

Classic Poetry Series

Robert Henryson
- poems -

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Robert Henryson(1425 - 1505)

Little is known about Robert Henryson's life, who was a very well-known Scottish author much admired by his contemporaries (often described as the 'greatest' Scottish medieval author); who wrote in middle-scots in the second half of the fifteenth century, and mainly during the reign of James III. He 'possibly' attended and taught at the University of Glasgow, and is associated with the town of Dunfermline, where -inasmuch as can be ascertained from his work and sixteenth century tradition- he may have worked as a teacher, lawyer, or public notary. He was not a court poet, unlike his younger contemporary, William Dunbar.

Henryson's main works include a version of Aesop's Fables (usually entitled *The Morall fabillis of Esope the Phrygian*), *The Testament of Cresseid*, a follow-on to Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* (but also seen as his own, original 'masterpiece', a poem in its own right) , *Robene and Makyne*, and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, a version of the classic tale.

Pricilla Bawcutt describes Henryson in *Discovering Scottish Writers* as excelling as 'a narrative poet' who handled the fable genre 'brilliantly.'

 Eik and my maiden-heid:
Sen God sendis bute for baill,
 And for murnyng remeid,
In dern with thee bot gif I daill
 Dowtles I am bot deid.'

'Makyne, to-morn this ilka tyde
 And ye will meit me heir,
Peraventure my schein may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we haif liggit full neir;
But mawgre haif I, and I byde,
 Fra they begin to steir;
Quhat lye on heart I will nocht hyd;
 Makyn, then mak gude cheir.'

'Robin, thou reivis me roiff and rest;
 I luv bot thee allane.'
'Makyne, adieu! the sone gois west,
 The day is neir-hand gane.'
'Robin, in dule I am so drest
 That luv will be my bane.'
'Ga luv, Makyne, quhair-evir thow list,
 For lemman I luv nane.'

'Robin, I stand in sic a styll,
 I sicht and that full sair.'
'Makyne, I haif been here this quhyle;
 At hame God gif I wair.'
'My huny, Robin, talk ane quhyll,
 Gif thow will do na mair.'
'Makyn, sum uthir man begyle,
 For hamewart I will fair.'

Robin on his wayis went
 As light as leif of tre;
Makyne murnit in hir intent,
 And trowd him nevir to se.
Robin brayd attour the bent:
 Then Makyne cryit on hie,
'Now may thow sing, for I am schent!
 Quhat alis lufe at me?'

Robin And Malkin

Robene sat on gud grene hill,
Kepand a flok of fe;
Mirry Makyne said him till,
"Robene, thow rew on me;
I haif the luvit lowd and still,
Thir yeiris two or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
Dowtless but dreid I de."

Robene answerit, "Be the rude,
Nathing of lufe I knaw,
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wid,
Lo quhair they raik on raw:
Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow schaw;
Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude?
Fane wald I leir that law."

"At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane a b c;
Be heynd, courtass, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, and fre;
So that no denger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thow dre;
Preiss the with pane at all poweir,
Be patient and previe."

Robene anserit hir agane,
"I wait nocht quhat is luve;
But I haif mervell in certane
Quhat makis the this wanrufe:
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
My scheip gois haill aboif;
And we wald play us in this plane,
Thay wald us bayth reproif."

"Robene, tak tent unto my taill,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill,

Eik and my maidenheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill
And for murnyng remeid,
In dern with the bot gif I daill,
Dowtles I am bot deid."

"Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,
And ye will meit me heir,--
Peraventure my scheip may gang besyd,
Quhill we haif liggit full neir;
Bot mawgre haif I and I byd,
Fra thay begin to steir;
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
Makyn, than mak gud cheir."

"Robene, thow reivis me roif and rest;
I lufe bot the allane."
"Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,
The day is neir hand gane."
"Robene, in dule I am so drest,
That lufe wilbe my bane."
"Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thow list,
For lemman I lue nane."

"Robene, I stand in sic a styll;
I sicht, and that full sair."
"Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle;
At hame God gif I wair."
"My huny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,
Gif thow will do na mair."
"Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair."

