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The Judgment of the King of Navarre
Guillaume de Machaut

The Judgment of the King of Navarre

edited and translated

by

R. BARTON PALMER

Volume 45
Series A
The Garland Library
of Medieval Literature

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FOR CARLA, CELE, AND COLIN
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The General Editors hope that these volumes will bring the general reader a closer awareness of a richly diversified area that has
for too long been closed to everyone except those with precise academic training, an area that is well worth study and reflection.

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INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

After delivering a manuscript containing the works of Guillaume de Machaut to Count Louis de Male of Flanders, Eustache Deschamps, Machaut's disciple and himself a poet soon to be celebrated, dedicated a poem to his master in which he declares:

All your works are with great honor
Received by all in many a far-off place,
And there no one, to my knowledge,
Speaks anything of them but praise.
Guillaume, the great lords hold you very dear,
And take pleasure in what you write.
(Text quoted in Hoepffner, Oeuvres, I, iv)

Elsewhere Deschamps observes that Machaut "nourished" him and "paid him many kindnesses"; so perhaps we should consider his opinion of the older poet's reputation somewhat inflated by gratitude and personal admiration. But Deschamps is hardly the only contemporary to offer a positive view of Machaut's artistic accomplishments. Martin Le Franc terms him a "grand rhetorician," while Achille Caulier, in the Ospital d'amour, written some eighty years after Machaut's death, praises him as a "renowned poet" and accords him a place alongside Alain Chartier, Boccaccio, and Petrarch in a pantheon of vernacular authors. We may safely conclude from this and other evidence that Guillaume de Machaut, in fact, was the most famous and influential poet of fourteenth century France.

In large measure his reputation resulted from his production of an immense and varied corpus of works, many of which were composed for the several grand nobles with whose courts he was at various times in his life associated. As a musician, he wrote more than twenty motets and a polyphonic setting of the ordinary of the mass, the virtuosity and innovations of which earned him the admiration of his contemporaries. Of musical as well as of literary interest is his large body of lyric poems, in various fixed forms like the ballade and the virelay; Machaut was personally responsible for the continuing fashion of this type of poetry (for details see Poirion's work xi
of 1965, details in Select Bibliography). Finally, following in the tradition of thirteenth century love poetry, especially the Romance of the Rose, Machaut composed ten long narrative and didactic poems (dits amoreux or "love poems" as well as others with philosophical or historical themes) and four shorter ones (which are all concerned with love). These not only pleased the noble audiences for which they were intended (the number of surviving manuscripts of the poetry, some beautifully illuminated, testifies to this popularity). His dits also exerted considerable influence on poets to follow, particularly Jean Froissart, Eustache Deschamps, Christine de Pizan, and the young Geoffrey Chaucer, whose early poetry, especially The Book of the Duchess, evidences a close and reverent reading of the narrative works of the French master.

Because he was a low-born cleric, even though he became a servant of the well-born and famous, little is now known about Machaut's life, beyond what has been preserved in various ecclesiastical documents and what the poet reveals about himself in his own works, especially some of the longer dits. From later documents which detail his appointment to certain benefices, it can be inferred that Machaut was born at or near the beginning of the fourteenth century, probably in the village of Machault in Champagne. Since the same documents fail to accord him the various titles which would indicate noble birth, it can also be safely assumed that he was of humble origin. This social status is consistent with the self-portrait that emerges from the poetry itself, in which Machaut often makes his poetic persona a humble or even cowardly clerk who moves somewhat uncertainly among his betters, the butt of mild class humor. In The Judgment of the King of Navarre, for example, the protagonist, a poet named Guillaume de Machaut, encounters, while hunting rabbits, a beautiful and distinguished lady, who later turns out to be the allegorical character "Good Fortune." Starting to get off his horse, Guillaume is forbidden from such an unmannerly act of obeisance by the lady himself; returning her greeting, the poet confides to his readers that he had learned well how to honor those of such high station (lines 739-759 of this edition).

Many documents refer to Machaut as "master." This means that after an early education, probably in the cathedral school at Rheims, Machaut pursued theological studies at a university, likely Paris. Though he received the Master of Arts degree, he did not go on to take Holy Orders, or so it can be assumed, since he is nowhere referred to as a priest and only served in the offices, like the canonicate, open to those outside the priesthood.

Instead his career took another direction, one that permitted low-born clerics, who like himself had the right educa-
tion and social graces, to advance in society. Through circumstances no longer known, Machaut became associated, while in his early twenties, with one of the most notable grand nobles of the era, John of Luxembourg, the King of Bohemia. Machaut may have come to John's notice during one of the latter's sojourns at the castle of Durbuy; it is known that John spent most of 1320 living in his favorite estate in Luxembourg. A good deal of one of Machaut's earliest works, *The Judgment of the King of Bohemia*, is set at Durbuy castle, and the unnamed clerk/protagonist describes himself as quite familiar with those inside. To the modern historian John appears an extravagant and perhaps unstable figure. To his contemporaries, however, the king's fabled prodigality, the restlessness with which he sought to expand and consolidate the lands under his rule, and his social finesse made him the ideal ruler. For a number of years, Machaut served John as both secretary and chaplain (so the ecclesiastical documents assigning him benefices attest) and, according to Machaut's own testimony in *La Prise d'Alexandrie* (*The Capture of Alexandria*), a poem written many years after John's death, he accompanied him on a number of his military campaigns in Eastern Europe, the harrowing details of which Machaut relates. His reward for faithful service was a number of church offices, obtained through John's influence with the pope, including that of canon at Rheims (in which Machaut would continue until his death, at which time he was buried in the cathedral there). In 1333, in fact, Machaut's brother Jean (it is unknown if he was younger or older than the poet) was also provided with a nice benefice which he received, according to the papal bull, "because of the consideration of our most beloved son, John, King of Bohemia." Machaut himself is silent about John's activities during the last years of his life, including a number of disappointing military campaigns during the 1330's and several unsuccessful operations to prevent blindness. John died at the Battle of Crécy (1346) in a final, magnificent gesture of military bravery, a fact to which Machaut never alludes, but the poet had likely for some years before been more or less permanently resident in Rheims.

During his association with the King of Bohemia, Machaut began to establish a reputation for himself with both musical and poetical works. Three of his longer *dits* were certainly composed and circulated prior to 1342: *Dit dou Vergier* (*The Story of the Garden*), *Le Jugement dou Roy de Behaingne* (*The Judgment of the King of Bohemia*), and *Remede de Fortune* (*Fortune's Remedy*). It was their success which quite likely enabled Machaut to find other noble patrons after John's death.

In an essay on Machaut's politics, a subject we will consider in more detail below, Claude Gauvard asks an interesting
question about the institution of literary patronage in late medieval France: "to retain a poet, is that not for a prince at the end of the Middle Ages a means for assuring the prestige of his court?" In fact, Gauvard concludes, "the true client is less the poet than the prince" (Gauvard 1982, p. 26; see also Poirion 1965, p. 196 for a similar view). A well-established author, already provided for by a previous benefactor, Machaut, we may presume, would have been welcome at many a noble court. Perhaps surprisingly, he did not choose (or was not asked) to enter the service of John's son Charles, the Emperor of Germany. Much later, however, Machaut did dedicate The Capture of Alexandria to him. This same poem indicates that, sometime after John's death, Machaut entered the service of his daughter Bonne (Gutha), who was married to John, the son of Philip VI, and the future King of France. We do not know whether Machaut served Bonne as he had served her father, that is, as secretary and chaplain as well as court poet; in any case, none of Machaut's dits is dedicated to her or features her as a character (all the other acknowledged patrons of the poet figure as characters in works that exalt their various noble qualities). Their association, however, was short-lived since Bonne died on September 11, 1349, apparently of the plague which then swept across France.

The opening of the Judgment of the King of Navarre furnishes important details about Machaut's activities at that time. Apparently resident at Rheims, and performing his office of canon, the poet describes his feelings of melancholy on November 9th and then his reactions to the outbreak of disease (and other attendant events) during the subsequent winter and spring. Machaut tells us that, after having made a good confession, he shut himself up inside his house and did not leave until assured of the disease's passing some months later. As we will see, the text furnishes an important indication that these lines were probably written during the epidemic; the rest of the poem, which features the poet/protagonist's encounter with a court full of allegorical personages and a debate presided over by the youthful King of Navarre, could have been written immediately after the events Machaut describes or some time later. It is usually assumed that the Judgment was written without interruption, but this assumption is unwarranted. This means that we cannot be sure whether Machaut had entered the service of Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, immediately after Bonne's death or some time later; the latter's presence in the poem—and prominent role as the judge of the debate—makes it fairly certain that he was Machaut's patron at the time of the text's composition. Long associated with the royal house of France (and those, like John of Bohemia, connected to it), Machaut suddenly becomes the servant
of a man bitterly opposed to that house. How did this come
about?

A pretendant to the throne, Charles, who was about eighteen
when he became king on October 6, 1349, pursued interests and
support in Champagne and Brie. He might have seen in Machaut
a Champenois who could be of some political usefulness. On
the other hand, the narrator refers to Charles in the Judgment
as a man with romantic interests; the king, therefore, might
well have been more enthusiastic about Machaut's literary abil-
ities (and the prestige he would lend to his court) than the
clerk's political connections. In an uncertain atmosphere of
intrigue among his betters, Machaut, in turn, might have seen
in Charles a useful protector, especially since the poet at
the same time very wisely continued close relations with the
royal house of France. It is during this period that Machaut's
fame began to spread. In his Meditations (composed about
1350), Giles le Muisit writes:

There are now those alive writing pretty verse
Who certainly don't keep silent as they go,
One is good Guillaume de Machaut
Whose works soothe and smell like balm.

(Text quoted in Machabey 1955, p. 46)

During the decade or so that Machaut was associated with
Charles of Navarre, the king was involved in continuing in-
trigues against the King of France. In the early 1350's
Charles enjoyed a certain popularity among both nobles and
commons because he presented himself as a man tricked out of
his just heritage; John II, then king, attempted to appease
him somewhat by offering him his daughter in marriage. Then
Charles' hostility gradually grew more open, culminating in a
series of negotiations with the enemy English, even to a con-
spiracy with Edward III to divide France between them. But
this alliance fell through, and the English army debarked from
Cherbourg during August, 1355. The following April John II
finally moved against Charles and took him prisoner in a sur-
pise attack.

The next year, Guillaume de Machaut dedicated a long poem
to the imprisoned king, a work entitled Confort d'amī (Comfort
for a Friend), in which the poet expresses his friendship for,
devotion to, and admiration of the suffering nobleman. Machaut
even assures Charles that he enjoys the sympathy of all his
countrymen. Machaut, it must be remarked, was hardly alone
in his partisanship. The royal government was then troubled
by scandal and inefficiency, having just been humiliated at
the Battle of Poitiers (1356), and even the influential Council
of Reformers had called for the release of Charles, who escaped
from captivity not long after Machaut delivered him his poem. Supported by many of the people of Paris, Charles, with the aid of Etienne Marcel, then attempted to foment an uprising against the young regent. But the coup failed and Marcel was executed. Charles' fortunes slipped, and Machaut soon broke off his relationship with him, or so we can assume since no further mention is made of the king in his poetry.

Instead Machaut re-allied himself with the royal house. During the winter 1359-60 Machaut lived through the siege laid to the city of Rheims by the English army and was even required, despite his age, to do some military service. In the lyric *complaine* "A toi Henri," the poet observes:

For I was forced to stand on the city walls
Because they wanted me to guard the gate,
And I wore on my back a coat of mail

(Text in Machabey 1955, p. 51)

In the spring of 1360 the French were required by the treaty of Brétigny to supply hostages, one of whom was Jean de Berry, son of King John, and a man who was later to become famous as a patron of the arts. Machaut, apparently in his service, addressed a poem of comfort to Jean, who was newly married to Jeanne d'Armagnac, a work entitled *Dit de la fonteinne amoureuse* (*Story of the Lovers' Fountain*). In the poem, the clerk/narrator (another version of the Machaut *persona*) becomes acquainted with a noble lord whose nighttime lyric complaint he had faithfully copied down. Presenting the nobleman with a text of his poem, the clerk strolls off with him to a lovers' fountain where the pair fall asleep and each receives a vision of a comforting Venus. Fortified, the nobleman asks his new friend to accompany him to a port where he must embark on a voyage of separation from his loved one. The characters' real names are revealed in a closing anagram. The work enjoyed an immense popularity and exerted a profound influence on the young Geoffrey Chaucer.

During the later years of his life Machaut was likely in more or less permanent residence at the canonical chapter in Rheims. The records of that house reveal that he died in April of 1377 and was interred alongside his brother Jean, who had died some years before. In the second of two *ballades* composed to honor his dead friend and mentor, Eustache Deschamps observed:

0 flower of the very flowers of melody itself,
So sweet master of such great talent,
0 Guillaume the earthly god of harmony...
...For in France and in Artois the death
Of Machaut the noble rhetorician is deeply mourned.
(Text in Machabey 1955, p. 71)

Even more fitting, perhaps, was the indirect tribute paid to
him by poets, both lyric and narrative, as well as by musical
composers who continued to be deeply influenced by his work
well into the next century. (For further details see Machabey
1955, the work on which this brief account is largely based.)

ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT

Until quite recently, the received scholarly opinion of
Machaut's narrative poetry—those ten long and four shorter
dits which constitute the bulk of his literary corpus—was, at
worst, dismissive and, at best, unfavorable. As William Calin
points out in an interesting examination of the modern scholar-
ship devoted to the fourteenth-century French poet (Calin
1987), Machaut's narrative verse has conventionally been re-
garded as a stale and unimaginative derivative of the "classic"
texts from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, especially
the Romance of the Rose (for a full history of this literary
tradition, including summaries of important texts, see Wimsatt
1968). Machaut was, in fact, often compared with Geoffrey
Chaucer, his English contemporary, who was praised, in his
later "periods," for exceeding or discarding the very same
literary tradition within which Machaut was said to have re-
ained entrapped for his entire career (see Clemen 1963 for
an extensive development of this thesis, one most damaging to
the international reputation of Machaut as a literary figure).
Even Ernest Hoepffner, one of Machaut's earliest editors and
enthusiasts, echoes these views in suggesting that the French
poet's only originality lay in his creation of literary mé-
langes from poetic motifs and elements of personal experience:

For, if he found it impossible to extricate himself from
the domination exerted by the Romance of the Rose over
the era as a whole, he did however succeed in forging
for himself a certain originality which belonged to him
alone and for which he was indebted to no one else, in
that he mixed elements completely personal and individual
with fiction of an abstract and general kind.

(Oeuvres, I, ii)

As it turns out, Hoepffner's observation about these poetic
"mixtures" is insightful and will be discussed at greater length below. For the moment, we may notice his determination to justify Machaut's achievement according to modern critical canons of "originality." This determination leads Hoepffner into what is certainly a grave error: the assumption that Machaut viewed convention, the inheritance of a respected artistic past, as a domination to be overthrown in favor of originality or a personal view of the world and life unaffected by literary influences.

This notion of artistic originality, of course, is essentially a modern one, which gained currency and shape during the Romantic period. We should excuse Machaut for not conforming to it since, like his contemporaries, he understood literary production in quite different terms. It happens that Machaut composed a long Prologue as an introduction to the collected edition of his works (a piece that, it seems, was written after the corpus of poetry and music was itself completed; see the section on "Editorial Policy for This Text and Translation" later in the introduction for further discussion on this point). This Prologue is important because, as we shall see, it furnishes important insights about the nature of love poetry and the mission of the poet as Machaut conceived them. In any case, a more historically based criticism of Machaut's poetry has been developing during the last decade (see Brownlee 1984, Kelly 1978, Palmer 1984, Calin 1974, and Cosman and Chandler 1978). While this body of criticism does not condemn Machaut for not conforming to modern notions of literature and authorial creativity, it does make important use of the methodologies and insights furnished by contemporary literary theory. The critical consensus now is that Machaut's narrative poetry is deeply affected by late medieval ideas about literature and literary institutions (e.g., the patron as both an important figure in the text and the existential presence whom the poem's rhetoric is designed to move, amuse, teach, or enlighten). But contemporary scholars have also demonstrated the subtle and complex ways that Machaut's narrative poetry engages with the givens of literary tradition and inherited notions about the poet's role. As Hoepffner recognized nearly eighty years ago, Machaut's dits amoreux are "mixtures," but only in the sense that all good literature, embodying but also rejecting the conventions which allow its creation and existence, is an impure combination of the old and the new. The Judgment of the King of Navarre, viewed from this perspective, is an impressive achievement, one that reflects Machaut's mature and insightful understanding of his own function as court poet. Despite the recent revival of interest in Machaut, this poem has been somewhat neglected, perhaps because the "mixture" it offers is somewhat surprising (even at times outlandish).
Careful study reveals, however, that this poem, more than the better recognized works of the author, manifests an intriguing and humorous engagement with the traditions and institutions of late medieval literature.

Those traditions and institutions, at least as Machaut understood and knew them, do not have to be supplied by (or inferred from) the historical/social context of the poet's practice. Instead, they are embodied in the Prologue, which not only explains how Machaut came to be a poet and musician but establishes the guidelines for his subsequent practice. This 298 line text is divided into five sections, the first four of which are cast in the form of ballades, while the last is written in rhymed couplets (a "mixture" which suits Machaut's production of both narrative and lyric poetry). The first two ballades comprise a dialogue between the poet and lady Nature, while the second two treat the subsequent dialogue between Guillaume and Love. The poem concludes with meditations about the craft and importance of poetry.

