

William Caxton

## The Curial

Translated and printed by  
WILLIAM CAXTON  
[1484]

Original in French by Alain Chartier

Here foloweth the cople of a lettre whyche maistre Alayn Charetier wrote to hys brother / whyche desired to come dwelle in Court / in whyche he rehersech many / myseryes & wretchydnesses therin vsed / For tadyse hym not to entre in to it / leste he after repente / like as hier after folowe / and late translated out of frencyshe in to englysshe / whyche Cople was delyuerid to me by a noble and vertuous Erle / At whos Instance & requeste I haue reduced it in to Englyssh.



Right welbelouyd brother, & persone Eloquent / thou admonestest and exhortest me to prepare & make ready, place and entree for the vnto the lyf Curiall / whyche thou desirest / And that by my helpe and requeste thou myghtest haue therin offyce / And herto thou art duly meuyd by comyn error of the people / whiche repute thonours mondayne & pompes of them of the courte / to be thynges more blessyd & happy than other / or to thende that I Iuge not wel of thy desyre / Thou wenest parauenture / that they that wayte on offices / ben in vertuous occupacions, & reputest them the more worthy for to haue rewardes & merites / And also thou adioustest other causes that meue the therto / by the example of me / that empesse my selue for to serue in the courte Ryall / And to thende that thou myghtest vse thy dayes in takyng companye wyth me / and that we myghte to-gidre enioye the swettenes of frendshyppe / whyche long tyme hath ben bytwene vs tweyne / And thys knowe I wel / that thy courage is not wythdrawen fer from my frendshyppe / And the grace of humanyte is not dreyed vp in the / whyche compryseth hys frendes as presente, And leueth not at nede to counseyle & ayde them absente to hys power / And I trowe that thyn absence is not lasse greuouse to me / than myn is to thy self / For me semeth, that thou beyng absente, I

am there where the places and affayres desione vs / But by cause  
god of fortune hath so departed our destynnee / that thou awaytest  
frely on thyn owne pryuate thynges / And that I am occupied on  
thynges publicque, & seruyses in sorowful passions / that whan I  
haue on my self compassion / Thenne am I enioyed of thyn ease /  
& take grete playsir / in this, that *thou* auoydest the myserries that  
I suffre euery day / And yf I blame or accuse fortune for me / I  
preyse and thanke her on that other parte for the / For so moche as  
she hath exempte the fro the anguysshes that I suffre in the courte  
/ And that she hath not made vs bothe meschaunte /

Thou desirest, as thou sayst, to be in the courte wyth me /  
And I coueyte yet more to be pryuely and syngulerly wyth the /  
And also for me thou woldest gladly leue thy *fraunchyse* and  
pryuate lyf / I ought more gladly for the loue of the, leue thys  
seruytude mortell / For as moche as loue acquyteth hym better in  
humble tranquillyte than in orguylous myserye / late hyt suffyse to  
the & to me / that one of vs tweyne be Infortunat / And that by my  
meschaunte lyf thou mayst see and knowe more certaynly that one  
and that other fortune / But what demaundest thou / Thou sechest  
the way to lese thy self / by the example of me / And wylt lepe fro  
the hauen of sewerte / for to drowne thy selfe in the see of peryl  
and myserye / Repentest thou the to haue lyberte / Art thou  
annoyed to lyue in peas / humayne nature hath suffred suche  
vnhappynes / that she appetyteth and desireth to haue that thyng /  
whyche she hath not / Thus misprysest thou the peas of thy corage  
/ and the sure estate of thy thought / And by therroure of  
mespryement whyche thou hast gotten / the thynges whyche of  
their owne condicion ben more to be mesprised / than they that  
ben shewde by the lyf of another / I meruaylle me moche / how  
thou, that art prudent and wyse of goodes / art so ouerseen and fro  
thy self, for to dar expose thy self to so many perillis. And yf thou  
wylt vse my counseyl / Take none example by me for to poursewe  
the courtes / Ne the publicque murmures of hye palaysis / But  
alleway late my perylle be be example to the for to fle and  
eschewe them / For I dar not afferme / that emonge the bruyt of  
them that torne / be ony thyng stedfast ne holsomme / Thou shalt  
wene & hope to fynde / exercite of vertu / in myserye thus  
*commune* & publicque / And so certaynly shalt thou fynde / yf  
thou makest thy view to fight *constauntly* against alle vices / But  
be ware & make good watche that thou be not the fyrst that shal  
be ouercome / For I saye the / that the courtes of hye prynces be