Robene on his wayis went
Als licht as leif of tre;
Mawkin murnit in hir intent,
And trowd him nevir to se.
Robene brayd attour the bent;
Than Mawkyne cryit on hie,
"Now ma thow sing, for I am schent!
Quhat alis lufe at me?"

Mawkyne went hame withowttin fail,
Full wery eftir cowth weip.
Than Robene in a ful fair dail
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum pairte of Mawkynis aill
Outthrow his hairt cowd creip;
He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,
And till hir tuke gude keip.

"Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luvie it sal be thyne,
Withowttin depairting.
All haill thy harte for till haif myne
Is all my cuvating;
My scheip to morne quhill houris nyne
Will neid of no keping."

"Robene, thow hes hard sounge and say,
In gestis and storeis auld,
'The man that will nocht quhen he may
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.'
I pray to Jesu every day
Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
That first preissis with the to play,
Be firth, forrest, or fauld."

"Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wedder is warme and fair,
And the grene woid rycht neir us by
To walk attour all quhair;
Thair ma na janglour us espy,
That is to lufe contrair;
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I
Unsene we ma repair."

"Robene, that warld is all away
And quyt brocht till ane end,
And nevir agane thairto perfay
Sall it be as thow wend;
For of my pane thow maid it play,
And all in vane I spend;

As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend."

"Mawkyne, the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on the is sett,
And evirmair to the be leill,
Quhill I may leif but lett;
Nevir to fail, as utheris feill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett."
"Robene, with the I will nocht deill;
Adew, for thus we mett."

Malkyne went hame blyth annewche,
Attour the holttis hair;
Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche;
Scho sang, he sichit sair;
And so left him, bayth wo and wrewche,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche,
Amangis the holtis hair.

Robert Henryson

The Bludy Serk

THIS hinder yeir I hard be tald
 Thair was a worthy King;
Dukis, Erlis, and Barronis bald,
 He had at his bidding.
The Lord was ancean and ald,
 And sixty yeiris cowth ring;
He had a dochter fair to fald,
 A lusty Lady ying.

Off all fairheid scho bur the flour,
 And eik hir faderis air;
Off lusty laitiss and he honour,
 Meik bot and debonair:
Scho wynnit in a bigly bour,
 On fold wes nane so fair,
Princis luvit hir paramour
 In cuntreis our allquhair.

Thair dwelt a lyt besyde the King
 A foull Gyand of ane;
Stollin he has the Lady ying,
 Away with hir is gane,
And kest her in his dungering
 Quhair licht scho micht se nane;
Hungir and cauld and grit thristing
 Scho fand into hir waine.

He wes the laithliest on to luk
 That on the grund mycht gang:
His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
 Thairwith fyve quarteris lang;
Thair wes nane that he ourtuk,
 In rycht or yit in wrang,
Bot all in schondir he thame schuk,
 The Gyand wes so strang.

He held the Lady day and nycht
 Within his deip dungeoun,
He wald nocht gif of hir a sicht

The Cock And The Fox

Thogh brutal beestes be irrational,
That is to say, wantand, discretioun,
Yit ilk ane in their kindes natural
Has many divers inclinatioun:
The bair busteous, the wold, the wylde lyoun,
The fox fenyeit, craftie and cautelous,
The dog to bark on night and keep the hous.

Sa different they are in properteis
Unknawin unto man and infinite,
In kind havand sa fel diversiteis,
My cunning it excides for to dyte.
Forthy as now, I purpose for to wryte
Ane case I fand whilk fell this other yeer
Betwix ane fox and gentil Chauntecleer.

Ane widow dwelt intill ane drop they dayis
Whilk wan hir food off spinning on hir rok,
And na mair had, forsooth, as the fabill sayis,
Except of hennes scho had ane lyttel flok,
And them to keep scho had one jolie cok,
Right corageous, that to this widow ay
Divided night, and crew before the day.

Ane lyttel fra this foresaid widow's hous,
Ane thornie schaw there was of greet defence,
Wherein ane foxe, craftie and cautelous,
Made his repair and daylie residence,
Whilk to this widow did greet violence
In pyking off pultrie baith day and night,
And na way be revengit on him scho might.

