

THE OXFORD BOOK  
OF ENGLISH VERSE

*Medievals to Marlowe*



THE OXFORD BOOK  
OF ENGLISH VERSE

*Part 1*

*Medievals to Marlowe*

Chosen and Edited

by

*Arthur Quiller-Couch*

YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

ITHACA, NEW YORK

Cover and arrangement © 2023 Yesterday's Classics, LLC.

This edition, first published in 2023 by Yesterday's Classics, an imprint of Yesterday's Classics, LLC, is an unabridged republication of the text originally published by Oxford at the Clarendon Press in 1910. For the complete listing of the books that are published by Yesterday's Classics, please visit [www.yesterdaysclassics.com](http://www.yesterdaysclassics.com). Yesterday's Classics is the publishing arm of Gateway to the Classics which presents the complete text of hundreds of classic books for children at [www.gatewaytotheclassics.com](http://www.gatewaytotheclassics.com).

ISBN: 978-1-59915-472-5

Yesterday's Classics, LLC  
PO Box 339  
Ithaca, NY 14851

TO  
THE PRESIDENT  
FELLOWS AND SCHOLARS  
OF  
TRINITY COLLEGE OXFORD  
A HOUSE OF LEARNING  
ANCIENT LIBERAL HUMANE  
AND MY MOST KINDLY NURSE



## PREFACE

FOR this Anthology I have tried to range over the whole field of English Verse from the beginning, or from the Thirteenth Century to this closing year of the Nineteenth, and to choose the best. Nor have I sought in these Islands only, but wheresoever the Muse has followed the tongue which among living tongues she most delights to honour. To bring home and render so great a spoil compendiously has been my capital difficulty. It is for the reader to judge if I have so managed it as to serve those who already love poetry and to implant that love in some young minds not yet initiated.

My scheme is simple. I have arranged the poets as nearly as possible in order of birth, with such groupings of anonymous pieces as seemed convenient. For convenience, too, as well as to avoid a dispute-royal, I have gathered the most of the Ballads into the middle of the Seventeenth Century; where they fill a languid interval between two winds of inspiration—the Italian dying down with Milton and the French following at the heels of the restored Royalists. For convenience, again, I have set myself certain rules of spelling. In the very earliest poems inflection and spelling are structural, and to modernize is to destroy. But as old inflections fade into modern the old spelling becomes less and less vital, and has been brought (not, I hope, too abruptly) into line with that sanctioned by use and familiar. To do this seemed wiser than to discourage many readers

## PREFACE

for the sake of diverting others by a scent of antiquity which—to be essential—should breathe of something rarer than an odd arrangement of type. But there are scholars whom I cannot expect to agree with me; and to conciliate them I have excepted Spenser and Milton from the rule.

Glosses of archaic and otherwise difficult words are given at the foot of the page: but the text has not been disfigured with reference-marks. And rather than make the book unwieldy I have eschewed notes—reluctantly when some obscure passage or allusion seemed to ask for a timely word; with more equanimity when the temptation was to criticize or ‘appreciate.’ For the function of the anthologist includes criticizing in silence.

Care has been taken with the texts. But I have sometimes thought it consistent with the aim of the book to prefer the more beautiful to the better attested reading. I have often excised weak or superfluous stanzas when sure that excision would improve; and have not hesitated to extract a few stanzas from a long poem when persuaded that they could stand alone as a lyric. The apology for such experiments can only lie in their success: but the risk is one which, in my judgement, the anthologist ought to take. A few small corrections have been made, but only when they were quite obvious.

The numbers chosen are either lyrical or epigrammatic. Indeed I am mistaken if a single epigram included

## PREFACE

fails to preserve at least some faint thrill of the emotion through which it had to pass before the Muse's lips let it fall, with however exquisite deliberation. But the lyrical spirit is volatile and notoriously hard to bind with definitions; and seems to grow wilder with the years. With the anthologist—as with the fisherman who knows the fish at the end of his sea-line—the gift, if he have it, comes by sense, improved by practice. The definition, if he be clever enough to frame one, comes by after-thought. I don't know that it helps, and am sure that it may easily mislead.

