

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

(LE ROMAN DE LA ROSE)



GUILLAUME DE LORRIS

A Translation into English by

A. S. KLINE

With illuminations, courtesy of the British Library, from an edition dated c.1490–c.1500, originating from Bruges, the Netherlands. Prepared for Engelbert II, count of Nassau and Vianden (d. 1504).

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ABOUT THIS WORK



ean de Meung (c1240-c1305) wrote a long continuation (dated to between 1268 and 1285 by internal references) to this, the original *Roman de la Rose*. Jean claimed that it had been conceived by Guillaume de Lorris (c1200?-c1240?) some forty years earlier. Guillaume, it is presumed, came from the village of Lorris, near Orléans, in France; otherwise nothing is known of his life. Clearly he was educated and literate, and therefore likely to have been of the minor aristocracy. He produced in this *Romance* a dream allegory of courtly love, in a poetic, reflective and elegant style, but his world-view is also shrewd, with his reflections on love partly derived from Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*: The Art of Love. Here Guillaume's work is allowed to stand free of the later work, as an epitome of the allegorical style and a fine development of the courtly tradition of 'fin amour'.



CHAPTER I: THE LOVER'S PROLOGUE

*It is the Romance of the Rose
That doth the art of Love enclose.*

MANY men say that in our dreams
There are but lies and idle themes;
And yet a man can dream such dreams
As are not lies, rather, it seems,
Their meaning, later, becomes clear.
We may invoke as witness here,
Macrobius who did not deem
All things mere folly seen in dream,
When he wrote about the vision
That to Scipio was given.
Though whoe'er believes, or says,
That tis mere foolishness, always,
To think such dreams can come to pass,
May call me a poor fool at last,
If he so wish, nonetheless I
Believe a dream may signify
The good or ill that visits men;
For, at night, in sleeping then,
Many do dream much covertly,
That's later seen quite openly.
In my twentieth year of age
When Love, at that early stage,
Exacts its tribute, I, one night,
Laid me down, as any might,
And fell into a slumber deep,
And saw a vision in my sleep,

So lovely that it gave delight.
Yet there was naught in the sight
That failed to prove as true, at last,
As in the dream it came to pass.
Now I would that dream relate,
In rhyme, your hearts so to elate,
As Love begs me, nay commands.
And if any, of me, should demand
What I would name this Romance,
That I commence, and so advance,
It is the Romance of the Rose,
That doth the art of Love enclose.
Tis fine and new, all I conceive,
And may God grant that she receive
This with grace for whom I labour,
For she is so filled with honour,
And so worthy of love, that same,
Rose indeed should be her name.



'The Beginning of the Dream'

CHAPTER I: HE AWAKES WITHIN THE DREAM

I was aware that it was dawn,
Five years ago at least; a morn
In May it was, or so I dreamed;
The time of love, for so it seemed,
The season when all things delight,
Bush and hedgerow shine bright,
With the fresh leaves they display
Thus seeking to adorn the day;
And the trees regain their verdure,
Branches stripped bare by winter;
While the very ground joys too,
Sweetly moistened by the dew,
And all that poverty now gone,
Which it suffered winter long.
Then so proud the earth doth grow
That it would have a fresher robe,
And knows how to form a dress
A hundred pairs of colours bless,
Of grass and flowers, in grey-blue,
Violet, and many another hue;
Such indeed is the robe I mean,
In which the earth would preen.
The little birds which were dumb
While the winter-cold did numb,
In that season, harsh and bitter,
Now, with May's calmer weather,
Show their pure delight in song;
Pleasure in their hearts so strong
They must perforce sing aloud.

Then the nightingale is proud
To sound its notes, and rejoice,
Then the lark will find its voice;
And like the rest, on joy alight.
So too must young folk delight
In pleasure, and prove amorous,
In that season sweet and joyous.
Hard his heart who loves not in May,
When the birds their hearts display
In their sweet and moving song.
In that lovely season among
All things stirred thus by love
I dreamed that night I moved,
For I was aware in my sleep
The world did full morning keep,
And so I had risen from my bed,
Dressed, laved my hands and head,
Drawn a needle of silver, in haste,
From a fine little needle-case,
And threaded the needle, for I
Longed from the town to fly,
To hear the little birds singing,
Setting all the branches ringing,
In the freshness of the season.
So I stitched my sleeves in fashion,
And went wandering, quite alone,
Listening to the sweet birds' tone,
For they full-throated so did sing,
Among the gardens flourishing.

CHAPTER I: HE FOLLOWS THE RIVER

JOYFUL, happy, with ne'er a sigh,
I turned towards the river, for I
Heard it murmuring quite near;
And I knew of naught so dear
Than the joy beside that stream,
Which descended, in my dream,
Deep and wide, from out the fell,
As clear and cold as from a well,
And noisy as a fountain; and then,
Twas little smaller than the Seine,
But spread more widely in its flow.
Not one so lovely did I know;
It filled my heart with delight
To gaze upon so sweet a sight,
So fine its course, so fair the place.
As I refreshed and cleansed my face,
In that clear and shining water,
I saw that all its bed, the deeper
Part, was cleanly paved with gravel.
The meadow, fair, wide and level,
Spread right to the river's border.
Clear and pure, was the weather
And the morning, mild and fine.
So I walked; the path all mine,
Wandering along, downstream,
Following the bank, in my dream.

CHAPTER II: THE GARDEN, AND THE IMAGES ON ITS WALL

*Here doth the Lover recall
A set of images on the wall,
Of the garden, which he saw;
And is pleased again to draw
Their figures; and how they appear,
And their names you will hear.
The figure he is first to name,
Is Hatred then, the very same.*

AS I advanced, the stream beside,
I found a garden, long and wide,
Closed by a wall, strong and tall.
Sculpted and painted on it all,
Many a portrait did it bless;
These portraits and images,
I most willingly did admire;
And I will tell to you, entire,
Of these portraits all the semblance,
As they come to my remembrance.

CHAPTER II: HATRED

NOW in their midst, Hatred I saw,
Who seemed as one that, before
All others, stirs anger and strife;
Wrathful and quarrelsome in life,
Full of malice toward each thing,
Was her portrait, in its seeming.
Nor was she in a pleasing state,
But like one ever-enraged, irate,
Frowning and sullen was her face,
The nose squat; all without grace,
Wrapped in a foul cloth was she,
That clung to her most hideously.



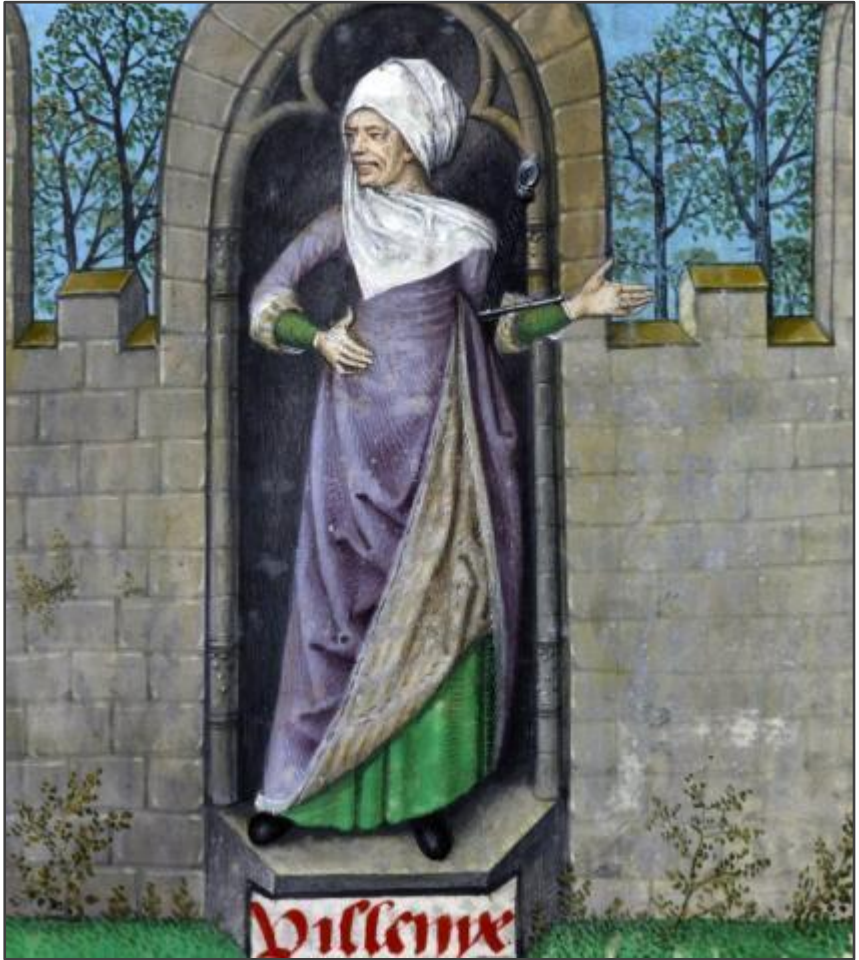
'Hatred'

CHAPTER II: FELONY AND VILLAINY

ANOTHER form, of the same height,
I saw there, to Hatred's right;
By her head, her name I did see,
And she was entitled Felony;
While on Hatred's left, I saw,
Villainy made one portrait more,
Of the same aspect as those two,
And full as hideous to the view,
The same foul, repugnant nature;
She seemed indeed an ill creature,
Poisonous, spiteful, and malicious,
Ever slanderous, ever vicious;
And whoe'er such forms had made,
He knew well the artist's trade,
For she seemed a villainous thing,
Full of rancour, and ill-speaking,
A woman indeed who little knew
Of honour, where honour was due.



'Felonny'



'Villainy'

CHAPTER II: COVETOUSNESS

NEXT was shown Covetousness,
She who tempts men to possess;
Forever to take, and never give;
Gain wealth, but neglect to live.
Tis she who presses, with usury,
Many a man; her desire, you see,
To win, gain, and heap together.
Tis she who doth robbers gather,
And incites those rascals to crime,
Such that to their sorrow, in time,
Many then, for their sins, will hang.
Tis she who seeks, without a pang,
Others' goods, through thievery,
Fraud, miscounting, and deceit.
Tis she who stirs false litigation,
And every form of vile vexation,
Until, like lambs to the slaughter,
Sees the heirs, a son, a daughter,
Forced to court, in a lost cause.
Curved, and hooked like claws,
Were the hands of this image,
As is but right; for in a rage,
Is Covetousness to acquire.
Covetousness has no desire
But to take what others own,
Holding such things dear, alone.



'Covetousness'

CHAPTER II: AVARICE

ANOTHER image I did address,
Seated there, by Covetousness;
Avarice was she named, and she
Was ill-formed, all foul and ugly,
An image of leanness, yet alive;
Though she was green as any chive,
For so unhealthy was her colour,
She appeared half-dead of languor,
A thing reduced to skin and bone,
As if she'd lived on bread alone,
Bread that tasted harsh and bitter.
As well as being thin and meagre,
A threadbare coat did she have on,
That oft among the dogs had gone,
Old and tattered, shabby, poor;
Both behind her and before
For every patch, there was a hole;
Beside her hung, upon a pole,
Set nearby, all torn and thin,
A mantle made of gabardine,
Without a trace of ermine there,
Lined with black; a poor affair
Of lamb's wool, coarse and heavy;
Her dress was old, a good twenty
Years, at least, for Avarice
Is ever slow to change her dress;
And heavy upon her it did fall
That she must wear a dress at all;
When twas worn and old, that dress,

Avarice would know great distress
Before she'd have another made,
And her new dress was displayed.
Avarice was holding in her hand
A purse, which, you'll understand,
Was half-concealed, knotted tight,
So that twas long before she might
Draw aught at all from it, for she
Has naught to do with such, you see;
And would regard it as a curse
To take a penny from that purse.



'Avarice'

CHAPTER II: ENVY

NOW Envy was the next portrayed.
Who never laughed in all her days,
Nor e'er enjoyed a single thing
Unless she heard that it did bring
Some poor creature to their knees;
Nor is there anything doth please
Her like ills, and misadventure,
And when she sees discomfiture
Fall upon some noble creature,
From it she derives much pleasure.
She rejoices with all her heart
When some great house falls apart,
And sinks from honour to shame.
And then, if any man wins fame,
If he doth sense or prowess boast,
Tis the thing that wounds her most.
For, know that it doth suit her best
To be angered by others' success.
Envy's so filled with cruelty,
That she doth bear no loyalty,
To company, or companion,
Nor kin however close, for none
But ever remains her enemy.
No good doth she wish to any,
Not even her father, or her mother,
But know that she yet doth suffer
A heavy cost for her ill intent,
For she endures much torment
If men do good deeds, for she

Doth well-nigh melt with anxiety;
Her wicked heart tears her in two,
Thus God and men take vengeance too.
Envy lives not one hour, again
Without blaming blameless men,
And I believe that if she knew
Of the noblest man, fine and true,
This side, or that side, of the sea,
He would yet know her enmity.
And if he were so free of blame
That she could not that man defame,
Nor rob him of the world's esteem,
She would still long to demean
Him, his prowess and his honour,
And by her words him dishonour.
And I saw Envy, as portrayed,
Her own sad ugliness displayed;
And naught there is she doth view
Except obliquely, and untrue;
Tis an ill habit she doth show,
For she cannot, you must know,
Gaze at a person true and plain,
But shuts one eye in pure disdain,
For she burns and melts fiercely,
When anyone that she doth see,
Is noble, fair, or courteous
Or is loved or praised by us.



'Envy'

CHAPTER II: SORROW

BY Envy, and not far from her,
Sorrow was portrayed, her colour
Seemed to show that, in her heart,
Some great sadness worked its art.
She was tainted, as if by jaundice,
For it seemed that even Avarice
Was not so gaunt and colourless.
Twas all the trouble and distress,
And the weight of sore dismay,
That she suffered night and day,
Had turned her yellow and stale,
Rendering her so thin and pale.
None born knew such suffering,
Nor was such pain in anything,
As seemed thus to arise in her.
I think none could devise for her
Aught that might give her pleasure;
Indeed, she appeared to treasure
The sorrow dwelling in her heart,
Nor, for aught, from it would part.
Her heart was in too great annoy,
And buried in the depths all joy.
She was shown in deep mourning;
All unable to keep from tearing
At her face, her clothes no less;
With her hands she'd ripped her dress,
Like one consumed by dismay;
Her hair too fell in disarray,
Where she'd torn at it wildly,

And down her neck it fell free,
Tangled by her behind, before,
In discontent, and blind furore.
And know that she wept profusely;
None is so hard-hearted, truly,
That they would not, on seeing her,
Have pitied how she did suffer,
How at herself she struck and tore,
Beat at her flesh till it was sore.
Much was she bent on stirring grief,
This poor wretch, of joy the thief,
Who took no interest in pleasure,
Nor kiss or embrace would treasure;
For one who has a grieving heart,
Knows, in truth, they lack the art
For dancing or for carolling;
Nor can one who sorrows bring
Themselves to caper joyfully,
For grief and joy are contraries.



'Sorrow'

CHAPTER II: AGE

NEXT was Old Age pictured there,
Now shrunken by a foot, I swear,
From the height she used to be;
So old and withered now was she
She could scarce feed herself at all,
Her beauty wasted and, in its fall,
A thing of ugliness she'd become,
Worn and lined, scarred and numb.
Her hair was now as white, I'd say,
As if it had been decked with may.
No great loss were it if she'd died,
Nor a great wrong, for age had dried
Her flesh, left her but skin and bone;
Now was her face that of the crone,
Wrinkled o'er and withered where
It had once shown smooth and fair.
Her ears were mossy; to her cost,
All her teeth were long time lost,
Such that not one tooth remained.
Of such great age she complained,
That without her stick she'd never
Totter twenty feet together.
Time that runs, by night and day,
Without a pause, without a stay;
Who quits us all so secretly,
To steal away, it seems, that he
Remains in place, and yet he goes,
And never finds the least repose,
And still doth never cease to fly;

So none can say, and nor can I,
When the present moment is;
For not the wisest clerk there is
Can, in thought, seize it at last,
Before three others have gone past;
Time, who can thus linger never,
But goes, returning not, forever,
Like water flowing, running on,
Ascending not once it has gone;
Time before which nothing stands,
Not steel, nor any work of hands,
For it wastes all, doth all consume;
Time that doth new forms assume,
And nourishes, and raises all,
And then consumes it in its fall;
Time that aged our ancestors,
That ages king and emperors,
And will now age us all as well,
Unless our life death doth expel;
Time, with the power, we are aware,
To age all folk, had so aged her,
And cruelly, that, it seemed to me,
She could not help herself, but she
Lapsed to second childhood, there,
For she'd no more strength, I swear,
Than a child of two, nor the sense
That it doth own, in its innocence.
Yet nonetheless it seemed to me
She had been wise, and most nobly
Made when she was in her prime;
Yet was no longer wise; for time
Had robbed her now of her reason.
She was well-clothed, for the season,
As I recall, with a fur-lined coat,

Against the cold, from feet to throat.
Old people shun the cold, you know,
Since tis their nature to feel it so.



'Old Age'

CHAPTER II: HYPOCRISY

NEXT there was an image traced,
That false religion there embraced,
The figure's name, Hypocrisy.
Tis she that, in deep secrecy,
When no man is watching, still
Ne'er hesitates to work her ill.
Without, she's modest and humble,
Her aspect both quiet and simple,
And she seems a saintly creature;
Yet there's no wickedness in nature
She does not think on in her heart.
Here she was captured well, in art,
Which was made in her semblance;
She seemed of humble countenance,
And she was both clothed and shod
As one who'd given herself to God.
And in her hand she held a psalter,
And know that she, before the altar,
Rendered up many a false prayer,
And called on all the saints there.
She sought not pleasure and content,
But rather did appear intent
On performing good works entire,
A hair-shirt showing her desire.
And know she was not fat indeed,
It seemed she fasted, by the Creed.
Her colour too was deathly pale.
The gate to Paradise she shall fail
To win and all her ilk, for they

The Gospel says, who do betray
Their faces, and render them thin
And pale for praise, commit a sin,
And all for some slight vainglory,
That God will judge but transitory.

CHAPTER II: POVERTY

THE last I saw was Poverty,
And not a single coin had she,
To buy a piece of rope to hang her;
Nor could sell the robe about her,
She was near naked as a worm;
If the season had taken a turn
For the worse, she'd have died of cold.
She'd but a sack, both thin and old,
Full of patches, a mantle and coat,
Likewise patched and patched about,
And nothing else had she to wear,
But leisure enough to shiver there.
She was a little apart from the rest,
And like a dog in the corner, at best,
Crouching there, and cowering,
For, where'er it may be, anything
That's poor is forever despised.
Cursed be the hour that was devised
In which the poor man was conceived!
His hunger ne'er shall be relieved,
Nor shall he be clothed and shod,
Loved, or nurtured, except by God.



