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The Scottish Text Society

The Actis and Deidis
of
Schir William Wallace

1570

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of
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1570

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
SIR WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

No one who has made even a slight study of the older Scottish poetry can be unacquainted with the place which the *Wallace* holds in it, or with the literary and historical problems connected with it. These have been discussed at considerable length by various writers during the past fifty years, and all that is necessary in this introductory note is to present the leading facts in a clear and concise form, leaving the details to be studied in the books and articles which specially deal with them.

1

The text of the *Actis and Deidis of Schir William Wallace* is preserved in full in a manuscript written in 1488 by John Ramsay and in a printed edition of 1570. On one or other of these, all later editions are directly or ultimately based. There are also some fragments (36 pages in all) of an earlier edition, of unknown date, but printed with the types used by Chepman and Myllar in 1508.

The literary problem arises from the striking discrepancy between the internal and external evidence regarding the author, who is not named either in the manuscript or in the earlier editions. From the poem itself the conclusions which would naturally be drawn are that the author was a man of some education, acquainted with Latin and having a considerable knowledge of literature (he knew Barbour's *Bruce*, copies Wyntoun, and echoes Chaucer), that he based his work on a written source (a point to be discussed later), and that his division of it into eleven books (in the printed editions altered to twelve) stamps it as a production of a regular literary type. References both to readers and

reading are common throughout, from the very first line, 'Our antecessouris that we suld of reide', to one near the end, 'All worthi men at redys this rurall dyt', and the whole composition is repeatedly described as a 'book.' Knowledge of poetic form is evidenced by the introduction, in the second and sixth books, of a number of stanzas in place of the heroic couplet otherwise used throughout.

If there were no external evidence to be taken into account the situation would seem quite clear, except for the anonymity of the author, a feature which remains in all the editions down to 1648, when the attribution to 'one called Blind Hary' is made. The association of the poem with the name of Blind Harry, however, was clearly not new at that date. It appears in Dempster's *Historia Ecclesiastica* in 1627, and there can be little doubt that it is implied in William Stewart's reference in 1535 to 'Blind Hareis buke', which may have been known to him in the early print. This brings us back to within fifty years of the date of the manuscript, which must have been written not long after the date of composition.

As to Blind Harry, in addition to Dunbar's mention of him as one of the poets then dead, there are two sources of information, one of which expressly attributes to him a poem on the exploits of Wallace. These are the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and the Latin history of Scotland by John Major, printed in 1521. In the former, small payments are recorded as being made to Blind Harry between April 1490, and January 1492; in the last of these entries he is mentioned between three singing men and two harpers. Major's account is that in the days of his childhood (apparently about 1460) a whole book in verse about Wallace, based on popular traditions, was composed by one Henricus, who was blind from birth, and who earned his food and clothing by reciting his work before the no-

bility. As Major's words *integrum librum conscripsit* imply a written work, the real difficulty lies in the statement that Harry was blind from birth, which seems improbable in the face of the internal evidence summarized above. It is also noteworthy that in the passages of the *Wallace* where the author apologises for his shortcomings, there is no mention of blindness as an excuse for these. That he may, when old and blind, have recited portions of his poem to noble hearers is likely enough; the payments made to him by the Lord Treasurer may well fit in with this, but there is no evidence to justify the epithet of 'the minstrel', which has been commonly applied to him. It is certainly strange that his name should not from the outset have been attached to the poem as its author, but it would be still more remarkable if there were two contemporary poems on the subject of Wallace,—one by Blind Harry, which has entirely disappeared, and one by an anonymous poet which has survived.

The historical problem is closely connected with the literary. The author asserts more than once that the source of his account of Wallace's career was a life of him written in Latin by John Blair and Thomas Gray, two priests closely attached to him and acquainted with him from his early days. The statements regarding this life are so explicit that only the utmost scepticism can dismiss it as a pure figment, while several references to Blair and Gray in the course of the narrative are distinctly corroborative evidence of its existence. The most significant of these is in line 895 of the tenth book, where 'I, Thomas Gray' (the reading of the manuscript) takes up the pen instead of Blair. Both here, and in the earlier line 831, where 'us' is unexpectedly employed in place of 'them', the poet appears to be translating directly from the original without altering the pronouns. The fact that no such life of Wallace has survived, and that there is no independent evidence for it, does not prove

that it never existed, and that the frequent citation of it is merely a piece of literary artifice.

Acceptance of the genuineness of the life, however, creates historical difficulties of a serious nature. It is quite impossible to reconcile large sections of the poem with the known facts of Wallace's career or the history of the period. Either the poet, in spite of his protestations, used his source with the utmost freedom, or he innocently followed an interpolated and disarranged copy of it. It is quite clear on several accounts that he had much more of a feeling for poetry than a sense for history, and his weakness in this respect may have prevented him from realising that so much of his narrative could not possibly be correct. That the errors and improbabilities are due to accepting popular tradition in addition to 'the book' is at variance with his repeated claim to be faithfully adhering to the latter. That he had some detailed source of the story is shown by the frequent mention of the months in which incidents took place, the number of days spent in certain places, or the length of other intervals of time. On the other hand, the only year-date (1297) which he gives occurs in the passage copied from Wyntoun. Taking everything into account the probability is that a life of Wallace by Blair and Gray did exist, and that in some form it was used by the poet, honestly according to his own assurances, but with a result which makes portions of his poem have the character of romance rather than history.

2

The edition of 1570 presents a text which differs from that of the manuscript only in details of wording (usually unimportant), in having an additional stanza after line 72 of the sixth book and a few extra lines elsewhere, and in dividing the long ninth book in two, thus making a total of twelve books instead of eleven. For political and religious

reasons, however, deliberate alterations of the text have been made in some passages, and a long note inserted towards the close of the twelfth book. The books are also divided into chapters of very unequal length, with headings, a feature entirely absent from the manuscript, but already introduced, together with the new division of the books, in the earlier print. It is clear from the verbal differences that neither this edition nor the earlier one was derived from the extant manuscript, and that both thus represent manuscripts now lost. A full collation of the 1570 print with the MS. is given in Dr. Moir's edition, by means of which the variants and alterations in the text can be readily ascertained.

The unique copy of the 1570 edition, said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth and now in the British Museum (with the shelf mark C. 39. d. 24), is one of the numerous works printed by Robert Lekprevik between 1561 and 1581. The text is complete, but the title-page is missing, and along with it may have disappeared some prefatory matter, less elaborate than the preface of Henry Charteris to his edition of 1594, which is here reproduced from the copy in the Huntington Library. The text of this is a reprint, with slight modifications, of that of 1570.

The modern editions, and some of the articles and books dealing with the problems of the *Wallace*, are the following:

Wallace, or the Life and Acts of Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie. By Henry the Minstrel. Published from a manuscript dated 1488 . . . By John Jamieson, D. D. . . . Printed at Edinburgh, 1820.

Do. do. A new edition. Glasgow, 1869.

The Actis and Deidis of . . . Schir William Wallace, knight, of Ellerslie, by Henry the Minstrel, commonly known as Blind Harry. Edited by James Moir, M.A. (Scottish Text Society), 1885-89.

Brown, J. T. T. *The Wallace and the Bruce restudied.* (Bonner Beiträge). 1900.

Neilson, G. On Blind Harry's Wallace, in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, I. 85-112. 1910.

Geddie, W. *A Bibliography of Middle Scots Poets*, pp. 133-159. 1912.

Miller, Rev. J. F. *Blind Harry's Wallace.* (Glasgow Bibliographical Society). 1914.

Schofield, W. H. *Mythical Bards and the Life of William Wallace.* 1920.

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Watlington, Oxon.
January, 1939.

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TITLE-PAGE, PREFACE, TABLE, FOUR PAGES
(edition of 1594)

PREFACE TO THE FRAGMENTS

FRAGMENTS OF AN EARLIER EDITION (1508?)

THE ACTIS AND DEIDIS
OF
SCHIR WILLIAM WALLACE
(1570)

¶ The actis and

Deidis of the Illuster and Mailzeand Camp-
toun, Schir William Wallace,
Knicht of Clerke.

(G)(+)(D)
=

¶ The first Buke.

DEIR Antecessouris, that we suld of reid,
And hald in mynd pair nobill Douchrie deid
we let our syde thro' verray sleuthfulnes
And castis vs ever to uther besynes.

On hane gamming is set our hail Intent,
Dubtilk hes bene sene in till this tymis by went.
Our nixt nichtbouris cūnin of Brutus blude,
That ostentynis to Scottis willit lytill gude.
Thocht now of lait God turnit pair inynd & will,
That greit kyndnes yai haue schawin vs till.
The hartis of pepill the Lord hes in his hand,
Of our pame reu^e, and gyde at his command.
And thocht all Leidis wald haue yis lād in thral,
Thro' his power, God can aganis thame all.
As we haue sene in our fourbearis asoir,
Bot of this Parabillis, as now I speik no moir.

We reid of ane, richt famous of Renoun,
Of worthy blude that Regnit in this Regioun.
And hyne furth now, I will my purpos yald,
Of William Wallace, as ze haue hard heir tald.
His fourbearis, quha lykis to vnderstand,
Of auld Lymnag, and trew blude of Scotland.

The first

Schir Rynald Craufurd,richt Schiref of Aik,
Swa in his tynre he had ane docher fair.
And young Schir Rynald, Schiref of pat coun,
His Syster fair, of gude fame and Renoun.
Malcolme Wallace hir gat in mariage,
That Ellerslie than had in heritage.
Nuchinbothy and inony ane vther place,
The secund Wyf, he was to gude Wallace.
The quhilk Wallace full hardely had wrocht,
Nehen Walter heir of Wallace to him socht.
Quha lykis to heir, mair knawledge in yat part,
Sa reid the lyne of the first Stewart.
Bot Malcolme Wallace gat on this Lady brycht,
Malcolme Wallace, ane full gude gentill knicht.
And William als, as Cronicklis beiris on hand,
Quhilk efter was the Byskewer of Scotland.
Nehen it was loist with tressoun and fallies,
Quir set with fais, it feed throw Goddis grace.
King Alexander our worthy King forlozne,
Be auenture his lyfe had at Kingoerne.
Thye zeiris still ye Realme stude desolait,
Quhair throw pair rais ane full greuous debait.
Our Prince David Erll of Huntingtoun,
Thye dochteris had of gude fame and Renoun.
Of ye quhilk thye, come Bruce, Balliol, & Hailland
Twa of thir thye desyrit to be King.
The Ballioll claimit of ye first gre lynely,
And Bruce the first Maill of ye secund gre by.
To Edward sone vnto Ingland thay send,
Of this greit stryfe, thocht yai suld mak ane end.
Folwy it was, forsuith it hapint sa,
Succour to seis of thair auld moztall sa.
Edward Langschanis had new begun his weite

Upon Gascone, into ane awfull feir.
 Thay landis quhilkis he claimit stude in sic cais,
 He thocht fra hand to mak it haill conquests.
 To Norhame Kirk, he come withouttir mair,
 The counsall yan of Scotland met him thair.
 Full subtellic he chargit thame in bandoun,
 As thair Quirlozd, to hald of him the Crowd.
 Bischop Robert in his tyme full worthy,
 Of Glasgow Lord, said that we do deny,
 Ony Quirlozd, bot the greit God abus,
 The King was weaith, and hame he did remuif.
 Zit Johne Ballioll followit on him sa fast,
 To hald of him, he grantit at the last.
 And contrair richt, ane King he maid him pair.
 Onhair throw Scotland repentit it full sair.
 To the Ballioll, our Lordis wald nocht consent.
 Edward furth with set down ane Parliament.
 He callit Ballioll to answer for Scotland,
 The wyse Lordis gart him sone bryk yat band.
 Ane Abbot past, and gais our his alledgeance,
 King Edward yan it tuk in greit grevance
 His Dist he raisit, and come to Werk on Tweid,
 Bot for to secht, as yan he had greit dreid.
 To Coxpatrik of Dunbar sone he send,
 His counsall askit, for he the countrie kend.
 Fra he was brocht in presence of the King,
 Be subtell band, yai coxdit on this thing.

The wypping of Berwik. Cap. ii.

All Patrik than, to Berwik couch persew,
 Rescalt he was, and traistit verray trew.
 The King followit with his men of Renoun,
 A. ij.

The first

Efter mydnicht at rest was all the toun.
Co:spatrik rais, the keyis weill he knew,
 Leit bylggis down, and Doxtcuilleis thay knew.
Edward Enterit, and gart sla halstely,
 Of men and wyfis aucht thousand and fyfty.
 And barnis als, be this fals auenture,
 Of trew Scottis, chaipit na creature.
 Ane Capitane thair, this fals King hes maid,
 Towart Dunbar without resting thay raid.

The Battell of Dunbar. Cap. liij.

Quhair gadderit was greit power of Scotland
 Aganis Edward, in Battell for to stand.
 Thir four Erllis was enterit in that place,
 Of Mar, Menteith, and Arthoull, vpon cace.
 In the Castell the Erll gart hald thame in,
 That to thair men, without pai nicht not win.
 Nor zit to thame suppleing for to ma,
 The Battellis than, togidder fast thay ga.
 Full greit slauchter yat pietie was to se,
 Of trew Scottis, ouir set with subtelte.
 Erll Patrik than, quhen the fechting was sellast,
 To our sa turnit and harming did vs maist.
 Is nane in world yat skaithis may do mair,
 Than weill traistit in bozne famillar.
 Our men at slane without redemption,
 Thow thir deidis, haill tynt was this Regioun.

How King Edward and Co:spatrik come to
 Swyn, and put down Johne Ballioun, and had
 with paine ye Airis of Scotland. Cap. iij.

(F (+) D)

King

King Edward past, and Corspatrik to Scone
 And thair he gat hoirage of Scotland sone.
 For nane was left, ye Realme for to defend,
 For Johne Ballioll yai to Montros yai send.
 And him depzyuit for ay of his kingrik,
 Than Edward his self was callit ane Royall Rik
 The Crown he tuik, bpon ye samin stane,
 That Gathelus send with his Sone fra Spayne
 Quhen Aber Scot first in Scotland came,
 That Canmore syne, King fergus had ro Name.
 Brocht it to Scone, and gart it stabill thair,
 Quhair Kingis war Crownit biy. hūdrēth seir &
 Befoir the tyme yai King Edward it fand, (mair
 Thir Jowellis he gart turs in Ingland.
 In Londoun set in witnes of that thing,
 Be conqueis yai of Scotland maid him King.
 Quhair ē stane standis, Scotlād suld maister be,
 God cheis ye tyme for Margaretis airis to se.
 Nucht scoir thay led, of greitest yai yai fand,
 Of airis with thame, and Bruce out of Scotland
 That office than he bzuikit bot schozt tyme,
 I may not now put all ye deidis in tyme.
 On Cronicklis quhy suld I tary lang?
 To Wallace agane, now breifly will I gang.
 Scotland was loist, quhen he was bot ane Chyld
 All haill ouir set with our enemis wold.
 His father Malcolme in the Lennor fled,
 His eldest Sone thidder with him him he led.
 His mother fled with him fra Ellerslie,
 To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilsplindie.
 The knicht his father thidder thame sent,
 Unto his Uncle with ane gude Intent.
 In Gowrie dwelt, and had thair leuing thair,

The first.

An agit man, quhill ressaue chame fais
Than to Dundie Wallace to Scull thay send,
Quhill he of witt full worthely was kend.
Thus he continewit in his tender age,
In armis spne did mony bassallage.
Quhen Haroun blude in this Regioun couth King
Markand the witt of that vnrichteous King.
Mony greit wrong pai wrought in this Regioun,
Destroit our Lordis, & brak pair biggingis down
Baith wyfis and wedowis, pai tuk at pair abein
Nunis & Madynnis, quhom pai lphit to spil. (will
King Herodis part pai playit into Scotland,
Of young Chyldren, pat pai befor yame sand.
The Bischoppis that was gretest of baill,
Thay tuk in handis of pair Archebischoppis baill
Nocht for the Pape, pai wald na kirkis forbair,
Bot grippit all, be violence of weir.
Glasgow pai gais, as at thair waill was kend,
To the Diocie of Durhame to ane commend.
Small benefice, pan pai wald nocht persew,
Bot for this thing full mony uther pai flew.
Hangit Barrounis, and wrought full mekill care,
It was weill knawin, within the Barnis of Aie.
Thair aughtene scoir, put to ane felloun dreid,
Bot God abuis hes send us sum remeid.
It is rememberit farther in the taill,
I will follow vpon my purpois haill.
William Wallace, or he was man of armis,
Greit pietie thocht, pat Scotland tuk sic harmis.
Mekill delour it did him in his myud,
For he was wyse, richt worthy, wicht and kynd.
In Gowrie dwelt, still with his worthy man,
As he Incessir, and with abandoun than.

Into

Into his hart he had full mekill cair,
 He saw the Sutheroun multiplie mair and mair.
 And to him self, oft wald he mak his mane,
 Of his gude syn, yai had flane mony ane.
 Zit he was than, seimely, stark, and bald,
 And he of age, was seuintene wynter ald.
 Wappunnis he bair, outhir gude sword oz knyfe,
 For he with thaine, hapnit richt oft to stryfe.
 Quhair he sand ane out of ane itheris presence,
 Efter to Scottis, thay did na mair offence.
 To cut his throft, oz stik him suddandly,
 He waynit nocht, sand he yame anerly.
 Sindrie wantit, bot nane wist be quhat way,
 For as to him yair couth na man ocht say.
 Yrtill of speiche, was courtes and bening,
 Sad of countenance, he was baith ald and ying.

How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Constable
 of Dundie. Cap. v.

UDone ane day to Dundie he was send,
 Of cruelnes full yrtill thay him kend.
 The Costabill was ane felloun man of weir.
 And untill Scottis he did full mekill deir.
 Selbie he hecht spiteous and of outrage,
 One sone he had, neir twentie zeir of age.
 Into the toun he vlsit euerie day,
 The men oz soun, yairto with him to play.
 One Hielle schrew, wantoun in his Intent,
 Wallace he saw, and to wart him he went.
 Yphie he was, richt big and weil besene,
 Yntill ane weid of gudly ganand grene.
 He callit on him, and said thow Scot abyde,
 A. iiii.

[The first

Quha Deuil (quod he) the graithit in sa guid weto
 Ane hors mantill it war thy kynd to wete,
 Ane Scottis quhittill bnder thy belt to beir.
 Rouch Killings vpon thy harlots seir,
 Gif me thy knyfe, quhat dois thy geir sa meir.
 To him he zaid, his knyfe to tak him fra,
 Fast be the Collar Wallace can him ta.
 Under his hand, his knyfe he bradit out,
 For all his men yat semblit him about.
 Bot help him self, he wist of na remeid,
 Withouth reskew he stikkit him to the Deid.
 The Squyar fell of him yair was na mair,
 His men followit on Wallace wounder sair.
 The preis was thich, and cūmerit pame full fast,
 Wallace was sped, and greitly als agast.
 The bludy knyfe was dya win in his hand,
 He spairit nane, that he befoir him fand.
 The hous he knew his Eme had ludgit in,
 Thidder he fled, farther he nicht nocht win.
 The gude wyfe thair, within the clois saw he,
 And help he cryit, for him yat Deit on tre.
 The young Capitane hes fallin with me at stryfe,
 In at the dur he went with this gude wyfe.
 Ane Russat gown of hir awyn scho him gail,
 Abone his weid, that couerit all the lair.
 Ane suddillit Courche, ouir nek and heid leit fall,
 Ane woine quhyte hat scho brastit on with all.
 For yai suld nocht lang tary at that In,
 Gaif him ane Rock, and syne sat down to spin.
 The Sutheroun socht quhair Wallace was but
 Thay wist not weill at quhat zet he in zaid. (Dyid
 In that same hous thay socht him bzeily,
 Bot he sat still, and span richt cūmandly.

As of his tyme, he had nocht leste lang,
 Thay left him sa, and furth this gait can gang.
 With hevy cheir, and sozrowfull in thocht,
 A wit of him, as van get culd thay nocht.
 The Inglismen all than in barrat boun,
 Bad fyre all Scottis, that war into that toun.
 Zit this gude wyfe held Wallace vntill nicht,
 Maid him gude cheir, syne put him out of sight.
 Thow ane dirk gait scho gydit him full fast,
 In couert went, syne by the watter past.
 Forbure the gait, for wachis that was thair,
 His Mother was into ane greit despair.
 Quhen scho him saw, scho thankit heuynis King,
 And said deir Sone, sa lang quhair hes yow bene
 He tauld his Mother of that suddand cace,
 Than weipit scho, and said full oft allace.
 O that thow ceis, thow will be slane with all,
 Mother he said, God reullar is of all.
 Unsufferabill is the pepill of England,
 Part of thair Ire, me think we suld ganestand.
 His Erie wist weill, that he the Squyar slew,
 For dzeid thatrol, in greit langour he dzeu.
 This passit ouir quhill diuers dayis war gane,
 That gude man dzed that Wallace said be tane.
 For Sutheroun ar full subtell euerilk man,
 Ane greit Dittay for Scottis ordanit yai van.
 Be the Law dayis in Dundie set ane Air,
 Than Wallace wald na langer Soiozne thair.
 His Mother graithit hir in ane Pilgrame weid,
 Him self disagysit, syne glaidly with hir zaid.
 Ane schozt swozd vnder his weid bair he,
 In all the land full many fais had he.
 Baith on pair suit, with yame mair tuik yai nocht

The first

Quha speirit scho said, to Sanct Margaret thay
 Quha seruit hir, ful greit freindschip yai fād, (socht
 with Sutheroun folk, for scho was of Ingland.
 Besyde Lundaxis, the ferry ouir thay past,
 Syne thow the Ochell sped yai wounder fast.
 Into Dunfermeling thay ludgit all that nicht,
 Upon ye moirne, quhen that the day was licht,
 With gentill women hapnit thame to pas,
 Of Ingland boirne, in Lynlithgow toynnād was.
 The Capitanis wyfe in Pilgramage had bene,
 Fra scho thame met, and had young Wallace sene
 Gude cheir thay maid, for he was wounder fair,
 Nocht large of tounge, weill taucht and debonaire.
 Furth talkand thus, of materis yat war wrocht,
 Quhill south ouir Forth with hir Sone scho yame
 In to Lynlithgow yai wald not tary lang (brocht
 Thair leif thay toik, to Donypace thay gang.
 Thair dwelt his Eme, ane man of greit riches,
 This michtie persoun hecht to Name Wallace.
 Maid yame gude cheir, & was ane full gude man,
 Welcūmūt yame fair, and to thame tald he than.
 Did him to wit the land was all ouir streir;
 Tretit thame weill, and said my Sone sa deir.
 Thy mother and yow richt heir with me sall byde,
 Quhill better be, for chance that may betyde.
 Wallace answerit, said wēstir yair we will,
 Our kyn is flane, and that me lykis euill.
 And vther mony, worthy in that art,
 Leif I, will God, we sall vs tozeik on part.
 The Persoun sichit, and said my Sone sa fre,
 I can nocht wit how that redres may be.
 Quhat suld I speik of frustraite at this tyde,
 For gife of gude, with him he wald nocht byde.