A prose heading in the first dialogue reveals that Nature, "wishing more than ever before to make known and exalt the benefits and honor pertaining to Love," has come to Guillaume de Machaut in order to commission the composition of some "new dis amoreus." This task properly belongs to Nature because, as she goes on to suggest, the act of literary creation forms part of a great chain of generation:

I, Nature, by whom all things take form,
All that is above and on the earth and in the sea,
Have come to you, Guillaume, a man I have formed
For my part, in order for you to create
Some new and pleasant love poems.
(I, lines 1-5, text from Hoepffner, Oeuvres, I, 1)

The creation of poetry, however, depends on more than just a simple command from nature (something we might understand today as the emergence of talent). And so Nature lends Guillaume the services of her three children Meaning, Rhetoric, and Music, who will supply him with the intellectual and technical resources for the composition of appropriate verse. In closing, Nature predicts to Guillaume that "your works will be more renowned than those of any other because there will be nothing in them to criticize, and thus they will be loved by everyone" (I, lines 19-21). This prediction seems both serious and comic, an appeal for renown to which Guillaume the character can respond modestly (he says "I have or will have no wit or subtlety of mind at all unless you give it to me"), but which the reader recognizes as issuing ultimately from Guillaume the poet himself. In any case, the concern for repu-
tation and the attendant desire not to do anything which would be faulted are important constituents of Guillaume's conception of the poet's role which are examined and problematized in The Judgment of the King of Navarre. Guillaume naturally agrees to Nature's request, promising to dedicate himself to the task of poetic composition as long as Nature pleases to keep him alive in this world.

But the proper composition of love poetry requires more than talent, willingness, and the requisite intellectual or technical skills. It is perhaps strange that Nature, who asks Guillaume to write poems about love, does not introduce him to Love; the latter, overhearing Nature's request, appears to Guillaume independently, leading her three children Sweet Thought, Pleasure, and Hope, abstractions which belong traditionally more to the experience of the lover character than to the poet (though of course in the Romance of the Rose the narrating-I and the experiencing-I are ultimately one and the same). The connection between experience and the subsequent creation of poetry is made very clear by Love when she says that from her children "you can derive great assistance, and this will help you invent and compose many a pretty poem about them" (III, lines 17-19). In any case, Guillaume is warned explicitly to observe the decorum of the love experience, which depends on the proper attitude toward women:

But above all else, take care that you are not emboldened
To write anything full of disrespect,
And never slander any of my ladies.
Rather in every case you are to praise and exalt them.
Know well that if you do otherwise,
I will most cruelly take away your standing.
Instead, do everything in honor and thus advance yourself.
(III, lines 21-27)

Guillaume's reputation and success as a poet, Love suggests, depend on his avoidance of the antifeminism then still current among the learned. It is precisely this aspect of his career which is humorously called into question during The Judgment of the King of Navarre.

Significantly, Guillaume thanks Love for her advice and help, maintaining that "never has a lover, however much he was your friend, served you better than will I, with all my strength, as long as I do live" (IV, lines 18-20). And he promises to write nothing sad or difficult to understand, only pleasant and sweet works which will soften and nourish hardened hearts. This means that he will also "keep himself from finding fault with women" (IV, line 27), a vow he eventually breaks in the course of the Navarre. In the Prologue's closing sec-
tion, Guillaume considers the importance of the mission which has been entrusted to him; music and poetry, he maintains, are meant to enlighten and soothe troubled mankind, and God himself finds pleasure in song, as the example of the prophet David and his harp testifies. Similarly, Orpheus gained the freedom of Eurydice from Hell with his music. The Prologue ends with this wish:

Now I pray that God may grant me the favor
Of creating works which will please women
Well; for by Saint Nichaise,
Whatever I find the power to say
I will do for their honor.
And truly I would commit a grave error
If ever I failed to do this for them.

(V, lines 176-182)

The Prologue invites a number of readings, and this richness reflects its function as offering both narrative fiction and an explanation for the real Guillaume's creative avocation (see Lukitsch 1983 for a thorough discussion which differs at several points from the brief account offered here). Within the fiction itself, Guillaume represents his creative persona in strictly conventional terms, that is, as a subject activated by the call from heavenly higher authority, empowered by traditional skills and ideas, situated within a context of writing (i.e. service for two patrons), and charged with a duty carefully defined by the hierarchies of creation in its multiform senses. The two dialogues, of course, are also conventional to the degree that they consciously align themselves with both religious and literary figures. Receiving the commandments of both Nature and Love, Guillaume finds himself constituted in the very way medieval Christianity maintained that every individual soul was constituted: as created but also creating, as effected but also responsible. The scene is resonant, however, not only with religious values, but also with reminiscences of the many similar scenes from traditional love poetry where the archetypal lover is situated by allegorical characters, those representatives of the principles of human experience and the universals of psychology. Traditionally, their functioning is associated, as here, with the "forming" that releases the lover to act.

Viewed autobiographically, as an explanation, that is, for Guillaume's historical situation, the two dialogues invite another kind of reading. The different gifts of Nature and Love, as well as the fact that the two heavenly donors make separate appearances to the potential poet, anticipate the distinction between talent and social opportunity which defines
the position of the Machaut poetic persona. For Machaut, clergie (learning, the intellectual functions of the educated) always contrasts, sometimes conflicts with fin'amors (the "refined" experience of love normally available only to those born into nobleness). As we will see, the fact that Guillaume as character in The Judgment of the King of Navarre belongs more to the world of clergie than that of fin'amors is an important element of the poem's meaning. For there his troubles with the heavenly lady Good Fortune arise not from his failure as a lover, but from the anger provoked by the doctrinal conclusions reached in his earlier judgment poem. In short, as the Prologue suggests, Guillaume is a writer first (because of talent and education) and a lover second (Love sends her three children to him only because she has overheard Nature's command that he make poetry and music). To be a poet, however, means that he must have access not only to Nature's gifts (a kind of artistic trivium), but also to the kind of emotional experience ordinarily denied him by his class. Thus Love gives him an understanding of emotional idealism as it is manifested in the three principal states that control it; these are not qualities or skills, but rather the modes of being through which lovers pass on their way to eventual happiness. Love explicitly states that her gifts are meant to help him in the task assigned by Nature, to assist him in completing poetry with love themes (see III, lines 1-10). And Guillaume responds that her children and Love herself have "greatly clarified for me the themes I have to treat" (IV, lines 13-4). Yet the appearance of Love to Guillaume in the traditional manner and his subsequent promise to be better than all other lovers in serving her suggest the ambiguity of this relationship to love. As a poet, he is both without and within the world of fin'amors; his last work, the aptly titled Voir Dit (True Story), treats the poet's own love affair with a young admirer of his work, and this development is hardly surprising.

Nature and Love, of course, also constitute ways of viewing literary tradition—not, of course, as we normally and perhaps distortingly do as a series of texts, but rather as those rhetorical and thematic structurings which are the grounds of love poetry as a genre. Receiving those gifts, Machaut simultaneously accepts the regulation of both narrative and theme made explicit by Love in her instructions. Thus literary tradition dictates to the poet, demanding not the re-presentation of experience, but rather the continued production of texts. These are to be judged, Love states, only by their conformity to accepted rhetoric and the "truths" of love doctrine, not by originality or realism in the modern senses. We might also understand Love and Nature as the patrons of Machaut's artistic production, as the donors—both figures offer gifts and expect
service in return—who commission and authorize the kind of work which pleases them, even to making available its themes and meaning (see Kelly 1987 for an illuminating discussion of the important role of the patron in this kind of poetry).

And yet the fiction of the Prologue hardly tells the whole truth, for it constructs an imaginative world in which Guillaume de Machaut is only the perfect servant, the clerk who with all humility and good will dedicates himself to the call he receives from life itself, as it were, and from those particular noble individuals who engage his services. Rhetorically, the document serves quite a different purpose, one whose audacity is suggested by the prediction of renown and acclaim which Machaut the poet puts in the mouth of Nature, his creature. For the collected edition of his works, and the Prologue written especially to introduce it, were produced not for any single patron (as far as we know) but rather to boost Machaut's reputation and standing. In this way the Prologue advertises Machaut's greatness more than his subservience, testifies to the career marked out for him by powers beyond his control who have picked him, perhaps because of his innate abilities. These abilities must have included, even at an early age, a certain facility at self-promotion; for the young Champenois to have secured an important position for himself with the famous John of Bohemia must have been no inconsiderable feat. The Voir Dit likewise suggests that Guillaume became unsatisfied with the role established here for him by Nature and Love; in that work he becomes the central character of a love drama, not the spokesperson for a noble experience denied him by his low birth.

To understand the artistry and complexity of The Judgment of the King of Navarre it is vital to consider the tensions which the Prologue manifests between what it literally says and what, rhetorically speaking, it signifies. For the second judgment poem dramatizes an imagined conflict between the poet Guillaume de Machaut, proud author of many different works, and Good Fortune, who represents not only those forces responsible for what we would now term career success but also the court and the tradition of love poetry toward which the poet's works are oriented. Here Guillaume is accused of violating, in the earlier Judgment of the King of Bohemia, the injunction not to slander women which is spelled out so carefully to him by Love in the Prologue and which he himself explicitly promises to keep. The Navarre, in other words, though it makes use of the allegorical disputation popularized by the Romance of the Rose, is much more a poem about the writing of poetry; it is, in effect, a complex and humorous treatment of the same themes treated in the Prologue (which, we must remember, was written later even if Machaut intended his readers to see it
first). In the Prologue the poet's mission is clearly spelled out and humbly accepted by the grateful figure who receives the call to earthly achievement. In the Navarre, however, the poet's accomplishments are called into question, and his fictional counterpart expends every effort in refuting the charges made against him, eventually losing his control and evidencing the very antifeminism he had maintained he was innocent of at the outset.

Because the Navarre is also unusual in taking one of the poet's earlier works as a pre-text, we must first consider The Judgment of the King of Bohemia in some detail (see Palmer 1984, pp. xvi-xxxvii, for a fuller account, the essentials of which I will reproduce here).

The poem opens with the narrator's reminiscences about a late April morning, the time appointed by Nature and God for love. Love, he says, is an emotional experience that affects many men and women, bringing them joy and pain. This narrator, we learn, is an experienced and successful lover and therefore can give himself over quite contentedly to the enjoyment of the beautiful sunshine and a reawakening nature. He wanders out into the warm and clear air, taking pleasure in the bird-song he hears. Following a nightingale, he enters a lonely glade, there to contemplate in solitude the indescribable beauty of the natural music. We expect that, like his counterpart in the Romance of the Rose, this unnamed lover will fall asleep and provide the arena for a psychological allegory treating various aspects of the love experience (Machaut's first narrative poem, the Story of the Garden, follows this traditional pattern). Instead, the narrator suddenly witnesses a drama that unfolds nearby. He sees a lady and a serving girl approach down a lonely path; the lady appears troubled. At the same moment, from the other direction, he sees a solitary knight coming closer. The two noble personages cross paths and, although the knight salutes the lady with proper courtesy, she ignores him. Puzzled, he takes the hem of her robe and asks the reason for her rudeness. The lady then confesses to being lost in thought because of the troubles that oppress her. Like a true gentleman, the knight offers his assistance, but is refused since, as the lady declares, her troubles are so severe that no one, save God, could alleviate them or the pain they cause. The knight responds that he too is suffering and undoubtedly more intensely, more than any human being ever has or could. This disagreement then leads, somewhat surprisingly, to a joint undertaking; the lady and knight will each confess their troubles in full so that it can be determined which one bears the greater burden of grief. Their debate, finally inconclusive, occupies the greater part of the poem's first half.
From the viewpoint of the Prologue, this opening is both remarkable and revealing. At first the narrator's solitude indexes both the importance of his subjectivity (potential and authorized source of a meditation on the love experience) and his openness to instruction or enlightenment, which conventionally comes in the dream that attends this character's falling asleep in the springtime setting. The dramatic interchange between the lady and knight, however, means that his solitute comes to indicate his sudden displacement from the narrative, his conversion into an unseen and eavesdropping witness. In effect, the narrator becomes a more recognizable figure; no longer the anonymous consciousness in which the story of love unfolds, he is now the very image of Guillaume the court poet, observing the noble personages, actions, and thoughts which he, making use of his clerkly powers, will convert into poetry. Kevin Brownlee has interestingly suggested that one of the cardinal features of Machaut's conception of himself as author is a collapsing of the distance between the subjective-I (direct source of the love experience) and the compositional-I (the shaping consciousness which, with appropriate clergie, guides the making of the poem). And, indeed, it is true that, at least in general, "for Machaut, love service and poetic service are conflated in such a way as to present the poète's fundamental 'lyric' experience as the activity of poetic composition" (Brownlee 1984, p. 15). Or, following the emphases of the Prologue, we should perhaps say that assuming the responsibilities and reaping the rewards of the writer's role mean that the poet must immerse himself in, suffer the emotional turbulence of the lover's lyric experience. In any case, the conflation Brownlee points to, like so much of the Machaldian oeuvre, is fundamentally unstable. Here in the Judgment of the King of Bohemia Machaut plays with and deconstructs his assigned position, collapsing it into its two somewhat irreconcilable halves (because the clerkly poet writing for the socially distant members of the noble court is by definition separate from the emotional experiences of the class he writes about).

The unexpected narrative twist in this first judgment poem emphasizes the poet's function as servant. Listening to the debate, the narrator watches helplessly as the knight and lady come to an impasse. The two agree to find a judge to settle their dispute, but are unable to decide on the proper authority. At this moment, the lady's dog discovers the narrator in the bushes where he has been hiding, and this gives him the opportunity to offer himself as a guide to the nearby castle of Durbuy where, he avers, the famous King of Bohemia will willingly decide their case. The disputatious pair gratefully accept his offer, and the narrator guides them to the
king (with whom he is on friendly terms). After hearing the case, John turns it over to his courtiers (all of whom are allegorical personages in the tradition of the Romance of the Rose) for a proper decision. The poem ends with their judgment that the man suffers more because his beloved lady, with no justification, has proved faithless to him. The lady, who mourns her lover's death, is advised that this sorrow will pass in time and that, eventually, she may find another lover.

In The Judgment of the King of Bohemia the conflation of roles assigned by Nature and Love to Guillaume the poet is effectively deconstructed. The narrator's own experiences with love are put into question at the very beginning, but are then permanently displaced in favor of those of the class he serves. The narrator's function is related to but ultimately distinct from the experiences of noble hearts. One way to read the poem is to see it as an exploration—and perhaps a somewhat humorous one—of Machaut's uncertainties about or dissatisfaction with the ambiguous position of the clerkly author who, assigned the lyric "I" by literary tradition, is prevented from unproblematically assuming emotional subjectivity by the social necessities of his role as servant to the nobility. Granted access to the direct experience of exalted feelings, he discovers that the goal of that access is to write for his patrons, whose emotional vicissitudes must matter more than his own. Listening from his hiding place to the debate, the narrator displays no further inclination to attend to his own emotional transport, to fall asleep and experience that vision which would be his alone. But he is not completely displaced from the drama of love (conceived here, in somewhat clerkly fashion, as an issue to be debated conclusively). Not only does the narrator witness the event; he plays an important, yet finally subservient role in its resolution. If his experience of love is denied the privilege of narrative focus, the narrator's clerkly duties cannot be laid aside so lightly: he guides the knight and lady to the court where they may resolve their differences and find comfort for their sorrows.

William Calin has stated that "the greatest gift Machaut offers Chaucer is the notion of a poet writing poetry about the writing of poetry by a poet" (Calin 1987, p. 14). Calin is surely correct that the most original aspect of Machaut's works is that they are, for the most part, intensely self-reflexive; nothing in the Romance of the Rose, or the similar love vision poems that follow it, prepares us for the ways in which Machaut offers us both a traditional poetic fiction and a meditation, within the fiction, on the discontents, liabilities, and joys of the poet's role. I have argued elsewhere (Palmer 1987) that Machaut's literary practice closely resem-
bles that of many modern/postmodern authors who produce what is now commonly termed metafiction. As Patricia Waugh defines it, metafiction is multilevelled, offering both a created world with which the reader is meant to engage as a second or imitative reality and a commentary/interpretation/comic undermining of that world which calls attention to its status as an artistic production, as a text (see Waugh 1984 for a full account of this literary practice). Most contemporary metafiction criticizes—even as it continues—the practices of realism. Machaut's poetry is metafictional in a different sense; it displays and plays with its fictionality in order to call attention to the poet's role in its making and to the literary tradition within which it belongs. Thus in The Judgment of the King of Bohemia the device of the little dog apparently derives directly from the popular romance La Châtelaine de Vergy. Furthermore, in Machaut's poem characters twice refer to dramatically presented speeches as being "written" in the "text above" (lines 1592-6; 1780-4). Similarly, the mixture of "real" and fictional elements in the depiction of John's court incongruously joins a continuation of the allegorical disputation made popular by the Romance of the Rose to a representation of the contemporary reality so pointedly excluded by that literary tradition. As a result, the poem locates a conventional idealism in the world of individual, historical experience, testifying to the power of its author to remake the courtly setting to which the poem is itself addressed and within which it was consumed. Thus, the way in which the narrator's changing function reflects the ambiguous role of Machaut the court poet is merely one element of the work's metafictionality. The insistent breaking of the fictional illusion means that the reader readily perceives the doubleness of the judgment rendered therein; it belongs to King John as a character, but more to the existential Guillaume. The tension between the fictional and real Guillaumes evoked by The Judgment of the King of Bohemia is the same tension we observed in the Prologue between the obedient servant of Nature and Love (Guillaume as character) and the poet eager for acceptance and renown (Guillaume as implied author).

The Judgment of the King of Bohemia displays its indebtedness to the Romance of the Rose in order to mediate its reception as one of both sameness and difference; here the concern with a love question leads not only to a debate between allegorical characters (most prominently Reason, one of the most important characters in the earlier allegory); it also leads to a representation of the central contradiction which defines the clerkly poet's role (a subject never raised by the two authors of the Rose). Similarly, The Judgment of the King of Navarre, though composed as much as a decade later and for a
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different patron, mediates its reception through a series of references to the *Rose*, though these are not, as was the case before, to the first part of that poem written by Guillaume de Lorris, but rather to Jean de Meun's continuation of Guillaume's narrative. Like the second part of the *Rose*, the *Navarre* offers a lively, occasionally raucous debate about male and female experiences with love, a debate that raises the issue of antifeminism. Furthermore, the debaters frequently use exempla of different kinds to make their points, though these *exempla* are not as fully developed as the similar ones in Jean's *Rose*. In addition, there is an important structural resemblance between the two works. The *Navarre* is the only work in the Machaut corpus which explicitly takes a previous poem as its subject matter or pre-text; in fact the work's full title in MS A is *Le Jugement dou Roy de Navarre contre le Jugement dou Roy de Behaingne* (The Judgment of the King of Navarre against the Judgment of the King of Bohemia). The intertextual link between the two works is thus established from the outset, and it is characterized by a desire for correction or emendation, something similar to Jean's motives (or those of his narrator, at least) in continuing Guillaume's unfinished poem.

