

things when I passed through there, as I will tell you. But before I tell you more about them, so that I do not bore you, I will say good night and pause here. Come back tomorrow, if you want, and then you will hear the rest. I will tell you plenty about the troubles and difficulties I met with. {9050} You will take pity on them, I think. Now take care of yourself, everyone, for in the troubles of others there is a mirror for all.

*The End of Book II*

## Book III

Now listen, good people, to my adventures, how I was ill-used and mistreated in the woods I told you about. As I went down into the deep valley, {9060} I saw in my path an old crone of a different sort of ugliness than I had seen before. She was very strange, and it seemed that she was deliberately lying in wait for me as her prey, and that she was going to attack me. I do not remember ever seeing any such beast described in Daniel or in Ezekiel, {9070} and none more hideous in the Apocalypse.<sup>1</sup> She was lame, crippled, and humpbacked, dressed in a big old tablecloth edged with pieces of old rags and patches of cloth. She had a sack hanging from her neck and it seemed that she was not about to fly, because she was stuffing brass and iron into it. {9080} She had stuck out her tongue, which was helping her to do this, but it was all leprous, ulcered and scabrous. She had six hands and two stumps. On two hands she had the claws of a griffin, and another was behind her in a sinister way. In one of her other hands she had a file, as if she were going to file bridle-bits, {9090} and a scale, in which she was weighing the zodiac and the sun very carefully, in order to offer them for sale. In another hand she had a bowl and a sack for bread. In the fifth, she had a hook. On her head she had a Maumet<sup>2</sup> that made her lower her eyes and look down. {9100} She rested the sixth hand on her crippled haunch and she kept lifting it up and touching her tongue with it.

When I saw that I must pass by this ugly old crone, I was very upset, for I was tired of being hurt, as I have told you. "Oh God!" I said. "What shall I do?" {9110} I am dead if this foul beast stops me in these woods. She has so many hands that if she grabs hold of me I doubt that I will ever escape. Help me, dear Jesus, or I am lost."

At that point, I saw the old crone come forward to attack me. "By Mauret, the god I believe in," she said to me, {9120} "I was waiting for you. You will get it from me. You were wrong to come here, for you will die here. Put down your scrip and your staff and do homage to my Mauret. He is the reason I am praised and honored and called wise. Without him no one is valued or respected on earth. For his sake many great fools are honored and called wise. {9130} You must submit to him and put yourself at his service, and then I will make you die a vile and shameful death."

When I heard the old crone say this, I was in no mood to laugh, but I wanted to know her name and to see who she was. "You old crone," I said, "tell me your name, who you are and what you do. {9140} What is your lineage and your nation and region? What is your idol, and what is its purpose, that you want me to lose my mind to serve it? I come from a line that is noble and free, and it is not right for me to serve or do homage to an idol that is blind and deaf and dumb. And if I must serve it, out of fear for my life, {9150} I tell you I want to know what it is, just as I want to know who you are and where you come from. So I ask you to answer me right now."

Then the old crone answered: "Since you want to know who I am, I will tell you soon enough. But first I will show you my childish games and tricks, so you might find me easier to believe. {9160} Come follow me, and cry out: 'My God! Now I will see the hue of weeping and the cry full of tears and anguish,<sup>3</sup> the sorrowful lament full of grief.' Everyone who sees this cries out: 'God help us! What madness!'"

Then the old crone made me climb up on a hill and look at {9170} a fair chapel on a plain, set beside a chess-board with chess-pieces great and small. And among them I saw the rooks, the knights and the king, and they were conducting themselves in a most disorderly way. Each one was wearing a sword, and this seemed strange to me, for I had played chess before and I had

never {9180} seen any pieces like this. They looked very arrogant. They went towards the chapel and were about to tear it down. The king went first and undermined the foundations. He used a bishop's crozier for a hoe and a pick. The pointed end was the pickaxe and the crooked end was the hoe. {9190}

When I saw this, I said: "What am I seeing? Am I in a daze? Is this a dream or enchantment, fantasy or madness? Is this the 'hue' you told me about or the 'cry' you spoke of? This is hue and cry together, and I do not like anything about it." {9200}

Then the old crone said to me: "It is exactly what I told you about. See the king of the chessboard there with his rooks and knights. They all have their places, limited and ordained, on the chess-board. If it were not for me, they would have had enough with their own lands, without taking what belongs to others. But I cannot let them have enough without plundering. {9210} And so I send them to that chapel near their chess-board to pillage and plunder and rob. To the king, who ought to establish and defend and take care of churches, I have given a tool full of honor—a bishop's crozier—to do the work of a peasant, turning it into a hoe and a pick. {9220} A bishop's crozier is an honorable thing, but it is reprehensible for a king to hoe and dig and undermine the foundations established by his ancestors and by other noble lords. He is a peasant<sup>4</sup> when he digs and hoes, and when he makes the staff into a hoe and a pick—the staff that was formed like a crook for the sake of the holy church it sustains. {9230} The one with the horns is also a peasant. He gives the staff that sustains and guards his chapel and brings honor upon him to someone who makes it into a pick and a hoe, and so his chapel is destroyed and torn down, because it is near the chess-board. The one is a peasant and the other even more so, but I do not say which of them is worse. {9240} The king takes the pick, and he hoes and digs, which makes the whole church grieve. And the horned one provides him with the tools when he gives him tithes. He gives up his crozier and his power when he abandons the church to him. Jeremiah once prophesied this and he wept at it.<sup>5</sup> When he saw that people were hoeing and digging around the church, {9250} so that it paid subventions, tithes and extortions, he said—wondering to himself and complaining bitterly—that she who was the princess and mistress of all had become a tributary.<sup>6</sup> And he asked who

dared to do this, as if he meant that he should surely weep over it. {9260}

"Now weep then and make a great lamentation, as I told you before.<sup>7</sup> The church is undermined on all sides and it is not far from being brought down. All of them, rooks and pawns, have set their hands to destroying it. All the chess-pieces follow the king, but whatever they do, they do through me. I make them do whatever they do, for they have long been my students. {9270} There is no rook or king bold enough not to obey me. They all study my art, whether they come early or late. If you do not believe me, Jeremiah attests to this in his sixth chapter."<sup>8</sup>

"If you do not tell me who you are," I said to her, "you trouble me deeply, for I cannot see how you could have such power. {9280} I see you are poorly dressed, crippled, twisted and humped, conceived and engendered against Nature, I believe. And how can you rule over kings and counts and be their mistress. How can you have power over those who are nobly born, engendered in accord with nature?"

"I will tell you," she said. "You should know that I {9290} have spells to bewitch people. When I want, I make myself pleasant, gracious and desirable, and when I am friendly and pleasant what I command is done sooner. I bewitch counts and dukes, kings and princes. There are none of them who do not follow my commands under my spell. {9300} I am Apemen, the daughter of Besachis.<sup>9</sup> The king sits beside me, and he laughs when I laugh and he is sorrowful when I am. He lets me take off his crown and he gives it to me. You will find it written in the second of second Edras.<sup>10</sup> Once the king had a mistress who was with him a long time {9310} and he loved her so much that he provided her with all his treasures to distribute to the needy and the poor religious. Generosity was her name, and she was once greatly renowned. She loved the king very much and she wanted to win honor for him. The king gave her so much treasure that great honor came to him. {9320} He won honor and renown for this, and his treasure never diminished but grew larger, for as grain that is sown does more good and brings more profit than that which lies in the granary, so goods that are given away are worth more than those that are piled up.

"Now I tell you, when I saw her whom the king honored so {9330} I thought to myself that I would take her away from him if I could. So I did as I intended. I got into the king's chamber. I cast magic spells so that the porter let me go in. I went to the king's bed and I found his mistress by his side. I took her away from him and carried her off. I took her out of the chamber and {9340} I locked her up in prison. She is there now and she always will be. Then I entered the king's bed and lay down in her place. He thought I was his mistress, but I was not. I bewitched and deceived him and so I became his treasurer. I keep watch over all his treasure, all his silver and gold. {9350} He thinks I bring him honor, but I bring him great dishonor, and I will do so all my life, as long as I am his mistress. He could not have a more dishonorable mistress, for all his wealth.

"If you want to know my nation, where I come from, and what my name is, you should know that I was born in the valley of the infernal swamp. {9360} Satan sired me there, and he brought me from there to Usuria,<sup>11</sup> where he brought me up. For this reason I am called Usury. Others call me Covetousness, and still others Avarice. I am called Covetousness because I cover the things of others. And I am called Avarice because I hold on to my goods too tightly. {9370} Call me what you like, and do not be surprised that I am in ratters and badly dressed and patched. You should know that I never let my goods do any good. I have plenty of robes to wear, but I would let them all rot and get eaten by worms before I or anyone else might have the comfort of them. {9380} I would have plenty of friends if I knew anything about how to share the goods that do me no good at all. In this I am like a dog sitting on a pile of hay. If anyone touches it, he barks and yelps and howls, although he eats none of it."<sup>12</sup>

"I have plenty of hands to grab with, but none to give with. {9390} My giving hands are cut off and removed at the stumps. You see clearly that I have only the stumps. Anyone who asks me for a gift is a fool. I seek only to pile up coins, for that is my craft and my business. I have six hands for grabbing and gathering them up in six ways and for putting them in my sack. {9400} They weigh me down and burden me so that if I fell down I could not get up again. The more I have, the more I want. My will, my longing, my desire is insatiable and it can never be satisfied. I am the great gulf of the sea, that takes in everything and returns nothing, that

absorbs and swallows everything and gives nothing back. Nothing comes out of it. {9410} I load myself up, I burden myself and I weigh myself down with gold, the heaviest metal I see. I make it into a clog and a stake, and tie myself to it so that I could rightly be called a clogged monkey. It seems that I am holding the clog, but the clog is holding me much more tightly. It keeps me from climbing up high, and it burdens me and weighs me down. {9420} I once hung this clog on Judas, who betrayed your king. I put so much brass into his purses and sacks that I made him fall in disgrace from high to low and plunge down into hell.

"Now I will tell you about the six hands I use to grab metal and brass, as I have told you. You will never in your life find worse hands, I think. {9430} You will find this out soon enough. The first, armed with the claws of the Griffin, is called Rapine. She pretends to be gentle,<sup>13</sup> and she says that her prey lets her take it where she can find it, and so she goes often to rob pilgrims in the woods and to kill them on the roads. {9440} 'I have crooked nails,' she says, 'I am gentle and I should not be refused anything I want. If that is so, I can seize and take my prey everywhere. No matter who complains, the thing is mine.' And so this hand amuses herself and does many evil things both day and night. This is the talon of the hawk that grabs {9450} and seizes chickens. She takes horses and carts and the provisions good people have made for their own use. If a poor man keeps an ox or a swine, she takes it, and it does not matter to her if a poor man sells his coat to live on, as long as she gets what she wants.<sup>14</sup>

"With this hand I clip and shear so that as I clip I pluck out and break everything, {9460} and when I shear and crop I skin everything and leave nothing. I do as the spider does. As long as there is any blood or marrow in the fly, she sucks it all out, and then she disembowels it and flays it. This hand butchers and skins the poor. She searches the skin under their hair in order to get more and carry it off. {9470} And when the poor are skinned and stripped, when all their goods are pulled up, torn away, and plucked out, those who would try to find any life there would make fools of themselves. I intend to pillage you and make you my sustenance, to suck your marrow and your blood and seize for myself what you need to live on. {9480} But first I will tell you about the other five hands, as I promised you.

"This other hand I am holding behind my back in a sinister way is the one I use to snatch gold and silver in secret and to grab slyly and secretly the goods of others. This is the hand that shakes the feet and cuts the ears.<sup>15</sup> {9490} It is called Thievery, and Larceny the furtive. This is the hand that does not dare ask the glower for gloves to cover it. She never shows herself except at night and when the moon does not shine. She has crooked nails like the other, for she hauls in, when she has the time, as much or more than the other does, but in such a way that her looting {9500} is not noticed, and so it is an affliction and a great evil. There are many grafters and looters around the king and if they were apprehended they would have much to pay back to him. These people prey on others, for they cannot enjoy their own goods. This hand breaks into houses and ransacks them, {9510} breaks into coffers and bites florins. She is a counterfeiter and engraver of false seals, and a false locksmith. She is a counterfeiter, forger, and miscounter of coins.<sup>16</sup> This hand despoils the dead and keeps the windows and doors shut {9520} until she has seized and gleaned what she wanted. And if she is the executor and administrator of the estate, I tell you that she will grab and carry off the best for herself. This hand is not lacking to people who go out to steal at night, to the false foresters and false stewards who go along with such things, to people who serve disloyally and who work dishonestly, to millers who fill their ration without calling upon Reason,<sup>17</sup> to crooked tailors and other people who take so much from others that, if it were discovered, this same hand would hang them. Nevertheless, if they wait long enough, they will be hanged. {9540} In the end, I will hang them, as I have hanged many others."

"What! Are you a hangman?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," she answered.

"Sloth told me that she is one," I said.<sup>18</sup>

Then she said to me: "Certainly, she is one, truly, but only of the soul. But I am one of the soul and the body."

"God save you," I said, "now tell me: {9550} Who hanged the body of Judas, you or she? Do not lie to me."

"Now God save me," she said, "I tell you that we put the rope on him together at the same time and we hanged him by accord. But if my hand had not helped her, Sloth would never have hauled him up high, for his body was heavy, and that would not have

been proper for her to do.<sup>19</sup> {9560} And therefore it was mainly my hand that did the hanging. Keep away from her, if you believe me, for she is the rear-guard. She takes people by stealth and then she hangs them when she can."

"I will tell you about the hand that holds the file, for I would like to do so. {9570} This is the hand with which I grab and pile up and heap up what others have labored for and gained by their sweat. She is formed against nature, for she is always busy setting brass and iron to brood, to increase and multiply. Other hands diminish brass by touching it, but this one increases it, all in spite of Nature. {9580} She is a great sorceress, for with magic spells she turns a Tournois into a Paris Sol and makes five become six. She makes cows that cannot die, forging them without striking a blow. She calls them iron cows because they live so long.<sup>21</sup> She stores oats in the granary and wais until grain is expensive {9590} and then sells twice as much oats and takes double payment for it. She has a file to grind down the substance of others and wear it away. Little by little, back and forth, she grinds away at the goods of others. Nothing can remain near her without being completely worn down by the scraping. She is called Usury, for she uses up the life {9600} of those who use their time and their life in her uses. If she were not so usual, everyone would be aghast at her. But she has become so much in use that she is well-known at fairs. People use her at fairs and file with her right in front of everyone. And there is no one, provost or mayor, who opposes her business." {9610}

"Tell me about the scales in which you are weighing so carefully the zodiac and the sun," I said, "for it is something I find astonishing."

"Pay attention and listen closely," she said, "for I will not lie to you about anything. Grace once placed the sun in the zodiac and set it to shine on everyone and be common to the world. {9620} She wanted it to be available to all, so that no one would be without it. Now I tell you that displeased me, because there was no profit in it for me, for I saw clearly that if I did not have time and appropriate it for myself, I could not work very much with my file or grind much with it. And therefore I usurped the zodiac and appropriated it for myself. {9630} I made time and the sun my own and I put them on my scales. By my insolence, I have become

someone who weighs and sells them. I sell them by the day, by the week, by weeks, for eight days and fortnights, by the month and by whole years. I sell a poundsworth for twenty deniers.<sup>22</sup> I sell a month for nine or ten sous and a week for five or six. {9640} I weigh it and sell it according to what each person will accept."

"Now tell me, I ask you, about a woodcutter," I said, "who sold me wood in his forest a while ago and said to me: 'The wood is yours for thirty sols, if you will pay for it now. If you want to wait until the end of the year, I must sell it for forty sols.' {9650} I would like to know if he weighed and sold the zodiac."

"I will tell you what I have heard about that," she said. "Once, the woodcutters sold their wood standing and said: 'If you want my wood, give such a price for it now. If you want to wait for a year, I must sell it for a higher price, {9660} for in a year my wood will grow and then it will be worth more.' If he sold you the wood this way, I tell you he did not weigh the time, I think. But if the wood was chopped down and cut up, I believe he weighed the time. When something cannot increase and multiply, {9670} and it is sold for more because of the time that has passed, the zodiac is weighed. But when the thing can multiply by itself, I think that only the increase is weighed and measured."

"The woodcutters seldom sell standing wood for less," I said. "It remains there a long time until it can be sold, {9680} and they make it even more expensive when it is not paid for right away." Then she answered me and said: "I will tell you what lies in my heart, for whatever it is worth. If the woodcutters did not cut the wood before the buyers came to them, they might wait a very long time to sell their wood. {9690} The merchants, when they saw that the wood was not hewed and cut up for sale, would say: 'We will have to wait too long. Let us pass by and go on. Our business must be done quickly and we must not delay.' Therefore, it was ordained for the common good, as I think, that before the merchants come, the sellers cut down their wood {9700} and have it cut and sawn and stacked up for sale. This was a good arrangement and a great benefit to those who needed wood or who wanted firewood. Therefore, those who perform this service should not lose anything. If they have cut down their wood for others, and it would have increased {9710} within a year, I think they can sell it for a higher price without doing anything wrong, if they do not intend to cheat or to sell and weigh the zodiac in this way. And perhaps some do

so, but they have the excuse that it is customary and the practice is approved. {9720} Now understand this, and explain and gloss the text as you like. I want to tell you other news about the hand with the bowl.

"This hand is called Cadging and Vagrancy. I call it Panhandler and Breadbiter. She hides scraps in her sack—so many {9730} that they become moldy and are no good to anyone. She begs for bread for the love of God, but she will not pay anywhere for anything she eats. She has no concern that anyone would benefit by a kindness she might do. She makes her living with the bowl quite shamelessly, although she could be better off {9740} if she would work and try to make some money. She has made me tattered and patched, as you see. She can do nothing but make purses and scrips and sacks, carry bribes, and scratch me up in the bushes. She brings me to the great highways, where travellers and pilgrims {9750} or great lords must pass by, to ask them for alms. And so they might have greater pity on me and give me their goods more freely, she makes me more feeble by a third and poorer than I am. And I tell you further that she also makes it appear by artful means that my hands and feet are crippled. {9760} and she makes me walk bent over my staff and cry 'Woe is me!' for no reason. And although I am not injured and I am often well-fed, I curse those, high or low, men or women, who do not give me anything.

"The nobility often borrow this hand to cadge. They know how to put it into their great hawking-gloves {9770} and hide it. And they know how to take the glove off when they want to cadge with it. They hold it out to the religious and beg without shame: 'Give us some leather goods, some hoods for hawks. Give me a set of thongs, please, or a pair of jesses. I need a belt or a harness for my greyhound. {9780} Give me some of your cheese and make sure I get a thick robe of the abbey's white cloth. Lend me a draft animal for eight days and a saddle horse to ride, a wagon to haul my wood and two or three good plows to plow my land. You will have them back within the month.' {9790} And so they help themselves with my hand and they live off others, while shamefully saving their own goods, which they have in abundance. And it seems they do not think that the poor people of the abbey have anything except for them. You have seen, if you wanted, that when they do not get what they have asked for they accept no excuse.

{9800} They are indignant and they hate those in the house. Now see whether they ought to love me well, when I make them carry the cadger's bowl and I put my hand in their gloves, when I rattle my bowl and shake my sack at their sides. This is a new way for the nobility to seek their bread, {9810} becoming servants to me, the old and hoary one."

"Tell me a little about the hand with the crook, if you will," I said, "for I have had enough of this one."

Then she answered me and said: "The hand with the hook once fished in the infernal mire. Simon Magus and Gehazi<sup>23</sup> brought it to me here {9820} and gave it to me as a present, but Simon gave it the hook and the first letter of his name. It is shaped like a crook, as you well know. It is the letter S. This crook and this S show that I am an abbess, but of a black abbey, where they lead a wicked life. {9830} Because of the crook and Simon, this hand is called Simony, the hand that lets thieves into the house of Jesus Christ through breaches and holes, without entering through the door. And when she has let them in and hooked them with her crook, she makes croziers for them of her hook and turns them into shepherds. {9840} I say shepherds, but they are the kind who feed themselves in such a way and do such things that they should be called wolves rather than shepherds. With their croziers they dislodge Grace by force from her royal throne and hook her from it by gifts of material things. Now they are buyers, now they are sellers. {9850} And for money they often pledge themselves to those who give them the money. Grace is outraged at this, for it seems clear to her that she is valued little when she is pledged and promised for so little.<sup>24</sup> And she is not happy or well-pleased when those she has placed in authority do her such an outrage. {9860}

"This hand with the hook is fashioned and formed in such a way that now it buys and now it sells. Therefore, to speak precisely, it is called Gehazery when it sells and Simony when it buys. But ordinarily, Simony combines the names. Those who have masses sung {9870} for promises and gifts of silver are not missing this hand. The priests who take money are also not missing it, for they are like false Judas who sold Jesus for money. And I tell you further they are worse than Judas, for, when he saw that he had done something evil, he returned the money, but they will not do that. {9880} There is no syllogism of logic, no preaching, that will ever persuade them or induce them to give it back. And if you want to

know the reason, I will tell you. The sack I carry around my neck has such an intricate opening that what is put inside it cannot come out or be taken out. {9890} It is made like a fish trap. There is a way in, but no way out. Therefore, my hands and all those who take them or borrow them from me must shove into it whatever they can get, because nothing can come out of the sack and everything must rot inside it."

