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**C**hyer begynneth hystorpe of reynard the foye.

**I**n this hystorpe ben wroton the parables goode lernyng  
and dyuerse poyntes to be merkyp by whiche poyntes men  
maye lerne to come to the subtyl knowleche of suche thyn-  
ges as dayly ben vsed and had in the counseylls of lordes  
and prelats gostly & wordly/ and also emonge marchantes  
and other comone peple. And this booke is maad for nede &  
proffyte of alle good folke. As fer as they in redyng or  
heeryng of it shal moche vnderstande & fele the forsaide sub-  
tyl deceptes that dayly ben vsed in the worlde/ not to thentent  
te that men shold vse them but that every man shold escheue  
and kepe hym from the subtyl false shrewdis that they be not  
deceyvd. Therne who that wyll haue the bety vnder-  
standyng of this mater / he muste ofte and many tymes re-  
de in thys boke and earnestly and dyligently marke  
wel that he redeth ffor it is sette subtylly/ lyke as ye shal see  
in redyng of it/ and not ones to rede it ffor a man shal not  
wyth ones ouer redyng fynde the ryght vnderstandyng ne  
compryse it wel/ but oftymes to rede it shal cause it wel to be  
vnderstande. And for them that vnderstandeth it/ it shall be  
ryght Joyous playfant and prouffitable.

**H**ow the lyon kynge of alle bestys sent out hys maunde  
mentys that alle bestys shold come to hys fest and court/

**C**apitulo

**Primo**

**I**t was aboute y tyme of penthecoste or wophontyde  
that the wodes comynly be lusty and glad som/ And  
trees clad with leuis & blossoms and y ground wyth  
herbes & floures wete smellyng & also the folles and byr-  
des synge melodyously in theyr armonye Therne the lyon  
the noble kynge of al bestis wold in the holy dayes of this  
fest holde an open court at staden/ wophche he dyde to knowbe  
ouer alle in his lande/ And commanded by strax com-  
myssyons and maundements that every best shold come thi-  
der in suche wyse that alle the bestys grete and smale cam  
to the courte sauf Reynard the foy/ ffor he knewe hym self  
fadyt and gylty in many thynge agaynst many bestys  
that thyder shold comen that he durste not auenture to goo  
thyder/ wohan the kynge of alle bestys had assemblyd alle  
hys court / Ther was none of them alle/ But that he had  
compleyned sore on Reynard the foy.

**T**he fyrst complaynt made isegryn the wulf on reynard  
Capitulo ij.

**I**segryn the wulf wyth hys lynage and frendes cam  
and stode to fore the kynge. And sayde hys & myghty  
pryncce my lord the kynge I beseeche yow that thurgh your  
grete myght. ryght and mercy that ye wyll haue pyte on the  
grete trespass and the vnrasonable mysdoes that Reynard  
the foy hath don to me and my wyf that is to wyte he is  
comen in to myn honse ayens the wille of my wyf And  
there he hath kepysed my chyldren wwhere as they laye in  
suche wyse as they therof ben woxen blinde/ wwhereupon was

a day sette/ and was Judged that reynard shold come and  
haue excused hym herof / & haue sworn on y<sup>e</sup> holy sayntes  
that he was not cply therof/ ¶ And when the book wyth  
the sayntes was brought forth/ tho had reynart bythought  
hym other wyse. ¶ And wente his waye agayn in to his  
hole. as he that had nought sette therby/ ¶ And dere kyng this  
knowen wel many of the bestes that nolde be comen hyther  
to your court. ¶ And yet he hath trespassed to me in many  
other thynges/ He is not luyng that coude telle alle that I  
nolde leue vntolde/ But the shame and bylonye that he hath  
don to my wyse: That shal I neuer hyde ne suffre it vnto  
god but that he shal make to me large amendes/

¶ The complaynt of Courtoys the hounde. Cap: iij  
¶ When thysse wordes were spoken so stode there a lityl  
hounde and was named courtoys: and complayned  
to the kyng. how that in the colde wynter in the harde frost/  
te he had ben sore forwynted in such wyse as he had kepte  
nomore mete than a puddynge/ whiche puddynge Reynart  
the foxe had taken away from hym/

¶ Tho spak Tybert the catte

¶ With this so cam tybert the catte wyth an Irouis moed  
and sprang in amonge them and sayde/ My lord the  
kyng. I herre her that Reynart is sore complayned on. and  
hier is none but that he hath ynough to doo to clere hym  
self. that courtoys hier complaynieth of that is passyd many  
yeres goon/ How be it that I complayne not. that puddynge  
was myne. For I hadde donne it by nyghte in a mylle/  
The myllar laye & slepe. y<sup>e</sup> f courtoys had ony parte heron  
That cam by me to. Therne spak panther. Thynke ye Ty  
bert that it were good that Reynart shold not be complay  
ned on He is a very murderer. a rouer and a cheef he loueth

no man so wel not our lord the kyng here that he wel wold  
that he shuld lese good & worship So that he myght wyne  
as moche as a legge of a fat henne. I shal telle you what I  
saue hym do yester day to Cudward the hare that here stan  
deth in the kynges peas & saufgarde. he promysed to cudward  
and sayde he wold teche hym his credo/ & make hym a good  
chapelayn he made hym goo sytte by wyne his legges and  
songe and cryde lorde Credo Credo my waye laye ther by  
there that I herde this songe. ¶ Tho wente I ner and fonde  
mayster reynart that had lefte that he fyrst redde & songe/ &  
bygan to playe his olde playe. For he had caught kyward  
by the throte/ & had I not that tyme comen he shold haue ta  
ken his lyf lyke as ye here may see on kyward the hare the  
fresche woude yet/ For sothe my lord the kyng yf ye suffre  
this vnpunysshyd/ And lette hym go quyte that hath thus  
broken your peas. And wyl do no ryght after the sentence  
& Jugement of your men/ your chyldren many yeres hereaf  
ter shal be myspreysed & blamed therfore. Spkerly panther  
sayd I segryn ye saye trouthe/ hit were good that right and  
Justyse were don/ for them that wold fayn lyue in peas/

¶ How grymbart the brocke the foxes susters sone spak  
for reynart & answerde to fore the kyng/ Cap: iij

¶ Tho spak grimbert the brocke / and was Reynarts  
suster sone wyth an angry moed/ Sir issegrim that  
is euyl sayd it is a comyn prouerbe. An enemyes mouth.  
sayth seelde wel/ what seye ye/ And wyte ye myn eme Rey  
nart/ I wold y<sup>e</sup> ye wold a venture that who of you theyne  
had moste trespassed to other sholde hange by the necke as a  
theef on a tree. But and yf he were as wel in this court &  
as we wyth the kyng as ye be: It shold not be thought in  
a ij

hym. that it were ynough/that ye shold come & aske hym for:  
gyuenes ye haue byten & nyppte myn Bricle wyth your felle &  
sharp teth many mo tymes than I can telle/ yet I wil telle  
some poyntes that I wel knowe/ knowe not ye hold ye mys  
deled on the plays/whiche he thredde down fro y carre: whan  
ye folowed after fro ferre: & ye ete y good plays allone. and  
gaf hym nomore than y grate or bones whiche ye might not  
ete your self: In lyke wyse dyde ye to hym. also of the fatte  
flyeche of bakon/whiche sauour so wel/ that ye allone ete  
in your hely. & whan myn eme askid his parte. tho answered  
ye him again in scoone/ reynart fair ponglyng I shal gladli  
gyue you your part/ but myn eme grate ne had nought. ne  
was not the better/ No wythstandyng he had done y flye:  
che of bakon wyth grete drede. for the ma cam & thredde hym  
in a sacke/ that he scarsely cam out wyth his lif suche maner  
thynges hath reynart mani times suffred thurgh Isegrym  
**O** ye lordes thinke ye that this is good yet is ther more  
he complayneth hold that Reynart myn Emme hath  
moche trespassed to hym by cause of his wyf. Myn eme hath  
seyd by her but that is wel seuen yer to fore/er he wedded her  
and yf reynart for loue & curtosye dyde wyth her his wyffe /  
what was that. She was sone heled therof/ hierof by ryght  
shold & no complaynt were Isegrym wise he shold haue lefte  
that he doth to hym self no worslyp thus to sklaundre his  
wyf/ she playneth not No w maketh kyward the hare acō:  
playnt also/ that thynketh me a byseuase. yf he rede ne ler:  
ned a ryght his lesson. shold not Reynart his mayster bete  
hym therfore yf the scolers were not beten ne smyten & repri  
sed of their truantysse they shold neuer lerne. ¶ No w com:  
playned Courtoys that he wyth payne had gotē apudpnyng  
in the wynter/ At suche tyme as the coste is euil to fynde  
therof hym had he beter to haue holde his pees. for he had

stolen it/ Male quesisti et male perdidisti. This is ryght that  
it be euyl losse: that is euyl wonne who shal blame reynard  
yf he hath taken fro a theef stolen good hit is reson who y  
vnderstandeth the ladde and discerneth the ryght/ & that he be  
of hys burthe as myn eme reynart is whiche knoweth wel  
hold he shal receyue stolen good ye al had he courtys han:  
ged whan he fonde hym wyth y menowr. he had not moche  
mysdon ne trespassed: Sauf ayenst y crowne/ that he had don  
Iustysse wythoute leue wherfore for the honour of the kyng  
he dyde it not/ al hath he but lityl thake what skathed it him  
that he is thus complayned on. Myn eme is a gentyl & a tre  
we mā he may suffre no falshede/ he doth nothing but by his  
prestes counseyl. & I save yow syth that my lord the kyng  
hath do proclaimed his pes he neuer thoughte to hurte any  
man/ For he eteth no more than ones a day. he lyueth as a  
recluse/ he chastyseth his body & wereth a sherte of heer. hit is  
more than a pere that he hath eten no fleshe. as I yester day  
herd saye of them that cam fro hym he hath lefte and gyuen  
ouer his castel maleperduis: and hath bylded a cluse. theryn  
dwelleth he: & hunteth nomore / He despyreth no wympnyng  
but he lyueth by almesse & taketh nothyng but suche as men  
gyue hym for charyte & doth grete penaunce for his synnes: &  
he is woyn moche pale & lene of prayeng & wakynng/ for he  
wolde he fayn wyth god/ Thus as grymbert his eme stode  
& preched thise wordes. so salde they comen down the hylle to  
hem chautecler y cock and brought on a biere a deed henne of  
whom reynart had byten the heed of/ ¶ And that muste be  
shewed to the kyng for to haue knowleche therof /

¶ Hold y cock complayned on reynart Cap: B:

**O** chautecler cam forth & smote pytously his handes &  
his fetteris & on eche side of the byer wenten tweyne  
a iii

forwifful hennes that one was called cantart and that oth-  
er good hennie Crayant they there two the fayrest hennes  
that were bytvene holland and arderne These hennes bar  
reeth of them a brenyng tapre whiche was longe and stray-  
te Eise two hennes were coppers susters And they cryed  
so pitoufly. Alas and wele alway for the deth of her dere su-  
ster copen. Two yonge hennes bare y byere whiche kiskled  
so heuply and wepte so lowde for y deth of copen their moder  
that it was ferre herde thus cam they to cydere to fore the  
kyng And chaucecler tho seyde Mercyful lord my lord y  
kyng please it you to here our complaynte. And abhorren y  
grette scathe that reynart hath don to me & my children that  
hiere stonden it was so that in y begynnynge of april whan  
the weder is fayr as that I as hardy & proud because of  
the grette lygnage that I am comen of and also had/ For I  
had. viij. fayr sones & seuen fair daughters whiche my wyf  
had hadched & they were alle stronge & fatte & wente in a y-  
erde wiche was walled round a boute In whiche was a sha-  
dde where in were six grette dogges whiche had to toze & pluc-  
ked many a bestis skyn in suche wyse as my chyldeyn we-  
re not aferd On whom Reynart y thief had grette enuye by  
cause they were so sure that he colde none gete of them hold  
wel of tymes hath this fel thief goon rounde aboute this  
wal & hath leyde for vs in suche wyse that the dogges haue  
be sette on hym & haue hunted hym alway And ones they  
leep on hym vpon y bankie. And that cost hym somwhat for  
his thefte I saw that his skyn smoked nenertheles he wen-  
te his waye god amende it.

Thus were we quyte of reynart a longe whyle atte la-  
ste cam he in lyknes of an heremyte & brought to me  
a lettre for to rede sealed wyth y kynges seal in whiche stode

Doretyn y the kyng had made pees oueral in his royaume &  
y alle maner bestis & fowles shold do none harme ne sca-  
the to none other/ yet sayd he to me more that he was a ch-  
sterer or a closyd recluse he comen. & y he wold receyue grette  
penaunce for his synnes/ he shewyd me his flayne & pylche &  
an heren sherte ther vnder/ & thene sayd he/ Sir Chaucecler af-  
ter this tyme be no more aferd of me ne take no heed/ For I  
nowd wyl ete nomore flessh/ I am forthon so olde: y I wolde  
fayn remembre my soule I wyl now go forth/ For I haue  
yete to saye my sexte none/ & myn euensonge to god I bytake  
yow/ tho wente reynart thens sayng his credo / & leyde hym  
vnder an hauchorn. Thene was I glad & mery/ & also toke  
none heed/ & wente to my children & clocked hem to cydere &  
wente without y wal for to walke wherof is moche harme  
comen to vs/ for reynart laye vnder a bushes & cam krepynge  
bitvene vs & y pate. so y he caught one of my chyldeyn & leyde  
hym in his make wherof we haue had grette harme. For syth  
he hath tasted of hym ther myght neuer hunter ne hounde sa-  
ue ne kepe hym from vs. he hath wayted by nyght & daye in  
suche wyse y he hath stolen so many of my children y of/ & v  
I haue but foure in suche wyse hath this thief forlongen  
them/ & yet pesterday was copen my daughter y hier lyeth  
vpon the byer wyth the houndes rescolwed ¶ This compla-  
yne I to yow gracious kyng. haue yete on my grette and  
vnrasonable damage & losse of my fayre children/

¶ How the kyng spack touchyng this cōplaynt/ca<sup>o</sup> vj  
Thene spack y kyng. sir gray here ye this wel of y re-  
cluse your eme he hath fasted & prayde y yf I lyue a yere he  
shal abyte it/ Now herke chaucecler. your playnt is ynough  
your daughter y lyeth here dede. we wyl gyue to her y dethes  
right we may kepe her no lenger/ we wyl betake her to god/

Woe Doyle syngen here bygyllie and brynge her worshypful  
ly on erthe & thene Woe Doyle speke wyth thise lordes and ta  
ke counseyl hold we may do ryght & Justise of thys grete  
murdre & brynge this fals theef to the lawe Tho begonne  
they placebo dno wyth y verses that to longen whiche of I  
shold save were me to longe whan this Bigylpe was don &  
y comendacion she was leyde in y pitte and ther upon was  
leyde a marblle stone polysht as clere as oup glas & theron  
was helven in grete lettres in this wyse coppe chanceliers  
doughter whom Reynart y fore hath bytyn lyeth hier Under  
burped complayne ye her ffor she is shamefully comen to her  
deth after this y kynge sente ffor his lordes & wysest of his  
counseyl for to take aduys hold this grete murdre & trespas  
shold be punysshed on Reynart y foye Ther was concluded  
& apoynted for y beste that Reynart shold be sent fore & that  
he leste not for oup cause But he cam in to y kynges court  
ffor to here wat shold be sayd to hym And that Bruyn y here  
shold do y message the kyng thought that alle this was  
good and sayde to brune y here syr brune I wyl that ye doo  
this message but see wel to for your self ffor Reynart is a  
shredde & felle & knoweth so many wyles that he shal lye &  
flatre & shal thynke hold he may begyle deceyne and brynge  
yow to some mockerye tho sayd brune what good lord late  
ti allone decenyeth me y foye so haue I ylle lerned me casus  
I twode he shal come to late to mocke. Thus departed Bru  
ne meryly fzo thens but it is to dre de that he cam not so me:  
ryly agayn. **C**hold brune the here was sped of Reynart  
the foye capitulo.

Bij.

**N**ow is brune goon on his waye to ward y foye wyth  
Na stolote moede whiche supposed wel that y foye shold  
not haue begyled hym/as he cam in a derke woode in a forest

where as Reynart had a bypath whan he was hunted  
ther bysye was an hye montayne & lande/& there muste be  
en in the myddel goon ouer for to goo to malperduis/ For  
Reynart had many a dwellyng place/ but y castel of mal:  
perduis was y best & y fastest burgh y he had/ ther laye he  
inne whan he had neede & was in ony drede or fere: Now  
whan Bruyn was comē to malperduis. he fonde y pate fast  
sette. tho wente he to fore y pate & sette upon his taylle &  
called Reynart he ye at home I am brydnyng y kyng hath  
sente me for yow y ye shold come to court. for to plece your  
caas: he hath sworn by his god. come ye not or brynge I you  
not wyth me for takye such right & sentence as shal be the  
re gnyen: it shal coste you your lyf he wyl hange yow/or set  
te you on y ratte. Reynart doo by my counseil & come to y court  
Reynart laye within y gate as he ofte was wont to doo: for  
y warmth of y sonne: whā Reynart herd Bruyn tho wente he  
Inward in to his hole/ for malperduis was ful of holes  
hier one hole & ther an other & yonder an other narowe cro:  
ked & longe wyth many weyes to goo out whiche he opend  
& sette after y he had neede/ whan he had ony prope brought  
home or y he wyste y ony sought hym for his mysdees and  
trespaces/ thene he ran & hydde hym fro his enemyes in to  
his secreete chambres. y they coude not fynde hym. by whiche  
he deceyvd many a best y sought hym & tho thought Rey:  
nart in hym self hold he myght best brynge the here in char:  
**I**n this thoughte **C**ce & neede/ & y he alode in worship/  
Reynart cam out & said brune me ye he welcome I herd  
you wel to fore/ but I was in myn eue song therefore haue I  
y lenger taryed a lytyl/ dere me he hath don to you no good  
fermyse & I can hym no thank that hath sente you ouer  
this longe hylle. for I se that ye he also wery that the swete

renneth down by your chekys it was no nede I had nere the  
les comen to court to morowe but I forwode now y lasse for  
pour wyse counseil shal wel helpe me in y court & coude y kyng  
fynde none lasse messenger but yowd forto sende hyther that  
is grete wonder for next y kyng ye be y mooste gentyl &  
richest of keups & of lande I wolde wel that we were now  
at y court but I feere me that I shal not come wel goo thyder  
for I haue eten so moche newe mete that me thynketh my  
hely wyll breke or cleue a sonder & by cause y mete was ny  
ew I ete y more tho spack y here lyef newe what mete ha.  
ue ye eten that maketh yow so ful. dere eme that I ete what  
myght it helpe yow that yf I tolde yow I ete but symple me  
te a poureman is no lord that may ye knowe eme by me we  
pouze folke muste ete oftymes such as we glady wolde  
not ete yf we had better they were grete hony combes which  
I muste nedes ete for hunger they haue made my hely so gre  
te that I can nowher endure Reynn tho spak anone alas  
reynart what sape ye sette ye so lytyl by hony me ought to  
preyse & loue it a boue alle mete lief Reynart helpe me that I  
myght gete a deel of this hony & as longe as I lyue I shal  
be to you a trewe frende & abyde by yow as ferre as ye hel  
pe me that I may haue a parte of thys hony.

**H**old Bruyn ete the hony capitulo. Biiij.  
**B**ruyn eme I had supposed that ye had iaped ther wyth  
so helpe me god Reynart nay I shold not gladly iape wo  
ith yow thenne spacke y rede Reynart is it thene earnest that  
ye loue so wel y hony I shal to late you haue so moche that  
ten of yow shold not ete it at one mek myght I gete ther wo  
ith your friendship. not we ten Reyner newe sayd y here hold  
shold that he had I alle y hony y is bytwene this & portyn  
gale I shold wel ete it allone Reynart sayde what sape ye.

eme hier by dwellyth an husbandman named lantfert whi  
che hath so moche hony that ye shold not ete it in Biiij. pere  
whiche ye shal haue in your holde yf ye wyll be to me frien  
dely and helppng ayenst myn enemyes in the kynges court/  
Thenne promysed Bruyn the here to hym that yf he myght  
haue his hely full. he wold truli be to hym to fore alle othe  
a faythful frende/therof laughed Reynart the shredde & sayde  
yf ye wolde haue Biiij hamber bavelis ful. I shal wel gete the  
& helpe you to haue them/these wordes plesyd the here so wel  
& made hym so moche to lauche/ yf he coude not wel stande /  
**T**ho thought Reynart. this is good luck I shal lede hym  
thyder that he shal lauche by mesure.

Reynart sayd thene this mater may not be longe ta  
**R**ped I muste payne my self for you/ ye shal wel Biiij.  
derstade y very pynste & good wyll that I here to you  
ward I knowe none in al myn lygnage that I now wolde  
laboure fore thus fore. y thanketh hym y here & thought he  
taryed longe: Now eme late ys goo a good paas & folowe  
ye me: I shal make you to haue as moche hony as ye may  
here/ yf for mente of good strokes but yf captyf marked not  
what yf for mente. & they wente so longe to cyder that they  
cam into lantferts yerde tho was sir Bruyn mery. **N**ow  
Berke of lantfert it is true that men sape/ so was lantfert a  
stronge carpenter of grete tymbre. & had/ brought that other  
day to fore in to his yerde a grete okie whiche he had begone  
to cleue. And as men he woned he had smeten two bevels  
therin one after that other in such wyse that the okie was  
wyde open wherof Reynart was glad/ For he had it founde  
ryght as he wysshed/ And sayd to the here all lauchyng.  
see now wel sharply to. in this tree is so moche hony yf it is  
without mesure/asape yf ye can come therin & ete but lytyl



For though þe hony combes be swete & good yet beware that  
 peete not to many. but take of them by mesure that ye catche  
 no harme in your body. for swete eme I shold be blamed  
 yf they dyde you ony harme. what reynart cosyn sorowde 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 so-  
 rowde goo to thende and Crepe therin bruyne þe here hasted so  
 re toward the hony and trad in wyth his two foremost feet  
 and put his heed ouer his eeries in to þe clyst of þe tree. And  
 reynart sprang lyghtly and brak out þe kelle of the tree & ho  
 helped þe here nether flaterynge ne chydynge. he was fast shette  
 in þe tree thus hath þe neuen wyth decepte brought his eme  
 in prison in the tree in such wyse as he coude not gete out  
 wyth myght ne wyth craske heed ne foote.

**W**hat prouffyteth bruyne þe here that he stronge & hardy  
 was that may not helpe hym he sawe wel that he begynned  
 was he began to holde & to braye & crutched wyth þe hynder  
 feet & made such a noyse & rumour þe lantfert cam out haf-  
 tely & kinede nothyng what this myght be / and brought in  
 his hand a scharp hoke / bruyne thre here laye in the clyste of  
 þe tree in grete fere & drede & helde fast his heed & nypped both  
 his fore feet / he wrange he wrastled: & cryed / and al was for  
 nought he wyste not how he myght gete out. reynart þe foye  
 sawe fro ferre how þe lantfert / þe carpenter cam & tho spak  
 reynart to þe here. is þe hony good how is it now. ete not to  
 moche it shold do you harme. ye shold not thene wel come goo  
 to þe court wha lantfert cometh yf ye haue wel eten he shal ye  
 ue you better to drinke & thene it shal not stike in your throate  
**A**fter thise wordes tho turned hym reynart toward his  
 castel and lantfert cam and fonde the here fast taken

in the tree. thene ranne he fast to his neyghbours & sayde  
 come alle in to my yerde. ther is a here taken the worde ano-  
 ne sprange oueral in the thozpe / ther ne bleef nether man ne  
 wyf. but alle ranne theder as fast as thy coude / eueryche  
 wyth his wepen / some wyth a staf / some wyth a rake. some  
 wyth a broome. some wyth a stake of þe hegge & some wyth  
 a flayel. & þe preest of þe churche had the staf of the crosse / & þe  
 clerk brought a bane / The preestis wyf iulok cam wyth her  
 dysstaf. she sat tho & sparne / ther cam olde wyemen þe for age  
 had not one toeth in her heed / now was bruyne þe here nygh  
 moche sorowde that he allone muste stande ayens þe them alle  
 whan he herde alle this grete noyse & crye. he wrastled & pluc-  
 ked so harde & so sore / that he gate out his heed / but he lefte be  
 hynde alle the skynne & bothe his eeries: In such wyse that  
 neuer man salde fodder ne lothlyer best: For the blode ran  
 ouer his eyen. & or he coude gete out. his feet he muste lete the-  
 re his clawes or nayles & his rough hande / This market  
 cam to hym euyl / For he supposed neuer to haue soon / his  
 feet were so sore. & he might not see for þe blode whiche ran so  
 ouer his eyen / lantfert cam to hym wyth þe preest and forth  
 wyth all þe partye. & began to smyte & strike sore vpon his  
 heed and visage he receyued there many a sore stroke. euery  
 man beware hierbi. who hath harme & scath euery mā wil be  
 therat & put more to. that was wel seen on þe here / for they  
 were alle fiers & wroth on þe here grete & smal ye hughe lyn  
 wyth the croked legge. and ludolf wyth the brode longe noose  
 they were booth wroth / that one had an leden malle. & that  
 other a grete leden wapper. ther wyth they wappered and al  
 for slyngred hym / ¶ Sir kertolt wyth the longe fynghers  
 lantfert / & ottram the longe. ¶ Thise dyde to the here more  
 harme than all the other that one had a sharp hoke /  
 And that other a croked staf: wel leded on thende for to

playe at y<sup>e</sup> balke. Backyn ende aue abelquack my dame baue/ & the p<sup>r</sup>est wyth his staf & dame Julok his wyf thys<sup>e</sup> wronghten to the here so moche harme y<sup>e</sup> they wold fayn haue brought hym fro his lye to deth. they smote & stacke hym al that he coude bruy<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> here satte & syghed & growed. & muste take suche as was gyuen to hym. but lantfert was y<sup>e</sup> wor<sup>t</sup> thiest of birthe of them alle/ and made most noyse for dame pogge of chafporte was his moder. & his fa<sup>d</sup>er was macob y<sup>e</sup> stoppemaker. a moche stout man there as he was allone bruy<sup>n</sup> receyued of hem many a caste of stones/ To fore hem alle sprang forth lantferts brother wyth a staf/ & smote the here on the heed that he ne herde ne salve. & there wyth y<sup>e</sup> here sprage vp bitwene the busshe & y<sup>e</sup> riuer emonge an heep of wiuis there he threwe a deel of them in to y<sup>e</sup> riuer wiche was wyde & depe. ther was the persons wyf one of them wherfor he was ful of sorow whan he sawe his wyf lye in y<sup>e</sup> water hym lusted no lenger to smyte y<sup>e</sup> here. but called dame iulokie in the water now euryman see to: Alle they that may helpe her. be they men or wymen/ I gyue to hem alle pardon of her penaunce & relece alle theyr synnes/ alle they thenne leste bruy<sup>n</sup> the here lye/ And dyde that the p<sup>r</sup>est hadde/

**W**han bruy<sup>n</sup> the here sawe that they ranne alle fro hym & ranne to saue the wymen. tho sprange he in to the water & swame alle that he coude/ thene made y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>est a grete shoute & noyse & ran after y<sup>e</sup> here wyth a grete anger and sayd come & torne agayn thou false theef/ the here swame after the best of y<sup>e</sup> streame/ & lete them calle & crye/ For he was glad that he was so escaped from them: he cursed & banned y<sup>e</sup> hony tree and the fore also that hath so betrayed hym/ that he had copen therein so depe that he lost bothe his hood and hys eeris: And so forth he droof in the stream wel a ij

or iij myle/ Tho ware he so wery that he wente to lande for to sitte and reste hym. For he was heuy: he growed & syghed. and the blood lepe ouer hys eyen/ He drough his breth like as one shold haue deyde/

**N**ow herke how the fox dyde/ er he cam fro lantferts whos he had stolen a fatte henne and had leyde her in his male. ¶ And ranne hastely alway by a bypath wher he wende that noman shold haue comen/ He ranne toward the Ryuer that he swette/ He was so glad that he dyst not what to do for Joye/ For he hoped that the here had be dede. he sayd/ I haue now wel spedde for y<sup>e</sup> he sholde moche haue hym dede me in the court is now dede. And none shal wyte me therof: may I not thenne by ryght be wel glad: ¶ Wyth thys<sup>e</sup> wordes the foxye looked to the Ryuer ward and espyed wher bruy<sup>n</sup> the here laye and rested hym. ¶ Tho was the foxye sorper and heuyer than he to fore was mery/ ¶ And was as angry and sayd In chydnyng to lantfert. alas lantfert knowe fool god gyue hym a schames deth that hath loste suche good Benyson whiche is good and fatte. and hath late hym goo whiche was taken to his hande many a man wold gladly haue eten of hym/ he hath loste a riche & a fatte here. Thus al chydnyng he cam to the Ryuer wher he fonde y<sup>e</sup> here sore wounded/ lebled: & ryght seke: whiche he myght thā ke none better therof than reynart whiche spack to the here in skorne/ Chiere priestre dieu vous garde wyll ye see the rede theef sayde the here to hym self. the rybaud & the felle diere here I se hym comen. Thene sayd y<sup>e</sup> foxye 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 & not honest/ 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, were I me telle me er  
I goo hens/ In to what ordre wyll ye goo/ that were this  
newe hode/ ¶ Were ye amonke or an abbot / he that shoure  
pour crowne, hath nyped of your eeries/ Ye haue lost your  
toppe And don of your gloues: I trowe verily that ye wyl  
goo synge complyn: alle this herde bruyh the here, and were  
alle angry and sory for he myght not avenge hym. He lete  
the fox saye hys wyll. And wyth grete payne suffred it/  
And sterce agayn in the ryuer, and swam down wyth the  
streem to that other syde. Nowe muste he sorowe hold that he  
shold come to the court. For he had loste hys eerys, and the  
skynne wyth the clawes of hys forefeet/ for though a man  
shold haue. slayn hym he coude not goo. And yet he muste  
nedes forth/ but he wyll not hold. ¶ Nowe here hold he dyde/  
he satte vpon hys buttockes, and began to rutsele ouer hys  
taylor: ¶ And when he was so weep he wentled and tum:  
bled nyght halue a myle: This dyde he wyth grete payne so  
longe tyl atte last he cam to the court. And when he was  
seen so comyng fro ferre. Some doubted what it myght be  
that cam so wentelyng: The kynge at laste knewe him/ and  
was not wel payd and sayd: This is bruyh the here my  
frende: lord god who hath wounded hym thus he is passyng  
wee on hys heed me thynketh he is hurte vnto the deth wher  
we may he haue ben, ther wyth is the here come to fore the  
kynge and sayde/