What prompted Machaut to write a sequel to one of his most popular works which suggested that the earlier poem was somehow deficient or faulty? Scholars have usually suggested that Guillaume had personal reasons for writing the *Navarre*. The *Judgment of the King of Bohemia*, it is inferred, must have been criticized for its unusual "doctrine" in noble circles; Guillaume's second judgment poem, then, would be an answer to those charges, an answer that, in William Calin's formulation, is a retraction of the earlier judgment that cunningly does not refute it (Calin 1974). The fact is, however, that we know nothing about the reception of *The Judgment of the King of Bohemia* beyond an evident popularity attested to by the large number of surviving manuscripts (see "Editorial Policy for this Text and Translation" later in the introduction for further details). We therefore have no good reason to think that the second judgment poem was motivated by anything other than what the *Prologue* tells us about Machaut's literary production; these "new" poems about love come into existence because Guillaume has undertaken to spend his intellectual career creating them. *Story of the Lovers' Fountain* and *Comfort for a Friend*, it is true, are both motivated by extraliterary events: the departure of Jean de Berry for temporary exile as a hostage and Charles of Navarre's imprisonment by the king of France, respectively. These events, however, are very clearly established as extraliterary motivations within the texts themselves (i.e. Charles is addressed by name and the
anonymous nobleman in Story of the Lovers' Fountain is revealed to be Jean in a closing anagram). In contrast, the allegorical character Good Fortune in The Judgment of the King of Navarre, whose dissatisfaction triggers Guillaume's bungling defense of his earlier poem, cannot plausibly be identified as a real figure in Guillaume's life. The poem contains references to real events; its opening section treats the narrator's melancholic reaction to the plague and other disasters of the years 1349-50. But these real events do not include any mention of attacks on Guillaume's reputation. It seems best, therefore, to conclude that The Judgment of the King of Navarre constructs the problems of Guillaume the protagonist for the purpose of generating a playful and entertaining text.

By making his previous poem the issue of a contentious debate, Guillaume, moreover, was able to focus on a character other than the experiencing-I which he inherited from Guillaume de Lorris and which figures, as we have seen, in the opening of The Judgment of the King of Bohemia). In its place, the counter-judgment can offer a fictionalized version of the real Guillaume, a clerk protective of his literary reputation even as he is concerned about—must be concerned about—the reaction of the nobility to his representation of their experience. Thus, Guillaume discovers in this poem a new way of understanding the "I" bequeathed him by tradition. The Judgment of the King of Navarre constructs the complexities and ironies of the producing-I, the self whose experiences with writing texts become the material of other texts written by the same self. This "modern" understanding of the poet's role is not anticipated in the Prologue, which envisions textual production as motivated solely by technical resources, on the one hand, and traditional subject matter, on the other. To my knowledge, only Geoffrey Chaucer, in his Legend of Good Women, offers the same kind of fictionalized self. But this work is directly imitative of The Judgment of the King of Navarre, and it avoids the most audacious element of Machaut's poem: the fact that Machaut the writer is the main character and struggles, however vainly, to assert his importance in the face of disapproval from his patrons.

Machaut's focus on his own experiences (even when these are only "imagined" for the purpose of generating the text) is obvious from the beginning 540 lines of the poem, which treat, with accurate historical detail, the disturbing events of 1349-50 and the clerk's reactions to them. This section starts with an evocation of fall, the season of death and loss which suits historical calamity, and ends with the joyful coming of spring, when the passing of the epidemic allows the poet to resume solitary enjoyments--especially hare-hunting--and be open to the love experience, which here assumes a very
untraditional shape. The movement from fall to spring and the attendant transformation of the historical subject into a character more suited to the love themes of courtly poetry have both encouraged some critics to view the opening part of the poem as a tedious irrelevance (see Muscatine 1957 especially). Others more sympathetic to Machaut's architectonic skill have sought thematic links of various kinds between the opening and the more conventional poetic fiction that follows (most successfully William Calin 1974 and David Lanoue 1981). But the different parts of the poem become a difficulty only if we believe that Machaut was attempting to write a traditional love allegory and, for some dim reason, included an introduction which drew on tangential, historical material. The love allegory section itself, however, is hardly traditional, in fact makes use of inherited structures in order to explore very different themes and issues. Both parts of the Navarre in fact make it clear that the subject here is the poet himself, first viewed, with great seriousness, as a historical person caught up in a tumult of events beyond his control, and then examined, rather humorously, as a bumbling versifier who slanders ladies even as he defends his attempts to exalt them. One important connection between the two parts of the poem is the poet's melancholy: the state of the world saddens him and then, with the disappearance of the disease, allows him pleasure again. Soon after, his hare-hunting is interrupted by the "call" from Good Fortune, who sinks him back into a melancholy from which he is somewhat rescued by the lightheartedness of the debate's conclusion. Unlike the weltenschmerz that so affects him at the work's beginning, this melancholy can be (and is) overcome by Guillaume's gracious acceptance of the judgment against him and his cheerful agreement to do appropriate penance (which is the composition of three lyrical pieces in fixed forms with, this time, the "correct" doctrine).

If the true subject of the poem is the "real" Guillaume, then the historical references and analysis in the opening make good artistic sense: they ground the fiction which follows in the truth of the poet's experience. After referring to the cold north wind which has destroyed the greenery of summer (lines 34-6), the narrator describes how in the contemporary world there is no justice or truth, only a rapacious avarice which destroys social and familial trust; the result is a constant warfare which has brought down a heavenly vengeance in the form of destructive weather (lines 37-108). This description is a conventional, apocalyptic one (the topos is usually called mundus senescit or "the world grows old"), but it is followed by a return to the narrator's state of mind. The fall season had made him sad, and reflecting on the decay of
the world sinks him into melancholy, which he tries to resist, following the wisdom of Ecclesiastes (lines 109-142). But, leaving behind the thoughts of social decay, the narrator considers those present ills which make him even more melancholic. These include (lines 152-166) ominous heavenly signs (particularly the lunar eclipse of January 17, 1348, the various astrological configurations of that year widely interpreted as predicting the subsequent epidemic, and the appearance of a fiery comet). Guillaume also makes reference to the great earthquake which devastated parts of Eastern Europe and Italy (January 25, 1348); see lines 167-180, a passage that mentions a heavenly rain of blood that boded ill. God revealed the meaning of these signs quickly by permitting a great outbreak of wars and killing, another apocalyptic reference with some basis in contemporary reality (e.g. the continuing hostilities of the Hundred Years' War, in which Machaut himself took some minor part). This long passage (lines 181-228) mentions as well the outbreak of anti-Semitism which accompanied the first appearances of the plague in northern Europe; like many at the time, Machaut believed that the Jews had poisoned wells and thus deserved the murderous fury of the persecutions which followed the spreading of these rumors (lines 229-240). Guillaume connects the phenomenon of wandering companies of flagellants to the disastrous events predicted by the heavens, even though this bizarre form of religious piety had come into existence during the previous century, and continued to be active in Bohemia during the 1340s (lines 241-256). Because men were so intent on destroying themselves, Guillaume suggests, Nature decided to assist in this destruction by sending terrible storms to the earth, in expectation that the world would soon end; such weather had the end result of giving rise to terrible, corrupting mists, the cause of the epidemic which immediately followed (lines 271-346).

Throughout this part of the poem, Guillaume gives the distinct impression that he is following one of the numerous Latin chronicles of the period, though no specific source can be identified. His selection of events (and their explanation as well) both resemble closely what contemporary historians have to say about the outbreak of the epidemic. In any case, it is interesting that Guillaume here assumes the voice and manner of the historian (a narrative posture which can depend on personal experience). The last part of his account is by far the most dramatic. God sees from his house that the world is everywhere corrupted, and so he sets Death loose on suffering humanity; Death is a beast so greedy and insatiable that he must consume heaps of corpses every day. The towns and villages are soon emptied of people; ditches must be dug in churchyards to bury the unnumbered dead (in lines 393-399 Guil-
laume says that no one will be able to count how many have died or will die, an important indication that this part of the poem was indeed written during the epidemic; pasture and field go untended because there are none to work or guard them (lines 347-430). At this point the narrator returns to his own reactions. Horrified by an imminent death, he confesses his sins thoroughly and resigns himself to the inevitable, closing up his doors and staying inside the whole winter (a precaution that probably saved his life). In this way he suffered less melancholy than he would have—for many of his friends died and were buried, a fact of which he remained ignorant. Finally, the end of the epidemic is signaled by a merrymaking throughout the town which Guillaume hears in his house. Asking one of his friends what is happening, Guillaume learns that the survivors are celebrating. He decides that he will do the same and goes to his horse and dogs, proceeding to some hare-hunting in the springtime fields. This is an activity which he defends with great seriousness, saying that its practice so absorbed him he would not have recognized anyone had they ridden up to him and spoken (lines 431-540).

At this point Machaut begins to reprise and adapt the structure of his earlier judgment poem. In The Judgment of the King of Bohemia the sorrowing lady, lost in gloomy thoughts, ignores the knight's greeting; this prompts their conversation and leads to the debate. Similarly, Guillaume's enthusiasm for hare-hunting here blinds him to the arrival in the fields of a "lady of great nobility," who, alerted to the poet's identity by her squire, sends him a message to appear before her. Indeed, she is the very lady whom Guillaume serves, although it is only later that he learns her name. This inconsistency conceals a hidden meaning, namely that Guillaume is unthinkingly aware he owes service to Good Fortune without knowing who she truly is or the power she wields over him. Like the traditional instructress figures of love allegory or the mysterious, supernatural ladies of Arthurian romance, Good Fortune appears to correct and enlighten her male subject. As it turns out, what she has to offer is advice about Guillaume's career; her judgment involves a renewal of the poet's contract to write about ladies and love in the appropriate fashion. As their debate develops, however, what is most significant is the fact that in this poem Guillaume takes the place of the knight as the male member of the debating pair. This change signals the most important difference of The Judgment of the King of Navarre. In the earlier poem, the narrator/clerk is displaced from the poem as the debate begins; here the narrator/clerk, no longer an anonymous and traditional figure but a fictional version of Guillaume himself, becomes the accused who must defend himself against the charges of Good Fortune. In The
Judgment of the King of Bohemia the levels of traditional love allegory/debate and commentary on the poet's role in its making are kept distinct; the twist in the conventional structure of the poem calls attention to itself, focussing the reader on the narrator's role (and its reflection of the author's historical predication as court poet/lyric voice). In the later judgment poem, on the contrary, the fiction itself becomes an examination of the poet's performance as poet.

Instead of a response to a conventional demande d'amors (question of love), the debate here is more like a law suit in which the plaintiff makes a complaint whose rightness or wrongness is to be determined by an impartial judge. Unlike the interlocutors in the earlier poem, Guillaume is literally put on trial for an alleged crime: the promulgation of the "incorrect" view that the man whose beloved has betrayed him suffers more than the lady who has experienced the death of her lover. Good Fortune begins by faulting Guillaume for not noticing her arrival on the scene, a charge against which he defends himself successfully (lines 760-801). Then she accuses him of having sinned against ladies, but does not tell him how or when. Frustrated, Guillaume pleads for more specific information which, apparently impressed by the persuasiveness of his argument, she finally furnishes him, making reference to the conclusion reached in The Judgment of the King of Bohemia (lines 801-1038). Though she advises that Guillaume admit his fault immediately and correct his error by promulgating the opposite opinion (lines 1031-38), Guillaume refuses to do so because the original judgment is his published view. He resolves to win the debate if he can even though this means opposing himself to a grand and noble person whom he ought to, perhaps, unquestioningly obey. Guillaume's attitude here contrasts sharply with that of the character Guillaume in the Prologue; the latter is appropriately obedient, humble, self-effacing, and eager to please, agreeing wholeheartedly with everything Nature and Love ask. In fact, in the light of the circumstances of literary production set out in the Prologue, the reaction of Guillaume to Good Fortune's charges is most surprising. Nature gives the poet Meaning, Rhetoric, and Music so that "in writing poetry you cannot fail at all" (I, line 17); the three natural children of artistic technique and content will make sure that his works will never "contain anything which will cause you to be blamed" (I, line 20). This command hardly makes room for error, and that is because it does not grant Guillaume any control over what his works will contain. Certainly it does not authorize his willful disagreement with anything a figure of authority--especially a heavenly lady--might offer by way of correction.

The Judgment of the King of Bohemia metafictionally explores
the contradictions of the poet's artistic/social position, representing his eager endorsement of them. The Judgment of the King of Navarre, in contrast, concerns itself with the poet's paradoxical subservience to but command of the love experience, marking out, in ironic fashion, the limits of the author's creative freedom (for the confrontation offered here is manifestly "fictional"). The poet is brought to heel for his obstreperousness, but only so that he can be authorized to produce even more texts in a scene which recalls his encounter with Nature in the Prologue.

Agreeing to debate the issue of his "error," Guillaume and the lady decide that the young King of Navarre, a man with amorous interests, shall be their judge. The pair ride on, accompanied by the lady's entourage, to a handsome manor house where she holds court (described as a state of absolute repose and enjoyment, this manor house is a more realistic version of the traditional locus amoenus where love allegory is often set). There the poet is introduced to the twelve damsels who comprise the lady's court: these include psychological personifications like Discretion and Recognition as well as traditional virtues such as Prudence, Temperance, and Charity (for an intelligent discussion of the tradition behind Machaut's allegory here see Ehrhart 1979). The narrator relates that the lady is served well by her court, who insure that she does only what's right and avoids all evil. It should be added at this point that the scheme adopted here is a fluid one; an important allegorical personage, Moderation, appears later but is not introduced at this point. This long passage of description (lines 1155-1328) is the poem's most impressive set piece. The appearance of the lady and her court dazzles the impressionable Guillaume, who for a moment is tempted to give up his defense; his strength, however, is restored by Reason (lines 1329-1356). The lady then wishes to rehearse her complaint to the assembled court and, despite Guillaume's wish that they wait for the arrival of their judge, she does so impressively. As she finishes, the King of Navarre arrives by chance and immediately agrees to judge the dispute, picking appropriate members of Good Fortune's court to advise him (lines 1443-1628). The debate finally begins with a long presentation of the case by the lady, who uses examples drawn from the bestiary tradition—the turtledove and the swan (lines 1629-1702)—to argue that Guillaume is wrong.

Though he refuses Good Fortune's request to change his mind, Guillaume answers with extreme politeness, asking the judge's permission to speak, and simply restating his contention that the pain which a man feels because of his beloved's infidelity is more severe than any other (lines 1703-68). Guillaume ends by asking for the judgment on his behalf, and this arrogance
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angers Temperance, who chastises him for wanting to circumvent proper legal procedure and for deliberately misinterpreting one of the lady's points. Temperance suggests that the man, even though betrayed, can find relief in many ways, while the woman, seeing her lover dead, will suffer unending sorrow. And, to illustrate her point, Temperance introduces the debate's first exemplum, the story of a young girl who, upon learning her lover had been killed, soon dies despite the efforts of a host of doctors (lines 1769-2024). Guillaume agrees that the story is interesting, but finds in it a point for his side, namely that the lady died quickly and did not suffer long, while the cuckolded man finds no end to his misery (lines 2025-2076). Reminding the court of something he had maintained in his earlier work (see JRB, lines 1110-21; 1716-23), Guillaume states that the dead are soon forgotten, making the heart recover from grief. Once again, he asks for the decision on his behalf.

This time Peace objects to his impertinence, declaring that he has not made enough argument to win the judgment. Intending to give Guillaume more to think about, she relates the death of Dido, who, betrayed by Aeneas, committed suicide. This exemplum diverts the course of the debate in an interesting way, because Dido did not suffer the death of her lover, but rather his faithlessness. Such a divergence is anticipated in the original judgment poem where the debate between John's courtiers about the issue of who suffers more soon turns to the question of whether Reason or Youth should command the lover. Peace seems to be implying here that women have a greater capacity to suffer, whatever the cause. In any case, she also reproves Guillaume for stating that Nature overrides the commands of Love, allowing the grief-stricken beloved to forget her loss. Love, Peace suggests, always rules lovers and does not heed the wishes of Nature in any way (lines 2077-2206). Guillaume, still polite, begs to disagree, relating the story of a clerk from Orleans whose distant lover proves unfaithful to him, marrying another man. Learning of her betrayal in a letter, the clerk goes mad and for the next twenty years lives in the wild like an animal, speaking to no one. Such a man, Guillaume avers, suffered a hundred times more pain than any woman who lost her lover (lines 2207-2314). Faith takes exception to Guillaume's exemplum, noting that he has not proved that the letter which caused the man to go mad actually was written by his beloved; her angry tone distresses Guillaume, and he asks her to stop threatening him (lines 2315-80). At this Faith confers with Charity, and the latter is chosen to relate another exemplum, one which surely will prove Guillaume wrong. Charity tells the story of a rich man who, planting a sapling in his garden, goes to see it one day and
finds it a full-grown tree. The story, as Charity explains it, signifies the behavior of the proper lover who, seeing his beloved grow into marriage with a powerful man, rejoices at her new-found station and happiness (lines 2381-2532). Guillaume then challenges his opponents to prove only that no lady has ever suffered so much as to offer herself to death (has he forgotten the story of Dido, just related to him by Peace?). Honesty doesn't address this point, but attacks his story about the clerk of Orleans, maintaining that, once mad, the man did not suffer at all. Guillaume's response is typically clerkly, a short disquisition on the distinction between primary and secondary causes which he thinks supports his view about the clerk's continued ordeal (its relevance seems problematic at best).