When she had told me this and had spoken of this hand that does great offense {9900} to God, I think, I asked her then to tell me about the other hand that she was resting on her lame leg.

"This other hand," she said, "is called Fraud, Cheating, Trickery, Gaming and Deception. She always tries to cheat those who are simple and gullible or ignorant about business. {9910} She uses false weights, false measures and false scales, and, according to whether she is buying or selling, she uses them in two ways. She will measure with the large measure what she wants to buy, and she will measure with the smaller measure what she wants to sell. She does the same with the scales and with the weights she puts in them, {9920} for she knows very well how to change them according to whether she is delivering or receiving. She never measured rightly or weighed with a true weight. Such a thing offends God. I have found it written in Proverbs.<sup>25</sup>

"This hand makes curtains and stretches them out, and she makes curtains for drapers so that the colors of cloth appear very fine {9930} to people.<sup>26</sup> And I tell you that very often she displays good values, but after they have been purchased, she has others of the same color that she delivers to the buyer. This hand does many evil things. Now she fixes horses up for sale and she makes sick ones appear sound to those who are looking to buy. {9940} Now she carries fake reliquaries and phony things around the country and shows them to the simple folk to get silver fraudulently.<sup>27</sup> Sometimes, to profit the priest, she takes an old statue in a church, makes a hole in the head, and puts oil or water or wine—whatever she has ready—in the hole she has made, {9950} so that, when the liquid flows down through the cracks, it may be called sweat and this old statue may be acclaimed for performing miracles. And so that the miracle will be more astonishing and widely known, I go talk to vagabonds and get them to pretend that they are lame or crippled, deaf, dumb or deformed. {9960} And I have them come before the statue in this condition and cry: 'Oh holy statue, heal

me! Next to God, I have the greatest faith in you.' And then in a little while I lift them up with my hand and show them completely healed. It is no great wonder, for they were not sick. They only had my evil, but the people do not think so. {9970} They call it a miracle and say that the statue did it, and so the priest makes a profit and the people celebrate a false feast.

"The hand has done many other evil things and continues to do them every day. But I will tell you no more about that now, for I still have much to tell you."

"At least tell me, if you would," I said, "why you have your hand {9980} on your lame hip and why it comes up and touches your leprous tongue so often?"

Then she answered me: "My leprous tongue is called Perjury and I call my hip Lying, for it is afflicted with spavins.<sup>28</sup> Cheating is a companion and friend to these two. {9990} She approaches them eagerly, for she belongs to their lineage. Lying is fashioned by her, and I am spavined by her. Perjury is also born of Lying and is engendered by her, for Perjury cannot exist if Lying does not give birth to her. And there can be no Lying and Perjury without Cheating. {10,000} These three things are of one accord, although they are gravely wrong. This is why my hand is resting on my spavined hip, and why it keeps visiting the tongue and touching it."

"Now tell me," I said, "why do you say that your tongue is Perjury and why do you call your spavined hip Lying?" {10,010}

"Once I met Truth and Equity on my way," she said. "They were seeking their bread and they were very poor. They had no friends, and they still have none, I think. When I saw them, I wanted to get away, for I could gain nothing from them. In the end, I left their way {10,020} and I began to flee through the fields, without keeping to the road. I stumbled on a clod of earth, I fell down and was spavined. I am still not healed and I will never be in my life. I am lame, deformed and halt. I go limping to the vielay. I call my deformity, my spavins, Lying, {10,030} for there is no lameness so foul as lying. It is necessary to me, however, for what I have to do. My sack is filled sooner and I make a profit sooner. If I were sound and I walked along soundly, I would not make so much. Some people come by me who would go on their way and keep out of my way. {10,040}

"Now I tell you that with hobbling, lying, and limping this way, there is born within me such great warmth, such great heat

and such ardor, such great desire and will to get even more than I have, that I have to stick out my tongue like an overheated dog. When I have heard about the law, {10,050} I go to the king's court and say that I will be a lawyer and meddle with lawsuits. And then I take an oath that I will not stick out my tongue for anyone who does not have a just cause. But when I have seen the proceedings and I have limped there a little while with lies and falsehoods, I cannot help sticking out my tongue, whether it is in the right or in the wrong, {10,060} when I see that I will get money.<sup>29</sup> And so I tell you that I am like the scale, whose tongue inclines to the side where the weight is greater,<sup>30</sup> for I bring my tongue to where I see there is more to win. I stick it out more willingly where I see there is more money. {10,070} Often people have come to me and asked me to help them in their cause, to testify that they are right and take a solemn oath to it. And do you know what I did then? You may be sure that, when they gave me money to put in my sack, I gladly swore right away {10,080} that they were right in the cause and that they had sued justly. And I knew truly that it was completely otherwise.

"This kind of babbling, twisting and changing right into wrong and wrong into right, in order to get other people's silver and put it into my sack, shows why my tongue is called Perjury. {10,090} And so I tell you that it is leprous from lying and swearing, and from the desire it has to pile up the goods of others through false babbling and false oaths. It has lied so much and perjured itself and babbled falsely so much that it will never be believed, if canon and law do not change. {10,100} I can be recognized by it, for such a tongue is not at all human. Nature would be enraged, if a man or a woman seized iron and brass with their tongue, using it like a hand. And you can see clearly by this that I have nothing to do with Nature. I am not at all of her lineage and I was never part of her work. {10,110} You will see this even better when you have heard about my hump."

"It is certainly my wish that you explain about this to me," I said, "and that afterwards you do not forget the Maumer you told me about."

"My hump," she responded, "deforms those who should rule and discipline themselves according to the right rule. {10,120} It is a superfluous thing, and it makes the rule humpbacked and it is

a hindrance to whatever is right. You should know that it is the reason the rich are likened to a camel that cannot pass through the narrow gate because of its hump.<sup>31</sup> Since they entered into the world naked through the narrow gate, if they must return through it, {10,130} and they get themselves a hump in the meantime, they ought to know that, unless the opening is made larger, they cannot pass through or it will remove their hump. Those who enter religion through the narrow gate, by vow and profession, and then make a hump by piling up what they have renounced and left behind, {10,140} cannot pass when they die through the gate of Paradise—for it is narrow, as you see—as long as they bear this hump with them.

"This hump is Property, and she fears her physician, Poverty, so much that she dares not pay attention to her, because she would split her, break her apart, and ruin her. This is not something to keep hidden, {10,150} for just as a lice-ridden head takes no joy in a good comb, so Property has no interest in Poverty taking care of her. She hates her and so do I, for, since I am humpbacked, the humpbacks and hunchbacks shut up in these cloisters are, more than any others, my kin, my cousins, and my companions. {10,160} Against their rule they are humpbacked and they wrongfully leave the right way, paying no attention to anyone who corrects or reprimands them. You will see this clearly later, when you are one of my humpbacks. And that will be very soon, if I can. But first I will tell you a word about my Maumer, my lord and my god. {10,170} And he will also be yours, I think. Now take good care, for although you have rejected him, he will be your god, whether you like it or not.

"My idol, my Maumer, is the gold and silver coin stamped with the image of the prince of the country. He is a god who wants to be swaddled and bound up often, {10,180} who wants people to lay him down and pick him up often, who wants to lie in coffers, in hiding-places, in corners and, very often, to be laid in the earth with the field-mice. He is the god who blinds those who turn their eyes towards him. He makes fools lower their eyes to the ground and watch for the mole. {10,190} He makes people humpbacked like me, or even worse, and he has disfigured and disgraced me, as you see. He has made me ugly and crippled, but nevertheless he delights me and pleases me, and I love him so much that I worship him on earth like a god. There is nothing I can do that I would not



do to get hold of him {10,200} and bring him to my house. Once, I roasted St. Lawrence on the coals because he took him and kept him away from me.<sup>32</sup> I love him so much that I am a fool for his sake and I often lose my coat. For him I have been led astray at many games, at merells<sup>33</sup> and at dice, and I go stripped and naked down the street like a simpleton. {10,210} And because I love him so much, I want you also to show respect for him and serve him as your lord. Now be careful what you do, for you will have no more truce with me. Worship him right now and give yourself up to him completely!"

As Avarice exhorted me and tried to make me {10,200} worship her false idol, I heard someone cry out behind me in a loud and shrill voice: "What! Companion, is that a man I see there arguing with Avarice and she is not doing anything to him? Let us go there and assault him and dishonor him. Avarice has been too lenient with him. She is acting like a fool." {10,230}

"Yes, you are right, companion," said the other. "Now let us be very sure that he does not escape from our clutches and that he dies here."

When I heard these words, I was even more dismayed than before. I would gladly have run away, if I had not been afraid of them pursuing me. I turned aside a little and I saw coming {10,240} a big old crone who had a long nose and big misshapen eyes. In her teeth she was holding a filthy sack with a hole in the bottom and a funnel stuck in the mouth. She was getting ready to strangle me. She stretched out her hands towards me and swore to me by all the saints and by the loyalty she owed to Saint George<sup>34</sup> that she would seize me by the gorge. {10,250} I saw another one coming after her who made me tremble even more. In her left hand she was carrying a false painted face of a beautiful lady and she used it as a shield. She was riding on a swine and she was dressed very beautifully, but her clothes were all dirty and covered with filth. {10,260} and so she hid her face and her appearance under her hood. She had a dart, and she struck me with it before I could speak to her. It went in through my eye and entered my heart. It was most unfortunate that I did not have my helmet then, and that I did not have armor for my eyes. Then she struck me on the hands, and I could have used my Breadwinners, {10,270} if I had

had them on and if I had been protected by them. But it is true what they say: fools do not look before they leap.

When I saw that I was wounded and that I was still not safe from the first one, because she clearly intended to seize me by the gorge since I had no gorget on, {10,280} I did not know what to think or do. I saw clearly that to cry out and wail would do me no good. "You miserable creature," I said, "what will you do? Many evil things have happened to you since you came into this valley. It would have been better if you had believed the mat-maker at first. Now you have lost Reason, Grace has gone away, {10,290} and your hands are so wounded for lack of gloves that you cannot carry your staff. At least you must ask the ones who have done this who they are."

"Old woman," I said, "you who are carrying in your teeth that foul sack with the holes in it, tell me your name. Tell me truly if you want to make me die this way without striking a blow." {10,300}

And then the old crone answered: "If you know who the Epicureans are, you know that I am their mother, whoever their father was."

"Who are the Epicureans?" I asked.

"They are people who make a god of their pierced sack, who are always thinking of filling it up, so they can empty it. They would gladly wait around the kitchen a whole day {10,310} or more to cook a little roast, to make grilled meat or some other delicacy. They have no delight unless they have something to eat or drink. That is the only thing they find a pleasure and a delight."

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"Gluttony," she said. {10,320} "I stuff so much in my pierced sack that it becomes foul and stinking. I sack as much at one time as would fill up the sacks of two or three poor people. If you knew how much food I waste and squander and use up in one year, you would say that I am Gourmandise and call me that." {10,330}

"And what is Gourmandise," I asked.

"Dipping and dunking morsels found in fine households," she said. "I dip and drench all sorts of tasty morsels and I never send any along to anyone, because I have plunged them into my sack. And I tell you that I have sacked many that I have had to expel and cast out again. {10,340} I leave trails of slime after me like a snail."

"Pah!" I said, "you stinking old thing. Do not go on talking to me about this any more! It is abominable, foul, filthy and disgusting."

"Yes, you are right," she said. "But when you want to know the truth, it is right that I should tell it to you. If they call me Gluttony, {10,350} or Gulp and Guzzle,<sup>35</sup> this is not something I should hide. I am the wolf of the forest, and I always have such a frenzy in my teeth that I must wag my chin and open my throat up wide. I am Baal, who devours everything.<sup>36</sup> I stick my nose in through kitchen windows, to sniff out the best food, to search for it and track it down {10,360} like a hunting dog. My long nose sticks in everywhere, and the purpose of all its sniffing is to find out if there is something I can stuff in my sack."

"Tell me," I said, "whether you fill yourself up with cheap food, whether you ever stuffed your fat belly with beans or coarse bread?" {10,370}

"You know," she said, "to tell the truth, I just as often stuff coarse bread in my sack as eat fine food. Voracity as well as a delicate appetite makes me a glutton, but my long nose was given to me by my father, so I could fish around with it for things to please the taste of my big appetite." {10,380}

"And what is this taste?" I asked.

"It is what everything I swallow passes through," she said, "and it is my delight above all. It is the mouth of my sack, and it is shaped by tasting.<sup>37</sup> And yet I tell you that if it were measured it would not be three fingers long. I would like it to be longer, like the neck of a crane, {10,390} and I would like to have fat pieces of food passing through it all the time and to have it well tickled by morsels, whether on horseback or on foot.<sup>38</sup> I do not care what pain my sack with the holes might have, as long as it is full. My eyes are big, my taste is ravenous, and they both want everything. My eyes want to bring my taste as much as it can swallow, or more. {10,400} My eyes are greedier than my sack or my long nose. They are not satisfied with anything, unless it is something that can go into the belly. This is something that shortens my life a great deal, through my folly. There is no knife more dangerous than an extra morsel."

"And why do you stuff in such a harmful morsel?" I asked. {10,410}

"I have in my mouth," she said, "a sense so destructive that, once it has tasted a morsel, it takes such pleasure in it that it would go mad if it did not taste another. It wants to taste one after another, as often as it pleases, without stopping. It cares nothing for my welfare, but only for its pleasure." {10,420}

"Tell me," I said, "what is this sense named and called?"

"A kitchen-wench and a tattle-tale," she said, "who has told and recounted right away what her heart commanded. The neighbors call her Bad-Neighbor and Blabbermouth,<sup>39</sup> because she is glad to spread slander and she is quick to say spiteful things, {10,430} when she has tasted good morsels and she has sampled good wines."

"Is she a wine-steward," I asked, "who spends her time tasting wines?"

"That is what she is," she said. "She takes great delight in that. She drives me to excess and I am called a glutton. She brings shame upon me and she takes away my reputation and my honor. {10,440} She gave me the funnel you see stuck in the opening of my sack. She pours wine down it and fills me up with it. She gives me such an excess of it that I have no sense or reason and I do not know how to find my house or how to get into bed."

"You are without any governance or wisdom then," I said to her. {10,450}

"That is true," she said, "if you were completely familiar with all my habits. For when I have guzzled my wines and gulped down my food, then I say evil things to God and Holy Mary. And if Reason came to me, I would say: 'Go away!' If Justice or Fairness, Prudence or Truth {10,460} came, they would be showed out and thrown out completely. Sobriety and Temperance would be badly treated. I would scoff at them and I would have them driven out. When wine has flowed into my horn, I am as fierce as the unicorn. Then I want to strike everyone, quarrel with this one and blame that one. {10,470} I roll my eyes like a bull. It is not for nothing that I have two bellies, like a biter, <sup>40</sup> for I speak to people bitterly and crudely."

"What! I said. "You have two bellies?"

"Yes," she said. "They are offspring of Dame Venus who follows me. One is called Drunkenness and the other is Bottomless Pit, <sup>41</sup> who is always ready to eat. {10,480} When the first has drunk and the other notices it, he says he wants to eat. And when that one

has eaten first, the other wants to drink and then he says: 'I raise the bet.'<sup>42</sup> And once is not enough, and certainly not twice or three times, and so they always want to finish what they have begun, without stopping. {10,490} Both want to take the last, and they are always ready to begin again, as long as there is wine in the pot and until the food is finished.

"These two bellies make Dame Venus carouse and kick up her heels. With them, she is rowdier and less embarrassed to do evil things. With them, she is eager to keep close to me and she comes following after me. {10,500} She is eager to go wherever I go, because she thinks she will have those I seize by the throat under her control. I think that will be you, since you have come here."

Then she took me by the throat with both hands and said to me: "Since you do not have any throat-armor, you can be sure you will find me much more fierce and cruel." {10,510}

"God help me!" I said, "Oh God! Let me speak to the one I see going along behind you. She has struck me with her dart. I will be lost and in a bad way if I do not know who she is, in truth."

Then she said to me: "It is up to you. I want her to tell you, but you will not escape me. {10,520} I will hold onto you, since I have you so close to me."

Then I asked the one who had struck me: "Who are you? You are going through the countryside on that swine like a simpleton, I think. And you are skulking and hiding under your hood like a fool!"

"Certainly," she answered, "I am the one who makes my subjects inhabit the swamp {10,530} and live in it like frogs. I gather many together there by sight and by words and by their looks as well. I am Venus. You have heard me spoken of by Lady Gluttony, who is holding you by the throat. Long ago I drove away Virginity and chased her from the world. {10,540} The angels, to whom she was sister, never had me in their hearts after that. They held their noses when they saw me coming, and they would not have done this at a piece of sinking carrion, unless it were even more disgusting. I pursue Chastity everywhere, endlessly, winter and summer. If she had not hidden herself long ago and sheltered herself in the religious life, {10,550} I would long ago have put her to death. But I find the fortress so strong that I can do no harm there, unless they come to the door to idle about. Just as

Dinah would not have been defiled if she had not gone outside,<sup>43</sup> so I cannot harm Chastity unless she goes outdoors."

"What harm have these two done you," I asked, "that you wish them so little good?" {10,560}

"Virginity," she said, "would never lie in the bed or in the bedroom where I lay. I was never anything but repugnant and disgusting to her, because of my unbearable stench. Chastity hates me as well and when she sees me, she says right away: 'Pah! I would sooner lose my cloak than ever go to bed with you.' {10,570} I would rather enter an abbey than be in your company."

"Can it be true," I asked, "that these monks, white, grey and black, have taken in Chastity and that she has joined them?"<sup>44</sup>

"Yes, indeed," she said, "but it displeases me greatly. She is dormitory mistress there and she makes their beds as chambermaid." {10,580}

"Then she has a position there," I said.

"That is true," she said, "and for that I hate her even more and I pursue her and I am even more bitter towards her."

"Why did you strike me?" I asked.

"What!" she said. "Did you think that you would not feel me, since I am so close to you? By my beautifully combed head, you have not yet seen everything. {10,590} When I assault people I do not leave them so soon."

"Are you as beautifully combed and as beautifully dressed as you say?" I asked. "If you were, I think, you would not hide yourself from me."

"Now understand something," she said. "It is true that if I were beautiful, I would not hide myself. It does not follow, if I comb my hair {10,600} and I play the fine lady a little, that I am therefore beautiful. I am old and ugly, I slobber and I stink, and I am filthy and slimy—even more filthy than I dare to say, because it is unspeakable.<sup>45</sup> I hide myself so no one can see me, although I am very refined, and I do not care to be seen where there is any light. {10,610} I go in round-about ways and around corners and I search out hideways and cubbyholes. I see nothing at noontime, and I take many pains and much trouble and I often put myself in danger to do a bit of what I like. If you knew the places I go into, and how often, I think you would be appalled and you would think very little of me." {10,620}

"I ride a bad mount, for by his nature he lies down where the path is worst and where there is the most filth. This mount is my will, and he carries me just like a pig, ready lie down wherever there is filth and dung. He is like a swine with its snout in the dirt. {10,630} Wherever he beds down, he puts me down, more often in a filthy place than a clean one, and I am soiled by it and covered with filth and dung. So I am foul *in abstracto*, but I am even more foul *in concreto*,<sup>46</sup> and therefore I carry a false painted face to cover my own face, which is covered with filth. {10,640} This false face is called Make-Up, and when I get old and wrinkled, shriveled and pale, I make myself dazzling with it by altering my features, in spite of Nature. Then I make myself a private chamber<sup>47</sup> for all those who pass by the way, a true dung-heap at the crossroads, where all who want to can come and take their turn {10,650} doing filthy things."

"Pah!" I said. "Then I do not care for you or for your acquaintance. I understand now, and I see that talking with you is nothing but a great disgrace."

"Certainly," she answered, "if you had seen the instruments I have hidden under my robe, you would think {10,660} even less of me, unless you were badly misled, and you would talk with me even less."