neuer disgarnysshed of peple decyuyng by fayr langage / or feryng by menaces / or stryuing by enuye / or corrupte by force of yeftes / or blandysshynge by flaterers / or accusyng of trespasses / or enpesshyng & lettyng in somme maner wyse / the good wyl of true men; For our poure humanyte is lyghtly enclyned to ensiewe & folowe the maners & condicions of other / And to doo as they doo. And vnnethe may he escape that is asseged and assayled of so many aduersaryes / Now late vs graunte that thou woldest perseuere in vertue / And that thou sholdest escape the vycious and the corrupcion of suche vycious persones / yet in this case thou haddest vanquysshed none but thy self / But this had ben better that thou haddest don it in thy owne secrete pryue place. And be thou certayn, that for thy vertue thou shalt be mocked, and for thy trouthe thou shalt be hated / or that thy dyscrecion shall cause the to be suspecte / For ther is nothyng more suspecte to euyl peple / than them whom they knowe to be wyse and trewe /

The reste thenne is this / that thou shalt haue labour wythoute fruyt / And shalt vse thy lyf in perylle / And shalt gete many enuyous at the / And yf thou stryue at theyr enuye / or that thou takest vengeance / I telle to the, that thy vengeance shall engendre to the, more greuous aduersytees than thou haddest tofore / And by the contrarye / they that conne dyssymlye, ben preysed, and vse better theyr tyme in courtes than the other peple / The abuses of the courte / And the maner of the peple curyall or courtly ben suche that a man is neuer suffred tenhaunce hym self / but yf he be corruptible / For vertue whyche is in so many maners enuyed / yf she be not prowde / she is mesprysed / yf she bowe not / she is by force sette abacke / yf she be broken or hurte, she is by force hunted away / who is he thenne that may kepe hym that he be not corrupt or coromped / or who is he that shall escape without hauyng harme / Suche be the werkes of the courte, that they that be symple ben mesprysed / the vertuous enuyed / And the prowde arrogaunts in mortel peryllis / And yf thou be sette down and put aback vnder the other courtours / Thou shalt be ennuyous of theyr power / yf thou be in mene estate / of whyche thou hast not suffysaunce / thou shalt stryue for to mounte and ryse hyer / and yf thou mayst come vnto the hye secrets whyche ben strongly for to doubte and drede / in the doubtfuls courteynes of the most hye prynces / Thenne shalt thou be most meschaunt / Of somoche as thou wenest to be most ewrous and happy / so moche more shalt thou be in grete perill to falle / lyke to hym that

