

¶ The workes of
Geffray Chau-

cer newlye printed, wyth dy-
uers workes whych were
neuer in print
before:

As in the table more playnly
doth appere.

Cum Priuilegio

ad imprimendum Solum.

¶ Printed by Wyllyam Bon-
ham, dwellynge at the sygne
of the kynges armes in
Pauls Church-
yarde.

1 5 4 2.

¶The Squyers Tale.

AT Sarra, in the lande of Tartary
There dwelt a kynge that warred Surry 10
Thruh which ther died many a douyty man

Thys noble kynge was called Cambuscan
Whych in hys tyme was of so great renoun
That there nas no where, in no regioun
So excellent a lorde in al thyng
Hym lacked naught that longed to a kynge
As of the secte, of whych he was borne
He kept hys laye, to whych he was sworne
And therto he was hardy, wyse, and ryche
And pytous and iuste alwaye ylyche 20
Trewe of his worde, benygne & honorable
Of hys corage, as any centre stable
Yonge, freshe, & stronge, in armes desyrous
As any bacheler of al hys hous
A fayre person he was, and fortunate
And kept alwaye so royal astate
That there nas no where such another man

This noble kyng, this tartre, this Cambuscan
Had two sonnes by Eltheta hys wyfe
Of whych the eldest hyght Algarsyfe 30
That other was cleped Camballo.

¶ A doughter had thys worthy kynge also
That yongest was, and hyght Canace
But for to tel you al her beaute
It lyeth not in my tonge, ne in my connyng
I dare not vndertake so hye a thyng
Myne Englyshe eke is vnsufficient
It muste be a rethor excellent
That couth his colours, longyng for y^e arte
Yf he shulde dystryue here euery parte 40
I am none such I muste speake as I can

And so byfel, that thys Cambuscan
Hath twenty wynter borne hys dyademe
As he was wonte, fro yere to yere I deme
He let the feest of hys natiuite
Done cryen throughout Sarra hys cyte
The laste ydus of Marche, after the yere
Phebus the sonne, full ioly was and clere
For he was nye hys exaltation

In Martes face, and in hys mantion 50
 In Aries, the collorike, the hote sygne
 Ful lusty was the wether and benygne
 For whych the foules, agaynst y^e sonne shene
 what for the season, and the yonge grene
 Ful loude songe her affections
 Hem semed han gotten hem protections
 Ayen the swerde of wynter kene and colde.
 ¶ Thys Cambuscan, of which I haue you tolde
 In royal vestementes, syt on hys deys
 wyth dyademe, ful hye in hys paleys 60
 And helde hys feest so royal and so ryche
 That in thys worlde nas there none it lyche
 Of whych, yf I shall tel of al the array
 Then wolde it occupye a sommers day
 And eke it nedeth not to deuyse
 At euery course, the ordre of her seruyce
 I wol not tel of her straunge sewes
 Ne of her swannes, ne of her heronsewes
 Eke in that lande, as tellen knyghtes olde
 Ther is some meate, that is ful dainty holde 70
 That in thys lande men retche of it but smal
 There is no man that maye reporten all.
 I wyl not tarye you, for it is pryme
 And for it is no frute, but losse of tyme
 Vnto my fyrst purpose I wol haue recourse
 ¶ And so byfel that after the thyrde course
 whyle that thys kyng syt thus in his noblay
 Herkenyng his minstralles her thinges play
 Beforne hym at hys borde delicously
 In at the halle dore al sodeynly 80
 There come a knyght on a stede of brasse
 And in hys honde abrode myrrour of glasse
 Vpon hys thombe he had of golde a ryng
 And by hys syde a naked swerde hongynge
 And vp he rydeth to the hye borde
 In al the hall ne was there spoke a worde
 For maruayle of y^e knyght, hym to beholde
 Ful besely they wayten yonge and olde
 ¶ This straunge knyght y^t come thus sodenly
 Al armed saue hys heed, ful royally 90
 Salued kyng and quene, and lordes al
 By ordre, as they sytten in the hall