"Show them to me," I said to her, "and tell me their names!" "One is named *raptus*," she said, "another *stuprum*, another *incestus*, another is called *adulterium* and another *fornicatio*.<sup>48</sup> The other is not to be spoken of—that should be quite enough for you.<sup>49</sup> {10,670} Now understand them as you please and know that they are dangerous. You will not see them right now. I never show them openly, because they are ill-made and repulsive. And yet I know how to strike people with them when I get the chance. I will strike you with them, if you do not get away or move more swiftly than the tiger.<sup>50</sup> {10,680} But if Gluttony has hold of you, I am not afraid you will get away. You will get it from me. You will die here and you will never go any further."

Then the old crone struck me in the heart with her dart and knocked me down. Gluttony helped her greatly, pulling me down by the throat. Avarice and all the others {10,690} did not seem to suffer much from gout. They all took turns striking me with their

weapons. They took away my staff then, but they left me my scrip. They expected to get it when they had finished killing me.

When I saw that I was trapped and knocked down, struck and wounded, that I had lost the staff I had been using to raise myself up again, {10,700} I think there was never a man, more desolate than I. "Oh God!" I cried. "What will you do? Miserable creature, what will you say? Now you are finished. Why did you ever become a pilgrim? Why did you ever take up a staff, only to lose it in this country? It would have been better if you had been miscarried and born dead. {10,710} Who can ever help you? Who can ever visit you and counsel you? Through your folly, you have lost Grace, your good friend.

"Ah, Penance! Penance! Why was I ever afraid to pass through your thorny hedge? You would be sweet and gentle to me now, if I were not far away and separated from you. {10,720} Your switches and your disciplines, your prickly thorns would now be a balm for my great misfortune. Ah, you armor of chivalry, I should weep for you the rest of my life, if I were to live any longer. I was once dressed and arrayed in you most fittingly, but—poor creature that I am!—it was not long {10,730} before I took you off. Many evil things have happened to me since, and now, with no reprieve, I am delivered up and put to death.

"Ah, sacrament of Holy Church! I fear that I do not respect you enough. I fear that I received you in vain, since I have lost the staff with which I had been raising myself up again when I had fallen. {10,740} Ah, Jerusalem, the city I was moved to seek, how shall I explain myself to you? What answer shall I give you? I promised you boldly that I would make the journey to you, because I saw you in the beautiful mirror, shining and clear. Now I am captured by the old crones, now I am beaten, now I am hurt. {10,750} In a bad moment, I went astray, and I think I will never see you."

As I was lamenting and grieving over my losses, I saw a cloud passing over, not far off the ground. It came from the south,<sup>51</sup> and the wind was also coming from there. It stopped over me and stayed for a while, {10,760} but I did pay much attention to it, because of the sorrows I was feeling. I was also almost half-dead and I had little life in my body. Now understand, God save you, how unwillingly Grace departs from those she has helped before when they have come to grief, and how gladly she helps them

when they need it. {10,770} A voice came down out of the cloud saying to me:

"Now get up, you miserable weakling, get up! You have fallen down and crawled around too much. You have not shown much skill, for you are a poor knight. I have brought you your staff to rescue you from your orphanhood. Listen to me. I hold it out to you, and I restore it and give it back to you. {10,780} Although you have wronged me, I still do not want you to die. I want you to change, to mend your ways, and live."

When I heard these words, I opened my eyes a little and saw a hand up on high, holding my staff, extending it towards me. I thought it was the hand of the one who had given it to me at first, {10,790} and so it was. "Ah, God," I said, "good news! I have never deserved that you should think of me this way. I would be lost now if you had not come to my aid. Since you give me back my staff and hold it out to me through your pity, you comfort me in my sorrows and save me from death. {10,800} I give you thanks and gratitude, sweet, gentle Jesus Christ! Ah, Grace, sweet lady! I see clearly now that you have not yet forgotten my soul completely. You are ready to help me in my great need, if it does not depend on me. I do not know where this comes from, unless it is your kindness, for you have not found it in me. {10,810} I never trusted in your counsel. Trouble has rightly come to me. With joined hands I ask for mercy, and in tears I say "*mea culpa*." I will mend my ways, my lady. I promise this to you on my soul. Only help me this time, and next time I will trust in you. Help me up and set me right! Staying here is too painful to me. {10,820} If you rescue me I will go straight to the hedge, and you will lead me there, if you wish, when you have helped me up from here."

Then Grace answered: "I will tell you about a very fine game. If she who is my almoner and gives me out would make my father—he is her son and she is his mother—{10,830} give me back to you, you would not yet go to ruin. You must turn again to Penance. I would gladly lead you there, if you like, and take you out of your misery."

"And who is this lady," I asked, "who gives you out?"<sup>22</sup> She is a great lady, if she is your almoner and distributes you." {10,840}

"Yes, you are right," she said, "and therefore you must first have access to her and ask her for mercy. If she wishes, I will help

you and support you in this need. I still have the will to do so, as I have shown you. If you do not know who this lady is, it is a great fault in you and a great disgrace. {10,850} She has raised you up and gotten you out of bad straits before. She is the ruby and the pommet of your beautiful staff. I have spoken to you about her in the past. If you have forgotten it, you are a fool."

"Lady," I said, "I did not know, and it did not occur to me, that you were talking about her. I thought {10,860} you were talking about someone else, unknown to me, whom I had never seen before. But since she is my ruby I will gladly open my mouth and pray to her with a good heart as well as I can. But if you would give me a form and show me how I should pray to her, I will be glad to do so." {10,870}

Then from out of the cloud she threw me a scripture and said to me: "See how you should pray to her in this need, and at all times when you have a similar need and you are in the hands of the old hags. Now read it clearly and entreat her devoutly, promising her with a true heart that you will be a good pilgrim, {10,880} that you will never take a road where you expect to find bad going."

Now I tell you that I opened the scripture and unfolded it and looked at it. I made my prayer exactly in the form and fashion that scripture contained, and as Grace had said. You shall hear the form of the scripture and if you know your ABC's, {10,890} you will easily know how to say it, if there is need:

All in confusion, I fly to you, glorious Virgin, refuge of the world, for I can do no better. I cling to you, I rely on you. Rescue me, for I am cast down, overcome by my great enemy, and since all have recourse to you, I must turn to you {10,900} before my torment is greater. I need not have this strife, gentle one, if you rescue me as you have rescued others.

By you my grieving heart will be consoled, I know, for you are the gate of salvation. If I am carried off by the seven thieves, the deadly sins, and I wander by the wrong path, {10,910} hope comforts me and brings me back to you, so I may find relief. My poor soul I bring to you to save, for now it is as good as dead. In it are all good things miscarried.



*The Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus*

Confusion and shame have brought a case against me, that I must not come before you, because of my most grievous sin. {10,920} They seek to bring against me a pleading of despair. But so that I might end the case, I have them come before you, while making my reply: I claim to belong to you in every way and I call upon your pity and compassion.

Discord was ended, the bow of justice was unbent, and peace and harmony came through you, O lady of mercy, by whom God is reminded {10,930} to be reconciled to his people. And therefore I am ready and willing to give you thanks, for you have undone the bowstring. As I remember, if the bow were still strung, it would have cost me my unworthy life. {10,940}

Ever in you have I had my hope, for you have received me with mercy many times in many ways. You have revived and restored my dying soul with the good that is made in heaven. But when the great judgement comes, if you are not sitting there for me as my advocate I will be condemned. I can claim no good in reply. {10,950} I cry out "Oh God!" when I think of it. Often I must cry out "Oh God!"

Fleeing to your tent I come, to hide from the torment that afflicts me in the world. Do not abandon me because of my sins. Protect me and be close to me in my need. If I have long been a beast, O Virgin, I put an end to that, now that I sense your grace. {10,960} And so I also ask that you clothe me with your pity, all naked as I am, for I have no other help.

Glorious Virgin Mother, never bitter<sup>53</sup> to anyone on earth or sea, show me your mercy now, and do not let my father cast me away from him. {10,970} If I appear worthless before him, and I cannot by myself escape the punishment for sin, appear for me before him and show him that if I am not his equal, yet he is still my brother.

Human he became by his own will to ally himself with humankind. Pity grew with him from his childhood, {10,980}

and I hope to have it in my life. It began its work when the cruel iron of the lance entered his heart. If I am wise, I cannot help but receive good from this, good in abundance, if you wish it.

I do not find any path, after God, wherein I see my salvation so clearly as in you. {10,990} Through your pity you lead back those who have gone astray. You make them leave the false path, you make peace for them again with the king, and you set them on the right way once more. Those who are clothed in your grace are well arrayed and well adorned. {11,000}

Kindled by your name, calendars shine, and illuminated with your name, books are finished. Those who made their way to you for healing have escaped all harm. Incline to me then, O Virgin, for it is to find true healing that I make my way to you. Do not let divine justice, {11,010} by which I might be lost, be drawn from its scabbard.

Lady, to whom your son must turn, he that is taken from your blood, your sweetness I cannot portray. And therefore I have brought myself before you, so that you will not let any cruel dart strike me. I confess my fault completely. I have often struck out in anger, {11,020} and for this I should be punished. But, if you will, you have the balm that soon will heal the wound that afflicts me.

Moses saw, in a figure, that you, O Virgin clean and pure, would conceive Jesus, the son of God.<sup>54</sup> He saw a bush that was burning, in spite of Nature, without being burnt up. This is you, and I am not deceived in any way about it. {11,030} God is the fire within you, and you are the bush unburnt that tempers its heat. In this light, Virgin, may I be seen and received by you, and lifted up out of uncleanness.

Noble Princess of the world, you have no peer or rival in any realm or empire. From you come down all the good things {11,040} we have in abundance, and we have no other treasury. The poor have hope in you and from you they draw

their salvation. They rely on you alone. It cannot be imagined or spoken, painted or written, how deep your bounty is.

O light of the blind and true refuge of sinners, {11,050} treasurer of all good, all who believe in the faith call upon you and have complete faith in you. You were never haughty, and so you became a handmaiden, when the great one came to you. Now you are the chancellor of God, the almoner of grace, and you give of all to all. {11,060}

Pressed I am by the desire to ask what God came to seek, when he came to dwell in you. In you he became like the earthworm.<sup>55</sup> It was not to make war, I think, or to defeat me utterly. Virgin, although I am not without sin, I need not arm myself with weapons but only ask his mercy. Since he came to the earth for me, {11,070} if he does not wish to abandon the earth, then still he seeks the one he loves.

Queen of heaven, when I consider that I have offended you and him, that my soul is sunk in evil, that I am lacking everything but sin, that I was evil yesterday and I am worse today, I then take flight. Sweet Virgin, if I take flight, if I fly from my pursuers, {11,080} where shall I fly but to my refuge? If I have borne no fruit, and if I am defeated before I fight, the more grievous is my pain.

Reproach me, mother, and chastise me, for I dare not wait upon my father for chastisement. His chastisement strikes with such force that when he wants to punish vengefully nothing can remain unbroken. {11,090} Mother, I should fear such punishment, for my life has always gone from bad to worse. You be the judge, for you have the balm of pity if we pray to you for mercy.

Save for you, no good flourishes, and God gives nothing without you, for he has made you mistress of all. All is pardoned, when you wish, {11,100} and good is sent through you to Justice, who gives it out. There is no queen or princess for whom by right such things are ended or removed. You are

the governor of the world and not without reason were you crowned regent of heaven.

Temple holy, where God has his dwelling, from which the unbeliever {11,110} is exiled and always will be, to you do I come, through you do I claim inheritance. Receive me through your merit, for I trust in you. And if I have made myself heir to the thorns of iniquity, with which the earth was cursed,<sup>56</sup> I cry out "Oh God!" because my soul, that is not free of them, makes me do so. {11,120}

Virgin of noble and high estate, you lead us to the castle and the tower of Paradise. Clothe me within and without in such array that in the end you restore me with your grace. If I am vile, renew me. I come to you. Do not turn aside, for you are my refuge in need. Help me, do not delay, {11,130} and plead my case in the court where your pity lives.

*Kristos*, your son, who came down to earth and was hung upon the cross, had his side pierced for me. His great severity he relinquished when he gave up the ghost for me. With his body hanging and stretched out, his blood was shed for me. If I have understood it rightly, {11,140} this was meant for my salvation. And so if I have offended him and he has not repaid me for it, I give you thanks for this, and I thank him as well.

Ysaac prefigured him.<sup>57</sup> In obeying his father, he cared nothing for his death. Like a lamb, he endured all.<sup>58</sup> In enduring all, he purified all, through a cruel and bitter death. {11,150} O sweetest Virgin Mother, for this deed, soften with tears my hard-hearted soul. Make grace prepare me so, and do not be sparing with it, for he measured it out abundantly.

Zechariah wakes me from my slumber and summons me to seek for mercy in you. He called you a flowing fountain,<sup>59</sup> {11,160} for washing sinful mankind, a good lesson to learn. If you have a tender heart, and my offense is no less than his



who ate the apple, wash me, guard me and defend me, so that Justice does not strike me down.

Ethics<sup>60</sup> I have read, {11,170} I learned and understood it all, and then I would do nothing with it. I would be completely deceived, like one caught in his own web or net. Virgin, my soul is worn out, for it exhausts itself in praying to you, and so it does not do its duty. What I pile up is of little worth. My prayer is only shattered fragments, if I am not moved to do good. {11,180}

Cry in vain for mercy I may not, nor pray against myself. I promise you that I will mend my ways. And so I do not break my pledge, I promise you my soul. And finally I pray that when my end comes you will not fail me. Be at the judgement for me, {11,190} so that by right of my inheritance I shall have eternal life.

When I had said my prayer this way to the one who gives out grace, I lifted my hand up high and took hold of my staff. Grace, as I have told you, had in her goodness held it out to me. When I had hold of it, I said to Grace: "Now, Lady, I think {11,200} that if you will help me I will soon be raised up again. And if you anoint me with your ointment, I will soon be healed. I know that my ruby has undone the bonds that held you down, and that she has set you free to help those you want to help, although they may be mortally wounded. {11,210} You cannot make excuses to the distributor, the almoner. She wants you to be given out and distributed to all, so that no one should lack you, unless you wish it so. And so if I do not get help from you, it is not her doing but yours. Help me, for she will help me. I trust in that and I rely on it always." {11,220}

Then Grace held out her hand to me and said: "Since you have such great trust in me, I will help you. Give me your hand, rise up, lean on your staff and take care not to be lazy. You are giving me your hand for nothing if you do not help to raise yourself up."

Then I gave her my hand and took hold of my staff. {11,230} I struggled and she helped me so that it was too much for the ugly

old crones. Each went off in confusion to her own realm, but, nevertheless, I have seen them since then and they have done me much harm. I think I would not be lying if I said all the time.

Then Grace showed me a great rock up on a high place. {11,240} On the rock there was an eye that was dripping water-drops and there was a tub underneath it catching all the drops.

"Do you see this tub?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"You must bathe in it," she said, "to wash yourself and heal your wounds."

"Now tell me," I said to her, "where this water comes from, I ask you. {11,250} I am astonished by this eye I see as well as by the water coming from it."

"Now listen a moment," she said, "and lend me your ear. The rock you see there is the heart of someone who knowingly left the way of salvation, as you have. It is hardened like a rock and it is callous in its errors. {11,260} Now I tell you, when I have let it stay in sin for a long time, I have pity on it at some point and I make its eye turn around and look inward to see what it has done. And when the eye has seen clearly how hard the heart is, it is soon moved to weep bitterly, to shed teardrops. {11,270} It would gladly be a fountain to soften the heart, if it could. But because it cannot, I have placed this tub underneath to catch the drops, so that its labor is not wasted. I do not want the tears I see being shed to be lost. They are good for making a bath for those who have any injury. {11,280} It is a second Baptism, and Penance can make her laundry and her wash-water from it. Long ago, Magdalene was bathed and soaked in it.<sup>61</sup> St. Peter also was bathed in it,<sup>62</sup> and Egyptian Mary,<sup>63</sup> to say nothing of many others. You will hear about this from Penance, if you like, when you see her. {11,290} And so if you want to be healed, you must be washed in it, for it is a great purifier."

"Lady," I said, "if you would like to lead me there, I would gladly go. I could do nothing there without you."

Then she said to me: "I am pleased to do that. Go on ahead. "You will find me there, even if you go there right away." {11,300}

Now I tell you that I went there step by step, and I found her there, but she was hidden and obscured by a cloud. When I came there, I saw the tub, and it was not half full. "Lady," I said, "there is not enough water here to wash me. There is not enough to take

a bath in." Then Grace lowered a rod she was holding. {11,310} Where she got it from I do not know. I had never seen it before, and this astonished me. I thought it was Moses's staff, the one he used to strike the rock in the desert and make water flow to slake the thirst of Israel.<sup>64</sup> And it was that one indeed, and I was shown this clearly. {11,320} She struck the rock with this rod and right away water came flowing from it and ran right into the tub underneath it. But it always flowed through the eye I told you about.

"Now you have water enough to be washed, if you want," she said. "Get in it and wash yourself, for I have heated it up for you. {11,330} Get in it up to your chin, so you will be thoroughly washed."

Then I got in right away and bathed and washed myself. I would have been completely healed, if I had stayed in it long enough, I think. But I soon got out, for I had not learned anything about this kind of bathing. I was not like David, who said that every night {11,340} he wept as he lay in bed and he made himself a bath of his tears.<sup>65</sup>

When I had gotten out of the bath, Grace said to me: "Did you think you would be healed so soon? If you had been put naked into the thorns and sharp nettles, as you have well deserved, how would you have endured them, when you could not endure for a little while the water you should {11,350} rejoice in for your health? And how will you be able to endure the hedge you have sought—you will find it far thornier, sharper and more difficult than the first time—when you will not endure taking a bath? Now go and do as you like. In the future I will see how brave {11,360} you are—something you have not been so far. A good knight is much more bold and courageous when he is struck in battle and stirred up. If you do the same, I will be pleased by it and I will help you more willingly. But now you will not see me any more, for I am going away. {11,370} I want to see what you will do next and which path you will take."

When I heard what she said to me and the way she said it, I was sad and deeply troubled. "Oh God!" I said "What will you do? What a miserable creature! Which way shall I go, when I do not know which path I should take? I think there was never a pilgrim {11,380} more lost than I. Lord God, help me! You are the high pommel of my staff. I cry to you and I ask that in you I might see

my way and my path. Holy shining ruby, you make my staff shine. Light up for me the way that I shall go! You are the pommel {11,390} I trust and believe in, and I have done so all through my early years. I hold on to you, and I rely on you. Unless you help me, I am lost."

So as I spoke this way to my pommels and prayed to them, I was thinking about where I had strayed from the hedge. I thought I would follow my nose and I would not miss it by very much, if at all. {11,400} I got myself on the way soon enough, but I did not complete my day's journey,<sup>66</sup> for I was delayed. If you would like to hear how, come again another day, for I will pause here.

*The End of Book III*

## Book IV

Now I will tell you, gentle people, how I met with obstacles on my way, and I will tell you only about those that are most important and that matter most to me. {11,410} I saw many strange things on mountains and in valleys, and if I were to tell you all of them I would never finish. And it would also be tiresome for me or for those who were listening. Now I tell you, as I went along the way I had taken, I came to a sea, and there was much in it to see. {11,420} It was very stormy, with great tempests and winds. Men and women were swimming in it, completely clothed. Some were upside down, and I saw only their feet, but others were upright. Some of these had wings and they seemed as if they would fly, if the sea were not holding them back. {11,430} I saw others who were caught by the feet and held fast in the sea by long grasses that impeded them greatly. I saw still others blindfolded and many others arrayed in various ways, but I will not talk about them now.

When I saw these things, I was greatly troubled and distressed. "Lord God!" I said. "What is this! {11,440} I never saw such a sea as this. There is no sea like this in my country, and there are no fish like this, I think. Now I see I cannot go forward. I must either turn back or stay here, waiting for your mercy. If I go into it, I will drown. If I go along the shore, I will soon be lost, {11,450} unless I can find someone who can give me good counsel. Lord God, I do not know what I will do if I do not have counsel, by your grace." Nevertheless, I considered this and I thought to myself that if I

stayed there I could gain nothing. I was sure that I would gain even less by turning back. {11,460} I would go along the shore and see if I could find a ship or a boat in which I could pass over and go across safely. I set myself on the path right away and I began to follow the coastline all along the shore. But I had not gone very far when I saw—bless yourselves, dear people—a beast so horrible that all {11,470} who saw it clearly would never recover. As for me, I tell you my soul is frightened by it every time I remember it. This beast had such a horrible form and appearance that I am afraid to talk about it for very long. I have decided that it should be painted and pictured here, I {11,480} so that whoever wants to can see it. Otherwise, I could not endure it. However, I tell you this much about him. I saw him fishing in the sea. He had cast his hooks into it and he was holding the line in his hands? He had a horn hanging from his neck and he was carrying a bundle of cords. He had cast a throw-net out on the sea under the clouds. {11,490} When he saw me coming, he began right away to blow the horn and make hunting calls, to cast his cords in my way, so that I could not escape. When I saw these arrangements I was very much distressed, for I saw clearly that I would be caught right away if I passed by him.

