra him the wind out woir,  
Ane busteous bow within his hand he boir,  
Under his girdill ane flasche of felloun slanis,  
Fedderit with Ice, and heidit with hailstanis.

¶ Than Juppiter richt fair and amiabill,  
God of the starnis in the firmament,  
And nureis to all thing generabill,  
Fra his father Saturne far different,  
With burelie face, and browis bricht and brent,  
Upon his heid ane garland wonder gay  
Of flouris fair, as it had bene in May.

¶ His voice was cleir, as cristall wer his ene,  
As goldin wyre sa glitterand was his hair,  
His garmound and his gyis full of grene,  
With golden listis gilt on everie gair,  
Ane burelie brand about his middill hair,  
In his right hand he had ane groundin speir,  
Of his father the wraith fra us to weir.

¶ Nixt efter him come Mars the God of ire,  
Of strife, debait, and all dissensioun,  
To chide and fecht, als feirs as ony fyre  
In hard harnes, hewmound and habirgeoun,  
And on his hanche ane roustie fell fachioun,  
And in his hand he had ane roustie sword,  
Wrything his face with mony angrie word.

Schaikand his sword, befoir Cupide he come  
With reid visage, and grislie glowrand ene,  
And at his mouth ane bullar stude of fome,  
Lyke to ane bair quhetting his tuskis kene,

Richt

Richt tuilyeour lyke, but temperance in tene,  
 Ane horne he blew, with mony bosteous brag  
 Quhilk all this warld with weir hes maid to wag.

¶ Than fair Phebus, lanterne and lamp of licht  
 Of man and beist, baith frute and flourisching,  
 Tender nureis, and banischer of nicht,  
 And of the warld causing be his moving  
 And influence, lyfe in all eirdlie thing  
 Without comfort of quhome, of force to nocht  
 Must all ga die that in this warld is wrocht.

¶ As king royall he raid upon his chair,  
 The quhilk Phaeton gydit sum tyme upright,  
 The brichtnes of his face quhen it was bair,  
 Nane nicht behald for peirsing of his sicht,  
 This goldin cart with fyrie bemis bricht,  
 Four yokkit steidis full different of hew,  
 But bait or tyring throw the speheiris drew.

¶ The first was soyr with mane als reid as rois,  
 Callit Eoye into the Orient;  
 The secund steid to name hecht Ethios,  
 Quhitlie and paill, and sum deill ascendent;  
 The thrid Peros, richt hait and richt fervent,  
 The feird was blak, callit Philologie,  
 Quhilk rollis Phebus down into the sey.

¶ Venus was thair present that goddes, *gair*  
 Hir sonnys querrel for to defend and mak  
 Hir awin complaint, cled in ane nyce array  
 The ane half grene, the uthir half sabill blak,  
 Quhyte hair as gold kemmit and sched abak,  
 Bot in hir face semit greit variance,  
 Quhyles perfyte treuth, and quhiles inconstance.

¶ Under amyling scho was dissimulait,  
 Provocative, with blenkis amorous

And

And suddanely changit and alterait,  
 Angrie as ony serpent vennemous  
 Richt pungitive, with wordis odious.  
 Thus variant scho was, quha list tak keip  
 With ane eye lauch, and with the uther weip.

¶ In taikning that all fleschelic paramour  
 Quhilk Venus hes in reull and governance,  
 Is sum tyme sweet, sum tyme bitter and sour,  
 Richt unstabill, and full of variance,  
 Mingit with cairfull joy and fals plesance,  
 Now hait, now cauld, now blyith, now full of wo,  
 Now grene as leif, now widderit and ago.

¶ With buik in hand than come Mercurius,  
 Richt eloquent, and full of rethorie,  
 With polite termis and delicious,  
 With pen and ink to report all reddie,  
 Setting sangis and singand merilie ;  
 His hude was reid heklit atour his croun  
 Lyke to ane poeit of the auld fassoun.

¶ Boxis he bair with fine electuairis,  
 And sugerit syropis for digestioun,  
 Spycis belangand to the Pothecairis,  
 With mony hailsum sweet confection,  
 Doctour in phisick cled in skarlot gown,  
 And furrit weill, as sic ane sucht to be,  
 Honest and gude, and not ane word culd lie.

¶ Nixt efter him come Lady Cynthia  
 The last of all, and swiftest in hir spheir,  
 Of colour blak, buskit with hornis twa,  
 And in the nicht scho listis best appeir,  
 Haw as the leid, of colour nathing cleir ;  
 For all hir licht scho borrowis at hir brother,  
 Titan, for of hir self scho hes nane uther.