wyth so hye reuerence and obeysaunce
 As wel in speche as in countenaunce
 That Gawyn wyth hys olde curtesye
 Thoughe he come ayen out of fayre
 Ne coude him not amende of no worde
 And after this, before the hye borde
 He with a manly voyce sayd his message
 After the forme vsed in his langage 100
 without vyce of syllable or of letter
 And for his tale shulde seme the better
 Accordant to his wordes was his chere
 As teacheth arte of speche hem that it lere
 Al be that I can not sowne his style
 Ne I ne can not clymben so hye a style
 Yet saye I thus, as to my comen entente
 Thus much amounteth al that euer he mente
 Yf it so be, that I haue it in my mynde
 ¶ He sayd: The kynge of Araby and of Ynde 110
 My liege lorde, on thys solempne day
 Salueth you, as he best can and may
 And sendeth you, in honoure of your feest
 By me that am redy at your heest
 Thys stede of brasse, that easely and wel
 Can in the space of a daye naturel
 This is to say, in foure & twenty houres
 where so ye lyst, in drought or in shoures
 Beren your body into euery place
 Into whych your herte wyll eth to pace 120
 without weme of you, through foule or faire
 Or yf ye lyst to fleen in the eyre
 As doth an Egle, when hym lyst to sore
 This same stede shal beare you euermore
 withouten harme, tyl ye ben there you leste
 Though that ye slepen on his backe and rest
 And turne agayn with y^e writhyng of a pyn
 He that it wrought coude ful many a gyn
 He wayted ful many a constellation
 Or he had done this operatyon 130
 And knew ful many a seale & many a bonde.
 This myrrour eke y^t I haue in myne honde
 Hath such a myght, that men may in it se
 when there shal fallen any aduersite
 Vnto your reygne, or to your selfe also

And openly se, who is your frende and foe
And ouer al thys, yf any lady bryght
Hath set her herte on any myner wyght
Yf he be false, she shal the treason se
Hys newe loue, and al hys subtylte 140

So openly, that there shal nothyng hyde
Wherfore agayne this lusty sommer tyde
Thys myrroure & thys rynge, that ye maye se
He hath sente to my lady Canace
Your excellent doughter that is here
¶ The vertue of thys rynge, yf ye woll here
Is thys, that yf she lyst it for to were
Vpon her thombe, or in her purse it bere
There is no foule, that fleeth vnder heuen 150
That she ne shal vnderstande hys steuen

And knowe hys meanyng openly & playne
And answeere hym in hys langage agayne
And euery grasse that groweth vpon rote
She shal wel know, & whom it wol do bote
Al be hys woundes neuer so depe and wyde
¶ This naked swerde, y^t hangeth by my syde
Such vertue hath, y^t what man so ye smyte
Throughout his armure it wol karue & byte
were it as thycke as a braunched oke
And what man that is wounded wyth y^u stroke 160
Shal neuer be hole, tyl that you lyst of grace
To stroken him with y^e platte in thylke place
There he is hurte, thys is as moche to sayne
Ye mote wyth the platte swerde agayne
Stroken hym in the wounde, & it wol close
Thys is very soth wythouten glose
It fayleth not, whyles it is in your holde.

And when this kniyt hath thus his tale tolde
He rydeth out of the halle, & downe he lyght
Hys stede, whych that shone as sonne bryght 170
Stante in the courte styl as any stone
The knyght is into chambre ladde anone
He is vnarmed, and to the meate ysette
And al that harneys byforne hym sette
This is to sayne, the swerd & eke y^e myrroure
Al borne was into the hye tour
wyth certayne offycers ordeyned therfore
And to Canace the rynge is bore