His Mother and he to Ellerslie thay went,
 Upon the moyne scho for hir byether sent.
 In Corsbie dwelt, and was Schiref of Air,
 His father was deid, had leuit lang tyme thair.
 Hir eldest Sone yat mekill was of mane,
 Hir husband als, at Lochmabane was slane.
 Schir Malcolme Wallace was his name but it is
 His hoch sennounis he cuttit in that pretis.
 On kneis he saucht, feill Inglismen thay slew,
 To him than socht ma fechtaris than anew.
 On ather syde with speiris bair him down,
 Thair stickit thay, yat gude knicht of Renoun.
 Unto my tail I left at Ellersly,
 Schir Rannald come vnto his Sister fre.
 Welcumit thame hame, and speirit of pair Intent
 Scho prayit that he, Lord Weirle to wald went.
 Scho Irkit of weir, scho culd na farther fle,
 To purches peice, in rest that scho nicht be.
 Schir Rannald had the Weirleis protection,
 As for all part, to tak Remission.
 Than he gart wyte to his Sister that tyde,
 In that respect, Wallace wald nocht abyde.
 His Mother he left, scho weipit with hart full sair.
 His leif he tuk, syne fra his Eme can fair.
 Zoung he was, and to Sutheroun richt savage,
 Breit rowme pai had despyte and estk outrage.
 Schir Rannald durst not weil had Wallace pair
 For greit perrell, he wist appeirand wair.
 For pai had haill the strenthis of this land,
 Quhat pai wald do, durst nane aganis pame stand
 Schiref he was, and vnto thame amang,
 Full sair he dyed, yat Wallace suld tak waring.
 For he and thay culd neuer weil accord,

The first

He gat ane blaw, thocht he was Lad or Lord.
 That profferit him ony lichtynnes,
 Bot thay repairit oute mekill to that place.
 Als Inglis Clerkis in Prophecie it fand,
 How ane Wallace suld put yame fra Scotland.
 Schir Rannald knew, weill ane mair quyet seid
 Dubair William micht be better fra thair seid.
 With his Uncle, Wallace of Ricardoun,
 Schir Richard hecht, that gude Knicht of Senou.
 Thay landis haill than was his heritage,
 Bot blynd he was, sa hapnit thow curage.
 Be Inglismen that dois vs mekill deir,
 In his ryling, he worthy was in weir.
 Thow hurt of Uainis, and menisching of blude,
 Zit he was wyse, and of his counsall gude.
 In februar, Wallace was to him send,
 Into Apryll fra him he bownit to wend.
 Bot gude seruice he did him with plesance,
 As in that space was worthy to auance.

How Wallace past to the watter of Irwoun
 to tak fische. Cap. vi.

S on ane tyme he desyrit to play,
 Into Apryll, the thre and twentie day.
 To Irwoun watter, fische to tak he went,
 Sic fantasie fell into his Intent.
 To leid his Net, ane Chyld with him pair zeid,
 Bot he or none, was in ane felloun dreid.
 His sword he left, sa did he neuer agane,
 It did him gude, suppois he sufferit pane.
 Of that laubour, as than he was nocht sle,
 Happy he was, tuik fische abundantlie.

Of the day ten hours our counth pas,
 Wyndand thair come, nelt by quhair Wallace was:
 The Lord Berke, was Capitane van of Air,
 Fra him he turnit, and couth to Glasgou fair.
 Part of the Court had Wallace laubour sene,
 To him pair raid syue cled in garment grene.
 Sanct Martynis fische, said Scot now we wald
 Wallace agane, yame meikly answer gail. (half,
 It war resoun me think ze suld haue part,
 With suld be delt in all place with fre hart.
 He bad his Chyld, gif yame of our waithing,
 The Sutheroun said, as now of thy deilling:
 We will nocht tak, thow wald gif us our small,
 He lythit down, and fra the Chyld tuk all.
 Wallace said than, gentil men gif ze be,
 Leif us sum part, we pray for chertie.
 Ane aght Knicht seruis our Lady this day,
 Gude freind leif part, and tak nocht all away.
 Thow sall haue leif, to fische and tak the mair,
 All this forsuith sall in our sitting fair.
 We serue ane Lord, thir fische sall to him gang,
 Wallace answerit, said thow art in the wraung.
 Dubom thowis yow Scot, in faith yow seruis ane
 To him he ran, and out ane sword ca draw. (blaw
 William was wa, he had na wappinis thair,
 Bot the Bolt staf, quhill in his hand he bair.
 Wallace with it fast on the cheik him tuk,
 With sa gude will, quhill of his feit he schuk.
 The sword slaw fra him, ane suit bzaid on ye land
 Wallace was glaid, and hynt it sone in hand.
 And with ye sword, ane akwart straik him gail,
 Under the heid, his craig in sunder draif.
 Be that the laif lythit about Wallace,

The First.

He had na help bot only Goddis grace.
 On ather syde full fast as him thay dang;
 Greit perrell was; gif thay had lest it lang.
 Upon the heid, in greit Fre he straik ane;
 The scheir and sword, glaid to the collair bane.
 Ane vther he hit, on the arme haistely,
 Quhill hand and sword baird on ye land can ly,
 The tother twa fled to thair hors agane,
 He stikkit him yat last was on the plane.
 Thre flew he thair, twa fled with all pair might,
 Efter thair Lord, bot he was out of sight.
 Takand the mure, or he and thay culd twyn,
 To him pai raid, anone or pai wald blyn.
 And cryit abyde, your men ar martyrit down,
 Richt cruelly into this fals Regioun.
 Fyue of your men heir at the watter baid,
 Fische zow to bring, thocht it na passet maid.
 We ar eschaspit, bot in feild stane ar thre.
 The Lord speirit, how mony nicht thay be?
 We saw bot ane, that hes ouircūmin vs all,
 Than leuch the Lord, and said soull wot zow fall.
 Sen ane zow all hes put to confusioun,
 Quha menis it maist, ye Deuill of hell him droun.
 This day for me, in faith he beis nocht locht,
 Quhen Wallace yus, ye worthy work had wrocht.
 Thair hors he tuik and geir yat was lest thair,
 Gais our pe craft, and zaid to fische na mair.
 Went to his Fine, and tald him of the deid,
 And he for wo neir woz hit out of weid.
 And said sone thir tyhandis sittis ine soir,
 And pai be knawen, yow may tak skaird pair soir.
 Uncle he said, na langer will I byde,
 Thir Suthetoun hors, lat se gif I can ryde.

Than

Than befor the Chyld him seruise for to mak,
 his Emis soke with him he wald nocht tak.
 This gude Richte said, Deir Cousling pray I the,
 Quhen thou wantis gude, till seeke aneuch at me.
 Siluer and gold, he gart ane to him geif,
 waldet Inehit, and lawly tak his leif.

(F) (+) (D)

The Second buik Declairis how Wallace slew
 the Churll with his awn knif in Air. Cap. j:

Zung Wallace van fulfild of his curage,
 In his of armis despyous of Vassalage.
 Thy vassalage may neuer be forloze;
 Thy deid is knowin, rocht all þ world had swoire
 for thy baill myid, laubour and besynes,
 was set in weir, and verray richteousnes.
 And felloun lois of thy deir woorthy kin,
 The Rancour mair remanis thy myid withyn.
 It was his lyfe, and maist part of his fude,
 To se yame sched, ye byrmand Sutheroun blude.
 To Ducheirhous, withouttin mair he raid,
 And bot schoyt tyme, in peice pair he abaid.
 That was ane Wallace, yat welcumit him full
 chocht Inglismen pairof had tyll feill. well,
 Baith meit and dzink, at his will had he thair,
 In Laglane wood, quhen that he maid repair.
 This gentill man full oft was his refect,
 with Buf of hous, full oft he can him beir.
 Sa be desyre, the soun of Air to se,
 his Chyld with him, as than na ma tuik he.
 By nixt the wood, Wallace gart leif his hois,

The Second

Wyne on his suit zaid to the mercat Crok
 The Peirle was in the Castell of Ayr,
 With Inglisshmen greit number and repair.
 And all the toun reulling on pair aboyn wyse,
 To mony Scot yai did full greit supplyse,
 All but abaitting Wallace amang thame zaid,
 The rage of youth maid him to haue na dyed.
 Ane Churll thay had, yat selloun burdingis bair,
 Exceidingly he wald list mekill mair.
 Than any thre yat yai amang thame saud,
 And als be this ane sport he tuk on hand.
 He bure anc sting in ane busteous poill,
 On his braid bak of ony wald he thoill.
 Bot for ane groit, als fast as he micht draw,
 Quhen Wallace hard speik of that mery saw.
 Than he despyt at that mercat to be,
 And for ane straik he bad him groit is thre.
 The Churll grantit, of that proffer was fane,
 To pay that siluer Wallace was full bane.
 Wallace that sting tuk vp into his hand,
 Full sturdely, befoir him couth he stand.
 Wallace with that vpon the bak him gail,
 Quhill his Big bane all into sunder drais.
 The Carll was deid, of him I speik na mair,
 The Inglisshmen assemblit on Wallace hair.
 Fell on the feild of solkis fecht and fast,
 He unabaitit, and nocht greitly agast:
 Air on the heid with the sting ane hit he,
 Quhill bane and brayne he gart in pecis fe.
 Ane vther he straik on ane bairnet of steill,
 The tre thair rail, and kruschit euertik deill.
 His sting was tynct, the Inglisshman was deid,
 For his craig bane was brokin in that feid.

He drew ane sword, that helpit him in neid,
 Throw out the thickest of the preis he zeid.
 And at his hoys, full fane he wald haue bene,
 Twa sairit him maist, yat cruell was and keue.
 Wallace returnit, as man of mekill mane,
 And at ane straik, the forimest he bes flane.
 Ane felloun straik ye tother gat that tyde,
 With his gude sword, he gart him thair abyde.
 In at the Corflait bynlic he him bair,
 The groundin sword, throw out his body schair.
 Fyue flew he thair, or he past fra the toun,
 He gat his hoys, to Laglane maid him boun.
 And keepit his Chyld, and leit him nocht abyde,
 Eschaipit thus, he can to Laglane ryde.
 Feill followit him on hoys and als on fute,
 To tak Wallace, as than it was na bute.
 The treis was thick, that keepit him full weil,
 Bot thair to byde, yat couth he nocht adeill.
 Gude ordinance yat effeir it for his stait,
 His custume was, all tyme baith air and lair.
 The Squyar Wallace, in Duchterhous yat was,
 Baith brd and meit for him he maid to pas.
 As for that tyme that he remanit thair,
 Bot sair he langit, to se the toun of Air.
 Chidder he past, bypon ane mercat day,
 Wold God as than, that he had biddin away.
 His Emis seruand, for to by fische he send,
 Schir Rānald Crauturd & schiref yan was kend.

How Wallace slew Lord Peirseis Stewart,
 and was tane and prsonit in Air. Cap. 11.

When he had tane, sic gude as he had bocht,
 The Peirseis Stewart, richt sadly to him

B. 1. (locht.

¶ The Secund

And said thow Scot, quhome to byis thow that
 To ye Schiref, he said be heuinis King. (thing?
 My Lord sail haue it, and syne ga seche the mair,
 Wallace on cace, neir by was gangand thair.
 He seid to him, said deir freind I pray the,
 The Schireffis seruand pat yow wald lat him be
 Ane Lordly man that Stewart was of blude,
 And thocht Wallace him chargit in termis rude.
 Ga hyne yow Scot, ye mekill Deuill the speid,
 At thy Schireffis vse, thow wenis ys to leid.
 Ane hunting staf, into his hand he bair,
 Thair with he smoit, on William Wallace thair.
 Bot with his tre full lytill sonze he maid,
 Fast by the Collair, him claucht withoutt: baid.
 Ane felloun knyif fast to his hart straik he,
 Syne fra him deid, schot him richt suddand lie.
 Catour sen syne, I crow he was na mair,
 The Inglis men assemblit on Wallace thair.
 Four scot war set in armour burneist boun,
 On mercat day, for Scottis to keip the town.
 Wallace baldly he drew ane sword of weir,
 Into the birny, the forrest couth he beir.
 Out thow the body stikkit him to the deid,
 And sindyie ma, or he past fra that scid.
 Ane vther akwart, ane lang straik tuis he thair,
 Upon the kne ye bane in sunder schair.
 The thrid he struik on ane pesane of mailze,
 His craig in twa, na weidis nicht auarize.
 Thus Wallace fairi, als wod as ane Apoun,
 Than Inglis men that war in Bargane boun.
 Thay keip the gait, with speiris rude and lang,
 For dynt of sword na man nicht to him gang.
 Wallace was harnest, on his body weil,

At him thay socht, with schairp swordis of steill.
 And fra his breith Inneronit him about,
 Out throw the preis, on ane syde he brak out.
 Unto ane wall that stude be the sry syde,
 For weill or wo, thair must be ucid abyde.
 Part of pair speiris in pecis thair he schair,
 Than fra ye Castell, vther help come mair.
 Out our the dyke yat glaid on ather syde,
 Brak down the wall, na succour was that tyde.
 Than Wallace wist of na wane bot to de,
 To wryn his deid, amang thame thus zed he.
 Wther part in greit Ire heuand fast,
 His byncist brand it byrstit at the last.
 Brak in the hyltis, away the blaid it flew,
 He wist na wane, bot furch his knyff he drew.
 The first he flew, quhilk him in hand hes hynt,
 And vther twa, he stikkit with his dynt.
 The remanent to him with speiris hes socht,
 Wure him to ground, that farther he inicht nocht.
 The Lordis bad, that yat suld nocht him fla,
 To pyne him mair, thay chargit him to ta.
 Into thair Innis, suppois yat he had swozne
 Out of the gait, be force thay haue him bozne.
 Thus gude Wallace, with Inglisinen was tane,
 In salt of help, for he was him allane.
 He culd nocht ceis, his curage sa him bair,
 Freuoll fortoun hes brocht him in the mair.
 Thir fals Goddes full of birichtousnes,
 And fals Juno, full of dowbines.
 Thay fenzeit Goddes, zit Wallace neuer knew,
 Greit rycheousnes, ay him to mercy drew.
 His byn inicht nocht, him get for na bin thing,
 Nicht thay haue payit ye Ransoun of ane king.

The Secund

The matr thay bad, the maic it was in bane,
 Of yair best men yat day seuin hes he slane.
 Thay gart set him, intill ane p̃soun sell,
 Of his toymēt greit pietie was to tell.
 Euill meit and drink, yai gart bnto him geif,
 Greit meruell was, gif he micht lang thair leif.
 And eik thairto, he was in p̃soun Law,
 Quhill yai thoct tyme on him to hald the Law.
 Leif I him thus, into this panefull steid,
 Quhill God abuis, do him send sum remeid.
 The plane complaint, and pieteous womenting,
 The wofull weiping, yat was for his taking.
 The tounenting of euerie creature,
 Allace thay said how fall our lyfe Indure?
 The flour of youth, into his tender age,
 Be foytoun of armis, hes leif him in thirlage.
 Leuand this day, ane Chistane haue we nane,
 Durst tak on hand, bot young Wallace allane.
 The land is loist, he is claucht in the snair,
 The Apercy of Scotland is in greit cair.

How Wallace was p̃sonit in Air and
 eschaipit. Cap. iij.

B Artellit hering, and watter yat him gaif,
 Quhair he was set into that vgly Caif.
 Sic fude for him was febill to cominend,
 Than said he thus, gif God wald me restail,
 My pieteous Sprit, and saull ouir all the laif.
 My cairfull lyfe, I may nocht now defend,
 Quir few Sutheroun vnto the deith I drew
 And that I rew, in deid and berray trew,
 That sone I will out of this warld wend
 Gif I suld now, in p̃soun mak ane end.

C Eternall

¶ Eternal God quhy suth I pus wyls die?
 When my beilef all haill remainis in the.
 And thy swim hand full w: or the ly bes w: ocht,
 Dat thou remeid, na lyfe thay ordane me,
 Whay only Sanctour that deit on the tre
 fra bellis persoun with thy blude bes me bocht,
 Quhy wil thou gif thy handy work for nocht?
 And mony vther, in greit pane that I se,
 For of my lyfe ellis na thing I cocht.

¶ Warpit sword, of temper neuer trew
 Thy frusch and blaid in presoun sone me thyow.
 And Judgemen ouir lytull harmis hes rane
 Of vs thay haue vndone ma than ane w
 Whay saithfull f ather despytfully thay slew
 Whay brottert als, and gude men mony are,
 This is the dait sail vs ouircom I kane.
 On this strygtris, dreit God quhen sail thou rew?
 When my power thus sudd and ly is gane.

All worship Scottis, Almychty God zow leid
 When I na mat in worship may zow spew
 In presoun heir, me worthis to rustheif
 Now selte Scot land, that of help hes greit need,
 Thy flatioun standis intill ane felloun dyet
 Of warldynes richt thus I tak my leif
 Of vther panis God lat zow neuer pgeif.
 Thocht I for so furth of my wit suld wend
 Rane vther gift I may now to zow geif.

¶ Dew us allace, vinqubple was starks and sure
 Thow man on neid in presoun now Indure
 Thy warpy apn the may nocht sail for gold,
 Ladyis weipis, that was baith mylo and whte.
 In furious pane thy Adhoer that the bure
 For thou to hyr was deitar than the goid

The Second

Hir maist desyre was to be vnder moid
 In warloipnes quhy suld ony assure?
 For tho was formit fory on the sold.

Complene ze pure, pus as your rebullis tellis
 Complene to hent with wordis that nocht failis
 Complene your voce to the greit God abuis
 Complene for him that sittis in sytefull Cestis.
 Complene his pane, that thus in dollour dwellis
 In langour lye, for loissing of thair lufe,
 His furious pane was selloun for to prufe.
 Complene also, ze byidis blyth as bellis
 Sum happy chance may fall for your behuif.

Complene Lordis, complene Ladyis brycht,
 Complene for him, that worthy was and wiche
 Of Saronis Sontis yat sufferit mekill det.
 Complene for him that is in presoun dycht,
 And for na caus, Scotland bot for thy richt.
 Complene also ze worthy men of weir.
 Complene for him that was your asper spere,
 Few Inglis men zit to the deith he dycht.
 Complene for him, your triumph had to beir.

Celimus his Maister Jauelour was now
 In Inglis men, allace quhy suld we trow?
 Our worthy kyn ar pruit on this wyse
 Sic reull but richt, is lytill till allow,
 We think we suld in barrer mak thame bobe
 At our power, and sa we do seill syl.
 Fra thair danger. God mak vs for to ryl.
 That well he wozcht befor thir tymis now
 For thay mark ay to waie vs with suppyse.

Quhat suld I mair of wallace torment tell
 The fluxis he crik into that presoun sell
 Feir to the deith, lyk lie he was to draw

Thay

Thay chargit ye sauellour on him not for to dwell
 Bot bring him furth sone of that vgly Cell
 Into Judgement, quhair he suld shoill the Law.
 This man went down, and suddandly he saw.
 And to his sight, deith had him snappit snell
 Syne said to chaune, he hes parit that he aw.

Quhen thay presumis he suld be verray deid,
 Thay gart seruandis withouttin langer pleid.
 With schoir quife, vnto the wall him beir,
 Thay cais him out of that baillfull steeir.
 Of him thay trowit, thair suld be na remeid.
 In ane draif mydding quhair he remanit thair
 His first Aureis of the new town of Ire.
 To him scho come, quhilk was full will of reid:
 And purchest leif a way with him to sair.

Into greis Ire thay grantir hir to go
 Scho tuik him vp withouttin wordis mo.
 And in ane Cart vnlyklye thay him cast
 Aboue the watter thay led him with greit wo,
 To hir awin hous, withouttin ony ho.
 Scho warmit watter, & all hir seruandis fast
 His body wesche, quhill filch of him was past,
 His hart was wicht, and sikkerit to and fro,
 And his twa Ene, at last kest vp also.

His foster Mother him lufit out the laif;
 Gat mylk to warme, his lyfe gif scho nicht saif.
 With all hir cure, greit kyndnes couth him kyth.
 Hir dochter had of twelf oulkis ane knaif
 Hir Chyldis pape in Wallace mouth it gais
 The womanis mylk confortit him full swyith
 Syne in ane bed thay brocht him for to lyth.
 And couertly keipit him in that caif
 Him for to saif, sa secretly thay nicht.

The Secund

In thair Chalmer thay kelpit him that tyde,
 Scho gart graith vp ane buird in the hous tyde.
 With Tapestry claithe honourit with greit sicht
 And that the voce in euerie land suld hyde
 That he war deid, throuch out the land sa wyde
 In presence ay scho weipit vnder sight
 Bot gudly meittis scho graithit at hir micht,
 And sa befell into that samyn tyde
 Quhill farther mair that Wallace worthie wicht.

Thomas Bymour withouttin faill was than,
 With the Minister quhill was ane worthy man,
 He bit oft to that Religious place,
 The pepill demit of mekill wit he can
 And sa he said, suppos thay blis or ban
 Quhill hapnit suith in mony diuers place
 I can nocht say be wrong or richteousnes.
 In reull of weir, quhidder he tynt or wan
 It man be demit be diuision of grace.

Thair man that day had in the mercat bene,
 Of Wallace knew this cairfull cace sa bene
 His Maister spirit quhat tythingis pat he saw?
 His man answerit, of lytill hard I mene
 The Maister said, that hes bene seindill sene.
 Quhair Scottis and Inglis semblit on ane rabe,
 Was neuer yt, as far as I culd knawe
 Bot outhir ane Scot, wald done ane Sutheross
 Or he to him, for auenture micht saw. (tene,

Wallace ze wait, was tane into that feld,
 Out our the wall I saw thame cast him deid
 Out of thair presoun, samet it for salt of fude
 The Maister said, with hart heup as leid
 Sic deid to thame me think suld softer feld
 For he was wicht, and cūmin of gentill blode.

Thomas

Thomas answerit, thir tythngis ar nocht gude
And that be suith my self sall neuer eit breid
For all my wit heir seboxtly I conclude.

An woman syne of the new toun of Ate
To him scho went, fra he was fallin thair
And on hir knels richt lawlie thame besocht
To purches leif scho micht hyne with him sair
In kichelynes yal grantit to hir thair
Heour the waatter vnto hir hous him broucht
To bury him, als gudly as scho mocht.

Than Thomas said, zit sall I leif na matre
Gil that be trew, be God that all hes wrought,

The Maister hard, quhat Thomas said in plane
He chargit his man to speid him fast agane.

To se the hous, and warly to espy

Quhat word he hard amang thame besely.

The man went furth, at bidding was all bane,

To the new toun, to pas he did his pane

To that Jk hous, and went in subdandly

About he blenkit vnto the buird him by

The woman rais in hart scho was nocht sane,

Quha lyeis heir, he did demand in plane?

Wallace scho said, full worthy that hes bene,

Than weipit scho, that pietie was to sene.

The man thairto, greit credence gais he nocht,

To wart the buird, he bowit as he best thocht.

On knels scho fell, and cryit for Jesus schene

Lat slender be, and fra your thocht it steme.

The man than swoze be him that all hes wrought,

I wald his weikfair, and caist into his thocht.

Wiche I on lyfe him anis se with my Ene,

He suld be saif, thocht England wald him de.

Scho led him up to Wallace be the greis

¶ The second

he spak with him, syne sail agane cam petra,
with glad bod wart, pair nurthis to amend,
And come agane, and sauld pame baill to end
he sauld to thame the first tpyngis was let,
than Thomas said, for suith o: be decess.

So ny thousand in seild sail tak ane end

fra this Begioun he sail the Sutheroun send.

And Scotland thryis, he sail bring to wappace,

Into this Realme, greit God sail send him grace.

¶ All wo: thy men, that bes guide wilt to wail,
be wat that ze, do nocht in deme my fail.

perchance ze say, to Bruce was wane sclype.

he was als guide, quhair deidis was so assail,

As of his bandis, and hander in battail

Bot Bruce was awa: wy rirb air of this kysgude

for he had richt, we call na man himlike.

