

THE STORY OF DOROTHEA

“The Story of Dorothea” is a completed tale for which there are two manuscripts: a holograph (in Morris’s writing) (*b1*) and a copy of it by an amanuensis (*b2*). The 43 paginated folios of *b1* are written in ink on recto, except for a correction on the verso of folio 42 and the numerals “300” on the verso of folio 14, “400” on the verso of folio 19, “500” on the verso of folio 24, “600” on the verso of folio 29, and “654” on the verso of folio 31. These numerals indicate the number of lines composed. The folios comprise a notebook, 8 inches long and 7 inches wide, on white paper with 23 horizontal aqua-coloured lines and watermarked “Joynson 1864.” The manuscript *b1* is located in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, 2SF.

The second manuscript is a copy of *b1* by an amanuensis. Its 32 folios are paginated only by May Morris, 52-81. They are on grey paper with 34 aqua lines and are unwatermarked. The first folio bears Morris’s address: “26 Queen Square, Bloomsbury.” The second folio bears the title of the tale and the number of pages “30.” The manuscript *b2* is located in the British Library, London, from the May Morris Bequest, Add. MS. 45309.

The source for this tale is *The Golden Legend* by Jacobus de Voragine, of which a translation by William Caxton was printed for the Kelmscott Press in 1892. (See notation for the source of the first Prologue.)

The copy-text for this edition is *b1*. The tale was not published until 1991, when Florence Boos included it in an appendix to her critical study, *The Design of William Morris’ The Earthly Paradise* (Lewiston, N.Y.: Edwin Mellon Press, 1991), 400-45.

INTRODUCTION

“The Story of Dorothea” is among the very first of the 29 extant tales Morris composed for *The Earthly Paradise*. As a transitional poem composed between 1861 and 1865, Morris was to eventually reject it for publication in *The Earthly Paradise*. And yet it is precisely its transitional nature which makes “The Story of Dorothea” as important for an understanding of Morris’s poetry as another transitional tale included in *The Earthly Paradise*: “The Lovers of Gudrun.” “Dorothea” represses the earlier dramatics of *Guenevere*, just as “Gudrun” anticipates the later saga of *Sigurd*. It thereby offers a key to the unusual development in Morris’s poetry.

Of all of Morris’s unpublished manuscripts, “The Story of Dorothea” is the longest and least accessible. Until 1991 only two copies of the poem existed. The first is an autograph manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. The second is a manuscript written by an amanuensis commissioned by Morris, held in the British Library. Nearly a hundred years after Morris’s death the poem at last has become more accessible with its publication by Florence Boos in an appendix to her critical study, *The Design of William Morris’s The Earthly Paradise* (1991).

Why was its publication delayed for so long? May Morris’s decision to reject the poem from

both *The Collected Works* (1910-15) and the two supplemental *Artist, Writer, Socialist* volumes (1936) remains a mystery when we consider that she included in volume 24 of *The Collected Works* the three other unpublished and less finished tales which her father had rejected from *The Earthly Paradise* (“The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice,” “The Wooing of Swanhild,” and “The Story of Aristomenes”). Her dismissal of the “Dorothea” manuscript as unpolished and cold in treatment went unchallenged until 1975 when K.L. Goodwin, in the only sustained criticism of the poem thus far, investigated its merit. Goodwin suggested that May Morris may have rejected “Dorothea” because of its cold treatment of the fleshly sisters and sadistic torture, adding perceptively that Morris himself more likely rejected his poem because of Dorothea’s fearless acceptance of death, an acceptance incompatible with the fear of death that pervades *The Earthly Paradise* as a whole (Goodwin 102).

With recollections of Rossetti’s jokes about cupboards full of Morris’s manuscripts (WM:AWS 1:396), of Shaw’s envy of Morris’s ease in “never blotting a line” when composing (3), and of Mackail’s account of Morris’s method of revision as simply discarding an unsatisfactory draft and then starting a new poem (1:52), many readers may assume that any manuscript rejected by Morris could be little more than a routine exercise in what was alleged to be his factory-like production of poems. But the two extant manuscripts for “The Story of Dorothea” exemplify the care Morris devoted to his poetry. Evidence that still earlier drafts were composed for “Dorothea” is found in the revision of line 122 of the Fitzwilliam manuscript. This revision suggests that Morris is transcribing from an earlier draft, since halfway through the line he jumps ahead to copy mistakenly the last half of the next line:

And when he saw her <scarce had power to move> \such a flame of love/
Shot through him that he scarce had power to move. (122-23)

Other revisions show further kinds of care. The revision of line 658, though similar in form to that of 122, is not related to transcription. Rather it reveals Morris’s discomfort with the visual arrangement and/or the emotional relationship of the three sisters:

And sank adown <while round Callistes neck> \and nothing did she reckon/
That Dorothea round Callistes’ neck... (658-59)

Here he may be experimenting with a reversal in the order of his rhyming couplet, since “while”

requires an alternative clause structure. Compare the revision of line 606, where he opts to break his pentameter in his effort to strike the correct shift from “ill at ease” confusion (598) to sentimental emotion, as the three sisters transform into a round embrace:

<And to each other> \And round/ about they clung sorrowing. (606)

Scrutiny of other such details will attest that there is nothing unpolished about this draft. Indeed, a reading of its subtle complexity reveals an excitement on the “Parnassian” plane equal to the flashes found in Morris’s dramatic lyrics.

“The Story of Dorothea” is a subversive work from the very start of the curiously misleading Argument that precedes the tale:

The Holy Maiden Dorothea was slain because of her faith,
and as she was passing to her death she was mocked by a
certain man; which mock God rebuked in a wonderful way,
so that the mocker died as she had done.

As a summary of the plot or a suggestion of the theme, this pre-text offers but a pretext for a poem that questions rather than ratifies divine retribution. By pitting the tale against the Argument, Morris skirts the issue of religious faith, and thereby demonstrably disengages himself still further from such literal discourse. The central focus of the tale is summarily dismissed in the first clause of the Argument: “Dorothea was slain because of her faith.” The Argument instead proceeds to arouse our expectations that mockeries and miracles are the subject of the tale, promising evidence of divine retribution as the miraculous response to mockery: “as she was passing to her death she was mocked by a certain man; which mock God rebuked in a wonderful way, so that the mocker died as she had done.” Yet this central focus of the Argument is in turn relegated in the tale to the last ninety lines, culminating abruptly in the final five lines:

Now furthermore the ancient tale doth say
That this Theophilus in no long time
Met Dorothea in the happy clime
For soon he bore the martyr’s palm & crown
Being slain by stoning midmost of the town. (907-11)

The compression of this tail-end raises disturbing questions rather than settling us with answers.

The brevity of both the Argument and the conclusion may momentarily suggest that the delivery of

the heavenly basket and the subsequent stoning prove the power of Dorothea's faith and of God's vengeance. But the stoning is an elliptical allusion to the conversion of Theophilus. Though the poem dwells on the reality of physical torture and brutal execution, the parallel between Dorothea and Theophilus lies not in the brutality of their deaths, but in the fact that they were both slain for their faith. To be "rebuked in a wonderful way, so that the mocker died as she had done" is to die in the blessed condition of anticipating the eternal flowers of paradise. Are the two martyrs wedded in heaven? Having resisted the crown of the Roman prefect, does Dorothea accept the crown of the martyr, as Theophilus--having arisen from the mockeries feared by Fabricius--now assumes Christ's crown of martyrdom? To what extent does the tail-end wag the tale?

Morris's adaptation of his source further emphasizes the brevity of his conclusion. The life of St. Dorothea is told in Jacobus de Voragine's *Legenda Sanctorum*, the translation by William Caxton being one of Morris's favourite books. The account of her life was the most controversial of the tales of the saints; its inclusion was an issue debated by the editors of *Acta Sanctorum* who were skeptical of the details of her legend. According to the tale, after she was subjected to daily torture, Dorothea emerged each mornings fully recovered and with all wounds healed, professing her love for her spouse Jesus Christ. Morris leaves no evidence of these miraculous healings in his tale. His treatment instead suggests that the question of Dorothea's sainthood is the very reason he chose it as the subject for a tale. His interest is in the relation between the word and the world, the tale and the truth, turning the story of Dorothea into a poem on the power of art. The prose summary presented in the Argument is hence an intentionally inadequate introduction to the tale. As its inference of divine retribution is relegated to the periphery of the tale, the law of poetic justice is elevated to stand as the central convention:

Although of all the Gods thou fearest none,
And though thou mockest both at heaven and hell,
Remember somewhat that the poets tell
Of right and justice and avenging fate. (497-500)

The opening and closure of the tale complete a full circle around the judicial convention, with the crown cast as its symbol. "In the old days when Rome was flourishing" (as she is no longer now), the crown was worn only by the will of the Emperor of Rome (1-4). By the end of the poem, as the poet's "ancient tale doth say," the crown is worn by the will of the people of God (907-11).

