

John Walton
(v.1390-1410)

Boethius, *Consolation of Philosophy*
(1410)

PREFACE

Insuffishaunce of cunnyng and of wit
Defaut of langage and of eloquence
This work from me schuld have withholdyn it
Bot that youre heste hath done me violence,
That nedes most I do my diligence
In thyng that passeth myn abilite
Besekyng to youre noble excellence
That be youre help it may ammended be.
This subtile matere of boecius
Heere in this book of consolacioun
So hye it is, so hard and curious
Ful fair aboven myn estimacioun,
That it be noght be my translacioun
Defouled ne corrupt to god I praye.
So help me wyth hys inspiracioun
That is of wisdom bothe lok and keye.
As fro the text that I vary noght
But kepe the sentence in hys trewe intent,
And wordes eke als neigh as may be brought

Where lawe of metir in noght resistant;
This mater wiche that is so excellent
and passeth bothe my cunnyng and my myght
So save it lord in thy governement
That kannest reformen alle thing to right.
I have herd speke and sumwhat have iseyne
Of diverse men that wondir subtillye ,
In metir sum and sum in prose pleyne,
This hook translated have suffyshauntlye
Into Englisshe tonge, word for word, wel neye ;
Bot I most use the wittes that I have;
Thogh I may noght do so, yit noght-for-thye,
With help of god the sentence schal I save.