Bot no allace thryis, this bringis conqueis baill

In England far socht battell on that day.

¶ The Battell of Loxpoun balt

with returne to my purpois agane,

When no allace was releist of his pane.

¶ The countie demur, all baill that he was deid
his derrest hym with nocht of his remeid.

Duthill baill he was, lykis to gaug and ryde,

Into that place he wald nocht langer hyde.

his trew keeper he send to Ellerslie,

After him thair, he durst nocht lat hir be.

hir dochter als, bir seruandis and bir chylde,

he gart pame pas vnto his wyther myld.

When thay war gane, na wappinnis pat he saild

to help him with, qubas auenture micht sayo.

Ane roustie sword in ane skuis he sa to stand,

withouthin belt, bo:is, bucklair, o: band.

Lang

Lang tyme befor it had bene in that feld,
 The agit man, it left quhen he was deid.
 He drew the blaid, and said it wald weill bys,
 Thocht it was soull, he tuk it with him rye.
 God help his man, for thow sall gang with me,
 Quhill better cum will God sone that may be.
 To Schir Rannald as than he wald nocht say,
 Into that passage for Sutheroun maid repay.
 At Ricardtoun he wald full fane have bene,
 To get him hors and part of armour schene.
 Than efterwart as he bowit to fair,
 The Inglis men he met rydand to Air.
 At pair beyage, in Glasgoufure had bene,
 The Longcastell, that cruell was and bene:
 The bald Squyar, with him gube tyme rya,
 Wallace drew by, and wald have latrin yane ga.
 To him thay raid, and said despyteously,
 Thow Scot abyde, I trow thow be ane spy.
 O ellis ane theif, fra plesance wald the hyde,
 Than Wallace said, with sober too, dyt that ryde;
 Schir I am seik, for Goddis talf lat me ga,
 Longcastell said, for with it be nocht fard,
 Ane fellowin seik thow semis in thy lair,
 Quhill men the know, thow sall with me to Air.
 Hynt out his sword, pat was of Robtil bevo,
 Wallace with that, at his lichting him the wo:
 Upon the Craig, with his sword he's him tane,
 Thow brane and lyte, in sunder brak the bane.
 Be he was fallin, the twa was lichtit down,
 To benge his deid, on Wallace maid yane boun.
 The tane of thame upon the heid he gais,
 The rouffe blaid into the Craig him clais.
 The tother sed, and durst na langer byde

The Second

With ane rude step Wallace culd efter glyde.
 Out throo his Ribbis, ane sicker straik gaif he,
 Quhill Louer and Lungis men nicht atanis se.
 The hors he tuk, berth wappinnis and armour,
 Syne thankit God, with glaid hart in that hour.
 Siluer thay had, all with him hes he tane
 Hun to support, for spending had he nane.
 Into greit haist he raid to Ricardtown,
 Ane blyth seinblay was at his lychting down.
 When Wallace met with schir Richard þe knicht
 For him had murnit, quhill sebill was his uncht,
 His twa Sonnis, of Wallace was full fane,
 Thay had him lost, zit God sauit him agane.
 His Ene Schir Rannald, to Ricardtown come fast
 The woman said by Corvois as scho past.
 How Wallace eschaynt, syne on thair wapis zeid,
 Schir Rannald zit was in ane selloun dreid.
 Quhill he him saw, in hart he thoct full lang,
 Than suddandly in armis he him thang.
 He micht nocht speik, bot kissit him tenderly,
 His tribillit spreit was in ane extasy.
 Thy blyth teiris, thay bust fra his Ene twa,
 Or that he spak ane lang tyme held him sa.
 And at the last richt freindfully said he,
 Welcun Deuop, welcun deit Bone to me.
 Thankit be he, that all the world hes wrought,
 Thus fairlie the hes out of presoun brocht.
 His Mother come, and bther freindis anew,
 With full glaid will, to se thir tythingis new.
 Gude Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wicht
 Wold not yame trow, quhil he saw him with sight.
 Fra sindre partis, thay socht to Ricardtown,
 Feill worthy folkis, that war of greit Renoun.

The

Thus leif I thame, in mirth blythnes and plesāce
 Thankand greit God, of his hie happy chance.

The Thrid Buik.

In Iopis Iuli quhen the flour is sweet,
 Digestabill, Engendering with the heit.
 Baith flour and fruit, buskis, & bewis braid,
 Aboundantly in cuerie stonk and flaid.
 All bestiall thair richt cours to Indure,
 Weill helpit ar be wicking of Nature.
 On fruit ascendand to the heuinis hicht,
 Conseruit weill be the maker of micht.
 fische in the stude resectit Really,
 To mannis fude pe warld to occupy.
 Bot Scotland sa, was waistit mony day,
 Throw weir sic skaith, that laubour was away.
 Wittall worthit scant, oz August culd appeir,
 Throw all the land the fude hapnit full deir.
 Bot Inglismen, that riches wantit nane,
 Be Cariage brocht, pair bittall in gude wane,
 Struffit housis, with wyne and gude vernage,
 Enioyit this land as thair awin heritage.
 This Kingrik haill, pai reullit at thair will,
 Messingerts than sic tythingis tald yame till.
 And tauld the Peirle yat Wallace leuand wes,
 And fra thair presoun in Air eschaipit hes.
 Thay trowit it weill, that Wallace past yat steid,
 For Longcastell, and his thre men war deid.
 Thay war yit the chance, yat Wallace was sa past
 In cuerilk part, pai war full greittly agast.
 Throw Prophecie, yat pai had hard befor,
 Lord Peirle said, quhat neidis wordis moir.
 Bot he be fast, he sall do greit meruall,
 It war the best for king Edwardis auail.

The Child

Nicht he him get, to be his bridfast man,
 For gold or land, his conqueis nicht stand pan.
 We think be sope he may nocht gottin be,
 Wyle men forsuith, be his eschailp may se.
 Thus deime thay him, in mony diuers cace,
 We leif yame thus, and speik of gude Wallace.
 In Ricardtown, he wald na langer byde,
 For freindis counsall, nor nocht that may betyde.
 And quhen thay saw, that it auallit nocht,
 His purpos was, to venge him gif he mocht.
 On Sutheroun blide, that he his Elderis slane,
 Thay leit him wick, his awin will into plane.
 Schir Richart had, thre Sonnis as I zow tald,
 Adam, Richart, and Symon that was bald.
 Adam Eldest was growin into curage,
 Fordwart, richt fair, and xliii, zeiris of age.
 Large of persoun, baith wyle, worthp, and wicht,
 Gude King Robert, in his tyme maid him knicht.
 Lang tyme efter in Bzucis weiris abaid,
 On Inglis men mony gude Journey maid.
 This guid Squyar, with Wallace bowit to ryde
 And Robert boyd quhilk wald na langer byde.
 Under thirllage of Seigis of Ingland,
 To the fals King, he had neuer maid band.
 Cleland was thair, neir Cousing to Wallace,
 Syne baid with him in mony perrillous place.
 And Edward lytill, his Sister Sone sa dour,
 Full weil graithit into thair armour cleir.
 With thair seruandis to Ricardtown thay raid,
 To Hauchline myre ane schozt tyme thair abaid.
 For freindis thanke tald, was bundin in thirllage,
 That fen wilk sent was for the Peirseis Cariage.
 Within schozt tyme, he will bying it to Aic,

Out

Out of Carleill thay haue ressauit it pale.
 That pleisit Wallace, in hart richt gretumly,
 wit ze thay war,ane gudly cumpany.
 Towart Lowdoun pai bowntt thame to ryde,
 And in ane Schaw ane lytill thair besyde.
 Thay ludgit thame for it was neir the nicht,
 To wache the way,als gudly as thay micht.
 The gude crew Scot,quhilk Distair hous held
 Under Lowdoun,my Authoz can declair. (thair
 he saw yame cum,he went to yame in hy,
 Baith meit and drink,he brocht thame princely.
 And to thame tald,the Cariage men in plane,
 Thair soue Rydar to Air was past agane.
 Left thame to cum,with power of greit baill,
 Thay trobot be than,thay war in Annandail.
 Wallace than said,we will nocht Shotozne heir,
 For change na weid,bot our Ilk bapis geir.
 At Crossintoun the way was spilt that ryde,
 for that same way behouit thay to ryde.
 And fra the tyme,that he of presoun sure,
 Gude Somer weid,Daylie on him he bure.
 Gude licht harnes, fra that tyme vnt he euer,
 for suddhand styfe fra it he wald nocht seuer.
 The Haperyoun vnder his gown he bair,
 The gude steill cap in his bonnet but mair.
 Awa gluffis of plait with claith was couert weel
 In his Doublet ane clois Collair of steill.
 His face he keipit,for it was euer bair,
 with his twa hadis,ze quhilkis full worthy waie
 Into his weid,and he come in ane thrang,
 was na man than ; on fuit micht with him gang.
 Sa growin of pith,of power stark and sure,
 his terribill dyntis was feirfull to Indure.

The Third

Thay traistit maie of Wallace him allane,
 Than ane hundreth of England micht be tane.
 Thir worthy Scottis maid thair na tarping,
 To Lowdown hill past in the gray dawing.
 Decyfit the place, and put thair hors away,
 And thocht to wyn, or neuer hyne to ga.
 Twa Scurriouris send, to vesp weill the plane,
 Bot thay richt sone, returnit in agane.
 To Wallace tald, that thay war cūmand fast,
 Than to the ground, all kneilland at the last.
 With humbill hartis, prayit with all thair micht,
 To God abuis, to help thame in thair richt.
 Thay graithit thame to harness haistely,
 Thair sonzeit nane of that gude company.
 Than Wallace said, heir was my father slane,
 My byrether als, quhilk dots us mekill pane.
 Sa sall my self, or bengit be but dzeid,
 The tratour is heir, is causer of the deid.
 Than hecht thay all, to byde with hartly will,
 Be that the poweir was takand Lowdown hill.
 The knicht Fenwick, conuoyit the cariage,
 He had on Scottis, maid mony schzewit veyage.
 The sone was rissin, lemand ouir landis licht,
 The Inglismen saw pat thay come to the hicht.
 Heir him thay raid, and sone the Scottis saw,
 He tald his men, and said to thame on raw.
 Zone is Wallace that eschalpit our presoun,
 He sall agane be drawin throw the toun.
 His heid I wait, micht better pleis the King,
 Than gold or land, or ony erdly thing.
 He gart his seruandis byde with ye Cariage still,
 Thocht to demane the Scottis at thair will.
 Ayne scot he led, in harness burneist brycht,

And

And fyfte war with Wallace in the richte.
 Unrebutit, the Sutheroun was in weir,
 And fast thay come, full awfull in effeir.
 Ane maner of dyke of starnis thay had maid,
 Parrowit pe dyke, quhair throw the thickest raid.
 The Scottis on suit, suik the gait thaine befor,
 The Sutheroun saw, thair curage was the moir.
 In pyrdfull Ire thay thocht our thame to ryde,
 Bot bther wayis it hapnit in that ryde.
 On ather syde togidder fast thay glaid,
 The scottis on suit greit rowme about yame maid.
 With prunzeand speiris, throw plaitis of syne steil
 The Inglis men, that thocht to venge yame weil:
 On harness hors, about yame rudely raid,
 That with vneis, bpon thair suit pai baid.
 Shallate the forrest in the breny bair,
 The groundin speir throw our his body schair.
 The schair he schuik it of the fruchand tre,
 Deuoydit it sone, sen na better nicht be.
 Dzew swordis syne, bath heuy schairp and lang,
 On ather syde full cruelly thay dang.
 Fechtand atanis in that felloun dout,
 Than Inglis men Enueronit thame about.
 On force etillit, out throw yame for to ryde,
 The Scottis on suit, that baldly couth abyde.
 With swordis schair throw hals and habyt guide,
 Upon the feildis schot out the Sutheroun blude.
 Fra hors and man throw harness burneist bene,
 Ane sair assallze, forsuith yair nicht be scne.
 Thay traist na lyfe, bot to the latter end,
 Of sa few folk, greit nobilnes nicht be hend.
 Togidder baid, defendand yame sa fast,
 Durst nane disseuer, quhill yair repreis was past.

The Thrid

The Inglismen, pat war richt wyle in weir,
 Be forre ordanit, in sunder thame to beir.
 Thair cheif Capitane als seirs as ony bair,
 Throw inatalent and verray proper cair.
 Syne ane greit hoys into his glitterand geis,
 Out our castis ane felloun asper speir.
 The Knicht fenwik, that cruell was and kene,
 Of Wallace father he at the deith had bene.
 And of his brother, that doughtie was and Dete,
 Quhen Wallace saw, pat fals Knicht was sa new
 His curage grew in Ire as ane Lyon,
 To him he ran, and freikis feill bair down.
 As he glaid by, ane akwart straik can him ta,
 Baith Thee and Arloun in sunder gart he ga.
 Fra the Cuirslour he fell on the far syde,
 With ane schairp sword, he straik him in yat tyde.
 O! he was deid, ane greit preis come sa fast,
 Quir him to ground, pai bure Boyd at the last.
 Wallace was neir, and turnit in agane,
 Him to reskew, quhill he rais of the pane.
 Nichtly did him wiew, quhil he ane sword had tane
 Throw out the flour, pir twa in feir ar gane.
 The remanent vpon thame followit fast,
 In thair passage, feill Hutheroun maid agast.
 Adam Wallace the Air of Ricardoun,
 Straik ane Bewinout, ane Squyar of Renoun.
 On the pesane with his sword burneist bair,
 The burneist blaid his hals in sunder schair.
 The Inglismen saw thair Chistane was flane,
 Baldly abaid, as men of mekill mane.
 Riche hoys Rampand, ruschit freikis vnder feir,
 The Scottis on suir gart mony loys the sweir.
 With men lichtit, thame self for to defend,
Quhays

Quhair Wallace come, thair deid was lytill hend
 The Sutheroun part, forfrusehit war that tyde,
 That in that stour, thay nicht noch lang abyde.
 Wallace in deid he wrocht richt worthely,
 The Scurat Boid, and all thair Cheualry.
 The Inglis men tuik plane part to fle,
 Lytill and Cleland gart of thair enemeis de.
 On hors lympart to strent his can pame found,
 To succour pame with mony weikand wound.
 Ane hundred deid, in feild was leuit thair,
 And thre zemen of Wallace deid but maie
 Two was of Kyle, and ane of Cuninghame,
 With Robert Boyd, to Wallace come fra hame.
 Four scoir eschapiit, fra feild on fatherou spde,
 The Scottis in place, that baldy couth abyde.
 Spulze and the feild, of gold and vther geir,
 Harnes and hors, quhilk thay mysterit in weir.
 The Inglis knaifis thay gart the Carriage leid,
 To Clydis Forest, quhen pat war out of dreid.
 And band pame fast, with wylddeis sad and fair,
 On bowand treis, spne hangit thair richt thair.
 He spairit nane that abill war for weir,
 Bot women and preistis he gart thame ay forbear
 Quhen this was done, to Denair sone pai wend,
 Of stuf and wyne that God had to thame send.
 Ten scoir thay wan, of hors that Carriage bure,
 With bittall & wyne, als mekill as thay nicht sure
 And vther stuf, that thay of Carleill led,
 The Sutherou part out of the feild that fled.
 With sorow socht to the Castell of Ait,
 Besait the Lord, and tald him of thair cast.
 Quhat gude thay left, and quha in feild was slane
 Thow wicht Wallace, that mekill was of nane.

The Third

And how he had gart all thair seruandis hang,
 The Deirfe said, and that Squyar lest lang:
 Out of this land he sall exyle vs clene,
 Sa dyspytefull in warld was neuer sene.
 In our presoun heir last quhen pat he was,
 Our scuthfully our keiper leit him pas.
 Than thus our hald, I find weill may nocht be,
 We man gat bring our vittell be the sey.
 Bot lois our men it helpis vs richt nocht,
 Our kyn may han that euer we hidder socht.
 Leif I yame now blamand thair sary chance,
 And mair to speik of Scottis mēis gouernance.

Quhen Wallace had weill vincut into plane
 The fals tyeant that had his father slane.
 His brother als gabils was ane douchtrie knicht,
 Wither gude men befor to deith thay dicht.
 He gart prouyde, and partit thair vittail,
 With stuf and hors, that was of greit auail.
 To freindis about, richt priuey thay send.
 The remanent full glaidly thair thay spend.
 In Clydes wod, thay hoioznit thair thre davis,
 Na Suthetoun was that did persew thay wayis.
 Bot he thoulit deith, that come in thair danger,
 The word of Wallace walkit far and neir.
 Wallace was known on lyie leuand-agane,
 Thocht Inglishmen yairof had mekill pane.
 The Lord Deirfe to Glasgou culd he fair,
 With wyse Lordis, and held ane counsall thair.
 Quhen thay war met, ma than ten thousand,
 Na Chistane was, that tyne durst tak on hand:
 To leid ane Ränge, on Wallace to assaill,
 Speirit about, quhat was thair best counsail.
 Schir Symeir Wallage, pat fals tralour & strang

In Bothwell dwelt, and than was thair amang
 He said my Lord my counsall will I geif,
 Bot ze do it, fra schait ze may nocht leif.
 Ze man tak peice, without mair taryng,
 As for ane tyme, we man send to the King.
 The Perser said, of our trewis will he naie,
 Ane awfull Chistane trewly he is ane.
 He will do mair, in faish or that he blyu,
 Sutheroun to slay, he thinkis it is na syn.
 Schir Ymreir said, trewis behouis zo to tak,
 Quhill efterwart, for him proursoun mak.
 I knaw he will do mekill for his kin,
 Gentrice and treuth ay restis him within.
 How ye Inglisne tuk peice with Wallace. C. ii

H Is Uncle Schir Rannald may mak ye bad
 Gif he will nocht, recogniseis all his land,
 Unto ye tyme yat he yis work haue wrocht
 Schir Rannald was sone to thair counsall brocht
 Thay chargit him to mak Wallace at peis,
 Or he suld pas to Londoun or he ceis.
 To King Edward, and byde in his presoun,
 Thay ask to haue peice for his Ransoun.
 Schir Rannald said, Lordis ze knaw richt weill,
 At my counsall he will nocht do ane deill.
 His worthy byn despytefully ze slew,
 In presoun syne, neir to the deith him dretu.
 He is at large and will nocht do for me,
 Thocht ze thairfoir suld now gar me de.
 Schir Ymreir said, this Lordis counsall send
 He to the King, to mak ane finall end.
 Of his conquest forsuith he will it haif,
 Wallace noz now may nocht this Kingrik saif:
 Richt Edward King get him for gold or land,
 C. ii.

The Thrid

To be his man, than might he brusk Scotland.
 The Lord bad ccis, thow sailis to that knicht,
 For mair in treuth, than it is ony richt.
 The wrang conquiest our King desyris ay,
 On him and us it sall be sene sum day.
 Wallace hes richt, baith force and fair forstoun,
 Ic hard how he eschapiit our presoun.
 Thus said that Lord, and prayit Schir Rannald
 To mak this peice, yow Schiref art of Air. (fair,
 As for ane tyne we may auysit be,
 Under my Scill I sall be bund to the.
 The Inglisinen that thay sall do him nocht,
 Nor to na Sicottis, bot it be on thame socht.
 Schir Rannald wist, he nicht yame not ganeistad
 Of Lord Perse he hes restaut that band.
 Perse was trew, and ay of greit auail,
 Hober in peice, and cruell in bartail.
 Schir Rannald him bowonit on the moyne buie
 Wallace to seik, in Clydis forrest raid. (bald,
 As he him fand bownand to his Denuer,
 Quhen yai haif sene yis gude knicht cumand noie
 Weill he him knew, and cald thame quhat he was
 Meruell he had, quhat gart him hidder pas.
 Maid him gude cheir of meittis gude and syne,
 King Edwardis self culd get na better wyne.
 Than thay had yair, vernage and vennyfoun,
 Of bestiall into greit fustoun.
 Than efter meir he schew thame of this deid,
 How he had bene into sa mekill dreid.
 Newy he said, work part of my counsaill,
 Tak price ane quhyple and for the mair auail.
 Bot thow do sa, forsuith thow hes greit syn,
 For thay ar set to vndo all thy kyn.

Chan

Than Wallace said, to gude men him about,
 I will na peice for all this felloun dout.
 Bot gif it pleis better to zow than me,
 The Squyar Bopd hbn answert soberlie.
 I gif zow counsall oz this gude knicht be slane,
 Tak peice ane quhyle, suppois it do vs pane.
 Sa said Adam the Air of Ricardtown,
 And Cleland als, to thair opinioun.
 With thair consent Wallace this peice hes tane,
 As his Eme wrocht, quhil ten monethis war gane
 Thair leif thap tuik with sad comfourt in plane,
 fand God to broch, thap suld merit hail agane.
 Bopd and Cleland past to thair placis hame,
 Adam Wallace to Ricardtown be Raine.
 furth with schir Rānald, can William Wallace
 And his houshald in Cowsbie for to hyde. (ryde
 This peice was cryit, in August moneth myld,
 Thir Goddes of battell furions and wyld.
 Mars and Juno ay dois thair besynes,
 Cawset of weir, ay wirker of wickitnes.
 And Venus als quhilk Goddes is of luse,
 And auld Saturne his cours for to appuse.
 Thir four schawis of diuers complexioun,
 Battell, debatt, Inuy, and destructioun.
 I can nocht demie of thair Malancholp,
 Bot Wallace culd nocht weill in Cowsbie ly.
 Him had leuar in trauell for to be,
 Richt sair he langit the town of Air to se.

How Wallace slew the Bublar player in
 the town of Air. Cap. iij.