At this point the debate turns completely toward the issue broached earlier by Peace, the supposed greater capacity of women to suffer. In a long speech (lines 2699-2822), Generosity offers exempla from Classical literature, the stories of Ariadne and Medea, which, she believes, illustrate the point that women are made to suffer by men but emerge victorious in the end. Guillaume rudely attacks this argument, saying that he could easily find a host of examples to prove the opposite, namely that men have a greater capacity for suffering than women. He then relates one of the strangest exempla of the debate. A woman has given her lover a ring on the condition that he never remove it unless she do it for him. One day her husband notices that the ring is missing and demands to see it. She sends a message to him asking for its return, and he sends it to her along with his finger in order not to break his word. Though he recognizes that extremes in loving are to be condemned, Guillaume suggests that the man surpassed all women in loyalty and suffering (lines 2823-2924). Prudence does not agree, and she launches a long refutation of Guillaume's contention, which the poet ignores, preferring to return to the issue raised by Generosity. Though he recognizes that the debate has broadened to include an issue not mentioned in the beginning, Guillaume offers his opinion that men are far superior to women in love because there's nothing stable or firm about a woman's emotions or beliefs. These anti-feminist statements, he affirms, are endorsed by everyone, and that is why he advanced them in his poem (lines 2009-3070).

These views give rise to an outburst which must eventually be settled by the judge (Guillaume admits to some satisfaction and pleasure in seeing the assemblage of ladies so discomfited, lines 3157-3162). Fear tells the story of Pyramus and Thisbé and Sufficiency the tale of Hero and Leander as proof of women's capacity to endure. But Guillaume counters with the observation that in the latter case Leander suffered more since
he suffered first (once again a somewhat dubious point). Thinking that the debate has continued long enough, the lady now asks the judge to go in private to deliberate. The judge and his advisors then leave, but Guillaume is informed of their proceedings by an attendant at court. Reviewing the aspects of proper judgment, the advisors condemn Guillaume unanimously. Moderation rebukes Guillaume for daring to debate such a noble and respected personage, for advancing a mistaken opinion, and for offering insufficient and dubious evidence in support of his position. Reason agrees, and when the court has reassembled with the accused, condemns him on these three counts (lines 3767-3832). Seeing Guillaume saddened by the outcome, Reason reveals to him the identity of the lady and describes her immense powers; in the tradition of Boethius's *Fortuna*, Good Fortune distributes talents and wisdom to those she favors. Reason's long description particularly emphasizes the different gifts she accords to *clergie* and *chevalerie* (lines 3839-4006). More reconciled to his fate, Guillaume asks to be sentenced, and the judge signifies to him that he owes three amends for his three different faults. Reason and the judge confer about the specifics of the sentence, a meeting which, Guillaume perceives, is somewhat lighthearted. Meanwhile Discretion recounts the allegorical meanings of the different parts of Good Fortune's dress (lines 4075-4170). The judge then returns to Guillaume and tells him he must compose three lyric poems, of different types, as penance. The poem closes with Guillaume's confession that he has made this poem in order to recognize his fault better and intends to present it to the lady along with his promise of continued service. Guillaume then expresses his desire to complete his penance quickly by composing a lay concerned with love.

In MSS B, E, and M the *Lai de Plour* (*The Lay of Weeping*) follows the end of the judgment immediately; in the later MSS, especially F-G and A, the lay either is missing entirely or is found among the other lyric poems. It seems that Machaut initially thought it should follow the narrative poem which is its pre-text but later changed his mind. I have followed the practice of the earlier MSS in including it as a continuation of *The Judgment of the King of Navarre*. The reader may judge for himself whether Machaut's original plan is artistically successful or not (I happen to think it is, of which more below).

In assessing the artistic achievement of *The Judgment of the King of Navarre*, we must, I think, read the poem metaphorically, in the same way the original audience likely did. For we must, as did they, distinguish between the seriousness of Guillaume the character, who resents the accusations of Good Fortune and loses his composure as the trial begins to
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slip away from him, eventually mouthing, somewhat gleefully, the very anti-feminist statements he declared himself innocent of at the beginning; and the seriousness of Guillaume de Ma-

chaut the poet, who with remarkable sprezzatura puts his own poetry on trial in a work whose sophistication and finesse equally testify to his commanding, confident talent. The poem playfully treats the relationship of the poet to his métier and to his patrons, problematizing the very traditional poetics of the Prologue by turning the poet's individual control over the content of his works (and the reputation they make or do not make for him) into an issue to be debated. Within the fiction, Guillaume's temerity is roundly condemned, as much, if not more, the antifeminism he proves himself guilty of. But the poem itself testifies to the ways in which Guil-

laume, as creative source of his works, can forge something entirely new from the givens of tradition, including a dif-

ferent sense in which "poetic identity" can be represented. Focussing on the producing-I, The Judgment of the King of Na-

varre traces the ways in which authorial intertext, rather than traditional techniques and subject matter, "creates" po-

etry. The Judgment of the King of Bohemia generates The Judg-

ment of the King of Navarre which in turn generates the Lai de Plour. The audacity here is that Guillaume produces poetry which is intensely self-reflexive, thematizing the discontents of an author controlled by the reader, who consumes his work, even as this poetry asserts the power of the poet to exceed or controvert the position assigned him by tradition (i.e. here Guillaume the writer not the lover is the main character). For this reason I believe the poet's original plan to have the Lai de Plour follow the end of the judgment poem was most effective artistically.

The Judgment of the King of Navarre is unlike all other medieval works in its complex exploration of the poetics of authorship, in its meditations on and comic reduction of the difficulties posed by a literary tradition and its underlying ideology to the creative author. What model can we suggest for such a novel and innovative text? One way of understanding Machaut's accomplishment is to see the poem as part of that slow and complex movement toward the modern novel. Mikhail Bakhtin has suggested that as a literary tradition begins to assert less authority over those who write within it the pres-

entness of the writer's situation calls more insistently for its own representation (Bakhtin 1981). At the same time, the process of writing becomes more problematic, for the certain-

ties of conventional subject matter and sanctioned methods or attitudes for the writer fall away. The self-reflexive and "personal" elements of this text could well have been motivated by the breakdown and loosening of the literary tradition of
allegorical love poetry, even as this tradition insistently calls for its own space within the poem. For Machaut, the final result of the artistic development we witness here is the paradoxical work The True Story, which offers not only the abstractions and idealizations sanctioned by long literary tradition but the vagaries and inconclusiveness of individual, authorial experience. The early stages of this development can be traced in the two judgment poems. In The Judgment of the King of Bohemia the poet's situation calls for representation within the traditional debating and allegorical structures of the poem. Here is a poetic presence still willing to efface its own demands for centrality, to be eliminated from narrative focus and, in the process, assume the burden of supporting the emotional life of the class above (i.e. the poet's role as guide). In The Judgment of the King of Navarre the poet becomes his own subject even as conventional elements of debate poetry are now marshalled not to examine some point of love doctrine so much as to scrutinize the success or failure of literary creation itself.

SOURCES AND INFLUENCES

Like many of Machaut's dits, The Judgment of the King of Navarre finds its most immediate and important source in the Romance of the Rose, especially the second part for which Jean de Meun was responsible. As I have already suggested, it seems likely that Machaut was inspired by Jean's continuation of Guillaume de Lorris's love allegory to do much the same with the most popular of his early poems. The emphasis on rancorous debate, the use of a number of exempla, including several drawn from Classical literature, and the prominence of antifeminism as an issue all suggest a close connection with Jean's poem. But The Judgment of the King of Navarre is hardly a simple imitation or unimaginative recycling of that earlier text; Jean's Rose is a complex and unwieldy dialogue treating a number of issues associated with love, while Machaut's poem uses the conventional debate structure to probe themes connected with authorship and the production/consumption of courtly poems. There are no models for this important aspect of The Judgment of the King of Navarre; but it is characteristic of late medieval French narrative poetry to be self-reflexive, if not to this extent (see Dembowski 1987 for a convincing demonstration that one of Jean Froissart's earliest works is similarly self-reflexive; Kelly 1987 discusses the ways in which the patron system figures within texts by Machaut and
other authors of the period. *The Judgment of the King of Bohemia* functions as the pre-text for the later judgment poem; its "doctrine" becomes a subject for debate (and is ultimately corrected), while its basic structures (including the male/female debating pair, the use of allegorical personages in the debate, and the fictional presence of the patron) are repeated. The later poem, however, is a much different work, for it abandons the conventional idealism of *The Judgment of the King of Bohemia* (especially the nameless narrator, knight, and lady) in order to represent, albeit in somewhat humorously altered form, the poet's "real" self.

Machaut, we might say, asks us to read *The Judgment of the King of Navarre* through the *Romance of the Rose* and his own *Judgment of the King of Bohemia*. These intertextual connections mediate the poem's reception, alerting the courtly audience to important innovations and changes of emphasis; such contrasts establish the "poetic identity" implied by the work, the creative presence who must be held responsible for what is contained therein. The poem, however, has other antecedents which Machaut, likely, was only dimly aware of (if at all) and which would not have functioned as points of literary reference for his readers. These poems never achieved the same popularity as either the *Romance of the Rose* or his own first judgment poem, belonging, in any case, to a much earlier age. Debate poetry in the vernacular languages derives from a long-established, learned Latin tradition. Virgil's third, so-called "contention" eclogue inspired a host of late Latin imitations; the genre achieved particular popularity during the Carolingian revival (for a full account see Walther 1920). Of more interest than these rather dry arguments between roses and lilies or water and wine over relative merits, however, is the *Council of Remiremont*, a Latin work probably written during the early years of the twelfth century. It features a lively and rather irreverent debate over the merits of clerks and knights as lovers; the debate takes place in the abbey of Remiremont, and the disputants are all nuns of the establishment. The humorous and occasionally disorderly disputation of *The Judgment of the King of Navarre* can certainly be traced through the *Romance of the Rose* back to this much earlier work, which achieved a good deal of popularity, to judge by the large number of French imitations it spawned (the complex interrelationships of these are discussed by Jung 1971 and Langlois 1890; for texts see Oulmont 1911). The vernacular French versions all feature the same subject of debate, but alter the setting of the Latin poem and reduce the debaters to two women, one of whom loves a clerk and the other a knight.

Our interest in these early texts, which are all relatively unaccomplished and simple, is what they reveal, by contrast,
about Machaut's sophisticated handling of the debate framework. In none of these poems, or, for that matter, in either part of the Romance of the Rose, do we find a narrator who is an active participant in the debate; in none of these texts does the author himself figure as the main character. Furthermore, The Judgment of the King of Navarre is also exceptional in altering, at least in part, the subject of the debate. In Machaut's poem two somewhat traditional questions are raised: who suffers more, the betrayed knight or the bereaved lady; and who loves more faithfully and intensely, men or women? The slippage from the first to the second issue is also somewhat conventional; The Judgment of the King of Bohemia and the second part of the Romance of the Rose feature similar shifts (several important ones, as a matter of fact, in the latter text). The embedding of the two questions within the larger issue of the poet's (in)correct performance, however, is unique to this text and reveals the subtle manner in which Machaut is able to turn traditional fictional elements to purposes for which they were originally unintended. The debate genre, especially Jean's part of the Rose, is essentially clerkly and intellectual, affording as it does the opportunity to reproduce not only the *sic et non* of academic disputation but the complexities of a logical and dialogical approach to certain questions. As Machaut transforms it, the debate becomes the arena for problematizing (and also glorifying) the career of the poet; Machaut's Good Fortune, unlike the Boethian figure she is modeled on, concludes by endorsing the author's continued production of works (a continuation that is ratified, extratextually, by the presence of the Lay of Weeping in the early MS tradition).

Machaut's poem, however, is also traditional in another way. Part of the obsessive literariness and intellectuality of Jean's Rose (as opposed to Guillaume's) is exemplified by its many stories, which are generated by the different stages of the argument; these *exempla*, as texts called into being by the text of the poem, function as a *mise-en-abyme*, that is, as a representation of the work's own structure, which is itself a text that responds to another text. (See Gunn 1952 for an interesting account of the Rose's structure). The Judgment of the King of Navarre is self-reflexive in a very similar way; here the characters generate new texts in order to make argumentative points, and this dialogism reflects the intertextual origins of the poem itself. These *exempla* are derived from a number of different sources (for full details see Hoepffner, *Oeuvres*, I, pp. lxxiii-lxxxvii, on whose speculations this brief account is largely based; for a discussion of the *mise-en-abyme* as a device in Chaucer and Machaut see Calin 1987).
The death of Dido (lines 2095-2130) derives ultimately from the account of Virgil in Aeneid IV; this Latin poem, in some-what altered form, had been translated during the 12th century as the Roman d'Énéas, and the story had likewise been told, in the following century, by Jean de Meun in his part of the Romance of the Rose. Machaut's account reproduces the essen- tial details of the story found in these two vernacular ac- counts, but what we know of his education makes it likely that he knew Virgil's text directly. Machaut, however, does add a detail unknown to earlier French authors and Virgil as well: the fact that Dido, being pregnant by Aeneas, kills two with her suicide. This detail figures in Ovid's Heroides, but it may have been added by Machaut independently for dramatic ef- fect (i.e. it parallels significantly Medea's murder of her two children by Jason, and thus fits slyly into the anti- feminist subtext of this poem).

No particular source can be identified for Machaut's story of Theseus and Ariadne (lines 2707-69; 2805-8); though it often figures in Latin compendia of mythological and legendary mate- rial, texts common enough in the later Middle Ages, the story had not been reproduced in the vernacular before Machaut. The text he followed may well have been a rather abridged one, for Machaut, while giving the essentials of the legend, leaves out some important details (e.g. the precise nature of Ariad- ne's aid to Theseus, the motif of the white/black sail, the tribute of seven young people rather than just one, and the voluntary sacrifice of Theseus).

The story of Jason and Medea (lines 2770-2804) had been told in French before Machaut by both Benoît de Sainte-More (in the Roman de Troie) and Jean in his part of the Rose. This may explain why Machaut's account is more allusive than detailed, leaving unglossed such unusual features as the golden fleece and the army of the dead. Neither French author, how- ever, treats in any detail the treason of Jason, the part of the story which most interests Machaut; this means that he likely had read the two accounts by Ovid (in the Heroides and Metamorphoses), which offer a much more unflattering account of the hero. The same source likely furnished Machaut with all the essential details of his brief account of Pyramus and Thisbé (lines 3171-9); he may have also known the vernacular version of the Ovide moralisé (Ovid Moralized). Machaut was the first in Northern France to offer a vernacular version of the story of Hero and Leander (lines 3221-98), also derived from Ovid's Heroides (or parts of this compilation thought in the Middle Ages to be by Ovid), perhaps from Ovid Moralized as well.

The exempla which do not treat figures from Classical my- thology or literature have varied sources. The narrator's
tale of the lover who cuts off his finger with his beloved's ring still on it was likely invented by the poet himself; his story about the clerk from Orleans probably issues from the same source (see Picherit 1982 for an illuminating discussion of the narrator's use of inferior exempla, of which these two untraditional ones are the most interesting). Temperance's tale of the young woman struck down by a grief that quickly kills her was also likely invented for the occasion, but it serves the lady's cause somewhat better (proving that, if accepted, women can indeed die from grief when they lose their lovers, a point also attested to by the story of Dido). The lady's reference to the habits of the turtledove and swan derives from the bestiary tradition of the Middle Ages (though the particular habits of the swan noted here are not generally acknowledged and likely came to Machaut from his reading of Watriquet de Couvín's Dit de la Cigogne, or Story of the Swan, written twenty-five years or so before Machaut's second judgment poem). Other brief references, to Tristan and Lancelot and the popular poem Chastelaine de Vergy, indicate that Machaut intended his work for a fairly sophisticated and well-read audience, who undoubtedly appreciated the Classical stories as well.

Probably because of its innovative treatment of the love allegory and debate genres, The Judgment of the King of Navarre had limited influence on other writers; Machaut's earlier judgment poem, which offers a more traditional type of poetic fiction, certainly enjoyed greater popularity and inspired two notable imitations (Christine de Pizan's Dit de Poissy and much of Chaucer's Book of the Duchess). Interestingly, there are indications that Machaut himself changed his mind about the nexus of intertextual relations he set up between The Judgment of the King of Bohemia (the pre-text of the second judgment poem) and The Lay of Weeping (the lyric penance which uses that second judgment poem itself as a pre-text). In MS A The Lay of Weeping is placed in the section of that compendium devoted to lyric poetry (though the two judgment poems are still juxtaposed here as well, violating the chronological order which is followed for the other narrative works). In any case, The Judgment of the King of Navarre exerted the most influence on Geoffrey Chaucer, whose experimentation with self-reflexivity and narrational modes of address comes to seem less original as his great indebtedness to Machaut is correctly re-assessed (a key text in this process of re-assessment is Calin 1987, who argues for Machaldian influence not only on Chaucer's early works but also on several of his later ones). Traditionally, The Book of the Duchess has been seen as a re-working of motifs derived from Machaut's Story of the Lovers' Fountain and Judgment of the King of Bohemia; in fact, it can
be maintained that Chaucer largely re-writes the early debate poem in the rhetorical form of the later love vision (see Wimsatt 1968 for a most useful summary of source and influence work on Chaucer's first poem).

The influence of The Judgment of the King of Navarre has been considered marginal, confined largely to the imitation or reminiscence of certain lines. I would argue, however, that the opening movement of Chaucer's poem, a self-portrait of the melancholic narrator who searches for the kind of reading which might afford him the relief of sleep, is most likely derived from both the opening section of The Judgment of the King of Navarre and the narrator's encounter with literary tradition as embodied both in the figure of Good Fortune and in the exempla of the subsequent debate. I note here the following significant areas of similarity: 1. a focus in both works on the narrator's personal experience: particularly his melancholic reclusiveness and analysis of his own feelings; 2. a concern in both works with traditional texts or Classical exempla and their interpretation: The Book of the Duchess treats the narrator's encounter with the story of Ceyx and Alcyone and his desire to probe its truth value or relevance to his own life, a hermeneutic activity similar to that which goes on during the debate in Machaut's poem; 3. a movement away from reflection to a debate or discussion that follows an encounter (during a dream in Chaucer's poem) with a hunting party: the debate involves the narrator and a noble personage; 4. in both works the debate ends with the narrator's apparent release from melancholy; 5. in the dream vision section of Chaucer's poem the narrator is wakened by the sound of trumpets and other instruments; then he proceeds to go out into the springtime air, soon coming upon a noble hunting party, a sequence of events which very much recalls the Machaldian narrator's learning of the end of the epidemic, his decision to enjoy the spring weather, and his subsequent meeting with the lady and her party.