'Poverty'

CHAPTER II: HE SEEKS A WAY INTO THE GARDEN

ALL these images I gazed at near,
For, as I have described them here,
They were done in azure and gold,
Painted along the wall, full bold.
High was the wall itself and square,
In lieu of a hedge, enclosing there
A garden, where no shepherd came
With his flock to mar the same.
This garden was set in a fair place.
Any who'd led me within, apace,
By means of a ladder or a stair,
Had known fair thanks, I declare.
For never such joy or such delight
Saw any man, I'll answer quite,
As in that garden he might see.
That place of winged minstrelsy,
Was not some poor barren niche;
Ne'er was there any place so rich
In trees, so full of birds in song;
Three times as many were among
The branches as in all of France.
Fair harmonies they did advance;
So sweet their singing in the air,
That all the world in it should share.
And for my part I so joyed to hear
Their lovely song anoint my ear,
I'd not have ta'en a heap of gold,
To turn away from that sweet fold,
An if the way had been open wide,

To view, praise God, the birds inside,
That sang there, so melodiously,
And in such a charmed assembly,
The dance of love, in all its notes,
Prettily, from their sweet throats.
Hearing their harmonious singing,
I was almost mad with longing
Wondering what device or art
Might serve to penetrate its heart.
But nowhere could I find a place
Of entry, not one single trace;
For, know, I nowise knew, I say,
Of an opening, or passage-way
Through which I readily might go;
Nor was there any there to show
The means, for I was all alone,
Much distressed, and did groan;
Till I bethought me there was no
Fair garden made in this world so,
Without a door, to pass thereby,
Or opening, or ladder on high.
So I then advanced in haste
Making a compass of the place,
All about the square enclosure,
Until I found a fair embrasure,
A little gate, narrow and tight.
It was there alone a man might
Enter, so I knocked loudly there,
For I saw no other way to fare.

CHAPTER III: LADY IDLENESS

*Here Lady Idleness, however,
Opens the door to the Lover.*

I'D knock awhile and hammer there,
And then I'd listen out with care,
For any sound, such was my scheme.
Then the gate, which was hornbeam,
Was opened by a noble lady,
She both courteous and lovely.
Her hair was of a copper shade,
Skin tender as a bird, the maid,
Arched eyebrows, shining brow,
The space between her eyes, I vow,
Not short but full wide in measure;
Her fine straight nose, a treasure;
Brighter than a hawk's her eyes,
To rouse pure envy in the unwise;
Her breath was savoury and sweet;
And red and white did both compete,
In her face; slender mouth, not thin;
And there was a dimple in her chin;
Hers was a well-proportioned neck,
As fine and slender as is correct,
Without a blemish, unmarred its stem,
Nowhere, from here to Jerusalem,
Lived a woman with a neck so fine;
Softly and smoothly, it did shine.
Her throat and breast were as white
As snow that on the branch alights,

When tis new-fallen and undimmed.
Her body was well-made, and slim;
You would not find, not anywhere,
A woman with a form so fair.
She'd a chaplet inlaid with gold;
There was never a girl, all told,
More elegant, or better arrayed,
For me to describe that maid,
Would take a lifetime, I know;
And then she was robed just so.
Above the gold inlaid chaplet
A chaplet too of roses was set.
In her hand she held a mirror.
A rich headband she did favour
Binding the tresses of her hair,
Tightly, her tresses fine and fair.
Her sleeves were tightly laced and she
Wore pure white gloves to keep
Her white hands from the burning sun.
Her coat, cord-stitched, was done
In a rich green cloth of Ghent.
It seemed then that, to all intent,
She had but little work to do,
For when she'd combed her hair through,
Adorned herself, and made all neat,
Her day's task was quite complete.
Hers was fine weather, ever May,
Without sad sighing or dismay;
Naught troubled her, except to be
Attired most nobly and graciously.

CHAPTER III: THE GARDEN OF PLEASURE

ONCE this most-gracious lady
Had opened then the door for me,
I thanked her kindly and did demand
Her name; she answered my command,
Politely, for she was not haughty,
Nor any disdain showed for me,
But spoke to me with fair address:
Saying: 'I am called Idleness,
By all those who chance to know me;
I am a rich and powerful lady.
I have a pleasant time always,
For I think of naught for days
But to seek out joy and content
And make my coiffure elegant:
When I'm adorned, and am neat,
My day's task is quite complete.
I am the intimate acquaintance
Of Pleasure, that elegant man,
Who is the owner of this garden.
He from the land of the Saracen,
Had the trees brought to this place,
And planted throughout the space.
When the trees were fully grown,
Pleasure had the high wall thrown
About them and outside the glade
Had all those images portrayed
You may have chanced to view, which far
Less elegant and charming are,
But rather sad and dolorous,

As you have seen, most unlike us.
Many a time thus, seeking leisure
To this cool shade comes Pleasure,
And of his followers no small few,
Who live in joy and comfort too.
He is within somewhere, no doubt,
The song-thrush carols hereabout;
He doth his ears perchance regale
With the singing of the nightingale.
Here he finds delight and solace,
With his people; a finer place
And a better spot for joyful play
He would not find, for many a day.
And all the fairest folk, you know,
You might seek, where'er you go,
Are the companions of Pleasure,
Who leads and guides them at his leisure.'



'The Garden of Pleasure'

CHAPTER III: HE ENTERS THE GARDEN

WHEN Idleness had told me all
She wished, and I had heard it all,
I spoke thus: 'Lady Idleness,
Leave off all doubt, for I confess,
If Pleasure, the noble and the fair,
Is in company with his folk there,
Within the garden, that gathering,
I'd not fail, if I could, of joining,
For I must view it, or feel annoy,
To see it, I my thoughts employ,
For lovely is that company,
And wise and full of courtesy.'

CHAPTER III: THE CHOIR OF BIRDS

NOT one word further did I say,
But into the garden, straight away,
I went, by the door that Idleness
Had opened; full of happiness,
Joy, delight, at what met my eyes;
For it seemed an earthly Paradise,
So delectable was all that place.
I felt it was by the spirits graced;
And, so I deemed, not anywhere
Could there be a Paradise so fair
To wander in, on this earth below,
As that garden that pleased me so.
There were singing birds aplenty,
Gathered there beyond its entry.
In one place were nightingales,
Starlings and jays in other vales,
Elsewhere were crowds above,
Of warblers and of turtledoves,
The goldfinch, and the swallow,
The robin and the wren below.
Calandra larks were massed there,
Weary of singing through the air,
Despite themselves, on the wing;
The blackbird flew, the redwing,
And the thrush, seeking to outdo
The other birds with its song too.
I heard the sparrows singing there,
And many a bird that, in the air,
And in the glades and groves around

Joyed in its harmonious sound.
A sweet service they performed,
Those birds, the choir they formed,
For they sang songs so beautiful
They seemed angelic, spiritual.
Know, in truth, as I did employ
My hearing so, I filled with joy,
The melodies, so sweet, so clear,
Ne'er heard before by mortal ear.
It seemed, so beautiful, so sweet,
Twas more than birdsong, complete;
Rather one might the song compare
To Sirens singing through sea-air,
Whose sighs, serene as that same,
Gave them Sirens for their name.
They were intent upon their song,
Those birds, ne'er a note fell wrong,
For they were skilful thus, and wise;
Hearing those creatures of the skies,
Seeing the green leaves all around,
I was right joyful at the sound,
Such that there was none who knew
Such delight, for I filled anew,
With joy, in the air's sweet balm,
So delectable that garden's charm.
And then I saw how Idleness
Had served me well, so to bless
And set me there in such delight;
My love was due to her, of right,
Opening the door, that I might be,
Of that green branched garden free.

CHAPTER III: PLEASURE AND HIS COMPANY

NOW shall I tell of this affair,
As best I can, what I did there.
First of what Pleasure performed,
And of the company he'd formed;
Not making of it too long a tale,
Yet the true manner, I shall regale
You with, of the garden; moreover,
Putting the whole thing in order,
Not speaking it all in one wise,
So that none here may criticise.
A fine service, sweet and charming,
Those birds flew about performing,
Fine love lays, and elegant songs,
And each in its own pleasant tongue,
One singing high, and another low,
Nor did I scorn to listen below.
The sweetness and the melody
Saw my heart lost to reverie.
But after a while there listening,
I could not refrain from seeking
As to where Pleasure might be,
For I had a great longing to see
All his diversions and his being.
So I turned to the right, straying,
Along a path, well-nigh a tunnel,
Full of the scent of mint and fennel,
And there with Pleasure, I did meet,
For I entered into a quiet retreat,
Where he was on leisure intent,

Spending his time in sweet content;
And a host of folk with him, so fair
That I knew not, seeing them there,
Whence folk so lovely might arise,
For indeed it seemed, to my eyes,
They were winged angels, in verity,
And no man born ere saw such beauty.

CHAPTER IV: JOY

*Here the Lover speaks of Joy;
She is a lady, who doth employ
Herself, willingly, in the dance,
And here a carole doth advance.*

THESE folk, of whom I do tell,
Were all dancing, in a circle,
And a lady sang to the same,
And Joy, in truth, was her name:
She sang right well and pleasantly,
And none sang more agreeably,
Or more sweetly, to her refrain.
She knew all that art, twas plain;
She had a voice, pure and clear,
One never unpleasing to the ear.
And she well knew how to wheel
In true enjoyment, raise her heel.
She was the first, in every court,
To start a song, as custom sought;
For singing was the thing you see,
That she would do most willingly.
And you'd have seen that company
Sing the carole and dance daintily,
And with many a dance-step pass,
And many a turn, on the green grass.
The flute-players, you'd have seen,
Jongleurs and minstrels too, I wean.
One played a song with a refrain,
Another a sweet air from Lorraine,

For in Lorraine they have more airs,
Than realms greater than is theirs.
And there were tumblers, girls too,
Leaping about, and jugglers who
Struck and sounded the tambourine,
Hurled it high, and then were seen
To catch it, as it did downward sail,
In their strong fingers, without fail.
Two young maids, both elegant,
Pleasure guided in the dance,
In short dresses, upon that spot,
With hair all braided in a knot;
But tis in vain to speak of how
Elegantly they danced, I vow.
One, she advanced most prettily,
Toward the other, then she and she,
Nearing, almost seemed to touch
Their lips together, and kiss as such.
They knew the art of dancing well;
While I know not how of it to tell.
Yet I would ne'er leave them though,
As long as I might watch them so;
Those folk so lively in the dance,
Who in their carole did advance.



'Dancing'

CHAPTER V: THE CAROLE OR ROUND-DANCE

*Here the Lover tells the manner
Of the carole, danced together,
And how he met with Courtesy,
Who addressed him, amorously;
Revealing all the countenance,
Of those people, and their dance.*

GAZING on, I stood there, still,
Watching all this carole until,
I was noticed by a noble lady,
And her name it was Courtesy,
The most worthy and debonair;
Whom may God keep in His care!
Then Courtesy called out to me:
'Fair friend, what is this I see?
Come to me now,' said Courtesy,
'And join the carole, tis my plea.'
So without an instant's delay
I joined the carole, and away
I was swept, amongst the dancers,
Making not the worst of prancers.
And know then that I was pleased
When Courtesy my arm did seize,
And made me join the carole there,
For I was longing, if I'd but dared,
To join the carole, show my paces.
And now I looked upon the faces,
The forms and fashions all around,
The expressions and manners found
Among the dancers on that floor,
And I shall tell you all I saw.

CHAPTER V: THE FIGURE OF PLEASURE

PLEASURE was fine, tall and straight,
Ne'er, in this world, at any rate,
Shall you find a more handsome man.
His face was like an apple, not wan,
Scarlet and white its hue combined;
Elegance, beauty in him refined.
Bright his eyes, the lips noble;
The nose well-formed, agreeable;
The hair that fell in curls, was blonde;
The shoulders both broad and strong;
Yet he was narrow about the waist,
So well-formed, so full of grace,
So elegant he seemed a creature
Much like a piece of portraiture;
And yet vigorous too, and lively,
A more agile man you'll not see.
He'd neither beard nor moustache,
Except of the palest down a dash,
For he was but a youth, I swear,
Yet a rich samite did he wear,
All decorated with beaten gold,
And little birds adorned each fold.
His dress indeed thus ornamented,
Slashed, or cut away, presented
The tailor's art in its every line.
And his shoes too were most fine,
Low in cut, and skilfully laced.
And his lover, of her good grace,
Had a crown of roses made, you see,
Which became him wondrously.

CHAPTER V: THE FIGURE OF JOY

DO you know who was his lover?
Joy, who hated him not, moreover;
The lovely girl, the sweet singer,
Whom Pleasure held by a finger,
Who at only seven had given her
Promise he should be her lover.
She held him in the same way too,
In the dance; well-suited those two,
He was handsome, and she was fair.
She seemed a new-blown rose there
In colour, with her skin so tender,
Only a little thorn would rend her.
Her forehead was gleaming white,
For smooth it showed in the light.
Her eyebrows were arched, brown,
Her eyes bright, and such joy found
Within them, they danced awhile,
Before her lips did chance to smile.
Of her nose, what shall I tell you?
None of wax was ever more true.
A tiny mouth she had moreover,
Twas ever ready to kiss her lover.
Her hair was blonde, and it shone.
What more should I say thereon?
She was lovely, and well-dressed,
Golden thread adorned every tress;
A new chaplet embroidered in gold,
Had she, and twenty-nine, all told,
Have I seen, but never, of that ilk,

Saw one so finely worked in silk.
All richly clothed was her body,
In samite, all worked similarly;
Pleasure was likewise endowed,
A favour of which she was proud.



'The God of Love'

CHAPTER VI: THE GOD OF LOVE

*Here are those beauties expressed,
In which the God of Love is dressed.*

ON the other side, and close to her,
Was the God of Love, who doth confer
Love-gifts according to his desire;
He governs lovers; all that choir.
He it is humbles human pride,
When he finds us haughty inside,
Reduces lords to common men,
And ladies to mere maids again.
The God of Love in his bearing
Was no boy, but older-seeming;
His beauty great; as to his dress,
I fear that I may be hard pressed
To describe his robe for, I recall,
His clothes were not silk at all,
Rather he wore a robe of florets,
Of love-gifts, fair mignonettes,
With lozenges, and little shields,
Lion-cubs, beasts of the fields,
Leopards, and little birds there,
Scattered about it everywhere,
Worked too with many flowers
In a sweet diversity of colours.
Flowers of many kinds did I see,
And all were placed most skilfully.
No flower in summertime is born
But did that robe of his adorn,
As broom, sweet-violet, periwinkle,

In yellow, purple, white did twinkle,
And mingled there, on every side,
Rose-petals too, long and wide.
He wore a rose-chaplet on his hair,
But the nightingales circling there,
As they flew above and around,
Scattered the petals on the ground.
He was surrounded by the birds,
Finches, calandra-larks I heard,
Warblers, and he, so beautiful,
Seemed as if he were an Angel
And had descended from the sky.
Amor had a young man close by,
Who was ever beside that same,
And Sweet-Glances was his name.
He guarded, as the dance did flow,
The God of Love's two Turkish bows.
One is made of wood from a tree
Whose fruit tastes bitter; I did see
It was all knots and burls below,
And above, was that savage bow,
And it was as black as mulberry.
Such was the first that I did see;
The other, long, of noble fashion
Was in some smooth wood done,
Well-made, and well-presented,
And it was finely ornamented,
Fair ladies on it were portrayed,
And elegant young men, inlaid.
These two bows Sweet-Glances kept,
While his master nobly stepped,
And ten arrows too he clasped.
In his right hand five he grasped,
And every nock and every flight
Was well-made, and set aright;

And each was painted all in gold.
Strong and sharp, the points told,
Piercing deep, and nor were they
Of iron or steel, for in that array
The tips were solid gold; the rest
Painted to suit, feathers of the best,
Truest shafts, but those bare points
Barbed for those whom Love anoints.



'Love's Five Golden Arrows'

CHAPTER VI: LOVE'S FIVE GOLDEN ARROWS

OF those the fairest and the best,
The swiftest, and the loveliest,
The finest feathered of those same,
That shaft has Beauty for its name.
That which most wounds the sense,
I think it is called Innocence.
Another Openness they call,
And that shaft was feathered all
With valour and with courtesy.
The fourth is Close-Company,
A shaft so heavy in its flight
It may not far from home alight,
But whoe'er fires it with near aim,
May, in truth, great damage claim.
The fifth is named Fair-Seeming;
Though less harmful, in its gleaming,
Many a deep wound it doth deal;
Yet good grace its wounds reveal,
For good may come of all that ill,
And so fair health may be restored,
And through it sorrow may be cured.

CHAPTER VI: LOVE'S FIVE BLACK ARROWS

FIVE shafts there were in other guise,
Ugly as aught one could devise,
Their shafts, and their tips as well,
Black as any demon from hell.
The first arrow was named Pride;
The second with it, close allied
And worth no more, was Villainy,
And that vile arrow by felony
Was all empoisoned, and tainted;
Shame the third, blackly painted;
And the fourth, Despair its name,
Inconstancy, ne'er twice the same,
Was the last of the five; they strike
Those five shafts, that seem alike,
In like manner, and they all seem
Well-suited in their hellish theme
To the most hideous of the bows,
Its knots and burls, those arrows.
Yet those five too are necessary
For their true power is contrary
To the other five, all in their fall.
But not as yet shall I tell you all
Of their power and their strength.
Though I will tell you, at length,
The truth, and their significance,
Nor shall forget; in my romance,
With their meaning I shall regale
You all, ere I do end my tale.

CHAPTER VI: THE FIGURE OF BEAUTY

NOW to my theme I shall return,
Of the noble folk you must learn,
All their manners in the dances,
Their aspects and countenances.
The God of Love was in company
With a lady of rare nobility,
And she danced beside him ably,
And her name, it too was Beauty;
Like that one of the five shafts she
Owned many a goodly quality.
Not black-haired, nor dark-eyed,
She was fair as the moon, beside
Which the distant stars that tremble
Seem each like a little candle;
Her flesh was tender as the dew;
As innocent as a bride and true,
White as a lily-flower was she;
Her face it was clear, elegantly
Smooth, and straight, and thin,
No rouge or painting did it dim;
Of adornment she'd no need,
No decoration there, indeed;
Her tresses blonde, and so long
They fell her dancing feet among.
Nose, eyes, mouth all made with art;
Great sweetness doth touch my heart,
God save me, when I remember
The fashion of her every member,
And none in all the world so fair;

Young and blonde and, I declare,
Neat and graceful, frank and teasing,
Slender but firm, noble yet pleasing.