is mounted in to the most hye place / For to *them* whom fortune  
the variable hath most hyely lyfte up / and enhaunsed / resteth  
nomore but for to falle fro so hye down / by cause she oweth to  
them nothyng but ruyne / yf thou haste take of her alle that thou  
myghtest / and that she wold gyue / thenne art thou debytour of  
thy self / To thende that she rendre and yelde hym meschaunt  
whom she had enhaunsed / And that she mocque hym of hys  
meschef whom she had made blynde of vayn glorie of hys  
enhaunsyng / For the grete wyndes that blowe in hye courtes ben  
of suche condicion / that they only that ben hiest enhaunsed / ben  
after theyr despoynement / as a spectacle of enuye / of detraction  
/ or of hate vnto alle peple / and fynde them self subgettes tyl they  
be shamed and put down emong the peple / And that they that  
tofore poursiewed to them and flatered / Reporte of them more  
gretter blames and dyvysions than the other / For multytude of  
peple mespryse alwaye them / that fortune hath most aualed and  
throwen down / And also is envyous of them that she seeth  
enhaunsed and lyt vp / Fortune gladly hath sette hys eyen on hem  
that ben in hye degree, and on the soueraynes yet more / And  
whan she playeth wyth smale and poure folkes / that is no certayn  
/ for of the meschief of poure peple she retcheth not / ne doth but  
smyle / But she laugheth wyth ful mouth, and smyteth her  
paulmes to gydre, whan she seeth grete lordes falle in to meschyef  
/ she retcheth but lytel for tessaye and preue her fortune in lytyl  
and lowe places / But for to make the grete and myghty to falle  
and ouerthrowe, she setteth gladly her gynnes / And them that ben  
poure & caste down, maketh she oftymes to ryse & mounte fro  
certaynte to Incertaynte, and fro good rewle to euyl rewle / Them  
deceyueth she gladly / whom she fyndeth esy to deceyue / and  
variable as she is / But she doth the custommes & strength to them  
that setteth by her. And when she seeth her despysed & nought  
sette by / thenne she leueth them in peas / But she flateryth and  
lawgheth for nought vnto them that haue hye and hole courage /  
Now she essayeth to Iuste ayenst them that ben most stronge /  
And now she enhaunseth *them* that ben most feble / now she  
lawheth to one / and she grymmeth to other / But the man that  
hath grete corage & vertuous, mespriseth her lawhyges and  
mowes / And nothyng doubteth her menaces / But the courte  
maketh ouer moche compte of thys fortune / that draweth the  
peple lyghtly to her / Forgetyng theyr pour estate / And forgetyng  
and not knowyng them self as sone as they ben enhaunsed /

whyche the wyse men do not / whiche for none auancement ne  
 hauyng of good, enpayre not them selfe / There assaye thou for to  
 mounte / yf thou wylt leue thy lyberte and franchyse / Thenne  
 oughest thou to knowe / that thou shalt haue habundaunce thy self  
 / whan thou shalt wylle to poursewe the court / whyche maketh a  
 man to leue hys propre maners / And to applye hym self to the  
 maners of other. For yf he be verytable / men shal holde hym atte  
 scole of fayntyse / yf he loue honest lyf / men shal teche hym to  
 lede dyshonest lyf / yf he be pacyent / & sette by no proffyt / he  
 shal be left to haue suffraunce / For yf he can nought / men shal  
 demaunde him nothyng / And also he shal fynde none / that shal  
 gyue hym ony thyng / yf he entre Inportunatly / They that be  
 Inportune shal put him abacke / yf he be acostumed to ete soberly  
 / and at a certayn houre / he shal dyne late, and shal soupe in  
 suche facoun that he shal disacustomme hys tyme and hys maner  
 of lyuyng / Yf he haue be acostumed to rede and studye in bookes  
 / he shal muse ydelly alday, in awaytyng that men shal open the  
 dore to hym, of the chambre or wythdraught of the prynce / yf he  
 loue the rest of his body, he shal be ennoyed now here / nowe  
 there / as a courroure or renner perpetuell / yf he wil erly goo to his  
 bedde, and Ryse late at his playsir, he shal faylle therof / For he  
 shal wake longe and late / and ryse ryght erly / and that ofte he  
 shal lese the nyght wythout slepyng / yf he studye for to fynde  
 frendshyp / he shal neuer conne trotte so moche thurgh the halles  
 of the grete lordes that he shal fynde her / but she holdeth her  
 wythoute, and entreth not wyth ony / For she is moche better  
 knowen by them that vsen her, whyche ben experte of reffuse /  
 throwen down by fortune / than by them that entre ygnoraunt / and  
 not knowen her tornes / Now beholde thenne / and see, whyche of  
 the two thou shalt chese / or that in my yssuyng and goyng out / I  
 drawe the to our commune proffyt, or in thyn entryng thou brynge  
 me to our commune damage and hurte / And forgete not that  
 who serueth in the courte / Alway hym behoueth to be a gheste /  
 and herberowed in another mannes hows / And also he muste ete  
 after thappetyte of other / and otherwhyle wythoute hungre, and  
 fayn he maye / And in lyke wyse he muste wake otherwhyle atte  
 the wylle of other / after that he hath begonne to slepe, and by  
 grete gryef, what thyng is more damageus than to sette vnder  
 fortune the vertues of nature / and the ryghtes and droytes of lyf  
 humayne / seen that it is [not] a thyng more free in a man / than to  
 lyue naturelly. emong vs seruantes of courte / we doo nothyng