The rest of the tale, however, shows this transition to be forced. The misappropriated crown leads to a profusion and confusion of crowns that are emblematic of a lordless world gone awry. The confusion derives from the floral crown of spiritual fulfillment being forsaken for the golden crown of earthly ambitions. While Morris makes appeals to the conventional restoration of the proper crown, he simultaneously undercuts the authority of such laws of poetic justice by relegating them to the forced conventions of art. "As my author in the old tale saith," Dorothea's father learned the truth of God (20-21); "as the old tale saith," her sisters learned the lies of devils (93-94); "the poets tell/ Of right and justice" (499-500); and "furthermore the ancient tale doth say/ That this Theophilus in no long time/ Met Dorothea in the happy clime" (907-09). Rather than authorizing these references to truth and justice, Morris reduces the credibility of his source as that of an old tale-teller whose claims remain unverified.

As Morris thus undermines the presumption of knowing the truth, he further undermines the abstraction by leaving it unarticulated: "little thing," "which thing," "strange thing" (23, 27, 32). This most inarticulate word serves to describe the epiphany wherein Dorothea's father believes he can distinguish illusion from reality, the morbid metaphor from the uplifting word. Whereas in middle age, Dorus had fallen prone to distorting metaphors ("the world began to seem like some vast cage" and "the great gift of life seemed small," 12, 15), his perspective now changes to embrace more spiritual matters, as he joins the conversions that would leave the once flourishing Rome of "old days" behind for the "happy clime" of celestial eternity (1, 909). But his rejection of metaphor in favour of the "thing" itself is marked by a shift from the flight of fancy to the repetition of vagueries. As Dorus comes "to hear the truth..., through his mind the good thought passed/ That, were it true, it were no little thing" [i.e., miracle] that he should thrive (21-25). "Which thing [i.e., truth] it was God's will he should believe...all the world can tell,/ And from the font he passed with soul washed clean/ And wondering at the strange thing [i.e., personality] he had been" (27-32). The double image of the font (31) is consistent with Dorus's rejection of metaphor, as he turns from his own projections to the font of God's word as his saviour. In telling the story of Dorothea, then, Morris shows how the choice of one font over another or of one faith over another is really a conversion in taste from one kind of poetry to another. For among such conflicts as those between the word and the metaphor, the floral and the mineral, the spiritual and

the physical, the only conflict resolved in a distinctly hierarchical relationship is that between art and life: the power of art and the fragility of life. The foregrounding of these two truths makes the tale consistent with the mutability and creativity theme of *The Earthly Paradise* as a whole.

The power of art evolves from our need to project illusions that humanize the contradictory nature of the universe. The crown is emblematic of these unresolved contradictions. As the crown imagery progresses from the golden crown to the floral crown, it soars from the realm of earthly consequences to the realm of wishful dreams. With Juvenilian irony Morris describes this alien world gone awry wherein “such a crown” is borne from Dorothea’s blossoming beauty (115).

Living in a brothel with her sisters, who have sold their virginity for gold, Dorothea tries to hide her loveliness

From lustful eyes: and yet did God ordain
That her great beauty blossomed not in vain,
Since in the end it bore her such a crown. (113-16)

The crown “it bore her” is the crown offered to her by the Emperor’s prefect, who has fallen in love after catching a glimpse of her in the brothel doorway. When the prefect’s slave describes the riches that will be hers if she will but share the prefect’s crown, she knows her life is doomed:

“Nay, in your gems,” she said, “there lies the threat
As in the olive wreath of old was set
The grinded sword: leave me and let me be
For I would weep alone and silently
The remnant of my life.” (304-08)

As she acknowledges the presence of the sword within the wreath, she knows now that she cannot govern her own life by simply choosing the spiritual and rejecting the material. Rather, one cuts through to deny the other. With a prophetic foresight similar to that of another of Morris’s entrapped heroines (Jehane of “The Haystack in the Floods” who “saw at once the wretched end, And, stooping down, tried hard to rend Her coif” over her eyes as Robert is reassuring her that “Nay, love, ‘tis scarcely two to one” for the enemy, and home “is so near”), Dorothea turns to the garden wall and cries as she foresees the end of the story of her life (277-308). When the emissary slave protests, she tells a story wherein she foresees her own execution (as the crown is depicted as a lie-detecting ring):

In a city once there dwelt a King

Who would be wed, and had a certain ring
So wrought, that whoso gat it on her hand,
Were she the fairest thing in all the land,
And seeming perfect, body soul and limb,
Nevertheless it would be known to him
If she had sinned: now therefore many an one
Fair as they were the wise Kings bed did shun:
At last came one who in most secret wise
Had wrought her sins, arrayed in royal guise
But on her finger was there set the ring
And she began to babble everything
Spite of herself, and so was led away
And ended all her life upon that day
Being burnt with fire according to the law. (327-42)

In response to the threats of torture and death, she contrasts the ephemera of the earth with the eternity of the afterlife she anticipates. She reduces to dust the braveries of petty affairs conducted in these stone palaces of Roman settlements, as she envisions first the future when “midmost here some yellow lion lies/ Unchild of any” on this very site wrung free of all Roman tongues (529-31), and then a still yet more distant future when “no more use is found for moon or sun” (533). The prefect counters Dorothea’s vision of eternity with his own of intensity, as he warns her not to be deluded by a dream, but to reconsider her reality “while the next few hours flit.”

When Dorothea is returned to her prison cell she does indeed dream, but what she learns from the distinction between appearance and substance is a reality unrecognized by the prefect. Her dream permits her to witness the power of faith: “it seemed/ She was a child again, and on her head/ Her father set a crown of roses red” (577-79). As she awakens to the misery of the prison walls, she reaches toward her head “As if she thought to find the garland there,/ That nothing met except her golden hair” (588-89). She smiles with the faith that her golden hair needs no crown, for she “so soon should behold Gods face/ And all her troubles should have happy end” (593-94).

Fortified by her dream, she conveys the power of her faith to her sisters, who then suffer torture and death for their choice to support rather than convert Dorothea. Faced next with her own torture, she arrives in the judgement hall with her gaze a “little raised,” as if set beyond the earth to heaven’s “shore Where dwell the blessed” (749-50). Throughout the full day of torture, the focus

of the tale turns to the prefect's internal self-torment over the tortures he has ordered to be inflicted, rather than on Dorothea's own external physical suffering. He is torn between his conscience and his fear of the mockery he would face from his subjects if he were to reveal compassion and mercy. At the end of the long day she stands before him trembling but still resolved with steady eyes and unchanged heart, while he sinks "back in his throne," haggard and pale, with swimming eyes, after ordering her to be slain outside the city gates (777-81; 811-15). His brief moment as the central focus of the tale ends abruptly, his life dispatched summarily as if no longer relevant to the story:

Then mazed and grieved he sank back to his throne
And soon he gat him back into his home,
Nor dwelt there long, but journeyed unto Rome
And there he lived and died in unbelief. (816-18)

Instead the tale now turns tardily to the incident of mockery by the "certain man" who had been promised in the Argument to be the focus of the poem. Theophilus the Protonotary appears at last in – or, more precisely, appears *as* – line 823 ("Theophilus the Protonotary"). He asks Dorothea to deliver him flowers from her Lord whom he envies as her lover. When she turns her earnest eyes towards him and promises flowers and fruits by sunset, he regrets his mock and pities her madness. After Dorothea is led outside the city gates to be beheaded, Theophilus reaches home where he meets at sunset "a strange and fearful but most lovely sight": an angel dressed like the blue evening sky enfolded with golden stars, his bright rosy feet hovering at the horizon. The beautiful description reads like a set-piece for a Burne-Jones illustration:

There stood an angel clad in raiment bright
Of lovely blue set thick with stars of gold
Drawn round the girdle stead in many a fold;
A green wreath had he on his golden hair
And in the thickening frosty air
From both his shoulders wondrous wings arose
With feathers stranger and more fair than those
The solitary bird is wont to bear
Over Egyptian deserts, and these were
Still moving gently, that his naked feet
Rosy and bright scarce touched the wintry street
And on his lips a gentle smile he had,
But calm his face was though so sweet and glad. (875-87)

But this heavenly sunset is symbolically crowned by a green wreath on golden hair and extends to Theophilus a golden basket of apples and roses from Dorothea (888-91). As Theophilus takes the gift he experiences the same epiphany Dorothea had experienced after awakening from a dream in which her father placed a garland of roses upon her head. Theophilus “therewithal did wake/ As if from sleep and saw things as they were” (903-04). He is awakened to a spiritual reality by his visionary power to personify the natural order.

The brief conclusion is self-referential rather than dramatic. Its five lines are jarringly abrupt in their denial of the dramatic narrative of the divine rebuke promised in the Argument, making indeed that pre-text a pretext, reducing poetic justice (907-11) to a rumour that “an ancient tale doth say” (907) with redundant imprecision:

Theophilus in *no long time*
Met Dorothea in the happy clime
For *soon* he bore the martyr’s palm & crown
Being slain by stoning midmost of the town. (908-11; my italics)

When the parallels of this passage return us to the comparable dismissal of the prefect Fabricius (815-19), we find not only the same temporal imprecisions (“soon ... no long”), but must notice now that Fabricius “*lived* and died,” that he may have indeed *lived long*, despite the tale-teller’s efforts to compress his life for the sake of establishing the emotionally pleasing cause-and-effect narrative pattern of poetic justice. The example of Dorothea’s faith and martyrdom inspires Theophilus to don the same martyr’s crown, as the story of each of them is designed to inspire others to follow suit. Its success lies not through a proof of miracles but through the power of poetic vision. By uncovering the seams of the artfully constructed case for Dorothea’s sainthood, Morris discovers the artistry of the tale and its power to subsume the truth.