Hir gyse was gray, and full of spottis blak,  
 And on hir breist ane churle paintit full evin  
 Beirand ane bunche of thornis on his bak,  
 Quhilk for his thift nicht clim na nar the hevin.  
 Thus quhen thay gadderit war thir Goddis sevin,  
 Mercurius they cheisit with ane assent,  
 To be foirspeikar in the Parliament.

¶ Quha had bene thair, and liken for to heir  
 His facound tounge, and termis exquisite,  
 Of Rhetorick the prettick he nicht leir  
 In breif sermone ane pregnant sentence wryte  
 Befoir Cupide veiling his cap alyte.  
 Speiris the caus of that vocatioun,  
 And he anone schew his intentioun.

¶ Lo, (quod Cupide) quha will blaspheme the name  
 Of his awin God, outhir in word or deid,  
 To all Goddis he dois baith lak and schame,  
 And suld have bitter panis to his meid.  
 I say this by yone wretchit Cresseid,  
 The quhilk throw me, was sum tyme flour of lufe,  
 Me and my mother starklie can reprove.

¶ Saying of hir greit infelicitie  
 I was the caus, and my mother Venus,  
 Ane blind Goddes, hir cald that nicht not se  
 With sclander and defame injurious,  
 Thus hir leving unclene and lecherous,  
 Scho wald returne on me and my mother,  
 To quhome I schew my grace abone all uther.

¶ And sen ye ar all sevin deificait  
 Participant of devyne sapience,  
 This greit injurie done to our hie estait,  
 Me think with pane we suld mak recompence,  
 Was never to Goddes done sic violence.

Asweill

Asweill for yow, as for myself I say  
Thairfoir ga help to revenge I yow pray.

¶ Mercurius to Cupide gave answeir  
And said, Schir King, my counsall is that ye,  
Refer yow to the hiest planeit heir,  
And tak to him the lawest of degre,  
The pane of Cresseid for to modifie.  
As God Saturne, with him tak Cynthia ;  
I am content (quod he) to tak thay twa.

¶ Than thus proceidit Saturne and the Mone,  
Quhen thay the mater rypelie had degest,  
For the dispyte to Cupide scho had done,  
And to Venus oppin and manifest,  
In all hir lyfe with pane to be opprest,  
And torment sair with seiknes incurabill,  
And to all lovers be abhominabill.

¶ This dulefull sentence Saturne tuik on hand,  
And passit down quhair cairfull Cresseid lay,  
And on hir heid he laid ane frostie wand.  
Than lawfullie on this wyse can he say,  
Thy greit fairnes and all thy bewtie gay,  
Thy wantoun blude, and eik thy goldin hair,  
Heir I exclude fra thé for evermair.

¶ I change thy mirth into melancholy,  
Quhilk is the mother of all pensivenes,  
Thy moisture and thy heit in cald and dry,  
Thyne insolence, thy play and wantones  
To greit diseis, thy pomp and thy riches,  
In mortall neid, and greit penuritie,  
Thow suffer sall, and as ane beggar die.

¶ O cruell Saturne, fraward and angrie,  
Hard is thy dome, and to malitious  
On fair Cresseid quhy hes thow na mercie ?

B ij

Quhilk

Quhilk was sa sweit, gentill and amorous.  
 Withdraw thy sentence, and be gracious  
 As thow was never, sa schawis thow thy deid,  
 Ane wraikfull sentence gevin on fair Cresseid.

¶ Than Cynthia quhen Saturne past away,  
 Out of hir sait discendit down belyve,  
 And red ane bill on Cresseid quhair scho lay,  
 Contening this sentence diffinityve,  
 Fra heit of bodie I thé now deprive,  
 And to thy seiknes sal be na recure,  
 Bot in dolour thy dayis to indure.

¶ Thy cristall ene minglit with blude I mak  
 Thy voice sa cleir unplesand hoir and hace,  
 Thy lustie lyre ouirsprede with spottis blak,  
 And lumpis haw appeirand in thy face,  
 Quhair thow cummis, ilk man sall fle the place,  
 This sall thow go begging fra hous to hous,  
 With cop and clapper lyke ane lazarous.

¶ This doolie dreame, this uglye visioun  
 Brocht to ane end, Cresseid fra it awoik,  
 And all that court and convocation  
 Vanischit away, than rais scho up and tuik  
 Ane poleist glas, and hir schadow culd luik;  
 And quhen scho saw hir face sa deformait  
 Gif scho in hart was wa aneuch God wait.

