

The Chatelaine of Vergi

translated by

Alice Kemp-Welch

In parentheses Publications
Old French Series
Cambridge, Ontario 1999



ome there are who make pretence to be loyal, and so truly to keep secret that which is confided to them, that in the end trust is put in them. But when it happens that any one has been so indiscreet as to let them know of his love and of his doings, forthwith they noise it abroad, and make merry over it. And thus it comes to pass that he who has made known the secret, loses all delight, since the greater the love between true lovers, the more grieved are they when either thinks that that which should have been kept secret, has been made known by the other. And oftentimes does such mischief come of it, that their love must needs end in great sorrow and shame, as it chanced in Burgundy to a valiant and brave Knight, and to the Lady of Vergi, whom the Knight loved so well, that the Lady gave him her love on this condition, that whensoever he should discover unto another their love, on that day would he lose her love, and the gift which she had made to him of herself. And to enjoy their love, they devised for the Knight to come alway into an orchard when she should appoint, and in nowise to stir from one corner of it until he had seen a little dog cross the orchard. Then without tarrying might he come to her chamber, and know well that he would find his lady alone.

Thus, unknown to any, did their sweet and secret love longwhile dure. The knight was handsome and brave, and by reason of his valour he was in favour with the Duke who ruled Burgundy. And oftentimes did he go to the Court, and so oft went he, that the Duchess conceived a love for him, and made such show of her love, that had not his heart been elsewhere, readily would he indeed have perceived from her look that she loved him. But no response did the Knight make to all her tender glances, nor did he perceive that she loved him, and because of this she was sore vexed, and, on a day, thus spake she to him: "Sire, you are handsome and brave, so say all, God be thanked, and thus you have

rightly deserved to have for friend one of so high rank that honour and advantage may come to you of it. How well would such a friend become you!"

"My lady," said he, "never have I yet given thought to this."

"By my faith," said she, "meseemeth a long waiting may be harmful to you. So I counsel you that you may bear yourself friendly in a certain high place if that you would be well loved there."

And he made answer: "By my faith, my lady, I know not wherefore you speak thus, or the purport of your words, neither am I Duke or Count to have right to love in so high a place, and, moreover, in nowise could I win the love of so sovereign a lady even if I made great endeavour thereto."

"You have, perchance," said she. "There has happened many a greater marvel, and the like may happen again. Tell me if you do not now know that I have given you my love, I who am a lady of high degree."

And forthwith the Knight made answer: "My lady, I know it not, but I would desire to possess your love in a right and honourable way. But may God preserve me from that love between you and me which would bring shame to my lord, for by no means would I in anywise undertake aught so dishonourable as to cause base and disloyal wrong to my rightful and liege lord."

"For shame!" said she, wrathful. "And who, Sir Knave, asked this of you?"

"Ah, my lady," said he, "I well understand, thank God, but I have said enough."

And no more did she hold speech with him, but in her heart she was very wroth and much cast down, and she thought within herself that if she could, certes she would be avenged of him, for she was much an-angered. And that night, as she lay beside the Duke, she began to sigh, and then to weep. And forthwith the Duke asked of her what ailed her, and bade her straightway tell him. Then said she: "Truly it greatly grieves me that a noble lord knows not who is faithful to him, and who is not, and, moreover, bestows goodwill and honour on those who are traitors to him, though he perceives it not."

“By my faith, lady,” said the Duke, “I know not wherefore you speak thus, but of this I am quit, for by no means would I wittingly nourish a traitor.”

“Then hate this one,” said she (and she named unto him the Knight), “who has ceased not the whole day long to pray me for my love. Longtime, said he, had he thought on this, but ne’er had he dared utter it. And I was resolved, good sire, to make it known unto you, for it may be true that he has longwhiles thought on this, for never have we heard tell that he loves another. So I pray you, in requital, to protect your honour, since you know this to be right.”

And the Duke, to whom this seemed very grievous, made answer: “This shall I settle, and that, I bethink me, right soon,”

And that night the Duke was ill at ease, and had no sleep because of the Knight, whom he loved, since he believed that he had done him such wrong as to have justly forfeited his love.