The development of the crown image demonstrates how Morris has constructed his own poem by designing an intricate series of parallels and juxtapositions. Other such image patterns contributing to this design include the flame that beacons and burns, that inspires and distorts; the “walled garden” that encloses childish delights within the cage of life and the “city gates” that are a parodic entrance to the celestial city of “some great lord”; the spatial hill imagery of age, hierarchy, and territorial conquest (with Dorothea signifying the spoils of paradise) and the temporal organic

imagery of decay, renewal, and resurrection to the eternal (where Dorothea, amidst the “ever-blooming trees..., dwelleth evermore,” 899-901). All contribute to Morris’s study of the relation between the literal faith in the word of God and the literary power of the artist’s metaphor.

“The Story of Dorothea” thereby offers insight into Morris’s curious progression in the direction opposite to Hopkins’s prescription for poetry. Morris’s shift to romance is typical of the shift of maturing artists like Shakespeare who are drawn to issues concerning the nature of art that arise from the purely imaginative realm of romance. The revisions of the manuscript itself reveal this shift away from the verisimilitude, physical violence, and psychological analysis that characterize *The Defence of Guenevere* volume, as Morris turns in *The Earthly Paradise* tales to a purer study of the power of the literary text.

The revision of line 338 provides a demonstration of the restraint Morris learned to exercise. The manuscript includes these two dramatic lines for Dorothea’s parable of the magical ring which causes sinners to “babble everything” about their sins:

<But while she stood before the watchful King
Upon her finger did she set the ring>

The lines offer Morris’s own psychological rationale for the mysterious phenomena, an inappropriate intrusion in a parable narrated by his young and spiritual heroine. He thus revised the passage to read:

\But on her finger was there set the ring./

Though passive and less dramatic and concrete in detail, the revised line is a necessary sacrifice. Morris realized that the reference to the watchful eyes of the King would undermine the mysterious power of the ring by suggesting instead that fear of the King’s close scrutiny had prompted the sinner’s confession. Morris knew when not to attribute his own insight to a character whose personality was so different from his own.

Such examples of subtle restraint may enable us to better understand what Swinburne and Hopkins considered to be a turn from an inspiring to a slackening muse. The same restraint required for sacrificing sophisticated lines for the integrity of the tale must have been applied to sacrifice the sophisticated “Story of Dorothea” for the integrity of the entire *Earthly Paradise*. Morris may have questioned the compatibility of “Dorothea” with the melancholy mood of the

other tales. He may have questioned its compatibility with the tale-tellers' demonstrations of how individual mutability is transcended through the communal effort toward creative renewal by rooting personal vision within one's own cultural tradition. That his final revision was the decision to sacrifice the whole of one of his most powerful tales may be the ultimate proof that the poet remained true to his art.

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The Story of Dorothea.

Argument.

0.5 The Holy Maiden Dorothea was slain
because of her faith, and as she was
passing to her death she was mocked
by a certain man; which mock God
rebuked in a wonderful way, so that
the mocker died as she had done. _____

5 In the old days when Rome was flourishing
And through the world there was no prince or king
But held his crown and sceptre at the will
Of him who there the golden throne did fill,
A man there dwelt of old and noble race,
Who lacked for neither wealth or reverend place,
Dorus by name; who in his youth indeed
Had led such life as young men love to lead,
But as the grey hairs one by one grew up
10 The false love-token and the drinking cup
He cast aside, for now in middle age
The world began to seem like some vast cage,
Barred with inevitable death about
The clinging lovers and the conquerors shout
15 And the great gift of life seemed small enow.

20 And so chanced men then began to know
Within Rome-town the true and only God,
And worship him who many a rough way trod
Ending all ways at last with shameful death;
And, as my author in the old tale saith

0.1 Dorothea.] Dorothea *b2*; [St. Dorothea was a Christian martyr tortured to death during the persecutions ordered by the Roman Emperor Diocletian in 303 A.D.]

0.2 Argument.] Argument *b2*

0.3 Maiden] maiden *b2*

0.4 faith,] faith *b2*

0.5 passing ... death] passing *b2*

0.8 done. _____] done. *b2*

15 life] li<v>\f/e *b1*

16 And] [folio 2 recto *b1*]

19 Ending] [folio 2 recto *b2*]

This Dorus came to hear the truth at last,
And often through his mind the good thought passed
That, were it true, it were no little thing
That he a weak man should be still living
25 In joy and peace, when all was passed away
That seemed so strong, well made to last for aye.
Which thing it was Gods will he should believe
And all the truth into his heart receive,
The Love of God the fear of sin and Hell,
30 The scorn of death, and all the word can tell,
And from the font he passed with soul washed clean
And wondering at the strange thing he had been.

So for five years he led a quiet life,
And in that time he took to him a wife
35 And two fair daughters unto him she bore,
And far more peace he knew than ere before.
But when the sixth year rose upon his head
Within his palace lay the Emperor dead,
Who was a good man and of gentle heart,
40 And left his folk at quiet for his part
And all was changed within a little week.
Because the new-made Emperor did seek
To win the Gods to smile upon his reign.

So soon the Tiber carried down again
45 Its load of wretched corpses to the sea,
And folk were haled toward perpetually,
And in the marble theatre, limb by limb
Were men and women torn for trusting Him
Who has not failed them: everywhere was cried
50 “The Christians to the Lions, so that we,
Our wives and babes may all live quietly.”

21 Dorus] Dorus <#> *b1*; [Dorus was the father of Dorothea.]
21 last,] last *b2*
27 Gods] God's *b2*
29 God] God, *b2*
29 fear] <scorn> \fear/ *b1*
30 word] world *b2*
33 led] led</> *b1*
35 unto] unto to *b2*
37 But] [folio 3 recto *b1*]
43 reign] reign <->. *b1*
45 Its] the *b2*
49 cried] c<#>\r/ied *b1*
50 Christians] christians *b2*
51 Our] [folio 3 recto *b2*]

Awhile with trembling heart regarding it
Within his marble house did Dorus sit;
At last one night arising quietly
55 While the town slept, he gat him to the sea,
Bearing with him his little ones and wife,
And one tried slave he trusted with his life,
And taking ship, to Asia he passed,
And so to Cappadocia came at last;
60 And going inland there from the great sea
He came unto a noble fair city
Called C Φ sarea; where he dwelt in rest
A poor man now, but yet by none opprest
For five years more, and late in the third year
65 Of his sojourn his wife to him did bear
Another daughter, whom he took straightway
That Adam's sin might clean be washed away,
Unto the bishop, and the name she had
When in her white robe she was newly clad
70 Was Dorothea, who in that same place
On strength and loveliness grew up apace.

But when her sixteenth year was fully come
Her father and her mother were called home,
And in a quiet place their bodies laid,
75 Where fearfully the burial rites were paid.
For now in C Φ sarea as in Rome,
New orders from the Emperor were come
That duly Jove should now be worshipped,
Nor longer Citharea veil her head
80 So there was slain full many a Christian man
And crimson with their blood the channels ran.

53 Dorus] Doru<#>s *b1*
55 slept,] slept *b2*
58 And] [folio 4 recto *b1*]
59 last;] last, *b2*; [Cappadocia was a northeastern district of Asia Minor which became a Roman province in 17 A.D.]
62 CΦsarea;] CΦsarea, *b2*; [CΦsarea was a city in Cappadocia.]
62 rest] <peace> rest *b1*
64 more,] more *b2*
65 wife] <to> wife *b1*
66 daughter,] daughter *b2*
67 clean] <#> clean *b1*
73 home,] home *b2*
79 citharea] <C> Citharea *b1*
80 So] [folio 5 recto *b1*]
81 their] the<re>\ir/ *b1*

Moreover some there were within that place
Who rather chose to live on earth a space
That life despised even by the heathen wise,
85 Than pass through death to joy in Paradise.
Amongst whom Dorothea's sisters twain,
Eriste and Calliste, fearing pain,
And doubting of the happy life to come,
Reared up a little altar in their home
90 Unto the idols, though indeed no one
Had harmed them ought, but let them live alone.
So when they thus had given up their faith
For earthly life, then, as the old tale saith
The seven other devils came to them,
95 And finding them at last outside the hem
Of Christs robe, put in their hearts straightway,
That from this earth all folk pass quick away,
And well it is to live in joyance there.
So when at night each others body fair
100 Each one beheld and saw herself thereby,
So tall and straight, and made so cunningly,
Then would she redden, thinking is not this,
That which all men desire past all bliss;
Does it not pass in few and doubtful years,
105 And being gone, what longing and what tears
Will bring it back; and for the lending it
Among rich things and jewels may I sit,
And men will give me love and kisses sweet,
And grovel on the ground before my feet.
110 So thought they to themselves, and soon for gold

82 Moreover] [folio 4 recto *b2*]
85 through] <to de> through *b1*
90 Unto] <T>\U/nto *b1*
91 ought,] ought *b2*
93 then,] then *b2*
94 them,] them *b2*
95 at ... hem] <outside the guarding hem> \at last outside the hem/ *b1* [Correction on folio 4 verso
b1]
96 Christs] Christ's *b2*
96 straightway] straightway *b2*
97 That] Tha<n>\t/ *b1*
100 Each] [folio 6 recto *b1*]
100 thereby,] thereby; *b2*
101 straight,] straight *b2*
104 doutful] doubtful *b2*
107 sit,] sit *b2*

Their virgin shame fast beauty had they sold;
With whom dwelt Dorothea none the less,
But as she might hiding her loveliness
From lustful eyes: and yet did God ordain
115 That her great beauty blossomed not in vain,
Since in the end it bore her such a crown.

