

## II Poema Regio

(Testo originale)

Hic incipiunt constitutiones artis  
gemetrie secundum Euclydem.  
Whose wol bothe wel rede and loke,  
He may fynde wryte yn olde boke  
Of grete lordys and eke ladysse,  
That had mony chyldryn y-fere, y-wisse;  
And hade no rentys to fynde hem wyth,  
Nowther yn towne, ny felde, ny fryth:  
A counsel togeder they cowthe hem take;  
To ordeyne for these chyldryn sake,  
How they myzth best lede here lyfe  
Withoute fret desese, care and stryge;  
And most for the multytude that was comynge  
Of here chyldryn after here zyndynge.  
(They) sende thenne after grete clerkys,  
To techyn hem thenne gode werkys;  
And pray we hem, for our Lordys sake,  
To oure chyldryn sum werke to make,  
That they myzth gete here lyvng theerby,  
Bothe wel and onestlyche, ful sycurly.  
Yn that tyme, throzgh good gemetry,  
Thys onest craft of good masonry  
Wes ordeynt and made yn thys manere,  
Y-cownterfetyd of thys clerkys y-fere;  
At these lordys prayers they cownter-  
fetyd gemetry,  
And zaf hyt the name of masonry,  
For the moste oneste craft of alle.  
These lordys chyldryn therto dede falle,  
To lurne of hym the craft of gemetry,  
The wheche he made ful curysly;  
Throzgh fadrys prayers and modrys also,  
Thys onest craft he putte hem to.  
He that lerned best, and were of oneste,  
And passud hys felows yn curyste;  
Zef yn that craft he dede hym passe,  
He schulde have more worschepe then the lasse.  
Thys frete clerkys name was clept Euclyde,  
Hys name hyt spradde ful wondur wyde.  
Zet thys grete clerke more ordeynt he  
To hym that was herre yn thys degre,  
That he schulde teche the synplyst of (wytte)  
Yn that onest craft to be parfytte;  
And so uchon schulle techyn othur,  
And love togeder as syster and brothur.  
Forthermore zet that ordeynt he,

Mayster y-called so schulde he be;  
So that he were most y-worschepede,  
Thenne schulde he be so y-clepede:  
But mason schulde never won other calle,  
Withynne the craft amongus hem alle,  
Ny soget, ny servant, my dere brother,  
Thazht he be not so perfyt as ys another;  
Uchon sculle calle other felows by cuthe,  
For cause they come of ladyes burthe.  
On thys maner, throz good wytte of gemetry,  
Bygan furst the craft of masonry:  
The clerk Eucllyde on thys wyse hyt fonde,  
Thys craft of gemetry yn Egypte londe.  
Yn Egypte he tawzhte hyt ful wyde,  
Yn dyvers londe on every syde;  
Mony erys afterwarde, y understonde,  
Zer that the craft com ynto thys londe,  
Thys craft com ynto Englund, as y zow say,  
Yn tyme of good kynge Adelstonus day;  
He made tho bothe halle and eke bowre,  
And hye templus of gret honowre,  
To sportyn hym yn bothe day and nyzth,  
Thys goode lorde loved thys craft ful wel,  
And purposud to strenthyn hyt every del,  
For dyvers defawtys that yn the craft he fonde;  
He sende about ynto the londe  
After alle the masonus of the crafte,  
To come to hym ful evene strazfte,  
For to amende these defawtys alle  
By good consel, zef hyt mytzth falle.  
A semble thenne he cowthe let make  
Of dyvers lordis, yn here state,  
Dukys, erlys, and barnes also,  
Kynzthys, sqwyers, and mony mo,  
And the grete burges of that syte,  
They were ther alle yn here degre;  
These were ther uchon algate,  
To ordeyne for these masonus astate.  
Ther they sowzton by here wytte,  
How they myzthyn governe hytte:  
Fyftene artyculus they ther sowzton  
And fyftene poyntys they wrozton.  
Hic incipit articulus primus.  
The furste artycul of thys gemetry:--  
The mayster mason moste be ful securly  
bothe stedefast, trusty, and trwe,  
Hyt schal hum never thenne arewe:  
And pay thy felows after the coste,  
As vytaylys goth thenne, wel thou woste;  
And pay them trwly, apon thy fay,  
What that they mowe serve fore;  
And spare, nowther for love ny drede,  
Of nowther partys to take no mede;  
Of lord ny fellow, whether he be,  
Of hem thou take no maner of fe;  
And as a jugge stonde upryzth,

And thenne thou dost to bothe good ryzth;  
And trwly do thys whersever thou gost,  
Thy worschep, thy profyt, hyt shcal be most.  
Articulus secundus.