S Thir Rannald past, fra hame bp on ane day
 fystene he tuik, and to ye town went thap.
 Coucrit his face, pat na mā micht hūn knaw

C. iij.

The Third

Na thing him rocht bow few encmeis him saw.
 In sober weid disagysit weill war thay,
 The Inglisman on the gair saw he play.
 At the scrymmage ane buklatr on his hand,
 Wallace neir by in fellovschip couth stand.
 Lichtly he said, Scot dar thou nocht prais!
 Wallace said ze, sa thou dar gif me leif.
 Smyre on said he, I defy thy Nation,
 Wallace thair with hes tane him on the Crown.
 Throw buklatr band, and the barne pan also,
 Unto the schulderis ye schairp sword gair he go.
 Lichtly returnit to his awin men agane,
 The women cryit, our Buklatr player is stane.
 The man was deid, quhat neidis wordis mair,
 Feill men of armis, about him semblit thair.
 Aucht scot atanis upon sextene thay set,
 Bot Wallace forie with the formiest hes met.
 With Ire and will on the heid hes him tane,
 Throw the bricht Helme, in sinder brait the bane.
 The ither braitly in the breist him baif,
 His burneist blaid throw out the body schair.
 Greit rowme he maid, his men was fechtand fast
 And mony ane grome pai maid full sair agast.
 For thay war wicht, and weill bnt in weir,
 O Inglismen, rick t bauldly down thay beir.
 On pair encmeis greit martyrdome pai maid,
 Thair hardy Chiffrane sa weill among yame g'aid
 Quhat Inglismen that baid into his gair,
 Incontrair Scotland maid neuer mair debait.
 Feill freikis on sold war fellit vnder fett,
 Of Sutheroun blude lay stikkit in the streit.
 New power come fra the Castell that tyde,
 Than Wallace fled, and drew towardt ane lyde.
with

with richt gude will he wald eschew suppryse,
 for he in weir, was worthie, wicht, and wyse;
 harnes and heidis he bewit in sunder fast,
 he force out throw the thickest preis he past.
 Wallace returnit behynd his men agane,
 At the reskew seill Sutheroun hes he slane.
 His men all than, he out of perrell brocht,
 fra pair enemeis, with all the power he mocht.
 unto thair hors, thay went but mair abaid,
 for danger syne, to Laglane wode thay raid.
 Twentie and nyne pai left into that steid,
 Of Sutheroun men, that byttinit wat to deid.
 The remanent agane turnit that tyde,
 for in this wode thay durst nocht him abyde.
 Toward the toun, thay dree with all thair maie,
 Curland the price pai tulk befor in plane.
 The Lord Berke, in hart was greitly greult,
 his men happyt, agane to him relent.
 And seill war deid into thair armour cleir,
 Thre of his kyn, that wat to him full deir.
 Quhen he hard tell of thair greit greidance,
 Thair self was caus of this mischeifull chance;
 Murning he maid, thocht few Scottis it kend;
 Ane Herald than to Schir Rannald he send.
 And to him tald of all thair suddand cace,
 And chargit him tak Souerance of Wallace.
 He said hun bald fra merket, toun, and fair,
 Quhair he micht best be out of thair repair.
 The Sutheroun wist yat it was wicht Wallace,
 That thame our set into that suddand cace.
 Thair trewis for this thay wald nocht byek adell
 Quhen Wallace had this chance eschewit weill
 Upone aue nicht tra Laglane hame he raid,

The fourth

In Chalmers sone thair residence thay maid.
 Upon the morn, quhen that the day was licht,
 With Wallace such went schir Rānald pe knicht.
 Schew him the writ, yat Lord Berse him sent,
 Deir Sone he said, this is my hail Intent.
 That thou wold grant, quhil yat yir trewis war
 As skaith to do till Inglisme yat is bozne, (wozne
 Bot quhair I pas daylie thou byde with me,
 Wallace answerit, gude Schir yat may nocht be.
 Licht knich I war deir Uncle zow to greif,
 I sall do nocht, quhill tyme I tak my leif
 And warne zow als, oz yat I fra zow pas,
 His Eme and he, on this accordit was.
 Wallace with him maid his continewance,
 Alk wicht was blyith to do him plesance.
 In Cosble thus he restit thame amang,
 Thair seuintene dayis, suppois be thocht it lang.
 Thocht yat him pleist as Prymate oz King.
 Into his mynd remanit aue bether thing.
 He saw his enemis maister in this Regioun,
 Nicht nocht him pleis, thocht he war King with
 Thus leif I him with his deir frendis stil, (Crown.
 Of Inglisheu now speik sum part I will.

The fourth buik declairis how Wallace won
 the Bhill of Cargunnok. Cap. 1.

In September that humbill Moneth I weit,
 Quhen passit by the hicht was of the heit.
 Vitell and frute ar ryppit in abundance,
 As God ordanit to mannis sustenance.
 Sagittarius with his asper bow,
 Be Alk Signe the tierstie to know.
 The cangeing cours quhilk makis greit differēce
 And

And Iceland had lest thair cullour of plesance.
 All waridly thing hes nocht bot ane sealoun,
 Baith herb and frute man fra the hicht cam down.
 In this ilk tyme ane grete counsall was set,
 In Glasgowe toun quhair many Maisteris met.
 Of Inglis Lordis to statute this countrie,
 Than chargit thay all Schireffis thair to be.
 Schir Rānald Craufurd behouit yat tyme be'pate
 For he thow richt was borne Schiref of Air.
 His deir sene with him that tyme he tuk,
 William Wallace, as witnes beiris the Buth.
 For he na tyme suld far be fra his sight,
 He lufit him with hart and all his might.
 Thay graithit thame withouth langer abaid,
 Wallace sum part befor the Court furth raid.
 Quir tuis the Child, schir Rānaldis sowne suld
 With him twa mē, yat worthy war in deid. (leid
 Softly thay raid, quhill yai the Court suld knaw
 Sa suddandly that tyme him self he saw.
 The Perseis sowne in quhill greit riches was,
 The hors was tyit, and might na farther pas.
 fyue men war chargit to keep it weill pat tyde,
 Two was on fute, and thre on hors can tyde.
 The Maister man at thair seruand can speir,
 Quha aw this sowne? the swith yow to me leir.
 The man answerit withouthin wordis mair,
 My Lordis he said, quhill Schiref is of Air.
 Sen it is his, this hors sall with me gang,
 To serue our Lord, or ellis me think greit wāng.
 Thocht ane subiect in deid wald pas his Lord,
 It is nocht leue be na richteous record,
 Thay cuttir the brace, and leit the harnes saw,
 Wallace was neir, quhen he sic rubie saw.

¶ The Fourt

He spak to thame with manly countenance,
 In fair forme he said but variance.
 Ze do vs wrong, and it in tyme of pris,
 Of sic rubye it war gude tyme to cris.
 The Sutheroun schepw, in Ire answerit him to,
 It sall be wrought as thow may se vs do.
 Thow gettis na mendis, quhat neidis wordis mair
 Hadly auyfit, Wallace rememberit thair:
 Of the prouneis he maid his Eme besoir,
 Resoun him reullit, as than he did na moir.
 Bot past away to meit his Eme agane,
 He and this Reis, was misfit with greit pane.
 The hors zit tuik, pai for aventure nicht fall,
 Band on thair sowne, syne furth ye way can call.
 Thair tryit Sowmar pai left thair in the plane,
 Wallace returnit toward the Court agane.
 On the mure syde sone with his Eme he met,
 And tald how pai ye way had for him set.
 And war uocht I was bund in my legance,
 And partit nocht thus, for all the gold in France.
 The hors thay rest, quhilk suld your harnes beir,
 Schir Rannald said that is bot lytill deir.
 We may get hors and vther thing in plane,
 And men be lost we get thame neuer agane.
 Wallace than said, als wyselie God me sail,
 Of this greit mys, amendis I sall haif.
 And nouthet lat for peice nor zit plesance,
 With witnes heir, I git vp my legance.
 For cowardly ze ar lyke to tyme the richt,
 Sone efter syne, your self to deith will dicht.
 In wrath thair with, suddandly fra him went,
 Schir Rannald was wylse, and best in his Jureit.
 And said I will, byde at the Dyrms this nicht,

Sa Ingiltmen of vs sail deme name vnricht.
 Gif ouch be deid, befoir vs vpon cais,
 Than we in Law may byde the richteousnes.
 His ludgeing tak at the Weirnis still he baid,
 Full greit morning for his Renoy he maid.
 Bot all for nocht, what micht it him auail?
 As into weir, he mocht nocht his counsaill.
 Wallace raid furth, with his twa zemen past,
 The Sommar men he followit wonder fast.
 Be eist Lathcar he our hyt yaine agane,
 Than knew thay weill, that it was he in plane:
 He hois and weid, had arguit thame befoir,
 The fyre to thame, returne withoutin moir.
 Wallace to ground fra his Cuirsour can glyde,
 The Jowis braid he braidit out that tyde.
 The Weirman with sa gude will straik he,
 With hat and heid, in sunder gart he fle.
 An ether fast vpon the face him gais,
 To deid on ground but mercy sone him drais.
 The thair be bit with greit fre in that steid,
 Fey on the wild, he hes him left for deid.
 Wallace flew thre, be that his zemen wiche
 The tother twa, derly to deith had diche.
 Syne spul hit thay the harnes of yai wend,
 Of silver and gold thay gat aneuch to spend.
 Jowellis thay tuk, the best was choyn that,
 Gude hors and geir, syne on thair wayts can sair.
 Than Wallace said, at sum steench wald I be,
 Our Clyde that tyme was ane gude byig of tre!
 Thidder thay past, in all thair gaddly micht,
 The day was gane, and rumm was the nicht.
 Thay durst nocht weil weir still be Glasgow byde
 In the Lennox, he tuk purpos to ryde.

¶ The Four

And sa he did, syne ludgit pair that night,
 As pai best micht, quhill that ye day was licht.
 To ane Distillary he went and solomit thair,
 With trew Scottis that his new freindis wair.
 The counsell met richt gably on the morn;
 Bot feill tythingis war brocht thair beforne.
 His men war slane, his treasure his was rest,
 With feill Scottis, and yame na Jewellis left.
 Thay demit about of padockdounfall case,
 The Sutheroun said, forsooth it is uplace.
 The Schireffis Court was command to ye town,
 And he was ane for Scot of mairi venon.
 Thay gart gasch Schir Hamald in pat rage,
 Bot he was full pan at his herberage.
 Sum wyle men said, heiral na thing he had,
 The men war slane heu at the counsils end.
 Schir Hamald come be nyne hours of the day,
 Befoir the Deirle, and his men brocht wair thay.
 Thay followit him of fellony pat was wrought,
 The Hysle of this, to him couth say richt nocht.
 Thay demit about of pat fell subband case,
 Befoir the Judge pair he demptwad allace.
 And sa he micht, he wist nocht quhair he was
 Fra this counsell my purpos is to pas.

Of upallace to speik, in wylbernes sa wyde,
 The Lord God be his Gouernour and gyde
 Still at pat place, four dayis he solomit hail
 Quhill tythingis come to him fra that counsell.
 Than statute thay, in ilk staid of the west,
 In thay boundis, pallatheid haur na rest.
 His deir Uncle ane greet with greet himf wair,
 That he but leik, na freindship haid him beir.
 And mony ither fell was that day,

Robert

Robert Boyd stall of the town stow.
 And Cleland als, befor with him had berre,
 Thay had far leuar to se him with thair ene:
 Leuand on lyfe, as thay knew him befor,
 Than of clene gold, and fyne Appyl korn and moir.
 Boyd weepit sair, and said our Lord is gane,
 Among his sais is set all him allane.
 Than Cleland said, sais foxtoun changis fast,
 Greit God sen we with him had euer past.
 Edward Lytill in Rimondail is went,
 And wait richt nocht of this new Judgement.
 Adam Wallace baid still in Ricardtoun,
 He sell it thus, with Wallace of Renoun.
 He with his power partit mercuellously,
 He foxtoun of chance ouir turns dowbilly.
 Thair piteous mane, as than south nocht be bet,
 Thay wist na wit quhair that thay suld him get.
 He lest the place quhair he in ludgeing lay,
 To Erll Malcolme he went vpon ane day.
 The Lennox haill he held into his hand,
 To King Edward pan had he nocht maid band.
 That land was strait, and maisterfull to win,
 Gude men of armis pat tyme was it within.
 The Lord was traist, ye men sicker and trew.
 With wark power thay durst him nocht persw.
 Richt glaid he was of Wallace company,
 Welcomit him sair, with worship reuerently.
 At his aboun will, desyrit gif he wold
 To hyde thair still maister of his houshold.
 Of all his men he suld haill Chistane be,
 Wallace answerit that war enouch for me.
 I can nocht abyde, my mynd is set in plane,
 No jobin to be, as ellis be in the pane.

The fourth

Our west countre, thair statute is so strang,
 Into the North my purpos is to gang.
 Steuen of Ireland than in the Lennor was,
 With wichte Wallace he ordand him to pas.
 And beher als, that war bozne of Argyle;
 Wallace still thair, maid residence ane quhyle.
 Dubill men it wist, and semblit sone him till,
 He chargit nane, bot at thair awin gude will.
 Thocht pai war strangeris, zit couth he not yame
 Bot ressaute thame all in his weiris to leid. (Dreid,
 Sumpart of thame was pan of Ireland bozne,
 That Habsadzeane had explit out before.
 King Edwardis man, he was swozne of Ireland,
 Of right law birth suppois he tuk on hand.
 To Wallace thair, come ane pat hecht fawdoun,
 Of Malancholy, and euill complexioun.
 Heuy of stature and dour of contenance,
 Sorrowfull was ay, in dreid without plesance.
 Wallace ressaute, quhat men wald sum him till,
 The body he aith thay maid him with gude will.
 Before the Erll, all in ane gude concord,
 And him ressaute, as thair Capitane and Lord.
 His speciall men, that come with him fra hame,
 The same hecht Gray, the uther keirly be name.
 In his seruice come first in all thair mane,
 To Lowdoun hill, quhair yae fenwick was slane.
 He thame commandit ay nixt yame to persew,
 For he thame kend, richt hardy, wyle, and trew.
 His leif he tuk, richt on ane fair maner,
 The gude Erll than, he bad him giftis seke.
 Wallace wald nane, bot gais of his seill spis,
 To pure and riche, vpon ane gudly wopis.
 Humbill he was, hardy, wyle, and fre,

And of riches he held na propertie.
 Of honour, worship, he was an empyroure hend,
 As he of gold had abundantly to spend.
 Upon his fais he wan it worthely,
 Thus Wallace past and his gude Cheualer.
 Scortie he had of lyklike men at wage,
 Thro to the Lennor he led yame with curage.
 Abone Lekky he ludgit thame in ane baili,
 Ane strength thair was, quhilk pai thocht to assail.
 On Cargunnok thair biggit was ane weil,
 That stufit was with men and birtail weil.
 Spithin ane dyke, Clois, Chalmer, and gail,
 Capitane thair of, to name becht Thiril wall.
 Thay led Wallace quhair yat this biggit was,
 Thocht to assailze it far by or he wald pas.
 Ewa spys he send to vesp all the land,
 Richt laith he was, the thing to tak on hand.
 The quhilk he forze, yat luid gang him aguar,
 Rather he had thro to auenture bene slane.
 Thir men went such quhe it was large mydnight
 About the hous thay spyt all at richt.
 The wachemen heup was, and fallin on sleip,
 The brig was drawin yat pe entrie suld keip.
 The labouraris lait reklely went in,
 Thir men returnit without in noyis or din.
 To thair Maister, and tald quhat thay had sene,
 Than graithit he sone thir men of armis kene.
 Sady on fute vnto the hous thay sucht,
 And enterit in, soz letting had thay nocht.
 Nicht men assapit with all thair besy cure,
 Ane lokkit bar was drawin athort the cure.
 Bot pai nicht nocht it brak out of the war,
 Wallace was greut quhen he sic tary saw.

The Fourt

Sum part anoyt, wraithly to it he toent,
 Be toke of handis, it raisit out of the spent.
 The elne of brest, als of the wall pullit out,
 Than meruellit all his men that was about.
 How he did maik, than twentie of thame micht,
 Spone with his sint, the yet he strak by richt.
 Quhill brace and bandis he byistit all stonis,
 Frayillie thay rais, that was withiin pat wayntis.
 The wache man had ane felloun staf of steill,
 At Wallace strak, bot he keipt him richt weill.
 Rudely fra him, he rest it in the thrang,
 Dang out his harnis, spone in the dyke him flang.
 The remanent, be that was on thair sek,
 Thus Wallace sone, can with the Capuane mett;
 The staf he had, heuy and foggit new,
 With pat Wallace vpon the heid him dret.
 Quhill bone and brane all in sunder seid,
 His men enterit, that worthy war in deid.
 In handis hynt, and stikkit all the last,
 Wallace comandit, pat suld na weirman salf.
 Twentic and twa, pat stikkit in that steid,
 Whemen and barnis, quhen pat he men was deid.
 He gart be tane, and kept in clois full weill,
 That pat thairout, micht haue pair of na feill.
 The deid bodpis pat put sone out of sight,
 Tuit by the byg o; that the day was licht.
 In that place baid four dayis as he wait pas,
 Wist nane pairout, how that the matter was.
 Spuilzeit pat steid and tuit thame gar and gese
 Towellis and gold away with yame thay beir.
 Quhen he thort tyme, thay fletit on the rihte,
 To the nert wod pat went with all pair micht.
 The Capitane wofte, women and childer thay

most quhair yai wald, for mallace lest yane fre.
 In that forest he lykit uocht to abyde,
 Thap bowhit yane ourt forth for to ryde.
 The Mos was strang, to ryde yai was na bute,
 mallace was wicht, and lichtie on his fute.
 Few hors thay had, lyill thair of yai rocht,
 To soif thair lyses, sell stenthis oft thay locht.
 Steuin of Ireland, he was thair gyde thar nicht,
 Towart Kincardin syne restit thair at richt.
 In that forest, quhill was baith lang and wyde,
 Quhill fra the Mos grew to the watter syde
 After the Bone mallace walkit about,
 Upon Tech syde, quhair he saw mony ane rout.
 Of wyld bestis, wauerand in wood and plane,
 Bone at ane schot, ane greit, hart hes he slane.
 Flew fyre of spnt, and graithit yair at richt,
 Suddandly thair scresche bennysoun thay dicht.
 Yit all thay had, baith byid and wyne sa cleir,
 With bther stuf aneuch at thair Benneir.
 This stal of steill, he gais heirlie to heip,
 Forne past thay ourt, the watter of Tech sa deip.
 Yit ratherne thay euterit suddandly,
 In coldest pass, or Sutheroun syld thame lye.
 Quhome yat yai fand of Scotlandis aduertouris
 without respect, was cum thair satall houris.
 Quhome euer thay met, was at the Juglis say,
 Thay flew all down, withoutin maie delay.
 Thay spairt nane yat was of Ingles blade,
 To deith he zeid, thocht he was neuer sa gude.
 This was the grate thar mallace to yame gais,
 Thay saifit nane, knicht, squar, nor knau.
 Bot waitit all, be worthynes of weir,
 Of that partie, that might beir bow or speir.

The Fourt

Sum part be sight, sum part be force thay stow,
 Bot Wallace thocht pat waistit neuer ane w.
 Silver thay tuk, and als gold as thay fand,
 Eicher gude geir full lichtly red fra hand.
 Cut it thortis, syne in Daitportis paine best,
 Put out of sight, for pat yai thocht was best.
 At the blak furde as thay suld ran pas oute,
 Ane Squyar come, and with him bernis four.
 To Down suld ryde, and went pat yai had bene
 All Inglis men, pat he befoir had sene.
 Cythngis to speir, he hawit thame amang,
 Wallace thair with ane gude sword our he swang
 Upon the heid he straik with sa greit Ire,
 Throw bane and brane in sundre straik yf fyre.
 The tocher thre, in handis sone war brnt,
 Dersly to deith, stikkit of thay wald synt.
 The hors thay tuk, and quhat thay lykit best,
 Spulzet yame baie, syne in the Bog pame best.
 O yis mater na matir rary thay maid,
 Bot furth pair way, passit withou' abaid.
 This weirlyke Scot: is, all with ane assent,
 Sa North out Erne, out throw the land yai went.
 In Methuen wud pair ludgeing tuk pat nite,
 Upon the moine, quhen pat ye day was licht:
 Wallace rais vp, went to the Forrest syde,
 Whair pat he saw full weill beistis abyde.
 Ot wyld and tame, walkand aboutantlie,
 Than Wallace said, this countrie lykis me.
 War men may do, with fude pat yai suld haif,
 Bot want pat meit, thay rek nocht of ye laif.
 Ot dayntie fair Wallace tuk neuer krip,
 Bot as is comt, welcum was meit and sleip.
 Sum tyne he had greit sufficience with in,

Now

Now want, now haue, now loss, now win.
 Now licht, now sad, now blyth, now in basill,
 In haill, now hurt, now sorow, and now haill.
 Now worldis weill, now cald wedder, now hett
 Now moist, now drouth, now waure and wynd,
 Sa fair w' him, for scoelādricht ful cū (now weie
 In fell debait, scuin zeiris and monerhis seuin,
 Quhen he wan peice, and eft Scotland in plane,
 The Inglis men maid new conquest agane.
 In scultrat termis I will nocht sary lang,
 Wallace agane vnto his men can gang.
 And said heir is are land of greit abundance,
 Thankit be God of his hie pitueyance.
 Scuin of ȝow seiris, graith some and ga with me,
 Richt sair I lang, Sanct Johnstoun for to ke.

How Wallace past to Sanct Johnstoun & slew ye
 Captraue, & how he wan Kinclerk. Cap. ii.

S Scuin of Ireland, as God of heuin saie sair,
 Haister and leidat I mak the of ye sair
 Keep weill my men, lat nane but of thy sight
 Quhill I ging bidder, sall'cu n with all my might
 Byde me scuin davis into this forest strang,
 Ze may get fude suppos I dwell sa lang.
 Sum part ze haue, and God will send ȝow maie,
 Thus turnit he, and to the town can sair.
 The Maie kept the Port of the Village,
 Wallace knew weill, and send him his Messaige.
 The Maie was brocht, sa w' him ane gudly maie,
 Richt reuerently he hes ressaue thame thair.
 At him he speir, all Scottis gif ze be,
 Wallace said ze and it is peice tro w' we.
 I grant he said, that lykis vs wounder weill,

[The fourt

Trew men of price man ay sum freindschyp seill.
 What is your name? I pray you tell me it,
 William Malcolmesone, he said sen ye wald wolt.
 In Crik Forest hes my wyning bene,
 Thair I was boine, among the Schawis schene.
 Now I desyre this Northland for to se,
 Quhair I nicht fynd bettir dwelling for me.
 The Hair said Schir, I speir it for nane euill,
 Bot seill tythingis is oft tyning brocht us till.
 Of ane Wallace, that was boine in the west,
 Our kungis men he baldis at greit virest.
 Martiris thame down, greit pietie is to se,
 Out of the trewis, forsuch I crow he be.
 Wallace said than, we heir speik of that man,
 Tythingis of him, to you tell I nocht can.
 For him he gart pan ane Innis graithit be,
 Quhair nane suld cum, bot his awn men and he.
 The Stewart heirlly brocht thame in fustoun,
 Gude thing anouch, the best was in the town.
 Als Inglis men to drinking wald him call,
 And commonly he delt nocht thair with all.
 In thair pcesure he spendit resonabillly,
 Zit for him self he payit abundantly.
 On Sordris men he spendit thekill guoe,
 Nane with his will upon ye Sucheroll blade
 Sone he consault, for his witt priuately,
 Into that town, quha was of maist party.
 Schir James Buttellar, ane agit cruell knicht,
 Keltit kintleuin, ane Castell woundet wicht.
 His sone Schir Johne, pat dwelt into ye town,
 Under Capitane to Schir Gerard Heroun.
 The women als, he vespit at the last,
 And sa on ane, his Enc began to cast.

In the south gait, of fastoun ferly fair,
 ne allace to hir unbid priuarly repair.
 So faste it thus, fra the town o; he past,
 3e atrextours, shap bapnit at the last,
 ne allace wherhir in secret mard him gladd;
 So uthertoun thair nocht wat he sic plesance had
 Ofte on the night he wold say to him self,
 This is far war than any nart of hell.
 That yus wold bringe, we 3e till brythis dur last
 And I with force, my nache adanis vane; And,
 To tak this town, my power is so small,
 Orel peremene at my self may befall.
 Set it in foye, it togi bryd my self,
 Or leis my men, that is na mar to ren;
 The 3eris at chour, the dysis ar deyr yottissh.
 Thoche I wold founte, forinty pat can nocht all.
 Thus inaret beir, that solt I with lat lyppe,
 for in this tyme, I may na langer byppe.
 Misgaten hem schuld the Capthie was to dar
 thame so schelcutt; outwar of richt glad he woldis.
 This heif he lute at schelut of the town.
 To 3erthien man vlie a laldy mard non town.
 This wold he hym, and bierchie bowrit to blaw.
 Disment him thare, and thate lone can pat dard.
 Richt by the wold, for par war bati and lett
 3pony at him ro; by thingis wold nocht ther.
 As thame commendit for to mas redoy fall,
 In glade array out of the wold thap past.
 To war bierleut, thap bowrit vane par to be.
 Spine in ame ball, par nert was thame beppde.
 Fast upon the par his bulchment he can dard,
 In ane deche wold, he fellit thyme on rad.
 Set Securitoris fure, the countie to espyr,
 D. iii.

