



The frankeleyns Tale

So on a day right on the morowe tyde  
 Unto a gardeyn that was there beside  
 In whiche that they hadde made theire ordenaunce  
 Of bitayle and of othez purueaunce  
 They gone and pley them al the long day  
 And this was in the sixte morowe of may  
 Whiche may hath peynted with hez soft shoures  
 This gardeyn fulle of leuys and of floures  
 And craft of mannys honde so curiously  
 Arayde hath this gardyne truly  
 That neuir was there gardyn of sucze pryce  
 But if it were the verzy paradise  
 The odoure of floures and the freshe sight  
 Wolde haue made any hert lighte  
 That euir was born but if to grete schenesse  
 Or to grete sorowe helde it in distresse  
 So fulle it was of beaute with pleasaunce  
 Anone after dynere gan they to daunce  
 And song also saue dorrigene allone  
 Whiche made alwey hez compeynthe and hez mone  
 For she ne saue him in no daunce go  
 That was hez husbonde and her loue also  
 But neuir thelesse she must hez tyme abyde  
 And with gode hope lete hez sorowes styde  
 Upon this daunce amonge othez men  
 Daunced a squere bifoze Dorrigene  
 That freshez was and tolyer of araye  
 As to my dome than is the moneth of May  
 He syngeth daunsith passing any othez man  
 That is or was sithen the worlde began  
 Therwith he was if men sholde him discryue  
 One of the best fayryst men on lyue  
 Yonge stronge vertuous riise and wise