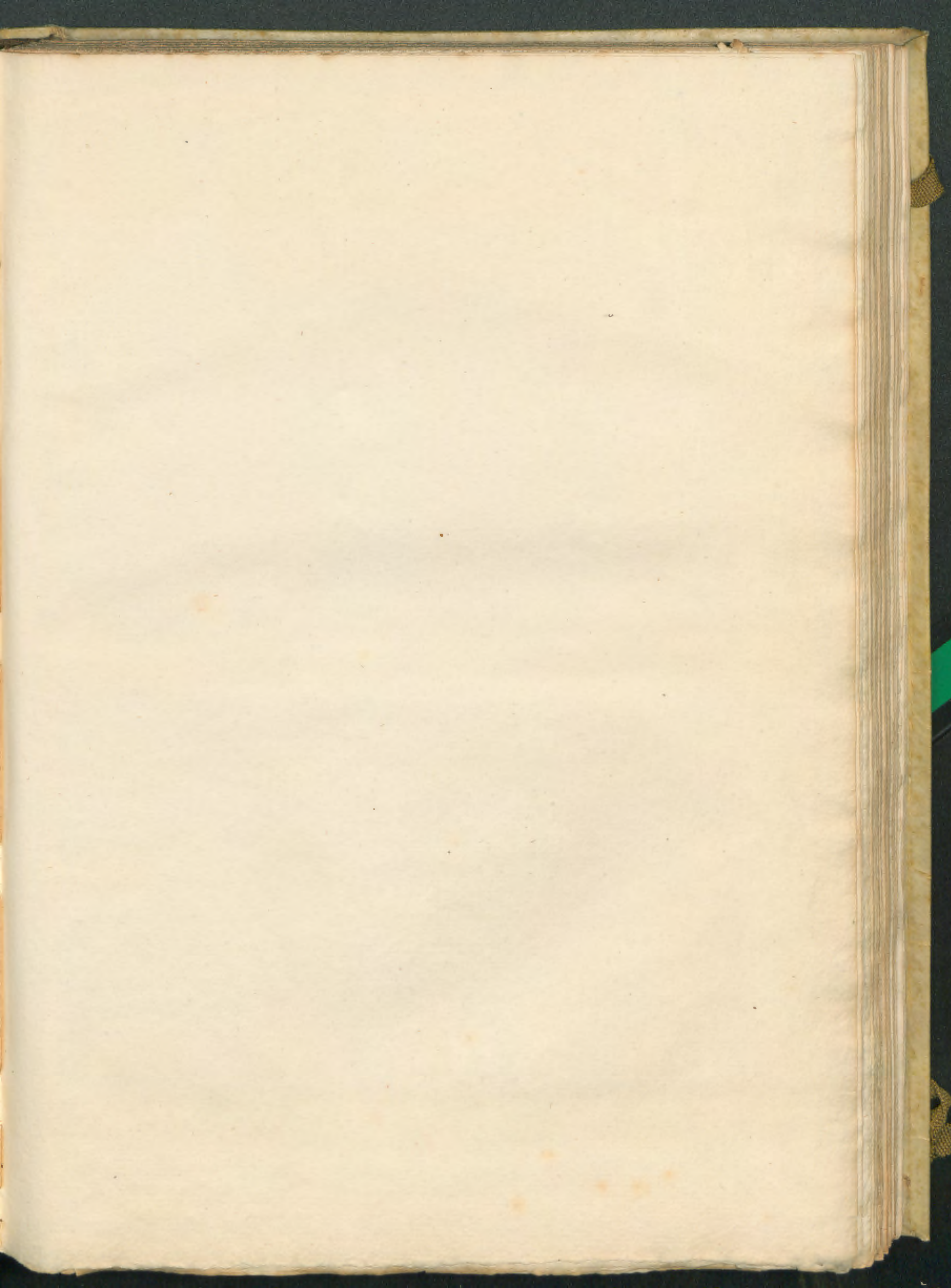
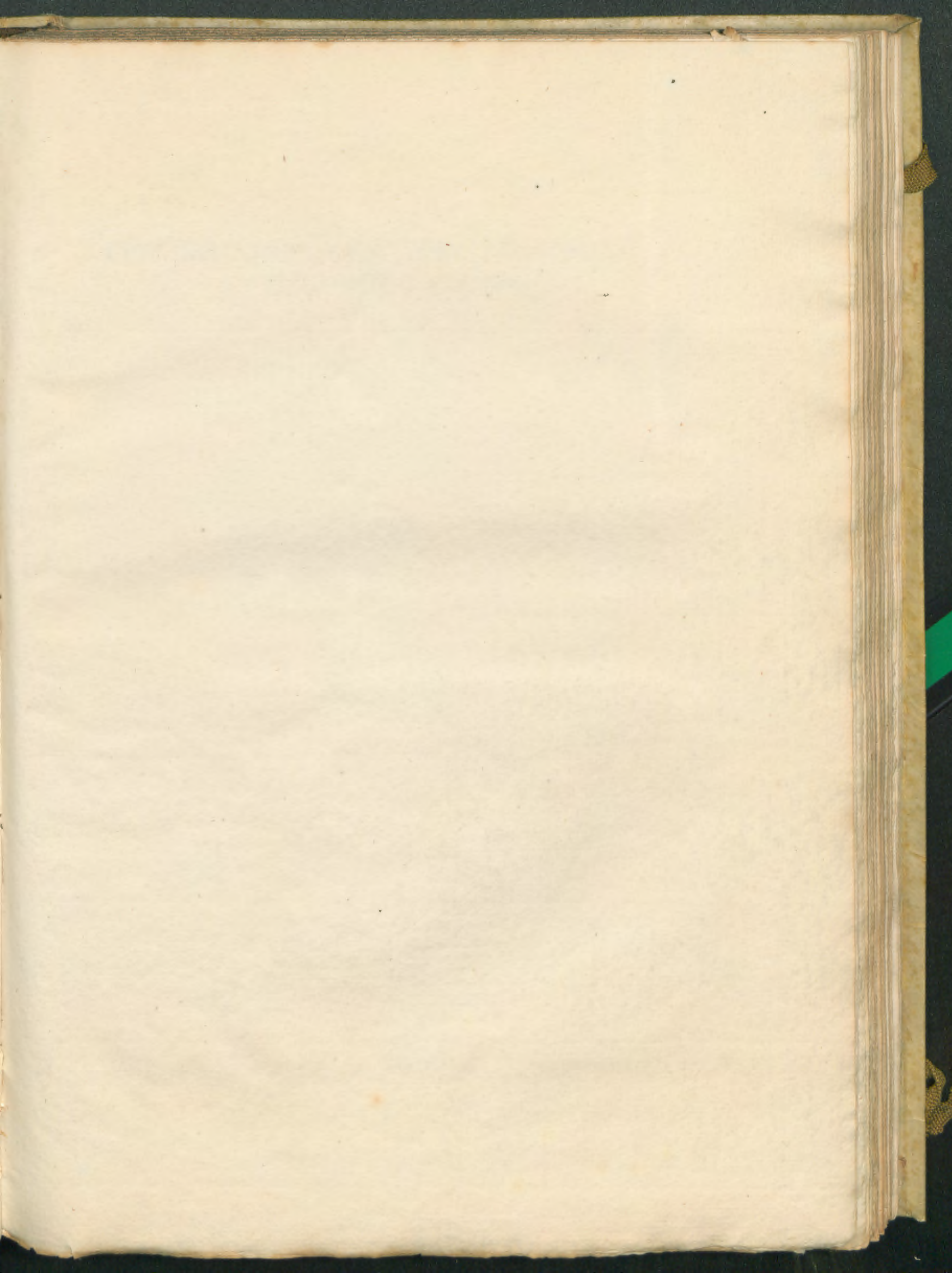


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THE HISTORY OF ROGER THE FOXE
BY WILLIAM CROFTON

THE DIRECTOR OF REVENUE AND CUSTOMS
BY WILLIAM CHALTON

THE HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOXE
BY WILLIAM CAXTON.

Now the first part of the history of
the foxe is finished and the
second part is begun.

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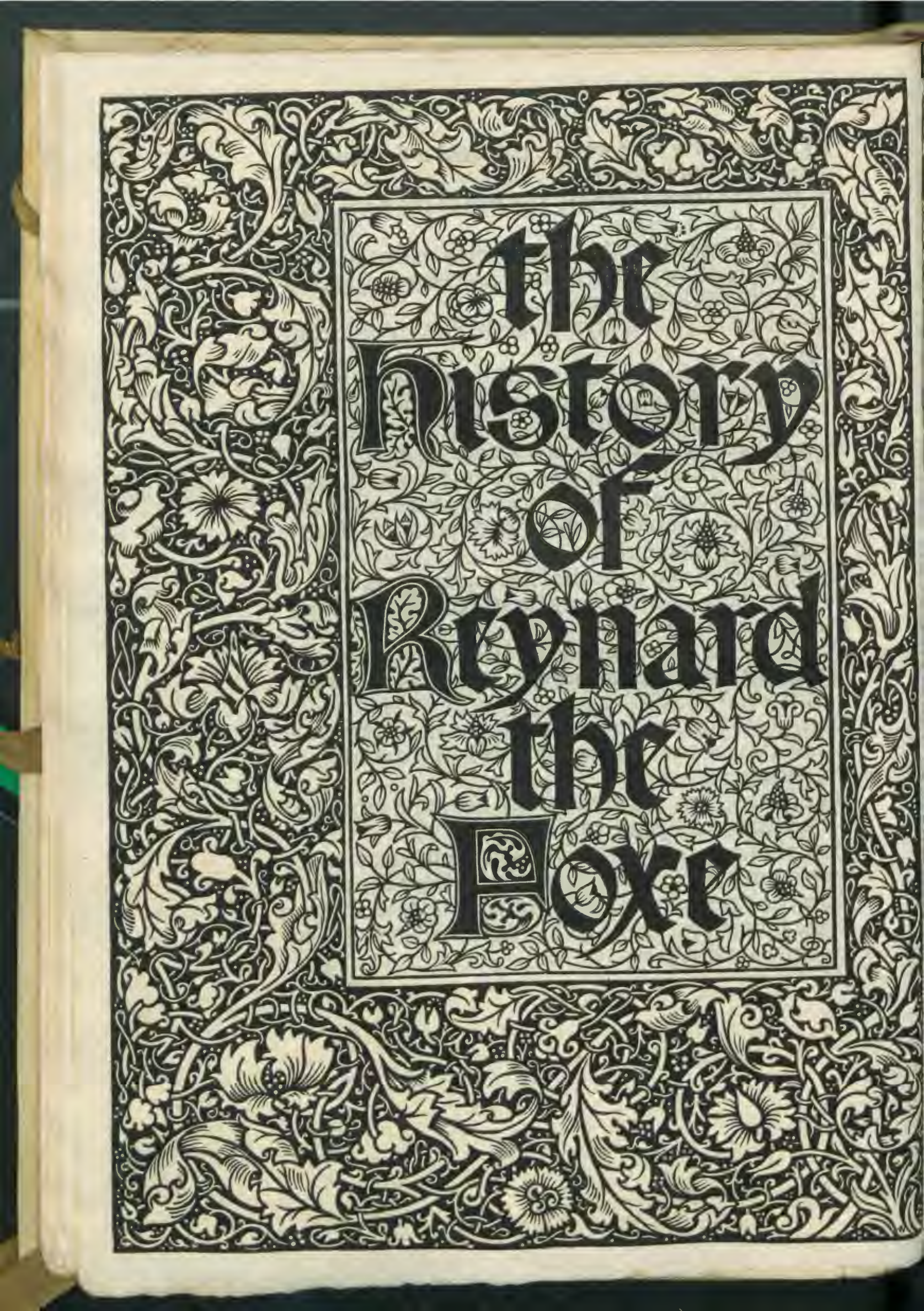
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The
History
of
Reynard
the
Foxe

**Hyer begynneth the hystorye of Reynard the
foxe**



In thys hystorye ben wretton
the parables, goode lerynge,
and dyuerse poyntes to be
merkyd, by whiche poyntes
men maye lerne to come to
the subtylle knoweleche of
suche thynges as dayly ben
vsed and had in the coun-
seylls of lordes and prelates,
gostely and worldly, and also
emonge marchantes & other
comone peple. And this booke
is maad for nede and prouffyte
of alle god folke, as fer as they
in redyng or heeryng of it shall
mowe vnderstand and fele the
forsaid subtil deceytes that
dayly ben vsed in the worlde,
not to thentente that men
shold vse them, but that euery
man sholde eschewe and kepe
hym from the subtil false
shrewys, that they be not
deceuyd. Thenne who that
will haue the very vnderstand-
yng of thys matter, he muste
ofte and many tymes rede in
thys booke, and earnestly and
diligently marke well that he
redeth, for it is sette subtylly,
lyke as ye shal see in redyng
of it; and not ones to rede it;
for a man shall not wyth ones
ouer redyng fynde the right
vnderstandyng, ne comprise
it wel, but oftymes to rede it
shal cause it wel to be vnder-
stande: and for them that
vnderstandeth it, it shall be
ryght joyous, playsant, and
prouffitable.

Howe the Lyon, kynge of alle bestis, sent out hys mandementis that alle beestis sholde come to his feest and court, capitulo primo. ❀❀




T was about the time of Penthecoste or Whytsontyde, that the wodes comynly be lusty & glad-som, and the trees clad with leuys and blossoms, and the grounde with herbes & flowris swete smel-lyng, & also the fowles & byrdes syngen melodyously in theyr ar-monye, that the Lyon, the noble kynge of all beestis, wolde in the holy dayes of thys feest holde an open court at Stade, whyche he dide to knowe ouer alle in hys lande. And comanded by strayte conmyssyons & maundements that euery beest shold come thyder, in suchewyse that alle the beestis grete & smale cam to the courte, sauf Reynard the fox, for he knewe himself fawty & gylty in many thinges ayenst many beestis that thyder sholde comen, that he durste not auenture to goo thyder. ¶ Whan the kynge of alle beestis had assemblid all his court, ther was none of them alle but that he had complayned sore on Rey-nart the foxe.

The firste complaynt made Isegrym the Wulf on Reynart, capitulo ij. ❀❀




SEGRYM the Wulf wyth his lynage and frendes cam and stode to fore the kynge, & sayde. ¶ Hye and myghty prynee, my lord the kynge, I beseche yow that thurgh your grete myght, ryght, & mercy, that ye wyl haue pyte on the grete trespas & the vnreasonable mys-



dedes that Reynart the foxe hath don to me & to my wyf. That is to wete, he is comen in to my hows ayenst the wylle of my wyf, and there he hath bepyssed my chyldren where as they laye, in suche wyse as they therof ben woxen blynde. Wherupon was a day sette, and was juged that Reygnart shold come and haue excused hym hierof, and haue sworn on the holy sayntes that he was not gylty therof. And whan the book wyth the sayntes was brought forth, tho had Reygnart bythought hym other wyse, and wente his waye agayn in to his hole as he had nought sette therby, and dere kynge, this knowen wel many of the bestes that now be comen hyther to your court. And yet hath he trespaced to me in many other thinges, he is not lyuyng that coude telle alle that I now leue vntolde; but the shame and vyllonye that he hath don to my wyf, that shal I neuer hyde ne suffre it vnauengyd, but that he shal make to me large amendes.

The complaynt of Courtoys the Hounde, capitulo
iiij. ✿ ✿



WHAN thyse wordes were spoken so stode there a lytyl hounde, and was named Courtoys, and complayned to the kynge, how that in the colde wynter in the harde froste he had ben sore forwynterd, in suche wyse as he had kepte nomore mete than a puddyng, wch puddyng Reygnard the foxe had taken away from hym. Tho spak Thybert the Catte.

WYTH this so cam Tybert the Catte wyth an irous moed, and sprange in emonge them, and sayde. My lord the kyng, I here hier that Reynart is sore complayned on, and hier is none but that he hath ynowh to doo to clere hym selfe: that Courtoys hier complayneth of, that is passyd mony yeres goon; how be it that I complayn not, that pudying was myne, for I hadde wonne it by nyghte in a mylle. The myllar laye and slepe: yf Courtoys had ony parte hierin, that cam byme to. Thenne spak Panther: Thynke ye, Tybert, that it were good that Reynard sholde not be complayned on? He is a very murderer, a rouer, and a theef; he loueth noman so wel, not our lord the kynge here, that he wel wold that he shuld lese good and worshyp, so that he myght wynne as moche as a legge of a fat henne. I shal telle yow what I sawe hym do yesterday to Cuwaert the Hare that hier standeth in the kynges pees and saufigarde. He promysed to Cuwart and sayde he wold teche hym his credo, and make hym a good chapelayn; he made hym goo sytte bytwene his legges, & sange & cryde lowde: Credo! Credo! My waye laye ther by, there that I herde this songe; tho wente I ner, and fonde maister Reynard that had lefte that he fyrst redde and song, & bygan to playe his olde playe, for he had caught Kywaert by the throte, & had I not that tyme comen he sholde haue taken his lyf from hym, like as ye hiere may see on Kywaert the Hare the fresse wounde yet. for sothe, my lord the kynge, yf ye suffre this vnpunysshid, and lete hym go quyte that hath thus broken your peas, and wyl do no right after the sentence & juge-

ment of your men, your chylde[n] many yeris herafter
shal be myspreysed and blamed therfore. Sykerly
Panther, sayd Isegrym, ye saye trouthe! Hit were
good that right and justyse were don for them that
wolde fayn lyue in peas.

**How Grymbart the Dasse, the foxes susters sone,
spack for Reynart and answerd to fore the kynge,
capitulo iiii.**



NO spack Grymbart the Dasse,
& was Reynarts sustersone, wyth
an angrye moed. Sir Isegrym,
that is euyl sayd! It is a comyn
prouerb, An enemies mouth saith
seeld wel. What leye ye and wyte
ye myn eme Reynart? I wold that
ye wolde aventure that who of yow
tweyne had moste trespaced to other sholde hange
by the necke as a theef on a tree. But and yf he were
as wel in this court, and as wel wyth the kynge as ye
be, it shold not be thought in hym that it were ynnowh
that ye shold come and aske hym forgyuenes. Ye
haue byten and nypte myn vncle wyth your felle and
sharp teeth many mo tymes than I can telle; yet wil
I telle some poyntes that I wel knowe. Knowe not ye
how ye mysdeled on the plays whiche he threwe down
fro the carre, whan ye folowed after fro ferre, and ye
ete the good plays allone, and gaf hym nomore than
the grate or bones, whyche ye myght not ete your
self? In lyke wyse dyde ye to hym also of the fatte
vlycche of bacon, which sauourdsowel that ye allone
ete in your bely, and whan myn eme askyd his parte
tho answerd ye hym agayn in scorne: Reynart, fayr
yonglyng, I shal gladly gyue you your part! But

myn eme gate ne had nought, ne was not the better, notwythstandyng he had wonnen the flycche of bacon wyth grete drede, for the man cam and threw hym in a sacke that he scarcely cam out wyth his lyf. Suche maner thynges hath Reynart many tymes suffred thurgh Ysegrym.

YE lordes, thynke ye that this is good; yet is ther more! He complayneth how that Reynart myn eme hath moche trespassed to hym by cause of his wyf. Myn eme hath leyn by her, but that is wel seuen yer to fore er he wedded her; and

yf Reynart for loue and curtosye dyde with her his wille, what was that? she was sone heled therof. Hierof by right shold be no complaynt; were Isegrym wyse he shold haue lefte that; he doth to hym self no worship thus to sklaundre his wyf; she playneth not. Now maketh Kywaert the Hare a complaynt also, that thynketh me a vyseuase; yf he rede ne lerned a right his lesson, sholde not Reynard his maister bete hym therefore? Yf the scolers were not beten ne smyten and reprised of their truantrye, they shold neuer lerne.

NO complayneth Courtoys that he with payne had gotten a puddyng in the wynter at suche tyme as the coste is euyl to fynde. Therof hym had he better to haue holde his pees, for he had stolen it; male quesisti et male perdidisti, hit is ryght that it be euil loste that is euil wonne. Who shal blame Reynart yf he haue taken fro a thief stolen good? Hit is reson, who that vnderstandeth the lawe and can discern the right, & that

he be of hys burthe as myn eme Reynart is, whiche knoweth wel how he shal resseyue stolen good; ye, al had he Courtoys hanged whan he fonde hym wyth the menowr, he hadde not moche mysdon ne trespassed, sauf ayenst the crowne, that he had don justyse wythoute leue, wherfore for the honour of the kynge he dyde it not, all hath he but lytel thanke. What skathed it hym, that he is thus complayned on? Myn eme is a gentil & a treweman, hemay suffre no falskede; he doth nothyng but by hys prestes counseyl, & I saye yowsyth that my lord the kynge hath do proclamed his pees he neuer thoughte to hurte ony man, for he eteth no more than ones a day. He lyueth as a recluse, he chastiseth his body and wereth a sherte of heer, hit is more than a yere that he hath eten no flesshe, as I yesterday herd saye of them that cam fro hym; he hath lefte and geuen ouer his castel Maleperduys & hath bylded a cluse, theryn dwelleth he & hunteth nomore, ne desyreth no wynnynge, but he lyueth by almesse and taketh nothyng but suche as men gyue hym for charyte, and doth grete penance for his synnes, and he is woxen moche pale and lene of prayeng and wakyng for he wolde be fayn wyth God. Thus as Grymbert his eme stode and preched thise wordes, so sawe they comen doun the hylle to hem Chauntecler the Cock, and brought on a biere a deed henne of whom Reynart had byten the heed of, and that muste be shewed to the kynge for to haue knowleche therof.


How the Cocks complained on Reynart, capitulo v.



HUNTECLER came forth & smote pyteously his handes and his fetheris, and on eche side of the byer wenten tweyne sorouful hennes; that one was called Cantart, and that other goode henne Crayant, they were two the fairest hennes that were bitwene Holland and Arderne. Thise hennes bare eche of them a brennyng tapre whiche was longe and strayte, thise two hennes were Coppens susters and they cryed so pitously, Alas and weleaway for the dethe of her dere suster Coppen. Two yonge hennes bare the byere, whiche kakled so heuily and wepte so lowde for the deth of Coppen their moder that it was ferre herde. Thus cam they to gydre to fore the kyng, & Chantecler tho seyde. **M**erciful lord, my lord the kyng, plesse it yow to here our complaynte and abhorren the grete scathe that Reynart hath don to me & my children that hiere stonden. It was so that in the begynnyng of Apryl whan the weder is fayr, as that I was hardy and prowde, bycause of the grete lynage that I am comen of, and also hadde, for I had viij fayr sones and seuen fayr doughters whiche my wyf had hatched, and they were alle stronge and fatte, & wente in a yerde whiche was walled round aboute, in whiche was a shadde where in were six grete dogges whiche had to/lore and plucked many a beestis skyn in suche wyse as my chyldren were not aferd. On whom Reynart the thief had grete enuye by cause



they were so sure that he cowde none gete of them, how wel oftymes hath this fel thief goon rounde aboute this wal, and hath leyde for vs in suche wyse that the dogges haue be sette on hym & haue hunted hym away. And ones they leep on hym vpon the banke, and that cost hym somewhat for his thefte. I saw that his skyn smoked; neuertheless he wente his waye, God amende it.

 **T**HUS were we quyte of Reynart a longe whyle. Atte laste cam he in lyknes of an heremyte, & brought to me a lettre for to rede, sealed wyth the kynges seal, in whiche stode wreton that the kynge had made pees oueral in his royame, & that alle maner beestis and fowles shold doo none harme ner scathe to ony other. Yet sayd he to me more that he was a cloysterer or a closyd recluse becomen, and that he wolde receyue grete penance for his synnes. He shewd me his slaayne & pylche, and an heren sherte ther vnder, & thenne sayd he, Syr Chaunteclere, after thys tyme be no more aferd of me, ne take no hede, for I now will ete no more flessch; I am forthon so olde that I wolde fayn remembre my sowe. I wil now go forth, for I haue yete to saye my sexte, none, and myn euensonge; to God I bytake yow. Tho wente Reynart thens, sayeng his Credo, and leyde hym vnder an hawthorn. Thenne was I glad and mery, and also toke none hede, and wente to my chyl dren, and clucked hem to gyder, and wente wythout the wal for to walke, wherof is moche harme comen to vs; for Reynart laye vnder a busshe and cam krepynge bitwene vs and the yate, so that he caght one of my chyl dren and leyd hym in his male,

wherof whe haue had grete harme, for syth he hath tasted of hym ther myght neuer hunter ne hounde saue ne kepe hym from vs. He hath wayted by nyghte & daye in suche wyse that he hath stolen so many of my chyldren that of xv I haue but foure, in suche wyse hath this thief forslongen them. And yet yesterday was Coppen my doughter, that hier lyeth vpon the byer, with the houndes rescowed. This conplayne I to yow, gracious kynge; haue pyte on myn grete & vnresonable damage and losse of my fayre chyldren.

How the kyng spack touchyng this conplaynt, capitulo vj.

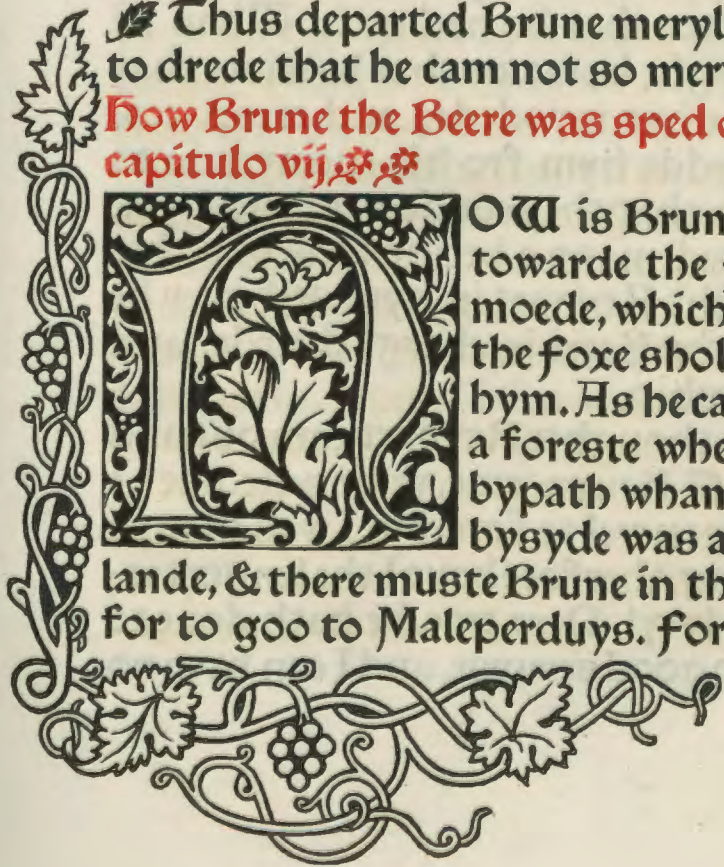


WHEN spacke the kynge **Sy**re Dasse, here ye thys wel of the recluse your eme; he hath fasted & prayde that if I liue a yere he shal abyte it. Now herke Chaunteclere, youre playnte is ynoughe; youre doughter that lyeth here dede, we wyll gyue to her the dethes right; we may kepe her no lenger, we wil betake her to God. We wyll syngen here vygylie and brynge her worshipfully on erthe, and thenne we wille speke wyth thyse lordes, & take counseyl how we may do ryght and justyse of thys grete murdre and brynge thys fals thief to the lawe. Tho begonne they Placebo Domino, wyth the verses that to longen, whiche yf I shold say were me to longe. Whan this vigilye was don & the commendacion, she was leyde in the pytte, and there vpon was leyde a marble stone polished as clere as ony glas, and theron was hewen in grete lettres in this wyse **Coppe**, Chanteklers dough-

ter, whome Reynart the foxe hath byten, lyeth hier vnder buried: complayne ye her, for she is shamefully comen to her dethe! After thys the kynge sente for hys lordes and wisest of his counseyl, for to take aduyse how this grete murdre and trespaas shold be punysshyd on Reynart the foxe. Ther was concluded and apoynted for the beste, that Reynart shold be sent fore, & that he lefte not for ony cause, but he cam in to the kinges court for to here wat shold be sayd to hym, & that Bruyn the Bere shold doo the message. The kynge thought that alle this was good, and saide to Brune the Bere. Syr Brune, I wyl that ye doo this message but see wel to for your self, for Reynart is a shrewe, and felle, and knoweth so many wyles that he shal lye and flatre, and shal thynke how he may begyle, deceyue, & brynge yow to some mockerye. Tho sayde Brune: What, good lord, late it allone. Deceyueth me the foxe? so haue I ylle lerned my casus. I trowe he shall come to late to mocque me. Thus departed Brune meryly fro thens, but it is to drede that he cam not so meryly agayn.

How Brune the Beere was sped of Reynart the foxe, capitulo vij.

Now is Brune goon on his waye towarde the foxe wyth a stowte moede, whiche supposed wel that the foxe sholde not haue begyled hym. As he cam in a derke wode in a foreste whereas Reynard had a bypath whan he was hunted, ther bysyde was an hie montayne and lande, & there muste Brune in the myddel goon ouer for to goo to Maleperduys. for Reynart had many



a dwellyng place, but the castel of Maleperduys was the beste & the fastest burgh that he had; ther laye he inne whan he had nede, & was in ony drede or fere.

Now whan Bruyn was comen to Maleperduys he fonde the yate faste shette; tho wente he to fore the yate, and satte vpon his taylle, and caled Reynart, be yeat home? I am Brownynge, the kyng hath sente me for yow that ye sholde come to court for to plete your caas. He hath sworn there by hys God, come ye not, or bringe I yow not with me, for tabyde suche right & sentence as shal be there gyuen, it shal coste you your lyf; he wyl hange yow or sette yow on the ratte. Reynart, doo by my counseyl and come to the court. Reynart laye within the gate as he ofte was wonte to doo for the warmth of the sonne. Whanne Reynart herd Bruyn, tho went he inneward in to his hole, for Maleperduys was ful of holes, hier one hool & there an other & yonder an other, narowe, croked, and longe, wyth many weyes to goo out, whyche he opend and shette after that he had nede. Whan he hadd ony proye brought home, or that he wiste that ony soughte hym for hys mysdedes and trespaces, thenne he ran and hydde hym fro his enemyes in to hys secrete chambres, that they coude not fynd hym, by whiche he deceyuyd many a beeste that soughte hym. And tho thought Reynart in hym self how he myght best brynge the Beere in charge & nede, and that he abode in worship.



IN this thoughte Reynart cam out and sayd Bruyn, eme, ye be welcome! I herde you wel to fore, but I was in myn euesong, therefore haue I the lenger tarried a lytyl. Dere eme, he hath done to you no good seruyse, and I can hym no

thank that hath sente you ouer thys longe hylle, for I see that ye be also wery that the swete renneth down by your chekys. It was no nede; I had neuertheless comen to courte to morowe. But I sorowe now the lasse, for your wyse counseyl shall wel helpe me in the court. And coude the kyng fynde none lasse messenger but yow for to sende hither? That is grete wonder, for next the kyng ye be the mooste gentyl and richest of leeuys and of lande! I wolde wel that we were now at the court, but I fere me that I shal not conne wel goo thyder, for I haue eten so moche new mete that me thynketh my bely wylle breke or cleue asonder, & by cause the mete was nyewe I ete the more.

¶ Tho spack the Bere: Lief neuue, what mete haue ye eten that maketh yow so ful? ¶ Dere eme, that I ete, what myght it helpe yow that yf I told yow? I ete but symple mete; a poure man is no lorde; that may ye knowe, eme, by me. We poure folke muste ete oftymes suche as we gladly wolde not ete yf we hadd better; they were grete hony combes whyche I muste nedes ete for hunger; they haue made my bely soo grete that I can nowher endure.

¶ Bruyn tho spacke anone: Alas, Reynart, what say ye? Sette ye so lytyl by hony? Me oughte to preyse and loue it aboue all mete. Lief Reynart, helpe me that I myght gete a deel of thys hony, and as longe as I lyue I shal be to you a tryew friend, and abyde by yow as ferre as ye helpe me that I may haue a parte of thys hony!

How Bruyn ete the hony, capitulo viij. ❀❀



BRUYN, eme, I had supposed that ye had iaped therwyth. So help me God, Reynart, nay I shold not gladly iape wyth yow. Thenne spack the rede Reynart: Is it thenne earnest that ye loue so wel the hony? I shal do late you haue so moche that ten of yow shold not ete it at

one mele, myght I gete therwith your friendship. Not we ten, Reyner neue, sayd the Bere, how shold that be? Had I alle the hony that is bytwene this and Portyngale I shold welete it allone. Reynard sayd: What saye ye, eme? Hier by dwelleth an husbandman named Lantfert, whiche hath so moche hony that ye shold not ete it in vij yere, whiche ye shal haue in your holde, yf ye will be to me friendly & helpyng ayenst myn enemyes in the kynges court. Thenne promysed Bruyn the Bere to hym that yf he myght haue his bely full he wold truly be to hym to fore all other a faythful frende. Herof laughed Reynart the shrew, and sayde. Yf ye wolde haue vij hamber barelis ful I shal wel gete them and helpe you to haue them. These wordes plesyd the Bere sowel, and made hym so moche to lawhe, that he coude not wel stande. Tho thought Reynart: This is good luck, I shal lede hym thyder that he shall lawhe by mesure.



REYNART sayd thenne. This mater may not be longe taryed, I muste payne my self for you; ye shal wel vnderstande the very yonste and good wyl that I bere to you ward. I knowe none in al my lygnage that I nou wolde la-

boure fore thus sore! That thanked hym the Bere,
and thought he taryed longe. Now, eme, late vs goo
a good paas, and folowe ye me, I shal make you to
haue as moche hony as ye may bere. The foxe mente
of good strokes, but the caytyf markyd not what
the foxe mente, & they wente so longe to gydre that
they cam vnto Lantferts yerde: tho was sir Bruyn
mery. Now herke, of Lantfert is it true that men saye,
so was Lantfert a stronge carpenter of grete tymbre,
and had brought that other day to fore in to his
yerde a grete oke whiche he had begonne to cleue. And
as men be woned, he had smeten two betels therin,
one after that other, in suche wyse the oke was wyde
open, wherof Reynart was glad, for he had founde
it right as he wished, and sayde to the Bere all law-
hyng. See nou well sharply to, in thys tree is so
moche hony that it is without mesure. Asaye yf ye
can come therin, and ete but lytill; for though the
honycombes be swete and good, yet beware that ye
ete not to many, but take of them by mesure, that ye
cacche no harme in your body; for, swete eme, I shold
be blased yf they dyde you ony harme. What,
Reynart cosyn, sorowe ye not for me, wene ye that I
were a fole? Mesure is good in alle mete. Reynart
sayde: Ye saye trouthe, wherfore shold I sorowe?
Goo to thende and crepe theryn. Bruyn the Bere
hasted sore toward the hony, and trad in wyth his
two formest feet, and put his heed ouer his eeris in
to the clyft of the tree, and Reynart sprang lyghtly
& brak out the betle of the tree. Tho helped the Bere
nether flaterying ne chydyng; he was fast shette in the
tree. Thus hath the neuue wyth deceyte brought his
eme in pryson in the tree in suche wyse as he coude not
gete out wyth myght ne wyth crafte, hede ne foote.

WHAT prouffyteth Bruyn the Bere that he stronge and hardy is? that may not helpe hym. He sawe wel that he begyled was: he began to howle and to braye, and crutched wyth the hynder feet, and made suche a noyse & rumour that Lantfert cam out hastely, and knewe nothyng what this myght be, & brought in his hand a sharp hoke. Bruyn de Bere laye in the clyfte of the tree in grete fere and drede, & helde fast his heed, and nyped both his fore feet. He wrange, he wrastled, & cryed, and all was for nought: he wiste not how he myght gete out. Reynart the foxe sawe fro ferre how that Lantfert the carpenter cam, and tho spack Reynart to the Bere. **I**s that hony good? How is it now? Ete not to moche, it shold do you harme, ye shold not thenne wel conne goo to the court. **W**han Lantfert cometh, yf ye haue wel eten he shal yeue you better to drynke, and thenne it shal not styke in your throte.

