

Here endes oure cure, þat I of spake,
 Of potage, hastelcotes, and mete [ibake]
 And sawce þer to, with oute lesyng,
 Cryst mot our sowles to hevene bryng.

Explicit hic quartus passus.

Of petecure I wylle preche;
 What falles þer to þow wylle I teche;
 Fore þore menne þys crafte is tolde
 Þat mowon not have spysory, as þay wolde;
 For hit is nede to gode, to ken men gode
 As wele þe þore as ryche by þo rode;
 Þerfore to telle you I am set,
 Fyrst what herb; with owtene let,
 Ben gode to potage I wolle þow lere;
 Þou take þe crop of þo rede brere,
 Rede nettel crop, and avans also,
 Þo prymrol, violet, þou take þerto
 Town cresses, and cresses þat growene in flode,
 Clarray saveray and tyme gode wone,
 Persoley, wortes, oþer herb; mony wone;
 Alle þese erbs þou noȝt forsake,
 But lest of prymrol þou shalle take.
 Rede cole hane parte of potage is,
 Fro Iuny to Sayn Iame tyde, iwys,
 Þenne leve his stade to Myȝellis eve,
 And þen bygynnys hit to releve;
 Þen þoroughe þe wyntur his curse schal holde,
 Neghe lentone seson þat porray be bolde.

For stondand fygnade.

Fyrst play ¹ þy water with hony and salt,
 Grynde blanchyd almondes I wot þou schalle;
 Þurghe a streynour þou shalt hom streyne,
 With þe same water þat is so clene.

¹ boil.