¶ Weiping full sair, lo quhat it is (quod sche)  
 With fraward langage for to mufe and steir  
 Our craibit Goddis, and sa is sene on me?  
 My blaspheming now have I bocht full deir  
 All eirdlie joy and mirth I set areir,  
 Allace this day, allace this wofull tyde,  
 Quhen I began with my Goddis for to chyde.

¶ Be this was said ane chyld come fra the hall,

To

To warne Cresseid the supper was reddy ;  
 First knockit at the dure, and syne culd call.  
 Madame, your father biddis you cum in hy,  
 He hes merwell sa lang on grouf ye ly,  
 And sayis, your prayers bene to lang sum deill,  
 The Goddis wait all your intent full weill.

¶ Quod scho, fair chylde, ga to my father deir,  
 And pray him cum to speik with me anone.  
 And sa he did, and said, douchter, quhat cheir ?  
 Allace (quod scho) father my mirth is gone.  
 How sa? (quod he,) and scho can all expone,  
 As I have tauld the vengeance and the wraik  
 For hir trespas, Cupide on hir culd tak.

¶ He luikit on hir uglye lipper face,  
 The quhilk befor was quhite as lillie flour,  
 Wringand his handis oftymes he said allace,  
 That he had levit to se that wofull hour ;  
 For he knew weill that thair was na succour  
 To hir seiknes, and that dowblit his pane ;  
 Thus was thair cair aneuch betuix thame twane.

¶ Quhen thay togidder murnit had full lang,  
 Quod Cresseid, Father, I wald not be kend ;  
 Thairfoir in secreit wyse ye let me gang  
 Unto yone hospitall at the tounis end ;  
 And thidder sum meit for cheritie me send,  
 To leif upon, for all mirth in this eird  
 Is fra me gane, sic is my wickit weird.

¶ Than in ane mantill and ane bawar hat,  
 With cop and clapper wonder prively,  
 He opnit ane secreit yet, and out thairat  
 Convoyit hir, that na man suld espy,  
 Unto ane village half ane myle thairby,  
 Delyverit hir in at the Spittail hous,

And

And daylie sent hir part of his almous.

¶ Sum knew hir weill, and sum had na knowledge  
Of hir, becaus scho was sa deformait,  
With bylis blak ovirspred in hir visage,  
And hir fair colour faidit and alterait.  
Yit thay presumit for hir hie regrait,  
And still murning, scho was of nobill kin,  
With better will thairfoir they tuik hir in.

¶ The day passit, and Phebus went to rest,  
The cloudis blak ovirquhelmit all the sky.  
God wait gif Cresseid was ane sorrowfull gest,  
Seeing that uncouth fair and harbery,  
But meit or drink scho dressit hir to ly,  
In ane dark corner of the hous allone,  
And on this wyse weiping, scho maid hir mone.

#### ¶ THE COMPLAINT OF CRESSEID.

**O** SOP of sorrow, sonken into cair :  
O Cative Cresseid, for now and ever mair,  
Gane is thy joy, and all thy mirth in eird,  
Of all blythnes now art thou blaiknit bair.  
Thair is na salve may saif thé of thy sair,  
Fell is thy fortoun, wickit is thy weird ;  
Thy blys is baneist, and thy baill on breird,  
Under the eirth, God gif I gravin wer ;  
Quhair nane of Grece nor yit of Troy nicht heird.

¶ Quhair is thy chalmer wantounlie besene ?  
With burely bed and bankouris browderit bene,  
Spycis and wyne to thy collatioun,  
The cowpis all of gold and silver schene :  
The sweit meitis, servit in plaittis clene,  
With saipheron sals of ane gud sessoun :  
Thy gay garmentis with mony gudely gown,

Thy



Thy plesand lawn pinnit with goldin prene :  
All is areir, thy greit royall renoun.

¶ Quhair is thy garding with thir greissis gay ?  
And fresche flowris, quhilk the Quene Floray  
Had paintit plesandly in everie pane,  
Quhair thou was wont full merilye in May,  
To walk and tak the dew be it was day,  
And heir the merle and mawis mony ane,  
With ladyis fair in carrolling to gane,  
And se the royall Rinkis in thair array,  
In garmentis gay garnischit on everie grane.

¶ Thy greit triumphand fame and hie honour,  
Quhair thou was callit of eirdlye wichtis flour ;  
All is decayit, thy weird is welterit so,  
Thy hie estait is turnit in darknes dour.  
This lipper ludge tak for thy burelie bour,  
And for thy bed tak now ane bunche of stro,  
For waillit wyne, and meitis thou had tho,  
Tak mowlit breid, peirrie, and ceder sour :  
Bot cop and clapper, now is all ago.