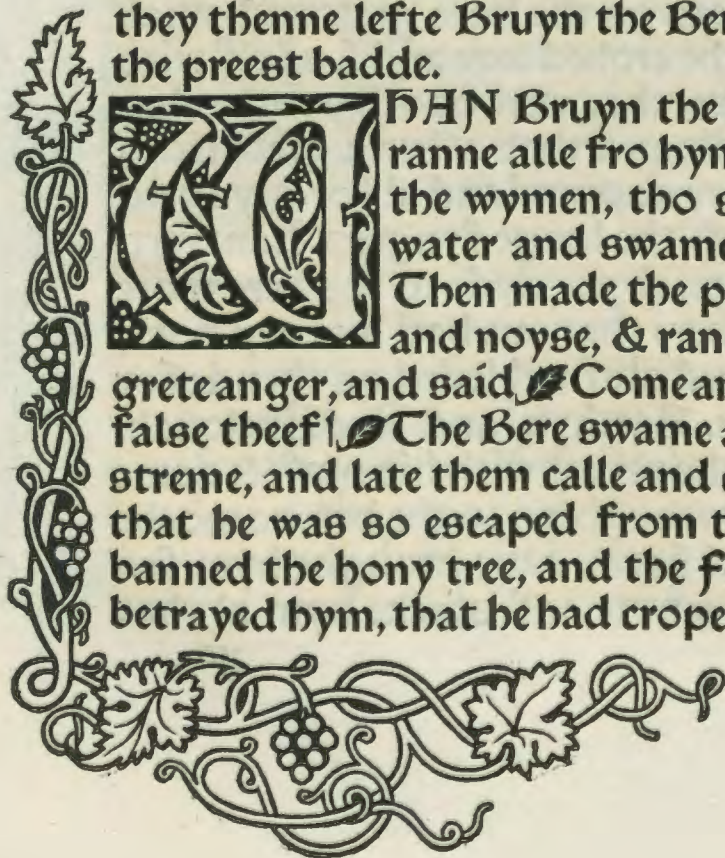
AFTER thise wordes tho torned hym Reynart toward his castel, and Lantfert cam and fonde the Bere fast taken in the tree. **T**henne ranne he faste to his neyghbours, & sayde. **C**ome alle in to my yerde, there is a beere taken!

The worde anone sprange oueral in the thorpe: ther ne bleef nether man ne wyf, but alle ranne theder as faste as they coude, eueryche wyth his wepen, some wyth a staf, some with a rake, some with a brome, some with a stake of the hegghe, and some wyth a flayel, and the preest of the chirche had the staf of the crosse, and the clerk brought a vane. **T**he prestis wyf Julok cam with her dystaf, she sat tho & spanne.

Ther cam olde wymen that for age had not one toeth
in her heed: now was Bruyn the Bere nygh moche
sorowe that he allone muste stande ayenst them alle.
¶ Whan he herde alle this grete noyse and crye, he
wrastled and plucked so harde and so sore that he
gate out his heed, but he lefte behynde alle the skyne
and bothe his eeris, in suche wyse that neuer man saw
fowller ne lothlyer beest, for the blode ran ouer his
eyen, and or he coude gete out his feet he muste lete
there his clawes or nayles and this rough hande.
This market cam to hym euyl, for he supposid neuer
to haue goon, his feet were so sore, & he myght not
see for the blode whiche ran so ouer his eyen. Lant-
fert cam to hym wyth the preest, and forth with alle
the parysshe, and began to smyte and stryke sore
vpon his heed and visage: he receyuyd there many a
sore stroke. ¶ Euery man beware hierby: who hath
harne and scathe euery man wil be ther at and put
more to. ¶ That was wel seen on the Bere, for they
were alle fiers and wroth on the Bere, grete and smal.
Ye, Hughelyn wyth the croked lege and Ludolf with
the brode longe noose, they were booth wroth: that
one had an leden malle and that other a grete leden
wapper, ther wyth they wappred and al for/slyngred
hym. Syr Bertolt with the longe fyngers, Lantfert,
and Ottram the longe, thyse dyde to the bere more
harne than al the other: that one had a sharp hoke,
and that other a croked staf wel leded on thende for
to playe at the balle. Baetkyn, and Hue Abelquak,
my dame Baue, and the preest with his staf, & dame
Julok his wyf, this wroughten to the bere somoche
harne that they wold fayne haue brought hym fro
his lyf to deth: they smote and stacke hym al that

they cowde. Bruyn the Beere satte and syghed and groned, and muste take suche as was gyuen to hym: but Lantfert was the worthiest of byrthe of them alle, and made mooste noyse, for dame Pogge of Chafporte was his moder, and his fader was Macob the stoppelmaker, a moche stowte man. There as he was allone, Bruyn receyued of hem many a caste of stones. Tofore hem alle sprang forst Lanteferts brother with a staf, and smote the Bere on the heed that he ne herdene sawe, & therewith the Bere sprang vp bytwene the bushe and the ryuer emonge an heep of wyuis that he threwe a deel of hem in the ryuer, whiche was wyde and depe. Ther was the persones wyf one of them, wherfore he was ful of sorow: whan he sawe his wyf lye in the water, hym lusted no lenger to smyte the Bere, but called **D**ame Juloke in the water, now euery man see to! Alle they that may helpe her, be they men or wymen, I gyue to hem alle pardon of her penance, and relece alle theyr synnes! Alle they thenne lefte Bruyn the Bere lye, and dyde that the preest badde.

WHAN Bruyn the Bere sawe that they ranne alle fro hym, and ranne to saue the wymen, tho sprange he in to the water and swame alle that he coude. Then made the preest a grete showte and noyse, & ran after the Bere wyth grete anger, and said **C**ome and torne agayn, thou false theef! The Bere swame after the beste of the streme, and late them calle and crye, for he was glad that he was so escaped from them. He cursed and banned the hony tree, and the foxe also that had so betrayed hym, that he had copen therein so depe that



he loste booth his hood and his eeris. And so forth he droof in the streem wel a ij or iij myle: tho waxe he so wery that he wente to lande for to sitte and reste hym, for he was heuy. He groned and syghed, & the blode lepe ouer his eyen: he drough his breth lyke as one sholde haue deyde.

N herke how the foxe dyde: er he cam fro Lantfertes hows he had stolen a fatte henne, and had leyde her in his male, and ranne hastely away by a by path were he wende that noman shold haue comen. Heranne toward the ryuer

that he swette; he was so glad that he wist not what to do for joy, for he hoped that the Bere had bedede.

He sayd: I haue now wel spedde, for he that sholde moste haue hyndred me in the court is now dede and none shal wyte me therof. May I not thenne by right be wel glad?

With thisse wordes the foxe loked to the ryuer ward, & espyed where Bruyn the Bere laye and rested hym: tho was the foxe sorier and heuyer than he to fore was mery, and was as angry, & sayd! in chydyng to Lantfert. Alas Lantfert, lewde foole God gyue hym a shames deth that hath loste suche good venyson, whiche is good and fatte, and hath late hym goo whiche was taken to his hande; many a man wolde gladly haue eten of hym. He hath loste a riche and fatte bere.

Thus al chydyng he cam to the ryuer, where he fonde the Beere sore wounded, bebled & right seke, whiche he myght thanke none better therof than Reynart, whiche spack to the Bere in skorne. Chiere priestre, Dieu vous garde! Wylle ye see the rede theef? sayde the Bere to hym self; the rybaud and the felle diere, here I se hym

comen. ¶ Thenne sayd the foxe: Haue ye ought forgotten at Lantferts? Haue ye also payd hym for the hony combes that ye stole fro hym? Yf ye haue not, it were a grete shame and not honeste. I wyl rather be the messenger my self for to goo and paye hym. Was the hony not good? I knowe yet more of the same prys. Dere eme, telle me er I goo hens, in to what ordre wille ye goo, that were this newe hode? Were ye a monke or an abbot? He that shoued your crowne hath nyped of your eeries; ye haue lost your toppe, and don of your gloues. I trowe veryly that ye wyl go synge complyn. ¶ Alle this herde Bruyn the Bere, and wexe alle angry and sory for he myght not avenge hym. He lete the foxe saye his wylle, and wyth grete payne suffred it, and sterte agayn in the ryuer, and swam doun wyth the streem to that other syde. Now muste he sorowe how that he shoulde come to the court, for he had loste his eeries, & the skynne wyth the clawes of his forefeet, for though a man shoulde haue slayn hym he coude not go, and yet he muste nedes forth, but he wist not how. Now here how he dyde: he satte vpon his hammes & began to rutsele ouer his tayl, and whan he was so wery he wentled and tumbled nyghe half a myle. This dyde he with grete payne so longe tyl atte laste he cam to the courte, and whan he was seen so comyng fro ferre, some doubted what it myght be that cam so wentelyng. The kynge atte laste knewe hym, and was not wel payd and sayde. ¶ This is Bruyn the Bere, my frende: Lord God, who hath wounded hym thus! He is passyng reed on his heed: me thynketh he is hurte vnto the deth. Where may he haue ben? ¶ Therwyth is the Bere come to fore the kynge and sayde:

The complaynt of the Bere vpon the foxe, capitulo ix



COMPLAINE to yow, mercyful lorde, syre kynge, so as ye may see how that I am handled, prayeng you tauenge it vpon Reynart the felle beast, for I haue goten this in your seruyse. I haue loste bothe my formest feet, my chekes and myn eeris by his false deceyte and

treyson. The kynge sayde: How durste this fals theef Reynart doo this? I saye to yow Bruyn, and swere by my crowne, I shal so auenge you on hym that ye shal conne me thanke. He sente for alle the wyse beestis, & desired counseyl how that he myght auenge this ouer grete wronge, that the foxe had don. Thenne the counceyl concluded, olde and yong, that he shold be sente fore and dayed earnestly agayn, for tabyde suche iugement as shold there be gyuen on hym of alle his trespasses. And they thought that the catte Tybert myght best do this message yf he wold, for he is right wyse. The kynge thought this counceyl good.

How the kynge sente another tyme Tybert the Catte for the foxe, and how Tybert spedde with Reynart the foxe, capitulo x



TENNE the kyng said, Sir Tybert, ye shal now goo to Reynart, and saye to hym this seconde time that he come to court vnto the plee for to answer, for though he be felle to other beestys he trusteth you wel & shal doo by your counseyl. And telle yf he come not, he

shal haue the thirde warnyng and be dayed, & yf he thenne come not we shal procede by ryght ayenst hym and alle hys lygnage without mercy. ¶ Tybert spack: My lord the kynge, they that this counseylde you were not my frendes. What shal I doo there? He wil not for me neyther come ne abyde. I beseche you, dere kynge, sende some other to hym. I am lytyl and feble: Bruyn the Bere whichewas so grete & stronge coude not brynge hym, how shold I thenne take it on honde? ¶ Nay, sayd the kynge, Sir Tybert, ye ben wyse and wel lerned: though ye be not grete, there lyeth not on, many do more wyth crafte & connyng than with myght and strengthe. ¶ Thenne said the Catte: Syth it muste nedes be don, I muste thenne take it vpon me. God yeue grace that I may wel achieue it, for my herte is heuy & euil willed therto. ¶ Tybert made hym sone redy toward Malperduys and he saw fro ferre come fleying one of Seynt Martyns byrdes, tho cryde helowde and said. ¶ Al hayl, gentyl byrde, torne thy wynges hetherward and flee on my ryght side! ¶ The byrde flew forth vpon a tree whiche stooode on the lift side of the Catte. Tho was Tybert woo, for he thought hit was a shrewd token and a signe of harme, for yf the birde had flowen on his right side he had ben mery & glad, but now he sorowed that his journey shold torne to vnhappe. Neuertheles, he dyde as many doo & gaf to hym self better hope than his herte sayde: he wente & ronne to Maleperduys ward, & there he fonde the fox alone standyng to fore his hous. ¶ Tybert said: The riche God yeue you good euen, Reynart: the kyng hath menaced yow for to take your lyf from yow yf ye come not now wyth me to the court. ¶ The foxe tho spack and

saide: Tibert, my dere cosyn, ye be right welcome, I wolde wel truly that ye had moche good lucke.

WHAT hurted the foxe to speke fayre? Tho he sayd wel, his herte thoughte it not; and that shal be seen er they departe. Reynart sayde: Wylle we this night be to gydre, I wyl make you good chyere and to morow erly in the dawn-

ying we wyl to gydre goo to the court. Good neue, late vs so doo: I haue none of my kyn that I truste so moche to as to yow. Hier was Bruyn the Bere, the traytour, he loked so shrewdly on me, & me thoughte he was so stronge that I wold not for a thousand mark haue goon with hym: but, cosyn, I wil to morow erly goo with yow. Tybert saide: It is beste that we now goo, for the mone shyneth al so light as it were daye, I neuer sawe fayrer weder. Nay, dere cosyn, suche myght mete vs by daye tyme that wold make vs good chiere, & by nyghte paraventure myght doo vs harme. It is suspecyous to walke by nyghte, therefore abyde this nyght here by me. Tybert sayde: What sholde we ete yf we abode here? Reynart sayde: Here is but lytel to ete. Ye maye wel haue an hony combe good and swete: what saye ye, Tybert, wyl ye ony therof? Tybert answerd: I sette nought therby. Haue ye nothyng ellis? Yf ye gaf me a good fattemows, I shold be better plesid. A fattemows? said Reynard: dere cosyn, what saye ye? here by dwelleth a preest and hath a barne by his hows, therin ben so many myse that a man shold not lede them away vppon a wayne. I haue herd the preest many tymes complayne that they dide hym moche harme. O dere Reyner, lede me thyder for alle that I may doo for

yow! **Y**e, Tybert, saye ye me trouthe, loue ye wel myes? **Y**f I loue hem wel? said the Catte. I loue myes better than ony thing that men gyue me. Knowe ye not that myes sauoure better than veneson? ye, than flawnes or pasteyes. **W**il ye wel doo? so ledeme theder where the myes ben, and thenne shal ye wynne my loue: ye, al had ye slayn my fader, moder, and alle my kyn.



REYNART said: Ye moke & jape therwyth. **T**he Catte saide: So helpe me God, I doo not! **T**ybert, said the foxe, wiste I that, veryly I wolde yet this nyght make that ye shuld be ful of myes. **R**eynart, quod he, ful, that were many. **T**yberte, ye jape! **R**eynart, quod he, in trouthe I doo not: yf I hadde a fatte mows, I wold not gyue it for a golden noble. **L**ate vs goo thenne, Tybert, quod the foxe; I wyl brynge yow to the place er I go fro you. **R**eynart, quod the Catte, vpon your sauferduyt I wolde wel goo wyth you to Monpelier. **L**ate vs thenne goo, said the foxe, we tarye alto longe. **T**hus wente they forth withoute lettyng to the place where as they wold be, to the prestes barne whichewas faste wallid aboutewith a mude wal. **A**nd then nyght to fore the foxe had broken in, & had stolen fro the preest a good fatte henne, and the preest alle angry had sette a gryn to fore the hool to auenge hym, for he wold fayn haue take the foxe. **T**his knewe wel the felle theef, the foxe, & said. **S**ir Tybert, cosyn, crepe in to this hool, and ye shal not longe tarye but that ye shal catche myes by grete hepis: herke how they pype! **W**han ye be ful, come agayn, I wil tarye here after you be fore this hole. **W**e wil to morowe

goo to gyder to the court. Tybert, why tarye ye thus longe? Come of, and so maye we retorne sone to my wyf, whiche wayteth after vs, and shal make vs good chiere.

Tybert, saide Reynart, cosyn, is it thenne your counseylle that I goo in to thys hole? Thyse prestes ben so wyly and shrewysssh I drede to take harme.

O, ho, Tybert, said the foxe, I sawe yow neuer so sore aferde: what eyleth yow?

The Catte was ashamed and sprange in to the hool, and anon he was caught in the gryn by the necke er he wyste: thus deceyuyd Reynart his ghest and cosyn.

AS Tybert was waer of the grynne, he was a/ferde and sprange forth: the grynne wente to. Thenne began he to wrawen for he was almost y/stranglyd: he called, he cryed, and made a shrewd noyse.

Reynart stode to fore the hool, & herde al, and was well a/payed, and sayde.

Tybert, loue ye wel myes! Be they fatte and good? Knewe the preeste herof, or Mertynet, they be so gentyl that they wolde brynge yow sawce.

Tybert, ye synge and eten, is that the guyse of the court? Lord God, yf Ysegrym ware there by yow in suche reste as ye now be, thenne shold I be glad; for ofte he hath don me scathe and harme!

Tybert coude not goo awaye, but he mawed and galped so lowde that Martynet sprang vp and cryde lowde.

God be thanked my gryn hath taken the thief that hath stolen our hennes! Aryse vp: we wil rewarde hym.

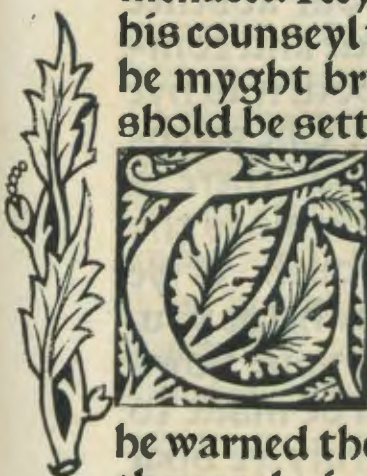
WITH these wordes arose the preest in an euyl tyme, and waked alle them that were in the hows, & cryde wyth a lowed vois. The foxe is take! There leep & ranne alle that there was: the preest hym self ranneal modernaked. Marty-

net was the first that cam to Tybert. The preest toke to Locken his wyf an offryng candel, and had her lyght it atte fyer, and he smote Tybert with a grete staf. Ther receyuid Tybert many a grete stroke ouer alle his body: Mertynet was so angry that he smote the Catte an eye out. The naked preest lyfte vp and shold haue gyuen a grete stroke to Tybert: but Tybert, that sawe that he muste deye, sprange bytwene the preestes legges wyth his clawes & with his teeth, that he raught out his ryght colyon or balock stone: that leep becam yl to the preest & to his grete shame.

HIS thyng fyl down vpon the floer. Whan dame Julocke knewe that, she sware by her faders sowe that she wolde it had coste her alle tho offryng of a hole yere, that the preest had not had that harme, hurte and shame, and that it had not happed. And said. In the deueles name was the grynne there sette! See, Mertynet, lyef sone, this is of thy faders harneys. This is a grete shame, and to me a grete hurte; for, though he be heled herof, yet he is but a loste man to me, and also shal neuer conne doo that swete playe and game!

The foxe stode wythoute to fore the hole, and herde alle thyse wordes, and lawhed so sore that he vnnethe coude stonde. He spack thus al softly. Dame Julock, beal styll, and lete your grete sorowe synke.

Alhath the preest loste one of his stones, it shal not hyndre hym; he shal doo wyth you wel ynowh. Ther is in the world many a chapel in whiche is rongen but one belle. Thus scorned and mocked the foxe the prestes wyf, dame Iulock, that was ful of sorowe. The preest fyl doun a swoune: they toke hym vp and brought hym agayn to bedde. Tho wente the foxe agayn in to his borugh ward, and lefte Tybert the Catte in grete drede & jeopardye, for the foxe wiste none other but that the Catte was nygh deed. But whan Tybert the Catte sawe them al besy aboute the preest, tho began he to byte and gnawe the grenne in the myddela/sondre, & sprange out of the hool, and wenterollyng & wentlyng towards the kyngs court. Or he cam theder it was fayr day & the sonne began to ryse, and he cam to the court as a poure wyght. He had caught harme atte prestes hows by the helpe and counseyl of the foxe; his body was al to/beten and blynde on the one eye. Whan the kyng wyste this, that Tybert was thus arayed, he was sore angry and menaced Reynart, the thief foxe, and anone gadred his counseyl to wyte what they wold auyse hym, how he myght brynge the foxe to the lawe, and how he shold be sette.

 NO spack Sir Grymbart, whiche was the foxes suster sone, and said. Ye lordes, though myn eme were twies so bad and shrewessh, yet is ther remedye ynough. Late hym be don to as to a free man: whan he shal be juged he muste he warned the thirde tyme for al; and yf he come not thanne, he is thenne gylty in alle the trespaces that ben leyd ayenst hym and his, or complayned on.



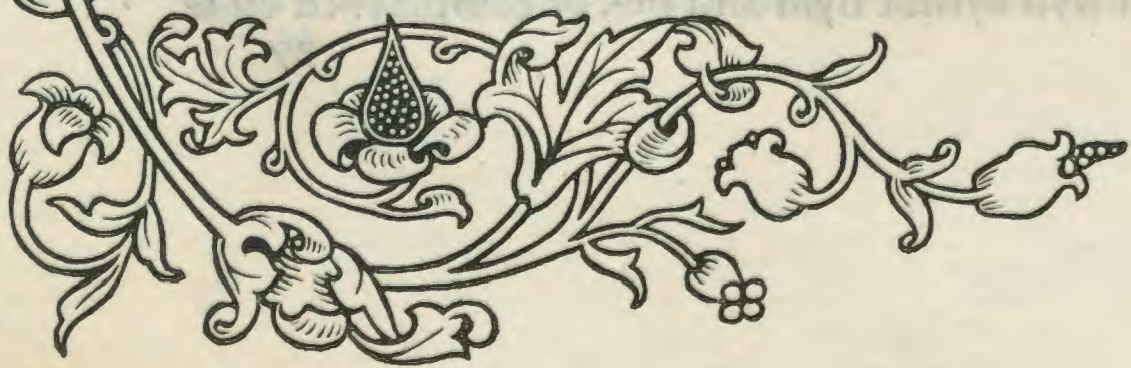
Grymbert, who wolde ye that sholde goo & daye hym to come? Who wil auenture for hym his eeris, hys eye or his lyf, whiche is so fel a beast? I trowe there is none here so moch a fool! ¶ Grymbart spack: So helpme God, I am so moche a fool that I will do this message my self to Reynart, yf ye wille commande me.

Now Grymbert the Dasse brought the foxe to the lawe to fore the kynge, capitulo xj. ¶



DO go forth, Grymbart, and see wel to fore yow. Reynart is so felle and fals, and so subtyl, that ye nede wel to loke aboute yow and to beware of hym. ¶ Grymbert said he sholde see wel to: thus wente Grymbart to Maleperduys ward, and whan he cam theder he fonde

Reynart the foxe at home, and dame Ermelyn his wyf laye by her whelpis in a darke corner. Tho spack Grymberd, and salewed his eme and his aunte, and saide to Reynart, ¶ Eme, beware that your absence hurte yow not in suche maters as be leyde and complayned on yow; but, yf ye thynke it good, it is hye tyme that ye come wyth me to the court. The wythholdyng you fro it can doo yow no good: there is moche thyng complayned ouer you, and this is the thirde warnyng. And I telle you for trouth, yf ye abyde to morow al day ther may no mercy helpe you, ye shal see that wyth in thre dayes that your hows shal be bysegged al aboute, and ther shal be made to fore it galowes and racke. I saie you truly ye shal not thenne escape, neyther with wyf ne wyth chylde:



the kynge shal take alle your liuys fro yow. Therefore it is beste that ye goo wyth me to the court: your sultyl wyse counseyl shal parauenture auaylle you. Ther ben gretter auentures falle er this, for it may happe ye shal goo quyte of all the complayntes that ben complayned on you, and alle your enemyes shal abyde in the shame. Ye haue oftymes don more and gretter thingis than this.

REYNART the foxe answerd. Ye saye sooth! I trowe it is beste that I goo wyth you, for ther lacketh my counseyl. Parauenture the kynge shal be mercyful to me, yf I may come to speke wyth hym and see hym vnder his eye, though I had don moche more harme. The court may not stonde without me, that shal the kyng wel vnderstande, though some be so felle to me ward yet it goth not to the herte: alle the counseyl shal conclude moche by me. Where grete courtes ben gadred of kynges or of grete lordes, where as nedeth subtyl counseyl, ther muste Reynart fynde the subtyl meanes. They maye wel speke and saye theyr aduys, but the myne is beste and that goth to fore alle other. In the courte ben many that haue sworn to do me the worst they can, and that causeth me a parte to be heuy in my herte, for many maye doo more than one allone: that shal hurte me. Neuertheles, newew, it is better that I goo wyth yow to the court and answer for my self, than to sette me, my wyf, and my chyldren, in a venture for to be loste. Hryse vp, late vs goo hens: he is ouer myghty for me, I muste doo as he wylle: I can not bettre it, I shal take it patiently and suffre it.

REYNERT sayde to his wyf, dame Ermelyn. I betake yow my chyldren, that ye see wel to hem, and specyally to Reynkyn, my yongest son, he belyketh me so wel I hope he shal folowe my stappes; and ther is Rosel, a passyng

fayr theef, I loue hem as wel as ony man loue his chyldren. Yf God gyue me grace that I may escape, I shal whan I come agayn thank yow wyth fair wordes. Thus toke Reynart leue of his wyf. A Gods, how sorouful a bode Ermelyn wyth her smale whelpis, for the vytayller, and he that sorowed for Malperduys, was goon his way and the hows not pourueyed ne vitaylled!

Now Reynard shroef hym, capitulo xii.

WHAN Reynart & Grymbert had goon a whyle to gydre, tho saide Reynart. Dere cosyn, now am I in grete fere, for I goo in drede & ieopardye of my lyf. I haue so moche repentaunce for my synnes that I wil shryue me, dere cosyn, to yow, here is none other

preest to gete. Yf I were shryue, of my synnes my soule sholde be the cleerer. Grymbert ansuerde: Eem, wil ye shryue you? Thenne muste ye promyse first to leue your steelyng and rouynge. Reynart saide that wiste he wel: Now herke, dere cosyn, what I shal saye, Confiteor tibi pater of all the mysdedes that I haue don, and gladly wil receyue penance for them. Grymbert sayd: What saye ye, wylle ye shryue yow? thenne saye it in Englissh that I may vnderstande yow. Reynart sayde: I haue trespaced ayenst

alle the beestis that lyue, in especyal ayenst Bruyn the Bere, myne eme, whom I made his crowne al bloody; and taughte Tybert the Catte to catche myes, for I made her leepe in a grenne, wher she was al to beten; also I haue trespased gretly ayenst Chanteclere with his children, for I haue made hym quyte of a grete dele of hem.

THE kynge is not goon al quyte, I haue sklandred hym and the quene many tymes that they shal neuer be cleer thereof. Yet haue I begyled Ysegrym the Wulf ofter than I can telle wel: I called hym eme, but that was to deceyue hym, he is nothyng of my kyn. I made hym a monke, Eel-mare, where I my self also becam one, and that was to his hurte and no prouffyte. I made bynde his feet to the belle rope: the ryngyng of the belle thought hym so good that he wolde lerne to ryng, wherof he had shame, for he range so sore that alle the folke in the streete were aferd, and meruaylled what myght be on the belle, and ranne thyder to fore he had comen to axe the religyon, wherfore he was beten almost to the deth. After this I taught hym to catche fyssh, where he receyuid many a stroke. Also I ledde hym to the richest prestes hows that was in Vermedos; this preest had a spynde wherin henge many a good flitche of bacon, wherin many a tyme I was wonte to fyl my bely. In this spynde I had made an hole, in whiche I made Ysegrym to crepe, there fonde he tubbes wyth beef and many goed flytches of bacon, wherof he ete so moche wythoute mesure that he myght not come out at the hole where he wente in, his bely was so grete and ful of the mete, and whan

he entred his bely was smal. I wente in to the village and made there a grete showte and noyse; yett herke what I dyde thenne, I ranne to the preest where he satte at the table and ete, and hadde to fore hym as fatte capone as a man myght fynde: that capone caught I & rannemy weye therwith al that I myghte. The preest cryed out, and said, Take and slee the foxe! I trowe that neuer man sawe more wonder, the foxe cometh in my hows and taketh my capoone from my table, where sawe euer man an hardyer theef! And as me thought, he toke his table knyf & casted it at me, but he touched me not: I ranne away, he shoof the table from hym and folowed me cryeng, Kille and slee hym! I to goo and they after, and many moo cam after, whiche alle thought to hurte me.

RANNE so longe that I cam where as Isegrym was, and there I lete falle the capone, for it was too heuy for me, and ayenst my wille I lefte it there, & thenne I sprange thurgh an hole where as I wolde be. And as the preest toke vp the capone he espyed Isegrym, and cryde, Smyte down here, frendes! Here is the theef, the wulf, see wel to that he escape vs not. They ranne alle to gydre wyth stokkes and staues, and made a grete noyse that alle the neyghbours camen oute, and gauen hym many a shrewde stroke and threwe at hym grete stones, in suche wyse that he fyl down as he had ben deed. They slepid hym, and drewe hym ouer stones and ouer blockes wythout the village, and threwe hym in to a dyche, and there he laye al thenyght. I wote neuer how he cam thens, syth I haue gotten of hym, for as moche as I made hym to fylle his bely that he sware that he wolde be myn helpe an hole yere.



NO ledde I hym to a place where I tolde hym there were vij hennes and a cocke whiche satte on a perche & were moche fatte, and ther stode a faldore by and we clymmed ther vp. I sayde to hym yf he wolde bileue me, and that he wolde

crepe in to the doore, he sholde fynde manye fatte hennes. Isegrym wente al lawhyng to the doreward, and crope a lityl in and tasted here and there, and at laste he sayde to me. *Reynarde, ye borde and iape with me, for what I seche I fynde not.* *Thenne said I: Eme, yf ye wyl fynde, crepe forther in: he that wil wynne, he muste labour & auenture. They that were wonte to sytte there I haue them a-waye.* *Thus I made hym to seche ferther in, & shooue hym forth so ferre that he fylle down vpon the floer, for the perche was narowe. And he fyll soo grete a falle that they sprange vp alle that slepte, and they that laye nexte the fyre cryden that the valdore was open, and somthyng was falle and they wiste not wat it myght be.*



HEY roose vp and lyghte a candel, and whan they sawe him they smeton, beten and wounded hym to the dethe. I haue brought hym thus in many a iepardye moo than I can now rekene: I sholde fynd manymoo if I mewel bythought

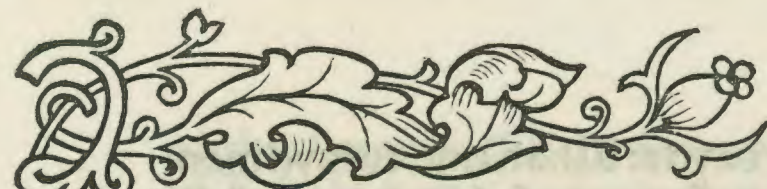
which I shal tell you here after. Also I haue bydryuen wyth dame Erswynde his wyf: I wolde I had not don it, I am sory for it, hit is to her grete shame, & that me repenteth. *Grymbert saide: Eme, I vnderstande you not.* *He sayde: I haue trespaced with his wyf.* *Ye shryue you as though ye helde somewhat behynde: I wote not what ye mene, newhere ye haue lern-*

ed this langage. **A**ch, dere eme, it were grete shame yf I shold saye it oppenly as it happed, I haue leyn by myn aunte: I am your eme, I shold angre you yf I spak vylanye of wymmnen. Neueu, now haue I tolde yow alle that I can thynke on, sette me penaunce and assoylle me, for I haue grete repentaunce. **G**rymbert was subtyl and wyse, he brake a rodde of a tree and saide, **E**me, now shal ye smyte your self thryes with this rodde on your body, & thenne leye it down vpon the grounde, and sprynge thre tymes ther ouer without bowyng of your legges & wythout stombl- yng, and thenne shul ye take it vp & kysse it frendly in token of mekenes and obedience of your penance that I gaf yow. Herwith be ye quyte of alle synnes that ye haue don to this day, for I forgeue it yow al. **T**he foxe was glad: tho sayd Grymbert to his eme **E**me, see now forthon that ye doo good werkis. Rede your psalmes, goo to chirche, faste and kepe your halydayes, and gyue your allmesse, & leue your synful and yl lyf, your thefte and your treson, and so may ye come to mercy. **T**he foxe promysed that he wold so doo, and thenne wente they bothe to gydre to the courtward.






ALTYCEL besyde the waye as they went, stode a cloyster of black nonnes where many ghees, hennes, & capones wente withoute the walles, and as they wente talkynge the foxe brought Grymbert out of the right waye thyder, & wyth- out the walles by the barne wente the polayle. The foxe espyed them, & saw a fatte yong capone whiche wente allone fro his felaws, and leep and caught hym that the fethers flewh aboute his eeris, but the capone

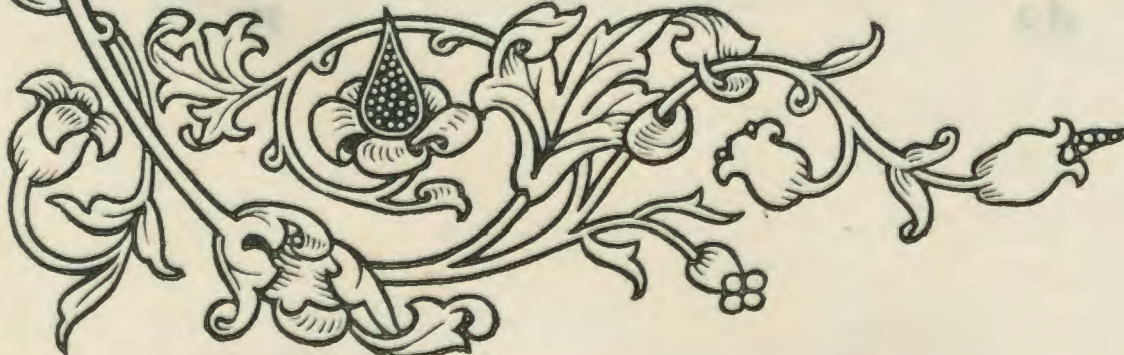
escaped. ¶ Grymbert sayde: What, eme, cursyd man,
what wil ye doo, wille ye for one of these poletes falle
agayn in alle your synnes of whiche ye haue shryuen
yow? Ye oughte sore repente you. ¶ Reynart answer-
ed: Truly cosyn, I had al forgotten: praye God that
he forgeue it me, for I wil neuer do so more. ¶ Thenne
torned they agayn ouer a lityl brydge, yet the foxe al-
way loked after the polaylle, he coude not refrayne
hym self: that whiche cleuid by the bone myght not
out of the flesshe; though he shold be hanged, he
coude not lete the lokyng after the polayll as fer as
he myght see them. ¶ Grymbert sawe his maner and
sayde: fowle false deceyuour, how goo your eyes so
after the poleyl? ¶ The foxe sayd: Cosyn, ye mys-
doo to saye to me ony suche wordes, ye brynge me
out of my deuocion and prayers: late me saye a pater
noster for alle the sowles of polaylle and ghees that
I haue betrayed, and ofte wyth falsheed stolen from
thyse holly nonnes. ¶ Grymbert was not wela/payd,
but the foxe had euer his eyes toward the polayll til
atte laste they cam in the waye agayn, & thenne torn-
ed they to the court/warde. Now sore quaked tho Rey-
nard whan they aproched the court, for he wiste wel
that he had for to answer to many a fowle feet and
theft that he had doon.