Having set my heart on choosing the best, I resolved not to be dissuaded by common objections against anthologies—that they repeat one another until the proverb *δὶς ἢ τρὶς τὰ καλὰ* loses all application—or perturbed if my judgement should often agree with that of good critics. The best is the best, though a hundred judges have declared it so; nor had it been any feat to search out and insert the second-rate merely because it happened to be recondite. To be sure, a man must come to such a task as mine haunted by his youth and the favourites he loved in days when he had much enthusiasm but little reading.

A deeper import  
Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.

Few of my contemporaries can erase—or would wish to erase—the dye their minds took from the late Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*: and he who has returned to it again and again with an affection born

## PREFACE

of companionship on many journeys must remember not only what the *Golden Treasury* includes, but the moment when this or that poem appealed to him, and even how it lies on the page. To Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song Books* and his other treasuries I own a more advised debt. Nor am I free of obligation to anthologies even more recent—to Archbishop Trench's *Household Book of Poetry*, Mr. Locker-Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*, Mr. Miles' *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, Mr. Beeching's *Paradise of English Poetry*, Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics*, Mrs. Sharp's *Lyra Celtica*, Mr. Yeats' *Book of Irish Verse*, and Mr. Churton Collins' *Treasury of Minor British Poetry*: though my rule has been to consult these after making my own choice. Yet I can claim that the help derived from them—though gratefully owned—bears but a trifling proportion to the labour, special and desultory, which has gone to the making of my book.

For the anthologist's is not quite the *dilettante* business for which it is too often and ignorantly derided. I say this, and immediately repent; since my wish is that the reader should in his own pleasure quite forget the editor's labour, which too has been pleasant: that, standing aside, I may believe this book has made the Muses' access easier when, in the right hour, they come to him to uplift or to console—

ἄκλητος μὲν ἔγωγε μένοιμί κεν· ἐς δὲ καλεόντων  
θαρήσας Μοῖσαισι σὺν ἀμετέραισιν ἰκοίμαν.

October 1900

A.T.Q.C.

# CONTENTS

NUMBER	POET	PAGE
1-7	Anonymous                      13th-14th century	1-2
8	Robert Mannyng of Bruce    1260-1340	10
9	John Barbour                              d. 1395	10
10-12	Geoffrey Chaucer              b. ?1340 d. 1450	11-14
13	Thomas Hoccleve            b. 1368-9 d. ? 1450	14-15
14	John Lydgate                      b. ? 1370, d. ? 1450	15
15	King James I of Scotland      1394-1437	15
16-17	Robert Henryson                      1425-1500	16-25
18-21	William Dunbar                      b. 1465 d. ? 1520	25-33
22-29	Anonymous                      15th-16th century	33-57
30-31	John Skelton                      b. ? 1460, d. 1529	57-59
32-33	Stephen Hawes                              d. 1523	59-60
34-38	Sir Thomas Wyatt                      1503-1542	60-65
39-41	Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey    1516-1547	65-68
42	Nicholas Grimald                      1519-1562	68-69
43-44	Alexander Scott                      b. ? 1520 d. 158-	69-70
45	Robert Wever                              c. 1550	72
46	Richard Edwards                      1523-1566	72-73
47	George Gascoigne              b. ? 1525, d. 1577	74-75
48	Alexander Montgomerie      ? 1540-1610	75-77
49	William Stevenson                      1530-1575	77-79
50-72	Anonymous                      16th-17th century	79-99
73-74	Nicholas Breton                      1542-1626	100-102
75-78	Sir Walter Raleigh                      1552-1618	102-104
79-84	Edmund Spenser                      1552-1599	104-129
85-86	John Lyly                              1553-1606	129-130