The secunde artycul of good masonry,  
As ze mowe hyt here hyr specyaly,  
That every mayster, that ys a mason,  
Most ben at the generale congregacyon,  
So that he hyt resonably z-tolde  
Where that the semble schal be holde;  
And to that semble he most nede gon,  
But he have a resenabul skwsacyon,  
Or but he be unbuxom to that craft,  
Or with falsshed ys over-raft,  
Or ellus sekene hath hym so stronge,  
That he may not com hem amonge;  
That ys a skwsacyon, good and abulle,  
To that semble withoute fabulle.

Articulus tercius.

The thrydde artycul for sothe hyt uysse,  
That the mayster take to no prentysse,  
but he have good seuerans to dwelle  
Seven zer with hym, as y zow telle,  
Hys craft to lurne, that ys profytable;  
Withynne lasse he may not be able  
To lordys profyt, ny to his owne,  
As ze mowe knowe by good resowne.

Articulus quartus.

The fowrthe artycul thys moste be  
That the mayster hym wel be-se,  
That he no bondemon prentys make,  
Ny for no covetyse do hym take;  
For the lord that he ys bonde to,  
May fache the prentes whersever he go.  
Zef yn the logge he were y-take,  
Muche desese hyt myzth ther make,  
And suche case hyt myzth befalle,  
That hyt myzth greve summe or alle.  
For alle the masonus tht ben there  
Wol stonde togedur hol y-fere  
Zef suche won yn that craft schulde swelle,  
Of dyvers desesys ze myzth telle:  
For more zese thenne, and of honeste,  
Take a prentes of herre degre.  
By olde tyme wryten y fynde  
That the prenes schulde be of gentyl kynde;  
And so symtyme grete lordys blod  
Toke thys gemetry, that ys ful good.

Articulus quintus.

The fyfthe artycul ys swythe good,  
So that the prentes be of lawful blod;  
The mayster schal not, for no vantage,  
Make no prentes that ys outrage;  
Hyt ys to mene, as ze mowe here,  
That he have hys lymes hole alle y-fere;  
To the craft hyt were gret schame,

To make an halt mon and a lame,  
For an unperfyt mon of suche blod  
Schulde do the craft but lytul good.  
Thus ze mowe knowe everychon,  
The craft wolde have a myzhty mon;  
A maymed mon he hath no myzht,  
Ze mowe hyt knowe long zer nyzht.

Articulus sextus.

The syzte artycul ze mowe not mysse,  
That the mayster do the lord no pregedysse,  
To take of the lord, for hyse prentyse,  
Also muche as hys felows don, yn alle vyse.  
For yn that craft they ben ful perfyt,  
So ys not he, ze mowe sen hyt.

Also hyt were azeynus good reson,  
To take hys, hure as hys felows don.

Thys same artycul, yn thys casse,  
Juggythe the prentes to take lasse  
Thenne hys felows, that ben ful perfyt.  
Yn dyvers maters, conne qwyte hyt,  
The mayster may his prentes so enforme,  
That hys hure may crese ful zurne,  
And, zer hys terme come to an ende,  
Hys hure may ful wel amende.

Articulus septimus.

The seventhe artycul that ys now here,  
Ful wel wol telle zow, alle y-fere,  
That no mayster, for favour ny drede,  
Schal no thef nowther clothe ny fede.  
Theves he schal herberon never won,  
Ny hym that hath y-quellude a mon,  
Wy thylke that hath a febul name,  
Lest hyt wolde turne the craft to schame.

Articulus octavus.

The eghte artycul schewt zow so,  
That the mayster may hyt wel do,  
Zef that he have any mon of crafte,  
And be not also perfyt as he auzte,  
He may hym change sone anon,  
And take for hym a perfytur mon.  
Suche a mon, throze rechelaschepe,  
Myzth do the craft schert worschepe.

Articulus nonus.