How the fox cam to the court, & how he excused hym
to fore the kynge, capitulo xiiij. ❀ ❀



At the first whan it was knowen in
the court that Reynart the foxe &
Grymbaert his cosyn were comen
to the court, there was none soo
poure nor so feble of kynne and
frendes but that he maade hym
redy for to complayne on Reynart
the foxe. Reynart loked as he had
not ben aferd, and helde hym better than he was, for
he went forthe proudly wyth his neuue thurgh the
huest strete of the court, ryghte as he had ben the
kynge's sone, & as he had not trespased to ony man
the value of an heer, & wente in the mydel of the place,
standyng to fore Noble the kynge, and sayde.  God
gyue yow grete honour and worship! Ther was neuer
kynge that euer had a trewer seruant than I haue ben
to your good grace & yet am. Neuwertheles, dere lorde,
I knowe wel that ther ben many in this courte that
wolde destroye me yf ye wold byleue them: but nay,
God thanke yow, hit is not fyttynge to your crowne
to byleue thise false deceyuars and lyars lyghtly. To
God mote it be complayned how that thise fals lyars
and flaterers now adayes in the lordes courtes ben
moste herde and byleuyd, the shrewes and false de-
ceyuers ben borne vp for to doo to good men alle the
harne & scath they maye: our Lorde God shal ones
reward them their hyre.  The kynge sayde: Pees,
Reynard, false theef and traytour, how wel can ye
brynge forth fayr talis, & alle shalle not helpe yow a



strawe. Wene ye wyth suche flaterynge words to be my frende? Ye haue so ofte seruyd me so as ye now shal wel knowe: the pees that I haue comanded and sworne that haue ye wel holden, haue ye? Chauntecler coude no lenger be styll but cryde: Alas what haue I by this pees loste! Be styll, Chaunteclere, holde your mouth, late me answer this fowle thief.

HOW shrewd felle thief, saide the kynge, thou saist that thou louest me wel: that hast thou shewd wel on my messagers, these poure felaws, Tibert the Catte and Bruyn the Bere, whiche yet ben al bloody, whiche chyde not ne saye not moche, but that shal this day coste the thy lyf. In nomine pater criste filii, sayd the foxe, dere lord and myghty kyng, yf Bruyns crowne be bloody, what is that to me? Whan he ete hony at Lantferts hows in the vyllage, and dyde hym hurte and scathe, there was he beten therfore. Yf he had willyd, he is so stronge of lymmes, he myght wel haue beauegid er he sprange in to the water. Tho cam Tybert the Catte whom I receyued friendly: yf he wente out without my counseyl for to stele myes to a prestes hows, and the preest dyde hym harme, sholde I abyte that? Thenne myght I saye I were not happy. Not so, my liege lorde, ye may doo what ye wille thowh my mater be cleer and good, ye may siede me, or roste, hange, or make me blynde, I may not escape yow: we stonde alle vnder your correccion. Ye be myghty & stronge, I am feble and my helpe is but smal, yf ye put me to the deth hit were a smal vengeance. Whiles they thus spack sprange vp Bellyn the Rame, & his ewe dame Olewey, and saide: My lord the kynge, here oure

complaynt. Bruyn the Bere stode vp wyth al his
lygnage and his felaws, Tibert the Catte, Isegrym
the Wulf, Kywart the Hare, and Panther the Boore,
the Camel, & Brunel the Ghoos, the Kyde & Ghoot,
Boudewyn the Asse, Borre the Bull, Hamel the Oxe,
and the Mesel, Chantecler the Cock, Pertelot, wyth
alle theyr children. Alle thise made grete rumour and
noyse, and cam forth openly to fore their lorde the
kyng, & made that the foxe was taken & arested.

**How the foxe was arested and juged to deth, capitulo
xiiiij.**

THERE vpon was a parlement, and
they desired that Reynart sholde
ben deed, & what somme euer they
sayden ayenst the foxe he answerd
to eche to them. Neuer herde man
of suche beestis, suche playntis
of wyse counseyl and subtyl in-
uencions, and on that other syde

the foxe made his excuse sowel and formably thereon
that they that herde it wondred therof: they that
herde and sawe it may telle hit forth for trouthe, I
shal shorte the mater and telle hit forth of the foxe

The kyng and the counseyl herde the witnessis
of the complayntes of Reynarts mysdedes: hit wente
with hem as it ofte doth, the feblest hath the worst.

They gafe sentence and juged that the foxe sholde
be dede and hanged by the necke: tho lyste not he to
pleye, alle his flaterieng wordes and deceytes coude
not helpe hym, the jugement was gyuen and that
muste be don. Grymbert his neuu, and many of his
lignage, myght not fynde in their hertes to see hym
dye, but token leue soroufully and romed the court.

HE kynge bithoughte hym & marked how many a yonglyng departed from thensal wepyng, whiche were nyghe of his kynne, and sayde to hym self. Hier behoueth other counseyl herto, though Reynart be a shrewe, ther be many good of his lignage. Thybert the Catte sayd: Sir Bruyn and Sir Isegrym, how be ye thus slowe? It is almost euen, hier ben many bussches & hedges: yf he escaped from vs and were delyuerd out of this paryl, he is so subtyl and so wyly and can so many deceytes that he shold neuer be taken agayn. Shal we hange hym? How stonde ye al thus? Er the galewis can be made redy it shal be nyght. Isegrym be-thought hym & seyde: Hier by is a gybet or galewis. And wyth that word he sighed, & the Catte espyed that and sayde. Isegrym, ye be aferd! Ys it ayenst your wyll? Thynke ye not that he hym self wente and laboured that bothe your brethern were hanged: were ye good and wyse ye sholde thanke hym, and ye sholde not therwith so longe tarye.

Now the foxe was ledde to the galewis, cap. xv.

ISEGRYM balked and sayde. Ye make moche a doo, Sir Tybert, hadde we an halter whiche were mete for his necke and stronge ynough we shold sone make an ende. Reynert the foxe, whiche longe had not spoken, saide to Isegrym: Shorte my payne! Tyberte hath a stronge corde, whiche caught hym in the prestes hous whan he bote of the prestes genytoirs: he can clyme wel and is swyft, late hym bere vp the lyne. Isegrym and

Bruyn, thys becometh yow wel, that ye thus doo to
your neuw! I am sory that I lyue thus longe: haste
you, be sette therto, it is euyl doo that ye tarye thus
longe, goo to fore Bruyn & lede me, Isegrym folowe
fast, and see wel to and beware that Reynart go not
away. ¶ Tho Bruyn sayd: It is the best counseil that
I euer yet herde that Reynart there seith. ¶ Isegrym
commanded anon and badde his kyn and frendes
that they sholde see to Reynart, that he escaped not,
for he is so wyly and fals. They helden hym by the
feet, by the berde, and so kepte hym that he escaped
not from hem. The foxe herde alle thyse wordes
whiche touchid hym nygh, yet spak he and sayde. ¶
Och, dere eme, me thynketh ye payne your self sore
for to doo me hurte and scathe! yf I durste I wolde
pray you of mercy, thaugh my hurte and sorow is
playsant to you. I wote wele yf myn aunte your wyf
bethoughte her wel of olde ferners she wolde not
suffre that I shold haue ony harme, but now I am he
that now ye wille doo on me what it shal plese yow.
Ye, Bruyn and Thibert, God gyue you shames deth
but ye doo to me your werst! I wote wherto I shal, I
may deye but ones, I wolde that I were dede al redy.
I sawe my fader deye, he had sone donne. ¶ Isegrym
sayde: Late vs goo, for ye curse vs bi cause we length
the tyme; euyl mote he fare yf we abyde ony lenger. ¶
He wente forth wyth grete enuye on that one side, and
Bruyn stode on the other syde, & so lede they hym
forth to the galowes/warde. Tybert ranne with a good
wil to fore and bare the corde, and his throte was yet
sore of the grynne, and his croppe dyde hym woo of
the stryke that he was take in, that happed by the
counseyl of the foxe, and that thought he now to
quyte.



TYBERT, Ysegrym, and Bruyn wente
hastely wyth Reinert to the place, there
as the felons ben wonte to be put to
deth. Nobel the kynge, and the quene
and alle that were in the court, folowed
after for to see the ende of Reynart.

The foxe was in grete drede yf hym myshapped, and
bethought hym ofte how he myghte saue hym fro
the deth, and tho thre that so sore desirden hys deth
how he myght deceyue them and brynge them to
shame, and how he myght brynge the kynge wyth
lesyngis to holde wyth hym ayenst hem. This was
alle that he studyed, how he myght putte away his
sorowe wyth wylys, & thought thus. **T**hough the
kynge & many one be vpon me angry, it is no wonder,
for I haue wel deseruid it: neuertheles, I hope for to
be yet his best frende, and yet shal I neuer do them
good. How strong that the kynge be, and how wyse
that his counseil be, yf I may brouke my wordes, I
knowe so many an inuencion I shal come to myn a-
boue as fer as they wolde comen to the galewes.



THO said Ysegrym. **S**ir Bruyn, thinke
now on your rede crowne whiche by
Reynarts mene ye caught, we haue now
the tyme that we may wel rewarde hym.
Tybert, clyme vp hastyly & bynde the
corde faste to the lynde, and make a

rydyngge knotte or a strope, ye be the lyghtyst: ye
shal this day see your wylle of hym. Bruyn, see wel
to that he escape not, & holde faste. I wil helpe that
the ladder be sette vp that he may goo vpwart ther-
on. **B**ruyn saide: Do, I shal helpe hym wel. **T**he
foxe sayde: Now may my herte be wel heuy for grete


drede, for I see the deth to fore myn eyen and I may not escape. My lorde the kynge and dere quene, and forth alle ye that here stande, er I departe fro this world I pray you of a bone, that I may to fore you alle make my confession openly, & telle my defaultes al so clerly that my sowle be not acombred, & also that noman here after bere no blame for my thefte ne for my treson. My deth shal be to me the esyer, and praye ye alle to God that he haue mercy on my sowle.

Now the foxe made openly his confession to fore the kynge & to fore al them that wold here it, cap. xvj.




FLE they that stoden there had pyte whanne Reynart sayde the wordis, and sayde it was but a lytyl requeste yf the kynge wolde graunte it hym: the kynge gaf hym leue. Reynart was wel glad, & hoped that it myght fall better, & said thus. Now helpe, spiritus Domini, for I see hier noman but I haue trespac- ed vnto: neuertheles, yet was I vnto the tyme that I was wened fro the tete one the best chylde that coude ouwher be founden. I wente tho and pleyde wyth the lambes by cause I herde hem gladly blete, I was so longe wyth hem that at the laste I bote one: ther lern- ed I fyrste to lapen of the blood, hit sauourd wel, me thought it right good. And after I began to taste of the flessch, therof I was lycourous so that after that I wente to the gheet in to the wode, there herde I the kyddes blete, and I slewe of them tweyne. I began to wexe hardy: after I slew hennes, polayl and ghees wher euer I fond hem, thus worden my teeth al bloody.

After this I wexe so felle & so wroth that what some euer I founde that I myght ouer, I slowe alle. Ther after cam I by Isegrym now in the wynter, where he hydde hym vnder a tree, & rekened to me that he was myn eme: whenne I herde hym thenne rekene allyance we becomen felaws, whiche I may wel repente. We promysed eche to other to be trewe and to vse good felawship, and began to wandre to gyder: he stal the grete thynges and I the smalle, and all was comyn bytwene vs. Yet he made it so that he had the beste dele, I gate not half my parte. Whan that Ysegrym gate a calf, a rame, or a weder, thenne grimmed he & was angry on me & droof me fro hym, and heldemy part and his to, so good is he! Yet this was of the leste, but whan it so lucked that we toke an ox or a cowe, thenne cam therto his wyf wyth vij children, so that vntome might vnneth come one of the smallest rybbes, and yet had they eten alle the flesshe therof, therwith all muste I be content: not for that I had so grete nede, for I haue so grette scatte and good of syluer & of gold that seven waynes shold not conne carye it away.



AWHN the kynge herde hym speke of this grete good & richesse, he brenned in the desyre and couetyse therof, and saide, Reynart where is the rychesse becomen? telle me that. The foxe saide: My lord, I shal telle yow, the rychesse, was stolen, & had it not be stolen it shold haue coste you your lyf, & shold haue been murdred, whiche God forbede, and shold haue ben the grettest hurte of the worlde. Whan the quene herde that she was sore aferde, and cryde lowde: Alas and weleaway!

Reynart, what saye ye? I coniure yow by the longe waye that youre soule shal goo that ye telle vs openly the trouthe herof, as moche as ye knowe, of this grete murdre that sholde haue be doon on my lorde, that we alle may here it. ¶ Now herkene how the foxe shal flatre the kynge & quene, and shal wyne bothe their good willes and loue, & shal hyndre them that labour for his deth. He shal vnbynde his pack and lye, and by flaterye and fayr wordes shal brynge forth so his maters that it shal be supposed for trouthe.

 **I**N a sorouful countenance spack the foxe to the quene. ¶ I am in suche caas now that I muste nedes deye, & hadde ye me not so sore coniured I wil not jeopardde my sowle, and yf I so dyde I shold goo therfore in to the payne of helle. I wil saye nothyng but that I wil make it good, for pytously he shold haue ben murthred of his owen folke; neuertheles, they that were most pryncypal in this feat were of my next kynne, whom gladly I wold not bewraye yf the sorow were not of the helle. ¶ The kynge was heuy of herte, and saide: Reynart, saiste thou to me the trouthe? ¶ Ye, said the foxe, see ye not how it standeth with me? wene ye that I wil dampne my sowle? What shold it auaylle me yf I now saide other wise than trouthe? My deth is so nyghe ther may nether prayer ne good helpe me. ¶ Tho trembled the foxe by dyssymylyng as he had ben aferde: the quene had pyte on hym, and prayde the kynge to haue mercy on hym in eschewyng of more harme, and that he sholde doo the peple holde their peas, & gyue the foxe audience, and here what he shold saye. Tho comanded the kynge openly that

eche of them shold be styll, and suffre the foxe to saye vnberisped what that he wolde. Thenne saide the foxe: Be ye now alle styll, syth it is the kynges wille, and I shal telle you openly this treson, and therin I wil spare noman that I knowe gylty.

How the foxe brought them in daunger that wolde haue brought hym to dethe, & how he gate the grace of the kyng, capitulo xvij.


O herkene how the foxe began. In the begining he appeled Grymbert, his dere cosyn which euer had holpen him in his nede: he dyde so bycause his wordes sholde be the better byleued, and that he forthon myght the better lye on his enemyes. Thus began he, firste, and

saide: My lorde, my fader had founden kyng Ermeryks tresour dolen in a pytte, and whan he had thys grete good he was so prowde and orguyllous that he had alle other bestis in despyte whiche to fore had ben his felawe. He made Tybert the Catte to goo in to that wylde lande of Ardenne to Bruyn the Bere, for to do hym homage, and bad hym saye yf he wolde be kyng that he shold come in to flaundres. Bruyn the Bere was glad hierof, for he had longe desyred it, and wente forth in to flaundres, where my fader receyued hym right frendly. Anone he sente for the wyse Grymbert my neuewe, and for Ysegrym the Wulfe, and for Tybert the Catte: tho these fyue camen bytwene Gaunt & the thorpe callyd Yfte, there they helden their counseyl an hole derke nyght longe. What wyth the deuels helpe and craft, and for my faders richesse, they concluded & swore

there the kynges deth. Now herkene and here this wonder: the foure sworn vpon Ysegryms crowne that they sholde make Bruyn a kyng & a lorde, and brynge hym in the stole at Akon, and sette the crowne on his heed, and yf there were ony of the kynges frendes or lignage that wolde be contrarye or ayenst this, hym sholde my fader wyth his good & tresour fordryue, and take from hym his myght & power.

Thapped so that on a morowtyde erly that Grymbert my neuw was of wyne almost dronke that he tolde it to dame Sloepcade his wif in counseyl, & badde her kepe it secrete. But she anone forgate it, & saide it forth in confession to my wyf vpon a heth where they both wenten a pylgremage, but she must firste swere by her trouthe and by the holy thre kynges of Coleyne that for loue ne for hate she sholde neuer telle it forth, but kepe it secrete. But she helde it not, and kepte it no lenger secrete but tyl she cam to me, and she thenne tolde to me alle that she herde, but I muste kepe it in secrete, and she tolde me so many tokenys that I felte wel it was trouthe, and for drede and fere myn heer stode right vp, and my herte becam as heuy as leed and as colde as ise. I thought by this a lyknesse whyche hyer afore tyme byfille to the frosshys, whiche were free and complayned that they had none lorde, ne were not bydwongen, for a comynthe without a gouernour was not good, and they cryden to God with a lowde voys that he wolde ordeyne one that myght rewle them: this was al that they desired. God herde theyr requeste, for it was resonable, and sente to them a storke, whiche ete and swo-

lowed them in as many as he coude fynde, he was alway to hem vnmerciful, tho complayned they theyr hurte, but thenne it was to late: they that were to fore free, & were a/ferde of no body, ben now bonde and muste obeye to strengthe theyr kyng. Hyer fore, ye riche and poure, I sorowed that it myght happen vs in lyke wyse.



GODS my lord the kyng, I haue had sorowe for you, wherof ye can me but lytyl thanke. I knowe Bruyn the Bere for suche a shrewe and rauener, wherfor I thoughte yf he were kyng we shold be alle destroyed and loste. I knowe our souerain lord the kyng of so hye byrthe, so myghty, so benyngne & merciful, that I thought truly it had ben an euyl chaunge for to haue a foule stynkyng theef, & to refuse a noble myghty stately Lyon, for the Bere hath more madde folye in his vnthriftly heed and al his auncestris than ony other hath. Thus had I in myn herte many a sorowe, and thought alway how I myght breke and fordoo my faders fals counseyl, whiche of a chorle and a traytour and worse than a theef wolde make a lorde and a kyng. Alway I prayd God that he wolde kepe our kyng in worship and good helthe and graunte hym long lyf, but I thought wel yf my fader helde his tresour, he shold with his fals felaws wel fynde the waye that the kyng shold be deposed & sette a/syde. I was sore bethought how I myght beste wytte where my faders good laye, I a/wayted at al tymes as nygh as I coude in wodes, in bushes, in feeldis, where my fader leyde his eyen, were it by nyght or by daye, colde or weet, I was alway by hym to espye & knowe where his tresour was leyde.



IN a tyme I laye down al plat on the grounde, and sawe my fader come rennyng out of an hole: now herke what I sawe hym doo. Whan he cam out of the hole he loked fast aboute yf ony body had seen hym, and whan he coude no wher none see, he stopped the hole with sande and made hit euen and playn lyke to the other grounde by. He knewe not that I sawe it, and where his footspore stood, there stryked he with his tayl and made it smothe with his mouth that noman shold espye it: that lerned I there of my fals fadre, and many subtylitees that I to fore knewe nothyng of. Thenne departed he thens, and ran to the village/warde for to doo his thyngis, and I forgate not, but sprange and lepe to the hole/ward, and how wel that he had supposed that he had made al faste, I was not so moche a fool but that I fonde the hole wel, and cratched and scraped with my feet the sande out of the hole, and crepte therin. There fonde I the moste plente of silver and of golde that euer I sawe: hier is none so olde that euer so moche sawe on one heep in alle his lyf. Tho toke I Ermelyne my wyf to helpe, and we ne rested nyght ne day to bere and carye a/waye with grete labour & payne this riche tresour in to another place that laye for vs better, vnder an hawe in a depe hole. In the menewhyle that myn husewyf and I thus labouryd, my fader was with them that wolde betraye the kynge: now may ye here what they dede. Bruyn the Bere and Ysegrym the Wulf sente alle the londe a/boute yf ony man wolde take wages that they shold come to Bruyn, & he wolde paye them their souldye or wagis to fore. My fader ranne ouer alle the londe

and bare the lettres, he wist lytil that he was robbed of his tresour: ye, though he myght haue wonnen al the world, he had not conne fynde a peny therof.

WHAN my fader hadde ben oueral in the lande bytwene the Elue and the Somme, & had gotten many a souldy-our that shold the nexte somer haue comen to helpe Bruyn, tho cam he agayn to the Bere and his felowis, and tolde them in how grete aventure he had be to fore the borughes in the lande of Saxone, and how the hunters dayly ryden and hunted with houndes after hym, in suche wise that he vnneth is escaped with his lyf. When he had tolde this to thise foure false traytours, thenne shewde he them lettres that plesyd moche to Bruyn: there in were wretton xij C of Ysegryms lignage by name withoute the beres, the foxes, the cattes, and the dassen. Alle thise had sworn that wyth the first messenger that sholde come for them they shold be redy and come for to helpe the bere, yf they had their wages a moneth to fore: this aspyed I, I thanke God. After thise wordes my fader wente to the hole where his tresour had leyn, & wolde loke vpon it: tho began he a grete sorowe, that he soughte he fonde nothyng, he fonde his hole broken and his tresour born away. There dede he that I may wel sorowe and bewaylle, for grete anger & sorowe he wente and hynge hym self: thus abode the treson of Bruyn by my subtylte after. Now see myn infortune, thise traytours Ysegrym and Bruyn ben now most preuy of counseyl aboute the kyng, and sytte by hym on the hie bouche, and I, poure Reynart, haue no thanke ne reward. I haue buryed myn owen fader by cause

the kynge sholde haue his lyf. My lorde, sayde the
foxe, where ben they that so wolde doo, that is to
destroye them self for to kepe yow?



THE kynge & the quene hoped to wyne
the tresour, & wyth oute counceyl toke
to them Reynart, and prayde hym that
he wold do so wel as to telle them were
this tresour was. Reynart said: How
sholde I telle the kynge, or them that
wolde hange me for loue of the traytours and mur-
derars, whiche by her flaterye wolde fayne brynge me
to dethe? Sholde I telle to them where my good is,
thenne were I out of my witte. The quene tho spak:
Nay, Reynart, the kynge shal lete you haue your lyf
and shal al to gydre forgyue you, and ye shal be fro
bens forthe wyse and true to my lorde. The foxe
answerd to the quene: Derelady, yf the kynge wil be-
leue me, and that he wil pardone and forgyue me alle
my olde trespaces, ther was neuer kynge so riche as
I shal make him, for the tresour that I shal doo hym
haue is right costely & may not be nombred. The
kynge saide: Ach, dame, wille ye beleue the foxe? sauf
your reuerence he is borne to robbe, stele, and to lye:
this cleuid to hys bones & can not be had out of the
flessh. The quene saide: Nay, my lorde, ye may now
well byleue hym: though he were here to fore felle, he
is now chaunged otherwise than he was. Ye haue wel
herde that he hath appechid his fader and the Dasse
his neuw, whiche he myght wel haue leyde on other
bestes yf he wold haue ben false, felle, and a lyar.
The kynge saide: Dame, wille ye thenne haue it soo,
and thynke ye it best to be don, though I supposed
it sholde hurte me I wille take alle thise trespaces of

Reynart vpon me, and beleue his wordes: but I swere by my crowne yf he euer here after mysdoo and trespace, that shal he dere aby and alle his lignage vnto the ix degree. ¶ The foxe loked on the kyng stoundmele, and was glad in his herte, and saide: My lorde, I were not wyse if I sholde saye thyng that were not trewe. ¶ The kyng toke vp a straw fro the ground, and pardoned and forgaf the foxe all the mysdedes and trespaces of hys fader and of him also. Yf the foxe was thomery and glad it was no wonder, for he was quyte of his deth and was alle free and franke of alle his enemyes.

THE foxe saide: My lorde the kyng & noble lady the quene, God reward yow! thys grete worship that ye do to me, I shal thynke & also thanke you for it in suche wise that ye shall be the richest kyng of the worlde, for there is none lyuyng vnder the sonne that I vouchesauf better my tresour on than on yow bothe. ¶ Then toke the foxe vp a straw and profred it to the kyng, and saide: My moste dere lord, plesse it yow to receyue hier the ryche tresour whyche kyng Ermeryk hadde, for I gyue it vnto you wyth a fre wylle and knowleche it openly. ¶ The kyng receyuid the straw, and threwe it meryly fro hym wyth a joyous vysage, and thanked moche the foxe. The foxe laughed in hym self. The kyng thenne herkened after the counseyl of the foxe, & all that ther were were at his wylle. ¶ My lorde, saide he, herkene & marke wel my wordes. In the west side of flaundres ther standeth a wode, and is named Hulsterlo, & a water that is called Krekenpyt lyeth thereby: thys is so grete a wilderness that ofte in an hole

vere man ner wyf cometh therein, sauf they that wil & they that wille not eschewe it: there lyeth this tresour hydde. Vnderstande wel that the place is called Krekenpit, for I aduyse you for the leste hurte that ye and my ladye goo both thyder, for I knowe none so trewe that I durste on your behalve truste, wherfore goo your selfe. And whan ye come to Krekenpyt, ye shall fynde there two birchen trees standyng alther next the pytte. My lorde, to the byrchen trees shal ye go, there lyeth the tresour vnther dolen: there must ye scrape and dygge away a lytyl the mosse on the one side. Ther shalle ye fynde many a jewel of golde and syluer, & there shal ye fynde the crowne whyche kynge Ermeryk ware in his dayes, that shold Bruyn the Bere haue worn yf hys wyll hadd gon forth: ye shal see many a costly jewel with riche stones sette in golde werke, whiche coste many a thousand marke. My lord the kynge, whan ye now haue alle this good, how ofte shal ye saye in your herte & thynke, O how true art thou, Reynart the foxe, that with thy subtyl wytte daluyst and hyddest here thys grete tresour. God gyue the goode happe and wellfare where euer thou bee!



THE kynge sayd: Sir Reynart, ye muste come and helpe vs to dygge vp thys tresour. I knowe not the way, I sholde neuer conne fynde it. I haue herde ofte named Parys, London, Akon, & Col-eyn: as me thynketh this tresour lyeth right as ye mocked and japed, for ye name Kryekenpyt that is a fayned name. These wordes were not good to the foxe, and he sayd with an angry mode, & dissymyled and saide: Ye, my lord the kynge, ye be al



so nyghe that as fro Rome to Maye. Wene ye that I wille lede yow to flomme Jordayn? Nay, I shal bringe you out of wenyng and shewe it you by good wytnes.

¶ He called lowd: Kywart the hare, come here to fore the kynge!

¶ The bestes sawe alle thyder ward, and wondred what the kynge wold.

¶ The foxe sayde to the Hare: Kywart, ar ye a colde, how tremble ye and quake so? Be not a ferd, & telle my lorde the kynge here the trouthe, and that I charge you by the faith and trouthe that ye owe hym, & to my lady the quene, of suchething as I shal demaunde of you.

¶ Kywaert saide: I shal saye the trouthe though I shold lose my necke therfore: I shal not lye, ye haue charged me so sore, yf I knowe it.

¶ Thenne say, knowe ye not where Kriekenpyt standeth, is that in your mynde?

¶ The Hare saide: I knewe that wel xij yer agoon wher that stondeth: why aske ye that? It stondeth in a woode named Hulsterlo vpon a warande in the wyldernesse. I haue suffred there moche sorowe for hunger & for colde, ye, more than I can telle. Pater Symonet the friese was woned to make there false money, wherwyth he bare him self out, & al his felawship, but that was to fore er I had felawship wyth Ryn the hounde, which made me escape many a daunger, as he coude wel telle yf he were here, and that I neuer in my dayes trespaced ayenst the kynge other wyse than I ought to doo with right.


¶ Reynart sayd to hym: Go agayn to yonder felawship: here ye, Kyward, my lorde the kynge desyreth nomore to knowe of yow.

¶ The Hare retorned and wente agayn to the place he cam fro.

The foxe sayde: My lorde the kynge, is it trewe that I saide?


¶ Ye Reynart, said the kynge, forgyue it me, I dyde euyl that I beleuid you not. Now, Reynart,

frende, fynde the waye that ye goo wyth vs to the
place and pytte where the tresour lyeth. ¶ The foxe
sayde: It is a wonder thyng, wene ye that I wolde not
fayne goo with yow? Yf it were so wyth me that I
myght goo wyth yow in suchewise that it no shame
were vnto your lordshyp, I wold goo: but nay, it
may not bee. Herkene what I shal saye and muste
nedes, though it be to me vylonye and shame. ¶ When
Isegrym the Wulf in the deuels name wente in to re-
ligion, and become a monke shorn in the ordre, tho
the prouende of sixe monkes was not suffycient to
hym, and had not ynough to ete, he thenne playned
and waylled so sore that I had pyte on hym for he
becom slowe and seke, and by cause he was of my
kynne I gaf hym counceyl to renne away and so he
dyde, wherfore I stonde a/cursed, & am in the popes
banne and sentence. I wil tomorow by tymes as the
sonne riseth take my waye to Rome for to be as-
soyled and take pardon, and fro Rome I wil ouer the
see in to the Holy Lande, and wil neuer retorne agayn
til I haue doon so moche good that I may with wor-
ship goo wyth yow. Nyt were greet repref to you, my
lord the kynge, in what londe that I accompanied
you that men shold saye ye reysed and accompanied
your selfe with a cursyd, and a persone agrauate. ¶
The kynge sayde: Sith that ye stande a/cursyd in
the censures of the chirche, yf I wente wyth you men
shold arette vilonye vnto my crowne. I shal thenne
take Kywaert, or somme other, to goo with me to
Kryekenpytte, and I counseylle you, Reynart, that ye
put you your self out of this curse. ¶ My lord, quod
the foxe, therfore wylle I goo to Rome as hastely as
I may: I shal not reste by nyght ner day til I bee as-




soylled. Reynart, said the kyng, me thynketh ye
ben torned in to a good waye, God gyue you grace
taccomplyssh wel your desyre.

ASSONE as this spekyng was done,
Noble the kyng went and stode vpon
an hygh stage of stone, & conmanded
sylence to alle the bestes, & that they
shulde sytte down in a rynge rounde
vpon the grasse, eueriche in his place
after his estate and byrthe. Reynart the foxe stode
by the quene, whom he ought wel to loue. Thenne
said the kyng: Here ye alle that be poure and riche,
yong and olde, that stondest here! Reynart, one of
the heed offycers of my hows, had don so euyl, whiche
this daye shold haue ben hanged, hath now in this
courte don so moche that I & my wyf the quene haue
promysed to hym our grace & frendshyp, the quene
hath prayde moche for hym, in so moche that I haue
made pees wyth hym, and I gyue to hym his lyf and
membre frely agayn, and I comande you vpon your
lyf that ye doo worship to Reynart, his wyf, and to
his chyltren, where someuer ye mete hem by day or
by nyght. And I wil also here nomoo complayntes of
Reynard: yf he hath hier to fore mysdon and tres-
paced, he will nomore mysdo ne trespase, but now
bettle hym. He wylle to morowe erly goo to the pope
for pardon and foryeuenes of alle hys synnes, and
fourth ouer the see to the Holy Lande, and he wille
not come agayn till he brynge pardon of alle hys
synnes. This tale herde Tyselyn the Rauon, & leep
to Ysegrym, to Bruyn, and to Tybert, there as they




were, and saide: Ye caytyfs, how goth it nowe? Ye vnhappy folke, what do ye here? Reynard the foxe is now a squyer and a courtyer & right grete & myghty in the court: the kynge hath skylled hym quyte of alle his brokes, and forgyuen hym alle his trespaces and mysdedes, and ye be alle betrayed and apechyd. Ysegrim saide: How may this be? I trowe Tyselyn that ye lye. I do not certaynly, saide the Rauen. Tho wente the Wulf and the Bere to the kynge: Tybert the Catte was in grete sorowe, he was so sore a ferde that for to haue the foxes frendship he wold wel forgyue Reyner the losse of his one eye, that he loste in the prestes hows: he was so woo he wist not what to doo, he wolde wel that he neuer had seen the foxe.

How the Wulf & the Bere were arestyed by the labour of Reynart the foxe, capitulo xviiij.



SEGRYM came proudly ouer the felde to fore the kynge, and he thanked the quene, and spack wyth a felle moed ylle wordes on the foxe, in suche wise that the kynge herde it and was wroth, and made the Wulf and the Bere anon to be arested: ye sawe neuer wood dogges do more harme than was don to them, they were bothe faste bounden so sore that alle that nyght they myght not stere hande ne foot, they myght scarsely rore ne meue ony joynte. Now here how the foxe forth dyde: he hated hem, he laboured so to the quene that he gate leue for to haue as moche of the Beres skyn vpon his ridge as a foote longe & a foote



brode, for to make hym therof a scryppe. Thenne was the foxe redy yf he had foure stronge shoon: now here how he dyde for to gete these shoon, he said to the quene. **M**adame, I am your pylgrym, here is myn eme, Sir Isegrym, that hath iij strong shoon whiche were good for me: yf he wolde late me haue two of them I wolde on the waye besyly thynke on your sowle, for it is ryght that a pylgrym sholde alway thynke & praye for them that doo hym good. Thus maye ye doo your sowle good yf ye will: and also yf ye myght gete of myn aunte, dame Ereswyn, also two of her shoon to gyue me, she may wel doo it for she gooth but lytil out, but abydeth alway at home. **T**henne sayde the quene: Reynard, yow behoueth wel suche shoes, ye may not be wythout them, they shal be good for you to kepe your feet hool, for to passe with them many a sharpe montayn & stony roches: ye can fynde no better shoes for you than suche as Isegrym and his wyf haue & were, they be good and stronge: though it sholde touche their lyf, eche of them shal gyue you two shoes for to accomplyssh wyth your hie pilgremage.

Now Ysegrym and his wyf Ereswyn muste suffre her shois to be plucked of and Reynard dyde on the shoys for to goo to Rome wyth, capitulo xix.



NUS hathe thys false pylgryme gotten fro Isegrym ij shooes fro his feet, whiche were haled of the clawes to the senews: ye saw neuer foule that men rosted laye so still as Isegrym dyde whan his shoes were haled of, he styred not & yet his feet bledde. Thenne whan Ise-



grym was vnshoed, tho muste dame Erswyn his wyf lye down in the grasse wyth an heuy chere, & she loste ther her hynder shoes. Tho was the foxe glad and saide to his aunte in scorne: My dere aunte, how moche sorowe haue ye suffred for my sake! whiche me sore repenteth sauf this, herof I am glad, for ye be the lyeuest of alle my kyn, therefore I wyl gladly were your shoen, ye shal be partener of my pylgremage & dele of the pardon that I shal with your shoen fecche ouer the see. Dame Erswyne was so woo that she vnnethe myghte speke: neuertheles, this she sayde: **H**, Reynart, that ye now al thus haue your wyl I pray God to wreke it! Ysegrym and his felaw the Bere helden their pees, and wheren al styll: they were euyl at ease, for they were bounden & sore wounded. Had Tybert the Catte haue ben there he shold also somewhat haue suffred in suche wyse as he sholde not escaped thens wythout hurte and shame.

THE next day whan the sonne aroos Reynard thenne dyde grece his shoes, whiche he had of Ysegrym & Erswyn his wyf, and dyde hem on and bonde hem to his feet, and wente to the kynge and to the quene, and said to hem with

a glad chere. Noble lord & lady, God gyue you good morow, and I desire of your grace that I may haue male and staff blessyd as belongeth to a pilgrym. Thenne the kynge anone sent for Bellyn the Ramme, and whan he cam he saide: Sir Bellyn, ye shalle doo masse to fore Reynart, for he shal goo on pylgremage, and gyue to hym male and staf. The Ram answerd agayn, and said: My lord, I dare not do that, for he hath said that he is in the popes curse. The

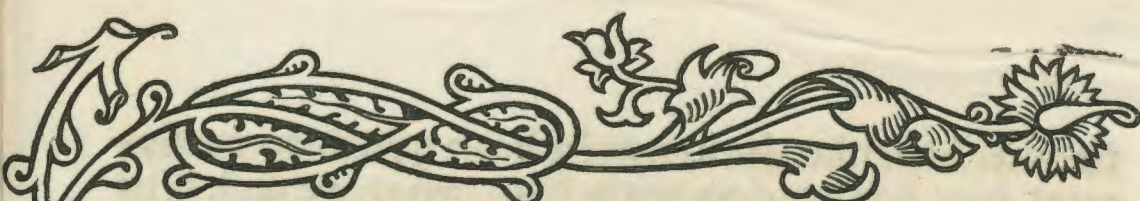
kynge said: What therof? mayster Gelys hath said to vs yf a man had doo as many synnes as al the world, and he wold the synnes forsake, shryue hem, and resseyue penance, & do by the prestes counseyl, God wil forgyue them and be mercyful vnto hym. Nowe wil Reynard goo ouer the see in to the Holy Lande, & make hym clere of al his synnes. Thenne answerd Bellyn to the kynge: I wil not doo litil ne moche herin but yf ye saue me harmles in the spirituel court byfore the bysshop Prendelor, and to fore his archedeken Loosuynde, and to fore Sir Rapiamus his offycyal. The kynge began to wexe wroth, and saide: I shal not bydde you so moche in half a yere, I had leuer hange yow than I shold so moche praye you for it. Whan the Rame sawe that the kynge was angry, he was so sore aferd that he quoke for fere, and wente to the awter and sange in his bokes, and radde suche as hym thoughte good ouer Reynart, whiche lytyl sette ther by, sauf that he wold haue the worship therof.