¶ The complayne of the here vpon the fox/ Cap<sup>o</sup> ix  
**I** Complayne to you merciful lord syre kynge: so as  
ye may see hold that I am handled prayeng you tar  
aenge it vpon Reynard the felle best. For I haue got  
ten thys in your seruyse. I haue loste bothe my foremost feet  
my chekes and myn eeries by hys false decepte and treason/ the

kynge sayd hold darst this fals theef Reynard doo this/ I  
saye to yow bruyh & were by my crowne. I shal so auenge  
you on hym/ that ye shal conne me thanke he sente for alle  
the wyse bestys/ and desired counseyl hold that he myght a:  
uenge this ouer grete wronge that the fore hath don. Then  
me y<sup>e</sup> counseyl concluded olde and yong, that he shold be sente  
fore and daped earnestly agayn for tabyde suche Jugement  
as shold there be gyuen on hym of alle his trespasses. And  
they/ thought that the catte tybert myght best do this messa:  
ge yf he wolde/ For he is ryght wyse/ The kynge thought  
this counceyl good/

¶ Nowe the kynge sente another tyme tybert y<sup>e</sup> catte for y<sup>e</sup>  
foye/ & hold tybert spede wyth Reynard the fore/ Cap<sup>o</sup> x<sup>o</sup>  
**T**here the kynge sayde sir tybert, ye shal nowe goo to  
court vnto the plee for to answer. For though he be felle to  
other bestis, he trusteth you wel & shal doo by your counseyl  
& telle yf he come not/ he shal haue y<sup>e</sup> thirde warryng and be  
daped and yf he thene come not, we shal proceede by ryght  
ayensst hym and alle hys lychage wythout mercy/ Tybert  
spack. My lord the kynge, they that this counseylde you we  
re not my frendes what shal I doo there/ he wyl not for me  
neither come ne abyde/ I beseeche you dere kynge sende some  
other to hym: I am lytill & feble, bruyh the here which was  
so grete and stronge, coude not bryng hym: hold shold I the  
ne take it on honde, nay sayde the kynge, sir tybert ye ben wy  
se and wel lerned/ Though ye be not grete/ ther lyeth not on  
many do more wyth craft and comyng than wyth myght  
and strengthe/ thenne sayd the catte syth it muste nedes be  
doo. I muste thene take it vpon me, god yeue grace that I  
may wel achieue it, for my here is heuy & euil willed therto

Tybert made hym sone redy to ward maleperduys/ & he salde  
fro ferre come fleynge one of seynt martyns byrdes. tho cryde  
he lorde and sayde/al hayl. gentil byrde/torne thy wynges  
hetherward and flee an my ryght syde. the byrde flew forth  
vpon a tree whiche stode on the lyfte syde of the catte/ tho  
was tybert woo/ For he thought hit was a shrewd token  
and asygne of harme / for yf the byrde had flownen on his  
right syde/he had ben mery and glad/ but not he troubled y  
his Journey shold torne to vnhappe/neuertheless he dyde as  
many doo/and gaf to hym self better hope than his herte say  
de. he wente and wonne to waleperduys ward. and there he  
fonde the fore allone standyng to fore his hous/Tybert sai  
de. The rich god geue you good euen reynart y kynge/hath  
menaced you/for to take your lyf from you. yf ye come not  
now wyth me to the court/The fore tho spack & saide/ Ty  
bert my dere cosyn ye be ryght welcome / I wol wel truly y  
ye had moche good lucke. what hurted y foie to speke fayre  
though he sayd wel his herte thoughte it not and that shal  
he seen er they departe reynart sayde wyllle we this nyght be  
to gyde/I wyll make you good chere and to morow erly  
in the dawning we wyll to gyde goo to y court. good ne  
ue late vs so doo/I haue none of my kyn / that I truste so  
muche to as to you/hier was bruyt the here the traytour he  
looked so shrewdly on me & me thoughte he was so stronge  
that I wolde not for a thousand marke haue goon wyth  
hym. but cosyn I wyll to morow erly goo wyth you/Tybert  
sayde it is beste that we now goo. for the more shyneth also  
light as it were daye/I neuer sal be fayrer weder: May dere  
cosyn. such might mete vs by daye tyme y wol make vs  
good chere/ & by nyghte paruenture myght doo vs harm  
it is suspitious to walke by nyght/ Therefore a byde this

nyght here by me Tybert sayde. what shold we ete/ yf we a  
bode here/Reynart sayde/ here is but lytel to ete ye maye wel  
haue an hony combe good and swete: ¶ What saye ye Ty  
bert wyll ye ony therof. Tybert answered I sette nought ther  
by haue ye no thynge elles yf ye gaf me a good fatte mollos  
I shold be better plesyd/ A fatte mollos sayd reynart/ dere  
cosyn what saye ye: Here by dwelleth a preest and hath a  
barne by his hodos ther in ben so many mysse. that a man  
shold not lede them a way vpon a wayne/ I haue herd the  
preest many tymes complayne that they dyde hym moche  
harme! ¶ O dere reynart lede my thyder for alle that I may  
doo for you. Ye tybert saye ye me trouthe/ loue ye wel mysse  
yf I loue hym wel sayd the catte. I loue mysse better than o  
ny thynge that men gyue me. Knowe ye not that mysse sa  
uore better than venyson. ye than flawnes or pastepes/ wyll  
ye wel doo: lede me thider wher the mysse ben/ And thenne  
shal ye wyne my loue: ye al had ye slayn my fader moder  
and alle my kyn:

¶ Reynart sayde ye moche and Jape therwyth/ The catte  
sayde so helpe me god I doo not/ Tybert sayde the fore wis  
te I that verely I wolde yet this nyght make that ye shuld  
be ful of mysse. Reynart quod he: ful that were many/  
Tybert ye Jape/Reynart quod he in trowth I doo not. Yf I  
had a fatte mollos. I wolde not gyue it for a golden noble.  
late vs goo thenne/ Tybert quod the fore. I wyll brynge  
you to the place. er I go fro you. tybert quod the fore/ vpon  
your sauconduyt/I wolde wel goo wyth you to monxelyer  
late vs thenne goo sayd the fore we tarpe alto longe. thus  
wente they forth wythout lettynge to the place. wher as  
they wold be to the preestes barne whiche was faste wal  
lyd aboute wyth a mudde wal and the nyght to fore the

foye ha broken in and had stolen fro the preeft a good fat  
 te henne and the preeft alle angry. had sette a gryn to  
 fore the hool to auenge hym. For he wold fayn haue take  
 the foye/ This knelde wel the felle theef the foye. ¶ And  
 sayd sir tybert cosyn crepe in to this hool and ye shal not lon  
 ge tarpe but that ye shal catche myes by grete keepis. herke  
 hold they ppe: whan ye be ful/ come agayn. I wyl tarpe here  
 after you be fore this hole/ we wyl to morowe goo to gyder  
 to the court/ ¶ Tybert why tarpe ye thus longe! come of/  
 and so maye we retorne sone to my wyf/ whiche wayteth  
 after vs/ and shal vs make good chiere. Tybert sayde. rey:  
 nart cosyn is it thenne your counseyl that I goo in to this  
 hool. This preeftes ben so woly and shrewdyssh. I drede to  
 take harme/ O ho tybert sayd the foy I salwe you ueuer so  
 fore aferde what eyleth yow y catte was ashamed & sprang  
 in to the hool. And anon he was caught in the gryn by the  
 necke er he wyfste/ thus decepyd Reynart his ghest & cosyn.  
**A**s tybert was waer of the grynne. he was a ferde &  
 sprange forth. the grynne wente to / thenne began  
 he to wralden/ for he was almost stranglyd / He called  
 he cryed and made a shrewd noyse. Reynart stode to fore  
 the hool and herde al. & was wel a payed & sayde! tybert loue  
 ye wel myes/ he they fatte & good knelde the preeftes herf or  
 mertynet/ they be so gentyl y they wolde brynge you salwee/  
 Tybert ye synge and eten/ Is that the guyse of the court/  
 lord god yf I seyn were there by you in suche reste as ye  
 now be thene shold I be glad/ for ofte he hath don me scathe  
 & harme. tybert coude not goo alwaye: but he maude & gal:  
 ped so lode that martynet sprang vp: & cryde lode/ god be  
 thanked my gryn hath taken the theef that hath stolen our  
 hennes arpe vp we wyl rewarde hym

**W**ith these wordes arose the preeft in an euyl tyme &  
 waked alle them that were in the holdes / And cryde  
 wyth a lode boys / the foye is taken. there keep and ranne  
 alle that there was / The preeft hym self ranne all moder  
 naked / Mertynet was y fyrst that cam to tybert/ the preeft  
 toke to locken his wyf an offryng candel and bad her lyght  
 it atte fyr. and he smote tybert wyth a grete staf. Ther recey  
 uyd tybert many a grete strok over alle his body Mertynet  
 was so angry that he smote the catte an eye out/ The naked  
 preeft lyfte vp and shold haue gyuen a grete strok to ty:  
 bert/ But tybert that salwe that he muste deye sprang bytwe  
 ne the preeftes legges wyth his clawes & wyth his teth  
 that he raught out his right colyon or ballock stone/ that  
 keep became euyl to the preeft and to his grete shame/

**T**his thyngc fyl down vpon the floer/ whan dame Ju:  
 locke knelde that she swore by her faders sowe/ That  
 she wolde it had coste her alle thoffryng of a hole yere. that  
 the preeft had not had that harme hurte and shame/ And  
 that it had not happed. and sayde/ In the deuels name was  
 the grynne ther 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  
 losse man to me and also shal neuer conne doo that swete  
 playe and game/ ¶ The foye stode wythoute to fore the  
 hool/ and herde alle thysse wordes. And labbed so sore that  
 he vnnethe coude stande/ He spack thus al softly/ dame Ju:  
 locke be al styll. and let your grete sorowe synke/ Al hath  
 the preeft losse one of his stones/ It shal not hyndre hym  
 he shal doo wyth yow wel ynowh ther is in the world ma:  
 ny a chapel/ in whiche is rongen but one kelle/ thus scorned

and mocked the foxe the prestes wyf dame Julocke that was ful of sorowe/ The prest fyl down a wooue/ they toke hym by and brought hym agayn to bedde/ Tho wente the foxe agayn in to his bouzgh ward: and left tybert the catte in grete drede and Jeopardye. for the foxe wyfste none other but that the catte was nygh ded. ¶ But when tybert the catte sawe them al besy aboute the prest tho began he to byte and gnawe y grene in y myddyl a sonde/ and sprang out of the hool and wente wyllyng and wethlyng towarde the kynges court or he cam theder it was fayr day and the sonne begayn to ryse/ ¶ And cam to the court as a pouce wyght. he had caught harme at the prestes hows by the helpe and counseyl of the foxe/ his body was al to beten/ and blind on the one eye. when the kyng wyfste this/ that tybert was thus arayed. he was sore angry: and menaced reynart the theef foxe. and one gadred his counseyl to wyte what they wold auyse hym how he myght bryng the foxe to the lawe and how he shold be fetter.

¶ Tho spack sir grymbart whiche was the foxes suster sone and sayde ye lordes/ though myn eme were wykes so bad and shrewdesch/ yet is ther remedye ynough. Late hym be don to. as to a free man when he shal be Juge. he muste be warned the thirde tyme for al/ And yf he come not thenne gylty in al the trespaces that ben leyd apensit hym & his or complayned on grymbert who wolde ye that sholde goo and dape hym to come/ who wyl auenture for hym his eeris: his eye or his lyf whiche is so fell a best/ ¶ I trowe ther is none here so moche a fool/ Grymbert spack/ so helpe me god I am so moche a fool. that I wyl doo this message my self to Reynart/ yf ye wylle commaunde me/

¶ Now grymbert the brocke brought the foxe to the lawe to fore the kyng/ Capitulo vi

¶ Now go forth grymbert. and see wel to fore yow reynart is so felle & fals/ and so subtyl that ye ned wel to loke aboute yow. and to beware of hym/ Grymbert sayd behold see wel to/ Thus wente grymbert to make poudys ward. and when he cam theder: he fonde reynart the foxe at home/ and dame emelyn his wyf laye by her whelpis in a detre corner: Tho spack grymbert & salwed his eme and his aunte/ And sayd to reynart eme beware that your absence hurte you not in such matters/ as he leyde and complayned on yow but yf ye thynke it good it is hys 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 yow and this is y thirde warnyng. And I telle you for trouthe yf ye abyde to morow al day: ther may no mercy helpe yow ye shal see that wyth in thre dayes that your hows shal be byseged al aboute And ther shal be made to fore it galowes and racke. ¶ I saye you truly ye shal not thenne escape neyther wyth wyf ne wyth chylde/ The kyng shal take al le your luyys fro yow/ Therefore it is beste that ye goo wyth me to the court/ your subtyl wyse counseyl shal paraenture 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/ ¶ We haue of tymes don more and gretter thyngys than this.

¶ Reynart the fox answered: ye saye soth: I trowe it is beste that I goo wyth you for ther lacketh my counseyl: Paraenture the kyng shal be merciful to me yf

I may come to speke wyth hym / and see hym vnder his  
 eyen: & though I had don moche more harme: the court may  
 not stonde wythout me. that shal the kynge wel vnderstan  
 de. ¶ 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 courtis ben gadered of kyniges or of grete lordes.  
 where as nedeth subtyl counseyl / That 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 court ben many that haue sworn to  
 doo me the werst 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 neuerdo it is better  
 that I goo wyth yow to the court. and answeere for my self  
 than to sette me my wyf and my chyldren in a venture for  
 to it losse. arys late vs goo hens. He is ouer myghty for  
 me / I muste doo as he wyll / I can not better it / I shal take  
 it paciently and suffre it /

**R**eynart sayde to his wyf dame ermelyn / I betake  
 yow my chyldren that ye see wel to hem / and spece  
 ally to myneste my yongest sone. He helpeth me so wel I  
 hope he shal folowe my stappes. and there is wyl apassyng  
 fayr thes. I loue hem as wel as ony may loue his chyl  
 dren. ¶ If god gyue me grace. that I may escape. I shal  
 when I come agayn thanke yow wyth fayr wordes Thus  
 toke Reynart leue of his wyf. A gods / how sorowful a hode  
 ermelyn wyth her smale whyllys / for the bytapples and he  
 that sorowed for Maleperdu ys was goon his waye. And  
 the hode not pourneped ne bytappled /

¶ How Reynart sheweth hym Capitulo /

xij.

**W**hen Reynart and Grymbert had goon a whyle to gy  
 dre. the sayde Reynart / dere cosyn now am I in grete  
 fere for I goo in drede & ieopardye of my lyf I haue so mo  
 che repentaunce for my synnes that I wil shryue me dere co  
 syn to yow / here is none other preest to gete yf I were shry  
 uen of my synnes. my soule shold be the clerer Grymbert ans  
 werde ¶ Sem wil ye shryue yon thenne muste ye promyse  
 first to lene yon steelyng and woungre Reynart saide that  
 wylste he wel / now berke dere cosyn what I shal saye ¶ To  
 fides tibi pater of alle the mysdoes that I haue don And  
 gladly wil receyue penaunce for them Grymbert sayde what  
 saye ye / wylste ye shryue yow thenne saye it in englysh that  
 I may vnderstande yow the Reynart sayde I haue trespassed ay  
 enst alle the bestis that lyue in espectral ayenst Bruyn the  
 bere myne eem whom I made his crowne al bloody / And  
 taughte cybert the catte to catche myes for I made her kepe  
 in a grynne where she was al to beten / also I haue trespassed  
 grete ayent chauceclere with his children for I haue made  
 hym quyte of a grete delc of hem.

**T**he kynge is not goon al quyte / I haue sklandred  
 hym and the quene many tymes. that they shal ne  
 uer be cleer therof yet haue I begyled ysegrim the wulf of  
 than I can telle wel I called hym eme. but that was to de  
 cepe hym he his nothyng of my kyn I made hym a monke  
 of eelmarc where I my self also became one ¶ And  
 that was to his hurte and no prouffyte I made bynde  
 his feet to y belle rope. the ryngyng of the belle thought him  
 so good that he wolde lerne to ryngre whereof he had shame  
 for he range so fore that alle the folke in the strete  
 were aserd therof And meruaylled what myght be on the  
 belle ¶ And ranne thider to fore he had comen to aye

the religyon. Wher fore he was beten almost to the deth/ aft-  
er this I taught hym to cateche fyssh wher he receyuid ma-  
ny a stroke/ also I ledde hym to the richest prestes holdes that  
was in Bermedos ¶ This prest had a spynde wheryn  
henge many a good flytche of bacon wherin many a tyme I  
was wonte to fyl my hely/ in this spynde I had made an ho-  
le. in whiche I made ysegrym to ceepe ¶ There fonde he tub-  
bes wyth beef And many good flytches of bacon wherof he  
ete so moche withoute mesure that he myght not come out  
at the hole. wher he wente in/ his hely was so grete and ful  
of the mete/ And whan he entered his hely was smal. I  
wente in to the billage And made there a grete sholde &  
noyse pet herke what I dyde thenne I ranne to the prest  
wher he satte at the table. and etc. ¶ And hadde to fore  
hym a fatte capone as a man myght fynde. that capone  
caught I and ranne my voye therwyth al that I myghte  
the prest cryed out and said. ¶ Take and see the foie/ I  
trowe that neuer man salbe more wonder. the foie cometh  
in my holdes & taketh my kapone fro my table/ wher salbe  
ener man an hardper theef ¶ And as me thought he toke  
his table knyfe and casted it at me. But he touched me not  
I ranne away/ he shooft the table from hym/ and folowed me  
cryeng kyll and see hym I to goo and they after and ma-  
ny moo cam after whiche alle thought to hurte me.

**I** Ranne so longe that I cam wher as ysegrym  
was And there I lette falle the capone/ for it was  
to heuy for me. And apenst my wyll I left it there And  
therue I sprange thurgh an hole wher as I wolde  
be ¶ And as the prest toke vp the capone. he espyed yse-  
grym and sayde. Smyte down hys frendes here is the theef the

wulf/ see wel to that he escape be not ¶ They ranne alle  
to cydre wyth stekies and staues And made a grete noy-  
se that alle the neyghbours camen oute. And gauen. hym  
many shredde stekies/ & thredde at hym grete stones in su-  
che wyse that he fyl down as he had ben ded. ¶ They slepyd  
hym and drewe hym ouer stones And ouer blockes wy-  
thout the billage and thredde hym in to a dyche And there  
he laye al the nyght/ I wote neuer how he cam thens syth I  
haue gotten of hym for as moche as I made hym to fylle  
his hely/ that he sware that he wolde be myn helpe an hole yere  
¶ Tho ledde I hym to a place wher I tolde hym ther  
were. vij. hennes And a cocke whiche satte on a perche.  
And were moche fatte ¶ And ther stode a faldore by.  
and we clymmed ther vp. I sayde to hym yf he wolde beleue  
me And that he wolde ceepe in to the dore. he sholde fynde  
many fatte hennes ¶ Ysegrym wente al la wyhng to the  
dore ward And crope a litl in And tasted here and there  
And at laste he sayde to me reynart ye worde and rape wyth  
me for what I seeke I fynde not thenne said. I me yf ye  
wyl fynde ceepe forther in/ he that wil wyhne/ he muste la-  
boure and aueture ¶ They that were wonte to sytce there  
I haue them a waye thus I made hym to seeke forther in. &  
shoue hym forth so ferre / that he fylle down vpon the flo-  
er for the perche was narrow. And he fell so grete a falle  
that they sprange vp alle that slepte And they that laye  
nexte the fyre cryden that the faldore was open / and som-  
thynge was falle And they wiste not wat it myght be.

**T**hey wose vp and lyghte a candel/ and whan they sa-  
we hym they smeton beten / and wounded hym  
to the deth I haue brought hym thus in many peoparys



**A**t the first whan it was knowen in the court that Reynart the foxe and grymbaert his cosyn were come to the court. Ther was none so poure nor so feble of kynne and frendes that he made hym redy for to complayne on Reynart the foxe. Reynart looked as he had not ben a ferde / & helde hym better. Than he was for he wente forth proudly wyth his neuue thurgh the higest strete of the court. Ryght as he had ben the kynges sone. And as he had not trespassed to ony man the value of an heere. And wente in the myddel of the place stondyng to fore noble the kyng and sayde. God gyue yow grete honour. And wooship. Ther was neuer kyng that euer had a trewber seruant. Than I haue ben to your good grace and yet am. ¶ Neuertheles dere lord I knowe wel that ther ben many in this court that wolde destroye me yf ye wold byleue them. But nay god thanke yow hit is not sittyng to your crowne to byleue thise false deceyuars and lyars and lyghly. ¶ To god mote it be complayned how that thise false lyars and flaterers now adayes in the lordes courttes ben moste herde. And byleuyt the shrewdes and false deceyuars ben borne vp for to doo to good men alle the harme and scath they maye. ¶ Our lord god shal ouer rewarde them theyr hyre. The kyng sayde yees Reynard false theef and traytour. How wel can ye brynge forth fayr talis. And alle shalle not helpe yow a stralbe wene ye wyth suche flateryng woordes to be my frende ye haue so ofte seruyd me soo as ye now shal wel knowe. ¶ The yees that I haue comaunded and woorn that haue ye wel holden. haue ye. ¶ Denne chaunteclere coude no longer bestytle but cryde alas what haue I by this yees loste. he styl chaunteclere sayd the kyng holde your mouth late me answer this folke theef.

**T**how shrewd felle theef sayde the kyng thou sayst that thou louest me wel that hast thou shewd wel on my messagers these poure felabes Tibert the cat & Bryn the bere whiche yet ben al bloody whiche chyd not ne saye not moche but that shal this day coste y thy lyf. In nomine pater criste filij sayd y foxe dere lord & myghty kyng yf Brynys crowne be bloody what is that to me whan he ete hony at laniferts hows in y byllage & dyde hym hurte & sca the there was he beten ther fore yf he had wold he is so stroge of lymmes he myght wel haue be auengid er he sprang in to y water. Tho cam tybert y catte. whom I receyued frendly yf he wente out without my counseil for to stele mycs to a prestes hows & y prest dyd hym harme sholde I aby that therne myght I saye I were not happy not so my lyege lord ye may doo what ye wille thowsh my mater be cleer & good ye maye siede me or roste hange. or make me blynde. I may not eschape yow. We stonde alle vnder your correccion. ye be myghty & stronge. I am feble and my helpe is bat smal yf ye put me to y deth. hit were a smal vengence whiles they thus spack sprange vp bellyn y rāme & his elde dame oledwey & sayde my lord y kyng here oure complaynt bryn y bere stode vp wyth al his lagnage and his felabes. Tibert y catte Isegrym y wulf. kywart the hare & panther y boore. y camel & bruel y ghoos the kyde and ghoote boudewyn y asse. boore the bulle hamel y ore. and y wessel. Chaunteclere y cock pertelot wyth alle theyr chyldeyn. alle thise made grete rumour & noyse. And cam forth oppenly to fore their lord the kyng. And made that the foxe was taken and arrested.

¶ How the foxe was arrested and Juges to.  
deth. Capitulo. xiiij

**H**ere upon was a parlement and they desired that Reynart shold be deed and what somme euer they sayden ayenst the foxe he answered to eche of them. nener herde man of such feistis suche playntis of wyse counseil & subtil Inuencions/and on that other syde the foxe made his excuse so wel and formably theron that they that herde it wondred therof they that herde & sawe it may telle hit forth for trouthe I shal shorte the mater and telle yow forth of the foxe The kyng and the counseil herde the witnesse of y complayntes of Reynarts mysdoes hit wente with hem as it ofte doth the feblest hath the doost They gaue sentence and Judged that the foxe shold be deed & hanged by the necke tho lyfste not he to pleye alle his flatteryng wordes & deceyters coude not helpe hym The Jugement was gyven & that muste be don grymbert his neuue & many of his lynnage myght not fynde in their hertes to see hym dye but token leue forou

fully and comed the court.

**T**he kyng bithoughte hym & marked how many a ponyng departed from thens al wepyng whiche were nyght of his kyngne & sayde to hym self hier behoueth other counseyl herto Though Reynart be a sherebe ther be many good of his lynnage thylert the catte sayde sir Bruyn & sir Issegrym how be ye thus slowe it is al most euen hier ben many bushes & hedges yf he escaped from us and were deluered out of this paryl he is so subtil & so wply & can so many deceytes that he shold neuer be taken ageyn shal we hange hym how stonde ye al thus or y galewis can be made redy it shal be nyght Issegrym bethoughte hym tho & seyde hier by is a gyllet or galewis/ And wyth that worde he syghed and the catte espyed that and sayde Issegrym ye be afred is 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 shold thanke hym. and ye shold not therwyth so longe tarpe/

**H**ow the foxe was ledde to the galewis. Cap: xv  
**S**eggym balked and sayde ye make mocke a doo sir Epybert had we an halter whiche were mete for his necke and stronge ynough. We shold sone make an ende/ Reynart the foxe whiche longe had not spoken/ Sayde to Issegrym shorte my payne Epybert had a stronge corde whiche caught hym in the prestes hous whan he wote of the prestes genytoirs/ he can clyme wel and is wyft late hym here by the lyne/ Issegrym and Bruyn this becometh yow wel that ye thus doo to your neuue/ I am sorry that I lyue thus long/ haste you ye be sette therto it is euyl doo that ye tarpe thus long. goo to fore Bruyn and lede me Issegrym folowe fast. and see wel to and beware that Reynart not goo away tho sayd Bruyn it is the best counseyl that I euer yet herde. That Reynart there seyth Issegrym comaunded anon and badde hys kyn and frendes/ that they shold see to Reynart/ yf he escaped not/ For he is so wply and fals. They helden hym by the feet/ & by the herde/ & so kepte hym that he escaped not from hym/ The foxe herde alle thysse wordes. whiche touchid hym nyght/ yet spack and sayde/ Och dere eme/ me thynkith ye payne your self fore for to doo me hurte and scathe/ If I durste I wolde pray you of mercy/ though my hurte and sorow is playfant to you/ I wote wel 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 wyll doo on me what it shal plesse yow ye Bruyn and Epybert god gyue you shames deth. but ye doo to me your werst: I wote wherto I shal/ I may dye but

ones I wold that I were dede al redy I salbe my fader deye  
he had sone doone/ Isegryn sayde late vs goo/ For ye cur:  
se vs/ by cause we lengthe the tyme: Euyll mote he face yf  
we abyde any lenger: he wente forth wyth grete enuye on y  
one syde and Bruyn stode on that other syde / and so ledde  
they hym forth to the galloves warde Epybert ranne wyth a  
good wyll to fore. and bare the corde and his throte was yet  
sore of the gryppe/ and his crowpe dyde hym woo of the stri  
ke that he was take in/ That happed by the counseyl of the  
foye. and that thought he nold to quyte.

**E**pybert Isegryn and Bruyn wente hastely wyth Rey:  
nart to the place. there as the felons ben doonte to be  
put to deth. ¶ Nowel the kynge and the quene/ and alle that  
were in the court folowed after for to see the ende of reynart  
the foye was in grete drede yf hym myshapped: & kethought  
hym ofte. how he myght saue hym fro the deth. ¶ And tho  
thre that so fore despyden his deth how he myght deceyue  
them. & brynge them to shame/ & how he myght brynge the  
kynge with lesyngis for to holde wyth hym ayens't hem. this  
was alle that he studyed: How he myght putte adwape his  
sorowe wyth wylys/ And thought. thus though the kyn:  
ge and many one be spon me angry/ it is no wonder/ for I  
haue wel deseruyd it neuertheles I hope for to be yet hys best  
frende/ And yet shal I neuer do them good/ how strong that  
the kynge be/ and wyse that hys counseyl be. If y may brow:  
ke my wordes: I knowe so many an inuencion. I shal co:  
me to myn aboue. as fer as they wold comen to y galloves.

**W**ho sayde Isegryn/ sir Bruyn thynke nold on your  
rede crowne whiche by Reynarts mene ye caughte  
we haue nold the tyme that we may wel rewarde hym/

Epybert clyme vp hastely and bynde the corde faste to the  
lynde/ & make a rydyngge knotte or a stropp/ ye be the lych  
tyst/ ye shal this day see your wyll of hym. Bruyn see wel  
to that he es cape not/ and holde faste. I wyl helpe that the lad  
der be sette vp that he may goo vpwart thereon. Bruyn sayde  
wo/ I shal helpe hym wol. ¶ The foye sayde nold may my  
her'te be wel heuy for grete drede/ For I see the deth to fore  
myn eyn/ And I may not escape: ¶ My lord the kynge  
and dere quene. and forth alle ye that here stande er I depar  
te fro this worlde. I praye you of a lone. that I may to fore  
you alle make my confession openly and telle my defaultes  
also clerly that my soule be not acombred. And also that  
noman here after here 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 soule/

¶ How the foye made openly his confession to fore y kyn  
ge & to fore al them that wold here it/ Cap<sup>o</sup> ybi

**A**le they that stoden there had pyte wohan Reynart  
sayde tho wordys/ and sayd it was but a lytyl request  
te yf the kynge wold graunte it hym/ And they prayde the  
kynge to graunte it hym/ ¶ The kynge gaf hym leue Rey:  
nart was wel glad/ And hoped that it myght falle better/  
And sayd thus/ Now helpe spiritus domini. For I see hier  
noman but I haue trespaced vnto. Neuertheles yet was  
I vnto the tyme that I was wened fro the tete: One the  
best chyld that coude outhere be fouden/ I wente to and play  
de wyth the lambs by cause I herde hem gladly blete/ I was  
so longe wyth hem that at the laste I bot one there lerned I  
fyrest to lapyen of the bloode hit sauourd wel/ me thought it  
ryght good. And after I began to taste of the flessch/ therof  
I was lycourous. so that after that I wente to the ghet in

to the woode. there herde I the kyddes bleke. and I slewe of  
 them tweyne ¶ I began to wepe hardy After I slewe hen  
 nes / polapl. and akes where euer I fonde hem / Thus dooz  
 den my teeth al bloody after this / I were so felle & so wroth  
 that what someuer I fonde. that I myght ouer / I slewe  
 alle Ther after cam I by Isegrym now in the wynter  
 where he hyde hym vnder a tree / and rekened to me that he  
 was myn Eme. Whenne I herde hym thenne rekiene ally  
 ance we be camen felawes whiche I may wel repente. we pro  
 mysed eche to other to be trewe and to vse good felawshyp  
 and began to wandre to gyder. he stal the grete thynges  
 and I the smalle and all was comyn bydoene vs / Yet he  
 made it so that he had the beste dele I gate not half my parte  
 whan that Isegrym gate a calf a ramme or a weder then  
 ne grymmed he / and was angry on me and droof me fro  
 hym And helde my part and his to / so good is he /

**U**t this was of the leste. but whan it so lucked that  
 we toke an Oxe or a Colde. thenne cam therto his  
 wyf wyth vj children so. that vnto me myght vnnethe  
 come one of the smallest rybles. And yet had they eten all  
 the flessch therof: ther wyth all must I be content not for þ  
 I had so grete neede. ¶ For I haue so grete scatte and good  
 of syluer and of gold that seuen waynes shold not conne ca  
 rye it alway / whan the kynge herde hym speke of this grete  
 good and richesse he brenned in the desyre and couetyse the  
 rof and sayde Reynart where is the rycheffe becomen. telle  
 me that: The foye sayde my lord I shal telle you / the rycheff  
 se was stolen. and had it not bestolen / it shold haue coste  
 you your lye and shold haue ben murdered whiche god for  
 bedde and shold haue ben the gretest hurte of the woorld  
 whan the quene herde that she was fore aferde and cryde

colde. alas and welaway Reynart what saye ye. I conuere  
 you by the long way that your soule shal goo. that ye tel  
 le vs openly the trouthe herof as moche as ye knowe of  
 this grete murdre that shold haue be don on my lord: that  
 we alle may here it now herkene / hold the foye shal flater  
 the kynge and quene. and shal wyne bothe their good  
 wylls and loue / And shal byndre them that labore for  
 his deth / he shal byndre his packe and lye and by flaterye  
 and faye wordes shal bryng forth so hys maters / that it  
 shal be supposed for trouthe.

