# ——「修道士の話』の序と物語」用語索引（4）— 

東 好 男

## A Concordance to The Monk＇s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales（4）

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Geoffrey Chaucer の『カンタベリー物語』は，既に幾つかの用語索引がこれまでに作成されている。J．S．P．Tatlock と A．G．Kennedy による A Concordance to the Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer and to the＇Romount of the Rose＇${ }^{1)}$ は A．W．Pollard のテキ スト The Globe Edition ${ }^{2)}$ を基に作られた労作であるが，その後のテキスト編纂は時代 と共に進展し，近年，最新のテキスト＂The Riverside Chaucer＂，based on The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer edited by F．N．Robinson ${ }^{3)}$ が出版され，そしてこれに基づく用語索引が相次いで刊行された。一つは大泉昭夫氏による A Complete Concordance to the Works of Geoffrey Chaucer ${ }^{4)}$ であり，いま一つは Larry D．Benson による A Glossarial Concordance to the Riverside Chaucer ${ }^{5)}$ である。しかしこれらはいずれも『カンタベリー

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1）A Concordance to the Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer and to＇the Romount of the Rose＇（Tatlock and Kennedy Concordance）John S．P．Tatlock and Arthur G．Kennedy， Gloucester，Mass．，Peter Smith． 1963.
2）The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer，（The Globe Edition）edited by Alfred W．Pollard，H．Frank Heath，Mark H．Liddell，W．S．McCormick，Macmillan and Co．， 1913 （Originally issued in 1898）．
3）The Riverside Chaucer，Third Edition，based on The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer edited by F． N．Robinson，Larry D．Benson，General Editor，Oxford University Press， 1988.
4）A Complete Concordance to the Works of Geoffrey Chaucer，Edited by Akio Oizumi， Programmed by Kunihiro Miki，Olms－Weidmann，Hildesheim，Zurich，New York， 10 vols．， 1991.
5 ）A Glossarial Concordance to The Riverside Chaucer，Larry D．Benson，Garland Publishing， Inc．，New York \＆London， 2 vols．， 1993.

物語』の中で展開する個々の「物語」を独立させた用語索引として揭載しておらない。し かし，各「物語」を独立した作品と考え，そこでの使用語彙のより詳細な言葉の環境を捉 えるには，それぞれについての用語索引が是非とも必要となる。

『カンタベリー物語』の中で展開する個々の「物語」の中に登場する多様な語彙が，そ の前後の言語環境を通して作品の中で，どの様な語義の広がりと機能を果たしているか を探ることが，先ず ‘Concordance’ 作成によって可能となる。又，それぞれの＇Word List＇作成によって，如何様な語彙が作品の中で分布しているか，個々の語彙環境を各「物語」の中で総合的に鳥瞰することが可能となる。Chaucer の『カンタベリー物語』の一部 を形成する，この＂The Monk＇s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales＂の文学世界を，文体と語彙の両面において，一層効率的に把握することの助けとなるはずである。

この＇Concordance’と＇Word List’を作成するにあたり，テキストは＂The Riverside Chaucer＂を使用した。又，沖田電子技研（有）の文章解析プログラム・Micro－OCP を使用し，東個人が手で打ち达んだものと，同技研から出されている Electronic Text Library Line－up の中の＂Chaucer，Complete Works＂を使用した。
＂The Monk＇s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales＂の中に登場する各語彙に ついて，先ず ‘Concordance’を作成する。次にアルファベット順による＇Word List（1） （Alphabetical Order）＇と頻度順による＇Word List（2）（Sorted by Frequency）＇を作成し，最後に＂The Riverside Chaucer＂版を元に手打ちした ‘Text of The Monk’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales’を掲載する予定である。Text 作成では第一行目を1とし て表記し，その右側に＂The Riverside Chaucer＂版による相当行を記入する。

今回は＂The Monk’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tale＂の＇Concordance’ として，（その4）の作成を試みた。

A Concordance to The Monk＇s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales based on The Riverside Chaucer（4）

A Concordance to The Monk＇s Tale in The Canterbury Tales based on The Riverside Chaucer（4）

# A Concordance to The Monk＇s Tale in The Canterbury Tales based on The Riverside Chaucer（4） 

Lat no man truste on blynd prosperitee
Was dryven out of hys hye prosperitee
Whiche that my fader in his prosperitee
And why he fil fro heigh prosperitee
proud 6
This kyng of kynges proud was and elaat
For proud he was of herte and of array
And he was proud and nothyng God ne dradde
thou，that art his sone，art proud also
Moore proud was nevere emperour than he
Of which he was so proud and eek so fayn

## proude 4

This proude kyng leet maken a statue of gold
And rede the proude wordes that he seyde
Anhanged was Cresus，the proude kyng $r$ strook the regnes that been proude
proverbe 1
This proverbe is ful sooth and ful commune
pryde 5
His hye estaat assured hym in pryde
The hye pryde of Nero to cherice
ich gerdoun as bilongeth unto pryde was he caught amyddes al his pryde ym with；and therfore wax his pryde
prynce 2
To Odenake，a prynce of that contree That ther nas kyng ne prynce in al that lond
prynces 1
This is to seyn，the prynces everichoon
pryvely 1
Ful pryvely she stal from every wight
purpos 2
But of his purpos he was let ful soone
But from his purpos cursed and dampnable
put 1
In which tour in prisoun put was he
putte 2
Swiche briddes for to putte in swich a cage
That regnes mo putte in subjeccioun
putten 3
They bounde hym faste and putten out his yen
Or with hir meignee putten hem to flighte
And putten hym to prisoun in swich wise
puttest 1
Thurgh which thou puttest al th＇orient in awe
pyne 1
ore to thee yshapen ful greet pyne ys
Pyze 1
Off the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze the langour
quaked 1
s world for drede of hym hath quaked
queene
3
Cenobia，of Palymerie queene
This myghty queene may no while endure
He shoop upon this queene to doon vengeaunce
queerne $\quad 1$
Where－as they made hym at the queerne grynde
quod 4
bryngeth forth the vesseles，quod be
To Medes and to Perses yeven，quod he
Allas！quod he，Allas，that I was wroght
The tree，quod she，the galwes is to meene
quook $\quad 1$
For feere of which he quook and siked soore
quyte
re a distaf，hire cost for to quyte