"Dear God," I said. "What shall I do? I have come upon a bad road. Where shall I go? {11,500} I shall never get out of this place, if I do not have the help of your grace."

At this point, I saw an old crone come running from somewhere. She was carrying a stick of wood and she was running backwards. She looked at me sideways and askance, for she had only one eye. When she was near me, she said {11,510} "Now then, give yourself up to me!"

"And who are you?" I asked, "to whom I must give myself up?" "I am an obstacle in the fair path," she said, "and a stumbling-block to people on foot and on horseback. My name is Heresy, the one-eyed one, and as soon as my father blows his horn I come to stop pilgrims and take away their scrips. I have scrips above all things. I think I will show you this, {11,520} for I will take away yours, if I can, or tear it to pieces. On the bells I see scriptures that are written not at all rightly or well, according to my way of seeing."

"Be quiet, you cursed old thing!" I said. "The scriptures are written rightly, but you do not see them rightly. With only one squinting eye, it is impossible to have good vision." {11,530}

"I do not care about that," she said. "I want all of scripture to be corrected or torn to pieces, according to what I see with my eye. And just as I go backwards and my heels are turned around to the front and I never follow others or go in their steps, so I do not see the scriptures as others do. {11,540} I will be put in the fire and burnt up. That is why I carry this stick of wood with me, all ready to set on fire."

"Are you the old crone who had the Templars burned?"<sup>3</sup> I asked. "Now tell me truly."

"Yes, indeed," she said, "and so you should know that I attacked Augustine,<sup>4</sup> when he was a pilgrim, {11,550} but I could never take away his scrip or get it from him. I went away from him in disgrace. I was a fool to attack him."

"And why do you attack me?" I asked.

"What!" she said. "Do you think that you are as strong as he?" "No, truly," I said, "but I say that, since you were conquered by a human being, then you must not be so strong {11,560} against human beings."

"Hai!" she answered, "they do not all have the same strength. Since then I have found a number of them whose scrips I have taken away, in spite of them, and I will do the same with you. Now then, hand over your scrip right away!"

"I certainly will not!" I said.

Then she set upon me and for a moment I was afraid she would take away my scrip {11,570} or that she would destroy it or take something out of it. I dodged her, however, and I struck her with my staff and drove her away. Then Grace appeared to me and said to me that I had done well in defending myself, and that she would therefore show me the way and come with me. {11,580}

"Lady," I said, "I thank you for coming here, for what you have promised and for encouraging me this way. I would have been lost just now, if you had waited any longer. Already that wild beast had made me completely discouraged. The wild sea had also bewildered me completely, {11,590} and I still do not know what it is, unless you teach me. So I ask you to teach me and instruct me about these things."

"We can easily talk as we go along," she said, "and go along as we talk. Let us walk along and I will talk to you and teach you a little about these things."

Now I tell you that we went around the cords the wild beast had spread in my path, {11,600} and in spite of him we passed on by. He hardly dared to growl, because he was afraid of Grace. Grace came walking along the shore of the sea, saying to me:

"This sea you see is the world," she said, "and it is never without storms, for Vainglory blows there, {11,610} the bellows carried by Pride. You saw it not long ago with your own eyes. All kinds of people swim through this sea in various ways. Some are upside down, because they are weighed down by the sack that Avarice carries, which is not good in the sea. Its great weight submerges the heads of those {11,620} who carry it and pushes them down under so they cannot swim. I count these people lost, until they get rid of everything. There are others who swim along upright, and some of these make themselves wings. These are the people who seek in the world only their daily bread and who place their trust in God alone. {11,630} They are in the sea, for otherwise they could not live in the body, but they do not seek spiritual life in the sea. They know that they will have it elsewhere, and therefore they swim and go along upright, making themselves wings of virtue to fly to the country above. These people are like the bird I call the *Ortigma*.<sup>5</sup> {11,640} When it must cross the sea and it is weary of flying, it comes down to swim in the sea. But as it swims, it extends its wing and uses it as a sail and rudder, so that it does not sink into the depths, but it can fly up again over the sea as before. Those I am telling you about do the same, for they are only in the sea {11,650} out of necessity, but they have their heart set elsewhere.

"Those who are struck, with their feet bound by the grass, are worldly people whose affections attach them to vanities and idle secular things. They love worldly matters better than children love weddings, {11,660} and these things entangle their legs and feet. I do not know how they could fly. They have enough to do to swim.

"Those who are blindfolded, and are as good as blind, are foolish people who believe only in appearances and what they see on the outside. Although the world and everything in it is ugly,

{11,670} these fools have blindfolded themselves with a beauty that Solomon spoke of once in the epistle of Magdalene, saying it was vain.<sup>6</sup> And those you see there are blindfolded and blinded by it. They have eyes, but they see nothing, because vanity has closed them up {11,680} and Fortune and Prosperity have blinded them to everything. They are in danger, as you see clearly, and I will say no more to you about them. But if you want to hear something about the wild beast who is fishing on the shore, I will tell you about him briefly, with no lies. This beast is called Satan, and he puts all his effort {11,690} into catching those who are in the sea by fishing for them with hooks. His line is temptation, and he tempts both men and women with it. When anyone consents to it, he catches them right away with the hook, and he pulls and hauls them in and carries them off with him. But because he cannot get all he wants this way, {11,700} that is to say, he cannot get all of them with a hook and a little temptation, as he would like, he has therefore learned to make cords and weave strings and make fishing nets, and to make hunting snares and throw-nets for birds. He has become a fowler and he has cast his net out over the sea for those you see who have wings and are good contemplative people, {11,710} so they do not bear their wings and escape. He hunts those he thinks might fly off and leave the sea, and he casts snares and cords in their way. No one rises up whom he does not seize by the head or by the feet, if he can. {11,720} You never saw a spider make so many nets and webs for catching flies, or take such great pains as this beast does to ensnare the human soul. And he is always spinning temptations, always weaving, always braiding, always reinforcing his webs and snares and nets. {11,730} But certainly someone who was wise, and who had a little strength, even the strength of a fly, would not be bothered by all his nets. His nets are nothing but cobwebs. They are broken and torn to pieces by the wings of a large fly. St. Jerome says, therefore, that no one is conquered by him or caught in his nets who does not want to be, {11,740} for he is weak and so are his nets.<sup>7</sup> But I am not telling you, therefore, not to guard yourself against him very carefully and wisely, for he has a thousand arts to deceive, thousands upon thousands that you do not see. He gladly puts on a false face and falsely pretends he is an angel of light and he does not seek to do any evil. {11,750} Remember how he deceived the hermit.<sup>8</sup> He appeared to him in a false face, in the likeness of a

good messenger and a good angel. 'The devil is subtle,' he said. 'Take care not to be deceived by him. He will come to you tomorrow and he will appear to be your father. I advise you to be a step ahead of him and strike him first.' {11,760} The next day, his father came, and this was a great misfortune for him. His son saw him, and he struck him and knocked him to the ground dead. Satan deceived him subtly, but he perceived it too late. If you trust me, guard yourself against him and his temptations and snares. He is the one, as St. Peter says, who prowls about day and night {11,770} after those he can seize and devour. If I were to tell you how many times and in how many ways he has killed many sheep, how many lambs he has snatched from the breast and devoured, I think it would not be very pleasant for you, for I see clearly it distresses you already. Keep away from him. I pass over this briefly, {11,780} so I do not wear you out with it."

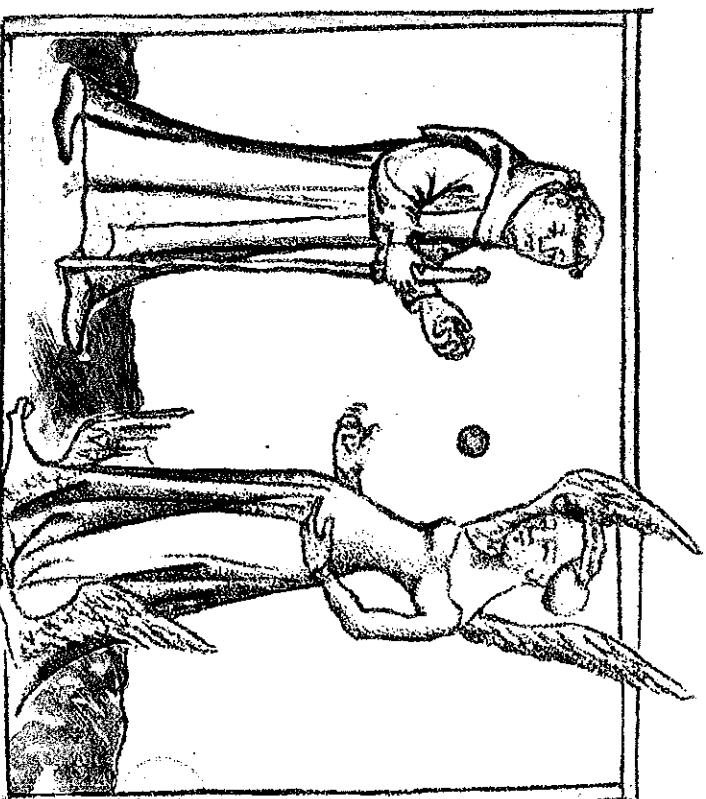
As Grace said this to me, I saw before me a young woman who seemed rather foolish. She was carrying a ball, and her feet were downed and feathered like those of a dove.

I wanted to speak to her, and I said: "Young lady, it seems to me you are acting very foolishly, and so I do not know what you do." {11,790}

"If you knew what I do," she said, "you would say little or nothing about the way I am acting, but you would be afraid of me."

"You are so lovely," I said, "that if you were for sale, no living man could pay too much for you or love you too much."

"You do not lie about anything," she said, "except that people use me well. {11,800} But that is too hard for people who are up to no good.<sup>10</sup> I am Youth the nimble one, the dancer and runner, the grasshopper, the jumper, who thinks all danger not worth a glove. I come, I go, I jump and fly, I leap, I dance the carol, I trip and run, I dance and caper, and I go to the revels, {11,810} I wrestle, and I leap ditches with my feet together, and I throw stones the farthest. I never hesitated to cross over a wall or a hedge.<sup>11</sup> If I wanted to have my neighbor's apples, I jumped straight into his garden and climbed quickly and nimbly up into the apple tree.<sup>12</sup> My feet do not have down and feathers for nothing. {11,820} My feet carry me where I want, for they are wings, as you can see with your own eyes. Azel had them once,<sup>13</sup> but he paid dearly for them. To be too nimble is often not a good thing. One



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wise person with heavy feet is worth more than four fools with flying feet. And therefore Holy Church long ago ordained that no one would govern it {11,830} who did not walk with feet of lead, so I am excluded from that, as long as I have down like this.<sup>14</sup> I need a ball to play with and a staff with a crook to hit it. I need no other crozier at all. If I had one, it would be folly, for my feet could not, and would not, keep from flying off. {11,840} I have still not had my fill of playing bows, ninepins and billiards, and of playing merells,<sup>15</sup> of listening to songs and instruments and looking for entertainment. Night and day I take more joy and pleasure in my ball than in what my father says to me or what my mother teaches me. {11,850} I roll it around in my hand and play with it. This is what I study. I care for nothing but playing and finding amusements."

"Do you do nothing else?" I asked.

"You will see that clearly," she said, "for now I will pick you up and carry you over the sea."

"Are you saying that you will carry me, young lady?" I asked. {11,860} "When you talk about carrying me, you will not be not carrying something little."<sup>16</sup>

"I will carry you," she said, "so where you shall meet the one who takes the soul away from the body. In Latin they call her *mors*."

"And what is *mors*?" I asked.

"You will know," she said, "when you see Old Age, and she comes to you." {11,870}

"And where is Old Age?" I asked. "Where does she live and what is she?"

"You will know that in time," she said, "but not for a while yet. Give me your hand. I will fly and I will carry you over the sea. There you will see many marvels, if you do not sleep or slumber too much."

Then, without further delay, she took me by the hand and she quickly set me {11,880} on her shoulders and began to fly over the sea. I did not feel very safe, because of the great waves I saw and because she plunged me in them whenever she wanted. She often put me in great danger by her foolish conduct. She made me pass through and endure Sytes, Scylla and Charibdis, Bithalassus, the Siren {11,890} and all the other perils of the sea. And if you

do not know what Sytes, Charybdis, and the other three are, I will tell you very briefly, for I have another purpose in mind.

Sytes is self-will, and it makes a mountain in the sea like piled up sand,<sup>17</sup> and when people think of passing through, {11,900} it stops them. If I saw men or women gathering up the things they desire and piling them up high for themselves and having no care to do the same for others, I would say: "This is sand, this is gravel, piled up too high, and it makes a hump on the bottom of the sea and removes away any room for swimming." {11,910} This is Sytes, the perilous. Guard yourself against it, for it is dangerous.

Charybdis is worldly wisdom and cunning, secular concerns and worldly occupation. Such things are always going round and round, always turning about and varying, always coming back again in the same way but never staying in one place. {11,920} It is a circular movement, the same in the end as in the beginning. It does not stop or end any more than a mill-wheel, as long as it lasts and the water flows to it. If you remember how Solomon went around testing everything, and how he thought all was vanity and affliction and trouble,<sup>18</sup> {11,930} you can learn from his example, if you want, that all worldly occupation and business is a true Charybdis, a dangerous entanglement.

I tell you also that in Scylla and Bithalassus there is hard swimming as well. Scylla is called Adversity and Bithalassus is called Prosperity. {11,940} They are the engines with which Fortune makes her wheel go round. Bithalassus makes it go up and Scylla makes it go all the way down. You have seen it painted on walls,<sup>19</sup> you know it well, and I will say no more about it. Adversity does the same as Scylla, for when people go past her, they are battered and tossed about and exposed to the waves of the sea. {11,950} They go baying through their teeth like dogs, growling about their livelihood. Many people fear this danger greatly and they hate to get themselves into it, but it is not less to be feared than the other—for those who can see it—because worldly riches, {11,960} honor, power and vain beauty are hindrances and obstacles so tarry and sticky that it is a marvel if those who pass by them do not perish.

The Siren is worldly pleasure, and with her song and vain amusements she draws sailors to her and makes them leave their safe course. This is a danger to which Youth led me and carried me

very often. I think she loved this danger, or she had a mortal hatred for me. {11,970}

Now I tell you, when she had carried me this way for a long time, I saw on my left an old crone riding the waves of the sea. She had a hide around her waist like a smith. She was carrying a large hammer and a pair of tongs in her hands, and she threatened me with them from a distance.

"Now then, get down!" she said. "You will not be carried like this any more. {11,980} You must learn to swim in the sea like the others." Then I wanted to know what she did, what her name was and who she was.

"Tell me," I said, "what your name is, who you are, and why you are threatening me. I am sure I have done you no wrong."

Then she answered me: "My hide, my tongs and my hammer {11,990} show what my craft is well enough, for they are tools for forging. I am lacking only an anvil. If you have one, you are very fortunate, for if you do, I will forge and fashion your crown on it. If you do not have one, you will soon be in trouble, you know. My stroke will not be in vain. It will fall either on the anvil or on you." {12,000}

Then I remembered the fine gambeson with the anvil fixed to the back, the one that Grace had given me at her house,<sup>20</sup> but it was too late, for I did not have it on. They arm themselves too late who are already in the battle. She taught me this soon enough, but first she told me the rest. {12,010}

"I am the goldsmith and the blacksmith of heaven," she said. "I make and forge in this country the crowns of Paradise. In order to test the metal I want to work with I beat and strike it, and I put it in the fiery forge to see what alloy it is. First I take it up with the tongs and I beat it and stretch it out fully. {12,020} Then I fold it up together again with my hammer. I make good metal better and I make bad metal worse. I am called Tribulation, and I am witnessed to by the scripture. My hammer is called Persecution, and I pursue many people with it. When I see my chance, I strike them such a heavy blow that, if they have not put on the pourpoint {12,030} Memory has, they are lost and defeated. Job once had great need of it, and all those in the calendar<sup>21</sup> and many others who are not inscribed there, for it is too short. For if they had not put the anvil and the pourpoint on their backs at the right



time, the great blows I struck them would have defeated them immediately. {12,040} My tongs are Distress and Anguish. They press so hard upon the troubled heart that it thinks it is closed up and squeezed in a press tightened with a vise, like grapes being pressed for the second time.<sup>22</sup> Often, down through the conduit there comes a great expression of tears, the messengers of sorrow.

"I make my apron of the skin {12,050} I call Shame and Disgrace, for when I have squeezed people<sup>23</sup> and beaten and hammered them, whether rightly or wrongly, so that they must be put to death, either civil or corporal, their skin soon pays for it. I take it out of their hide by the shame I do their skin, {12,060} for those I pursue and want to harm are recognized by their hide and their skin, their outer apron. It can be seen clearly in their faces, which are under my control in spite of them.<sup>24</sup> They are confused and ashamed, but that matters little to me: I make an apron of it for my forging and for increasing their burden. {12,070} The more shame people have, the more they find persecution. If you have such a skin, I will know it and I will make my apron of it and then I will strike you harder and more often. If you are empty you will break, or you will sound more loudly. There is nothing but rumbling in something empty<sup>25</sup> when it is struck with something hard. {12,080} I know this well, for I have tested it. I was commissioned long ago to do the testing. Adonai commissioned me when he made me the blacksmith of heaven."

"If you are telling the truth," I said, "show me your commission and authority, but I will not believe you at all from now on, unless I see it and read it."

Then she put her hand into her bosom and took out {12,090} the commission and said to me: "If this will not satisfy you, I have another from another master, which I will show you later." I wanted to see that one also. She gave it to me, and I saw it, and I read both. The first was written this way:

"Adonai, king of Justice, whose power is never eclipsed, {12,100} the great emperor of nature, whose realm lasts forever, sends greetings to Tribulation, such as we ought to send her. Lately we have heard that Prosperity, the step-mother of Virtue, has taken a hand in our worldly kingdom. That she has put hoods over the faces of our soldiers {12,110} and has taken off their armor. That she has taken away their bucklers and swords, and she would lead

them, without delay, to hang upon the instruments of Joy.<sup>26</sup> And furthermore that she has emptied the fortresses that we and our Grace had long ago set up in various regions. There were few of our good castles in which we had not put some vessels {12,120} we had filled with an abundance of the great treasures of Paradise. This was the sweet infusion and ointment of our Grace. It is a treasure finer than precious stones, silver, or gold. Therefore, you are our mace-bearer and our sergeant-at-arms. We command and commission you to go to all houses {12,230} and seek out and find Prosperity and strike her, so that she does not dare to rebel or rise up against us any more. So we command you then and commission you also to strike those who have their hoods turned around and are blindfolded by Prosperity, to strike them so cruelly that they take counsel {12,140} and remove the blindfold from their eyes so they can look up to heaven. They would not be blindfolded and hooded this way, if they did not want to be. And when their armor is broken and dismantled, you shall reforge and repair it and have them arm themselves again right away, for we have made you the goldsmith and the blacksmith of heaven. {12,150} Then we command you to seize all diversions, all pleasures, all worldly joys and entertainments, and not to leave until you have buried them all. We do not want our soldiers to hang upon these occupations. We also give you the power to go to our vessels and see {12,160} whether there is anything in them. If they are empty, they will sound when you strike them. If they are not full, you will hear rumbling. This is the sign by which you will know them. We give you full power to do this and we command all, both mighty and meek, to obey you without contradiction. This was made on the day and in the year when Adam was sent into exile." {12,170}

If you want, you will hear the other commission—which is not the same:

"The admiral of the sea, Satan, enemy of the lineage of Adam, king and lord of Iniquity, and persecutor of Righteousness, sends greetings to Tribulation, such as we can send her. Lately we have heard something not at all pleasing to us. {12,180} That the servants of Adonai are so hostile towards us that they want to be received in the place from which we have fallen. It is said they have all taken a staff and a scrip, saying that they will make a journey and a pilgrimage there. Therefore, we order and command you {12,190} to go there right away and strike, without warning,

all those you see climbing there. Whenever you find them, do worse to them than you did to Job, whose temporal goods you took. Take away their scrip and staff, and shove your tongs into their body to the liver and lungs, so that their heart and entrails {12,200} burst forth like those of Judas and they hang themselves with his rope.<sup>27</sup> We give you full power to do this. This was made in that season when the king of the Jews made the thief rise up into heaven."

When I had looked at these commissions and read them very carefully, I folded them up and gave them back to her. "So God keep you," I said, "now tell me {12,210} if you will use both of these, or which one you will use. They do not lead to the same end, no more than medicine and poison do."

