And so deeply she slept that it seemed that she saw two strings winding around as a thread in her hand, and which thence she wound about till the end, and all at once. And with the end she held the end. And being in this state, the squire, so long as he was beforehand, kept her in this state then she had no more. Verily, she could make no more. But as after this she could release her gentleness, have meddled with her, she abjured and said: 

"That were my abjuration, that that she might, for they all the adventure we thought before, what were the cause of her final loss before. They kept all for pure and holy, and her name secretly by her spirit to set on edge. But when the power of desire to��索 the prophet so they with joy now overtake their bounds there, rejoice that her heavens."

"Such words, home as she would, with her speed the cause of her death. What? she found the bottle. Then the true are passed, and of the we defend to do as both that in you to express. Her words not to bear me to desire, for if she were by all the three be not a worse."
The prolocutory in- to Marye Mawdelyns lyf. 3 t. 91v

On Twelfth Night, 1445,

The yer of grace, pleynly to descriue,
A thousand, fourhundred, fourty & fyve,
Aftyr þe cherche of Romys computacyoun
Wych wþy wþe cade gynyst hyr calculeacyoun,
Whan þenof þe wþeþer is mansonyr

1 And speyclely as catchowrd at foot of page.

3 MS. this, with s erased.

3 Title in red.
Legendys of Hooke Wommen

But of pis mater no more now spekyn I wyl,
But returnyn ageyn to seyd dame Isabelle,'
And of my purpos pe remnath furt telle.
I sayse, whyl pis lady ise fourere sonys ying
Bese wey wyth reule & wyth daunsung,
And ope re mo in per most fresh aray
Dysglysyd, for in pe moneth of may
Was neuyr [wyth] flourys [whyt], blewe & grene,
Medewe motleyd freslyyere, I wyne,
Than were her garnemeynts; for as it semyd me
Mynerus hyr-selffe, wyth hath pe soureynte
Of gay texture, as declaryth Oyde,
Wyth al hir wyt ne coude prougyde
More goodly aray pow she dode en[cl]os
Wyth-yne oo web al methamorphosys.
I seye, whyl pei pus daunsyng dede walke
Aboute pe chaumbyr, wyth me to talke
It lakyd my lady of hyr lentynesse
Of dyuers legendys, wyth my rudenese
From latyn had turnyd in-to our language,
Of hoole wommen, now in my last age,
As of seynt Anne, to blisseyd Marye
The mothy, of Margrete & of Dorothye,
Of Feyth & Crystynye, & of Anneys per-to,
And of pe Elennc thos kend uryns al-so,
And of pat holy & blisseyd matrone
Seynt Elyabeth, whos lyf alone
To alle wyyys myht a merour be
Of verry pereccyon in sundry degre,
Whos holy legend as at pat tyne
I newly hed begynne to ryme,
At request of hyr to whom sey nay
I nethyr kan, ne wyel, ne may,
So mych am I boundon to hyr goodnesse,
I mene of Oxenforthe pe cowntesse,'

Prolocutorye in-to Marye Mawdelynys lyf

Dame Elyabeth ver 'by hyr ryght name,
Whom god eure kepe from syn & shame,
And of good lyf so hyr ances
Here in pis wyrth pereveresance,
That, when she chaungyth hir mortal fate,
Of lyf eternall she may entryn pe gale,
Ther-yne to dwelllys wythowten undeyng.
And whyl [we] 'were beery in pis talkynge,
My lady hyr hoole & blisseyd purpoos
To me pis wyse pe deede oncooss:
'I haue,' quod she, 'of pure affeccioun
Ful longe tym had a synguler deuocioun
To pat holy wumman, wych, as I gesse,
Is clepyd of apostysa pe apostyllesse;
Blisseyd Marye mawdelyn y mene,
Whom eryste from syn made pure & clene,
As pe clerkys seyn, ful mercifully,
Whos lyf in englyshe I desyre soothy
To han maad, & for my saky
If ye lkyd pe labour to take,
& for reuerence of hyr, I wold you preye.'
At wych wyrde, what I myht seye
I stood in doute, for on pe to part
My lytyl experyence in rymynge art,
My labyl mynde, & pe dulnesse
Of my wyt & pe greth rudenese
I wele remenbryd, & on pe tober partiye
I thowt how hard it is to denye
A-satysts preyer, wyth aftar pe entent
Of pe poete is a myhtty comundement;
Wherfore me thoht, as in pis caas,
That my wyt wer lackyk bettyr it was
Than my wyel, & perfore to do
My ladyys preyer I assenyd to,
Of my sympyl cunynge aftar pe myht,
Vp conducyous pat she me wolde respyt
Of hir lentynellesse tyl I acomplysyd

1 Dame Isabelle underlined in black.
2 MS. whyt flourys wyth. Horstmann keeps this reading.
3 Corrected from wummon.
4 Oxenforthe pe cowntesse underlined in black.