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| 522 | the agayns his maister for to | $\begin{aligned} & \text { ryse } \\ & \text { ryse } \end{aligned}$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | same 4 |
| 238 | Dronke of the | same vessels sondry wynys |
| 246 | And thilke | same nyght this kyng was slawe |
| 300 | de she ones suffre hym do the | same |
| 452 | kiste his fader，and dyde the | same day |
|  |  | Sampson 3 |
| 41 | Thre hundred foxes took | Sampson for ire |
| 65 | This | Sampson nevere ciser drank ne wyn |
| 100 | Of | Sampson now wol I namoore sayn |
|  |  | Sampsoun 4 |
| 25 | Loo | Sampsoun，which that was annunciat |
| 33 |  | Sampsoun，this noble almyghty champioun |
| 62 | O noble，almyghty | Sampsoun，lief and deere |
| 85 | O noble | Sampsoun，strongest of mankynde |
|  |  | saphires 1 |
| 478 | Of rubies， | saphires，and of peerles white |
| 330 | Agayn | Sapor 1 <br> Sapor the kyng and othere mo |
|  |  | Sathanas 1 |
| 15 | Now artow | Sathanas，that mayst nat twynne |
|  |  | saugh 2 |
| 142 | And whan he | saugh noon oother remedye |
| 213 | And | saugh an hand，armlees，that wroot ful |
| 34 |  | save 5 |
| 34 289 | Withouten wepen | save his handes tweye |
| 289 575 |  | Save o thyng：that she wolde nevere ass |
| 575 |  | Save in Bethulia，a strong citee |
| 654 |  | Save wyn and wommen，no thing myghte as |
| 694 |  | Save fewe folk that with Pompeus fledde |
|  |  | savynge 1 |
| 20 | And welte al paradys | savynge o tree |
|  |  | say 1 |
| 453 | whan the woful fader deed it | say |
|  |  | sayn 1 |
| 100 | Of Sampson now wol I namoore | sayn |
|  |  | scarsly 1 |
| 422 | The eldest | scarsly fyf yeer was of age |
|  |  | scourge 1 |
| 410 | God of delit and | scourge of Lumbardye |
|  |  | secree 3 |
| 63 | thou nat toold to wommen thy | secree |
| 103 | swich thyng as they wolde han | secree fayn |
|  |  | see 8 |
| 28 | od in noblesse whil he myghte | see |
| 61 | n hill whereas men myghte hem | see |
| 125 | every reawme wente he for to | see |
| 159 | t Babiloigne was his sovereyn | see |
| 372 | $m$ lad，for that men sholde it | see |
| 484 | that tyme he nolde it nevere | see |
| 597 | And alle the floodes of the | see restrayne |
| 684 | an al th＇occident by land and | see |
|  |  | seege 1 |
| 389 | And after，at a | seege，by subtiltee |
| 25 | de | seen 1 |
| 725 | For no man sholde | seen his privetee |
| 127 |  | $\text { seith } 2$ |
| 665 | Twelf yeer be regned，as | seith Machabee |
|  |  | seke 2 |
| 273 | e dorste wilde beestes dennes | seke |
| 312 | ough al this world men sholde | seke |
|  |  | semed 1 |
| 181 | And lyk a beest hym | semed for to bee |
| 490 | The | senatours $\quad \underset{1}{1}$ senatours he slow upon a day |

sende 2
And sende hym drynke，or elles moste he dey weren glad for pees unto hym sende

## Seneca 2

This Seneca，of which that I devyse
But natheless this Seneca the wise
sent 2
She hath hym sent a sherte，fressh and gay
This hand was sent from God that on the wal
ore God greet wreche upon hym sente $h$ arwes brode that she to hem sente nde wel，for that Fortune hym sente
sentence $\quad 1$
Which that he knew in heigh sentence habounde
septemtrioun $\quad 1$
othe est and west，south，and septemtrioun
He slow the firy serpent $\begin{gathered}\text { serpent } \\ \text { serpmus }\end{gathered}$
sete 1
By God，out of his sete I wol hym trice
seten 1
That seten by a fyr，greet and reed
sette 4
And sette the foxes tayles alle on fire stide of boundes he a pileer sette

To sette a man that is fulfild of vice in vengeance he al his herte sette

Sixty cubites long and sevene $\begin{aligned} & \text { sevene in brede }\end{aligned}$
seyde 12
And seyde，Kyng，God to thy fader lente namoore of hire，for thus she seyde，

Unto hym seyde，Fader，why do ye wepe
And seyde，Farewel，fader，I moot dye
And seyde，Allas，Fortune，and weylaway
And seyde，Fader，do nat so，allas
ynogh right thus they to hym seyde
Ne cam，but seyde，A fair womman was she
th his erys herde he how they seyde，
Nabugodonosor was god，seyde hee
ede the proude wordes that he seyde
And swoor，and seyde ful despitously
ch he drank ynogh，shortly to seye
of this caytyf was as I shal seye
I seye nat that she hadde moost fairnesse
I seye，so worshipful a creature
d Cenobie，and shortly for to seye
I seye，as fer as man may ryde or go
I seye，oon of his men，a fals traitour
seyn 3
This is to seyn，the prynces everichoon
Sire，wolde he seyn，an emperour moot nede
been the sonne stremes for to seyn
shadde 1
ch a reyn doun fro the welkne shadde
shal 13
But soone shal he wepe many a teere
For wommen shal hym bryngen to meschaunce
ende of this caytyf was as I shal seye
He shal be brent that wolde noght obeye
Dyvyded is thy regne，and it shal be
Shal on hir heed now were a vitremyte
Shal bere a distaf，hire cost for to qu
Whan he leest weneth，sonnest shal he falle
Who shal me yeven teeris to compleyne
Allas，who shal me helpe to endite
With boydekyns，as I shal yow devyse
Reyn shal thee wasshe，and sonne shal thee $d$ n shal thee wasshe，and sonne shal thee drye
shalt 1
Thou shalt anhanged be，fader，certeyn

| 303 | It was to wyves lecherie and | shame <br> shame |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | shap 1 |
| 264 | But of hir | shap she myghte nat been amended |
|  |  | she 56 |
| 38 | Til | she his conseil knew；and she，untrewe |
| 38 | Til she his conseil knew；and | she，untrewe |
| 75 | And falsly to his foomen | she hym solde |
| 77 |  | She made to clippe or shere his heres a |
| 132 |  | She hath hym sent a sherte，fressh and |
| 151 | Thanne wayteth | she her man to overthrowe |
| 252 |  | She bereth awey his regne and his riche |
| 262 | Of kynges blood of Perce is | she descended |
| 263 | I seye nat that | she hadde moost fairnesse |
| 264 | But of hir shap | she myghte nat been amended |
| 265 | $m$ hire childhede I fynde that | she fledde |
| 266 | Office of wommen，and to wode | she wente |
| 267 | And many a wilde hertes blood | she shedde |
| 268 | With arwes brode that | she to hem sente |
| 269 |  | She was so swift that she anon hem hent |
| 269 | She was so swift that | she anon hem hente |
| 270 | And whan that | she was elder，she wolde kille |
| 270 | And whan that she was elder， | she wolde kille |
| 273 |  | She dorste wilde beestes dennes seke |
| 275 | And slepen under a bussh，and | she koude eke |
| 279 |  | She kepte hir maydenhod from every wigh |
| 283 | Al were it so that | she hem longe taried |
| 285 | dde swiche fantasies as hadde | she |
| 289 | Save o thyng：that | she wolde nevere assente |
| 293 | And also soone as that | she myghte espye |
| 294 | That | she was nat with childe with that dede |
| 295 | Thanne wolde | she suffre hym doon his fantasye |
| 297 | And if | she were with childe at thilke cast |
| 300 | Thanne wolde | she ones suffre hym do the same |
| 302 | gat namoore of hire，for thus | she seyde |
| 305 | o sones by this Odenake hadde | she |
| 306 | The whiche | she kepte in vertu and lettrure |
| 315 |  | She was al clad in perree and in gold |
| 316 | And eek | she lafte noght，for noon huntyng |
| 318 | Whan that | she leyser hadde；and for to entende |
| 320 | How | she in vertu myghte hir lyf dispende |
| 322 | hty was hir housbonde and eek | she |
| 332 | Why | she conquered and what title had therto |
| 334 | How that | she was biseged and ytake |
| 337 | Whan Odenake was deed， | she myghtily |
| 339 | Agayn hir foos | she faught so cruelly |
| 342 | That | she ne wolde upon his lond werreye |
| 351 | Lest that | she wolde hem with hir handes slen |
| 375 | Coroned was | she，as after hir degree |
| 377 | Allas，Fortune！ | She that whilom was |
| 380 | And | she that helmed was in starke stoures |
| 383 | And | she that bar the ceptre ful of floures |
| 498 | but seyde，A fair womman was | she |
| 531 | that he were strong，yet was | she strenge |
| 532 |  | She thoughte thus：By God！I am to nyce |
| 583 | Ful pryvely | she stal from every wight |
| 584 | d with his heed unto hir toun | she wente |
| 672 | And for thee ne weep | she never a teere |
| 760 | And | she his dreem bigan right thus expounde |
| 761 | The tree，quod | she，the galwes is to meene |
| 775 | men trusteth hire，thanne wol | she faille |
|  |  | shedde 1 |
| 267 | many a wilde hertes blood she | shedde |
|  |  | shee 1 |
| 373 | Biforen his triumphe walketh | shee |
|  |  | sheere 1 |
| 66 | n his heed cam rasour noon ne | sheere |
|  |  | shere 1 |
| 77 | She made to clippe or | shere his heres away |
|  |  | sherte 2 |
| 132 | She hath hym sent a | sherte，fressh and gay |
| 140 | But on his bak this | sherte he wered al naked |
|  |  | shertedash 1 |
| 133 | Allas，this | shertedash ；allas and weylaway |
|  |  | shette 2 |
| 435 | The gayler | shette the dores of the tour |
| 542 | The fastere | shette they the dores alle |
|  |  | sholde 11 |
| 290 | By no wey，that he | sholde by hire lye |
| 298 | Namoore | sholde he pleyen thilke game |



