

CHAUCER'S WORDS TO HIS SCRIVENER.

ADAM Scrivener, if ever it thee befall Boece or Troilus for to write anew,
Under thy long locks thou may'st have the scall* *scab But *after
my making* thou write more true! *according to my So oft a day I
must thy work renew, composing* It to correct, and eke to
rub and scrape; And all is through thy negligence and rape.*
*haste