And all that night he lay awake. And on the morrow he arose early, and sent for him whom his wife had caused him to hate, albeit he had done no wrong. And as soon as they were alone together he said: “Truly is it distressful to think that you are so brave and so handsome, and yet without loyalty. In this have you much deceived me, for longwhile have I thought you faithful and loyal, at least to me, for I have loved you. I know not how so traitorous a thought could have come to you as to ask of the Duchess her love. Such treachery have you committed, that naught more villainous could be conceived. Quit my territory forthwith, for certes I banish you from it, and wholly forbid and deny it unto you. Never enter it more, and know well that if ever I chance to catch you in it, I will have you hanged.”

And when the Knight heard this, he was filled with anger and vexation, so that he trembled in every limb when he thought on his Love, of whom he knew that he could have no joy if that he could not go to and fro, and return to the country whence the Duke would banish him; and great dole made he also that the Duke should unjustly hold him for a disloyal traitor. And he was in such sore trouble, that he thought of himself as dead and as betrayed. “Sire,” said he, “for God’s sake never believe, or even think, that I have ever been so daring. Certes, never have I for a single day or a single hour thought on that with the which

you so wrongfully charge me. Whosoever has told this unto you, has done evil."

"Naught will it avail you to deny it," said the Duke. "Without doubt it is the truth. The lady herself has made known to me the way in which, like a vile traitor, you have besought her, and perchance you have said that to her of the which she keeps silence."

And the Knight, sore grieved, made answer: "My lady has said what it pleases her, and it avails me not to gainsay her. Naught that I may say can profit me, nor is there aught that I can do by the which I may be believed that this has never happened."

"On my soul that is so," said the Duke, who thought on his wife, for verily he felt well assured that she had said truly that never had one heard tell that the Knight loved another. Then said he to the Knight: "If you will swear to me on your fealty that you will truly make answer to me in that which I shall ask of you, by your words I shall know of a certainty whether or no you have done that of the which I have suspicion against you."

And the Knight, who desired greatly to turn away his lord from the undeserved anger which he bare him, and who feared such loss as to quit the country where was the one who gave him most joy, replied that without demur he would do as the Duke had said, for he thought not but on that which disquieted the Duke, and in nowise did he bethink him that the Duke would question him touching any other matter. And thus he took his oath, and the Duke accepted his plighted word.

And thereupon the Duke said to him: "Know in very truth that I have so loved you heretofore with all my heart, that I could in nowise believe of you such baseness or such villainy as the Duchess has told unto me, and not a whit should I hold it as true if this did not make me believe it, and put me in sore doubt, when I observe your demeanour and countenance, and other things beside, by the which it can be known full well that you love some one, whoever it may be; and as, moreover, it is not known to any one the maiden or the lady whom you love, I bethink me that it may be my wife, who has told to me that you have besought her love. Thus I cannot be persuaded by aught that any one may say that this is not so, unless you make known to me that you so love another, that you leave me altogether without doubt that I know the whole truth.

And if this you will not do, then forthwith shall you depart out of my territory as a perjured man.”

And the Knight wist not what to do, for he was put to so difficult a choice, that either way he would lose. If he spake the simple truth, the which he must needs do without he perjured himself, he held himself as lost, for if he did so great wrong as to break the condition which he had with his lady and his love, of a surety he would lose her were she to discover it, and if he told not the truth to the Duke, then would he be a perjured man, and a breaker of his faith, and he would lose both his country and his Love. But naught would he trouble about his country if that he kept his Love, whom above all he feared to lose.

And when he had called to mind the great joy and the solace that he had had in her embrace, he thought thus unto himself, that if he did her any hurt, and if by his wrongdoing he lost her, since he could not take her with him, how could he dure without her? It was with him as with the Chatelain of Couci, who having in remembrance only his Love, said in a verse of one of his songs:

Pardie, Love, cruel is the remembrance
Now of that sweet solace and company
And joy mine eyes had in the countenance
Of her who was both fellow and friend to me.

When I think on her simple courtesy,
And the sweet words that she was wont to say,
How can my heart endure in my body?
Certes, it is an evil thing to stay.

And in such anguish was the Knight, that he wot not whether to make known the truth, or to lie and leave the country.

And whilst he thus pondered, and knew not the which would be the better for him, hot tears came into his eyes, and ran down his cheeks, because of the anguish which possessed him, so that his face was quite wet. And the Duke was heavy at heart, for he thought within himself that something there was that the Knight dared not discover unto him. And he said in haste to the Knight: “I see well that you do not trust in

me as much as you should. Bethink you that if you privily tell me your secret, I shall make it known unto any one? Certes, before doing this, I would let my teeth be pulled out one by one."