The nynthe artycul schewet ful welle,  
That the mayster be both wyse and felle;  
That no werke he undurtake,  
But he conne bothe hyt ende and make;  
And that hyt be to the lordes profyt also,  
And to hys craft, whersever he go;  
And that the grond be wel y-take,  
That hyt nowther fle ny grake.

Articulus decimus.

The then the artycul ys for to knowe,  
Amonge the craft, to hye and lowe,  
There schal no mayster supplante other,  
But be togeder as systur and brother,

Yn thys curyus craft, alle and som,  
That longuth to a maystur mason.  
Ny thys curyus craft, alle and som,  
That longuth to a maystur mason.  
Ny he schal not supplante non other mon,  
That hath y-take a werke hym uppon,  
Yn peyne therof that ys so stronge,  
That peyseth no lasse thenne ten ponge,  
But zef that he be guilty y-fonde,  
That toke furst the werke on honde;  
For no mon yn masonry  
Schal no supplante othur securly,  
But zef that hyt be so y-wrozth,  
That hyt turne the werke to nozth;  
Thenne may a mason that werk crave,  
To the lordes profzt hyt for to save;  
Yn suche a case but hyt do falle,  
Ther schal no mason medul withalle.  
Forsothe he that begynnth the gronde,  
And he be a mason goode and sonde,  
For hath hyt sycurly yn hys mynde  
To brynge the werke to ful good ende.  
Articulus undecimus.

The eleventhe artycul y telle the,  
That he ys bothe fayr and fre;  
For he techyt, by hys myzth,  
That no mason schulde worche be nyzth,  
But zef hyt be yn practesyng of wytte,  
Zef that y cowthe amende hytte.  
Articulus duodecimus.

The twelfththe artycul ys of hys honeste  
To zevery mason, whersever he be;  
He schal not hys felows werk deprave,  
Zef that he wol hys honeste save;  
With honest wordes he hyt comende,  
By the wytte that God the dede sende;  
Buy hyt amende by al that thou may,  
Bytwynne zow bothe withoute nay.  
Articulus xiiijus.

The threttene artycul, so God me save,  
Ys, zef that the mayster a prentes have,  
Enterlyche thenne that he hym teche,  
And meserable poyntes that he hym reche,  
That he the craft abelyche may conne,  
Whersever he go undur the sonne.  
Articulus xiiijus.

The fowrtene artycul, by food reson,  
Schewete the mayster how he schal don;  
He schal no prentes to hym take,  
Byt dyvers crys he have to make,  
That he may, withynne hys terme,  
Of hym dyvers poyntes may lurne.  
Articulus quindecimus.

The fyftene artcul maketh an ende,  
For to the maysterhe ys a frende;  
To lere hym so, that for no mon,

No fals mantenans he take hym apon,  
 Ny maynteine hys felows yn here synne,  
 For no good that he myzth wyne;  
 Ny no fals sware sofre hem to make,  
 For drede of here sowles sake;  
 Lest hyt wolde turne the craft to schame,  
 And hymself to mechul blame.  
 Plures Constituciones.  
 At thys semble were poyntes y-ordeynt mo,  
 Of grete lordys and maystrys also,  
 That whose wol conne thys craft and com to  
 astate,  
 He most love wel God, and holy churche algate,  
 And hys mayster also, that he ys wythe,  
 Whersever he go, yn fylde or frythe;  
 And thy felows thou love also,  
 For that they craft wol that thou do.  
 Secundus punctus.  
 The secunde poynt, as y zow say,  
 That the mason worche apon the werk day,  
 Also trwly, as he con or may,  
 To deserve hys huyre for the halyday,  
 And trwly to labrun on hys dede,  
 Wel deserve to have hys mede.  
 Tercius punctus.  
 The thrydde poynt most be severele,  
 With the prentes knowe hyt wele,  
 Hys mayster conwsel he kepe and close,  
 And hys felows by hys goode purpose;  
 The prevetyse of the chamber telle he no man,  
 Ny yn the logge whatsoever they done;  
 Whatsever thou heryst, or syste hem do,  
 Tells hyt no mon, whersever thou go;  
 The conwesel of halls, and zeke of bowre,  
 Kepe hyt wel to gret honowre,  
 Lest hyt wolde torne thysself to blame,  
 And brynge the craft ynto gret schame.  
 Quartus punctus.  
 The fowrthe poynt techyth us also,  
 That no mon to hys craft be false;  
 Errour he schal maynteine none  
 Azeynus the craft, but let hyt gone;  
 Ny no pregedysse he schal not do  
 To hys mayster, ny hys felows also;  
 And thatzth the prentes be under awe,  
 Zet he wolde have the same lawe.  
 Quintus punctus.  
 The fyfthe poynte ys, withoute nay,  
 That whenne the mason taketh hys pay  
 Of the mayster, y-ordent to hym,  
 Ful mekely y-take so most hyt byn;  
 Zet most the mayster, by good resone,  
 Warne hem lawfully byfore none,  
 Zef he nulle okepye hem no more,  
 As he hath y-done ther byfore;  
 Azeynus thys ordyr he may not stryve,