Because the Emperors prefect in that town,
By name Fabricius, passing through the street
Some great lord at the city-gate to meet
120 Chanced to behold that virginal sweet thing
The doorway of her house just entering;
And when he saw her such a flame of love
Shot through him that he scarce had power to move
Though in one little moment she was gone:
125 Then turning round about, he said to one
That rode beside him, "Who dwells in that house"
"Sir" quoth his Knight, two damsels amorous
Who from the Christian folly late have turned
Because they saw some wretched damsel burned."
130 "Nay truly" said the prefect, "was she such
I saw just now, that any man could touch
Her body if he lists, so seemed she not
But like a perfect maid without a spot."

"Yea" said the other, "neither said I so,
135 The damsel who stood there I nowise know
Although ere now myself have had the grace
To spend some happy hours in that place,
When slaves enow I saw about the house,
None other but the sisters amorous.
140 And, as to her, I think that verily
Of some near kin unto them she must be;
For like to them she is, but fairer still

112 less,] less *b2*

113 But] [folio 5 recto *b2*]

115 vain,] vain *b2*

117 Emperors] Emperor's *b2*

117 town,] town *b2*

121 The] [folio 7 recto *b1*]

122 such ... love] <scarce had power to move> \such a flame of love/ *b1*

125 about,] about *b2*

127 "Sir"] "Sir," *b2*

127 two] "two *b2*

130 truly"] truly," *b2*

134 "Yea"] "Yea," *b2*

142 like] like <them> *b1*

And lower down the right side of the hill
On the worse side whereof all beauty wanes.
145 Also it seems to me that whoso gains
Her lovely body, will be strong and wise
For she looks hard to win as Paradise.”

No answer made the prefect thereunto
But going forth, did that he had to do,
150 But never on that day could he forget
The lovely girl, and still his heart was set
On gaining her by good means or by bad.

Now in his house a certain slave he had
Faithful to him, and cunning as a slave,
155 To whom next morn he told what he would have;
Who straightway went to where there dwelt the twain
Eriste and Calliste: There in vain
He waited long the coming of the maid.
Who all that day within her chamber staid
160 For coming evil sorely did she dread;
Though nowise conscious what above her head
Hung, ready to destroy her body sweet.
So willingly she would not show her face
Within the streets of that great wicked place.

165 Therefrom passed both her sisters, with their feet
Just showing from the thin and silken gown,
And many a women slave, both white and brown,
But nowhere could he see that lovely one
Fair as an angel, hooded like a nun,
170 With her demure, and thoughtful eyes above
The sweet red lips, that knew no kiss of love.
At last he came to think, that openly
He needs must ask if lucky he would be,

143 And] [folio 8 recto *b1*]
145 Also] [folio 6 recto *b2*] 149 forth,] forth *b2*
150 he] he<r> *b1*
155 have;] have *b2*
156 straightway] straightway *b2*
157 Calliste:] Calliste; *b2*
162 Hung, ready] Hung, re<d>\a/dy *b1*; Hung ready *b2*
164 Within] [folio 9 recto *b1*]
165 sisters,] sisters *b2*
166 the] the<ir> *b1*
167 women slave,] woman slave *b2*
167 brown,] brown *b2*
170 demure,] demure *b2*
170 above] <alo> \above/ *b1*

But just then came there forth a woman old,
175 Who peering all about did soon behold
The prefect's slave, and said, "what dost thou here
Who by this house all day hast loitered near;
Thou art a slave, what would thy master then,
Thou knowest that my ladies hate not men."
180 Then said the slave, "Mother, a fair lady,
Who dwells within this house I fain would see."
"Nay sir," she said Come in and wait awhile
And so with talk the time will we beguile,
For from the house my ladies twain are gone
185 And I am left dismal, well nigh alone."
So in he went, and soon the two sat down
In a high room that ovelooked the town.

Then quoth the crone, And hast thou anything
Within that purse, as jewel or rich ring
190 What harm to show it me, for even the old
Still love to see the gleam of gems and gold."
"Nay" said the slave "what sayest thou to this,
Is it enough to buy my lord a kiss?"
And on the board he laid five pieces down
195 That bare on golden sides the name and crown.
"What dost thou here," the woman said, with these
And thinkest thou with such poor wage to please
My ladies?" "Nay my mistress certainly"
The man said, but I put them there for thee;"
200 Then grinned the crone and said, "Then something strange
I warrant me thou wantest in exchange.
Well, in this house full hand is aye gaining,

174 But] But <th> *b1*
176 The] [folio 7 recto *b2*]
180 lady,] lady *b2*
182 said Come] said, “come *b2*
186 So] [folio 10 verso *b1*]
187 ovelooked] overlooked *b2*
189 Within] <#> within *b1*
192 “Nay” said the slave] “Nay,” said the slave, *b2*
192 this,] this *b2*
193 it] <this> \it/ *b1*
196 with] “with *b2*
198 ladies?”] <lovely> ladies?” *b1*; ladies.” *b2*
198 certainly”] certainly”. *b2*
199 but] “but *b2*
201 thou] thou <#> *b1*
202 Well,] Well *b2*

Say on, what wouldst thou;” “But a little thing”
He answered, “but that I might talk alone
205 Upon my lords part, with a certain one
That dwells here, neither of may ladies twain:
And if indeed I talk with her in vain
Still may you keep what in your hand you hold,
If she is kind to us, why then in gold
210 Your fingers may you glove if so you will.”

“Nay then must you and I use all our skill”
The woman said, “for truly she is such
A thunderbolt would hardly move her much
If she had will to set out any where.
215 She is the sister of my ladies fair
The children are they of one dam & sire
But she is like them as the sun a fire.
And though far fairer is she than are they
Patient and simple goes she on her way
220 Longing for nought nor wishful to be seen:
And besides all she thinks the Nazarene
Is or will be the master of all things.
And those that serve him will be more than kings
When thy are dead; alas if I could think
225 Such things as these who am upon the brink
Of evil death, and my most cherished joys
Are less to be desired than the toys
My elders laughed to see me play withal
So long ago by the vine covered wall
230 Before my very hopes began to spring
That now have made this old wretched thing –
You laugh, ah, I forgot; but for your gold
This wonderful young thing you shall behold.
But little hope have I of any more
235 And surely she will try your patience sore” –

Therewith she went out quickly from the place,

203 thou;”] thou<;>\.” b2

208 still] [folio 11 recto b1]

209 If] If <o> b1; [folio 8 recto b2]

210 may ... you] you may glove if you so b2

211 then] then, b2

213 hardly] hardly <nor> b1

216 &] and b2

219 on] in b2

224 dead;] dead: b2

228 laughed] laug<##>\hed/ b1

230 Before] [folio 12 recto b1]

235 sore – ”] sore” – b2

And left him waiting with a smiling face
And counting up the gold that he should get
If in his masters arms the maid he set.

240 But even his sluggish heart within him burned
When leading that sweet thing the crone returned,
So sweet she was, and gentle as the spring,
As with her young face pale, and lips trembling,
For fear of evil stealing over her,
245 She spoke, and said, "What wouldst thou with me, Sir?"

"Lady," he said I fain would speak with thee
Alone, if so thou wouldst will it so to be.
"So be it" she said, but make no long delay,
Because I fear what thou mayast have to say."
250 Therewith she turned round softly to the crone
And in the place those two were left alone.

Then said the man "Why dost thou tremble so;
For now, O lady, if thou hast a woe
This day and hour will end it certainly:
255 My lord the Prefect pineth sore for thee,
And bids me give these things into thy hands,
Wise men have drawn together from all lands,
And brave men snatched from crown of Prince & King,
Bids me too say, this is a little thing
260 To that which he will do for thee henceforth,
There is a green vale sheltered from the north,
That he has walled about from hill to hill,
There has he gather every stream and rill
Into a river lined with marble white,
265 That runs through gardens made for all delight
About the marvellous house that he has made
And at the back are woods with many a glade.

There shalt thou dwell, he says, from day to day

239 masters] master's *b2*

240 But] [folio 9 recto *b2*] 243 lips] <all> \lips/ *b1*

246 "Lady," he said] "Lady" he said, *b2*

248 but] "but *b2*

250 Therewith] [folio 13 recto *b1*]

252 so;] so *b2*

255 Prefect] Prefect <#> *b1*

258 Prince & King,] <cr> \P/rince & King, *b1*; Prince and King *b2*

259 too] to *b2*

260 henceforth,] henceforth *b2*

262 That] That <is> *b1*

And have all things that any mortal may;
270 And neither shalt thou pass thy life alone
For there of slaves shalt thou have many an one,
Both foul and fair to deal with as thou wilt
Nor shall a deed of thine be held for guilt.
And thither will my lord come day by day
275 with lords and dames to pass the time away,
And honour thee as far as in him lies.”