"Ah!" made answer the Knight, "God's mercy on me, sire, I wot not what I should say or what will happen to me, but rather would I die than lose her whom I should lose if I told unto you the truth, and she came to know that, whilst I yet lived, I had confessed it."

Then said the Duke: "I swear to you on my body, and on my soul, and on the love and faith that I owe to you in return for your homage, that in all my life it shall neither be told by me to any living creature, nor shall allusion of any kind be made thereto."

And the Knight, weeping, said to him: "Sire, then will I tell it to you. I love your niece of Vergi, and she loves me, as much as is possible."

"Tell me now, if you would be believed," said the Duke. "Knows no one save you two of this?"

And the Knight answered him, "Not a living creature."

Then said the Duke: "This can never be! In what manner, then, do you come to her, and how know you the place and the time?"

"By my faith, sire," said he, "that will I tell you forthwith, without concealing aught, since you know thus much of our affair." And then he recounted unto him all his goings to and fro, and the prior compact, and the behaviour of the little dog.

Then said the Duke: "I demand of you your consent that, at your next tryst, I be your companion, and go with you to this place, for I would know without delay that all is so, and my niece will know naught of it."

"Sire," said the Knight, "willingly do I consent to this provided it will not give you trouble or weary you, and know forsooth that I go this very night."

And the Duke said that he would go, and that in nowise would it weary him, but would be to him a solace and a pleasure. And together they devised where they could fitly meet.

And as soon as it was nightfall, as the place where the Duke's niece dwelt was nigh at hand, they betook them thither until they were come to the garden, and there the Duke waited not long ere he saw his niece's little dog come to the corner of the orchard, where it found the Knight, who made much ado over it. And the Knight at once left the Duke, and

went his way. And the Duke followed after him close to the chamber, and there remained quite still. And he concealed himself as he best could. And by a lofty and spreading tree, well fitted to screen him, he was hidden as by a shield. And from there he saw the little dog enter the chamber, and then saw his niece come forth and go towards the Knight in the meadow, and he saw and heard the greeting she gave him by joyfully calling to him, and waving her hand. And she clasped him in her fair arms, and kissed him more than an hundred times ere they held converse together. And the Knight kissed her oft, and clasped her in his arms and said to her: "My lady, my love, my friend, my heart, my mistress, my hope, and all that I love, know that I have greatly hungered to be with you, even as I am now, since last I saw you."

And she answered him: "My sweet lord and friend, and my dear love, never has a day or an hour passed that I have not wearied of the delay. But now naught troubles me, for I have by me all that I desire as you are well and content. May you be very happy!"

And the Knight said: "May you be welcome!"

And the Duke, who was crouching down quite close to them at the door, heard all, and so well were the voice and the manner of his niece known to him, that no longer was he in doubt, and he determined that that which the Duchess had told unto him was false, and greatly was he pleased, for now he saw well that the Knight had wronged him not in such manner as he had had suspicion of him.

And there remained he all the night, whilst the Lady and the Knight were in the chamber in a bed, and, without sleeping, had such happiness and solace one of another, that it is but fitting that no one should speak of it, or give heed to it, who expects not to have that joy which love gives for reward to those who love truly; for he who expects not such joy, naught does he understand when he hears tell of it, since he has not his heart set towards love, for none can in anywise know of what worth is such joy if love has not made it known to him. And this happiness comes by no means to all, for it is a joy without bitterness, as well as a solace and a delight. But to the lover it seems to last but a short while, and that it will never dure long enough. And so pleasing to him is the life he leads, that he would that the night were a week, and that the week were a month, and the month a year, and the year three years, and three years

twenty, and twenty years an hundred. And when it is ended, he would that the night should come over again before the day break.

In suchwise pondered he whom the Duke awaited. But it behoved him to depart ere break of day, and his Love came with him to the door. And as they took leave one of another, the Duke saw kisses given, and kisses returned, and he heard deep sighs and weeping as they bade each other farewell. Then many tears were shed, and the Duke heard them name the time when they should again meet there. Thus did the Knight depart, and the lady closed the door. But as long as she could see him, she followed him with her beautiful eyes, since naught beside could she do.