The Fourt

Bot some or none pair come for Rydars br.
 The wache turnit, to se quhat was his will,
 He yame commandit, in couert hald thair still.
 And we schall surch, the hous will knowlege haif
 And that may sone be warning to the laif.
 All force in weir tois nocht bot greivance,
 Wallace was seir, bot happy was his chance.
 Maid him seill spe his aduersaris to win,
 Be that the Court of Inglis men come in.
 For scot and ren, weill graith in thair gete,
 Harnest on hors as lyale men of weir.
 Wallace saw weill thair number was na ma,
 He thankit God, and spne the seild can sa,
 The Inglis mactuellis, greittly quhat pai suld be,
 Bot fra pai to w pai maid thair for melle;
 In reill thay kest, schairp speiris in thair ryde,
 For our pai thocht, outour the Scottis to ryde.
 Wallace and his, went cruelly thame agane,
 At the first tuche seill Sutheroun men war slane
 Wallace strak ane with his speir of gude steill,
 Thro w out the coist pe schast futebu ilk deil.
 Ane hurpeist brand in hailt pan bynt he out,
 Thyrse vpon fute, he thring thro w all the rout.
 Sterrie hors thay stidit, suld men of armis bette,
 For yndet fute was sulzeit men of weir.
 Butcellar lychtit hum self for to defend,
 With men of armis, quhilk full worthie war kend.
 On ather syde, seill streikis war seichta d fast,
 The Capuane baid, thocht he was sair agast.
 Part of Scottis be worthyness thay slew,
 Wallace was wa, and toward hum he drew.
 His men than dyed, the Butcellar baid and bene,
 On hun he seicht, with Ire and proper tene.

Upon

Upon the heid him strak in mairlent,
 The burnest blaid, throw out his basnet went.
 Baith bane and brane, he byskit throw his weid,
 Thus Wallace hand, belmerit pame of that deid.
 Zit fell on sold was fechtand felounly,
 Secun of Ireland, and all the Cheualry.
 Into that flour did worthely and weill,
 And keirly als, with his gude stat of steill.
 The Inglismen fra thair Chistane was flane,
 Thay left the feild, and fled in all thair mane.
 The scot war flane or thay wald leif that steid,
 The fleand folk that wist of na remeid:
 Bot tak the hous thay fled in all thair micht,
 The Scottis followit, yat worthy war and wiche
 Few men of sence, war left that place to keip,
 Women and Priests byon the wall can weip.
 For weill yat wentit, the flearis war thair Lord,
 To tak thame in, thay maid thame reddy for.
 Lett down the brig kest by the zettis wyde,
 The frayit folk enterit yat durst nocht byde.
 Gude Wallace ever, he followit thame sa fast,
 Nuhill in the hous he enterit at the last.
 The zet he wore, quhill cumit was all the rout
 Of Inglis and Scottis, he held na man yat out.
 The Inglismen that wytnit in that steid,
 Withouthin grace thay byrtinit thame to deid.
 The Capitaneis wyfe, women and Priests twa,
 And young Chylder, forsuith thay sawt na ma.
 Held thame in clous efter this suddand cace,
 Or Sutherfoun men, suld seige pame in yat place.
 Turk by the brig, and clousit zettis fast,
 The deid bodyis out of sight yat gart cast.
 Within the hous, and out with that war teld,

The Four

True of his atoin to bury he gart leid.
 In that Castell seutin Dapls still baid be,
 And euerilk nicht thay spullzeit be spie.
 To Schozt wod schawis led wpuie a vittal briche
 Houshald and geit, haich gold and siluer bucht,
 Women and thay, quham to he grantit grace,
 When he thocht tyme, thay put out of the place.
 When thay had tane, quhat lpkit thame to haik,
 Strak down the zet, and ses in fyre the lall.
 Out of wyndows stanchdout is all pai dyes,
 Full greit Jene werk into the watter thies.
 Buirdin durris, and lokkis in thair Ire,
 All werk of tre thay byut in to the fyre.
 Spilt that painicht, brak brig and Bulwerk dour
 To schozt wod schaw in haist pai maid paine bou.
 Cheissit ane stremth, quhaic pai past lugeing maid,
 In gude effeit, ane quhyle pair still he baid.
 Zit in the toun, of this na wit had thay,
 The countrie folk, quhen it was lycht of day:
 Greit reik sawe yse, and to kinclen in thay soene,
 Bot wallis and stane, mat gude sand thay nocht.
 The Capitaneis wyfe to Sanct Johnstoun scho
 And to Schir Gerard cauld yis sellou deid (zeld,
 Als to hir Sone quhat hapnit was be cace,
 Than demit thay all, yat it was weicht Wallace.
 Bofore tyme thair he spyt had the toun,
 Than chargit thay all, thay suld be reddey bou.
 Harnest on hors into thair armour clir,
 To seik Wallace, thay went all furth in feir.
 Ane thousand men weil garnest for the weir,
 Towart the wod richt awfull in effeit.

The Schozt wod Schawis. Cap. ii.

To

The Schoptwood schaw, and set it all about,
 With fyue staillis, pat stalwart war & stout.
 The sext pat maid, ane fellow Raynge to leid
 Quhair Wallace was, full woxyhy ay in deid.
 The strength he tuik, and bad thame hald it still,
 On euerie syde assailze quha sa will.
 Schir Johne Buttelar into the Forrest went,
 With twa hundreth, fair mulsit in his Intent.
 His fatheris deith, to venge him gif he mocht,
 To Wallace sone with men of armis he socht.
 Ane cleuch thair was, quhair of ane strength thay
 With thortour treis, & baldly thair abaid. (maid,
 Fra the tane syde thay micht fische to ane plane,
 Syne throw the wood to the strength pas agane.
 Twentie he had, pat Robill Archearis war,
 Aganis seuin scot of Inglis bodomen fair.
 Thre scot of spetris nerr hand yame haid full richt
 Gil Scottis fischeit, to help yame at thair micht.
 On Wallace set, ane bicker bald and bene,
 Ane bow he baie, was big and weil besene.
 And arrowis als, baith lang and schairp with a to
 As man was yair, pat Wallace bow micht draw.
 Richt stark he was, and, in full sower geir,
 Baldly he schot amang thay men of weir.
 Ane Angill heid vnto the bulkis he drew,
 Syne at ane schot the forrest sone he flew.
 Inglis Archearis, that hardy war and wiche,
 Amang the Scottis, bikkert with all thair micht
 Thair awfull schot was fellows for to byde,
 Of Wallace men thay woundit fell that tyde.
 Few of thame was sicker of Archery,
 Better thay war, and thay gat euin party.
 In scild so byde, outhet with sword or speir,

The Fourt

Wallace persauir his men tuik mekill deir.
 He gart thame change, and stand not in yat steir,
 He kest alwayis to saif thame fra the deir.
 Full greit trauell vpon him self cutt he,
 Of Sutheroun Archearis feill men he gart de.
 Of Longcastell Schyre, downe mar in yat place
 Ane sair Archeat ap waitit on Wallace.
 At ane oppin, quhair he wist to repair,
 At him he drew ane sickle schit and sair.
 Under the Chyn throw ane collar of steill,
 On the left syde, and hurt his hals su n deill.
 A stoneist he was, bot nocht greitly agast,
 Out fra his men, on him he followit fast.
 In the turning with gude will hes him tane,
 Upon the craig, in sunder strais the bane.
 Than feill of thame, na freindschip with him fand
 Fyftene that day, he schot deir with his hand.
 Be that his arrowis waitit war and gane,
 The Inglis Archearis, forsuith yat wantit nane.
 Out with thay war, thatt power to renew,
 On euerilk spde, to thame yat culd periew.
 William Lozane come with his busteous stail,
 Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assail.
 A deuoy he was, as it was knawin plene,
 To the Buttelar, befor that thay had slane.
 To venge his Cene, he come in all his micht,
 Thre hundred led of men in armis bricht.
 To leid the Raynge on fute he maid him ford,
 Wallace to God his conscience couth remord.
 Syne comfourt thame with manly countenance,
 Ze se he said, gude Schirris thair exortance,
 Heir is nane chos, bot outhet do or de,
 We haue the richt, the happer may it be.

That

Butk.

That we sall chaip, with grace out of this land,
The Loiane be that, was redd by at his hand.
Be this it was, efter none of the day,
Feill men of wit, to counsall sone zeld thay.
The Sutheroun kest schairply on euerilk syde,
And saw ye wode was nouthet lang nor wyde.
Lichtly thay thoche, he suld it hald sa lang,
Fyue hundred maid on fuit throw it to gang.
Sad men of armis, that egir war of will,
About the Scottis, with mony schout full schill.
With bow and speir, and swordis stik of steill,
On ather syde, na freindschyp couth thay feill.
Wallace in Ire ane buirly hand can draw,
Quhair feill Sutheroun, war semblit on ane raw
To fend his men with his deir worthy hand,
The folk war fey, that he befoir him sand.
Throw the thickest of ye greit preis he past,
Upon his enemyis, he wound wounder fast.
Aganis his dynt, na weid is nicht auall,
Quhome sa he hit, was deid withoutin fail.
Of the ferrest full braitly hair he down,
Befoir ye Scottis, that war of greit Renoun.
To hald ye strenth yai preissit with all yair might,
Than Inglismen, yai worthy war and wicht:
Schir Johne Buttellar reluit in agane,
Synderit ye Scottis, and did yame inehill pane.
The Loiane als, that cruell was and kene,
Ane sair assay, for with yair nicht be sene.
Than at ye strenth yai nicht na langer byde,
The Raynge sa strang come vpon ather syde.
In ye thickest wode yai maid thair sell defence,
Aganis thair fais, sa full of violence.
Nicht feill Sutheroun leuit thair lyfe in wode,

[The Fourt]

To ane new stretch Wallace and his men fled.
 On thair aduersaris, thay most full felt debail,
 Bot help yit? seik, maye he be succour pai wail.
 The Sutheroun als, was tenderer than in twyn,
 Bot thay agane togidder sone can myn.
 Full subtilly thay ordinaunce thay maid,
 The Raynge agane, thay botyns but wait abaid.
 The Stottis was hurt, & part of yame war slair,
 Than Wallace said, we labour all in vane.
 To slay commouns it helpis us richt nocht,
 Bot thair Chistanis, that hes yame hidder brocht.
 Ncht we work swa, pat ane of yame war slane,
 Sa fair assay thay culd nocht get agane.
 Be this the Dist. approachand was full neir,
 Thus pai thame held, full manly vpon steir.
 When Wallace saw the Sutheroun was at hand
 Him thocht na tyme langer yai for to stand.
 Richt manfully he graichit hes his geir,
 Andly he went aganis thay men of meir.
 Thro out the flour full fast secht and he socht,
 With Goddis grace to venge him gif he mocht.
 Upon the Butillar abowly strais he,
 Sailgaird he gat vnder ane bowand tre.
 The branche in twa he brak abone his heid,
 Als to the ground, and schlit him in that steid.
 The hail power vpon him come sa fast,
 That than he forȝe tȝlac wit him at the last.
 Lozlie was wa, and thidder fast couth dȝain,
 Wallace rȝturnit, sa suddandly him saw.
 Out at ane syde full fast to him he zaid,
 He gat na gȝyff for all vȝ burneist weid.
 With fȝre him brak ou his gȝȝet of steill.
 The trenchand blaw it perit euerilk deill.

[Thyot]

Thow plait and stuf, nicht nocht aganis it stand
 Werdy to deith, he left him on the land.
 Him haue-rai loist, thocht Sutherost had it swoyna,
 For his craig bane was all in sunder seyme.
 The worthy Scottis did nobilly that day,
 About Wallace, quhil he was won away.
 He tunk the strength aganis thair fals will,
 Abandonnidy in vergane bald thame still.
 The scry sone rais, the bald Lozane was dead,
 Schir Gerard Heroun tranoynt to that bed.
 And all the Dis assenblyt him about,
 At the North syde than Wallace Ichitout.
 With his gude men, and bobitt thame to ga,
 Thankand greit God, that thay war partit fa.
 Seuen of his men to deith that day was dight,
 To Cargill wud thay went that samyn nichte.
 In the feild left of the Sutheroun set foot,
 And Lozane als, thair turning was the moir.
 The Raynge in haist thay raytt sone agane,
 Bot quhen thay saw thair trauell was in vane:
 Quhen he was past full mekill manerlyng maid,
 To rype the wud, baith hail, clowd, and sand.
 For Buttelaris gold, Wallace took gold byfor,
 Bot thay fand nocht, maid thay sek euer moir.
 His hors thay gat, bot nocht ellis of his geir,
 With dulefull mane returrit thir men of weir.
 To Sanct Johnstoun with sorrow & greit care
 Of Wallace furth in hyis to speik sum mair.
 The secut d ncht, the Scottis com thame doun,
 Richt priuaty agane to Schort wud schaw.
 Tunk by thair gude quhilk was put out of sicke
 Cleuthing and luit, baith gold and siluer brycht.
 Upon thair feet, to hors was than thame fra,
 At the Sone rais to Sythuen wud can ga,

The Fourt

The twa dayis our pair lugeing still pai maid,
On the thrid nicht pai mouit but mair abaid.

How Wallace was sauld to Inglishmen be his
Lemman. Ca. iiii.

The Elchok Dark full suddandly thay went,
Thare in yat French to hyde was his Intet.
Than Wallace said, he wald ga to ye toun,
Errapit him weill intill ane Preistis gown.
In Sanct Johnstoun disagyft can he fair,
To this woman, the quhilk we spak of air.
Of his presence scho richt reioysit was,
And ay in dreid, how he away suld pas.
He schoirmit thair fra none was of the day,
Quhill neir the night, or yat he went his way.
He trystit hir, quhen he suld cum agane,
On the thrid day, than was scho wonder fane.
Zit he was sene with enemyis as he zid,
To Schir Berret pai sauld of all this deid.
And to Buttellar, yat wald haue wrokin bene,
Than pai gart tak, yat woman brycht and schene;
Accusit hir sair of reffet in that place,
Feilysse scho swore, yat scho knew nocht Wallace.
Than Buttellar said, we wote weill it was he,
And bot thow tell, in baill fyze sail thow de.
Sif thow will help to bring zone Reballd down,
We sail the mak ane Lady of Renouu.
Thay gais to hir batch gold and siluer brycht,
And said scho suld be weddit with ane knight.
Quhome scho desyre yat was but mariage,
Thus temptit yat hir, thow counail a greet wage
That scho yame tald, quhat tyme he wald be pair,
Than war pai glaid, for thay desyre na mair.
Of all Scotland bot Wallace at thair myt,
Thus ordand thay, yat pointment to fulfill.

Tell men of Armis thay graithit haillelie,
 To help the zettis wichte Wallace to espy.
 At the set tryst he enterit in the Town
 With and na thing of all this fals tressoun.
 To hir Chalmer he went but inair abaid,
 Scho welcumit him, and ful greit plesance maid.
 Quhat that thay wrocht I can not graithly say,
 Rycht vnperlyte I am of Venus play.
 Bot hastily he graithit him to gang
 Than scho him take, and speir it gif he thocht lang
 Scho askit him that nycht with hir to byde
 Sone he said nay for chance that micht betyde
 My men ar left at misreull all for me,
 I may necht sleip this nycht quhill I thame se.
 Than wrocht scho, and said full oft allace
 That I was maid wa worth the cursit race.
 Now haue I lost the best man that leuand is,
 O schill mynde to do sa foull ane mis
 O wrocht wit, wickit and variance,
 That me hes broucht in this mischeuous chance.
 Allace scho said in warid that I was wrocht
 Gif all this pane on my self mycht be brocht
 I haue seruit to be bynt in ane gleid,
 Oute Wallace saw scho neir fra wit couth weid
 In his armis he clauche his soberly,
 Quha nes done ocht he said, Deir hart, haue I?
 Na I quod scho) hes falsly wrocht this crane,
 I haue zow schuld, richt now ze will be flane.
 Scho said to him hir tressoun to ane end
 As I haue said, quhat neidis mair legend.
 At hir he speir it gif scho forchocht it sair,
 Ze schir scho said, and sall do cuer mair.
 My wrocht weid in warid I non fulfill,

The Fourt

To mend this mys I wald byn on ane hill.
 He comfort hir, and bad hir haue na dreid,
 I will be said haue sumpart of thy weid.
 Hir gowne he tuck on him and concheis als
 Will God I sall eschape this tressoun fals.
 I the forgif withouttin wordis mair,
 He kist hir, syne tuk his leif to fair.
 His burely brand helpit him oft in neid,
 Richt priuately hid it vnder that weid.
 To the fourth yet the ganest way he diew,
 Quhair that he fand of armit men ane w.
 To thame he sauld dissimulit in countenance,
 To the Chalmer quhair he was in perchaunce
 Speid fast he said, Wallace is lokkit in
 For him thay socht without noyis or din.
 To that samin hous about thay can thame call
 Out at the yet than Wallace gat full fall.
 Richt glaid in hart, quhen that he was without
 Richt fast he zeid, ane sture pais and ane stout.
 Tha him beheld and said we witt gair.
 Ane stalwart quene forstithy zont semis to be,
 Thay followit him throu the south inche part wa
 Quhe Wallace saw with yame thair comen a ma
 Agane he turnit, and hes the forme a haue;
 The ither fled than Wallace with greit mane
 Upon the heid with his sword hes him cane
 Left yame baith deid, syne to the strength him tane
 His men he gat richt glaid quhen thay him saw
 To thair defence in haist he gart thame draw.
 Deuoydit him sone of the womans weid,
 Thus chaupit he out of this fellowin dreid.

How Wallace eschaypit out of Sanct John:
 how and past to Blethok Park. And how he
 flew fardoun. Ca. 1

The dark Begioun apperit wonder fast
 In Nouember quhen October was past:
 The day is fall thro to ryght cours worthit
 To banisist men that is na greit comfort. (schort
 with thair power seir placis worthis gang,
 Now thay think quhen that the nycht is lang.
 Thus Wallace saw the nycht is mellingeir,
 When he had lost his lyke brandis cleir.
 Out of the wood thay durst nycht turne yet tyde,
 For aduersaris that in thair way wald byde.
 Wallace thairis saild anew war on his hand
 The Inglis men war of the towne cummand.
 The dur pat brach quhar yet trobot Wallace was
 When thay him myght thay bownte hyne to pas.
 In this greit nois the woman gat away,
 Bot to what stede, I can not graithly say
 The Suthron for the nycht lady for that nycht;
 Thro the south inche and sad your twa me ded
 Thay knew be that Wallace was in the Trench
 About the Park thay set on beid and lenth:
 With ser hundred; weill graithet in thair armie
 All liky men to wreik thair of thair harmis.
 The hundred men chargit at armis strang;
 To keip ane bound that thay had thame amang.
 In Gilder land thair was that bracher bred,
 Sicker of sent to follow thame that fled.
 Scho was sa bse on Blk and Redmildail,
 Quhill scho had blude na fleung intych awail.
 Chan said thay all, Wallace micht nocht away,
 He luid be thairis for ocht that he do may,

The fyft

The Oist thay leit in diuers partis that tyde;
 Schir Gerard Hecoun in the staill can abyde.
 Schir Johne Butellar the range he take huntill
 With thre hundred quhills war of hardy will
 Into the wod vpon Wallace thay zeid,
 The worthie Scottis that war in mekle dreed
 Socht to ane place for to haue Ischit out
 And saw the staill enuyronit thame about.
 Agane pai went with hiddeous straikis & strang,
 Greit noyis and dyn was raisit thame amang.
 Thair cruell deith rycht meruellous to ken
 Dubair fourtie matchit aganis thre hundred in
 Wallace sa weill vpon him tuk that tyde:
 Throw the greit preis he maid ane way ful wyde
 Helpand the Scottis with his deir worthy hand
 Fell famen he left sey vpon the land.
 Zit Wallace loist systene into that steid
 And fourtie men of Sutheroun thair war deid.
 The Butellaris folk sa fruschit war in deid,
 The hardy Scottis to the Brenthis throw pai zeid
 Vpon Tay syde thay haistit thame full fast,
 In will thay war the water to haue past.
 Better him thocht in pertell for to be
 Vpon the land than willfull to se
 His men to browne quhair reske w mycht be nane
 Agane in Ire to the feild ar thay gane
 Butellar be than had put his men in array,
 On thame he set with awfull hardy assay.
 On ather syde with wappnis stiff of steill
 Wallate agane na freindschip leit thame feill.
 Bot do or de thay wust na mair succour,
 Thus send thay lang into that stalwart stour.
 The Scottis Chifane was young & in ane rage,
Wist in

Was in weir, and fechtis with courage,
 He saw his men of Surberoun tak sic wrang,
 Thame to Reuenge all dreidles can he gang.
 For mony of thame war bleid and wounder sair
 He couh nocht se na help appeir and thair.
 Bot gif thair Chastane war put out of his gait,
 The bym Butellar sa bauldly maid debat.
 Thro the greit preis Wallace to him socht,
 His awfu l veid he eschewit as he mocht.
 Under ane Aik with men about him set,
 Wallace nicht nocht ane graith stralk on him get
 Zit sched he thame, ane fuil rude slop hes maid.
 The Scottis went out, na langer ti air yai baid.
 Steuin of Ireland quhilk hardy was and wicht
 To help Wallace he did greit preis and mecht.
 With trew kercy doucht in moni deid,
 Upon the ground fell Surberoun gart yai bleid.
 Scortie war slane of Inglismen in that place,
 And nyne of Scottis pair lynt war throw yat case
 Butellaris men sa distropit war that tyde,
 Into the flour he wald na langer abyde.
 To get supple he went vnto the stail,
 Thus loist he pair ane hundzerth of greit baulk
 As thay war best array and Butellaris ront
 Butu, parteis than Wallace Ischit out.
 Serrene with him thay graith thame to ga,
 Of all his men he had leuit na ma.
 The Inglismen hes mistit him in hy,
 The bound thay tuke and followit hun haistely.
 At the Gask wod mill tane he wald haue bene,
 Bot this sluth Kathe quhilk cruel was and bene
 On Wallace tute followit wounder fast,
 Quhilk in thair siche thay approcht at the last.