Solemnely, there she sat at the table
 But sekerly wythout any fable 180
 The horse of brasse, y^t may not be remeued
 It slante, as it were to the grounde yglewed
 There maye no man out of the place it dryue
 For none engyne, or wyndlas, or polyue
 And cause why, for they can not the crafte
 And therefore in the place they hau it lafte
 Tyl y^t the kniyt hath taught hem y^e manere
 To voyden hym, as ye shal after here.
 ¶ Great was y^e prees, that swarmed to & fro
 To gauren on the horse, that standeth so 190
 For it so hye was, & so brode and longe
 So wel proporcioned for to ben stronge
 Ryght as it were a stede of Lumbardye
 Therwyth so horsly, and so quycke of eye
 As it a gentle courser of Poyle were
 For certes, fro hys tayle to hys ere
 Nature ne arte coude hym not amende
 In no degre, as al the people wende
 But euermore her moste wonder was
 Howe that it couth gon, and was of bras 200
 It was of fayrie, as the people semed
 Dyuers folke dyuersly they demed
 As many heedes, as many wyttes there ben
 They murmure, as doth a swarme been
 And made of skylles after her fantasieses
 Rehersynge of the olde poetryes
 And sayden it was ylyke the Pegase
 The horse that had wynges for to flee
 Or els it was the Grekes horse Synon
 That brought Troye to dystruccion 210
 As men in thys olde bokes rede.
 Myne herte (quod one) is euermore in drede
 I trowe some men of armes ben therin
 That shapen hem thys cytie for to wyn
 It were right good, y^t such thynges were know
 An other rownded to his felow low
 And sayd he lyed, for it is rather ylyke
 An apparence made by some magyke
 As iogglours playen at these feastes grete
 Of sondry thoughtes, thus they iangle & trete 220
 As leude people demeth comenly

Of thynges that ben made more subtelly
Then they can in her leudnesse comprehende
They demen gladly to the badder ende.

And some of them wondren on y^e myrroure
That borne was vp to the mayster toure
Howe men myght in it such thynges se.

And other answerd, certes it myght wel be
Naturally by composicyons

Of angels and of slye reflections 230

And sayden in Rome was suche on
They speken of Alocen and Vitilion
And Aristote, that wryteth in her lyues
Of queynte myrroures, and of prospectiues
As knowen they that han her bokes herde.

And other folke han wondred on y^e sworde

That wolde perce through euery thyng
And fel in speche of Telophus the kyng
And of Achylles for hys queynte spere

For he couth wyth it heale and dere 240

Right in such wyse as men may w^t the swerde
Of which right now ye haue your seluen herd
They speken of sondry hardyng of metal
And speken of medycyns eke wythal
And how, and when it shulde hardened be
whych is vnknowe algate to me.

¶ Tho speake they of Canaces ryng

And sayden al, that suche a wonder thyng
Of crafte of rynges herde they neuer non

Saue that Moses, and kyng Salomon 250

Had a name of connyng of such arte
Thus sayen the people, & drawen hem aparte

But nathelesse, some sayden that it was
wonder to maken of ferne ashen, glas
And yet is glas not lyke ashen of ferne
But so they han knowen it so ferne

Therefore they sesen her ianglyng & her wonder

As sore wondren some on cause of thonder
On ebbe & fludde, on gossomer, and on myste
And on al thyng, tyl the cause is wyste. 260

Thus ianglen they, and demen and deuyse
Tyl that the kyng gan fro hys borde aryse.

¶ Phebus hath lefte the angle merydional
And yet ascendyng was the beest royal

The gentle Lyon with his Aldrian
Whan that this tartre Kyng Cambuscan
Rose from his borde, there as he sate ful hye
Byforne hym gothe the loude mynstralcye
Tyl he came to hys chambre of paramentes
There as they sownen dyuers instrumentes 270
That is lyke an heuen for to here

Nowe dauncen lusty Venus chyldren dere
For in the fyshe her lady sate ful hye
And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.

¶ This noble kyng is sette vpon hys trone
This straunge knyght is fet to hym ful sone
And in the daunce he gothe with Canace

Here is the reuel and the iolyce
That is not able a dul man to deuyse 280
He must hau knowe loue and her seruyse
And ben a feestlyche man, as fresshe as May
That shulde you deuyse suche araye.