Zef he thenke wel for to thryve.

Sextus punctus.

The syxte poynt ys ful zef to knowe,  
Bothe to hye and eke to lowe,  
For such case hyt myzth befalle,  
Am nge the masonus, summe or alle,  
Throwghe envye, or dedly hate,  
Ofte aryseth ful gret debate.  
Thenne owyth the mason, zef that he may,  
Putte hem bothe under a day;  
But loveday zet schul they make none;  
Tyl that the werke day be clene a-gone;  
Apon the holyday ze mowe wel take  
Leyser y-nowzgth loveday to make,  
Lest that hyt wolde the werke day  
Latte here werke for suche afray;  
To suche ende thenne that hem drawe,  
That they stonde wel yn Goddes lawe.

Septimus punctus.

The seventhe poynt he may wel mene,  
Of wel longe lyf that God us lene,  
As hyt dyscryeth wel opunly,  
Thou schal not by thy maysters wyf ly,  
Ny by the felows, yn no maner wyse,  
Lest the craft wolde the despise;  
Ny by the felows concubyne,  
No more thou woldest he dede by thyne.  
The peyne thereof let hyt be ser,  
That he prentes ful seven zer,  
Zef he forfeite yn eny of hem,  
So y-chasted thenne most he ben;  
Ful mekele care myzth ther begynne,  
For suche a fowle dedely synne.

Octavus punctus.

The eghte poynt, he may be sure,  
Zef thou hast y-taken any cure,  
Under thy mayster thou be trwe,  
For that pynt thou schalt never arewe;  
Atrwe medyater thou most nede be  
To thy mayster, and thy felows fre;  
Do trwly al....that thou myzth,  
To both partyes, and that ys good ryzth.

Nonus punctus.

The nynthe poynt we schul hym calle,  
That he be stwarde of oure halle,  
Zef that ze ben yn chambur y-fere,  
Uchon serve other, with mylde chere;  
Jentul felows, ze moste hyt knowe,  
For to be stwardus alle o rowe,  
Weke after weke withoute dowte,  
Stwardus to ben so alle abowte,  
Lovelyche to serven uchon othur,  
As thawgh they were syster and brother;  
Ther schal never won on other costage  
Fre hymself to no vantage,  
But every mon schal be lyche fre

Yn that costage, so moste hyt be;  
Loke that thou pay wele every mon algate,  
That thou hsat y-bowzht any vytayles ate,  
That no cravyng be y-mad to the,  
Ny to thy felows, yn no degre,  
To mon or to wommon, whether he be,  
Pay hem wel and trwly, for that wol we;  
Therof on thy felow trwe record thou take,  
For that good pay as thou dost make,  
Lest hyt wolde thy felowe schame,  
Any brynge thyself ynto gret blame.  
Zet good acowntes he most make  
Of suche godes as he hath y-take,  
Of thy felows goodes that thou hast spende,  
Wher, and how, and to what ende;  
Suche acowntes thou most come to,  
Whenne thy felows wollen that thou do.  
Decimus punctus.

The tenthe poynt presentyeth wel god lyf,  
To lyven withoute care and stryf;  
For and the mason lyve amysse,  
And yn hys werk be false, y-wysse,  
And thorwz suche a false skewysasyon  
May sclawndren hys felows oute reson,  
Throwz false sclawnder of suche fame  
May make the craft kachone blame.  
Zef he do the craft suche vylany,  
Do hym no favour thenne securly.  
Ny maynteine not hym yn wyked lyf,  
Lest hyt wolde turne to care and stryf;  
But zet hym ze schul not delayme,  
But that ze schullen hym constrayne,  
For to apere whersevor ze wylle,  
Whar that ze wolen, lowde, or styllle;  
To the nexte semble ze schul hym calle,  
To apere byfore hys felows alle,  
And but zef he wyl byfore hem pere,  
The craft he moste nede forswere;  
He schal thenne be chasted after the lawe  
That was y-fownded by olde dawe.