CHAPTER VII: THE FIGURE OF WEALTH

*Here of Wealth he speaks freely;
A lady of high nobility,
But of such great magnificence,
None is welcome in her presence
If he is poor, but is driven away,
And held less dear, in every way.*

WEALTH was there, beside Beauty;
A lady she, of great dignity,
Of high worth, and grand affairs.
Whoe'er thus to trouble her dares,
Or hers, by any word or deed,
Must prove a brave man indeed;
For she can hurt or help alway.
Tis not some truth of yesterday,
That great riches wield great power;
They harm or hinder us this hour.
The humblest and the greatest pay
Their respects to Wealth alway.
All there did hope to serve her,
Out of longing for her favour.
Each one named her as his lady,
And each feared her, for, you see,
The whole world was in her power.
To her court came, every hour,
The flatterers, traitors, envious,
All those who prove so studious
In belittling and casting blame
On those who may win love's flame.

Before them, they bestow praise
On those they flatter always,
Anointing all folk with words;
But, behind their backs, are heard
To pierce their victims to the bone,
For they denigrate the good; alone
Descrying all those that they praise,
And turning praise thus to dispraise.
Flatterers, behind their flattery,
Have denounced a goodly many,
And their honour held as naught;
For they drive many from court,
Who should be right welcome there.
May ills befall them unaware,
Those flatterers filled with envy,
For none love them, who are worthy!
Wealth in a purple robe was dressed;
Don't think me easily impressed,
If I tell you truly, and I do swear,
That you would not find anywhere
One so costly or fine; each fold,
There was embroidered with gold,
The history of dukes and kings
All pictured there in its windings.
Its collar too, was a fine thing,
With a band of gold enamelling,
Richly edged, and know that there
Were gems scattered everywhere,
Precious jewels, in great plenty,
Glittering there most brilliantly.
And Wealth wore a costly cincture,
Atop the purple robe about her;
Its buckle was formed of a stone
For great power and virtue known,

For whoever that buckle wore
Feared foul poisons nevermore.
None could poison the wearer;
So twas cherished; to the bearer
It was worth far more, that stone,
Than all the gold found in Rome.
The clasp it was a gem, opaque,
A stone that cured the toothache,
And possessed so great a power
That one who viewed it for an hour
Could from seeing it, when young,
Receive its benefit lifelong.
The studs were of refined gold,
That adorned the robe, the mould
They were cast in, large, did grant
Each the full weight of a bezant.
Wealth upon her forehead wore
A chaplet of gold, and no more
Lovely a one had ere been seen;
In purest gold the work did gleam;
He would prove a fine narrator too
Who could describe the gems to you,
Set there, for none on this earth
Could determine their true worth.
Of all the stones set in that gold,
Of which there were a host all told,
Rubies, sapphires, zircons, of rate,
And emeralds ten carats in weight,
The garnet, in front, with great art,
Set there, so clear that at its heart
It glowed, did truly shine so bright
That now, toward the fall of night,
At need, the brilliance that it shed
Would light the way a league ahead.

Such brightness issued from the stone
That Wealth shone radiantly, I own,
Light falling on her head and face,
And all about her, in that place.
Wealth held a young man by the hand,
Of great beauty, you understand,
And her true lover, in verity;
He liked fine lodgings, certainly,
And in them he did much delight,
He was well-shod and clothed aright,
And had good mounts at his command;
A youth then who would rather stand
Accused of murder, at high table,
Than keep a poor horse in his stable.
Thus did he value his acquaintance
With Wealth, and her benevolence,
For every day twas his intent
To spend, and that to great extent,
And Wealth it was that had the power
To suffer his spending, and his dower,
Indeed, was wealth that flowed as free
As if twas poured from some granary.

CHAPTER VII: THE FIGURE OF GENEROSITY

NEXT there came Generosity,
Well-versed in such, assuredly;
She did honours and gifts assign,
And was of Alexander's line;
And ne'er such joy I do believe
Had she, as in crying: 'Receive!'
That vile wretch Avarice was not
As intent on keeping all she got,
As Generosity was in giving.
And God granted her a living
So great that she knew not how
To dispense all He did allow.
Much was she esteemed and praised,
The foolish and wise hers always
For she knew how to give to all,
Rich and poor, great and small.
If any showed hatred toward her,
She would on them her gifts confer,
Until such service made them friends;
Thus towards her ever tends
The love of the rich and the poor.
A miser on high is the more
A fool, for there's no greater vice
In a great man than Avarice!
For such a man cannot conquer
Lordships or lands, for he'll never
Win friends in such fair quantity
As shall do his will, faithfully.
And he who would have good friends,

Must not take, to achieve his ends,
But acquire good friends by giving;
For in the same way as by drawing
Iron to itself a strong loadstone
Shows subtle power, so tis known
Silver and gold poured forth again
Do ever draw the hearts of men.
Generosity wore a robe
Of Saracen purple, and showed
A visage well-made and lovely,
Though all of her neck was free,
For she'd a fine gift presented,
On the spot, her necklace granted,
Not long since, to a fair lady.
Yet that suited her not badly,
For, her collar being open,
Her throat, now free of that token,
Did, against her chemise, bright,
Show her skin smooth and white.
Generosity, the wise and worthy,
Held the hand of a knight, and he
Was of the line of good King Arthur,
King of Britain, once the bearer
Of the banner of Valour, the ensign,
Who yet with such fame doth shine
That of his deeds they give account
Still, at the courts of king and count.
Now this knight he had recently
Come hither from some fair tourney.
Where he had sought, for his lover,
Many a joust, and had, moreover,
Pierced many a war-shield through,
And shorn many a helm in two,
And many a knight felled, at length,
And taken, by courage and strength.



'Generosity and Avarice'

CHAPTER VII: THE FIGURE OF OPENNESS

AFTER all these came Openness,
Not dark in colouring but blessed
With skin that was as white as snow;
Not from Orléans a nose made so,
For her nose was long and straight;
Bright laughing eyes, I here relate,
Arched eye-brows, long blonde hair;
As innocent as a dove, I'd swear;
Her heart was sweet, full of kindness
She'd not have dared to say, much less
To do, anything she should not;
And if she'd known a man whose lot
Was to be tormented by love,
She'd have shown him pity, moved
By a heart so full of mercy,
Such sweetness and kindness, that she
Feared, lest if any ill occur
To one needing aid from her,
She might commit some villainy.
A smock she wore, yet certainly
There was naught there to embarrass;
None so rich as far as Arras.
It was so elegant and neat
There was not a fold or pleat,
That was not truly blessed.
Openness was thus well-dressed
For no dress is as lovely
As a smock on a fair lady.
A woman always looks her best

In a plain smock, not a dress;
Hers was pure white, thus she
Portrayed innocence most sweetly,
And that she was frank and true.
And a young man stood there too,
Side by side, with Openness,
Though his name I could not guess,
Yet he was as handsome as one
Who was the lord of Windsor's son.

CHAPTER VIII: THE FIGURE OF COURTESY

*The author speaks of Courtesy,
Blessed by all, courteous is she,
And she is praised by everyone;
All must love Courtesy bar none.*

NEXT to appear was Courtesy
Who was esteemed wondrously;
Devoid of pride or foolishness,
It was she, of her graciousness,
Who summoned me to the dance,
Before any, when I did advance.
Not precious, nor immoderate,
But reasonable, and temperate,
And of fair speech and fair reply,
So none was injured thereby,
Was she; and of all rancour free.
As bright as the moon was she,
Compared to all the stars nearby
Which seem but candles in the sky.
Amiable was she, and charming,
I know no woman so pleasing;
Worthy to be empress or queen,
Of any court that there has been.
She held the hand of a fair knight,
Easy to know, of speech polite,
Who knew how to do one honour;
A knight noble, of good favour,
And skilful in arms, moreover,
And truly loved by his lover.

Lovely Idleness came after,
Of whom I shall speak no further
For I have told you without fail
All that her manner did entail;
She held herself close beside me;
Indeed, twas she who'd blessed me
By opening the gate, that hour,
Of this fair garden, all in flower.

CHAPTER IX: THE FIGURE OF YOUTH

*The last he describes is Youth,
Naïve and garrulous, in truth.*

THE last, I recall, who sought a place,
Was Youth, with clear and shining face;
And she, as yet, was not much more
Than twelve years old, for so I saw.
She was innocent, and had naught
Of ill, or falseness, in her thought,
And she was happy, blithe and gay,
For the young trouble not, we say,
Except to gambol, and seek delight.
Her lover there did hold her tight,
In such a guise, he gave her a kiss
Whene'er, it seems, he might wish,
In plain sight of all the dancers,
Regardless too of what the others
Might say; they knew no shame,
Rather they kissed just the same
As will a pair of turtledoves.
The lad was young as was his love,
Handsome, and of like spirit to
His sweetheart, as bright and new.
Thus they danced the carole there,
All these people, and all those fair
Folk within their households too.
Altogether frank, open, and true,
And full accomplished were they,
All dancing on, as one, that day.

CHAPTER X: THE LOVER IS PURSUED BY THE GOD OF LOVE

*How, following the God of Love,
He doth through the garden move,
Until at that point he doth arrive
When Love takes up his arrows five.*

WHEN I had viewed the countenances
Of all those who led the dances,
I was filled with longing to go
And wander in the gardens, so
As to see the fair cedar trees,
The laurels, pines and mulberries.
The dancing had come to an end,
For most now, with a fair friend,
Had gone seeking for the shade,
To joust and play in some sweet glade.
Lord, what a fine life they did see!
A fool is he who doth not agree
That he who such a life may know,
All other good may well forego,
For there's no greater paradise
Than to love as our hearts devise.
So I wandered from that place
And went the fair delights to trace
Of all that garden, here and there.
Now did the God of Love decide
To call Sweet-Glances to his side,
No more caring to have him hold
The golden bow, for now he told
Him to string the bow, without delay.

Sweet-Glances did so, straight away,
Bending the bow as was commanded;
Then to the God of Love he handed
The bow, and his five arrows, to suit,
Strong and sharp, and ready to shoot.
The God thus, at a distance, planned
To follow me onward, bow in hand.
From mortal wound the Lord guard me!
For if he seeks to fire at me,
He may wound me grievously.
Yet ignorant of all, view me,
Wandering through the garden so,
While the God of Love doth follow;
And he would not rest in any place
While I was wandering all that space.

CHAPTER X: THE LOVER EXPLORES THE GARDEN

THE garden, within its compass,
Held a square of trees and grass,
For it was long as it was wide.
No fruit tree did it lack inside,
Unless that tree was ugly too;
Of each, there was one or two;
Or more yet, the garden over.
There were trees I remember,
That bore pomegranate fruit,
Which doth ill folks' diet suit.
Of nut trees there were a host,
That in due season did boast
Of fruit such as nutmegs, neither
Flavourless are they, nor bitter.
And almond trees were planted
In that garden, while it granted
Many a fig, and many a date.
At need, one might cull a weight
Of many a good spice there too,
Cloves indeed, and liquorice root,
Peppery grains of paradise,
Anise, zedoary, cinnamon spice.
And many another that delights,
Or after dinner sets us to rights.
Domestic fruits, they were there,
Ripe peaches, and apple, and pear;
Quince, and chestnut, met the sight,
Medlars, and plums black and white,
Wondrous bright scarlet cherries,

Hazels, sorbs and service-berries.
In all that garden, in serried lines,
There grew fine laurels and tall pines,
And cypresses, and olive trees,
Things that here one rarely sees.
There was many a branched elm,
Beech and hornbeam, in that realm,
Aspens, ash, and upright hazels,
Fir-trees, oaks, and lofty maples.
What more shall I tell you of?
They were so various, above,
One would the mind encumber
Seeking to count all their number.
Yet know that those trees were spaced,
Most carefully, and evenly placed,
Set far from each other were they,
Full thirty or forty feet each way.
Then, the branches were long and tall,
To shade them where the sun did fall,
For they were dense and high above,
So that the sunlight might not prove
Too hot upon the earth below,
Nor the grass, there, fail to grow.
Fallow and roe-deer grazed here,
And many a squirrel did appear,
Clambering, among the trees;
Rabbits too, they took their ease
About their burrows all the day,
For they find thirty ways to play,
Scampering wildly as they pass,
All about the fresh green grass.
Clear founts there were in places,
Free of frogs or insects, spaces
Where the tall trees cast a shade;

I know not how many displayed.
In streams that Pleasure had made,
By little channels there conveyed,
The water ran down, ever-present,
Making a sound sweet and pleasant.
Along the banks, beside the gleam
Of each clear and lively stream
The grasses grew, fresh and trim;
There was a couch for her and him,
As soft as a bed, and quite discreet;
For all the turf was soft and sweet,
Since the founts had moistened all,
And yet the grass grew not too tall.
But what most embellished it there,
Was that it owned a perpetual air
Of giving forth abundant flowers
In summer, and in winter hours.
There were violets, fresh and new
Periwinkles, full many the blue
Flowers; others scarlet or white,
Or bright yellow, to give delight.
All the ground there was elegant,
Painted, adorned with every plant;
Many a flower in diverse colours,
Giving forth the sweetest odours.
I'll not hold you, with a long tale
Regarding that delectable dale;
And it is time to cease, moreover,
For I indeed could ne'er tell over,
All of that garden's loveliness,
And its endless delightfulness;
Yet I wandered to left and right,
Searched the garden, and had sight
Of all its condition, and nature.

And the God of Love came after,
And all the while, observing me,
Like the hunter, behind the tree,
Who waits till the quarry is still,
Then bends his bow, for the kill.
At last, traversing a grassy plot,
Arriving there, at a sweet spot,
Neath a pine, I found a fountain.
Not since Charlemagne, Pepin's son,
Was so lovely a pine-tree seen;
It had grown so tall and green,
That none there could finer be.
And Nature, with great artistry,
Had set the fount beneath the pine
In a marble block, pure and fine,
And on the stone had inscribed,
Along the edge of the upper side,
In little letters: Where doth lie
This fount, did fair Narcissus die.

CHAPTER XI: THE TALE OF NARCISSUS

*Here is Narcissus' tale conceived,
Who was surprised and deceived;
With his reflection, he fell in love,
Gazing down at it, from above,
In the fountain, pure and clear.
So grievous was this love, I fear,
That in the end Narcissus died,
In those waters, the pine beside.*

NARCISSUS he was young and fair,
And Love he caught him in his snare.
And Love so knew how to torment,
And make him to weep and lament,
He was forced to render up his soul.
Lady Echo upon him her whole
Heart had set, and loved him more
Than any born, yet he did ignore
Her love always, till she did cry
That if he'd love her not, she'd die.
Yet, because of his great beauty
And his great pride, disdainfully,
He refused to grant her his love;
One no tears or prayers could move.
When she heard that he refused her,
She was filled with grief and anger,
And held the youth in such despite,
That she died ere the evening light.
But she requested, as she sighed
And prayed to God before she died,

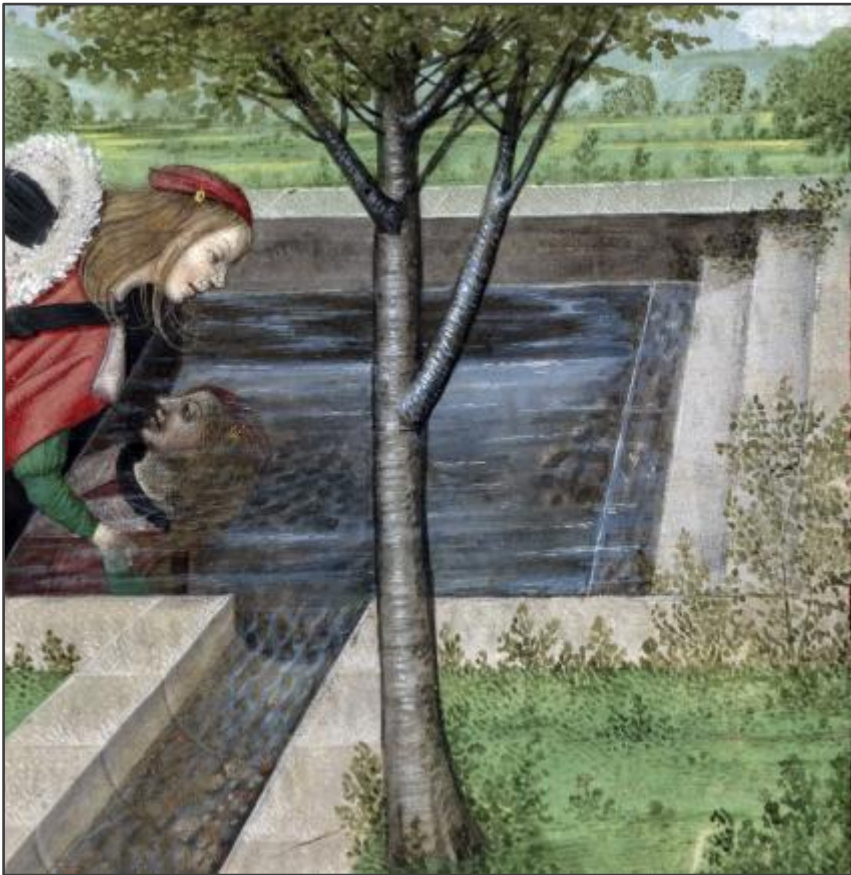
That Narcissus, with heart of stone,
Who wished to live and die alone,
Might one day by love be stricken,
Be scorched, and burned, and so sicken
He could expect from it no joy.
For thus might he suffer, that boy,
The grief that faithful lovers hide,
Who are thus, cruelly denied.
Her prayer was true and devout,
And so the Lord brought it about,
That when Narcissus did, by chance,
Towards that clear fount advance
Beneath the shadow of the pine,
And from the hunt did so resign,
For he had suffered great travail
While chasing over hill and dale,
Then the thirst he felt was great,
From the heat that did not abate,
And from the depth of weariness
That left the youth all out of breath.
Seeing the fount beneath the pine,
He thought beside it to recline,
And, seeking then to drink, he lay
Above the pool, and sipped away.