¶ who coude you tellen the forme of daunces
So vncouth and so fresh countenaunces
Suche subtyll lokynges and dissimulinges
For drede of ialouse mens apperceyuynge
No man but Lancelot, and he is deed
Therefore I passe ouer al this lusty heed
I say no more, but in this iolynesse
I lete hem, tyl men to supper dresse. 290

¶ The steward byddeth spyces for to hye
And eke the wyne, in al this melodye
The vschers and the squyers ben ygone
The spyces and the wyne is comen anone
They eten & dronken, & whan this had an ende
Vnto the temple, as reason was, they wende
The seruyce is done, they soupen al by day
what nedeth it to rehersen her array?
Eche man wot wel, that at a kynges feest
Is plenty, to the moste and to the leest 300
And deyntes mo, than ben in my knowynge.

And after supper gothe this noble kyng
To seen this horse of brasse, with al his route
Of lordes and of ladyes hym aboute
Such wondrig ther was on his hors of bras
That sythen the great siege of Troye was
There as men wondred on an horse also

He was there such a wondring, as was tho
But fynally, the kyng asketh the knyght
The vertue of thys horse and the myght 310
And prayde him to tellen of his gouernaunce.

The horse anon gan to tryppe and daunce
whan y^t this knightlayde honde on hys rayne
And sayd, syr there is no more to sayne
But whan you lyste to ryden any where
Ye mote tryll a pyn, stante in hys ere
whiche I shal tel you bytwene vs two
Ye mote nempne hym to what place also
Or to what countre you lyst to ryde

And whan ye come there you lyste abyde 320
Bydde hym discende, and trylle a nother pyn
For therin lyeth the effecte of al the gyn
And he wol downe discende, & don your wyl
And in that place he wol abyde styl

Though al y^e world had the contrary sworne
He shal not thens be ythrowe ne yborne
Or yf you lyst bydde hym thens gon
Tryl thys pyn, and he wol vanyshe anon
Out of the syght of euery maner wyght 330
And come ayen, be it day or nyght

whan that you lyst to clepen hem agayne
In suche a gyse, as I shal to you sayne
Bytwyxt you and me, and that ful sone
Ryde whan you lyst, ther nis no more to done

¶ Enfourmed whan y^e kyng was of y^e knyght
And hath conceyued in hys wytte aright
The maner and the forme of al thys thyng
Ful glad and ful blythe, the noble kyng
Repayreth to hys reuel, as byforne

The brydel is in to the toure yborne 340
And kept amonge his iewels lese and dere
The horse vanysshed, I not in what manere
Out of her syght, ye get no more of me
But thus I lete in luste and iolyte
This Cambyscan, hys lordes festyng
Tyl wel nye the day began to spryng.

¶ Explicit prima pars et se
quitur pars secunda.

THe nortee of digestyon, the slepe
Gan on hem wynke, & bad hem take kepe
That myrth, drinke, & labour wol haue reste
And with a galping mouthe hem al he keste 350
And sayd, it was tyme to lye adoun
For blode was in hys domynacyoun
Cherysseth blode, natures frende (quoth he)

They thanken him galpyng, by two by thre
And euery wight gan drawe him to his reste
As slepe hem bade, they toke it for the beste.

Her dremes shul not now ben it olde for me
Ful were her heedes of fumosyte
That causeth dremes, of whyche ther is no charge
They slepen, tyl it was pryme large 360

The moste parte, but it were Canace
She was ful mesurable, as women be
For of her father had she take her leue
To gon to rest, sone alter it was eue
Her lyst not appalled for to be
Nor on the morowe, vnfestlyche for to se
And slept her fyrst slepe, and awoke
For suche a ioy she in her herte toke
Both of her queynt Rynge, & of her myrroure
That twenty tymes she chaunged her colour 370
And in her slepe, ryght for impressyon
Of her myrroure, she had a visyon
Wherfore, or the sonne vp gan glyde
She cleped her maistresses her besyde
And sayd, her luste for to aryse.

¶ These olde women, that ben gladly wyse
As is her maystresse, answerde her anon
And sayd: madame, whither wol ye gon
Thus erly, for folke ben al in reste.

¶ I wol (quod she aryse) for me leste 380
No lenger for to slepe, but walken aboute.