Though they have hardly been recognized by most Chaucerians, these similarities seem striking. They suggest that Machaut's poem may well have been more of a deliberate model for The Book of the Duchess than has been hitherto realized. At the same time, however, the differences between the two works are instructive. If Chaucer's narrator is a version of the author, he is an image of the author as reader (not writer) and as a consciousness preoccupied with important issues relating to love and loss. More so than Chaucer's unnamed narrator, Machaut's is an obvious mask of the poet himself, seen not so much as reader and sympathetic heart, but as a writer involved with the difficulties of composing for a noble audience who is mindful of the tradition which should shape the content.
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and form of his poetry. Chaucer's poem, in short, is not about the "producing-I"; thus in his first work, he does not adapt, in any way, the most striking innovation he must have recognized in his reading of Machaut's second judgment poem. The Book of the Duchess, instead, utilizes the more traditional structure of The Judgment of the King of Bohemia. In both these works, the initial focus on the narrator's state of mind and activity makes way for a central concern which subsumes, and to some degree subverts that focus. The amorous clerk walking in the woods happens upon the debating noble pair, to whom he listens attentively, helping them when the moment is right. The melancholic and sleepless bookworm, puzzled yet soothed by his reading, has a vision in which, making the acquaintance of a sorrowing nobleman, he becomes the narratee for the knight's sad tale of bereavement. First addressed by his book and then, within the theater of his own unconsciousness, by a grieving lord, the narrator can never attend to any experiences that might properly be his own, only to the hermeneutic quest to understand what others have written and felt.

Though The Book of the Duchess draws on both the judgment poems as sources, it is thus most like the earlier one in its metafictional treatment of the court poet's role; in their different ways, the narrators of the two works embody a selfhood that is ultimately defined by service, not self-examination. A change of mind, perhaps induced by some further meditation on the intriguing relationship between Machaut's two judgment poems, apparently led Chaucer, somewhat later, to compose a poem which is much more obviously indebted to The Judgment of the King of Navarre: The Legend of Good Women. Like the Romance of the Rose and The Judgment of the King of Bohemia, among traditional love allegories, the prologue to The Legend of Good Women offers the narrator's wandering through a springtime setting, his contemplation of beautiful flowers (especially the daisy), and his eventual falling asleep in the warm air. Dreaming, he experiences a vision of a noble company who come upon him; this company, consisting of a multitude of women, is led by two noble figures, Alceste and the God of Love. Discovering the narrator contemplating his flowers, the God of Love proceeds to denounce him in an angry and dismissive way for the antifeminist sentiments of a number of works (including Troilus and Criseyde). Alceste defends the narrator, who ultimately agrees to do appropriate penance by writing (or, more properly, translating) a number of well-known stories by dealing with virtuous women, the "legends" that follow. It is a mark of the neglect which Machaut's poems have been subjected to by most Chaucerians that the influence of The Judgment of the King of Navarre on the prologue has
been scarcely appreciated (see Frank 1972 and Kiser 1983 for critical and historical analyses of the work that, otherwise excellent and perceptive, are hardly conscious of Machaldian influence; Wimsatt 1970 offers texts and discussion of Machaut's Marguerite poetry, an important influence, along with key works of Froissart and Deschamps as well, on the myth of the daisy developed in the prologue). In fact, Machaut furnishes Chaucer with all his principal motifs, with the exception of the myth of the daisy (derived largely from other Machaldian texts) and the dream vision framework, a conventional structure. These motifs include: 1. the development of the narrator as a fictionalized version of the author, seen not only as a reader of old texts (as in The Book of the Duchess) but also as the producer of new ones, which are mentioned specifically; 2. the complaint levelled against the narrator by an allegorical figure for his purported failure to avoid the antifeminism to which the clerkly, educated mind was then liable; 3. the presence of two noble figures to judge the narrator's alleged transgression, one a historical character and the other an allegorical personification; 4. a debate over the supposed sin of the author; 5. the ultimate resolution that the narrator/writer is to produce other texts, this time with the "correct" viewpoint; 6. the intertextual connection of the work with the literary penance it generates. As we have seen, the uniqueness of The Judgment of the King of Navarre within the tradition of courtly literature prior to Chaucer is the way in which it thematizes the discontents of authorship, problematizing the court poet's dependence on (yet independence from) the patrons he serves. The similar concerns of the prologue to The Legend of Good Women therefore must be traced to their source in Machaut's poem.

Once again, however, Chaucer's handling of this inherited material is more conservative, less audacious. In The Judgment of the King of Navarre, Guillaume eagerly accepts the burden of his own defense, manifesting a temerity for which he is ultimately condemned. In the prologue, however, the narrator witnesses the argument between Alceste and the God of Love over his authorial merits; acquiescing in the judgment they arrive at, he obediently produces more texts, and it is these texts which are the principal focus of the work that follows. In other words, the prologue is properly a pre-text that generates an anthology of stories; for Machaut, however, The Judgment of the King of Navarre only generates exempla insofar as these condemn or exonerate Guillaume from Good Fortune's charges. The focus for Machaut is the poet's difficulties with his readers; the focus for Chaucer is the continued activity of the poet as translator/adapter. Chaucer does not, in the manner of his French counterpart, make his problematic situation as creative artist the center of his text.
The Judgment of the King of Navarre is found in seven manuscripts, all of which are devoted exclusively to the works of Machaut; these are manuscripts A, B, D, E, F, M, and V according to the sigla assigned to them by Ernest Hoepffner, one of Machaut's early editors. In contrast, the companion piece Judgment of the King of Bohemia appears in these manuscripts and also in CKJ, the remaining "collections" that survive devoted exclusively to the works of Machaut; it also is contained in manuscripts PR, which contain works by other authors. The fact that The Judgment of the King of Navarre assumes the existence (and perhaps the popularity) of the other judgment poem means that it was composed later. This accords well with what we know from other sources about Machaut's relationships with the two monarchs; evidence suggests that The Judgment of the King of Bohemia, in any event, was written prior to 1342, while the terminus ab quo, that is, the earliest possible date, for The Judgment of the King of Navarre must be November 9, 1349, the date named by the narrator at the very beginning of the work. Though the two poems were written some years apart (perhaps as many as fifteen or more), Machaut wished them to be read sequentially. Wherever it occurs, The Judgment of the King of Navarre immediately follows the earlier judgment poem even though there is good reason to assume that both Fortune's Remedy and the Dit dou Lion (The Story of the Lion) were written after the composition of the first judgment poem and before the completion of the second. Otherwise, the narrative dits are presented in what is to all appearances the order of their composition.

In the Voir Dit (The True Story), the poet/protagonist mentions a manuscript that contains "all that I have written." Assuming that this statement described Machaut's actual practice, Hoepffner concluded that "this manuscript was only constituted bit by bit, as the poet finished his poems and inserted them into the collection of his works" (Hoepffner, Oeuvres, I, xlix). During the last decade or so this conclusion has been challenged from a number of quarters (see Keitel 1982; Günther 1982; Manley Williams 1969; and Wimsatt/Kibler 1987 for detailed discussion of the various issues involved). Hoepffner's thesis, in any event, means that the later MSS of Machaut's works (or, more precisely in some cases, those MSS deriving from later original MSS of his works) are generally to be accorded priority in establishing the texts of individual poems. Considering Machaut more like a modern than a medieval author, Hoepffner thought that the poet would be attentive to the textual details of his collected oeuvre and concerned about
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its proper and correct distribution (see Brownlee 1984 and Manley Williams 1978 for further argument on this point). Recently, it has been convincingly demonstrated that, at least in the case of The Judgment of the King of Bohemia, the later MSS are hardly superior to certain earlier ones (this argument is made in Wimsatt/Kibler 1987). To my mind, however, such a discovery does not cancel out the authority granted to the later MSS for the text of The Judgment of the King of Navarre. There is good reason, in particular, to regard MS A (Bibliothèque National 1584) as one prepared under the direct supervision of the poet; such supervision may well have included, for the text of The Judgment of the King of Navarre, editorial revisions of one kind or another.

Along with F-G (a two volume manuscript), only MS A contains a full version of the Prologue, an introduction to his collected works that Machaut apparently composed toward the end of his life. In addition, MS A bears a cachet over its index which reads "Here follows the word of the works which G. de Machaut wishes his book to have" (Vesci l'ordonnance que G. de Machaut vuet quil ait en son livre). A recent study of the illuminated MSS containing the works of Machaut provides even more interesting evidence about this particular codex. François Avril observes that MS A consists of two parts, one containing the prologue and index which, on the evidence of its technique of illumination, was composed at Paris during the last years of the poet's life. The rest of the manuscript is illuminated in a quite different manner: "Its somewhat provincial style, while strongly influenced by the Parisian illuminators of this period, manifests more spontaneity and freedom of invention, while presenting several points of contact with certain workshops located in the east and north of the kingdom." This, and the other evidence I have mentioned, leads Avril to conclude that "MS A could have been copied and illuminated at Rheims itself, under the supervision of the poet, a fact which confers upon it a value without equal, as editors of Machaut have otherwise long felt" (Avril 1982, pp. 127-8).

For this edition I have therefore adopted MS A as my base text. Because Machaut probably oversaw its production (and may well have edited the text of The Judgment of the King of Navarre, though there is no internal evidence to support this claim), I have adopted a conservative editorial policy, following the readings of A whenever they give reasonable sense and ignoring the principle of common error. As I see it, the editor's judgment must be limited to distinguishing between errors and variant readings (since both these categories can be determined by comparison with the other MSS). I have corrected A's readings only in those instances when, for various reasons, Machaut's intervention in the text could be reasonably ruled
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out. I have found it occasionally difficult to discriminate between spelling variation and truly different forms; in those cases I have tried to give indications of what the other principal MSS offer, letting the reader judge for himself. MS A contains a fair number of common scribal errors, but this text of the poem is very similar to that of other MSS. In short, editorial decisions are hardly particularly crucial in establishing a fairly authentic text. The spellings of A have been retained, while manuscript numerals have not been expanded to words.

As far as the translation is concerned, my intention has been to provide an easy check for those reading the original as well as a version simple to follow for those with no French. This means that I have tried to offer a translation that is literal but also readable. Occasionally Machaut's idiom or the complexity of his syntax make it impossible to achieve this double effect. In those cases I have always attempted to produce readable English true to the spirit of the original. The translator of a Machaldian dit amoreux is faced with a related problem as well: in English there is no stylistic register corresponding to the love discourse which constitutes Machaut's largely traditional style. The syntax of late Old French, however, is in most cases quite similar to that of Modern English. These two facts mean that the translator of Machaut can produce syntactic forms very much like those of the original; but he can discover semantic equivalents only for individual words or expressions, not for the complex paradigmatic relationships and semantic fields in the original discourse. The result is an English text that resembles the original closely in form and content but inevitably fails to reproduce its full meaning.

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preparing in the office of the Day Care Center she manages under her watchful and benevolent eye and amidst the joyful noise of playing children (an atmosphere which suited well the gentle ironies and light-hearted humor of Machaut's poem). My mother Cele provided me with food and shelter during the year I spent, in part, first engrossed in the intricate and demanding task of translating the subtleties of Machaldian verse. I could hardly have written this book without her continuing interest and enthusiasm. My son Colin has tolerated cheerfully Daddy's preoccupation with books and typed sheets of paper. I hope that he will grow up to appreciate and, perhaps, enjoy the rigors of intellectual labor.
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dependence on Machaut. Suggests that all of the important features of the *Troilus* find their analogues in Machaut's poetry.

The Judgment of the King of Navarre
Au departir dou bel esté
Qui a gais et jolis esté,
De fleurs, de feuilles faillolez,
Et d'arbrissiaux emmaillowlez,
Arousez de douce rousée,
Sechiez par chaleur ordenée
Que le soleil li amenistre,
Et qu'oisillons ont leur chapitre
Tenu de sons et de hoquès,
Par plains, par aunois, par bosquès,
Pour li servir et honnourer,
Que tout ce couvient demourer
Pour le temps qui, de sa nature,
Mue sa chaleur en froidure
Un po après le temps d'autonne,
Que chascuns vandange et entonne
Qui a vingnes a vandangier,
Et qu'on a a petit dangier
Pesches, moust, poires, et roisins,
Dont on present a ses voisins,
Que li blez en la terre germe
Et que la feuille chiet dou cherme,
Par nature, ou dou vent qui vente,
L'an mil .ccc. nuef quarente,
Le .iï. jour de novembre,
M'en aloie par mi ma chambre.
Et se li airs fust clers et purs,
Je fusse ailleurs; mais si obscurs
Estoit, que montaingnes et plains
Estoient de bruines pleins.
Pour ce me tenoie a couvert;
Quar ce qu'estre soloit tout vert
Estoit mué en autre teint,
Car bise l'avoit tout desteint,
Qui mainte fleur a decopée
Par la froidure de s'espée.

Si que la merencolioie
Tous seuls en ma chambre et pensoie
Comment par conseil de taverne
Li mondes par tout se gouverne;
Comment justice et verité
Sont mortes par l'iniquité
D'Advarice qui en maint regne
Com dame souverainne regne,
Com maistresse, comme royn--
Qu'Avarice engenre haîne,

29. A pleins--32. Other mss Car
At the passing of a beautiful summer
Which had been pleasant and joyful,
Ornamented with flowers, with leaves,
Adorned with shrubbery,
Drenched with sweet dew,
Dried by seasonable heat
Which the sun provided it,
A summer in which the birds
Have held their assemblies with songs and lyrics
Through meadows, arbors, and glades,
To serve and honor the season
So that all this should linger
For the sake of the weather which, by its nature,
Changes the warmth into cold
A little after fall comes,
When everyone who has vines to pick
Does his harvest and puts it in casks,
When, with little difficulty, one has
Peaches, must, pears, and grapes
That he shares with his neighbors,
When the wheat sprouts in the ground,
And when the leaf falls from the tree,
By nature, or by the wind that blows,
In the year thirteen hundred forty-nine,
On the ninth day of November,
I was walking around in my room.
And if the air had been clear and pure,
I'd have been elsewhere; but it was
So dark that the mountains and plains
Were filled with haze.
And so I stayed inside;
For that which ordinarily was all green
Had been changed into another hue,
For the north wind had discolored everything
And had cut down many a flower
With the coldness of his sword.

So there I suffered sadness
All alone in my room and gave thought to
How the world in all things
Was ruled by the drunkard's wisdom;
How justice and truth
Had been murdered by the iniquity
Of Greed which in many realms
Rules as sovereign lady,
As mistress, as queen--
And Greed spawns hatred,
Et largesse donne et rent gloire,  
Vraiment, c'est parole voire,  
Qu'on le scet et voit clerement  
Par vray et juste experimenter—
Comment nuls ne fait son devoir,  
Comment chascuns quiert decevoir  
Son proisme; car je ne voy pere,  
Fil, ne fille, ne suer, ne frere,  
Mere, marrastre, ne cousine,  
Tante, oncle, voisine, ne voisine,  
Mari, mouillier, amy, n'amie  
Que li uns l'autre ne cunchie;  
Et s'un en y a qui s'en garde,  
Chascuns de travers le regarde  
Et dist on qu'il est ypocrates,  
Et fust sains Jehans li Ermites;  
Come li signeur leur subges pillent,  
Roubent, raembent, et essilent,  
Et mettent a destruction  
Sans pitié ne compation,  
Si que grans meschiés (ce me samble)  
Est de vice et pooir ensamble.  
Et on le voit assez de fait,  
Ne riens tant cuer felon ne fait  
Com grant pooir qui mal en use.  
Or voy que chascuns en abuse,  
Car je ne voy homme puissant  
Qui n'aït puis .x., puis .xx., puis .c.  
Tours, manieres, engiens, ou ars  
Pour pillier hardis et couars.  
Car couvoitise les atrape,  
Si que nuls de leurs mains n'eschape,  
S'il n'est dont tels qu'il n'aït que perdre.  
A tels ne s'ont cure d'aërdre:  
Car qui riens n'a, riens ne li chiet;  
De tels gens riens ne leur eschiet.  
Mais couvoiteus ont tel defaut  
Que quant plus ont, plus leur deffaut,  
Et quant plus sont puissamment riche,  
Tant sont li plus aver et chiché;  
Qu'avarie ardant qui d'euls vist,  
Com plus vivent, plus rajonnist.  
Et de ce la vient la tempeste  
Qui destruit le monde et tempeste,  
Les merveilles et les fortunes  
Qui au jour d'uï sont si communes  
Qu'on n'oït de nulle part nouvelle  

While generosity gives, bestows glory.
Truly that's an irrefutable notion,
Which is proved and clearly seen
Through just and certain experiment—
How no one does his duty,
How everyone seeks to deceive
His neighbor; for I see no father,
Son, no daughter, no sister, no brother,
Mother, relative, or cousin
Aunt, uncle, or neighbor,
Husband, wife, lover or beloved
Such that the one doesn't deceive the other;
And if anyone keeps to himself,
Everyone looks askance at him,
And it's said that he's a hypocrite,
Even if he is St. John the Hermit;
How the lords pillage their subjects,
Rob, despoil, and exile them,
Murdering all
Without pity or compassion,
So that it's a great misfortune (so it seems to me)
For vice and power to be united.
And one indeed often witnesses
That nothing makes a heart so criminal
As great power in whoever uses it for evil.
Now I see that everyone abuses it,
Because I see no powerful man
Who hasn't ten, now twenty, now a hundred
Towers, armies, engines, or bows
To despoil brave men and cowards.
For avarice draws them on
So that no one escapes their grasp
Unless he's someone who has nothing to lose.
They have no desire to rob such a man,
For whoever has nothing, nothing bothers him.
Such men are never troubled,
But the greedy have a failing, which is that
The more they have, the more they lack,
And when they are more powerfully rich,
They are that much more greedy and miserly;
And burning avarice which feeds on them
Grows younger the longer they live.
And from this comes the tempest
Which destroys the world and rages on,
The strange events and evil luck
Which today are so commonplace
That no one hears news from anywhere
Qui soit aggréable ne belle;
Car il a plus grand difference
Dou temps que je vi en m'enfance
A cestui qui trop est divers
Qu'il n'ait des estez aus yvers.
Mai la chose qui plus me grieve
A souffrir, et qui plus m'est grieve
C'est rendre a Dieu po reverence
Et ce qu'en riens n'a ordenance,
Et qu'au jour d'ui chascuns se pere
De ce qu'on claimme vitupere.
Pour ce en moy, plus que dire n'ose,
Estoit merencolie enclose.
Car qui le sceüst a demi
Asses meins en tenist de mi.