CHAPTER XII: NARCISSUS FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIS OWN REFLECTION

*How Narcissus his own self eyed
In the fountain, and so sighed
With love, that his soul parted
From his body, ere he departed.*

SEEING his own face, gazing near,
His nose and mouth, sharp and clear,
All struck with wonder, I believe,
For his reflection did so deceive,
He thought he saw there the figure
Of a youth lovely beyond measure.
Then Love saw how to take revenge,
And that great pride he did avenge
Once shown to him by Narcissus,
Who indeed was rewarded thus:
He gazed so long in the fountain
He fell in love with his reflection,
And died of love there, in the end,
For to that outcome all did tend.
When he saw he could not attain
All that his heart did seek to gain,
And that he was so seized by fate
His discomfort did not abate,
At all, but grew yet more intense;
Distress robbed him of all sense,
And he died thus in a little while.
Thus, through the girl he did revile,
Whose fair love he disdained all,
True retribution on him did fall.
Ladies too, learn of this example,

Who toward your loves prove cruel,
For if you let your lovers die,
God will repay you thus, say I.



'Narcissus'

CHAPTER XII: THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

WHEN the inscription had made clear
That twas indeed the fountain, here,
Of Narcissus, that lovely youth,
I drew back a little, in truth,
Fearing its depths to contemplate,
Remembering Narcissus' fate,
Who had met with sad mischance,
Nor dared therein to cast my glance.
But then I thought that I might still
Venture there without harm or ill,
And that my fear was foolishness,
And I might gaze without distress.
So I drew nearer to the fountain,
And when I was close to it again,
I lowered myself to see the water
As it flowed and, seeming brighter
Than pure silver, the gravel below.
It is the fount of all founts, know;
In all the world none's more fair,
The water newest, freshest there;
That, night and day, doth never sleep,
But flows from out two caverns deep.
All around it the turf grows shorter,
Yet close and dense, near the water,
And all the winter it doth not die,
Nor doth the water e'er run dry.
In the depths of the fount I saw
Twin crystals that paved its floor,
Which I gazed upon intently.

And one thing I will tell swiftly,
That to you may wondrous appear,
I believe, when the truth you hear:
When the sun, that gazes on all,
Sees his rays in the fountain fall,
And the light descend full clear,
More than a hundred hues appear
In those crystals, for with each ray
Reds, yellows and blues they display.
These crystals are so marvellous,
Such is their power, so wondrous,
Trees, and flowers, and whatever
Adorns the garden, appear in order.
To help you better understand
Take an example close to hand;
Just as a bright mirror will show
All things nearby, exactly so,
Clear to see, and every colour,
And displays all their true figure,
So then, doth the crystal, complete,
Show to the eye, without deceit,
All the garden, and all its ways,
To those who in the water gaze.
For always, whene'er they choose,
Half of the garden meets their view,
And if they look from the other side
The other half may then be spied.
There is nothing there so small
And intricate, nor wide, nor tall,
That its details are not displayed,
As if in the crystal there portrayed.

CHAPTER XII: THE PERILOUS MIRROR

IT is the Mirror Perilous,
Wherein gazed the proud Narcissus.
His own bright eyes and face he eyed;
Therein he looked, and of it died.
Who gaze long at themselves there
Are cured by no physician's care,
For what their eyes do there approve
Soon sets them on the path of love.
Many a brave man's brought to grief
By this mirror, for, tis my belief,
The deepest, wisest in their thought,
May here be surprised and caught.
From it do folk become deranged;
For here people's hearts are changed,
Here sense and measure have no place,
Here is but willingness to embrace,
Here is scant counsel granted us;
For Cupido, the son of Venus,
Scattered the seeds of Love here,
Freely, about the fountain clear,
And stretched his nets all around,
And set his snares over that ground,
To trap young women and young men,
For Love desires no prey but them.
Because of the seed that was sown,
By this name is the fountain known:
The Fountain of Love; and several
Have spoken of it, as I recall,
In other places, in books and tales,

But ne'er will your ears be regaled,
More surely concerning this matter,
Till with the truth your ears I flatter.

CHAPTER XII: THE LOVER ADMIRES THE ROSE BUSHES

THERE did I wish but to remain,
Beside the fountain, and again
Gaze at its crystal floor that showed
A thousand things that sweetly glowed;
Yet, in a harsh hour, my Self, saw I.
Alas, how oft since have I sighed!
That mirror it hath me deceived.
If I had known, and had believed,
What power it had, and what virtue,
I would ne'er have sought to view
Its depths; for into that snare I fell,
Where many another's caught as well.
Among the thousand things I saw
Were rosebushes that roses bore,
All in a detour, that wound away;
A hedge did closely them embay.
Now I was seized by longing, so
That I would not have ceased to go
Where they were massed for Pavia,
Or Paris, for these proved lovelier.
When that madness had taken me,
In a snare from which few go free,
And those rosebushes did appear,
Then, you must know, as I drew near,
That their perfume, the sweet excess,
Entering me, did my core possess,
No less than if I'd been embalmed.
And had I not feared being harmed,
I would have culled a single rose

To savour the odour that arose;
And hold it in my hand, to scent,
But was fearful I might repent
Of the act, and rouse the master
Of that garden to sudden anger.
Mounds of roses mounted on high,
None lovelier beneath the sky;
There were buds, small and tight,
And others swelling to the sight,
And those that were of greater size,
Almost in season, to my eyes;
They were preparing to be born,
Nor should such be met with scorn.
For roses open, and spread away,
Culled, are blown within a day,
While the buds remain quite fresh,
For two days or three, no less.
These buds all pleased me greatly,
No other place saw I such beauty,
He who to such a one might cling,
He would possess a precious thing;
If a garland of them I might own,
I would then naught else bemoan.
The loveliest of the buds I chose;
Beside which, amongst all those,
None was so beautiful, or prized
So greatly, it seemed, to my eyes;
For twas lit by a colour, was mine,
Of a crimson, as deep and fine,
As ever Nature could create.
And of leaves, in pairs, eight
Nature's art had made appear,
Set all about there, tier on tier.
Straight as a sapling was the stem,

And the bud sat atop, unbent,
Not inclined towards the ground,
And all its odour spread around;
For the sweetness that lay within,
All of the garden there did win.
Once I breathed the perfume more,
I had no power then to withdraw,
And might have essayed, and won it,
If I'd dared set my hand upon it.
But piercing thorns, as I did stray,
With wicked points, kept me away,
Spines, both trenchant and acute,
And nettles too, all barbed to suit,
Prevented my approach, for I,
Feared some vile injury thereby.



'The God of Love Fires Four Arrows'

CHAPTER XIII: THE GOD OF LOVE FIRES FOUR ARROWS

*The author tells of how Amor
Doth strike the Lover, and all for
The flowers in the garden planted,
All for the one bud he had scented,
And had thought to wander near,
That he might cull the rose, I fear,
But yet had dared not to advance;
Now Amor pins him at a glance.*

THE God of Love, who, with drawn bow,
Had followed me the whole day, so
He might keep me within his glance,
Beside a fig tree, took his stance.
And when he perceived that I
Had chosen what, to my eye,
Seemed the bud that pleased me more
Than any of the rest I saw,
He swiftly took up an arrow,
And to his ear drew his bow
Once the string was in the nock,
That bow of wondrous stock,
And in such manner he let fly,
That it pierced me through the eye,
With such force it reached my heart.
And then, within a chill did start,
Such that I know many a frisson,
Though clad in warmest pelisson.
Once its target that shaft had found,
I swiftly tumbled to the ground,

My heart betraying me, full soon;
And lay a long while in a swoon.
When from my faint I rose anew,
And had my sense and reason too,
I was yet weak, for I understood
I must have shed a deal of blood;
But the arrow, most wondrously,
Drew no blood when it pierced me,
The wound indeed was quite dry;
So, in my two hands, then did I
Take the shaft and begin to pull,
And, as I did so, sighed in full,
And tugged so hard that at last
I drew forth the feathered shaft.
But the barbed tip, that very same
That had Beauty for its fair name,
Was so lodged within my heart
It could be drawn forth by no art;
And the steel remained within,
And yet no blood from me did win.
I was in great anguish and pain,
For a double danger did remain,
I knew not what to say or do,
Or how to seek a doctor who
Might heal me, for no medicine,
Herb, or root, heals that hurt within.
But now towards the bud my heart
Drew me, wished for no other part,
For, if I had held it in my power,
It would have cured me that hour;
Even the sight and scent alone
Soothed me to the very bone.
So I began to advance my feet
Toward the bud that smelled so sweet,

But Love of another shaft took hold,
A further sharp arrow of gold,
Innocence its name, the second
Shaft that has made many a one
In this world here, fall in love.
And so when Love saw me move,
Without warning, he fired his shaft,
Of neither iron nor steel that haft,
Through my eye into my heart,
One that none born, by any art,
May dislodge, I think, from there.
I tried to draw the shaft, with care,
Yet without any joy, that same
Point within did yet remain.
Know that, in truth if I before
Felt desire for that bud, far more
Was the longing that I felt now.
As my pain grew greater, I allow
My longing too with it did grow,
Always to move towards it so,
The fairest of all those rosettes,
Its perfume sweeter than violets:
Far better if I'd gone far away,
Yet I could not refuse, I say,
Whate'er my heart did thus demand.
I must go where it did command
Perforce, where it aspired to be;
But the archer who strove mightily
To wound me, through his diligence,
Allowed it not, without offence.
For now, to madden me further
He planted a third shaft deeper.
That arrow was named Fair-Seeming,
The wound wider, pain streaming

Through my heart; and I fell swiftly,
Into a swoon, by an olive tree.
I lay a long while in that trance,
And when at last I could advance
My thought, forth the shaft I pried,
That had lodged deep in my side;
Yet failed to free the point anew,
No matter what I sought to do.

CHAPTER XIII: THE LOVER IS WOUNDED DEEPLY

THERE I sat, with all my being
Sore distressed, in silence musing.
Much my wound tormented me,
Urging me now to rise and see
The bud that had pleased me so.
But that archer, with savage bow,
Presented a fourth shaft, no less,
The one that is called Openness.
At that, my fear showed complete,
For the scalded must fear the heat.
Yet necessity's a powerful thing,
If I had seen the heavens opening,
Stones, cross-bow bolts, pell-mell,
Like hail fall from the sky as well,
Then I must still have taken wing,
For Love, that exceeds all things,
Gave me thus the strength to stand,
And perform what he did command.
I rose to my feet, and I did seek,
As a wounded man, frail and weak,
With painful effort, to march ahead,
(All fear of that archer had I shed)
Toward the rose-bush where my heart
Drew me, but there lay many a dart,
Thorn and bramble, I had no power
To pass the barbs, and reach the flower,
That I might thus its bud attain;
Near the hedge then must I remain,
Which ran beside the roses there,

Blessed with thorns too, everywhere.
Yet it was a joy, and I held it dear
To smell the perfume, for I was near,
And it was a great delight to me,
All without hindrance I could see.
And my reward was thus so great
That I forgot my sorrowful state,
Healed and comforted by such joy,
Naught more pleasing, sans alloy,
Than to rest there, in that fair place,
And never seek to lose such grace.

**CHAPTER XIII: LOVE FIRES THE FIFTH, AND LAST,
GOLDEN ARROW**

WHEN I had rested there awhile,
The God of Love who, with guile,
Had pierced my heart, as was his aim,
Made fresh assault upon the same,
And, to my discomfort, shot a dart,
That made a new wound in my heart,
A fresh one, there beneath my breast,
So adding its hurt to all the rest.
That dart was named Close-Company,
And there is none that so swiftly
Conquers a lad, or a young lady.
Then fierce pain, renewing in me
Straight away, from that fell blow,
I swooned, full three times in a row.
When I revived, I moaned and sighed,
For the anguish grew such inside,
Worsening so, the pain and grief,
My hope failed of cure, or relief.
Rather than live I hoped to die,
For, I believed that, by and by,
Love must make a martyr of me;
No other path could set me free.
Yet, of the shafts that he had fired,
Was one, most prized, it transpired,
That is of greatest worth, I vow,
Fair-Seeming, that will not allow
The stricken Lover to repent
Of serving Love, despite torment.
It has a keen point for piercing,

Razor-sharp as steel that thing,
But Love doth, about the point,
Spread an ointment and so anoint
The tip, it harms not too greatly;
For Love did not wish to slay me.
Rather he wished for my relief,
Through the great virtue, in brief,
The unguent had, to deal comfort.
Love himself, by his own effort,
Made it to comfort every lover;
Thus from their ills they recover.
Love had fired that arrow at me,
And wounded my heart deeply,
But the salve spreading through
All my wounds, rendered anew
The heart that had failed me so,
For I'd have died, in truth, I know,
Without that salve; I hold it dear.
I had drawn the shaft full clear,
Yet the gleaming tip did remain,
Purest gold, both bane and gain;
Thus five points were buried deep,
That the heart was forced to keep.
Though I valued the salve highly,
Yet the wound still hurt me sorely,
So that the pain and the dolour
Had both altered my true colour.
The dart had this strange property,
It brought bitter and sweet to me,
Indeed I felt, and so understood,
How it harmed yet brought me good,
Anguish it bore; yet, I do assert,
That the salve assuaged my hurt.
One part soothes, the other brings pain;
And thus it harms, yet cures again.

CHAPTER XIV: LOVE CONQUERS THE LOVER

*How that Love, without more ado,
Hastened, the lover to subdue,
Crying he must now surrender
And himself a captive render.*

AND now, straight way, toward me
The God of Love hastened swiftly,
And, as he hastened, he called out:
‘Vassal, you’re taken, and without
Hope of defence now, or escape;
Mistrust not; surrender to fate,
Render yourself, and willingly;
The sooner mercy you will see.
He is a fool who shows mistrust
Towards a person whom he must
Flatter, and beg for mercy rather;
For you cannot resist me, farther,
And I would have you know, beside,
You’ll gain naught from folly or pride.
Rather surrender yourself to me
As I do wish, and do so swiftly,
And in peace, and full willingly.’
And I replied to him, most simply:
‘Willingly, Sire, I do now yield;
Against you I’ll not take the field;
And, please God, may I never dream,
Of resisting you, for that would seem
Neither right, nor reasonable!
You may do with me, as you will;

Hang me, or slay me another way,
I know I cannot change this day;
For now my life is in your hand,
If tis not your will, I understand,
I'll not live the morrow to view;
For health and joy I wait on you,
For I shall have them of no other.
If your hand, that doth deliver
All my wounds, grant not the cure;
If you'd make me your captive or
Disdain to do so; I shall not count
It as deceit, nor let anger mount.
For I've heard so much good of you,
Such fine things, and of such virtue,
That I would give, and do promise
My body and soul, in your service.
And if I do grant all you ask for,
Naught shall I complain of more.
I will believe that tis my fate
To receive the mercy I await,
And, in that trust, I surrender.'
With these words I bent lower
Wishing to kiss his foot, but he
Took me by the hand graciously,
And said: 'I esteem you greatly,
For the way you've answered me,
No fool or peasant answers so;
And yet you shall gain by it though,
For I wish, tis to your advantage,
That you sweetly do me homage.
And you may kiss me on the lips,
There where ne'er a peasant sips;
For I allow no butcher or tanner
To touch me in such a manner.

He must be frank and courteous
Any man that doth serve me thus.
Though to serve me is painful too
And burdensome, yet I do you
Great honour; you should delight
In serving such a master aright,
A lord who is of such renown;
For Love, that wears the crown,
Doth bear the banner of Courtesy,
And his manner is, as you see,
So sweet, so gentle and so free,
That whoever is sworn to be
His servant, and do him honour,
In them none shall e'er discover
Aught of cruel thoughts, or errors,
Or folk's thousand ill endeavours.



'Love Conquers the Lover'

**CHAPTER XV: THE LOVER PAYS HOMAGE TO
THE GOD OF LOVE**

*How after such sweet language,
The Lover paid humble homage,
To one who had been deceived;
Which the God of Love received.*

CLASPING hands, I became his man,
And you may imagine, if you can,
How I felt when his lips met mine,
A gift that granted joy sublime.
Then he asked sureties of me.
'Friend, I have, from others,' said he,
'Many a time, homage received,
Only to find myself deceived.
Those villains, full of falsity,
Have, many a time, cheated me,
Of whom many a complaint I hear;
They know, if such comes to my ear,
That, if I have them in my power
I'll sell them most dearly that hour.
Now, I would wish, as I love you,
To be more certain of you too,
Thus I wish to bind you to me,
So that you may not go free
Of your promise and covenant,
Nor prove in aught, recalcitrant.
Twould be a sin to cheat me so,
Since loyalty you seem to show.
'Sire,' I said, 'now hear me speak.

I know not, truly, why you seek
A pledge from me, or surety,
You well know that, in verity,
You have so captured my heart,
And so ravished it, by no art,
Could it do a single thing for me
Despite its wish, unless you agree.
This heart is yours, no longer mine,
For good or ill, it must decline
Aught that is not your wish too,
And none can steal it now from you.
You've placed, within, a garrison
That will guard and rule, as one;
Beyond all that, if you mistrust,
Employ a key, which surely must
Act as a pledge that you may bear.'
'Upon my life, now! I do declare,'
Love cried, 'tis sound, and I agree.
He master of that body must be
Who has its heart at his command.
Foolish is one who'd more demand.'