| 494 | For he hire wombe | $\begin{aligned} & \text { slitte } \quad 1 \\ & \text { slitte to biholde } \end{aligned}$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | slow 17 |
| 32 | Thurgh which he | slow hymself for wrecchednesse |
| 35 | He | slow and al torente the leoun |
| 47 | A thousand men he | slow eek with his hond |
| 96 | And | slow hymself，and eek his foomen alle |
| 108 | He | slow and rafte the skyn of the leoun |
| 110 | He Arpies | slow，the crueel bryddes felle |
| 113 | He | slow the crueel tyrant Busirus |
| 115 | He | slow the firy serpent venymus |
| 117 | And he | slow Cacus in a cave of stoon |
| 118 | He | slow the geant Antheus the stronge |
| 119 | He | slow the grisly boor，and that anon |
| 122 | That | slow so manye monstres as dide he |
| 391 | ere as he with his owene hand | slow thee |
| 490 | The senatours he | slow upon a day |
| 492 | And | slow his brother，and by his suster lay |
| 559 | Hymself he | slow，he koude no bettre reed |
| 742 | That | slow the fyr，and made hym to escape |
|  |  | smal 1 |
| 431 | So | smal that wel unnethe it may suffise |
| 616 | For al his | $\begin{aligned} & \text { smert } \quad 1 \\ & \text { smert, he wolde hym nat restreyne } \end{aligned}$ |
| 723 | ough his deedly woundes soore | $\begin{aligned} & \text { smerte } \quad 1 \\ & \text { smerte } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  | smoot 4 |
| 582 | Slepynge，his heed of | smoot，and from his tente |
| 609 | d for his manace hym so soore | smoot |
| 625 | The wreche of God hym | smoot so cruelly |
| 701 | His heed of | smoot，to wynnen hym favour |
|  |  | snow 2 |
| 393 | The feeld of | snow，with th＇egle of blak therinne |
| 762 | And Juppiter bitokneth | snow and reyn |
|  |  | so 46 |
| 3 | And fillen | so that ther nas no remedie |
| 21 | Hadde nevere worldly man | so heigh degree |
| 37 | His false wyf koude hym | so plese and preye |
| 49 | Whan they were slayn， | so thursted hym that he |
| 122 | That slow | so manye monstres as dide he |
| 126 | He was | so stroong that no man myghte hym lette |
| 134 | Envenymed was | so subtilly withalle |
| 215 | This hand that Balthasar | so soore agaste |
| 259 |  | So worthy was in armes and so keene |
| 259 | So worthy was in armes and | so keene |
| 269 | She was | so swift that she anon hem hente |
| 277 | $h$ any yong man，were he never | so wight |
| 283 | Al were it | so that she hem longe taried |
| 308 | I seye， | so worshipful a creature |
| 310 |  | So penyble in the werre，and curteis ek |
| 322 |  | So doghty was hir housbonde and eek she |
| 339 | Agayn hir foos she faught | so cruelly |
| 347 | Ne dorste nevere been | so corageus |
| 386 | Whom Fortune heeld | so hye in magestee |
| 412 | $h$ in estaat thow cloumbe were | so hye |
| 431 |  | So smal that wel unnethe it may suffise |
| 445 | I am | so hungry that I may nat slepe |
| 459 | And seyde，Fader，do nat | so，allas |
| 495 | Where he conceyved was | so weilaway |
| 496 | That he | so litel of his mooder tolde |
| 510 | He maked hym | so konnyng and so sowple |
| 510 | He maked hym so konnyng and | so sowple |
| 529 | Now fil it | so that Fortune liste no lenger |
| 567 |  | So likerously，and ladde hym up and dou |
| 593 | Fortune hym hadde enhaunced | so in pride |
| 609 | God for his manace hym | so soore smoot |
| 611 | That in his guttes carf it | so and boot |
| 620 | For he | so soore fil out of his char |
| 622 |  | So that he neyther myghte go ne ryde |
| 625 | The wreche of God hym smoot | so cruelly |
| 627 | And therwithal he stank | so horribly |
| 629 | Wheither | so he wook or ellis slepte |
| 641 | The storie of Alisaundre is | so commune |
| 656 |  | So was he ful of leonyn corage |
| 677 |  | So ful was his corage of heigh emprise |
| 696 | Thanke Fortune，that | so wel thee spedde |
| 721 |  | So manly was this Julius of herte |
| 722 | And | so wel lovede estaatly honestee |
| 751 | Of which he was | so proud and eek so fayn |
| 751 | which he was so proud and eek | so fayn |
| 763 | And Phebus，with his towaille | so clene |



$$
\text { And nat bigeten of mannes } \underset{\substack{\text { sperme } \\ \text { sperme }}}{\mathbf{1}}
$$

sprang

Out of a wang－tooth sprang anon a welle

$$
\text { stal } \quad 1
$$

Ful pryvely she stal from every wight

$$
\operatorname{stank} \quad 1
$$

And therwithal he stank so horribly

$$
\text { But litel out of Pize } \begin{gathered}
\text { stant } \\
\text { stant a tour }
\end{gathered}
$$

$$
\text { starf } 3
$$

1f，despeired，eek for hunger starf

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { starf } \mathbf{T h}^{\mathbf{3}} \\
& \text { Thus starf this worthy, myghty Hercules }
\end{aligned}
$$

He starf ful wrecchedly in a monteyne
And she that helmed was in starke stoures
This proude kyng leet maken a statue of gold
stente 1
ne he escaped was，he kan nat stente
sterres $\quad 1$
Unto the sterres upon every syde
stide $\quad 1$
In stide of boundes he a pileer sette
stiked 1
And stiked hym with boydekyns anoon
stonde
myghte no thyng in hir armes stonde
stood 2
And stood in noblesse whil he myghte see And to his doghter，that stood hym bisyde

The harm of hem that stoode in heigh degree

llynge of the grete temple of stoon nd he slow Cacus in a cave of stoon

## storie 5

And shortly of this storie for to trete
The storie of Alisaundre is so commune
Or elles at two，but if his storie lye
Lucan，to thee this storie I recomende
That of this storie writen word and ende
she that helmed was in starke stoures
stremes 1
Tho been the sonne stremes for to seyn
strenge $\quad 1$
t he were strong，yet was she strenge
strenger $\quad 1$
Ne strenger was in feeld of alle thyng
To speke of strengthe ${ }^{\mathbf{6}}$ ，and therwith hardynesse That in his heeris al his strengthe lay

For in his tyme of strengthe he was the flour
What for his strengthe and for his heigh bountee
He wan by strengthe，or for his hye renoun
By strengthe of hand，or elles by tretee
strengthes 1
For alle his strengthes in his heeres weere

$$
\text { strong } 3
$$

Of Rome，and with strong bond held hem ful faste For though that he were strong，yet was she strenge Save in Bethulia，a strong citee