but lue after thordonance of other / And thou luest in thyn hous  
lyke an Emperour / thou regnest as a kyng paysyble / vnder the  
couuerte of thyn hous / And we tremble for drede to dysplayse the  
lordes of hye houses / Thou mayest ete whan thou hast hungre / at  
thyn houre and at thy playsir / And we ete so gredyly &  
gluttonnously, that otherwhyle we caste it vp agayn and make  
vomytes / Thou passest the nyght in slepyng as long as it playseth  
the / And we, after ouermoeche drynkyng of wyne and grete  
paynes, lye down ofte in beddes ful of vermyne / & somtymes  
wyth stryf and debate /

Retourne, brother / Retourne to thy self / And lerne to know  
the felicite / by the myseres that we suffre / But no-man preyseth  
ynough the ayses that he hath in his pryuate and propre hous / but  
he that to-fore mespryseth thanguysshes that he hath suffered in  
admystryacion publycque / Arystotle the phylosophre gloryfied  
in hym self / that he had left the hye palays of kyng Alysandre /  
And had leue to leue there hys discyple Calistenes / than there  
lenger to dwelle / Dyogenes also, whiche in hys time, aboue alle  
other men loued lyberte and fraunchyse, Refused the grete  
rychesses and wor[l]dly loyes to whyche he was callyd / he fledde  
them for to enhabyte and dwelle frely wythin the tonne / wherin  
he slepte / And also durst somoeche auaunte hym / that he was  
more puyssaunt prynce, in that he myght reffuse of goodes, than  
the said Alysandre hath power to gyue hym. For the veray  
phylosophre / that can wel mespryse thambycious vanyte of the  
peple of the court / techeth to his counseyllours / that ther is more  
of humanyte in smale thynges and eases / than in the courtes of  
prynces / And the benes of Pictagoras / And the wortes that Orace  
ete / rendrid and gafe better sauour / than that Sardanapalus fonde  
in the grete and delycious wyne Aromatyques that he dranke / for  
as moche as the delices were medled with the galle of poyson /  
Feures / & anguysshes mondaynes / that he had alway vpon hys  
herte / not only our lyf / but the exaction of our lyf / hys tormentis  
adioyne to our lyf in suche wyse that / she ne hath glorie  
mondayne / ne pompe caduque wythoute aduersyte / Oftymes the  
peple make grete wondrynges of the Ryche robe of the courtyour /  
but they knowe not by what labour ne by what dyffyculte he hath  
goten it /

The peple otherwhyle honoureth and worshypeth the grete  
apparaylle of a puyssant man, But they accompte not the  
pryckkyng that he hath felte in the pourchassyng of it / Ne the



greuys that he hath goten in shewyng of yt / Othertymes beholde the peple thordynaunces and grete houshold of the hye and grete lordes / but they knowe not of what dyspence they ben charged for to nourysshe them / Ne consydre nothyng the tyle / of whyche they knowe certaynly / that they haue in them no merites / Yf we calle an hare / a lyon / or saye that a fayr mayde is fowle / or a fowle / croke-backed / haltyng / or euyl shapen, to be as fayre as Helayne / that shold be a grete lesynge / and worthy of derysion / And allewaye emonge vs courtyours enfayned / we folowe more the names of thoffyces / than the droytes and ryghtes / we be verbal / or ful of wordes / and desyre more the wordes than the thynges / And in thys we ben contrarye to the wyse Cathon / whyche desired more to exercise hym self vertuously in commune offyce and publicque / than to haue the name / And in suche wyse gouerneth he hym self / that whan he was called / he was allewaye founde worthy to haue better than he was callyd to / And somoche more was he honowred / as whan he fledde most the worldly honours / But by the contrarye we coueyte to be honowred / how wel that we ben not worthy / And so take the honours as by force and strengthe / er we ben called therto. And herof foloweth that we lese by good ryght / that whyche we Iuge to our self, and that we dar demande indewly / And to saye truothe, the honours flee fro vs / whyche we poursewe ouer folyly /

