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DENTON FOX

The 1663 Anderson Edition
of Henryson's Testament of Cresseid

The 1663 edition of the Testament of Cresseid, printed almost certainly by Andrew Anderson in Edinburgh, is as far as I know alone among the surviving prints or manuscripts of Robert Henryson's work which possess textual authority, in that no transcription of it has been published. It seems worthwhile to complete the record by printing a transcription of it here, especially since there are a number of cruces in the text of this important poem, and scholars may like to have all the pertinent information available.

The textual problems connected with the Testament are fairly complicated, and they need not be rehashed in detail here. The situation, in its essence, is this. The best text of the Testament is provided by the 1593 quarto published by Henry Charteris in Edinburgh (C), but the text of this edition can be corrected at numerous points by the text in Thynne's 1532 edition of Chaucer (T), in which the poem appears as a pendant to Chaucer's Troilus. The Anderson print (A) has been thought to be a descendant of C, and so without any authority, but I noted that it agrees at various points with T, against C, and so argued, in my edition, that it is not descended directly, or solely, from C, but instead has independent authority. As far as I can judge, most but not all of my reviewers have agreed with me: some have argued that A has been contaminated by a printer who imported readings from T; some, on the other hand, suggested that I did not pay enough attention to the readings in A.

If it is the case, as I think, that A has some authority, and has not been contaminated by T, then all of the readings on which A and T agree, against C, must either (1) be superior readings which go back, if not to the original, at least to an archetype, or (2) be explainable as coincident errors. The situation is made slightly more complicated, however, by the fact that T, because of its provenance, and A, because

1. A possible exception is the anglicized version of the Fables printed in London by Richard Smith in 1577. This text is very close to both the Harleian MS and the Bassandyne print, but is not descended solely from either, and so theoretically may have some authority. In practice, however, it appears to be of no value.

For the attribution of the 1663 edition to Anderson, and for a bibliographical account of it, see my edition of the Testament (London, 1968), pp. 5-6.
of its late date, both show considerable anglicization. This common anglicization is responsible for many agreements between A and T; for example, the agreements listed in the apparatus below for lines 142, 287, 338, 423, 501, 577, 583, 593. Or, exceptionally, A and T may retain the right Scots reading where C, itself somewhat anglicized, adopts a southern form, as in line 290. But where anglicization is not involved, A and T, when they agree against C, appear usually to have the better reading: see, for example, the agreements listed below for lines 178, 218, 275, 479, 523, 554. The few places where A and T agree against C, but have the worse reading, seem in every case to have satisfactory explanations (see the notes in my edition to lines 357, 445, 481). In several places A is alone in preserving what I take to be the best reading: 48, 222, 549. There remain some lines, such as 283, 382, 390, 411, 420, in which it is difficult to be confident about the correct reading.

In comparing A with T, and with the later English prints and manuscripts descended from T, I have found nothing to suggest any contamination. There are a few cases of coincident error, though not as many as one might expect. If the printer of A (or its predecessor) had in fact been using T (or its descendant), he would surely have imported many more of its errors. The burden of proof lies, I think, on anyone who wishes to claim contamination.

The text which follows is intended to reproduce the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of A, except that the ornamental capitals at the beginnings of lines 1, 407, 470, and 577 have not been noted. Although A is mostly in black letter, the printer occasionally used roman type, mostly for proper names: this roman type is here reproduced by italics. In A four stanzas, lines 302-29, are misplaced, and follow line 357; these stanzas are here transferred to their proper position. The apparatus is intended to show all the substantive variations between A and C: the numerous instances where A agrees with C, against T, are not given, partly because these instances cast no light on the value of A, and partly because they are all noted in my edition. Dialectal variations, such as bath-bes, such-sic, church-kirk, each-ilk, are also omitted.

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2. Besides the agreements between A and T noted above, A agrees with the St. John's College MS in line 19, and with both the St. John's and the Kinston MSS in lines 371 and 500. A Scottish printer would not be likely to have seen these manuscripts. For the frequency of coincident variation, see George Kane, ed., Piers Plowman: The A Version (London, 1960), pp. 59, 115-72.

3. Except for the title of the poem: in A the first three words of the title are in large roman capitals, and Cressitid is in large italic capitals.
HENRYSON’S TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

A Dolefull season to a carefull dite,
Should correspond, and be equivalent:
Right so it was, when I began to write,
This Tragedie, the weather right fervent:

5 When Aries in midst of the Lent,
Showres of hail can from the North descend,
That scantly from the cold I might defend.