**I**n a scrouful countenance spack the foye to the quene  
 I am in suche cas now that I muste neede. dye &  
 hadde ye me not so fore conuired / I wyl not Jeoparde my  
 soule / And yf I so dye I shold goo therefore in to the payne  
 of helle / I wyl saye nothyng but that I wyl 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 be draye  
 yf the sorow were not of the helle. The kynge was heuy of  
 herte and sayde: Reynart sayste thou to me the trouthe: ye  
 sayde the foye / see ye not how it standeth wyth me. Wene ye  
 that I wyl dampne my soule / what shold it auaylle me yf  
 I now sayde other wyse than trouthe / my deth is so nygh /  
 ther may nether prayer ne good helpe me / ¶ Tho trembled  
 the foye by dysymplyng as he had ben a ferde / The quene  
 had pyte on hym / And prayde the kynge to haue mercy on  
 hym in eschewyng of more harme. and that he shold do the  
 peple holde their peas and gyue the foye audience / and here  
 what he shold saye / ¶ Tho commaunded the kynge openly  
 that eche of them shold be styll / and suffre the foye to saye  
 vntersped what that he wold / thene sayde þ foye. be ye now

alle styllē/ syth it is the kynge's wyllē/ and I shal telle you  
openly this treson: And therein I wyll spare no man that  
I knowe gylty!

**H**old the fore brought them in daunger/ that wolde ha:  
ue brought hym to deth. & hold he gate the grace of y<sup>r</sup> kynge/  
Capitulo p<sup>o</sup> 11<sup>o</sup>

**N**ow herkene hold the fore began/ in the begynnynge he  
callede grymbert his dere cosyn/ whiche euer had hol:  
p<sup>r</sup> in hym in his nede/ He dyde so bycause his wordes shold be  
the better beleued. and that he forthon myght the better lye  
on his enemyes / Thus began he firste and sayde/ my lord  
my fader had founden kynge ermerys tresour dolen in a  
pyttē/ And whan he had this grete good: he was so proude  
and orguyllous that he had alle other bestes in despyte  
whiche to fore had ben his felawes he made tybert the catte  
to goo in to that wyldē lande of ardenne to bruyne the here  
for to do hym homage/ and bad hym saye yf he wolde be kynge  
that he shold come in to flauders bruyne the here was glad  
hierof/ For he had longe desired it/ And wente forth in to  
flauders where my fader receyued hym ryght frendly/ anon  
he sente for the wyse grymbert myn newelde. And for Ise:  
grym the wulfe. and for tybert the catte. Tho these fyue ca:  
men bytwene gaunt and the thorse callyd pte. there they  
helden theyr counseyl an hole nyght longe/ what wyth  
the deuiles helpe and craft and for my faders rycheesse they  
concluded. & swore there the kynge's deth: Now herkene and  
here this wonder the foure sworn vpon Isegrym's crowne  
that they shold make bruyne kynge and lord/ And bruyne  
hym in y<sup>r</sup> stole at akon & sette y<sup>r</sup> crowne on his heed: & yf the  
re were any of y<sup>r</sup> kynge's frendes or lynnage. y<sup>r</sup> wolde be con:  
trarye or ayenst this/ hym sholdē my fader wyth his good

& tresour fordeyne & take from hym his myght & ro<sup>o</sup>ber/  
**I**t happed so that on a morowtyme early that grym:  
bert my newelde was of wyne almost dronke. that he  
tolde it to dame sloepcote his wyf in counseyl & badde her  
kepe it secreete. but she anon forgate it. & sayde it forth in co:  
fession to my wyf vpon an heth where they bothe wenten a  
pylgrimage: but she must first swere by her trouthe & by the  
holy thre kynge's of coleyne y<sup>r</sup> for loue ne for hate she sho  
d neuer telle it forth/ but kepe it secreete/ but she helde it not. &  
kepte it no longer secreete/ but tyl she cam to me/ & she thene  
tolde to me alle that she herde/ but I muste it kepe in secreete.  
and she tolde me so many tokenys/ that I shal euel it was  
trouthe & for drede and feere myn her stode ryght vp. And  
my herde became as hup as leed/ & as alx as Ise. I thought  
by thys a lyknesse whiche hier a fore tyme byfalle to the  
frowe/ this whiche were free. and complayned that they had no  
ne lord/ ne were not bydwongen/ for a comytē whithout  
a gouenour was not good. and they cryden to god wyth  
a loudē voyce/ that he wolde ordene one that myght reule  
them/ this was al that they desyred/ God herde theyr request  
te/ for it was resonable & sente to them a storkie whiche ete &  
swolowed them in as many as he coude fynde he was allwai  
to hem vndermerciful. tho complayned they theyr hurte/ but t<sup>h</sup>e  
ne it was to late/ they y<sup>r</sup> were to fore free & were a feide of  
no body ben now bode & muste obeye to strengthe theyr kyn  
ge. hyper fore ye riche & poure I swolwed y<sup>r</sup> it myght happyn  
**T**hus my lord the kynge I haue **¶** As in lyke wyse.  
had sorow for you wherof ye can me but lytyl thanke  
I knowe bruyne the here for such a shrewde & rauener: wher:  
for I thoute yf he were kynge he shold be alle destroyed &  
loste. I knowe our souerayn lord the kynge of so hie byrthe

so myghty so benygne & merciful. that I thought truly it had ben an euyl chaunge for to haue a foule stynkyng theef & to refuse a noble myghty statly lyon/ For y<sup>e</sup> here hath more made folpe in his vntyrifty hede and al his auncestres. than ony other hath thus had I in myn herte many a sorow. We: & thought allway how I myght breke and fordoe my faders fals counseyl whiche of a chorle & a traytour & worffe than a theef wolde make a lorde & a kynge allway I prayd god that he wolde kepe our kynge in worship & good helthe and graunte hym long lyf/ but I thought wel yf my fader helde his tresour. he shold wyth his fals felows wel fynde y<sup>e</sup> waye that the kynge shold be deposed & sette a syde. I was sore kethought how I myght keste wyth where my faders good laye/ I a wayted at al tymes as nygh as I coude. in woods in bushes in feel dys. & where my fader leyde his eyen were it by nyght or by daye/ colde or weete I was allway by hym to espye & knowe where his tresour was leyde/

**O**n a tyme I laye down al plat on the grounde/ & salde my fader come remynng out of an hole. Now herkene what I salde hym do. when he cam out of the hole. He looked fast a loute yf ony body had seen hem. And when he coude nother none see. he stopped the hole wyth sande and made hit euen and playn lyk to y<sup>e</sup> other grounde by. he kyne/ We not that I salde it/ and where his footspore stood/ there stryked he wyth his tayl & made it smothe wyth his mouth that noman shold espye it that lerned I there of my fals fader & many subtyltees that I to fore knewe nothyng of/ thene departed he thens & ranne to the village ward for to doo his thyngis/ and I forgate not but sprange and lepe to & hole ward and howd wel yf he had supposed that he had made al faste I was not so moche a fool but y<sup>e</sup> I fonde y<sup>e</sup> hole wel. and cratched and scraped with my feet the sande out of the

hole & crepte therein there fonde I the moste plenty of siluer & of golde that euer I sawe/ here is none so olde that euer so moche sawe on one heep in alle his lyf. Tho toke I ermely/ ne my wyf to helpe & we ne rested nyght ne day to here & carrye a waye with grete labour & payne this riche tresour in to another place that laye for. As letter vnder an halde in a depe hole in the mene wyple that myn husewyf & I thus labourd my fader was with them that wolde betraye y<sup>e</sup> kynge/ now may ye here what they dede bruyne the here and pseygryn the wulf sente alle the londe a loute yf ony man wolde take wages that they shold come to bruyne and he wolde paye them their souldye or wages to fore. my fader ranne ouer alle the londe and bare the lettres he wist tytil that he was robbed of his tresour. ye though he myght haue wonnen al the world. he had not conne fynde a peny therof.

**W**hen my fader hadde ben oueral in the lande byt bene the elue and the somme/ And hadde gotten many a souldyours that shold the next somer haue comen to helpe bruyne tho cam he agayn to the here and his felows. and tolde them in how grete auenture he had be to fore the borughes in y<sup>e</sup> londe of sayone/ & how y<sup>e</sup> hunters dayly ryden & hunted with houndes after hym in suche wise yf he vnnethis escaped with his lyf when he had tolde this to thise foure false traytours thene shode he them lettres yf plesyd moche to bruyne there in were Doreton. viij. C. of pseygryms lignage by name withoute y<sup>e</sup> heres y<sup>e</sup> foxes the catter & the dassen alle thise had sworn that with y<sup>e</sup> first messager y<sup>e</sup> shold come for them they shold be redy and come for to helpe the here/ 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 and wolde loke vpon it/ tho began he a

grette sorrowe that he soughte before nothyng he founde his ho-  
le broken and his tresour born away there dyde he that I may  
wel sorrowe and he waylle for grette anger and sorrowe he  
went and hynge hym self/ thus abode the treson of Bruyn  
by my subtilte after/ Now see myn. Infortune/ thise trayto-  
urs yfegym and Bruyn/ ken now most prey of counseyl a-  
bout the kynge. Ipte by hym on the hye beuche ¶ And I  
poure reynart haue no thake ne reward I haue buryed myn  
olde fader by cause the kynge sholde haue his lye/ my lorde  
sayde the foie were ken they that so wolde doo that is to de-

¶ I strope them self for to kepe yow.

**T**he kynge and the quene hoped to byprie the tresour  
and wyth oute counseyl toke to them reynart and  
prayed hym that he wolde do so wel as to telle them where  
this tresour was/ reynart saide hold shold I telle the kynge  
or them that wolde hange me/ for loue of the traytours &  
murderars which by her flaterye wolde fayne byprie me to  
deth/ shold I telle to them where my good is/ thenne were I  
out of my wyte ¶ The quene tho I pack nay reynart the  
kynge shal lette you haue your lye and shal al to gyde for/  
gyue you/ and ye shal be frohens forth wyse and true to my-  
lorde. the foie answered to the quene/ dere lady of the kynge  
wil beleue me and that he wil pardone and forgyue me alle  
my olde trespasses ther was neuer kynge so riche as I shal  
make hym for y tresour that I shal doo hym haue is right  
costely and may not be nobred. The kynge said ach dame  
wil ye beleue the foie ¶ I sauf your reuerence he is  
borne to robbe/ stele /and to lye/ this cleud to his bones/ &  
can not be had out of the flesshe/ the quene saide nay my lorde  
ye may now well beleue hym though he were here to fore fel-  
le/ he is now chaunged otherwise than he was ye haue wel  
herde that he hath apprechid his fader & the dalle his newe

Whiche he myght wel haue leyde on other bestes/ yf he wolde  
haue ken false felle and a liar. The kynge said dame wille  
ye thenne haue it soo and thynke ye it best to beon though  
I supposed it sholde hurte me I wille take alle thise trespa-  
ces of reynart vpon me and beleue his wordes ¶ But I we-  
re by my crowne yf he euer here after mysdoe and trespace/ y  
shal he dere aby and alle his lyeage vnto the. ix. degree.

The foie looked on the kynge stoundmele and was glad in  
his herte and saide my lord I were not wyse yf I sholde saye  
thyng that were not trewe ¶ The kynge toke by astraw  
fro the ground ¶ And pardoned and forgaf the foie alle the  
mysdoes and trespasses of his fader and of hym also yf the  
foie was tho mery & glad it was no wonder for he was  
quyte of his deth and was alle free and frankie of alle his  
enemyes.

**T**he foie saide my lord the kynge and noble lady the  
quene god reward yow/ this grette worship that ye  
do to me I shal thynke and also thanke you for hit in suche  
wise that ye shal be the richest kynge of the world/ for ther  
is none luyng vnto the sonne that I bouche sauf better  
my tresour on/ than yow bothe ¶ Thenne toke the foie by  
a straw and profred it to the kynge and saide my moste de-  
re lord please it yow receyue here y riche tresour which kyn-  
ge ermeryk hadde / for I gyue it vnto you wyth a fre wyll  
and knowleche it openly ¶ The kynge receyuid the straw  
and threwe it meryly fro hym wyth a Ioyous bysage.

¶ And thanked moche the foie. ¶ The foie laughed in  
hym self ¶ The kynge thenne herkened after the coun-  
seyl of the foie ¶ And alle that ther were/ were  
at his wyll. My lorde sayde he herkene and marke wel  
my wordes. in the west side of flaunders ther standeth a

woode and is named hulsterlo. And a water that is cal-  
 led krekienpyt lyeth therby. This is so grete a Wylde-  
 nesse that ofte in an hole yere man/ ner wyf cometh therein sauf  
 they that wil. and they that wille not eschewe it. There ly-  
 eth this tresour hydde/ vnderstande wel that y place is cal-  
 led krekienpyt for I aduise you for the leste hurte that ye &  
 my lady goo tothe thider for I knowe none so trewe that  
 I durste on your behalfe truste, wherfore goo your self.  
 And whan ye come to krekienpyt ye shal fynde there two  
 birchen trees standyng/ alther next the pytte my lord to the  
 byrchen trees shal ye goo/ there lyeth the tresour vnter wol-  
 uen. There muste ye scrape and dygge a way a lytyl the  
 mosse on the oneside. Ther shalle ye fynde many a Jewell  
 of golde and syluer. and there shal ye fynde the crowne whi-  
 che kynge Ermerick wore in his dayes y sholde buye the  
 here haue worn yf his wyf had gon forth ye shal see many  
 a costly Jewell with rich stones sette in golde werk whiche  
 coste many a thousand marke. My lord the kynge whan ye  
 now haue alle this good/ hold ofte shal ye saye in your her-  
 te and thynke. O hold true art thou reynart the foie. that  
 with thy subtil wytt daluyt and hydest here. this grete  
 tresour. god gyue the good happye and welfare wher euer  
 thou see.

The kynge sayde/ sir reynart ye muste come and helpe  
 vs to dygge vp this tresour I knowe not y way I  
 sholde neuer conne fynde it I haue herde ofte named parys  
 london akon & coleyn. As me thynketh this tresour lyeth  
 ryght as ye mocked & Japed for ye name krekienpyt y is  
 a fayned name these wordes were not good to y foie & he sa-  
 yd wyth an angry mode & dissympled & saide ye my lord y  
 kynge ye be also nygh y as fro come to maye were ye y

wille lide yow to flomme iordan. May I shal bryngge you  
 out of Wenyng and shewe it you by good wyntes he called  
 lorde kybart the hare come here to fore the kynge. The re-  
 stes saide alle thider ward and wondred what the kynge  
 wold the foie sayd to the hare kybart ar ye a colde/ hold tre-  
 ble ye and quacke so he not a ferd/ & telle my lord the kynge  
 here the trouthe. And that I charge you by the fayth and  
 cronthe that ye owe hym and to my lady the quene of su-  
 che thyng. as I shal demaunde of you. Reynart saide I shal  
 saye the trouthe though I shold lose my necke therefore I.  
 shal not lye ye haue charged me so sore yf I knowe it then  
 ne saye knowe ye not wher krekienpyt standeth is that in  
 your mynde the hare sayde I knowe that wel. xii. yer agoon  
 wher that stondeth wher aske ye that. It stondeth in a woode  
 named hulsterlo vpon a warande in y Wylde-  
 nesse/ I haue suffred there moche sorowe for hunger and for colde/ ye mo-  
 re than I can telle. Pater Symonet the frise was doned to  
 make there false money/ wher wyth he bare hym self out and  
 al his feladshipp/ but that was to fore er I had feladshipp  
 wyth ry the hounde whiche made me escape many a dan-  
 ger/ as he coude wel telle yf he were here and that I neuer  
 In my dayes trespaced apenst the kynge other wyse than  
 I ought to doo with right/ reynart sayd to hym go agayn  
 to yonder feladshipp here ye kuard my lord the kynge de-  
 syreth nomore to knowe of yow the hare/ returned. and  
 wente agayn to the place he cam fro. The foie sayd my lord  
 the kynge is it trewe that I saide ye reynart said y kynge  
 for gyue it me. I dyde euyl that I leuid you not. Now  
 reynart frende fynde y waye y ye goo. wyth vs to the pla-  
 ce & pytte wher the tresour lyeth y foie said it is a wonder  
 thyng were ye y I wold not fayne goo with yow yf it



were so wyth me that I myght goo wyth you in such wyse that it no shame were. Vnto your lordshipp/ I wold goo but nay it may not be herkened what I shal saye and muste needs though it be to me bylonye and shame. Whan.

As for the wulf in the deuelles name wente to religion and became a monk in the ordre/ tho the prouende of fyre 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 be cam slowe and seke/ and by cause he was of my kynne/ I gaf hym counceyl to renne a way and so he dyde/ wherefore I stonde a cursed and am in the popes banne and sentence I wil to morowe bytymes as the sonne riseth take my waye to come for to be assoyled and take pardon and fro come I wil ouer the see in to the holy lande and wil neuer retorne agayn til I haue don so much good that I may wyth worship goo wyth you wyth grete repect to you my lord the kyng. in what londe that I accompauned you that men shold saye ye reped and accompanied your self wyth a cursyd and a persone agrauate

The kyng sayde sith that ye stande a cursyd in the censures of the church yf I wente wyth you men sholde arrete bylonye vnto my crowne. I shal thenne take kybaeret or somme other to goo wyth me to krepken pyte. and I counseyle you reynart that ye put you your self out of this curse my lord qd the fore therefore wyll I goo to come as hastily as I may I shal not reste by nyght ner day til I be assoyled/ reynart sayd y kyng. me thynkieth ye ben torned in to a good waye god gyue you grace to accomplissh wel your desyre.

Asone as this spekyng was don. noble the kyng wente/ and stode vpon an hygh stage of stone.

¶ And commāded splene be alle the bestes. and that they shulde sytte down in a ryngge rounde vpon the grasse eueriche in his place after his estate & byrthe reynart the foye stode by the quene whom he ought wel to loue. Ehenne sayd the kyng here ye alle that be poure and rich yong & olde that stoneth here reynart one of the heed offycers of my holwe had don so euyl whiche this daye shold haue ben hanged hath now in this court don so moche that I and my wyf y quene haue promised to hym our grace and frendshipp. The quene hath prayde. moche for hym/ in so moche that I haue made pces wyth hym. ¶ And I gyue to hym his lyf and membre frely agayn / & I comāde you vpon your lyf that ye do worship to reynart his wyf and to his chyldren where somcuer ye mete hem by day or by nyght and I wil also here nomoo complayntes of reynart yf he hath hier to fore mysdon & trespaced. he wil nomore mysdo ne trespace but now betere hym he wyll to morowe/ erly goo to y pope for pardone & forpueues of alle his synnes & forth ouer y see to y holy lande & he wil not come agayn tyl he bryng pardon of all his synnes this take herde tyself y rauen. & kepe to yse / grym/ to beuyn & to tybert there as they were / & sayde ye captyfs hold goth it now ye vnhappy folkie what do ye here. reynart y fore is now asquyer. and a courtier & ryght grete & myghty in the court

¶ The kyng hath skylled hym quyte of alle his brokes and forgouen hym alle his trespasses & mysedes. And ye be alle betrayed and aprechyd yse / grym sayde hold may this be I twode tyself that ye lye I do not certaynly saide the rauen. Tho wente the wulf and the here to the kyng. Tybert the catte was in grete sorowe he was so sore a ferde y for to haue y foyes frendshipp. he wold wel forgoue reynart y losse of his one eye y he losse in the

preystys holys/ he was so woo/ he wist not what to doo/ he  
wolde wel that he neuer had seen the fore.

¶ How the wolf and the bere were arrestyd by the  
labour of reynart the foye capitulo. xviij.

**U** Segrym cam proudly ouer the felde to fore the kyn  
ge/ he thanked y<sup>e</sup> quene. & spack wyth a felle moed  
p<sup>l</sup>le wordes on y<sup>e</sup> foye in such a wyse that y<sup>e</sup> kynge herd h<sup>er</sup>  
and was wroth and made the wolf and the bere anon to be  
arrestyd ye salde neuer wood dogges do more harme than  
was don to them they were bothe fast bounden so fore that  
alle y<sup>e</sup> nyght they myght not steepe haue ne foot they myght  
scarsely styre ne meue ony/ Joynt ¶ Now here hold y<sup>e</sup> foye  
forth dyde he hated hem/ he labored so to the quene that he ga  
te leue so for to haue as moche of the beres skyn as his rid  
ge as a foote longe and a foot brode for to make hym the  
rof a scryppe/ thenne was y<sup>e</sup> foye redy yf he had foure stroge  
shoon/ now here hold he dyde for to gete these shoon. he sayd  
to y<sup>e</sup> quene. madame I am yonre pylgrym. here is myn eme  
fir 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 besyde thynke on your soule ffor it is right y<sup>e</sup> a pyl  
grym shold alway thynke and praye for them that doo hym  
good. Thus maye ye doo your soule good yf ye wyll.

¶ And also yf ye myght gete of myn aunte dame ces/ wyne al  
so two of her shoon to gyue me she may wel doo it. ffor she go  
oth but lytil out but abydeth alway at home thenne sayde y<sup>e</sup>  
quene reynart wolde shoueth wel such a shox ye may not be  
wythout hem they shal be good for you to kepe your feet ho  
ol for to passe wyth them many a sharpe montayn and sto  
ny rockes. ye can fynde no better shox for you than such as  
Isegrym & his wyf haue and were they be good & stronge

though it shold touche their lyf eche of them shal gyue yow  
two shox for to accomplissh wyth your h<sup>er</sup>e pylgrymage/  
¶ How Isegrym and hys wyf ces/ wyne muste suffre her  
shox to be plucked of. And how reynard dyde on the shox  
for to goo to rome wyth/ Capitulo xix

**T**hus hath this fals pylgrym gotten fro Isegrym y.  
shoxes fro his feet/ whiche were haled of the clawes  
to the seneloyes ye salde neuer foule that men wosted laye so  
styll/ as Isegrym dyde whan his shox were haled of. he  
styre not/ and yet his feet bledde/ thenne whan Isegrym  
was vnshod/ he muste dame ces/ wyne his wyf lye down in  
y<sup>e</sup> grasse wyth on heuy chiere. & she losse ther her hynder shox  
he was the foye glad and sayde to his aunte in scorne/  
My dere aunte hold 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 wyll glad  
ly were your shoxen ye shal be patener of my pylgrymage/ &  
dele of the pardon that I wyth your shox shal fetch ouer the  
see: dame ces/ wyne was so woo that she vnnethe myght spe  
ke neuertheles this she sayde/ ¶ A reynart y<sup>e</sup> ye now al thus  
haue yonre wyll/ I praye god to wreke it: ysegrym and his fe  
lald the bere halden their pees/ and weren al styll. they we  
re euyl at ease/ for they were bounden and sore wounded/  
Had t<sup>h</sup>ert the catte ben there/ he shold also somwhat  
haue suffred: in such a wyse. as he shold not escape thens  
¶ wythout hurte and shame.

**T**he next day whan the sonne awoos reynart thenne  
dyde grete his shox whiche he had of Isegrym and  
ces/ wyne his wyf/ and dyde hym on and bonde hem to his feet  
and wente to the kynge and to the quene and sayde to hem  
wyth a glad chere/ Noble lord and lady god gyue you good

morow and I desire of your grace that I may haue make a  
 staff blessed as longed to a pylgrym. Thenne the kynge a-  
 none/sente for bellyn the ramme. and when he cam he sayde  
 Sir bellyn ye shal do masse to fore reynart. For he shal goo  
 on a pylgremage: and geue to hym make and staf/the ram  
 answered agayn and sayde/ My lord I dare not do it. For  
 he hath sayd that he is in the popes curse. The kynge sayde/  
 what therof. mayster gelys hath sayd to vs yf a ma had do  
 as many synnes as al the world. and tho synnes forsake/  
 shryue hem and resseue penance/and do by the prestes cou-  
 seyl/god wyl forgyue them & he merciful. Vnto hym now  
 wyl reynart goo ouer the see in to the holy lande and make  
 hym cleue of al his synnes. Thenne answered bellyn to the  
 kynge I wyl not do lyttyl ne moche herin. but yf ye saue  
 me harmles in y<sup>r</sup> spiritual court byfore the bysshop preudlor  
 And to fore his archdeken loosynge. & to fore rapianus  
 his offycial. the kynge began to weere dowth and sayde. I  
 shal not byde you so moche in half a yere I had leuer han-  
 ge you than I shold so moche praye you for it. when y<sup>r</sup> came  
 salde that the kynge was angry/ he was so sore aserd that  
 he quicke for fere & wente to y<sup>r</sup> auter & sange in his booke  
 and rade such as hym thought good ouer reynart whiche  
 lyttyl sette/ther by sauf y<sup>r</sup> he wold haue y<sup>r</sup> doozship therof/

**W**hen bellyn the ramme had alle sayd his seruyse de-  
 uoutly. thenne he bynge on the foyis necke a male  
 couerd wyth the skynne of beuyn the bere/ and a lyttyl pall-  
 ter therby: tho was reynart redy to ward his Journey/ tho  
 looked he to ward the kynge as he had ben sorowful to depar-  
 te and fayed as he had wepte. ryght as he had pamerde in  
 his herte. but yf he had ony sorow it was by cause al y<sup>r</sup> other  
 that were there were not in the same plyght as the wulf &

here were brought in by hym. Neuertheles he stood & prayd  
 them alle to praye for hym lyk as he wold praye for them  
 the foye thought that he tarped longe and wold fayne haue  
 departed for he knewe hym self gylty/ The kynge sayde re-  
 nart I am sorry ye be so hasty and wyl no lenger tarpe/ nay  
 my lord it is tyme for me ought not spare to do wel/ I pra-  
 ye you to geue me leue to departe I muste do my pylgry-  
 mage/ The kynge sayde god be wyth you. and comaunded  
 alle them of the court to goo. and conueye reynart on his  
 way sauf the wulf and the bere whiche fast laye bounden.  
 ther was none that durste be sorry ther fore. and yf ye had  
 seen Reynart hold personably he wente wyth his make and  
 palster on his sholder and the shoes on his feet. ye shold ha-  
 ue laughed/ he wente and sheldde hym outeward wyfely. but  
 he laughed in his herte that alle they brought hym forth.  
 whiche had a lyttyl to fore been/ wyth hym so wroth/ And  
 also the kynge whiche so moche hated hym. He had made  
 hym such a fool that he brought hym to his owne entente  
 he was a pylgrym of deure as

**W** Lord the kynge sayd y<sup>r</sup> foye I pray you to retorne a-  
 gayn. I wyl not that ye goo ony ferther wyth me/ ye  
 myght haue harme therby. ye haue there two morderars  
 arstyd. yf they escaped you. ye myght be hurt by them I pra-  
 ye god kepe you fro mysauenture. wyth these wordes he si-  
 de vp/ an his afterfeet/ And prayde alle the bestys grete &  
 smale that wold be parteners of his pardon that they shold  
 praye for hym/ They sayde that they alle wold remembre  
 hym Thenne departed he fro the kynge so heuily that many  
 of them ermed. Thenne sayde he to kyward the hare/ and  
 bellyn the ramme mercy/ dere frendes shal we now departe  
 Ye wyl and god wyl accompanye me ferther. ye two make

me neuer angry/ ye be good for to walke wyth courtours/  
frendly & not complayned on of ony bestie ye be of good  
condicions/and goostely of pour lypnyng/ ye lye bothe as I  
dye/Whan I was a recluse, yf ye haue leuys and gras ye  
be plesyd. ye retche not of brede. of flessh/ ne suche maner mete  
wyth suche flaterynge wordes hath reynart thys tyme fla:  
tred That they wente wyth hym tyl they camen to fore his  
holles/maleperduys:

**H**old kylward the hare was slayn by the fore. Cap<sup>o</sup> xx  
Whan the fore was come to fore the pate of his holles  
he sayde to kellyn the ramme wsyn ye shal abide here  
wythoute I and kylward wyll goe in. For I wyll praye  
kylward to helpe me to take my kye of ermelyn my wyf / &  
to conforte her and my chyldren. kellyn sayde I praye hym to  
comforte them wel wyth suche flaterynge wordes brought  
he the hare in to his hole in an euyl hour/ There fonde they  
dame ermelyn lyeing on the grounde wyth her yonglyngis  
whiche had sorowed moche for dede of reynarts deth. But  
whan she sawe hym come she was glad but whan she sawe  
his make and palster/and espyed his shooes / she meruaylled  
and sayde dere reynard hold haue ye sped/ he sayd I was awel  
tyd in the court. But the kynge lete me gon. I muste goe a  
pylgrimage. Gryn the here and yfegryn the wulf they be  
pledge for me/ I thanke the kynge/ he hath gyuen to vs kyl  
ward hier. For to do wyth hym what we wyll. The kyng  
sayde hym self that kylward was the first that on vs com:  
playned. And by the fayth y I olde yold I am right wroth  
on kylward/ whan kylward herde thise wordes he was sore a:  
ferde. He wold haue fledde but he myght not/ For the fore  
stode bytwene hym and the pate. And he caught hym by y  
neckie/ Tho cryed the hare helpe kellyn helpe. Where be ye this

pylgryme fleeth me. But that crye was sone doon/ For the  
fore had anen byten his throte a tyme/ Tho sayde he late vs  
goe etc this good fatte hare. the yonge welkes cam also/  
Thus helde they a grete feste/ For kylward had a good  
fatte body/ Ermelyn etc the flessh and dranche the blooder:  
she thankieth ofte the kynge that he had made them so mery/  
The fore sayde etc as moche as ye maye/ he wyll paye for  
it yf we wyll fetche it.