Punctus undecimus.  
The eleventhe poynt ys of good dyscrecyoun,  
As ze mowe knowe by good resoun;  
A mason, and he thys craft wel con,  
That syzth hys felow hewen on a ston,  
Amende hyt sone, zef that thou con,  
And teche hym thenne hyt to amende,  
That the lordys werke be not y-schende,  
And teche hym esely hyt to amende,  
With fayre wordes, that God the hath lende;  
For hys sake that sytte above,  
With swete wordes noresche hym love.

Punctus duodecimus.  
The twelthe poynt of gret ryolte,  
Ther as the semble y-hole schal be,  
Ther schul be maystrys and felows also,

And other grete lordes mony mo;  
There schal be the scheref of that contre,  
And also the meyr of that syte,  
Knyztes and ther schul be,  
And other aldermen, as ze schul se;  
Suche ordynance as they maken there,  
They schul maynte hyt hol y-fere  
Azeynus that mon, whatever he be,  
That longuth to the craft bothe fayr and free.  
Zef he any stryf azeynus hem make,  
Ynto here warde he schal be take.

Xijus punctus.

The threnteth poynt ys to us ful luf.  
He schal swere never to be no thef,  
Ny soker hym yn hys fals craft,  
For no good that he hath byraft,  
And thou mowe hyt knowe or syn,  
Nowther for hys good, ny for hys kyn.

Xijus punctus.

The fowrtethe poynt ys ful good lawe  
To hym that wold ben under awe;  
A good trwe othe he most ther swere  
To hys mayster and hys felows that ben there;  
He most be stedefast and trwe also  
To alle thys ordynance, whersever he go,  
And to hys lyge lord the kynge,  
To be trwe to hym, over alle thyng.  
And alle these poyntes hyr before  
To hem thou most nede by y-swore,  
And alle schul swere the same ogth  
Of the masonus, be they luf, ben they loght,  
To alle these poyntes hyr byfore,  
That hath ben ordeynt by ful good lore.  
And they schul enquere every mon  
On his party, as wyl as he con,  
Zef any mon mowe be y-fownde gulty  
Yn any of these poyntes spesyaly;  
And whad he be, let hym be sowzht,  
And to the semble let hym be browzht.

Quindecimus punctus.

The fifethe poynt ys of ful good lore,  
For hem that schul ben ther y-swore,  
Suche ordynance at the semble wes layd  
Of grete lordes and maystres byforesayd;  
For thelke that be unbuxom, y-wysse,  
Azeynus the ordynance that ther ysse  
Of these artyculus, that were y-meved there,  
Of grete lordes and masonus al y-fere.  
And zef they ben y-preved opunly  
Byfore that semble, by an by,  
And for here gultes no mendys wol make,  
Thenne most they nede the craft they schul refuse,  
And swere hyt never more for to use.  
But zef that they wol mendys make,  
Azayn to the craft they schul never take;  
And zef that they nul not do so,