Yet notwithstanding, within mine Orature,
I stood, when Titan had his beams bright
Withdrawn down, and styed under cure,
And fair Venus, the beauty of the Night,
Vp-rose, and set unto the West full right,
Her golden Face in opposition,
Of god Phoebus direct descending down.

15 Throughout the Glasse her beams brast so sore,
That I might see on every side me by:
The Northern winde had purified the Aire,
And shed the misty clouds from the Sky:
The frosts friezed, the blasts bitterly,

20 From Pole-artick came whisling, loud and shill,
And caused me remove against my will.

For I trusted, that Venus Loves Queen,
To whom, sometime, I heght obedience:
My faded heart of love she would make green,

25 And thereupon, with humble reverence,
I thought to pray her hie magnificence,
But for great cold as then, I letted was,
And in my chalmer to the fire can passe.

Though Love be hot, yet in a man of age,
It kindleth not so soon, as in Youth-head,
Of whom the blood is flowing in a rage,
And in the old, the courage doufe and dead,

30 Of which the fire outward, is best remead:
To help the Physick, where that nature failed:

I am expert, for I have both assailed.

I mend the fire, and beeked me about:
Then took a drink my spirits to comfort,
And armed me well, from the cold thereout,
To cut the Winter-night, and make it short.

I took a Quair, and left all other sport,
Written by worthy Chaucer glorious,
Of fair Cresseid, and worthy Troilus.

And there I found, after that Diomed,
Received had that Lady bright of hew:

How Troilus near out of wit abade,
And weepèd sore, with visage pale of hew,
For which vain hope his tears can renew,
While esperance rejoiced him again,
Thus whiles in joy, he lived whiles in pain.

Of her besthe he had great comforting,
Trusting to Troy, that she should make retour,
Which he desired most of earthly thing,
For why? she was his only Paramour:

But when he saw passed both day and hour

Of her gain-come, then sorrow can oppresse,
His wofull heart, in care and heavinesse.

Of his distresse, me needs not to rehearse,
For worthy Chaucer in the samine Book,
In goodly tearms, and into jolly verse,

Complied hath his cares, who will look.
To break my sleep another Quair I took,
In which I found the fatall destiny
Of false Cresseid, who ended wretchedly.

Who wots, if all that Chaucer wrote was true,

Nor I wot not, if this Narration,
Be authuriz'd, or feigned of the new,
By some Poet, through his invention,
Made to report the Lamentation,

And woful end of this lusty Cresseid,

And what distresse she tholed, and what dead.

When Diomed had all his appetite,
HENRYSON'S TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

And more fulfilled of this fair Ladie:
Upon another set his whole delight,
And sent to her a Letter of Repudie,
And her excluded from his companie:
Then desolate she walked up and down,
And some men sayes, into the Court common.

O fair Cresseid, the flowre and A-per-se
Of Troy and Greece, how wast thou fortunate,
To change in filth all thy feminitie,
And be with fleshly lust so maculate?
And go amongst the Greeks air and late,
So gigglor-like taking thy foul pleasance,
I have pity thou should fall such mischance.

Yet nevertheless, what ere men deem or say,
In scornfull Language of thy brucklenesse:
I shall excuse as farthorth as I may,
Thy woman-hood, thy wisedom, and fairnesse,
The which Fortune hath put to such distresse,
As her pleased, and nothing through the guilt
Of thee, through wicked language to be spilt.

This fair Ladie in this wise destitute,
Of all comfort, and consolation:
Right privily, but fellowship on foot,
Disguised past far out of the Town,
One mile or two, unto a Mansion,
Builded full gay, where her Father Calchas,
Who then amongst the Greeks dwelling was.

When he her saw, the cause he can enquire
Of her coming: she said, sighing full sore;
From Diomed had gotten his desire,
He wax weary, and would have me no more.
Quoth Calchas, Daughter, weep thou not therefore,
Peradventure, all cometh for the best,

Welcome to me, thou art full dear a Guest.

This old Calchas after their Law was tho,
Keeper of the Temple as a Priest:
In which Venus, and her Son Cupido,
Were honoured, and his Chalmer was neist,

To which Cresseid, with bail anough in breist,
Vsed to passe, her prayers for to say:
While at the last, upon a solemn day,

As custome was, the people far and near,
Before the noon, unto the Temple went,
With sacrifice devote, in their manner:
But still Cresseid heavy in her intent,
Into the Church would not her self present,
For giving of the people any deeming,
Of her expulse from Diomed the King.