"When I strike you and hammer on you," she said, "then you will know, if you want, which of the two I will use. If you say no word or make no sound except for giving thanks to God, {12,220} then you can know for certain that I act under the power and authority of the first. But if you change your conduct, grumbling against God and his saints, taking off your scrip and throwing down your staff, as Theophilus did,<sup>28</sup> then you can also know for certain that I am acting for the enemy. {12,230} And so, in fact, it is up to you which one I will use, for I work according to what I find in the human heart. Just as the hot sun hardens mud by its brightness but melts tallow or wax, so I can truly say of myself that I will do my duty and work in different ways, according to the disposition and inclination of the material. {12,240} Now guard yourself against me. I can no longer keep from striking you."

As soon as she said this, she came straight at me and kept her promise to me. She struck me so that I was thrown down into the sea. Youth let me fall and she went off and flew away. {12,250} I would have been drowned right away, if my staff had not sustained me. I held fast to it, for I did not know how to swim. And I might have learned how, if I had not been so neglectful. I saw for certain many who were swimming well and holding out their hands and gladly giving some of what they had to the poor people when it was needed, {12,260} and many others who were moving their feet and going on great journeys and distant pilgrimages for Penance. This is the kind of swimming I saw in that sea, but I did not swim

that way, for I trusted solely to my staff, which floated on top and did not sink to the bottom. {12,270}

Now I tell you, as I was swimming this way, the blacksmith came and hammered on me continually, pressing me and squeezing me so hard with her tongs that I thought I had been put in a wine-press. I was so heartsick that I could easily have let my staff go off in the sea where it wanted to go. {12,280} When I saw myself in such danger, I prayed to God for mercy. "Mercy," I said, "sweet Creator! Do not fail me in my trouble and sorrow! If I have spent part of my life foolishly through Youth, sweet Creator, I am sorry for that. Certainly, I should be very sorry, for when I saw Youth before me {12,290} and I saw that she was foolish, I left your Grace, who was leading me, and I let myself be carried away by this fool over the sea. Now she has carried me away, now I have fallen, now misfortune has truly come to me. If you do not prepare a refuge for me here, as you did for Noah through your Grace at the time of the deluge, you see, sweet God, that I am in danger. {12,300} Make yourself a hiding place for me, a shelter and a haven, where I can go to hide and shelter myself against your smith. And if you will not do this yourself, sweet God, may it please you at least that your Grace be with me as she used to be."

As I made my prayer, the smith heard me right away {12,310} and said to me that, since I had not let go of my staff and I was pleading with God for mercy, she would take me to Grace and lead me to her.

"I am like the wind," she said, "that brings fallen leaves to shelter and safe corners. When people want to fly to the clouds, and it happens that they fall or come to grief {12,320} in some way or other, and they need to find refuge or shelter right away, to be taken or led to a place where they will not be harmed, I am the one who gladly does this work when it is needed. I correct the wicked, and I push along those I see are too sluggish. I set the wanderers on the way and I would never rest {12,330} until I found them a shelter where I can hide them. Some I drive to the royal majesty of God. Others I bring to his Grace or to the North Star.<sup>29</sup> Still others I lead by the hand to some of the saints. I bring all of them to where they are used to hiding. {12,340} And because Grace is the refuge you have always found ready in your need, I am bringing you there. It should not matter to you if it is painful."

As Tribulation told me her story, I saw that I was near the shore where I wanted to go. I saw Grace, who was standing still {12,350} and had not moved at all.

"Now then," she said, when I came near her, "where have you been? Where are you coming from? I thought I had lost you, because I did not see you. You were very foolish to leave me. I do not know how you got courage enough to return to me. Tell me, God save you, why you left me and who led you back to me like this." {12,360}

When I saw that she was scolding me, I said to her right away: "Mercy, Lady! Truly, I was foolish and stupid to leave you. I have paid dearly for it since, but, nevertheless, I admit and confess that the great goldsmith led me back to you. See where she is holding onto me and assaulting me against my will. {12,370} Drive her away, I pray you, and be a shelter for me against her. She has done enough for me, since she has made me find you again. I still have great hope that you will not fail me."

While I was praying, the goldsmith withdrew and carried her tools with her, and I was not unhappy about that. {12,380} But she left me much wearier than I had been for a long time.

Then Grace said to me: "Now you see clearly that people rest poorly when they scratch too much, like a goat. You have been so eager to meddle you have never had any rest. You have been up and down, and at the time of your deluge you left me, your refuge. {12,390} Poor creature, where would you fly to, where would you go, what would you do, if I were not your refuge when people would harm you? Poor creature, what would you have done now, when Tribulation was tormenting you, if you had not found me here in this country? She would certainly have led you to an unsafe harbor, {12,400} to that fisherman there, from whom she has a commission. You saw him not long ago throwing out his hooks to catch people. But if you want to come and stay with me, I will not fail you, but I will be your friend and lead you very quickly to the hedge you are headed for. {12,410} And if you want to shorten greatly your path to the fair city where you are eager to go, I will lead you there without going by the long hedge. But, nonetheless, there will be an equal measure of Penance there. Penance has put her swiches and mallets in various places. {12,420} and she has placed her instruments to even greater effect along the way I have

been telling you about. But the path is shorter and quicker for going to the city you want to go to. So answer me about this. You have heard what I am willing to do."

When I heard these words, I was completely filled with joy. {12,430} I was very pleased that my way would be shortened and I was not at all displeased that she promised to keep helping me. "Lady," I said, "the short path is good for a weary pilgrim. I am tired and worn out, and I would gladly go the short way. Lead me there and show it to me. I am afraid of nothing. {12,440} even though I may find there an equal measure of the hedge of Penance."

At this point, I saw a wonderful great ship floating on the sea, very near the shore, ready to go across the sea.<sup>30</sup> It was bound and securely fastened with hoops all around, but some of the hoops were loose for lack of wicker bindings. {12,450} Some were too loose and some were broken completely. The bindings were weakened, but the hoops were not at fault, for they would have been strong enough, if they had been bound together. In this ship there were many houses and dwelling-places. They were very fine and they seemed to belong to a king. {12,460} There were towers and castles, and walls with arrowslits and bartlements. The mast of the ship was set up high, and the hoisted sail, also called the "wing,"<sup>31</sup> was hanging from it. It was all ready to sail, if it had a good wind and nothing to delay it.

"Do you see that ship?" Grace asked me then.

"Yes, by God," I said, "but I am astonished, {12,470} for I never saw one like it before."

"You will be even more astonished," she said, "when you are inside it. You will see beautiful things there, if you have the courage to enter with me."

"Now tell me," I said, "what is the name of the ship and who steers it? Do I have to enter it in order to cross the sea?" {12,480}

"The ship is called Religion," she said. "It is bound, held together, and fastened by ties.<sup>32</sup> As long as it is bound together in this way, it will not perish or fail. It takes its name from *relaxer*, so that there the weakened and broken souls of those who enter it are repaired.<sup>33</sup> {12,490} If the great hoops and the sails the good binders once put there were maintained well and kept up, the ship would never fail because of any harm that might come to it. But

some people take so little care of the small ties that bind them that the ship is endangered, for it is well-known {12,500} that the hoops are of no use if they are not secured by the wicker ties. What I call the wicker ties are the little rules that are guardians and keepers of the greater ones. So I say that if anyone breaks them or cuts them or loosens them too much, the whole ship is greatly weakened. And the great sails will never be maintained well, if they are not bound in {12,510} by some lighter rules in the form of small wicker ties. Now may it please God, my father, that Religion were as she was when she was first bound together. But there are very few binders now and all of them have lost their tools. The small wicker ties are broken, the great hoops are weakened {12,520} and the ship is therefore much more in danger and more vulnerable. Not that I want to blame or censure or find fault with it, for there are still enough good binders and repairers that there is no need to put on new wicker ties. I am its helmsman, captain and pilot, {12,530} and the mast set up high with the full sail set across it helps me to steer it, when the good wind blows. The mast is the cross of Jesus Christ and the wind is the Holy Spirit, which, as Golden Mouth says, can bring the ship to safe harbor.<sup>34</sup> If you want to go to Jerusalem quickly, you must enter {12,540} and lodge in one of the castles there, either Cluny or Citeaux, or in another that will be more to your liking. They are all defensible and strong places for keeping both soul and body. No enemies can do harm there, no matter how well they can hurt and shoot, unless someone opens the castle to them and surrenders it. {12,550} Now let us go there, I advise you. It is a better way to go across than swimming. Those who swim across are in danger and it is hard for them to escape it."

Then Grace led me into the ship and showed me the beautiful castles I have spoken of. She told me that I could go to the one I wanted and that she would bring me inside. {12,560} I chose one, as she told me to do, and I was soon moved to enter there right away.<sup>35</sup> I found the porter at the entrance and he was carrying a big lead mace.

"Porter," I said, "let me pass! I want to enter this castle. Grace has directed me to do so and she has led me straight here."

"Friend," he said, "if I knew that it would please the king, I would be glad let you enter, {12,570} but I do not know that."

"Is the king inside then?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "certainly. Otherwise, I would not be here. I would never station myself at the door, if I did not know the king was inside. When I stand by the door, it is a sign that the King of Paradise is within."

"What is your name?" I asked. {12,580}

"My name is Fear of the Lord," he said, "and I am the beginning and foundation of wisdom. I drive out sin, and I chase it away, so that it does not lodge in the castle, and I do not allow it to enter this ship in any way or remain in it. If it enters here, it is in spite of me, secretly and deceitfully. My lead mace, my bludgeon, {12,590} is called Vengeance of the Lord, and Horror of the Pains of Hell, and everyone should fear it. I beat and strike and chastise people with it so they do not act like fools. If it were not for this mace, they would think too little of me."

"What!" I said. "Will you strike me with it?"

"Yes," he said. "Otherwise you must not enter the castle." Then I looked at Grace {12,600} and I said to her: "Sweetest Lady, it seems to me that the entrance is not as open to me as you said."

Then she answered me, saying: "Have you forgotten what I told you, that you must have an equal measure of the hedge of Penance? The porter's blow is not deadly. He will not strike you so hard {12,610} that you will be unable to endure other suffering. Do not refuse to enter because of his mace. A knight must undergo a dubbing like this before he enters the field of battle or before he receives any distinction or honor."<sup>36</sup>

"Is that so?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said.

"I will enter gladly," I said, "only I will not go in first. {12,620} You go ahead and I will follow you and go in right after you."

Then she went in and I followed, but the porter, who was nearby, did not forget to strike. He gave me such a blow that he made me tremble and he would have knocked me to the ground if it were not for my staff. All knights who have swords do not receive such a dubbing. {12,630} I think it would be a great joy and a great benefit if they did.

Now I tell you, when I had passed by the porter I have named, I saw many marvelous things in the castle, and they seemed to me very beautiful. There was a cloister and a dormitory, a chapel, a chapter-house and a refectory, and on one side<sup>37</sup> I saw

a guest-house and an infirmary. {12,640} I went to the guest-house first, to rest and find lodging. I saw Charity there, who was serving and giving shelter to the pilgrims, and she often went to the gate to feed the poor. I have told you about her before. She is the one who held the testament of peace when Moses gave out and distributed the remainder. {12,650} I passed on and I went inside the cloister to the chapel and I found there a fair company of ladies. I do not know all their names, for I only asked Grace the names of those who were most interesting and astonishing to me. I saw two of them climbing the steps of the dormitory together. {12,660} One was wearing a gambeson, and the other was carrying a staff. The one dressed in the gambeson was naked except for that, and the other was armed with gauntlets and dressed very elegantly in a pure white linen gown. I saw two others talking together and going towards the chapter-house. {12,670} One of them was carrying cords and ties. The other was armed with a shield and she was holding a steel file between her teeth. I saw another going through the cloister and it seemed to me she was carrying honeyed food on a parchment, and a white dove followed her, flying after her in the air. {12,680} I saw still another going straight towards the refectory, and she had a gorget around her throat, it seemed.

At the chapel I encountered another, who was carrying a messenger's box and she had extended wings, ready to fly off to the clouds. She was carrying a long auger in her hand and holding it up high in the air. {12,690} With the other hand—and this astonished me—she was serving the dead people I saw there, and it seemed that by serving them she made them come back to life.

There was still another who had a horn in her hand and she was making a great sound of organs and of psalteries, as if she were a minstrel and an entertainer. {12,700}

When I had seen these things, I was prompted to ask Grace what these ladies did and who they were. "Lady," I said, "teach me who these ladies are and what they do, I ask you, for they are astonishing to me."

Then she said to me: "First, I want you to look at the dormitory and then to see clearly with your own eyes {12,710} how they serve in the refectory."

"Let us go there!" I said to her.

We went into the dormitory, and there I saw the one with the staff making up the beds and putting clean sheets on them, and her companion with the gambeson sang this song:

I will sing, as I should,  
For I carry no burden. {12,720}  
I will pass through the gate,  
For I am all naked.

Later, in the refectory, I saw something that astonished me even more. Many dead people, all in shrouds, were giving food to the living and serving them gently and devoutly on their knees. And the lady with the gorget was the refectory-mistress. {12,730} She visited those who were eating and filled their needs.

"Now I will tell you," said Grace, "about the noble ladies of this place and about what you have seen. The lady who carries the strings and the cords and the ties is the mistress here. After me, she is the prioress, and she leads her cloisterers by a leash. {12,740} bound at the hands and feet, and she makes them prisoners with open doors. She is called Obedience. Her cords and her ties are her various rules, and they bind Self-Will so that it does nothing as it pleases. You will understand this later, when you are bound by her ties. {12,750}

"The lady with the file is called Discipline. She keeps order, so that people are not stirred up to do evil things. The file in her mouth is Reproof of Evil. There is nothing that she does not scour, or rasp, or burnish. And so that she does everything perfectly and others do her no harm, {12,760} she is protected by the shield you left and gave to Memory. I have told you the name of it, and there would be no point in repeating it.<sup>38</sup>

"The one with the gambeson, singing her song, is Voluntary Poverty. She has, of her own free will, left all the goods she had in the world and whatever she might have had. {12,770} She has divested herself of it completely. You would have seen her naked now, if I had not put on her back the gambeson that out of laziness you gave to Memory to carry. You know its name very well.<sup>39</sup> She sings, as you have heard, for she has nothing with her that will keep her from passing over to the city where you want to go. {12,780} You must become acquainted with her and ask her

with joined hands to comfort you so that you can also sing this way.

"I will tell you also about her companion, who is carrying the staff and making the beds. I advise you to make her your lifelong friend, to have her make your bed every night, and to make a place for her with you. {12,790} She will gladly lie down with you whenever you like. She often lies down and rests with the others all night. It is good to have such a dormitory-mistress, such a maidservant and chambermaid. If Venus were to come into the dormitory, she would drive her out with her staff and she would not let her lie in any bed there, not for any money. {12,800} And if you do not know why this is so, here is the cause and the reason. Venus, as she has told you, once drove her from the world. So it is right that she drive her out in turn and do the same to her. She is called Lady Purity,<sup>40</sup> the clean. She has no care for anyone unless they are pure and spotless. {12,810} And if you want to call her by another name, you can call her Chastity. She is the charletaine of this castle. She will defend all the arrowslits and bartlements so that no dart or arrow can enter. Her hands are not armed with gauntlets for nothing. When she has them on, she is much stronger against the darts that are hurled. {12,820} It is very fitting that she should be there with her hands armed at the gate where the assault comes. You know the name of the gauntlets well.<sup>41</sup> I taught it to you at my house. You were a fool when you took those gloves off. It will be difficult to get them back later.

"The lady you have seen going through the cloister carrying food on the parchment is the provisioner and cellarer here, {12,830} and she gives food to the soul, nourishing it so that it does not go hungry. She fills the heart, not the belly, with her sweet and wholesome food. She is called Lesson and Study by her right name, and her food is called the Holy Scripture. It is placed on a vessel made of parchment, so that it is not scattered on the path. {12,840} It could not be kept so well and so perfectly in another vessel. I advise you to get to know her, for through her, if you want, you will easily become acquainted with the others. And the love and grace and wisdom of the Holy Spirit, who follows her like a white dove, will speak to you and tell you about whatever is done in the country beyond. {12,850} He is a messenger, and he comes to speak to those he sees studying and taking their meals at

the hand of Lesson. Now I will tell you about what you have seen in the refectory. The lady with the gorget is mistress of the refectory. Call her Absinence when you want to speak to her. {12,860} Her gorget is Sobriety. You should know this, if you have not forgotten it. I told it to you once before. The dead who feed the living and serve them devotedly are, in truth, the good people who have left this world and have given so much of their goods to the living that the living are fully sustained and fed by them. {12,870} They would be very foolish if they did not know that they were served by the dead and are their food, and that without it they would die of hunger. Therefore, those who are served by them ought to thank them, acknowledge them, and pray for them, just as if they were present. And so the dead are down on their knees, as if to say: 'Pray for us. {12,880} You live on our food. Pray for us, at the very least!'

"Now I tell you what you have seen here is well done. The lady in the chapel, who is carrying the messenger-box, is the lady who serves people according to what they deserve. You have seen that she has an auger. She pierces the heavens with it, so that she brings down the good things {12,890} that give them life. Her auger is called Fervent Perseverance, and with her perseverance she pierces the heavens on high. And so she gives them food to eat and rewards them doubly. Not a penny or half-penny have they given for which they are not rewarded {12,900} two hundred times over, for they receive in exchange for it the life where they will never be in need. And so if they have served the living, they are also served in turn by them. Their messenger promptly serves them again and she clearly makes them rise up from the dead by the great good things she does for them. And she shortens their time in purgatory and assuages their pains. {12,910} If you want to know the name of the lady, she is called Orison, and at other times she is called by another name, Prayer. She has wings to fly, to climb up to heaven quickly and deliver her message right away to God for humankind. Indeed, she is their messenger {12,920} and advocate when the time comes. And she quickly presents herself before the king and faithfully announces what has been entrusted to her. No one is put in default by her, if the petition is sealed with devotion.<sup>42</sup> I advise you to go to her and send her on ahead to the city you want to go to. She will know very well how to prepare a place for you, {12,930} a suitable house where you will live. It is

only right that your arrival should be known about in advance. No one ever set foot inside there who had not sent someone ahead. This is a custom established by the thief who was hanged with Jesus.<sup>43</sup> He sent Orison before, and he was better off for that and always will be. {12,940} And if you believe me, you shall do the same, for you need it just as he did.

"The lady you saw playing the instruments and carrying a horn is the sentry who wakes the king whenever he falls asleep.<sup>44</sup> She makes him get up with her trumpeting and blowing if he lies in bed too long. She is called in Latin *Latria*.<sup>45</sup> {12,950} Her horn is the invocation of God *in adjutorium*.<sup>46</sup> At every hour, tirelessly, she blows her horn and then she plays the organ and the melody rings out, and she takes up the psaltery, mingling the sounds. Then there is the wonderful music of sweet singing and psalmody. {12,960} And so the instruments are named and called by their names. They are the instruments pleasing to the king, my father the all-powerful. He greatly loves this organ-music, these sounds, and this minstrelsy,<sup>47</sup> and because it delights him, he makes the one who plays it his principal entertainer and favorite minstrel. {12,970} Such a thing is most fitting for a king, to delight him when it is appropriate."

As Grace spoke to me, I saw before me the one holding the ties and she came straight up to me.

"Now then," she asked, "who are you? What do you seek in this cloister, and where are you going? I want you to tell me. I wonder if you are spying on us." {12,980}

"Lady," I said, "I have not come to spy on you, but I want to go to the city of Jerusalem, and Grace has brought me here to shorten my way."

"Has she not told you," she said, "that you would find here a hard bed, a hard passage and a hard life, even though it did not seem so?" {12,990}

"Yes," I said, "but I would like to do her will, if I can."

"There is nothing that you will not do well," she said, "if you are not too lazy. It all depends upon good will. If your will is good I will know it. I will put you to the test right now. Now then, come here! Give me your hands and give me your feet! I will put you in jesses like a falcon." {13,000}



*Latria (Worship)*

When I heard these words, I was completely astonished, for I was not used to being tied and bound. I did not dare try to escape, because of Grace, who had led me to this place. "Now then," I said, "do as you like. I give myself up to you, and I dare not oppose anything you want to do. Grace has told me clearly {13,010} that I will find in this place the equivalent, an equal measure, of the hedge of Penance."

Then she unfolded her ties and bound me at the feet so that it seemed to me I was in fetters or caught in snares. She held in her hands by one end the ties that bound me, {13,020} and she said to me that when I wanted to go one way, I would go another. Later I understood this many times, but I will write nothing about that.<sup>48</sup> I would rather talk about it another time than write it here in my book. Then she bound my hands and told me that all the work I might do would be fruitless if I did not do it through her. {13,030} She even made me stick out my tongue and she put a tie around it and told me that I should not speak unless I spoke through her. "This tie is called Silence," she said. "*Benedicite*' alone unbinds it."<sup>49</sup> I am not talking about Grace or about the ladies whom you have seen or others you will see later, {13,040} and so you may speak to them when you want to ask them something."<sup>50</sup>

After the prioress had bound me and tied me like a dog on a leash, much later I saw two old crones, who astonished me greatly. One was carrying two crutches on her shoulders. She had feet of lead and a box on her back like a messenger. {13,050} The other was also a messenger and she was carrying a bed on top of her head. Her skirts were tucked up in her belt so she could wrestle, I thought. They came to me together and said:

"Death has sent us to announce to you that she is coming soon and she has told us and ordered us not to leave you {13,060} until we have beaten you, overcome you and knocked you to the ground. She wants to find you tormented and in defeat, so she can checkmate you."