WHAN Bellyn the Ramme had alle sayd his seruyse deuoutly, thenne he hynge on the foxes neck a male couerd wyth the skynne of Bruyn the Bere & a lytil palster therby, tho was Reynart redy toward his journey. Tho loked he toward the kynge as he has ben sorowful to depart, & fayned as he had wepte, right as he hadde yamerde in his herte: but yf he had ony sorow, it was by cause al the other that were there were not in the same plyght as the Wulf & Bere were brought in by hym. Neuertheles, he stood & prayd them alle to praye for hym, lyke as he wold praye for them: the foxe thought



that he taryed longe and wold fayn haue departed for
 he knewe hym self gylty. The kynge saide: Reyn-
 nart, I am sory ye be so hasty and wil no lenger tarye
 Nay, my lord, it is tyme, for me ought not spare
 to doo wel, I pray you to gyue me leue to departe, I
 muste doo my pylgremage. The kynge sayd: God
 be wyth you! And commanded alle them of the
 court to go and conueyne Reynart on his way, sauf
 the Wulf & the Bere whyche fast laye bounden, there
 was none that durst be sory therfore. And yf ye had
 seen Reynart, how personably he wente wyth hys
 male and palster on his sholder and the shoes on his
 feet, ye shold haue laughed. He wente & shewde hym
 outward wysely, but he laughed in his herte that alle
 they brought hym forth, whiche had a lytyl to fore
 been with hym so wrooth, and also the kynge whiche
 so moche hated hym, he had made him suche a fool
 that he brought hym to his owne entente: he was a
 pylgrym of deusaas.









Dy lord the kyng, sayd the foxe, I pray
 you to retorne agayn, I wil not that ye
 go ony ferther with me, ye myght haue
 harme therby: ye haue there two mor-
 derars arestyed, yf they escaped you ye
 myght be hurte by them, I pray God
 kepe you fro mysauenture. Wyth these wordes he
 stode vp on his afterfeet, and prayde alle the beestys
 grete and smal that wolde be parteners of his pardon
 that they shold praye for hym: they sayde that they
 alle wolderembre hym. Thenne departed he fro the
 kynge so heuily that many of them ermed. Thenne
 saide he to Kyward the Hare & to Bellyn the Ramme
 meryly. Dere frendes, shall we now departe? Ye wil,



and God will accompanye me ferther: ye two made me neuer angry, ye be good for to walke wyth, courtoys, frendly & not complayned on of ony beeste. Ye be of good condicions and goostly of your lyuyng, yelyue bothe as I dyde whan I was a recluse, yf ye haue leeuys and gras ye be plesyd, ye retch not of brede, of flesshe, ne suche maner mete.  With suche flaterying wordes hath Reynard this two flatred, that they went wyth hym tyl they camen to fore his hows Maleperduys.

How Kywart the Hare was slayn by the foxe, capitulo xx.  

 **W**HAN the foxe was comen to fore the yate of his hows, he sayde to Bellyn the Ramme.  Cosyn, ye shal abide here withoute, I and Kywart wille goo in, for I wille praye Kywart to help me to take my leue of Ermelyn my wyf, & to conforte her and my chyl dren

 Bellyn sayde: I praye hym to conforte them wel  Wyth such flaterying wordes brought he the Hare in to his hole in an euyl hour: there fonde they dame Ermelyn lyeng on the grounde with her yonglyngis, whiche had sorowed moche for frede of Reynarts deth, but whan she sawe hym come she was glad.  But whan she sawe his male and palster and espyed his shoes, she meruailed & sayd: Dere Reyner, how haue ye spedd?  He sayd, I was arestid in the court, but the kyngelate me gon. I muste goo a pilgremage: Bruyn the Bere & Ysegrym the Wulf they be plegge

for me. I thanke the kynge he hath gyuen to vs Ky-
wart hier for to doo with hym what we wyl. The
kynge saide hym self that Kywart was the first that
on vs complayned, and by the fayth that I owe yow
I am right wroth on Kywart. ¶ Whan Kywart herde
thise wordes he was sore aferde, he wold haue fledde
but he myght not, for the foxe had anon byten his
throate a two. ¶ Tho sayd he: Late vs go ete this good
fatte Hare! ¶ The yongewhelses cam also, then held
they a grete feste, for Kywart had a good fatte body.
Ermelyn ete the flesshe and dranke the blood, she
thanked ofte the kynge that he had made them so
mery. ¶ The foxe saide: Ete as moche as ye maye, he
wil paye for it yf we will feche it.

SHE sayd: Reynart, I trowe ye mocke:
telle me the trouthe, how ye be departed
thens? ¶ Dame, I haue so flaterid the
kynge and the quene that I suppose
the frendship bytwene vs shal be right
thynne whan he shalle knowe of this.

He shal be angry and hastely seke me for to hange
me by myne necke: therefore late vs departe, and stele
secretly a way in somme other foreste, where we may
lyue wythoute fere and drede, and there that we may
lyue vij yere and more and he fynde vs not. There is
plente of good mete of partrychs, wodecokkis, and
moche other wylde fowle, dame, and yf ye will come
with me thyder ther ben swete welles and fayr and
clere rennyng brokes. Lord God, how swete eyer is
there! There may we be in pees and ease, and lyue in
grete welthe, for the kynge hath lete me gon by cause
I tolde hym that ther was grete tresour in Krekenpyt,
but there shal he fynde nothyng though he sought

euere; this shal sore angre hym whan he knoweth that he is thus deceyuid. What, trowe ye how many a grete lesynge muste I lye er I coude escape from hym? It was harde that I escaped out of pryson, I was neuer in gretter paryl, ne nerrer my deth: but how it euer goo, I shal by my wille neuer more come in the kynges daunger. I haue now gotten my thombe out of his mouth, that thanke I my subtylyte.

DAME Ermelyne sayde. Reynart, I counseyl that we goonot in to another foreste, where we sholde be strange and elenge, we haue here al that we desyre, & ye be here lorde of our neyghbours: wherfore shalle we leue this place and auenture vs in a worse? We may abyde here sure ynough: yf the kyng wold doo vs ony harm or besiege vs, here ben so many by or side holes in suche wyse as we shal escape fro hym. In abydyng here we may not doo amys, we knowe alle bypathes ouer alle, and er he take vs with myght he muste haue moche helpe therto: but that ye haue sworn that ye shalle goo ouersee & abide there, that is the thyng that toucheth me moste. Nay, dame, care not therfore: how more forsworn, how more forlorn: I wente ones with a good man that said to me that a bydwongen oth, or oth sworn by force, was none oth. Though I wente on this pilgremage it shold not auaylle me a cattes tayl, I wil abyde here and folowe your counseyl: yf the kyng hunte after me, I shal kepe me as wel as I maye: yf he be me to myghty, yet I hope wyth subtylte to begyle hym, I shal vnbynde my sack, yf he will seche harm he shal fynde harme.



Now was Bellyn the Ramme angry that Kywart his felawe was so longe in the hole and called lowde. Come out, Kywarte, in the deuels name! how longe shal Reynart kepe you there? Haste you & come late vs goo. Whan Reynard herde this, he wente out & saide softly to Bellyn the Ramme. Lief Bellyn, wherfore be ye angry? Kywart speketh wyth his dere aunte: me thynketh ye ought not to be dysplesid therfore. He bad me saye to yow ye myght wel go to fore, and he shal come after: he is lighter of fote than yow, he muste tarye a whyle wyth his aunte and her chyl dren, they wepe & crye by cause I shall goo fro them. Bellyn sayde: What dide Kyward, me thought he cryed after helpe? The foxe answerd: What saye ye, Bellyn, wene ye that he shold haue ony harme? Now herke what he thenne dyde: whan we were comen in to myn hows, and Ermelyn my wyf vnderstode that I shold goo ouer see she fyl down in a swoun, and whan Kywart sawe that he cryed loude: Bellyn, come helpe myn aunte to bryng her out of her swoun. Thenne sayde the Ramme: In fayth I vnderstode that Kywart had ben in grete daunger. The foxe sayde: Nay, truly, or Kyward shold haue ony harme in my hows I had leuer that my wyf and chyl dren shold suffre moche hurte.

How the foxe sente the heed of Kywart the Hare to
the kynge by Bellyn the Ramme, capitulo xxj. ¶

THE foxe saide: Bellyn, remembre
ye not that yesterdaye the kynge
and his counseyl commanded me,
that er I shold departe out of this
land I shold sende to hym two
lettres? Dere cosyn, I pray you to
bere them, they be redy wreton. ¶

The Ramme sayde: I wote neuer,
yf I wiste that your endyttyng and wrytyng were
good, ye myght paraventure so moche praye me that
I wold bere them, yf I had ony thyng to bere them in

¶ Reynard saide: Ye shal not fayle to haue som what
to bere hem in: rather than they shold be vnborn, I
shal rather gyue yow my male that I bere, and put
the kynges lettres therin, and hange them aboute
your necke: ye shal haue of the kynge grete thanke
therfore, and be right welcomen to hym. ¶

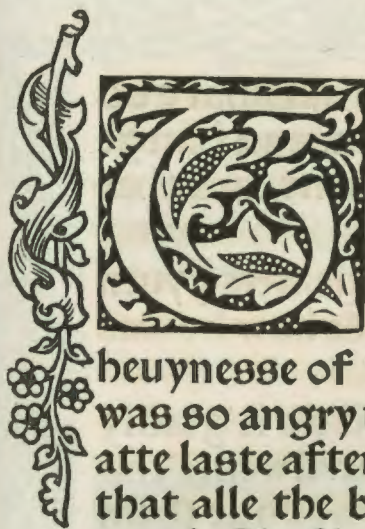
Hier vpon
Bellyn promysed hym to bere thise lettres: tho re-
torned Reynart in to his hows, & toke the male and
put therin Kywarts heed, and brought it to Bellyn
for to brynge hym in daunger, and henge it on his
necke, and chargyd hym not for to loke in the male
yf he wolde haue the kyngis frendship. ¶

And yf ye
wil that the kynge take you in to his grace, and loue
you, saye that ye your self haue made the lettre and
endited it, and haue gyuen the counseyl that it is so
wel made and wreton: ye shal haue grete thank ther-
fore. ¶ Bellyn the Rammewas glad herof, & thought
he shold haue grete thanke, and saide: Reynard, I
wote wel that ye now doo for me, I shal be in the

court gretly preysed whan it is knowen that I can so wel endyte and make a lettre, though I can not make it: ofte tymes it happeth that God suffreth some to haue worship and thanke of the labouris and conyng of other men, and so it shal bifalle me now. Now, what counseyle ye, Reyner, shal Kywaert the Hare come wyth me to the court? Nay, sayd the foxe, he shal anone folowe yow, he may not yet come, for he muste speke wyth his aunte. Now goo ye forth to fore, I shal shewe to Kywart secrete thyngis whiche ben not yet knowen.



BELLYN sayd: fare wel, Reynart. And wente hym forth to the court, and he ran and hasted so faste that he cam to fore mydday to the court, & fonde the kyng in his palays wyth his barons. The kyng meruaylled whan he saw him bryng the male agayn whiche was made of the Beres skyn. The kyng saide: Saye on, Bellyn, fro whens come ye? where is the foxe? how is it that he hath not the male with hym? Bellyn sayd: My lord, I shal saye yow al that I knowe. I accompanied Reynard vnto his hows, and whan he was redy he asked me yf that I wold for your saacke bere two lettres to yow. I saide for to do you playsir and worship I wold gladly bere to yow vij: tho brought he to me this male where in the lettres be, which ben endyted by my connyng and I gaf counseyl of the makyng of them. I trowe ye sawe neuer lettres better ne craftelyer made ne endyted. The kyng commanded anon Bokart his secretarye to rede the lettres, for he vnderstode al maner langages. Tybert the Catte and he toke the male of Bellyns necke, and Bellyn hath so ferre sayd and confessyd that he therfore was dampned.



THE clerke Bokart vndyde the male & drew out Kywarts heed, and sayde: Alas, what lettres ben these! Certainly, my lord, this is Kywarts heed. Alas, sayde the kynge, that euer I beleuid so the foxe! There myght men see grete heuynesse of the kynge and of the quene: the kyng was so angry that he helde longe down his heed, and atte laste after many thoughtes he made a grete crye that alle the beestys were aferde of the noyse. Tho spack Sir firapeel the Lupaerd, whiche was sybbe somewhat to the kynge, and saide, Sire kyng, how make ye such a noyse? Ye make sorow ynough thaugh the quene were dede: late this sorowe goo, and make good chere. It is grete shame, be ye not a lorde and kynge of this londe? Is it not alle vnder yow that here is? The kynge sayde: Sir firapeel, how sholde I suffre this, one false shrewe and deceyuar hath betrayed me, and brought me so ferre that I haue forwrought & angred my frendes that I had, the stoute Bruyn the Bere and Ysegrym the Wulf, whiche sore me repenteth, and this goth ayenst my worship that I haue done amys ayenst my beste barons, and that I trusted and beleuid so moche the fals horeson the foxe, and my wyf is cause therof, she prayde me so moche that I herde her prayer, and that me repenteth thaugh it be to late. What thawh, sir kyng, said the Lupaerd, yf ther be ony thyng mysdoon, it shal be amended: we shal gyue to Bruyn the Bere, to Ysegrym the Wulf, & to Erswyn hys wyf, for the pece of his skynne and for their shoes for to haue good pees, Bellyn the Ramme, for he hath confessyd hym self that he gaf counseyl & consentyd to Kywardes

deth: it is reson that he abyte it. And we alle shal goe
fecche Reynard, and we shal areste hym, and hange
hym by the necke without lawe or judgement, and ther
with alle shul be contente.

**Now Bellyn the Ramme & alle his lignage were gyuen
in the handes of Ysegrym and Bruyn, & how he was
slayn, capitulo xxij.**

HE kynge said: I wil do it gladly
firapel the Lupaerd wente tho
to the prison, and vnbonde them
first, & thenne he said: Ye, sires, I
brynge to you a faste pardon and
my lordes loue and frendshyp, it
repenteth hym and is sory that he
euer hath don, spoken, or trespac-
ed ayenst you, and therefore ye shal haue a good ap-
poyntement and also amendes. He shal gyue to you
Bellyn the Ramme & alle his lignage, fro now forth-
on to domesdaye, in suche wyse that where someuer
ye fynde them, in felde or in wode, that ye may frely
byte and ete them without ony forfayte, & also the
kynge graunteth to yow that ye maye hunte and do
the werst that ye can to Reynard and alle his lygnage
wythout mysdoing. This fayr grete pryuelage wylle
the kynge graunte to you euer to holde of hym, & the
kynge wylle that ye swere to hym neuer to mysdoo,
but doo hym homage and feawte. I counseil yow to
doo this, for ye may doo it honorably. Thus was
the pees made by fyrapel the Lupaerd frendly & wel,
and that coste Bellyn the Ramme his tabart and also
his lyf, and the Wulfis lignage holde thise preuilegis
of the kynge, and in to thys daye they deuoure and
ete Bellynys lignage where that they may fynde them:

this debate was begonne in an euyl tyme, for the pees coude neuer syth be made bytwene them. The kynge dyde forth wyth his courte, & feste lengthe xij dayes lenger for loue of the Bere and the Wulf, so glad was he of the makynge of this pees.

How the kynge helde his feeste, and how Lapreel the Cony complayned vnto the kynge vpon Reynart the foxe, capitulo xxiiij.



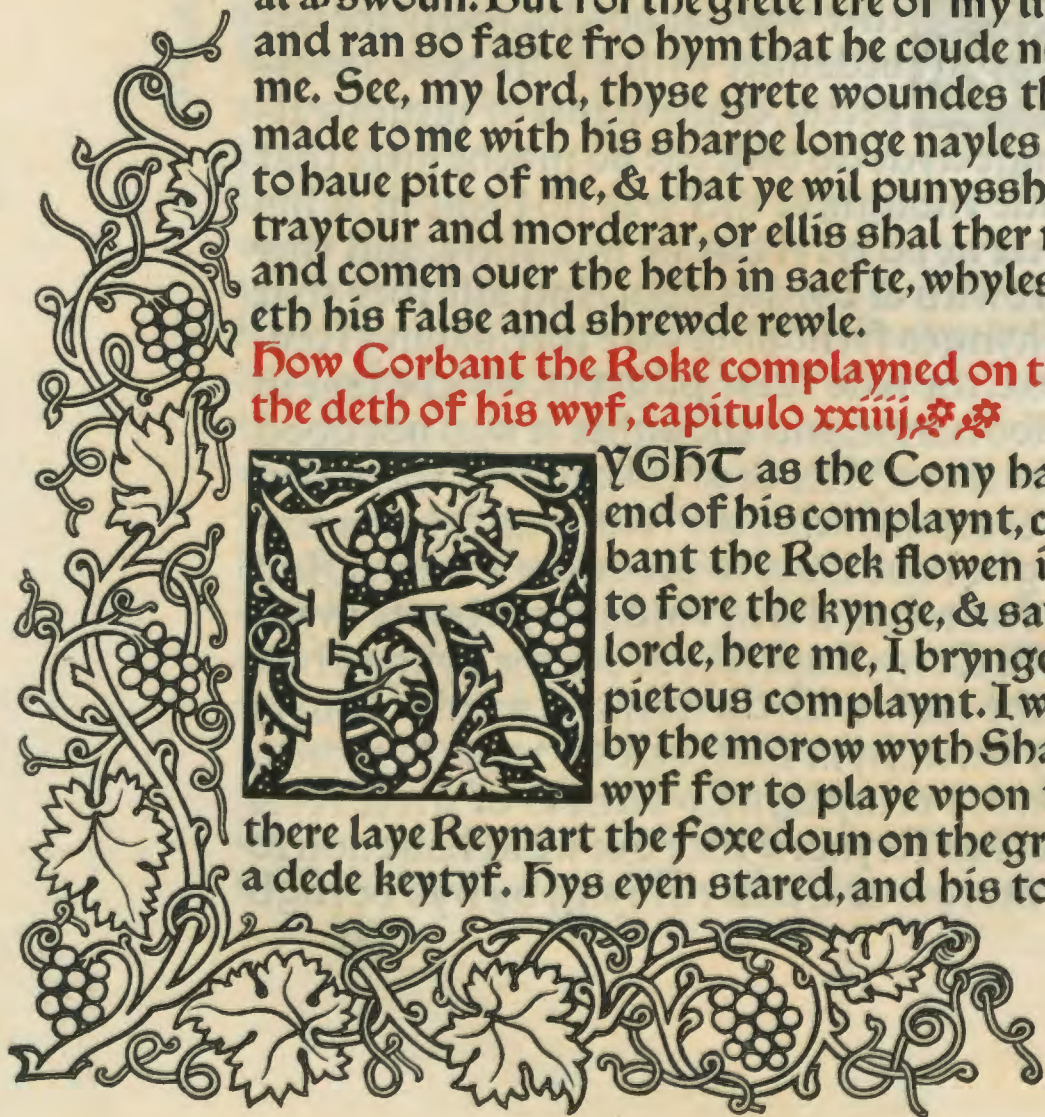
O this grete feste cam al maner of beestis, for the kynge dyde do crye thys feste ouer alle in that londe: there was the most joye & myrthe that euer was seen emong beestis, ther was daunsed manerly the houedaunce with shalmouse, trompettis, & alle maner of menestral-sye. The kynge dyde do ordeyne so moche mete that euerych fonde ynough, & ther was no beest in al his lande so grete ne so lytyl but he was there, and ther were many fowles & byrdes also. And alle they that desired the kynges frendship were ther, sauing Reynard the foxe, the rede false pilgrym, whiche laye in a wayte to doo harme, and thoughte it was not good for hym to be there. Mete & drynke flowed there, ther were playes & esbatemens, the feest was ful of melodye, one myght haue luste to see suche a feeste. And right as the feeste had dured viij dayes, aboute mydday cam in the Cony, Lapreel, to fore the kyngewhere he satte on the table with the quene, & sayd al heuily that all they herde hym that were there. **My** lorde, haue pyte on my complaynt, whiche is of grete force and murdre that Reynard the foxe wold haue don to me! Yester morow as I cam rennyng by hys borugh


at Maleperduys, he stode byfore his dore wythoute lyke a pylgryme. I supposed to haue passed by hym peasibly toward this feste, & whan he sawe me come, he cam ayenst me, sayeng his bedes. I salewed hym, but he spack not one worde, but he raught oute his right foot, and dubbed me in the necke bytwene myn eeris that I had wende I sholde haue loste my heed, but, God be thanked, I was so lyght that I sprange fro hym. Wyth moche payne cam I of his clawes: he grymmed as he had ben angry by cause he helde me no faster. Tho I escaped from hym, I loste myn one ere, & I had foure grete holes in my heed of his sharpe nayles, that the blood sprange out, & that I was nyhe al a swoun. But for the grete fere of my lif I sprange and ran so faste fro hym that he coude not ouertake me. See, my lord, thyse grete woundes that he hath made to me with his sharpe longe nayles: I pray you to haue pite of me, & that ye wil punyssh this false traytour and morderar, or ellis shal ther noman goo and comen ouer the heth in saefte, whyles he haunteth his false and shrewde rewle.

Now Corbant the Roke complayned on the foxe for the deth of his wyf, capitulo xxiiij.



RYGHTE as the Cony had made an end of his complaynt, cam in Corbant the Roek flowen in the place to fore the kynge, & sayde, **D**ere lorde, here me, I brynge you hier a pietous complaynt. I wente to day by the morow wyth Sharpebek my wyf for to playe vpon the heth, & there laye Reynart the foxe down on the grounde lyke a dede keytyf. Hys eye stered, and his tonge henge




longe out of his mouth, like an hounde had ben deed.
We tasted and felte his bely, but we fonde theron no
lyf: tho wente my wyf and herkened and leyde her ere
to fore his mouth, for to wiste if he drewe his breeth,
whyche mysfyller her euyl, for the false felle foxe
awayted wel his tyme, and whan he sawe her sonygh
hym he caught her by the heed and boote it of. Tho
was I in grete sorowe and cryde lowde: Alas, alas,
what is there happed!  Thenne stode he hastely vp,
and raught so couetously after me that for feere of
deth I trembled and flew vpon a tree therby, & sawe
fro ferre how the false keytyf ete and slonked her in,
so hungerly that he lefte neyther flesshe ne bone, no
more but a fewe fethers, the smal fethers he slange
them in wyth the flesshe: he was so hungry, he wolde
wel haue eten tweyne. Tho wente he to his strete: tho
flewe I down with grete sorow and gadred vp the
fetheris for to shewe them to you here. I wolde not
be agayn in suche peryl and fere as I was there for a
thousand marke of the fynest gold that euer cam
out of Arabye. My lord the kyng, see hier this pyte-
ous werke, thise ben the fethers of Sharpbecke my
wyf. My lord, yf ye wil haue worship ye muste do
herfore justyce, and auenge you in suche wise as men
may fere & holde of yow, for yf ye suffre thus youre
saufconduyt to be broken, ye your self shal not goo
peasibly in the hye way: for tho lordes that do not
justyce and suffre that the lawe be not executed vpon
the theeuis, morderars, and them that mysdoo, they
be parteners to fore God of alle theyr mysdedes and
trespaces, and eueryche thenne wylle be a lord hym
self. Dere lorde, see wel to for to kepe your self.



Now the kyng was sore angry of thise complayntes,
capitulo xxv. ¶



NOBLE the kyng was sore meuyd & angry whan he had herde thise complayntes of the Cony and of the Roek. He was so ferdful to loke on that his eyen glymmerd as fyre, he brayed as lowde as a bulle, in suche wise that alle the court quoke for feere. At the laste he sayde cryeng. ¶ By my crowne, and by the trouthe that I owe to my wyf, I shal so awreke and auenge this trespaces that it shal be longe spoken of after that my saufconduyt & my commandement is thus broken. I was ouer nyce that I beleuid so lyghtly the false shrewe: his false flaterynge speche deceyued me, he tolde me he wolde go to Rome, and fro thens ouer see to the Holy Londe. I gaf hym male & palster and made of hym a pylgrym and wente al trouthe. O what false touches can he: how can he stuffe the sleue wyth flockes! But this caused my wyf, it was al by her counseyl, I am not the fyrst that haue ben deceyued by wymmens counseyl, by whiche many a grete hurte hath byfallen. I praye and comande alle them that holde of me and desire my frendship, be they here or wher someuer they be, that they wyth theyr counseyl and dedes helpe me tauenge this ouer grete trespaas, that we and owris may abyde in honour and worship, and this false thief in shame, that he nomore trespace ayenst our saufgarde: I will mysell in my persone helpe therto al that I maye.





ISEGRYM the Wulf and Bruyn the Bere herdewel the kynges wordes, and hoped wel to be auengid on Reynard the foxe, but they durste not speke one word: the kyng was so sore meuyd that none durste wel speke. Atte laste the quene spak. *Sire, pour Dieu ne croyes mye toutes choses que on vous dye et ne jures pas legierment, a man of worship shold not lyghtly bileue ne swere gretly vnto the tyme he knewe the mater clerly. And also we ought by right here that other partye speke: ther ben many that complayne on other and ben in the defaute them self. Audi alteram partem, here that other partye. I haue truly holden the foxe for good, and vpon that that he mente no falshede I helped hym that I myght, but how someuer it cometh or gooth, is he euyl or good, me thynketh for your worship that yeshold not procede ayenst hym ouer hastily, that were not good ne honeste, for he may not escape fro you, ye maye prysone hym or slee hym, he muste obeye your iugement.* *Thenne saide fyrapel the Lupaed: My lord, me thynketh my lady here hath saide to you trouthe, & gyuen yow good counseyl. Do ye wel and folowe her, and take aduyse of your wyse counseyl, and yf he be founden gyilty in the trespaces that now to yow be shewd, late hym be sore punysshid acordyng to hys trespaces, and yf he come not hyther er this feste be ended and excuse hym as he ought of right to doo, thenne doo as the counseyl shal aduyse yow, but and yf he were twyes as moche false and ylle as he is I wolde not counseylle that hesholde be done to more than right* *Isegrim the Wulf saide: Sir fyrapal, all we agree*

to the same as ferre as it pleseth my lord the kynge,
it can not be better. But though Reynart were now
here and he cleryd hym of double so many playntes,
yet shold I brynge forth ayenst hym that he had for-
fayted his lyf. But I wyl now be styлле and saye not,
by cause he is not presente, and yet aboue alle this he
hath tolde the kynge of certayn tresour lyeng in Kre-
kenpyt in Hulsterlo; ther was neuer lyed a grete les-
yng, ther wyth he hath vs alle begyled, and hath sore
hyndred me and the Bere. I dar leye my lyf theron
that he sayd not therof a trewe worde. Now robbeth
he and steleth vpon the hethalle that gooth forth by
his hows: neuertheles, Sir firapel, what that pleseth
the kynge and yow that muste wel be don, but & yf
he wolde haue comen hyther he myght haue ben here,
for he had knowleche by the kynges messages. ¶ The
kynges sayde: We wyl none otherwyse sende for hym,
but I commande alle them that owe me seruyse and
wylle my honour & worshippe, that they make them
redy to the warre at the ende of vj dayes, all them that
ben archers and haue bowes, gonnes, bombardes,
horsemen and footemen, that alle thyse be redy to
besiege Maleperduys. I shal destroye Reynart the
foxe yf I be a kynge: ye lords and sires, what saye ye
hereto, wille ye doo this wyth a good wyll? ¶ And
they sayd and cryed alle: Ye, we lorde, whan that ye
wylle we shal alle goo with yow.

How Grymbert the Dasse warned the foxe that the
kyng was wroth with hym and wold slee hym, capi-
tulo xxvj. ❀ ❀



ALLE thyse wordes herde Grym-
bert the Dasse, whyche was hys
brother sonne: he was sory and
angry yf it might haue prouffyt-
ed. He ranne thenne the hie waye
to Maleperduys ward, he spared
nether bussh ne hawe but he hast-
ed so sore that he swette. He sor-
owed in hym self for Reynart his rede eme, and as he
wente he saide to hym self: Alas, in what daunger be
ye comen in: where shall ye become? Shall I see you
brought fro lyf to dethe, or elles exyled oute of the
lande? Truly I may bewel sorouful, for ye be the heed
of alle our lignage; ye be wyse of counseyl, ye be redy
to helpe your frendes whan they haue nede, ye can so
wel shewe your resons that where ye speke ye wyne
all. ❀ With such maner wayllyng & pytous wordes
cam Grymbert to Maleperduys, & fonde Reynart his
eme there standyng, whiche had gotten two pygeons,
as they cam first out of her neste to assaye yf they
coude flee, & bicause the fethers on her wyngis were
to shorte they fylle down to the ground, and as Rey-
nart was gon out to seche hys mete he espyed them
and caught hem, & was comen home with hem. ❀ And
whan he sawe Grymbert coming, he taryed and said:
Welcome, my best beloued neuwe that I knowe in al
my kynrede, ye haue ronne faste, ye ben al be/swette,
haue ye ony newe tydinges? ❀ Alas, said he, lyf eme,
it standeth euyl wyth yow, ye haue loste both lyf and
good, the kyng hath sworn that he shall gyue you

a shameful deth, he hath commanded alle hys folke within vj dayes for to be here, archers, fotemen, horsmen, and peple in waynes, and he hath gunnes, bombardes, tentes and pauyllyons, and also he hath do laaden torches: see to fore yow, for ye haue nede. Isegrym and Bruyn ben better now wyth the kyng than I am wyth yow, alle that they wille is doon: Isegrym hath don hym to vnderstande that ye be a theef and a morderar, he hath grete enuye to yow. Lapreel the Cony & Corbant the Roek haue made a grete complaynte also. I sorowe moche for your lyf, that for drede I am alle seke. Puf, said the foxe, dere neuw, is ther nothing ellis? Be ye so sore aferd herof? Make good chere hardely, though the kyng hym self & alle that ben in the court had sworn my deth, yet shal I be exalted aboue them alle, they maye alle faste, jangle, clatre, & yeue counseyl, but the courte may not prospere wythoute me and my wyles and subtylte.

How Reynart the foxe cam another time to the court, capitulo xxvij.



HERE neuw, late all thise thinges passe, & come here in, & see what I shal gyue you, a good payre of fatte pygeons, I loue no mete better, they ben good to dygest, they maye almost be swolowen in alle hoole, the bones ben half blode, I ete them with that other. I fele my self other whyle encombred in my stomak, therefore ete I gladly lyght mete. My wyf Ermelyn shal receyue vs frendly, but telle her nothyng of this thyng, for she sholde take it ouer heuily, she is tendre of herte, she myght for fere falle in somme sekene, a lytyl

thyng gooth sore to her herte. And to morow erly I wil goo with yow to the courte, and yf I may come to speche and maybe herd, I shal so ansuere that I shal touche some nygh ynogh. Neuw, wyl not ye stande by me as a frend ought to do to another? ¶ Yes truly, dere eme, said Grymbert, & alle my good is at your commandement. ¶ God thanke you, neuw, said the foxe, that is wel sayd, yf I may lyue I shal quyte it yow. ¶ Eme, said Grymbert, ye may wel come tofore alle the lordes and excuse yow, ther shal none areste yow ne holde as longe as ye be in your wordes. ¶ The quene and the Lupaerd haue goten that then, said the foxe, therfor I am glad, thenne I carre not for the beste of them an heer, I shal wel saue my selfe. ¶ They spake nomore herof, but wente forth in to the burgh, and fonde Ermelyn there sitting by her yonglyngs, whiche aroose vp anon & receyuid them frendly. Grymbert salewed his aunte and the chyl-dren wyth frendly wordes: the ij pygeons were made redy for theyr soper whiche Reynard had taken, eche of them toke his part as ferre as it wolde stratche, yf eche of hem had had one more ther sholde but lytyl haue lefte ouer. ¶ The foxe saide: Lief neuewe, how lyke ye my chyl-dren Rosel & Reynerdyn? They shal do worship to alle our lygnage, they begynne al redy to do wel, that one catcheth wel a chyken and that other a pullet, they conne wel also duke in the water after lapwynches and dokys. I wolde often sende them for prouande, but I wil fyrste teche them how they shal kepe them fro the grynnes, fro the hunters, and fro the houndes. Yf they were so ferre comen that they were wyse, I durste wel truste to them that they shold wel vytaille vs in many good

diuerses metes that we now lacke, and they lyke and folowe me wel, for they playe alle grymmyng, and where they hate they loke frendly & meryly, for ther by they brynge them vnder their feet and byte the throte asondre, this is the nature of the foxe. They be swyfte in their takynge whiche pleseth me wel.



GME, said Grymbert, ye may be glad that ye haue suche wyse chyl dren, and I am glad of them also by cause they be of my kynne. ¶ Grymbert, said the foxe, ye haue swette & be wery, it were hye tyde that ye were at your reste.