'Love Kisses the Lover'

CHAPTER XVI: LOVE PLACES THE LOVER'S HEART UNDER LOCK AND KEY

*How Amour did, very softly,
Lock the heart, with a little key,
Of the Lover, and in such guise,
As to cause him trouble nowise.*

THEN from his purse he drew a key,
One that was cut, most skilfully,
Which was of pure gold refined,
'Now, with this, as you shall find,
I'll lock your heart; no guarantee
But this, since under lock and key
Are my fair gems, do I require.
This, less than my little finger,
Yet the mistress of my treasure;
And in it doth great power reside.'
And then he touched it to my side,
And he locked my heart, so softly,
That I could barely feel the key.
Thus what he willed I now obeyed.
And once his doubt was allayed:
'Sire,' said I, my desire is great
To do whate'er you may dictate,
But, by the trust that you owe me,
With thanks receive my loyalty;
Tis not some weakness I display,
I fear not your service in any way,
But the servant doth strive in vain
To perform his service, tis plain,

If that service wins no favour
From him for whom he doth labour.⁷
Love replied: 'Be not dismayed.
As you join my company this day,
I, for your service, do you thank;
I'll raise you to the highest rank,
If base acts steal it not from you.
But hope for it not soon; tis true,
Great fortune comes not in an hour;
O'er pain and delay we lack power.
Wait now and suffer the distress
Which pains you, I think, to excess,
For I know well what medicine
Will return you to health again;
If you'll maintain your loyalty
You shall win an unguent of me,
That will heal your wound wholly;
Upon my life, that salve you'll see,
If you serve me with good heart,
And accept, taking in good part,
The orders I give, night and day,
Which I would have lovers obey.'
'Sire,' said I, 'by God's good grace,
Before you seek to leave this place,
Charge me now with your commands,
I'm eager to meet your demands,
For if I learn them not, this day,
Perchance I soon may go astray.
I've a great desire for learning,
Lest I be mistaken in anything.
Love answered me: 'Well said, again.
Now listen to these, and these retain:
For the master wastes all his pains,
When the disciple, whom he trains,

Fails to apply himself, and recall
His words, so as to remember all.⁷
The God of Love then charged me,
Word for word, in their entirety,
As you'll hear, with his commands.
They are explained in this Romance;
And those who'd love let them attend,
For this Romance doth lovers amend.
From now on, they should listen well,
If this tale they'd know how to tell,
For the dream's ending is very fine,
And the matter new, line after line.
Those who hear how this dream ends
I tell you they will learn, my friends,
A great deal about the game of love,
As long as they listen and approve,
While, in the vernacular, I advance
All this fair dream's significance.
The truth which is veiled, all that too,
Will indeed be revealed to you,
As you hear me expound the dream,
That hides no lie within its scheme.

CHAPTER XVII: THE GOD OF LOVE INSTRUCTS THE LOVER

*How the God of Love seeks to teach
The Lover, and to him doth preach,
To keep the rules he doth advance,
And doth pen, in this fine Romance.*

'FIRST of all, tis baseness that I,
Said Love, 'would have you decry;
You must abandon it forever,
If you would wrong me never.
Those who with baseness mate
I curse and excommunicate.
Since baseness makes base men,
Tis right I love it not; again,
Base men are cruel and pitiless;
Blind to service and to kindness.
Next then, keep silence regarding
All you should not be repeating;
There is no virtue, mind, in slander.
Kay, the Seneschal, remember,
Both infamous and hated so
For all his ill-speech long ago.
Gawain, polished and well-taught,
Won great praise at Arthur's court,
For his courtesy, while Sir Kay,
Blamed so for each cruel display
Of insolence and scornfulness,
Spurning others, sought excess.
Be wise then, and approachable,
Soft-spoken too, and reasonable

Toward the humble and the great,
Regardless of their rank and state.
And when you traverse the street,
Make it your custom there to greet
Others first, and if they greet you
Don't keep silence, as many do,
But rather return the greeting
Without more delay, on meeting.
Next, keep yourself from uttering
Ribaldries, and like foul things;
And prevent your lips from opening
Merely to launch what may sting.
I hold him not a courteous child
Who names the ugly and the vile.
Every woman serve and honour,
At that service strive, and labour;
And if some slanderer goes by
Who seeks all women to decry,
Then go shame him into silence.
And, if you can without offence,
Do what pleases all the ladies,
So, amongst the pleasantries,
They hear naught but good of you,
And their esteem you thus win too.
And above all, guard against pride,
If sound understanding is applied,
Then pride is a folly, and a sin;
And he who doth in pride begin
Cannot humble his heart to serve,
Or make entreaties, for, observe,
The proud man does the contrary
To what with true love doth agree.'



'Love Instructs the Lover'

**CHAPTER XVII: HE EXPLAINS HOW THE LOVER
SHOULD BEHAVE**

‘BUT he who would his love enhance,
Conducts himself with elegance;
Without it one who seeks to love
Doth valueless and foolish prove.
For such is not pride in disguise;
Elegance doth enhance the prize,
If a man sets arrogance aside,
And folly, and is void of pride.
So, according to your income,
Dress well, and be shod as one
Who cares for beauty, for, my friend,
Fine clothes improve a man no end:
Give your cloth to one who knows
How to tailor shirts and hose,
And coats and robes, and sew a seam,
And cut your sleeves like a dream.
You should show a fine laced shoe,
Or boot, and always fresh and new.
And make sure they fit you tight,
So fools will wonder every night
How on earth, once you are gone,
You ever get them off and on.
Adorn yourself with gloves, a belt,
A purse of silk; but if your wealth
Is not so great then seek restraint,
Accept the fact, without complaint;
Yet dress as well, in your wooing,
As you can, without courting ruin.

A chaplet of flowers, at little cost;
Of roses, perchance, at Pentecost,
Everyone can seek one of those,
Without great riches, I suppose.
Suffer no dust upon your person,
Clean your hands, and teeth, and none
Of that black neath your fingernails,
Make whatever effort that entails.
Fix your sleeves, comb your hair,
But use no rouge, for I declare
Tis for the ladies, as is a gown,
Or those who garner ill renown,
Because they seek to adventure
And find love of another nature.
Next then, you must remember
Try to maintain the air of ever
Seeking joy, both day and night;
In sad men, Love doth not delight;
Love's a malady most courteous
In which one laughs, plays, and does
Whate'er is needful, for the lover
Feels delight and yet must suffer;
Such are the woes love doth offer,
One hour sweet, another bitter;
The ills of love are outrageous;
Their victim's now delirious,
And tormented, then takes wing,
Now he'll weep, now he'll sing.
So if you know how to create,
Something pleasing at any rate,
Then I command you to do so:
Each must do what he doth know
Suits him best, in every place,
And so win praise, and thanks, and grace.

If you think yourself lively, light,
Don't hesitate to leap in delight.
If you're a horseman, never fail
To spur away o'er hill and dale.
If you know how to break a lance,
Then your fame you may enhance,
If you can wield arms skilfully,
You'll be loved for that quality;
If you've a voice fine and clear
And you're urged to sing, then here
Is your chance, don't shy away,
For a lovely song doth please alway.
Tis very good for a single man
If he plays the viol on demand,
Or the flute, and if he can dance,
For by such means shall he advance.
Don't ever be thought miserly;
That may cause you grief, you see,
For it is rational for the lover
To give more freely than another,
More than the foolish and the base;
No man will ever see Love's face
Who finds no delight in giving.
He who would take pains in loving,
Must guard well against avarice.
For the man who for a pretty face,
Or for a sweet and pleasant smile,
Has given away his heart the while,
After so rich a gift, should surely
Give away his own wealth freely.
Now what I've said I here recall,
So you may remember it all,
But briefly; for a speech that's short
Is easier to retain in thought.

Who wants Love for his master,
Must be courteous thereafter,
Free of pride, elegant to excess,
Joyful, and known for his largesse.'

CHAPTER XVII: THE GOD OF LOVE EXHORTS THE LOVER

‘**NEXT**, while repenting of naught,
Night and day, must all your thought
Fix ever on love, and penitently,
For ever there your thought must be;
As you remember that sweet hour
Whose joy holds you in its power.
And that you may know true Love,
I wish and order you to prove
Your heart is set in a single place,
So that it shows no double face,
But is whole and without deceit;
As I love not division, complete:
For he doth leave but a tiny part
Everywhere, who divides his heart.
That man I’d fearlessly embrace,
Whose whole heart is in one place.
And I wish you to settle it so;
Take good care not to lend it though,
For I hold it a puny thing
To lend it, instead of giving.
No, grant it as a gift, on sight,
And greater merit is yours of right,
The benefit of what is lent
Is soon repaid, a mere quit-rent,
But greater the reward should be
For a gift given wholeheartedly.
Give the gift then full and freely,
And do so right debonairly:
All do hold a thing more dear

For being given with good cheer.
Yet not a fig I'd give, not me,
For what is given reluctantly.'

CHAPTER XVII: HE DESCRIBES THE PAINS OF LOVE

‘NOW, when you’ve given your heart,
As I’ve exhorted, tis but the start
Of those adventures that must occur
Which prove hard for lovers to bear.
Often when you recall your love,
You will be forced to up and move,
And leave the others, and go apart,
So they notice not, for their part,
All the ills that now torment you.
And all alone you’ll wander too;
There shall a host of plaints and sighs,
Frissons, and other ills arise;
Many a torment there, all told;
One moment hot, another cold;
One moment flushed, the next pale;
No ill ever found you more frail,
Quotidian nor quartan fever;
And they’ll seem to last forever,
Loves’ fine sorrows, ere it depart.
Many a time, wandering apart,
You’ll forget yourself, stand mute,
As a statue, fixed there like a root;
Foot nor hand will stir, nor finger,
Nor eye, nor tongue; you’ll linger,
And at the end of it you’ll recover
Your senses, memory, and shiver,
On your return, all gripped by fear,
Like one who feels his end is near;
And from your heart’s depths will sigh,

And know that thus are lovers tried,
And just such ills did them dismay
As those that trouble you today.

CHAPTER XVII: THE LOVED ONE'S ABSENCE

'NEXT, tis right that you remember
How far you are from your lover;
You'll say: "Lord, how sad am I
That I can't go and see her; why
Send my heart, and see her never?
I see her not, yet thought's there ever.
If I might send my feet there
To attend my heart, everywhere,
Yet my eyes keep not company,
What worth do they have to me?
Should they yet remain here so?
No, for they should wish to go
To that sanctuary so precious,
Of which my heart proves desirous.
If my heart reveals such longing,
I prove a sluggard by remaining
So far from my heart; tis folly;
Thus I'm but a fool, God save me!
I'll go now, not leave my heart,
For we'll ne'er be at ease, apart,
And I must have sight of it, I say!"
Then you'll set out on your way,
But progress in such a manner
That your steps will often falter,
And you'll fail oft of your design;
Of what you wish you'll see no sign,
And you must then return again,
At last; sad, pensive, and in pain.
You'll be in deepest misery,

Tormented too, as previously;
Sighs, pangs, frissons, the signs;
Sharper than a hedgehog's spines.
Who knows it not, let him discover
All, by asking some true Lover.
You can never ease your heart,
But must wander there apart,
Attempting to catch perchance,
Of what you long for, a glance.
And if you can, with much pain,
The glimpse that you seek attain,
Then, all intent now on your prize,
On wishing there to feast your eyes,
Such joy in your heart there'll be
From all that beauty you now see,
That from a glance of your eye,
Your heart then will burn and fry;
And as you gaze, you will inspire
A quickening flame, rising higher.
The more one looks upon their love,
The greater then the flames do prove.
This fuel lights, and swells the fire
That makes men feel love and desire.
By custom, each man will pursue
The fire that will burn him through;
And when he feels the flames near by
Then closer to them he will fly;
Sight of his lover is the fire
That makes him burn with desire;
And whenever he draws closer,
The keener then is he to love her,
Go, of wise men and fools enquire:
One burns more, closer to the fire.'

CHAPTER XVII: THE LOVED ONE'S PRESENCE

'AS soon as you can see your love
From her you'll not seek to move;
And when you must part from her,
All day long you will remember,
The sight it is that you received
And you'll count yourself deceived
Most vilely in this one respect,
That you'd not the heart to effect
Speech with her of any note,
For nary a word left your throat,
And you but stood there like a fool.
You'll think you acted like a mule
In not speaking to the beauty, who
Was there, right in front of you;
And vexed indeed you ought to be,
For if you had brought forth only
A pleasant greeting from the lady
A hundred marks then it would be
Worth to you. Then you will take,
To lamenting your sad mistake,
And seek occasion to go again
Along the street, and see her plain
She to whom you dared not speak.
To enter in her house you'll seek
Willingly, if you have the chance.
Tis right that your every advance,
Your coming and going should be
In her fair neighbourhood, but see
That you hide yourself from all,

And seek another reason to call,
Than that which drives you there;
It makes good sense to take care.
If you chance to meet your lover
In a place where you, moreover,
Ought to speak to her, and greet her,
You are bound to lose your colour,
And you'll tremble in every vein;
Sense and speech will fail again,
When you think to commence.
If you can muster enough sense,
Now dare to begin a speech,
That to three words or so might reach;
You'll not have power to utter two,
For such is shame's effect on you.
Never was any so self-possessed,
He failed not to forget the rest,
Unless he were a man of guile.
For false lovers, many a while,
Express themselves without fear
As they wish; there are liars here.
He'll say one thing, think another,
That vile, and traitorous brother.
When you've uttered everything,
Without saying one base thing,
You will think yourself deceived;
For you, tis scarce to be believed,
Forgot all that you sought to say,
And martyrdom is yours that day.
This is the struggle, this the fire,
This the war, of endless desire.
What lovers seek they ne'er attain,
Each day they fail; no peace obtain.
This the battle that ne'er will cease,
Until I choose to seek for peace.'

CHAPTER XVII: THE TORMENTS OF NIGHT

‘THEN as night falls, you will find
A thousand things invade your mind,
As you lie down upon your bed,
With little joy lay down your head;
Rolling to one side then the other,
There you’ll tremble, twitch and shudder,
An hour face up, an hour face down,
There you’ll shiver, shake, and frown,
Striving to sleep, but still awake,
Like a man with a fierce toothache.
Then there arises the remembrance
And the manner, and the semblance,
Of she with whom none can compare.
A wonder I tell you now; for there
Will be times when it seems to you
She’s your lover faithful and true,
And you can see her shining face,
And she all naked in your embrace,
The fair companion, such is plain;
Then you’ll build castles in Spain,
And you’ll delight in naught so much
As fooling yourself that it is such,
In rapturous thought, yet a complete
Farrago of nonsense, and self-deceit.
Illusions like those will never keep;
And then you will begin to weep,
And cry: “Lord, was it but a dream?
Where was I? All this that did seem
More than thought, rose from whence?

I wish indeed it might come hence,
Ten times a day to visit me,
It pleases me, and brings to me,
Great delight and all good fortune.
And yet tis death it flies so soon.
Lord, could it be that I might find,
That place that I do view in mind?
I would wish it, I swear, though I
Were, on attaining it, to die.
Death were naught, it scarce harms,
If I might die in my lover's arms.
Love doth torment and grieve me so,
I oft complain, and lament my woe;
Yet if Love did contrive, however,
That I'd complete joy in my lover,
Twould be worth all my ills. Alas!
Too great a gift then should I ask.
I would not think such a request
A wise one; tis outrageous at best.
He who makes a foolish demand
Should be denied, all understand.
How I dared voice it, I know not;
Many, who more renown have got,
And are worthier, find honour
In winning a lesser favour.
Yet if the fair one deigned in this
To comfort me with a single kiss,
Rich the reward there on offer
For the pain from which I suffer.
A great thing that would be indeed,
I do prove the fool, I must concede,
For setting my heart in such a place
Where I win nor profit nor grace.
And yet I speak like a fool, for sure,

For a glance from her is worth more,
Than all the delights of any other.
Most willingly I'd gaze upon her,
If God would aid me, presently;
Cured the man, who her might see.
Lord! When will the dawn appear?
I've stayed abed too long, I fear:
To linger here I can scarcely bear,
While I lack that for which I care.
To lie here is a wearisome thing,
Neither asleep, am I, nor resting.
It troubles me, much grief have I,
That dawn yet fails to light the sky,
And that the night is not yet past,
With the day, I might rise at last.
For God's sake hasten now, O Sun!
Make no delay, but bring day on;
Banish the darkness and the night,
And its ennui that doth me blight.”

CHAPTER XVII: THE LOVED ONE'S HOUSE

‘THUS with the night you will contend
And scant repose find, in the end;
And if I know love’s ills, beware,
For, when you can no longer bear
To suffer there, awake in your bed,
You will be forced to dress instead,
Don your shoes, and make your way
Even before the light of day,
All in secret, through rain and cold,
To the fair one’s house, brave and bold.
She will be sound asleep, tis true,
Slumbering without a thought of you.
First, to the back door you’ll advance,
To see if it is unlocked, perchance,
Then crouch before it awhile, in vain,
All alone in the wind and rain.
Then to the front door you will go
To search for some slight opening so,
And if you can find a crack below,
A keyhole above it, a low window,
You’ll put your ear to it, and win
To whether they’re asleep within.
If the fair one alone should wake,
This counsel I would have you take,
That you should there lament and sigh,
So that she hears, and knows, thereby,
You’ve fled your bed for love of her.
If she’s kind, on one who doth suffer
Such pain for her, and for love’s sake,

A woman must surely pity take.
And I'll tell you what you must do
All for love of that fair one too,
From whom you cannot win your ease.
Go kiss the portal, if you please,
And since you may not be seen,
Close to the house, or street, I mean,
Take care that you have taken flight
Before the sky is filled with light.
All these comings, and goings too,
Night-watches, and complaints anew,
Make the poor lover waste away
Under his clothing, night and day.
This you'll find, and ne'er deny it;
You'll be forced yourself to try it.
Know that Love leaves, moreover,
On a true lover, nor fat nor colour.
By these signs false lovers may be
Known, who'd seek to trick a lady;
Those who'll claim, so as to flatter,
Food and drink no longer matter.
Yet fatter, I see them, that choir,
Than ever the abbot, or the prior.'

CHAPTER XVII: THE LOVED ONE'S MAID

'NEXT I do command and charge you,
Be generous to her handmaid too;
A garment to that fair servant hand,
So she'll declare you're a fine man.
For you should honour and hold dear,
Your sweetheart, and all those near
Your love that wish her well; so do,
And much good will come to you.
For if those who are close around
Her, tell her that they have found
You to be noble and courteous,
She will prize you twice as much.
Take care not to leave the country,
Or if, through sheer necessity,
You're forced to leave, be sure again,
That your heart doth still remain,
And plan on returning swiftly;
Barely rest, and be back quickly,
Showing that this delay doth part
You from one who has your heart.
Now I've told you in what manner
Lovers my service should deliver,
Do you likewise, if you'd aspire,
To the beauty that you desire.'