This wylie tod, when that the lark couth sing,
Full sair and hungrie unto the toun him drest,
Were Chauntecleer, in to the gray dawning,
Werie for night, was flowen fra hist nest.
Lowrence this saw and in his mind he kest
The jeperdies, the wayes, and the wyle,
By what menis he might this cok begyle.

Dissimuland in to countenance and cheer,
On knees fell and simuland thus he said,
'Gude morne, my maister, gentil Chantecleer!'
With that the cok start bakwart in ane braid.
'Schir, by my saul, ye need not be effraid,
Nor yit for me to start nor flee abak;
I come bot here service to you to mak.'

'Wald I not serve to you, it wer bot blame,
As I have done to your progenitouris.
Your father oft fullfillit has my wame,
And sent me meit fra midding to the muris,
And at his end I did my besie curis
To held his heed and gif him drinkis warme,
Syne at the last, the sweit swelt in my arme!'

'Knew ye my father?' quad the cok, and leuch.
'Yea, my fair son, forsooth I held his heed
When that he deit under ane birkin beuch,
Syne said that Dirgie when that he was deed.
Betwixt us twa how suld there be ane feid?
Wham suld ye traist bot me, your servitour
That to your father did so greet honour?

When I beheld your fedderis fair and gent,
Your beck, your breast, your hekill, and your kame-
Schir, by my saul, and the blissit sacrament,
My heart warmis, me think I am at hame.
You for to serve, I wald creep on my wame
In froist and snaw, in wedder wan and weit
And lay my lyart lokkes under your feit.'

This fenyeit fox, fals and dissimulate,
Made to this cok ane cavillatioun:
'Ye are, me think, changed and degenerate
Fra your father and his conditioun,
Of craftie crawling he might beer the croun,
For he weld on his tais stand and craw.
This is no le; I stude beside and saw.'

With that the cok, upon his tais hie,

Kest up his beek and sang with all his might.
Quod schir Lowrence, 'Well said, sa mot I the.
Ye are your fatheris son and heir upright,
Bot of his cunning yit ye want ane slight.'
'What?' quad the cok. 'He wald, and have na doubt,
Baith wink, and craw, and turne him thryis about.'

The cok, inflate with wind and fals vanegloir,
That mony puttes unto confusioun,
Traisting to win ane greet worship therefoir,
Unwarlie winkand walkit up and doun,
And syne to chant and craw he made him boun-
And suddandle, by he had crawin ane note
The fox was war, and hent him by the throte.

Syne to the wood but tarie with him hyit,
Of countermand havand but lytil dout.
With that Pertok, Sprutok, and Coppok cryit,
The widow heard, and with ane cry come out.
Seand and case scho sight and gaif ane schout,
'How, murther, reylok!' with ane hiddeous beir,
'Allas, now lost is gentil Chauntecleer!'

As scho were wod with mony yell and cry,
Ryvand hir hair, upon hir breist can beit,
Syne pale of hew, half in ane extasy,
Fell doun for care in swoning and in sweit.
With that the selie hennes left their meit,
And whyle this wyfe was lyand thus in swoon,
Fell of that case in disputacioun.

'Allas,' quod Pertok, makand sair murning,
With teeris greet attour hir cheekis fell,
'Yon was our drowrie and our day's darling,
Our nightingal, and als our orlege bell,
Our walkrife watch, us for to warne and tell
When that Aurora with hir curcheis gray
Put up hir heid betwixt the night and day.

'Wha sall our lemman be? Who sall us leid?
When we are sad wha sall unto us sing?
With his sweet bill he wald breke us the breid;

In all this world was there ane kynder thing?
In paramouris he wald do us plesing.
At his power, as nature list him geif.
Now efter him, allas, how sall we leif?'

Quod Sprutok than, 'Ceis, sister of your sorrow,
Ye be too mad, for him sic murning mais.
We sall fare well, I find Sanct John to borrow;
The proverb sayis, 'Als gude lufe cummis as gais.'
I will put my haly-dayis clais
And mak me fresch agane this jolie May,
Syne chant this sang, 'Was never widow sa gay!'