Silent sat Dorothea, to her eyes
Gathering the tears that soon began to fall,
And sobbing she turned round unto the wall,
280 Moaning. “O Lord, and now the day is come,
When thou wouldst have me taken to thy home,
Why do I feel so full of misery
That little of thy glory I can see;
Why do I faint, and weep so sore for this
285 Surely I am not meet to share thy bliss.”

Then spoke the slave. “Lady, has thou not heard
And has my master spoken a light word.
Why weepest thou to hear this joyous thing
That thou shalt live as Queen of a great King?”
290 Then round she turned to him with gasping breath
And said “O man thou will bring me my death;
And though indeed my death will bring me life,
And give me deep rest after pain and strife.
Yet is my weak heart fain to linger here
295 Where many things I find both sweet and dear
And full strange things for I am young enow
And may a hidden thing have I to know.”

“What did I say of death,” then quoth the slave.

271 For] [folio 14 recto *b1*]; [folio 10 recto *b2*]
273 guilt.] guilt *b2*
275 away,] away *b2*
279 unto] to *b2*
281 wouldst] would'st *b2*
283 of] of <#> *b1*
284 this] this <#> *b1*
285 Surely] Surely, *b2*
286 slave.] slave, *b2*
287 word,] word *b2*
288 thing,] thing <?>\,/ *b1*; thing *b2*
291 And] [folio 15 recto *b1*]
291 death;] death *b2*
292 will bring] will <give> \bring/ *b1*; bringest *b2*
298 death,"] death" *b2*

300 If thou within thy hands these things wouldst have,
I have been bidden to bring here for thee

All thoughts of death right far away would be.
For would he give to one that he loved not
Such things few princes in their crowns have got?"

305 "Nay, in your gems," she said, "there lies the threat
As in the olive wreath of old was set
The grinded sword: leave me and let me be
For I would weep alone and silently
The remnant of my life."

Then straight he fell
Upon his knees, and still to her did tell
310 The prefect's love, and all that he would do.
"In that place," said he, "none would know of you
And if you still hold to the Nazarene
Of all Gods else the Palace should be clean.
For he will think it good enough for him
315 To worship there thy body limb by limb.
So thou shalt have thy faith, and bliss also,
Upon this earth, if this thing thou wilt do."

"Alas" she said, "and when wilt thou be done.
Dost thou then think our God is such an one
320 Be gone I pray, and leave this foolishness,
For I will hearken neither more nor less."
"Yea lady," said he, I will go away,
But I may carry on some other day
Far other words than these."

299 If] “If *b2*
301 All] [folio 11 recto *b2*]
305 wreath] wreath<s> *b1*
309 tell] <d> \t/ell *b1*
310 The] [folio 16 recto *b1*]
311 “In that] “On that<,> *b1*; In that *b2*
311 he,] he *b2*
312 And] <T> \A/nd *b1*
313 be clean.] <f> be clean. *b1*; be clean *b2*
315 To] <O> To *b1*
316 faith,] faith *b2*
317 Upon] <A> Upon *b1*
317 earth,] earth *b2*
318 “Alas”] “Alas,” *b2*
320 Be gone] Begone *b2*
322 I] “I *b2*

Then on her brow

325 There came a frown, she said, "Thou sayest it now.
Truly today thy threat is little hid.
And now this message to thy lord bid.
That in a city once there dwelt a King
Who would be wed, and had a certain ring
330 So wrought, that whoso gat it on her hand,
Were she the fairest thing in all the land,
And seeming perfect, body soul and limb,
Nevertheless it would be known to him
If she had sinned: now therefore many an one
335 Fair as they were the wise Kings bed did shun:
At last came one who in most secret wise
Had wrought her sins, arrayed in royal guise
But on her finger was there set the ring
And she began to babble everything
340 Spite of herself, and so was led away
And ended all her life upon that day
Being burnt with fire according to the law.

Now in likewise I without spot or flaw
Have will to be presented to our King,
345 Who sits above and governs everything
But if I sin my sin shall not be this,
To come before Him, praying for his bliss
With my right hand, and my left hand to hold
Heaped up with earthly pleasures smeared with gold.

350 Take now these words in answer to thy Lord,
Nor will I listen more to any word,
And those thou saidst are not remembered
For now indeed I count myself as dead.

325 now.] now *b2*

328 That] [folio 12 recto *b2*]

329 Who] [folio 17 recto *b1*]

331 land,] land *b2*

336 came] came <#> *b1*

338 But ... finger] <But while she stood before the watchful King

Upon her finger did he set set the ring> But on her finger <did> *b1*

342 likewise] likewise, *b2*

343 without] without <fr> *b1*

346 sin] sin<n> *b1*

348 my ... hold] <with> my left <to hold> \hand to hold/ *b1*

349 Heaped] [folio 18 recto *b1*]

350 Lord,] Lord *b2*

353 dead.] dead.” *b2*

So from that chamber forth she passed; & he
355 Unto the prefects place went thoughtfully
 And told him straight how little was his speed
 Since neither gifts or threats the girl would heed.

Then raved that Lord and swore by Juno's head
 That in a week she should be his, or dead,
360 And on that night would neither eat nor drink,
 Nor slept so much upon her did he think;
 But when the next day came to him the slave,
 To ask him what thing he should do, he drave
 The man with curses from before his face,
365 And all the day went wandering through the place
 Distraught and moody; and thus day by day
 Speaking few words he passed the time away
 And ever gloomier to all he grew
 But could not find it in his heart to do
370 The thing he thought of, till a month was gone.

Then on a day bright glistering helmets shone
 Outside the house where Dorothea dwelt,
 And the poor maid a sickening terror felt
 Because they drew up close beside her door.
375 Then came the man that she had seen before
 Into her chamber, where, the time being cold,
 A fire burned; which same man did hold
 A certain parchment sealed with some great seal.
 And when she looked thereon her brain did reel
380 For fear and woe, for certs she read there
 An order to this man forthwith to bear
 Her body to the justice-hall, that she
 Might answer there or her impiety
 Unto the Gods: so no word spoke the man
385 Till she had lifted up her countenance wan
 And all the writing had been fully read,
 Then with a smile he laid it down, and said.

354 passed; &] passed and *b2*

357 or] nor *b2*

358 Then] [folio 13 recto *b2*]

359 his, or dead] his or dead, *b2*

362 when the] when *b2*

369 But] [folio 19 recto *b1*]

376 where,] where *b2*

382 justice-hall,] justice-hall *b2*

383 for] for <th> *b1*

384 word] words *b2*

O mistress here this paper will I burn
If to my lord you yet have heart to turn
390 Then in no sadness ever shall you pine,
And all that erst I spoke of shall be thine.
Or else indeed by this you well may guess
What shall befall you for your stubbornness,
The bonds the hangman's hands, the open shame
395 The torturing lash, the gibbet and the flame;
The dark void waste instead of this bright world,
And the dishonoured body rudely hurled
To dogs and birds outside the city gates.

Think well of all this torment that awaits
400 A foolish word, and take from out my hand
This jewel worth the tribute of the land;
And for an answer set within your glove
A little writing with three words of love,
And there remains to you full many a year
405 Of happy life all free from pain and fear.”

She answered weeping, holding forth her hands,
“Delay no more to do your Lords commands;
For mid the jewels that you brought to me
A while ago these torments could I see.
410 And I am glad that this last day is come
Who for this past month have dwelt here at home
A wretched life, shaken by hopes and fears,
Now weeping for the ending of my years;
Now praying God to let me live awhile
415 That I might see once more the summer smile
Upon the land, now praying that I might
Be smitten dead in sleep some dark ning night,
Nor life to die with unnamed miseries

387 said.] said *b2*

388 O] “O *b2*

390 pine,] [folio 20 recto *b1*]; [folio 14 recto *b2*]; pine *b2*

392 this] this <#> *b1*

394 hands,] hands *b2*

407 Lords] Lord’s *b2*

408 the jewels] \the jewels/ *b2*

411 Who] [folio 21 recto *b1*]

413 years,] years *b2*

414 awhile] <awa> awhile *b1*; a while *b2*

417 dark ning] dark’ning *b2*

418 life] live *b2*

418 unnamed] <unk> unnamed *b1*

Before mens pitiless and prying eyes.
420 And now although I meet the worst at last.
Yet in a little while will all be past
Then surely little shall I count that pain.
Behold my hands all ready for your chain.”

Nought answered he for pity and for shame
425 But called aloud, and unto him there came
The sergeaunts with their bonds, and so the may
Unto the judgement-hall was led away

And as she passed between them down the street
Noted she was of those that they did meet,
430 And few there were that saw her but were fain
Her body to have rescued from that pain
Yea so the hearts of some within them burned
That round about to follow her thy turned
To see the end of it: withal was she
435 Within that cruel place brought speedily.