The fyft

Thair hoys was wicht, had foizounit weill lang,
 To the nixt wood twa myle thay had to gang.
 Of bpwith eird thay zaid with all thair micht,
 Gude hope thay had, for it was neir the nicht.
 Fandoun he tyit, and said he micht nocht gang,
 Wallace was wa to leif him in that thraing.
 He bad him ga and said the strenth was neir,
 Bot he thairfor wald nocht the faster steir.
 Wallace fa: Ire on the craig cait him ta;
 With his gude sword, and straik the heid him fra
 Dreidles to ground he duschit to the deid,
 Fra him he tap and left him in that steid.
 Sum demis it to Ill, and sum to gude,
 And I lay heir into thir terminis rude:
 Better it was he did, as thinkis me,
 First to the hoand it micht greit stopping be.
 Als fandoun was baldin at greit suspisioun,
 For he was knawin of bykill complexioun.
 Richt stark he was and had bot tyill gane,
 Thus Wallace wist, had he bene left allane:
 And he war sals to enemis wald he ga,
 Gif he war trew the Sutheroun wald him fra
 Nicht he do ocht, bot tyne him as it was,
 Fra this questioun now shortly will I pas.
 Deme as peilist, ze that can best and may,
 Bot I reiters as myne Autho: will say.
 Sternis as than, began for to appeir,
 The Inglismen wot cumand wounder neir.
 Fyue hundred hail war in that Cheualry,
 To the nixt strenth than Wallace can him hy.
 Steuin of Ireland br Wittand of Wallace,
 And gude keir he bad still neir hand that place.
 At the mure syde into ane scrogy flaid,

Be eist Duplin quhair thay this tary maid.
 Faldoun was left belyde thame on the land,
 The power come, and suddanly him fand.
 For thair sluith bound the graith way to him zaid
 Of vther treid as than scho tuk na haid,
 The sluith stoppit at Faldoun still scho stude,
 Na for her waird, fra tyme scho fand the blude.
 The Inglisinen demit for vther yai couth nor tell,
 Bot pat ye Scottis had fochtin amang yame sell
 Richt wa thay war for loistit was thair sent,
 Wallace twa men amang the Dist m went.
 Dissimulit weill, that na man luld thame ken,
 Richt in affeir as thay war Inglisinen.
 Keirly beheld vnto the bauld Heroun,
 Upon Faldoun as he was luktand down;
 Ane subtil straik vpwart him tuk that tyde,
 Under the clok the grundin sword can glyde.
 By the gude mairze baith craig and hals vane,
 In sundet straik, thus endit that Chifane.
 To ground he fell, seill folk about him thrang,
 Tressoun thay cryit, ane traitour vs amang.
 Keirly with that slaid out at ane syde,
 His fellow Steuin than thocht na tyme to byde.
 The fray was greit, and fast away thay zaid,
 Bakh toward Erne thus chaipit yai that draid.
 Butellar was wa of weiping nicht nochtyt,
 Thus reklely this gude knyght haue thay tynt.
 Thay demit all that it was Wallace men,
 Or ellis him self, thocht thay culd nochtyt him ken.
 He is richt neir, we sail him haue but saill,
 The fi bill wod may lytill him auail.
 Fourtic thair past agane to Sanct Johnstoun,
 With this deid Corpp, to burying maid it boun.

The first.

Partit that man, and diuers wayis raid,
 Ane greit power at Duplin still thair baid.
 To Daurich the Butellar past but let,
 Standis fardis the gaitis umbest:
 To keep the wud quhill it was day thay thoct,
 As neidit this in the thick forest socht:
 For his twa men in mynde he had greit pane,
 He wist nocht weill gif thay war tane or flane:
 Or thairit hall be ony Jepardie,
 Thertent was lest, with him na man had be.
 In the Gask hall thair ludgeing hane thay tane,
 Fre gat thay sone, bot meit than had thay name.
 Twa scheip thay tuk besyde thame in ane fold,
 Andanit the Supper into that semely hold.
 Graithit in half sum meat for thame to diche,
 Sa hard thay blaw rude hornis vpon birche.
 Twa send he furth to luk quhar it might be,
 Thay baid richt lang, and na ȝthingis hard be.
 Bot buccous noyis sa hymnis blawand fast,
 Sa othor rwa in to the wud furth past.
 Ane come agane bot buccously can blaw,
 Into greit Fre he send thame furth on rano.
 Quhen that allane wallace was lest thair,
 The awfull blast aboundit mekill maie.
 Than trowit he weill thay had his ludging sene,
 His sword he drew of Robill mettell kene.
 Syne furth he went quhair yat he hard ye hornis
 without the dur faudoun was him beforne.
 As to his sight, his heid into his hand,
 Ane croce he maid, quhen he him sa saw stand.
 At wallace in the heid he swakit thair,
 And he in haist sone hynt it be the hair.
 Syne out at him agane he couch it cast,

Into

Into his hart he was greittly agast.
 Richt weill he trowit that was na spirit of man
 It was sum Deuill that sic malice began.
 He wist nane auail thair langer to abyde,
 up thro the hail thus wicht Wallace can glyde
 To ane clois stair the burdis rair in t'win,
 systene fute large he lap furth of that In.
 up the watter suddanly can he fair,
 Agane he blent quhat apperance he saw thair.
 Him thoct he saw faudoun that hgyt Syre,
 Upon the hous, and all the laif in fyre.
 Ane greit ruse tre he had into his hand,
 Wallace as than na langer wald he stand.
 Of his gude men full greit meruell had he,
 How thay war tynt thro this fell fantasie.
 Craftis richt weill all this was swith in deid,
 Suppois that it na point be of the Cred.
 Bower thay had with Lucifer that sell,
 The tyme that he departt fra heuin to hell,
 Be sic mischeif gif his men nicht be loist,
 Drownit or slane among the Inglis Dist.
 O: quhat it was in lyknes of faudoun,
 Quhilk brocht his men to suddand confussoun.
 O: gif the man endit in euill Intent,
 Sum wichtit Spirit agane for him present.
 I can not speik offic Diuinitie,
 To Clerkes I will lat all sic maters be.
 Bot of Wallace on furth I will now tell,
 When he was went out of this perrell fell:
 Zit glaid he was that he had chaipit sa,
 Bot for his men greit murning can he ma.
 flait be him self to the maker abuse,
 Quhy he sufferit he suld sic panis prase.

(The First

He wist nocht weill gif it was Goddis will,
 Richt or wvang his foytoun to fulfill.
 Had it pleist God he trowie it nicht nocht be,
 He suld him set in sic perplexitie.
 Bot greit curage in his myud ever drait,
 Of Inglismen ane mendis thinkand to haist.
 As he was thus walkand be him allane,
 Upon Erne syde makand ane piteous mane,
 Schir Johne Butellar to wache yat furdie richt
 Out fra his men of Wallace had ane sight.
 The myst was went, and to the mountanis gane
 To him he raid quhair that he maid his mane.
 On loud he spikit, quhat art thou walk'is gait
 Ane trew man Schir, thocht my payage be lair.
 Crandis I pas fra Down unto my Lord,
 Schir Johne Stewart, ye richt quha wil record
 In Down is now, new cumin fra the King,
 Than Butellar said, this is ane selcouth thing.
 Thow leid he said, thow has bene with Wallace,
 I sall the knaw oz thow cum of this place,
 To him he stert, the Cursour wounder wicht,
 DREW out a sword, syne maid him for to licht.
 Abone the kne gude Wallace hes him tane,
 Thow Thee and braune in sader strak the bane
 Dersly to ground the knicht fell on the land,
 Wallace the hors sone lesit in his hand.
 Ane a'wart strak syne take hun in that sted,
 His craig in twa, this was the Butellar deid.
 Ane Inglisman saw thair Chitane was flane,
 The spier in reist he best in all his mane.
 On Wallace drait, fra the hors him to betir,
 Warly he wrocht, as worthie man in weir.
 The speir he wan, withoutin mair abaid,
 On hors

On hors he lap, and throw ane greit rout rath.
 To Dalric than he knew the furd full weil.
 Befor him come seill thrust in spere weil.
 He strait the first but baid in the blasoun,
 Quhill hors and man all set the water down.
 The uther some downe fra his hors he bair,
 Stampit to ground, and droon it without maie
 The thrid he hit in his harness of steill,
 Throw out the coill the spere it brak ilk deill.
 The greit power than efter him can ryde,
 He saw na boldome thair langer to abyde
 His burnist brand in hand brathly he bair,
 Quhome he hit richt, thay followit him na maie.
 To stuf the chace few freid his followit fast,
 Bot Wallace maid the gayest ay agast.
 The more he tike and throw thair power zed,
 The hors was gude, bot it he had greit zed.
 For failzeing of he wou to a strench,
 The chace was greit scailit on zed and lenth.
 Throw strang danger thay had him ay at sight,
 At the blak furd thair Wallace down can licht.
 The hors stit, the way was deip and lang,
 Ane large lang mple wichtly on fute can gang.
 Or he was hoist rydaris about him kest,
 He saw full weil lang so he might nicht lest.
 Sad men in deid upon him can renew,
 Without recovering twentle far nicht he flew.
 The fearlest ay rudely rebutt he,
 Keipt his hors, and rycht wisely can fle.
 Quhill that he come the mtrkest mte amang,
 His hors gaid out, and wald na farther gang.
 Wallace on fute tike him with gude Intent,
 The hors he flew, of that he farther went.

The first

That Inglis men of him suld haue na gabe,
 And left on fute for weill he understude;
 For Sutheroun men of him suld haue na sicht,
 In heich hadder he past with all his micht.
 Thow that dark mure fra yame ran bes he socht
 Bot suddanly thair come into his thoct;
 Greit power wouk at Struiling big of tre,
 Sichand he said, na passage is for me.
 For fault of supe, and I haue fastit lang,
 On weirmen now, me think na tyme to gang.
 At Cambuskinneth I sall the watter till,
 At God aboue do with me quhat he will.
 Into this land langer I may nocht byde,
 Tary he maid sumpart on forthis syde.
 Tuik of his weid and grauth him but maist,
 His two. d he band, that wouder schearply skait
 Among his geir on his schulders on loft,
 Thus in he went, to greit God prayand oft.
 Of his gie grace his cause to tak on hand,
 Quir the watter he swam to the south land.
 Accour him sone the sesoun was richt cauld,
 For Disceis was into his dayis auld.
 Outthort the kers to the Tozwood he zeid,
 Ane wedow dwelt quhilk helpit him in neid.
 Hiddel he come as day began to daw,
 To ane windo, and yuately can caw.
 Thap speirit his name, bot tel yame wald he nocht
 Quhill scho hir self neir to his langage socht.
 Fra tyme scho wist that it was wicht Wallace,
 Knewit scho was, and thankit God of his grace.
 Scho speirit sone quhy he waa him allane,
 Murdand he said, as now man haue I nane.
 Scho askit him quhair tya his men suld be,

Fair

fair Dame he said ga get sum meit for me.
 I haue fastit sen zister day at morne
 I dreid full sare that my men be forlorne.
 I reit part of thame to the deith I saw broche
 scho gat him meit in all the hailt scho mocht
 Ane woman he callit and als with hir ane chyld
 And bad thame pas agane thar wayis world.
 To the Bask hall tythingis for to spete
 Gil part war left of his men in to fete.
 And scho suld find ane hoys sone in hir gait
 He bad thame se gif that place stude in stait,
 Chairol to heir he had full greit desyre
 Because he thocht it was all into fyre.
 Thar passit furth withouttin tary maie
 Him for to rest Wallace remainit thair.
 Refreschit he was with meit drink and hett,
 Quhair causit him throw naturall cours to slep
 Quhair he suld slep at that woman he spc trik
 The wedow had thre sonnys that war leirir,
 first twa of thame scho send to kerp Wallace
 He gart the thrid ga sone to Donypace
 And tald his tme that he was hapnit thair,
 The Persoun come to se of his weillsair.
 Wallace to slep was laid in the wod syde
 The twa zoffig men without him neir couth byde.
 The Persoun come neir hand thair maner saw
 Thar bebynit him to quhat stede he suld draw.
 The Bone was thik that Wallace slepit in
 About he zeid and maid bot lytill dyn.
 So at the last of hun he had ane syche
 full pnyatly quhair that his bed was dieht.
 He him beheld, syne said vnto him sell,
 Hett is meruell quha lykis it for to tell.

The fyft

This is ane Persoun be worthines of hand
 Crowis to stop the power of England.
 Now fals foroun the miswirkar of all,
 Be. auenture hez geuin him ane fall
 That he is lest wiphout supple of ma
 Ane cruek wyse wth wapins micht him sla,
 Wallace him hard wth pat the slep ouer past,
 Feirly he rais, and said to him als fast
 Thow leis fals Dyist war thow ane sa to me,
 I wald not dreid sic vther ten as the.
 I haue had mair sen yisterday at moyme,
 Than sic ferrie war assemblit me besyme.
 His Eme him tuke, and wet furth wth Wallace,
 He tauld to him of all his panefull cace.
 This nicht he said I was lest myne allane
 In sell debatt wth Enemels many ane.
 God ar his will bes ay my lyfe to help,
 Quet forth I swaite that a wfull is and help.
 Quhat I haue had in thair befor this day,
 Persoun appoynt to this nicht was bot play.
 Sabet I am wth strakis sad and sair,
 The schill watter bynt me, dekill mair.
 Efter greit blude throw delt and cald was wrocht,
 That of my lyfe althraist nathing I rocht.
 I mene far mair the tyllfall of my men,
 Than for my self mycht I suffer sic ten.
 The Persoun said deir lollie thow may se wryth,
 Wanger to stryfe it helpis nocht adell:
 Thy men ar lost, and vane will wth the ry
 For Goddis sail mak as I sall deuyse.
 Tak ane vryschip quhairon that thow may see,
 King Edward will greit landis to the geif.
 Unkall he said of sic wordis na mair,

This

This is na thing bot ciking of my cair.
 I like better to se the Suthronn de,
 Than gold or land that thay can gif to me;
 Craft thow richt weill of weir I sall not ceis,
 Unill the tyme I bring Scotland to peir.
 Or de thairfor in plane to vnderstand
 Sa come keirlic and gude Steuyn of Ireland,
 Thow do wis Sone to Wallace he pame brocht
 Fra thay him saw of na sadnes thay rocht
 For perfit Joy thay weipit with thair Que,
 To ground thay fell, and thankit beinnes Quene.
 Als he was g aid for reschew of thaine twa,
 Of thair feris leuand war left na na:
 Thay tauld him that Schir Gerard was deid,
 How thay had weill eschapit of that steid.
 Thow the Dicheil thay had gane all that night
 To Erth ferry quhen that the day was licht.
 How ane trew Scot, thow kyndnes of Wallace
 Brocht thaine wne quet syne he had thame to that
 Als he wold gif Wallace leuand wne a place
 For to appais that he had find him thair.
 The Beroun gart gude purueyace forpaine dicheil
 In the Torwood thay ludgit all that night
 Unill the woman that Wallace worth had sende
 Returnit agane and tauld him to ane end.
 What Inglis men in the way scho said deid,
 Fell was fallin fey in mony sundrie steid.
 The hors scho saw that Wallace had be rest,
 And the Galk hall standand as it was left:
 Withouthin harme, nor skirrit of it ane stane,
 Bot of his men: gude cythingis scho gat nane.
 Thairfor he greuit greitly in that yde,
 In the Forest he wald na langer abyde.

The widow him gais part of siluer brycht,
 Twa of hir Sonnis that worthie war & wicht.
 The thud scho lest because he lackit age
 In weir as than nicht nocht woun bassalage.
 The Persoun than gat thame gude hoys and geit
 Bot wa he was, his mynd was sa in weir,
 Thus tike he leif without langer abaid,
 In Dindaf mire the samin nicht he raid.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame quhilk lord was of pat-
 tene agit knicht had maid nane vther bad. (land
 Bot purchest prax in rest he nicht byde still,
 Tribute he payit full fair aganis his will.
 A Sone he had bairh wise worthie and wicht,
 Alexander the seirs at Berwolk maid him knicht,
 Nichart Wharum was of battell to haue bene,
 Betuir Scottis and the bauld Persce kene.
 This youg schir Johne richt nobill & as in weir,
 On ane braid sword his father gatt him sweir,
 He suld be trew to Wallace in all thing,
 And he to him quhilk ipse in thame nicht King.
 Thir nychtis that Wallace was out of dierd,
 Restit him weill, sa hes he mekle reid.
 On the seird day he wald na langer abyde
 Schir Johne ye Grahame bowonit to him to ryde
 And he said nay, as than it sulde not be,
 Ane plane part zit I will not tak on me.
 I haue ynt men throw my ouir reckles ded,
 Ane bynt childe als mair fair the fyre suld ded.
 Freindis sumpart I haue in Cliddisdail,
 I will ga se quhat thap may me auall.
 Schir Johne answerit I will your counsell do,
 Quhen ye think tyme send priuatly me to.
 Than I sall cum with my power in haist,
 He him

He him betaucht vnto the haly Gair.
 Sanct Johne to borgh pai suld meit hail aound,
 Out of Dundas he and his four couth found.
 In Bothwell mure that nicht remanit he,
 With ane Trausurd rat ludgit him priue.
 Upon the mozne to the Gilbank he went,
 Rescavit he was of mony with glaid Intent.
 For his deir Sine young Anchinlek dwelt thatr,
 Brother he was to the Schiref of Air.
 Quhen auld Schir Rānald to his deid was Dicht
 Than Anchinlek weddit that Lady bricht.
 And Chylder gat, as storpis will recozd,
 Of Lismahago for he held of that Lord.
 Bot he was flane, that pierie was the maie,
 With Perseis men into the towne of Air.
 His Sone dwelt still, than nyntene zeir of age,
 And bynikit hail his fathers heritage.
 Tribute he payit for all his landis braid,
 To Lord Persee, as his brother had maid.
 Fleis Wallace with his deir Unkill still,
 Of Inglismen zit sum thing spek I will.
 Ane messinger sone throw the countrie zeid,
 To Lord Persee, and tauld this felloun deid.
 Kinclevin was bynt, brokin and cassin down,
 The Capitane deid of it and Sanct Johnstoun.
 The Lozane als in schoytwod schawis schene,
 Into that land greit sorow hes bene sene.
 Throw wicht Wallace pat all this deid hes done
 The towne he spyt, and that forthocht vs sone.
 Butellar is flane with douchtie men and deir,
 In asper spriche the Persee than can speir.
 Quhat word of him I pray the graithly tell,
 My Lord he said, richt thus the rais besell.

¶ The fyft

We knaw for treuth he was left him allane,
 And as he fled he flew full mony ane.
 The hors we fand yat him yat gait couth beir,
 Bot of him self nane vther word we heir.
 At Scriuiling bzig we wait he passit nocht,
 To deith in forth he may for vs be brocht.
 Lord Persee said, no'w suithly that war sin,
 Sa gude of hand is nane this world within.
 Had he tane pear and bene our Kingis man,
 This hail Impyre he micht haue conquest pan.
 Greit harme it is our Knychtis that ar deid,
 We mon gar se for vther in thair steid.
 I trow nocht zit that Wallace loist be,
 Our Clerkis sayis he sall gar mony de.
 The messinger sayis, all that full suith hes bene,
 Mony hundreth that cruell was and kene.
 Sen he began ar loist without remeid,
 The Persee said forsuith he is nocht deid.
 The cruikis of forth he knawis wouider weill,
 He is on lyfe that sall our Natioun scill.
 Quhen he is stressit, than can he swidine at will,
 Greit strength he hes, baith wit and grace pairtill.
 Ane messinger the Lord chargit to wend,
 And this comand in writ he with him send.
 Schir Johne Stewart gart Schiref yā be maid
 Of Sanct Johnstoun, and all the landis braid.
 Into Kincleiden thair dwelt nane synce agane,
 Thair was nocht bot brokin wallis in plane.
 Leif I thame thus reuland the landis thair,
 And speik I will of Wallace glaid weillfart.
 I send Keirlie vnto Kannald that nicht,
 To Boyd and Blair that worthie war & wicht.
 And Adame als, his Cousing gude Wallace,

To

To thame declarit all this panefull care.
 Of his eschapp out of that company,
 Richt wonder glaid war thir gude Cheualry.
 Fra tyne thay wist that Wallace leuand was,
 Gude expensis thay maid to him to pas.
 Maister Johne Blair was one of that message,
 Ane worthy Clerk baith wise and richt sauage.
 Leirit he was besoir in Darcis toun,
 Among Maisteris inscience of gude Renoun:
 Wallace and he at hame in scule had bene,
 Sone efterwart as veritie was sene:
 He was the man that principall bnderstoke,
 That first compylit in dpte the latine buke.
 Of Wallace lyfe richt famous of Renoun,
 And Thomas Gray person of Libertoun.
 With him thay war, and put in Histourall,
 Of ane oz baith mekill of his trauall.
 And thairfor heir I mak of thame mentoun,
 Maister Johne Blair to Wallace maid him down
 To se his heill his comfort was the most
 As thay full oft togidder war besoir.
 Siluer and gold thay gaff him for to spend,
 Sa did he thame feily quhen God it send.
 Of gude weillfair as than he wougt name,
 Inglisment wist he was lest him allane.
 Quhair he suld be was nane of thame couth say
 Drownit oz slane oz eschappit away.
 Thairfor of him thay tuke bot tyll heid,
 Thay knew him nocht, the les he was in deid.
 All trew Scottis greit sauour to him gaff,
 Quhat gude thay had he mistirit nocht to crack.
 The pear lest that Schir Rannald had tane,
 Thay thre monerhis it suld nocht be out gaue.

The 11th

Hail Cristines Wallace remanit thair,
 In Lanerk oft to sport he maid repair.
 When that he went to Gilbank fra the town,
 If he sawd men was of that statoun.
 To Scotland thay did neuer grevance make,
 Sum stibbit thay, sum thottis in sunder schair.
 Feill war fund deid, bot nane wist quha it was,
 Quhome he handlit he lest na farther pas.
 Thair Hestirig dwelt, yat cursit knycht to waill,
 Schiref he was of all thay landis haill.
 Of felloun outrage, dispitfull in his deid,
 Mony of him thairfoir had mekill dreid.
 Peruell he thocht, quha durst his pepill sla,
 Withouth the town he gart greit number ga:
 When Wallace saw that thay war ma than he
 Than did he nocht bot salust courtesie.
 Als his four men bure thame sa quyetlie,
 As Sutheroun culd deme yame unhonestlie.
 In Lanerk dwelt ane gentill woman thair,
 An maidyn myld, as my buik will declair.
 Auchtene zeir auld, as tyll maist of age,
 Als boyne scho was to part of heritage.
 Hir father was of woyschip and renoun,
 And Hew Bradsute he hecht of Laminoun.
 As feill was than in the countrie cald,
 Besoir tyme thay gentil men war of ald,
 Bot this gode man and als his wyfe was ded,
 The maidin than wist of nane vther remeid.
 Bot still scho dwelt on tribute in the town,
 And purchest had King Edwards protectioun.
 Seruandis with hir of freindis at hit will,
 Thus leifit scho without desyre of ill.
 One quyet hous as scho micht hald in weir,

For Hestirg had done hir mekill deit.
 Slane hir brother quhill eldest was and Air,
 All sufferit scho, and richt lauly hir hair.
 Amiabill, sa bening war and wyle.
 Courtes and sweet, fulfillit of all gentrice.
 Weill reullit of tounge, richt baill of countenance,
 Of vertewis scho was worthre to auance.
 Humbill hir led, and purchest ane gude name,
 Of alkin wicht scho keipit hir fra blame.
 Trew richteous folk ane greit sauour hir leit,
 Upon ane day to the Kirk as scho went.
 Wallace hir saw as he his Gre can cast,
 The prent of lufe him prunzeit at the last.
 Sa asperly throw beutie of that bricht,
 With greit vneis in presence byde he nicht.
 He knew full weill hir kintrent and his blode,
 And how scho was in honest yle and gude.
 Quhyle wald he think to lufe hir our the laif,
 Ane vther quhyle, he thocht on his desair.
 How that his men war bracht to confusioun,
 Throw his last lufe he had in Sanct Johnstoun.
 Than wald he think to leue and lat our flyde,
 Bot that thocht lang in mynd nicht nocht abyde.
 He could keir lie of his new lust and baill,
 Syne askit he him of his trew counsaill.
 Maister he said, als far as I haue feill,
 Of liklynes it may be wounder weill.
 Sen ze sa lufe, tak hir in mariage,
 Gudely scho is, and als hes heritage.
 Suppois that ze in luifing feill ane mis,
 Greit God forbid it suld be sa with this.
 To mary thus I can nocht, zit attend,
 I wald of weir first se ane finall end.