¶ Eme, yf it plesse you, it thynketh me good. ¶ Tho laye they doun on a lytier made of strawe. The foxe, hys wyf & hys chyl dren, wente alle to slepe, but the foxe was al heuy, & laye, sighed, and sorowed how he myght beste excuse hym self. On the morow erly he ruymed his castel and wente with Grymbert, but he toke leue first of dame Ermelyn his wyf and of his chyl dren, and sayde. ¶ Thynke not longe I muste goo to the court wyth Grymbert my cosyn, yf I tarye somewhat be not aferde, and yf ye here ony ylle tydyngis take it alway for the beste, and seewel to your self and kepe our castel wel. I shal doo yonder the beste I can, after that I see how it gooth. ¶ Alas Reyner, said she, how haue ye now thus taken vpon yow for to go to the court agayn? The last tyme that ye were there, ye were in grete ieopardye of your lyf, and ye sayde ye wold neuer come there more. ¶ Dame, said the foxe, thauenture of the world is wonderly, it goth otherwhyle by wenyng, many one weneth to haue a thing whiche he muste forgoe. I muste nedes now go thyder, be content it is al wythoute drede. I

hope to come at alther lengest with in fyue dayes
agayn. Here wyth he departed, & wente with Grym-
bert to the courtward, and whan they were vpon the
heeth thenne sayde Reyner: Neuw, syth I was laste
shryuen I haue don many shrewde tornes, I wolde
ye wold here me now of alle that I haue trespaced in.
I made the Bere to haue a grete wounde for the male
whiche was cutte out of his skynne, and also I made
the Wulf and his wyf to lese her shoon. I peased the
kyng with grete lesyngis, and bare hym on honde
that the Wulf and the Bere wold haue betrayed hym
& wolde haue slayn hym, so I made the kyng right
wroth with them, where they deseruyd it not. Also I
tolde to the kyng that ther was grete tresour in
Hulsterlo, of whiche he was neuer the better ne riche,
for I lyed al that I sayde. I ledde Bellyn the Ramme
and Kywart the Hare with me, & slewe Kyward and
sente to the kyng by Bellyn Kywarts heed in skorn.
And I dowed the Cony bytwene his eeris that almost
I benamme his lyf from hym, for he escaped ayenst
my wyl, he was to me ouer swyft. The Roek may wel
complayne, for I swolowed in dame Sharpbeck his
wyf. And also I haue forgotten on thyng, the laste
tyme that I was shreuen to you, which I haue syth
bethought me, & it was of grete deceyte that I dyde,
whiche I now wyll telle yow. I cam wyth the Wulf
walkyng bytwene Houthulst and Eluerdyng, there
sawe we goo a rede mare and she had a black colte or
a fool of iiii monethis olde which was good and
fatte. Isegrym was almost storuen for hunger, and
prayd me goo to the mare and wyte of her yf she
wold selle her fool. I ran faste to the mare and axed
that of her: she sayd she wold selle it for money. I

demaunded of her how she wold selle it. ¶ She sayde:
It is wretton in my hyndre foot, yf ye conne rede and
be a clerk, ye may come see and rede it. ¶ Tho wyste I
wel where she wold be, and I saide: Nay for sothe, I
can not rede and also I desyre not to bye your chylde,
Isegrym hath sente me hether and wold fayn knowe
the prys therof. ¶ The mare saide: Late hym come
thenne hym self, and I shal late hym haue knowleche
¶ I sayde: I shal, & hastely wente to Ysegrym and
saide: Eme, wil ye ete your bely ful of this colte, so
goo faste to the mare for she taryeth after yow, she
hath do wryte the pris of her colte vnder her fote,
she wolde that I shold haue redde it, but I can not
one lettre whiche me sore repenteth, for I wente neuer
to scole. Eme, wylle ye bye that colte? conne ye rede,
so may ye bye it. ¶ Oy, neuew, that can I wel, what
shold me lette? I can wel frenshe, Latyn, Englissh
and Duche, I haue goon to scole at Oxenford, I haue
also wytholde and auncyent doctours ben in the au-
dyence and herde plees, and also haue gyuen sen-
tence: I am lycensyd in bothe lawes. What maner
wrytyng that ony man can deuysel I can rede it as
perfyghtly as my name, I wyl goo to her and shal
anon vnderstonde the prys. ¶ And bad me to tarye
for hym, and he ranne to the mare, and axed of her
how she wold selle her fool or kepe it. ¶ She sayde:
The somme of the money standeth wretton after on
my fote. ¶ He saide: Late me rede it. ¶ She saide: Doo,
and lyfte vp her foot, which was newe shood wyth
yron and vj stronge nayles, & she smote hym wyth-
out myssyng on his heed that he fyl down as he had
ben deed, a man shold wel haue ryden a myle er he
arogs. The mare trotted away wyth her colte and she

leet Isegrym lyeng shrewdly hurt and wounded, he laye and bledde, and howled as an hound. ¶ I wente tho to hym and sayde: Sir Ysegrym, dere emel how is it now wyth yow? Haue ye eten ynowh of the colte, is your bely ful? Why gyue ye me no parte, I dyde your erande? Haue ye slepte your dyner? I pray yow telle me what was wretton vnder the mares fote: what was it, prose or ryme, metre or verse? I wold fayn knowe it. I trowe it was cantum, for I herde you synge me thoughte fro ferre, for ye were so wyse that no man coude rede it better than ye. ¶ Alas, Reynart, alas, said the Wulf, I pray you to leue youre mockyng. I am so foule arayed and sore hurte that an herte of stonemyght haue pyte of me. The hore wyth her longe legge had an yron foot, I wende the nayles therof had ben lettres, and she hytte me at the fyrst stroke vj grete woundes in my heed that almost it is clouen: suche maner lettres shal I neuer more desire to rede. ¶ Dere eme, is that trouthe that ye telle me? I haue herof grete meruayll, I helde you for one of the wysest clerkes that now lyue, now I here wel it is true that I long syth haue redde and herde, that the beste clerkes ben not the wysest men; the laye peple otherwhyle wexe wyse. The cause that thyse clerkes been not the wysest is that they studye soo moche in the connyng and science that they therin doole. ¶ Thus brought I Isegrym in this grete laste & harme that he vnneth byhelde his lyf.



LYef neuwe, nowe haue I tolde you alle my synnes that I remembre, what soo euer fall at the court, I wote neuer how it shal stonde wyth me there, I am not now so sore aferd for I am clere from synne, I wyl gladly come to mercy and receyue penance by your counseyl. Grymbert said: The trespaces ben grete, neuertheles who that is deed muste abyde deed, and therefore I wil forgyue it yow altogydre, wyth the fere that ye shal suffre therfore er ye shal conne excuse you of the dethe, & hier vpon I wyl assoyle you, but the moste hyndre that ye shal haue shal be, that ye sente Kywarts heed to the court, and that ye blynded the kynge wyth suche lies: eme, that was right euyl doon. The foxe sayde: What, lyef neuwe, who that wyl goo thurgh the world, this to here and that to see, and that other to telle, truly it may not clerly be done: how shold ony man handle honny but yf he lycked his fyngres? I am oftymes vexed and prycked in my conscyence as to loue God aboue all thynge and myne euen crysten as my self, as is to God wel acceptable and acordyng to his lawe; but how wene ye that reson wythin forthe fyghteth ayenst the outward wyll, than stonde I alle styll in my self that me thynketh I haue loste alle my wittes, and wote not what me eyleth, I am thenne in suche a thought. I haue now alle lefte my synnes, & hate alle thynge that is not good, and clymme in his contemplacion aboue his commandements, but this special grace haue I whan I am alone: but in a short whyle after, whan the world cometh in me, thenne fynde I in my way so many stones, and the fote spores that thyse loos prelates and riche preestys goo in, that I

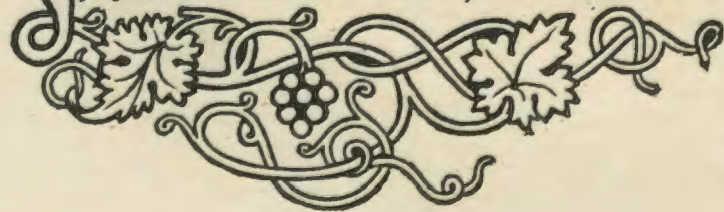
am anone taken agayn, thenne cometh the world and wil haue this, & the flesshe wil lyue plesantly, whiche leye to fore me so many thinges that I thenne lose all my good thoughtis and purpoos. I here there synge, pype, lawhe, playe, & alle myrthe, & I here that these prelates and ryche curates preche and saye all other wyse than they thynke and doo, there lerne I to lye. The lesynges ben moste vsed in the lordes courtes, certaynly lordes, ladyes, prestis and clerkes, maken most lesyngis; men dare not telle to the lordes now the trouthe, ther is defaute. I must flatre & lye also or ellis I shold be shette wythout the dore. I haue ofte herde men saye trouthe and rightfully, & haue theyr reson made wyth a lesynge lyke to theyr purpose, & brought it in and wente thurgh by cause their mater shold seme the fayrer. The lesynge oftymes cometh vnauysed and falleth in the mater vnwetyngly, and so whan she is wel cladde it goth forth thurgh with that other.

HERE neuw, thus muste men now lye here, and there saye soth, flatre & menace, praye and curse, & seke euery man vpon his feblest & wekest, who otherwyse wyll now haunte & vse the world, than deuyse a lesynge in the fayreste wyse, and that bywymple with kerchieuis aboute in suche wyse that men take it for a trouthe, he is not ronne away fro his maister. Can he that subtylte in suche wyse that he stamer not in his wordes & may thenne be herde, neuw, this man may do wonder, he may were skarlet & gryse, he wynneth in the spirituel lawe, & temporal also, and where sommeuer he hath to doo. Now ben ther many false shrewis that haue

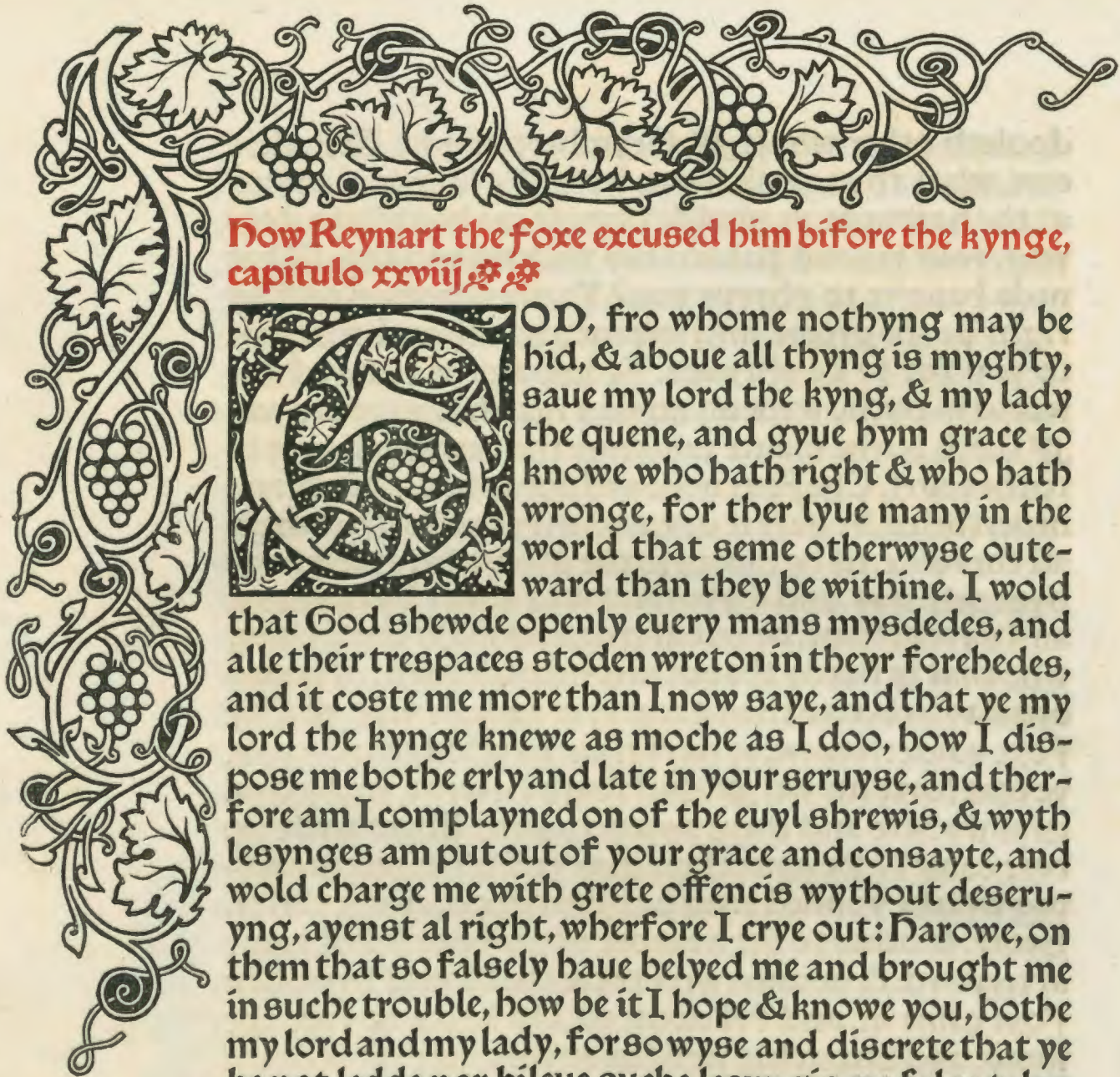
grete enuye that they haue so grete fordele, and wene that they conne also wel lye, and take on them to lye & to telle it forth, he wolde fayn ete of the fatte morsellis, but he is not bileued ne herd, & many ben ther that be so plompe and folisshe that whan they wene beste to prononce and shewe theyr matere and conclude, they falle besyde and oute therof and can not thenne helpe hem self, and leue theyr mater wythout tayl or heed, & he is a/compsted for a fool and many mocke them ther with, but who can gyue to hys lesyng a conclusion, and prononce it without tatelyng, lyke as it were wretton to fore hym, and that he can so blynde the peple that hys lesyng shal better be bileuyd than the trouthe, that is the man. What connyng is it to say the trouthe that is good to do? How lawhe thise false subtyl shrewis that gyue counseyl, to make thise lesynges & sette them forth, & maken vnright goo aboue ryght, and make billes and sette in thynges that neuer were thought ne sayd, & teche men see thurgh their fynGRES, and alle for to wyne money, and late their tonges to hyre for to mayntene and strengthe their lesyngis. Alas, neuewe, this is an euyl connyng, of whiche lyf, scathe, and hurte may come ther of.



LSHY not but that otherwhile men must jape, bourde, and lye in smale thyngis, for who so sayth alway trouthe, he may not now goo nowher thurgh the world, ther ben many that playe placebo, who so alleway sayth trouthe, shalle fynde many lettyngis in his way. Men may wel lye whan it is nede, & after amende it by counseyl: for alle trespasses ther is mercy, ther is no man soo wyse but he



dooleth other whyle ¶ Grymbert sayde: Wel, dere
eme, what thyng shal you lette? Ye knowe al thyng
at the narewest, ye shulde brynge me hastely in dot-
yng, your resons passen my vnderstandyng. What
nede haue ye to shryue you? Ye shulde your self by
right be the preest, and lete me and other sheep come
to you for to be shryuen. Ye knowe the state of the
world in suche wyse as noman may halte tofore you
¶ With suche maner talkyng they cam walkyng in
to the court. The foxe sorowed somewhat in his herte:
neuertheles, he bare it out, and stryked forth thurgh
all the folke, til he cam in to the place where the kynge
hym self was, and Grymbert was alway by the foxe,
and sayde: Eme, be not aferde, and make good chere,
who that is hardy thauenture helpeth hym: oftymes
one day is better than somtyme an hole yere ¶ The
foxe saide: Neuw, ye saye trouthe: God thanke you,
ye comforte me wel. ¶ And forth he went, and lokyd
grymly here and there as who saith: What wylle ye,
here come I? He sawe there many of his kinne stand-
ing whiche yonned hym but lityl good, as the Otter,
Beuer, & other to the nombre of x whom I shal name
afterward, & somme were there that loued hym. The
foxe came in, and fyl down on his knees to fore the
kynge, and began his wordes, and sayde:



How Reynart the foxe excused him bifore the kynge,
capitulo xxviiij. ❁ ❁

GOD, fro whome nothyng may be hid, & aboue all thyng is myghty, saue my lord the kyng, & my lady the quene, and gyue hym grace to knowe who hath right & who hath wronge, for ther lyue many in the world that seme otherwyse outward than they be within. I wold that God shewde openly euery mans mysdedes, and alle their trespasses stoden wreton in theyr forehedes, and it coste me more than I now saye, and that ye my lord the kynge knewe as moche as I doo, how I dispose me bothe erly and late in your seruyse, and therefore am I complayned on of the euyl shrewis, & wyth lesynges am put out of your grace and consayte, and wold charge me with grete offencis wythout deseruyng, ayenst al right, wherfore I crye out: Harowe, on them that so falsely haue belyed me and brought me in suche trouble, how be it I hope & knowe you, bothe my lord and my lady, for so wyse and discrete that ye be not ledde nor bileue suche lesyngis, ne false talys out of the right way, for ye haue not be woned to do. Therefore, dere lorde, I biseche you to considre by your wysedom alle thyng by right and lawe, is it in deede or in speche: do euery man right, I desire no better, he that is gylty and founde fawty, late hym be punysshyd: men shal knowe er I departe out of this courte who that I am, I can not flatre, I wyll allewey shewe openly my heed.

How the kynge answerd vpon Reynart's excuse.

ALL they that were in the palays
weren alle styll, & wondred that
the foxe spak so stoutly. The
kynge sayde: Na, Reynart, how
wel can ye your falacye and salu-
tacion doon, but your fayrwordes
may not helpe you, I thynke wel
that ye shal this daye for your

werkis be hanged by your necke, I wil not moche chyd
wyth you but I shal shorte your payne. That ye loue
vs wel, that haue ye wel shewde on the Cony and on
Corbant the Roeck, your falsenes and your false in-
uencions shal without longe taryeng make you to
deye. A pot may goo so longe to water that at the
laste it cometh to broken hoom: I thynke your potte
that so ofte hath deceyued vs shal now hastily be
broken.

Reynart was in grete fere of thise wordes,
he wold wel he had ben at Coleyn whan he cam thedyr.
Thenne thought he: I muste her thurgh how that I
doo. My lorde the kynge, seyde he, it were wel reson
that ye herde my wordes alle out: thaugh I were damp-
ned to the deth, yet ought ye to here my wordes out.
I haue yet here to fore tyme gyuen to you many a
good counseyl and prouffitable, and in my nede al-
wey haue byden by yow where other beestis haue
wyked and goon theyr way: yf now the euyl beestis
with false maters haue to fore you wyth wronge be-
lyed me, and I myght not come to myn excuse, ought
I not thenne to playne? I haue to fore this seen that
I shold be herde by fore another, yet myght thise

thyngis wel chaunge and come in theyr olde state,
olde good dedes ought to be remembrid. I see here
many of my lygnage & frendes standyng that seme
they sette now lytyl by me, whiche neuertheles sholde
sore dere in theyr hertes, that ye my lord the kynge
sholde destroye me wrongfully. Yf ye so dyde, ye
sholde destroye the trewest seruaunt that ye haue in
alle your landes. What wene ye, syr kynge, hadde I
knowen my self gylty in ony feat or broke, that I
wold haue comen hether to the lawe emonge alle myne
enemyes? Nay, sire, nay, not for alle the world of
rede gold, for I was fre and at large: what nede had
I to do that? But God be thanked, I knowe myself
clere of alle mysdedes, that I dar wel come openly in
the lyghte, and to answeere to alle the complayntes
that ony man can saye on me. But whan Grymbert
brought me first thise tydyngis, tho was I not wel
plesed, but half fro myself, that I lepe here and there
as an vnwyse man, and had I not ben in the censures
of the chyrche I had wythout taryeng haue comen,
but I wente dolyng on the heeth, and wist not what
to doo for sorowe. And thenne it happed that Mer-
eyne, myn eme, the Ape, mette wyth me, whiche is
wyser in clergie than somme preest, he hath ben ad-
uocate for the bysshop of Cameryk ix yere duryng.
He sawe me in this grete sorow and heuynes, & saide
to me: Dere cosyn, me thynketh ye ar not wel wyth
your self, what eyleth yowe, who hath dysplesyth
yow? Thynges that toucheth charge ought to be gyu-
en in knowleche to frendis, a triew frende is a grete
helpe, he fyndeth ofte better counseyl than he that
the charge resteth on, for who someuer is charged
wyth maters is so heuy & acombred with them that

ofte he can not begynne to fynde the remedye, for
suche be so woo lyke as they had loste theyr inwytte
I saide: Dere eme, yesaye trouthe, for in lykewyse
is fallen to me, I am brought in to a grete heuynes
undeseruid and not gylty, by one to whom I haue
alway ben an herty & grete frende, that is the Cony
whiche cam to me yesterday in the morenyng where
as I satte to foremy hows and sayd matyns. He told
me he wolde goo to the court & salewed me frendly,
and I hym agayn: tho sayd he to me: Good Reynard,
I am an hongred and am wery, haue ye ony mete?
I saide: Ye ynowh, come nere. Tho gaf I hym a
copel of maynchettis with swete butter: it was vpon
a Wednesday, on whiche day I am not wonte to ete
ony flessch, and also I fasted by cause of this feste
of Whitsontyd whiche approuched, for who that
wylle taste of the ouerest wysehede, & lyue goostly
in kepyng the commaundements of our Lorde, he
muste faste and make hyn redy ayenst the hie festes,
et vos estote parati. Dere eme, I gaf hym fayr whyte
breed with swete butter, wherwyth a man myght wel
be easid that were moche hongry.

AND whan he had eten his bely fulle, tho
cam Russel my yongest sone & wold
haue taken away that was lefte, for
yonge chyldren wold alway fayne eten,
and with that he tasted for to haue ta-
ken somewhat. The Cony smote Rus-
sel to fore hys mouthe that hys teeth bledde and fyl
doun half a swoun. Whan Reynardyn myn eldest
sone sawe that, he sprange to the Cony and caught
hym by the heed, & shold haue slayn hym had I not
reskowed hym. I helpe hym that he wente from hym,

and bete my chylde sore therfore. Lapreel the Cony ran to my lord the kyng, & saide, I wold haue murdered hym. See, Eme, thus come I in the wordes, and I am leyde in the blame, and yet he complayneth and I playne not. After this cam Corbant the Roek fleyn wyth a sorouful noyse. I asked what hym eyled, and he said: Alas, my wyf is deed, yonder lyeth a dede hare full of mathes and wormes, and there she ete so moche therof that the wormes haue byten a two her throte. I axed hym how cometh that by, he wold not speke a worde more but flewe his waye and lete me stande: now saith he that I haue byten and slayn her. How shold I come so nygh her, for she fleeth and I goo a fote? Beholde, dere eme, thus am I born an honde. I may say wel that I am vnhappy, but para- uenture it is for myn olde synnes, hit were good for me yf I coude patiently suffre it. ¶ The Ape saide to me: Neuw, yeshal goo to the court to fore the lordes and excuse yow. ¶ Alas, eme, that may not be, for the archedeken hath put me in the pope's curse by cause I counseyllled Ysegrym the Wulf for to leue his religyon at Elmare and forsake his habyte. He complayned to me that he lyuyd so straytly, as in longe fastyng & many thyngis redyng and syngyng, that he coude not endure it, yf he shold longe abyde there he shold deye. I had pyte of his complaynyng and I helpe hym as a trewe frende that he cam oute, whiche now me sore repenteth, for he laboureth al that he can ayenst me to the kyng for to do me be hanged: thus doth he euyl for good. See, eme, thus am I at the ende of my wyttes & of counseyl, for I muste goo to Rome for an absolucion, and thenne shal my wyf and chyl- dren suffre moche harme and blame, for thise euyl

bestis that harm me shulle do to hem alle the hurte they maye, and fordryue them wher they can, & I wold wel defende hem yf I were fre of the curse, for thenne wold I goo to the court & excuse me, where now I dar not. I shold do grete synne yf I cam emonge the good peple, I am aferde God sholde plaghe me. Nay, cosyn, be not aferd, er I shold suffre you in this sorrow, I knowe the way to Rome wel, I vnderstande me on this werke, I am called ther Mertyne the bisshops clerke, and am wel byknowen there. I shal do syte the archedeken & take a plee ayenst hym, & shal brynge with me for you an absolucion ayenst his wil, for I knowe there alle that is for to be doon or lefte, there dwelleth Symon myn eme, whiche is grete & myghty ther, who that may gyue ought he helpeth hym anon, ther is Prentout, Wayte Scathe, and other of my frendis and alyes, also I shal take some money with me yf I nede ony; the preyer is wyth yestes hardy, wyth money alleway the right goth forth; a trewe frendeshal for his frende auenture both lyf & good, and so shal I for you in your right.

COSYN, make good there, I shall not rest after to morow til I come to Rome, and I shall solycyte your maters: and goo ye to the court as sone as ye may, all your misdedes and tho synnes that haue brought you in the grete sentence & curse, I make you quyte of them & take them in my self. Whan ye come to the court ye shall fynde there Rukenawe my wyf, her two susters and my thre children and many mo of our lygnage. Dere cosyn, speke to them hardely, my wyf his sondrely wyse, and wyl gladly do somewhat for her frendis; who that hath

nede of helpe shal fynde on her grete frendship, one shal alway seke on hys frendis though he haue angered theym, for blood muste krepo where it can not goo; and yf so be that ye be so ouer chargyd that ye may haue no right, thenne sende to me by nyght and day to the court of Rome, & late me haue knowleche therof, and alle tho that ben in the lande, is it kyng or quene, wyf or man, I shalle brynge them all in the popes curse, & sende there an interdicte that noman shall rede ne syngen, ne crystene chyl dren, ne burye the deede, ne receyue sacrament, tyl that ye shal haue good ryght. Cosyn, this shal I wel gete, for the pope is so sore olde that he is but lytil sette by, & the cardynal of pure gold hath alle the myght of the court, he is yonge & grete of frendis. He hath a concubyne whom he moche loueth, and what she desyreth that geteth she anone. See cosyn, she is myn nece, and I am grete and may doo moche with her, in suche wyse what I desyre I faylle not of it, but am alway furtherd therin: wherfore, cosyn, byd my lord the kyng that he doo you right, I wote wel he wil not warne you, for the right is heuy ynough to euery man. My lord the kyng, whan I herde this I lawhed, & wyth grete gladnes cam hether, and haue told you all the trouthe; yf ther be ony in this court that can leye on me ony other mater wyth good wnesse, & preue it as ought to be to a noble man, late me thenne make amendes, acordyng to the lawe, and if he wil not leue of herbi, thenne sette me day and feld, and I shal make good on hym al so ferre as he be of as good birthe as I am, and to me lyke, & who that can with fyghtyng gete the worship of the felde late hym haue it. This ryght hath standen yet hetherto, & I wil not it sholde be broken

by me: the lawe and right doth noman wrong. **A**lle
the beestis both poure and riche were alle stulle whan
the foxe spak soo stoutly, the Cony Laprel and the
Roek were so sore aferde that they durste not speke,
but pyked and stryked them out of the court bothe
two, & whan they were a room fer in the playne they
sayde: God graunte that this felle murderare maye
fare euyl he can bywrappe and couere his falsehede
that his wordes seme as trewe as the Gospel. Herof
knoweth noman than we, how shold we brynge wyt-
nesse? It is better that we wyke and departe than we
sholde holde a felde and fyghte wyth hym, he is so
shrewde, ye, though ther of vs were fyue we coude not
defende vs but that he shold sle vs alle.

LSEGRYM the Wulf and Bruyn the
Bere were woo in hem selfe whan they
sawe thyse tweyne rume the courte. **T**
The kynge sayd: Yf ony man wil com-
playne, late him come forth & we shall
here hym, yesterdaye camen here soo
many, where ben they nowe Reynart is here? **T**
The foxe sayde: My lord, ther ben many that complayne,
that and yf they sawe their aduersarye they wold be
stulle & make no playnte: witnes now of Laprel the
Cony & Corbant the Roek, whiche haue complayned
on me to yow in my absence, but now that I am comen
in your presence they flee away and dar not abyde by
theyr wordes. Yf men shold byleue false shrewes, it
shold do moche harme & hurte to the good men, as
for me it skilleth not: neuertheles, my lord, yf they
had by your commandment axed of me forgyfnes,
how be it they haue gretly trespaced, yet I hadd for
your sake pardoned and forgyue them, for I wil not

be out of charite, ne hate ne complayne on myne enemyes, but I sette alle thyng in Goddes hand, he shal werke and auenge it as it plesyth hym.

THE kynge sayde: Reynart, me thynketh ye be greuyd as ye saye, are ye withinforth as ye seme outward? Nay, it is not so cleerne so open, nowher nyghe, as ye here haue shewed. I muste saye what my grief is which towcheth your worshyp and lyf, that is to wete, that ye haue don a foule and shameful trespaas, whan I had pardonned you alle your offencis and trespacis, & ye promysed to goo ouer the see on pylgremage, and gafe to you male and staf, and after this ye sente me by Bellyn the Ramme the male agayn, & theryn Kywarts heed. How myght ye do a more reprovuable trespaas? How were ye so hardy to dare to medoo suche a shame: is it not euyl don to sende to a lorde his seruants heed? Ye can not saye nay here against, for Bellyn the Ram whiche was our chapelayn, tolde vs al the mater how it happed, suche reward as he had whan he brought vs the message, the same shal ye haue or right shal faylle. Tho was Reynart so sore aferd that he wist not what to saye, he was at his wittes ende, and loked aboute hym pytously, and sawe many of hys kyn & alyes that herde alle this but nought they sayde, he was alle pale in his visage, but noman proferd hym hand ne fote to helpe hym. The kinge said: Thou subtil felaw and fals shrewe, why spekest thou not, now dombe? The foxe stode in grete drede, & sighed sore that alle herde hym, but the Wulf and the Bere were glad herof.



How dame Rukenawe answerd for the foxe to the
kyng, capitulo xxix. ✠ ✠

DAME Rukenawe the Shepe, Reynarts aunte, was not wel plesyd, she was grete wyth the quene and wel belouyd: hit happed wel for the foxe that she was there, for she vnderstode alle wysedom, and she durste wel speke where as it to doo was; where euer she came euerich was glad of her. She sayde: My lord the kyng, ye ought not to be angry whan ye sytte in iugement, for that becometh not your noblesse. A man that sytteth in iugement ought to put fro hym alle wrath and angre. A lorde ought to haue dyscrecion that shold sytte in justise. I know better the poyntes of the lawe than somme that were furred gownes, for I haue lerned many of them and was made connyng in the lawe. I had in the popes palays of Woerden a good bedde of heye, where other beestes laye on the hard grounde, and also whan I had there to doo I was suffred to speke and was here to fore another by cause I knewe so wel the lawe. Seneca wryteth that a lorde shal oueral doo right and lawe, he shal charge none to whome he hath gyuen his saufgarde to aboue the right and lawe; the lawe ought not to halte for noman, and every man that stondest here wolde wel bethynke hym what he hath doon and bydryuen in his dayes, he sholde the better haue pacience & pyte on Reynart. Late every man knowe hym self, that is my counseyl: ther is none that stondest so surely but otherwhyle he falleth or slydeth. Who that neuer mysdede ne synned is holy and good, and hath no

nede to amende hym; whan a man doth amys, and thenne by counseyl amendeth it, that is humaynly and so ought he to doo; but alway to mysdoo and trespase, and not to amende hym, that ys euyl and a deuely lyf. Merke thenne what is wretyn in the Gospel, Estote misericordes, be ye mercyful: yet standeth ther more, Nolite indicare et non indicabimini, deme ye noman & ye shal not be demed; ther standeth also how the Pharisees brought a woman taken in aduoultre, & wold haue stoned her to deth, they axed our Lord what he said therto, he said: Who of yow alle is withoute synne late hym caste the fyrst stone, tho abode noman but lefte her there stondyng.



De thynketh it is so hyere: ther be many that see a strawe in an others ye, that can not see a balke in his owne: ther be many that deme other and hym self is worst of alle. Thaugh one falle ofte, and at laste aryseth vp and cometh to mercy, he is not therof dampned, God receyueth alle them that desyre hys mercy: late noman condampne another though they wyste that he had don amys, yet late them see theyr owne defawtes and thenne may they them self correcte fyrst, and thenne Reynert my cosyn shold not fare the werse, for his fadre and his graunfadre haue alway ben in more loue and reputacion in this court than Isegrym the Wulf or Bruyn the Bere with al theyr frendis and lignage. Hit hath ben here to fore an vnlyke comparison, the wysedom of Reynart my cosyn and the honour and worship of hym that he hath doon, and the counseyl of them, for they knowe not how the world gooth. Me thynketh this court is al torned vp so doon, thise

false shrewes, flaterers and deceyuours, arise and
wexe grete by the lordes and ben enhaunsed vp, and
the good, triewe, & wyse ben put down, for they haue
ben woned to counseylle truly & for thonour of the
kyng. I can not see how this may stonde longe. 
Thenne said the kynge: Dame, yf he had don to yow
suche trespaas as he hath don to other, it shold re-
pente yow. Is it wonder that I hate hym? he breketh
alway my saufigarde. Haue ye not herde the com-
playntes that here haue ben shewde of hym of mur-
dre, of theefte, and of treson? Haue ye suche trust in
hym, thynke ye that he is thus good and cleer? thenne
sette hym vpon the awter and worshipec and praye to
hym as to a saynte. But ther is none in alle the world
that can saye ony good of hym, ye may saye moche
for hym, but in thende ye shal fynde hym al nought,
he hath nether kyn, ne wyn, ne frende, that wylle en-
treprise to helpe hym, he hath so deseruyd. I haue
grete meruaylle of yow, I herde neuer of none that
hath felawshippid with hym that euer thanked hym,
or said ony good of hym, sauf you now, but alway he
hath stryked hem with his tayl.  The She/Ape an-
suerd & said: My lord, I loue hym & haue hym in grete
chierthe, and also I knowe a good dede that he ones in
your presence dyde wherof ye coude hym grete thank:
though now it be thus torned, yet shal the heuyest
weye moste. A man shal loue his frende by mesure,
and not his enemye hate ouermuche: stedfastnes and
constaunce is fyttynge & behoueth to the lordes, how
someuer the world torneth. We ought not preyse to
muche the daye tyl euen be come: good counseyl is
good for hym that wil doo ther after.

**A parable of a Man that delyuerd a Serpent fro peryl
of deth, capitulo xxx. ¶**

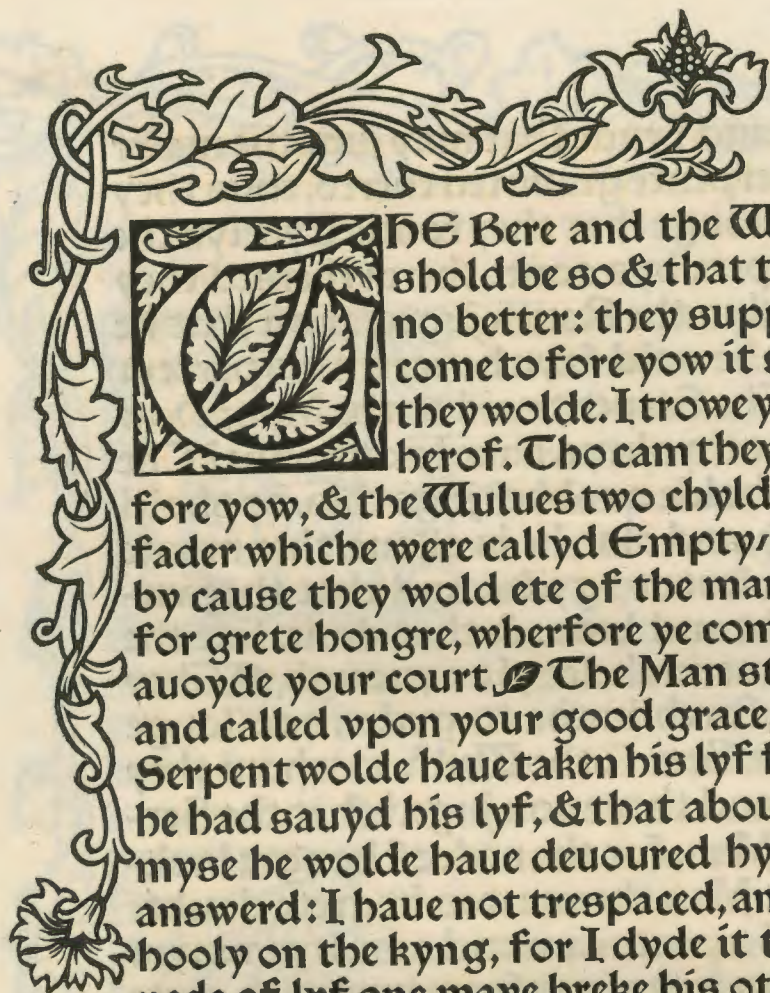


DW two yere passyd cam a Man and a Serpent here in to this court for to haue iugement, whiche was to yow & youres right doubteful. The Serpente stode in an hedche, where as he supposed to haue gon thorough, but he was caughte in a snare by the necke, that he myght not escape without helpe, but shuld haue lost his lyf there. The Man cam forth by, & the Serpent called to hym, & cryde and prayd the man that he wolde helpe hym out of the snare, or ellis he muste there dye.








