**AP Euro: Chapter 11 The Late Middle Ages – Primary Source Analysis**

Source: Raimon de Cornet, 14th c. troubadour writing about the Avignon Papacy, circa mid-1300s [*https://sourcebooks.fordham.edu/Halsall/sbook1y.asp*]. Complete a HIPPO on this document.

Text Comments

1 I see the pope his sacred trust betray,

2 For while the rich his grace can gain alway,

3 His favors from the poor are aye withholden.

4 He strives to gather wealth as best he may,

5 Forcing Christ’s people blindly to obey,

6 So that he may repose in garments golden.

7 The vilest traffickers in souls are all

8 his **chapman**, and for gold a **prebend**’s stall

9 he’ll sell them, or an **abbacy** or **miter**.

10 And to us he sends clowns and tramps to crawl

11 vending his pardon briefs from cot to hall –

12 letters and pardons worthy of the writer,

13 which leaves our **pokes**, if not our souls, the lighter.

14 No better is each honored cardinal.

15 From early morning’s dawn to evening’s fall,

16 their time is passed in eagerly contriving

17 to drive some bargain foul with each and all.

18 So if you feel a want, or great or small,

19 or if for some preferment you are striving,

20 the more you please to give the more it will bring,

21 be it a purple cap or bishop’s ring.

22 And it need ne’er in any way alarm you

23 that you are ignorant of everything

24 to which a minister of Christ should cling,

25 you will have revenue enough to warm you

26 and, bear in mind, the lesser gifts won’t harm you.

27 Our bishops, too, are plunged in similar sin,

28 for pitiless they flay the very skin

29 from all their priests who chance to have fat livings.

30 For gold their seal official you can win

31 to any **writ**, no matter what’s therein.

32 Sure God alone can make them stop their thievings,

33 It were hard, in full, their evil works to tell,

34 as when, for a few pence, they greedily sell

35 the **tonsure** to some **montebank** or jester,

36 whereby the temporal courts are wronged as well,

37 for then these tonsured rogues they cannot quell,

38 Howe’er their scampish doings may us pester,

39 while round the church still growing evils fester.