'He was angry and held us ay in aw,
And wounded with the speir of jelowsy.
Of chalmegley, Pertok, full well ye knaw,
Wasted he was, of nature cauld and dry.
Sen he is gone, therefore, sister, say I,
Be blythe in baill, for that is best remeid.
Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.'

Than Pertok spak, that feinyeit faith before,
In lust but lufe that set all hir delyte,
'Sister, ye wait of sic as him ane score
Wald not suffice to slake our appetyte.
I heecht you by my hand, sen ye are quyte,
Within ane oulk, for schame and I durst speik,
To get ane berne suld better claw oure breik.'

Than Coppok like ane curate spak full crous:
'Yon was ane verray vengeance from the hevin.
He was sa lous and lecherous,
Ceis could he nocht with kittokis ma than servin,
But righteous God, haldand the balance evin,
Smytis right sair, thocht he be patien,
Adulteraris that list them not repent.

'Prydeful he was, and joyit of his sin,
And comptit not for Goddis favor nor feid.
Bot traisted ay to rax and sa to rin,
Whil at the last his sinnis can him leid
To schameful end and to yon suddand deid.

Therefore it is the verray hand of God
That causit him be werryit with the tod.'

When this was said, this widow fra hir swoun
Start up on fute, and on hir kennettis cryde,
'How, Birkye, Berrie, Bell, Bawsie, Bround,
Rype Schaw, Rin Weil, Curtes, Nuttieclyde!
Togidder all but grunching furth ye glyde!
Reskew my nobil cok ere he be slane,
Or ellis to me see ye come never agane!'

With that, but baid, they braidet over the bent,
As fire off flint they over the feildis flaw,
Full wichtlie they through wood and wateris went,
And ceissit not, schir Lowrence while they saw.
But when he saw the raches come on raw,
Unto the cok in mind he said, 'God sen
That I and thou were fairlie in my den.'

Then spak the cok, with sum gude spirit inspyrit,
'Do my counsall and I shall warrand thee.
Hungrie thou art, and for greet travel tyrit,
Right faint of force and may not ferther flee:
Swyth turn agane and say that I and ye
Freindes are made and fellowis for ane yeir.
Than will they stint, I stand for it, and not steir.'

This tod, thogh he were fals and frivolous,
And had fraudis, his querrel to defend,
Desavit was by menis right marvelous,
For falset failis ay at the latter end.
He start about, and cryit as he knend-
With that the cok he braid unto a bewch.
Now juge ye all wheriat schir Lowrence lewch.

Begylit thus, the tod under the tree
On knees fell, and said, 'Gude Chauntecleer,
Come doun agane, and I but meit or fee
Sall be your man and servant for ane yeir.'
'Na, murther, theif, and revar, stand on reir.
My bldy hekill and my nek sa bla
Has partit love for ever betwene us twa.

'I was unwise that winkit at thy will,
Wherethrough almaist I loissit had my heid.'
'I was mair fule,' quod he, 'could nocht be still,
Bot spake to put my my pray into pleid.'
'Fare on, fals theef, God keep me fra thy feid.'
With that the cok over the feildis tuke his flight,
And in at the widow's lewer couth he light.

Moralitas

Now worthie folk, suppose this be ane fabill,
And overheillit with typis figural,
Yit may ye find ane sentence right agreabill
Under their fenyeit termis textual.
To our purpose this cok well may we call
Nyce proud men, woid, and vaneglorious
Of kin and blude, whilk is presumptuous.

Fy, puffed up pride, thou is full poysonabill!
Wha favoris thee, on force man have ane fall,
Thy strength is nocht, thy stule standis unstabill.
Tak witnes of the feyndes infernall,
Whilk houndit doun was fra that hevinlie hall
To hellis hole and to that hiddeous house,
Because in pride they were presumptuous.