And when the Duke saw that the door was closed, he forthwith went his way until he was come up with the Knight, who complained unto himself that too shortwhile for him had the night dured. And she from whom he had parted thought and spake in like manner, for it seemed to her that the night had been too short for her delight, and she welcomed not the dawn.

Thus thought and spake the Knight as the Duke came up with him and embraced him, and made much ado over him. Then said the Duke to him: "I swear to you that ever henceforth I shall love you, and never again shall I harry you, for all that you have told unto me is true, and you have not lied by one word unto me."

"Sire," said the Knight, "I pray you thanks. But by the grace of God, I demand and pray of you that you disclose not this secret, else shall I lose my Love, and all joy and comfort, and without doubt I shall die if I know that another than you have knowledge of it."

"Speak not of it," said the Duke, "and know that it will be so well kept secret, that no word of it shall ever be uttered by me."

And thus communing, they came to the place whence they had set out. And that day, when they were met to eat, the Duke looked more kindly at the Knight than ever before, and indeed so filled with anger and mortification at this was the Duchess, that she arose from the table, and feigned to be overcome of sickness, and she went to lay her down on her bed, where she had little delight. And the Duke, when he had well feasted, and washed, straightway went to her, and made her to sit

up on her bed, and commanded that none save himself should remain in the chamber. And forthwith it was done as he commanded.

And the Duke at once asked of her how this sickness had come to her, and what ailed her. And she made answer: "My God! never until now, when I sat me down to eat, did I suspect that you had not in you more of sense and reason than I perceived when you treated as more dear to you than ever, him who I have told you has sought to shame and humiliate me; and when I saw that you looked on him more kindly even than afore, such great sorrow and anger took possession of me, that no longer could I stay."

"Ah, sweet friend" said the Duke, "know that never shall I believe, either of you or any other, that ever by any chance has that happened of the which you have told me, for I wot well that he is wholly quit of it, and that he never took thought to do this. Thus much have I learnt of his affair. So inquire not further of me concerning this."

And thereupon the Duke left her, and she remained very pensive, for never a day that she lived would she have an hour's peace until she had learnt more of that of the which the Duke had forbidden her to question him; and now no prohibition could restrain her, for a ruse suggested itself unto her by the which she could of a certainty know all if she but waited patiently until the night, when she had the Duke in her embrace. Well knew she that without doubt such solace would win her her desire better than aught else. Therefore for this she waited, and when the Duke was come to bed, she withdrew to one side. And she made pretence that it gave her no joy that the Duke should be beside her, for well knew she that to make semblance of anger was the way to make her husband yield. Therefore thus did she remain, that she might the better make the Duke believe that she was much an-angered. And as soon as he had kissed her, she said: "Very false and treacherous and disloyal are you, who make show of love for me, and yet have never loved me for a single day. Longwhile have I been so foolish as to believe you when you have oft-times told me that you loved me with a loyal heart; but now I well see that in this I have been deceived."

And the Duke said: "In what manner?"

“By my faith,” said she, filled with evil longing, “already have you enjoined that I adventure not to make inquiry concerning that which you are now so well acquainted with.”

“In God’s name, of what are you thinking?”

“Of that which that man has related unto you,” said she, “and the lies and the deceits which he has made you give heed to and to believe. But no desire have I to know of this, for of little worth do I deem it to love you with a loyal heart; for whether it was for good or ill, never did I see or hear aught which I did not make known to you at once. And now I see that, of your grace, you hide from me your own thoughts. Therefore know, without doubt, that never more shall I have such trust in you, or such love of you, as I have had heretofore.”

Then began the Duchess to weep and to sigh, and she made as much ado as she could. And such pity had the Duke for her, that he said to her: “My sweet friend, by no means can I endure your anger or your wrath; but know that I cannot tell you that which you desire without committing too great villainy.”

And at once she made answer: “Sire, if you tell it not to me, then from this I see well that apparently you trust me not to keep your secret. And know that I much marvel at this, for never has any secret, either great or small, that you have told me, been made known by me, and I tell you in good faith that never, whiles I live, will this come to pass.”

And when she had thus spoken, she again wept. And the Duke embraced and kissed her, and so ill at ease was his mind, that no longer could he resist his desire to discover unto her the secret. Wherefore he said to her: “By my soul, dear lady, I know not what to do, for so great trust have I in you, that I believe me it is not right to hide from you aught that I have knowledge of; but greatly do I fear that you will repeat it. Know then, and I now forewarn you, that if you betray me, you shall die for it.”