Et pour ce que merencolie
Esteint toute pensée lie,
Et aussi que je bien vèdoie
Que mettre conseil n'i povoie,
Et que, s'on sceüst mon muser,
On ne s'en feïst que ruser,
Laissay le merencolier
Et pris ailleurs a colier,
En pensant que s'a Dieu plaisoit
Qui pour le milleur le faisoit.
Sî cheI en autre pensée,
Pour ce que folie esprouvé
Est en tout homme qui se duet
De chose qu'amender ne puët;
Et me pensai que, si li temps
Estoit encore pires .x. temps,
Voire cent fois, voire cent mil,
N'i a il conseil si soutil
Comme de tout laisser ester,
Puis qu'on ne le puët contreser,
Et de faire selonc le sage
Qui dit et demoustre en sa page
Que, quant il a tout conceü,
Tout ymaginé, tout veü,
Esprouvé, serchï, viseté
Le monde, c'est tout vanité,
Et qu'il n'i a autre salaire
Fors d'estre liez et de bien faire.
Et tout einsi com je cuidoie
Laisser le penser ou j'estoie,
Il me sourvïnt une pensée

99. FG m'est grieve--100. FG me grieve--105. FG c'en
112. FG poöie
Which might be agreeable or pleasant;
For there's a very great difference
Between the weather I witnessed in my youth
And that which now is more different
Than winter from summer.
But what grieves me more
To suffer, and what is sadder to me,
Is that God's accorded little reverence;
There's no order to anything,
And today everyone ruins himself
With what's called vituperation.
Therefore, more than I dare say,
Melancholy was in my heart.
And whoever knew the half of it
Would think much less of me.

And because melancholy
Had extinguished every happy thought,
And also because I saw well
That I could do nothing about the situation,
And because, if anyone knew my mind,
He'd only have made fun of it,
I let my melancholy go
And sought otherwise to concern myself,
Thinking that he would please God
Who would make the best of things.
Thus I fell into another thought,
Because it is proven folly
For any man to be saddened
By something he cannot better;
And I thought that, if the weather
Were ten times worse,
Indeed a hundred times, even a hundred thousand
There'd be no counsel wiser
Than to let all this be
Because it cannot be resisted,
And instead to act like the wise man
Who says and demonstrates in his writing
That, when he had conceived everything,
Imagined everything, seen everything,
Tested, examined, observed
The world, that it's all vanity,
And that there's no other course
But to be happy and do good.
And just as I was intending to
Let go the reverie I was in,
A thought came to me,
Plus diverse, plus effrêée,
Plus enuieuse la moitie
Et de plus grant merencolie.

Ce fu des orribles merveilles,
Seur toutes autres despareilles,
Dont homme puet avoir memoire
Car je ne truis pas en histoire
Lisant nulles si mervelleuses,
Si dures, ne si perilleuses
De .iii. pars, non de .x. temps,
Comme elles ont esté de mon temps.

Car ce fu chose assez commune
Qu'on vit le soleil et la lune,
Les estoiles, le ciel, la terre,
En signefiance de guerre,
De doleurs, et de pestilences,
Faire signes et demoustrances.
Car chacuns pot vœoir a l'ueil
De lune esclipce et de soleil,
Plus grant et plus obscur assez
Qu'esté n'avoit mains ans passez,
Et perdre en signe de doleur
Longuement clarté et couleur.
Aussi fu l'estoile coumée,
En samblance de feu couée,
Qui de feu et d'occision
Faisoit prenostication.
Li ciel, qui de leur haut vœoient
Les meschiés qu'a venir estoient
Au monde, en pluseurs lieus plourerent
De pitié sanc et degouterent,
Si que de leur mervilleus plour
La terre trambla de paour
(Ce dient pluseurs qui ce virent)
Dont villes et citez fondirent
En Alemoingne, en Quarenteinne,
Assez plus d'une quaranteinne,
Dont je n'en say mie la somme.
Mais on le scet moult bien a Romme,
Car il y a une abeýe
De Saint Pol qui en fu perie.

Mais li sires qui tout a fait
Par experience de fait,
Com sires souvereins et dignes
Seur tous, de ces mervilieus signes
One much more bizarre, more frightening, More troubling by half, And filled with much greater melancholy.

This was of horrible, uncanny things, Unlike all others That a man might remember, For in reading history I have not Discovered any other happenings so strange, So hard to bear, nor so dangerous By a fourth or even a tenth part, As these of my own time have been. Since it's been a rather common thing For the sun and the moon, the stars, The sky, and earth to be seen Displaying the signs of war, Misery, and pestilence, To be offering tokens and manifestations. Indeed everyone could see with his own eyes The eclipse of the moon and sun, Greater and much darker Than there had been for many years past, And as a sign of misery these two lost For a long time their color and light. Furthermore that star had tresses Like fire with a tail, The one which predicted Murder and conflagration. The heavens, which from their heights bore witness to The evil fortune to come Into the world, cried tears in many places, Poured out drops of blood from pity, And because of their strange rain The earth trembled with fear (So said many who saw this), And as a result villages and cities were destroyed In Germany and Carinthia— So many more than forty That I cannot tell the number. But the event is well known at Rome, For an abbey there Of St. Paul's was destroyed by it.

But the Lord who made everything Through his direct intervention, Like a sovereign gracious lord Over all things, showed us the meaning
Nous moustra la signification,
Et nous en mist hors de doubtance
Si a point et si proprement
Que chacuns le vit clereinent.
Car les batailles et les guerres
Furent si grans par toutes terres
Qu'on ne savoit en tout le monde,
Tant comme il tient a la rôonde,
Païs, regne, ne region,
Qu'il n'i heüst discention;
Dont .v. mil hommes et femmes
Perdirent les corps et les ames,
Se cils qui a tous biens s'acorde
Ne les prent a misericorde;
Et maint païs destruit en furent,
Dont encor les traces en durent;
Et des prises et des outrages
Et des occisions sauvages
De barons et de chevaliers,
De clers, de bourgois, d'escuiers,
Et de la povre gent menue
Qui morte y fu et confondue,
De rois, de duz, de bers, de contes
Seroit lons a faire li contes.
Car tant en y ot de perdus
Qu'on en estoit tous esperdus,
L'un par feu, l'autre par bataille.
Après ce, vint une merdaille
Fausse, traître et renóie:
Ce fu Judée la honnie,
La mauvaise, la desloyal,
Qui het bien et aîmme tout mal,
Qui tant donna d'or et d'argent
Et promist a crestienne gent,
Que puis, rivières, et fonteines
Qui estoient cleres et seînes
En plusieurs lieus empoissonnerent,
Dont plusieur leurs vies finerent;
Car trestuit cîl qui en usoient
Asses soudeinennement mouroient
Dont, certes, par .x. fois cent mille
En morurent, qu'a champ, qu'a ville,
Einsois que fust aperceûe
Ceste mortel descouvenue.

Mais cils qui haut siet et long voit,
Qui tout gouverne et tout pourvoit,

208. Other mss dire—209. AM desperdus—216. Other mss bien het
Of these marvelous tokens,
And brought us beyond the point of doubt
So directly and so properly
That everyone saw it clearly.
For battles and wars
Were so great throughout every land
That no one knew in all the world,
As much as it encompasses,
A country, kingdom, or region
Where there was no dissension;
From this five hundred thousand men and women
Would have lost their bodies and their souls,
If He who is in harmony with all good
Did not take pity upon them;
And many countries were destroyed by this,
And the results endure still;
The story would be long to tell
About captures and outrages
And savage killings
Of noblemen and knights,
Of clerks, of townspeople, of squires,
And of the poor people of little note
Who died as a result or were destroyed,
Of the kings, the dukes, the lords, the counts.
For so many of them thus were lost
That everyone was completely confounded by it,
Some by fire, others in war.
After this, a group of scoundrels appeared
Who were false, traitorous, and heretical:
This was shameful Judea,
The evil, the disloyal,
Who hate good and love all evil doing,
Who gave and promised much
Gold and silver to the Christian people,
And then, in many places,
They poisoned the wells, streams, and fountains
Which had been clear and healthy,
And thus many lost their lives;
For all of those who used them
Very suddenly died.
As a result, it's certain, ten times a hundred thousand
Died in the country and in town
Before this mortal affliction
Was taken notice of.

But He who sits on high and sees far,
Who governs all and provides all things,
Ceste traiçon plus celer
Ne volt, eins la fist reveler
Et si generaumt savoir
Qu'il perdirent corps et avoir.
Car tuit Juif furent destruit,
Li uns pendus, li autres cuit,
L'autre noié, l'autre ot copée
La teste de hache ou d'espée.
Et meint crestiën ensement
En morurent honteusement.

En ce temps vint une maisnie
De par leur dame Ypocrisie
Qui de courgies se batoient
Et adens se crudefioient,
En chantant de la lopinelle
Ne say quelle chanson nouvelle,
Et valoient miex, par leurs dis,
Que sains qui soit en paradis.
Mais l'Eglise les entendi
Qui le batre leur defendi,
Et si condempna leur chanson
Que chantoient li enfançon,
Et tous les escommenia
Dou pooir que Diex donné li a,
Pour itant que leur baterie
Et leur chans estoit herisie.

Et quant Nature vit ce fait
Que son oeuvre einsi se desfaït,
Et que li homme se tuoïent
Et les yauës empoisonnoient
Pour destruire humeinne lignie
Par couvoitise et par envie,
Moult en desplût la belle et gente,
Moult se cours, moult fu dolente.
Lors s'en ala sans atargier
A Jupiter et fist forgier
Foudres, tonnoirres, et tempestes
Par jours ouvrables et par festes.
Car ceste ouevre tant li tardoit
Que jour ne feste n'i gardoit.

Après Nature commanda
Aus .iii. vens qu'elle manda
Que chascuns fust aparillies
Pour tost courir, et abillies,
Did not wish that this treason
Be hidden any longer; instead He revealed it
And made it known so widely
That they lost their lives and possessions.
For all the Jews were destroyed—
Some hung, others burned alive,
One drowned, another beheaded
By the axe's blade or sword.
And many Christians in turn
Died shamefully as a result.

At this time a company arose
At the urging of Hypocrisy, their lady,
Who beat themselves with whips
And crucified themselves flat on the ground,
While singing to an instrument
Some new song or other,
And according to them, they were worth more
Than any saint in Paradise.
But the Church attended to them,
Forbidding them to beat themselves,
And likewise condemned their song,
Which little children were singing,
And excommunicated all of them
By the power God had granted it,
Because their self-abuse
And their song were heresy.

And when Nature saw what was happening,
Namely that her work was destroying itself in this way
And that men were killing each other
And had poisoned the waters
In order to destroy the human race
Through greed and envy,
That beautiful and noble creature was much displeased,
Quite vexed, greatly sorrowed.
So she went without delay
To Jupiter, and had forged
Lightning, thunder, and storms
On working days and feasts,
For she began this task so late
That she didn't reckon either weekday or holiday in this.

Afterward Nature ordered
The four winds over which she had command,
That each should make ready
And prepare to race off,
Et qu'il issent de leurs cavernes
Et facent leurs mervilleux cernes,
Si qu'il n'i ait resne tenue,
En ciel, en terre, er mer, n'en nue,
Qu'il ne soient a l'ir contraire
Et facent pis qu'il porront faire.
Car quant ses ouevr's voit derompre,
Elle vuët aussi l'air corrumpre.
Et quant li vent orent congïé,
Et Jupiter ot tout forgié,
Foudres, tempestes, et espars,
Qui lors veïst de toutes pars
Espanter mervilleusement
Et tonner tres horriblement,
Vanter, gresler, et fort plouvoir,
Les nues, la mer esmouvoir,
Bois tambler, rivieres courir,
Et, pour doublance de morir,
Tout ce qui a vie seur terre
Recept pour li garentir querre,
C'estoit chose trop mervilleuse,
Trop doubtable et trop perilleuse!
Car les pierres dou ciel chëoient
Pour tuer quanqu'elles ataingnoient,
Les hommes, les bestes, les fames;
Et en pluseurs lieus a grans flames
Cheïrent li tempës et la foudre
Qui mainte ville mist en poudre;
N'au monde n'avoit si hardi
Qui n'eûst cuer acouardi;
Car il sambloit que decliner
Vosist li mondes et finer.

Mais nuls endurer ne peûst,
S'auques durer cïls temps deûst.
Si que ces tempestes cesserent,
Mais tels bruïnes engendrerent,
Tels ordures et tels fumées
Qui ne furent gaires amëes;
Car l'air qui estoit nès et purs
Fu ors et vïls, noirs et obscurs,
Lais et puans, troubles et pus,
Si qu'il devint tous corrompus;
Si que da sa corruption
Eurent les gens opinion
Que corrumpu en devenoïent
Et que leur couleur en perdoïent.

279. All mss Qui--301. Other mss cheï
And that they should issue from their caverns
And make their raging whirlwinds,
So that there would be no king's realm
In heaven, on earth, on the sea, in the clouds
Where these would not struggle against the air
And do the worst that they could do.
For when she saw her works destroyed,
She wished the air corrupted as well.
And when the winds had taken their leave,
And Jupiter had forged everything,
Lightning, storms, and turbulence,
Who then watched them
Marvelously disperse in all directions
And thunder quite horribly,
Blow, hail, and rain in torrents,
Rouse up the clouds, the sea,
Shake the woods, make the rivers run fast,
And force everything
That lives on the earth to seek shelter
In fear of death so as to save itself,
That was an event too horrible,
Too fearful, and too filled with peril!
For stones fell from the sky
Killing whatever they touched,
Men, beasts, women;
And in many places lightning and storm
Fell down with great flames
Which turned many villages into dust;
Nor was there anyone in the world so brave
Who didn't then have a coward's heart;
For it appeared that the world
Intended to fall into ruin, and end.

But no one could have endured
If this weather had lasted long,
And so these storms came to an end,
But they gave rise to such haze,
Such filth, and such vapors
Which were hardly loved;
For the air which had been clear and pure
Was now vile, black, and hazy,
Horrible and fetid, putrefied and infected,
And so it became completely corrupted,
And concerning this corruption
Men held the opinion
That they in turn had become corrupted by it
And that they had thus lost their health;
Car tuit estoient mal traité,
Descoulouré et deshaitié:
Boces avoient et grans clos
Dont on moroit, et a briés mos,
Po osoient a l'air aler,
Ne de près ensamble parler.
Car leurs corrumpues alainnes
Corrompoient les autres sainnes.
Et s'auncuns malades estoit,
S'uns siens amis le visetoit,
Il estoit en pareil peril;
Dont il en morut .vf mil;
Si que li fils failloit au pere,
La fille failloit a la mere,
La mere au fil et a la fille
Pour doubtance de la morille;
N'il n'estoit nuls si vrais amis,
Qui ne fust adont arrier mis
Et qui n'eüst petit d'aie,
S'il fust cheüs en maladie.
Ne fusicien n'estoit, ne mire
Qui bien sceüst la cause dire
Dont ce venoit, ne que c'estoit
(Ne nuls remede n'i metoit)
Fors tant que c'estoit maladie
Qu'on appelloit epydimie.

Quant Dieus vit de sa mansion
Dou monde la corruption
Qui tout partout estoit si grans,
N'est merveilles s'il fu engrans
De penre crueuse vengence
De ceste grant desordenance;
Si que tantost, sans plus attendre,
Pour justice et vengence prendre,
Fist la mort issir de sa cage,
Pleinne de forsen et de rage,
Sans frein, sans bride, sans loien,
Sans foy, sans amour, sans moien,
Si trés fiere et si orguilleuse,
Si gloute et si familleuse
Que ne se poot sâouler
Pour riens que pëust engouler.
Et par tout le monde couroit,
Tout tuoit and tout acouroit,
Quanqu'il li venoit a l'encontre,
N'on ne poot resister contre.
For everyone was badly affected,
Discolored and rendered ill;
They had buboes and large swellings
From which they died, and, to be brief,
Few dared to venture in the open air,
Or to speak together closely.
For their infected breath
Corrupted others who were healthy,
And if anyone was ill,
And one of his friends did visit him,
He fell into the same peril;
Five hundred thousand died as a result,
So that father lacked son,
Mother lacked daughter,
Son and daughter lacked mother
Because of fear for the Plague;
And no one was so true a friend
That he was not thereupon neglected
And received little help
If he fell ill with the disease.
Nor was there a physician or any healer
Who knew enough to name the cause
Of its coming, nor what it was,
(Nor applied any remedy to it)
Except that this was a disease
Which was called the Plague.