## stronge 3

He slow the geant Antheus the stronge
And wan by force townes stronge and toures


th＇angel 1
By th＇angel longe er his nativitee
thanke 2
And to oure hye goddes thanke we
Thanke Fortune，that so wel thee spedde
thanked 1
He thanked God，and evere his lyf in feere
Thanne 8
Thanne wayteth she her man to overthrow
And yaf hym wit，and thanne with many a teere
And thanne his officeres gan he calle
And thanne hadde God of hym compassioun
Thanne wolde she suffre hym doon his fa
Thanne wolde she ones suffre hym do the
Thanne sholde nat hunger in my wombe cr
For whan men trusteth hire，thanne wol she faille
that 176
The harm of hem that stoode in heigh degree And fillen so that ther nas no remedie
For certein，whan that Fortune list to flee
Now artow Sathanas，that mayst nat twynne
Out of miserie，in which that thou art falle
Loo Sampsoun，which that was annunciat
hey brende alle the cornes in that lond $y$ were slayn，so thursted hym that he

That God wolde on his peyne han some pi
And of this asses cheke，that was dreye
Maugree Philistiens of that citee
That in his heeris al his strengthe lay
And whan that they hym foond in this array
That no men telle hir conseil til hir w
If that it touche hir lymes or hir lyves
He slow the grisly boor，and that anon
Was nevere wight，sith that this world bigan
That slow so manye monstres as dide he
He was so stroong that no man myghte hym lette
That highte Dianira，fressh as May
That er that he had wered it half a day
That er that he had wered it half a day
By oon that highte Nessus，that it maked
By oon that highte Nessus，that it maked
Til that his flessh was for the venym blake
For hym that folweth al this world of prees
Ful wys is he that kan hymselven knowe
Beth war，for whan that Fortune list to glose
That hadde the kyng Nabugodonosor
That was the wiseste child of everychon
That wiste to what fyn his dremes sowne
He shal be brent that wolde noght obeye
But nevere wolde assente to that dede
He wende that God，that sit in magestee
He wende that God，that sit in magestee
And til that tyme he leyd was on his beere
He knew that God was ful of myght and grace
His sone，which that highte Balthasar
That heeld the regne after his fader da
Whiche that my fader in his prosperitee
Of honour that oure eldres with us lafte
And saugh an hand，armlees，that wroot ful faste
This hand that Balthasar so soore agaste
In all that land magicien was noon
That koude expoune what this lettre men
And hym birafte the regne that he hadde
Til that he knew，by grace and by resoun
That God of hevene hath domynacioun
Eek thou，that art his sone，art proud also
This hand was sent from God that on the wal
How that in lordshipe is no sikernesse
For what man that hath freendes thurgh Fortune
That no wight passed hire in hardynesse
I seye nat that she hadde moost fairnesse
From hire childhede I fynde that she fledde
With arwes brode that she to hem sente
She was so swift that she anon hem hente
And whan that she was elder，she wolde kille
To Odenake，a prynce of that contree
Al were it so that she hem longe taried
And ye shul understonde how that he
Save o thyng：that she wolde nevere assente
By no wey，that he sholde by hire lye
And also soone as that she myghte espye
That she was nat with childe with that
she was nat with childe with that dede
In oother caas，if that men with hem pleyde
Whan that she leyser hadde；and for to enten
That they conquered manye regnes grete

| 328 | Ay whil | hat Odenakes dayes laste |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 331 | And how | that al this proces fil in dede |
| 334 | How | that she was biseged and ytake |
| 336 |  | That writ ynough of this，I undertake |
| 340 |  | That ther nas kyng ne prynce in al that |
| 340 | ther nas kyng ne prynce in al | that lond |
| 341 |  | That he nas glad，if he that grace fond |
| 341 | That he nas glad，if he | that grace fond |
| 342 |  | That she ne wolde upon his lond werreye |
| 350 | Withinne the feeld | that dorste with hire fighte |
| 351 | Lest | that she wolde hem with hir handes slen |
| 361 | Aurelian，whan | that the governaunce |
| 369 | Amonges othere thynges | that he wan |
| 370 | Hir chaar， | that was with gold wroght and perree |
| 372 | Hath with hym lad，for | that men sholde it see |
| 377 | Allas，Fortune！She | that whilom was |
| 380 | And she | that helmed was in starke stoures |
| 383 | And she | that bar the ceptre ful of floures |
| 397 | Noght Charles Olyver， | that took ay heede |
| 402 |  | That Alisandre wan by heigh maistrie |
| 413 | Thy brother sone， | that was thy double allye |
| 416 | But why ne how noot I | that thou were slawe |
| 425 | Dampned was he to dyen in | that prisoun |
| 426 | For Roger，which | that bisshop was of Pize |
| 431 | So smal | that wel unnethe it may suffise |
| 433 | And on a day bifil | that in that hour |
| 433 | And on a day bifil that in | that hour |
| 434 | Whan | that his mete wont was to be broght |
| 438 |  | That they for hunger wolde doon hym dye |
| 439 | Allas！quod he，Allas， | that I was wroght |
| 441 | His yonge sone， | that thre yeer was of age |
| 444 | Is ther no morsel breed | that ye do kepe |
| 445 | I am so hungry | that I may nat slepe |
| 446 | Now wolde God | that I myghte slepen evere |
| 448 | Ther is no thyng，but breed， | that me were levere |
| 457 | His children wende | that it for hunger was |
| 458 |  | That he his armes gnow，and nat for wo |
| 463 | And after | that，withinne a day or two |
| 471 |  | That highte Dant，for he kan al devyse |
| 473 | Although | that Nero were as vicius |
| 474 | As any feend | that lith ful lowe adoun |
| 483 |  | That ilke clooth that he hadde wered o |
| 483 | That ilke clooth | that he hadde wered o day |
| 484 | After | that tyme he nolde it nevere see |
| 491 | To heere how | that men wolde wepe and crie |
| 496 |  | That he so litel of his mooder tolde |
| 497 | No teere out of his eyen for | that sighte |
| 499 | Greet wonder is how | that he koude or myghte |
| 511 |  | That longe tyme it was er tirannye |
| 513 | This Seneca，of which | that I devyse |
| 529 | Now fil it so | that Fortune liste no lenger |
| 531 | For though | that he were strong，yet was she streng |
| 533 | To sette a man | that is fulfild of vice |
| 546 |  | That with his erys herde he how they se |
| 551 | or drede of this hym thoughte | that he deyde |
| 554 |  | That seten by a fyr，greet and reed |
| 557 |  | That to his body，whan that he were dee |
| 557 | That to his body，whan | that he were deed |
| 562 |  | That regnes mo putte in subjeccioun |
| 568 |  | that his heed was of er that he wiste |
| 568 | Til that his heed was of er | that he wiste |
| 569 | Nat oonly | that this world hadde hym in awe |
| 576 | here Eliachim a preest was of | that place |
| 589 | Rede which | that he was in Machabee |
| 590 | And rede the proude wordes | that he seyde |
| 594 |  | That verraily he wende he myghte attayn |
| 600 | Wenynge | that God ne myghte his pride abate |
| 601 | And for | that Nichanore and Thymothee |
| 604 |  | That he bad greithen his chaar ful hast |
| 611 |  | That in his guttes carf it so and boot |
| 612 |  | That his peynes weren importable |
| 621 |  | That it his limes and his skyn totar |
| 622 |  | that he neyther myghte go ne ryde |
| 626 |  | That thurgh his body wikked wormes crep |
| 628 |  | That noon of al his meynee that hym kep |
| 628 | That noon of al his meynee | that hym kepte |
| 639 |  | That many a man made to wepe and pleyne |
| 642 |  | That every wight that hath discrecioun |
| 642 | That every wight | that hath discrecioun |
| 667 |  | That first was kyng in Grece the contre |
| 669 |  | That evere sholde fallen swich a cas |
| 675 |  | That al the world weelded in his demeyn |
| 684 |  | That wan al th＇occident by land and see |
| 688 |  | that Fortune weex his adversarie |
| 689 | O myghty Cesar， | that in Thessalie |
| 691 |  | That of the orient hadde al the chivalr |
| 692 | As fer as | that the day bigynneth dawe |
| 694 | Save fewe folk | that with Pompeus fledde |
| 696 | Thanke Fortune， | that so wel thee spedde |
| 699 | Of Rome，which | that fleigh at this bataille |