"Who are you?" I asked right away. "I do not know you or Death. If Death is your mistress, I want to know who she is, and I want also to know if both of you are with her. {13,070} So tell me your names, if you will, and what you do."

Then they said to me: "Arguing or resisting will do no good against us or against Death, for there is no one, no matter how



strong they might be, whom we do not strike down when we come. Death has dominion over human life in this world, {13,080} and kings and dukes fear her more than poor, humble people do. She makes the rich and the poor equal and she spares no one. She often enters many places where she has not sent anyone ahead, and so she did you a courtesy when she had us come beforehand. This is a certain warning that she is coming to you very soon. {13,090} We are her messengers and special couriers. Each of us will tell you her name."

Then the one with the bed on her head, the one who seemed to be a wrestler, spoke: "My name," she said, "is Sickness, and wherever I find Health I start to wrestle with her, to trample and conquer her. {13,100} Sometimes she knocks me down, and sometimes I knock her down. But she would very seldom knock me down, I think, if it were not that she is given some help by Medicine, the hooded one, who was born to drive me away. It often happens that I find her seated by the door or leaning against the doorway I must pass through to deliver my message, {13,110} and so I have to turn around and wait outside for a long time. But nevertheless, in spite of her pots and her plasters, her bandages and her potions, eventually I go in and seize upon those to whom Death has sent me. I trip them up and knock them down. I suck out all their marrow. {13,120} I drink their blood and eat their flesh, so they have no strength or vigor, and then I lay them in this bed of mine, so that Death might find them all ready and take their life without having much to do."

"You are not a messenger to be welcomed warmly," I said.

"I am, indeed," she said, "for you should know that I am the one {13,130} who reminds people of Penance, when she has been forgotten, who brings back those who are lost and sets them on the right way again. At one time, the one who made Nature, because he saw that some had little regard for him and had forgotten him and did not fear him much, called me and said to me: 'Go to my earthly country {13,140} and wrestle with those you find to be the most robust and knock them down. They think little of me, because they are healthy, and they have forgotten me. Correct them and chastise them and bind them tightly in your bed so they cannot get up or turn over as they please, so they lose their appetite for food and all desire to drink. {13,150} The reason

for this, I tell you, is that I want them to pray to me for mercy, amend their lives, and attend to saving their souls, so that Death may find them at such a point that each of them can say: "Death, I do not fear you worth a straw! I have set all my heart and all my mind upon my Creator. Strike when you will! My soul is ready {13,160} to leave its earthly form. Penance, the laundress, has kept it in her wash so long that it is well-cleansed and purged." Now I tell you, when he had said this to me, I obeyed him right away. I tucked my skirts up in my belt and I went throughout the country. And I have made such an effort that I have conquered many at wrestling and knocked many down. {13,170} I have made many lie down in bed, and I will do no less with you. Get ready, for I will wrestle with you and I will soon put you in bed."

"First," I said, "the other one will say who she is, as we agreed."

"I would like that very much," she said.

Then the other one said: "I am the one you never thought to see when you were with Youth. {13,180} You said, 'She is far away, she will not come for a long time. She goes along slowly, with feet of lead. She cannot move along. I have plenty of time to enjoy myself.' Now I tell you truly I do have feet of lead and I go along slowly but, as they say, little by little one goes a long way. Even though I have gone slowly, I have still caught up with you. {13,190} And I bring you news that Death, who spares no one, is coming to you. I am her messenger and you could have no more truthful messenger. My companion sometimes lies, often because something opposes her that will not let her deliver her message, but nothing can keep me from telling it truly. {13,200} My name is Old Age, the feared, the pale, the one with wrinkles and a white head—and very often a bald one—the one people should honor greatly and look to for counsel, for I have seen the past and I have seen much that is good or evil put to the test. These are the commentaries of wisdom, and we understand things through them. {13,210} People will never be wise if they have not seen things and tested them. It often happens, however—and it is not right to keep silent about it—that, although I have seen much, and I have tested and understood many things, and although I am a good hundred years old, I am set down among the children, and in the end I fall into dotage and I have no sense for giving counsel. {13,220} This is the reason Isaiah cursed me once when he saw me."<sup>51</sup>

"Tell me about the crutches," I said, "and then leave right away. Since you have delivered your message, your presence does not please me at all."

"Pleasing or not," she answered, "that is not how it will be. Death will come to you before I leave you. {13,230} I will now bear you so hard that you will never have great joy. I will bend and weaken you with the heavy blows I rain upon you. However, you will get this advantage from me, if you are wise. I will give you my two crutches to lean on—not that I will take away your staff for this reason, {13,240} because the corporal staff is good together with the spiritual one. My crutches are corporal, and they are for sustaining the body. That is why I made them and took them and packed them up. I do a courtesy to those I bear, for I do not knock them down so quickly. Those who are supported on one side do not fall so easily or stumble so soon if they are struck on the other side. {13,250} So take them now, if you want. You will have great need of both of them. My blows are hard to bear. You will understand this soon, if I am not prattling.

"Now then," she said to her companion, "it is time to do him in. Wrestle with him and knock him down and put him in your bed. {13,260} I will help you on the other side and I will do him as much harm as I can."

Then they both grabbed me and knocked me down right away, and they seized me by the throat to assault and batter me. I might just as well have cried out and howled, for I had no other comfort. In the end they put me in bed and bound me and said to me: {13,270} "Get ready, for Death is coming. If she surprises you, it is not our fault. We have given you fair warning and we warn you still."

As I was held down this way, lying in bed, I saw a lady coming who made my heart rejoice. She had a kind look and a mild and pleasant face. {13,280} She had taken her breast out through the opening of her gown, and she had a cord in her hand as if she were going to bundle hay. She came to me and unwrapped her cord, and then she said to me: "Now then, come to the infirmary. For you are not doing well at all here."

Then I said to her: "Sweet Lady, I swear and promise on my soul that I will go with you gladly, {13,290} but because I do not know who you are, I ask you to teach me."

"And I will tell you," she said. "You must know that I am the one who should be received in all judgments after the sentence has been passed, if I am not to be wronged. When the high king once passed judgment {13,300} on humankind and condemned them to death for their offense, I made him withhold his hand, in order to have some of them survive. I had him put a bow without a cord in the heavens, as a sign of accord.<sup>52</sup> I hold the cord, and the bow is up with him. I never saw an archer who could shoot this way, when he could not pull the cord towards him. {13,310} I have taken the cord that strung the bow and I use it to haul up the miserable out of their misery, when I find them there. And therefore Reason has agreed that I should be named *Misericord*, that is to say, the cord of the miserable, to pull them out of the foul bilges.<sup>53</sup> Charity, my mother, made this cord and braided it. {13,320} When it breaks, no one will be able to ascend into heaven."

"Why have you taken out your breast?" I asked. "Is there milk in it you would nourish me with?"

"Yes," she said. "You need it—and will need it—more than silver or gold. Pity is its name. It is much needed for nursing the poor. {13,330} I feed the hungry with it and I never refuse it to those who have offended me in the past. Aristotle says that milk is nothing but blood that is changed and made white by the decoction of heat, which takes away its redness.<sup>54</sup> If you do not know what that means, you should know that a person filled with anger {13,340} has only red blood, which would never be white if Charity did not heat it up and turn it white. It becomes white milk when it is heated up and all the redness disappears, and then those who have this milk pardon all who have offended them. This breast is fitting and proper for them. {13,350} My father, who was put on the cross, was not without this breast, although it was not needed. To show this, he had his humanity pierced and stabbed in the right side. Never did mother or nurse do as much for her child. Then his breast was clearly shown. To every Christian it said: 'Come! {13,360} Come forward, anyone who would be nursed! There is in me no more blood of anger. Charity has taken it away and heated it up into white milk for the common good. No one was ever nursed on milk like this and no breast like this ever gave milk.'

"Now I tell you that in this way I nurse all those that I know have suffered. And so I am like my father and I follow after Charity

my mother. {13,370} Moreover, you should know that wherever I see those who are poor and hungry, I give them bread right away. I give them food and drink, according to the goods I have been given. If I see anyone in need, anyone naked, anyone needing clothes, I clothe them and comfort them and exhort them to patience. {13,380} I welcome pilgrims into my house, and when people are in prison I go visit them at least once a month. I bury the dead and I serve humbly those who are lying in bed because of Old Age or Sickness. And therefore Grace has made me head of the infirmary here. {13,390} I serve the mighty and the humble. I make their beds often, and I do not let them suffer any need that I can help with. If you want to come with me, I am ready to serve you."

"I want very much to do that," I said, "but I do not know how I can. These messengers are holding hold me so tightly that {13,400} I cannot go with you. If you would get rid of them for me, you would do me a great kindness."

"I cannot get rid of them for you," she said, "but if I can, with my cord I will bring you into the infirmary to rest. The messengers will come there also and they will not leave you. I am sure that until Death comes you will have no relief from them." {13,410}

Then she tied her cord to the bed and led me away. The old crones came along step for step, and I was not happy about that, but I did not have the strength to do anything about it.

When I was in the infirmary and I had been lying there for a while, suddenly I was started to see an old crone {13,420} who had climbed high up on my bed. I was greatly astonished by this and she frightened me so that I could not speak to her or ask her anything. She had a scythe in her hand and she was carrying a wooden coffin. She had already put one foot on my chest to hold me down.

"Stop! Stop!" said Grace then, who was not far away. {13,430} "Wait a moment. I have a few words I want to say to him."

"Then say them right away!" she said. "I have been fiddling<sup>55</sup> here too long. I want to finish up right away, for I have other places to go."

Then Grace came to me and said gently: "Now I see that you are at the narrow gate of your pilgrimage. {13,440} Death has come, the end and termination of earthly things. She intends to cut



*Death*

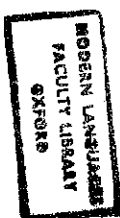
down your life and conquer it completely and then she will put your body in her coffin and take it to the stinking worms for food. This is something common to every man and every woman. {13,450} In this world humankind is as vulnerable to death as the grass in the meadow is to the scythe, for it is green grass today and dry hay tomorrow. Now you have been green for a long time, and you have had wind and rain, but now you must be cut down and broken into two pieces. The door is narrow, and the body and the soul cannot pass through together. {13,460} The soul will pass through first and then the body, but that will not be very soon. First the flesh will decay and it will be born again at the general judgment. Now look and see whether you are well prepared and arrayed. If you are, you will soon see the great city you have been heading for. {13,470} You are at the gate and at the door you saw long ago in the mirror. If you are stripped naked you will be received within. You liked this entrance when you first saw it. Nevertheless, I say to you, ask mercy of my father, promising Penance that if you have not done enough for her, {13,480} you will do it in Purgatory, where you are going."

Now I tell you that if I had been able to speak I would have asked about many things that frightened me or that I did not know about. It is foolish to wait until you are in need. When we think that death is very far away, she is waiting at the gate. I knew this well, but I was taken by surprise. {13,490} Death wielded her scythe, and in my dream it seemed that she made my soul leave my body. But as I was in this state, in this torment, I heard the clock of the monastery ring for matins in the usual way. When I heard it, I woke up and found myself all in a sweat, {13,500} and I was very perplexed and astonished by my dream.<sup>56</sup> Nevertheless, I got up and went to matins, but I was so tormented and weary that I could do nothing there. My heart was wholly fixed on what I had dreamed. I thought—and I still think so—that such is the pilgrimage {13,510} of human mortals in this country, and that they are often in such dangers. Therefore, I have put it in writing the way I dreamed it—not that I have put it all down, for it would take too long to write.<sup>57</sup>

If I have not dreamed this dream well, I pray that it be corrected by those who can dream better or who can make it better. {13,520} I say, too, that if there is any falsehood here it may be attributed to the dream, for in dreams the complete truth

may not indeed be revealed. I do not want in any way to maintain any error, but I have wanted, and I would very much desire, that by the dream I have seen all pilgrims might set themselves straight again and keep from going astray. {13,530} They are well warned, it is said, who take warning from others. The error and the waywardness of others should be a warning for all to choose a path that leads to a good end. This end is the reward and prize of the joy of Paradise, and may God grant it to the living and the dead. {13,540}

*Amen.*



## Notes

### BOOK I

1. Heb 13, 14: "For here we have no lasting city; we are seeking one which is to come." Heb 11, 13-14: "All of these [the ancestors of the Hebrews] died in faith. They did not obtain what was promised but saw it and saluted it from afar. By acknowledging themselves to be pilgrims and strangers on the earth they showed that they were seeking a homeland." Ps 39, 13: "Hear my prayer, O Lord; to my cry give ear; to my weeping be not deaf! For I am but a wayfarer before you, a pilgrim like my fathers." See also: Ps 105, 12-14; Ps 107, 4-7; and 1 Pt 2, 11.
2. Chaalis is near Senlis, about forty miles northeast of Paris. It was founded in the 12th-century by monks from Pontigny, a daughter-house of Cîteaux.
3. The description of the heavenly Jerusalem is drawn from Rv 21, particularly 10-21.
4. 1 Pt 2, 4-5: "Come to him [the Lord], a living stone, rejected by men but approved, nonetheless, and precious in God's eyes. You too are living stones, built as an edifice of spirit, into a holy priesthood, offering spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ." Paul, in Eph 3, 18-22, combines the image of the pilgrim-stranger with the idea of the faithful forming the temple of God: "Through him [Christ] we both have access in one Spirit to the Father. This means that you are strangers and aliens no longer. No, you are fellow citizens of the saints and members of the household of God. You form a building which rises on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, with Christ Jesus himself as the capstone. Through him the whole structure is fitted together and takes shape as a holy temple in the Lord; in him you are being built into this temple, to become a dwelling place for God in the Spirit." Deguileville may also have had in mind the description of the city in Rv 21, 14: "The wall of the city had twelve courses of stones as its

foundation, on which were written the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." The city thus rests on the foundation of the apostles, the "living stones."

5. Rv 21, 4: "He shall wipe every tear from their eyes, and there shall be no more death or mourning, crying out or pain, for the former world has passed away."
6. The Cherubim appears in Gn 3, 24: "When he expelled the man, he settled him east of the Garden of Eden; and he stationed the cherubim and the fiery revolving sword, to guard the way to the tree of life." Cherubim's sword is *Bien esmoulu a deux taillans/ Tout versatile et bien tournans* (Fr. 65-66). *Versatile* means both "double-edged" and, as a gloss in the "Anonymous of Angers" prose version suggests (*versible, c'est a dire maniable*), "easily turned." See Pollard (1912).
7. Fr. 81-83 *Aus carniaus dessus la porte/ Dont le portier ne deportel/ Nul, pendans (en) vi les penoncians*: the word-play is on *deporte*, "please" or "spare," *porte*, "gate," and *portier*, "porter."
8. Fr. 87-88 *Qu'entrer a force y convenoit/ S'autre passage n'y avoit*: a *force* is interpreted by ME Anon to mean that the pilgrim "must needs" enter there. Henry (361 n. 46) suggests that it may also mean "one had to suffer violence to enter there." Lydgate's translation of *Vie*<sup>2</sup> at this point reads: "That who scholdē ther-with-Inne/ Entre by fforce, he most yt wyne/ By manhood only, and by vertu." There is also a marginal reference in Lydgate to Mt 11, 12, where Jesus says: "From John the Baptizer's time until now the kingdom of God has suffered violence, and the violent take it by force." A quote attributed to Chrysostom is included in the marginal notes: *Magna violencia est, nasci in terra, & celum capere, & habere per virtutem quod non potest haberi per naturam*. Locock (in Furnivall 12 and 667 n. 12/447) traces the passage to St. Jerome's commentary on Matthew 11, 12 (PL 26, 72) as paraphrased by Walafrid Strabo (PL 114, 121) rather than Chrysostom. The actual passage from Chrysostom is found in Homily 54 of his commentary on the Gospel of St. John: "And what is the

meaning of 'by force'? There is need of much strength (for, narrow is the way), and there is need, too, of a vigorous and noble soul. . . . Let us, then, steal the kingdom of heaven. . . ." (Goggin 2, 75). The blood-stained pennants over the gate guarded by Cherubim suggest that the way of entry described here is martyrdom.

9. Canons were Canons Regular of St. Augustine; Augustinians were members of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine.
10. Benedictines were called Black monks; Cistercians were called Gray or White Monks. Degulleville was a Cistercian.
11. The knots are those in the cinctures of Franciscan friars; they represent the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.
12. Mt 7, 13: "Enter through the narrow gate. The gate that leads to damnation is wide, the road is clear, and many choose to travel it. But how narrow is the gate that leads to life, how rough the road, and how few there are that find it." Lk 13, 23-24: Someone asked him, "Lord are they few in number who are to be saved?" He replied: "Try to come in through the narrow door. Many, I tell you, will try to enter and be unable." The door of the garden in *Le Roman de la Rose* is "*petitet et estroit*" (l. 515, Lecoy I 17).
13. Mt 16, 19: "I will entrust to you [Peter] the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatever you declare bound on earth shall be bound in heaven; whatever you declare loosed on earth shall be loosed in heaven."
14. Mt 19, 23-24: Jesus makes this comment to his disciples after the departure of the rich young man who had asked what he must do to find everlasting life: "Jesus told him, 'If you seek perfection, go, sell your possessions, and give to the poor. Afterward come back and follow me.' Hearing these words, the young man went away sad, for his possessions were many" (Mt 19, 21-22).
15. Eccl 5, 14: "As he came from his mother's womb, so again shall he depart, naked as he came, having nothing from his labor that he can carry in his hand."
16. Fr. 238 *Descharboucles seme estroit: escharboucle*, "carbuncle," a deep red garnet, convex and unflaced. This

- marvelous gemstone was thought to emit its own light. *Richesse* has one in *Le Roman de la Rose* (l. 1098, Lecoy 34). It is mentioned in Ex 28, 18, as one of the precious stones on the breastplate of Aaron, the high priest, and it was the subject of considerable exegesis. I have used "ruby" throughout in order to avoid the unfortunate associations of the English cognate.
17. Rev 21, 10.
  18. The minister is a priest.
  19. In Ez 9, 2-6, God commands "a man dressed in linen, with a writer's case at his side," to pass through Jerusalem, seek out those who are just, and mark them with the Hebrew letter *tau* (similar in form to the Greek *tau*) so that they would be spared by the "scourges of the city," six men, "each with a destroying weapon in his hand." Deguileville is probably referring to a "*tau* cross," also known as "St. Anthony's cross."
  20. The official is a bishop.
  21. The tradition of the horned Moses stems from an apparent mistranslation by Jerome in the Vulgate of a Hebrew word meaning "beam of light" or "horn." Ex 34, 29: "As Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two tablets of the commandments in his hands, he did not know that the skin of his face had become radiant while he conversed with the Lord." Ex 34, 29 (Vulgate): "*Cumque descenderet Moses de monte Sinai tenebat duas tabulas testimoni et ignorabat quod cornuta esset facies sua ex consortio sermonis Dei.*" Aquinas explained the error, but the tradition was so strongly ingrained that in the twelfth century bishops' miters had two points arranged like horns (Henry 369 n. 280).
  22. Ez 9, 1-7. See note 19, above.
  23. The sacrament of Confirmation is not necessary for salvation but it is a means of grace and an appropriate step in the journey of the Christian life.
  24. The bishop consecrates the holy oils, anoints the king, consecrates other bishops, dedicates the altars of churches,

- and administers the sacraments of Holy Orders and Confirmation.
25. *Tournelle* means "little tower" but as Henry points out (370 n. 311) this is not an appropriate architectural feature inside a church, the setting here. Perhaps, as Henry suggests, Deguileville means some form of pulpit. In any case, he is echoing the appearance of Reason in *Le Roman de la Rose*: she sees the lover's plight from her tower, "*de sa tor,*" and then descends from her tower and comes directly to him: "*Lors est de sa tor devalee, / si est tor droit a moi venue*" (l. 2958 and ll. 2960-61, Lecoy I, 91).
  26. A comparison between the confessor and the physician is also found in the *Liber Poenitentialis* of Alain de Lille under the section heading: *Sacerdotes sunt spirituales medici* (PL 210, 285C).
  27. Fr. 681 *fallace d'elence*: a specious argument, a sophistry. Lydgate provides a gloss on the term in his translation of *Vie*<sup>2</sup>: "Thyng that hath an Apparence/ Withouren eny Existence" (locock in Furnvall 45). Cf. Aristotle, *De sophisticis elenchis* (*On Sophistical Refutations*): "For sophistry is an appearance of wisdom without the reality" (Forster, 63).
  28. Fr. 698 *planche ou pont*: "pont," "bridge" and *planche*, "small wooden bridge."
  29. Fr. 701 *Pour ce pontifex tu as non: pontifex*, "bridgebuilder." In medieval Latin, this term was applied to bishops. The pope was the *pontifex maximus*.
  30. Fr. 723 *labians*: these are the *infulae*, the strips that hang from the bishop's mitre.
  31. The reference is to St. Thomas à Becket's dispute with Henry II concerning legal jurisdiction over priests and to his subsequent death at the hands of Henry's barons.
  32. St. Ambrose, fourth-century bishop of Milan, resisted the claims of the Arian Emperor Valentinian II and his mother Justina to jurisdiction over the churches of Milan. He refused their demand that he hand over the basilica of Portius,

- offering instead his wealth, his freedom and his life (Dudden 275).
33. First tonsure, signifying admission to the clerical state. Hugh of St. Victor traces this practice to Ez 5, 1 and Acts 18, 18 (Deferrari 260). Ezekiel is commanded by God, before the siege of Jerusalem, to "take a sharp sword and use it like a barber's razor, passing it over your head and beard." Before leaving Corinth for Syria, Paul "shaved his head, because of a vow he had taken." Paul's vow was probably one associated with the Nazarites.
34. Nm 18, 20: "The Lord said to Aaron, 'You shall not have any heritage in the land of the Israelites nor hold any portion among them; I will be your portion and your heritage among them.'"
35. 1 Cor 1, 20-21: "Where is the wise man to be found? Where the scribe? Where is the master of worldly argument? Has not God turned the wisdom of this world into folly? Since in God's wisdom the world did not come to know him through 'wisdom,' it pleased God to save those who believe through the absurdity of the preaching of the gospel." In this chapter Paul quotes Is 29, 14: "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and thwart the cleverness of the clever."
36. Fr. 851 *Se il ne tient a vo folie*: the sense is that the "wise folly" of the tonsured clerics should make them desire the friendship of Reason.
37. Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, I: "Thus the other animals live by impressions and memories, and have but a small share of experience; but the human race lives also by art and reasoning" (Tredennick I, 3).
38. In *Le Roman de la Rose*, the lover rejects the counsel of Reason and she leaves him (ll. 7199-7200, Lecoy I, 221).
39. The sense of this passage appears to be that the bishop may share in the collections of his priests but may not take away their living. In Book III, Avarice despoils and skins the poor, clipping and shearing them so closely that she leaves nothing behind (ll. 9460-70).