The Fift

I will na mair stanc to my lufe gang,
 Tak tent to me for dreid I suffer wong.
 To proffer lufe thus sone I wald nocht prest,
 Nicht I leif of in weir I think to leif.
 Quhair is this lufe na thing bot fulschnes,
 It may reif me baith wit and staidfastnes.
 Than said he thus, this will nocht graithly be,
 Amouris and weir atanis to regne in me.
 Richt suith it is stude I in blis of lufe,
 Quhair deidis war I suld the better prufe.
 Bot weil I wait quhair greit ernist is in thocht,
 It lattis weir in ye wylest man was wrocht.
 Les gif it be bot anerly till ane deid,
 Than he that thinkis of lufe to speid.
 He may do weil, haue he fortoun and grace,
 Bot this standis all in ane uther cace.
 An greit kintrik with seill sals ouirset,
 Richt hard it is amendis for to get.
 Itanis of thame, and keip the obseruance,
 Quhilk belangis lufe, and all his freuoll chance.
 Exempill I haue, that me forthinkis sair,
 I trow to God it sall be sa na mair.
 The treuth I know of this and hir lynnage,
 I knew nocht hir, thairfor I louit ane gage.
 To keirlic he thus arguit in this kynd,
 Bot greit desyre remaning in his mynd.
 For to behauld that frely of fassoun,
 An quhyle he lef, and come nocht in the toun.
 On uther thing he maid his wit to waik,
 Dreund gif he micht of that langour staik.
 When keirlic saw he sufferit pane for thy,
 Deir Schir he said, ze leif in slogardy.
 Sa se your lufe, thou sall ze get comfot,

At his

He his counsaill he walkit for to spair.
 Unto the Kirk quhair scho maid residence,
 Scho knew him weill, bot as of eloquence
 Scho durst nocht weill in presence to him bryth,
 Full sair scho dyed that Sutheroun suld hir myth
 For Hecirig had ane mater new beguile,
 And hir delixit in marriage to his Sone.
 With hir madin thus Wallace scho besocht,
 To dyne with hir, and priuately scho him brocht.
 Thro ane gardin scho had gart wick of new,
 Sa Inglismen nocht of thair meting knew.
 Than biffit be this may glaidly with plesance,
 Sone hir besocht richt hartly of acquaintance,
 Scho answerit him with humbill wordis a tople
 War my acquaintance richt worthie for to pple:
 Ze sall it haue as God me sail in sail,
 Bot Inglismen garris our power sail.
 Thro violence of shame and thair bestrange,
 That hes weill neir distroyit our lynage.
 Quhen Wallace hard hir compleyne piteously,
 Greuit in hart he was richt gretumly.
 Baith Ire and lufe him set into ane rage,
 Bot nocht for thy he soberit in curage.
 Of his mater he tauld as I said aie,
 To that gudely how lufe constraint him saie.
 Scho answerit him richt resonable agane,
 And said I sall to your seruike be bane.
 With all plesance in honest causis baill,
 And I traist nocht ze wald set to assaill.
 For your woerschip to do me dishonour,
 And I ane Mayde, and it andis in mony flour,
 Fra Inglismen to saif my womanheid,
 And coust hes maid to keep me fra thair feid,

The first

With my gude will, I will na Lemman be,
 To na ying boine, thairfor me think nidd ze.
 Desyre me nocht bot into gudlynace,
 Perchance ze think I war to law pertace.
 For to attend to be your richteous wyle,
 Into your service I wald vse all my lyle.
 Heir I besek for your worschip in armis,
 Ze charge me nocht with na vngodly harmis.
 Bot me defend for worschip of your blude,
 Quhen Wallace weill hir trew tail vnderstude
 As in anc part him thocht it was resoun,
 Of hir desyre thairfor to conclusoun.
 He thankit hir, and said gif it micht be,
 Wher to Goddis will that our kinrik be fre.
 I wald go w wed with all hartly plesance,
 Bot at this tyme I may nocht tak sic chance.
 And for this cause nane vther now I craif,
 Anger in war may nocht all plesance haif.
 Of thair talk thair can I tel go w na maif,
 To myr purpois quhat hand that thap maid thair.
 Conclude thay thus, and to the Denner went,
 The sair greuance remanit in his Intent.
 Lois of his man and lustie pane of lufe,
 His leif he take at that tyme to remuse.

How Wallace past to Lochmabane, and how
 thay cuttit his hors taillis, and how he schauit
 the blude latter. Ca. ii.

Sone to Silbank he past or it was nicht,
 Upon ye mozne with his four mē him dichte
 To the Corheid without resting he raid,
 Quhair his deuoy Thom Haliday him abaid.
And

And Edward Lytill als his Cousing deir,
 Quhilk was sa blyith quhen he wist him sa neir.
 Thankand greit God he send thame sail agane,
 For mony demit he was in Stratherne flane.
 Gude cheir thay maid all out thay dayis thre,
 Than Wallace said that he desyrt to se:
 Lochmabane toun, and Inglismen pat was pair
 On the seird day thay bowrit thame to fair.
 Sertene he was of gudly Cheualry,
 In the knok wod he leisit all bot thre.
 Thomas Haliday went with him to the Toun
 Edward Lytill and Keirly maid thame boun.
 To ane Outler Thomas Haliday led yame richt,
 And gair command pair Denner suld be dicht.
 To hest ane Mes in gude Intent thay zeid,
 Of Inglismen thay trowit thair was na dreid.
 Ane Cluffurd come was Emis Sone to the Lord
 And thre with him, in treuth for to record.
 To thair Innis sone efter Wallace past,
 Quha aucht thay hois in greit hething he ast.
 The gude wyfe said for to haue pleist him best,
 Thre gentill men ar cumin out of the west.
 Quha Deuill thame maid sa gaylie for to ryde,
 In faith with me ane wed thair mon abyde.
 Thir lewit Scottis hes leirtt lytill gude,
 Lo all thair hois ar schent for fault of blude.
 Into greit scozne for outtin wordis mair,
 The tairlis all of thay thre hois thay schair.
 The gude wyfe cryit, and piteously couth greit,
 Sa Wallace come, and couth the Capitane meit.
 Sue woman tauld him thay had his hois schent
 For proper Ire he grew in matalent.
 He followit fast, and said gude freindis abyde,

[The first

Service to tak so: thy craft in this tyde.
Marchell thow art without command of me,
Reward agane me think I suld pay the.
Then I of lait new come out of the west,
In this countrie ane barbour of the best.
To cut and schais and that ane wounder gude,
Now thow sall sell how I vse to lat blude.
With his gude sword the Capitane hes he tane,
Quhill hors agane he merchellit neuer nane.
Ane uther sone vpon the heid strais he,
Quhill chaftris and cheik vpon the gait can be.
Be that his men the tother thay had slane,
Thair hors thay tuke, and graithit yaine ful bane
Out of the Town, so: Denner baid thay nane,
The wyfe he payit, that maid sa piteous mane.
Than Inglisemen fra that Chistane was deid,
To Wallace socht fra mony sindrie steid.
Of the Castell come cruell men and kene,
Quhen Wallace hes thair suddand semblie sen.
Toward sum strent he bowit him to ryde,
For than him thocht it was na tyme to bide,
His hors bled fast that gart him dreading haif,
Of his gude men he wald haue had the laif.
To the knob wod withoutt in mair thay ran,
Bot into it na Solozning he maid.
That wod as than was nouthet thik nor strang
His men he gat, syne lichtit he to gang.
Toward ane licht, and led thair hors ane quhyple,
The Inglisemen war than within ane myle.
On fresche hors rydand full haistely,
Seuin scot as than was in that company.
The Scottis lay on quhen thay that power saw,
Frawart the south thame thocht it best to draw.
Then

Then Wallace said, it is na wote in weir,
 with our power to hyde thame bargane heir.
 Zune ar gude men, thairloir I reid that we,
 Innermair seik, quhill God send vs supple.
 Haliday said, we sall do 3 our counsaill,
 Bot sair I dreid that thir hurt hoys will saill.
 The Inglis men in burnist armour elect,
 Be than to thame appochit wounder ueir.
 Hozit Archearis schot and wald nocht spair,
 Of Wallace men thay woundit twa full sair.
 In Ire he grew quhen that he saw thame bleid
 Him self he turnit, and on thame sone he Reid.
 Sertene with him that worthie was in weir,
 Of the foxmest richt scharply down thay beir.
 At that retorne systene in feild was slane,
 The lair thay fled vnto thair power agane.
 Wallace followit with his gude Cheualry,
 Thomas Haliday in weir was full besy.
 Ane buscheinent saw, that cruell was and kene,
 Twa hundreth hail of weill graithit Inglismen.
 Untill he said, our power is to smaw,
 fra this plane feild I counsaill 3ow to draw.
 To few we ar aganis zune felloun stail,
 Wallace returnit full sone at his counsaill.
 At the Coxheid full sang thay wald haue bene,
 Bot Inglis men hes weill thair purpois scue.
 In plane battell thame followit hardely,
 In danger thus thay held thame awfully.
 Hew of Hozland Wallace followit fast,
 He had befor maid mony Scot agast.
 Haldin he was, of weir the wo thiest man,
 In north England with thame was leuand pan.
 In his armour weill forgit of fyne steill,

The fyft

The nobill cursour bure him baith fast and weill,
 Wallace returnit besyde ane burly Aik,
 And on him set ane felloun sicker straik.
 Baith collar bane and schulder blaid in twa,
 Thro the mid coist ye gude swozd gart he ga,
 His speir he wan, and als his cursour bricht,
 Wyne left his awn for loill was his micht.
 For lack of blude he micht na farther gang,
 Wallace on hors the Sutheroun men amang.
 His men releuit, that douchtie war in deid,
 Him to reskew out of that felloun dreid.
 Cruell straikis forsuith thair micht be sene,
 On ather syde quhill blude ran on the grene.
 Richt perrillous the semblay was to see,
 Hardy and hait continewit the mellee.
 Scho to and reskew of Scottis and Inglis als,
 Sum keruit bane in sunder, and sum the hals.
 Sum hurt sum hynt, sum doungin to the deid,
 The hardy Scottis sa steir in that steid.
 With Haliday on fyte that bauldly abaid,
 Amang Sutheroun ane ful greit rowme pai maid
 Wallace on hors hynt ane Nobill speir,
 Out thro thame raid, as gude Chifane in weir.
 Thre slew he thair or that his speir was gane,
 Thus his gude swozd in hand hes he rane.
 Dang on derky, with straikis sad and sair,
 Quhome that he hit, greuit the Scottis na mair.
 Fra Sutheroun men be naturall resoun knew,
 How with ane straik ay ane man he slew.
 Than meruellit thay, he was sa mekill of mane,
 For thair best man in that kynd he had slane.
 That his greit strenth agane him helpit nocht,
 For nane vther in contrair Wallace socht.

Than

Than said thay all leif he in strength breane,
 This haill sturk he will toyn him allane.
 Thay left the feild, and to thair power fled,
 And tauld thair Lord how euill the forrest sped.
 Quhilk Graystok hecht, was new cum in ye land
 Thairfoir he trovit nane durst agane him stand.
 Wounder him thocht, quhen yat he saw that sicke
 Quhy his gude men for sa few tuk the sicke.
 At that retorne in feild twentie war synt,
 And Morland als thairfoir he wald nocht synt.
 Bot followit fast with thre hundred but dreid,
 And swoze he suld be bengit of that deid.
 The Scottis wan hors, because pair awin couth
 In fleing syne cheist the maist auatill. (saill,
 Out of the feild thus wicht Wallace is gane,
 Of his gude men he had not loist ane.
 Forue woundit war, but lichtly furth thay raid,
 Wallace ane space behind yame ay abaid.
 And Halpday preuit weill in mony place,
 Sister Sone he was to gude Wallace.
 Warly thay raid, and held thair hors in aynd,
 For thay trovit weill the Sutheroun wald as-
 pait haill power atanis on thame set, (saynd.
 Bot Wallace kest thair purpos for to let.
 To biek thair ray he bespit him full fast,
 Than Inglis men so greitly was agast.
 That nane of thame durst rusche out of the stadl,
 All in array togidder held thame haill.
 The Sutheroun saw how that abandounly,
 Wallace abaid neir hand thair Cheualry.
 Be Morlandis hors pai knew him wouider weill
 Past to thair Lord, and tauld him euer ilk deill.
 Lo Schir thay said, forfukth zone same is he,

The fyst

That with his handis garris sa mony de.
 Haue his hoys grace vpon his feit to byde,
 He doutis nocht throw syne thousand to ryde.
 We reid ze criss, and follow him na mair,
 For dreid that we repent it syne full sair.
 He blamis thame, and said men may weill se,
 Cowartis ze ar that for sa few wald fle.
 For thair counsall zit leif wald he thame nocht,
 Into greit Fre he on thame sadly socht.
 Wallad ane place quhair pat micht bargane, mak
 Wallace was wa vpon him for to tak.
 And he sa few to byde thame on ane plane,
 At Quenisbery he wald haue bene full fane.
 Upon him self he take full greit trauell,
 To send his men, gif that micht him auall.
 Ane sword in hand richt manly he him to wcht,
 Ay waittand fast gif he nucht get ane speir.
 Now heir now thair, befoir thame to and fra,
 His hoys gais our, and micht na farther ga.
 Richt at the Skirt of Quenisbery befell,
 Bot vpon grace as myne authoz will tell.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame pat worthie was and
 To ye Corheid come on ye vther nucht. (wicht
 Thettrie with him of Nobill men at wage,
 The first daughter he had in marriages
 Of Haliday was new to Wallace,
 Cythingis to speir Schir Johne past of ye place.
 With men to speir quhair thay ane tryst had set,
 Richt neir the streid quhair Scottis & Inglis met
 Ane kirkpatrik, that cruell was and bene,
 In Eddanl wod that half ane zeir had bene.
 With Ingilim he tuld nocht weill accozd,
 Of Corchoz wald he Barroun was and Lord.

Of kin he was to Wallace Mother deir,
 On Craufurd syde, that inekill had to steir.
 Twentie he led of worthie men and wicht,
 Be than Wallace approchit to thair sicht.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame quhē he ye coultter saw
 On thame he raid, and stude bot lytill aw.
 His gude father he knew richt wounder weill,
 Kest down his speir, and sonzeit nocht adeill.
 Kirkpatrik als with worthie men in weir,
 Fyrtie in front atanis down thay beir.
 Throw the thickest of thye hundreth thay raid,
 On Sutheroun syde full greit slauchter pai maid
 Thame to reskew that was in felloun thrang,
 Wallace on fute the greit power amang.
 Gude rowme he gat throw help of Goddis grace
 The Sutheroun fled, and left thame in that place
 Horsis thay wan to stuf the chace gude speid,
 Wallace and his that douchtie war in deid.
 Graystok tuke sight, on sterne hors and on stout,
 Ane hundreth held togidder in ane rout.
 Wallace on thame full sadly culd persew,
 The sleing weill of Inglismen he knew.
 That ay the best wald pas with thair Chistane,
 Besoir him sād he gude schir Johne ye Grahame.
 By trykand down quhome euer he micht hy,
 Than Wallace said, this is bot waitt soly.
 Commonis to slay, quhair Chistanis gais away
 Your hois ar fresche, thairfor do as I say.
 Gude men ye haue ar zit in Nobill stait,
 To zone greit rout for Godis lufe hald your gait.
 Sinder thame sone, we sall cum at your hand,
 Quhen schir Johne had his taill weill vnderstād.
 Of name vther fra thynesfurth tuxe he heid,

The First

To the forrest he followit weill gude sped,
 Kirkpatrick als considerit thair counsaill,
 Thay chargit thair men ay follow on the staill.
 At his command full sone with thame thay met,
 Had traikis and sair sadly vpon thame set.
 Schir Johne the Grahame to Graystok fast he
 His Desane pan it helpit him richt nocht. (socht,
 Upon the craig ane graith traik gat him richt,
 The burly blaid was braid, and burnist bucht,
 In sunder heruit the mailzeis of tyne steill,
 Throo braun and bane it ruschit euerilk deill.
 Deid with that dynt to the ground down him drait
 Be that Wallace assemblit on the laif.
 Werlie to deith seill freikis thair he dicht,
 Kais neuer agane quha ever that he hit richt.
 Kirkpatrick than, Thom Haliday and thair men
 Thair douchtie deidis war Robill fox to ken.
 At the knok heid the baid Graystok was slane,
 And mony men quhilk war of mekill mane.
 To sail thair yfhis part in the wod thay past,
 The Scottis men thay ran togidder fast.
 Quhe Wallace with Schir Johne ye Grahame
 Richt gudly he with hūbilnes him greet. (met,
 Berdown he askit of the repulse betoir,
 Into the chace, and said he suld no moir
 Informatioun mak to him that was sa gude,
 Quhen that Schir Johne Wallace weill vnder.
 So way he said, pair of as now na mair, (stude,
 Ze did full richt, it was fox our weill fair,
 Myser in weir ze ar all out than I,
 Father in armis ze ar to me fox thy.
 Kirkpatrick syne that was his Cousling deir,
 He thankit him richt on ane gude maneir

Nocht

Nocht ane word loit of all thair Chenselry,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame to yame come happly
 The day was done, approchand was the night,
 At Wallace thay askit his counsall richt.
 He answerit thus, I speik bot with your leif,
 Nicht laith I war ony gude man to greet.
 Bot thus I say in termis schoyt for me,
 I wald assaill gif ze think it may be.
 Lochmabane hous, quhill now is left allane,
 For weil I wait that power in it is nane.
 Carlarrok als zit Warwell hes in hand,
 And we had this, thay might be baith ane wand.
 Aganis Sutheroun, that now hes our countrie,
 Say quhat ze will, this is the best think me.
 Schir Johne the Grahame gail first his gude co-
 syne all ye laif richt with ane hail Intent. (seut
 To Lochmabane richt haistely thay ryde,
 Quhen yai come yair nocht half ane myle besyde:
 The night was mirk, to counsall ar thay gane,
 Of Monie or Sterne apperance was yair nane.
 Than Wallace said, me think this land at rest,
 Thom Haliday thow knawis the countrie best.
 I heit na noyis of feill folk heir about,
 Chalkloir I trove we ar the les in dout.
 Haliday said, I will tak ane with me,
 And ryde besoir the maner for to se.
 Watfone he callit, with me thow mak the bowen,
 With yame thow was ay nichtbour to yis town.
 I grant I was with thame aganis my will,
 And myne Intent is euer to do thame Ill.
 Unto the yet thay twa peirtly furth raid,
 The Hostar come without langer abaid.
 At Johne Watfone tythingis cuid he speir,

The first

Oppin he bad, the Capitane cumis neir.
 The yet but mair vnwysely vp he drew,
 Thom Haliday sone be the craig him thew.
 And with ane knyfe stikkit him to deid,
 In ane dark hoill down dreidles kest him deid.
 Johne Watstone hes hynt the keyis in his hand,
 The Portar yā with wicht Wallace was cūmand
 Thay enterit in, befoir thame sand na ma,
 Except women and simpill seruandis twa.
 In the kiching lang scudlaris had thay bene,
 Sone thay war slane, quhen the Lady had sene.
 Scho cryit grace for him that deit on tre.
 Than Wallace said, Madame your noris lat be.
 To weinen zit we do bot lytill euill,
 And young childer we lyke nocht for to spill.
 I wald haue meit, Haliday quhat sayis thow,
 For fast and folk to dyne gude tyme war now.
 Greit puruiance was ordanit thame befoir,
 Baith breid and aill, gude wyne, and bcher stoir.
 To meit thay bowait, for thay had fastit lang,
 Gude men of armis vnto the clois gart gang.
 Part sleand folk on sure thay fra thame glaid,
 On the knok heid quhair greit melle was maid.
 As thay come Johne Watstone leit thame in,
 And done to deith, without noris or din.
 Na man left thair that was of England boine,
 The Castell weil thay bevit on the moine.
 For Johuillown send ane man of gude degre,
 Secund dochter forfurth weddit had he.
 Of Halidays, deir Newy to Wallace,
 Greit Capitane thay maid him of that place.
 Thay left him thair into ane gude array,
 Wyne ȝschit furth vpon the secund day.

meemen had leif in Ingland for to fair,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & gude Wallace ruld
 To the Coxheid, and ludgit yame yat nicht, (cair.
 Upon the mozne the Sone was at the hicht.
 Efter Denner thay wald na langer byde,
 Thair purpois tuke in Craufurd mure to ryde.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame with Wallace yat was
 Thoin Haliday agane returnit richt. (wicht,
 To the Coxhall, and thair remanit but dreid,
 Na Sutheroun wist principall quha did yis deid
 Kirkpatrick past in Esudaill woddis wyde,
 In sailtie thair, he thocht he suld abyde.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & gude Wallace in feir
 With thame fourtie men of armis cleir.
 Thow Craufurd mure as that thay tuke ye way
 On Inglidmen thair mynd remanit ay.

How Wallace wan ye Castel of Craufurd, and
 how he slew the Capitane thair of. Ca. iij.

In Craufurd Johne ye watter down yair ryde
 Acir hand the nicht thay lichtit vpon Clyde.
 Thair purpois tuke into ane quyet baill,
 Than Wallace said, I wald we nicht assaill:
 Craufurd Castell with sum gude Jeopardie,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame how say ze best may be
 This gude knicht said, and ye men war withour,
 To tak the hous thair is bot lytill dout.
 Ane Squyar than, & cullit that Lordschip haill,
 Of Cuberland bozne, his name was Moxindail.
 Than Wallace said my self will pas in feir,
 And ane with me, of herbery for to speir.
 Follow on dreich, gif that we mystet oyr,

The First

Edward Lytill with his Maister furth socht.
 To ane Millary, and with ane woman met,
 Scho sauld to yame yat Sutheroun pair was set
 And ze be Scottis I counsall zow pas by,
 For and thay may ze will get euill herbery.
 At dynt thay ar, sa haue thay bene richt lang,
 Greit word thair is of Wallace thame amang.
 Thay troto that he hes fund his men agane,
 At Lochmabane feill Inglisimen ar flane.
 That hous is tynt, that garris thame be full bo
 I troto to God that thay sall sone tyne ma.
 Wallace speirit of Scotland gif scho be,
 Scho said him zee, and thinkis it to se,
 Sorrow on thame throw help of Goddis grace,
 He askit hir quha was into the place.
 A man of fenee is left that hous within,
 Twentie ar heir makand greit noyis and din.
 Allace scho said, gif I micht anis se,
 The worthie Scottis in it maist maister be.
 With this woman he wald na lan zer stand,
 Ane bekin he maid, Schir Johne come at his hand
 Wallace went in and said benedicite,
 The Capitane speirit, quhat belia ny may tho to
 That cūris sa gryn sum tythingis to v3 tel, (be.
 Thow art ane Scot, the Deuill thy natioun quel
 Wallace bzaid out his swoyrd withouttin maie,
 Into the bzeist the byrn Capitane he bair.
 Throw out the coist, and seekit him to d3id,
 Ane v3her he hit akwart vpon the heid.
 Quhome euer he strack he v3stir bane and lyze,
 Full of thame deit, fell flatingis in the fyze.
 Hastie payment he maid thame on the date,
 And Edward Lytill kept it weill the dure.