Therefore, brother, I counseylle the / that thou delyte the / in thy self / of thy vertue / For she yeldeth Ioye and preysynge to them that lyue wel / late thy grete suffysaunce retheyne the wythin thy lytyl Cenacle / And repute not thy self vertuous by heryng saye, as done men of the courte / But do payne to be verytable by theffecte of the werke / wherto coueytest thou the gloryes of palaysses, whyche for theyr wretched myserye haue nede that men haue pyte on them / Ne poursewe it not in fayt / But by the playnt of myn vnhappynes / folowe not me / by cause I am oftymes cladde wyth the beste / But haue pyte and compassion of the peryls / of whyche I am asseged / and of thassaultes of whyche I am enuyronned nyght and day / For I haue nede to beholde on what foot that euery man cometh to me / And to note and marke the paas and the peryl of euery worde that departeth fro my mouth, to thende that by my vtteraunce I be not surprysed / and that in spekyng vnpourueydly, I ne gyue mater to ony man to make false relacion / ne to interprete euyl my worde / whyche I maye neuer reuoke ne put in agayn / For the courte is the

nourysshe of peple / whyche by fraude and franchyse / studye for  
to drawe from one and other suche wordes / by whyche they may  
persecute them / by that / whyche by the perylles of other / they  
may entre in to the grace of them that haue auctoryte to helpe / or  
to annoye / and whyche take more playsyr in false reportes / than  
in verytable and trewe wordes / yf thou haue offyce in courte /  
make the redy to fyghte / For yf thou haue ony good / other shal  
desyre to take it fro the / and thou shalt not escape wythout debate  
/ Somme shal machyne by somme moyen to deceyue the / And the  
behoueth to tormente thy self to resist hym / And after whan thou  
shalt haue employed thy body / thy tyme and thy goodes for to  
deffende the / Another newe one cometh to the courte, & shal  
supplante thy benediction / And shal take it glyefully fro the /  
Thus shalt thou lese wyth grete sorowe / that whyche thou haste  
goten wyth grete labour / Or yf thyn offyce abyde wyth the / so  
shal thou not abyde longe wythout drede and fere of hym, or of  
other enuyous whyche shal laboure to take it fro the / Tofore that  
thou hast ony offyces Thou boughtest peas and moderacion to  
lyue / And as sone as thou shalt haue it / thou shalt be deffyed of  
an other / which shal enforce hym for to gyue largely for to take it  
fro the; And the behoueth, maulgre thy self / that thou gyue as  
moche as he / to thende that thou kepe it / And that it abyde wyth  
the /

Behode thenne, brother, beholde / how moche thy lytyl hous  
gyueth the liberte and franchyse / And thanke it that it hath  
recuyd the as only lorde / And after that thy dore is shette and  
closed, ther entreth none other but suche as pleseth the / Men  
knocke oftymes atte yates of ryche and hye palayses / Ther is  
alleway noyse and murmure / In grete places ben grete and moche  
peples / of whyche somme ben hard pressyd / The halle of a grete  
prynce is comunely Infecte and eschaufed of the breeth of the  
peple / The vssher smyteth wyth hys Rodde vpon the heedes of  
them that ben there / Somme entre by forse of threstyng / And  
other stryue for to resyste / Somme tyme a poure man meschaunt  
that hath tofore be sore sette abacke, is further sette forth than an  
other / And the most fyers and prowde whom a man durste not  
tofore touche / is put further aback, and is in more gretter daunger  
/ There knoweth noman in certayn yf hys astate be sure or not /  
But who someuer it be, alway he is in doubte of hys fortune / And  
whan thou wenest to be most in grace / Thenne remembre the  
[wordes] of the poete that sayth / that it is no grete preysynge / for



to haue ben in the grace of a grete prynce / And to thende that  
thou mayst the better knowe now the courte / I wyl dyscryue and  
dyffyne it to the /