And she said: “Wholly do I agree to this. It cannot be that I should do you any wrong.”

Then he who loved her, for that he believed her, and thought within himself that she spake truly unto him, related unto her all the story of his niece, even as he had learnt it from the Knight, and how that he was in a corner of the orchard where only they two were, when the little dog

came to them. And he told her truly of her coming out, and of their going in together, and kept back from her naught of that which he had seen and heard. And when the Duchess heard that the Knight loved one of lower rank, and for this had rejected her, she seemed to herself as dead and despised, but never did she let this be seen, but agreed, and made promise to the Duke, to keep the matter secret, and that if it should be made known by her, then might he hang her up to a branch.

And she longed greatly to have speech with her whom she hated from that hour when she learnt that she was the Love of him who had brought on her both shame and grief, because he would not, so she thought, be her own Love. And she firmly resolved that if at any time, or in any place, she saw the Duke speak with his niece, at once would she herself speak with her, and would not keep back that in which there would be felony. But never did this chance until the time of Pentecost was come, at the first feast when the Duke held plenary Court, to the which he sent to summon all the ladies of the land, and, before all, his niece, who was chatelaine of Vergi.

And as soon as the Duchess saw her, immediately all her blood was stirred within her, since she hated her more than all else in the world. But she knew how to hide her feelings, and welcomed her more graciously than ever she had done aforetime. But very greatly did she long to speak of that which so much an-angered her, and the delay grieved her much. And on the day of Pentecost, when the tables were removed, the Duchess led the ladies aside to her chamber to deck them for to appear quaintly dressed at the carole. Then the Duchess, who perceived her opportunity, could not restrain herself, and said, as though in a jest: "Chatelaine, make you very quaint, for you have as acquaintance a handsome and brave lover."

And she made answer simply: "Of a truth, my lady, I know not what acquaintance you have in mind, but I desire not to have for lover any one who may not be in all things to mine own honour, and to that of my lord."

"Right well do I grant this," said the Duchess, "but you are a clever mistress to have learned how to train the little dog."

And the ladies heard what was said, but knew not to what it referred. And then they went with the Duchess to the caroles which were going on.

And the Chatelaine remained behind. And her heart was filled with anguish, and she paled and wholly changed colour. And she withdrew into an inner chamber where lay a handmaiden at the foot of the bed, though she could not see her. And the Chatelaine, grieving sorely, sank down on to the bed, and made complaint and lamentation unto herself, and said: "Alas, my God, have pity on me! How comes it that I have heard my lady reproach me in that I have made use of my little dog? That, as I well know, she can have learned from no one save from him whom I loved, and who has betrayed me. Never could he have told it unto her were it not that they have had close acquaintance, and that, since that he has betrayed me, he doubtless loves her more than he does me! Well do I now perceive that he loves me not at all since he fails in his oath to me. Dear God! I loved him as much as any one could love another, and not an hour of the day or of the night could I think of any other. For he was my joy and my pleasure, he was my delight and my happiness, he was my solace and my comfort. How I ever thought on him even when I saw him not! Ah, my Love! how has this come to pass? What can have chanced to you since you have been false to me? I bethought me, God bless me! that you would be more loyal to me than was Tristram to Isoud. I loved you, may God have pity on me! far more than I did myself. Never at any time have I been guilty in thought, word, or deed, be it great or small, for the which you should hate me, or so basely betray me, as to set at naught our love to love another, and to forsake me and discover our secret. Alas, my Love! greatly do I marvel, for my heart, so help me God! was never thus toward you; for if all the world, and even all His heaven and His Paradise, had been given to me by God, I would not have taken them if for them I had had to lose you, for you were my strength and my life and my joy, and naught could have wounded me so much as that my sad heart should know that yours no longer loved me. Ah, wondrous love! Who would have thought that he could do me hurt who said, when he was with me, and I did my utmost to do all his pleasure, that he was all mine, and that he held me as his lady both in body and soul? And so sweetly did he say it unto me, that

