

Text D

Of one she knoweth not the condicion
Husbandis been alle gode and haue be pore
That knowe Wyues I dar say nomore
Fadir she sayde thy Wreched child custaunce
Thy yonge doughter fostred vp so softe
That most you loueth With obissaunce
Quir alle thing out take crist on lofte
Custaunce your child her recomaundith ofte
Vnto your grace for I shal to surtye
Ne shal I neuer se you more With ye
Allas vnto the barbarik nacion
I muste anon acordyng to your Wil
But crist that deyde for our redempcion
So poue me grace his bestis to ful fille
I Wreched Womman no fors though I spylle
Wommen are born to thraldom & to penaunce
And to be vnder mannys gouernaunce
I trow at troye Whan Turnus brac the Wal
Of Ilion nor brant Was Theles the Cyte
Ne Rome for the sege of haryhal
That Romayns hadde venguysshed tymes thre
Mas lerd suche tender wepyng for pyte
As Was in the chambir for her departyng
But forth she moot whether she wepe or synge
O frosty moornyng cruel firmament
With thy dyurnal Wlele that crowdest ay
And hurtelyst al fed este to occidente
That naturelly wolde holde another wey
Thy crowdyng set the heuen in suche aray