When God from his house saw
The corruption in the world
Which was everywhere so great,
It's no wonder that he was eager
To revenge himself cruelly
For this great disorder;
And so at once, without waiting longer,
In order to exact justice and vengeance,
He made death come forth from his cage,
Full of rage and anger,
Without check, without bridle, without rein,
Without faith, without love, without measure,
So very proud and arrogant,
So gluttonous and so famished
That he could not be satisfied
By anything that he could consume.
And he raced across the world;
He killed and destroyed one and all,
Whomever he came across,
Nor could he be withstood.
Et briefly tant en accoura,
Tant en occist et devoura,
Que tous les jours a grans monciaus
Trouvoit on dames, jouvenciaus,
Juenes, viels, et de toutes guises
Gisans mors parmi les eglises;
Et les gettoit on en grans fosses
Tous ensembale, et tous mors de boces,
Car on trouvoit les cimateres
Si pleinnes de corps et de bieres
Qu'il couvint faire des nouvelles.
C'i a mervelleuses nouvelles.
Et si ot meinte bonne ville
Qu'on n'i vêoit, ne fil, ne fille,
Femme, n'homme venir n'aler,
N' on n'i trouvoit a qui parler,
Pour ce qu'il estoient tuit mort
De celles mervelleuse mort.
Et ne gisoient que .iii. jours
Ou meins; c' estoit petis sejours.
Et maint en y ot vraiment
Qui mouroient soudeinnement;
Car ceuls meîsmses qui les portoient
Au moustier, pas ne revenoient
(Souvent la vit on avenir),
Eins les couvenoit la morir(xxvR)
Et qui se vorroit entremettre
De savoir ou d'en escript mettre
Le nombre de ceuls qui moururent,
Tous ceuls qui sunt et ceuls qui furent
Et tous ceuls qui sont a venir
Jamais n'i porroient venir,
Tant s'en sceüssent encombrer;
Car nuls ne les porroit nombrer,
Ymaginer, penser, ne dire,
Figurer, moustrer, ne escrire.
Car plusieurs fois certeinnement
Oy dire et communement
Que, mil .ccc. .xlix. ,
De cent n'en demoroit que neuf,
Dont on vit par deffaut de gent
Que maint bel heritage et gent
Demouroient a labourer.
Nuls ne faisoit les chans arer,
Les blez soier, ne vingnes faire.
Qui en donnast triple salaire,
Non, certes, pour .i. denier vint

380. Other mss except AB filz--386. A secours--391. Other mss
And in short he killed so many,  
Struck down and devoured such a multitude  
That every day could be found  
Great heaps of women, youths,  
Boys, old people, those of all stations,  
Lying dead throughout the churches;  
And these were thrown all together  
In great trenches, all of them dead from the buboes,  
For one found the cemeteries  
So full of bodies and biers  
That it was necessary to make new ones.  
These were strange new tidings.  
And so there was many a fine town  
Where no boy, no girl, no man or woman  
Was seen to come and go,  
Nor was anyone to be found there to talk to,  
For they were all dead  
From this devastating attack.  
And they did not languish more than three days,  
Sometimes less; it was a short time.  
And there were certainly many who  
Died of it suddenly;  
For those same men who carried them  
To the church did not return;  
(One often witnessed this there)  
Instead they were to die right on the spot,  
And whoever wished himself to undertake  
To learn or to put down in writing  
The number of those who died,  
Those who are still here and those who were,  
And all those who are to come,  
Never would they be able to arrive at a figure.  
A great many they'd amount to;  
For no one could number them,  
Imagine, conceive, nor tell,  
Compute, make known, or record them.  
For to be sure many times  
I've heard it said, and openly,  
That in thirteen hundred and forty nine,  
From one hundred only nine remained.  
And so one saw because of a lack of people  
That many a fine, noble estate  
Lay unworked.  
No one had his fields plowed,  
His grain sowed, or the vines tended,  
Who would have given triple wages,  
No, surely, not for twenty to one,
Tant estoient mort; et s'avint
Que par les champs les bestes mues
Gisoient toutes esperdues,
Es blez et es vingnes paissioient,
Tout partout ou elles voloient,
N'avoient signeur, ne pastour,
Ne home qui leur alast entour,
N'estoit nuls qui les reclamast,
Ne qui pour siennes les clamast.
Heritages y ot plusieurs
Qui demouroient sans signeurs;
Ne li vif n'osoient manoir
Nullement dedens le manoir
Ou li mort avoient esté,
Fust en yyer, fust en esté;
Et s'aucuns fust qui le feist,
En peril de mort se méist.
Et quant je vi ces aventures
Si diverses et si obscures,
Je ne fui mie si hardis
Que moult ne fusse acouardis.
Car tuit li plus hardi trambloient
De pâour de mort qu'il avoient.
Si que trés bien me confessai
De tous les pechiez que fais ay
Et me mis en estat de grace
Pour recevoir mort en la place,
S'il pleüst a Nostre Signeur.
Si qu'en doubtance et en cremeur
Dedens ma maison m'enfermay
Et en ma pensée fermay
Fermement que n'en partiroie
Jusques a tant que je saroie
A quel fin ce porroit venir;
Si lairoie Dieu couvenir.
Si que lonc temps, se Dieus me voie,
Fui ainsi que petit savole
De ce qu'on faisoit en la ville,
Et s'en morut plus de .xx. mille,
Cependant que je ne sceus mie,
Dont j'eus meins de merencolie;
Car riens n'en voloie savoir,
Pour meins de pensées avoir,
Comment qu'asses de mes amis
Fussent mors et en terre mis.

Si qu'ainsi fui lonc temps en mue,

420. Other mss N'homme
So many had died; and so it happened
That the cattle roamed
Through the fields completely abandoned,
Grazing in the corn and among the grapes,
Anywhere at all that they wished,
Nor did they have a master, a cowherd,
Or any man to go among them;
Nor was there anyone to call them back,
None to claim them as his own.
There were many estates
Which remained without owners;
Nor did the living dare to remain
At all inside the houses
Where the dead had been,
Either in winter or in summer;
And if there was anyone who did this,
He put himself in peril of death.
And when I saw these events
So strange and so ominous,
I was not at all so brave
That I did not become very cowardly.
For all the bravest trembled
With the fear of death that came over them,
And so I confessed myself very thoroughly
Of all the sins I had committed,
And put myself into a state of grace
In order to accept death at that moment,
If it should please our Lord.
Therefore in doubt and fear
I closed myself up inside the house
And determined in my mind
Resolutely that I'd not leave it
Until that moment when I would know
What conclusion this might come to;
And I would leave it for God to decide.
And so for a long time, may God help me,
I remained there, knowing little
Of what was being done in the city,
And more than twenty thousand died,
Though I knew nothing of this,
And so I felt less melancholy;
For I did not wish to know anything
In order to have fewer worries,
Though many of my friends
Had died and had been put into the ground.

And so for a long time I remained there in hiding,
Si comme un esprevier qu'on mue,
Et tant qu'une fois entroy
(Dont moult forment me resjoy)
Cornemuses, trompes, naquaires,
Et d'instrumens plus de .vii. paires,
Lors me mis a une fenestre
Et enquis que ce poot estre;
Si que tantost me respondi
Uns miens amis qui m'entendi
Que ceuls qui demouré estoient
Einsi com tuit se maroiento
Et faisoient festes et noces;
Car la mortalité des boces
Qu'on appelloit epydemie
Estoit de tous pois estanchie;
Et que les gens plus ne moroient.
Et quant je vi qu'il festioient
A bonne chiere et liement
Et tout aussi joliment
Com s'il n'eüssent rien perdu,
Je n'os mie cuer esperdu,
Eins repris tantost ma manière
Et ouvri mes yeus et ma chiere
Devers l'air qui si dous estoit
Et si clers qu'il m'amonestoitoit
Que lors ississe de prison
Ou j'avoie esté la saison.
Lors fuí hors d'esmay et d'effroy,
Se montai seur mon palefroy
Grisart qui portoit l'ambleëtre
Moult souëf et de sa nature
S'alay aus champs isnellement
Chevauchier par esbatement,
Pour moy jouer et soulacier
Et la douceur a moy lacier
Qui vient de pais et de deduit,
Ou cuers volentiers se deduit
Qui n'a cure de cusenson
Qui touche a noise, n'a tenson,
Mais bien vorroit cusensonner
Ad ce qui puet honneur donner.
En celle cusenson estoie
Pour honneur a quoi je tendoie.
Cusençon avoie et desir
Que je peüsse, a mon loisir,
Aucuns lievres a point sousprender,
Par quoy je les peüsse prendre.

485. Other MSS hors--489. A portoie
Just like a hawk in moult,
Until finally one time I heard
(And for this I greatly rejoiced)
Horns, trumpets, drums,
And more than seven pairs of instruments.
Then I placed myself at a window
And inquired what this might be;
And at once one of my friends
Who heard me answered
That those who remained were acting
Just as if all were marrying
And having feasts and wedding celebrations,
For the deadly plague of the buboes
Which was called epidemic
Had completely ceased;
And that people were no longer dying.
And when I saw they were celebrating
Joyfully and with happy cheer,
And all just as merrily
As if they had lost nothing,
I no longer had a troubled heart,
But resumed at once my composure,
And my eyes and face brightened
In the air which was so sweet
And so clear that it encouraged me
Then to leave the prison
Where I had passed the season.
At that moment I was beyond grief and worry,
And I mounted on my palfrey Grisart, who moved at a pace
Which was quite calm because of his nature.
And I went quickly through the fields
Riding for pleasure,
In order to entertain and solace myself
And to claim for my own the sweetness
That came from the country and from that enjoyment
In which the heart willingly delights
Which has no concern for the pain
That is a part of trouble or strife,
But would rather seek out
Whatever might bestow honor.
I was very excited about
The honorable thing I was bent on.
I had the desire and the urge
(If I could manage it, in my good time)
To surprise some hares just right
So that I could hunt them down.
Or porroit aucuns enquester
Se c'est honneur de levreter.
A ce point ci responderoi

Que c'est honneur, solas, et joie;
C'est uns fais que noblesse prise,
Qui est de gracieuse emprise,
Et tres honneste a commencier,
Dont il s'en fait bel avencier;
S'est en faisant plaisans a faire,
Et li honneurs gist ou parfaire.
Dont en celle perfection
Avoie si m'entencion
Qu'a autre chose ne pensoie.
Et li bon levrier que j'avoie
Renforçoient si mon solas
Que je n'en peusse estre las
Quant le les os mis en conroy,
Et je les vi de tel arroy
De courir a point sus les chans,
Et puis des oisillons les chans
Qui estoient melodieus,
Et li airs dou temps gracieus
Qui tout le corps m'adoucissoit.
On puet bien croire qu'einsi soit
Que, se plusieurs gens chevauchassent,
A fin que point ne m'araisnassent,
Et aucuns bien en congneusse,
Que ja ne m'en aperceuisses,
Tant y avoie mis ma cure.
Se m'en avint une aventure
Qui me fu un petit doubeuse,
Mais brefment me fu gracieuse,
Si comme tantost le diray
C'i après; point n'en mentiray.

Tandis que la mesbanioie
Qui en moy oublie avoie
Toutes autres merencolies,
Tant les dolentes, com les lies,
Une dame de grant noblesse,
Bien acesmeé de richesse,
Venoit a belle compaignie.
Mais je ne les vëoie mie,
Car dou chemin estoie arriere,
Et, d'autre part, pour la maniere
De ce que j' estoie entendus
Et tous mes engins estendus

524. Other MSS bel--542. A Que; other MSS Qui
Now a person might ask
If hare-hunting is an honorable business;
To this question I would respond
That it is an honor, diversion, and joy;
It's an activity that the noble choose,
Something of gracious enterprise,
And quite advantageous to undertake
For it improves one nicely;
So the thing itself is pleasant enough to do,
And honor comes with its completion.
Now toward that end
I had so directed my attention
That I was thinking of nothing else.
And the good hares that I had come upon
So multiplied my enjoyment
That I could not have felt tired
After I flushed them out
And saw them in a group
Running just so across the fields,
And also the songs of the birds
Which were lovely to hear,
And the air of the temperate weather
Which soothed all my body.
A person might well believe that if perhaps
Some people rode up
Until they could speak to me,
Though I might somehow gain thereby,
I would not notice them,
So much had I given this my attention.
And then an adventure came my way
That frightened me somewhat,
But in the end was pleasant enough,
Just as I will now relate
Hereafter; I'll not lie about it at all.

While I was disporting myself there,
I who had forgotten all
Those former melancholic thoughts,
As much the sorrowful as the ones I found pleasant,
A lady of great nobility,
Nicely decked out with rich clothes,
Appeared with a beautiful company.
But I didn't see them at all,
For I was back from the road,
And, moreover, because of the way
I was attending to
And had concentrated all my attention
A ma queste tout seulement.

Mais la dame premierement

Me vit eins que nuls me veïst,
Ne que nuls samblant en feïst,
C'est assavoir d'ycelle gent
Qui conduisoiennent son corps gent.
Lors .i. escuier appella
Et li dist: "Vois tu celui la
Qui bel se deduit et deporte?
Va a lui, et si me raporte
Qui il est, et revien en l'eure
Sans la faire point de demeure."
Li escuiers n'en failli pas,
Eins vint a moy plus que le pas
Et hautement me salua.
Mes propos de riens n'en mua.
Si li dis: "Bien veïgnies, biau sire."
S'il s'en retourna, sans plus dire,
Au plus tost qu'il pot a la dame:
"Dame," dist cils, "foi que doi m'ame,
C'est la Guillaume de Machaut.
Et sachiez bien qu'il ne li chaut
De riens fors que de ce qu'il chace,
Tant est entendus a sa chace.
Bien croy qu'il n'entent a nelui
Fors qu'a ses levriers et a lui."
Quant la dame ces mos oy,
Samblant fist de c beer esjoý,
Nom pas samblant tant seulement,
Mais de fait enterinement,
De cuer joiant, a chiere lie,
Comme dame gaie et jolie.
Nom pourquant moy, ce ne di je point;
Eins y avoit .i. autre point,
Pour aucune cause certeînne
Dont sa volenté estoit pleinne.
Si le me voloït prononcier
Pour li deduire et soulacier
Et moy mettre en merencolie.
A ce point ne failli je mie,
Car je fui de li galîes,
Ramposnes, et contralîez,
Aussi com se j'eûsse fait
Encontre li un grant meffait.

Quant li escuiers ot compté
De moy toute sa volenté,
On my hunting alone,
But the lady saw me
First, before anyone else spied me,
Or before anyone made a sign of doing so,
This is to mean of that company
Which was conducting her noble person.
Then she summoned a squire
And said to him: "Do you see that man there
Who is nicely disporting and enjoying himself?
Go to him, and then report to me
Who he is, and return quickly
Without making any delay at all."
The squire did not fail at this,
But came to me in some haste
And loudly said hello.
My good sense did not desert me,
And I said to him: "You are welcome, fair sir."
He returned, without saying any more,
As fast as he could to the lady:
"Lady," he said, "by the faith I owe my soul,
That's Guillaume de Machaut there.
And know well that nothing concerns him
Except what he's pursuing,
He's so much involved with his hunting.
I believe firmly that he's concerned with no one
Except his hares and himself."
When the lady heard these words,
She seemed to rejoice at heart,
And this was no appearance alone,
But the absolute reality,
For her heart was joyful, her manner happy,
She was like a woman gay and merry.
Not for my sake, this I don't say at all;
But rather it was for another reason,
For the sake of a particular matter
She was quite excited about,
And she wished to bring it to my attention
In order to delight and entertain herself
And sink me into melancholy.
I did not fail to do so,
For I was mocked by her,
Reproached and contradicted,
Just as if I had sinned
Quite grievously against her.

When the squire had related
All he wished about me,
La dame dist tout hautement:
"Or vëons .i. petit, comment
Guillaumes est faitis et cointes.
Il m'est avis qu'il soit acointes
De trestoute jolieté
Apartenant a honneste.
De nuit, en estudiant, veille,
Et puis de jours son corps travaille
En travail ou li bons s'atire
Qui a honneur travaille et tire.
Einsi va son corps deduisant
Toutes heures en bien faisant.
Si fais estas donne couleur
De maintenir homme en valeur.
Mais je li osteraï brieflyment
Grant part de son esbatement;
Car je li donrai a ruser,
Pour li bonne piece muser.
Lonc temps a que je le desir:
S'en acomplirai mon desir.

Or t'en reva a li tantost,
Car je me merveil qui li tost
A ci venir. Si li diras
Par plus briés mos que tu porras
Qu'il veingne ci apertement.
Et se li di hardiement
Que ce soit sans querir essoingnes,
Non contrestant toutes besongnes,
Et que c'est a mon mandement."
"Dame, a vostre commandement,"
Dist li escuiers, "sans nul 'si,'
Je li vois dire tout einsi
Com vous dites, ou au plus près
Que je porrai; j'en sui tous près."
Lors li escuiers chevauchaa
Devers moy, tant qu'il m'aprocha.
Et quant il me vint aprochant,
Il m'appella en chevauchant,
En galopant d'uns pas menus,
Tant qu'il fu près de moy venus.
Et si tost com j'oy sa vois,
Erraument devers lui m'en vois,
Car de lonc temps le congoissoie.
Et il, en signe de grant joie,
Me salua de Dieu le pere
Et de sa douce chiere mere;

606. Other MSS except D jour
The lady said in a loud voice:
"Now let's see just how
Agreeable and wise Guillaume is.
To all appearances he's knowledgeable
About those sorts of merriment
Which accord with morality.
By night, studying, he stays awake,
And then by day, he occupies himself
With the labor the good man seeks out,
He who aims at and strives after honor,
And so he goes about amusing himself
At all times with doing what's proper.
Such activities do give a man the well-being
To maintain himself in worthiness.
But shortly I will take away from him
The greater part of his enjoyment
Because I'll have some fun with him
That will keep him wondering a good while.
I've been eager to do so a long time now:
And thus in this way I'll fulfill my desire.

Now go back to him as fast as possible,
For I am quite anxious for him
To be drawn over here. So tell him
In as few words as you can
To come here directly
And be firm with him that
This should be without his looking for excuses,
In spite of any business,
And that it's at my order."
"Lady, at your command,"
Said the squire; "Without any 'but'
I will go tell him just what
You've said, or as close to it as
I can; I'm quite willing to do so."
Then the squire rode off
In my direction, until he neared me,
And when he did approach,
He called out to me as he rode,
Galloping at a quick pace,
Until he came fairly close,
And as soon as I heard his voice,
I went toward him quickly,
For I had known him a long time.
And he, in token of his great joy,
Saluted me by God the father
And by his sweet dear mother;
Et je li respondi briefment
En saluant courtoisement.
Puis li demanday quels nouvelles
Pour moy seront bonnes et belles,
Se ma dame est preus et haitie,
En pais, sans estre courrecie.
"Guillaume, de riens n'en doubtez;
Car ma dame est de tous costez
En pais, preus, et haitie, et seinne;
Et que ce soit chose certeinne,
Assez tost savoir le porrez,
Selonc ce que dire m'orrez.
Il est bien voirs qu'elle vous mande,
Nom pas qu'elle le vous commande,
Mais d'un mandement par tel guise
Qu'il vaut auques près commande;
Non prier et non commander,
Einsi li plaist il a mander,
Entre le vert et le meûr.
Mais tenez ceci pour seûr,
Que c'est bien de s'entencion
Que, sans point d'excusation,
Venrez a li moult liement;
Elle le croit fiablement.
Dont, s'il vous plaist, vous y venrez,
Ou vo plaisir responderez."