There in the midst upon a gilded throne
Was set her shameless lover all alone,
And on each side of him but lower down
The lawyers sat in solemn hood & gown.
440 Behind, the sergeaunts with their javelins stood;
And, quite apart, strange things of brass and wood,
And cords and pulleys, and a stout ship's mast.
About which things three rugged fellows past
With hooks and scourges in their hands.

445 And straight before the throne two men with wands
Of gold and ivory, stood, all clad in gold.
Whereof a golden basket one did hold,

419 mens] men's *b2*
420 last.] last *b2*
421 Yet] <And> \Yet/ *b1*
422 Then] <And> \Then/ *b1*; [folio 15 recto *b2*]
422 pain.] pain *b2*
427 led] led<s> *b1*
428 she] <the> she *b1*
432 Yea] [folio 22 recto *b1*] 432 some] <#> \s/ome *b1*
435 brought] <set> brought *b1*
436 in] <o> \i/n *b1*
439 lawyers] <lovers sa> \lawyers/ *b1*
439 &] and *b2*
441 And,] And *b2*
442 ship's] <s#> ship's *b1*; ships *b2*
446 stood ... gold.] stood, all <g> clad in gold. *b1*; stood all clad in gold *b2*

One a gold censer with a silver chain;
And betwixt these, that helpless thing and vain
450 They called a God, wrought all of silver stood,
Whose marble altar, with some poor beasts blood
Yet reeked, before the eyes that heeded nought.

Giddy and fainting there the maid was brought,
But when the prefect saw her in that place
455 A red flush first spread over his swart face,
And then he grew as pale as very death
And through clenched teeth awhile he drew his breath.
Then struggling with himself he spoke, and said.

“We hear by true report unhappy maid,
460 Thou art of those who give no gifts or praise
Unto the Gods that give us happy days,
And therefore dost thou merit will to die;
Yet will the Emperor grant thee full mercy,
And quite forget forgetfulness oer past
465 If in this flame some incense thou wilt cast,
And with a thankful and glad heart go hence
And give to all the Cods due reverence.”

“My Lord,” she said, “false words they spoke to thee
470 Saying I feared not God, and certainly,
This treason never shalt thou see me do
That I may live upon the earth some few
And doubtful years in fear of death each day

Then said he, “Maiden turn thine eyes that way
And tell me what things thou dost there behold.”

475 Then through her heart there shot a tremor cold
And paler grew her pale and troubled face;
Because his finger pointed to the place

Where stood those rough men waiting for their prey.

But trembling still she found the words to say.

480

“I see, my Lord, thou wilt not spare, me shame

452 Yet] [folio 16 recto *b2*]

453 Giddy] [folio 23 recto *b1*]

455face,] face *b2*

458 spoke,] spoke *b2*

464 oer] o'er *b2*

470 This] <All> \Th/is *b1*

472 day] day" *b2*

473 he,] he *b2*; [folio 24 recto *b1*]

480 shame,] shame *b2*

I see strange things I have no skill to name,
Although my shrinking flesh deems what they be.
Alas, my Lord, well may it seem to thee
These are too terrible for one poor maid
485 To strive against, and yet when all is weighed
Against the power of my King and Lord
They are but as my needle to thy sword
Red with the Persian blood. Ah well I know
For all my words thou wilt not let me go
490 Nor spare me any little of my pain;
Yet hearken, it may chance to thee in vain
To pitiless folk with helpless hands to pray
Then mayst thou think if me upon that day
And ere that time comes on thee, mayst thou not,
495 Upon thy bed laid feverish and hot
In dead of night, and utterly alone,
Although of all the Gods thou fearest none,
And though thou mockest both at heaven and hell,
Remember somewhat that the poets tell
500 Of right and justice and avenging fate.
And as thou strugglest with the heavy weight
Of thy wrong-doing thou mayst wish indeed
Thou hadst not sown this bitter grain of seed
Amongst the others: Ah my God, my God
505 This weary way before me thou hast trod,
Must I a tender-nurtured maiden bear
These things he threatens me withal whose fear
Has made strong men and wise falloff from thee
An I, I scarcely know what pain can be.”

510 “Maiden,” the prefect said, “Thy words are vain;
And yet since I am merciful, and fain
To save thee for long years of joyous life,
It is my will to lengthen out this strife;

481 I] [folio 17 recto *b2*] name,] name *b2*
482 flesh] flesh <th> *b1*
484 too] to *b2*
490 pain;] pain *b2*
494 And] [folio 25 recto *b1*]
496 night,] night *b2*
497 thou] thou<f> *b1*
497 none,] none *b2*
502 wrong-doing] wrong doing *b2*
507 tender-nurtured] tender nurtured *b2*
510 “Maiden,” ... said,] “Maiden” the prefect said *b2*
511 merciful,] merciful *b2*

Yea and moreover, nowise willingly
515 Thy tender body tortured would I see
Though thou shouldst scape from dreadful death thereby.
Therefore in prison somewhile shalt thou lie,
And if thereafter thou still thinkest good
To die, then am I guiltless of thy blood;
520 Nor shouldst thou blame me if thy stubbornness
Bring down upon thee shame and sharp distress
Before thou diest; because verily
By torments will I strive to conquer thee,
Which if thou livest will mayst thou forget
525 And live to praise me many sweet years yet.”

Yea, I shall live” she said, “and not alone
Until no trace is left of all this stone
And moths have long consumed these braveries
And midmist here some yellow lion lies
530 Unchid of any, and the Roman tongue
With pain and toil from old records is wrung;
Yea, Yea, not only till the world is done
And no more use is found for moon or sun;
Happy and tireless I shall love for aye
535 Feeling no lapse of time or change of day.”

“A dream,” he said, “for which the warm delight
Of being alive, thou barterest, and the sight
Of lovely things; for which thou givest up
The sweet and glorious, if too swift-drained cup
540 The Gods hold to our lips: think well of it
I pray you while the next few hours flit.”

Then from the maiden did he turn away
And though upon the throne on that same day
He sat to hear out causes, nonetheless

514 Yea] Yea, *b2*; [folio 18 recto *b2*]
516 Though] [folio 26 recto *b2*]
516 thereby.] thereby *b2*
522 diest;] diest, *b2*
526 live”] live,” *b2*
527 Until] <T> \U/ntil *b1*
534 Happy] <But> Happy *b1*
537 Of] [folio 27 recto *b1*]
539 too swift-drained] \too/ swift-drained *b1*; too swift drained *b2*
540 lips:] lips<;>\:/ *b2*
543 upon the] upon *b2*
544 nonetheless] none theless *b2*

545 No thought it was of them that did oppress
His aching head, and made him so distraught.

So to the prison Dorothea was brought,
Who through the sleepless night prayed earnestly

That short at least her suffering might be:
550 But in the morning did the prefect send
Some women folk her stubbornness to bend,
Who at the first sung but the selfsame song
The slave had done: she should live loved & long;
And lack no thing a woman could desire:

555 But when they found no promises could tire
Her faithful heart, then they began to tell
From point to point, what agonies befell
Such as were rebels to their might Lord;
Still Dorothea weeping, said no word

560 But sat and gazed upon them patiently,
As their wrath kindled and their words grew high
And with their bitter tongues they strove to wound
The gentle maid: then one upon the ground
Cast dreadful things, and bade her mark them well,

565 And therewith gan the use of them to tell:
But though she shrunk with horror and afright,
And sat with fixed eyes and her lips grew white,
And though the tears stopped, and her golden head
She could not turn away, no word she said.

570 Then they, who had no power to harm her more
Departed for the day now onward wore
And from his height the sun began to fall:
So Dorothea leaned against the wall
Passed many a weary hour of day and night
575 And slept no whit till dawn was making bright

545 No] [folio 19 recto *b2*]
552 selfsame] self same 2
553 loved &] loved and *b2*
556 heart,] heart; *b2*
557 befell] <fe> befell *b1*
558 Such] [folio 28 recto *b1*]
558 rebel] rebels *b2*
558 Lord;] Lord, *b2*
559 Dorothea,] Dorothea *b2*
560 patiently,] patiently *b2*
570 they,] they *b2*

The eastern sky, and then she slept, and dreamed
A simple dream: for unto her it seemed
She was a child again, and on her head
Her father set a crown of roses red,
580 And in kind arms and strong he took her up
And gave her wine from out a golden cup.
But when she woke up to her misery
And nought about her but grim walls could see
And so remembered all things in a while,
585 She could not choose but weep to miss the smile
And tender handling of that father dead.
But yet she raised her fair hand to her head
As if she thought to find the garland there,
That nothing met except her golden hair.
590 Therewith she smiled again, and sighed, & then
Forgot awhile the cruel deeds of men
And fell to thinking of the happy place
Where now so soon she should behold Gods face,
And all her troubles should have happy end.

595 Now in meantime Fabricius did send
To fetch her sisters, who being come, the twain
He sent to try if they his end could gain;
Who trembling and all ill at ease soon came
Unto the prison, and downcast for shame
600 Nor unforgetful of the former days.