**S**he sayd reynart I trowe ye mocke/ telle me the trou  
the hold ye be departed thens/ Same I haue so flate:  
rid the kynge & the queene. that I suppose the frendship by  
twene vs shal be right thinne whan he shal knowe of this  
He shal be angry. and hastely seke me for to hange me by  
myne neckie/ Therefore late vs departe and stele secretly a  
way in som other forreste: where we may lye wythoute fere  
and drede/ And there that we may lye by yere and more  
and fynde vs not. there is plente of good mete of patrichis  
wodecockis and moche other wyld folke/ Same and yf  
ye wyll come wyth me thider. there ben swete welles & fayr  
and clere cennynge brookes/ Lord god hold swete eyer is the:  
re. There may we ben in pces and ease and lye in grete  
welthe. For the kynge hath lete me gon by cause I tolde  
hym that ther was grete tresour in krekenspyt. but there  
shal he fynde nothyng though he sought euer/ This shal so  
re angre hym whan he knoweth that he is thus deceyvd  
what trowe ye hold many a grete lesynge muste I lye er I  
coude escape from hym. It was harde that I escaped out of  
pyrson I was neuer in gretter payl ne nerrer my deth/ but  
hold it euer goo/ I shal by my wyll neuer more come in the  
kynges daunger. I haue now gotten my thomke out of  
his mouth that thanke I my subtylete!

**D**ame ermelyne sayde reynart I counseyle that we goo  
 not in to another forest. Where we sholde be straunge  
 and elenge we haue here al that we desyre. And ye be here  
 lord of your neyghbours wherefore shalle we leue this place  
 and auenture vs in a worse. We may abyde her sure ynough  
 yf the kynge wolde doo vs ony harme or besiege vs. There  
 ben so many by or syde holes in such 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 wyth myght. he  
 muste haue moche helpe thereto but that ye haue sworen that  
 ye shal goo ouersee and abyde there: that touched me moste.  
 nay dame care not therfore. hold more for sworen hold mo:  
 re forloyn. ¶ I wente ones wyth a good man. that sayde  
 to me. that a bydwongen othe sworn by force was none  
 oth. ¶ Though I wente on this pylgrimage it shold not  
 auaylle me a catteres tayl/ I wyll abyde here and folowe your  
 counseyl/ ¶ Yf the kynge hunt after me/ I shal kepe me  
 as wel as I maye: yf he be me to myghty/ yet I hope wyth  
 subtilte to begyle hym/ I shal bynd my sack. yf he wyll se  
 che harm he shal fynde harme/

**N**ow was bellyn the ramme angry that kyward his  
 felawe was so longe in the hole. and called lorde: co:  
 me out kyward in the deuels name/ hold longe shal reynart  
 kepe yow there/ haste yow and come late vs goo/ when re:  
 nart herde this he wente out and sayde softly to bellyn the  
 ramme Yef bellyn wherefore be ye angry kyward speketh  
 wyth hit dere aunte/ me thynketh ye ought not to be dysple  
 syd therfore/ he bad me saye to yow ye myght wel goo to fore  
 And he shal come after/ he is lyghter of fote than ye he muste  
 tarpe a whyle wyth his aunte and her chylderen they wepe  
 and crye by cause I shal goo fro them/ bellyn sayde what

dyde kyward me thoughte he cryed after helpe. The foyn and  
 werde what saye ye bellyn were ye that he shold haue ony  
 harme. ¶ Now herke what he thenne dyde when we were  
 comen in to myn holdes/ And ermelyn my wyf vnderstode  
 that I shold goo ouersee: she fyl down in a swoun and when  
 kyward sawe that he cryed loude bellyn come helpe myn aun:  
 te to brynge her out of her swoun. thenne sayde the ramme  
 In fayth I vnderstode that kyward had ben in grete daun:  
 ger the fore sayde. Nay truely/ or kyward shold haue ony  
 harme in my holdes/ I had leuer that my wyf and chylderen  
 shold suffre moche hurte/

¶ Hold the foyn sente the hed of kyward the hare to the  
 kynge by bellyn the ramme. Capitulo xxi

**T**he foyn sayde. bellyn remembre ye not that yester day  
 the kynge and his counseyl commaunded me that er  
 I shold departe out of this lande/ I shold sende to hym two  
 letters/ dere cosyn I pray you to bere them/ they be wyd wro:  
 ton/ the ramme sayde I wote neuer yf I wyste that your en:  
 dytynge and wrytynge were good. Ye myght parauenture  
 so moche praye me yf I wold bere them: yf I had ony thing  
 to bere them in. Reynart sayde ye shal not fayle to haue som  
 what to bere them in. Rather than they shold be byforn I  
 shal rather gyue you my malk that I bere/ and put the kyn:  
 ges letters therein. and hange them aboute your necke ye  
 shal haue of yf kynge grete thankes therfore & be ryght wel  
 comen to hym hier vpon bellyn promysed hym to bere these  
 letters. Tho returned reynart in to his holdes & toke the ma:  
 le & put therein kywards hed & brought it to bellyn for to  
 brynge hym in daunger. And henge it on his necke. and  
 charged hym not for to loke in the malk/ Yf he wolde haue  
 the kynges frendshyp & yf ye wyll that the kynge take you

in to his grace & loue you. saye that ye your self haue made  
the lētre & endited it/ & haue gyuen the cōseyl that it is so  
wel made & wrote. ye shal haue grete thank therefore / bel-  
lyn the ramme was glad herof & thought he shold haue gre-  
te thank & sayde reynart I wrote wel that ye now doo for me  
I shal be in y<sup>r</sup> court greteply pryssed whan it is knowen y<sup>r</sup> I  
can so wel endyte & make a lētre/ though I can not make it  
ofte tymes it happeth that god suffreth some to haue wor-  
ship & thank of y<sup>r</sup> labours & cōnyng of the othermen/ & so it  
shal byfalle me now/ Now what cōseyle ye reynert shal  
kyward the harte come wyth me to the court. nay sayd y<sup>r</sup> for  
he shal anone folowe yow: he may not yet come. for he muste  
**N**ow goo ye forth to fore ¶ Speke wyth his aunty/  
I shal shewe to kyward secreete thingis whiche ben not  
yet knowen. bellyn sayd face wel reynart/ & wrote hym forth  
to the court: & he ran & hasted so faste y<sup>r</sup> he cam to fore myd-  
day to the court/ & fonde the kynge in his palays wyth his  
barons. y<sup>r</sup> kynge meruaylled whan he sawd hym bryng the  
male agayn whiche was made of the beeres skyn. the kynge  
sayde saye on bellyn fro whens come ye/ where is the fox. how  
is it y<sup>r</sup> he hath not the male wyth hym bellyn sayde my lord  
I shal saye you al y<sup>r</sup> I knowe/ I accompayned reynert vnto  
his holdes. & whan he was redy he asked me yf I y<sup>r</sup> I wold  
for your saakie here two lētres to you. I saide for to to you  
playse & worship: I wold gladli here to you vj. tho brought  
he to me this male where in y<sup>r</sup> lētres he/ whiche ben endyted  
by my cōnyng & I gaf cōseyl of y<sup>r</sup> makyng of them/ I two:  
we ye sawe neuer lētres better ne craftelper made ne endy-  
ted. y<sup>r</sup> kynge cōmaūded anon bokart his secretary to rede y<sup>r</sup>  
lētres. For he vnderstode al maner langages. tybert the cat  
te & he toke the male of bellyn's neke and bellyn hath so ferre  
sayd and confessyd/ that he therefore was dampned/

**T**he clerke bokart vndre the male/ and drewe out ky-  
wards hēd and said alas what lētres ben these cer-  
tagnly my lord this is kywards hēd alas sayde the kynge  
that euer I byleuid so the foxe. There myght men see grete  
heupnesse of the kynge and of the quene the kynge was so a-  
gry that he helde longe wun his hēd ¶ And atte laste after  
many thoughtes/ he made a grete crye that alle the bestis we-  
re aferde of the noyse ¶ Tho spack sir siraxel the lupard  
whiche was sibbe somwhat to the kynge and said sire kynge  
how make ye suche a noyse ye make sowd ynough though  
the quene were deed late this sorowe goo and make good/  
chere/ it is grete shame to ye not a lord and kynge of this lō-  
de Is it not alle vnder yow that here is/ the kynge saide sir  
siraxel how shold. I suffre this/ one false shrewde and decey-  
nar hath betrayed me and brought me so ferre that I haue  
forwrought and angred my frendes/ that I the stoute bru-  
yn the here/ and psegryn the wulf whiche sore me repenteth  
and this goth apenst my worship that I haue done amys a-  
penst my beste barons and that I trusted and bylcuyd so mo-  
che the fall horse on the foxe and my wyf is cause therof she  
prayde me so moche that I herde her prayer and that me re-  
penteth though it be to late what though sir kynge said y<sup>r</sup> lu-  
pard yf ther be ony thynge mysdon it shal be amended we s-  
hal gyue to bruyne the here to psegryn the wulf and to erf-  
wyn hys wyf for the pece of his skynne and for their shoes  
for to haue good pees bellyn the ramme for he hath confes-  
syd hym self that he gaf counseil & consentyd to kywards  
wth it is reson that he abyte it ¶ And we alle shal goo  
fecche reynard/ and we shal areste hym and hange hym by  
the necke without ladde or Jugement and ther wyth alle  
ye shal be contente.

Hold kellyn the ramme and alle his lignage were gyven  
in the handes of ysegrim and bruyne and hold he was sla:

**C**yn. Capitll. xxij.  
The kynge saide I wil do it gladly firapell the lupa:  
ert wente tho to the pryson/and vnbonded them firste  
and thenne he sayde ye sires I brynge to you a faste pardon  
and my lordes loue and frendshipp it repenteth hym and is  
sori that he euer hath don spoken or trespassed ayenst you/ &  
therefore ye shal haue a good apoyntement ¶ And also a:  
mendes he shal gyue to you kellyn the ramme and alle his  
lignage fro now forthon to domesdaye/in suche wyse that  
where someuer ye fynde them in felde or in woode that ye ma:  
y frely byte and ete them wythout ony forsaye ¶ And al:  
so the kynge graunteth to you/ that ye maye hunt and do  
the worst that ye can to reynart and alle his lignage wy:  
thoute mysdoynge ¶ This fayr grete preyntage wyll the  
kynge graunte to you euer to holde of hym ¶ And the kyn:  
ge wyll that ye were to hym neuer to mysdoe/ but do hym  
homage and fealdre I counseil you to doo this/ for ye may  
doo it honorably ¶ Thus was the pees made by firapell the  
lupaerd frendly and wel. ¶ And that coste kellyn the rāme  
his tabert and also his lyf/ and the wulfs lignage holde  
thise preyntage of the kynge in to this daye/ they deuou:  
re and ete kellyns lignage where/ that they may fynde them  
this debate was begonne in an elyde tyme/ for the pees co:  
ude neuer syth he made bytvene them ¶ The kynge dyde  
forthwith his court & feste lengthe. vij. dayes longer for  
loue of the bere and the wulf ¶ So glad was he of the  
making of this pees.

¶ Hold y kynge helde his feste/ & hold lapreel y cony com:  
plained vnto y kynge vpon reynart y foye. Ca. xxiij.

**T**his grete feste cam al maner of bestis/ for the  
kynge dyde do cye this feste ouer alle in that lond.  
¶ Ther was the moste Joye and myrthe that euer was se:  
en emonge bestis ¶ Ther was daunsed manerly the houe:  
dance with shalmouse trompettis/ and alle maner of mene:  
strawle/ the kynge dyde do ordeyne so moche mete that eue:  
rych fonde ynough ¶ And ther was no best in al his lan:  
de so grete ne so lytyl but he was there/ and ther were many  
folkes and birdes also / and alle they that desyred the kyn:  
ges frendshipp were there sauyng reynart the foye/ the rede  
false pylgrym whiche laye in a wayte to do harme & though  
te it was not good for hym to be there ¶ Mete and drynke  
flooded there ¶ Ther were playes and esbatemens/ The fe:  
est was ful of melodye/ One myght haue lust to see suche a  
feste/ & right as the feste had dured. viij. dayes a loute m:  
yeday cam in the cony lapreel to fore the kynge where he sa:  
tte on the table with the quene/ and sayde al heuyly that all:  
they herde hym that were there ¶ My lord haue pyte on my  
complaynt whiche is of grete force and murdre that reynart  
the foye wold haue don to me/ yester morow as I cam ren:  
nyng by his borugh at maleperduys he stode byfore his dore  
without lyke a pylgryme I supposed to haue passed by hym  
peasybly to ward this feste/ and whan he sawe me come he ca:  
me ayenst me sayeng his bedes I salded hym but he spack  
not one worde/ but he raught out his right foot and dubbed  
me in the necke bytvene myn eiris that I had wende I  
sholde haue losse my heed/ but god he thanked I was so lyg:  
ht that I sprange fro hym wyth moche payne cam I of his  
clawes/ he grymte as he had ben angry by cause he helde me  
no faster tho I eschaped from hym I losse myn one eye &  
I had foure grete holes in my heed of his sharpe nayles that

but for the grete feere of my lyf I spränge & ran so faste fro hym that he coude not ouertake me. See my lord thise grete woundes that he hath made to me with his sharpe long napes I praye you to haue pitye of me and that ye wil/punysse he this false traytour and murderar/or ellis shal ther nomā goo and comen ouer the seth in saefte Doyle he haunte th. his false and shrewde wbole.

**C** How corbant the wike complayned on the foie for the deth of his wyf Capitulo. xxij.

**R**ight as the cony had made an ende of his complaynt I cam in corbant the wike flouen in the place to fore þe kyng and sayde/ dere lord here me/ I bryngge you hier a pytous complaynt/ I wente to day by the morow wyth sharpe bek my wyf for to playe wpon the seth **C** And there laye reynart the foie down on the grounde lyke a dede kaptif hys eyen stared and his tonge henge longe out of his mouth lyke an hounde had ben deed/ We tasted and felte his hely/ but we fonde thereon no lyf tho wente my wyf and her kened & leyd her ere to fore his mouth for to witte if he drewe his breeth which mysfalle her euyl/ for the false felle fore adwayted wel his tyme and whan he salde her so nygh hym he caught her by the heed and boote it of tho was I in grete sorowe and cryde wolde **A**las alas what is there happed / thene stode he hastely vp/ And raught so couetously after me that for feere of deth I trembled and fledde wpon a tree thereby/ and salde fro ferre how the fassse kaptif etc/ & slonged her in so hungerly that he lefte ueyther flesshe ne bone / no more but a felle fethers The smal fethers he slange them in wyth the flesshe/ he was so hungry/ he wolde wel haue eten weyne **C** Tho wente he his strete/ tho fledde I down wyth grete sorow and gadred vp the fetheris for to

shewe them to you here I wolde not be agayn in suche peryl and feere as I was there for a thousand marke of the fynest gold that euer cam out of arabye. My lord the kyng see hyer this pytous werke. Thise ben the fethers of sharpecke my wyf my lord if ye wil haue worship ye muste do herfore Justice and auenge you in suche wise as men may feere & holde of god / for if ye suffre thus youre saucondypt to be broken/ ye your self shal not goo peasibly in the hie way for tho lordes that do not Justice and suffre that the lawe be not executed wpon the theeuis morderars & them that mysdo/ they be parteners to fore god of alle theyr mysdedes & trespasses and euerich thenne wyll be a lord hym self dere lord see wel to for to kepe your self.

**C** How the kyng was foreangry of thise complayntes. Capitulo. xxv.

**N**oble the kyng was sore meuyd and angry whan he had herde thise complayntes of the cony and of the wike/ he was so ferdful to loke on that his eyen gylmmerd as fyre/ he brayed as loude as a bulle in suche wise that alle the court quoke for feere/ at the laste he saide crieng by my crowne and by the trowth that I owe to my wyf I shal so a werke and auenge this trespasses that it shal be longe spoken of after that my saucondypt and my commandement is thus broken I was ouer nyce that I beleuid so lyghly the false shrewde/ his false flaterynge speche deceyued me. He tolde me he wolde go to rome / & fro thens ouer see to the holy londe **C** I gaf hym male and palster and made of hym a pilgrym and mente al trowth/ **O** what false touches can he how can he stuffe þe sleue wyth flockes/ but this caused my wyf it was al by her counseyl I am not the frist that



Rath ben decepued by Wynnemys counseil by Whiche many a  
grette hurte hath byfallen I pray and comande alle them y  
holde of me and desire my frendship/ be they here or Wker so ;  
meuer they be that they Wpth theyr counseyl and dedes helpe  
me tauenge this ouer grete trespassis that we/ and obris  
may abyde in honour and woꝛship/ and this false theef in  
shame that he nomore trespass apenst our saufgarde/ I wil

**U** my self in my persone helpe therto al that I maye  
Segrym the Wulf and Bruyn the bere herde wel the  
kynges woꝛdes/ and hoped wel to be auengid on re-  
ynard the foye but they durste not speke one woꝛd ¶ The  
kyng was so sore meuyd that none durste wel speke. At  
te laste the quene spak. Sire pour dieu ne croyes myz tou-  
tes choses que on vous dye/ Et ne Jurcs pas legierement  
¶ A man of woꝛship shold not lychtly byleue ne swere greet  
ly vnto the tyme he kinede the mater clerly & also me 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 y  
foye ye for good & vpon that/ that he mente no falshede I hel-  
ped hym that I myghte but hold someuer it cometh or gooth  
is he euyl or good me thynketh for your woꝛship that ye  
shold not procede apenst hym ouer hastely that were not go-  
od ne honeste ffor he may not escape fro you/ Ye maye pryso-  
ne hym or fle hym he muste obeye pour. Jugemēt/ thēne sa-  
ide sirapell y lupuert. my lord me thynketh my lady here hath  
saide to you trouthe & gyuen you good counseyl do ye wel &  
folowe her and take aduise of your wise gseyl ¶ And yf he  
be founden gylty in y trespasses y now to yow be shold/ late  
hym be sore punishid acordyng to his trespasses. & yf he co-  
me not hither er this feste be eded & excuse hym as he ought

of right to doo/ theiue doo as the counseyl shal aduise yow  
¶ But and yf he were wyces as moche false and ylle as he  
is I wolde not counseylle that he shold be done to more than  
right ¶ Segrym the Wulf saide sir sirapell alle we agree to  
the same/ as ferre as it pleseth my lord the kyng/ it can not  
be beter. ¶ But though reynart were now here/ And he cle-  
ryd hym of double so many playntes yet shold I bryng forth  
apenst hym that he had forfayted his lyf ¶ But I wil now  
be stille and saye not/ bycause he is not presente And yet a-  
houe alle this he hath tolde the kyng of certayn tresour ly-  
eng in kreenpnt in hulsterlo/ ther was neuer lped a greter  
lesyng ¶ Ther wyth he hath vs alle begyled and hath sore  
hyndred me and the bere Idar leye my lyf theron that he sayd  
not therof a trewe woꝛd Now wbleth he and steleth vpo  
the heth alle that gooth forth by his holdes ¶ Nevertheles  
sir sirapell what that pleseth the kyng and yow/ that mu-  
ste wel be don ¶ But and yf he wolde haue comen hyther  
he myght haue ben here for he had knowleche by the kynges  
messenger ¶ The kyng sayde we wil none other wyse sen-  
de for hym but I comande alle them that obbe me scrupse  
and wille my honour/ and woꝛshyppe that they make them  
redy to the warre at the ende of vij dayes all them that ben  
archers and haue bowes/ gonnes lombardes horsemen/  
and footemen that alle thise be redy to besiege maleperduys.  
I shal destroye reynart the foye/ yf I be a kyng/ lordes &  
sires what saye ye hereto/ ¶ Wille ye doo this wyth a good  
wyll ¶ And they sayd and cryed alle/ ye we lordes/ wohan  
that ye wyll/ we shal alle goo wyth yow.

¶ How grymbert the brocke warned the foye that  
the kyng was wroth wyth hym and wold slee  
hym Capitulo. p. 51.

**A**lle thise wordes herde grymbert þ brocke whiche was  
his brother sone he was sozr & angry yf it myght ha-  
ue prouffytod he ranne thenne the hye way to malperduys  
ward/ he spared nether busshe ne halwe but he hasted so sore  
that he swette/ he sorowded in hym self for reynart his rede e/  
me and as he wente he saide to hym self ¶ **A**las in what  
dangere he ye comen in where shal ye become shal I see you  
brought fro lyf to deth or elles cpyled out of the lande/ tru-  
ly I may be wel sorouful for ye he the seed of alle our lpg-  
nage ye he wyse of counseyl/ ye he redy to helpe your frendes  
whan they haue neede/ ye can so wel shewe your reasons/ that  
where ye speke/ ye wyne all with suche maner waytlyng &  
pytous wordes cam grymbert to malperduys ¶ **A**nd fon-  
de reynart his eme there standyng whiche had gotten two  
pygeons as they cam frst out of her neste to assaye yf they  
coude flee and bycause the fethers on her wyngis were to  
shorte/ they fylle down to the ground And as reynart was  
gon out to seeche his mete he espyed them and caught hem &  
was comen home with hem ¶ **A**nd whan he sawe grym-  
bert comyng he tarped and said wel come my best beloued ne-  
uelo that I knowe in al my kynrede/ ye haue ronne faste  
ye ken al he swette/ haue ye ony newe tydynges alas said he  
lyef eme it standeth euyl wyth yow/ ye haue losse both lyf &  
good the kynge hath sworn that he shal gyue you a sharre-  
ful deth he hath commanded alle his folkie withyn vij dayes  
for to be here ¶ **A**rchers fotemen/ horsemen. And peple in  
waynes And he hath gunnes lombardes tentes & pauply-  
ons And also he hath to laaden torches See to fore yow.  
For ye haue neede of segym and bruyng ken better now wyth  
the kynge than I am wyth yow Alle that they wyll. Is  
donn If segym hath don hym to vnderstande yf ye be a theef

and a morderar he hath grete enuye to yow/ Lapeel the  
cony and Corbant the weke haue made a grete complaynt  
also I soude moche for your lyf/ That for drede I am al se-  
ke. Puf sayde the fore/ Dere newelo is ther nothyng ellys  
he ye so sore aferd herof make good chere hardly. thaugh yf  
kynge hym self & alle that ken in the court had sworn my  
deth yet shal I be exalted aboue them alle/ They maye faste  
Jangle clatce & yeue counseyl. but yf court may not prospere  
wythoute me and my wyles and subtlytce/

¶ **H**ow reynart the fore cam another tyme to the court.  
**Capitulo** xxvii

**D**Ere newelo late alle thysse thynges passe and come he  
re in and see what I shal gyue you/ a good payre of  
fatte pygeons. I loue no mete better. They ken good to dy-  
geste. they may almost be swolowen in al hoolc the bones  
ken half blode. I ete them wyth that other/ I fele my self  
other whyple encombred in my stomack therefore ete I gladli  
lyght mete. My wyf ermelyn shal receyue vs frendly/ but  
telle her nothyng of this thyng. For she sholde take it ouer  
heuply/ she is tendre of herte. she myght for here falle in som-  
me sekienes a lytyl thyng gooth sore to her herte. ¶ **A**nd to  
morow erly I wyll goo wyth yow to the court/ And yf I  
may come to speche and may be herd/ I shal so answer. that  
I shal touche somme nygh pnowh/ Newelo wyll not ye stan-  
de by me as a frende ought to doo to another/ Ves truely de-  
re eme sayd grymbert & alle my good is at your commaun-  
dement/ god thanke yow newelo sayd the fore/ yf is wel said  
yf I may lyue I shal, quyte it yow/ Emme sayd grymbert ye  
may wel come tofore alle the lordes and excuse yow ther  
shal none arreste yow ne holde as longe as ye be in your  
wordes / Te quene and the lapaerd haue gotten that. than

sayd the foye/ therefore I am glad therne I care not for the  
beste of them an her ¶ I shal wel saue my self. they spa;  
ke nomore herof but wente forth in to the burgh. And for  
de ermelyn there sittynge by her ponyngs whiche arose by  
anon and receyvd them frendly. Grymkert salewed his  
aunte & the chyldren wyth frendly wordes. the ii pygeons  
were made redy for their soper/ whiche reynart had taken:  
eche of them take his parte/ as ferre as it wolde stratche yf  
eche of them had had one more. ther shold but lypyl haue left  
te ouer/ yf foye sayde. Epef neuwde hold lyke pemy chyldren  
wofel and reynertyn they shal do worship to alle our lygna  
ge. They begynne al redy to doo well/ That one catcheth  
wel a chyken and that other a pullet. They conne wel also  
ducke in the water after lapdynches and wykys/ I wolde  
ofte sende them for prouande. but I wyl fyrste teche them  
hold they shal kepe them fro grynnys. Fro the hunters and  
fro yf hounds/ yf they were so ferre comen yf they were wise. I  
durste wel truste to them that they shold wel bytayne vs  
in many good dyuerse metes/ that we nold lacke. and they  
lyke and folowe me wel. For they playe alle grymmynge/  
And where they hate/ they loke frenloy and mercy. For  
ther by they bynng them vnder their feet. and byte the thro:  
te a sondre. this is the nature of the foye. They be wyfde in  
their takynge whiche pleseth me wel.