The courte, to thende that thou vnderstande it / is a couente  
of peple that, vnder fayntyse of Comyn wele, assemble hem to  
gydre for to deceyue eche other / For ther be not many of them but  
that they selle, bye / or eschange somtyme theyr rentes or propre  
vestementis / For emonge vs of the courte / we be meschaunt and  
newfangle / that we bye the other peple / And sommtyme for theyr  
money we selle to them our humanyte precyous / we bye other /  
and other bye vs / But we can moche better selle our self to them  
that haue to doo wyth vs / how moche thenne mayst thou gete /  
that it be certayn / or what sewrte / that it be wythout doubte and  
wythout peryll / wylt thou goo to the court for to selle or lese / the  
goodnes of vertues whyche thou haste gotten wythoute the courte /  
I saye to the, whan thou enforcest the to entre / thenne begynnest  
thou to lese the seynorye of thy self / And thou shalt nomore  
enioye the droytes and ryghtes of thy franchyse and liberte /  
Certes, brother, thou demandest that / whyche thou oughtest to  
deffye / And fyxest thyn hope in that / that shal drawe the to peryl  
and perdition / And yf thou come / the courte shal serue the with  
so many contryued lesynges on that one parte / And on that other  
syde, she shal delyuere to the so many cures and charges / that  
thou shalt haue wythin thy self contynnuell bataylle / thought /  
and anguysshes / And for certayn a man may not wel saye / that  
he is wel happy / that in tyme of tempeste is bought, and in so  
many contrarytees assayed and proued /

And yf thou demandest / what is the lyf of them of the  
courte, I answere the, brother / that it is a poure rychesse / An  
habundance myserable / an hyennesse that falleth / An estate not  
stable / A sewrte trembling / And an euyl lyf / And also it may  
be called of them that ben amoureuse, a deserte lyberte / Flee, ye  
men, flee, and holde and kepe you ferre fro suche an assemblee /  
yf ye wyll lyue wel and surely / and as peple wel assured vpon the  
Ryuage / beholde vs drowne by our own agreement / And  
mespryse our blyndenes / that may ne wylle knowe our propre  
meschyef / For lyke as the folysshe maronniers / whyche somtyme  
cause them self to be drowned / by theyr dyspourueyed  
aduysement / In lyke wyse the courte draweth to hym and  
deceyueth the symple men / and maketh them to desire and  
coueyte it / lyke as a Rybaulde or a comyn womman wel arayed /

by her lawhyng and by her kyssyng / The courte taketh meryly  
 them that comen therto / in vsyng to them false promesses / The  
 courte lawheth atte begynnyng on them that entre / And after she  
 grymmeth on them / And somtyme byteth them ryght aygrely /  
 The courte reteyneth the caytyuys whiche can not absente and  
 kepe them fro thene / and alday adnewe auctoryse and lordshippe  
 vpon suche as they surmounte / The courte also by error  
 forgeteth ofte them that beste seruen / And dyspende follyly her  
 propre good for tenryche them that ben not worthy / and that haue  
 ryght euyl deseruyd it / And the man is vnhappy that is taken in /  
 and had leuer to perysshe / than to yssue and goo out / And ther to  
 lose hys cours of nature / wythout euer to haue hys franchyse and  
 lyberte vntyl hys deth / Beleue surely, brother, and doubte  
 nothyng, that thou excersyest ryght good and ryght prouffitable  
 offyce yf thou canst wel vse thy maystryse that thou hast in thy  
 lytyl hous / and thou art and shal be puyssaunt as longe as thou  
 hast, and shal haue of thy self, suffysaunce / For who that hath a  
 smal howshold and lytle meyne, and gouerneth them wysely & in  
 peas / he is a lorde / And somoche more is he ewrous & happy as  
 he more frely maynteneth it / As ther is nothyng so precious  
 vnder heuen / as for to be of sufficient comynycacion wyth  
 franchyse /