But past into a secret Oratour,
Where she might weep her wofull destiny:
Behind her back she closed fast the door,
And on her knees bare fell down on hy:
Upon Venus and Cupid angrily,

She cryed out, and said on this same wise;
Alace! that ever I made you sacrifice.

Ye gave me once a divine responsall,
That I should be the flowre of Love in Troy:
Now am I made an unworthy outwaill,
And in all care translated is my joy.
Who shall me guide? who shall me now convoy?
Since I from Diomed, and noble Troylus,
Am clean excluded, as abject odious.

O false Cupid, is none to wyte but thou,
And thy Mother of Love, the blinde goddesse:
Ye caus'd me alwayes understand and trow,
The seed of Love was sown in my face,
And ay grow green through your supplic and grace:
But now, alace! that seed with frost is shorn,

And I from Lovers left, and all forlorn.

When this was said, down in an extasie,
Ravished in spirit, in a dream she fell:
And by appearance hard where she did lye,
Cupid the King, ringing the silver Bell:

Which men might hear from heaven unto hell:
At whose sound, before Cupid appears,
The seven planets, descending from their Sphears:
Which hath power of all things generable,
To rule and stir by their great influence,
Weather and winde, and courses variable:
And first of all Saturn gave his sentence,
Who gave to Cupid little reverence:
But as a boustous Churle on his manner,
Came crabbedly, with austern look and chear.

His face frozned, his lyre was like the Lead,
His teeth chattered, and checkered with the chin,
His eyes drowped how sunken in his head,
Out of his nose the mell-drop fast can rin:
With lips bla, and cheeks lean and thin:

The yce-shokles that at his haire down hang,
Was wonder great, and as a Spear so lang.

Out over his belt his lyart locks lay,
Feltered, unfair, over-fret with frostes hore:
His garment, and his guise full gay of gray,

His withered weed from him the wind out-wore:
A boustous Bow into his hand he bare,
Vnder his Girdle, a flush of fellon flanes,
Fethered with Yce, and headed with Hail-stanes.

Then Jupiter right fair and amiable,
God of the stars in the firmament,
And nowrish to all things generable,
From his father Saturn far different:
With burly face, and browes bright and brent,
Vpon his head a Garland good and gay,

Of flowres fair, as it had been in May.

His voice was clear, as chrystal was his een:
As golden wyre so glittering was his haire:
His garment and his guise full gay of green,
With golden lists, guilt on every gaire:

A buryl Brand about his middle bare:
In his right hand he had a grounden Spear,
Of his Father the wrath from us to wear.

Next after him came Mars the god of yre,
Of strife, debate, and all dissention,
To chide and fight, as fierce as any fire,
In hard Harnesse, Hewmond, and Habergion,
And on his hench a rousy fell Fauchion,
And in his hand he had a rousy sword,
Writhing his face with many angry word.

190  Shaking his sword, before Cupid he came,
With red visage, and grievous glowing een:
And at his mouth a buller stood of foam,
Like to a Boar, whetting his tusks keen,
Right Soudiour-like, but temperance in teen:

195  An Horn he blew, with many a bounteous brag,
Which all the world with war hath made to wag.

Then fair Phoebus, lantern, and lamp of light,
Of man and beast, both fruit, and fiorwishing,
Tender newrish, and banisher of night,

200  And of the world, causing by his moving,
And influence, life in all earthly thing:
Without comfort of whom, of force is nought,
But all must die that in the world is wrought.

As King royal, he rode upon his Chaire,
The which Phason guided sometime upright:
The brightnesse of his face when it was bare,
None might behold for piercing of his sight:
This golden Cart, with fiery beams bright,
Four yoaked Steeds full different of hew,

210  But bait or tyring through the Spheres drew.

The first was sore, with mane as red as Rose,
Called Eoy, into the Orient:
The second Steed, to name, heght Ethiot,
Whittish and pale, and something ascendent:

215  The third Peros, right hot, and right fervent:
The fourth was black, and called Philogie,
Which rolled Phoebus down into the Sea.

Venus was there present, that goddess gay,
Her Sons quarrell for to defend, and make

220  Her own complaint: clad in a nyce array,
The one half green, the other half sable black:
With hair as gold, kemmed, and shed aback,
But in her face seemed great variance,
Whiles perfect truth, and whiles inconstance.
Vnder smilling, she was dissimulat,
Provocative with blinks amorous:
And suddenly changed and alterate,
And angry as a Serpent venomous,
Right pungirive, with words odious:

Thus vertant she was, who list to take keep,
With one eye laughing, and the other weep:

In tokening, that all fleshly Paramour,
Which *Venus* hath in rule and governance:
Is sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter and sourre,

Right unstable, and full of variance,
Mingled with careful joy, and fair pleasance:
Now hot, now cold, now blyth, now full of wo:
Now green as leaf, now withered and ago.