**A** Me sayd grymkert ye may be glad that ye haue such  
wyse chyldren/ And I am glad of them also by cause  
they be of my kynne/ Grymkert sayde the foye ye haue swet  
te & be wery it were hys tpe that ye were at your reste. eme  
yf it playse you it thynketh me good/ Tho laye they down on  
a lypper made of strawe. The foye/ his wyf and his chyld  
ren wente alle to slepe ¶ But the foye was al fey. and

laye sighed and sorowed hold he myght beste excuse hym self  
On the morow erly he ruynded his castel and wente wyth  
grymkert. but he toke keue first of dame ermelyn his wyf  
and of his chyldren: and sayde thynke not longe I must  
goo to the court wyth grymkert my cosyn. ¶ If I  
tarpe somwhat he not afferde. & yf ye here ony ylle tydynge  
take it alway for the beste/ & see wel to your self & kepe our  
castel wel I shal doo ponde the beste I can. after that I see  
hold it gooth/ Mas reynert sayd she hold haue ye nold thus  
take vpon yow for to goo to the court agayn/ the laste ty:  
me that ye were there ye were in grete Jeopardye of your  
lyf/ And ye sayd ye wold neuer come there more: dame said  
the foye/ thauenture of yf world is wonderly it gooth other  
whyte by wenynge Many one weneth to haue athynge whi  
che he muste forgoe/ I muste nedes nold goo thider/ he con:  
tent it is al wythente drede/ I hope to come at alther lengest  
wyth in fyue dapes agayn. Here wyth he departed and wen  
te wyth grymkert to the court ward. And whan they were  
vpon the heeth thenne sayde reynert/ Neuwde syth I was las  
te shryuen I haue doon many shredde tomes. I wolde ye  
wold here me nold of alle that I haue trespaced in/ I made  
the here 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 kynge wyth grete  
lesynge and bare hym on honde that the wulf and the be:  
re wold haue betrayed hym and wold haue slayn hym/ so I  
made yf kynge right wroth wyth them: where they deseruyd  
it not/ Also I tolde to the kynge that ther was grete tresour  
in hulksterlo of whiche he was neuer the better ne rycher/ for  
I yped al that I sayde/ I ledde kellyn the ramme and kyllwart  
the hare wyth me and slewe kyllwart and sente to the kynge

By kellyn kydwarts hed in skorn/ ¶ And I colbed the cony  
bytwene his eeries that almost I kenamme his lyf from  
hym. for he escaped ayenst my wyll/ he was to me ouer wyll  
The wofe may wel complayne/ For I wolobed in dame  
sharpeck his wyll/ And also I haue forgotten one thyng  
the laste tyme that I was shreuen to you/ Whiche I haue  
sythethought me. And it was of grete deceyte that I dyde  
whiche I wyll telle you. I cam wyth the wulf walkynge  
bytwene houthulst and eluerdynge. There sawe we goo a  
rede mare/ And she had a black colte or a fool of iij mone;  
this olde/ Whiche was good and fatte. I segryn was al;  
most 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 asped that of her. She sayde she wold selle it for  
mony/ I demanded of her how she wold selle it. She sayde it  
is wretton in my hindre foot/ Yf ye conne rede and be a clerke  
ye may come see and rede it/ Tho wyllste I wel where she  
wold be. and I sayde nay for sothe. I can not rede. And also  
I desyre not to bye your chylde. I segryn hath sente me hether  
and wold fayn knowe the pryys therof/ The mare sayde late  
hym come thenne hym self/ And I shal late hym haue kno;  
wleche I sayd I shal. & hastely wente to I segryn & sayde. eme  
wyll ye ete your hely ful of this colte. so goo faste to the ma  
re for she tarpeth after you/ She hath doo wyte the pryys of  
her colte vnder her foot she wold that I shold haue redde it but  
I can not one lettre/ Whiche me sore repenteth. For I wente  
neuer to scole/ Eme wyll ye bye that colte. Conne ye rede  
so maye ye bye it/ O y neuell that can I wel what shold me  
lettre. I can wel frenshe latyn engliss and duche. I haue  
goon to scole at oxenford I haue also wyth olde and aunty  
ent doctours ben in the audyence and herde ples / and also

haue gyuen sentence. I am lycensyd in bothe laltes/ What  
maner wyrtynge that ony man can deuyse/ I can rede as pr;  
syghtly as my name/ I wol goo to her and shal anon by;  
derstonde the pryys. and bad me to tarpe for hym/ and he ran  
ne to the mare And asped of her how she wold selle her fool  
or kepe it. She sayde the somme of y money standeth wretton  
after on my foot he sayde late me rede it/ she sayde do and lyfte  
by her foot whiche was nebe shood wyth yron & by strong  
ge napples / & she smote hym wythout myssyng on his hed  
that he fyl down as he had ben deed/ ¶ A man shold wel haue  
ryden a myle er he aroos/ ¶ The mare trotted a way wyth  
her colte. And she leet I segryn lyeng shredoly hurt and  
wounded/ He laye and blede. and hollod as an hound/ ¶ I  
wente tho to hym and sayde/ Sir y segryn were Eme. how  
is it now wyth you haue ye eten ynowh of the colte. is  
your hely ful. why gyue ye me no part/ I dyde your erande.  
haue ye slepte your dyner I pray you telle me what was  
wretton vnder the mares foot what was it/ prose or ryme/  
metre or verse. I wold fayn knowe it. I trowe it was/ can;  
tom for I herde you syng me thoughte fro ferre For ye were  
so wyse y noman coude rede it better than ye/ Alas wyllste  
alas sayd the wulf. I pray you to leue your mockyng. I  
am so foule araped and sore hurte. That an herbe of stone  
myght haue pyte of me. The hore wyth her longe legge had  
an yron foot I wende the napples therof had ben lettres/ and  
she hytte me at the fyrst stroke by grete woundes in my hed  
that almost it is clouen/ Suche maner lettres shal I neuer  
more desyre to rede/

**D**Ere eme is that trouthe that ye telle me I haue herof  
grete meruaylle. I heelde 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 were wyse:  
The cause that thysse clerkes ben not the wysest. is that they  
studye so moche in the conyng and science. that they therein  
wolle/ Thus brought I Itegrum in this grete laste and har:  
me/ That he bryneth byhelde his lyf/ Eys neuw nold haue  
I tolde you alle my synnes that I remember. What so  
euer falle at the courte: I wote neuer hold it shal stonde with  
me there I am not nold so sore aferd/ For I am cleere from  
synne I wyl gladly come to mercy. and receyue penaunce  
by your counseyl grynbert sayde the trespasses ben grete/ ne:  
uertheles who that is deed muste abyde deed. And therefore  
I wyl forgyue it you also gyde. wyth the feere that ye shal  
suffre therefore. er ye shal come excuse you of the deeth. and  
hier vpon I wyl assopple you/ But the moste hyndre that  
ye shal haue: shal be that ye sente kywards hede to y court  
And that ye blynded the kynge wyth such lyes Eme that  
was ryght euyl doon/ The foye sayde. What lyes neuw/  
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 do:  
ne/ hold shold ony man hande hony/ but yf he lycked his fin  
gres/ I am oftymes wrod and prycked in my conscience  
as to loue god aboue al thynge/ And myn euen crysten as  
my self. As is to god wel acceptable/ and acorpyng to his  
labbe. But hold were ye that reson wythinforth fygh:  
teth ayens the outeward wyll than stonde I alle styll in  
my self that me thynketh I haue losse alle my wyttis. and  
wote not what me eyleth I am thenne in suche a thought  
I haue nold alle lesse my synnes/ And hate alle thynge  
that is not good/ and clymme in hys contemplacion aboue  
his commaundements but this speyal grace haue I whan

I am alone/ But in a short whyle after whan the world co  
meth in me thenne fynde I in my waye so many stones.  
And the foye spores that thysse loos prelates/ and ryche  
preestys goo in that I am anone taken agayn. thenne co:  
meth the world. and wyl haue thys/ And the flessh wyll  
lyue plesantly/ whiche lye to fore me so many thynge that  
I thenne lese alle my good thoughtis and purpoos/ ¶ I  
here there synge/ ppye/ laude/ playe/ and alle merthe. And  
I here that these prelates and rich curates preche and saye  
al other wyse/ than they thynke and doe There lerne I to lye  
the lesynge ben most used in the lordes courtes certaynly.  
lordes. ladyes. preestys: and clerkes maken most lesynge.  
Men dar not telle nold to the lordes the trouthe. Ther is de  
faute. I must flatre/ and lye also/ Or ellis I shold be shette  
wythout the doore: ¶ I haue ofte herde men saye trouthe &  
rightfully/ And haue theyr reson made wyth a lesynge ly:  
ke to theyr purpose and brought it in and wente thurgh by  
cause theyr mater shold seme the fayrer. ¶ The lesynge of ty  
mes cometh vnaupsed: And falleth in the mater vnbetyr  
gly. And so whan she is wel cladd. It goth forth thurgh  
wyth that other/

**D**Ere neuw thus muste men nold lye here/ and there  
saye soth flatre/ and menace/ praye: and curse. And  
seke euery man vpon his feblis and wekest. who other wy  
se wyll nold haunte and vse the world/ than deuyse a lesyn  
ge in the fayrest wyse/ And that by wymples wyth kerchie:  
uis aboute in suche wyse that men take it for a trouthe. he  
is not wonne away fro his mayster/ ¶ Can he that substyl:  
te in suche wyse/ that he stamer not in his wordes. and may  
thenne be herde. Neuw/ this man may do wonder: he may  
were skarlet and gylfe. The wyrteth in the spryituel labbe  
e. iij.

and temporal also. ¶ And where sommeuer he hath to doo  
 Noo ken ther many false shrewds that haue grete enuye  
 that they haue so grete fordele/ And wene that they conne  
 also wel lye/ And take on them to lye/ and to telle it forth/  
 He wold fayn ete of the fatte mozfellis: but he is not bple/  
 ued ne herd: ¶ And many ken ther that he so plompe and  
 folysse: That whan they wene beste to pronouce and she/  
 we their matere and conclude/ They falle lespe and out  
 therof/ And can not thenne helpe hem self, and leue theyr  
 mater wythout tayl or heed/ And he is a compted for a fool  
 & many mocke them ther wyth. but who can gyue to his  
 lesynge a conclusyon/ and pronouce it wythout tatekyng  
 lyke as it were wretton to fore hym/ & that he can so blynde  
 the peple. That his lesynge shal better be blycuyd than the  
 trowth. That is the man, what connyng is it to saye the  
 trowth that is good to doo/ How laudhe thysse false subtyl  
 shrewds that gyue counseyl to make these lesynge/ and  
 sette them forth. And make bryght goo aboue right.  
 and make bylles, and sette in thynge that neuer were  
 thought ne sayde/ And teche men see thurgh their fyngees  
 And alle for to wyne mony/ and late their tonges to  
 hysse for to mayntene and strengthe their lesynge. Alas  
 neuwe this is an euyl connyng, of which. lxx. scathe and  
 hurte may come ther of/

**I** Saye not but that other whyle men muste Zape/  
 Bourde and lye in smak thynge. for who so sayth  
 alleway trowth/ He may not noo goo nooher thurgh the  
 world, ther ken many that playe placebo. who so alleway  
 sayth trowth/ shal fynde many lettynge in his way/  
 ¶ Men may wel lye whan it is nede, and after amende it  
 by counseyl. For alle trespasses ther is mercy. Ther is

no man so wyse but he doleth other whyle ¶ Grymbert sa/  
 yde wel dere eme what thynge shal you lette/ ye knowe al  
 thynge at the nare west, ye shulde bryng me hastely in to  
 tyng your reasons passen my vnderstandyng/ what nede ha/  
 ue ye to shryue you ye shulde your self by right be the preest  
 ¶ And lete me and other shep come to you for to be shry/  
 uen ye knowe the state of the world in such wyse as roma  
 may halte tofore you, wyth such maner talkyng they cam  
 walkyng in to the court. ¶ The foie sorowed somwhat in  
 his herte. ¶ Nevertheless he bare it out and stryked forth  
 thurgh alle y folke tyl he cam in to the place where the kyn  
 ge hym self was ¶ And grymbert was allway by the foie  
 and sayde eme be not a ferde, and make good chere who that  
 is hardy thauenture hereth hym. ¶ Oftymes one day is  
 better than somtyme anhole yere y foie sayde ¶ Neuwe ye  
 saye trowth god thanke you ye comforte me wel. ¶ And  
 forth he wente and lokyd xpmly here and there as who sa/  
 yth what wyll ye here come I. he salde there many of his  
 kynne standyng which poned hym but lpyl good/ as y  
 etter leuer and other to the nombre of .x. whome I shal, na/  
 me after ward ¶ And somme were there that loued hym.  
 The foie cam in & fyl down on his knees to fore the kynge  
 and began his wordes and sayde.

¶ How reynart the foie excused hym bfore the kynge:  
 Capitulo. xxviii.

**G**od fro whom nothynge may be hyd and aboue alle  
 thynge is myghty saue my lord the kynge and my la  
 dy the quene, and gyue hym grace to knowe who hath  
 right and who hath wronge ¶ For ther lyue many in  
 the world that seme otherwise cut ward than they be  
 thynne I wolde that god shulde openly euery mans

myfdoes and alle theyr trespaces stoden voreton in theyr fo  
rehedes/ and it coste me more than I now saye. And that  
ye my lord the kynge knelwe as moche as I do hold I dispo  
se me tothe erly and late in your seruyse. ¶ And therefore  
am I complayned on of the euyl shrewys and wyth lesyn  
ges am put out of your grace and consayte and wold char  
ge me thith grete offencis wythout descryuynge ayeust al ri  
ght. vherfore I crye out harolde on them that so falsely ha  
ue helped me and brought me in suche trouble hold & it I  
hope and knowe you tothe my lord and my lady for so wy  
se and discrete that ye be not ledde nor byleue suche lesyngys  
ne false talis out of the right waye for ye haue not be wo  
ned so to doo. ¶ Therfore dere lord I hyseche you to confide  
re by your wysdom alle thyngge by ryght and ladde is it in  
deede or in speche do euery man right I desire no better be that  
is gylty and founde falsly late hym be punysshid / men shal  
wel knowe er I departe out of this courte vho that I am I  
can not flatter I wil allewey shewe openly my heed.

¶ Hold the kyng answerd spon reynarts excuse.

**A**lle they that were in the palays weren alle styll / &  
wondered that the fore spack so stoutly the kyng sa  
yde ha reynard hold wel can ye your falacye and salutacion  
doon but your fayr wordes may not helpe you I thynke wel  
that ye shal this dape for your werkis be hanged by your  
necke I wil not moche chyre wyth you. But I shal shorte  
your payne that ye loue vs wel that haue ye wel shewde  
on the cony and on corban the weck your falsenes and po  
ur false Inuencions shal wythout loge tarpeng make you to  
depe. a pot may goo so loge to water y at y laste it cometh to  
broke boom / I thynke your pott y 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 colergh / whan he cam the  
dyr. Ekenne thought he I muste be thurgh hold that I doo  
my lord the kyng said he / it were wel reson that ye herde my  
wordes alle out though I were dampned to the deth yet ou  
ght ye to here my wordes out. I haue yet here to fore tyme  
gyuen to you many a good counsyle and proufftable. And  
in nede alwey haue byden by yold where other bestis haue  
wyked and goon theyr way / yf now the euyl bestis wyth  
false maters haue to fore you wyth wronge helped me / and  
I myght not come to myn excuse ought I not thenne to pla  
yne I haue to fore this seen that I shold be herde by fore ano  
ther / yet myght thise lesyngys wel chaunge and come in  
theyr olde state. ¶ Olde good dedes ought to be remembred.  
I see here many of my lignage and frendes standyng that  
seme they sette no wytyl by me: whiche neuertheles sholde so  
re dere in theyr hertes that ye my lord the kyng sholde de  
stroye me wrongfully yf ye so dyde ye sholde destroye the tre  
west seruaunt that ye haue in alle your landes what wene  
ye for kyng / hadde I knowen my self gylty in ony feat or  
broke. that I wold haue comen hether to the ladde enioye al  
le myne enemyes. May sice nay / not for alle the world of re  
de gold: ffor I was fere and. at large. what nede had I to do  
that but god be thanked I knowe my self clere of alle myf  
does that I dar well come openly in the lyghte and to ans  
were to alle the complayntes that ony man can saye on me  
but whan grymber brought me frist thise tydyngis tho  
was I not wel plesed but half fro my self that I lepe here &  
there as an vnwysse man. ¶ And had I not ben in the cen  
fures of the chyrche I had wythout tarpeng haue comen but  
I wende dolyng on the heth. and wist not what to doo

for sorowe ¶ And thenne it happed that mertynne myn  
eme the apx mette wyth me whiche is wyser in clergie than  
ony preest he hath ben aduocate for the bysshop of camerik in  
pere durynge he salde me in this grete sorow & heynnes & sa  
pde to me/dere cosyn me thinketh ye ar not wel wyth your se  
lf/wha eyleth yow who hath dyspleyd yow & hynge that  
toucheth charge ought he gyuen in knowleche to fren  
dis. ¶ A trewe frende is a grete helpe. he fyndeth of te better  
counseil than he that the charge resteth on ffow who soeuer  
is charged wyth maters is so heyn & acombred wyth them  
that of te he can not begynne to fynde the remedye. ffow such  
he so woo lyke as they had losse their Inwyte I sayde dere  
eme ye saye trougthe. ffow in lykz wyse is fallen to me. I  
am brought in to a grete heynnes vnder seruid and not gylty  
by one to whom I haue alway ben an hertly and grete frend/  
that is the cony whiche cam to me yestereday in the morn  
ynge where as I satte to fore my hollis and said matyns. he  
tolde me he wolde goo to the court and salde me frendly/  
and I hym agayn Tho sayd he to me good reynart I am an  
hongred and am wery haue ye ony mete I sayde ye ynowh  
come nere Tho gaf I hym a copel of maynchettis wyth swette  
butter It was vpon a wednesday on whiche day I am not  
wont to ete ony flesshe. And also I fasted by cause of this  
feste of whitsonyde whiche approucheth. ffow who that wyl  
taste of the ouerest wysehed/ and lyne goostly in kepyng  
the commandments of our lord he muste faste/ & make hym  
redy ayenst the hys festes ¶ Et vos estote parati dere eme  
I gaf hym fayr wyhte breed wyth swete butter wher wyth a  
man myght wel be easid that were moche hongry.

**A**ld whan he had eten his hely fulle tho cam russel  
my pongest sone. and wold haue taken alway that

was lefte for yonge chyldeyn wold alway fayne ete ¶ And  
wyth that he tasted for to haue taken som what/ y cony smoz  
te russel to fore his mouthe that his teeth bledde / & fyl down  
half a woo un whan reynardyn myn eldest sone saide that.  
he sprange to the cony and caught hym by the heed. & shold  
haue slayn hym. had I not reskolwed hym I helpe hym that  
he wente from hym and lete my chylde fore therefore lapred  
the cony ran to my lord the kyng and sayde I wold haue  
murdered hym Se eme thus come I in the woode and I am  
lede in the blame. ¶ And yet he complayneth and I playne  
not ¶ After his cam corbant the week flyng wyth a sorowful  
noyse I asked what hym eyled. and he said alas my wyf is  
ded yonder lyeth a dede hare full of mathes and wormes &  
there she ete so moche therof. that the wormes haue byten a  
twe her throte I ayed hym hold cometh that by he wold not  
speke a woode more but flewe his waye ¶ And lete me stan  
de ¶ Now sayth he that I haue byten. and slayn her hold  
shold I come so nygh her for/ she fleeth and I goo a fote les  
de dere eme thus am I born an honde I may saye wel that. I  
am vnhappy. ¶ But par auenture it is for myn olde synnes  
hit were good for me yf I coude patiently suffre it ¶ The a  
pe saide to me. ¶ Neuellye ye shal goo to the courte to fore the  
lordes and excuse yow alas eme that may not be. ffow the ar  
chdeken hath put me in the popes curse / by cause I counseyl  
led yfegrym the Duif for to leue his religyon at elmare and  
for sake his habyte he complayned to me that he luyd so stra  
yly as in longe fastyng and many thynge redyng & syn  
gynge 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 fore repenteth for he labourerth al that he can ayenst



me to the kynge for to do me be hangued, thus doth he euyl  
for good Se eme thus am I at the ende of al my Wittes/ &  
of counseyl. For I muste goo to rome for an absolucion. &  
thenne shal my wyf and chyldren suffre moche harme and  
blame. For thise euyl bestis that hate me shulle do to hem  
alle the hurte they maye & fordrue them wher they can. & I  
wold wel defende hem yf I were free of the curse for thenne  
wold I goo to the court & excuse me wher now I dar not.  
I shold do grete synne yf I cam amonge the good peple I am  
afere god sholde plache me. May cosyn be not afere er I shold  
suffre you in this sorow I knowe the way to rome wel. I  
vnderstode me on this werke I am called ther mercynne the  
bysshops clerke & am wel byknowen there I shal do sytte the  
archedeken and take a plee apenst hym. & shal bryngge with  
me for you an absolucion apenst his wil for I knowe the  
re alle that is for to be doon or lefte there dwelleth symon  
my neme whiche is grete & myghty ther. Who that may gy-  
ue ought/ he helpeth hym anon ther is present wayte sea-  
the/ & other of my frendis & alpes. Also I shal take somme  
money with me yf I nede ony yf pryer is with yestes herde  
wyth money alle way yf right goth forth. a trelle frede shal  
for his frende aueture both lyf & good & so shal I for you in  
**O**syn make good chere I shal not re: ¶ your right.  
ste after to morow til I come to rome/ & I shal solpcite  
your maters. & goo ye to yf court as sone as ye may. all your  
mysdedes & tho synnes yf haue brought you in yf grete senten-  
ce. and curse. I make you quyte of them. and take them  
on my self. Whan ye come to the court ye shal fynde there  
ruske name my wyf. her two susters and my thre chyl-  
dren. and many mo of our lpgnage dere cosyn speke to  
them hardely/ my wyf is sondrely wyse. and wil gladly  
do somme what for her frendis who that hath nede of helpe

shal fynde on her grete frendship one shal al way seke on  
his frendis thaughe he haue angred them for blood muste  
krype/ wher 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 and late me haue kno-  
wleche therof and alle tho that ben in the lande is it kynge  
or quene wyf or man I shall bryngge them alle in the popes  
curse and sende there an Interdicte that noman shal rede ne  
synge ne crystene chyldren ne burye the dede ne receyue sa-  
cramente tyl that ye shal haue good ryght Cosyn this shal  
I wel gete for the pope is so sore old that he is but lytyl set-  
te by ¶ And the cardynal of prync gold hath alle the myght  
of the court he is yf nge and grete of frendis he hath a con-  
cubynne whom he moche loueth/ ¶ And what she desireth  
yf geteth she anone see cosyn she is my neme and I am grete  
and may do moche with her in suche wyse/ what I desire I  
sayle not of it/ but am alway furtherd therin/ wherfore co-  
syn byd my lord the kynge that he doo you right/ I wote wel  
he wil not warne you for the right is euen ynough to eue-  
ry man/ my lord the kynge whan I herde this I labored/ and  
with grete gladnes cam he ther & haue told you alle trou-  
the yf ther be ony in this court yf can sepe on me ony other  
mater wyth good witnesse & proue it as ought to be to a no-  
ble man late me thene make amendes acording to the lawe  
& yf he wil not leue of herby thene sette me day. and feld & I  
shal make good on hym/ also ferre as he be of as good bir-  
the as I am & to me lyke & who that can wyth fyghtyng ge-  
te yf worship of yf feld late hym haue it/ this right hath sta-  
den yet hether to ¶ And I wil not it sholde be broken by me.  
the lawe & right doth noman wrong/ alle the bestis both po-  
re & riche were alle styll whan the foye spak so stoutly the

cony laprel and the roek were so fore aferde that they durste not speeke but pyked and stryked them out of the court bo: the two & whan they were a room fer in y playne they sayde god graunte that this felle murderace may face euyl. he can bytorapp and couere his falshe. that his wordes seme as trewe as y gospel herof knoweth noman than we/ hold we bynge doptnesse it is better that we do yke and departe. than we shold holde a felde & fyghte doyth hym. he is so shre: we ye thaugth thre of vs were fyue we coude not defende vs but that he shold sle vs alle.

**I** Ssegrym the wulf & bruyne the bere/ were doo in hem self whan they sawe thys e wyne rume the court The kynge saide yf ony man wil complayne late hym come forth & we shal here hym. yester day camen here so many where ben they now. Reynart is here The foye saide. my lord ther ben many that complayne that and yf they sawe their aduersa: ry they wold be styll and make no playntes witnes now of laprel the cony and. Corbant the roek whiche haue com: playned 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 falsc shrewes it shold do moche harme and hurte to the good men as for me it skyl: keth not Neuerthels my lord yf they had by your comaunde met axed of me forgyfnes. hold be it they haue grete trespa: ced yet I had 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.

**T**he kynge sayde reynart me thynketh ye be greuyd as ye saye ar ye doyth in forth as ye seme out ward. May it is not so cleer ne so open nother nyght/ as I here haue

shewed/ I muste saye what my greyf is/ whiche toweketh your worship and lyl. that is to weete. that ye haue don a foule and shameful trespass/ whan I had pardoned you alle your offencis and trespassis/ and ye promysed to goo ouer the see on pylgrymage/ ¶ And gaf to yow male and staf. And after this ye sente me by kellyn the ramme the male agayn and therein Rywarts heed/ hold myght ye do amore reprovablc trespass. hold were ye so hardy to dare to me doo suche a shame. Is it not euyl don to sende to a lord his seruaunts heed/ ye can not saye nay here agaynst for kellyn the ram whiche was our chaplajn tolde vs al the mat: ter how it happed. Suche reward as he had whan he brought vs the message. The same shal ye haue or right shal saylle Tho was reynart so fore aferd that he wylt not what to sa ye. He was at his doptes ende. and looked aboute hym py: tously. and sawe many of his kyn/ and alpes that herde alle this but nought they sayde. He was al pale in his vi: sage but noman proferd hym hand ne fote to helpe hym/ the kynge sayde thou subtyl felaw and falsc shrew whys spe: kest thou not now combe. / The foye stode in grete drede & fyghed sore that alle herde hym/ But the wulf and the bere were glad herof/

¶ How dame rikenawde answerde for the foye to y kynge  
Capitulo xxix

**D**ame rikenawde the she ape reynarts aunte was not wel plesyd/ she was grete doyth the quene & wel kelo: yd/ Hit happed wel for the foye that she was there. for she vnderstood alle wyfedom. & she durste wel speke/ where as it to do was. where euer she cam eueriche was glad of her. she sayde my lord the kynge ye ought not to be angry whan ye lytte in Jugement/ For that becometh not your noblesse.

A man that sytteth in Iudgement ought to put fro hym all  
Wrath & angre. A lord ought to haue dyscrecion that shold  
sytt in Justyce. I knowe better the poyntes of þe lawe/ than  
somme that were furred goones/ for I haue lerned many  
of them. & was made conyng in the lawe. I had in the po:  
pes palays of Werden a good booke of hepe/ where other be:  
stes laye on the groude and also when I had there to doo/ I  
was suffred to speke. & was herd to fore another: by cause  
I knowe so wel the lawe/ Seneca wyrteth that a lord shal  
oueral doo right & lawe. He shal charge none to whom he  
hath gyuen his saufgarde to aboue the right and lawe/ the  
lawe ought not to halte for noman. And euery man that  
standeth here wolde wel kethynke hym what he hath doon &  
bydryuen in his dayes he shold the better haue patience and  
pyte on reynart. late euery man knowe hym self. that is my  
counseyl/ ther is none that standeth so surly but other whyple  
he falleth or slydeth: who that neuer mysdede ne synned/ is  
holly and good And hath no nede to amende hym: when a  
man doth amys. & thenne by counseyl amendeth it is huma:  
nyly/ and so ought he to doo/ But alway to mysdo and tres:  
pace and not to amende hym/ that is euyl and a deuely lpf  
Merke than what is wretton in the gospel. ¶ Estote mi:  
sericordes/ He is merciful/ yet standeth ther more. Nolite  
iudicare .et non iudicabimini. Deme ye noman/ & ye shal  
not be demed/ ¶ Ther standeth also hold the pharysees  
brought a womā taken in adoultre & wold haue stoned  
her to deth/ they axed our lord what he sayde therto he sayd  
who of yow alle is wythoute synne. late hym caste the fyrst  
stone. tho alode noman but lefte her stondyng/

**W**e thynketh it is so here. ther be many that see a stra:  
we in an others ye. that can not see a balkie in his

o done. ther be many that deme other. and hym self is worst  
of alle/ though one falle ofte. and at laste cryseth vp and  
cometh to mercy/ he is not therof dampned. God receyueth  
alle them that desyre his mercy late noman condempne as  
nother. though they wyste that he had doon amys. yet late  
them see thyr o done defaultes/ and thenne may they them  
self correcte fyrst/ and thenne reynert my cosyn shold not fa:  
re the werse for his fadre and his graunfadre/ haue alway  
ben in more loue and reputacion in this court than I seym  
the wulf or bruyne the lewe wyth al thyr frendys and lya:  
nage/ hit hath ben here to fore an vnlyke comparyson the wy:  
sedom of Reynart my cosyn: and the honour & worship of  
hym that he hath doon than the counseyl of them/ If or they  
knowe not hold the world goth. me thynketh this court is  
al torned vp so down. ¶ These false shrewdes flaterers and  
deceyuours aryse and weye grete by the lordes and ben en:  
haunsed vp: And the good triede and wyse ben put down/

For they haue ben woned to counseylle truly and for thy:  
neur of the kyng. I can not see hold this may stonde lon:  
ge. Thenne sayde the kyng/ Same yf he had won to yow  
suche trespaas as he hath don to other it shold reynert yow:  
Is it wonder that I hate hym. he breketh alway my saftcar:  
de haue ye not herde the complayntes that here haue ben sh:  
we of hym of murdre/ of thefte & of treson. haue ye suche  
trust in hym/ Thynke ye that he is thus good & cler. then:  
ne sette hym vp on the altor & worship & praye to hym as  
to a saynte. But ther is none in alle the world. that can  
saye ony good of hym/ We maye saye moche for hym/ but  
in theude ye shal fynde hym all nought: he hath nether kyn:  
ne wyne ne frende that wyll enterprise to helpe hym: he hath  
so deseruyd: I haue grete meruaylle of yow. I herde neuer of

none that hath felashippid wyth hym that euer thanketh hym or sayde any good of hym/ sauf you now. But alway he hath stryked hym wyth his tayl. The she ape answered and sayde my lord I loue hym & haue hym in grete chierce/ And also I knowe a good dede that he ones in your presence dyde. Wherof ye coude hym grete thāke/ though now it be thus turned. yet shal y<sup>e</sup> kyssest Doepe moste/ a man shal loue his frende by mesure/ & not his enemye hate ouermuche stedfastnes & constauce is sytting and behoueth to the lordes. hold someuer the world turneth/ Me ought not pryse to moche the daye tyl euen he comen good counseyl is good for hym that wyll doo ther after/

¶ A parable of amā y<sup>e</sup> delyuerd a serpent fro peryl of deth  
Capitulo xxx<sup>o</sup>

**N**ow two yere passyd cam a man & a serpent here in to this court for to haue Jugement. Whiche was to yold & poures right doubtful. The serpent stode in an hedche wher as he supposed to haue gon thorough/ but he was caught in a snare by the necke. that he myght not escape wythoute helpe but shuld haue lost his lpf there. the man cam forth by & the serpente callyd to hym & cryde. & prayd the man that he wold helpe hym out of the snare or ellis he muste there dye/

¶ The man had pyte of hym and sayde / yf thou promyse to me that thou wyllt not enuynme me ne doo me none harme ne hurte I shal helpe the out of this peryl: The serpent was redy and swore a grete othe that he now ne neuer sholde doo hym harme ne hurte. thēne he vnloosed hym out of the snare. And wente forth to gyde a good wyhyle. that the serpente had grete hongre for he had not eten a grete wyhyle to fore. & sterte to the man & wold haue slayn hym/ y<sup>e</sup> man sterte awaye & was a ferde & said wyll thou now see

me. hast thou forgotten the oth that thou madest to me that thou sholdest not mysdoe ne hurte me. The serpent answered I maye yet doo good. to fore al the world that I doo/ the neede of hongre may cause a man to breke his oth/ The man sayd yf yt may be not better gyue me so longe respit tyl we mete and fynde that may Iuge the mater by ryght. The serpente graunted therto. thus they wente to gyde so longe y<sup>e</sup> they fonde tyfelyn the rauen/ And slyndere his sone. there rehersed they theyr reasons/ Tyfelyn the rauen Iuged anon that he shold ete the man: he wold fayn haue eten his parte and his sone also. The serpent sayd to the man. hold is it now what thynke ye haue I not wonne. The man sayd hold shold a robber Iuge this he shold haue auayle thryby and also he is allone. ther muste be two or thre attē leste to gyde & that they vnderstande the ryght and lawe/ & that woulate y<sup>e</sup> sentence gon. I am neuertheles ylon ynough. They agreed & wente forth tothe to gyde so longe that they fonde the bere and the wulf to whom they tolde theyr mater/ & they anon Iuged that the serpent shold see the man for the neede of hongre breketh oth alway: the man thenne was in grete doute & fere/ & the serpent cam and cast his benym at hym. but the man lepe a way from hym wyth grete payne/ And sayd ye doo grete wronge that ye thus lye in a wayte to slee me/ ye haue no ryght therto. The serpent sayde. Is it not ynough yet/ hit hath ben twyes Iuged/ ye sayd the man that is of them that ben wonte murdre & robbe. Alie that euer they swore and promyse they holde not/ But I apperle this mater in to the court to fore our lord the kynge/ And that thou mayst not forsake. And what Jugement that shal be gyven there/ I shal obeye and suffre/ and neuer doo the contrarpe.