So they being led by many wretched ways
The turnkey brought at last unto her cell:
They entered weeping, for they loved her well
In such way as they might: then straightway she
605 Beholding them arose up suddenly
And round about they clung sorrowing

576 slept,] slept *b2*

577 A] [folio 20 recto *b2*]

580 And] [folio 29 recto *b1*]

584 while,] while *b2*

590 again, and sighed, &] again and sighed and *b2*

591 deeds] de<a>\e/ds *b1*

593 Gods] God's *b2*

595 Now] [Not indented *b2*]

601 So] [folio 29 recto *b1*]

602 cell:] cell; *b2*

606 And round] <And to each other > \And roundj *b1*

And she spoke to them many a tender thing

Then they half shamed began to her to pray
She would not cast her happy life away,
610 But yield this once; 'then quoth they we will go
To some far land where no one will us know
There dwell in peace, doing no harm at all;
Till late and quiet death upon us fall.'

"Sisters," she said, "would you abide with me?
615 Surely I know you would, then verily
One way I know, none other: for today
I think indeed to journey a long way;
Where whoso to that land of lands cometh
Knoweth no turmoil and can fear no death;
620 And will ye all forgetful of that land,
Still be content outside the gate to stand
While I within that lovely place and green
Must quite forget that ye have ever been?
O Sisters in God's name I promise this
625 That ye today may be with me in bliss;
Is it a light thing that all stains, and sin
Shall be forgotten, and that ye may win
An equal place to spotless ones and pure,
And, by one hour of torment, may make sure
630 Of that, once Godly ones have lost at last.

And for that you do pray me not to cast
My life from me, in turn to you I pray
This life unending not to cast away.
From this day forth from you I shall be gone,
635 And perchance sisters you, being left alone,
May fall from bad to worse, nor ever turn
From your ill lives until in hell ye burn.
Alas I needs must say this word to you,
For I am dying now, and false and true

608 they] they <began> *b1*

609 She] [folio 21 recto *b2*]

613 late] late <q> *b1*

612 other:] other<;>\:/ *b2*

622 While] [folio 31 recto *b1*]

626 stains,] stains *b2*

634 gone,] gone *b2*

640 I see far clearer that before this day.
O sisters, sisters, what thing will ye say?"

Then spoke Eriste sobbing, Ye full well
I know that I shall die and go to hell
If I turn not; but yet I thought that day
645 When some few years in joy have passed away,
I will return – also then did I see
Such things as they this day will do to thee
Alas, alas! that folk who so soon to die
Should work their fellows such great misery."

650 But rose Calliste with dry eyes and bright
And pale firm lips, and said, "thou sayest right
Let us return again while yet we may;
O sister Dorothea, on this day
Thou shalt not die alone for I will go
655 And give my body up to earthly woe."

Then when Eriste heard her sister speak
Into a bitter wailing did she break
And sank adown and nothing did she reckon
That Dorothea round Callistes' neck
660 With joyful sobs and soft caresses hung,
For unto life right earnestly she clung
Fearing alike the pain she knew full well
And all the unknown threatenings of hell.
But in a while she lifted up her head,
665 And half arose, and to her sister said,
"Now let one go with thee, and I will try
To end my fear of death and misery:

640 that before this day.] than before this day *b2*
641 say?"] say? *b2*
642 Then] [folio 22 recto *b2*]
642 Yea] "Yea *b2*
643 I know] [folio 32 recto *b1*]
645 away,] away *b2*
648 alas!] Alas! *b2*
649 Should] Should <f> *b1*
658 and ... reck] <while round Callistes neck>\and nothing did she reck/ *b1*
659 Callistes?] Callistes *b2*
663 And] [folio 31 verso, opposite line 663:] 654 (841,) *b1*
664 But] [folio 32 (sic) recto (33) *b1*]
665 arose,] arose *b2*
666 thee,] thee *b2*
666 try] try<,> *b1*

Yet am I weak as water, and today
My weakness will be tried in many a way:
670 Come quickly now before I change again
And fall to thinking of the deadly pain.”

Then Dorothea cried, “yea sister go
And may God grant the time pass not too slow
Before we meet again at eventide
675 Upon that unknown rivers blissful side.”
So strange farewells unto her there they made,
And left her full of joy yet half afraid,
Because she knew indeed their way of life,
Yet trusted God would fit them for that strife
680 And that she need not count them now as lost
But they should win Heaven at whatso cost.

So these being come unto the prefect’s place
Calliste told him with a steady face
How they had sped; and when he laughed aloud
685 In their despite, and round about did crowd
His men their lovers once, and mocked at them
Then wept Eriste, holding by the hem
Of fair Calliste’s sleeve – and cried that lord,
Reddening for rage, “If you have said this word
690 In earnest, as I doubt, then small debate
Will I with you to save you from your fate
Take heed now either straightly sacrifice,
Or before night shall no one be so wise
As ye, in knowing what our torments are,
695 And last about you shall the fire flare:

669 way:] way *b2*
670 quickly] quickly, *b2*
672 cried, “yea] cried “yea, *b2*
673 And] [folio 23 recto *b2*]
675 rivers] river’s *b2*
675 side.”] side *b2*
676 made,] made *b2*
677 afraid,] afraid *b2*
not] not <not> *b1*
681 whatso] wha<s>\t/so *b1*
682 prefect’s] prefects *b2*
684 How] [folio (34) recto *b1*]
688 Calliste’s] Callistes *b2*
688 lord,] lord *b2*
693 night ... so] <###> \night/ shall <your ###> \no one be so/ *b1*
694 ye,] ye *b2*

Consider well if this is to be borne:
For truly little will ye get but scorn
If ye should bid the hangman hold his hand
When naked first beside the cross ye stand
700 As I should think indeed that you would do
Or at the most your stripes will be but few;
Yea or indeed mighty will be the gain
To suffer half the anguish & the pain
That martyrs do, and at the last he led
705 And cast the incense with down-hanging head
Yea should ye die, I doubt your God will think
That bitter cup unwilling ye did drink
So if perchance things are as ye have thought
Still ye will suffer all these woes for nought.”

710 Now though Eriste still wept bitterly,
She spoke the first and said, “Yet we will die
And in these torments wash away our sin
Against our will thou dost us grace herein”
But for her part no word Calliste said
715 But as her sister spoke she bowed her head,
And turned to go; and loud the Prefect cried
Go lead them forth and let the two be tied
Back unto back, and cast them in the fire
When of tormenting them at last ye tire,
720 I would be rid of such like fooleries;
But should they chance to grow a little wise
Before they die then for their beauty’s sake
Let then go, even if unto the stake
The torch is drawing nigh; and well I think

699 stand] stand, *b2*
703 &] and *b2*
704 That] <And> That *b1*
705 And] [folio 24 recto *b2*]
705 down-hanging] down hanging *b2*
707 That] [folio (35) recto *b1*]
708 things] thin<k>\g/s *b1*
709 nought.”] nought *b2*
711 first] first, *b2*
713 herein”] <#> herein” *b1*; herein.” *b2*
715 bowed] <###> \bowed/ *b1*
717 Go] “Go *b2*
719 tire,] t<r>\ir/e, *b1*
722 die] die, *b2*
723 even ... unto] <free yea if> even \if un/to *b1*

725 Their fair feet will not come so nigh the brink
 Of Death as that, and they will cry enough
 Before they feel the hangman's finger's rough
 On the gold buckles of their silk gowns laid
 If it be so then let his hand be staid
730 Or else forsooth the two must bear what pain
 They think it worth their foolish dream to gain.”

 So forth they led them, but upon the way
 Full many and idle word the men did say
 And strove to turn them both by mock and prayer
735 Until being come unto the great hall where
 Such things were done, and finding all else vain
 They wrought upon then hard and frightful pain
 Beyond their wont, till sunset was anigh,
 Then back to back their bodies did they tie,
740 And utterly consumed them in the fire
 And in such wise they reached to their desire.

 Meanwhile Fabricius to the judgement hall
 Went with the lords, and bade the serjeants tall
 Bring forth the holy maid before his face –
745 And full of people was the dreadful place.
 Who crowded round to see the fair thing pass
 At last she came, whose eyen grey as glass
 Looked not to right or left, but straight before
 A little raised were set, as though the shore
750 Where swell the blessed she beheld e'en now
 Nor was their any fear in mouth or brow.