CHAPTER XVII: HOW TO ENDURE THE TRIALS OF LOVE: HOPE

WHEN Love had issued his command,
Of him, I then made this demand:
‘Sire, however can a lover
Survive the pains he must suffer,
All these ills you speak of, pray?
For I am fearful of what you say.
How can a man live, and suspire,
In pain, and burned by such a fire?
In sorrow, full of sighs and tears,
In torment thus perchance for years,
Bowed down by care and vigilance,
I marvel, greatly, how any man
Unless he’s made of steel as well,
Could live a month in such a hell.’
The God of Love gave his reply,
And explained all, with a sigh.
‘By my father’s soul, these days,
None gains aught unless he pays;
And then it doth the more entice
If he must pay at a higher price.
With greater gratitude, we boast
Of that for which we suffer most.
Tis true that no woes are greater
Than all those that touch the lover.
One could sooner empty the sea,
Than all the ills of love, there be,
Recount in a romance or a book;
And lovers should live, for, look,
Living is their true occupation;

All flee death, whate'er their station.
He who some dark prison doth keep,
Who doth in filth, with vermin sleep,
With naught to eat but black bread,
He doth not die, for hope, instead,
Comforts him, makes him believe
Good fortune may his state relieve.
And he whom Love doth imprison,
Hopes for health, and a cure; as one,
Whom hope yet brings comfort to;
His heart's desire prompts him, too,
To offer his body to martyrdom.
Hope helps him bear the ills that come,
More ills than we know how to count,
That joy, a hundred times their amount,
Ease at last to the lover shall bring.
Hope doth conquer, through suffering,
And it doth keep the lover alive,
Blessed be Hope, that doth strive
Thus, to advance the lover's cause!
And right to the very end, because,
Hope is courteous, she will not
See a valiant man forgot,
Leave him a moment in duress,
Either in peril, or distress;
E'en to the thief, about to swing,
Ever her mercies she doth bring.
It is she who will sustain you,
And tis she who ne'er will leave you,
Without aiding you, in your need.
To accompany her now, indeed,
Three benefits I'd have you share,
Solace to those caught in my snare.'

**CHAPTER XVII: HOW TO ENDURE THE TRIALS OF LOVE:
SWEET-THOUGHT**

‘THE first good that brings solace to
Those whom the ills of love pursue,
Is Sweet-Thought who doth remind
Them of what Hope brings to mind.
When the lover complains and cries,
And grieves, and as a martyr sighs,
Sweet-Thought will arise anew,
Dispersing anger and torment too;
And in his coming makes the lover
All of that sweet joy remember
That Hope had promised him before,
And now will grant to him, once more,
Laughing eyes and a nose recall,
Not too large, and not too small,
And that fine colouring of the lips
Through which the breath, so fragrant, slips;
Pleasing him when he doth remember
The perfect beauty of each member.
Sweet-Thought goes doubling solace yet;
That smile, that face, he’ll not forget
That she once turned towards him clear,
That, to her true love, made her dear.
So Sweet Thought doth thus assuage,
The sorrow of Love, and all its rage.
This comfort I’d not have you lose,
And if the second you’d refuse,
One no less sweet, as you’ll see,
Most obstructive you would be.’

**CHAPTER XVII: HOW TO ENDURE THE TRIALS OF LOVE:
SWEET-SPEECH**

‘FOR the second good is Sweet-Speech,
Who doth bring succour within reach
Of many a fair youth or lady.
For any who converses daily
About his true love, finds relief.
For this reason, tis my belief,
A lady who loved well did sing
Courteous words anent the thing:
“In a fair school, am I,” sang she,
“When any here doth speak to me
Of my love, for my heart do they
Ease who speak, whate’er they say.”
For about Sweet-Speech she knew
All one may, for she had, tis true,
Proven him, in many a way.
Now would I have you seek, today,
For a wise, discreet companion,
Whom you can tell of your passion,
And reveal to him all your heart.
He will play a most helpful part.
When your ills cause you anguish,
You can go to him for solace.
Of the lady whose appearance
Whose beauty and fair countenance
Stole your heart you’ll converse;
You can your whole state rehearse,
Talking of what goes ill or well,
And so ask of him his counsel;

How you may do some fair thing,
That to your love may be pleasing.
If he's given his own heart truly,
The more worthwhile his company,
He, who proves so much your friend.
Tis reason for him to unbend
Enough to say who she may be,
Her name too, and if young is she.
Nor will you tremble lest he may
Expose you, tempt your love away.
Rather shall loyalty bind you two,
Your faith in him, and his in you.
Know that it is a pleasant thing,
When to some friend you dare bring
Your secrets, and through them sift;
So with great thanks receive the gift,
And when you've tested such aid,
You'll think yourself well repaid.'

**CHAPTER XVII: HOW TO ENDURE THE TRIALS OF LOVE:
SWEET-GLANCES**

‘THE third good is Sweet-Glances, who
Fails when your love is far from you.
Thus I’d advise you to maintain
Closeness to her, so you may gain
The benefit of Sweet-Glances,
Nor lose the solace he advances.
His presence proves delectable,
To lovers, and is quite delightful,
Many a fair encounter they know
The eyes, at morn, when God doth show
To them the precious sanctuary
That they do seek so longingly;
No misfortune should they meet
Whene’er such sights do them greet;
They need fear not rain and wind,
Nor any other troublesome thing;
And when the eyes do thus delight,
Then they are trained so aright,
That they’d not be joyful alone,
But joy in the heart once sown
They assuage the troubles there,
For sight doth play the messenger
Sending to the heart, full swiftly,
News of all things that they see;
And filled with joy the heart then
Must forget all its grief and pain,
And the darkness where it dwells.
For just as light the dark dispels,

And doth drive the shadows away,
So shall Sweet-Glances, on a day,
Light the dark where the heart lies,
That languishes of love, and dies,
Night and day, for it knows no pain
When the eyes find its love again.
Now, have I told you all, I say,
In which I find you gone astray.
For I have related, without defect,
The three benefits that will protect
Lovers, and keep them from dying.
And now you know what will bring
You solace: Hope will flutter about,
And Sweet-Thought too, no doubt,
Sweet-Glances, and Sweet Speech,
And I would now desire that each
Keep close watch over you, until
You shall find more benefits still,
Not less but finer than the three;
Yet accept these, now, from me.'

CHAPTER XVIII: THE GOD OF LOVE LEAVES THE LOVER

*Where the Lover tells how Love
Left him grieving, at his remove.*

AS soon as Love had told me all
His pleasure, I'd scarce time to call
To him, ere he'd vanished away,
Leaving me there in sad dismay;
Where I could see none about me,
And my wounds pained me sorely.
And I, knowing there was no cure
But the rose, on which, as before,
I had set all my hopes, and heart.
No faith had I in aught, apart
From the God of Love, to win her.
Indeed, I knew for truth, rather,
I had no chance of winning her
If Love did not assist the Lover.
The roses were all hedged about;
That hedge close set, to keep all out.
But I'd have willingly passed through
To reach the enclosure, for a view
Of that rosebud, better than balm;
Yet doth the fear of shame alarm
A lover; lest any man supposes,
He might wish to steal the Roses.



'Love Leaves the Lover'

CHAPTER XIX: FAIR-WELCOME

*How Fair-Welcome doth most humbly,
And sweetly, offer the Lover entry
To that place, to view the Roses,
That all his true desire encloses.*



'Fair-Welcome'

AS I shaped an intent, no more,
To pass beyond the hedge, I saw
Advancing straight toward me there
A young man, pleasing and fair,
In whom I found naught to blame;
And Fair-Welcome was his name;
The son of Courtesy, the wise.
He opened a way, in sweet guise,
Past the hedge, right pleasantly,
And then he spoke, most amiably.
'Dear friend, be pleased to advance,
Pass the hedge and, sans hindrance,
Go smell the Roses' fair perfume,
For you may safely now assume
You'll meet no ill or villainy,
If you beware of working folly.
If I may help in any way,
No need to plead with me, just say,
And I am here, at your service,
For I work no deception in this.'
To Fair-Welcome, I then replied:
'Sire, let me say that, on my side,
Your promise I, with thanks, accept;
May it win you grace and respect.
Such kindness is generous in you.
And I'll gladly render service due
In return, and whene'er you please.'
Through the briars and thorny trees
Which in the hedge there did abide,
I made my way to the other side.
Towards that rosebud I strayed
Which the sweetest scent conveyed,
And Fair-Welcome led me there.
I tell you, I thought it most fair

That near to it I might remain,
And so the rosebud might attain.
Fair-Welcome had served me true,
When so close the bud I did view.
But a shameless villain I did spy
A wretch who was resting nearby,
His name, Resistance, the guard
Who others from the roses barred;
Concealed he lies, and so deceives,
Covered over with grass and leaves,
To catch all those that he supposes
Might be trying to reach the Roses.
Nor was that wretched dog alone
For vile companions he did own,
Ill-Talk, that doth foul stories bear,
And Shame too, and Fear, were there.
The worthiest of them was Shame;
Misdeeds was her father's name,
Daughter of wise Reason was she,
If one were thus to relate truly
Her lineage and her parentage.
Misdeeds was so ugly that sage
Reason did never lay with him,
Conceiving Shame on seeing him.
When God formed Shame, Chastity
She who ought to be the lady
Of the Roses, was at the mercy
Of every villain one might see,
And their licentious appetites;
For Venus had her in her sights,
Who, night and day, steals from her
Buds and Roses, both together.
Chastity sought Reason's daughter,
Whilst Venus was attacking her;

And as twas a desperate affair,
Reason wished to grant her prayer,
And in accord with her request
Lent her Shame, pure and honest;
And, to guard the Roses better,
Jealousy sent Fear to join her,
Fear who doth strive mightily
To work the will of Jealousy.
They guard the Roses, so that none
Can carry off, without permission,
A fair Rose, or perchance a bud;
I might have achieved my good,
If I'd not been seen by these four,
For Fair-Welcome had gone before;
Handsome, courteous, he ne'er ceased
Urging me on to whate'er pleased,
Often counselling me to approach,
The rosebud, and then did me coach
To touch the Rosebush that bore it,
And gave me leave to explore it.
As I wished, for such was his belief,
He then cut, for me, a green leaf,
Beside the bud, and he gave it me,
Because twas born nearby, you see.
I thought it elegant, without taint,
And feeling myself well-acquaint
With Fair-Welcome, with this deed,
I thought that I'd arrived indeed.
So I took heart, and boldly now,
I described to Fair Welcome how
Love had caught and wounded me.
'Sire,' I said, 'joy I'll never see,
If it is not through this one thing;
For in my heart I go sorrowing,

With a most grievous malady;
I know not what to say, truly,
For I fear lest I shall anger you;
Better if I were pierced all through,
Cut up, piece by piece, with steel,
Than that you should anger feel.'
'All your desire,' he said, 'tell to me,
For naught that you could say to me,
Could ever, I know, cause me distress.'
Then, said I: 'Sire, Love, in excess,
Doth torment me most grievously.
Tis no lie, Love hath wounded me,
Five arrows into my heart he shot,
And their pain will leave me not,
Unless the rosebud you'll grant me,
That doth own such rare beauty.
It is my death, it is my life,
For I desire naught else, in life.'
Then, anxiously, he drew near,
And said to me: 'Brother, I fear,
You ask for what can never be.
What! Would you dishonour me?
A fool of me you'd have made
If e'er the rosebud you betrayed,
Plucking it from the bush on sight,
For there, by nature, it lives of right.
A villain you are to so demand,
Let it grow, at nature's command.
I'd not have it lost what's more
To the Rose, that the rosebud bore,
For any man; I love it so.'
Now, Resistance, the wretch, did show
Himself, and leapt from where he lay,
Big, with black, bristling hair, did bray,

His eyes as red as embers there,
Flat-nosed, face hideous, from his lair,
Loudly, like a madman, distraught:
‘Fair Welcome, why have you brought
This fellow among the Roses here?
God save me, you’ve done ill, I fear,
For he would seek to dishonour you.
May all be cursed, excepting you,
Who led the wretch to this fair view;
Who serves a villain, is one too.
You think to benefit him, while he
Would but oppose you, shamefully.’

CHAPTER XX: RESISTANCE DRIVES AWAY THE LOVER

*Here Resistance, villainously,
Expels the Lover with ignominy,
And Fair-Welcome with him too,
At which his heart grieves anew.*

‘FLY, you wretch, fly far from here,
If you but hold your sad life dear!
Fair-Welcome fatally misread you,
In taking such pains to serve you.
Since you sought only to deceive,
Ask not that I should now believe
You; for your treason is revealed
That you so carefully concealed.’



'Resistance Expels the Lover'

CHAPTER XXI: THE LOVER FLEES IN HASTE

*Here doth Resistance, the villain,
Drive the Lover from the garden,
With a large club for a guerdon,
Like a madman, or a felon.*

THERE I dared no longer remain,
For that great swarthy wretch again,
Menaced me, launching his attack.
He made me clear the hedge, alack,
In great haste and filled with fear.
He shook his head, looming near,
And said that if I dared return,
He'd surely do me an evil turn.
Fair-Welcome too, then took flight;
Dismayed, I watched him out of sight,
And all ashamed, did now repent
Of telling him all my true intent.
For, all my folly I did remember,
And felt that my every member
Was given o'er to grief and pain
And martyrdom, angered again
At failing the hedge to pass by;
Ill comes to him who love doth try;
Let him not think that he doth know
Anguish, till he has tried love so.
Love was acquitting himself well
Regarding the trouble he did tell
Me of; no heart could ever speak,
Nor the mouth of man, in a week,

One quarter part of my misery,
So great that my heart nigh left me,
When I recalled the Rose, how she
Must now remain so far from me.



'Reason Admonishes the Lover'

CHAPTER XXII: REASON ADMONISHES THE LOVER

*How Reason, whom God doth love,
Descends from her tower above,
To punish and seize the Lover,
For pursuing foolish Love ever.*

I WAS in this state, till, by and by,
I was seen by that lady, on high,
Who keeps a watch from her tower,
And spied me where I did cower:
Reason, such is that lady's name,
Now descended from that same,
And advanced towards me swiftly.
She was not young, and yet she
Was not aged, nor short, nor tall,
Nor fat, nor thin, as I now recall;
But her eyes were bright, in her face,
As if two stars glittered in place,
And on her head she wore a crown;
Thus she appeared of high renown.
By her aspect, and by her eyes,
She seemed one wrought in Paradise.
For Nature surely could not know
How to create a work formed so.
Know, if the letter doth not lie,
That God made her, to the eye,
In His semblance and His image,
And He gave her this advantage,
That she has power such that she
Can protect a man from folly,

So long as he believes in her.
While I did lament and suffer,
Reason began to speak to me:
‘Fair friend, childishness and folly
Bring you but suffering and dismay.
Ill was the hour, of this fair May,
That to your heart such joy conveyed.
And ill when you, in the cool shade
Of the garden, Idleness saw,
Who with her key did ope the door.
A fool is he who knows Idleness,
For her acquaintance is perilous.
She’s betrayed, and has deceived you;
For Love would ne’er have noticed you,
Had she not led you, at her leisure,
Into the fair garden of Pleasure.
If you’ve played the foolish lover,
Do what you can now to recover,
And take good care not to believe
The counsel of folly you’ll receive.
The bravest folly’s self-correction.
If youth commits a foolish action,
One should not wonder too greatly.
Now I would counsel you, directly,
Cease now to remember this love,
That weakens you, and doth prove
A torment that overcomes you,
Else your health will be lost to you;
Nor do I see some other cure,
For fell Resistance makes war
Upon you, and it brings him joy.
Why upon him your wits employ?
And then, Resistance is but tame
Compared to my daughter Shame,

Who guards and defends the Roses,
As one who her will imposes,
And her you should truly fear;
None worse for you could appear.
Ill-Talk accompanies these two,
Who lets none touch; ere they do,
The thing is known in every place.
Harsh folk it is then that you face.
So now consider, carefully too,
Which course tis better to pursue,
Whether to leave off or to follow
That which makes you live in sorrow.
The ill that has Love for a name,
Naught but sheer folly is that same.
Folly! God help me, truth I tell.
The man that loves does nothing well,
In this world wins nary a thing;
The clerk doth forgo his learning;
While he who works another trade,
His efforts scarce will be repaid.
Moreover he suffers more than
A hermit doth, or a Cistercian.
The pain of love is measureless,
Its joy as brief as a caress.
Who finds joy, it doth not endure,
And if he finds it, then tis more
By chance, for many that I see,
Labour hard, yet fail, utterly.
My counsel you did not approve,
By yielding to the God of Love.
Your fickle heart, it seems to me,
Has led you on, and into folly.
Swiftly one enters folly, at will,
To issue forth again needs skill.

Abandon this Love which, I see,
Makes you to live so worthlessly.
For folly will constantly increase,
Unless you choose to have it cease.
Bite on the bit; your heart restrain,
Conquer it now, bring it to rein.
You must resist, now and at length,
The heart's wish with all your strength.
He who yields to his heart's desire,
Cannot escape from folly's mire.'

CHAPTER XXIII: THE LOVER REJECTS REASON'S ADVICE

*The Lover rebuts Reason's claim,
Who on Amor laid all the blame.*

ONCE her whole rebuke I'd heard,
I answered her, with angry word:
'Lady I beg you, most fervently,
To halt your preaching instantly.
You tell me that I should restrain
My heart and Love cease to reign.
Think you that Love will agree
To my curbing, rendering unfree,
That heart which is in his power?
What you say is not in my dower.
Love has subdued my heart until
It proves not subject to my will.
Rather he rules so completely
He has it under lock and key.
Since such is the case, let me be,
For all your French, as you see,
Is idle, and wasted now on me.
I would rather die, fair Reason,
Than Love accuse me of treason,
Or falsity, for I would rather
Be praised or blamed hereafter,
For having loved well; and any,
Who rebuke me thus, annoy me.'
Reason had left, seeing, perforce,
Words could not turn me from my course.
Sad and angry, I did there remain,

And oft did weep and oft complain,
Finding no aid, in my mischance.
Till there rose to my remembrance,
Love's command that I should seek
Some person to whom I might speak
And tell them all within my thought.
He'd ease my torment; such I sought,
And then recalled I already knew
One most loyal: Friend, his name,
Nor knew one better than that same.

CHAPTER XXIV: THE LOVER SEEKS OUT FRIEND

*How, following Love's counsel,
The Lover takes all his trouble
To fair Friend, and tells him all,
Who kindly answers to his call.*

THUS I went to seek him swiftly,
And, much as Love had counselled me,
Revealed to him the barbs that I
Now felt I was surrounded by;
And of Resistance I complained
Who would gladly see me maimed,
Who'd chased Fair-Welcome away,
When he saw us speak that day
Of the rosebud, that I longed for;
And who told me that if he saw
My face in that fair place again,
For any reason, I'd suffer pain.
Yet when Friend heard, in verity,
The whole, he feared not for me.