Her maystresse cleped women a great route
And vp they ryse, wel ten or twelue
Vp ryseth fresshe Canace her selue
As ioly and bright, as the yonge sonne
That in the Ram is four degrees vp ronme
No hygher was he, whan she redy was
And forthe she walketh an easye paas

Arrayed after the lusty season sote
 Lightly for to playen, & to walken on fete 390
 Nought but fyue or sixe of her meyne
 And in a trenche, fer in the parke gethe she.
 ¶ The vapour, whiche y^t fro the erth glode
 Maketh the sonne to seme ruddy and brode
 But nathelesse, it was so fayre a syght
 That it made al her hertes for to lyght
 What for the ceason, and for the morownyng
 And for the foules that she herde synge
 For right anon, she wyste what they ment
 Right by her songe, and knewe al her entent 400
 ¶ The knotte why, that euery tale is tolde
 If it be taryed tyl luste be colde
 Of hem that han it herkened after yore
 The sauour passeth, euer lenger the more
 For fulsomnesse of prolixite
 And by the same reason thynketh me
 I shulde vnto the same knot condiscende
 And make of her walkyng sone an ende.
 ¶ Amydde a tre, for drye as whyt as chalke
 As Canace was playeng in her walke 410
 There sate a faucon ouer her heed ful hye
 That with a pytous voyce gan to crye
 That al the wodde resowned of her cry
 And beaten had her selfe so pytously
 With bothe her wynges, tyl the reed blode
 Ran endelonge the tre, there as she stode
 And euer in one, she cryed and shrigh
 And with her becke, her seluen so she pyght
 That there nas Tygre, ne cruel beste
 That dwelleth in wodde, eyther in foreste 420
 That nolde han wept, yf that they wepe coude
 For sorowe of her, she shrigh alway so loude
 For there nas neuer yet man on lyue
 If that he couthe a faucon wel discryue
 That herde of suche another of fayrenesse
 As wel of plumage, as of gentylnesse
 Of shappe, of al that might trekened be
 A faucon peregryn than semed she
 Of fernde londe, & euermore as she stode
 She swowned now & now, for lacke of blood 430
 Tyl welny is she fal fro the tree.

¶ This fayre kynges doughter, this Canace
That on her fynger bare the queynte ryng
Through which she vnderstod wel eury thig
That any foule may in hys leden sayne
And coude answere hym in his leden agayne
Hath vnderstande, what this faucon seyde
And welny for routhe almost she deyde
And to the tre she gothe ful hastely
And on this faucon loketh ful pytously 440
And helde her lappe abrod, for wel she wyste
The faucon muste fallen from the twyste
Whan y^t she swouned next, for lacke of bloode
A longe whyle to wayten there she stoode
Tyl at the laste she spake in this manere
Vnto the hauke, as ye shalen after here.

¶ What is the cause, yf it be for to tell
That ye ben in this furyal payne of hell
Quod Canace, vnto this hauke aboue
Is thys for sorowe of dethe, or losse of loue? 450
For as I trowe, these ben causes two

That causen most a gentyll hert wo
Of other harme it nedeth not to speke
For ye vpon your selfe you wreke
Whiche proueth wel, that eyther ire or drede
Mote ben encheson of your cruell dede
Syu that I se none other wyght you chace
For the loue of god, so doth your selfe grace
Or what may be your helpe, for west or est
Ne sawe I neuer er now, no byrde ne beest 460
That farde with hym selue so pytously

Ye slee me with your sorowe veryly
I haue of you so great compassioun
For goddes loue come fro the tre adowne
And as I am a kynges doughter trewe
If that I veryly the causes knewe
Of your disease, yf it lay in my myght
I wolde amende it, certes or it be nyght
As wysely helpe me great god of kynde
And herbes shal I right ynowe fynde 470
To hele with your hurtes hastely

Tho shright this faucon yet more spitously
Than euer she dyd, & fell to grounde anone
And lyeth a swoune deed as is a stone

