

## Fairfax 16

And in a lande, upon an hille of floures, fol. 124r  
Was sette this noble goddessse of Nature.  
Of braunches were hir halles and hir boures  
I wrought aftir hir craste and hir mesure;  
Ne ther nas foule that cometh of engendrure  
That there ne were prest in hir *presence*  
308 To take hir dome and yeve hir audience.

For this was on Seynt Valentynes day,  
Whan every foule cometh there to chese his make,  
On every kynde that men thynke may,  
And that so huge a noyse gan they make  
That erthe, and see, and tree, and every lake  
So ful was that unnethe was ther space  
315 For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

And ryght as Alayne, in the Pleynt of Kynde,  
Devyseth Nature of suche array and face, fol. 124v  
In suche array men myght hir there fynde.  
This noble emperesse ful of gace,  
Bad evrey foule to take her ovne place,  
As they were wont alwey fro yere to yere,  
322 Seynt Valentynes day, to stonden there.