*CONTENTS*

NUMBER	POET		PAGE
87	Anthony Munday	1553-1633	130
88-95	Sir Philip Sidney	1554-1586	102-104
79-84	Edmund Spenser	1552-1599	104-129
85-86	John Lyly	1553-1606	131-136
96	Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke	1554-1628	136-137
97-100	Thomas Lodge	b. ? 1556, d. 1625	137-141
101-102	George Peele	b. ? 1558, d. 1597	141-143
103-105	Robert Greene	1560-1592	143-146
106	Alexander Hume	1560-1609	146-150
107	George Chapman	1560-1634	150
108-109	Robert Southwell	1561-1595	151-152
110	Henry Constable	b. ? 1562, d. ? 1613	153
111-113	Samuel Daniel	1562-1619	153-159
114	Mark Alexander Boyd	1563-1601	160
115	Joshua Sylvester	1563-1618	160-161
116-120	Michael Drayton	1563-1631	161-173
121	Christopher Marlowe	1564-1593	174
122	Sir Walter Raleigh	1552-1618	175





## ANONYMOUS

c. 1250

### 1. *Cuckoo Song*

SUMER is icumen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu!  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
And springeth the wude nu—  
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,  
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:  
Ne swike thu naver nu;  
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,  
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

### 2. *Alison*

c. 1300

BYTUENE Mershe ant Averil  
When spray biginneth to spring,  
The lutel foul hath hire wyl  
On hyre lud to synge:  
Ich libbe in love-longinge  
For semlokest of alle thynges,  
He may me blisse bringe,

1. lhude] loud. awe] ewe. lhouth] loweth. sterteth] leaps.  
swike] cease. 2. on hyre lud] loud. ich libbe] I live.  
semlokest] seemliest.

*ANONYMOUS*

Icham in hire bandoun.  
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
From alle wymmen my love is lent  
Ant lyht on Alisoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,  
Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;  
With lossum chere he on me loh;  
With middel smal ant wel y-make;  
Bote he me wolle to hire take  
For to buen hire owen make,  
Long to lyven ichulle forsake  
Ant feye fallen adoun.

An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
From alle wymmen my love is lent  
Ant lyht on Alisoun.

Nihtes when I wende and wake,  
For-thi myn wonges waxeth won;  
Levedi, al for thine sake  
Longinge is y-lent me on.  
In world his non so wyter mon  
That al hire bountè telle con;  
Hire swyre is whittore than the swon,  
Ant feyrest may in toune.

he] she.	bandoun] thraldom.	hendy] gracious.	
y-hent] seized, enjoyed.	ichot] I wot.	lyht] alighted.	
hire her] her hair.	lossum] lovesome.	loh] laughed.	
bote he] unless she.	buen] be.	make] mate.	feye] like to die.
nihtes] at night.	wende] turn.	for-thi] on that account.	
wonges waxeth won] cheeks grow wan.	levedi] lady.		
y-lent me on] arrived to me.	so wyter mon] so wise a man.		
swyre] neck.	may] maid.		

*ANONYMOUS*

An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
From alle wymmen my love is lent  
    Ant lyht on Alisoun.

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,  
    Wery so water in wore;  
Lest eny reve me my make  
    Ichabbe y-yerned yore.  
    Betere is tholien whyle sore  
    Then mournen evermore.  
    Geynest under gore,  
    Herkne to my roun—

An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
From alle wymmen my love is lent  
    Ant lyht on Alisoun.

3. *Spring-tide*

c. 1300

**L**ENTEN ys come with love to toune,  
With blosmen ant with briddes roune,  
    That al this blisse bryngeth;  
Dayes-eyes in this dales,  
Notes suete of nyhtegales,  
    Uch foul song singeth;

The threstelcoc him threteth oo,  
Away is huere wynter wo,  
    When woderove springeth;  
This foules singeth ferly fele,

2. for-wake] worn out with vigils. so water in wore] as water in a weir.  
reve] rob. y-yerned yore] long been distressed. tholien] to endure.  
geynest under gore] comeliest under woman's apparel. roun] tale, lay.  
3. to toune] in its turn. him threteth oo] is aye chiding them. huere]  
their. woderove] woodruff. ferly fele] marvellous many.

*ANONYMOUS*

Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele,  
That al the wode ryngeth.

The rose rayleth hire rode,  
The leves on the lyhte wode  
Waxen al with wille;  
The mone mandeth hire bleo,  
The lilie is lossom to seo,  
The fenyl ant the fille;  
Wowes this wilde drakes,  
Miles murgeth huere makes;  
Ase strem that striketh stille,  
Mody meneth; so doth mo  
(Ichot ycham on of tho)  
For love that likes ille.