The scheref schal come hem sone to,  
And putte here dodyes yn duppe prison,  
For the trespasse that they hav y-don,  
And take here goodes and here cattelle  
Ynto the kynges hond, everyt delle,  
And lete hem dwelle ther full style,  
Tyl hyt be oure lege kynges wylle.  
*Alia ordinacio artis gematriae.*  
They ordent ther a semble to be y-holde  
Every zer, whersever they wolde,  
To amende the defautes, zef any where fonde  
Amonge the craft withynne the londe;  
Uche zer or thrydde zer hyt schuld be holde,  
Yn every place whersever they wolde;  
Tyme and place most be ordeynt also,  
Yn what place they schul semble to.  
Alle the men of craft thr they most ben,  
And other grete lordes, as ze mowe sen,  
To mende the fautes that both ther y-spoke,  
Zef that eny of hem ben thenne y-broke.  
Ther they schullen ben alle y-swore,  
That longuth to thys craftes lore,  
To kepe these statutes everychon,  
That ben y-ordeynt by kynge Aldelston;  
These statutes that y have hyr y-fonde  
Y chulle they ben holde throzh my londe,  
For the worsche of my rygolte,  
That y have by my dygnyte.  
Also at every semble that ze holde,  
That ze come to zowre lyge kyng bolde,  
Bysechyng hym of hys hye grace,  
To stone with zow yn every place,  
To conferme the statutes of kynge Adelston,  
That he ordeydnt to thys craft by good reson,  
*Ars quatuor coronatorum.*  
Pray we now to God almyzht,  
And to hys moder Mary bryzht,  
That we mowe keepe these artyculus here,  
And these poynts wel al y-fere,  
As dede these holy martyres fowre,  
That yn thys craft were of gret honoure;  
They were as gode masonus as on erthe schul go,  
Gravers and ymage-makers they were also.  
For they were werkemen of the beste,  
The emperour hade to hem gret luste;  
He wyned of hem a ymage to make,  
That mowzh be worsched for his sake;  
Susch mawmetys he hade yn hys dawe,  
To turne the pepul from Crystus lawe.  
But they were stedefast yn Crystes lay,  
And to here craft, withouten nay;  
They loved wel God and alle hys lore,  
And weren yn hys serves ever more.  
Trwe men they were yn that dawe,  
And lyved wel y Goddus lawe;  
They thozght no mawmetys for to make,

For no good that they myzth take,  
To levyn on that mawmetys for here God,  
They nolde do so thawz he were wod;  
For they nolde not forsake here trw fay,  
An beyleve on hys falsse lay.  
The emperour let take hem sone anone,  
And putte hem ynto a dep presone;  
The sarre he penest hem yn that plase,  
The more yoye wes to hem of Cristus grace.  
Thenne when he sye no nother won,  
To dethe he lette hem thenne gon;  
By the bok he may kyt schowe,  
In the legent of scanctorum,  
The name of quatour coronatorum.  
Here fest wol be, withoute nay,  
After Alle Halwen the eyght day.  
Ze mow here as y do rede,  
That mony zeres after, for gret drede  
That Noees flod wes alle y-ronne,  
The tower of Babyloyne was begonne,  
Also playne werke of lyme and ston,  
As any mon schulde loke uppon;  
So long and brod hyt was begonne,  
Seven myle the hezghte schadweth the sonne.  
King Nabogodonosor let hyt make,  
To gret strenthe for monus sake,  
Thazgh suche a flod azayne schulde come,  
Over the werke hyt schulde not nome;  
For they hadde so hy pride, with stronge bost,  
Alle that werke therfore was y-lost;  
An angele smot hem so with dyveres speche,  
That never won wyste what other schuld reche.  
Mony eres after, the goode clerk Eucllyde  
Tazghte the craft of gemetre wonder wyde,  
So he ded that tyme other also,  
Of dyvers craftes mony mo.  
Throzgh hye grace of Crist yn heven,  
He commensed yn the syens seven;  
Gramatica ys the furste syens y-wysse,  
Dialetica the secunde, so have y blysse,  
Rethorica the thrydde, withoute nay,  
Musica ys the fowrth, as y zow say,  
Astromia ys the V, by my snowte,  
Arsmetica the Vi, withoute dowte  
Gemetria the seventhe maketh an ende,  
For he ys bothe make and hende,  
Gramer forsothe ys the rote,  
Whose wyl lurne on the boke;  
But art passeth yn hys degre,  
As the fryte doth the rote of the tre;  
Rethoryk metryth with orne speche amonge,  
And musyke hyt ys a swete song;  
Astronomy nombreth, my dere brother,  
Arsmetyk scheweth won thyng that ys another,  
Gemetre the seventh syens hyt ysse,  
That con deperte falshed from trewthe y-wys.