Tyl Canace hath in her lappe itake
 Vnto the tyme she gan of swoune awake
 And after that she of swoune gan abreyde
 Ryght in her haukes leden thus she sayde
 That pite renneth soone in gentyl herte
 (Felyng his semilitude in paynes smerte) 480
 Is proued al day, as men may se
 As wel by werke as by authorite
 For gentle hert kepeth gentilnesse
 I se wel, that ye haue of my distresse
 Campassyon, my fayre Canace
 Of very womanly benignyte
 That nature in your principles hath sette
 But for none hope for to fare the bette
 But for to obey vnto your hert free
 And for to make other beware by me 490
 As by the whelpe, chastised is the Lyon
 Right for that cause, and for that conclusyon
 Whyle that I haue a leyser and a space
 Myne harm I wol confessen or I pace
 And euer while that one her sorowe tolde
 That other wepte, as she to water wolde
 Tyl that the Faucon badde her to be styl
 And with a sike, thus she sayd her tyl.
 ¶ There I was bredde, alas that ilke day
 And fostred in a roche of marble gray 500
 So tenderly, that nothyng eyleth me
 I ne wist not what was aduersyte
 Tyl I coude flye, ful hye vnder the skye
 There dwelte a Terselet me fast by
 That semed wel of al gentylnesse
 Al were he ful of trayson and of falsnesse
 It was so wrapped vnder humble chere
 And vnder hewe of trouth, & in suche manere
 Vnder pleasaunce, and vnder busy payne
 That no wight coud haue wede he coud fain 510
 So depe in greyne he dyed his colours
 Right as a serpent hideth him vnder flours
 Tyl he may se hys tyme for to byte
 Right so, this God of loues ipocrite
 Dothe so hys serymones and obeysaunce
 with his dissimulynge, & fayre assemblaunce
 That sowneth vnto gentilnesse of loue

As in a tombe is al the fayre aboue
 And vnder the cors, suche as ye wote
 Suche was this ipocrite colde and hote 520
 And in this wyse he serued his entent
 That saue the fende, non wist what he ment
 Tyl he so long had weped and complayned
 And many a yere hys seruyce to me yfayned
 Tyl that myn hert, to pitous and to nyce
 Al innocent of hys cruel malyce
 For ferde of hys dethe, as thought me
 Vpon hys othes and hys suretee
 Graunted hym loue, vpon this condition
 That euermore myn honour and my renoun 530
 were saued, bothe preuy and apert
 This is to say, that after hys desert
 I yaued hym al myn hert and all my thought
 God wote, and in other wyse nought
 And toke his hert in chaunge of myn for aye
 But sothe is sayd, gone sythen many a day
 A trewe wight and a thefe thynketh not one
 And whan he sawe the thyng so fer ygone
 That I graunted hym fully my loue
 In suche a gyse, as I haue sayd aboue 540
 And yeuen hym my trewe hert as fre
 As he swore he yafe his hert to me
 Anon this Tygre, ful of doublenesse
 Fyll on hys knees with so deuout humblesse
 with hys reuerence, and eke by his chere
 So lyke a gentyl loue, as of manere
 So rauyshed, as it semed for ioye
 That neuer Troylus, ne Paris of Troy
 Iason certes, ne non other man
 Syn Lamet was, that alderfyrst began 550
 To louen two, as writen folke before
 Ne neuer sythen Adam was borne
 Ne couthe man by twenty thousande parte
 Counterfete the sophymes of hys arte
 Ne were worthy to vnbocke hys galoche
 Ther doublenesse or faynyng shulde aproche
 Ne so couth thanke a wight, as he dyd me
 His maner was an heuen for to se
 Tyl any woman, were she neuer so wyse
 So paynteth he hys chere poynt deuysel 560

As wel hys wordes, as hys countenaunce
And I so loued hym for hys obeysaunce
And for the trouthe that I demed in his hert
That yf so were, that any thyng hym smert
Al were it neuer so lyte, and I it wyst
Me thought I fetel dethe at my herte twyst
And shortly, so ferforth this thyng went
That my wyl was his wylles instrument
That is to say, my wil obeyed his wyl
In al thyng, as ferre as reason fyl 570
Kepyng the boundes of my worshyp euer
Ne neuer had I thyng so lefe ne so leuer
As hym god wote, ne neuer shal no mo
This last lenger than a yere or two
That I supposed of hym nothyng but good.