The mone mandeth hire lyht,  
So doth the semly sonne bryht,  
When briddes singeth breme;  
Deawes donketh the dounes,  
Deores with huere derne rounes  
Domes forte deme;  
Wormes woweth under cloude,  
Wymmen waxeth wounder proude,  
So wel hit wol hem seme,  
Yef me shal wonte wille of on,  
This wunne weole y wole forgon  
Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

wlyteth] whistle, or look. rayleth hire rode] clothes herself in red.  
mandeth hire bleo] sends forth her light. lossom to seo] lovesome to see.  
fille] thyme. wowes] woo. miles] males. murgeth] make merry.  
makes] mates. striketh] flows, trickles. mody meneth] the moody  
man makes moan. so doth mo] so do many. on of tho] one of them.  
breme] lustily. deowes] dewes. donketh] make dank. deores] dears,  
lovers. huere derne rounes] their secret tales. domes forte deme] for  
to give (decide) their decisions. cloude] clod. wunne weole] wealth  
of joy. y wole forgon] I will forgo. wyht] wight. fleme] banished.

4. *Blow, Northern Wind*

c. 1300

**I**CHOT a burde in boure bryht,  
That fully semly is on syht,  
Menskful maiden of myht;  
Feir ant fre to fonde;  
In al this wurhliche won  
A burde of blod ant of bon,  
Never yete y nuste non  
Lussomore in londe.

Blou northerne wynd!  
Send thou me my suetyng!  
Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

With lokkes lefliche ant longe,  
With frount ant face feir to fonge,  
With murthes monie mote heo monge,  
That brid so breme in boure.

With lossom eye grete ant gode,  
With browen blysfol under hode,  
He that reste him on the Rode,  
That leflych lyf honoure.

Blou northerne wynd!  
Send thou me my suetyng!  
Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

Hire lure lumes liht,  
Ase a launterne a nyht,  
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht.  
So feyr heo is ant fyn.

Ichot] I know. burde] maiden. menskful] worshipful. feir] fair.  
fonde] take, prove. wurhliche] noble. won] multitude. y nuste] I  
knew not. lussomore in londe] lovelier on earth. suetyng] sweetheart.  
lefliche] lovely. fonge] take between hands. murthes] mirths, joys.  
mote hep monge] may she mingle. brid] bird. breme] full of life.  
Rode] the Cross. lure] face. lumes] beams. bleo] colour.

*ANONYMOUS*

A suetly swyre heo hath to holde,  
With armes shuldre ase mon wolde,  
Ant fingres feyre forte folde,  
    God wolde hue were myn!  
    Blou northerne wynd!  
    Send thou me my suetyng!  
    Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

Heo is coral of godnesse,  
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,  
Heo is cristal of clannesse,  
    Ant baner of bealtè.  
Heo is lylie of largesse,  
Heo is parvenke of prouesse,  
Heo is solsecle of suetnesse,  
    Ant lady of lealtè.  
    Blou northerne wynd!  
    Send thou me my suetyng!  
    Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

For hire love y carke ant care,  
For hire love y droupne ant dare,  
For hire love my blisse is bare  
    Ant al ich waxe won,  
For hire love in slep y slake,  
For hire love al nyht ich wake,  
For hire love mournynge y make  
    More then eny mon.  
    Blou northerne wynd!  
    Send thou me my suetyng!  
    Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

suetly swyre] darling neck.  
clannesse] cleanness, purity.  
sunflower.   won] wan.

forte] for to.  
parvenke] periwinkle.

hue, heo] she.  
solsecle]

5. *This World's Joy*

c. 1300

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,  
Nou this leves waxeth bare;  
Ofte I sike ant mourne sare  
When hit cometh in my thoht  
Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,  
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;  
That moni mon seith, soth hit ys:  
Al goth bote Godes wille:  
Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene,  
Nou hit faleweth albydene:  
Jesu, help that hit be sene  
Ant shild us from helle!  
For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

6. *A Hymn to the Virgin*

c. 1300

OF on that is so fayr and bright  
*Velut maris stella,*  
Brighter than the day is light,  
*Parens et puella:*  
Ic crie to the, thou see to me,  
Levedy, preye thi Sone for me,  
*Tam pia,*  
That ic mote come to thee  
*Maria.*

5. this leves] these leaves. sike] sigh. nys] is not. al so hit ner ere]  
as though it had never been. soth] sooth. bote] but, except. thah]  
though. faleweth] fadeth. albydene] altogether. y not whider] I  
know not whither. her duelle] here dwell.