This fenyeit foxe may well be figurate
To flatteraris with plesand wordis white,
With fals mening and mynd maist toxicate,
To loif and le that settis their hail delyte.
All worthie folk at sic suld haif despite-
For where is there mair perrelous pestilence?-
Nor give to learis haistelie credence.

The wickit mind and adullatioun,
Of sucker sweet haifand similitude,
Bitter as gall and full of fell poyssoun
To taste it is, wha cleirlie understude,

Forthy as now schortlie to conclude,
Thir twa sinnis, flatterie and vanegloir.
Are venemous: gude folk, flee them thairfoir!

Robert Henryson

The Garment Of Good Ladies

Would my good Lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should ane garment goodliest
Gar mak' her body till.

Of high honour should be her hood
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance so good
No deeming should her deir.

Her sark should be, her body next,
Of chastity so white;
With shame and dread together mix'd,
The same should be perfyt.

Her kirtle should be of clear Constance,
Lasit with lesum love ,
The maillies of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown,
Purfill'd with pleasure in ilk place,
Furred with fine fashion.

Her belt should be of benignity
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole baith wind and wet.

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth,
Her patelet of good pansing,
Her hats-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her from despair;
Her gloves of the good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoon should be of sickerness,
In sign that she nought slide;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,
That she wore never green nor gray
That set her half so weil.

Robert Henryson

The Testament Of Cressida (Excerpt)

...

Thus chydand with her drierie destenye,
Weiping, scho woik the nicht fra end to end;
Bot all in vane; hir dule, hir cairfull cry,
Micht not remeid, nor yit hir murning mend.
Ane lipper lady rais, and till hir wend,
And said, "Quhy spurnis thow aganis the wall,
To sla thyself, and mend nathing at all?

"Sen thy weiping dowbillis bot thy wo,
I counsall the mak vertew of ane neid;
To leir to clap thy clapper to and fro,
And leir efter the law of lipper leid."
Thair was na buit, bot furth with thame scho yeid,
Fra place to place, quhill cauld and hounger sair
Compellit hir to be ane rank beggair.

That samin tyme of Troy the garnisoun,
Quhilk had to chiftane worthie Troylus,
Throw jeopardie of weir had strikken down
Knichtis of Grece in number marvellous:
With greit tryumphe and laude victorious
Agane to Troy richt royallie they raid,
The way quhair Cresseid with the lipper baid.

Seing that companie, thai come all with ane stevin;
Thay gaif ane cry, and schuik coppis gude speid;
Said, "Worthie lordis, for Goddis lufe of hevin,
To us lipper part of your almous deid."
Than to thair cry nobill Troylus tuik heid,
Having pietie, neir by the place can pas
Quhair Cresseid sat, not witting quhat scho was.

Than upon him scho kest up baith her ene,
And with ane blenk it come into his thocht
That he sumtime hir face befor had sene;
But scho was in sic plye he knew hir nocht;
Yit than hir luik into his mynd it brocht
The sweit visage and amorous blenking

Of fair Cresseid, sumtyme his awin darling.

Na wonder was, suppois in mynd that he
Tuik hir figure sa sone, and lo! now quhy!
The idole of ane thing in cace may be
Sa deip imprentit in the fantasy,
That it deludis the wittis outwardly,
And sa appeiris in forme and lyke estait
Within the mynd, as it was figurait.

Ane spark of lufe than till his hart culd spring,
And kendlit all his bodie in ane fyre,
With hait fevir ane sweit and trimbling
Him tuik, quhill he was reddie to expyre;
To beir his scheild his breist began to tyre;
Within ane quhyle he changit mony hew,
And, nevertheles, not ane ane uther knew.

For knichtlie pietie and memoriall
Of fair Cresseid, ane gyrdill can he tak,
Ane purs of gold, and mony gay jowall,
And in the skirt of Cresseid doun can swak:
Than raid away, and not ane word he spak,
Pensive in hart, quhill he come to the toun,
And for greit cair oft syis almaist fell doun.

The lipper folk to Cresseid than can draw,
To se the equall distributioun
Of the almous; but quhan the gold they saw,
Ilk ane to uther prevelie can roun,
And said, "Yone lord hes mair affectioun,
How ever it be, unto yone lazarous,
Than to us all; we knaw be his almous."