**T**he here and the Wulf sayden that it shold be so. And that the serpent desired no better. They supposed yf it shold come to fore yow/ It shold goo there as they wolde. I trowe ye be wel remembryd herof/ Tho cam they alle to the court to fore yow/ And yf Woules two chyldeyn cam wyth theyr fader. Whiche were callyd empty hely & neuer full. By cause they wold ete of the man: For they holdyd for grete hongre wherfore ye commaunded them to auoyde your court

**T**he man stode in grete drede. And called vpon your good grace and tolde how the serpent wolde haue taken his lyf from hym to whom he had sauyn his lyf. And that aboue his oth and promyse he wold haue deuoured hym. The serpent answered I haue not trespassed. And that I reporte me hoolly by to yf kynge/ for I dyde it to saue my lyf/ for nede of lyf one may breek his oth & promyse. My lord that tyme were ye and alle your counseyl here wyth acombryd. For your noble grace salbe the grete sorow of the man. And ye wold not that the man shold for his gentylnes and kyndenes be Jugged to deth/ And on that other syde hongre and nede to saue the lyf seeketh narrowly to be holpen/ Hier was none in all the court that coude ne kenne the ryght hyperof/ Ther were somme that wold sayn the man had be holpen/ I see them hier stondyng. I wote wel they sayde that they coude not ende this mater/ Therne commaunded ye that Reynart my neuell shold come and saye his aduys in this mater.

**T**hat tyme was he aboue alle other bykuyd & herd in the court. And ye bad hym gyue sentence acordyng to yf best right/ And we alle shal folowe hym/ For he kenne the growde of yf lawe/ Reynart sayd my lord/ it is not possyble to gyue a trewe sentence after theyr wordes/ For in here sayng ben ofte lesynges/

**B**ut and yf I myght see the

serpent in the same parpl and nede that he was in when the man loosed hym and vnsoude: Therne woste I wel what I shold saye: And who that wolde do other wyse he shold mysdo agayn right Therne sayd ye my lord Reynart that is wel sayd we alle accorde hereto. For noman can saye better/ Therne wente the man and the serpent in to the place wher as he soude the serpent Reynart bad that the serpent shold be sette in the snare in lyke wyse as he was: And it was don. Therne sayd ye my lord. Reynart how thynketh yow now/ what Jugement shal we gyue/ Therne sayd Reynart the foxe. My lord now ben they lyke as they were to fore. they haue nether wonne ne loste/ See my lord how I Juge for a right also ferre as it shal please your noble grace yf the man wyl now lose and vnsoude the serpent vpon the promyse and oth/ that he to fore made to hym/ he may wel do it. But yf he thynke that he for ony thyng shold be emcombyd or byndred by the serpent. or for nede of hongre wold breek his oth and promyse. Therne Juge I that the man may goo frely wher he wyl/ and late the serpent abyde stille bounden/ Lyke as he myght haue don at the begynnynge. For he wold haue broken his oth. and promyse. wher as he helpe hym out of such feerfull peryll. Thus thynketh me a rightfull Jugement that the man shal haue his fre choyse/ Lyke as he to fore hadde.

**M**y lord this Jugement thought yow good: and alle your counseyl whiche at that tyme were by you/ and folowed the same. And pressed Reynardis wysdom that he had made the man quyte and free. Thus the foxe wysely kepte your noble honour and worshyp as a trewe seruaunt is bounde to doo to his lord wher hath the kee or yf wulf conuer to yow so moche worshyp They come wel

huplen and blasen stek and robbe. And ete fatte mrosellys  
 and fylle theyr helyes. And thenne Juge they for ryght  
 and lawe that smale theuis that stek hennys and chekyns  
 shold be hanged. But they hem self that stelen kpen oxen  
 and horses/ they shal goo quyte and be lordes/ And seme  
 as though they were wyser than Salamon/ Mupcene oz  
 Aristotiles/ And eche wyll beholde hys proud/ and puffed  
 of grete dedes and hardy/ ¶ But and they come wher as  
 it is to doo/ they ben the fyrste that flee/ Thenne muste the  
 symple goo forth to fore. And they kepe the reueloard be:  
 hynde. ¶ Och my lord these and other lyke to them  
 be not wyse/ but they destroye to done. Castel lande. and peo:  
 ple/ They retche not whos hows breneeth. so that they may  
 warme them by the coles/ They seke alle theyr done  
 awayll and synguler profyte/ But Reynart the foye and  
 alle his frendys and lpgnage sorowen and thynke to pre:  
 ferre the honour worship. fordeel and profyte of theyr lord  
 And for wyse counseyl whiche ofte more prouffyteth here  
 than pryde and booste. This doth Reynart. though he haue  
 no thanke / Atte longe it shal be wel knowen/ who is  
 beste and doth moste prouffyt. ¶ My lord ye sape. that his  
 kynne and lpgnage dralbe al afterward from hym. And  
 stode not by hym/ For his falsheed and deceyuable and sub:  
 tyl touchis. I wold an other had sayde that/ Ther sholde  
 thenne suche wrakie be taken therof. that hym myght gro:  
 wle that euer he said hym/ but my lord we wyll for here you.  
 ye maye sape your playre. and also I sape it not by yow /  
 were ther ony that wolde keryue ony thyng ayensst yow  
 wyth wordes oz wyth werkis/ hym wold we soo doo to.  
 that men shold sape we had ben there/ Ther as fyghtyng is  
 we ben not woned to be aferd/ My lord by your leue I may

wel gyue you knowelche of reynardis freendis and kyn:  
 ne. ther ben many of them that for his sake and loue wille  
 auenture yf. & good I knowe my self for one I am a wyf I  
 shold yf he had nedde sette my lyf and good for hym also I ha  
 ue thre ful wayen children whiche ben hardy & stronge w:  
 hom I wold alle to gydre auenture for his loue rather than  
 I shold see hym destroyed yet had I leuer dye than I salbe  
 them myschance to fore myn eyen so wel loue I hym.

¶ Whiche ben frendes and kynne vnto. Reynard  
 the foye. Capitulo. xxxj.

The fyrste chylde is named bytelups. whiche is moche  
 cherysshed and can make moche sporte and game w:  
 herfore is gyuen to hym the fatte trenchours & moche other  
 good mete whiche cometh wel to prouffyt of ful rompe his  
 brother and also my thyrde chylde is a daughter/ & is na:  
 med hatenette/ she can wel pryse out lyf & netis out of mes  
 kedis thise thre ben to eche other tryelwe. wherfor I loue them  
 Wel dame rukena we called hem forth and sayde welcome  
 my dere children come forth & stande by reynard your dere  
 newel. Thenne said she. come forth alle ye that ben of my  
 kynne and reynarts/ & late us praye the kynge that he wil  
 le doo to reynart ryght of the lande. Tho cam forth many a  
 best a non/ as the squivel / the muschont/ the fycheles/ the  
 matron the leuer wyth his wyf ozegale/ the genetee/ the  
 astrole/ the boussyng / and the fyret/ thise theyne ete as fa  
 yne polayl as doth reynart. ¶ The oter aud panteuot  
 his wyf whom I had almoste forgotten/ yet were they to  
 fore wyth the leuer enemyes to the foye / but they durst not  
 gany saye dame rukena we/ for they were aferd of her.  
 ¶ She was also the wyfist of al his kynne of counseil &  
 was moste doubted. ther cam also mo than xx other by cause

of her for to stande by reynart. The her cam also dame atrote  
with her. ij. sustres / the wessel & her mell the asse the backe.  
The wateratke and many moo to the nombre of. xl. whiche  
alle/camen and stoden by reynard the foxe.

**M** lord the kyng saide rikenauwe come and see hier  
yf reynart haue ony frendys / here may ye see we ben  
your trewe subgettis whiche ffor yowd wold auenture both  
lyf and good yf ye had nede though ye be hardy myght. &  
stronge. our wyl wylld friendship can not hurte yowd. late  
reynard the foxe doct bethynke hym vpon this maters y  
ye haue leyd ayenst hym. and yf he can not excuse hym the  
ne doo hym ryght we desire noo better. & this by right ought  
to noman be warned. The quene thenne spack. this saide I  
to hym yester day. but he was so spers & angry that he wo:  
ld not here it. the lupard saide also. spre ye may iuge nofor  
ther than your men gyue theyr verdyct. ffor yf ye wold  
goo forth by wyl & myghte that were not worshipful. ffor  
your estate here alleway bothe partys & thenne by the beste  
& wysest counseyl gyue Jugement discretly accordyng to y  
beste right the kyng saide. this is al trewe but I was so  
fore meyd whan I was enformed of kywartes deth & salde  
his heed that I was hoot & hasty I shal here y foxe. can he aus  
were and excuse hym of that is leyd ayenst hym I shal glad  
ly late hym goo quyte And also atte requeste of his good  
frendis and kynne. Reynart was glad of this wordis. &  
thoughte god thanke myn aunte She hath the rys doo  
blosme agayn She hath wel holpen me forth nowd I haue  
nowd a good foot to daunse on. I shal nowd loke out of my.  
ne eyen. And brynge forth the fayrest lesyngys that euer  
ony man herde and brynge my self out of this daunger.

**H**ow the foxe wyth subtylce excused hym for

the deth of kywarte the hare and of alle other maters that  
were leyde ayenst hym and howd wyth flateryng gave a  
gayn his pees of the kyng. Capitulo. xxxij.

**T**henne spack reynart the foxe and saide. alas what  
saye ye is kywarte ded & where is bellyn the ramme  
what brought he to yowd / whan he cam agayn / ffor I dely:  
uerd to hym thre Jewellis. I wold sayn knowe where they  
ben be comen. That one of hem shold he haue gyuen to yowd  
my lord the kyng. And the other. ij. to my lady the quene.  
**T**he kyng saide bellyn brought vs nought ellis but ky  
warte hed lyke as I saide you to fore wkwof. I tokie on  
hym wraue I made hym to lose his lyf ffor the foule kay:  
tyf saide to me that he hym self was of the counseyl of the let  
twes / makyng that were in the make. Alas my lord is this  
veri trouthe woe to me kwytyf that euer I was born sith  
that these good Jewellis be thus lost myn herte wil brenke  
for sorowe. I am sori that I nowd lyue what shal my wyf  
saye whan she heareth therof she shal goo out of her wytte for  
sorowd I shal neuer also loke as I lyue haue her frendship bes  
shal make moche sorowe whan she her eth therof. the she ape  
saide Reynart dere neueld what proffytth that ye make al  
this sorowe late it passe And telle vs what these Jewellis  
were / paraenture we shalle fynde counseyl to haue them a  
gayn yf they be aloue erthe. maister asicryn shal laboure for  
them in his bookis. and also we shal curse for them in al  
k churchev vnto the tyme y we haue knowleche wher they  
ben. they maye not be loste. May aunte thynke not that. ffor  
they that haue them wil not lightly departe fro them. ther  
was neuer kyng that euer gaf so rich Jewellis as these be.  
neuertheless ye haue somwhat wyth your wordes casid myn

berte and made it lighter than it was. Alas loo here ye may see how he or they to whom a man trusteth moost is ofte by hym or them deceyvid though I shold goo al the world thorough and my lyf in aventure sette therfore I shal wyte wether these Jewellis ben becomen.

**W**ith a dissymplyd & sorowful speche saide the foyn her: When ye alle my kynne/ & frendis I shal name to yow these Jewellis what they were. And thenne may ye saye y I have a grete losse that one of them was a ringe of fyn gold & within the ringe next the fynge were veynton letters enameld with sable & asure & ther were thre hebrewes names therein I coude not my self rede ne spelle them/ for I vnderstonde not that langage/ but maister abryon of tryer he is a wyse man he vnderstandeth wel al maner of languages & y vertue of al maner herbes/ & ther ne is best so fier ne stroge but he can dompte hym for yf he see hym ones he shal doo as he wyl. And yet he beleueth not on god. He is a Jewe. The wysest in connyng & specially he knoweth the vertue of stones. I shewde hym ones this ringe he saide that they were tho thre names y seth brought out of paradys when he brought to his fadre. adam y oyle of mercy. & who so euer seeth on hym these thre names he shal neuer be hurte by thondre lychtynge. ne no witchcraft shal haue power ouer hym ne he temptid to doo synne. And also he shal neuer take harm by colde though he laye thre wynters longe nyghtis in y felde though it snowed stormed or frore neuer so sore so grete myght haue these wordes/ wytnes of maister abryon without for th in the ringe stode a stone of thre maner colours. the oue part was lyke rede cristalle & shoon lyke as fyre had ben thereyn/ in suche wyse that yf one wold go by nyght hym behoued non other light for the shynnyng

of the stone made & gaf as grete a light as it had ben mydday. ¶ That other parte of the stone was whyte & clere as it had ben burnysid. who so had in his eyen any smarte or sorenes. or in his body any swellynge/ or heed ache or any syknes without forth yf he stryked this stone on the place wher the grete is he shal anon be hole/ or yf any man be seke in his body of benyng. or ylle mete in his stomack/ or colyck stranguryllon/ stone fystel or kanker or any other seknes lauf only the very deeth late hym lepe this stone in a lytle watre. And late hym drynke it & he shal forth with be hole and al quyte of his seknes. Alas saide the foyn we haue good cause to be sorry. to lese suche a Jewel/ furthermore the thirde colour was grene lyke glas. But ther were some sprynkles thereyn lyke purple the maister told for trouthe that who that bare this stone vpon hym shold neuer be hurte of his enemye and that no man were he neuer so stroge & hardi that myght mysdoe hym & where euer that he fought he shold haue vycoture were it by nyght or by daye also ferre as he behelde it fastynge & also therto where so euer he wente & in what feladshipp he shold be bylound/ though they hadde hated hym to fore/ yf 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 hundred armed men he shold be wel herbed & escape fro them with woorthipp but he muste be a noble gentile man & haue no cholles condicions/ for thenne the stone had no myght/ & by cause this stone was so precious & good/ I thought in my self y I was not able ne worthy to bere it/ & there fore I sente it to my dere lord the kynge/ for I knowe hym for the most noble that noo lyueth and also alle our welfare and woorthipp lyeth on hym and for he shold be kepte fro alle drede nee and vngeluck.



**A** Fonde thys ryng in my fadres tresour/ and in the  
 same place I toke galasse or mirroure and acombe whi  
 che my wyf wold a lger have a man myght wondre y  
 salbe thise Jewellis. I sente thise to my lady the quene/ for  
 I have founden her good and gracypous to me this combe  
 myght not be to moche pryced. Hit was made of the bone  
 of a clene noble best named. Panthera whiche feoeth hym  
 bytvene the grece Inde and erthly paradysse he is so lusty fa  
 yr and of colour that ther is no colour vnder the heuen/ but  
 somme lykness is in hym ther to he smelleth so swete that y  
 sauour of hym boeth alle syknessis and for his beaute and  
 swete smellyng all other bestis folowe hym for by his swe  
 te sauour they ben heled of alle syknessis this panthera hath  
 a fayr loon brode and thynne vohan soo is that this bestie  
 is slayn al the swete odour restid in y bone whiche can not  
 be broken ne shal neuer rote ne be destroyed by fyre/ by wa:  
 ter ne by smytpng/ hit is so hard tyght and faste/ and yet it  
 is lyght of weyght. ¶ The swete odour of it hath grete my  
 ght/ that who that smelleth it sette nougth by none other lu  
 ste in the world and is easyd & quyte of alle maner disea:  
 ses & Infirmytes. And also he is iocunde & glad in his he  
 te this combe is polysthid as it were fyne syluer. and the te:  
 eth of it ben smal and strayte. And bytven the gretter teeth  
 and the smaller is a large felde and space where is coruen  
 many an ymage subtylly made and enameld a bouce wyth  
 fyn gold the felde is checked with sable and syluer enameld  
 with cybore and asure. And ther in is thistorpe how ve:  
 nus Juno & pallas strof for thapple of gold/ whiche eche  
 of them wold haue had whiche cotrauersye was sette vpo  
 parys. that he shold gyue it to the fayrest of them thre.

**P** arys was that tyme an herde man and kepte his  
 fadres bestis. and shep without trope. vohan he had

receyuid thapple Juno promysyd to hym yf he wolde Iuge  
 that she myght haue thapple/ he shold haue the moste richesse  
 of the world pallas said yf she myght haue thapple she wo:  
 ld gyue hym wyfedom & strengthe and make hym so grece  
 a lorde that he shold ouer come alle his enemyes and whom  
 he wold Venus saide what needst thou richesse or streng the  
 art not thou pyramus sone and hector is thy brother whi  
 che haue al asye vnder their power/ art not thou one of the  
 possessours of grece trope/ yf thou wylt gyue to me thapple  
 I shal gyue the the richest tresour of the world. And that  
 shal be the fayrest woman y euer had lpf on therthe ne ne:  
 uer shal none be born fayrer than she/ thene shal thou be ri:  
 cher than riche. And shal clymme aboue al other/ for that  
 is the tresour that noman can pryce ynough for honest fa:  
 ir and good women can put a way many a sorow fro the  
 herte they be shamefast and wyse and brynge a man in veri  
 Joye and blyffe. ¶ Parys herde this Venus whiche presented  
 hym this grece Joye and fair lady and prayd her to name  
 this fayr lady/ that was so fayr and where she was/ ven:  
 saide it is helene kynge menelaus wyf of grece ther lpueth  
 not a nobler. richer. gentiller. ne wyser wyf in al the world  
 ¶ Thenne parys gaf to her thapple and said that she was  
 fayrest/ how that he gate afterward helene/ by the helpe of  
 Venus & how he brought her in to trope and wedded her the  
 grece loue and Joly lpf that they had to gyder was al corue  
 in the felde euery thyng by hym self and the storpe voretton.  
**N** ow ye shal here of the myrrour. the glas that sto:  
 rde theron was of suche vertu that men myght see the  
 ryng all that was don within a myle/ of men of bestis and  
 of al thyng that me vndir desire to wyte/ and knowe and  
 what man looked in the glasse had he ony disease/ of pric  
 kyng or mores/ smarte or perles in his eyen he shold be

anon heled of it. Suche grette Vertue had the glas is it the  
ne wondre yf I be meuyd and angry for to lose suche ma:  
ner Jewellys. The tree in whiche this glas stode was ly:  
ght and faste and was named cetyne hit shold endure e:  
uer er it wold rote or wormes shold hurte it/ and therefore  
kyng Salamon seclpd his temple with the same wode wi:  
thynforth/ Men preyed it derer than syn gold hit is lyke  
to tre of hebenus of whiche wode kyng Crompart made  
his hors of tree for loue of kyng morcadigas daughter y  
was so fayr whom he had wende for to haue wonne That  
hors was so made within that wo. someuer rode on hit yf  
he wolde/ he shold be within lesse than on hour/ an hondred my:  
le then. ¶ And that was wel preyed for cleomedes the  
kynges sone wolde not blyue that. ¶ That hors of tre  
had suche myght and Vertue. ¶ He was yonge lusty and  
hardy. And desired to doo grette dedes of prys for to be re:  
nomed in this world. And kep on this hors of tree.  
Crompart tornd 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 waye cleomedes was sore  
aferd & supposed neuer to haue tornd agayn/ as thysto:  
rye therof telleth more playnly/ But hold grette drede he had/  
and hold ferre that he woude vpon that horse made of the tree  
of hebenus er he coude knowe the arte & crafte hold he shold  
torne hym. and hold Joyeful he was when he knewe it. &  
hold men sorowded for hym. and hold he knewe alle this. &  
the ioye therof when he cam agayn al 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 & that without forth of y glas half a

foot brood wherein stode somme strange histories whiche we  
re of gold/ of sabelk of syluer/ of yelowe/ asure and cyrope.  
thysse syre colours were therein brought in suche wyse as it  
behoued/ & vnder every hystorie the wordes were grauen &  
enameld y every mā myght vnderstande what eche histore  
was. after my Jugement ther was neuer myroure so cos:  
tly so lustly ne so playfaant. in the begynnynge stode there  
an horse made fatte stronge and sore enuyous vpon an herte  
whiche ran in y feeld so ferre and wyft that the hors was  
angry that he ran so ferre to fore hym and coude not ouerta:  
ke hym. He thought he shold catche hym and subdue hym.  
though he shold suffre moche payne therfore/ the horse spack  
tho to a herdeman in this wyse/ yf thou woldest taken an her:  
te tha: I wel can shewe the. thou sholdest haue grette prouf:  
yft thou sholdest selke dere his hornes his skyn & his  
flessh. the herdeman sayd hold may I come by hym: the hors  
sayde yf the vpon me. & I shal bere the & we shal hunte hym  
tyl he be take/ The herdeman sprang & satte vpon y hors & sa:  
we the hertes & he rode after but y herte was lyght of foot &  
out ran y hors ferre they hunted so ferre after hym that y  
horse was wery & sayd to the herdeman that satte on hym/  
now yf the of I wyl reste me. I am al wery & gyue me leue  
to goo fro the/ The herdeman sayde I haue arrested the thou  
mayst not escape fro me. I haue a brydle on thy hede & spo:  
rys on my heles thou shalt neuer haue thanke herof I shal  
byd wyng & subdue the haddest thou woren the contrarpe.  
see hold the herts brought hym self in thraldom and was ta:  
ken in his owne nette/ hold may one better be taken than  
by his owne propre enuye suffre hym self to be taken & ry:  
den ther ben many that laboure to hurte other. and they  
them seluen ben hurt and rewarded wyth the same/

There was also made an asse and an hounde. Whiche  
dwelled tothe wyth a ryche man/ E se man loupd his  
hound wel. For he pleyed ofte wyth hym as folke do wyth  
houndys/the hound kep vp and pleyd wyth his tayl. And  
lyctyd his mayster aboute the mouth. this salde hold wyth  
the asse. & he had grete spyte therof in his herte. and sayd to  
hym self hold may this be and what may my lord see on  
this folke hound/ Whom I neuer see doth good ne profyt/  
lauf spryngeth on hym and kysseth hym. But me whom  
men putten to labour. to bere and draue/ and do more in a  
weeke than he wyth his rB shold doo in a hole yere and yet  
lyteth he neuertheless by hym at the table/ And there eteth  
bones flessh and fatte trenchours. and I haue nothyng but  
thysles and nettles. And lye on nyghtes on y harde etthe  
& suffre many a skorn. I wyl no lenger suffre this/ I wyl  
thynke hold I may geete my lordys loue and frenshyp lyke  
as the hounde doth. Ther wyth cam the lord. And the asse  
lyft vp his tayl and sprang wyth his fore feet on the lordes  
sholdes. And bled greynyd and songe and wyth his  
feet made two grete bules aboute his eyes/ And put forth  
his mouth and wold haue kyssed the lordes mouth as he  
had seen the hound doo. Tho cryde the lord sore aferde help:  
help: this asse wyl slee me/ Therne cam his seruauntis wyth  
good staups and smyten & bete the asse so sore that he had  
wende he shold haue losse his lyf/ Tho retorned he to his  
stable and ete thysles and was an asse as he to fore was/  
In lyke wyse who so haue enuye and spyte of an others  
welfare/ & were seruyd in like wyse. it shold be wel behoefful  
Therfore it is concluded that the asse shal ete thysleys and  
nettles & bere the sacke though men wold doo hym wo:  
shyp he can not vnderstande it/ But must vs. olde leuoe

maners/ Where as asses geuen lordshippis. there men see sel  
de good redde. For they take hede of nothyng but on theye  
spyngher prouffyt. yet ben they take vp and ryse grete/ the  
more pyte is/

Herken further hold my fadre and tybert y catte wen:  
te to gydre. And had woorn by theye trouthe that for  
loue ne hate they shold not departe/ And what they gate/  
they shold departe to eche the half/ Therne on atyme they sa  
we hunters comyng ouer y felde wyth many houndes. They  
kep and conne faste from them ward al that they might as  
they y were aferd of theye lyf/ tybert sayde the fore whyther  
shal we no do best flee the huters haue espyed vs. knowe ye  
ony helpe my fadre trusted on the promyse y eche made to o:  
ther/ And that he wold departe for no nede from hym. Ty:  
bert sayde he/ I haue a sacke ful of of wyles yf we haue nede  
as ferre as we abyde to gydre we nede not to doute huters  
ne houndes/ Tybert bygan to spyge and was sore aferd/ And  
sayde Reynart what auayllen many wordes I knowe but  
one wyle. and theder must I too. And tho clamme he vpon  
on hye tree in to the toppe vnder the leups. Where as huters  
ne hounde myght doo hym no harme. And left my fadre  
allone in Jeopardie of his lyf. For the hunters settz on  
hym y houndes alle that they coude. Men blewe the hornes  
and cryed and haloued the fore. Sle & take/ Whan tybert y  
catte salde that he mocked and scorned my fadre and sayd  
what Reynart cosyn vnbrynde no do your sacke wher al the  
wyles ben in: it is no do 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 and he ranne and fledde wyth gre:  
te fere of his lyf and lette his male flyde of by cause he wold

be the lychter/ yet al that coude not helpe hym for the houndes  
 were so wyft and shold haue byten hym. ¶ But he had one  
 auenture that ther by he fond an olde hole. Wherin he crepte/ &  
 escaped thus the honters and houndes. ¶ Thus helde this  
 false deceyuer Tybert his spykernes that he had promysed/  
 alas how many ben there now a dayes that kepe not theyr  
 promyse. And sette not therby though they breke it/ And  
 though I hate tybart herfore/ Is it no wonder but I doo not  
 likerly/ I loue my soule to wel therto/ Neuertheles yf I sa  
 we hym in auenture and myssalle in his body or in his go  
 odes. I trowe hit shold not moche goo to my herte so that a  
 nother 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 cleere out of myn herte. but a lytyl ylle wyll  
 to hymward abydeth therein as this cometh to my remem  
 braunce/ And the cause is that the sensualyte of my flesh  
 fyghteth ayenst reason/

**T**her stode also in that myrroure of the Wulf. how he  
 fonde ones vpon an heth a dede hors flayn. but al the  
 flesh was eten thenne wente he and tote grete morselles  
 of the bones that for hungre he toke thre or iiii. attones &  
 woloued them in/ For he was so greedy that one of the bo  
 nes stak thwart in his mouth: Wherof he had grete payne  
 And was in grete fere of his lyf/ He soughte al aboute  
 for wyse maisters and surgens and promysed grete pestis  
 for to be heled of his dysease/ Atte laste whan he coude no  
 wher fynde remedye he cam to the crane wyth his longe  
 necke and bylle. and prayde hym to helpe hym. and he wold  
 lone and rewarde hym so wel that he shold euer be the better/  
 the crane herked after thys grete rewarde and put his heed  
 in to his throte and brought out the boon wyth his bylle/

The Wulf sterce a syde wyth the pluckynge and cryde out  
 alas thou doost me harme/ but I forgyue it the/ doo no mo  
 re so I wold not suffere it of on other. the crane sayde. sir Ie  
 grym goo & be mery for ye be al hool now gyue to me that  
 ye promysed/ The Wulf sayde. Wyl ye here what he sayth. I  
 am he that hath suffred and haue cause to playne/ and he  
 wyll haue good of me/ he thanketh not me of y kyndnes  
 that I dyde to hym he put his heed in my mouth/ and I suf  
 fered hym to draue it out hole wythout hurtynge/ And he  
 dyde to me also harme/ And yf ony hier shold haue a re  
 warde it shold be I by ryght/ ¶ Thus the vnkynde men  
 now adayes rewarde them that doo them good/ whan the  
 false and subtyl aryse and become grete. thenne goth wor  
 ship and prouffyt al to nought: Ther ben many of ryght  
 that ought rewarde and doo good to such as haue holpen  
 hem in her nede. that now fynde causes and saye they be hur  
 te and wold haue amendys. wher they ought to rewarde  
 and make amendes them self. ¶ Therfor it is sayd and  
 trowthe it is. Whoo that wyl chyde or chastyse. see that he  
 be cleere/ hym self.

