

For Maister Geffrey



grOnk 3 series 4



Earle Birney



In Chauceres haselwood wher Robeyn pleyde
Wher wren remembreth that the phenix seyde
Wher Janus breeth blowth myrrh on misteltine
I walken wol til al hys joy beth myne.

Her from hys montaigne den a grymme leoun
Bombleth benigyn; the queynȝe scorpioun
And every fiery serpent venymous
Hath wyn of pitee in hire een; the mous
With deyntee toon stalketh in bourde the boor—
The tusked swyn that wayteth evermoor
In pryde the bord of Noël to begynne.
Her glyden grisly tigren without synne
And oliphauntes blowen trompes of joly soun.
I fare in feeldes of meditacioun
By boles blake and coy camelopard.
Ther sely ounce byteth on the swarde.
Hys owne tayle, and al is sikernesse.
Ther coursers croppen withoute tikelnesse—
O brighte horsly hors of Lumbardye!—
And dredeles the hertes with hornes hye.

In Chauceres haselwood I walke alweye
And never thynke out of hise shawes to streye.