6. on] one. levedy] lady.

ANONYMOUS

Al this world was for-lore  
    *Eva peccatrice,*  
Tyl our Lord was y-bore  
    *De te genetrice.*  
With *ave* it went away  
Thuster nyth and comz the day  
    *Salutis;*  
The welle springeth ut of the,  
    *Virtutis.*  
  
Levedy, flour of alle thing,  
    *Rose sine spina,*  
Thu bere Jhesu, hevене king,  
    *Gratia divina:*  
Of alle thu ber'st the pris,  
Levedy, quene of paradys  
    *Electa:*  
Mayde milde, moder *es*  
    *Effecta.*

7.           ***Of a Rose, a Lovely Rose,  
of a Rose Is Al Myn Song***

c. 1350

**L**ESTENYT, lordynges, both elde and yinge,  
How this rose began to sprynge;  
Swych a rose to myn lykyng  
    In al this word ne knowe I non.

The Aungil came fro hevене tour,  
To grete Marye with gret honour,  
And seyde sche xuld bere the flour  
    That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

6. thuster] dark.    pris] prize.

7. lestenyt] listen.    word] world.    xuld] should.

*ANONYMOUS*

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,  
That is bothe bryht and schen:  
The rose is Mary hevене qwyn,  
    Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myht,  
That sprang on Cyrstemesse nyht,  
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryht  
    That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,  
The fendys power doun to felle:  
Therein myht non sowle dwelle;  
    Blyssid be the time the rose sprong!

The thredde braunche is good and swote,  
It sprang to hevене crop and rote,  
Therein to dwellyn and ben our bote;  
    Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,  
Che that bar the blyssid flowr,  
Che be our helpe and our socour  
    And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

schen] beautiful.    hevене qwyn] heaven's queen.    bote] salvation.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE

1260-1340

8. *Praise of Women*

**N**O thyng ys to man so dere  
As wommanys love in gode manere.  
A gode womman is mannys blys,  
There her love right and stedfast ys.  
There ys no solas under hevene  
Of alle that a man may nevene  
That shulde a man so moche glew  
As a gode womman that loveth true.  
Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde  
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

JOHN BARBOUR

d. 1395

9. *Freedom*

**A!** Fredome is a noble thing!  
Fredome mays man to haiff liking;  
Fredome all solace to man giffis,  
He levys at ese that frely levys!  
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,  
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,  
Gyff fredome fail; for fre liking  
Is yarnyt our all othir thing.

8. nevene] name.    glew] gladden.    hurde] flock.

9. liking] liberty.    na ellys nocht] nor aught else.    yarnyt] yearned for.

JOHN BARBOUR

Na he that ay has levyt fre  
May nocht knaw weill the propyrtè,  
The angyr, na the wretchyt doom  
That is couplyt to foule thyrlidome.  
Bout gyff he had assayit it,  
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;  
And suld think fredome mar to prise  
Than all the gold in warld that is.  
Thus contrar thingis evimar  
Discoweringis of the tothir ar.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340?-1400

10. *The Love Unfeigned*

O YONGE fresshe folkes, he or she,  
In which that love up groweth with your age,  
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,  
And of your herte up-casteth the visage  
To thilke god that after his image  
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre  
This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre.

And loveth him, the which that right for love  
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,  
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene a-bove;  
For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye,  
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye.  
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,  
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke?

9. perquer] thoroughly, by heart.

10. repeyreth] repair ye. starf] died.