| 417 |  | the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze the langour |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 417 | Off the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze | the langour |
| 422 |  | The eldest scarsly fyf yeer was of age |
| 428 | Thurgh which | the peple gan upon hym rise |
| 435 |  | The gayler shette the dores of the tour |
| 435 | The gayler shette | the dores of the tour |
| 435 | he gayler shette the dores of | the tour |
| 440 | Therwith | the teeris fillen from his yen |
| 443 | Whanne wol | the gayler bryngen oure potage |
| 452 | And kiste his fader，and dyde | the same day |
| 453 | And whan | the woful fader deed it say |
| 460 | But rather ete | the flessh upon us two |
| 470 | Redeth | the grete poete of Ytaille |
| 490 |  | The senatours he slow upon a day |
| 501 |  | The wyn to bryngen hym comanded he |
| 504 | Allas，to depe wol | the venym wade |
| 507 | For of moralitee he was | the flour |
| 525 | But natheless this Seneca | the wise |
| 530 |  | The hye pryde of Nero to cherice |
| 537 |  | The peple roos upon hym on a nyght |
| 541 | He knokked faste，and ay | the moore be cried |
| 542 |  | The fastere shette they the dores alle |
| 542 | The fastere shette they | the dores alle |
| 545 |  | The peple cried and rombled up and doun |
| 577 | But taak kep of | the deth of Oloferne |
| 590 | And rede | the proude wordes that he seyde |
| 595 | Unto | the sterres upon every syde |
| 597 | And alle | the floodes of the see restrayne |
| 597 | And alle the floodes of | the see restrayne |
| 603 | Unto | the Jewes swich an hate hadde he |
| 613 | And certeinly | the wreche was resonable |
| 625 |  | The wreche of God hym smoot so cruelly |
| 630 | Ne myghte noght | the stynk of hym endure |
| 634 | Ful wlatsom was | the stynk of his careyne |
| 641 |  | The storie of Alisaundre is so commune |
| 647 |  | The pride of man and beest he leyde ado |
| 648 | Wherso he cam，unto | the worldes ende |
| 653 | Fortune hym made | the heir of hire honour |
| 662 |  | The world was his what sholde I moore d |
| 667 | That first was kyng in Grece | the contree |
| 674 |  | The deeth of gentillesse and of franchi |
| 675 | That al | the world weelded in his demeyne |
| 680 |  | The whiche two of al this wo I wyte |
| 683 | Up roos he Julius， | the conquerour |
| 687 | And sitthe of Rome | the emperour was he |
| 691 | That of | the orient hadde al the chivalrie |
| 691 | That of the orient hadde al | the chivalrie |
| 692 | As fer as that | the day bigynneth dawe |
| 702 | Of Julius，and hym | the heed he broghte |
| 711 | And caste | the place in which he sholde dye |
| 713 | This Julius to | the Capitolie wente |
| 715 | And in | the Capitolie anon hym hente |
| 740 | And to be brent men to | the fyr hym ladde |
| 741 | But swich a reyn doun fro | the welkne shadde |
| 742 | That slow | the fyr，and made hym to escape |
| 744 | Til Fortune on | the galwes made hym gape |
| 748 | ch hap that he escaped thurgh | the rayn |
| 761 |  | The tree，quod she，the galwes is to me |
| 761 | The tree，quod she， | the galwes is to meene |
| 764 | Tho been | the sonne stremes for to seyn |
| 769 | Anhanged was Cresus， | the proude kyng |
| 774 | With unwar strook | the regnes that been proude |
|  |  | thee 11 |
| 240 | Therefore to | thee yshapen ful greet pyne ys |
| 388 | of thy land thy brother made | thee flee |
| 391 | $s$ he with his owene hand slow | thee |
| 406 | They in thy bed han slayn | thee by the morwe |
| 415 | Withinne his prisoun made | thee to dye |
| 672 | And for | thee ne weep she never a teere |
| 696 | Thanke Fortune，that so wel | thee spedde |
| 704 | That Fortune unto swich a fyn | thee broghte． |
| 729 | Lucan，to | thee this storie I recomende |
| 766 | Reyn shal | thee wasshe，and sonne shal thee drye |
| 766 | 1 thee wasshe，and sonne shal | thee drye |
|  |  | th＇egle 1 |
| 393 | The feeld of snow，with | th＇egle of blak therinne |
|  |  | ther 16 |
| 3 | And fillen so that | ther nas no remedie |
| 6 |  | Ther may no man the cours of hire withh |
| 82 |  | Ther was no boond with which men myghte |
| 95 | d doun fil temple and al，and | ther it lay |
| 98 | ek thre thousand bodyes，were | ther slayn |
| 167 | reas in Chaldeye clerk ne was | ther noon |
| 199 | t Fortune caste hym doun，and | ther he lay |
| 278 |  | Ther myghte no thyng in hir armes stond |
| 340 | That | ther nas kyng ne prynce in al that lond |
| 418 |  | Ther may no tonge telle for pitee |