**A**le this and moche more than I now can wel reme  
 bre was made and brought in the glasse The may  
 ster that ordyned it/ was a connyng man and a profounde  
 clerk in many sepencis. And by cause thise Jewells were  
 ouer good and precious for me to kepe and haue: Therefore  
 I sente them to my dere lord the kynge and to the quene in  
 presence. wher ben they now that gyue to theyr lordes such  
 presentes. The sorowe that my ij. chyldeyn made whan I  
 sente away the glasse was grete for they were woned to  
 loke therein and see them self how theyr clothyng and arape  
 bycam them on theyr bodies. ¶ O alas I knewe not that

Raynart the hare was so nyghe his deth when I deliuered  
hym the make wyth thysse iudgements/ I woyste not to whom I  
myght bette haue taken them, though it shold haue coste me  
my lyf/ than hym/ and tellart the Ramme/ they were two  
of my best freendes. ¶ Oute alas I crye vpon the murde-  
rar, I shal knowe who it was, though I shold rene thurgh  
al the world to seke hym. For murdre abydeyth not hyd, it  
shal come out perauenture he is in this compaigne that kno-  
weth where Raynart is becomen, though he telleth it not/  
¶ For many false shrewds walke wyth good men/ fro  
whom noman can kepe hym, they knowen theyr craft so wel  
and 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 meruayl of a kynge/ but ther come so many thynges to  
fore hym that he forgetteth that one wyth that other, and so  
sayth by me. ¶ Dere lord remembre not ye when my  
lord your fadre luyd/ and ye an yonglyng of two yere we-  
re that my fadre cam fro skole fro Mompellier, where as he  
had fyue yere studyed in receytes of medycynes/ he knewe  
al the tokenes of the Bryne as wel as his honde/ And al-  
so alle the herbes and nature of them whiche were viscofe  
or laxatyf. He was a synghuler mayster in that science,  
he myght wel were cloth of sylke and a gyllt gyrdle. When he  
cam to court he fonde the kynge in a grete sekeneis whereof he  
was sorp in his hert/ For he louyd hym aboue alle other  
lordes/ The kynge wold not forgoe hym, for when he cam  
alle other had leue to walke wher they wold he trusted no-  
ne so moche as hym. He sayd Reynart I am seke and fele  
me the lenger the worse/ My fadre sayd: my dere lord here is  
an Brynal, make your water therein, and assone as I

may see it/ I shal telle what sekeneis it is and also how ye  
shal be holpen/ The kynge dyde as he counseylked hym for he  
trusted noman better than luyd/ Though so were that my  
fader dyde not as he shold haue don to you/ but y was by cou-  
seyl of euyl & foule kстыs. I had wonder therof/ but it was a  
rasynge ayenst his deth he sayd my lord yf ye wyl be hole. Ye  
muste ete the lyuer of a wulf of vij. yere olde: that may ye  
not leue/ or elles ye shal dye/ For your Bryne sheweth it  
playnly, the wulf stode ther by and sayd nought. But the  
kynge sayd to hym, Sir Isegrym now ye here wel that I  
muste haue your lyuer yf I wyl be hole/ Tho answered the  
wulf and sayde/ May my lord not soo. I wote wel I am  
not yet fyue yere olde. I haue herde my moder saie soo/ my fa-  
dre sayd/ what skilleth his wordes/ late hym be opened and  
I shal knowe by the lyuer yf it be good 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 al his  
sekeneis/ thenne thanked he my fadre moche/ and commā-  
ded alle his houshold vpon theyr luyds that after that tyme  
they shold calle hym mayster Reynart/

**H**e abode styll by the kynge and was byluyd of alle  
thyngis and muste alle day go by his syde. And  
the kynge gaf to hym a garland of roses, whiche he muste  
alle day were on his heed. But now this is all tozned/ Al-  
le the olde good thynges that he dyde/ he forgotten. And  
thysse couetouse and rauinous shrewds he taken by and  
sette on the hysse benche and he herde and made grete. And  
the wyse folke he put a bac, by whiche thysse lordes ofte lac-  
ke/ and cause them to be in moche trouble and sorowe. For  
when a couetous man of lode byrthe is made a lord: and  
is moche grete and aboue his neyghbours hath power and

myght/Thenne he knoweth not hym self/ ne knowes he is co:  
men. And hath no pyte on nomans hurte/ ne heareth no:  
mans requeste. But yf he may haue grete petye/ al his en:  
tent and desyre is to gadre good and to be greter. O how  
many couetous men ben now in lordes courttes. they flatter  
and smeke. and please the prynce for theyr synguler auayl/  
but if the prynce had nede of them or theyr good they shold  
rather suffre hym to dye or fare ryght hard er they wold  
gyue or lene hym/ ¶ They be lyke the wulf. that had leuer  
the kynge had deyed than he wold gyue hym his lyuer Yet  
had I leuer er that the kynge or the quene shold fare amys  
that xx. suche wulues shold lose theyr lyues/ hit were also  
the lest losse: ¶ My lord al this byfelle in your yongthe  
that my fader dyde thus/ I trowe ye haue forgotten it/ And  
also I haue my self don you reuerence wooship and courto:  
sye. Onroused be it. though ye now thanke me but lytil pa:  
rauenture ye remembred not that I shal now saye/ not to  
ony forwoyting of you/ For ye be woorthy alle wooship &  
reuerence that ony man can do that haue ye of almyghty  
god by enherytaunce of your noble progenytours. wherefore  
I your humble subgette and seruaunt am bounden to do to  
you alle the scrupse that I can or maye/ ¶ I cam on a  
tyme walkyng wyth the wulfe Isegrym. And we hadde  
goten vnder vs bothe a wyne And for his lorde cryng  
we tote hym to deth/ And syce ye cam fro ferre out of a  
groue apensit vs/ ye salued vs frendly and sayde we were  
welcome/ and that ye and my lady the quene whiche cam  
after you hadde grete hongre and had nothyng for to ete/  
And prayd vs for to gyue you parte of our wyynyng/  
Isegrym spack so soft that a man vnnethe myght here  
hym/ But I spack out and sayde/ ye my lord wyth a good

woyl: though it were more the woyl wel that ye haue par:  
te And thenne the wulf departed as he was wonte to do/  
he departed and toke that on half for hym self And he gaf  
you a quarter/ for you and for the quene. That other  
quarter he ete and tote as hastely as he myght/ bycause he  
wold ete it allone. And he gaf to me but half the longes  
that I praye god that euyl mote he fare.

¶ Thus shold he his condicions and nature: Er  
men shold haue songen a Creed. ye my lord had eten  
your parte. And yet wold ye sayn haue had more/ For ye  
were not full. ¶ And by cause he gaf you nomore ne  
profred you. ye lyfte vp your right foote and smote hym by:  
twene the eris that ye tare his skyn ouer his eyen. And  
tho myght he no longer abyde but he bledde howled and ran  
a waye and lefte his part there lye/ ¶ Tho sayd ye to hym  
haste you agayn hether and bryng to vs more. And here  
after see better to hold ye dele and parte. Thenne sayd I my  
lord yf it please you I wyll goo wyth hym/ I wote wel what  
ye sayde. I wente wyth hym he bledde. and growed as sore  
as he was all softly he durst not crye lorde we wente so fer  
re that we brought a calf. And whan ye sawd vs come  
therwyth ye lalohyd for ye were wel plesyd. ye said to me y  
I was wyft in kontyng. I see wel that ye can fynde wel  
whan ye take it vpon you ye be good to sende forth in a ne  
de/ The calf is good and fatte/ herof shal ye be the delar. I  
sayde my lord wyth a good woyl. The one half my lord shal  
be for you. 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  
wyll haue the feet/ Tho sayd ye Reynart who hath taught  
you to departe so courtoisly/ My lord sayd I/ that hath won

this preest that sytteth her wyth the bloody crowne/ he lost  
his skynne wyth the Bncourtors departyng of the Wynn. &  
for his couetyse and raunne he hath bothe hurte and shame  
¶ Mas/ther ben many Wolues ; now a dayes that with;  
out right and reson destroye & ete them that they may haue  
the ouer hand of/they spare neyther flesh ne blood frende ne  
enempe what they can gete that take they O Wo be to that  
lande and to tollones. Where as the Wolues haue the ouer;  
hand My lord this and many other good thing is haue I  
don for you/that I coude wel telle yf it were not so long of  
whiche now ye remembre litil by the wordes that I here of you  
yf ye wold al thyng ouersee wel. ye wold not saye as ye do  
I haue seen the day that ther shold no grete mater be conclu-  
ded in this court without myn aduyse al be yt that th is a  
uenture is now fallen It myght happen yet that my wor-  
des shal be herd and also bileuid as wel as an others as fe-  
re as right wyl for I desire none other. For yf ther be ony  
can saye and make good by sufficient witnessis that I ha-  
ue trespassed I wyl abyde al the right and lawe that may co-  
me therof and yf ony saye on me ony thyng of whiche he  
can brynge noo wytnesses. Late me thenne be redolp'd after  
the lawe and custome of this court the kynge said Rey-  
nard ye saye resonably I knowe not of Ryuarts deth more  
than that kellyn the Kame brought his heed hether In the  
make therof I lefte you goo quyte. For I haue no wytnes  
therof. ¶ My dere lord said god thanke yow  
spierly ye do wel for his deth maketh me so sorrowful  
that me thynkieth my herte wyl breke in t wo O Whan  
they departed fro me myn herte was so heuy that me thought  
I shold haue woldoned I wote wel it was a token of the  
losse that tho was so nygh comyng to me alle the moost

parte of them that were there and herde the foxes wordes  
of the Jewellis and hoib he made his contenance and strat-  
chid hym had verily supposed that it had not be fayned  
but that it had be trewbe. they were sorow of his losse & mysfa-  
uenture. and also of his sorowbe. the kynge & the quene had  
bothe pytee of hym. And bad hym to make not to moche so-  
rowbe. But that he shold endeuore hym to seche hem. For he  
had so moche preyed hem/ that they bad grete will & desire  
to haue them. And by cause he had made them to vndersta-  
de that he had sente these Jewellis to them though they ne-  
uer had them. yet they thankied hym. And prayd hym to  
helpe that they myght haue them.

¶ The foxe vnderstode thet menyng wel. he thought to  
ward them but lytly good for al that he said god than-  
ke yow my lord & my lady that ye so frendly comforte me  
in my sorow I shal not reste nyght ne day ne alle they that  
wyl doo ony thyng for me but Kenne & praye Thretene and  
askie alle the four corners of the world. Though I shold  
euer seche tyl that I knowe where they ben biowmen. and I  
pray you my lord the kynge That yf they were in such pla-  
ce as I coulde not crete hem by prayer by myght ne by request  
that ye wold assiste me & abyde by me For it toldeth your  
self and the good is youris and also it is your part to doo  
Justice on thefte & murdre whiche bothe ben in this caas.  
Reynard said the kynge that shal I not leue whan ye find  
we wher they ben ¶ Myn helpe shal be allway redy for you  
¶ O dere lord this is to moche presented to me/ yf I had  
polber and myght I shold deserue it ayeust yow.  
¶ Now hath the foxe his mater fast and fayr For he  
hath the kynge in his hand as he wolde hym/ thought that  
he was in better caas than it was lyke to haue be/ he hath

hath made so many lesynges / that he may goo freely wher he  
wyl wythout complaynyng of ony of them alle. Sauuf of  
psegryn which was to hym ward angry & dyspleyd & sa-  
yd. O noble kynge ar ye so moche chyldyssh that ye byleue  
this false & subtyl shrewde / & suffre your self wyth false lyes  
thus to be deceuyd / Of fayth it shold be longe or I shold be  
leue hym he is in murdre & treson al he wrapped And he mo-  
cketh you to fore your bysage / I shal telle hym a nother ta-  
le I am glad that I see now hym here alle his lesynges shal  
not vayne hym er he departe fro me.

¶ How psegryn the wulfe complayned agayn on the  
foye. Capitulo. xxxij.

**Q** Lord I pray you to take hede / this false theef betray-  
ed my wyf ones fowle & dishonestly / hit was so that  
in a wynters day that they wente to cyder thurgh a grete  
water / and he bare my wyf an honde that he wold teche her  
take fyssh wyth her tayl / and that she shold late it hange in  
the water a good whyle & ther shold so moche fyssh cleue on  
it that foure of them shold not conne ete it. the fool my wyf  
supposed he had said trouthe. & she wente in the myre to the  
hely to er she cam in to the watere And whan she was in y  
deppst of the water. he bad her holde her tayl styll. til that y  
fyssh were comen she helde her tayl so longe that it was frow-  
narde in the yse & coude not plucke it out. And whan he sa-  
we that he sprange vp after on her body. Alas there rauys-  
shyd he & forcyd my wyf so knauysshly that I am ashamed to  
telle it she coude not defende her self the sely best she stode so  
depe in the mire. ¶ Herof he can not saye naye. ffor I fon-  
de hym wyth the dede. for as I wente aboue spon y bakke I sa-  
we hym binythe spon my wyf shouyng & stekyng as men doo  
whā they doo suche werke & playe. alas what payne suffred

It ho my herte I had almost for sorow losse my true wythes &  
cryde as lowde as I myght reynard what do ye there & whā  
he saide me so nyghe tho keep he of & wente his waye. I wente  
to her in a grete heuynesse. & wente depe in that mire and that  
water er I coude breke the yse & moche payne suffred she er  
she coude haue out her taylle and yet lefte a gobet of her tayle  
behynnd her And we were lykē bothe therby to haue lost our  
lyues for she calped and cryde so lowde for the smarte that  
she had er she cam out / that the men of the byllage. cam out  
wyth staups and byllis wyth flaylys & pykforkes. and the  
wyues wyth theyr distaups / & cryed dyspytously she she and  
smyte down right I was neuer in my lyf so aferde / ffor vn-  
nethe we eschaped we ran sofast that we swette ther was  
a bylayne that stakē on vs wyth a pyke which hurted vs  
sove he was stronge & wyfde a fote hadde it not be nyght cer-  
taynly we had ben slayn The fowle olde qvenes wold fayn  
haue beten vs they saide that we had byten theyr sheep & they  
curfed vs wyth many a curse. Tho cam we in to a felde ful  
of brome and brembles there hydde we vs fro the bylaynes  
And they durst not folowe vs ferther by nyght / but retor-  
ned home agayn. ¶ See my lord this fowle mater / this is  
murder rape and treson which ye ought to doo Justice the

¶ Iron sharply.

**R**eynard answered and sayd yf this were trewe it s-  
hold go to nyghe myn houour and worship god forke  
de that it shold be founde trewe / hit is wel trewe that I ta-  
ught her how she shold in a place catche fyssh & she wode her a  
good way for to goo ouer in to y water without goyng in  
to y mire. but she rane so desirously whan she herde me name  
the fyssh. that she nethe way ne path helde but wete in to y  
yse wher in she was forfrown. & y was by cause she abode to



longe she had fyllh ynough yf she coude haue be plesyd wyth  
mesure it falleth ofte/ who wold haue y allketh alle. ouer  
couetous was neuer good. For the best can not be. satisfi-  
ed. & whan I salde her in the yse so faste I wente to haue hol-  
pen her and heef & shoef & stack here & there to haue brought  
her out. But it was al payne losse/ for she was to heuy for  
me. Tho cam ysegym & salde hold I shoef & stack & dyde al  
my best & he as a fowle chorle. fowle & rybadously sklauu-  
dryed me wyth her as thysse fowle Bnthriftes ben wonte to  
do. But my dere lord it was none other wyse. he helyeth me  
falsely parauenture his eyen daselyd as he lokked from abo-  
ue down he cryde & cursed me and swore many an oth I shold  
dere abyte it/ whan I herde hym so curse & thretene/ I wente  
my waye and lette hym curse & menace til he was wery and  
tho wente he & heef & shoef and halpe his wyf out. & thenne  
he kep and ran & she also for to gete them an hee & to war-  
me them/ or ellis they shold haue deyd for colde. ¶ And  
what someuer I haue said a fore or after that is clerly al  
trouthe I wolde not for a thousand marke of fyn gold lye to  
you one lesyng it were not sytting for me/ what some-  
uer falle of me I shal saye the trouthe/ lyke as myn elders  
haue allway don/ syth the tyme that we fyrst vnderstode re-  
son & yf ye be in doubte of ony thyng that I haue said other-  
wyse than trouthe gyue me respice of. viij. dayes that I may  
haue counseyl & I shal bryngge suche Informacion wyth go-  
od tryel & suffycient recorde/ that ye shal alle your lyf du-  
ryng truste & beleue me and so shal all your counseil also  
hat haue I to do wyth the wulf/ hit is to fore clerly yno-  
wh she wode that he is a foule woplaynous knyght/ & an vcke-  
ne best. whan he deled and departed the wygn So is  
it now knowen to yow alle by hys owen wordes that

that is a deframer of wygmen as moche as in hym is ye  
may wel marke euerychone who shold luste to do that game  
to one so stedfast a wyf beyng in so grete pryll of deth now  
alke ye hys wyf/ yf it be so as he sayth. yf she wyf saye the  
trouthe I wote wel/ she shal saye as I do. Tho spack er/ wo-  
ynde the wulfis. wyf. Alch felle reynart/ noman can kepe  
hym self fro the thou canst so wel vtre thy wordes & thy  
falsenes & treson sette forth but it shal be euyl rewarded in  
the ende. Tho broughtest thou me ones in to the welle w-  
here the two bokettis henge by one corde rennyng thurgh  
one polley. which wente one vp and another down thou sat-  
test in that one boket bynethe in the pytte in grete drede I  
cam theder and herde the spake and make sorowde. & axed the  
hold thou camest there/ thou saydest that thou haddest there  
so many good fysshes eten out of the water y thy hely wolde  
beste I said telle me how I shal come to the. Thenne say-  
dest thou aunte spryng in to that boket that hangeth the-  
re/ and ye shal come anon to me I dyde so and I wente down  
ward/ and ye cam vward tho was I alle angry/ thou say-  
dest thus fareth the world that one goth vp & another goth  
down/ tho spryng ye forth & wente your waye & I abode the-  
re allone sytting an hole day fore an hongryd & a colde. and  
therto had I many a stroke er I coude gete thens. aunte sa-  
id the foye/ though the strokes dyde you harme. I had leuer  
ye had them than I. for ye may better here them/ for one of  
vs muste nedes haue had them I taught yow good/ wyf  
ye vnderstande it & thynke on it that ye another tyme take  
better hede & beleue noman ouer hastely/ is he frende or cosyn  
for euery man seketh his owne prouffyt. they be now foolis  
y do not soo & specyally whan they be in Iopardye of theyr ly-  
ues. ¶ A fayr parable of the foye & the wulf. ca. xxviii

**W** lord said dame Er/vorn I pray yow here hold he  
can blowe with alle wyndes ¶ And hold fayr byn  
geth he is maters forth. Thus hath he brought me many ty  
me in scathe & hurte said the wulf he hath ones bytrayd me  
to the she ape myn aunte where I was in grete drede and fe  
re for I leste there almost my one ere yf yf fore wil telle hold  
it byfel I wil gyue hym the fordele therof for I can not telle it  
so wel but he shal cryspe me wel said the foxe I shal telle it  
without stamering I shal save the trowth I pray yow her  
ken me he cam in to the wode & complayned to me that he  
had grete hongre for I salve hym neuer so ful but he wold  
alway haue had fayn/more I haue wonder where the me  
te becometh that he destropeth I see now on his contenance yf  
he begynneth to cryme for hongre. Whan I herde hym so  
complayne I had pyte of hym. And I saide I was also ho  
gry thenne wente we half a day to gyde & fond nethyng  
tho whyned he & cryed/and said he myght goo no further.  
Thene espyed I a grete hool standyng in the myddis vnder  
an halve whiche was thyck of brembles and I herde a ruff  
hynge therin I wist not what it was thenne said I goo the  
rin and loke yf ther be ony thyng ther for vs I wote wel  
ther is somwhat tho said he. cosyn I wold not crepe in to  
tha: hole for twenty pound but I wist first what is therin  
me thynketh that ther is some perylous thyng but I shal a  
byde here vnder this tree yf ye wil goo therin to fore but co  
me auon agayn & late me wete what thyng is therin. ye can  
many a subtyl & can wel helpe your self & moche better tha  
I see my lord the kynge. thus he made me poure wyght to  
goo to fore in to the daunger & he whiche is grete longe &  
strange abode withoute and rested hym in pees/ alwayte yf  
I dyde not for hym there.

**I** wold not haue suffred the drede & feare yf I there suf  
ferd for al the good in erthe/ but yf I woste hold to es  
cape/ I wente hardly in I fond the way derke longe and  
brood/ Er I right in the hool cam soo espyed I a grete lyght  
whiche cam in fro yf one syde ther laye in a grete she ape with  
euyne grete wyde eyen/ and they gylmmed as a fyre. and  
she had a grete mouth with longe teeth & sharp nayles on  
hir feet and on hir handes I wende hit had be amermyse a  
baubyn or a mercatce/ for I salve neuer folder best. & by her  
laye thre of her chyldren whiche were right folde for they  
were ryght lyke the moder whan they salve me come/ they  
gapeden wyde on me and were al styll/ I was aserd. And  
wold wel I had ken thens but I thought I am therin I mu  
ste ther thurgh and come out as wel as I maye as I salve  
her me thought she semed more than psegryn the wulf and  
her chyldren were more than. I I salve neuer a folder me  
ne they laye on folde hys whiche was al be pyssed. They  
were byslabbed and byclagged to their eyes to in her owen  
dunge/hit stanke that I was al most smoldred therof I  
durst not save but/ good and thenne I saide. Aunte god  
gyue yow good dape & alle my cosyns your fayr chyldren  
they be of theyre age the fayrest that euer I salve ¶ O lord  
god hold wel please they me/ hold louely/ hold fayr ken they e  
che of them for their beaute myght be a grete kyngeis sone.  
¶ Of ryght we ought to thanke yow that ye thus encrece  
oure lygnage. Dere aunte whan I herde save that ye were  
deluyerd and leyd down I coude no lenger byde but muste co  
me & frendly bysite yow I am soze that I had not erst kno  
wen it. reynart cosyn said she ye be welcome/ for that ye ha  
ue fonnde me and thus come see me. I thanke yow. Dere  
cosyn ye be ryght trewe & named ryght wyse in alle londes

and also that ye gladly furthre and brynge your lygnage  
in grete worship: Ye muste teche my chyldeyn wyth the  
poures som wysedom that they may knowe what they shal  
do and leue/ I haue thought on yow. for gladly ye goo &  
felasship wyth the good/ O how wel was I plesyd when  
I herde thise wordes. this deseruyd I at y begynnynge when  
I callyd her aunce. how be it that she was nothyng syble to  
me/ For my ryght aunce is dame rikenalbe that yonder  
standeth. whiche is bound to brynge forth wyse chyldeyn. I  
sayde aunce my lyf and my good is at your commaunde-  
ment. and what I may doo for yow by nyght and by daye  
I wyll gladly teche them alle that I can. I wold fayne ha-  
ue be thens for the stench of them. And also I had pyte of  
the grete hongre that Isegrim had/ I sayde aunce I shal  
commytte yow and your fayre chyldeyn to god and take my  
leue/ My wyf shal thynke longe after me/ Dere cosyn sayd  
she ye shal not departe tyl ye haue eten. for yf ye dyde I wold  
saye ye were not kynde/ Tho stode she by and brought me  
in on other hool where as was moche mette of herbes and  
hynnes. wes. fesauntes. partryches and moche other benyson  
that I wondred fro when all this mette myght come/ and  
when I had eten my hely ful she gaf me a grete pece of an  
hynne for to ete wyth my wyf and wyth my household/ when  
I come home. I was ashamed to take it. But I myght no-  
ne othe wyse doo. I thankyd her and toke my leue: she bad  
me I shold come sone agayn. I sayd I wold. And so depar-  
ted thens meryly. that I so wel had spedde. I hasted me  
out/ and when I cam and sawe Isegrim whiche laye gro-  
nyng/ and I ayed hym how he ferde/ he sayd newel all euyl  
For it is wonder that I lyue. brynge ye ony mette to ete I  
deye for hunger/ tho had I compassyon of hym and gaf hym

that I had/ And saued hym there his lyf. wherof thenne he  
thankyd me gretly. how be it y he now oweth me euyl wyll/  
**H**E had eten this by anon/ tho sayd he Rymart dere co-  
syn what fonde ye in that hool/ I am more hongry  
now than I was to fore/ my teeth ben now sharped to ete  
I sayd thenne. Come haste yow thenne lyghly in to that  
hool/ Ye shal fynde there ynough/ there lyeth myn Aunce  
wyth her chyldeyn/ yf ye wyll spare the trowth and lye grete  
lesynges/ ye shal haue there all your desyre. But and ye sa-  
ye trowth ye shal take harme/ My lord was not this y-  
nough sayd and warned. who so wold vnderstande it. that  
all that he fonde he shold saue the contraye / But rude and  
plompe bestis can not vnderstande wysedom. therefore hate  
they alle subtil Inuencions/ For they can not conceyue  
them. Yet neuertheles. he sayde he wold goo Inne. and lye  
so many lesynges er he shold myshappe that all man shold  
haue wondre of it: and so wente forth in to that folde styng  
kyng hool. and fonde the marmosete. She was lyke the de-  
uelys daughter/ and on her chyldeyn hynge moche fylth clo-  
terd in gobettys. Tho cryde he alas me growlth of thise  
folde nyckers/ Come they out of helle/ men may make de-  
uelles a ferd of hem/ goo and drowne them that euyl mote  
they face/ I sawe neuer folde wormes/ they mak all myn  
beer to stande ryght by/ Sir Isegrim sayd she. what may  
I doo therto. they ben myn chyldeyn. I muste be theyr mo-  
der/ what lyeth y in your weye/ whether they be foul or fayre  
They haue yow nothyng coste. There hath ben one to daye  
byfore yow whiche was to them nyse of kyn. And was  
your better and wyser and he sayde that they were fayre.  
who hath sente yow hyther wyth thise tydynges/ dame wyll  
ye wytte I wyll ete of your mette/ hit is better bestowd

on me than on thysse folke wyghtes! She sayde hier is no mete. he sayde here is ynough. And ther wyth he sterde wyth his heed toward the mete/ and wold haue gon in to the hool where the mete was. But myn Auntē sterde by wyth her chyldren. and ranne to hym wyth theyr sharpe longe nayles so sore that the bloode rāne ouer his epen/ I herde hym crye sore and howle/ but I knewe of no defence that he made: but that he rāne faste out of the hool/ and he was there cratched and byten. and many an hool had they made in his coate and skyn/ his byface was alle on a blood/ & almost he had lost his one eye/ he growed & cōplained to me sore/ thēne ayed I hym yf he had wel lped he sayde I sayd lyke as I salde and fonde. and that was a folke bytche wyth many folke wyghtis. ¶ May eme sayd I Ye shold haue sayd/ Fayr nece how fare ye and your fayr chyldren whichē ben my welbelouyd cosyns/ the wulf sayde I had leuer that they were hanged er I that sayde. ye Emē therefore muste ye reserue suche maner payment: hit is better other whyle to lye than to saye the trouthe. They that ben better: wyser & strenger than we be haue don so to fore us: See my lord the kynge thus gate he his rede cōp/ Now stondest he also simply as he knewe no harme/ I pray godd alke ye hym yf it was not thus. he was not fer of yf I wote it wel/

¶ How Isegrim proferd his gloue to y<sup>e</sup> foye for to fyght wyth hym. Capitulo xxxv

The wulf sayd I may wel forbere your mockes and your scornes and also your felle venymous wordes stronge theef that ye ar: ye sayde that I war almost dede for hunger/ when ye helpe me in my nede. that is falsly lped. for it was but a byon that ye gaf to me. ye had eten alway alle the flesshe that was thereon. And ye mocke me & saye

that I am hongry here where I stande that toucheth my worship to nygh what many a spyty word haue ye brought forth wyth falle lesyngys. And that I haue conspyred the kynges deth for the tresour that ye haue sayd to hym: is in holsterlo/ And ye haue also my wyf shamed and sklandred that she shal neuer recoure it / and I shold euer be dys: worshipped therby yf I auengyd it not. I haue forborn godd longe/ but now ye shal not escape me. I can not make her a greet preef. But I saye here to fore my lord and to fore alle them that ben here that thow art a false traytour & a morderar. And that shal I preef and 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 by. I shal haue ryght of the oz de ye therefore. Reynart the foye 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 foye toke by the gloue. And how the kynge sette to them daye & felde for to come & do theyr battaylle/ Capitulo xxxvi

¶ Et thought the foye I haue good auantage/ the clowes of his soor feet ben of. & his feet ben yet sore the: wof. when for my sake he was unshod. he shal be somwhat the weyker. ¶ Thenne sayde the foye who that sayth that I am a traytour oz a morderar / I saye he lyeth falsly and that art thou specially Isegrim. thou bryngest me there as I wold be. this haue I ofte desyred so here is my pledge. that alle thy wordes ben fals. And that I shal defende me/ and make good that thou lyest. The kynge receyued the pleges. and ampted the bateyll/ And asked how he was of h in

them bothe. that on the morn they shold come and performe  
theyr batayll. and doo as they ought to doo/ Thenne the here  
and the catte were howles for the wulf/ And for the fore  
were howlys grymbert the brocke. and bytelups/

¶ When rukena the she ape conspiled the fore shold he shold  
byhaue hym in the felde apenst/ the wulf Cap<sup>o</sup> xxxviiij

**T**he she ape sayde to the fore/ Kerner neuwdo: See y  
ye take heed 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 mayster & a wyse clerk  
and was abbot of boudele that taughted hym/ he sayde who  
that sayde deuoutly this prayer fastyng shal not that daye  
be ouercomen in batayll ne in fyghtyng therfore dere neuwdo  
be not aserd. I shal rede it ouer yow to morow/ thenne may  
ye be sure ynough of the wulf it is better to fyghte. than to  
haue the necke asondre/ I thanke yow dere aunte sayde the  
fore. y quarell y I haue is rightful therfore/ I hope I shal spe  
de wel/ and that shal gretefully be myn helpe. Alle his lygna:  
ge abode by hym al the nyght/ & helpe hym to dryue alway the  
tyme/ Dame rukena the she ape his aunte thoughte al  
way on his prouffyt and fordele/ And she dyde alle his heer  
fro the heed to the tayl be shorn of smothe. and she anoynted  
alle his body wyth oyle of olyue. And thenne was his bo:  
dy also glat and slypper/ that the wulf shold haue none holde  
on hym. And he was wound and fatte also on his body/ &  
she sayde to hym dere cosyn ye muste now drynke moche. that  
to morow ye may the better make your byrne. but ye shal  
holde it in tyl ye come to the felde. And when nede is and  
tyme. so shal ye pisse full your rowe tayll/ And smyke the

wulf therwyth in his berde/ And yf ye myght hyste hym  
therwyth in his eyen thene shal ye byneme hym his syght  
that shal moche hyndre hym. but ellys hold alway your tayl  
faste bytwene your legges that he catche you not therby/ &  
holde down your eyes lyeng plat after your heed/ that he holde  
you not therby. And see wysely to your self. and at begyn:  
nyng flee fro his strokes: & late hym sprynge & renne after  
you & renne to fore where as moste dust is/ & styre it wyth  
your feet that it may flee in his eyen & y shal moche hynd:  
re his syght/ And while he rubbeth his eyen take your a:  
uantage and smyke and byte hym there as ye may most hur  
te hym/ And alway to hyste hym wyth your tayll ful of  
pyssle in his bysage 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 weery. Yet his feet ten sores. of that  
ye made hym to lose his shooes/ and though he be greet. he  
hath no herte. Neuwdo certaynly this is my counseyll/

**T**he connyng goth to fore strengthe therfore see for  
your self. And sette your self wysely atte defence. that  
ye and we alle may haue worship therof. I wold be sorry  
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 doubte: therwyth she leyde her  
hand vpon his heed & sayde these wordes/ Blaerde Shap  
Alpherio/ Raebue Gorfons. Alsbuifrio. ¶ Neuwdo now  
be ye sure fro al myschief and drede and I counseyle yow  
that ye reste yow a lytyl. For it is by the daye. ye shal be the  
better dysposed. We shal awake yow all in tyme/ ¶ Aunte  
sayde the fore 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  
 sayd thysse holy wordes ouer me/ ¶ Tho wente he and leyd  
 hym down vnder a tre in the grasse and slepte tyl the sonne  
 was risen. tho cam the Otter and waked hym and bad  
 hym aryse. and gaf hym a good pong doke/ and sayde/ dere  
 cosyn I haue this nyght made many a leep in the water er  
 I coude gete this pong fatte doke. I haue taken it fro a fo:  
 wler/take and ete it. Reynart 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. ¶ The foye  
 ete y doke wythoute salwe or breed it sauoured hym so wel  
 and wente wel in. And he dranke therto iij. grete draugh  
 tis of water. Thenne wente he to the baptylle ward and al  
 le they that louyd hym wente wyth hym:

¶ How the foye cam in to the felde and how they foughte/  
 Capitulo. xxxviii.