40. The bishop confers the four minor and three major orders: porter, reader, exorcist, and acolyte; sub-deacon, deacon and priest. These are described by Isidore (*PL* 82, 290, 293) and by Hugh of St. Victor (Deferrari 261-69). For an extended discussion of the history of these orders and the rituals associated with them, see Henry 379-380 n. 511-n. 516.
41. The subdeacons are given an empty chalice signifying that they may assist the priest during the Offertory of the Mass.
42. Fr. 955 *le jou Jhesu crist*, "the yoke of Jesus Christ," refers to Mt 12, 29-30: "Come to me, all you who are weary and find life burdensome, and I will refresh you. Take my yoke upon your shoulders and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble of heart. Your souls will find rest, for my yoke is easy and my burden light." The stole of the deacon is placed over the left shoulder but the symbolic significance of this is obscure.
43. Fr. 1061 *propre*: the grille separating the choir from the nave; this grille was the setting for announcements and addresses.
44. Fr. 1100 *meselerie*: lit., leprosy; here meant perhaps as a general term for disease.
45. Fr. 1106 *guele divisant*: a false etymology, based on the assumption that the Latin word *gladius* is from *Gulam Dividit*. See Isidore, *Etymologiarum*: "*Prophete autem appellatur gladius, quod gulam dividit, id est, certicem secat*" (*PL*, 82, 644). See Henry 384 n. 604-5 and Lockock in Furnwall 65-66, 669 n. 65/2449 and n. 66/2548 (for Lydgate's gloss on the matter).
46. Certain sins were "reserved" for the bishop, i. e., only the bishop could grant absolution for them.
47. It is not clear why Cherubim is blind. Henry (387 n. 696) suggests that this idea arises from the description in Is 6, 2, of six-winged angels who guard the throne of God; they have two wings covering their faces, presumably making them blind, but these are specifically referred to as Seraphim, not Cherubim. In Ez 10 the Cherubim are described in detail, as they transport the glory of God from Jerusalem prior to the destruction of the city. This passage



- occurs just after the marking of the just with the sign of *tau* alluded to in the description of Grace's house (ll. 500ff.).
48. The *ad aliquid* predicate is the seventh of ten categories for the expression of being outlined in Aristotle's *Organon*. The category *pros ti* includes expressions of relation, in which "a thing is said to be such as it is from its being of some other thing or, if not, from its being related to something in some other way. Thus, 'the greater' is said to be greater by reference to something outside it" (Cooke 49).
49. In the Vulgate, after the creation of man (Gn 2, 4) God (*deus*) becomes Lord God (*dominus*).
50. Both the power of orders and the power of jurisdiction are required to administer the sacrament of Penance. The first is received at ordination; the second may be ordinary (deriving from the office held by a priest) or delegated. The bishop has the authority to delegate the power to hear confessions in his territory. Here the Pilgrim has not been delegated the authority to serve a particular community or group. When a person is in danger of death, however, the power of orders allows a priest without formal jurisdiction to administer the sacrament (Canon 882). See *The New Catholic Encyclopedia* 5, 81-82.
51. Fr. 1484 *un chalemel: a chalumeau*, a musical instrument originally made from hollow stem or reed. Reason understands such natural transformations as that from egg to bird and from seed to plant stem to musical instrument.
52. The boundary is the innermost of the seven spheres in the geocentric universe. The moon is in this innermost sphere.
53. I. e., change the beautiful Venus into an ugly beast or the swift Mercury into a slow tortoise. The reference is also to the planets, over which Grace has dominion.
54. Fr. 1580-81: *Oncques ne vesti Salemon/ Tel robe com vest un buysson*: lit., "Solomon was never clothed in such a robe as clothes a bush." See Lk 12, 27.
55. The episode of the burning bush appears in Ex 3, 2.
56. The blooming of Aaron's staff is in Nm 17, 23. Moses' rod is transformed into a serpent in Ex 4, 2-4.

57. Fr. 1639 *Aus noches de Archebedeln*: The Latin word *archibriclinus*, "master of the feast," in the Vulgate account of the wedding feast at Cana (Jn 2, 9) was apparently taken to be a proper noun.
58. Fr. 1705 *ouvrez la paupiere*: lit., "open the eyelid."
59. The idea that generation is caused by the sun appears in Aristotle's *On the Generation of Animals* (II, 3), where he distinguishes the heat of fire from the heat of the sun: "That is why fire does not generate any animal, and we find no animal taking shape either in fluid or solid substances while they are under the influence of fire; whereas the heat of the sun does effect generation, and so does the heat of animals . . ." (Peck 171). In *Metaphysics* XII, Aristotle ascribes the generation of man to "(i) his elements: fire and earth as matter, and the particular form; (ii) some external formal cause, viz. his father; and besides these (iii) the sun . . ." (Tredennick 137). See also *Physics*, II, 2 (Cornford I, 127).
60. The axe appears in Is 10, 15; the pot in Is 29, 16 and 45, 9. In Rm 9, 20-21, Paul writes: "Friend, who are you to answer God back? Does something molded say to its molder, 'Why did you make me like this?' Does not a potter have the right to make from the same lump of clay one vessel for a lofty purpose and another for a humble one?"
61. Fr. 1934 *vostre engin rude*: Nature is here accused of having a crude intelligence. The pilgrim later encounters *Rude Entendement*, "Rude Wit" (ll. 5100ff.), i. e., human understanding uninformed by Grace or Reason.
62. Fr. 2050 *Gardienne (de) Pille celee*: Lydgate in his translation of *Vie<sup>2</sup> gloses ille celee* as "thylke isle most secre/ The wych . . . is yhyd with-Inne a man" (Furnivall 107, ll. 1761-63). Perhaps the hidden isle is conscience, because Penance is also pictured here as guarding the sacrament from those who approach it while in a state of mortal sin.
63. I. e., Peter; Latin *petrus*, "rock."
64. Fr. 2149 *De lui faire contricion: contricion* means "crushing" as well as "contrition."

65. The gate of fishes: Neh 3, 3; Neh 12, 39; 2 Chr 33, 14; Zep 1, 10. The gate of dung: Neh 3, 14 and 12, 12. The water-gate: Neh 3, 26. The gate of Heaven is what Jacob names the place where he had his dream (Gn 28, 17). The gates of hell are in Mt 16, 18: "I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the powers of death ["the gates of hell" in the Vulgate] shall not prevail against it." The gate of brass is found in Ps. 107, 16: "For he shatters the doors of bronze ["gates of brass" in the Vulgate] and cuts in two the bars of iron." The gate of iron is from Acts 12, 10, where Peter is led out of prison by an angel: "They passed the first guard, then the second, and finally came to the iron gate leading out to the city, which opened to them of itself."
66. Fr. 2236 *Qui a salut necessitate est: salut can mean either "health" or "salvation."*
67. Is 65, 20 (Vulgate): "*Non erit tibi amplius infans diurnum, et senex qui non impleat dies suos: quoniam puer centum annorum morietur, et peccator centum annorum maledictus erit* [No more shall there be in it (Jerusalem) an infant that lives but a few days, or an old man who does not fill out his days, for the child shall die a hundred years old, and the sinner a hundred years old shall be accursed]." Henry points out (400 n. 146-49) that this text was often quoted as *puer centum annorum maledictus erit*. Through some possible conflation of these versions, Deguileville seems to understand the passage as supporting Penance's assertion that she chastises a sinner who is a hundred years old as she would a child.
68. Fr. 2332 *Dont il s'est gete et purgie*: the two verbs cannot in this construction take *dont*. The sense is that the sin has been cast out of the sinner and he has been purged of it.
69. It was the custom to distribute the food remaining from a feast or banquet to the poor and the needy. The "remainder" here is the Eucharist.
70. This testament is in the tradition of similar testaments in which Christ bequeaths certain gifts to his spiritual heirs. See Spalding (1914).

71. At the Last Supper, Jesus answers Thomas's question as to how the disciples might follow him: "'Lord,' said Thomas, 'we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' Jesus told him, 'I am the way, and the truth and the life; no one comes to the Father but through me'" (Gn 14, 5-6).
72. The letter Chi (X) was the initial of the Greek form of the name Christ.
73. A=*âme*, "soul."
74. P=*Prochain*, "neighbor."
75. Ps 22, 7 (Vulgate) *Ego autem vermis, et non homo*, "I am a worm and no man."
76. I. e., the grave.
77. Fr. 2733 *Ce relief ct qui est donner*: var. L, *Ce relief qui est ct donnez*, is followed here.
78. Fr. 2756 *Voisent coucher*: i. e., pay no attention to them.
79. In Book V of Alain de Lille's *Anticlaudianus*, Prudence (*Phronesis*, or "Reason," as she is sometimes called), in her quest for the New Man, approaches the realm of the divine in a chariot drawn by five horses (the five senses), but her team falters and she is allowed by Revelation (an analogue of Grace) to enter that realm only with the second horse (the sense of hearing). See Sheridan (1973) 146. Both Alain and Deguileville are echoing Rm 11, 17: "Faith, then, comes through hearing, and what is heard is the word of Christ."
80. Gn 27, 1-29.
81. Fr. 2833-35 *Quar aus balestes du moulin/ Ou il n'avoit pas dras de lin/ Il fu moulu et esme*: The meaning is obscure, but one of the possibilities suggested by Henry (409 n. 1545) is that the linen cloth referred to was a sieve used to guide the grain from the grain-hopper to the mill-stones. The implication would be that the grinding to which Jesus was subjected was crude as well as cruel. The reference may also be to Jesus being stripped of his garments before being crucified.

82. Fr. 2839-42 (*Et non pour quant ce moulin moles/ Avoit qui nestoient (pas) moles*: The word-play is on *moles*, the "stones" and not "soff.")
83. The reference is to Nature and her earlier argument with Grace (the narrator here) over the changing of bread and wine into flesh and blood (Book I, ll. 1510ff.).
84. I. e., Wisdom.
85. Fr. 2942 *Et (pour) sophiste me temoient*: the reference is to Aristotle's *On Sophistical Refutations* (*De Sophisticis Elenchis*). See Forster.
86. Aristotle's discussion of the part and the whole is found in *Metaphysics* 7, x-xi (Tredennick 353-71).
87. Fr. 3009-3010 *Et autres gracieus mestiers/ De quot dine nest nus mestiers*: the phrase is included partly for the *tradductio*, or rhyme echo.
88. Fr. 3016 *canon et lais*. Henry suggests that ME Anon mistakes *lais*, "secular" for *lais*, "laws," in translating this phrase as "canon and lawe." Henry glosses the passage "Canon Law and Civil [Law]" (412 n. 1643). But MS *H* has *canons et loys* and it seems unlikely that Wisdom would be teaching to Aristotle in her ancient school the skill to develop canon law. ME Anon seems, after all, to have the right sense of the passage and is followed here.
89. Aristotle, *Physics*, IV, vi-ix (Cornford I, 329-361).
90. The "sovereign good" is discussed in Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, I, 1, 2. In X, 8, Aristotle argues that contemplation is the highest way of life: "If then the intellect is something divine in comparison with man, so is the life of the intellect divine in comparison with human life. Nor ought we to obey those who enjoin that a man should have man's thoughts, and a mortal the thoughts of mortality, but we ought so far as possible to achieve immortality, and do all that man may do to live in accordance with the highest thing in him; for though this may be small in bulk, in power and value it far surpasses all the rest" (Cooke, 617).

91. Many MSS have *Greece*. Strüzzinger favored the variant *Romme* from MSS *ZA*, no doubt because of later references to two cities (ll. 3180 and 3193).
92. The terms "locally" and "virtually" are categories of predication. "Locally" refers to physical presence and "virtually" to qualities or "virtues" of beings. See note 93, below.
93. The terms "imaginatively" and "representatively" are categories of predication. Wisdom appears to be saying that her examples indicate presence in a variety of figurative senses, but that the greatest good is actually present in the Eucharist. There is an extended discussion of this matter in Lydgate's translation of *Vie*<sup>2</sup> (Furnivall 158-59, ll. 6012-6060).
94. These "scriptures" are the articles of the Creed.
95. Sethim is the wood of the acacia, also known as "shittim wood." It is mentioned in Ex 25, 10-15 and 26, 15, as material for the Ark of the Covenant.
96. Rm 10, 17: "For in the gospel is revealed the justice of God which begins and ends with faith; as Scripture says, 'The just man shall live by faith.'" Heb 10, 38: "My righteous one will live by faith." In these passages Paul is echoing Habakkuk 2, 4: "The rash man has no integrity, but the just man, because of his faith, shall live."
97. The color green was believed to have the power to refresh the eye and to sharpen vision. Isidore writes: "*Cum peritiores architecti neque aurea lacunaria ponenda in bibliothecis putent, neque pavimenta alia quam e Carysteo marmore, quod aut fulgor bebetet, et Carysti virtutias reficant oculos*" (Pl 82, 240). The *Ancrene Reule* claims that "grene ouer alle heowes froureth meast ehnen" (Tolkien, 97).
98. See note 96, above.
99. Fr. 3593-95 *Jadis il fu un peletin/ Qui en jeunece Estevenin/ Or nom: lit.*, "there was once a pilgrim, who in his youth had the name Stephen."

100. Fr. 3621-21 *Eus despecter et desmembrer/ se faisoiert*: lit., "had themselves torn apart and dismembered."
101. Fr. 3629 *les saignes*, lit., "the bleeders"
102. See note 95, above.
103. 2 Cor 13, 18 (Vulgate): "*Nos vero omnes revelata facie gloriam Domini speculantes in eandam imaginem transformamur a claritate in claritatem tanquam a Domini Spiritu.*"
104. I. e., "You do not need a bell around your neck to let people know you are a fool!"
105. The imagery of the armor of virtue is drawn from Eph 6, 11: "Put on the armor of God so that you may be able to stand fast against the tactics of the devil. . . . Stand fast, with the truth as the belt around your waist, justice as your breastplate, and zeal to propagate the gospel of peace as your foogear. In all circumstances hold faith up before you as your shield; it will help you extinguish the fiery darts of the evil one." In some cases Deguilleville substitutes other virtues for those assigned by Paul to the various pieces of armor.
106. Fr. 3874 *Pour quot pourpoint bien l'appelle on*: The gambeson is also called a *pourpoint*, (lit., "against the point," i. e., to guard against the point of the lance or sword). There is a series of puns here on: *pointure*, "anguish" (lit., "piercing"); *pointer*, "to jab or sting;" and *pourpoint*, "gambeson."
107. Fr. var. 3901 MSS *BGM<sup>1</sup>MH ces armes*: Stürzinger has *ses armes*, but the context makes it clear that Grace is talking about the gambeson in particular. Patience is the first of the virtues to be "put on."
108. Fr. 3913-14 *Dame, dis-je, vostre pourpoint/ Ne me fu pas tailie a point*: the punning on *point* continues here, as in Grace's response to the Pilgrim's complaint: *le pourpoint/ Si te just bien tailie a point/ Se tu as point fuses tailles* (ll. 3917-19).
109. Eph 6, 17: "Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, the word of God."

110. Fr. 4155 *Saint Guillaume, ton bon parrain*: William de Donjeon, abbot of Chaalis from 1187 to 1200, when he became bishop of Bourges. *Parrain*, lit. "godfather," but as Langlois (203) points out William de Donjeon died in 1209, and Deguilleville could not have been "*levé des fonts*" by him (*Pelérinage de l'ame*, I. 1039).
111. "*Inter delicatas epulas celebri et sumptuoso apparatu fuentes noviter esurire. Inter exquisita vina sithre.*" For the sayings of William of Bourges, see Surio's "Life of William of Bourges" in Van Hooff III, 283, and Hulman 110-111.
112. Fr. 4214: *Gâtignepain*.
113. I Sm 21, 1-7: During his escape from the jealous rage of Saul, David asked for bread from the high priest of Nob, Ahimelech, who had no ordinary bread and was reluctant to give David holy bread until he was assured that David and his men were armed for a holy journey, a military expedition in a holy war. When David asked for a sword, Ahimelech gave him the sword of Goliath. (For these actions Saul ordered the execution of Ahimelech and all eighty-five priests of Nob together with their families.)
114. In the *Life of St Bernard*, there is an account of this temptation: "*Circa idem tempus instinctu demonis in lectum dormientis injecta est puella nuda. Quam ille sentiens, cum omni pace et silentio partem et lectuli quam occupaverat, cessit, et in latus alterum se convertit, atque dormivit. Misera vero illa aliquandiu jacuit sustines et exspectans, deinde palpans et stimulans: novissime cum immobilis ille persisteret, illa, hec impudentissima esset, erubuit; et horrore ingenti atque admiratione perfusa, relicto eo surgens aufugit*" (PL 185, 230-31 and 472-73).
115. Ogier the Dane was the nephew of Charlemagne; his two swords were *Curtana* and *Sauvaigne*. Roland's sword was *Durendal* and Oliver's was *Hauteclaire*.
116. The reference is to Benedict's rule of monastic discipline.
117. 1 Kings 3, 5-9: "In Gideon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream at night. God said, 'Ask something of me and I will give it to you.' Solomon answered:'. . . Lord, my God, you

have made me, your servant, king to succeed my father David; but I am a mere youth, not knowing at all how to act. I serve you in the midst of a people so vast that it cannot be counted or numbered. Give your servant, therefore, an understanding heart to judge your people and to distinguish right from wrong."

118. 1 Kings 10, 16-17: "Moreover, King Solomon made two hundred shields of beaten gold (six hundred gold shekels went into each shield) and three hundred bucklers of beaten gold (three minas of gold went into each buckler); and he put them in the hall of the Forest of Lebanon."

119. In later life Solomon married pagan wives and built temples to their gods. He was punished for this by the uprising of Hadad the Edomite and Solomon's servant Jeroboam. He was allowed by God to keep his kingdom during his lifetime, but at his death it was broken up (1 Kings 11).

120. 1 Sm 17, 38-9: "Then Saul clothed David in his own tunic, putting a bronze helmet on his head and arming him with a coat of mail. David also girded himself with Saul's sword over the tunic. He walked with difficulty, however, since he had never tried armor before. He said to Saul: 'I cannot go in these, because I have never tried them before.' So he took them off." David then went against Goliath armed with his sling and stones.