| 437 | And in his herte anon | ther fil a thoght |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 444 |  | ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe |
| 448 |  | Ther is no thyng，but breed，that me we |
| 540 | Allone，and | ther he wende han been allied |
| 588 | For swich another was | ther noon as he |
| 754 |  | Ther Juppiter hym wessh，bothe bak and |
|  |  | Therefore 2 |
| 240 |  | Therefore to thee yshapen ful greet pyn |
| 524 |  | Therefore he made hym dyen in this wise |
|  |  | therfore 2 |
| 223 756 | To dryen hym with；and | therfore God greet wreche upon hym sent therfore wax his pryde |
| 393 | of snow，with th＇egle of blak | therinne $\quad 1$ therinne |
| 182 | nd eet hey as an oxe，and lay | theroute $\quad 1$ theroute |
|  |  | therto 2 |
| 248 | Thogh he | therto hadde neither right ne lawe |
| 332 | conquered and what title had | therto |
|  |  | therwith 3 |
| 30 | To speke of strengthe，and | therwith hardynesse |
| 309 440 | And wys | therwith，and large with mesure <br> Therwith the teeris fillen from his yen |
|  |  | therwithal 2 |
| 432 | And | therwithal it was ful povre and badde |
| 627 | And | therwithal he stank so horribly |
|  |  | Thessalie 1 |
| 689 | O myghty Cesar，that in | Thessalie |
|  |  | they 18 |
| 45 | And | they brende alle the cornes in that lon |
| 49 | Whan | they were slayn，so thursted hym that h |
| 79 | And whan that | they hym foond in this array |
| 80 |  | They bounde hym faste and putten out hi |
| 84 | Where－as | they made hym at the queerne grynde |
| 103 | Of swich thyng as | they wolde han secree fayn |
| 286 | But natheless，whan | they were knyt in－feere |
| 287 |  | They lyved in joye and in felicitee |
| 323 | That | they conquered manye regnes grete |
| 343 | With hire | they maden alliance by bond |
| 406 |  | They in thy bed han slayn thee by the m |
| 438 | That | they for hunger wolde doon hym dyen |
| 462 | And ete ynogh right thus | they to hym seyde |
| 464 |  | They leyde hem in his lappe adoun and d |
| 542 | The fastere shette | they the dores alle |
| 546 | at with his erys herde he how | they seyde |
| 646 |  | They weren glad for pees unto hym sende |
| 718 | With many a wounde，and thus | they lete hym lye |
|  |  | thilke 3 |
| 246 | And | thilke same nyght this kyng was slawe |
| 297 | nd if she were with childe at | thilke cast |
| 298 | Namoore sholde he pleyen | thilke game |
|  |  | thing 1 |
| 654 | Save wyn and wommen，no | thing myghte aswage |
|  |  | this 72 |
| 33 | Sampsoun， | this noble almyghty champioun |
| 53 | And of | this asses cheke，that was dreye |
| 64 | In al | this world ne hadde been thy peere |
| 65 |  | This Sampson nevere ciser drank ne wyn |
| 79 | d whan that they hym foond in | this array |
| 89 | The ende of | this caytyf was as I shal seye |
| 92 | And | this was in a temple of greet array |
| 97 |  | This is to seyn，the prynces everichoon |
| 101 | Beth war by | this ensample oold and playn |
| 121 | Was nevere wight，sith that | this world bigan |
| 123 | Thurghout | this wyde world his name ran |
| 129 | A lemman hadde | this noble champioun |
| 133 | Allas， | this shertedash；allas and weylaway |
| 140 145 | But on his bak | this sherte he wered al naked |
| 145 | Thus starf | this worthy，myghty Hercules |
| 147 | For hym that folweth al | this world of prees |
| 169 |  | This proude kyng leet maken a statue of |
| 177 |  | This kyng of kynges proud was and elaat |
| 212 | And on a wal | this kyng his eyen caste |
| 215 |  | This hand that Balthasar so soore agast |
| 218 | That koude expoune what | this lettre mente |
| 241 |  | This hand was sent from God that on the |
| 246 | And thilke same nyght | this kyng was slawe |
| 256 |  | This proverbe is ful sooth and ful comm |

Al were this Odenake wilde or tame
Two sones by this Odenake hadde she
Was noon，though al this world men sholde seke
And shortly of this storie for to trete
And how that al this proces fil in dede
That writ ynough of this，I undertake
This myghty queene may no while endure
He shoop upon this queene to doon vengeaunce
This grete Romayn，this Aurelian
This grete Romayn，this Aurelian
He brew this cursednesse and al this synne brew this cursednesse and al this synne
The wikked nest was werker of this nede
Broghte this worthy kyng in swich a brike
Thus day by day this child bigan to crye
Thus ended is this myghty Erl of Pize
Of this tragedie it oghte ynough suffise
This wyde world hadde in subjeccioun
In yowthe a maister hadde this emperour
And whil this maister hadde of hym maistrye
This Seneca，of which that I devyse
This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce
Therefore he made hym dyen in this wise
But natheless this Seneca the wise
Chees in a bath to dye in this manere
Where is this false tiraunt，this Neroun
Where is this false tiraunt，this Neroun
For drede of this hym thoughte that he deyde
And in this gardyn foond he cherles tweye
Nat oonly that this world hadde hym in awe
In this meschief he wayled and eek wepte
And in this stynk and this horrible peyne
And in this stynk and this horrible peyne
Thus hath this robbour and this homycide
Thus hath this robbour and this homycide
This wyde world，as in conclusioun
For al this world for drede of hym hath quaked
The whiche two of al this wo I wyte
This Pompeus，this noble governour
This Pompeus，this noble governour
Of Rome，which that fleigh at this bataille
Agayns this Julius in subtil wise
This Julius to the Capitolie wente
This false Brutus and his othere foon
So manly was this Julius of herte
Lucan，to thee this storie I recomende
That of this storie writen word and ende
This riche Cresus，whilom kyng of Lyde
thise 7
Be war by thise ensamples trewe and olde
And as thise clerkes maken mencioun
Out of thise noble vessels sondry wynes
And knowest alle thise thynges verraily
And to thise cherles two he gan to preye
How that to thise grete conqueroures two
Witnesse on alle thise conqueroures stronge
Tho 2
Tho wiste he wel，he hadde himself mysg
Tho been the sonne stremes for to seyn
th＇occident 1
That wan al th＇occident by land and see

## Thogh 1

Thogh he therto hadde neither right ne

## thoght

in his herte anon ther fil a thoght
th＇orient 2
Thurgh which thou puttest al th＇orient in awe
Allas，Pompeye，of th＇orient conquerour
thou 13
Out of miserie，in which that thou art falle
Had thou nat toold to wommen thy secree
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wrecchedness
Eek thou，that art his sone，art proud also
Thou drank eek of his vessels boldely
Thy regne is doon；thou weyest noght at al
Thou were bitraysed and lad unto his te
But why ne how noot $I$ that thou were slawe
Oure flessh thou yaf us，take oure flessh us fro
Empoysoned of thyn owene folk thou weere
Thou thurgh thy knyghthod hast hem take
Thurgh which thou puttest al th＇orient in awe
Thou shalt anhanged be，fader，certeyn

|  |  | though 7 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 9 | At Lucifer， | though he an angel were |
| 11 |  | though Fortune may noon angel dere |
| 312 | Was noon， | though al this world men sholde seke |
| 531 | For | though that he were strong，yet was she |
| 657 | What pris were it to hym， | though I yow tolde |
| 663 | For | though I write or tolde yow everemo |
| 723 | That | though his deedly woundes soore smerte |
|  |  | thoughte 5 |
| 523 | Which afterward hym | thoughte a greet grevaunce |
| 532 | She | thoughte thus：By God！I am to nyce |
| 551 | For drede of this hym | thoughte that he deyde |
| 676 | And yet hym | thoughte it myghte nat suffise |
| 753 | on a tree he was，as that hym | thoughte |
|  |  | thousand 3 |
| 47 | A | thousand men he slow eek with his hond |
| 98 | And eek thre | thousand bodyes，were ther slayn |
| 658 | Of Darius，and an hundred | thousand mo |
|  |  | thow 1 |
| 412 | Sith in estaat | thow cloumbe were so hye |
| 163 | maked ech of hem to been his | $\text { thral } \quad 1$ |
|  |  | Thre 4 |
| 41 |  | Thre hundred foxes took Sampson for ire |
| 98 | And eek | thre thousand bodyes，were ther slayn |
| 421 | h hym been his litel children | thre |
| 441 | His yonge sone，that | thre yeer was of age |
|  |  | threed |
| 485 | Nettes of gold | threed hadde he greet plentee |
| 146 | who may truste on Fortune any | throwe 1 throwe |
|  |  | Thurgh 7 |
| 32 |  | Thurgh which he slow hymself for wrecch |
| 254 | $r$ what man that hath freendes | thurgh Fortune |
| 428 |  | Thurgh which the peple gan upon hym ris |
| 626 | That | thurgh his body wikked wormes crepte |
| 693 | Thou | thurgh thy knyghthod hast hem take and |
| 695 |  | Thurgh which thou puttest al th＇orient |
| 748 | Swich hap that he escaped | thurgh the rayn |
|  |  | Thurghout 1 |
| 123 |  | Thurghout this wyde world his name ran |
|  |  | thursted 1 |
| 49 | Whan they were slayn，so | thursted hym that he |
|  |  | Thus 13 |
| 56 |  | Thus heelp hym God，as Judicum can tell |
| 145 |  | Thus starf this worthy，myghty Hercules |
| 302 | He gat namoore of hire，for | thus she seyde |
| 407 |  | Thus kan Fortune hir wheel governe and |
| 449 |  | Thus day by day this child bigan to cry |
| 462 | And ete ynogh right | thus they to hym seyde |
| 466 |  | Thus ended is this myghty Erl of Pize |
| 528 | And | thus hath Nero slayn his maister deere |
| 532 | She thoughte | thus：By God！I am to nyce |
| 638 |  | Thus hath this robbour and this homycid |
| 718 | With many a wounde，and | thus they lete hym lye |
| 760 | And she his dreem bigan right | thus expounde |
| 767 |  | Thus warned hym ful plat and ek ful ple |
|  |  | thy 20 |
| 63 | Had thou nat toold to wommen | thy secree |
| 64 | n al this world ne hadde been | thy peere |
| 220 | And seyde，Kyng，God to | thy fader lente |
| 237 |  | Thy wyf eek，and thy wenches，synfully |
| 237 | Thy wyf eek，and | thy wenches，synfully |
| 243 244 | Dyvyded is | Thy regne is doon；thou weyest noght at |
| 387 | Wel oghten men | thy pitous deeth complayne |
| 388 | Out of | thy land thy brother made thee flee |
| 388 | Out of thy land | thy brother made thee flee |
| 392 | Succedynge in | thy regne and in thy rente |
| 392 | uccedynge in thy regne and in | thy rente |
| 405 | And for no thyng but for | thy chivalrie |
| 406 | They in | thy bed han slayn thee by the morwe |
| 413 |  | Thy brother sone，that was thy double a |
| 413 | Thy brother sone，that was | thy double allye |
| 414 | For he | thy nevew was and sone－in－lawe |
| 456 |  | Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte |
| 671 |  | Thy sys Fortune hath turned into aas |
| 693 | Thou thurgh | thy knyghthod hast hem take and slawe |