¶ My cleir voice, and courtlie carrolling,  
Quhair I was wont with ladyis for to sing,  
Is rawk as ruik, full hiddeous hoir and hace,  
My plesand port all utheris precelling ;  
Of lustines I was hald maist conding.  
Now is deformit the figour of my face,  
To luik on it, na leid now lyking hes :  
Sowpit in syte, I say with sair siching,  
Ludgeit among the lipper leid, allace !

¶ O ladyis fair of Troy and Grece attend,  
My miserie, quhilk nane may comprehend.  
My frivoll fortoun, my infelicitie ;  
My greit mischief, quhilk na man can amend,

Be war

Be war in tyme approchis neir the end,  
 And in your mynd ane mirrou mak of me ;  
 As I am now, peradventure that ye  
 For all your might may cum to that same end,  
 Or ellis war, gif ony war may be.

¶ Nocht is your fairnes bot ane faiding flour,  
 Nocht is your famous laud and hie honour ;  
 Bot wind inflat in uther mennis eiris.  
 Your roising reid to rotting sall retour :  
 Exempill mak of me in your memour,  
 Quhilk of sic thingis wofull witnes beiris,  
 All welth in eird away as wind it weiris.  
 Be war, thairfoir, approchis neir the hour ;  
 Fortoun is fikkill, quhen scho beginnis and steiris.

**T**HUS chydand with her drerie destenye,  
 Weiping, scho woik the nicht fra end to end.  
 Bot all in vane, hir dule, hir cairfull cry  
 Micht not remeid, nor yit hir murning mend.  
 Ane lipper lady rais and till hir wend,  
 And said, quhy spurnis thow agains the wall,  
 To sla thyself, and mend nathing at all ?  
 Sen thy weiping dowbillis bot thy wo,  
 I counsall the mak vertew of ane neid ;  
 To leir to clap thy clapper to and fro,  
 And leir efter the law of lipper leid.  
 Thair was na buit, bot furth with thame scho yeid,  
 Fra place to place, quhill cauld and hounger sair,  
 Compellit hir to be ane rank beggair.

¶ That samin tyme of Troy the garnisoun,  
 Quhilk had to chiftane worthie Troylus,  
 Throw jeopardie of weir had strikken down  
 Knichtis of Grece in number mervellous,  
 With greit tryumphe and laude victorious,

Agane

Agane to Troy richt royallie they raid,  
The way quhair Cresseid with the lipper baid.

¶ Seing that companie thai come all with ane stevin,  
Thay gaif ane cry, and schuik coppis gude speid.  
Said worthie lordis for Goddis lufe of Hevin,  
To us lipper part of your almous deid.  
Than to thair cry nobill Troylus tuik heid,  
Having pietie neir by the place can pas :  
Quhair Cresseid sat, not witting quhat scho was.

¶ Than upon him scho kest up baith her ene,  
And with ane blenk it come into his thocht,  
That he sumtime hir face befor had sene.  
Bot scho was in sic plye he knew hir nocht,  
Yit than hir luik into his mynd it brocht  
The sweit visage and amorous blenking  
Of fair Cresseid, sumtyme his awin darling.

¶ Na wonder was, suppois in mynd that he  
Tuik hir figure sa sone, and lo now quhy.  
The idole of ane thing, in cace may be  
Sa deip imprentit in the fantasy,  
That it deludis the wittis outwardly,  
And sa appeiris in forme and lyke estait,  
Within the mynd as it was figurait.

¶ Ane spark of lufe than till his hart culd spring,  
And kendlit all his bodie in ane fyre,  
With hait fewir ane sweit and trimbling  
Him tuik, quhill he was reddie to expyre.  
To beir his scheid, his breist began to tyre ;  
Within ane quhyle he changit mony hew,  
And, nevertheles, not ane ane uther knew.

¶ For knichtlie pietie and memoriall  
Of fair Cresseid, ane gyrdill can he tak.  
Ane purs of gold, and mony gay jowall,

C

And

Ane purs of gold, and mony gay jowall,  
 And in the skirt of Cresseid doun can swak :  
 Than raid away, and not ane word spak.  
 Pensive in hart, quhill he come to the toun,  
 And for greit cair oft syis almaist fell doun.