¶ When the kynge salwe Reynart thus shorn & oyled he  
 sayd to hym. Ey foye how wel can ye see for your self  
 he wondred therof he was folke to loken on. but the foye said  
 not one word but kneled down lowe to therthe vnto the kin  
 ge & to the quene & stryked hym forth in to the felde/ The  
 wulf was ther redy and spack many a proud word. The  
 rulers & keepers of the felde was the lupart & the losse they  
 brought forth the booke. on whiche sware the wulf that y  
 foye was a traytour and a morderer. and none myght be  
 falsse than he was. and that he wolde preue on his body &  
 make it good/reynart y foye sware y he lied as a falsse kina  
 ue & a cursyd theef & y he wold doo good on his body. When  
 this was don y gouernours of the felde. bad them doo theyr  
 deuoyr/thene wmed they al y felde sauf dame rukena the

she ape she abode by y for & bad hym remembre wel y wordes  
 y she had said to hym she said se wel too/When ye were. vij.  
 yer olde ye were wyse ynowh to goo by nyght wythout la/  
 terne. or mone shyne. Where ye wyste to wyne any goode  
 ye ken named among the peple wyse & subtyl payne your ses  
 lf to werke soo that ye wyne the prys thenne may ye haue  
 euer houour. & worship/and al we that ken your frendis he  
 auwerd my drest aunte I knowe it wel I shal doo my be  
 ste & thynke on your counseyl/I hope so to doo that alle my  
 lignage shal haue worship therby. and myn enemyes sha:  
 me and confusion she sayde god graunte it yow.

¶ How the foye & the wulf foughten to gyde. ca. xxxix.  
 ¶ Ther wyth she wente out of the felde & lete them tbe  
 One goo to gyde the wulf traide forth to y foye in grete  
 wrath and openyd his sore feet & supposed to haue taken y  
 foye in hem But the foye sprang fro hym lyghtly. For he  
 was lyghter to fote than he. The wulf sprange after & hun  
 ted the foye sore/ theyr frendes stode without the lystes  
 and looked vpon hem. The wulf strode wyder than reynard  
 dyde and ofte ouertoke hym. And lyfte vp his foot & wen  
 de to haue smyten hym/ but the foye salwe to and smote hym  
 wyth his wolfe tayle/ whiche he had al be pyssed in his vi:  
 sage/ tho wende the wulf to haue ken plat blynde. the pyssle  
 sterce in his eyen. Thenne muste he reste for to make elene  
 is eyen! Reygner thoughte on his fordele and stode abo/  
 ue the wynde skrabbyng & castyng wyth his feet the duste  
 that it flewe the wulfis eyen ful/ the wulf was sore blyn:  
 ded ther wyth in suche wyse that he muste leue the rennyng  
 after hym. For the sonde and pyssle cleuyd vnder his eyen  
 that it smerted so sore/ that he must rubbe and washe it a  
 day. Tho cam reyuier in a grete angre and lode hym thre

grette woundes on his heed wyth his teeth/ and said what  
is that/ syr wulf hath one there byten yow hold is it wyth  
yow I wyl al other wyse oon yow yet byte I shal brynge  
yow som newe thyng/ ye haue stole many a lambe & destroy  
ed many a symple best & now falsly haue apeled me and  
brought me in this trouble. al this shal I now auenge on y  
I am chosen to reward y forthyn old synnes for god wyl  
no longer suffre the in thy grette rauayn & shredones I shal  
now assolyte the & that shal be good for thy soule take pa  
cienly this penance for thou shalt lyue no longer /the helle  
shal be thy purgatorie/ Thy lyf is now in my mercy/ but &  
yf thou wilt knele down & aske me forgyfnes and knowleche  
the to be ouercomen yet though thou be euyl/ yet I wyl spare  
the/ for my conscience counseyleth me I shold not gladly see  
no man Isegryn wende wyth thys mockyng and spytous  
wordes to haue goon out of his wyte. ¶ And that dreed  
hym so moche that he wyste not what to saye buff ne baffe he  
was so angry in his herte/ The woundes that reynard had  
gyuen hym bledde and smerted sore. And he thought how he  
myghte best auenge it.

**W**yth grette angre he lyste by his foot and smote the fo  
we on the heed so grette astroke/ that he fyl to the ground  
tho sterde the wulf to & wende to haue take hym/ but the fo  
we was lyght & wylly & roose lyghtly by & mette wyth hym  
fierfly/ & there bega a felle bataylle whiche dured loge the  
wulf had grette spyte on the fowe as it wel semed he sprage  
after hym. v. tymes eche after other/ & wold fayne haue had  
hym faste but his skyn was so slippy & fatte of y oyle y al  
wai he escaped fro him ¶ so subtyl & snelle was y fowe y ma  
ny times whā y wulf wēde wel to be sure of hym bester be  
thēnebpt wene his legges & vnder his tely & thēne tornd he

agayn and gaf the wulf astroke wyth his tayl ful of pyffe  
in his/ epen that Isegryn wende he shold haue losse his sight  
and this dyde he often tymes. And alwey whan he had so  
symten hym thenne wold he goo aboue the wynde and wyse  
the duste that it made his epen ful of stuf. Isegryn was  
woo begon. and thought he was at an after de/ yet was  
his strengthe and myght moche more than the fowes. Rey  
nard had many a sore stroke of hym/ whan he raught hym  
They gaf eche other many a stroke and many abyte whan  
they saw theyre auantage. And eche of hem dyde his best  
to destroye that other I wold I myght see suche a bataylle  
that one was wylly/ and that other was stronge that one  
faught wyth strengthe and that other with subtyle.

**T**he wulf was angry that the fowe endured so longe  
apensst hym yf his foremost feet had ten hole/ the fowe  
had not endured so longe/ but the sores were so open that  
he myght not wel renne/ And the fowe myght better of and  
on than he. & also he swange his tayl/ wyth pyffe ofte vnder  
his epen and made hym that hym thought that his epen  
shold goo out. Atte laste he said to hym self I wyl make an  
ende of this bataylle. how loge shal this captyf dure thus  
apensst me. I am so grette I shold yf I laye vpon hym presse  
hym to deth/ it is to me a grette shame that I spare hym  
so longe.

Men shal mocke and poynte me wyth syn  
gres to my shame and rebuke for I am yet on the worst sy  
de I am sore wounded I bledde sore and he drowneeth me wyth  
his pyffe & caste so moche dust & sande in myne epen/ that ha  
stely I shal not cōne see yf I suffre hym any longer I wyl  
sette it in auenture & seen what shal come therof/ wyth that  
he smote wyth his foot reynard on the heed y he fyl down. to  
y ground/ & er he colde aryse he caught hym in his feet & laye

ye upon hym as wold haue pressed hym to deth. Tho began  
the foye to be aferd. & so were alle his frendis wohan they sa  
we hym lye vnder. And on that other syde alle psegryms  
freendes were ioyeful and glad. The foye defended hym faste  
wpyth his clawes as he laye vpyward wpyth his feet. & gaf  
hym many a cloppe the wulf durste not wpyth his feet doo  
hym moche harme but wpyth his teth snatched at hym as he  
wold haue byten hym wohan the foye sawe that he shold be  
byten and was in grete drede / he smote the wulf in the he:  
de wpyth his forrest clawes and tare the skynne of bytwe:  
ne his browes and his eeris. and that one of his eyen hen  
ge out. whiche dyde hym moche payne he holdyd he doepde he  
cryde lode and made a pteuous noyse for the blode rann  
doun as it had ben astreme.

¶ How the foye kepyn vnder the wulf. wpyth flate  
ryng wordes losed hym that the foye cam to his abo  
ue agayn. Capitulo. xl.

**T**he wulf wyped his eyen. the foye was glad wohan  
he sawe that he wrastrled so sore that he sprang on his  
feet wyles he rubbed his eyen the wulf was not wel plesyd  
ther wpyth alle. And smote after hym er he escaped & caught  
hym in his armes and helde hym faste not wpythstandyng y  
he bledde. Reynart was woo thenne there wrastrled they loge  
and sore the wulf weye so angry that he forgat al his smar  
te and payne & thred the foye al plat vnder hym. whiche  
ate hym euyl to passe / for his one hand by whiche he  
defended hym sterce in the fallyng in psegryms throate. & then  
ne was he aferd to lese his hand. The wulf said tho

to the foye ¶ Now chese wether ye wyl yelde yow as  
ouercome. or ellis I shal certaynly slee yow / the skate  
ryng of the dust thy pisse thy mockyng ne thy defence /

ne alle thy false wylys / may not now helpe the / thou mai  
stre not escape me thou hast here to fore don me so moche har  
me and shame & now I haue lost myne one eye / and therto  
fore wounded wohan Reynard herde that it stode so wolme y he  
shold chese to smelle che hym ouercome and yelde hym. Or  
ellis to take the wyl he thought the choyse was worth ten  
markes and that he muste saye that one or that other he had  
anon concluded what he wold saye & began to saye to hym  
wpyth fayr wordes in this wyse / Here eme I wyl gladly be  
come your man wpyth alle my good. And I wil goo for  
yow to the holy graue and shal geue pardon and wyrryng  
for your cloistre / of alle the churches that ben in the holy lan  
de / whiche shal moche prouffye to your solde and your el  
ders soldes also I trowe ther was neuer such a prouffre /  
prouffred to any kynge and I shal serue you lyke as I shold  
serue our holy fader the pope I shal be of you al that I ha  
ue and euer ben your seruaunt and for th I shal make that  
al my lagnage shal do in lyke wyse. Therne shal ye be a lord  
a boue alle lordes. who shold / themne dare doo any thyng ay  
enst you. And furthermore what somer I take of pola  
pille ghes partypch or plouyer / rylle or flesshe or what some  
euer it be / therof shal ye first haue the choyse / and your wyf  
and your chyldren / er any come in my body. Er to I wil al  
way abyde by you / that wher ye be ther shal n hurte ne sca  
the come to yow / ye be strong and I am wyl / late vs abyde  
to cydre that one wpyth the counseyl and that other wpyth  
the dede then may ther nothyng myffalle to vs ward. and  
we ben so nygh of kynne ech to other / that of right shold  
be no angre bytwene vs / I wold not haue foughtem ay  
enst you yf I myght haue escaped. ¶ But ye appled  
me first vnto spycher. ¶ Tho muste I do that I not doo



would gladly. ¶ And in this bataylle I haue ben curtoys to  
you. I haue not yet shewed the betterist of my myght on  
you lyke as I would haue don yf ye had ben a straunger  
to me. For the newell ought to spare the eme it is good re-  
son and it ought so to be. Dere eme so haue I now doo.  
¶ And that maye ye marke wel when I ran to fore you  
my herte would not consent therto. For I myght haue  
hurte you moche more than I dyde. but I thought it neuer  
for I haue not hurte you ne don you so moche harm that  
may hynde you sauf only that myshap that is fallen  
on your eye/ach therefore I am sorry and suffre moche sorow  
in my herte I would wel dere eme that it had not happed  
now. But that it had fallen on me so that ye therwyth had  
ben plesyd how be. it that ye shal haue thereby a grete auan-  
tage. For when ye here after shal slepe ye neede not to frette  
but one word. where another muste frette two. my wyf  
& my chyldren and my lynnage shal falle down to your feet  
to fore the kynge and to fore alle them that ye wyl desyre &  
praye you humbly that ye wyl suffre reynart your newell  
lyue and also I shal knowleche ofte to haue trespassed ay-  
ensst you/and what lesynge I haue lped. vpon you. How  
myght any lord haue more honour than I proffre you. I  
would for no good do this to another therefore I pray you to  
be plesyd here wyth al.

**A** word wel yf ye would ye myght now see me. but &  
ye so don had/what had ye done/so muste ye euer af-  
ter this tyme kepe you fro my frendes & lynnage. therefore he  
is wyse that can in his agre/mesure hym self & not be ouer-  
hasty/& to see wel what may falle or happe after ward to  
hym what mā y in his agre can wel aduise hym certaynly  
he is wyse. men fynde many fooles that in herte hasten hem so

moche y after they repente hem & thene it is to late/ but dere  
eme I would that ye be to wyse so to doo/ hit is better to  
haue prys honour/ rest and peas. and many frendes that  
be redy to helpe hym than to haue shame hurte vrest and al  
so many enemyes lyeng in a wayte to doo hym harme. Al-  
so it is lityl worship to hym that hath ouercomen aman the  
ne to see hym / it is grete shame not for my lyf. Though I  
were ded/that were a lityll hurte.

**I** Segryn the wulf said. My theef how sayn 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 promy-  
sedest to me alle the world of fyn redde gold I would not late  
the escape I sette lityl by the and alle thy frendes and lig-  
nage. Alle that thou hast here said is but lesynge and fay-  
ned falsenes. Weneest thou thus to deceyue me it is longe syth  
that I knewe the I am no byrde to be locked ne take by chaf  
I know wel ynough good corn. O how woldest thou mocke  
me yf I lette the thus escape thou myghte st wel haue said  
this to one that knewe the not / but to me thou lovest thy  
flaterynge & weete floytyng / for I vnderstande to wel thi  
subtyl lyeng talys. Thou hast so ofte deceyued me that me  
behoueth now to take good hede of the. thou false styngyng  
knaue thou saist that thou hast spared me in this batayl lo  
ke hether ward 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 moche a fool yf I shold now spare the or be mer-  
cifull to the so many a cofusion & shame as thou hast don  
to me. & that also that toucheth me most of alle. y thou hast  
disworshipped & sklaundred es/don my wyf. whom I loue

as wel as my self. and falsely forsook and deceyvedst her w:  
hiche shal neuer out of my herte/ ffor as ofte as it cometh  
to myn mynde/ alle myn angre and hate that I haue to the  
renedeth. In the mene wyle that ysegrim was thus spe:  
kyng. The fore bithought hym how he myght helpe hym self  
And stack his other hond after byllbene his legges. And  
grepe the wulf fast by the colpons. And he wronge hem so  
fore that for woo and payne he muste crye lowde and howle  
¶ Thenne the fore drewe his other hond out of his mo:  
uth. The wulf had so moche payne & anguyssh of the fore  
wryngyng that the fore dolbed and wronge his genytours  
that he spytte blood. and for grete payne he byshote hym self.

¶ How ysegrim the wulf was ouer comen and how  
the batayll was taken vp and fynnysshyd. And how the  
fore had the worzship. Capitulo. xli.

**T**his payne dyde hym more sorow and woo than his  
eye dyde that so fore bledde and also it made hym to o/  
uerthrowe alle in a woldone ffor he had so moche bledde. &  
also the threstyng that he suffred in his colpons made hym  
so faynt that he had lost his myght. Theune reynart the fo:  
re 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 fore. Thenne  
were ysegrims frendes al ful of sorowde and wente al we:  
pyng vnto theyr lord the kynge. And prayde hym that he  
wold do see the batayll and take it vp in to his handes.  
¶ The kynge graunted it. and thenne wente the keepers  
of the felde the lupaerd & the lossen & saide to the fore. & to  
the wulf. Our lord the kynge wil speke wyth you & wyl  
that this batayll be ended/ he wil take it in to his hand he desi:  
reth that ye wyl gyue your stryf vnto hym ffor yf any of

you here were slayn. it shold be grete shame on bothe sides  
¶ For ye haue as moche worzship of this felde as ye may  
haue/ and they sayde to the fore. Alle the bestys gyue to  
you the pryse/ that haue seen the batayll/ ¶ The fore sayd  
therof I thanke hem/ and what shal please my lord to com:  
maunde that shal not I gaynsaye. I desire no better. but to  
haue wonne the felde/ Late my frendes come hether to me.  
I wyl take aduys of them what I shal do. They sayde/  
that they thought it good/ And also it was reson in weyng:  
hety maters a man shold take aduys of his frendes/ thenne  
cam dame flopecade/ and grymber the brocke her husband.  
Dame rukenaud wyth her ii. susters. Byeluyse and ful:  
wure/ her ii. sones & hatenet her doughter/ the flyndermous  
and the wezel/ And ther cam moo than xx. whiche  
wold not haue comen yf the fore had lost the felde. So wold  
that wyneeth and cometh to his aboue. He geteth grete  
loos and worzship/ And who that is ouerthrowen/ and  
hath the werse: to hym wyl noman gladly come/ ¶ Ther  
cam also to the fore. the Beuer the Otter/ and bothe theyr  
wylus pantheerote and ordegale/ And the ostrole/ the Mar:  
tre the spekelos/ the spret/ the mowse. and the squyrel and  
many moo than I can name/ ¶ And alle by cause he had  
wonne the felde. ye some cam that tofore had complaind  
on hym and were now of his next kynne. and they shold  
hym right frendely chier and contenance. Thus fareth the  
world now who that is rich and hye on the wheel. he hath  
many kynnesmen and frendes. that shal helpe to bere out his  
welthe. But who that is neddy in payne or in pouerte fyn:  
deth but fewe frendes and kynnesmen. For every man al:  
most eschebeth his companye and waie/ There was thenne  
grete feste they bledde vp toompttis and pyped wyth  
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shal moyses They sayden alle dere neuwly blessyd be god that ye haue spyd wel we were in grete drede and when we sawd yow lye vnder. reynard the foye thanked all them frendly. and receyued them wyth grete Joye and gladnes. Then he asked of them what they counseyllid hym/ yf he shold geue the felde vnto the kynge or noo. Same slopcade sayde/ ye hardely cosyn/ Ye may wyth worship wel sette it in to his handes. And truste hym wel ynough. Tho wente they alle wyth the keepers of the felde vnto the kynge. and Reynard the foye wente to fore them alle/ wyth trompes & pyppes and moche other mynstralepe/ The foye kneled down to fore the kynge. The kynge bad hym stande vp/ and sayd to hym reynard ye be noble/ Joyeful/ ye haue kepte your day worshipfully. I discharge yow. and late yow goo freely quyte where it plesyth yow. And the debate bytvene yow I holde it on me. And shal discusse it by reson and by counseyl of noble men and wil ordeyne therof that ought be don by reson/ at suche tyme as yf grym shal be hool. And thenne I shal sende for yow to come to me. & thenne by gods grace I shal yeue out the sentence & Jugement.

¶ An ensample that the foye told to the kynge when he had wonne the felde Capitulo. plij.

**M**v worthy and dere lord the kynge saide the foye I am wel a greed and payd therwyth. But when I cam fyrst in to your court. ther were many that were felle and enuyus to me. ¶ Whiche neuer had hurte ne cause of scathe by me / but they thought that they myght beste ouer me And alle they cryden wyth myn enemyes apensit me/ & wold fayne haue destroyed me by cause they thought that the wulf was better withholden and gretter wyth yow than I was whiche am your humble subget ¶ They

knowe none other thyng why ne whyfore/ They thoughte not as the wyse be woned to doo/ that is what the ende may happen. ¶ My lord thys ben lyke a grete hepe of houndes whiche I ones sawe stonde at a lordes place vpon a donghil where as they abayted that men shold brynge them mete ¶ Therne sawe they an hound come out of the kyche. and had taken there a fayr rybbe of beef er it was gyuen hym And he ran faste away wyth all. but the cook had espyed er he wente away: and toke a grete bolle full of scaldyng water/ and caste it on his hyyppes behynde. wherof he thankyd not 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 when his felawes the other houndes sawe hym come wyth this fayr rybbe/ They called hym alle and sayde to hym. O how good a frende is the cook to the/ whiche hath gyuen to the so good a boone. wherof is so moche flessh The hounde sayde ye knowe nothyng therof. ¶ Ye pryncesse me lyke ye see me to fore wyth the boone. But ye haue not seen me behynde/ take heed and behold me afterward on myn buttockis/ And thenne ye shal knowe how I haue deseruyd it.

**A**nd when they had seen hym behynde on his hyyppes and thurgh soden/ tho growled them alle and were aferd of that spedyng water. And wold not of his felawship. but fledde and ran away from hym/ and lete hym there allone/ ¶ See my lord this ryght haue thys false bestys. when they be made lordes and may gete theyr desyre/ and when they be myghty and doubted/ thenne ben they extorcionners ¶ And scatte and pylle the peple and eten them lyke as they were forsongred houndes/ These ben they that here the

bone in her mouth. Noman dar haue to doo wyth hem/But  
preyse alle that they bedryue. Noman dar saye other wyse.  
But such as shal please hem by cause they wold not be shorn. &  
somme helpe them forth in their vnrightheuous dedes by cause  
they wold haue parte & like theire synnes & strengthe them  
in theire euyl lyl & werkys/ ¶ Oure lord holde lytly seen  
they that doo thus after behynde them what the ende shal be  
at the laste they fal fro hys to lorde in grete shame & sorow.  
& thenne theire werkys come to knowleche & be opene in su-  
che wyse that noman hath pyte ne compascion on them. in  
theire meschief & trouble/ & euery man curse them & saye euyl  
by them to theire shame and vylanye. many of such haue  
ben blamed and schynful nyghte that they had no worship  
ne profyt/and lose theire her as the hound dyde/that is their  
frendes. whiche haue holpe them to couere theire mysdedes &  
extorcions. lyke as the her couereth the skyn. And whan  
they haue sorow & shame for theire olde trespasses/ thenne  
eche body plucketh his hand fro hym. And flee/lyke as the  
houndes dyde fro hym that was scalded wyth the spednyng  
water. & let theire extorcions in her sorow & nede/

¶ Oure lord kynge I beseeche you to remembre this ex-  
ample of me. it shal not be apenst your worship ne  
wyse dom/ what wene ye hold many ben ther such false ex-  
torcioners now in these dayes/ ye moche worse than an houn-  
de. that leueth such a bone in his mouth in to dones. in grete  
lordes courtis/ whiche wyth grete facynge & bracyng oppres-  
se the poure peple thyrth grete wronge/ & selle theire freedom &  
preuylages. and bere them on hond of thynngys that they  
neuer knewe ne thoughte/ ¶ And all for to gete good for  
theire synnguler profyt/ God gyue them alle shame & soone  
destrope them who somme euer they be that so doo/ but god be

thanketh sayde the fore. ther may noman endoyte me ne  
my lagnage ne kynne of such werkys / but we shal ac-  
quyte vs & comen in the lychte/ I am not a ferd of ony.  
that can saye on me ony thynge that I haue don other wyse  
than a trewe man ought to do. Alleday the fore. shal aby-  
de the fore though all his enemyes hadde sworn the contra-  
rye. ¶ My dere lord the kynge I loue you wyth my herte a  
loue all other lordes (And neuer for noman wold I torne  
fro yow: But abyde by yow to the detherist hold wel it hath  
ben other wyse enformed your hynces. I haue neuertheles  
alway doo the best: and forth so wyll doo alle my lyl that  
I can or may.

¶ Hold the kynge forgaif the fore alle thynngys and made  
hym souerayn & gretest ouer all his landes. Cap: xliij:  
¶ The kynge sayd veynart ye be one of them that owesth  
me homage/ whiche I wyl that ye all way so doo And  
also I wyll that erly & late ye be of my counseyl. & one of  
my Justyses Se wel to that ye not mysdo. ne trespass no  
more/ I sette yow agayn in all your myght & power. lyke  
as ye were to fore & see that ye further alle maters to y best  
righte / for whan ye sette your wytte & counseyl to vertue &  
goodnesse/ thenne may not our court be wythout your ad-  
uys & counseyl. for here is non that is lyke to yow in sharp  
& hys counseyl ne subtiler in fyndyng a remedye for a mes-  
chief. & thynke ye on the example that ye your self haue told  
& that ye haunte rightheuousnes. & be to me trewe. I wyl fro-  
bens forth werke and do by your aduys & counseyl / he lyueth  
not that ys mysde yow. But I shold sharyly auenge &  
werke it on hym ye shalle ouer alle speke & saye my wordes  
And in all my lande shal ye be aboue alle other souerayne  
& my balye. That offyce I gyue yow. ye may wel occuppe  
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it wyth wooship/Alle reynardis freendis and lynnage than  
 keth the kynge hply/The kynge sayde. I wold doo more.  
 for your sake/than ye done I praye yow alle that ye reme  
 bre hym that he be trewe. Same rikenaloe thenne said yes  
 lykely my lord/that shal he euer be. And thynke ye not the  
 contrary./For yf he were other wyse/he were not of our kyn  
 ne ne lynnage. And I wold euer myssake hym. and wold  
 euerhynce hym to my power / Reynart the foxe thanked  
 the kynge wyth fayr courtys woordes. And sayd dere lord  
 I am not worthy to haue y wooship y ye doo to me. I shal  
 thynke thereon & be trewe to yow also longe as I lyue/& shal  
 gyue yon as holsom counseyl as shal be expedient to your  
 good grace. here wyth he departed wyth his freendes fro the  
 kynge/nold herke hold Isegryn y wulf dyde: Bruyn the bere  
 Tylert the catte. And er/wynce and her chyldren wyth  
 their lynnage drewhen the wulf out of the felde/ & leyde hym  
 vpon a lyter of heye. and couerd hym warm. and lokked to  
 his woundes whiche were wel ysb. and ther cam wyse maif  
 tres and surgens whiche bonde them & weel he hem he was  
 so feke and feble. that he had lost his felynge./But they rub  
 bed and wryued vnder his temples and epen. that he spran  
 ge out of his woun and cryde so loude that alle they were  
 aferde/they had wende that he had ben wood.

**B**ut the maystres gaf hym a drynke. that comfortyd  
 his herte and made hym to slepe/ They comforted his  
 wyf/And tolde to her that ther was noe deth wounde ne  
 paryl of his lyf/Thenne the court brake vp. And the see  
 stys departed and wente to theyr places and homes that  
 they cam fro/

Hold the fox wyth his freendis & lynnage departed nobly  
 fro the kynge/ & wente to his castel maleperduys.

Capitulo.

lyin.

**R**eynart the foxe toke his leue honestly of the kyn  
 ge and of the quene. And they bad hym he shold  
 not tarpe longe But shortly retorne to them aga  
 yn he au/werd and said dere kynge and quene allway at yo  
 ur commandement. I shal be redy yf ye nede ony thyng whi  
 che god forkede I wold allway be redy wyth my body and  
 my good to helpe yow/and also al my freendes and lynnage  
 in lyke wyse shal okepe your commandement and desire/ ye  
 haue helyp deseruyd it/ god quyte it yow and yeue you gra  
 ce longe to lyue And I desyre your licence and leue to  
 goo home to my wyf and chyldren ¶ And yf your good  
 grace wil ony thyng/late me haue knowleche of it. And  
 ye shal fynde me allway redy ¶ Thus departed the foxe  
 wyth fayr woordes fro the kynge ¶ Nold who that cou  
 de sette hym in reynardis craft/ and coude behaue hym in  
 flaterynge and lyeng as he dyde he shold I trowe be here. bothe  
 wyth the lordes spyrtyuel and temporel ¶ Ther ben ma  
 ny and also the moste parte that creepe after his wyse and  
 his hole ¶ The name that was gyuen to hym abydeyth al  
 way styll wyth hym he hath leste many of his craft in  
 this world ¶ Whiche alle wyse were and become myghty  
 so. who that wyl not vse reynardis craft nold is nough  
 wort in the world nold in ony estate that is of myght.  
 ¶ But yf he can creepe in reynardis nette and hath ben his  
 scoler thenne may he dwelle wyth vs For thenne knoweth  
 he wel the way how he may aryse And is sette vp  
 aboue euery man. ¶ Ther is in the world moche seed  
 left of the foxe/ whiche nold oueral goodeth and cometh  
 fore vp/though they haue no rede berdes ¶ Yet ther  
 ben founden mo foxes nold/ than euer were here to fore.  
 ¶ The ryght wyse peple ben al losse/ trouthe and right

Wylfnes ben expled and fordrpuen. And for them ben a:  
Byden wyth vs couetise falshe/hate and enuye. Thys reg:  
ne nold moche in euery contré. For it is in the popes court &  
emperours the kynges dukes or any other lordes Where so:  
meuer it be eche man labourer to put other out fro his wor:  
ship/offyce and powder/for to make hym self to clymme hys  
wyth lyes/wyth flaterynge/wyth symonye/wyth money/ or  
wyth strengthe & force/ther is none thynge byloued no kno  
wen in the court nold adapes but money/ the money is bet  
ter byloued than god For men doo moche more therfore/ffor  
whoso someuer byngeth money shal be wel receyved & shal  
haue alle his desire/is it of lordes or of ladyes or any other  
money doth moche harme/ Money byngeth many in shame  
and drede of his lyf/and byngeth false wyfnes apenst true  
peple for to gete money. Hit causeth vnclennes of luyng  
lyng/and lecherpe. Nold clerkes goon to come to parys &  
to many andther place for to lerne Reynardis craft/ is he  
clerke/ is he laye man, eueryche of them treadeth in the foxes  
path, and seketh his hole. The world is of such condicion  
nold, that euery man seketh hym self in alle maters I wote  
not what ende shal come to vs herof. Alle wyse men may  
fowle wel herfore. I fere that for the grete falsenes theste  
robberpe and murdre that is nold vsed so moche and comon  
ly, and also the vnshamefast lecherpe and auoultry bosted &  
blowen a brood wyth the auauntynge of the same, that wy:  
thout grete repentaunce & penaunce therfore, that god will  
take vegaunce & punyshe vs sore therfore whom I humbly  
beseeche, and to whom nothyng is byd that he wyll geue vs  
grace to make amendes to hym therfore/ and that we maye  
relle vs to his playfir. And her wyth wil I leue ffor w  
hat haue I to wyte of thys mysdedis I haue puodh to doo

I shall therefore make an end. Now  
this is the History of Renard so ferre  
forth as is known or mote be gadered  
out of ould Bokes, and if any more shal  
be written of him shan is hier set forth,  
it ben all lyes and falshoods for it is not  
written any where what did hereafter  
befalle hym nor how he dyde, but I weene  
he was hongid for he kyely deservyd it,  
for he was a shrewde and felle sheefe  
and deceyvd the King w<sup>th</sup> lesingys and  
so mote all false traytours and such as  
ben playnd with any vitony be honged  
by their neckis I shold be therewith  
weel apayd. Yet there ben many such  
w<sup>ch</sup> neverthelesse abide in great worship  
alle their liuys yet that helpeth not but  
they goo to hell when they dye and the  
Deviles pull them by their beades and  
brenne their erses w<sup>th</sup> hote Irons, tho  
safre they moche paine for their mysdedys.

God

God grant us his grace that we may  
not comen thereto, for it is an ewel-  
place, it groweth me sore, and myne  
keer stondesth right up when I think  
thereon. But if wee ben true men and  
ryght wise wee shall soo be delivered fro  
the peryl of death.

Explicit.