THE Man had pyte of hym and sayde: Vf thou promyse to me that thou wilt not enuename me, ne dome none harme ne hurte, I shalle helpe the out of thys peryll. The Serpente was redye, and swore a grete othe that he now ne neuer sholde doo hym harme ne hurte. Thenne he vnlosed hym and delyuerd hym out of the snare, and wente forth to gydre a good whyle, that the Serpente had grete hongre, for he had not eten a grete while to fore, and sterte to the Man and wold haue slayn hym. The Man sterte awaye, and was a ferde and saide: Wylte thou now slee me? Hast thou forgotten the oth that thou madest to me, that thou sholdest not mysdoo ne hurte me? The Serpent answerd: I maye doo it good to fore al the world that I doo, the nede of hongre may cause a man to breke hys othe. The Man sayde: Vf it may be not bettre, gyue me so longe re-

spyte tyl we mete and fynde that may juge the mater
by right. ¶ The Serpente graunted therto, thus they
wente to gydre so longe that they fonde Tyselyn the
Rauen and Slynepere hys sone: there rehersed they
theyr resons. Tiselyn the Rauen juged anon that he
sholdete the Man: he wold fayn haue eten his parte &
hys sone also. ¶ The Serpent said to the Man: How
is it nowe? ¶ What thynke ye, haue I not wonne? The
Man saide: How sholde a robber juge this, he shold
haue auayle therby, and also he is allone, ther muste
be two or thre atte leste to gydre, and that they vn-
derstande the right and lawe: & that done, late the
sentence gon, I am neuertheles ylon ynough. ¶ They
agreed and wente forth bothe to gydre, soo longe
that they fonde the Beer & the Wulf, to whom they
tolde theyr mater, and they anon juged that the Ser-
pent shold sle the Man, for the nede of hongre brek-
eth oth alway. The Man thenne was in grete doubte
and fere, and the Serpente cam and cast hys venym
at hym, but the Man lepe away from hym with grete
payne, and sayd: Ye doo grete wronge that ye thus
lye in a wayte to slee me, ye haue no right therto. ¶
The Serpent sayde: Is it not ynough yet? hit hath
ben twyes juged. ¶ Ye, said the Man, that is of them
that ben wonte to murdre and robbe, alle that euer
they swere and promyse they holde not, but I appele
this mater in to the court to fore our lord the kynge,
and that thou mayst not forsake, & what jugement
that shal be gyuen there I shal obeye and suffre and
neuer do the contrarye.



THE Bere and the Wulf sayden that it shold be so & that the Serpent desired no better: they supposed yf it sholde come to fore yow it shold goo there as they wolde. I trowe ye be wel remembrid herof. Tho cam they alle to the court to fore yow, & the Wulues two chyl dren cam with theyr fader whiche were callyd Empty/Bely & Neuer/full by cause they wold ete of the man, for they howlyd for grete hongre, wherfore ye commaunded them to auoyde your court. ¶ The Man stode in grete drede, and called vpon your good grace, and tolde how the Serpent wolde haue taken his lyf from him, to whom he had sauyd his lyf, & that aboue his oth and promyse he wolde haue deuoured hym. ¶ The Serpente answerd: I haue not trespaced, and that I reporte me hooly on the kyng, for I dyde it to saue my lyf: for nede of lyf one maye breke his oth & promyse. ¶ My lorde, that tyme were ye and alle your counseyl here wyth acombryd, for your noble grace sawe the grete sorow of the Man, & yewold not that the Man shold for his gentilnes and kindenes be juged to deth, and on that other sythe hongre and nede to saue the lyf seketh narrowly to be holpen: hier was none in al the court that coude ne knewe the right hierof. Ther were sommethat wolde fayn the Man had be holpen, I see them hier stondyng, I wote wel they sayde that they coude not ende this mater. Thenne commaunded ye that Reynard my neuw shold come and saye his aduys in this mater, that tyme was he aboue alle other byleuyd and herd in the court, and ye bad hym gyue

sentence acording to the best right, and we alle shal folowe hym, for he knewe the grounde of the lawe.  Reynard saide: My lord, it is not possyble to yeue a trewe sentence after theyr wordes, for in here sayeng ben ofte lesynges, but & yf I myght see the Serpent in the same paryl and nede that he was in whan the Man loosed him & vnbonde, thenne wyste I wel what I sholde saye, and who that wolde doo otherwise he shold mysdoo agayn right.  Thenne sayd ye: My lord Reynard, that is wel sayd, we alle acorde herto, for noman can saye better.  Thenne wente the Man and the Serpent in to the place wher as he fonde the Serpent. Reynart bad that the Serpent shold be sette in the snare in lyke wyse as he was, and it was don.  Thenne sayd ye: My lord Reynart, how thynketh ye now, what jugement shal we gyue?  Thenne sayd Reynart the foxe: My lord, now ben they bothe lyke as they wer to fore, they haue neyther wonne ne loste. See, my lord, how I juge for a ryght al so ferre as it shal plesse your noble grace, yf the Man wil now pose and vnbynde the Serpent vpon the promyse and oth that he to fore made to him, he may wel doo it: but if he thynke that he for ony thyng shold be emcombryd or hyndred by the Serpent, or for nede of hongre wold breke his oth & promyse, thenne juge I that the Man may go frely where he wyl, and late the Serpente abyde styll bounden, lyke as he myghte haue don at the begynnyng, for he wolde haue broken his oth and promyse, where as he helpe hym out of suche fereful peryl. Thus thynketh me a rightful jugement that the Man shal haue hys free choys lyke as he to fore hadde.

IO my Lord, this judgement thought yow good, and alle your counseyl whiche at that tyme were by you, & folowed the same, & preysed Reynardis wysedom that he had made the Man quyte and free: thus the foxe wysely kepte your noble honour and worship, as a triewe seruaunt is bounde to do to his lord. **W**her hath the Beer or the Wulf do euer to yow so moche worship? They conne wel huylen and blasen, stele and robbe, and ete fatte morsellis, and fylle theyr belyes, & thenne juge they for right & lawe that smale theuis that stele hennys & chekynes shold be hanged, but they hem self that stelen kyen, oxen & horses, they shal goo quyte and be lordes, and seme as though they were wyser than Salamon, Huycene or Aristotiles. And eche wil be holden hye, proud, and preised of grete dedes and hardy. But and they come where as it is to doo they ben the firste that flee, thenne muste the symple goo forth to fore and they kepe the rereward behynde.

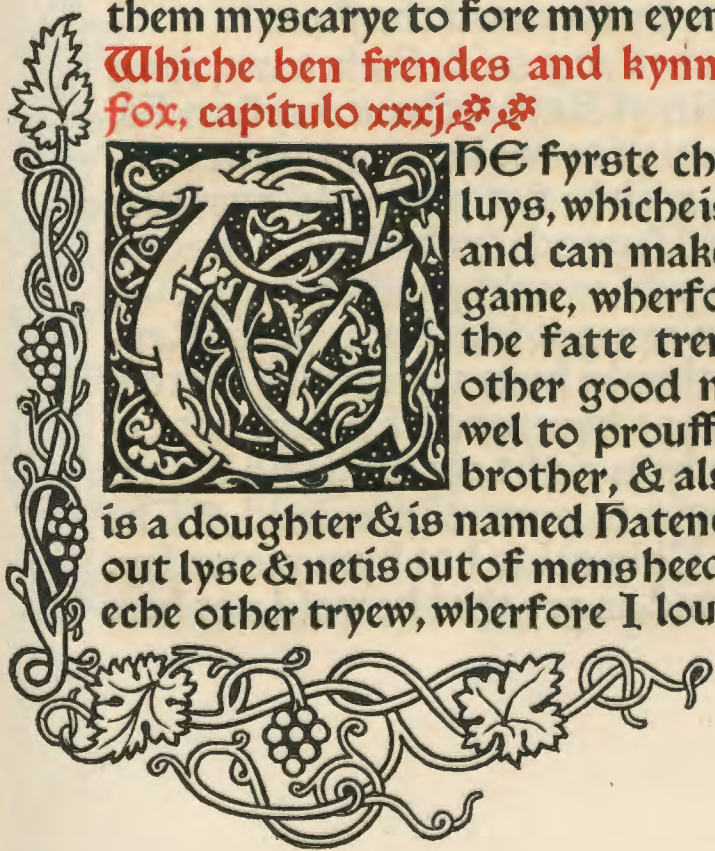
CH, my Lord, these and other lyke to them be not wyse, but they destroye towne, castel, lande & peple, they retche not whos hows brenneth so that they may warme them by the coles, they seke alle theyr owne auayll & synguler prof- fyte. But Reynart the foxe and alle his frendis and lygnage sorowen and thynke to preferre the honour, worship, fordeel and proffyte, of theyr lord, and for wise counseyl whiche ofte more prouffyteth here than pryde and boost, this doth Reynard thaugh he haue no thanke. **A**tte longe it shal be wel knowen who is beste and doth moste prouffyt. My lord, ye saye that



his kynne and lignage draweal afterward from hym,
and stonde not by hym for his falskede and decey-
uable and subtyl touchis, I wolde an other had sayde
that, ther sholde thenne suche wrake be taken therof
that hym myght growle that euer he sawe hym. But,
my lord, we wyl forbere you, ye maye saye your play-
sir, and also I saye it not by yow were there ony that
wolde bedryue ony thyng ayenst yow with wordes or
wyth werkes hym wolde we soo doo to, that men
shold saye we had ben there: ther as fyghtyng is we
ben not woned to be aferd. My lorde, by your leue I
may wel gyue you knoweleche of Reynardis frendis
and kynne, ther ben many of them that for his sake
and loue wille auenture lyf and good. I know myself
for one, I am a wyf, I shold yf he had nede sette my
lyf and good for hym, also I haue thre fulwaxen
children, which ben hardy and stronge, whom I wold
alle to gydre auenture for his loue rather than I shold
see hym destroyed, yet had I leuer dye than I sawe
them myscarye to fore myn eyen, so wel loue I hym.



**Whiche ben frendes and kynne vnto Reynard the
fox, capitulo xxxj.**

THE fyrste chylde is named Byte-
luys, whiche is moche cherysshyd
and can make moche sporte and
game, wherfore is gyuen to hym
the fatte trenchours and moche
other good mete, whiche cometh
wel to prouffyt of fulrompe hys
brother, & also my thyrde chylde

is a doughter & is named Hatnette, she can wel pyke
out lyse & netis out of mens heedis. Thise thre ben to
eche other tryew, wherfore I loue them. Dame Ru-



kenawe called hem forth and sayd: Welcome my dere chyl dren to me, forth & stande by Reynard, your dere neuew.  Thenne sayd she: Come forth, alle ye that ben of my kynne & Reynarts, & late vs praye the kyng that he wille doo to Reynart ryght of the lande.  Tho cam forth many a beest anon, as the Squyrel, the Musehont, the fychews, the Martron, the Beuer, wyth his wyf Ordegale, the Genete, the Ostrole, the Boussyng, and the fyret, thyse tweyne ete as fayne polayl as doth Reynart, the Oter and Pantecroet his wyf whom I had almoste forgoten, yet were they to fore, wyth the Beuer, enemyes to the foxe, but they durst not gaynsaye dame Rukenawe, for they were aferd of her, she was also the wysest of al his kynne of counseyl, and was moste doubted. Ther cam also mo than xx other by cause of her, for to stande by Reynard, ther cam also dame Atrote with her ii sisters, the Wesel, and Hermell the Asse, the Backe, the Watreratte, & many moo to the nombre of xl, whiche alle camen and stoden by Reynard the foxe.

 **D**lord the kyng, saide Rukenawe, come & see hier yf Reynart haue ony frendis, here may ye see we ben your trewe subgettis, whiche for yow wold auenture both lyf & good if ye had nede: though ye be hardy, myghty and stronge, oure welwyllyd friendship can not hurte you. Late Reynard the foxe wel bethynke hym vpon thise maters that ye haue leyd ayenst hym, and yf he can not excuse hym, thenne do hym right, we desire no better, and this by right ought to noman be warned.  The quene thenne spack: This saide I to hym yesterday, but he was so fyers and angry that he wold not here

it. The Lupaerd saide also: Syre, ye may juge no ferther than your men gyue theyr verdyte, for yf ye wold goo forth by wyl and myghte, that were not worshipful for your estate: here allewaye bothe partyes, and thenne by the beste and wysest counseyl gyue jugement discretly accordyng to the beste right

The kynge sayde: This is al trewe, but I was so sore meuyd whan I was enformed of Kywarts deth and sawe his heed that I was hoot and hasty. I shal here the foxe: can he answer and excuse hym of that is leyd ayenst hym, I shal gladly late hym goo quyte, and also atte requeste of his good frendis & kynne

Reynart was glad of this wordis and thoughte: God thanke myn aunte, she hath therys doo blosme agayn, she hath well holpen me forthe nowe. I haue now a good foot to daunse on. I shal now loke out of myne eye, and brynge forth the fayrest lesyngis that euer man herde, and brynge my self out of this daunger.

How the foxe with subtylte excused him for the deth of Kywart the Hare & of alle other maters that were leyde ayenst hym, & how wyth flateryng gate agayn his pees of the kynge, capitulo xxxij.

HENNE spak Reynart the foxe and saide. Alas, what saye ye, is Kywart ded, & where is Bellyn the Ramme, what broughte he to yow whan he cam agayn, for I delyuerd to hym thre iewellis? I wold fayn knowe where theye ben be comen, that one of them sholde he haue gyuen to yow, my lord the kyng, & the other ij to my lady the quene. The kynge saide: Bellyn brought

vs nought ellis but Kywards heed, lyke as I saide you
to fore, wherof I toke on hym wrake. I made hym to
lose his lyf, for the foule kaytyf said to me that he
hym self was of the counseyl of the lettres makynge
that were in the male. **A**las, my lorde, is thys very
trouthe? **W**o to me kaytyf that euer I was born, sith
that thise good jewellis be thus lost! Myn herte wil
breke for sorowe, I am sory that I nowe lyue. **W**hat
shal my wyf saie whan she hereth herof, she shal go
out of her wytte for sorow. I shal neuer, al so longe
as I lyue, haue her frendship, she shall make moche
sorowe whan she hereth therof. **T**he She/Ape said:
Reynard, dere neuue, what prouffyteth that ye make
al this sorowe? Late it passe, and telle vs what thise
jewellis were, parauenture we shalle fynde counseyl
to haue them agayn yf they be aboue erthe. Mayster
Akeryn shal laboure for them in his bookis, & also
we shall curse for them in al chirchys vnto the tyme
that we haue knoweleche where they ben. They maye
not be loste. **N**ay, aunte, thynke not that, for they
that haue them wyl not lightly departe fro them, ther
was neuer kynge that euer gaf soo ryche jewellis as
thyse be. Neuertheles, ye haue somewhat wyth your
wordes easyd myn herte and made it lighter than
it was. **A**las, loo here ye may see how he or they to
whome a man trusteth moost is ofte by hym or them
deceyuyd! **T**haugh I shold go al the world thorugh,
& my lyf in auenture sette therefore, I shal wyte wher
thise jewellis ben becomen.

WYTHE a dissymylyd and soroufull
speche saide the foxe. Herken ye alle,
my kynne and frendys, I shal name to
yow thise Jewellis what they were, and
thenne may ye saye that I haue a grete
losse. That one of them was a rynge
of fyn gold, & within the rynge next the fynge were
wreton lettres enameld with sable and asure, and ther
were thre Hebrews names therin. I coude not my self
rede ne spelle them, for I vnderstonde not that lan-
gagage. But Maister Abrion of Tryer he is a wyse man,
he vnderstandeth wel al maner of langages and the
vertue of alle maner herbes, and ther is no beest so
fiers ne stronge but he can dompte hym, for yf he see
hym ones he shal doo as hee wyl, and yet he bileueth
not on God, he is a Jewe, the wysest in connyng, and
specially he knoweth the vertue of stones. I shewde
hym ones this rynge, he saide that they were tho thre
names that Seth brought oute of Paradys whan he
brought to his fadre Adam the oyle of mercy, & who
someuer bereth on him this thre names he shal neuer
be hurte by thondre, be lyghtnyng, ne no witchecraft
shal haue power ouer him, ne be tempted to do synne,
and also he shal neuer take harm by colde though he
laye the wynters longe nyghtis in the feelde, though
it snowed, stormed, or frore neuer so sore, so grete
myght haue thise wordes, witnes of Maister Abrion.
Withought forth on the rynge stode a stone of thre
maner colours, the one part was lyke rede cristalle &
shoon lyke as fyre had ben therin, in suche wyse that
if one wolde goo by nyght hym behoued none other
lighte, for the shyning of the stone made and gaf as
grete a light as it had ben mydday. That other parte

of the stone was whyte and clere as it had ben burnysshid, who so had in his eyen ony smarte or sorenes, or in his body ony swellung, or heed ache, or ony sykenes withoutforthe, yf he stryked this stone on the place wher the gryef is, he shal anon be hole, or if ony man be seke in his body of venym, or ylle mete in his stomack, of colyk, stranguyllion, stone, fystel, or kanker, or ony other sekeness, sauf only the very deth, late hym leye this stone in a litle watre and late hym drynke it, and he shal forthwyth be hole and al quyte of his sekenessis. Alas, said the foxe, we haue good cause to be sory to lese suche a jewell furthermore the thirde colour was grene lyke glas, but ther were some sprynklis therin lyke purple. The maister tolde for trouthe that who that bare thys stone vpon hym shold neuer be hurte of hys enemye, and that noman were he neuer so stronge and hardy that myght mysdoo hym, and where euer that he fought he shold haue vycторыe, were it by nyght or by daye, al so ferre as he behelde it fastyng. And also therto, where someuer he wente and in what felawship, hee shold be bylouyd though they hadde hated hym to fore, if he had the ring vpon hym they shold forgete theyr angre as sone as they sawe hym. Also though he were al naked in a felde agayn an hondred armed men, he shold be wel herted and escape fro them with worship: but he muste be a noble gentle man & haue no chorles condycyons, for thenne the stone had no myght. And by cause thys stone was soo precious & good, I thought in my self that I was not able ne worthy to bere it, and there fore I sente it to my dere lord the kyng, for I knowe hym for the most noble that now lyueth, and also alle our welfare and wor-

ship lyeth on hym, and for he shold be kepte fro alle drede, nede, and vngheluck.


FONDE this rynge in my fadres treasure, & in the same place I toke a glass or a mirrour & a combe whiche my wyf wold algates haue. A man myght wondre that sawe thise Jewellis. I sent thise to my lady the quene, for I haue founden her good and gracious to me: this combe myght not be to moche preysed, hyt was made of the bone of a clene noble beest named Panthera whiche feedeth hym bytwene the grete Inde & Erthly Paradyse, he is so lusty, fayr, & of colour that ther is no colour vnder the heuen but somme lyknes is in hym. Ther-to he smelleth so swete that the sauour of hym boteth alle syknessis, & for his beaute and swete smellyng all other beestis folowe hym, for by hys swete sauour they ben heled of alle syknessis. This Panthera hath a fair boon, brode and thynne, whan so is that this beeste is slayn al the swete odour restid in the bone, which can not be broken, ne shal neuer rote, ne be destroyed by fyre, by water, ne by smytyng, hit is so hard, tyht and fast, & yet it is lyght of weyght. The swete odour of it hath grete myghte, that who that smelleth it sette nought by none other luste in the world, and is easyd and quyte of alle maner diseases and infirmities, & also he is ioconde and glad in his herte. This combe is polysshid as it were fyne syluer, and the teeth of it ben small and straite, and bytween the gretter teeth & the smaller is a large felde and space, where is coruen many an ymage subtylly made and enameld aboute with fyn gold. The felde is checked with sable and siluer, enameld with cybore

and asure, and ther in is thistorye how Venus, Juno, and Pallas strof for thapple of gold, whiche eche of them wold haue had, whiche contrauersye was sette vpon Parys that he shold gyue it to the fayrest of them thre.



PARYS was that tyme an herde man, and kepte his faders beestis and sheep without Troye. Whan he had reseeyuid thapple Juno promysyd to hym yf he wolde juge that she myght haue thapple he shold haue the moste richesse of the world. Pallas said yf she myght haue thapple she wold gyue hym wysedom & strengthe, & make hym so grete a lorde that he shold ouercome alle his enemyes and whom he wold. Venus saide: What nedest thou richesse or strengthe, art not thou Pryamus sone and Hector is thy brother whiche haue al Hsye vnder their power, art not thou one of the possessours of grete Troye? Yf thou wylt gyue to me thapple I shal gyue the the richest tresour of the world, and that shal be the fayrest woman that euer had lyf on erthe, ne neuer shal none be born fairer than she, thenne shal thou be richer than riche and shal clymme aboue al other, for that is the tresour that noman can preyse ynough, for honest, fair, and good women can put away many a sorow fro the herte, they he shamefast and wyse, & brynge a man in very joye and blysse. Parys herde this Venus, whiche presented hym this grete joye and fayr lady, and prayd her to name this fayr lady that was so fair, and where she was. Venus saide: It is Helene, kynge Menelaus wyf of Grece, ther lyueth not a nobler, richer, gentiller, ne wyser wyf in al the world.

Thenne Parys gaf to her thapple and said that she was fayrest. Now that he gate after ward Helene by the helpe of Venus, and how he brought her in to Troye and wedded her, the grete loue & ioly lyf that they had to gydre, was al coruen in the felde, euery thyng by hym self and the storrye wretton.

 **N**ow ye shal here of the mirroure. The glas that stode theron was of suche vertu that men myght see therein alle that was don within a myle, of men, of beestis, and of al thyng that men wold desire to wyte and knowe. And what man loked in the glasse, had he ony dissease, of prickyng or motes, smarte, or perles in his eye, he shold be anon heled of it, suche grete vertue had the glas. Is it thenne wondre yf I be meuyd and angry for to lose suche maner jewellis? The tree in whiche this glas stode was lyght and faste and was named Cetyne, hit sholde endure euer er it wold rote or wormes shold hurte it, and therefore kynge Salamon seelyd his temple wyth the same wode withynforth. Men preysed it derrer than fyn gold, hit is like to tre of Helenus, of whiche wode kynge Crompart made his hors of tree for loue of kynge Morcadigas daughter that was so fayr, whom he had wende for to haue wonne. That hors was so made within that who someuer rode on hit, yf he wolde he shold be within lesse than oon hour an hondred myle thens, & that was wel preuyd, for Cleomedes the kynges sone wold not byleue that that hors of tree had suche myght and vertue: he was yonge, lusty and hardy, and desyred to doo grete dedes of prys for to be renomed in this world, & leep on this hors of tree. Crompart

torned a pynne that stode on his brest, and anon the horse lyfte hym vp and wente out of the halle by the wyndowe, and er one myght saye his pater noster he was goon more than ten myle a waye. Cleomedes was sore aferd and supposed neuer to haue torned agayn, as thistory therof telleth more playnly, but how grete drede he had, and how ferre that he rood vpon that horse made of the tree of Hebenus er he coude knowe the arte and crafte how he shold torn hym, and how joyeful he was whan he knewe it, and how men sorowed for hym, and how he knewe all this, and the ioye therof whan he cam agayn, all this I passe ouer for losyng of tyme. But the moste parte of alle cam to by the vertue of the wode, of whiche wode the tree that the glas stode in was made, and that was without worth of the glas half a foot brood, wherin stode some strange hystories whiche were of gold, of sable, of siluer, of yelow, asure, and cynope. Thyse sixe colowrs were therin wrought in suche wise as it behoued, and vnder euery hystorye the wordes were grauen and enameld that euery man myght vnderstande that eche hystorye was. After my iugement ther was neuer myroure so costly, so lustly, ne so playsaunt. In the begynnyng stode there an horse made fatte, stronge, & sore enuyous vpon an herte, whiche ran in the feeld so ferre and swyftly that the hors was angry that he ran so ferre to fore hym and coude not ouertake hym, he thought he shold cacche hym & subdue hym, though he shold suffre moche payne therefore. The horse spack tho to a herdeman in this wyse: Yf thou cowdest taken an herte that I wel can shewe the, thou sholdest haue grete prouffyt therof, thou sholdest selle dere his hornes, his skyn,

and his flesshe. The herdeman sayd: How may I come by hym? The hors saide: Sytte vpon me and I shall bere the, and we shal hunte hym til he be take. The herdeman sprange & satte vpon the hors, and sawe the herte, and he rode after, but the herte was lyght of foot and swyft and out ran the hors ferre. They honted so ferre after hym that the hors was wery, and said to the herdeman that satte on hym: Now sytte of, I wil reste me, I am al wery, and gyue me leue to goo fro the. The herdeman saide: I haue arested the, thow mayst not escape fro me, I haue a brydle on thy hede & sporis on my heles, thou shalt neuer haue thanke herof, I shal bydwynge & subdue the, haddest thou sworn the contrarye. See how the horse brought hym self in thraldom and was taken in his owne nette. How may one better be taken than by his owne propre enuye to suffre hym self to be taken & riden? Ther ben many that laboure to hurte other, and they them seluen ben hurt and rewarded with the same.

THER was also made an asse and an hounde, whyche dwelled bothe with a riche man. The man louyd his hounde well, for he pleyde ofte wyth hym as folke do with houndis, the hound leep vp and pleyd with his tayl and lyckyd hys maister about the mouth. This sawe Bowd-wyn the asse, & had grete spyte therof in his herte, and said to him self: How may thys be, & what may my lorde see on this fowle hound, whom I neuer see doth good ne prouffyt, sauf spryngeth on hym and kysseth hym? but me whom men putten to laboure to bere and drawe, and doo more in a weeke than he

wyth his xv shold do in a hole yere, & yet sytteth he
neuertheles by hym at the table, & there eteth bones,
flessh, and fatte trenchours, and I haue nothyng but
thystles & nettles, and lye on nyghtes on the harde
erthe, and suffre many a scorn. I wyl no lenger suffre
thys, I wylle thynke how I may gete my lordes loue
and frendship lyke as the hounde doth. Therwyth
cam the lorde, and the asse lyft vp his tayl & sprang
with his fore feet on the lordes sholdres, and bled,
grennyd, and songe, & with his feet made two grete
bules aboute his eres, and put forth his mouth, and
wolde haue kyssed the lordes mouth as he had seen
the hound doon. Tho cryde the lorde, sore aferde:
Help! Help! this asse wil slee me! Thenne cam his
seruauntis with good stauis, and smyten & bete the
asse so sore that he had wende he shold haue loste
his lyf: tho returned he to his stable, & ete thystles
and nettles, & was an asse as he to fore was. In lyke
wyse who so haue enuye and spyte of an others wel-
fare, and were seruid in lyke wyse, it shold be wel be-
hoefful. Therfor it is concluded that the asse shall
ete thistelis and netteles, and bere the sacke: though
men wold doo hym worship he can not vnderstonde
it, but must vse olde lewde maners. Where as asses
geten lordshyppys, there men see selde good rewle,
for they take hede of nothyng but on theyr syngu-
ler prouffyt, yet ben they take vp and rysen grete, the
more pyte is.

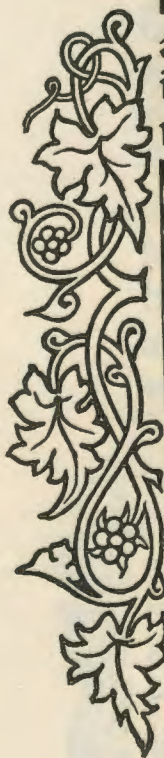


LERKEN ferther how my fadre and
Tybert the Catte wende to gydre, and
had sworn by theyr trouthe that for
loue ne hate they shold not departe, &
what they gate they shold departe to
eche the half. Thenne on a tyme they







sawe hunters comynge ouer the felde wyth many houndes, they leep and ronne faste fro them/ward al that they myghte, as they that were aferd of theyr lyf. ¶ Tybert, sayde the foxe, whyther shal we now best flee, the hunters haue espyed vs, knowe ye ony helpe? ¶ My fadre trusted on the promyse that eche made to other, and that he wolde for no nede departe fro hym. ¶ Tybert, said he, I haue a sack ful of wyles yf we haue nede, as ferre as we abyde to gydre we nede not to doubte hunters ne houndes. ¶ Tybert bigan to syghe, and was sore aferd, and sayde: Reynart what auayllen many wordes? I knowe but one wyle and theder must I too. ¶ Anon tho clamme he vpon on hye tree in to the toppe vnder the leuys, wher as hunter ne hounde myght doo hym non harme, and lefte my fadre allone in jeopardde of his lyf, for the hunters sette on hym the houndes al that they coude, men blewe the hornes & cryed and halowed the foxe, slee and take. ¶ Whan Tybert the Catte sawe that, he mocked and scorned my fadre and said: What Reynart cosyn, vnbynde now your sakke wher al the wylis ben in, it is now tyme: ye be so wyse called, helpe your self for ye haue nede! ¶ This mocke muste my fadre here of hym to whom he had most his trust on, and was almoste taken and nygh his deth, & he ranne and fledde wyth grete fere of hys lyf, and lete his male slyde of by cause he wold be the lighter. Yet al that coude not helpe hym, for the houndes were to swyft, and shold haue byten hym but he had one auenture, that ther by he fond an old hole wherin he crepte, & escaped thus the honters and houndes. Thus helde this false deceyuer, Tibaert, his sykernes that he had promysed. Alas, how many ben there now

a dayes that kepe not theyr promyse, and sette not
therby though they broke it! And though I hate Ty-
baert herfore, is it wonder? But I doo not, sikerly, I
loue my sowe to wel therto: neuertheless, yf I sawe
hym in auenture and mysfalle in his body or in his
goodes, I trowe hit shold not moche goo to my herte
so that another dyde it. Neuertheles, I shal neyther
hate hym ne haue enuye at hym, I shal for Goddes
loue forgyue hym: yet is it not so clere out of myn
herte but a lytyl ylle wylle to hym ward abideth therin
as this cometh to my remembraunce, and the cause
is that the sensualyte of my flessch fyghteth ayenst
reson.



CHER stode also in that myrrour, of
the Wulf, how he fonde ones vpon an
heth a dede hors slayn but al the flessch
was eten. Thenne wente he and bote
grete morsellis of the bones that for
hongre he toke thre or iiii attones and
swolowed them in, for he was so gredy that one of
the bones stack thwart in his mouth, wherof he had
grete payne & was in grete fere of his lyf: he soughte
al aboute for wyse maisters and surgyens, and pro-
mysed grete yeftis for to be heled of his disease.
Atte laste whan he coude nowher fynde remedye he
cam to the Crane wyth his longe necke and bille, and
prayde hym to helpe hym and he wold loue & rewarde
hym so wel that he sholde euer be the better. The
Crane herked after this grete rewarde, and put his
heed in to his throte and brought out the boon wyth
his bylle. The Wulf sterte a syde wyth the pluckyng,
and cryde out: Alas, thou doost me harme, but I
forgyue it the, doo no more soo, I wolde not suffre

it of an other.  The Crane saide: Sir Isegrym, goo and be mery, for ye beal hool, now gyue to me that ye promysed.  The Wulf saide: Wyl ye here what he sayth? I am he that bath suffred and haue cause to playne, and he wille haue good of me! He thanketh not me of the kyndnes that I dyde to hym: he put his heed in my mouth and I suffred hym to drawe it out hole without hurtyng, and he dyde to me also harme, and yf ony hier shold haue a reward it shold be I by ryght.  Thus the vnkynde men now a dayes rewarde them that doo them good; whan the false and subtyl aryse & become grete, thenne goth worship and prouffyt al to nought. Ther ben many of ryght that ought reward and doo good to suche as haue helpen hem in her nede, that now fynde causes and saye they be hurte & wolde haue amendis where they ought to rewarde and make amendes them self, therfore it is said and trowthe it is, whoo that wyl chyde or chastyse see that he be clere hym self.

 **A**LL this & moche more than I now can wel remembre was made & wrought in this glasse. The maister that ordeyned it was a conning man, and a profounde clerk in many sciencis, & by cause thise jewells were ouer good and precious for me to kepe and haue, therfore I sente them to my dere lorde the kynge & to the quene in present. Where ben they now that gyue to theyr lordes suche presentes? The sorowe that my ij chyldren made whan I sente away the glasse was grete, for they were woned to loke therin & see them self, how theyr clothyng and araye becam them on their bodyes. O alas, I knewe not that Kywart the Hare was so nyghe hys deth whan I de-

lyueryd hym the male with thise iewellis. I wiste not to whom I myght better haue taken them, though it shold haue coste me my lyf, than hym and Bellyn the Ramme, they were two of my best frendis. Oute, alas, I crye vpon the murderar! I shall knowe who it was, though I shold renne thurgh al the world to seke him, for murdre abydeth not hyd, it shall come out. Per-
auenture he is in this companye, that knoweth where Kywart is bicommen, though he telleth it not, for many false shrewys walke wyth good men fro whome no-
man can kepe hym, they knowen theyr craft so wel & can wel couere theyr falsenes. But the most wondre that I haue, is that my lord the kynge hier sayth so felly that my fadre nor I dyde hym neuer good: that thynketh me meruayle of a kynge, but ther come so many thynghis to fore him that he forgeteth that one wyth that other and so faryth by me. Dere lorde, re-
membre not ye whan my lord your fadre lyuyd, & ye an yonglyng of two yere were, that my fadre cam fro skole fro Montpellier where as he had fyue yere studyed in receptes of medycynes? He knewe al the tokenes of the vryne as wel as his honde, & also all the herbes and nature of them, whyche were viscosse or laxatyf: he was a synguler maister in that science, he myght wel were cloth of sylke & a gylt gyrdle. Whan he cam to court he fonde the kynge in a grete sekene, wher-
of he was sory in his hert, for he louyd hym aboue alle other lordes. The kynge wolde not forgoe hym, for whan he came alle other had leue to walke where they wolde, he trusted none so moche as hym. He sayde: Reynard, I am seke & fele me the lenger the werse. My fadre said: My dere lord, here is an vrynal, make youre water therin, and assone as I may see it, I shal

telle what sekeneſ it is, and alſo how ye ſhal be holpen. ¶ The kynge dyde as he counſelled hym, for he truſted noman better that lyuyd, though ſo were that my fader dyde not as he ſholde haue don to you, but that was by counſeyl of euyl and foule beestiſ, I had wonder therof but it waſ a rasyng ayenſt hiſ deth. ¶ He ſayde: My lord, yf ye wyl be hole ye muſte ete the lyuer of a wulf of vij yere old: that may ye not leue or ellis ye ſhall deye, for your vryne ſheweth it playnly. ¶ The Wulf ſtoode ther by and ſaid nought, but the kynge ſaid to hym: Sir Yſegrym, now ye here wel that I muſte haue your lyuer yf I will be hool. ¶ Tho anſwerd the Wulf and ſaide: Nay, my lord, not ſoo, I wote wel I am not yet fyue yere olde, I haue herde my moder ſaie ſoo. ¶ My fadre ſaid: What ſkylleth hyſ wordes? late hym be opened, and I ſhal knowe by the lyuer yf it be goode for yow or not. ¶ And therwyth the Wulf waſ had to kyche and hiſ lyuer taken out, whiche the kynge ete, and waſ anon al hole of alle hiſ ſekeneſ: thenne thanketh he my fadre moche, & commanded alle hiſ houſhold vpon their lyuys that after that tyme they ſholde calle hym maſter Reynard.

HE abode ſtylle by the kynge & waſ byleuid of alle thingiſ, and muſte allewey go by hiſ ſyde, & the kynge gaf to hym a garlond of rooſes whiche he muſt alway were on hiſ heed, but now thiſ is al torded, alle the old good thynges that he dyde ben forgotten, and thiſe couetouſe and rauenous ſhrewyſ ben taken vp and ſette on the hye benche, and ben herde and made grete, and the wyſe folke ben put a/back, by whiche thiſe lordes ofte lacke & cauſe them to be in moche trouble and ſorowe, for whan a


couetous man of lowe byrthe is made a lorde and is moche greet, & aboue his neyghbours hath power & myght, thenne he knoweth not him self, ne whens he is comen, & hath no pyte on nomans hurte, ne hereth nomans requeste, but yf he may haue grete yeftis, al his entent & desire is to gadre good & to be gretter. O how many couetous men ben now in lordes courtes, they flatre and smeke and plesse the prynce for theyr synguler auayl, but & the prynce had nede of them or their good they sholde rather suffre hym to deye or fare right hard er they wold gyue or lene hym. They be lyke the Wulf that had leuer the kyng had deyed than he wolde gyue hym his lyuer, yet had I leuer, er that the kyng or the quene shold fare amys, that xx suche wulues shold lose theyr lyues, hit were also the leest losse. My lorde, al this bifelle in your yongthe, that my fader dyde thus: I trowe ye haue forgotten it. And also my self don yow reuerence, worship, and courtosye, vnroused be it, though ye now thanke me but lytyl, but paraenture ye remembred not that I shall now saye, not to ony for wyttyng of yow, for ye be worthy alle worship & reuerence that ony man can doo, that haue ye of Almighty God by enheritance of youre noble progenytours, wherfor I your humble subgette and seruaunt am bounden to doo to yow alle the seruyse that I can or maye. I cam on a tyme walkyng with the Wulfe Isegrym, & we hadde gotten vnder vs bothe a swyne, & for his lowde cryng we bote hym to deth, and, syre, ye cam fro ferre out of a groue ayenst vs. Ye salewed vs frendly, and saide we were welcome, and that ye and my lady the quene whyche cam after yow hadde grete hongre, & had nothyng for to ete, & prayd vs for to gyue yow



parte of our wyunnyng. Isegrym spack so softe that a man vnnethe myght here hym, but I spack out and saide: Ye, my lord, wyth a good will, though it were more, we wil wel that ye haue parte, & thenne the Wulf departed as he was wont to do, he departed and toke that on half for hym self, and he gaf yow a quarter for yow & for the quene, that other quarter he ete and bote as hastely as he myght bicause he wolde ete it allone, and he gaf to me but half the longes, that I pray God that euyl mote he fare.