Thymalao
And Hermanno and Thymalao
Thymothee
And for that Nichanore and Thymothee
thyn 3
Why sholde I nat thyn infortune acounte
Empoysoned of thyn owene folk thou weere Agayn Pompeus，fader thyn in law
thyne 2
Now maystow wepen with thyne eyen blynde
Of which thyne owene liges hadde envie
thyng 7
Of swich thyng as they wolde han secree fayn
Ther myghte no thyng in hir armes stonde
Save o thyng：that she wolde nevere assente
And for no thyng but for thy chivalrie
Ther is no thyng，but breed，that me were levere
strenger was in feeld of alle thyng
Tragedies noon oother maner thyng
thynges 2
And knowest alle thise thynges verraily
Amonges othere thynges that he wan
til 14
As Adam，til he for mysgovernaunce
Til she his conseil knew；and she，untr
That no men telle hir conseil til hir wyves
Til that his flessh was for the venym b
Til certein tyme was ycome aboute
Til God relessed hym a certeyn yeres
And til that tyme he leyd was on his beere
Til that he knew，by grace and by resou
Til fully fourty wikes weren past
Til in his fadres barm adoun it lay
On bothe his armes，til he moste dye
Til that his heed was of er that he wis
Til that Fortune weex his adversarie
Til Fortune on the galwes made hym gape
tirannye
That longe tyme it was er tirannye Be vertuous and hate tirannye
tiraunt
Where is this false tiraunt，this Neroun
title 1
Why she conquered and what title had ther to
To 113
To brynge hem out of hir adversitee
to flee
To labour，and to helle，and to meschau
rtein，whan that Fortune list to flee
To labour，and to helle，and
To labour，and to helle，and to meschaunce
To labour，and to helle，and to meschaunce
And was to God Almyghty consecrat
To speke of strengthe，and therwith har But to his wyves toolde he his secree
wel ny lorn，for which be gan to preye
which he drank ynogh，shortly to seye
Had thou nat toold to wommen thy secree
For wommen shal hym bryngen to meschaunce
And falsly to his foomen she hym solde
She made to clippe or shere his heres away
This is to seyn，the prynces everichoon
And made his hors to frete hym，flessh and boon
And every reawme wente he for to see
For with no venym deigned hym to dye
r，for whan that Fortune list to glose
Thanne wayteth she her man to overthrowe
And maked ech of hem to been his thral
That wiste to what fyn his dremes sowned
To which ymage bothe yong and oold
Comanded he to loute，and have in drede
But nevere wolde assente to that dede
And lyk a beest hym semed for to bee
Was he to doon amys or moore trespace
And to oure hye goddes thanke we
And seyde，Kyng，God to thy fader lente
And art rebel to God，and art his foo
Therefore to thee yshapen ful greet pyne ys
To Medes and to Perses yeven，quod he
To Medes and to Perses yeven，quod he
Office of wommen，and to wode she wente
With arwes brode that she to hem sente

| 280 |  | no man deigned hire for to be bond |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 280 | To no man deigned hire for | to be bonde |
| 282 |  | To Odenake，a prynce of that contree |
| 292 |  | To have a child，the world to multiplye |
| 292 | To have a child，the world | to multiplye |
| 303 | It was | to wyves lecherie and shame |
| 317 |  | To have of sondry tonges ful knowyng |
| 318 | hat she leyser hadde；and for | to entende |
| 319 |  | To lerne bookes was al hire likyng |
| 321 | nd shortly of this storie for | to trete |
| 329 | batailles，whoso list hem for | to rede |
| 344 |  | To been in pees，and lete hire ride and |
| 352 | $r$ with hir meignee putten hem | to flighte |
| 360 |  | To wrecchednesse and to mysaventure |
| 360 | To wrecchednesse and | to mysaventure |
| 363 | He shoop upon this queene | to doon vengeaunce |
| 365 | ward Cenobie，and shortly for | to seye |
| 368 | And wan the land，and hoom | to Rome he wente |
| 378 378 | Dredeful | to kynges and to emperoures |
| 378 | Dredeful to kynges and | to emperoures |
| 384 | bere a distaf，hire cost for | to quyte |
| 408 | And out of joye brynge men | to sorwe |
| 415 | ithinne his prisoun made thee | to dye |
| 424 | Swiche briddes for | to putte in swich a cage |
| 425 | Dampned was he | to dyen in that prisoun |
| 429 | And putten hym | to prisoun in swich wise |
| 434 | Whan that his mete wont was | to be broght |
| 449 | s day by day this child bigan | to crye |
| 454 | For wo his armes two he gan | to byte |
| 462 | And ete ynogh right thus they | to hym seyde |
| 472 | Fro point | to point；nat o word wol he faille |
| 486 |  | To fissbe in Tybre，whan hym liste pley |
| 491 |  | To heere how that men wolde wepe and cr |
| 494 | For he hire wombe slitte | to biholde |
| 501 | The wyn | to bryngen hym comanded he |
| 504 | Allas， | to depe wol the venym wade |
| 506 |  | To teche hym letterure and curteisye |
| 519 | $r$ which he in a bath made hym | to blede |
| 522 | youthe agayns his maister for | to ryse |
| 526 | Chees in a bath | to dye in this manere |
| 530 | The hye pryde of Nero | to cherice |
| 532 | e thoughte thus：By God！I am | to nyce |
| 533 |  | To sette a man that is fulfild of vice |
| 549 | And | to his goddes pitously he preyde |
| 552 | And ran into a gardyn hym | to hyde |
| 555 | ．And | to thise cherles two he gan to preye |
| 555 | d to thise cherles two he gan | to preye |
| 556 |  | To sleen hym and to girden of his heed |
| 556 | To sleen hym and | to girden of his heed |
| 557 | That | to his body，whan that he were deed |
| 586 |  | To telle his hye roial magestee |
| 607 |  | To wreken his ire on it ful cruelly |
| 633 |  | To al his hoost and to hymself also |
| 633 | To al his hoost and | to hymself also |
| 635 | No man ne myghte hym bere | to ne fro |
| 639 | That many a man made | to wepe and pleyne |
| 657 | What pris were it | to hym，though I yow tolde |
| 673 | Who shal me yeven teeris | to compleyne |
| 678 | Allas，who shal me helpe | to endite |
| 679 | False Fortune，and poyson | to despise |
| 682 | From humble bed | to roial magestee |
| 701 | His heed of smoot， | to wynnen hym favour |
| 705 |  | To Rome agayn repaireth Julius |
| 713 | This Julius | to the Capitolie wente |
| 714 | Upon a day，as he was wont | to goon |
| 729 | Lucan， | to thee this storie I recomende |
| 730 | And | to Swetoun，and to Valerius also |
| 730 | And to Swetoun，and | to Valerius also |
| 732 | How that | to thise grete conqueroures two |
| 740 | And | to be brent men to the fyr hym ladde |
| 740 | And to be brent men | to the fyr hym ladde |
| 742 | at slow the fyr，and made hym | to escape |
| 743 | But | to be war no grace yet he hadde |
| 746 | For | to bigynne a newe werre agayn |
| 756 |  | To dryen hym with；and therfore wax his |
| 757 | And | to his doghter，that stood hym bisyde |
| 761 | tree，quod she，the galwes is | to meene |
| 764 | ho been the sonne stremes for | to seyn |
|  |  | togydre 1 |
| 42 | And alle hir tayles he | togydre bond |
|  |  | told 1 |
| 313 | riche array ne myghte nat be |  |
|  |  | tolde 4 |
| 496 | hat he so litel of his mooder | tolde |
| 657 | were it to hym，though I yow | tolde |
| 663 | For though I write or | tolde yow everemo |