These bene the syens seven,  
Whose useth hem wel, he may han heven.  
Now dere chyldren, by zowre wytte,  
Pride and covetyse that ze leven, hytte,  
And taketh hede to goode dyscrecyon,  
And to good norter, whersever ze com.  
Now y pray zow take good hede,  
For thys ze most kenne nede,  
But much more ze moste wyten,  
Thenne ze fynden hyr y-wryten.  
Zef the fayle therto wytte,  
Pray to God to send the hytte;  
For Crist hymself, he techet ous  
That holy churche ys Goddes hous,  
That ys y-mad for nothyng ellus  
but for to pray yn, as the bok tellus;  
Ther the pepul schal gedur ynne,  
To pray and wepe for here synne.  
Loke thou come not to churche late,  
For to speke harlotrey by the gate;  
Thenne to churche when thou dost fare,  
Have yn thy mynde ever mare  
To worschepe thy lord God bothe day and nyzth,  
With all thy wyttes, and eke thy myzth.  
To the churche dore when tou dost come,  
Of that holy water ther sum thow nome,  
For every drope thou felust ther  
Qwenchet a venyal synne, be thou ser.  
But furst thou most do down thy hode,  
For hyse love that dyed on the rode.  
Into the churche when thou dost gon,  
Pulle uppe thy herte to Crist, anon;  
Uppon the rode thou loke uppe then,  
And knele down fayre on bothe thy knen;  
Then pray to hym so hyr to worche,  
After the lawe of holy churche,  
For to kepe the comandementes ten,  
That God zaf to alle men;  
And pray to hym with mylde steven  
To kepe the from the synnes seven,  
That thou hyr mowe, yn thy lyve,  
Kepe the wel from care and stryve,  
Forthermore he grante the grace,  
In heven blysse to hav a place.  
In holy churche lef nyse wordes  
Of lewed speche, and fowle bordes,  
And putte away alle vanyte,  
And say thy pater noster and thyn ave;  
Loke also thou make no bere,  
But ay to be yn thy prayere;  
Zef thou wolt not thyselve pray,  
Latte non other mon by no way.  
In that place nowther sytte ny stonde,  
But knele fayre down on the gronde,  
And, when the Gospel me rede schal,  
Fayre thou stonde up fro the wal,

And blesse the fayre, zef that thou conne,  
When gloria tibi is begonne;  
And when the gospel ys y-done,  
Azayn thou myzth knele adown;  
On bothe thy knen down thou falle,  
For hyse love that bowzht us alle;  
And when thou herest the belle ryng  
To that holy sakerynge,  
Knele ze most, bothe zynge and olde,  
And bothe zor hondes fayr upholde,  
And say thenne yn thys manere,  
Fayr and softe, withoute bere;  
"Jhesu Lord, welcom thou be,  
Yn forme of bred, as y the se.  
Now Jhesu, for thyn holy name,  
Schulde me from synne and schame,  
Schryff and hosel thou grant me bo,  
Zer that y schal hennus go,  
And vey contrycyon of my synne,  
Tath y never, Lord, dye thereynne;  
And, as thou were of a mayde y-bore,  
Sofre me never to be y-lore;  
But when y schal hennus wende,  
Grante me the blysse withoute ende;  
Amen! amen! so mot hyt be!  
Now, swete lady, pray for me."  
Thus thou myzht say, or sum other thyng,  
When thou knelust at the sakerynge.  
For covetyse after good, spare thou nought  
To worschepe hym that alle hath wrought;  
For glad may a mon that day ben,  
That onus yn the day may hym sen;  
Hyt ys so muche worthe, withoute nay,  
The vertu therof no mon telle may;  
But so meche good doth that syht,  
As seynt Austyn telluth ful ryht,  
That day thou syst Goddus body,  
Thou schalt have these, ful securly;-  
Mete and drynke at thy nede,  
Non that day schal the gnede;  
Ydul othes, an wordes bo,  
God forzeveth the also;  
Soden deth, that ylke day,  
The dar not drede by no way;  
Also that day, y the plyht,  
Thou schalt not lese thy eye syht;  
And uche fote that thou gost then,  
That holy syht for to sen,  
They schul be told to stonde yn stede,  
When thou hast therto gret nede;  
That messongere, the angele Gabryelle,  
Wol kepe hem to the ful welle.  
From thys mater now y may passe,  
To telle mo medys of the masse:  
To church come zet, zef thou may,  
And here thy masse uche day;