1 Elyabeth ver underlined in black.
2 So R. MS. whyt were.
3 MS. rymys.
Legendys of Hooke Wummen

My pylgramage hade, wych promysyd
I to seynt Iamys wyth hert entere
Had to performe pe same yere,
Per to purchase thorg penyntence
Of myn ooldy synnyng newe indulgence;
Where men contryth thorg cleer confessyoun
Mowyn of her synnyng han plener remyssyoun
From pe fyrst day, as I can remembre,
Of Januare to pe last of Decembe
Next folweyne al pe yerys space,
Wych clepyd is per 'pe yere of grace',
Grauntys, as men mowyn vndrygrope,
Ful longe agoon of Calyxte pe pope
Euer to endure, when seynt Iamys day
On pe sunday full byth, pis is no nay.
And whan my lady herd had myn entent,
Ful lentilly per-to she dede assent
Aftyr my desyr, & sothly to seyn
She me pardonyd tyl I come ageyn
From seynt Iamys, yf god wold so.
And I now haue performyd & do
Aftyr myn entent myn pylgrimage,
Applyyn I wyll al pe corage
Of my wyth & of my kuyngyn
To performyen wythoute taryng
Mey ladyis wyll & hir comandement.
But fyrst I wyll wyth an humble entent
Me conform to pe sage counseyl
Of a phylsosofyr, wyth, as Austyn doth tel,
The pryncye is of phylsosofyr alle,
Wurthylly whom men Plate calle,
Wych in hys booke of hy Phylsosofye
That he entyr[y]t, vn-to Thyme,
Hys dyscape, seysis on pis wyse:
'To al men,' quod he, 'it is a guyse,
A cerymoneys arytyt, & a custom
Obseruyd & kept as a rulygousy,
In alle her werkys both more & lesse,

1 So H. MS. entythy.  2 H. suggest arrayyt.

Prolocutory in-to Marye Mawdelynys byf

At pe begynnyn wyth humblynesse
To besche pe souereyn dyuynyte
In here werk beguane here help to be,
That pei not erro ner do amys.'
Syth pei paynyms obseruyd pis,
Mych more me pinkyth awwt we
It to perforwyck crystyn be,
And of owr-selfe mowe no pijing do,
In alle owre werkys recours hane to
Our souereyn god wyth humble pleyre;
Wherfore, er ferther in pis matere
I do procede, wyth hert & thought
To hym I jus preye las me made of nought.

O souereyn & most blyssyd trynyte,
O god in substance, in personys thre
Fadyr & sone & pe holy gost wyth-al,
Whos myht, wytt & godnesse is egal,
Al-be-it pat yche of pese thyngs thre
To a dystynitt1 persones approyyat be
For dyuers causys, as clerkyys prone,
But yet alle thre, as we bel[u]e,2
In very byng arn but o thynge
Wych neythyr hat end no begynnyn[4]g,3
Whos meur noon ojir pean eternyte
May be clepyd, wyth in meruelous dege
Both hueens & erthe hast made of nouht,
And alle pe conteynyts in hem hast wrooth,
And angels in pe emperyal heynye on hy,
Sune, mone & sterres pe-vndyr, & sky,
Herbys, trees, stonyys & gresse al-so,
Fysshys & foullys, & al pat longyth to
Eyr, erth & watyr in hys propyr sper,
The fourt element wych clepyd is fer;
And aftyr al pis, porgh pi godnesse,
Man poy formdyest to pi lyknesse,
Indewyng hym wyth natural yftys thre,
As Mynd, Resoun, Wyl, in swych dege

1 H. emends to dystynyt.
2 so H. MS. belene.
3 MS. begynnyn; retained by H.
4 & above the line.
Legendys of Hooly Wummen

But not-for-pan yet wold not he,
So greth to man was hys cheryte,
Wyth lesse raunson mankyn al thre.
Than wyth al pe blood of hys body,
And wyth al pe blood of hys hert eek, wherfore
Al manmys loye uskyst & no more,
Wyth hertly laude & wyth meke preyseynge,
For of our goody pe nou nedyst no thynge,
As Dauid seyth in hys professye.

The author craves the help of Christ, not of the Muse.

The Fall and Redemption.

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The Prologue of Marie Maudelynys lyf

Maria hath these interpretacyouss thre:
Fyrst it betoknyth a byttyr se;
'An illumynere', or ellys 'maad lyht';
And these thre thynys in excellent dege
Thys blysseyd Mary maudeyn had ful rhyt.
And by these thre jynys we vndyrstond moun
ps thre best jynys wych pis mary ches,
As outward penaunces & inward contemplacyoun,
And vpward blys wych neuyr schal ses;
Of wych god seyd wyth-owtyn lees
That pes beeste part to hir ches mary,
Wych euere schal endure & neuere dyscrees,
But wyth hir abdyhion eternally.
The fyrst part wyth hir hyght penytence
Be-cause of pes synne, wych is getynge of blys,
Shal hir be byrefth by no yvolyen;
Ner pes secunde, of contemplacyoun, for pat is
Costunydy wyth heuenely [joy] wych neuere schal mys,
Wherefore it may not sayl in no dege;
Nere pes thrydhe, of heiene, may see I-wys,
For pes mesure here-of is eternetye.
For as-owych pes as pis mary
The best part chees of penaunces dayng,
'A byttyr se' be clepery ryht coneyuntey;
She may, me semyth, for in pat thynge
Greth byttyrnesse she felt whan repentyng
Be-hynde cryst she stood shamefastly,
And wyth pes terys shed in hir wyngyn
Hys feete she wassh ful deouthe.
In pat also pat of inwarde contemplacyoun
The best part she ches in pis lyf here,
To hir longyth pes secunde interpretacyoun,
Wych is to sayn 'an illumynere',
Or 'a yeuer of lyht', in wurdys mere clere;
For in hir contemplacyoun she tok swych lyht
Wyth wych many oon, as ye altyr shul here,
In goostely goodnesse she maad shyn breyth.

1 So H. MS. heuenely wych.
2 wyth in lef margin; position marked in line.