11. *Balade*

**H**YD, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere;  
Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun;  
Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere;  
Penalopee, and Marcia Catoun,  
Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun;  
Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne;  
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere,  
Lavyne; and thou, Lucesse of Rome toun,  
And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,  
And Cleopatre, with al thy passioun,  
Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renoun;  
And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love swich peyne;  
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Herro, Dido, Laudomia, alle y-fere,  
And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,  
And Canace, espyed by thy chere,  
Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun,  
Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne soun;  
Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ye tweyne;  
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyvne.

12. *Merciles Beaute*

A TRIPLE ROUNDEL

I. CAPTIVITY

**Y**OUR eyen two wol slee me sodenly,  
I may the beautè of hem not sustene,  
So woundeth hit through-out my herte kene.

11. disteyne] name. y-fere] together.

*GEOFFREY CHAUCER*

And but your word wol helen hastily  
My hertes wounde, whyl that hit is grene,  
Your eyen two wol slee me sodenly,  
I may the beauté of hem not sustene.

Upon my trouthe I sey yow feithfully,  
That ye ben of my lyf and deeth the quene;  
For with my deeth the trouthe shal be sene.  
Your eyen two wol slee me sodenly,  
I may the beauté of hem not sustene,  
So woundeth hit through-out my herte kene.

**II. REJECTION**

So hath your beauté fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne;  
For Daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

Giltles my deeth thus han ye me purchaced;  
I sey yow sooth, me nedeth not to feyne;  
So hath your beauté fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne.

Allas! that nature hath in yow compassed  
So greet beauté, that no man may atteyne  
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyne.  
So hath your beauté fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne;  
For Daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

**III. ESCAPE**

Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,  
I never think to ben in his prison lene;  
Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.

halt] holdeth.

*GEOFFREY CHAUCER*

He may answer, and seye this or that;  
I do no fors, I speke right as I mene.  
    Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,  
    I never think to ben in his prison lene.

Love hath my name y-strike out of his selat,  
And he is strike out of my bokes clene  
For ever-mo; ther is non other mene.  
    Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,  
    I never think to ben in his prison lene;  
    Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.

**THOMAS HOCCLEVE**

1368?-1450?

**13.           *Lament for Chaucer***

**A**LLAS! my worthi maister honorable,  
This landes verray tresor and richesse!  
Doth by thy deth hath harme irreparable  
Unto us doon: hir vengeable duresse  
Despoiled hath this land of the swetnesse  
Of rethorik; for unto Tullius  
Was never man so lyk amonges us.

Also who was heir in philosophie  
To Aristotle in our tonge but thou?  
The steppes of Virgile in poesie  
Thou folwedist eeke, men wot wel ynow.  
Thou combre-worlde that the my maister slow—  
Wolde I slayn were!—Dethe, was to hastyf  
To renne on thee and reve the thi lyf . . .

12. selat] slate.   13. hier] heir.   combre-worlde] encumberer of earth.  
slow] slew.

THOMAS HOCCLEVE

She myghte han taried hir vengeance a while  
Til that sum man had egal to the be;  
Nay, let be that! sche knew wel that this yle  
May never man forth brynge lyk to the,  
And hir office needes do mot she:  
God bad hir so, I truste for the beste;  
O maister, maister, God thi soule reste!

JOHN LYDGATE

1370?-1450?

14. *Vox Ultima Crucis*

TARYE no longer; toward thyn heritage  
Haste on thy weye, and be of ryght good chere.  
Go eche day onward on thy pylgrymage;  
Thynke how short tyme thou hast abyden here.  
Thy place is bygged above the sterres clere,  
None erthly palys wrought in so statly wyse.  
Come on, my frend, my brother most entere!  
For the I offered my blood in sacryfice.

KING JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

1394-1437

15. *Spring Song of the Birds*

WORSCHIPPE ye that loveris bene this May,  
For of your blisse the Kalendis are begonne,  
And sing with us, Away, Winter, away!  
Cum, Somer, cum, the suete sesoùn and sonne!  
Awake for schame! that have your hevynnis wonne,  
And amorously lift up your hedis all,  
Thank Lufe that list you to his merci call!

14. bygged] built. palys] palace. 15. suete] sweet. Lufe] Love.