With Book in hand, then came *Mercurius*,
Right eloquent, and full of Rhetorie:
With polite tearms, and delicious,
With Pen and Ink to report all ready,
Setting songs, and singing merrily.

His hood was red heckled out over his crown,
Like to a Poet of the old fashion.

Boxes he bore, with fine Electuars,
And sugered Syrops for digestion:
Spices belonging to th'Apothecars,
With many wholesome sweet Confection:

Doctor in Physick, clad in Scarlot Gown,
And furred well, as such one ought to be:
Honest and good, and not a word could lie.

Next after him, came Lady *Cynthia*,
The last of all, and swiftest in her Sphear:

Of colour black, busked with horns twa,
And in the night she lists best to appear:
Hew as the Lead, of colour nothing clear:
For all her light she borrowed at her brother
*Titam*, for of her self she hath none other.

Her guise was gray, and full of spots black,
And on her breast, a Churle painted full even,
Bearing a bunsh of thorns upon his back,
Which for his theft might clim no nearer heaven,
Thus when they gathered were, these gods seven.

Mercurius they choose with one asent,
To be fore-speaker in the Parliament.

Who had been there, and listned for to hear,
His facund tongue, and tears exquisite,
Of Rhetorick the practick he might lea,

In brief Sermon, a pregnant Sermon write,
Before Cupid wailling his capalite,
Speirs the cause of that vocation,
And he anone shew his intention.

Lo (quoth Cupid) who will blaspheme the name
Of his own God, either in word or deed,
To all the gods he doth both lack and shame,
And should have bitter pains for his meed:
I say this by yon wretched Cresseid,
The which through me was sometime Queen of love,

Me, and my Mother starkly can reprove.

Saying of her great infelicitie,
I was the cause, and my mother Venus,
She called a blind goddess, and might not see,
With slander and defame injurious:

Thus her living, unclean, and leacherous,
She would return on me, and on my Mother,
To whom I shew my grace above all other.

And since ye are all seven delicate,
Participant of divine Sapience:

This great injure done to our high estate,
Me think with pain, we should make recompense,
Was never to goddess done such violence:
As well for you, as for my self, I say,
Therefore go help to revenge, I you pray.

Mercurius to Cupid gave answer;
And said, Sir King, my counsel is that ye
Vtter you to the highest Planet here,
And take to him the lowest of degree,
The pain of Cresseid for to modifie:

As god Saturn, with him take Cynthia,
I am content (quoth he) to take these twa.
HENRYSON'S TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

Then thus proceeded Saturn, and the Moon,
When they the matter ripely had digest:
For the despight to Cupid she had done,
And to Venus, open, and manifest:
In all her life with pain to be oppress,
And torment sore, with sickness incurable,
And to all Lovers be abominable.

This doleful sentence Saturn took on hand,
And passed down where careful Cresseid lay,
And on her head he laid a frosty wand:
Then lawfully on this wise can he say;
Thy great fairness, and all thy beauty gay,
Thy wanton blood, and eke thy golden hair,
Here I exclude from thee for evermair.

I change thy mirth into Melancholie,
Which is the Mother of all pensivenesse:
Thy moisture, and thine heat, in cold and dry:
Thine insolence, thy play, and wantonnesse,
To great disease: thy pomp, and thy richnesse,
In mortall need, and great penurie,
Thou suffer shalt, and as a Beggar dy.

O cruel Saturn, froward, and angry,
Hard is thy doom, and too malicious,
On fair Cresseid: why hast thou no mercy,
Which was so sweet, gentle, and amorous?
Withdraw thy sentence, and be gracious:
As thou wast never, so shews thou thy deed,
A wrackful sentence given on fair Cresseid.

Then Cynthia, when Saturn past away,
Out of her seat descended down belye:
And read a Bill on Cresseid where she lay,
Containing this sentence definitive:
From hear of body, I do thee here deprive,
And to thy sickness there shall be no cure,
But in dolour thy dayes to endure.

Thy Chrysal een, mingled with blood I make,
Thy voice so clear, unpleasant, borie, and hace:
Thy lusty lyre, over-spread with spots black,
And lumps haw, appearing in thy face,
Where thou comes, each man shall leave the place:
Thus shalt thou go, begging from house to house,
With Cup and Clapper, like a Lazarus.