THUS shewde he his condicions & nature: ermen shold haue songen a credo ye my lord had eten your part, and yet wold ye fayn haue had more, for ye were not ful. And bicause he gaf yow no more, ne profred yow, ye lyft vp your

right fote & smote hym bytwene the eris that ye tare his skynne ouer his eye, and tho he myght no lenger abyde, but he bledde, howled, and ran away, and lefte his parte there lye. Tho said ye to hym: Haste yow agayn hether and brynge to vs more, and here after see better to how ye dele and parte. Thenne saide I: My lord, yf it plesse yow I wyll goo wyth hym. I wote wel what ye saide. I wente wyth hym, he bledde and grieved as sore as he was al softly, he durst not crye lowde, we wente so ferre that we brought a calf, and whan ye saw vs come therwyth ye lawhyd, for ye were wel plesyd. Ye said to me that I was swyft in hontyng. I see wel that ye can fynde wel whan ye take it vpon yow, ye be good to sende forth in a nede, the case is good and fatte, herof shal ye be the delar. I saide: My lord, wyth a good wyl. The one half, my lord, shal be for yow, and that other half for my lady

the quene, the moghettis, lyuer, longes, and the inward, shal be for your chyldren, the heed shal Isegrym the wulf haue, and I shal haue the feet. ¶ Tho said ye: Reynart, who hath taught you to departe so courtoisly? ¶ My lord, sayd I, that hath don this preest that sytteth her with the bloody crowne, he loste his skynne wyth the vncourtoys departyng of the swyn, and for his couetyse and rauyne he hath bothe hurte & shame. ¶ Alas, ther ben many wulues now a/dayes that without right and reson destroye & ete them that they may haue the ouerhand of, they spare neyther flesh ne blode, frende ne enemye, what they can gete that take they: O woo be to that lande and to townes where as the wulues haue the ouerhand! My lord, this and many other good thing haue I don for you that I cowde wel telle yf it were not to long, of whiche now ye remembre litil by the wordes that I her of you, yf ye wold al thyng ouersee well, ye wold not saye as ye doo, I have seen the day that ther shold no grete mater be concluded in this court without myn aduyse, al beyt that this auenture is nou fallen, it myght happen yet that my wordes shal be herd & also bileuyd as well as an others as ferreas right wyl, for I desyre none other, for yf ther be ony can saye and make good by suffycient witnessis that I haue trespaced, I wil abyd al the right and lawe that may come therof, and yf ony saie on me ony thyng of whiche he can brynge no wytnesse, late me thenne be rewlyd after the lawe & custome of thys court. ¶ The kynge said: Reynart, ye saye resonably. I knowe not of Kywarts deth more than that Bellyn the Ramme brought his heed hether in the male, therof I lete yow goo quyte for I haue no wytness therof. ¶ My dere

lord, said the foxe, God thanke yow, sykerly ye doo wel, for his dethe maketh me so sorrowful that me thynketh my herte wyl breke in two. O whan they departed fro me myn herte was so heuy that me thought I shold haue swowned! I wote wel it was a token of the losse that tho was so nyghe comyng to me.  Alle the mooste parte of them that were there, and herde the foxes wordes of the jewellis, & how he made his contenance and stratchid hym, had veryly supposed that it had not be fayned, but that it had be tryewe, they were sory of his losse and mysaventure and also of his sorowe. The kynge and the quene had bothe pyte of hym, and badde hym to make not to moche sorowe, but that he sholde endeuore hym to seche hem, for he had so moche preysed hem that they had grete wyl and desyre to haue them, and by cause he had made them to vnderstonde that he had sent these jewellis to them, though they neuer had them, yet they thanked hym & prayd hym to helpe that they myght haue them.

 HE foxe vnderstode theyr menyng wel, he thought toward them but lytyl good for al that, he said,  God thanke yow, my lord and my lady, that ye so frendly comforte me in my sorow, I shalle not reste nyght ne day, ne alle they that wyl doo ony thyng for me, but renne and praye, thretene and aske, alle the four corners of the world, though I shold euer seche tyl that I knowe where they ben bicommen, and I pray you, my lord the kynge, that yf they were in suche place as I cowdenot get them by prayer, by myght, ne by request, that ye wold assiste me and abide by me, for it towcheth your self and the good is

youris, & also it is your part to doo justyse on thefte & murdre, whiche bothe ben in this caas. Reynart, saide the kynge, that shal I not leue whan ye knowe wher they ben, myn helpe shal be alway redy for you

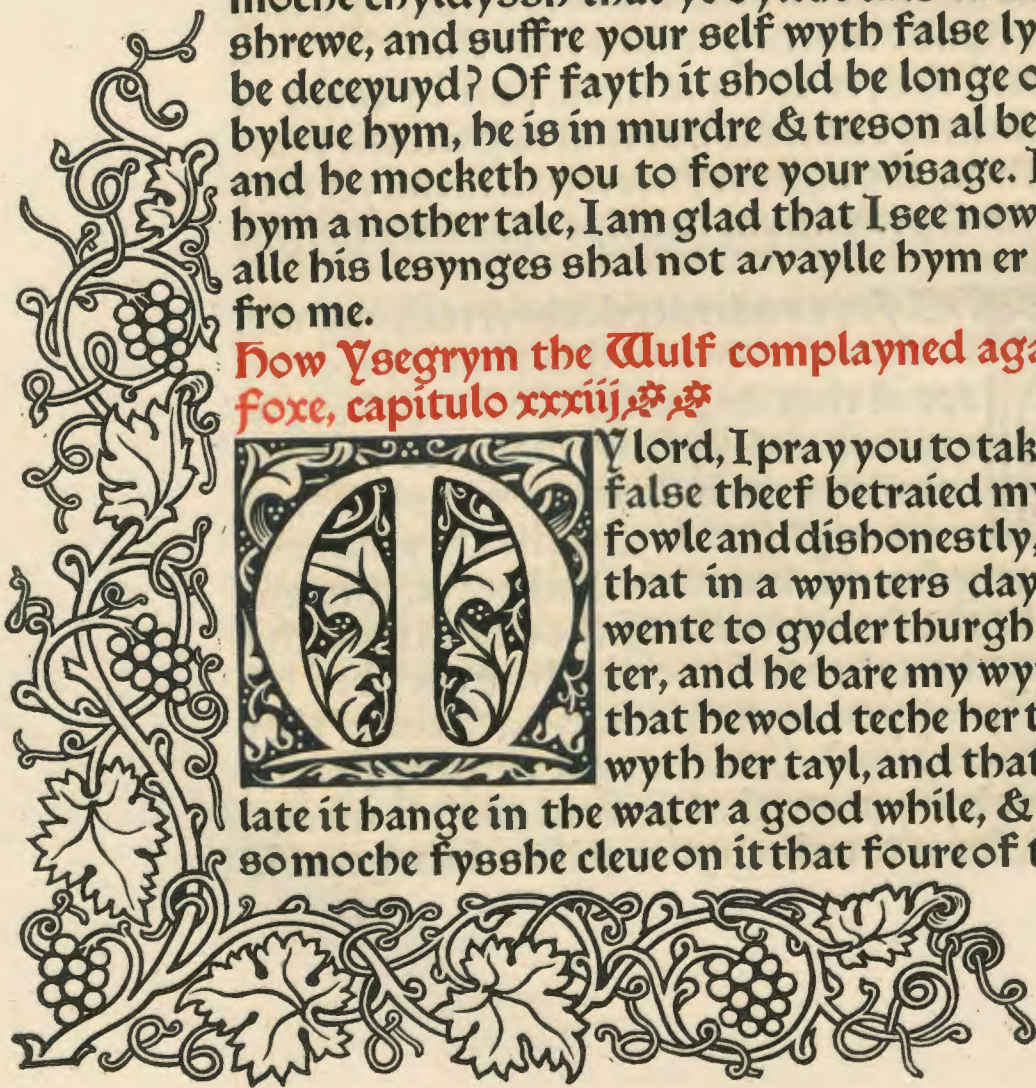
O dere lorde, this is to moche presented to me, yf I had power & myght I sholde deserue ayenst yow!

Now hath the foxe his mater fast and fayr, for he hath the kynge in his hand as he wold, hym thought that he was in better caas than it was lyke to haue be. He hath made so many lesynges that he may go frely wher he wyl without complaynyng of ony of them alle, sauf of Isegram, which was to hym ward angry and dysplesyd and saide, O noble kynge, are ye so moche chylidyssh that ye byleue this false & subtyl shrewe, and suffre your self wyth false lyes thus to be deceuyd? Of fayth it shold be longe or I sholde byleue hym, he is in murdre & treson al be/wrapped, and he mocketh you to fore your visage. I shal telle hym a nother tale, I am glad that I see now hym here, alle his lesynges shal not a/vaylle hym er he departe fro me.

Now Ysegrym the Wulf complayned agayn on the foxe, capitulo xxxiiij.



Y lord, I pray you to take hede, this false theef betraied my wyf ones fowle and dishonestly, hit was so that in a wynters day that they wente to gyder thurgh a grete water, and he bare my wyf an honde that he wold teche her take fysshe wyth her tayl, and that she shold late it hange in the water a good while, & ther shold so moche fysshe cleue on it that foure of them shold



not conne ete it. The fool my wyf supposed he had said trouthe, and shewente in the myre to the bely to er she cam in to the water, and whan she was in the deppest of the water he bad her holde her tayl styll til that the fysshe were comen. She helde her tayl so longe that it was from harde in the yse and coude not plucke it out, and whan he sawe that he sprange vp after on her body. *Alas*, there rauysshed he and forcyd my wyf so knauissly that I am ashamed to telle it, she coude not defende her self, the sely beest, she stode so depe in the myre. Herof he can not saye naye, for I fonde hym with the dede, for as I wente aboue vpon the banke I sawe hym bynethe vpon my wyf shouyng & stekyng as men doo whan they doo suche werke and playe. *Alas*, what payne suffred I tho at my herte! I had almost for sorow loste my fyue wyttes, and cryde as lowde as I myght: *Reynart what do ye there?* Whan he sawe me so nyghe, tho leep he of and wente his waye. I wente to her in a grete heuinesse, and wente depe in that myre & that water or I coude breke the yse, and moche payne suffred she er she coude haue out her taylle, and yet lefte a gobet of her tayle behynd her, & we were lyke bothe therby to haue lost our lyues, for she galped & cryde so lowde for the smarte that she had er she cam out that the men of the village cam out with stauys and byllis, wyth flaylis & pykforkes, and the wyuis wyth theyr distauis, and cryed dyspytously: *Sle! sle!* and smyte down right! I was neuer in my lyf so a/ferde for vnnethe we escape, we ran so fast that we swette, ther was a vylayne that stake on vs wyth a pyke whiche hurted vs sore, he was stronge and swyfte a/fote, hadde it not be nyght certaynly we had ben slayn.

The fowle olde quenes wold fayn haue beten vs, they saide that we had byten theyr sheep, they cursed vs with many a curse, tho cam we in to a felde ful of brome and brembles, there hydde we vs fro the vylaynes, & they durst not folowe vs ferther by nyght but retorned home agayn. See, my lorde, thys fowle mater, this is murdre, rape, and treson, whiche ye ought to doo justyce theron sharply.



REYNARD answerd and said: Yf this were trewe, it shold go to nyghe myn honour & worship, God forbede that it shold be founde trewe! Hit is wel trewe that I taught her how she sholde in a place catche fyssh, and shewde her a good way for to goo ouer in to the water without goyng in to the myre, but she ranne so desyrously whan she herde me name the fyssh that she nether way ne path helde, but wente in to the yse, wherein she was forforn, and that was by cause she abode to longe. She had fissh ynough yf she coude haue be plesyd wyth mesure: it falleth ofte who that wold haue all leseth alle, ouer couetous was neuer good for the beest can not be satisfyed. And whan I sawe her in the yse so faste I wende to haue holpen her, and heef and shoef, and stack here and there to haue brought her ought, but it was al payne loste for she was to heuy for me. Tho cam Ysegrym and saw how I shoef and stack and dyde al my beste, and he as a fowle chorle, fowle and rybadously sklaundryth me wyth her as thys fowle vnthriftes ben wonte to doo, but, my dere lord, it was none otherwyse. He belyeth me falsely, parauenture his eyen daselyd as he loked from aboue doun, he cryde and cursed me and swore

many an oth I shold dere abyte it. **W**han I herde hym
so curse and thretene, I wente my waye and lete hym
curse and menace til he was wery, and tho wente he
and heef and shoef & halpe his wyf out, and thenne
he leep and ran and she also for to gete them an hete
and to warme them, or ellis they shold haue deyed
for colde. And what someuer I haue said afore or
after, that is clerely al trouthe. I wolde not for a
thousand marke of fyn gold lye to yow one lesyng,
it were not fyttynge for me; what someuer falle of me
I shal saye the trouthe, lyk as myn elders haue alway
don, syth the tyme that we fyrst vnderstode reson,
and yf ye be in doubte of ony thyng that I haue said
otherwyse than trouthe, gyue me respyte of viij dayes
that I may haue counseyl, and I shal brynge suche
informacion, wyth good, tryew, and suffycient re-
corde, that ye shal alle your lyf duryng truste and
byleue me, and so shal all your counseyl also. **W**hat
haue I to doo wyth the **W**ulf? hit is to fore clerly
ynowh shewde that he is a foule vylaynous kaytyf
and an vnclene beest, whan he deled and departed the
swyn, so is it now knowen to yow alle by hys owen
wordes that he is a deffamer of wymmen as moche
as in hym is: ye may wel marke euerychone. **W**ho
sholde luste to do that game to one so stedfast a
wyf, beyng in so grete peryll of deth? Now aske ye
hys wyf, yf it be so as he sayth: yf she wyl saye the
trouthe I wotewel she shal saye as I doo. **T**ho spack
Erswynde the **W**ulfis wyf: Ach, felle Reynart, no-
man can kepe hym self fro the, thou canst so wel
vttre thy wordes, and thy falseness & treson sette
forth, but it shall be euyl rewarded in the ende. **H**ow
broughtest thou me ones in to the welle where the

two bokettys henge by one corde rennyng thurgh
one polley, whiche wente one vp and another doun,
thou sattest in that one boket byneth in the pytte in
grete drede. I cam theder, and herde the syghe and
make sorowe, and axed the how thou camest there.
Thou saidest that thou haddest there so many good
fysshes eten out of the water that thy bely wolde
breste. I said telle me how I shal come to the? Thenne
saidest thou: Hunte, sprynge in to the boket that
hangeth there, and ye shal com anon to me. I dyde
so and I wente dounward and ye cam vpward. Tho
was I alle angry. Thou saydest: Thus fareth the
world, that one goth vp and another goth doun.
Tho sprang ye forth and wente your waye, and I
abode there allone sytting an hole daye, sore an hon-
gryd and a colde, and therto had I many a stroke er
I coude gete thens. ¶ Hunte, sayd the foxe, thaugh
the strokes dyde you harme I had leuer ye had them
than I, for ye may better bere them, for one of vs
must nedes haue had them. I taught yow good, wyl
ye vnderstande it and thynke on it, that ye another
tyme take better hede & bileue noman ouer hastely,
is he frende or cosyn, for euery man seketh his owne
prouffyt: they be now fooles that do not soo, and
specyally whan they be in jeopardye of theyr lyues.

**A fayr parable of the foxe and the Wulf, capitulo
xxxiiij.**

Word, said dame Erswyn, I pray
yow here how he can blowe with
alle wyndes and how fayr bryng-
eth he his maters forth. Thus
hath he brought me many tyme in
scathe and hurte, said the Wulf,
he hath ones betrayed me to the
She-Ape myn aunte, where I was
in grete drede and fere, for I lefte there almost myn
one ere. Yf the foxe will tellit how it byfel, I wyl gyue
hym the fordele therof, for I can not telle it so wel
but he shal beryspe me. Wel, said the foxe, I shal
telle it wythout stameryng, I shal saye the trowth, I
pray yow herken me. He cam in to the wode and com-
playned to me that he had grete hongre, for I sawe
hym neuer so ful but he wold alway haue had fayn
more. I haue wonder where the mete becometh that he
destroyeth. I see now on his contenance that he be-
gynneth to grymme for hongre. Whan I herde him so
complayne I had pyte of hym, and I saide I was also
hongry. Thenne wente we half a day to gydre & fond
no thyng, tho whyned he and cryted, & said he myght
goo no ferther. Thenne espyed I a grete hool stand-
yng in the myddys vnder an hawe whiche was thycke
of brembles, & I herde a russhyng therin, I wist not
what it was. Thenne said I: Goo therin and loke yf
ther be ony thyng ther for vs, I wote wel ther is some-
what. Tho said he: Cosyn, I wolde not crepe in to
that hole for twenty pounds but I wist fyrst what
is therin, me thynketh that ther is some perylous

thynge, but I shal abyde here vnder this tree yf ye wil
goo therin to fore, but come anon agayn, and late me
wete what thynge is therin: ye can many a subtylte &
can wel helpe your self & moche better than I. See,
my lord the kynge, thus he made me, poure wight, to
goo to fore in to the daunger, and he, whiche is grete,
longe and stronge, abode withoute and rested hym
in pees, a wayte yf I dyde not for hym there.

WOULD not suffre the drede and fere
that I there suffred for al the good in
erthe but yf I wyste howe to escape. I
wente hardily in, I fonde the way derke,
longe, & brood. Er I right in the hool
cam, soo espyed I a grete light whiche
cam in fro that one syde, ther laye in a grete ape with
tweyne grete wyde eyen, and they glymmed as a fyre,
and she had a grete mouth with longe teeth, & sharp
naylles on hir feet & on hir handes. I wende hit had be
a mermoyse, a baubyn, or a mercatte, for I sawe neuer
fowler beest, & by her laye thre of her children whiche
were right fowle, for they were ryght lyke the moder,
whan they sawe me come they gapeden wyde on me &
were al styll. I was aferd & wold wel I had ben thens,
but I thoughte: I am therin, I muste ther thurgh, and
come out as wel as I maye. As I sawe her, me thought
she semed more than Ysegrym the Wulf, & her chyl-
dren were more than I. I sawe neuer a fowler meyne,
they laye on fowle heye whiche was al bepyssed, they
were byslabbed and byclagged to their eres to in her
owen donge, hit stanke that I was almost smoldred
therof. I durst not saye but goode, & thenne I said:
Hunt, God gyue yow good daye, and alle my cosyns,
your fayr chyl dren, they be of theyr age the fayrest

that euer I sawe. O Lord God, howe well plesse they
me! howe louely, howe fayr ben they! eche of them for
their beaute myght be a grete kyngis sone, of right
we ought to thank yow that ye thus encrease oure lig-
nage. Dere aunte, whan I herde saye that ye were de-
lyuerd & leyd down, I coude no lenger abyde but must
come and frendly vysite yow, I am sory that I had not
erst knowen it. ¶ Reynard, cosyn, said she, ye be wel-
come for that ye haue founde me & thus come see me.
I thanke yow, dere cosyn, ye be right trewe and named
right wyse in alle londes, and also that ye gladly fur-
thre & bringe your lignage in grete worship: ye muste
teche my chylde with youris some wysedom, that
they may knowe what they shal doo and leue. I haue
thought on yow, for gladly ye goo & felawship with
the good. ¶ O howe well was I plesyd whan I herde
thise wordes, this deseruid I at the begynnyng whan
I callyd her aunte, howe be it that she was nothyng
sybbe to me, for my right aunte is dame Rukenawe
that yonder standeth, which is woned to bryng forth
wyse chylde. ¶ I said: Aunte, my lyf and my good
is at your commandement, and what I may doo for
yow by nyght and by daye, I wylle gladly teche them
alle that I can. ¶ I wolde fayn haue be thens for the
stenche of them, & also I had pyte of the grete hon-
gre that Isegrym had. I saide: Aunte, I shal comytte
yow and your fayr chylde to God and take my leue,
my wyf shall thynke longe after me. ¶ Dere cosyn,
said she, ye shal not departe til ye haue eten, for yf ye
dyde I wold saie ye were not kynde. ¶ Tho stode she
vp & brought me in an other hool where as was moche
mete of hertes & hyndes, roes, fesauntes, partrychs,
and moche other venyson, that I wondred fro whens

al this mete myght come, and whan I had eten my bely ful she gaf me a grete pece of an hynde for to ete wyth my wyf and wyth my houshold whan I come home. I was a shamed to take it but I myght none other wyse doo. I thankyd her & toke my leue, she bad me I shold come sone agayn, I sayd I wolde, & so departed thens meryly that I so wel had spedde. I hasted me out, and whan I cam and sawe Ysegrym whiche laye gronyng, and I axed hym howe he ferde. He said: Neuew, al euyll, for it is wonder that I lyue. Brynge ye ony mete to ete? I deye for honger. Tho had I compassion of hym, and gaf hym that I had, and saued hym there his lyf, wherof thenne he thanked me gretly, how be it that he now oweth me euyl wyl.



HE had eten this vp anon. Tho said he: Reynard, dere cosyn, what fonde ye in that hool? I am more hongry now than I was to fore, my teeth ben now sharpened to ete. I said thenne: Eme, haste yow thenne lyghtly in to that hool, ye shal fynde there ynough. There lieth myn aunte wyth her chyldren, yf ye wyl spare the trouth and lye grete lesynges, ye shal haue there al your desire, but and ye say trouth ye shal take harm. My lord, was not this ynough sayd and warned, who so wold vnderstonde it, that al that he fonde he shold saye the contrarye? But rude and plompe beestis can not vnderstonde wysedom, therefore hate they alle subtyl inuencions, for they can not conceyue them. Yet neuertheles he saide he wolde goo inne, and lye so many lesyngis er he sholde myshappe that all man sholde haue wondre of it, and so wente forth in to that fowle stynkyng hool and fonde the marmosette. She was lyke


the deuyls doughter & on her chyldren hynge moche
fylthe cloterd in gobettis. ¶ Tho cryde he: Alas, me
growleth of thyse fowle nyckers, come they out of
helle? men may make deuylles a ferd of hem, goo &
drowne them that euyl mote they fare. I sawe neuer
fowler wormes, they make al myn heer to stand right
vp. ¶ Sir Ysegrym, said she, what may I doo therto?
they ben my chyldren & I muste be their moder, what
lyeth that in your weye whether they be fowl or fayr?
they haue yow nothyng coste. Here hath ben one to
day byfore yow whiche was to them nyhe of kyn, and
was your better and wyser, & he sayde that they ware
fayr: who hath sent yow hither with thyse tydynges?
¶ Dame, wyl ye wytte I wylle ete of your mete, hit is
better bestowed on me than on thyse fowle wyghtes
¶ She sayde: Hier is no mete. ¶ He sayde: Here is
ynough. ¶ And therwyth he sterte with his hede to-
ward the mete, and wolde haue goon in to the hool
wher the mete was, but myn aunte sterte up wyth her
chyldren, and ronne to hym wyth their sharp longe
nayles so sore that the blode ran ouer his eyen. I herde
hym crye sore and howle, but I knowe of no defence
that he made, but that he ran faste out of the hool,
and he was there cratched & byten, and many an hool
had they made in his cote and skyn, his visage was
alle on a blood and almoste he had loste his one ere.
He groned and compleyned to me sore; thenne asked
I hym yf he had wel lyed. ¶ He sayd: I saide lyke as I
sawe and fonde, and that was a fowle bytche wyth
many fowl wyghtis. ¶ Nay, eme, said I, ye shold haue
said: fayre nece, how fare ye and your fair chyldren,
which ben my welbelouid cosyns? ¶ The Wulf sayd:
I had leuer that they were hanged er I that saide. ¶ Ye,

eme? therefore muste ye resseyue suche maner pay-
mente, hyt is better otherwhyle to lye than to saye
trouthe, they that ben better, wiser, and strengier than
we be haue doon so to fore vs. See, my lord the king,
thus gate he his rede coyf. Now stondeth he alle so
simply as he knewe no harme: I praye you aske ye hym
yf it was not thus, he was not fer of yf I wote it wel.

**Now Ysegrym proferd his gloue to the foxe for to
fyght wyth hym, capitulo xxxv**



THE Wulf sayd: I may wel forbere
your mockes & your scornes, and
also your felle venymous wordes,
strong theef that ye are! Ye saide
that I was almost dede for hungre
whan ye helpe me in my nede, that
is falsely lied, for it was but a boon
that ye gaf to me, ye had eten away
alle the flessch that was theron, & ye mocke me & saye
that I am hongry here where I stande, that toucheth
my worship to nygh, what many a spyty worde haue
ye brought forth wyth false lesyngis, & that I haue
conspyred the kynges deth fro the tresour that ye
haue seid to hym is in Hulsterlo, & ye haue also my
wyf shamed & sklandred that she shal neuer recoure
it, and I shold euer be disworshipped therby yf I
auengyd it not. I haue forborn yow longe, but now ye
shal not escape me. I can not make herof greet preef,
but I saye here to fore my lord and to fore alle them,
that thou art a false traytour and a morderar, & that
shal I proue & make good on thy body wythin lystes
in the felde, and that body ayenst body, and thenne
shal our stryf haue an ende, and therto I caste to the
my gloue, and take thou it vp. I shal haue right of




the, or deye therfore. Reynard the foxe thought:
How come I on this campyng? We ben not bothe
lyke, I shal not wel conne stonde ayenst this stronge
theef: all my proof is now come to an ende.

**How the foxe toke vp the gloue, and how the kynge
sette to them daye and felde for to come & doo theyr
bataylle, capitulo xxxvj.**



ET thought the foxe: I haue good
auauntage, the clawes of his fore
feet be of, and his feet ben yet sore
therof, whan for my sake he was
vnshoed, he shal be somewhat the
weyker. Thenne sayd the foxe:
Who that saith that I am a tray-
tour or a morderar, I saie he lieth

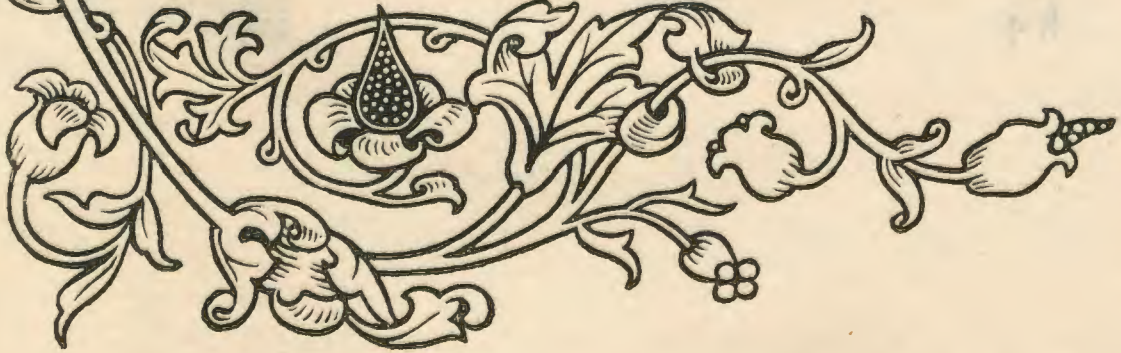
falsely, and that art thou specyally, Ysegrym: thou
bryngest me there as I wold be, this haue I ofte de-
syred: lo, here is my plegge that alle thy wordes ben
false, and that I shal defende me and make good that
thou lyst. The kynge receuyd the plegges and
amytte the bateyll, & asked borowes of them bothe
that on the morn they shold come & parforme theyr
bataylle, and doo as they ought to doo. Thenne the
Bere and the Catte were borowes for the Wulf, and
for the foxe were borowys Grymbart the Dasse and
Byteluys.




Howe Rukenawe the She/Ape counseyllled the foxe
how he sholde byhaue hym in the felde ayenste the
Wulf, capitulo xxxviij. ❀ ❀




DE She/Ape sayde to the foxe:
Reynert, neuewe, see that ye take
hede in your batayll, be colde and
wyse. Your eme taught me ones a
prayer that is of moche vertue to
hym that shal fyghte: and a grete
maister and a wyse clerk, and was
abbot of Boudelo, that taughted
hym, he sayde who that sayde deuoutly this prayer
fastyng shal not that day be ouercomen in batayll ne
in fyghting. Therefore, dere neuewe, be not aferd, I shal
rede it ouer yow to morow, thenne may ye be sure yn-
ough of the Wulf, hit is bettre to fyghte than to haue
the necke asondre. ❀ I thanke you, dere aunte, saide
the foxe, the quarell that I haue is ryghtfull, therefore
I hope I shal spede wel, and that shal gretely be myne
helpe. ❀ Alle hys lygnage abode by him al the nyght
and helpe hym to dryue a way the tyme. Dame Ruk-
enawe the She/Ape his aunte thoughte alway on his
prouffyt and fordele, and she dyde alle hys heer fro
the heed to the tayl be shorn of smothe, and she a-
nointed alle his body wyth oyle of olyue, and thenne
was hys bodye al so glat and slyper that the Wulf
sholde haue none holde on hym, & he was round and
fatte also on his body. ❀ And she said to hym: Dere
cosyn, ye muste now drynke moche that to morow ye
may the better make your vryne, but ye shal holde it
in tyl ye come to the felde, and whan nede is and tyme,



so shal ye pisse ful your rowhe tayll, and smyte the Wulf therwyth in his berde, and yf ye myght hytte hym therwyth in his eyen thenne shal ye byneme hym his syght, & that shold moche hyndre hym: but ellis hold alway your tayl faste bytwene your legges that he catche you not therby, and holde down your eris lyeng plat after your heed that he holde you not therby, and see wisely to yourself, and at begynnyng flee fro hys strokes and late hym sprynge and renne after yow, & renne to fore where as moste dust is, and styre it wyth your feet that it may flee in his eyen and that shal moche hyndre his syght, and whyle he rubbeth his eyen take your auantage, and smyte and bite him there as ye may most hurte hym, and alleway to hytte hym wyth your tayll fyl of pisse in his visage, and that shal make hym so woo that he shal not wyte where he is, and late hym renne after yow for to make hym wery: yet his feet ben sore of that ye made hym to lose his shooes, and though he be greet he hath no herte. Neuw, certaynly this is my counseyll.


 HE connyng goth to fore strengthe therefore see for yourself, & sette yourself wysely atte defence, that ye and we alle may haue worship therof. I wold be sory yf ye myshapped, I shal teche you the wordes that your eme Mertyn taught me, that ye may ouercome your enemye as I hope ye shal doo wythout doubt. Therwyth she leyde her hand vpon his heed & saide these wordes: Blaerde Shay Alpheino, Kasbue Corsons alsbui-frio. Neuw, now be ye sure fro alle myschief and drede, and I counseyle yow that ye reste you a lytyl, for it is by the daye, ye shal be the better dysposed,



we shal awake you al in tyme. **H**unte, said the foxe, I am now glad. God thanke you, ye haue don to me suche good I can neuer deserue it fully agayn. Me thynketh ther may no thyng hurte me syth that ye haue said thyse holy wordes ouer me. **T**ho wente he and leyd hym doun vnder a tre in the grasse and slepte tyl the sonne was rysen, tho cam the Otter and waked hym, and bad hym aryse, and gaf hym a good yong doke, and said: Dere cosyn, I haue this nyght made many a leep in the water er I coude gette this yong fatte doke, I haue taken it fro a fowler, take & ete it. **R**eynart sayde: This is good hansele, yf I refused this I were a fool. I thanke yow, cosyn, that ye remembre me, yf I lyue I shal rewarde yow. **T**he foxe ete the doke with oute sawce or breed, it sauourd hym wel and wente wel in, and he dranke therto iij grete draughtis of water: thenne wente he to the baylleward, and alle they that louyd hym wente wyth hym.

**How the fox cam in to the felde & how they foughten,
capitulo xxxviij.**

WHAN the kynge sawe Reynart thus shorn and oyled, he said to hym: Ey, foxe, how wel can ye see for your self? **H**e wondred therof, he was fowle to loke on, but the foxe said not one worde, but kneled down lowe to ther-
the vnto the kynge and to the quene, and stryked hym forth in to the felde. **T**he Wulf was ther redy and spack many a proud word. The rulers and kepars of the felde was the Lupaert



and the Losse, they brought forthe the booke, on
whiche sware the Wulf that the foxe was a traytour
and a morderar and none myght be falser than he
was, and that he wolde preue on his body and make
it good. Reynart the foxe sware that he lyed, as a false
knaue and a cursyd theef, and that he wold doo good
on his body: whan this was don the gouernours of
the felde bad then doo theyr deuoyr. Thenne romed
they alle the felde, sauf dame Rukenawe the She-
Ape, she abode by the foxe and bad hym remembre
wel the wordes that she had sayd to hym. She said:
See wel too, whan ye were vij yer olde ye were wyse
ynowh to goo by nyght wythoute lanterne or mone
shyne where ye wyste to wynne ony goode, ye ben
named emong the peple wyse & subtyl, payne your-
self to werke soo that ye wynne the prys, thenne may
ye haue euer honour & worship, & al we that ben your
frendys. He answerd: My derest aunte, I knowe it
wel, I shal doo my best & thynke on your counseyl,
I hope so to doo that alle my lignage shal haue wor-
ship therby and myn enemyes shame and confusion
She sayde: God graunte it yow!

**How the foxe & the Wulf foughten to gydre, capitulo
xxxix.**

THERWYTH shewent out of the
felde and lete them tweyne goo to
gyder. The Wulf trade forth to
the foxe in grete wrath, & opened
his fore feet & supposed to haue
taken the foxe in hem. But the fox
sprang fro hym lyghtly, for he
was lyghter to fote than he; the
Wulf sprang after and hunted the foxe sore. Theyr

frendes stode without the lystes & loked vpon hem: the Wulf strode wyder than Reynard dyde, and ofte ouertoke hym, & lyfte vp his foot and wende to haue smyten hym, but the foxe sawe to and smote hym wyth his rowhe tayle, whiche he had al bepyssed, in hys vysage. Tho wende the Wulf to haue ben plat blynde, the pyssse sterte in his eyes, thenne muste he reste for to make clene his eyes. Reyner thoughte on his fordele, and stode aboue the wynde skrabbng & casting wyth his feet the dust that it flew the Wulfs eyen ful. The Wulf was sore blynded ther wyth, in suche wyse that he muste leue the rennyng after hym, for the sonde and pyssse cleuyd vnder his eye that it smerted so sore that he muste rubbe and wasshe it away. Tho cam Reyner in a grete angre and bote hym thre grete woundes on his heed wyth his teeth, and said: What is that, Syr Wulf, hath one there byten yow, how is it wyth yow? I wyl al other wyse on yow yet. Hbyde, I shal brynge yow somme newe thyng, ye haue stole many a lambe & destroyed many a symple beest, and now falsely haue appeled me and brought me in this trouble. Al this shal I now auenge on the, I am chosen to reward the for thyn old synnes, for God wyl no lenger suffre the in thy grete rauayn and shrewdnes. I shal now assoylle the & that shal be good for thy soule: take patiently this penaunce, for thou shalt lyue no lenger, the helle shal be thy purgatorye. Thy lyf is now in my mercy, but & yf thou wilt knele doun and askeme forgyfnes, & knowleche the to be ouercomen, yet though thou be euyl, yet I wyl spare the, for my conscience counseylleth me, I shold not gladly sleen a man. I segrym wende wyth thyse mockyng and spytous wordes to haue goon out of

his wytte, & that dered hym so moche that he wyste not what to saye, buff ne baff, he was soo angry in his herte. The woundes that Reynart had gyuen hym bledde and smerted sore and he thought how he myghte beste auenge it.