"Quhat lord is yone," (quod scho), "have ye na feill,
Hes done to us so greit humanitie?"
"Yes," (quod a lipper man), "I knaw him weill;
Schir Troylus it is, gentill and fre."
Quhen Cresseid understude that it was he,
Stiffer than steill thair stert ane bitter stound
Throwout hir hart, and fell doun to the ground.

Quhen scho, ourcome with sicing sair and sad,
With many cairfull cry and cald "Ochane!
Now is my breist with stormie stoundis stad,
Wrappit in wo, ane wretch full will of wane:"
Than swounit scho oft or scho culd refrane,
And ever in hir swouning cryit scho thus:
"O, fals Cresseid, and trew knicht Troylus!

"Thy lufe, thy lawtie, and thy gentilnes
I countit small in my prosperitie;
Sa elevait I was in wantones,
And clam upon the fickill quheill sa hie;
All faith and lufe I promissit to the
Was in the self fickill and frivolous:
O, fals Cresseid, and trew knicht Troilus!

"For lufe of me thow keipt gude continence,
Honest and chaist in conversatioun;
Of all wemen protectour and defence
Thou was, and helpit thair opinioun:
My mynd in fleschelic foull affectioun
Was inclynit to lustis lecherous:
Fy, fals Cresseid! O, trew knicht Troylus!

"Lovers, be war, and tak gude heid about
Quhome that ye lufe, for quhome ye suffer paine;
I lat yow wit, thair is richt few thairout
Quhome ye may traist to have trew lufe agane:
Preif quhen ye will, your labour is in vaine;
Thairfoir, I reid ye tak thame as ye find,
For thay ar sad as widdercock in wind,

"Becaus I know the greit unstabilnes,
Brukkil as glas, into my self, I say,
Traisting in uther als greit unfaithfulnes,
Als unconstant, and als untrew of fay;
Thocht sum be trew, I wait richt few are thay;
Quha findis treuth, lat him his lady ruse:
Nane but my self, as now, I will accuse."

Quhen this was said, with paper scho sat doun,
And on this maneir maid hir testament:

"Heir I beteiche my corps and carioun
With wormis and with taidis to be rent;
My cop and clapper, and myne ornament,
And all my gold, the lipper folk sall have,
Quhen I am deid, to burie me in grave.

"This royall ring, set with this rubie reid,
Quhilk Troylus in drowrie to me send,
To him agane I leif it quhan I am deid,
To mak my cairfull deid unto him kend:
Thus I conclude schortlie, and mak ane end;
My spreit I leif to Diane, quhair scho dwellis,
To walk with hir in waist woddis and wellis.

"O, Diomeid! thow hes baith broche and belt
Quhilk Troylus gave me in takning
Of his trew lufe,"--and with that word scho swelt;
And sone ane lipper man tuik of the ring,
Syne buryit hir withouttin tarying:
To Troylus furthwith the ring he bair,
And of Cresseid the deith he can declair.

Quhen he had hard hir greit infirmitie,
Hir legacie and lamentatioun,
And how scho endit in sic povertie,
He swelt for wo, and fell down in ane swoun;
For greit sorrow his hart to birst was boun:
Siching full sadlie, said, "I can no moir;
Scho was untrew, and wo is me thairfoir!"

Sum said he maid ane tomb of merbell gray,
And wrait hir name and superscriptioun,
And laid it on hir grave, quhair that scho lay,
In goldin letteris, conteining this ressoun:
"Lo, fair ladyis, Cresseid of Troyis toun,
Sumtyme countit the flour of womanheid,
Under this stane, late lipper, lyis deid!"

Now, worthie wemen, in this ballet schort,
Made for your worschip and instructioun,
Of cheritie I monische and exhort,
Ming not your lufe with fals deceptioun;

Beir in your mynd this schort conclusioun
Of fair Cresseid, as I have said befor:
Sen scho is deid, I speik of hir no moir.

Robert Henryson