This doleful Dream, this Vgly Vision,
Brought to an end, Cresseid from it awoke:
And all that Court and Convocation
Vanisht away: then rose she up and took
A polisht glasse, and her shadow could look,
And when she saw her face so deformate,

If she in heart was wo enough, God wate.

Weeping full sore, lo, what it is (quoth she)
With froward language for to mute or steer,
Our crabbed godesse, and so is seen on me:
My blaspheming now have I bought full dear,

All earthly joy and mirth I set arier,
Alace, this day! alace, this wofull tide!
When I began with my godesse to chide.

By this was said, a child came from the Hall,
To warn Cresseid, the Supper was ready:
First knocked at the door, and then could call,
Madam, your Father bids you come in hy,
He hath marvel so long in grouf you ly:
And saith, your prayers be too long some deal,
The gods do know all your intent full well.

(Quoth she) fair child, go to my Father dear,
And pray him come to speak with me anone:
And so he did, and said, Daughter, what chear?
Alace (quoth she) Father, my mirth is gone.
How so (quoth he) And she can all expone,
As I have told the vengeance and the wrack,
For her trespasse Cupid could on her take.

He looked on her ugly Lipper face,
The which before was white as Lilly lowre:
Wringing his hands, he oft-times said, alace!

That he lived to see that woful hour:
For he knew well that there was no succour
To her sicknesse, and that doubled his pain:
Thus was there care enough between the twain.
HENRYSON’S TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

When they together mourned had full long:

Quoth Cresseid, Father, I would not be kent,
Therefore in secret wayes you let me gang,
To yon Hospital at the towns end,
And thither some meet, for Charity me send,
To live upon: for all mirth in this eard

Is from me gone, such is my wicked weard.

Then in a Mantle, and a baver Hat,
With Cup, and Clapper wonder privily,
He opened a secret gate, and out theereat
Convoyed her, that no man should espy:

There to a Village, half a Mile there-by,
Delivered in at the Hospital house,
And daily sent her part of his almous.

Some knew her well, & some had no knowledge
Of her, because she was so deformed,

With Byles black, over-spread in her visage,
And her fair colour faded, and altered:
Yet they presumed for her he regrate,
And still mourning, she was of noble kin,
With better will therefore, they took her in.

The day passed, and Pharus went to rest,
The Clouds black overwrought all the Sky:
God wot, if Cresseid was a sorry guest,
Seeing that uncouth Fare and Harberie:
But meast or drink, she dressed her to lye,

In a dark corner of the house alone,
And on this wise weeping she made her moan.

The Complaint of Cresseid.

O Sop of sorrow! sunken into care;
O cative Cresseid! for now and evermaire:
Gone is thy joy, and all thy mirth on eird,

Of all blythnesse, now art thou blaikned bair:
There is no salve may save or sound thy sair:
Fell is thy Fortune, wicked is thy wierd:
Thy blisse is banisht, and thy bail on brierd.
Vnder the earth, God if I graved wair,

Where none of Greece, nor Troy might hierd.
Where is thy Chalmer wantonly beseen,
With barely bed, and bonkers browdred been,
Spices and wine to thy collation:
Thy cups all of gold and silver sheen:

Thy sweat-mears, served in plaits clean,
With Saffron, and sauce of a good season:
Thy gay garments with many goodly gown;
Thy pleasant Lane pinned with golden pin:
All is arier thy great royal renown.

Where is thy garden, with thy grasses gay,
And fresh flowres, with the Queen Floray?
And planted pleasantly in every plain,
Where thou wast wont full merrily in May,
To walk, and take the dew by it was day,

And hear the Merle, and Maveis many ane,
With Ladies fair in caroling to gain:
And seen the royal rinkes in their array,
In garments gay garnisht on every grain.

Thy great triumphant fame, and hie honour,
Where thou wast called of earthly wights flowr,
All is decayed, thy wierd is Waltered so:
Thy high estate is turned in darknesse dour,
Thy Lipper Lodge take for thy barely Bower,
And for thy bed take thou a bunshe of stro:

For wailed wine, and meats thou hadst tho,
Take mowly bread, Pery, and Cider sower:
But Cup and Clapper now is all ago.

My clear voice, and courtly caroling,
Where I was wont with Ladies fair to sing:

Is rank and rouk, full hideous hear and hace,
My pleasant Fort, all others precelling,
Of lustinessse I was held most condign:
Now is deformed the figure of my face,
To look on it no lead now liking hes:

Sowped in syte, I say, with sore sighing,
Lodged amongst the Lipper leed, alace!