But fynally, thus at the last it stode
That fortune wolde that he most twyn
Out of that place, whiche that I was in
where me was wo, it is no questyon
I can not make of it discriptyon 580

For o thyng dare I tel boldely
I knowe what the payne of dethe is therby
Suche harm I felte, that he ne might beleue
¶ So on a day of me he toke hys leue
So sorowfully eke, that I wende verely
That he had felte as moche harm as I
whan that I herde him speke, & saw his hewe
But natheles, I thought he was so trewe
And eke that he repaire shulde agayne
withyn a lytel whyle sothe to sayne 590

And reason wolde eke, that he must go
For hys honour, as ofte happeth so
That I made vertue of necessite
And toke it wel, sythe it must nedes be
As I best might, I hidde fro hym my sorow
And toke him by y^e hond, seit Iohn to borow
And sayd thus: lo I am yours al
Beth suche as I haue ben to you and shal
what he answerde, it nedeth not reherce
who can sayn bet than he, who can do wers? 600
whan he had al wel ysaid, than hath he done
Therefore behoueth hym a longe sponne
That shal eten with a fende, thus herd I say

So at the last he mote forth hys way
And forthe he fleeth til he come there him lest
whan it come hym to purpose for to rest
I trowe he had thylke text in mynde
That al thyng repayring to hys kynde
Gladeth him selue, thus sayn men as I gesse
Men louen of kynde newfanglenesse 610
As briddes don, that men in cages fede
For though y^u nyght & day take of hem hede
And strawe her cage fayre and softe as sylke
And gyue hem sugre, hony, breed and mylke
Yet right anon as hys dore is vppe
He with his fete wold sporne adown his cup
And to the wood he wolde, and wormes eate
So newfangled ben they of her meate
And louen nouelries of proper kynde
No gentylnesse of blode may hem bynde 620
So ferde thys Tercelet, alas the day

Tho he were gentel borne, freshe and gaye
And goodly for to se, and humble and free
He sawe vpon a tyme a kyte flee
And sodaynly he loued this kyte so
That al hys loue is clene fro me goo
And hath hys trouthe falsed in this wyse
Thus hathe the kyte my loue in her seruyce
And I am lorne without remedy.

And with y^e worde this faucon gan to crye 630
And swouned ofte in Canaces barme
Great was y^e sorowe for that haukes harme
That Canace, and all her women made
They nyst how they might her faucon glade
But Canace home bereth here in her lappe
And softely in playsters gan her wrappe
There as she w^t her becke had hurt her selue
Nowe can not Canace but herbes delue
Out of the grounde and make salues newe
Of herbes precious and fyne of hewe 640
To helen with the hauke fro day to nyght
She dothe her besynesse, and all her might
And by her beddes heed she made a mewe
And couered it with veluettes blewe
In sygne of trouthe, that is in women sene
And al withouten y^e Mewe is peynted grene

In which were peynted al these false foules
As ben these tydefes, tercelettes, and owles
Ryght for dispyte were peynted hem besyde
Pyes on hem for to crye and chyde 650

Thys leue I Canace her hauke kepyng
I wol nomore as nowe speke of her ryng
Tyl it come efte to purpos for to sayn
How that this faucon gate her loue agayn
Repentant, as the story telleth vs
By mediatyon of Camballus
The kynges some, of whiche I of tolde
But hensforthe I wol my proces holde
To speken of auentures, and of batayls
That yet was neuer herd of so gret marueils 660

Fyrst wol I tel you of Cambuscan
That in hys tyme many a cyte wan
Howe that he wan Theodora to hys wyfe
And after wol I speke of Algarsyfe
For whom ful ofte in great peryl he was
Ne had he ben holpen by the horse of bras
And after wol I speke of Camballo
That fought in listes with the brethern two
For Canace, er that he myght her wyn
And there I left, I wol agayn begyn. 670

¶ Explicit secunda pars.