'The Lover Seeks out Friend'

CHAPTER XXV: FRIEND GIVES HIM GOOD COUNSEL

*How Friend, gentle in everything,
Comfort to the Lover doth bring.*

HE said to me: ‘Companion, be
Reassured, naught to fear I see.
I’ve known Resistance a fair while;
He has learnt to display his bile,
And menace and harm all those who
Have begun to love, such as you.
I found him out many moons ago,
If you have found him cruel, know
He’ll prove otherwise in the end.
I know him like the coin you spend;
For he can be mild, as if on whim,
If you flatter, and petition him.
Now I shall tell you what to do:
Simply beg him to pardon you,
And, for love and sweet accord,
Forgo this ill-will, and discord,
And then swear to him that indeed
From now on, in both word and deed,
You’ll do naught that might displease;
Tis the thing that most doth please,
Him, flattery and blandishment.’
Friend spoke well, and his intent
Was, by his words, to comfort me,
And grant the strength of will to me,
To go and see, chancing my fate,
If this Resistance I might placate.

**CHAPTER XXVI: THE LOVER BEGS RESISTANCE
TO SHOW MERCY**

*How the Lover met with Resistance,
And begged him, in this instance,
To desist and swallow his bile,
Humbly seeking mercy the while.*



'The Lover Begs Resistance'

TO Resistance I came, contrite,
Eager to sue for peace, but might
Not pass beyond the hedge for he
Had now denied passage to me.
I found him near, he did advance,
Menacing was his face, and stance,
Holding a thorn club in his hand;
With bowed head, I made a stand,
And said: 'Sire, I am here to plead
For mercy, for sorry am I indeed,
If I have done aught to anger you'
For it doth weigh upon me too.
But I am ready to make amends,
However you wish, and be friends.
Love made me act so, at the start,
From whom I cannot free my heart,
For surely I have no wish to do
Aught that might discomfort you.
I'd rather suffer without cease,
Than do aught that might displease.
Now, I request that you do show
Mercy to me, and your anger so
Soften you cease to frighten me.
And I do swear, most fervently,
That if you oppose me, I will not
Commit towards you any fault,
Should you accord me the mercy
That you scarce can refuse me.
Grant me only that I may love,
Naught else I ask you to approve.
I will perform your every wish
If you will only grant me this.
And my intent you must allow,
I seek not to deceive you, now;

For, since it suits me, I will love,
Whoe'er objects, or may approve.
But my weight in silver I'd forgo
Rather than that I rouse you so.'
I found Resistance was reluctant,
Slow to abandon his discontent;
Yet my speech did so little offend,
That he pardoned me in the end.
And he replied to me: 'In short,
Your request troubles me naught,
Nor would I seek to deny you:
Know I am not angered by you.
If you seek to love, what care I?
It makes me neither laugh nor cry.
Love forever, as long as you stay
Far away from the Rose, away.
But I shall have no mercy on you
If ever the hedge you pass through.'
Thus did he grant me my request,
And I went and straight confessed
To Friend, who likewise did rejoice,
As a good companion and gave voice:
'Now it goes well doth your affair,
Resistance will prove debonair,
For he is kind to many a lover,
Once his show of pride is over.
If you caught him in good humour,
He'd take pity on how you suffer.
Now you should wait and endure
Until he is feeling far less sore.
I have proven, to curb and conquer
The violent, one must wait and suffer.'
Most tenderly thus did Friend
Comfort me, who did intend

I should succeed as much as I.
So, taking leave of him, did I,
Return to the hedge Resistance
Guarded, impatient to advance,
And view the rosebud once again,
Since, no greater joy could I gain.
Resistance often sought to see
If all went on as we did agree,
And I feared his anger so much
I did not seek to reach or touch;
Rather I took pains to ensure
I followed his orders, the more
To gain his acquaintance, and so
Win him to my cause, but slow
He was to show me any mercy.
Yet many a time he did see me
Weep loudly, lament and sigh,
Since the Roses he would deny
Me, leaving me beside the hedge,
Shivering, because of my pledge.
Yet, from my countenance, he
Could see Love ruled me harshly,
And that in me there was no place
For deception, and that my face
Showed not a trace of disloyalty.
And yet, such was his cruelty,
Ne'er would he deign to relent,
Despite my tears and my lament.



'Pity and Openness Plead'

CHAPTER XXVII: PITY AND OPENNESS PLEAD ON HIS BEHALF

*How Pity then, and Openness,
Went, honourably, to address
Resistance, and aid the Lover,
Who from love did greatly suffer.*

AS I was suffering, in great pain,
Pity and Openness, God did deign
To lead to me, now, without delay.
To Resistance they made their way,
For they both desired to aid me
If they could, and most willingly,
Since they knew I was in sore need.
Openness, to whom thanks indeed,
Was first to utter, and she said:
‘Resistance, you have sore misled
This Lover and you do him wrong,
For he has waited and suffered long.
Know tis yourself that you disgrace.
For I hear not, by God’s good grace,
That he has e’er done wrong to you.
If Love perforce make him love true,
Is it this lover you should blame
And so chastise him for that same?
More loss than you doth he sustain,
For he must suffer many a pain.
And then, Love will not consent
That of his love he may repent.
Even were you to skewer him,
He could not keep from loving.

But, how does it serve, dear sire,
That him you do trouble and tire?
If you would have the man love you
And serve as your subject, too,
Why on him then fierce war declare?
If Love holds him in his snare,
And forces him to obey you,
Must you hate him for it too?
Rather you should spare him, more
Than some vain, ignorant boor.
Tis true courtesy to advance
One who's in sad circumstance.
Hard the heart that doth not relent,
When it meets with a suppliant.'
Then Pity spoke: 'In verity,
Harshness conquers humility,
But harshness applied too long,
Is a felony, and a vile wrong.
Resistance, I beg you, no more
Must you seek to maintain this war,
Against the captive languishing here,
Who's ne'er deceived Love, tis clear.
Tis my opinion that you've sought
To grieve him more than you ought.
Too harsh a penance he's endured
Since ever you chose to withdraw
Fair-Welcome's company, indeed,
For that is what he most doth need.
He was troubled enough before,
Now his grief is doubled and more;
Now he lacks Fair Welcome, he
Is ill-set and wounded mortally.
Why must you be so contrary?
Love hounds him too continually;

Such that, e'en to satisfy you,
There's no more that he need do.
Cease then to mistreat the fellow,
For you gain naught by doing so.
Suffer Fair-Welcome to embrace
Him, and grant him a little grace:
Toward the sinner, show mercy,
For Openness agrees, and she
Begs and urges, at his behest,
That you refuse not his request;
For he's most wicked and cruel too
Who'll do naught to please us two.'
Then Resistance was forced to waver,
And ease his stance, in my favour.
'Ladies,' said he, 'I would not dare
To refuse either, in this affair,
For that would be true villainy.
I shall grant him the company
Of Fair-Welcome, if it doth please;
All obstacles to that shall cease.'
Then swiftly to Fair-Welcome went
Openness, ever eloquent,
And said to him, most courteously:
'Fair-Welcome you are parted sadly
From that true Lover whom you
Will now not even deign to view.
He has been both pensive and sad,
Since the moment that he last had
Sight of you; you must consider,
If you'd keep my love, this lover,
And fulfil his wishes, by and by;
Know that, between us, Pity and I,
Have but now subdued Resistance,
He who banished you to a distance.'

'I'll do as you wish, and willingly,'
Said Fair-Welcome, 'tis certainly
Right, since Resistance doth agree.'
Openness sent him then to me.
Fair-Welcome began his address,
Saluting me with great sweetness,
And if he had felt anger before,
Toward me, it was there no more,
Rather he showed a fairer face,
Than e'er he had done in that place.
And, by the hand, he took me then,
And led me to that place again,
That Resistance had denied me,
Now I had leave to roam widely.

**CHAPTER XXVIII: FAIR-WELCOME LEADS THE LOVER
TO THE ROSE**

*How Fair-Welcome doth sweetly
Conduct the Lover right joyously,
Through the hedge to view the Rose,
The sweetest thing the Lover knows.*



'Fair-Welcome Leads the Lover'

NOW had I risen, in a trice,
From deepest hell to paradise;
Fair-Welcome led me everywhere,
My wish, it seemed, his every care.
And now as I approached the Rose,
I found the centre, it did enclose,
Was somewhat larger than before,
For it had grown since last I saw
Its form, the Rose was fuller there
Above, as I was pleasantly aware;
Yet it was not so open however,
That the ovary one might discover
Which did the rose-seeds enclose,
Veiled by the petals of the Rose,
That raised themselves on high,
And all that there within did lie.
She was, may God so bless her,
Far more expansive and lovelier,
Than before, more crimson still,
And I was amazed at this marvel;
And so beautiful, indeed, was she,
Love bound me ever more closely;
And the more solace I found there,
The more Love tightened his snare.
I lingered a goodly while, since I
On Fair-Welcome might now rely
For love, and for companionship;
And seeing that his good fellowship
He denied me not, nor his service,
This I requested of him, that is
A thing good to mention here:
'Sire,' said I, 'my wish is clear,
For I would love, if tis not amiss,
To win but a single sweet kiss

From the Rose that breathes out
Such lovely perfume, all about;
And, if it would not displease,
I'd ask it of you, on my knees.
For God's sake tell me if I may,
For I'd do naught to cause dismay.'
'God help me, dear Friend,' said he,
'You'd not be refused it by me,
Were it not that I forever incur
Chastity's hate and, due to her,
I dare not, for fear of offending.
She forbids me from extending
Such a boon, and granting leave
To any who such thoughts conceive.
For he who a kiss doth attain,
Can scarce in that state remain;
And he to whom one grants a kiss
Wins the best of the prize by this,
And the most pleasing part, I say,
With a pledge for the rest, on a day.
When I had heard all his answer,
I urged my request no longer,
Fearing to rouse anger anew.
One should not seek to pursue
A man too far, nor hound him;
Wine awaits the grapes' pressing,
Nor can one fell a stately oak
By striking hard, at the first stroke.
Long time was the gift delayed,
Of the sweet kiss that I craved.
But Venus, who on Chastity
Wages war continually,
To my aid did swiftly move.
The mother of the God of Love,

She doth help many a lover;
Her beauty now did I discover.
She held a blazing torch aloft
In her right hand, that has oft
Warmed many a lady, with its flame.
She was so elegant, that same,
She seemed a Goddess, or a Fay.
From her attire, none would say
She was a nun; I'll not detail,
Her dress, and all it did entail,
The gold thread wound about her hair,
Nor the belt that she did wear;
I'll not linger, but do concede
That she was elegant indeed,
And yet without a trace of pride.
She drew to Fair-Welcome's side,
And there she commenced to speak,
For of him she did answer seek:
 'Why do you resist him in this,
Fair Sire, this matter of a kiss?
For it ought not to be refused,
Since you can see that he is used
To serving, and loves faithfully.
And he has sufficient beauty
And so is worthy to be loved.
See how gracefully he moves,
How handsome, noble a man,
Open and sweet, with everyone.
And then he's not too elderly,
Young rather, so more worthy.
There's no lady, no chatelaine,
I'd not consider proud and vain,
If she disdained the man in this,
And so denied him a sweet kiss.

Let that kiss not be denied him,
Twould be well-employed upon him,
Since sweet breath, I think, has he,
And his mouth is far from ugly,
Rather tis formed, to my sight,
To bring sweet solace and delight;
For the lips are red, and the teeth
Are white, and there's naught beneath
That's marred; all are without a stain.
My counsel is that you should deign,
With reason, to grant him a kiss;
Allow it; for, believe me in this,
The longer you choose to delay,
The faster time doth slip away.'

CHAPTER XXIX: THE LOVER KISSES THE ROSE

*How the blazing torch of Venus
Aids the Lover, such that he doth
Advance to kiss the Rose, thereby
The better his love to satisfy.*

FEELING the breath of Venus' brand,
Fair-Welcome, with a wave of his hand,
The gift of a kiss now granted me;
Thus Venus' flames brought victory,
Such that I knew no more delay,
But a sweet kiss now, straight away,
I took from the Rose; no need to ask
What joy I had of that pleasant task:
For a perfume entered my heart,
That forced my sorrows to depart,
And sweetened all the ills of love,
That for so long must bitter prove.
I was comforted, great its power;
He's cured who kisses such a flower,
One so pleasant that smells so sweet.
So wretched a day I ne'er shall meet
That if I remember that kiss aright,
Twill not fill me with pure delight.
Nonetheless, I've known much annoy
And many an ill night, without joy,
Since the hour that I kissed the Rose.
Yet the sea knows not such repose
That it rests untroubled by the wind.
Love alters as the wheel doth spin,

One hour it pierces, next it soothes,
Never resting, but onward moves.
And now tis right, if I seek to name
The ways I was troubled by Shame,
Often grieved by her, and mazed;
And how indeed the walls were raised,
Of a rich keep, powerful in nature,
That Love did capture by his labour.
All that history I would pursue,
And never cease to write it true,
As long as I think it may please
That lovely lady, God give her ease,
Who better than any shall afford
When it doth please her, my reward.
Ill-Talk, who doth seek and divine
Lovers' plans, and many a time
Repeats his account to everyone,
Took note of the fair reception,
That I received from Fair-Welcome,
Not for long could he stay dumb,
Being the son of an angry crone,
Having a tongue forever known
To be sharp, piercing and bitter;
In this, resembling his mother.
Ill-Talk began from that moment
To spy on me, and did comment
That he would give his right eye
If between Fair-Welcome and I
There was not vile acquaintance.
He made such a song and dance
About me, and Courtesy's son,
That he roused Jealousy anon,
Who rose up, quiet no longer,
On hearing the scandal-monger,

And rising ran at Fair-Welcome,
As if she were a mad-woman,
He wishing to be elsewhere, oh,
Perchance, at Étampes or Meaux.



'Jealousy Scolds Fair-Welcome'

CHAPTER XXX: JEALOUSY SCOLDS FAIR-WELCOME

*Regarding the Lover, Jealousy
Scolds Fair-Welcome savagely,
Alerted by Ill-Talk, who doth
Often slander the virtuous.*

WITH words, she savaged him thus,
‘Wretch, why are you so audacious
As to choose as your companion,
A youth I view with deep suspicion?
It seems you believe the flatteries
Dealt out by little nobodies.
Now I’ll not trust to the unsound;
Rather, I shall order you bound,
And of a tower your prison make;
For I see no other course to take.
Shame has wandered far from you,
Done little to watch over you,
Or curb your foolishness; in short,
It seems to me that she has brought
All too little help for Chastity,
In letting this lad wander free
In our enclosure and, upon her,
And myself bring such dishonour.’
Fair-Welcome had no good answer;
He’d have fled that moment, rather;
Yet she had seen him there with me,
All our acquaintance plain to see.
But, on seeing this scold arrive,
Who sore against us must strive,

I, at her fierce outcry, took fright,
And, in an instant, was in flight.
Shame, then advanced, at this,
Afraid that she had done amiss.
She was humble and innocent,
In a veil, as if she were meant
For a nun, in some nearby abbey.
And now, seeming all dismayed, she
Began to speak, her voice full low:
‘For Goodness sake, lady, give no
Credence to what Ill-Talk doth say,
That scandal-monger’s a liar, alway,
Who has deceived many a one;
For if he accuses Fair-Welcome,
Tis not the first he has accused;
Since this Ill-Talk, he is well used
To spreading lies, now and then,
About young girls and young men.
And yet, doubtless, this is no lie:
Fair-Welcome’s too free, thereby;
He’s allowed to attract those few
With whom he should have naught to do.
Yet I’ll not believe twas his intent,
Since his actions were all well-meant,
To bring about wickedness or folly.
Although it is true that Courtesy
Who is his mother, taught him to
Acquaint himself with all men too.
And she ne’er liked a foolish one.
No other fault has Fair-Welcome;
Know that, he has no other plan
Except to enjoy life as best he can,
And speak to folk and be with them.
And if I’ve been far too soft, again,

In watching and punishing the boy,
I beg that you will mercy employ.
If I've proved slow in doing good,
I lament the fact now, as I should,
And of my foolishness I repent.
From now on twill be my intent
To curb Fair-Welcome, as you ask,
And never seek to shirk the task.'
'Shame,' Jealousy cried, 'I am afraid;
Mine is the fear of being betrayed.
For Lechery has mounted so high
It will madden all men, by and by.
No wonder if I feel doubt and care,
For Lechery reigns everywhere;
Her power never fails to grow;
Chastity is not safe, I know,
Even in a cloistered abbey.
So now a new wall I must see,
Round the Rosebushes to enclose
The whole, so naught reveals a Rose.
I've little faith in your wardenship,
And a better guard might yet slip;
And if I prove not careful, I fear
There would never come a year
In which I was not thought a fool;
So caution now must be my rule.
I needs must see to the thing today.
Assuredly, I shall close the way
To all those folk who come to spy
On my Roses, and deceive thereby.
Nor shall I indulge in idleness,
Till I have built a strong fortress,
To enclose the Roses all around.
I'll build a tower on that ground,

A prison to hold Fair-Welcome,
For I am most afraid of treason.
I shall so closely guard his body,
He'll have no power to win free,
Nor with those lads keep company
Who'd willingly dishonour me,
With sweet words flattering him.
Too many times they've found him
A fool, and far too easily caught;
For, as I live, all this has taught
Much ill comes of his fair-seeming.'
And now Fear arrived, all trembling;
But she was so dismayed by what
Jealousy said that she dared not
Utter a word, finding Jealousy
Was much angered, as she could see.
So she withdrew, and went apart,
While Jealousy swiftly did depart,
Leaving Fear and Shame together,
Quivering, near to one another,
Till Fear, with her brow depressed,
Her cousin Shame then addressed:
'Shame,' she said, 'it troubles me
To witness such hostility,
When there is naught we can do.
For many an April, and May too,
Have passed blamelessly for us,
Yet Jealousy now despises us,
Suspicion in her every glance.
Let us now go seek Resistance,
And demonstrate to him that he
Has committed nigh on felony
In failing to take greater care
To guard all this enclosure fair.

He has left Fair-Welcome free
To work his will, quite openly.
But now he must mend his ways,
Or he'll find, one of these days,
He'll be forced to flee the land;
Resistance could ne'er withstand
An outright war with Jealousy,
If e'er she showed him enmity.'