Après ces mos li respondi:
"Très chiers amis, ytant vous di
Qu'a ma dame, ne quars, ne tiers
Ne sui, mais mes pooirs entiers
Est tous siens, sans riens retenir.
Se ne me porroie tenir
D'aler a li, ne ne vorroie,
Pour tant que de vray sentiroie
Que ma dame le penseroit;
Dont, quant elle me manderoit,
Ce seroit bien folie a croire
Que point en vosisse recroire.
Mais un po vous vueil demander,
Afin qu'il ni'i ait qu'amender,
Combien ma dame est loin de ci?
"Guillaume, je respon einsi,
Qu'il ni'i a pas bien trois journées.
Bel soient elles adjournées!"
Dis je: "Or alons sans sejour,
Si chevauchons et nuit et jour

660. ABDE Qui—664. Other MSS ce point—667. A verrez
And I responded at once
While saluting him courteously.
Then I inquired what news,
Good and pleasing, there was for me,
If my lady was hale and happy,
At peace, not annoyed in any way.
"Guillaume, don't worry at all,
For my lady is in every way
At peace, hale, happy, and well;
And that this is certain,
You'll be able to find out rather quickly
From what you hear me say:
For it is quite true that she summons you,
Not that she really orders you to go to her,
But rather that she requests this in such a fashion
That it counts the same as an order;
Neither begging not ordering,
Rather it pleases her to request,
Somewhere between the 'green' and the 'ripe.'
But mark this point for certain,
Namely that it is her intention
For you to come to her willingly
Without making any excuses;
She trusts that you'll do so,
And thus, if you please, come on,
Or tell me what you want."

After these words I answered him:
"My very dear friend, this much I'll tell you,
Namely that not a fourth or a third
Of what I am, but my entire being
Is wholly hers, with nothing held back.
And I could not hold myself back
From going to her, nor would wish to,
Or keep from anything I truly feel
That my lady wishes.
And so when she sends for me,
It would surely be madness to believe
That I would ever refuse.
But I do wish to ask you a small point,
Just so there'll be nothing to remedy,
Namely how far is my lady from here?"
"Guillaume, here is my answer,
That it's not really even three days travel.
And may those days dawn brightly!"
I said: "Now let us go on without any rest,
Riding by night and day
Pour les bons ma damme accomplir.
Je ne me puis mieus ræmplir
De joie que son plaisir faire;
Se n'useray point dou contraire."
"Guillaume, j'ay bien entendu
Ce que vous avez respondu.
Je vous vueil un po apaisier
D'autre chose que de baisier.
Resgardez en celle grant pleinne
Un po dela celle versainne:
C'est ma dame a grant chevauchie
Qui pour vous s'est la addressie.
La vous atent, soiez certeins
Or ne soit point vostres cuers teins
De pâour pour trop loing aler;
Car la porrez a li parler."
A ces mos ma chiere dressay,
Et puis mon regart adressay
D'icelle part ou cils disoit.
Et quant je vi qu'einsi gisoit,
Que mes chemins yert acourciez,
Je n'en fui mie courreciez,
Eins en fui liez; s'en pris a rire,
Et puis a celui pris a dire:
"Biaus amis, par merencolie
M'avez tenté de moquerie,
De bourde, et de parole voire,
Quant vous me donnastes a croire
Ma dame long par bel mentir.
Yl me plut moult bien a sentir
Le vray de ce que vous mentistes,
En ce qu'après le voir deïstes,
Que ma dame estoit assez près.
Je m'en vois; or venez après,
Ou vous demourrez, s'il vous plaist."
"Guillaume, bien heure de plait
Est encor; ne vous hastez point.
Vous y vennez assez a point
Se ma dame y puert adrecier.
Se vous savies un po tencier,
Bon seroit et pour certein cas
Ou vous devenez advocas;
Car on vous porra bien sousprendre
Se vous ne vous savez defendre."
De si fai s'mos nous debatients,
Par gieu si nous en esbatiens;
Dont tout en parlant chevauchames

In order to fulfill my lady's good wishes.
I cannot better supply myself
With joy than by doing her pleasure.
And so I'll offer no opposition at all."
"Guillaume, I have listened attentively
To what you've said in response.
And I wish to appease you a little
With something other than a kiss.
Look toward the broad clearing
A bit below that fallow field:
That's my lady with a great troop,
And she's drawn herself up there for your sake.
At that very spot she attends you, this you may be certain.
Now let your heart be troubled not at all
With the fear of travelling too far;
For there you can speak to her."
"Guillaume, I have listened attentively
To what you've said in response.
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And she's drawn herself up there for your sake.
At that very spot she attends you, this you may be certain.
Now let your heart be troubled not at all
With the fear of travelling too far;
Que la gent la dame aprochames.
Lors m'avansai, et quant je vi
Son gentil corps amanevi
D'onneur, de grace, et de science,
En signe de grant reverence
Vos jus de mon cheval descendre;
Mais tantost le me va deffendre.
En disant debonnairement:
"Hola, Guillaume, nullement,
Pour certein, n'i descenderez.
A cheval a moy parlerez."
Quant je l'oý, je m'en souffri,
Et si bel salu li offri,
Comme je poie et savoie,
Et comme faire le devoie,
Einsi comme j'avoie apris
A honnourer gens de tel pris.
Et elle aussi, sans contrefaire,
Sceut moulent bien le seurplus parfaire,
En respondant par amisté,
Gardant honneur et honnesté.
Puis me dist moulont rassieiment:

"Guillaume, mervilleusement
Estes estranges devenus.
Vous ne fussiez pas ça venus,
Se ce ne fust par mes messages,
Je croy que vous estes trop sages
Devenuz, ou trop alentis,
Mausoingneus, et maualentis,
De vos deduis apetisiez,
Ou trop po les dames prisiez.
Quant je fui la dessus montée
En celle plus haute montée
Mon chemin tenoie sus destre,
Et je regardai vers senestre,
Tout de plain vous vi chevauchier,
Vos levriers siffler et huchier.
Tels ouevres faire vous ôoie
Tout aussi bien com je vœoie
Vous et vostre contenement.
Dont je croy bien certeinnement,
Guillaume, que vous nous veites.
Et pour quoy dont, quant vous oîtes
Nos chevaus passer et hennir,
Et se ne daignës venir,
Until we neared the lady's company.
Then I went on ahead, and when I saw
Her noble person replete
With honor, grace, and learning,
As a sign of great reverence
I made to get off my horse;
But at once she started to forbid it,
Saying quite politely:
"Oh no, Guillaume, this won't do.
You must not dismount;
Speak to me from your horse."
And when I heard this, I was embarrassed,
And gave her as fine a greeting
As I could and knew how to,
Just as I should do,
Since I had learned
To honor people of such rank.
And she in turn, without dissembling,
Knew how to accomplish everything else,
Responding in friendship,
Keeping her honor and integrity.
Then she spoke to me quite deliberately:

THE LADY

"Guillaume, you have acted
Too much the stranger.
You would not have come here
Had it not been for my messenger;
I think you've become
Too wise, or too backward,
Inattentive and disagreeable,
Eager for your sport,
Or else you value ladies too little.
When I climbed the ground over there
On that rather steep rise,
I took the path on the right,
And looked toward the left;
Quite plainly I saw you riding,
Whistling up and calling after your hares.
I heard you so engaged,
And likewise I saw
You and your goings-on.
I believe quite surely,
Guillaume, that you must have seen us.
And why then, when you heard
Our horses pass by and whinny,
Did you not deign come forward
Jusqu'a tant que je vous manday
Einsi com je le commanday?
Dont je vous merci tellement
Come je doy, et non autrement."

GUILLAUME

Lors li dis je: "Pour Dieu merci,
Ma dame, ne dites ceci.
Je respon, sauve vostre honneur,
Car foy que doy Nostre Signeur,
Je ne vi riens, ne riens n'ojy,
Tant avoie cuer esjoy
De ma chace a quoy je pensoie,
Pour la fin a quoy je tendoie;
S'estoie einsi comme ravis
Ma dame, je feroie envis
Riens encontre vostre voloir.
Et que me porroient valoir
A faire tels menuz despis?
Bien say que j'en vaurroie pis,
Si m'en devez bien escuser."

LA DAME

"Guillaume, plus n'en vueil ruser.
Puis qu'einsi va, mes cuers vous croit.
Mais d'une autre partie croit
Moult durement une autre chose
Encontre vous qui porte glose.
Se vous donray assez a faire,
Et se vous ferai maint contraire,
Se pour confus ne vous rendez.
Guillaume, oëz et entendez:
Vers le dames estes forfais,
S'en avez enchargié tel fais
Que sustenir ne le porrez,
Ne mettre jus quant vous vorrez."
Avec ces paroles diverses,
En leurs diversetez perverses,
Me moustra elle une maniere
Aspre, crueuse, male, et fiere,
En signe de grant mautalent,
Pour moy faire le cuer dolent
Et mettre ma pensee toute
En effroy, en song, et en doubt.
De ce se mettoit en grant peinne,
Qu'ele se tenoit pour certeinne
Que de tant bien la priseroie

790. A Signour
Until I asked you,  
Just as if I had made it an order?  
So I thank you just as much for this  
As I must and no more."

GUILLAUME

Then I said to her: "For God's sake,  
My lady, don't say such things;  
I'll give you an answer, saving your honor,  
But by the faith I owe Our Lord  
I saw nothing, nor did I hear a thing,  
So much was my heart excited  
By the hunting I was intent on,  
By the goal I wanted to attain;  
And so I was spellbound.  
My lady, I would do reluctantly  
Anything against your will.  
And how would it profit me  
To commit such petty spiteful acts?  
I know well that I'd be the less worthy for it.  
And so you ought well excuse me."

THE LADY

"Guillaume, I don't want to fool with this further.  
Since it's come to this, my heart believes you.  
But on the other hand another matter  
Has mounted up--and seriously--  
To your discredit, one that needs explanation.  
And I will give you much to do and think about,  
Offering much argument against you  
If you don't admit your error.  
Guillaume, listen and pay attention:  
You have sinned against women,  
And thus you've taken on a burden  
That you'll not be able to bear up under,  
Nor put down when you'd like to."  
With these strange words,  
Perverse in their obscurity,  
She showed me a manner  
Bitter, cruel, hurtful, and haughty,  
As a sign of her great anger,  
In order to render my heart sad  
And make fearful, careful, and doubting  
My every thought.  
She took great pains in doing so,  
For she was convinced  
That because I valued her highly
Que son courrous moult doubteroie.
Et si fis je; je le doubtay,
Quant ces paroles scoutay,
Nom pas pour cause de meffait
Qu'endroit de moy heüsse fait,
Mais je doubtay pour mesdisans
Qui sont aucunes fois nuisans
Par fausseté et par envie
Aus bons qui mainnent bonne vie.
Si doubtay si faite aventure;
Mais seûrs fui qu'enforfaiture
N'avoie fait en ma vie onques
Envers nulles dames quelsquonques.
Se li respondi par avis.

GUILLAUME

"Dame, fait avez .i. devis
Ou ma grant deshonneur moustrez,
Mais li procès n'est pas outrez,
Ne mis en fourme justement.
Pour faire certein jugement,
Vous me deûssiez dire en quoy
J'ay forfait, et tout le pourquoy
Amener a conclusion.
Or est en vostre entention
Secretement mis en enclos.
S'il ne m'est autrement descloes,
Je n'en saveroie responde.
Or vueilliez, s'il vous plaist, esponde
Le fait de quoy vous vous dolez;
Et s'einsi faire le volez
Vous ensieurez la droite voie
De droit, ou je ne saveroie
Le fait congnoistre ne niër.
Se non, vous devez ottriër
Que je m'en voise frans et quittes
De ce forfait que vous me dites;
J'en atenderoie bien droit."

LA DAME

"Guillaume, sachies, orendroit
N'en arez plus de ma partie.
Car la chose est einsi partie:
Se je le say, vous le savez,
Car le fait devers vous avez
En l'un de vos livres escript,
Bien devisié et bien descript:

855. Other MSS juste voie--858. A ce
I would fear her anger greatly.
And so I did; I feared her
When I heard these words,
Not for the sake of any misdeed
That I had committed myself,
But rather because I feared the gossip-mongers
Who are at all times harmful,
Through falseness and envy,
To the good people who lead decent lives.
And so I dreaded such a turn of events.
But I was certain that I had done
No harm in my entire life
To any lady whomsoever,
And I answered her with this in mind:

GUILLAUME

"Lady, you have brought up something
That would manifest my great dishonor,
But the trial is not yet set,
Nor begun in proper form
For a certain judgment to be made.
You ought to tell me how
I have erred, and explain completely
All the facts of the matter.
At the present what you intend here
Remains secret and hidden from me.
And if it is not made known to me,
I'll not be able to respond.
Now please, if you will, expound upon
The matter that troubles you;
And if you agree to this,
You'll be following the correct path
Of the law, for otherwise I'll not be able
To know what the issue is or dispute it.
If not, you ought to grant
That I should be acquitted
Of the allegation you've made against me;
I do expect fair play here."

THE LADY

"Guillaume, know right away
That you'll get nothing more from me;
Rather the matter stands thus:
If I know about it, you know too,
Because the case against you is something
You've written in one of your books,
Something well laid out and described therein;
Si resgards dedens vos livres.
Bien say que vous n'estes pas ivres
Quant vos fals amoueurs ditez.
Dont bien savez de vos dittez,
Quant vous les faites et parfaitez,
Se vous faites bien ou forfaites,
Dès qu'il sort fait de sanc assis
Autant a un mot comme a siss.
S'il vous plaist, vous y garderez,
Qu'autre chose n'en porterez
De moy, quant a l'heure presente.
Soiez certeins que c'est m'entente."

GUILLAUME

"Dame, qu'est ce que dit avez?
Selonc le bien que vous savez,
Trop mieus savez que vous ne dites:
J'ay bien de besongnes escriptes
Devers moy, de pluseurs manieres,
De moult de diverses matieres,
Dont l'une l'autre ne ressemble.
Consideré toutes ensamble,
Et chascune bien mise a point,
D'ordre en ordre et de point en point,
Dès le premier commencement
Jusques au darrein finement,
Se tout voloie regarder
---Dont je me vorrai bien garder---
Trop longuement y metteroie;
Et d'autre part, je ne porroie
Trouver ce que vous demandez
S'a vos paroles n'amendez.
Pour tel chose ne quier ja lire,
Dame, nom pas pour vous desdier,
Mais ce n'est pas chose sensible
Que vostre pensée invisible
Peüist venir a ma congnoissance,
Fors que par la clef d'ordenance
Dont vostres cuers soit deffermies,
Et que si en soie enfourmes
Que vostre bouche le me die.
Lorsqu'a responde contredie,
Quant de bouche le m'arez dit,
J'en vueil moult bien, a vostre dit,
Estre blasmez et corrigiez.
Dame, s'il vous plait, or jugiez
Selonc la vostre opinion,


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So look within your works.
I know well that you're not drunk
When you compose your love poems.
And so you know well your own poetry,
Since you composed it and saw it to completion;
You know if you did good therein or wrong,
Since you put your heart into them
As much in one word as in six.
If you please, look there for your wrongdoing,
For you'll have nothing more
From me, as far as the present is concerned.
You can be sure that this is what I mean."

GUILLAUME

"Madam, what have you said?
As you are quite aware,
You know much more than you've told.
I've many written works
In front of me, of various kinds,
Concerning quite different matters,
Each of which is unlike the other.
Considering all these together,
And each one rather thoroughly,
Section by section and sentence by sentence,
From the beginning of the first
To the very end of the last,
That is if I wished to look through all of them
(Something I'd indeed like to avoid)
I would spend too long in so doing;
And, in addition, I might not
Come across what you're taking issue with
If you don't tell me more.
For I'd never seek out such a thing to read,
Madam, except to contradict you.
But it's hardly to be expected
That I'd be able
To decipher your hidden thought,
Except through the controlling key
By which your heart might be unlocked,
And thus I then would be informed,
In that your mouth would speak the words.
If I refuse to respond,
After you yourself have told me,
I'd wish very much to be blamed
And corrected by your own word.
Madam, if you please, now decide
In your own mind
Se j'ay tort a m'entention."

LA DAME

"Guillaume, puis qu'il est einsi,
Je m'acort bien a ce point ci.
Orendroit me rens je vaincue;
Mais de vostre descouvenne,
Qui est contre dames si grande,
Afferroit bien crueuse amende,
S'il estoit qui la vosist prendre.
Or vuelles dês or mais entendre
Ad ce que je diray de bouche;
Car moulf forment au cuer me touche.
Et quant dit le vous averay,
En tel lieu le reprocheray
Que vous en serez moulf blasmez
Et vers les dames diffamez.

Une question fu jadis
Mise en termes par moulf biaus dis,
Belle et courtoisement baillie,
Mais après fu trop mal taillie:
Premierement fu supposé,
Et en supposant proposé,
Qu'un dame de grant vaillance
Par trespass amiable fiance
Ameroit .i. loial amant,
Si que toudis, en bien amant,
Seroit de cuer loial amie;
Se il, en gardant courtoisie,
Toudis de bon cuer l'ameroit
Et son pooir estenderoit
En li chierir et honnourer;
Et pour li miex enamourer
Il meintenroit toute noblesse,
Honneur, courtoisie, et largesse.
Biaus homs seroit, a grant devis,
De membres, de corps, et de vis
Renommez, de grace parfaïs,
Et si bien espouvez par fais
D'armes, comme nuls homs puet estre
Qui a mis sa vie et son estre
En sieuir joustes et tournois
Et tous amoureus esbanois.
Cependant qu'einsi s'ameront
Et toudis bien se garderont
Les courtois poins de loiauté

940. Other MSS Et