verily I believed him, nor could I in any way have thought that, for the sake of either Duchess or Queen, he could find in his heart anger and hatred against me; for such delight was it to love him, that I took his heart to mine own, and moreover I thought of him that he would be my friend all his life long, for well I knew in my heart that if he had died before me, so much did I love him, little while after him could I have dured. Better were it for me to be dead with him, than to live, if I could never see him more. Ah, wondrous love! Is it right, then, that he has made known our secret, by the which he loses me? When I freely gave him my love, I said to him, and truly made covenant with him, that whensoever he made known our love, he would lose me. And as now I have lost him, I cannot live after such sorrow, nor without him for whom I mourn do I desire so to do. No longer have I any pleasure of my life, and so I pray God to send me death, and that as, in very truth, I have loyally loved him who has so repaid me, He may have pity on my soul, and grant that honour may come to him who has wrongfully betrayed me and delivered me over unto death, and I pardon him. And my death, meseemeth, is sweet since it comes from him, and when I have in remembrance his love, it grieves me not to die for him."

Then the Chatelaine ceased speaking, save to say with a sigh, "Sweet friend, I commend you to God." And at these words she clasped her arms tightly together, and her heart failed her, and her face changed colour, and she swooned with anguish, and lay dead in the middle of the bed, pale and without colour.

But her Love, who amused himself in the hall at the carole and the dance, knew naught of this, but naught that he saw there gave him pleasure since he saw not her to whom he had given his heart, at the which he marvelled greatly. And he whispered to the Duke: "Sire, how comes it that your niece so long while remains away, and comes not to the carole? I know not whether you have sent her to prison!"

And the Duke, who had not noticed this, cast a glance at the carole, and then he took the Knight by the hand, and straightway repaired to the chamber. And when he found her not there, he commanded and counselled the Knight to seek her in the inner chamber, for he willed it in suchwise so that they might have solace one of another with embraces and kisses. And the Knight, who was very grateful to him for this,

entered the inner chamber where his Love lay on her back on the bed, livid and without colour. And having opportunity for this, and pleasure in it, he forthwith clasped her in his arms, and kissed her, but he found that her mouth was cold, and that she was all pale and stiff, and from her appearance he saw well that she was quite dead. And at once, all aghast, he cried out: "What is it, alas? Is my Love dead?"

And the handmaiden who lay at the foot of the bed hastened to him and said: "Sire, verily do I believe that she is dead, for since she came here, she has done naught but torment herself because of the anger of her Love, and a little dog, about the which my lady had harassed and taunted her, the trouble of which has killed her."

And when the Knight heard that the words which he had spoken to the Duke had killed her, without measure was he discomfited. "Alas, my sweet Love!" said he, "the most courteous and the best and the most loyal that ever was, as a disloyal traitor I have caused your death. It would be just that on me should have fallen this fate, and that no ill should have come to you. But you had so loyal a heart, that you have taken it beforehand upon yourself. But I shall do justice upon myself because of the treachery that I have committed."

And then he drew from its sheath a sword that hung upon a nail, and ran it through his heart, and he fell on the other body, and so much did he bleed, that he died.

And the handmaiden rushed forth when she saw the lifeless bodies. Dismayed was she at what she saw. And to the Duke, whom she met, she told all that she had heard and seen, and kept back from him naught of how the affair began, and also of the little trained dog about which the Duchess had spoken.

Then was the Duke mad with rage. And straightway he entered the chamber, and drew out the body of the Knight the sword with the which he had killed himself. Then, without making further inquiry, he at once went with great haste straight to the carole. And forthwith he went to the Duchess, and made good his promise to her, and without uttering a word, struck her on the head with the naked sword which he held, so wrathful was he. And the Duchess fell at his feet in the sight of all those of the land, and thereat the knights who were assembled there were sore distressed, after that they had had great joy. And then the Duke, in the

hearing of all who would hear it, told the whole affair before all the Court.

And none were there who did not weep, above all when they saw the two lovers who were dead, as well as the Duchess. And the Court separated in mourning and anger and sorry confusion. And on the morrow the Duke caused the lovers to be buried in one grave, and the Duchess in another place. But from this adventure he had such sorrow, that never again was he heard to laugh. And forthwith he went on a crusade beyond the sea, from whence he returned not, for there he became a Templar.

Ah, God! All this distress and trouble came to the Knight because he so mischanced as to make known that which he ought to have kept secret, and which his Love had forbidden him to speak of so long as he would possess her love.

And from this example one ought to keep secret one's love with such great judgment, that one may always have in remembrance that to discover it avails naught, and that to hide it is of profit in every way. Whosoever does this, fears not the attacks of false and inquisitive felons who pry into the loves of others.