O Ladies fair of Troy and Greece attend
My misery, which none may comprehend:
My frivol Fortune, mine infelicity,

My great mischief, which no man can commend,
Beware in time approaches near the end,
And in your minde a Mirrour make of me:
As I am now, peradventure that ye
For all your might may come to that same end,
Or else worse, if any worse may be.

Nought is your fairnesse, but a fading flowr:
Nought is your famous laud, and his honour,
But winde inflate in other mens ears:
Your rosing red in rotting shall retour,
Example make of me in your memour,
Which of such things woful witnesse bears:
All wealth on earth away as winde it wears:
Beware therefore, approaches near your hour,
Fortune is fickel when she begins and steers.

Thus chiding with her dreary destiny,
Weeping, she woke the night from end to end,
But all in vain: her dole, her careful cry,
Might not remeande, nor yet her mourning mende:
A Lipper Lady rose, and till her wend:
And said, Why spurnest thou against the wall,
To slay thy self, and mend nothing at all?

Since thy weeping doth double but thy wo,
I counsel thee make vertue of a need:
Go leare to clap the Clapper to and fro,
And leare after the Law of Lipper leed.
There was no bate but forth-with then she yeed,
From place to place, while cold and hunger sair,
Compelled her to be a rank Beggar.

That self same time of Troy the Garison,
Which had a Chiftain, worthy Troilus:
Through jeopardy of war had stricken down,
Knights of Greece, in number marvellous:
With great triumph, and laud victorious,
Again to Troy right royally they rode,
The way where Cresseid with the Lippers bode.

Seeing the troup, they came all with a steven,
They gave a cry, and shook their claps good speed:
Said, worthy Lords, for Gods love of Heaven,
To us Lipper, part of your aims deed.
Then to their cry, noble Troylus took heed,
Having pitty, near by the place can passe,
Where Cresseid was, not knowing what she was.

Then upon him she cast up both her een,
And with a blink it came into his thought,
That he sometime before her face had seen,
But she was in such plyte he knew her nought:
Yet then her look into his minde it brought
The sweet visage, and amorous blenking,
Of fair Cresseid sometime his own Darling.

No wonder was, suppose in minde that he,
Took her figure so soon: and lo now why?
The idol of a thing in face may be
So deep imprinted in the fantasie,
That it deludes the wits outwardly:
And so appears in form and like estate,
Within the minde as it was figurate.

A spark of love then till his heart can spring,
And kindled all his body in a fire:
With hot fever, a sweat and trembling
Him tooke, while he was ready to expire,
To bear his shield his breast began to ryre:
Within a while he changed many hew,
And nevertheless nor one another knew.

For Knightly pitty, and memorials,
Of fair Cresseid, a Girdle can he take,
A purse of Gold, and many gay jewell,
And in the skirt of Cresseid down can swake,
Then rode away, and not a word he spake:
Pensive in heart, while he came to the town,
And for great care, some say, almost fell down.

The Leapper folk to Cresseid then could draw,
To see the equal distribution
Of the almouse: but when the gold they saw,
Each one to other privily can rowne,
And said, Yon Lord hath more affection,
How ever it be, unto yon Lazarus,
Than to us all, we know by his almouse.
HENRYSON'S TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

What Lord is yon, quoth she, have ye no feill,
Hath done to us so great humanitie?

535 Yea (quoth a Leaper man) I know him well,
Sir Troylus, he is gentle, and free.
When Cresseid understood that it was he,
Stiffer than Steel there start a bitter sound,
Throughout her heart, and fell down to the ground.

540 When she overcame, with sighing sore and sad,
With many a careful cry and cold ochane:
Now is my breast with stormy stounds staid:
Wrapped in wo, a wretchful will of wane,
Then fell in swoon, full oft ere she would fane,
And ever in her swooning cryed she thus,
O false Cresseid, and true Knight Troylus.

Thy love, thy lawry, and thy gentlenesse,
I counted smal in my prosperitie:
So efflated I was in wantonnesse,

550 And clam upon the fickle wheel so hie:
All faith and love I promist unto thee,
Was in it self fickle and frivolous.
O false Cresseid, and true Knight Troylus.

For love of me thou keepest countenance,
Honest and chaste in conversation,
Of all women protector and defence
Thou wast, and helped their opinion:
My minde in fleshly foul affection
Was enclined, to love Lecherous.

