

## Il Poema Regio (testo originale)

Hic incipiunt constitutiones  
artis gemetriae secundum  
Eucyldem. Whose wol bothe  
wel rede and loke, He may  
fynde wryte yn olde boke Of  
grete lordys and eke ladyysse,  
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  
zyndyngge.  
(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  
lyvngge therby, Bothe wel and  
onestlyche, ful sycurly. Yn that  
tyme, throzh 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  
Eucllyde,  
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 Euclode 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 sekenes 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 unperfynt 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 perfynt,  
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 perfynt. 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 seventh 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  
thylike 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 perfynt as he auzte, He may  
hym change sone anon, And take for  
hym a perfyntur 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 gulty 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 thyself 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 despuse;  
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 fellow trwe record thou take,  
For that good pay as thou dost make,  
Lest hyt wolde thy felowe schame, Any  
bryng 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 amyse, 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 crafte he moste nede forswere;  
 He schal thenne be chasted after the lawe  
 That was y-fownded by olde dawe.  
 Punctus undecimus.  
 The eleventh poynt ys of good dyscrecyoun, As  
 ze mowe knowe by good resoun;  
 A mason, and he thys craft wel con,  
 That syzth hys fellow 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, whatsoever 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 enquire every mon On  
his party, as wyl as he con,  
Zef any mon mowe be y-fownde gulty Yn  
any of these poyntes spesyal;  
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 styll,  
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 kyng Adelston;  
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 kyng 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 kepe 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  
wylnd 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 quatuor 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 therefore 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,  
Dialectica 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 trewth the y-wys.  
These bene the syens seven,  
Whose useth hem wel, he may han heven. Now  
dere chyl dren, 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 church dore when thou 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 church 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  
church,

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 church 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 begonme;

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  
churche come zet, zef thou may,  
And here thy masse uche day;  
Zef thou mowe not come to churche,  
Wher that ever thou doste worche, When  
thou herest to masse knylle, Pray to God  
with herte styll,  
To zeve the part of that servyse, That  
yn churche 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 styll  
From clawyng and trypyng, ys skylle; From  
spyttyng 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, Some  
 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  
churche, yn chepyns, or yn gate,  
Do hym reverans after hys state. Zef  
thou gost with a worthyor mon,  
Then thyselven thou art won,  
Let thy forther schulder sewe backe,  
For that ys norter withoute lacke;  
When he doth speke, holte the style, 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.