| 685 | trengthe of hand，or elles by | tretee tretee |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | trewe 1 |
| 8 | Be war by thise ensamples | trewe and olde |
| 686 | And unto Rome made hem | tributarie tributarie |
| 535 | od，out of his sete I wol hym | trice 1 |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | triumphe |
| 373 | Biforen his | triumphe walketh shee |
| 706 | With his | triumphe，lauriat ful hye |
|  |  | trone 2 |
| 153 | The myghty | trone，the precious tresor |
| 770 | His roial | trone myghte hym nat availle |
| 127 | othe the worldes endes，seith | Trophee 1 |
|  |  | trouthe 1 |
| 398 |  | trouthe and honour，but of Armorike |
|  |  | truste 4 |
| 7 | Lat no man | truste on blynd prosperitee |
| 146 | Wroot Lo，who may | truste on Fortune any throwe |
| 242 | Wroot Mane，techel，phares， | truste me |
| 734 | No man ne | truste upon hire favour longe |
|  |  | trusteth 1 |
| 775 | For whan men | trusteth hire，thanne wol she faille |
|  |  | turne 1 |
| 307 | But now unto oure tale | turne we |
|  |  | turned 1 |
| 671 | Thy sys Fortune hath | turned into aas |
|  |  | Twelf $\quad 1$ |
| 665 |  | Twelf yeer be regned，as seith Machabee |
|  |  | twenty 1 |
| 69 | And fully | twenty wynter，yeer by yeere |
|  |  | tweye 5 |
| 34 | thouten wepen save his handes | tweye |
| 176 362 | Daniel ne his yonge felawes | tweye |
| 1762 367 | Of Rome cam into his handes | tweye |
| 367 553 | d hire，and eek hire children this gardyn foond he cherles | tweye |
| 553 | this gardyn foond he cherles | tweye |
|  |  | two 11 |
| 94 | For he | two pilers shook and made hem falle |
| 116 | Of Acheloys | two hornes he brak oon |
| 305 |  | Two sones by this Odenake hadde she |
| 353 | kynges habit wente hir sones |  |
| 454 | For wo his armes | two he gan to byte |
| 460 | rather ete the flessh upon us | two |
| 463 | after that，withinne a day or | two |
| 555 | And to thise cherles | two he gan to preye |
| 680 | The whiche | two of al this wo I wyte |
| 720 | Or elles at | two，but if his storie lye |
| 732 | $t$ to thise grete conqueroures | two |
|  |  | twyes 1 |
| 157 | He | twyes wan Jerusalem the citee |
|  |  | twynne 1 |
| 15 | rtow Sathanas，that mayst nat | twynne |
|  |  | Tybre 1 |
| 486 | To fissbe in | Tybre，whan hym liste pleye |
|  |  | tyme 9 |
| 184 | Fil certein | tyme of strengthe he was the flour tyme was ycome aboute |
| 191 | And til that | tyme he leyd was on his beere |
| 202 | Upon a | tyme and bad hem blithe bee |
| 484 | After that | tyme he nolde it nevere see |
| 508 | As in his | tyme，but if bookes lye |
| 511 | That longe | tyme it was er tirannye |
| 564 | As in his | tyme，ne gretter of renoun |
| 707 | But on a | tyme Brutus Cassius |
| 113 | He slow the crueel | $\begin{aligned} & \text { tyrant } \quad 1 \\ & \text { tyrant Busirus } \end{aligned}$ |

unclene
nat bigeten of mannes sperme unclene
uncowple
Or any vice dorste on hym uncowple
under 2
And slepen under a bussh，and she koude eke Was nevere capitayn under a kyng
understonde 1
And ye shul understonde how that he
undertake 1
That writ ynough of this，I undertake
unnethe
2
With tonge unnethe may discryved bee So smal that wel unnethe it may suffise

Unto 18
Unto his foos his conseil gan biwreye
Unto his lemman Dalida he tolde
A feeste he made unto his lordes alle
But now unto oure tale turne we
Apertenaunt unto the magestee
Lat hym unto my maister Petrak go
Thou were bitraysed and lad unto his tente
Unto hym seyde，Fader，why do ye wepe
Whan myght is joyned unto crueltee
And with his heed unto hir toun she wente
Unto the sterres upon every syde
Unto the Jewes swich an hate hadde he
Unto Jerusalem he wolde eftsoone
Swich gerdoun as bilongeth unto pryde
They weren glad for pees unto hym sende
Wherso he cam，unto the worldes ende
And unto Rome made hem tributarie
That Fortune unto swich a fyn thee broghte
untrewe 1
he his conseil knew；and she，untrewe
unwar 1
With unwar strook the regnes that been proud
$\operatorname{up}^{5}$
The gates of the toun he hath up plyght Were alle his clothes brouded up and doun
The peple cried and rombled up and doun
So likerously，and ladde hym up and doun
Up roos he Julius，the conquerour
upon 15
And slepynge in hir barm upon a day
His foomen made a feeste upon a day
Upon a tyme and bad hem blithe bee
And therfore God greet wreche upon hym sente
That she ne wolde upon his lond werreye
He shoop upon this queene to doon vengeaunce
Thurgh which the peple gan upon hym rise
But rather ete the flessh upon us two
The senatours he slow upon a day
The peple roos upon hym on a nyght
Unto the sterres upon every syde
Upon a day，as he was wont to goon
No man ne truste upon hire favour longe
And eek a sweven upon a nyght he mette
Upon a tree he was，as that hym thought
upright
Judith，a womman，as he lay upright
honour that oure eldres with us lafte
ut rather ete the flessh upon us two
Oure flessh thou yaf us，take oure flessh us fro
thou yaf us，take oure flessh us fro
Yet he，as telleth us Swetonius
Valerius 1
And to Swetoun，and to Valerius also
vengeance $\quad 1$
That in vengeance he al his herte sette
vengeaunce $\quad 1$
hoop upon this queene to doon vengeaunce



| 652 | He was of knyghthod and of fredom flour |
| :--- | :---: |
| 656 |  |
| 662 |  |$\quad$ So was he ful of leonyn corage