Zef thou mowe not come to church,  
Wher that ever thou doste worche,  
When thou herest to masse knylle,  
Pray to God with herte style,  
To zeve the part of that servyse,  
That yn church ther don yse.  
Forthermore zet, y wol zow preche  
To zowre felows, hyt for to teche,  
When thou comest byfore a lorde,  
Yn halle, yn bowre, or at the borde,  
Hod or cappe that thou of do,  
Zer thou come hym allynge to;  
Twyes or thryes, without dowte,  
To that lord thou moste lowte;  
With thy ryzth kne let hyt be do,  
Thynowne worschepe tou save so.  
Holde of thy cappe, and hod also,  
Tyl thou have leve hyt on to do.  
Al the whyle thou spekest with hym,  
Fayre and lovelyche bere up thy chyn;  
So, after the norter of the boke,  
Yn hys face lovely thou loke.  
Fot and hond, thou kepe ful style  
From clawyng and trypyng, ys sckylle;  
From spytyng and snyftyng kepe the also,  
By privy avoydans let hyt go.  
And zef that thou be wyse and felle,  
Thou hast gret nede to governe the welle.  
Ynto the halle when thou dost wende,  
Amonges the genteles, good and hende,  
Presume not to hye for nothyng,  
For thyn hye blod, ny thy connyng,  
Nowther to sytte, ny to lene,  
That ys norther good and clene.  
Let not thy cowntenans therfore abate,  
Forsothe, good norter wol save thy state.  
Fader and moder, whatsoever they be,  
Wel ys the chyld that wel may the ,  
Yn halle, yn chamber, wher thou dost gon;  
Gode maners maken a mon.  
To the nexte degre loke wysly,  
To do hem reverans by and by;  
Do hem zet no reverans al o-rowe,  
But zef that thou do hem know.  
To the mete when thou art y-sette,  
Fayre and onestelyche thou ete hytte;  
Fyrst loke that thyn honden be clene,  
And that thy knyf be scharpe and kene;  
And kette thy bed al at thy mete,  
Ryzth as hyt may be ther y-ete.  
Zef thou sytte by a worththyur mon.  
Then thy selven thou art won,  
Sofre hym fyrst to toyche the mete,  
Zer thyself to hyt reche.  
To the fayrest mossel thou myzht not strike,  
Thaght that thou do hyt wel lyke;

Kepe thyn hondes, fayr and wel,  
From fowle smogyng of thy towel;  
Theron thou schalt not thy nese snyte,  
Ny at the mete thy tothe thou pyke;  
To depe yn the coppe thou myzght not synke,  
Thagh thou have good wyl to drynke,  
Lest thyn enyn wolde wattryn therby-  
Then were hyt no curtesy  
Loke yn thy mowth ther be no mete,  
When thou begynnyst to drynke or speke.  
When thou syst any mon drynkiyng,  
That taketh hed to thy carpyng,  
Sone anonn thou sese thy tale,  
Whether he drynke wyn other ale.  
Loke also thou scorne no mon,  
Yn what degre thou syst hym gon;  
Ny thou schalt no mon deprave,  
Zef thou wolt thy worschepe save;  
For suche worde myzht ther outberste,  
That myzht make the sytte yn evel reste,  
Close thy honde yn thy fyste,  
And kepe the wel from "had-y-wyste."  
Yn chamber amonge the ladyes bryght,  
Holde thy tonge and spende thy syght;  
Lawze thou not with no gret cry,  
Ny make no ragyng with rybody.  
Play thou not buyt with thy peres,  
Ny tel thou not al that thou heres;  
Dyskever thou not thyn owne dede,  
For no merthe, ny for no mede;  
With fayr speceh thou myght have thy wylle,  
With hyt thou myght thy selven spylle.  
When thou metyst a worthy mon,  
Cappe and hod thou holle no on;  
Yn church, yn chepyns, or yn gate,  
Do hym reverans after hys state.  
Zef thou gost with a worthy mon,  
Then thyselfen thou art won,  
Let thy forther schulder sewe backe,  
For that ys norter withoute lacke;  
When he doth speke, holte the styll,  
When he hath don, sey for thy wylle,  
Yn thy speche that thou be felle,  
And what thou sayst avyse the welle;  
But byref thou no hym hys tale,  
Nowther at the wyn, ny at the ale.  
Cryst then of hys hye grace,  
Zeve zow bothe wytte and space,  
Wel thys boke to conne and rede,  
Heven to have for zowre mede.  
Amen! amen! so mot hyt be!  
Say we so alle per charyte.