560 Eye, false Cresseid, and true Knight Troylus.

Lovers beware, and take good heed about,
Whom that ye love, for whom ye suffer pain:
I let you wit, there is right few thereout,
Whom ye may trust, to have true love again:

565 Prove when ye will, your labour is in vain,
Therefore I red ye take them as ye find,
For they are sad as Weather-cock in wind.

Because I know the great unstableness,
Bruckle as glasse, unto my self I say:

570 Trusting in other as great unfaithfulness,
As unconstant, and as untrue of fey:
Though some be true, I wot right few are they,
Who finds truth, let him his Lady ruse,
None but my self, as now I will accuse.

575 When this was said, with paper she sat down,
And on this manner made her Testament.
Here I bequeath my Corps and Carrion,
With worms and tades to be riven and rent:
My Cup and Clapper, and mine Ornament,
And all my gold, the Leapper folk shall have,
When I am dead, to bury me in Grave.

This royal Ring set with the Ruby red,
Which Troylus in Dowry to me send:
To him again I leave, when I am dead,

To make my careful death unto him kend.
Thus I conclude, and shortly make an end:
My spirit I leave to Diane where she dwels,
To walk with her in waste woods and wels.

O Diomed, thou hast both Broch and Belt,
Which Troylus gave me in tokening.
Of his true love, and with that word she swelt,
And soon a Lipper-man took off the Ring,
Then buried her withouten tarrying:
To Troylus forth-with the Ring he bare,

And of Cresseid the death he can declare.

When he had heard the great infirmity,
Her Legacie, and Lamentation,
And how she ended in such poverty:
He swelt for wo, and fell down in a swown

For sorrow, his heart to brast was ready bown,
Sighing full sadly, said I can do no more,
She was untrue, and wo is me therefore.

Some said, he made a tomb of Marble gay,
And wrote her name and superscription,

And laid it on her Grave where she lay,
In golden Letters, containing this reason;
Lo, clear Ladies, fair Cresseid of Troy the town,
Sometime counted the flower of woman-head,
Under this stone, laith Lipper lyes dead.
HENRYSON'S TESTAMENT OF CRESEID

610 Now worthy women in this Ballad short,
Made for your worship and instruction:
Of Charity, I monish, and exhort,
Wing not your love with false disposition:
Bear in your mind this short conclusion,

615 Of fair Creseid, as I have said before,
Since she is dead, I speak of her no more.

FINIS.

1 Dolefull] doolie CT.
15 sore] fair CT.
17 Northern] so T; Northin C.
19 frost] froist CT.
34 the] be CT.
35 I have both] baith I haue CT.
45 abade] abraid CT.
47 vain hope] wanhope CT.
48 esperance] Esperus CT.
49 whiles . . . whiles] quhyle . . . quhyle C; while . . . and while T.
57 to] om. CT.
59 into] in CT.
63 false] fair CT.
who] that C; whiche T.
73 set his whole] he set his haill C; sette was al his T.
74 Letter of] Lybell of C; lybel T.
82 amongst] amang CT.
88 woman-hood] womanheid CT.
89 which] so T; quhik C.
97 Builded] Beildit C; Bylded T.
98 Who] Quhilk C; Whiche T.
amongst] amang CT.
102 have] of CT.
106 their] the CT.
107 Keeper] Wes keiper CT.
109 was] ro T; was ihame C.
123 on hy] in hy CT.
130 in all] all in CT.
138 grow] grew CT.
139 shorn] siane CT.
140 forlorn] forlane CT.
142 spirit in] spreit until T; spiret in T.
144 the (2) ] ane CT.
148 things] thing CT.
149 stir] steir C; stere T.
152 Who] Quhilk CT.
154 auster] auster C; austryn T.
155 froned] froonit C; frouned T.
156 checker] cheuerit C; sheuered T.
160 at] fra CT.
161 so] als CT.
162 Out over] Atout CT.
guise] gyis C; gate T.
into] within CT.
flush] flasche C; fashe T.
things] thing CT.
good and] wonder C; wonders T.
was (2)] so T; wert C.
guise full gay] gys full C; gyre ful gay T.
Souldiour-like] Tiuilgeour lyke C; tulsure lyke T.
a] om. CT.
the] this CT.
is] to CT.
Must all ga die that in this world is wroght C; 
Must go dye that al this worlde hath wrought T.
Whittish] Quhitlie CT.
something] sum dell CT.
and called Philologie] collit Philologie CT.
rolled] rolls C; rolleth T.
gay] so T; om. C.
With] Quhyle C; White T.
And] om. CT.
a] any CT.
verant] variant CT.
to] om. CT.
laughing and] lauch and with CT.
Mingled] Mingit CT.
fair] fals CT.
out over] atouer CT.
th’Apothecars] the Potheacirs CT.
in (2)] in ane CT.
to appear] appeir C; tapere T.
Hew] Haw CT.
borrowed] borrowis C; boroweth T.
guise] gyse C; gyre T.
upon] on CT.
hearer] nar the CT.
liken] liken C; lykyng T.
Sermon (2)] sentence CT.
wailing] veiling CT.
capalite] Cap alyre C; cappe a lyte T.
or] so T; in C.
the] om. CT.
for] to CT.
Queen] flour CT.
She . . . and] so T; Ane blind Goddes hir cald that C.
on (2)] om. CT.
above] so T; abone C.
injure] so T; Injurie C.
goddesse] Goddes CT.
Vter] Refer CT.
these] thay CT.
thine] thy CT.
richesse] riches C; riches T.
I do thee here] I the now C; here I the T.
HENRYSON'S TESTAMENT OF CRESEID

