

## COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS PURSE

To yow, my purse, and to noon other wight  
Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere.  
I am so sory, now that ye been lyght;  
For certes, but yf make me hevy chere,  
Me were as leef be layd upon my bere; 5  
For which unto your mercy thus I crye,  
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye.

Now voucheth sauf this day or hyt be nyght  
That I of yow the blisful soun may here  
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bryght 10  
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.  
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere.  
Quene of comfort and of good companye:  
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles moote I dye.

Now purse that ben to me my lyves lyght 15  
And saveour as down in this world here,  
Out of this tounne helpe me thurgh your myght,  
Syn that ye wole nat ben my tresorere;  
For I am shave as nye as any frere.  
But yet I pray unto your curtesye, 20  
Beth hevy agen, or elles moote I dye.

### *Lenvoy de Chaucer*

O conquerour of Brutes Albyon,  
Which that by lyne and free eleccion  
Been verray kyng, this song to yow I sende,  
And ye, that mowen alle oure harmes amende, 25  
Have mynde upon my supplicacion.

3 **lyght** (weight), merry, wanton; 4 **but if ...** unless you look gravely at me, take me seriously; 7 **hevy** (weight), serious, pregnant; 12 **stere** rudder, guide; 19 **shave as nye ...** as bare of money as a friar's head; 22 **conquerour** Henry IV, **Brutes Albyon** Albion of Brutus; 23 **lyne** lineage