WITH grete angre he lyfte vp his foote & smote the foxe on the heed so grete a stroke that he fyl to the ground. Tho sterte the Wulf to and wende to haue take hym, but the foxe was lyght and wyly, and roose lyghtly vp and mette

wyth hym fiersly, & there began a felle bataylle whiche dured longe. The Wulf had grete spite on the foxe as it wel semed, he sprange after hym x tymes eche after other, & wold fayn haue had hym faste, but his skyn was so slyper & fatte of the oyle that always he escaped fro hym. **S**O so subtyl & snelle was the foxe, that many tymes whan the Wulf wende wel to be sure of hym, he sterte thenne bytwene his legges & vnder his bely, & thenne torned he agayn and gaf the Wulf a stroke wyth his tail ful of pysse in his eyen that Isegrym wende he sholde haue loste his sight, and this dyde he often tymes. And alwey whan he had so smyten hym, thenne wold he goo aboue the wynde, & reyse the duste that it made his eyen ful of stufs. Isegrym was woo begon, and thought he was at an afterdele. Yet was his strengthe and myght moche more than the foxes, Reynard had many a sore stroke of hym, whan he raught hym. They gaf eche other many a stroke and many a byte, whan they saw theyr auantage, & eche of hem dyde his best to destroye that other. I wold I myght see suche a bataylle. That one was wyly and that other was stronge: that one faught wyth strengthe, & that other with subtylte.



THE Wulf was angry that the foxe endured so longe ayenst hym: yf his foremost feet had ben hole the foxe had not endured so longe, but the sores wer so open that he myght not wel renne, and the foxe myght better of and on than

he, and also he swange his tayl wyth pysse ofte vnder his eyen, and made hym that hym thougthe that his eyen shold goo out. **A**tte laste he sayd to hym self: I wyl make an ende of this bataylle. How longe shal this caytyf dure thus ayenst me? I am so grete, I shold if I laye vpon hym presse hym to deth. Nyt is to me a grete shame that I spare hym so longe, men shal mocke & poynte me wyth fynGRES to my shame and rebuke, for I am yet on the werst syde. I am sore wounded, I blede sore, and he drowneth me wyth his pysse, and caste so moche duste and sande in myne eyen that hastely I shal not conne see yf I suffre him ony lenger. I wyl sette it in auenture & seen what shal come therof. **W**yth that he smote wyth his foote Reynard on the heed that he fyll down to the ground, and er he cowde aryse he caught him in hys feet, and laye vpon hym as he wold haue pressed hym to deth. Tho began the foxe to be a/ferd, and so were alle his frendis whan they sawe hym lye vnder, and on that other side alle Ysegryms frendes were ioyeful & glad. **T**he foxe defended hym faste wyth his claws as he laye vpward wyth his feet & gaf him many a clope: the Wulf durste not wyth hys feet doo hym moche harne, but with his teeth snatched at hym as he wold haue byten hym. Whan the foxe sawe that he shold be byten, and was in grete drede, he smote the Wulf in the heed with his foremost claws, and tare the skynne

of bytwene his browes and hys eeris, and that one of hys eyen henge out, whyche dyde hym moche payne. He howlyd, he wepte, he cryde lowde, and made a pyteous noyse, for the blode ranne down as it had ben a streme.

Now the foxe beyng vnder the Wulf wyth flatering wordes glosed hym that the foxe cam to hys aboue agayn, capitulo xl.

THE Wulf wiped his eyen, the foxe was gladd whan he sawe that, he wrastled so sore that he sprange on his feet whyles he rubbed hys eyen, the Wulf was not wel plesyd therwyth alle, and smote after hym er he escaped & caught hym in his armes and helde hym faste, notwythstandyng that he bledde. Reynard was wooten, there wrastled they longe and sore. The Wulf wexe so angry that he forgat al his smarte & payne, & threw the foxe al plat vnder hym, whiche cam hym euyll to passe, for his one hand by whiche he deffended hym sterte in the fallyng in to Ysegryms throte, and thenne was he aferd to lese his hand. The Wulf sayd tho to the foxe: Now chese whether ye wyl yelde yow as ouercome, or ellys I shall certaynly slee yow. The skateryng of the dust, thy pysse, thy mockyng ne thy deffence, ne alle thy false wylys, may not now help the, thou mayst not escape me. Thou hast here to fore don me so moche harme & shame, and now I haue lost myne one eye & therto ben sore wounded. Whan Reynard herde that it stode so rowme, that he shold chese to knowleche hym ouercomen and yelde hym, or ellis to take the deth, he thought the choys was worth

ten marke, & that he muste say that one or that other. He had anon concluded what he wold saie, & began to saye to hym wyth fayr wordes in this wyse: Dere eme, I wyl gladly become your man wyth alle my good, & I wyl goo for you to the holy graue, & shal gete pardon & wynnynge for your cloystre of alle the chirches that ben in the Holy Lande, whiche shal moche prouffyte to your soule & your elders sowles also. I trowe ther was neuer suche a prouffre prouffred to ony kynge, and I shall serue you lyke as I shold serue our holy fader the pope. I shal holde of you al that I haue and euer ben your seruaunt, and forth I shal make that al my lignage shal do in lyke wyse. Thenne shal ye be a lord a boue alle lordes: who sholde thenne dare doo ony thyng ayenst you? And furthermore, what someuer I take of polaylle, ghees, partryche, or plouyer, fysshe or flesshe, or what someuer it be, therof shal ye fyrst haue the choys, and your wyf and your chyl- dren, er ony come in my body. Therto I wyl alway abyde by you, that where ye be ther shalle no hurte ne scathe come to yow. Ye be strong and I am wyly, late vs abyde to gydre that one wyth counseyll and that other wyth the dede, then may ther nothyng misfalle to vs ward, & we ben so nygh of kynne eche to other that of right shold be no angre bytwene vs. I wold not haue foughten ayenst you yf I myght haue escaped, but ye appeled me fyrst vnto fyght, tho must I doo that I not doo wold gladly, and in this bataylle I haue ben curtoys to yow. I haue not yet shewde the vtteryst of my myght on yow, lyke as I wolde haue doon yf ye had ben a straunger to me, for the neuwe ought to spare the eme, it is good reson and it ought so to bee. Dere eme, so haue I now doo, & that maye ye

marke wel: whan I ran to fore yow myn herte wold not consente therto, for I myght haue hurte yow moche more than I dyde, but I thought it neuer, for I haue not hurte yow ne don yow so moche harme that may hyndre yow, sauf only that myshappe that is fallen on your eye. Ach, therefore I am sory & suffre moche sorow in my herte! I wold wel, dere eme, that it had not happed yow, but that it had fallen on me, so that ye therwyth had ben plesyd. Now be it that ye shal haue therby a grete auantage, for whan ye here after shal slepe ye nede not to shette but one wyndowe where another muste shette two. My wyf & my children and my lignage shal falle doune to your feet to fore the kyng, and to fore alle them that ye wyl desyre, and praye yow humbly that ye wyl suffre Reynart your neuw lyue, and also I shal knowleche ofte to haue trespaced ayenst yow, and what lesynges I haue lyed vpon yow. How myght ony lord haue more honour than I proffre yow? I wolde for no good do this to another, therefore I pray yow to be plesyd here wyth al.

NOTE wel yf ye wold ye myght now slee me: but and ye so done had, what had ye wonne? so must ye euer after this tyme kepe yow fro my frendes & lignage. Therefore he is wyse that can in his angre mesure hym self and not be ouer hasty, and to see wel what may falle or happe afterward to hym. What man that in his angre can wel aduise him, certaynly he is wyse: men fynd many fooles that in hete hasten hem so moche that after they repente hem, and thenne it is to late, but, dere eme, I trowe that ye be to wyse so to doo. Hit is better

to haue prys, honour, reste & pees, & many frendes that be redy to helpe hym, than to haue shame, hurte, vnreste, and also many enemyes lyeng in a wayte to do hym harme. Also it is lityll worship to hym that hath ouercomen a man thenne to slee him, but it is grete shame: not for my lyf: thaugh I were deed, that were a lityll hurte.



LSEGRYM the Wulf said: Hy thief, how fayn woldest thou be losed and dyscharged fro me! That here I wel by thy wordes: were thou now fro me on thy free feet, thou woldest not sette by me an egge shelle. Though thou promysedest to me alle the world of fyn rede gold I wold not late the escape. I sette lityll by the and alle thy frendes and lignage. Alle that thou hast here said is but lesyngis and fayned falsenes: wenest thou thus to deceyue me? It is longe syth that I knewe the, I am no byrd to be locked ne take by chaf, I know wel ynogh good corn. O how woldest thou mocke me, yf I lete the thus escape! Thou myghtest wel haue said this to one that knewe the not, but to me thou locest thy flaterieng & swete floytyng, for I vnderstande to wel thy subtyl lyeng talys; thou hast so ofte deceyued me that me behoueth now to take good hede of the. Thou false stynkyng knaue, thou saist that thou hast spared me in this batayl. Loke hetherward to me, is not myn one eye out? & therto hast thou wounded me in xx places in my heed, thou woldest not suffre me so longe to reste as to take ones my breeth. I were ouer moch a fool yf I shold now spare the or be mercyful to the, so many a confusion & shame as thou hast don to me: & that also, that toucheth me most

of alle, that thou hast disworshipped and sklaundred
Erswyn my wyf, whom I loue as wel as my self, and
falsely forrest & deceyuedest her, whiche shal neuer
out of my herte, for as ofte as it cometh to my mynde
alle myn angre and hate that I haue to the reneweth

In the mene wyle that Ysegrym was thus spekyng,
the foxe bithought hym how he myght helpe hym
self, & stack his other hond after bytwene his leggis,
and grepe the Wulf fast by the colyons, & he wronge
hem so sore that for woo and payne he muste crye
lowde & howle, thenne the foxe drewe his other hond
out of his mouth. The Wulf had so moche payne
and anguyssh of the foxe wryngyng, that the foxe
dowed & wronge his genytours, that he spytte blood
and for grete payne he byshote hym self.

**How Ysegrym the Wulf was ouercomen, & how the
batayl was taken vp and fynysshid, & how the foxe
had the worship, capitulo xliij.**



HIS payne dyde hym more sorow
and woo than his eye dyde that so
sore bledde, and also it made hym
to ouerthrowe alle in a swowne, for
he had so moche bledde, and also
the threstyng that he suffred in
his colyons made hym so faynt
that he had lost his myght. Then

Reynard the foxe lepe vpon hym wyth al his myght,
and caught hym by the legges, and drewe hym forth
thurgh the felde that they alle myght see it, and he
stack and smote hym sore. Thenne were Ysegryms
frendes al ful of sorowe, and wente al wepyng vnto
theyr lord the kynge, and prayde hym that he wold
doo seece the batayll and take it vp in to his handes.

The kynge graunted it, and thenne wente the kepars of the felde, the Lupaerd and the Lossem, and saide to the foxe and to the Wulf: Our lord the kynge wil speke wyth yow, and wyl that this batayl be ended, he wil take it in to his hand. He desyreth that ye wyl gyue your stryf vnto hym, for yf ony of yow here were slayn it shold be grete shame on bothe sydes, for ye haue as moche worship of this felde as ye may haue. ¶ And they sayde to the foxe: Alle the beestis gyue to yow the prys that haue seen this bataylle. ¶ The foxe said: Thereof I thanke hem, and what that shal plese my lord to commande, that shal not I gaynsaye. I desire no better but to haue wonne the felde, late my frendes come hether to me, I wil take aduys of them what I shal doo. ¶ They saide that they thought it good, and also it was reson in weyghty maters a man shold take aduys of his frendes. Thenne cam dame Slopecade, and Grymbert the Dasse her husband, dame Rukenawe wyth her ij susters, Byteluys & fulrompe her ij sones, and Hatenet her doughter, the flyndermows, & the Wezel. And ther cam moo than xx whiche wold not haue comen yf the foxe had lost the feeld: so who that wynneth and cometh to hys aboue he geteth grete loos and worship, & who that is ouer throwen & hath the werse, to hym wyl no man gladly come. Ther cam also to the foxe, the Beuer, the Otter, & both theyr wyues Panthecrofte & Ordegale, and the Ostrole, the Martre, the fychews, the fyret, the Mowse, and the Squyrel, and many moo than I can name, and alle bycause he had wonne the feeld. Ye, some cam that to fore had complayned on hym, and were now of his next kynne, & they shewde hym right frendly chier and contenance. Thus fareth the

world now, who that is riche and hie on the wheel he hath many kynnesmen and frendes that shal helpe to bere out his welthe. But who that is nedy and in payne or in pouerte fyndeth but fewe frendes and kynnesmen, for euery man almost esheweth his companye and waye. ¶ Ther was thenne grete feste, they blewe vp trompettis and pyped wyth shalmoyes. They sayden alle: Dere neuew, blessyd be God that ye haue sped wel, we were in grete drede & fere whan we saw yow lye vnder. ¶ Reynart the foxe thanked alle them frendly, & resceyued them with grete joye and gladnes: thenne he asked of them what they counseyllled hym, yf he sholde gyue the felde vnto the kyng or noo? ¶ Dame Slopecade sayde: Ye hardely, cosyn, ye may wyth worshyp wel sette it in to hys handes and truste hym wel ynough. ¶ Thoo wente they alle wyth the kepars of the feeld vnto the kyng, and Reynard the foxe wente to fore them alle wyth trompes and pypes and moche other mynstralcye. The foxe kneled down to fore the kyng, the kyng bad hym stande vp, and said to hym: Reynard, ye be now joyeful, ye haue kepte your day worshyfully. I discharge yow, and late yow goo frely quyte where it plesyth yow, and the debate bytwene yow I holde it on me, and shal discusse it by reson & by counseyll of noble men, and wil ordeyne therof that ought be doon by reson at suche time as Ysegrym shal be hool, and thenne I shal sende for yow to come to me, and thenne by Goddes grace I shal yeue out the sentence and iugement.

An ensample that the foxe told to the kynge whan
he had wonne the felde, capitulo xliij. ❀ ❀




Y worthy and dere lord the kynge, saide the foxe, I am wel agreed and payd therwyth, but whan I cam fyrst in to your court ther were many that were felle and enuyous to me, whiche neuer had hurte ne cause of scathe by me, but they thought that they might beste ouer me, & alle they cryden wyth myn enemyes ayenst me, & wold fayn haue destroyed me by cause they thought that the Wulf was better withholden and gretter wyth you than I was, whiche am your humble subget. They knewe none other thyng why ne wherfore, they thoughte not as the wyse bewoned to doo, that is what the ende may happen. My lorde, thyse ben lyke a grete heep of houndes whiche I ones sawe stonde at a lordes place vpon a donghil where as they awayted that men sholde brynge them mete, then sawe they an hound come out of the kitchen, & had taken there a fayr rybbe of beef er it was gyuen hym, and he ran fast away wyth all. But the cook had espyed or he wente away, and toke a grete bolle full of scaldyng water and caste it on his hyppes behynde, wherof he thankynd nothyng the cook, for the heer behynde was skalded of and his skyn semed as it had be thurgh soden. Neuertheles he escaped away and kepte that he had wonne, and whan his felaws the other houndes saw hym come wyth this fayr rybbe, they called hym alle and saide to hym: O




how good a frende is the cook to the, whiche hath gyuen to the so good a boone wheron his so moche flessch! The hounde saide: Ye knowe nothyng therof. Ye preyse me lyke as ye see me to fore wyth the bone, but ye haue not seen me behynde, take hede and behold me afterward on myn buttockis, and thenne ye shal knowe how I haue deseruyd it. And whan they had seen hym behynde on his hyppes, how that his skynne and his flessch was al rawe & thurgh soden, tho growled them alle, & were aferd of that syedyng water, and wold not of his felawship, but fledde and ran away from hym and lete hym there allone.

SEE, my lord, this right haue thyse false beestis, whan they be made lordes and may gete their desire, and whan they be myghty and doubted, thenne ben they extorcionners, and scatte and pylle the peple, and eten them lyke as they were forhongred houndes, these ben they that bere the bone in her mouth, noman dar haue to doo wyth hem, but preyse alle that they bedryue, noman dar saye other wyse but suche as shal plese hem, by cause they wold not be shorn, and somme helpe them forth in theyr vnryght wys dedes by cause they wold haue parte and lykke theyr fyngres, and strengthe them in theyr euyl lyf and werkis. O dere lorde, how lytyl seen they that do thus after behynde them what the ende shal be! Atte laste they fal fro hie to lowe in grete shame & sorowe, and thenne theyr werkis come to knowleche & be opene, in suche wyse that noman hath pyte ne compascion on them in theyr meschief and trouble, & every man curse them and say euyl by them to their shame and vylanye. Many of suche


haue ben blamed and shorn ful nyghe that they had no worshype ne prouffyt, but lose theyr heer as the hound dyde, that is theyr frendes, whiche haue holpe them to couere their mysdedes and extorcions lyke as the heer coueryth the skynne, and whan they haue sorow and shame for theyr olde trespaces, thenne eche body pluckyth his hand fro hym and flee, lyke as the houndes dyde fro hym that was scalded wyth the syedyng water, and lete hym thyse extorcions in her sorow and nede.

 My dere lorde kynge, I beseeche you to remembre this example of me, it shal not be ayenst your worship ne wysedom. What, wene ye how many ben ther suche false extorcioners now in this dayes? Ye, moche werse than an hound that bereth suche a bone in his mouth, in townes, in grete lordes courtes, whiche wyth grete facing and bracyng oppresse the poure peple wyth grete wronge, & selle theyr fredom and pryuelages, and bere them on hond of thyngis that they neuer knewe ne thoughte, & all for to gete good for theyr synguler proffyt. God gyue them all shame & soone destroye them who somme euer they be that so doo! But God be thanked, said the foxe, ther maynoman endwyte me, ne my lygnagene kynne, of suche werkys but that we shal acquyte vs and comen in the lyghte. I am not a/ferd of ony that can saye on me ony thyng that I haue don otherwyse than a trewe man ought to doo. Alleway the foxe shal a/byde the foxe, though alle his enemyes hadde sworn the contrarye. My dere lord the kynge, I loue you wyth my herte aboue alle other lordes, and neuer for noman wold I torne fro




yow, but abyde by yow to the vtterist. Now wel it hath ben otherwyse enformed your hyenes, I haue neuertheles alway do the best, and forth so wylle doo alle my lyf that I can or may.

Now the kyng forgaf the foxe alle thynghis & made hym souerayn & grettest ouer al his landes, capitulo xliij. ¶



GH E kyngge sayde: Reynard, ye be one of them that oweth me homage, whiche I wyl that ye allway so doo, and also I wylle that erly and late ye be of my counseyl and one of my justyses: see wel to that ye not mysdoo ne trespace nomore. I sette yow agayn in alle your myght and power, lyke as ye were to fore, and see that ye further alle maters to the beste righte, for whan ye sette your wytte and counseyl to vertue and goodnesse, thenne may not our court be wythout your aduyse and counseyl, for here is non that is lyke to yow in sharp and hie counseyll, ne subtyller in fyndyng a remedye for a meschief, and thynke ye on the xample that ye your self haue tolde and that ye haunte right wysnes and be to me trewe. I will fro hensforth werke and doo by your aduyse and counseyll, he lyueth not that yf he mysdede yow, but I shold sharply aduenge & wreke it on hym. Ye shalle ouer alle speke and saye my wordes, and in alle my lande shall ye be aboue alle other souerayne and my bayle, that offyce I gyue yow, ye may wel occupye it wyth worship. ¶ Alle Reynardis frendis and lignage thanketh the kyng heylly. ¶ The kyngge sayde: I wolde



doo more for your sake than yewene, I pray yow alle that ye remembre hym that he be trewe. ¶ Dame Rukenawe thenne sayd: Yes, sykerly, my lord, that shal he euer be, and thynke ye not the contrary, for yf he were other wyse he were not of our kynne ne lignage, and I wold euer myssake hym and wold euer hyndre hym to my power. ¶ Reynart the foxe thanked the kynge with fayr curtoys wordes & sayd: Dere lorde, I am not worthy to haue the worship that ye doo to me. I shal thynke theron and be trewe to you al so longe as I lyue, and shal gyue you as holsom counseyl as shal be expedient to your good grace. ¶ Here wyth he departed wyth his frendes fro the kynge.



All herke how Isegrym the Wulf dyd: Bruyn the Bere, Tybert the Catte, and Erswynde and her chyldren, wyth their lignage, drewen the Wulf out of the felde, and leyde hym vpon a lyter of heye and couerd hym warm, & loked to his woundes, whiche were wel xxv, and ther cam wyse maistres & surgyens whiche bonde them and weeshe hem. He was so seke and feble that he had lost his felynge, but they rubbed and wryued hym vnder his temples and eyen that he sprange out of his swounde, and cryde so lowde that alle they were aferd, they had wende that he had ben wood. But the maistres gaf hym a drynke that comforted his herte and made hym to slepe, they comforted his wyf and tolde to her that ther was no deth wounde ne paryl of his lyf. ¶ Thenne the court brake vp, and the bestis departed and wente to theyr places and homes that they cam froo.

Now the foxe wyth his frendis and lignage departed nobly fro the kynge and wente to his castel Malleperduys, capitulo xliij.




REYNART the foxe toke his leue honestly of the kynge and of the quene, and they bad hym he shold not tarye longe but shortly retorne to them agayn. He answerd and said: Dere kynge and quene, alway at your commandement I shal be redy. Yf ye nede ony thyng, whiche

God forbede, I wold alway be redy wyth my body & my good to helpe yow, and also al my frendes and lignage in lyke wyse shal obeye your commandement and desire, ye haue hyely deseruyd it, God quyte it yow, and yeue you grace longe to lyue. And I desyre your licence and leue to goo home to my wyf & chyl-dren, and yf your good grace wil ony thyng, late me haue knowleche of it, & ye shal fynde me alway redy

Thus departed the foxe wyth fayrwordes fro the kynge. Now, who that coude sette hym in Reynardis crafte, and coude behaue hym in flaterying and lyeng as he dyde, he shold I trowe be herde bothe wyth the lordes spyrytuel and temporel. Ther ben many, and also the moste parte, that crepe after his waye & his hole: the name that was gyuen to hym abydeth alway styll wyth hym. He hath lefte many of his crafte in this world, whiche allewaye wexe & become myghty, for who that wyl not vse Reynardis crafte now is nought worth in the world now, in ony estate that is of myght. But yf he can crepe in Reynardis nette & hath ben his scoler, thenne may he dwelle with vs, for thenne knoweth he wel the way how he may aryse, and

is sette vp aboue of euery man. Ther is in the world moche seed left of the foxe, whichenow oueral groweth and cometh sore vp. Though they haue no rede berdes, yet ther ben founden mo foxes now than euer were here to fore. The rightwyse peple ben al loste, trouthe and rightwysnes ben exyled and fordriuen, and for them ben abyden wyth vs couetyse, falskede, hate & enuye: thyse regne now moche in euery contré. for is it in the popes court, the emperours, the kynges, dukes, or ony other lordes, where someuer it be, eche man laboureth to put other out fro his worshippe, offyce and power, for to make hym sylf to clymme hie, with lyes, with flaterying, wyth symonye, wyth money, or wyth strengthe & force. Ther is none thyng beloued ne knowen in the court now a/days but money. The money is better byloued than God, for men doo moche more therfore, for whosomeuer bryngeth money shal be wel receyuyd and shal haue alle his desire, is it of lordes or of ladyes, or ony other, that money doth moche harme. Money bryngeth many in shame and drede of his lyf, and bryngeth false wytnes ayenst true peple for to gete money, hit causeth vnclennes of lyuyng, lyeng and lecherye. Now clerkes goon to Rome, to Parys, & to many another place for to lerne Reynardis crafte: is he clerke, is he laye man, eueriche of them tredeth in the foxes path and seketh his hole. The world is of suche condycyon now that euery man seketh hym self in alle maters, I wote not what ende shal come to vs herof. Alle wyse men may sorowe wel herfore, I fere that for the grete falsenes, thefte, robberye and murdre, that is now vsed so moche and comonly, and also the vnshamefast lecherye and auoultry, bosted and blowen

a brood with the auauentyng of the same, that wythout grete repentaunce & penaunce therfore, that God will take vengeaunce and punysse vs sore therfore. Whom I humbly beseche, and to whom nothyng is hyd that he wylle gyue vs grace to make amendes to hym therfore, and that we maye rewle vs to hys play-syr, and her wyth wil I leue, for what haue I to wryte of thise mysdedes? I haue ynowh to doo wyth myn owne self, and so it were better that I helde my pees and suffre, and the beste that I can doo for to amende my self now in this tyme: & so I counseyle euery man to doo here in this present lyf, and that shal be most our prouffyt, for after this lyf cometh no tyme that we may occupye to our auantage for to amende vs, for thenne shal euery man answeere for hym self and bere his owen burthen. Reynardis frendes and lynnage to the nombre of xl haue taken also theyr leue of the kyng, and wente alle to gydre wyth the foxe whiche was ryght glad that he had so wel sped, and that he stode so wel in the kynges grace. He thought that he had no shame, but that he was so grete with the kyng that he myght helpe & further his frendes and hyndre his enemyes, & also to doo what he wold wythout he shold be blamed yf he wold be wyse.



GHE foxe & his frendis wente so longe to gydre that they camen to his burgh to Maleperduys, ther they alle toke leue eche of other wyth fayr and courtoys wordes. Reynard dyde to them grete reuerence, and thanked them alle frendly of theyr good fayth, and also worship that they had don and shewd to hym, and profred to eche of them his seruyse yf they had nede wyth body and goodes,

and herwyth they departed, and eche of them wente to theyr owne howses. The foxe wente to dame Ermelyn his wyf, whiche welcomed hym frendly, he tolde to her and to his chyl dren alle the wonder that to hym was befallen in the court, and forgate not a worde but tolde to them euery dele how he had escaped. Thenne were they glad that theyr fader was so enhaused and grete with the kyng, and the foxe lyued forthon wyth his wyf and his chyl dren in grete joye and gladnes.



NOW who that said to yow of the foxe more or lesse than ye haue herd or red, I holde it for lesynge: but this that ye haue herd or red, that may be byleue wel, & who that byleueth it not is not therfore out of the right byleue. How

be it ther be many yf that they had seen it they shold haue the lasse doubt of it, for ther ben many thynges in the world whiche ben byleuyd though they were neuer seen. Also ther ben many figures & plays foun den that neuer were don ne happed, but for an example to the peple, that they may ther by the better vse and folowe vertue, and teschewe synne and vyces. In lyke wyse may it be by this booke, that who that wyl rede this mater, though it be of iapes and bourdes, yet he may fynde therin many a good wysedom and lern ynges, by whiche he may come to vertue & worship

There is no good man blamed herin, hyt is spok en generally, late euery man take his owne parte as it belongeth and behoueth. And he that fyndeth hym gylty in ony dele or part therof, late hym bettre and amende hym, and he that is veryly good, I pray God kepe hym therin. And yf ony thyng be said or wreton

herin that may greue or dysplease ony man, blame not me, but the foxe, for they be his wordes and not myne, prayeng all them that shal see this lytyl treatis to correct and amende where they shal fynde faute, for I haue not added nemynusshed, but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my copye whiche was in Dutche, and by me William Caxton translated in to this rude and symple Englyssh in Thabbey of Westmestre, fynysshed the vj daye of Iuyne, the yere of our Lord MCCCxxxj, and the xxj yere of the regne of kynge Edward the iijth.

Here endeth the historye of Reynard the foxe.

Item that was given or displayed by man, blaine
not the but the law for they be his words and not
myne and I have all them that shall be this by the
to correct and amende whiche they shall have
for I have not ailed to unyvernal, but have followe
of the wylde and my copy whiche was in France
and by the will of the King translated in to this
and by the King in the City of London
I have added the day of June the year of our Lord
MCCCXXIIII and the year of the reigne of King
Edward the fifth.

Item and the direction of Richard the first

Item that was given or displayed by man, blaine
not the but the law for they be his words and not
myne and I have all them that shall be this by the
to correct and amende whiche they shall have
for I have not ailed to unyvernal, but have followe
of the wylde and my copy whiche was in France
and by the will of the King translated in to this
and by the King in the City of London
I have added the day of June the year of our Lord
MCCCXXIIII and the year of the reigne of King
Edward the fifth.

A TABLE OF SOME STRANGE WORDS.



BEDRYUE, BY-
dryuen, pp. 33,
95, 103, 151 (Du:
bedreue, bedre-
uen) to commit,
perpetrate.

- Benamme**, p. 79 (O. E. benu-
men) deprived.
- Beryspe, vnberisped**, pp. 45,
129 (Du: berispen, omberis-
pet) reprove, rebuke.
- Betels**, p. 15 (Du: beytels)
wedges. B. M. copy has
"betels" altered in what
seems to be a contemporary
hand to "wegges."
- Blasen**, p. 102 (Du: blasen;
O. E. blaesan) to blow. See
Huylen.
- Bleef**, p. 16 (Du: bleef) be-
leave, remain.
- Book wyth the sayntes**, p. 3
(Du: die heiligen) relics of,
not book with, the saints.
- Borde, bourde**, pp. 33, 84, 158
(Du: boert) a jest, lie, mock.
- Borowes**, p. 135 (Du: borge)
pledge, surety.
- Bouche**, p. 49, a misprint of
Caxton's for bench, follow-
ed in error.
- Brokes**, pp. 56, 88 (Du: brue-
ken, brokich) crimes.
- Buff ne baff**, p. 141 (Du: boe
noch bau).
- Bules**, p. 114 (Du: bulen) boils
or bowls
- Bydwynge, bydwongen**, pp.
46, 63, 113 (Du: dwinghen,
bedwonghen) to constrain,
forced.
- Camping**, p. 135 (Du: camp-
spel) fight, duel.
- Cantum**, p. 81 (Du: cantum)
an allusion to the service of
the church.
- Casus**, p. 11 (Du: casus) a ge-
ometrical term, each of the
segments of the base of a
triangle cut off by a perpen-
dicular falling from the ver-
tex.
- Clope**, p. 142 (Du: clop) knock
or stroke.
- Cluse**, p. 7 (Du: cluse) cell.
- Dasse**, p. 5, et seq., (Du:
dasse) badger.
- Dayed**, p. 22 (Du: dagen) cit-
ed upon a day.
- Diere**, p. 19 (Du: dier) deer, crea-
ture, beast.
- Dowed**, pp. 79, 147 (Du: dou-
wede) "dubbed," pressed,
wrung.
- Elenge**, p. 63 (Du: elendich)
miserable, needy.
- Eme**, p. 5, et seq: (Du: æm,
omme, oom) uncle.
- Ermed**, p. 60, pitied. (The
Dutch is "iammerde" which
Caxton here translates by
this English word, though
elsewhere he simply adopts
the Dutch, e.g., p. 59).
- faldore**, p. 33 (Du: valdo-
er) trap/door.
- facing & bracyng**, p. 152 (Du:
met groten onrechte) See
N. E. D. for uses of this
phrase.
- fernens**, p. 40 (Du: bedencken
om ouden staet ende daet)
bygones.

- fordryue, fordriuen, pp. 46, 21, 156 (Du: verdriuen) drive away, expel.
- forslongen, p. 10 (Du: verston-
den, pp. of verstin-
den) devoured, swallowed.
- forslyngered, p. 17 (Du: sling-
eren) to sling.
- for/wyntered, p. 3 (Du: ver-
wintert) wintered.
- Galped, pp. 25, 125, (Du:
galpte) yelped.
- Glat, p. 136 (Du: glat) smooth,
polished.
- Grate, p. 5 (Du: grate) fish-
bone.
- Grenne, gryn, grynnnes, pp. 24
25, 26, 27, 31, 40, 77, (Du:
stricke, stricken) snare.
- Grymme, grimmed, grym-
myng, pp. 43, 78, 129 (Du:
grimmen, grimde, grymm-
ende) to look grim, angry.
- Hamber barellis, p. 14 (Du:
seuen aemen hebben) ames
or wine/barrels, 37-41 gal-
lons.
- Harowe, p. 86 (Du: des so ro-
epe ick wapen ouer hoer lijf
en leuen der gheenre) the cry
for help.
- Houedaunce, p. 69 (Du: houe-
dans) court/dance.
- Huylen, p. 102 (Du: huylen)
to howl. (Gherard Leeu's
Dutch has here "butsen &
blasen." Butsen, to push
or smite.)
- Lynde, p. 41 (Du: linde).
Linde, linden. Lijn, rope.
- Mawed, p. 25 (Du: mauw-
ede) miaued.
- Menowr. p. 7 (Du: doe hi hem
mit dieften beuant) taken in
the manner.
- Ouwher, p. 42. E. anywhere
- Polayle, pp. 34, 35, 42 (Du:
hoenre, hoenren) poultry.
- Pyked & stryked, p. 93 (Du:
si streken) "gaen streken
ofte strijcken," to go one's
ways.
- Pylche, p. 9 (Du: pelse ende
slauine) Lat: pelicia; O. E.
pylce; Mod: pelisse; short
flannel or fur garment.
- Rasyng, p. 119 (Du: rasede)
doting, madness.
- Ratte, p. 12 (Du: hij wil v han-
ghen ofte raedebraken) he
will you hang or break on
the wheel (radt/braken).
- Rutsele, p. 20 (Du: rutselen)
to rustle.
- St. Martyn's byrdes, p. 22
(Du: sinte martijns vogel-
en).
- Scatte, pp. 43, 151 (Du: scat)
treasure, riches, tax.
- Slauyne, p. 9, pilgrim's cloak,
a slavonic cloak.
- Slepid, p. 32, (Du: slepten)
dragged.
- Slonked, p. 71 (Du: slont, pp.
of slinden) devoured.
- Snelle, p. 141 (Du: snel) alert,
nimble.
- Spores, p. 82 (Du: sporen)
tracks.
- Spynde, p. 31 (Du: spijnde)
cupboard, hutch, or buttery.
- Stoppelmaker, p. 18. Gherard
Leeu's Dutch has "stop-
pelmader," stubblemower,
which Caxton has read as
if it were "stop ofte stop-
selmaker," stopple or bung
maker.
- Stoundmele, p. 51, (O. E.
stundmaelum) moment by
moment, attentively.

Stranguyllyon, p. 108, E., old form of strangury.
Strope, p. 41 (Du: strop) halter.
Stryke, stryked, pp. 40, 48, 85, 93, 97, 138 (Du: streken, streec, strijct). Streken, go one's way; strijcken, strike.
Valdore, p. 44 (Du: valdoer). See faldore.
Vnberisped, p. 45. See Berisp.
Vyseuase, p. 6 (Du: vyseuase) vice-versa.
Wapper, wappred. p. 17 (Du: wappere, wapperen) a loaded club, beaten.
Warande, p. 53 (Du: warande in die woestine) a warren.
Wentled, wentlyng, pp. 20-27 (Du: wentelende, wentelen) tumble, wallow.
Win, (kyn, ne wyn, ne frende) p. 97. cf Icelandic, vinr.
Wrauen, p. 25 (Du: wrauwen) to thraw, writhe.
Wryued, p. 154 (Du: wreuen) rubbed.
Wyked, p. 87 (Du: ontweecken) avoided.
Yamerde, p. 59 (Du: iammerde) lamented.
Yonned, p. 85 (Du: gonden) to favour, or affect.
Yonste, p. 14 (Du: gunsten) favour.

HERE ends the History of Reynard the foxe, done into English out of Dutch by William Caxton, and now reprinted by me William Morris, at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith in the County of Middlesex. This book was corrected for the press by Henry Halliday Sparling, and finished on the 15th day of December, 1892.



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