335 there] om. CT.
cure] secure CT.
338 unpleasant] so T; unpleasand C.
341 leave] fie C; flye T.
342 Thus] so T; This C.
344 doleful] doolie CT.
352 mute or] mute and CT.
353 goddesse] Goddis C; goddes T.
357 goddesse] Goddis for C; goddes T.
360 then] syne C; eft T.
362 in] on CT.
364 do know] wait CT.
371 could on her] on hir culd CT.
374 he oft-times] ofymes he C; ofymes T.
375 he] he had CT.
378 the] thame C; hem T.
381 wayes] wyse CT.
382 To] so T; Wnlo C.
390 There to] so T; Wnlo C.
391 in] hir in CT.
Hospital] Spiritaill CT.
394 deformed] deformat CT.
396 altried] alterait CT.
402 sorry] sorrowfull CT.
409 on] in CT.
411 save or sound] sai the of C; helpe T.
414 if] so T; gi C.
415 nor] nor zit of CT.
419 Thy] The CT.
420 Thy] so T; The C.
421 Saffron and] Saipheron C; sauery T.
423 pleasant] so T; plesand C.
pin] prene C; pene T.
425 thy (2)] so T; thir C.
426 with] quhiilk CT.
427 And planted] Had paintit CT.
plain] pane CT.
432 seen] se CT.
438 Thy] This CT.
439 thou] now CT.
441 mowy] mowlit CT.
444 fair] for C; line om. T.
445 rank and] rawk as C; ranke as T.
446 pleasant] plesand C; line om. T.
447 commend] amend CT.
464 in] to CT.
468 your] so T; the C.
477 doth double but] dowhillis bot C; but doubleth T.
479 Go] so T; To C.
481 forth-with then] furth with thame C; forthwith
(or forth with ?) tham (or than ?) T.
484 self same] samin C; same T.
Garison] Garisoun CT.
485 a) to C; the T.
489 right) so T; richt richt C.
490 Lippers] Lipper CT.
491 the troupe] that compagnie CT.
492 their claps] coppis CT.
494 almos] Almous CT.
497 was (1)] sat CT.
      knowing] wititng CT.
500 before her face] hit face befor CT.
501 pyle] so T; plyc C.
507 face] cose CT.
512 can] culd C; couth T.
523 he] so T; om. C.
525 some say] oft syis C; ofisyth T.
526 could] can C; couth T.
535 Yea] Yes CT.
536 he] it CT.
541 a) so T; om. C.
543 a wretchful will] ane wretch full will C; wretch fulwyl T.
544 fell in swown full] so T; swounit scho C.
      would fane] culd refrane C; wolde fone T.
549 efflated] eleuait C; effated T.
551 unto] to CT.
552 it] the C; thy T.
554 keepst] keipt CT.
      countenance] so T; gude continence C.
559 love] Lusitis CT.
560 and] O CT.
569 unto] so T; into C.
577 bequeath] so T; beteiche C.
578 rades] with Taidis CT.
      riven and] om. CT.
582 the] this CT.
583 Dowry] so T; drowrie C.
584 leave] leif it CT.
586 and shortly] schoortlie and CT.
590 tokening] so T; takning C.
593 Then] so T; Syne C.
596 the] his CT.
600 For] so T; For gret C.
      ready] om. CT.
601 do] om. CT.
603 gay] gray CT.
605 where] quhair that C; where as T.
607 clear Ladies fair] fair Ladyis CT.
      Troy the] so T; Tropis C.
609 laith] lait CT.
613 Wing] Ming CT.