121. Fr. 4677 *A Saint Jaque ou a Saint Jace*: the shrine of St. James of Compostela was one of the most popular medieval pilgrimage destinations. *Saint Jace* is St. Judoc (d. 638), a priest who assumed the throne of Brittany for a few months upon the abdication of his older brother Judicael of Brittany; he made a pilgrimage to Rome and retired to *Villers-Saint-Josse* near *Saint-Josse-sur-Mer*. See Henry 434 n. 2552.

122. 1 Sm 17, 32-33: "Then David spoke to Saul: 'Let your majesty not lose courage. I am at your service to go and fight this Philistine.' But Saul answered David, 'You cannot go up against this Philistine, for you are only a youth, while he has been a warrior from his youth.'"

123. I. e., Saul.

124. Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, X, v, 9: "The same things delight some men and annoy others, and things painful to some are pleasant and attractive to others" (Rackham, 605).

125. In *Liber de spiritu et anima*, Augustine identifies memory as one of the seven faculties of the soul: "*Dum ergo vivificat corpus, anima est; dum vult, animus est; dum scit, mens est; dum recollit, memoria est; dum judicat, ratio est, dum spirat vel contemplatur, spiritus est; dum sentit, sensus est*" (PL 40, 803).

## BOOK II

1. Rude-Wir (*Rude Entendement*) appropriately carries a club made of the wood of the cornelian cherry (*Cornus mas*), which bears sour red berries. Henry (439 n. 2773) notes that Yvain encounters adversaries armed with clubs made of this wood (*Yvain*, 5508-9).
2. Mt 10, 8-10: Jesus tells his apostles to preach among those of the House of Israel: "The gift you have received, give as a gift. Provide yourselves with neither gold nor silver nor copper in your belts; no traveling bag, no change of shirt, no sandals, no walking staff. The workman, after all, is worth his keep."
3. Fr. 5230 *Rude Entendement*.
4. St. Germainus was a fifth-century bishop of Paris; cf. *St Germain des Prés*.
5. Rude-Wir may be building "castles in the air."
6. Fr. 5271 *par Saint Symon*: Rude-Wir appropriately invokes the false disciple Simon Magus, the magician who tried to buy the power of the laying on of hands from the apostles Peter and John (Acts 8, 9-24), thereby giving his "inflamous name" to the sin of simony. Chaucer makes similar ironic use of this "saint's" name in *The Summoner's Tale* (l. 2094).
7. A *raison* was a scoop used to measure grain; cf. "ration."

8. Fr. 5316 *Me retournez vous le billart? billart, "baton pour jouer aux billes ou aux boules"* (Godetroy). The image is from billiards; perhaps Rude-Wir thinks he has made a good shot and he is surprised at Reason's quick and effective response.
9. Fr. 5334 *Et (vos) fanfelues rimees*, lit., "rhymed nonsense."
10. See note 2, above.
11. Lk 22, 35-37: At the Last Supper, "Jesus asked them [the apostles], 'When I sent you on mission without purse or traveling bag or sandals, were you in need of anything?'" "Not a thing," they replied. He said to them: "Now, however, the man who has a purse must carry it; the same with the traveling bag. And the man without a sword must sell his coat and buy one."
12. See note 11, above.
13. Fr. 5526 (*Et*) *deffaciee et hors gratee*: lit., "effaced and scraped out," suggesting methods of erasure used on vellum or parchment manuscripts.
14. I Sm 25, 2-39. Nabal, whose name means "fool," stubbornly turned aside the peace overtures of David. His wife Abigail (whom David later married) intervened to save Nabal and his men from David's attack, but when she told him what had transpired Nabal was struck down and he died ten days later. The Pharaoh's obstinate refusal to release the people of Israel from bondage led to the ten plagues described in Ex 7, 1-14, and 31.
15. Prv 26, 4: "Answer the fool according to his folly, lest you too become like him."
16. Prv 26, 5: "Answer the fool according to his folly, lest he become wise in his own eyes."
17. Fr. 5895 *Quar se (tout) vif le desmembroie*: lit., "for if I dismembered him alive."
18. Fr. 5962 *Excepte d'anges (la) nature*: two different modes of comparison are mixed here, that based on the essential qualities of things and that based on the things themselves. I have omitted "nature" to keep the comparison on the

- simpler ground. The sense of the passage is that no other creature except the angels can be compared to humankind.
19. Gn 1, 28: "God blessed them, saying: 'Be fertile and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it.'"
20. Fr. 6032 *Qui me sont puces' es oreilles*: a reaction to unpleasant or confusing news. See Henry 444, n. 3262.
21. Fr. 6041-2 . . . *et vèus/ Ne puet estre n'aperçeus*: here and in the ensuing discussion I have omitted the second of the pair of verbs.
22. Fr. 6043 *Je te demant par fine amour*: the reference to the courtly term *fine amour* is perhaps ironic.
23. Tb 2, 10-18; Tb 4 and 5. Tobit sent his son Tobias on a journey to retrieve silver he had deposited with Gabael, a trader at Rhages in Media. At the departure of Tobias, Tobit gave him guidance as to how to live, as well as where to find the silver. Tobias is led to Media by a guide named Azarias (whom he does not recognize as the angel Raphael).
24. Aristotle compares the soul in the body with a sailor in a ship in *De anima*, II, i: "It is also uncertain whether the soul as an actuality bears the same relationship to the body as the sailor to the ship" (Hett 73). For the sake of clarity, throughout this discussion I have often used "soul" and "body" where Deguileville is able to distinguish the two in French by using masculine or feminine pronouns. I have also used the impersonal pronoun in English where Deguileville seems not to be sustaining the personification of the body as the "enemy" of the Pilgrim but to be speaking of the body as a material entity that is a hindrance and an obstacle to the Pilgrim on his journey.
25. The Pilgrim was told this by Reason (ll. 6239-46).
26. Wis 9, 15: "For the corruptible body burdens the soul and the earthen shelter weighs down the mind that has many concerns."
27. See ll. 3920ff.

28. Fr. 6755 *De berpes et simphonies: simphonie*, a synonym of *cifonie*, "instrument de musique du genre de la vielle a roue" (Godefroy). *A vielle a roue* is a hurdy-gurdy.
29. Fr. 6756 *D'orgue(s) et d'autres sonneries: sonneries*, lit. "chinnings or soundings."
30. Fr. 6846 *Huiseuse (la) rendre seuree*: Idleness divides the soul from God gently and easily.
31. *Huiseuse* and her mirror recall the picture of *Oiseuse* in *Le Roman de la Rose* (555-57): *En sa main tint un miroër/ si ot d'un rîche treçoër/ son chief trecié mout richement* (Lecoy I, 18).
32. Fr. *Pour lire unes foiz elenches: elenches* refers to Aristotle's *De elenchis sophisticis*. See Book I, n. 27.
33. The reference is to the mites that cause scabies, a skin disease characterized by intense itching. Apparently it was thought that the disease was brought on by idleness.
34. St. Bernard, *De consideratione libri quinqve*, II, xiii: "*Fugienda proinde otiositas, mater mugurum, noverca virtutum*" (PL, 182, 756).
35. Fr. 7170 *Tristece me puez appeller*: ME Anon translates *Tristece* as "Annoye of lyf" (Avril I, 93), a form of *Acedia*, or Sloth.
36. I Kgs 19, 4-8: Fearing the reprisals of Jezebel for his killing of the prophets of Baal, Elijah fled to Beersheeba and then into the desert. "He prayed for death: 'This is enough, O Lord! Take my life, for I am no better than my fathers.' He lay down and fell asleep under the broom tree [juniper], but then an angel touched him and ordered him to get up and eat. He looked and there at his head was a hearth cake and a jug of water. After he ate and drank, he lay down again, but the angel of the Lord came back a second time, touched him and ordered, 'Get up and eat, else the journey will be too long for you!' He got up, ate and drank; then strengthened by that food, he walked forty days and forty nights to the mountain of God, Horeb."
37. Fr. 7203-4 *Ne sont pas cordes de Clervaus/ Ains furent faites a Nervaus: Clervaus* (Clairvaux) is the site of the

- monastery of St. Bernard (1090-1153). *Nervaus* is apparently an invented place name. The word-play is on *cler*, "bright," and *ner* "black."
38. Mt 27, 5: "So Judas flung the money into the temple and left. He went off and hanged himself."
39. The north wind was considered evil, coming from the Devil's realm. Cf. Jr 1, 14: "And from the north, said the Lord to me, evil will boil over upon all who dwell in the land." In the so-called T-O maps of the time, east was at the top, south to the right, and north to the left. Jerusalem was at the center of the axis dividing Europe from Africa and Asia from both Europe and Africa. For an illustration of such maps, see Wright, p. 67.
40. It is not clear what ointment is being referred to here. None of the oils mentioned earlier was put in the Pilgrim's scrip. The "ointment the king makes" may mean the Eucharist, as Henry suggests (452-3 n. 3907), which the Pilgrim does have in his scrip (ll. 4973-74) although the terminology would be unusual.
41. Fr. 73-74 *Ne sai, (se) sui [jel] en Feminie: Feminie*, the home of the Amazons. Cf. Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, 866-68: Theseus, Duke of Athens ". . . conquered al the regne of Femenye/ That whilom was ycleped Scithia,/ And wedded the queene Ypolita." Scythia is the ancient name for a region of Asia and southeastern Europe, lying northeast of the Black and Caspian seas.
42. Fr 7471-72 *Si (le) soufflat en sa pensee/ et (si) sa pance enlee*. The pun on *pensee*, "thought," and *pance*, "belly," suggests a link between hunger for spiritual power and physical appetite.
43. The two childhoods are in Heaven and on earth.
44. Fr. 7507-8 *Chapians bupes et hautes crestus/ a marmouses cocus locus*: the second of these lines is very obscure, and the meaning of *marmouses* is not known. The reference is probably to some extreme fashion in headgear.
45. Fr. 7588 *Bouloigne la crasse*: Bologna, because of its wealth, was known as *la grassa*. See Henry 454-5 n. 4075.

46. Fr. 7614 *En faisant roe de paon*: Stürzinger substitutes *paon*, "peacock" from MSS *AyH*, but Henry points out that many MSS (*toTBM<sup>1</sup>GIMg*) have *lion*, "lion" (455 n. 4089). Stürzinger justifies his emendation by citing later references to the peacock at ll. 1771-72 (1898, 237 n. 7614 and 241).
47. Fr. 7635 *Nulle telle a Chasteau Landon: Chasteau Landon* is in *Depr. Seine et Marne*. The basis for its association with scorn and mockery is unclear.
48. Is 28, 1: "Woe to the majestic garland of the drunkard Ephraim." The Vulgate has: *vae coronae superbiae ebritis Ephraim*. Deguileville probably read *vae coronae superbiae* as "Woe to the crown of Pride."
49. Fr. 7650 *Qu'est plus cruel que bicorne*: Henry identifies "bicorne" as the legendary two-horned beast of Lydgate's "Bycorne and Chycherache" (455, n. 4107). At "bicorne" the *OED* has: "A two-pronged fork, a pitchfork." At "bycorne" it has: "Given by Lydgate as the fabulous beast represented in the old satire as feeding on patient husbands, and being always fat, whilst his spouse *chichefache* or *Chichenache* (q. v.) fed upon patient wives and was always lean." Pride's single horn, like that of the unicorn, is crueler than the two-tined pitchfork (or the two-horned Bycorne). But as Flattery is soon to point out, Pride will become docile, like the unicorn, at the sight of her own face in a mirror.
50. Those who think themselves holy are most open to the attack of Pride.
51. Daniel interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dream as a prophecy of his downfall. "Twelve months later, as he was walking on the roof of the royal palace in Babylon, the king said, 'Babylon the great! Was it not I, with my great strength who built it as a royal residence for my splendor and majesty?' While these words were still on the king's lips, a voice spoke from heaven, 'It has been decreed for you, King Nebuchadnezzar, that your kingdom is taken from you'" (Dan 4, 26-28).
52. Cf. the story of Chauntecleer and the fox in Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*.

53. The reference is to a move in the game of merrils. See Book III, n. 33.
54. Fr. 7771-4 *Ce vent adonc me fait roer/ Comme paon e baut leuer/ Ma queuë, a fin que puist on/ percevoir ma confusion*: Latin *confusio* can mean private parts. In the very act of flaunting its tail the peacock displays its backside.
55. The eyes of Argus were set in the peacock's tail by Juno. They represent jealousy traditionally; here they seem to represent narcissism and vanity.
56. Fr. 7793 *J'en come prise mainte foiz: to blow prise*, "taken," on the hunting horn signified that the prey had been captured.
57. Fr. 7860 *Combien que rien n'(en) ait en pense*: Stürzinger substitutes *pense*, "thought," for *pance*, "belly," which is found in MSS *toTBM<sup>1</sup>GIMH*. The word-play is clearly intended, but since the prevailing image is of a belly full of wind, I follow MS t and the other supporting MSS.
58. See note 56, above.
59. Fr. 7901 *Quand du fruit deee menga*: the word-play on *deee*, "forbidden," and *d'Ève* is reflected in ME Anon, "whan he eet of be frute bi Eve" (l. 4241, Henry I, 102).
60. The spur is Disobedience.
61. I. e., Eve. There is a series of puns here on *dëstrier*, "steed," and *dëstre*, "right," alluding to the fashioning of Eve from Adam's right side.
62. Ex 14, 27-28: "So Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and at dawn the sea flowed back to its normal depth. The Egyptians were fleeing head on toward the sea, when the Lord hurled them into its midst. As the water flowed back, it covered the chariots and the charioteers of the Pharaoh's whole army which had followed the Israelites into the sea. Not a single one of them escaped."
63. Saul disobeyed God's command to put everything in the city of Analek to the sword, including the sheep and cattle; he reserved the best of these for a sacrifice in his own honor (Sm, 15, 1-31).



64. The reference is to the white garments of monks and clergymen.
65. Fr. 8051 *Et faitz le sanctificetur*: a pious prayer meant to present an image of long-suffering virtue, perhaps from *sanctificetur nomen tuum*, from the *Pater Noster*.
66. For the story of Reynard playing dead, see Martin 131ff.
67. I. e., Hypocrisy.
68. Cf. the modern English expression "Monkey see, monkey do."
69. The parable of the Pharisee and the tax collector is in Lk 18, 9-14.
70. The story of the monkey and the cobbler was popular as early as the twelfth century. The monkey tries to imitate the cobbler but botches the work; in the end, he imitates the cobbler's pantomime of cutting his own throat and kills himself (Henry 459, n. 4329).
71. Vulgate Ps 114, 9 (used in the Office for the Dead): *Placebo Domino in regione vivorum*, "I shall please the Lord in the land of the living." *Placebo* is an appropriate byword for flattery. In Chaucer's Merchant's Tale one of January's "bretheren," who help him choose a wife, is named Placebo. Cf. Chaucer's *Summoner's Tale* ll. 2074-76: "Beth war therefor with lordes how ye pleye-/ Singeth *Placebo*, and I shal, if I can, / But if it be to a povre man."
72. I. e., flatter them.
73. Joseph's brothers dipped his tunic in goat's blood and sent it to Jacob by a messenger: "He recognized it and exclaimed: 'My son's tunic! A wild beast has devoured him! Joseph has been torn to pieces!'" (Gn 37, 33).
74. Saul's envy of David put him in a rage: "David was in attendance playing the harp as at other times, while Saul was holding his spear. Saul poised the spear, thinking to nail David to the wall, but twice David escaped" (1 Sm 18, 10-11).
75. Fr. 8312 *Longis*: Longinus is the traditional name of the soldier who pierced Christ's side with a spear (Jn 19, 34).

76. Fr. 8320 *Sans laisser disme ne champart*: the meaning is obscure; *disme*, "tithes, and *champart*, the feudal lord's share of the harvest, suggest that Envy poisons her neighbors "without paying anything for it" or perhaps "without sparing anything of value."
77. In order to regain his former position of authority with David, Joab stabbed Amasa, his rival, under the cover of embracing him (2 Sm 20, 4-13). He had earlier treacherously stabbed Abner in a similar fashion to avenge the death of his brother Asahel (2 Sm 3, 22-33).
78. Judas betrayed Jesus with an embrace (Mt 26, 47-49).
79. Tryphon welcomed Jonathan to the city of Ptolemais, induced him to dismiss most of his army, and then killed him and all his remaining soldiers as they entered the city gates (1 Mc 12, 39-48).
80. Fr. 8490-90 . . . *Saint Nicholas/ qui les autres clers suscia* (var. *les trois clers*, MS H): St. Nicholas, bishop of Myra, was reputed to have intervened to save the lives of three innocent young men who were about to be executed by Eustathius, governor of Myra. See Baring-Gould, December, 67, and Voragine, *The Golden Legend*, 20. A gruesome variant of the story is mentioned by Henry (462-63 n. 4547) and recounted by Furnivall: "A certain innkeeper was accustomed, in a time of scarcity to steal children, and serve up their flesh to his guests. On one occasion, St. Nicholas came to his inn, and the host placed before him part of the bodies of three boys, whom he had kidnapped, murdered and salted in a tub. Nicholas, however, at once perceived the nature of the food placed before him, and going to the tub he made over it the sign of the cross, whereupon the three children rose up whole and sound" (682 n. 410).
81. I. e., you are not a bishop.
82. Gn 8, 6-7: The raven sent from the ark ate carrion and did not return to the ark.
83. Fr. 8601 *glaiue*: a spear with a hook on one side of the blade, used by foot-soldiers to pull down mounted

- opponents. Detraction uses this hook to pull down good names.
84. Prv 22, 1: "A good name is more desirable than great riches; and high esteem, than gold and silver."
85. Jesus says of John, "If it is my will that he remain until I come, what is that to you?" (Jn 21, 20-23). This remark, the gospel goes on to point out, gave rise to a false rumor that John would not die.
86. The requirements for an honorable reputation were the qualifications for being able to testify in ecclesiastical courts. (Legitimacy is added to the three Roman law requirements that a witness be free, sane, and never convicted of a crime.)
87. Gn 49, 17 (Vulgate): *Fiat Dan coluber in via*. Jacob is speaking to his sons: "Let Dan be a serpent by the roadside, a horned viper by the path, that bites the horse's heel, so that the rider tumbles backwards."
88. *Cerastes cornutus*, the African horned viper or sand viper, has a horn-like projection over each eye. Bede distinguishes the adder and the viper in his commentary on Genesis: Dan the adder waits *in via*, on the wide path, while Cerastes the viper waits *in semita*, the narrow way, and attacks from the rear (*PL* 91, 280-81).
89. See note 86, above.
90. I. e., Pride, whose cudgel, Obstinacy, is described at ll. 7940ff.
91. Dt 32, 41: "I will sharpen my flashing sword, and my hand shall lay hold of my quiver. With vengeance I will repay my foes and requite those who hate me."
92. *Noli me tangere*, "touch me not."
93. Fr. 8855 *Carmen en ve*: Ezekiel is given a scroll which he must eat before he speaks to the house of Israel; written on it are "lamentations and song and woes," *lamentationes et carmen et vae* (Ez 2, 9 in the Vulgate). The sense may be that Anger sings a song of lamentation over imagined grievances.

94. Solomon's famous judgment regarding which of two women was the mother of a child is in 1 Kg 3, 16-27.
95. Eph 4, 3-4: "Make every effort to preserve the unity which has the Spirit as its origin and peace as its binding force."
96. Gn 27, 41: "Esau bore Jacob a grudge because of the blessing his father had given him. He said to himself, 'When the time of mourning for my father comes, I will kill my brother Jacob.'"
97. The allusion is to the practice of sawing large logs over open pits.
98. The Pilgrim cannot take the sacrament as long as he is on the wrong path, i. e., in a state of sin. He must return to the right path through the hedge of Penance.

### BOOK III

1. Four devouring beasts appear in one of Daniel's dreams (Dn 7, 1-14): the first is a lion with eagle's wings, the second a bear with three tusks, the third a leopard with four heads and four wings; the fourth is different from the others, having great iron teeth and ten horns, three of which are torn away and replaced by a horn with "eyes like a man and a mouth that spoke arrogantly" (Dn 7, 8). Daniel interprets these beasts to be the four kingdoms that will arise on earth, the fourth being the most powerful and terrible (Dn 7, 15). There are a number of startling figures in Ezekiel, including the vision of the dry bones that come to life (Ez 37, 1-10), and the four cherubim described in Ez 1, 5-14, each with four faces, that of a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle. These figures are later taken up as symbols of the four evangelists, however, and do not seem to be the kind of monster alluded to here. Among the monsters in the Apocalypse is Satan, figured as a flaming dragon with seven heads and ten horns. He does battle with Michael and the angels and is driven from heaven (Rv 12, 1-9).