 So when Fabricius looked on her, he saw
 That in her faith there was no speck or flaw,

726Death] <d> \D/eath *b2*

727hangman's finger's] hangmans fingers *b2*

729 If] [folio (36) recto *b1*]

730 what] <such> \what/ *b1*

731 gain."] gain" *b2*

732 forth] forth <#> *b1*

736 Such things were] <The> \Such/ things <was> \were/ <to be> *b1*

737 They] [folio 25 recto *b2*]

737 then] them *b2*

739 Then] Then <to> *b1*

741 desire.] desire *b2*

744 Bring] <Fr> Bring *b1*

750 Where] [folio (37) recto *b1*]

Yet gazing on her long at last did say
755 O Maiden will thou choose to live to-day
Or rather bear the worst that we can do
“My lord,” she said, “have I not answered you?
Behold now if you have it in your heart
To torture me and slay me, do your part
760 Without all fear; for fear has gone from me”

Then turned he to the serjeants sullenly
And signed to them to lead the maid away,
But as their hands upon her they did lay
To bring her to the place of tormenting
765 Well nigh he groaned, having no hope to wring
Any consent from any cruel thing
That they might do; and on that day he hid
Full oft his restless face within his gown
And often laid his ivory sceptre down
770 To wring his hands, at sounds that he did hear;
Once and again, too, scarce could he forbear
To take her from betwixt the cruel hands,
But feared the rumour through the Roman lands
And shame and mocks: at last the time being late
775 Before his throne did Dorothea wait
Once more, to hear the final doom from him

Then by his straining eyes did all things swim
As with worn, pale, changed face, but unchanged heart

755 O Maiden] “O maiden *b2*
755 to-day] to day *b2*
756 do] do.” *b2*
757 said,] said *b2*
760 from me”] from <###>\me”/ *b1*
765 groaned,] groaned, <###> *b1*; groaned *b2*
767 That] [folio 26 recto *b2*]
767 on that day] <afterwards> \on that day/ *b1*; [No rhyming couplet for this line following a triplet.]
768 Full] <Fr> Full *b1*
770 To] [folio (38) recto *b1*]
770 hear;] hear *b2*
771 again, too,] again *b2*
771 forbear] \f/orbear *b1*
772 hands,] hands *b2*
776 hear] hear <fin> *b1*
776 him] him. *b2*
777 did] did<s> *b1*
778 worn, ... face,] worn pale changed face *b2*
778 unchanged] <ch> unchanged *b1*

780 She stood with steady eyes and lips apart,
Her slender, hands laid trembling on the rail
That fenced the prisoner's place: haggard and pale
He rose up from this throne and spoke once more

785 "Is it then not enough, O maid, that sore
And cruel torments have been laid on you,
Be reconciled unto the Gods anew.
Live a new life, and I myself will strive
I do so much that happy you may live
Forgetting this day and its foolishness
So for long years the dear Gods may you bless
790 Then answered she in weak and broken voice
"O vain and foolish man, now I rejoice
For the short time twixt me and my reward,
When I shall see the face of my dear lord,
And wander in some place where flowers and fruit
795 Spring up together from a happy root
Dost thou suppose that I have fear of this
That I have fear to meet unending bliss
That in my heart there lingers any fear
To meet the crowd of faces kind and dear
800 By tender hands through flowers to be brought
After the shameless things that ye have wrought
On this poor body trembling now with pain.
Cease henceforth from such foolish words & vain
And slay me now in whatsoever way
805 Seem good to you, but make no more delay
For weary are all things on earth to me."

So then Fabricius gazing earnestly
Upon her said, "So be it, since in vain

779 apart,] apart *b2*

780 slender, hands] slender, <tremb#> \hands/ *b1*; slender hands *b2*

783 enough,] enough *b2*

786 life,] life *b2*

787 I] To *b2*

789 bless] bless.” *b2*

790 Then] [folio (39) recto *b1*]

792 reward,] reward *b2*

796 have fear of this] ha<f>\v/e fear of thi<n>\s/ *b1*

797 meet] meet the *b2*

798 That] [folio 27 recto *b2*]

803 &] and *b2*

808 her] <s> \h/er *b1*

I strive with thee, yet soothly was I fain
810 That thou shouldst live: headsman & ye that wait
Lead her forthright without the city-gate
And there with a sharp sword let her be slain
Yet needst thou not to put her to more pain
Than in the slaying of her must be done.”

815 Then mazed and grieved he sank back in this throne
And soon he gat him back unto his home,
Nor dwelt there long, but journeyed unto Rome,
And there he lived and died in unbelief
Howbeit of all lords well nigh the chief.

820 Now forth they lead the maiden pale, but glad
That such short ending to her woes she had;
And as she turned to go, was standing by
Theophilus the Protonotary,
Who as she passed him mocked at her & said,

825 “O maid I should be glad by Juno’s head
If you would send me shortly but a few
Of those fair flowers, which would be unto you
Surely a little matter since your King
Is able to do this and everything

830 And you shall be his love, as would indeed
That your fair body was my earthly mead”

Then toward him did she turn her earnest eyes
As though she knew not he spoke mockeries;
And said “Ye ask a good thing, so believe

835 This that I say, ere sunset on this eve

809 thee,] <you> \theej, *b1*
810 &] and *b2*
812 And] [folio (40) recto *b1*]
812 sword ... Slain,] sword – let her be slain *b2*
815 mazed,] mazed *b2*
816 in] in<to> *b1*
816 home,] home *b2*
819 How beit] Howbeit *b2*
821 had;] <t> had; *b1*; had, *b2*
823 Protonotary,] Protonotary *b2*
824 &] and *b2*
825 Juno's] Junos *b2*
829 this] thi<n>\s/ *b1*; [folio 28 recto *b2*]
831 mead"] mead." *b2*
832 Then] [folio (41) recto *b1*]
834 said] said, *b2*
834 thing, so] thing, <therefore now> \so/ *b1*; thing so *b2*

These goodly fruits and flowers shall ye have”

Then thought Theophilus she does but rave
Poor soul, her misery weighs on her so
No great deed was it thus to mock her woe.

840 Now down the hall steps do they lead her forth,
And through the streets a cold wind from the north
Blew on her fevered body as they went
And through her tottering limbs a shudder sent
And though the sun shone coldly, yet in snow
845 She set her feet as she began to go
Propped by a strong mans arm on either hand;
For still the winter clung unto the land
With icy thaw and doubtful sleety frost
And gained one week what the last had lost.

850 But unto her anigh to Paradise
What mattered now the snow or half thawed ice.
On her last journey, from cold street to street
She passed, and pitying people she did meet
Sighed, looking at her, though indeed in turn
855 She well might pity them, whose heart did burn
To find her rest and dear reward at last.
So onward through familiar streets she past
And uncomplaining came unto the gate
And with a smile passed through to meet her fate.
860 There on a soldiers cloak the maiden knelt,
And little further pangs her body felt
For with one blow they smote off her fair head.

Then decently they laid her body dead
Upon a bier, for many folk were come
865 To bear it to the Churchyard nigh her home
Thither with song they bore it reverently

836 These] <Without dou> These *b1*

836 have”] have.” *b2*

844 snow] <###> snow *b1*

851 ice.] ice *b2*

852 On] [folio (42) recto *b1*]

853 pitying] p<y>\ijtying *b1*

857 So] <y> So *b1*

859 And] [folio 29 recto *b2*]

859 fate.] fate *b2*

860 soldiers] soldier’s *b2*

860 knelt,] kn<l>\ejlt, *b1*; knelt *b2*

And there unto this day her bones may lie.

In the meantime Theophilus was come
Through many streets unto his proper home
870 Upon the other side of the great town,

Some minutes ere the frosty sun went down
But as he set his foot on his threshold
He heard a sound and turning did behold
A strange and fearful but most lovely sight

875 There stood an angel clad in raiment bright
Of lovely blue set thick with stars of gold
Drawn round the girdle stead in many a fold;
A green wreath had he on his golden hair
And in the thickening frosty evening air
880 From both his shoulders wondrous wings arose
With feathers stranger and more fair than those
The solitary bird is wont to bear

Over Egyptian deserts, and these were
Still moving gently, that his naked feet
885 Rosy and bright scarce touched the wintry street
And on his lips a gentle smile he had,
But calm his face was though so sweet and glad.

Moreover did Theophilus now behold
Within his hand a basket of fine gold
890 Therein three apples, goodly ripe and red,
Three roses where the worm had never fed,
Half open whence delicious odour came
Then half in deadly fear and half in shame
He hung his head down, til a sweet voice said

870 town,] town *b2*

872 But] [folio (43) recto *b1*]

874 fearful] fearful, *b2*

877 fold;] fold, *b2*

887 glad.] glad *b2*

888 Theophilus] <Thep> Th<o>\e/ophilus *b1*; [folio 30 recto *b2*]

891 fed,] fed *b2*

892 came] came. *b2*

893 Then] [folio (44) recto *b1*]; [Start of new verse paragraph *b2*]

894 down, til] <,until> \down, till/ [Correction entry on folio 43 verso *b1*]; down till *b2*

896 hand;] hand, *b2*

897 She,] She *b2*

899 odorous, ever-blooming] odorous ever blooming *b2*

901 evermore.”] evermore” *b2*

904 they were;] the<re>\y/ were; *b1*; they were *b2*

895 “Fear nought Theophilus, but raise thine head
And with good heart reach out to me thine hand;
She, who is now within the peaceful land,
My sister Dorothea, sends thee these
Plucked from the odorous, ever-blooming trees
900 That blossom and bear fruit upon the shore
Where with the spouse she swelleth evermore.”

Then trembling sore Theophilus did take
Those beauteous things, and therewithal did wake
As if from sleep and saw thing as they were;
905 And, beating with his wings the darkling air,
The angel went upon his heavenly way.
Now furthermore the ancient tale doth say
That this Theophilus in no long time
Met Dorothea in the happy clime
910 For soon he bore the martyr’s palm & crown
Being slain by stoning midmost of the town.

End of Story of Dorothea.

905 And.] and *b2*

907 Now] Now, *b2*

908 Theophilus] T<e>\h/eophilus *b1*

909 clime] clim<g>\e/ *b1*

910 &] and *b2*

911 town.] town *b2*

911.1 Story of Dorothea.] the story of Dorothea *b2*