O fortunèd men / O blessyd famyllye, where as is honeste  
 pouerte that is content with reson, without etyng the fruytes of  
 other mennes labour / O wel happy howse, in whyche is vertue  
 wythout fraude ne barat / and whyche is honestly gouerned in the  
 drede of god and good moderacion of lyf / There entre no synnes  
 / There is a true and ryghtful lyf / where as is remorse of euery  
 synne, and where is no noyse / murmure ne enuye / of suche lyf  
 enioyeth nature / and in smale eases lyueth she longe / and lytyl  
 and lytyl she cometh to playsaunt age and honeste ende / For as  
 seyth Seneke in his tragedyes / Age cometh to late to peple of  
 smale howses / whyche lyue in suffysaunce / But emong vs  
 courtyours that be seruautes to fortune / we lyue disordynatly /  
 we wexen old more by force of charges than by the nombre of  
 yeres / And by defaulte of wel lyuyng, we ben wery of the  
 swetnes of our lyf / whyche so moche we desire, and haste to goo  
 to the deth, the whyche we somoche drede and doubte / Suffyse  
 the thenne, broder, to lyue in peas on thy partye / & lerne to  
 contente the by our meschiefs / Ne mesprise not thy self so moche  
 / that thou take the deth / for the lyf / Ne leue not the goodes that

## THE CURIAL

thou shalt be constrayned to brynge / For to seche to gete them  
after wyth grete wayllynges and sorow / whych shal be to the,  
horrible and harde to fynde / Fynably I praye the / counseylle and  
warne the / that yf thou hast taken any holy and honeste lyf / that  
thou wyl not goo and lese it / And that thou take away that  
thought, And despyse alle thy wyl for to come to courte / And be  
content to wythdrawe the wythin thenclose of thy pryue hous /  
And yf thou haue not in tyme passed knowen that thou hast ben  
ewrous And happy / thenne lerne now to knowe it fro hens forth /  
And to god I comande the by thys wrytyng, whyche gyue the hys  
grace / Amen.

Thus endeth the Curial made by maistre Alain Charretier,  
translated thus in Englyssh by Wylliam Caxton.

Ther ne is dangyer / but of a vylayn,  
Ne pride / but of a poure man enryched,  
Ne so sure a way / as is the playn,  
Ne socour / but of a trewe frende,  
Ne despayr / but of Ialousye,  
Ne hye corage / but of one Amoureuse,  
Ne pestilence / but in grete seynorye,  
    Ne chyere / but of a man Ioyous.  
Ne seruyse / lyke to the kyng souerayn,  
Ne fowle name / but of a man shamed,  
Ne mete / but whan a man hath hungre,  
Ne entrepyse / but of a man hardy,  
Ne pouerte / lyke vnto maladye,  
Ne to haunte / but the good and wyse,  
Ne howse / but yf it be wel garnysshed,  
    Ne chyere / but of a man Ioyous.  
Ne ther is no rychesshe / but in helthe,  
Ne loue / so good as mercy,  
Ne than the deth / nothyng more certayn,  
Ne none better chastysed / than of hym self,  
Ne tresour / lyke vnto wysedom,  
Ne anguysshe / but of ay herte coueytous,  
Ne puyssaunce / but ther men haue enuye,  
    Ne chyere / but of a man Ioyous.  
What wylle ye that I saye?  
Ther is no speche / but it be curtoys,  
Ne preysyng of men / but after theyr lyf,  
    Ne chyer but of a man Ioyous.

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Caxton.

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<http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~rbear/curial.html>