CHAPTER XXXI: FEAR AND SHAME CHIDE RESISTANCE

*How Fear and Shame both go to see
Resistance, and chide him harshly,
Concerned for the Rose, since he
Has failed to guard her carefully.*



'Fear and Shame Chide Resistance'

AND now, to progress the same,
They to Resistance swiftly came,
Finding that creature, readily,
Lying beneath a hawthorn-tree.
For a pillow he'd laid his head
On a great pile of grass instead,
So that his rest there he might take;
But Shame now forced him to wake,
And began to chide him harshly.
'How can you sleep so uselessly,'
She said, 'when all is gone askew?
More fools are those who'd trust you,
Less use than a sheep's tail, God knows,
To guard the Rosebud and the Rose:
Too fond of sleep and idleness,
You should be showing forcefulness,
And dealing harshly with everyone.
Folly it was to allow Fair-Welcome
To lead that wretch to the enclosure,
A man who could bring us dishonour.
While you're asleep we, who can do
Naught, must suffer what doth ensue
Why are you lying there still! Arise,
And close the hedge to prying eyes.
Seal every gap that you can see,
And on no stranger take pity.
It is not fitting, given your name,
If you do aught but show the same.
If Fair-Welcome's open and sweet,
You must be cruel and use your feet,
Filled with foul anger and outrage;
The courteous wretch is never sage.
I've heard it said, in a proverb too,
That you can't make, whate'er you do,

A silk purse out of a sow's ear;
They take you for a fool, I fear,
All those you think are debonair,
Is that your wish in this affair,
To please, and do them good service?
Tis the effect of idleness,
And will get you a perfect name
For weakness, if you seek such fame,
As one who's fooled by flattery.'
Then Fear spoke, and this said she:
'Resistance, why, for goodness sake,
Are you, I wonder, not wide awake,
And standing guard as you ought?
Your position will be most fraught
If Jealousy's wrath increases more
She's harsh and cruel, as we saw,
And inclined to be quarrelsome.
Today she attacked Shame for one,
And by her menaces has driven
Fair-Welcome from this garden.
And sworn if he seeks to stay,
She'll prison him, this very day.
Tis all through your inattention;
You've no backbone to mention.
I do believe you lack the courage,
And yet tis trouble you encourage;
Pain and grief will plague you so,
If Jealousy should get to know.'
First, the wretch raised his hood,
And shook himself, then he stood,
Wrinkled his brow, rolled his eyes,
Full of anger, and fierce surprise,
When he heard himself so abused.
'It maddens me thus to stand accused,

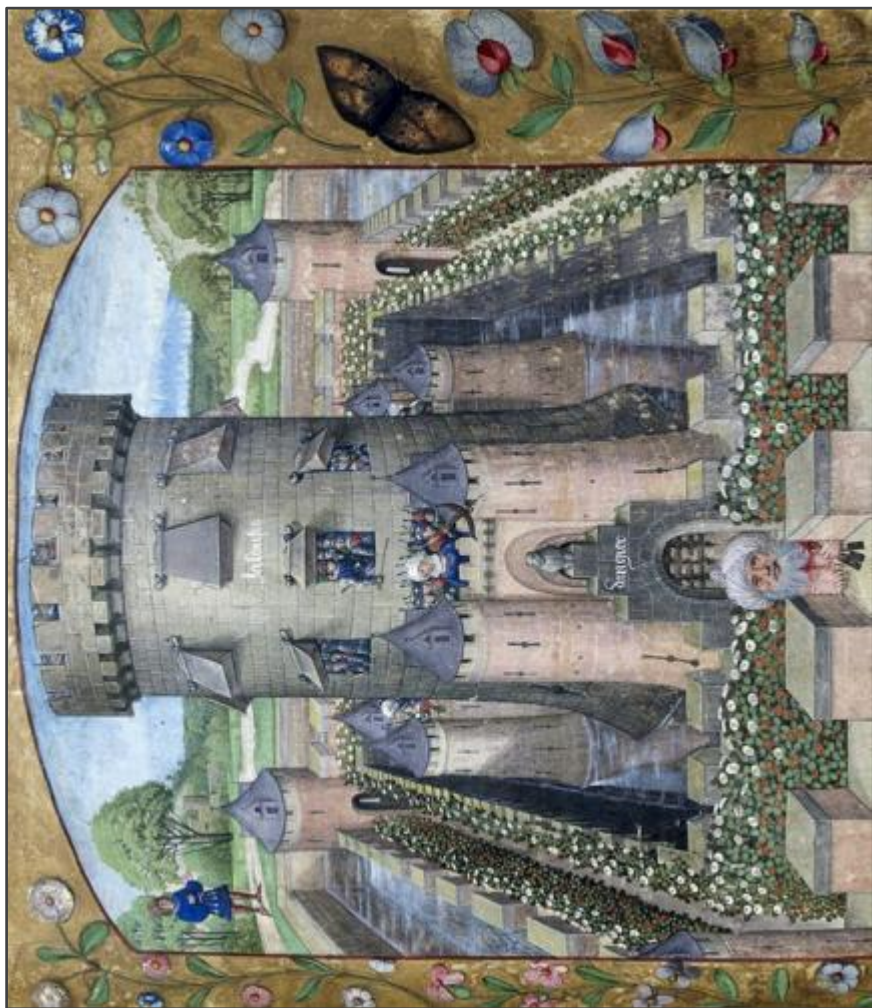
You'll think me outwitted, no less;
I've lived too long, I must confess,
If I have failed to guard this place.
Let me be spitted, forgo all grace,
If living man makes his ingress;
My heart were angered to its depths,
Should any man set foot in here.
I'd rather have two lances clear
Through the body than see it so;
Yet I've acted like a fool, I know.
I'll amend my fault now for you;
I'll not be idle, but strive anew
To defend the place I hold dear;
And if any man's made captive here,
He'd better have gone to Pavia;
For I swear to you I shall never
As long as I live, cause you to say
I failed in my task a single day.'
Resistance made himself look tall,
And feigning fierce anger, withal,
He took a large stick in his hand
And went roaming o'er his land,
To see if he could not find a gap
That needed stopping, or mayhap
A hole; and now all had changed
For Resistance, who thus ranged,
Was fiercer than he was wont to be;
Whoe'er roused him, twas death to me.
For I lacked the means to acquire
Sight of what I did most desire.
Heart's anger rendered me numb,
For I'd offended Fair-Welcome.
And I shake in every member,
When the fair Rose I remember,

Sight of which I once did relish
Closely, whenever I did wish.
And when I recall, after this,
How my heart, from that kiss
Received a perfume, sweet as balm,
I almost swoon, such the qualm
I feel, for my heart doth enclose
Still the sweet scent of the Rose.
And know that when I remember
That I from the Rose must sever,
Rather than live on, I would die.
Twill prove an evil hour when I
Touched the Rose to my face and eyes,
And then my lips, if Love denies
Me another touch, some fine day;
For since the taste I did essay
So much greater the covetousness
Inflaming my heart to excess.
Now tears and sighs will return,
Sleepless nights, wherein I burn,
Frissons, fierce pangs, those sorrows
That will fill my sad tomorrows.
For now I am fallen into Hell.
Ill-Talk be cursed! I know well
It was his tongue, faithless, fickle,
That has left me in this pickle!

CHAPTER XXXII: JEALOUSY'S TOWER

*How, in a malevolent hour,
Jealousy erects a tower,
In the midst of the garden
And Fair-Welcome, doth imprison;
That sweet child she doth enclose,
Because the Lover kissed the Rose.*

NOW it is right that I tell you
Of all that Jealousy sought to do,
Driven by her vile suspicion.
There was not a single mason
Or brave workman in all the land
She did not send for, and command
To dig a ditch around the Roses,
Which if paid for, one supposes,
Had cost, of silver coin, a heap.
Above this moat, wide and deep,
They built walls of quarried stone,
And not on shifting ground, prone
To slip and slide, but solid rock.
And the foundations, block by block,
From the base, filled all that drop,
While they were narrower at the top,
So that the walls were very strong.
Those walls were built to run along
The moat, to form a perfect square,
Each side two hundred yards there
Of stone, as broad as it was long.
The turrets too were fine and strong,



'Jealousy's Tower'

Richly crenellated and made,
Likewise, of stone squarely laid.
There were four, one to a corner,
And most difficult to conquer;
Others at the four gates did lie,
Where the wall was broad and high.
The gate at the front was easily
Defended, just as it ought to be.
Those at the sides, and at the rear,
No catapult-strike they did fear.
There were portcullises also,
To cause those outside sorrow,
Trapping them, ere they fought clear,
If they dared to venture near.
In the midst of this enclosure,
The makers set a lofty tower;
Master-builders were they all;
On all their skill they did call,
No tower so fine, strong and tall;
No engine might breach that wall,
No missile could that tower conquer,
For they had tempered the mortar
With strong vinegar and quicklime.
The stone was from a local mine,
That they used for the foundation,
Long as diamond its duration.
The tower was completely round,
And none so rich could be found,
Nor one better equipped within.
And it stood there proud, within
The bailey that did it surround;
And on the intervening ground
The Rose-bushes, thickly planted,
Whose fair Roses so enchanted.

Within the castle were machines,
Great catapults, and like means
Of waging war; there mangonels
You'd have seen over the crenels,
And at the apertures, all around,
Arbalests you would have found,
That no armour could withstand.
Who close to the walls did stand,
His action was mere foolishness.
Beyond the moat, there lay no less
Strong a wall, round the enclosure;
No horse might its low embrasures
Dare, and thereby reach the moat,
Without some encounter of note.
In this castle, I describe, anon
Had Jealousy placed a garrison.
Resistance he carried the key
To the eastward opening gate, and he
Had, as far as I'm aware,
Thirty followers with him there.
Shame guarded the right-hand gate,
To the south and, wise to fate
I may tell you, had full many
A follower, willing as any.
Fear had a large troop to hand,
And the third gate did command,
To the left side, and the north,
From which she could issue forth,
Yet Fear will never feel secure
Unless she has locked the door;
And she opens it infrequently;
For if two crickets she doth see,
Leaping, or hears the wind blow,
Terror and panic do grip her so.

Ill-Talk, may God curse him, he
Had soldiers there from Normandy,
And guarded the west door behind.
But know that one could also find
Him at the other three doors, for he
Went to and fro, quite frequently.
At night when he guarded the wall
He'd play his pipes, and make all
His trumpets and his horns cry out.
Now, tales and lays he was about,
Now, he would improvise to suit,
Employing then the Cornish flute.
Or to that same flute sing anew,
How he'd ne'er found a woman true.
'Ne'er a one but smiles,' sang he,
'When she hears talk of lechery.
One's a whore; one paints her face,
One's a fool, one a sad disgrace;
This poor girl's as mad as ever,
And this one she'll talk forever.'
Ill-Talk who doth spare none,
Found some fault in everyone.
Jealousy, may God confound her,
Had also garrisoned the tower!
For she advises her close friends
And to some place she then sends
Them, forming a large garrison.
Here Fair-Welcome was in prison,
Shut in the tower above, on high,
The door barred, and there did lie,
Lacking the power to win free.
An old crone, God shame her, he
Had to guard him, such her station;
She had no other occupation

Than to keep watch on him and see
He refrained from acting foolishly.
None could deceive her by scheming,
Neither by signature, nor seeming,
There was no trick that she knew not,
From her youth she had not forgot
Those things good and unpleasant,
Love grants to his every servant.
Fair-Welcome kept silence, alone,
For he was afraid of that old crone,
Greatly fearing to make a move,
She might see, and so disapprove
Of some folly he might advance;
For she knew all the ancient dance.

CHAPTER XXXII: THE LOVER LAMENTS HIS FATE

AS soon as Jealousy had taken
And imprisoned Fair-Welcome,
And the crone had locked the door,
She now thought herself secure:
Her castle was strong, she knew,
A fact that gave her comfort too.
She need not fear that any would
Attempt the Rose or the Rosebud,
So close the Roses were contained;
Waking or sleeping she maintained
A feeling of security.
But, beyond the walls, pity me,
Delivered o'er to pain and woe;
For indeed if any did know
The life I led, they'd feel pity.
Love knew well how to sell to me
All the good things he had loaned.
I'd thought all those goods I owned,
But now he made me pay for them,
And I was in greater trouble then,
Because of the joy that I had lost,
Now being forced to count the cost.
And what more can I say to you?
For I resemble the peasant who
Casts his seed upon the ground
And rejoices when he has found
It flourishes, each shoot well-made,
Yet, before he can reap a blade,
Such is the weather, cloud doth rise

And a storm doth fill the skies,
Just as the ears begin to sprout,
Harming the crop, inside and out;
The harvest fails, and all's effaced,
All of that hope too soon embraced.
And now I felt the same frustration,
My hope was lost, my expectation.
For Love had advanced me so well,
That I had already begun to tell,
Fair-Welcome each private thought,
Who was ready for all I brought,
And thus received it willingly.
But Love is so fickle, you see,
That he has robbed me in an hour
Of all I thought was in my power.
Tis as it is with Fortune who
Sets discontent in our hearts, anew,
Or caresses; then shows her power
And changes her aspect in an hour;
One hour she flatters, another spurns,
For Fortune has a wheel that turns,
And when she wishes she can raise
The low on high, and there he stays
Until that fellow who sits on high
She drowns in the mud, just as I.
For alas, tis I who know that fall!
Ill was it, when I beheld that wall
And that moat that I dare not pass,
For I have no joy or good, alas,
Since Fair-Welcome is in prison.
For all my joy and my salvation
Is wholly in him, and in the Rose
That the walls do now enclose.
And he must issue from his cell,

If ever Love wills that I be well,
For none other would I employ
To bring me honour, health, and joy:
'Ah, Fair-Welcome, my sweet friend,
If you your prospects cannot mend,
Keep me at least within your heart,
Suffer it not that, by her art,
Jealousy, both savage and rude,
Condemns your heart to servitude,
As she has your body; prove stout,
And if she punishes you without,
Keep you a heart of steel within,
So, by torment, she cannot win.
If your body in prison remain,
Take care your heart loves me; again,
A true heart does not cease to love,
Because of blows, nor doth it move.
If Jealousy prove harsh toward you,
Causing you pain, and injury too,
Be you just as harsh toward her,
By the resistance you show there,
Take revenge, at least in thought,
If otherwise you can do naught.
For were you to do as I bade,
I'd consider myself well paid.
Yet my anxiety is great,
That you'll not thus resist your fate,
Rather you'll feel ungrateful now
Because through me fate doth allow
You to be held in that high tower.
Yet twas not for aught in my power,
No wrong toward you have I done,
For I have said naught to anyone
That should have been kept well-hid.

Rather, God help me, all we did
Lies heavier upon me than you
And so my penance is greater too,
Greater than anyone can say.
With anger I almost melt away,
When all my loss, I remember,
Which is so great, and consider
How fear and pain, with every breath
Must bring me closer to my death.
Alas! I should indeed feel fear,
Knowing that every slanderer,
And envious traitor, out of envy,
Proves eager to deal me injury.
Ah, Fair Welcome, I know, tis true,
That they are ready to mislead you,
So that you may, when once belied,
To their rope be swiftly tied.
Perchance already it may be so,
For I know not how things do go;
But I am now deeply afraid
Lest you've forgot me, sore dismayed,
Abandoned here, in sorrow and pain;
Nor shall I find comfort again
If I have lost all your good-will;
Small faith I have in others still;
If, perchance, tis lost to me there,
Then will my ending be despair.
I've no comfort to succour me.
Ah, dear heart, he who doth see
But a day a week, your face again,
Finds that enough to ease his pain.
Yet to see you, I know no way
On this or any other day!

**CHAPTER XXXII: PITY AND HER COMPANY ARRIVE
TO SAVE THE LOVER**

AND there was I, in misery,
When Lady Pity I did see
Near the tower, who with her art,
Often lightens many a heart.
She began to comfort me anew,
Saying: 'Friend, to bring to you
Solace, and lighten your burden,
Have I come into this garden,
Bringing here my Lady Beauty,
Fair-Welcome, and true Loyalty,
For distressed we've issued hence
From the tower, with Innocence,
And Fair Glances; true, tis high,
But loyal hearts faint not thereby,
Though tis death that they may reap.
Jealousy lies there fast asleep;
Thus it was we escaped from her.
Trouble we had, and bitter care,
For Fear who is frightened alway
Had locked the door, mute, I say,
Listening to all that might be said,
For Ill-Talk she doth deeply dread;
And she knew not what to do there.
But Love, the brave and debonair,
Who e'er brings comfort to his own,
Mischievously oped the lock alone,
Despite what Fear might have heard.
If Ill-Talk had known what occurred,

There was naught to be done there,
But golden-haired Venus, the fair,
Drawing the bolts, now set us free.’
Once they were seated near to me,
All my sorrow fled, instantly;
For from her refuge Lady Beauty
Granted the sweet Rosebud to me,
And I received it most willingly,
As mine, and just as suited to me
As aught indeed could ever be.
And there in true delight we played,
Of fresh grass our couch was made,
Covered with petals from the rose;
On sweet kisses our lips did close,
In sweet transports, in deep delight
Thus we passed all that long night,
Though it seemed brief indeed to me.
Then, with the dawn, we instantly
Woke, and thus we two did arise,
But we sorrowed, sighed sweet sighs,
That we indeed must part so soon.
For Beauty now did change her tune,
She came to claim the Rose from me,
And despite myself, I must so agree.
Yet nevertheless that sweetest Rose,
Was kind to me, you may suppose;
Before the moment we must part,
She gave me sweet leave to depart.
Then came Beauty to me humbly,
And said to me, all smilingly:
‘Now may Jealousy watch on high,
And raise her walls towards the sky,
And thick the hedge with sharp briars,
Defending the garden till she tires;

For we have tasted of true delight;
In vain gainst us doth she not fight?
Fair sweet friend, as the saying has it,
Each serves according to their merit;
Seek ever to love without deceit,
If your heart is whole and complete,
And you'll forever win the Rose,
Ne'er so secure, as folk suppose.'
Straight to the tower, all elegantly,
They all returned, most secretly;
Now I depart, my debt redeemed,
For such is the dream that I dreamed.



THE END OF GUILLAUME DE LORRIS' ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

AFTERWORD: THE CONTINUATION



ean de Meung appears to have suppressed the last eighty lines of the text, in order to begin his Continuation, translated elsewhere, from that point (*'despair'*). Though the eighty lines may not be by Guillaume, and may have been inserted in order to provide a satisfactory conclusion, the expanded text proves satisfying in its own right.



ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR



Anthony Kline lives in England. He graduated in Mathematics from the University of Manchester, and was Chief Information Officer (Systems Director) of a large UK Company, before dedicating himself to his literary work and interests. He was born in 1947. His work consists of translations of poetry; critical works, biographical history with poetry as a central theme; and his own original poetry. He has translated into English from Latin, Ancient Greek, Classical Chinese and the European languages. He also maintains a deep interest in developments in Mathematics and the Sciences.

He continues to write predominantly for the Internet, making all works available in download format, with an added focus on the rapidly developing area of electronic books. His most extensive works are complete translations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Dante's *Divine Comedy*.