



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 berry 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 salde 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 daunsieth 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