¶ The lipper folk to Cresseid than can draw,  
 To se the equall distributioun  
 Of the almous, bot quhan the gold they saw,  
 Ilk ane to uther prewylie can roun,  
 And said yone lord hes mair affectioun,  
 How ever it be, unto yone lazarous,  
 Than to us all ; we know be his almous.

Quhat lord is yone, (quod scho,) have ye na feill,  
 Hes done to us so greit humanitie ?  
 Yes, (quod a Lipper man,) I know him weil ;  
 Schir Troylus it is, gentill and fre.  
 Quhen Cresseid understude that it was he,  
 Stiffer than steill, thair stert ane bitter stound  
 Throwout hir hart, and fell doun to the ground.

¶ Quhen scho, ovircome with siching sair and sad,  
 With mony cairfull cry and cald Ochane.  
 Now is my breist with stormie stoundis stad,  
 Wrappit in wo, ane wretch full will of wane.  
 Than swounit scho oft or scho culd refrane,  
 And ever in hir swouning cryit scho thus :—  
 O, fals Cresseid ! and trew knicht Troylus !

¶ Thy lufe, thy lawtie, and thy gentilnes,  
 I countit small in my prosperitie ;  
 Sa elevait I was in wantones,  
 And clam upon the fickill quheill sa hie,  
 All faith and lufe, I promissit to the,  
 Was in the self fickill and frivolous :  
 O, fals Cresseid ! and trew knicht Troilus !

For lufe of me thow kept gude continence,

Honest

Honest and chaist in conversatioun,  
 Of all wemen protectour and defence  
 Thou was, and helpit thair opinioun.  
 My mynd in fleschelic foull affectioun  
 Was inclynit to lustis lecherous :  
 Fy, fals Cresseid ! O, trew knicht Troylus !

¶ Lovers be war, and tak gude heid about  
 Quhome that ye lufe, for quhome ye suffer paine.  
 I lat you wit, thair is richt few thairout  
 Quhome ye may traist to have trew lufe againe :  
 Preif quhen ye will, your labour is in vaine.  
 Thairfoir, I reid ye tak thame as ye find,  
 For thay ar sad as widdercock in wind,

¶ Becaus I know the greit unstabilnes  
 Brukill as glas, into my self I say,  
 Traisting in uther als greit unfaithfulnes ;  
 Als unconstant, and als untrew of fay.  
 Thocht sum be trew, I wait richt few are thay,  
 Quha findis treuth, lat him his lady ruse :  
 Nane but my self, as now I will accuse.

¶ Quhen this was said, with paper scho sat down,  
 And on this maneir maid hir Testament.  
 Heir I beteiche my corps and carioun,  
 With wormis and with taidis to be rent ;  
 My cop and clapper, and myne ornament,  
 And all my gold the lipper folk sall have,  
 Quhen I am deid, to burie me in grave.

¶ This royall ring, set with this rubie reid,  
 Quhilk Troylus in drowrie to me send,  
 To him agane I leif it quhan I am deid,  
 To mak my cairfull deid unto him kend :  
 Thus I conclude schortlie, and mak ane end ;  
 My spreit I leif to Diane, quhair scho dwellis,

To walk

To walk with hir in waist woddis and wellis.

¶ O, Diomeid ! thou hes baith broche and belt,  
 Quhilk Troylus gave me in takning  
 Of his trew lufe, and with that word scho swelt ;  
 And sone ane lipper man tuik of the ring,  
 Syne buryit hir withouttin tarying ;  
 To Troylus furthwith the ring he bair,  
 And of Cresseid the deith he can declair.

¶ Quhen he had hard hir greit infirmitie,  
 Hir legacie and lamentatioun,  
 And how scho endit in sic povertie,  
 He swelt for wo, and fell down in ane swoun,  
 For greit sorrow his hart to brist was boun :  
 Siching full sadlie, said, I can no moir,  
 Scho was untrew, and wo is me thairfoir !

¶ Sum said he maid ane tomb of merbell gray,  
 And wrait hir name and superscriptioun,  
 And laid it on hir grave, quhair that scho lay,  
 In goldin letteris, conteining this ressoun :  
 Lo, fair ladyis, Cresseid of Troyis toun,  
 Sumtyme countit the flour of womanheid,  
 Under this stane, lait lipper, lyis deid.

¶ Now, worthie Wemen, in this ballet schort,  
 Made for your worschip and instructioun,  
 Of cheritie, I monische and exhort,  
 Ming not your lufe with fals deceptioun ;  
 Beir in your mynd this schort conclusioun  
 Of fair Cresseid, as I have said befoir,  
 Sen scho is deid, I speik of hir no moir.

FINIS.