Schir

Schir Johne ye Grahame fane wald haue bene in
 Edward him bad at the Castell begin.
 For of thir folk we haue bot lytill dreid,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame fast to the Castell zeld
 Wallace rudely sic routis on thame gais,
 Thay twentie men derfly to deith thay draif.
 Systene he straik, and systene hes he slane,
 Edward slew fyue, quhilk was of mekill mane,
 To the Castell Wallace had greit delyze,
 Be that Schir Johne had set the hous in fyze.
 Naue was thair in that greit defence culd ma,
 Bot women fast sair weip and into wa.
 Withouth the place ane auld Bulwark was maid,
 Wallace zeld our withouthin langer abaid.
 The women sone he saist fra the deid,
 Maik folk he put, and barnis fra that steid.
 Of purueyance he fand lytill or nane,
 Befoir pat tyme thair victuall all was gane.
 Zit in that place thay ludgit all that nicht,
 Fra Distillary brocht sic gude as thay micht.
 Upon the moyne housis thay spulzeit fast,
 All thing that docht out of that place thay cast.
 Creine work yai bynt, pat war within yai banis
 Wallis brak down that stalwart war of stanis.
 Spilt that thay micht, syne wald na langer byde,
 Unto Dundas that samyn nicht thay ryde.
 And ludgit thair with mirth and all plesance,
 Thankand greit God pat lent yame sic gude chace

(G) (H) (A)

W O O

E

G. iii.

The Sert

In this Sert Buik is declarit the Spousage
of Wallace, and how Heselrig slew Wallace
wyle in the Toun of Lanerk, and how he slew
Heselrig for the samin cause, and put the Ing-
lishmen out of Lanerk.

Than passit was the Octauis of Februar,
And part of Marche be richt degestitoun
... Apperit than the last Moneth of Mer,
The Signe of Somer with his sweit leson.
Be that Wallace fra Dundas maid him boun,
His leif he tuke, and to Kilban's can sair
The rumour rais throw Scotland by and down,
With Inglisamen, tha Wallace leuand wair.

Into Apprle quhen cleithit is but wene,
The abill ground throw wirking of natour
And wodd's hes won pair worthie weid's of grene
Quhen Nymphus in beilding of his bour.
With oyle and balme fullit of sweit odour,
Canettis in trace, as thay war wont to gang.
Walkand thair cours in euerie casual hour,
To glaid the huntaris with thair mery sang.

In this same tynie to him approachit new,
His lustie pane the quhilk I spak of air
Be lufis cace he thocht for to persew,
In Lanerk Toun, and hidder can he sair.
At residence auc quhyle remanit thair,
In hir presence as I haue said befoir
Thocht Inglisamen greuit at his repair,
Zit he desyrit the thing that set him soir.

The syze of lufe hten reullit at sic wyle,

He lufis

He lykit weill wiith that gudely to be,
 Quhyllis he wald think of danger for to ryse,
 And vther quhyllis out of his presence fle.
 To ceis of weir it war the best for me,
 Thus win I nocht bot sadness on ilk spde
 Shall neuer man this cowardnes in me se,
 To weir I will, for chance that may betyde.

Quhat is this lufe, it is bot greit mischance?
 That me wald bring fra armis verrily,
 I will nocht change my worschip for plesance
 In weir I think my tyme to occupy.
 Zit hir to lufe, I will nocht let for thy,
 Quair I sall desyre my worschip to rest
 Fra this day furth, thair ever maid did I,
 In feir of weir quiddet I leif or sterf.

Quhat suld I say, Wallace was planchy set,
 To lufe hir best in all the world sa wyde,
 Thunhand he suld of his desyre to get.
 And sa befell be concord on ana tyde.
 That scho was maid at his command to byde,
 And thus began the stynting of his styfe,
 The band begun with graith witnes besyde
 Myne Authoz sayis scho was his weddit wyfe.

Now leif in prax, now leif in gude concord,
 Now leif in play, now leif in haill plesance
 For scho be chance hes baith hir lufe and Loyd,
 He thankis lufe that did him sa auance.
 Sa eninly held be saour the ballance,
 Sen he at will may lap hir in his armis
 Scho thankit God of hir hie happy chance,
 For in his tyme he was the flour of armys.

The Serit

Foxtoun him schew his figuris doubill face,
 Feill fyf of than he had bene set abuse.
 In presoun now delinerit now thow to grace,
 Now at vneis, now at vnrest and ruse.
 Now weil at will weild and his plesand luse,
 And thocht him self out of aduersite,
 Desyand ay his manheid for to pruse
 In curage set vpon the stagis hie.

The berray treuth I can nocht graithly tell,
 Into this lyfe how lang that thay had bene
 Thow natuall cours of generatioun sell,
 Ane chyld was cheuit thir twa lufaris betwene
 Quhilk gudeli was, ane madin blucht and schene.
 Sa farther furth become tyme of hir age,
 Ane Squyar schawd pat pan full weil heg sene
 This lyfe lait man gat hir in marriage.

This bthor maid weddit ane Squyar wiche,
 Quhilk weil was knawin cummin of Balliolis
 And thair Atris be tyme succedid richt, (blude
 To Laminoun and vther landis gude.
 Of this mater the richt quha vnderstude
 Heirol as now I will na mair proceid,
 Of my sentence than shortly to conclude
 Of vther thing my purpois is to reid.

Richt gudely men come of this Lady 3ing,
 Farther as now of thame I speik na mair
 Bot Wallace furth into his weir can ring
 He nicht nocht cris greit curage sa him bair.
 Sutheroun to slay for dreid he wald nocht spair,
 And thay oft fyfe feill causis to him wrocht
 Fra that tyme furth quhilk mouit him mair sair.
That

Bulk.

53

That neuer in warld out of his mynd was brycht

Now leif thy myght, now leif thy haill plesance
Now leif thy blis, now leif thy chyldis age
Now leif thy youth, now follow thy hard chance
Now leif thy lust, now leif thy mariage.
Now leif thy lufe, for thow sall tyme ane gage,
Quhill neuer in eird salbe redemit agane
Felloun fortoun and all hir feirs outrage
Go leif in weir, go leif in cruell pane.

fy on fortoun, fy on thy frenoll quheill,
fy on thy traist, for heir it hes no leif
That sa trassfigurit Wallace out of his weill
When he traistit for to haue leuit best.
His plesance heir to him was bot ane gest,
Thro to thy feirs cours, that hes na hap to ho.
Him thow ouirthrew out of his lykand rest,
fra greit plesance, in weir trauell and wo.

What is fortoun, quha drawis the daist sa fast?
we wait thair is baith weill, and wickit chance.
Bot this fals warld with mony doubill cast,
In it is nocht bot verray variance.
It is na thing to heuinly gouernance,
Than pray weill to the maker abuse
Quhill hes hand of Justice the ballance,
That he be of it of his deir lestand lufe.

Heir of as now, farther I speik na mair,
Bot to my purpos schoptly will I sair.

Twell hundreth zeir, thairto nyntie & seuin,
fra Chist was bozne the richteous king of
willame Wallace into gude lykng gais (heuin.

[The Bert

In Lanerke town among his most all fals.
 The Ingilmen that euer fals hes bene,
 With Hestrig quhill cruell was and bene.
 And Robert Thorne ane felloun subtile knicht,
 Hes fund the way be quhat mene best thay micht
 How that thay suld mak contrary to Wallace,
 Be argument as he come vpon care.
 On fra the kirk that was without the town,
 Quhill thair power micht be in armis boun.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame yat worthie was and
 To Lanerke town gude Wallace to persew. (trew
 Of his welkare as he full oft had sene,
 Gude men he had, in cumpany sytene.
 And Wallace nyne, thay wat na seiris ma,
 Upon the moone unto the Mes can ga.
 Thay and thair men graithit in gude ly grene,
 For the sallow sic blytull langhes bene.
 Quhen sadyly thay had said thair deuotion,
 Ane arguit thame, as thay went thow to the town
 The starkest man that Hestrig than kneip,
 And als he had of hehly wordis ane ho.
 He salust thame as it wat bot in thorne,
 Deu gard gude day, bone senzeour a gude moone
 Quhome scoornis thow (quod Wallace) quha leiric
 Quhy schir he said, come ze not ouir ye see? (thet
 Pardoun me than for I weind ze had bene,
 Ane Ambasad to bring ane vncouth Quene.
 Wallace answerit, sic pardoun as we haif,
 In us to gif thy part, thow sall nocht traif.
 Sen ze ar Scottis, ze salust sall ze be,
 Gud eulin baucht Lord, Ballanch Banzeochade.
 Ma Outberour men to thame assemblit ner,
 Wallace was laich ag than to mak ane seir.

Ane maid ane skirp, and sit at his lang twoord,
 Hald still thy hand (quod he) and speik thy woord.
 With thy lang twoord thou makis mekill boist,
 Thair of (quod he) thy dame maid lytill coist.
 What caule hes thou to weir yai gudely grene?
 My maist cause is, bot for to mak the tene.
 What suld ane Scot do with sa fair ane knyfe.
 He said the Dyett that last Janglit thy wyfe:
 That woman lang hes callit him sa fair,
 Quhill that his chyldre worthit to be thyne air.
 We think (quod he) thou dyffis me to frois,
 That dame was Japit or thou was bozne.
 The power than assemblit him about,
 Two hundred men that stalwart war and stout.
 The Scottis saw thair power was estimand,
 Schir Robert Thorne and Heskirig at hand.
 Greit multitude with wappinis burnis bene,
 The woofle Scottis quhill cruell war and bene.
 Among Sutheroun he dyntis gair that tyde,
 Quhill blude on breid, bristit fra woundis wyde.
 Wallace in flour was cruelly sechtand,
 Of ane Sutheroun he smoit of the richt hand.
 And quhen that Carl of sechtig nicht na nair,
 With the left hand in Ire held ane bukair.
 Than fra the stump the blude out sprang sul fast,
 In Wallace face abundantly can it cast.
 Into greit part it marrit him of his sight,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame ane straik hes tane him
 With his gude sword bpo ye Sutheroun sye (richt
 Dersly to deith drail him into that Ire.
 The perrell was richt awfull hard and strang,
 The flour indurit meruellously and lang.
 The Inglisne yit gadderit wouder fast

The Ser

The worthy Scottis the gait left at the last.
 When thay had flane and woundit mony ane,
 To Wallace Jnntis the ganest way thay gane.
 Thay passit sone, defendit thame richt weill,
 He and Schir Johne with swordis stiff of steill.
 Behind thair men, quhill thay the yet had tane,
 This woman than quhilk was full will of want.
 The perrell saw with felloun noyis and din,
 Set vp the yet, and leit thame enter in.
 Throuch to ane strenth thay passit of that sted,
 Sythie Sutheroun vpon the gait lay deid.
 This fair woman with besynes and micht,
 The Inglisshen to tarp with ane slicht.
 Quhill that Wallace into the wod was past,
 Than Cartlane craigis thay persectoit full fast.
 Quhe Sutheroun saw pat chaipit was Wallace,
 Agane thay turnit, the woman tuke on care.
 Put hir to deith, I can nocht tell zow how,
 Of sic mater I may nocht tarte now.
 Quhair greit dule is, but redeming agane,
 Renewing of it is bot eiking of pane.
 Ane trew woman had seruir hir full lang,
 Out of the toun the ganest way can gang.
 To Wallace tauld, how all this deid was done,
 The panefull wo socht to his harr full sone.
 War nocht for schame he had schot to the ground
 For bitter baill that in his breist was bound.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame baith wyse gentil & fre
 Greit murning maid that pietie was to se.
 And als the lair that war assemblit thair,
 For pure sorow with harr wetpit full sair.
 When Wallace feld thair curage was so small,
 He senzeit him for to comfourt thame all.

Let men be sad, this is our butelous pane,
 For we can nocht cheereis hie lyfe agane.
 Wretis ane wold be nicht bying out for tene,
 The bailfull tereis byit brathly fra his ene.
 Richard he said, sall neuer man me se,
 Rest into eis quhill this dedd wozokin be.
 The sarkies slauchter of hie baith blyth & bycht,
 That I stoom to the maker of nicht,
 Of that Natoun I sall neuer forbeir,
 Zoung no; auld that abill is to weir.
 Preist no; woman I think nocht for to sta;
 In my default, bot gif thay causing ma.
 Schir Johne he said, lat all this murning be,
 And for hie sake thair sall ten thousand be.
 Quhair men may weip, thair curage is the les,
 It stakis fre, of wzing thay suld restes.
 Of thair complaint as now I speik na maie,
 Of Auchinlek in Kilspink dwelland thair.
 Quhen he hard tell of Wallace veratoun,
 To Cartlane wud with ten men maid him boun.
 Wallace he said sumpart withim the nicht.
 To Lanerk toun in all haist thay paine diche.
 The watche as than of thame bad lytill dych,
 Partit thair men, syne diuers wayis feld.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame and his gud; cupany,
 To Schir Robert Thorne full fast thay hy.
 Wallace and his, to Heskilrig sone thay past,
 In ane hetch hous quhair he was sleipand fast.
 Struck at the dure with his fute hardely,
 Quhill bar and brais in the dure gart he ly.
 The schires tryit quha makis that greit deray,
 Wallace he said, quhilk thow hes socht this day.
 The womans deith, will soo thow sall deir hy,

The Ser

Hestirig thoche it was na tyme to ly.
 Out of that hous full fane he wald haue bene,
 The nicht was mirk, zit Wallace hes him sen,
 Feirly him strais, as he come in greit Ire,
 Upon the heid, bystir throw bane and lire.
 The scheirand sword glaid to his schulder bane,
 Out our the stair amang thame is he gane.
 Gude Archibulek trovot nocht that he was ded,
 Thyris with ane knyfe he strais him in that steld.
 The scry about rais rudely in that strett,
 Feill of the laif war ful seie vnder seir.
 Zoung Hestirig and waicht Wallace is met,
 Ane sicker strais Williame hes on him set.
 Dertyth deith, our the stair dang him down,
 Mony that nicht thay slew in Lanerh toug.
 Sum Brettis lap, and sum stikkit wirbit,
 Affeirit thay war, with hiddeous noyis and din.
 Schir Johne ye Grabame had set ye hous in fyre
 Duhair Robert Thorne was bynt by bane a fyre.
 Twelf scot thay slew yat war of Ingland boine,
 Wemen thay leuit, and Dreistis on the moine.
 To pas thair way of blis and gudis baie,
 And swoze that thay, agane suld cum na mair.
 Quhen Scottis hard thir syne tythingis of new,
 Out of all parris to Wallace fast thay drew.
 Bleneist the toun quail was thair heritage,
 Thus Wallace strais aganis that greit barnage.
 By he began with strepe and stalwart hand,
 To cheueis agane sum rowmis in Scotland.
 The worthe Scottis that semblit to him thair,
 Cheist him for cheit, thair Chistane and leidair.
 Bymer Wallange ane felloun Tyrant knicht,
 In Bothwel dwelt. King Edwards ma ful riche.
Murray

Murray was out, thocht he was righteous Lord,
 Of all that land, as trew men will recozd.
 Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,
 And vther ma, in this land durst nocht byde.
 Bot this fals knicht in Bothwell wimand was
 Ane man he gart sone to King Edward pas.
 And tauld him haill of Wallace ordnance,
 How he had put his pepill to mischance.
 And planely was, rissin agane to King,
 Greut thair at, richt greitly was this King.
 Thro all England he gart his doaris cry,
 Power to get, and said he wald planely:
 In Scotland pas, that Realme to statute new,
 Feill men of weir to him richt fast thay drew.
 The Quene feld weill how that his purpos was
 To hin scho went, on kites syne can scho as.
 He wald desir, and nocht in Scotland gang,
 Ze suld haue dzeid, to wrik la felloun wong.
 Cristint thay at, zone is thair heritag,
 To reit thair Croun it is ane greit outrage.
 For hir counsall at hame he wald nocht byde,
 His Lordis hin seit in Scotland for to ryde.
 Ane Scottis mā pan dwelt with King Edward,
 Quhen he hard tell that Wallace take sic part:
 He shall fra thame als priuarly as he may,
 Into Scotland he come vpon ane day.
 Seikand Wallace he maid him reddy boun,
 This Scot was borne in Kyle at Ricardtown.
 All England coist he knew it wounder weill,
 Fra Hull about, to Bristow euerle deill.
 Fra Carlile throuch Sandwiche pat Royall stede
 Fra Douer ouir, vnto Sanct Bapts heid.
 In Ricard and Flanders baith he had beuz,

The Short

In commandy and France hes he tene.
 The Pursuant to King Edward in weir,
 Bot he ridd never gat him his armis beir.
 Of greit stature, and lumpart gray was he,
 The Inglisshen callit him bot Brymisbie.
 To Wallace come, and kute Kyle him sand,
 He taird him hail the tythingis of England.
 Thay turnit his name fra tyme pat he him knoch,
 And callit him Jop of Ingyne he was trew,
 In all his tyme gude service in him sand,
 Gaif him to beir the armis of Scotland.
 Wallace agane in Elldisdail sone he rase,
 And his power semblit withoutin haile.
 He gatt command quha wald his pear tak,
 The fee remit he suld gar to him mak.
 For althir deid that thay had done besone,
 The Perthis petce & Schir Rannald was wone.
 Feill to him drew, that hauidly durst abyde,
 Of Wallace kyn of mony diuers spide.
 Schir Rannald than send him his power hail,
 Him self durst nocht be knowin in battail;
 Agatte Sutheroun, for he had maid ane band,
 Lang tyme befor, to hald of thame his land.
 Adame Wallace past out of Ricardoun,
 And Robert Bopd, with gude men of Renoun.
 Of Cuninghame and Kyle come men of waill,
 To Lanerk socht on hoys ane thousand hail.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & his gude Cheualrie,
 Schir Johne of Tynto, with me pat he might be
 Gude Auchinlek, that Wallace Unkill was,
 Wony trew Scot, with pair Chistane culd pas.
 The thousand hail of lykly men in weir,
 And seill on fute, quhilk wantit hoys and gear.

The

The tyme be this was command vpon hand
The awfull Dyd with Edward of England.

The Battell of Bigar.

TH Bigar come with ferte thousand men,
In wite weidis, that cruell was to ken.
Thay plantit thair feill Tentis a paurHonis
Quhair clartons blew with mony mistle found
Plentit thar place with gude victuall and wyne
In Carris brocht thair puturpance full tyme.
This awfull king gart twa Heraldis be brocht,
Gart thaim command in all the host thay mocht,
To charge Wallace that he suld cum him till,
Without mochtis, and put him in his will.
Becaus we wat he is ane gentill man,
Cum in my grace, and I sall saif him than.
As for his lyle I will vpon me tak,
And efter this gif he wald service mak.
He sall haue wage that may him well suffice,
Thar Richard wents, for he hes done suffice.
To my pepill oft vpon auenture,
Aganis me that he may lang Indure.
To this proffer gane stand and gif he be,
Heir I arow he sal be hangit he.
Ane young Aquar was brother to Schir Peter
He thoche he wald ga desaygit to persew.
Wallace to se, that tike sa lyle ane part,
Bozne Sister Sone he was to King Edward
Ane coit of Arms he tike on him but hard,
With the Heraldis full priuatly furth raid.
To Tynto hill withoutin residence,
Quhair Wallace lay, with his folk at defense.

The Bert

The lik y Dist as of sa fe w thay fand,
 To him thay socht, and wald na langer stand.
 Sif ze be he that revllis all this thing,
 Credence we have brocht fra our woofhie King.
 Than Wallace gart the knightis to him call,
 Syne red the writ in presence of thame all.
 To thame he said, answer ze sall nocht crail,
 We word oz wit quhilk lyks zow best to hail.
 In writ thay said it war the liklyest.
 Than Wallace thus began, so dpte in hail.
 ¶ Thow fear, King yow, chargis the thow care
 That I suld cum and put me in thy grace,
 Gif I ganeit and, thow hechtis for to hing me,
 I ampp to God, and euer I may tak the.
 Thow salbe hangit ans exempill to geu,
 To King of Reik, als lang as I may lest.
 Thow profferis me of thy wagis to hail,
 I the desp power and all the laif,
 That helpis the heir, of thy fals Natoun,
 Will God thow salbe put from this Regloun.
 Or de thairfor contrair thoct thow had smoun
 Thow sall be se oz nyne houris the mozne,
 Battell to gif, maugre of all thy kyn,
 For falsly thow sellis our Realme within.
 This writ he gait to the Heraldis but mair,
 And gude reward he gart delpuer thame thair.
 Bot Jop knew weil ye Squyar zoug schir Hew,
 And tauld Wallace, for he was euer trew.
 He thame commandit that thay suld sone him tak
 Him self began sair accusing to mak.
 Squyar he said, sen thow be sen eit armis,
 On the fall fall sumpart of thir harmis.
 Exempill to gif to all thy fals Natoun.

Upon

Upon ane hill he gart syne set him down.
 Strait of his heid or he wald farther go,
 To the Herald said syne withoutin ho.
 For tho to att fals to armis and maneswoite,
 Thro to thy chekhis thy toung salbe out schorne.
 Quhen that was done, than to the chyd said he,
 Armis to Judge tho to fall neuer graithly se.
 He gart ane Snyrth, with his turcas riche thair,
 Pull out his ene, syne gaff thame tell to far.
 To yout fals King thy fellow fall the leid,
 With thy answer, turs him his Stenoris heid.
 Thus sair I dyed the King and all his host,
 His dum fellows led him into thair Dist.
 Quhen King Edward his Heraldis thus bes sett
 In proper Jre he wore new wood for tene.
 That he wold nocht, on quhat wyse him to wrait,
 For sozt to all maist ane word he suld nocht speik
 Ane lang quhyple he stude wythhand in ane rage,
 On loud he said, this is ane fell outrage.
 This deid to Stortis fall dete it salbe bocht,
 Had spitefull in warld was neuer wrocht.
 Fra this Regiolin I think nocht for to gang,
 Quhill tyme that I fall se that Rebell hang.
 I lat him thus in syce and soztow dwell,
 Of the gude Scottis schoptly I will tell.

With fra his men than Wallace caikit richt,
 To him he callit sehir Johne Tynro ye knicht
 And leit him wlt, to vesy he wald ga,
 The Inglis Dist, and bad him tch nama.
 Quhat euer thap sperrit quhill yat he come agane
 Wallace disaggit thus to wnt ouir ane plane.
 Betwix Culter and Bigar as he pait,

The Sone

He was sone war quhair ane workman come last
 Dyrnand ane meir, and pitcheris for to sell,
 Gude freind he said in treuth will thou me tell,
 With this chauncy quhair passis thy p-er-er-er-er
 To ony place quha lphig for to by.
 It is my craft, and I wald sell thame fane,
 I will thame by, sa God me help fra pane.
 Quhat pyce lat heir, I will haue thame ilk ane,
 Bot half ane mark, for he pyce haue I fane,
 Twentis schillingis, Wallace said thou sall half,
 I will haue Wdeir, pitcheris and all the laif.
 Thy gowne and hois in haist thou put of syne,
 And mak ane change, for I sall gif the myne.
 And thy auld hude because it is thyreid bare.
 The man wend weill he had scornis him thair,
 Thou tary nocht, it is suith that I say,
 The man kest of his sebill meid of gray.
 And Wallace his, syne payit siluer in hand.
 Was on he said, thou art ane bad Merchand-
 The gowne and hois in clay that claggit was,
 The hude heplit, and syne maid him to pag.
 The quhip he tuke, and furth the Wdeir can call,
 Attour ane bray the bymest pot gart fall.
 Brak on the ground, the man leuch at his fair,
 Bot thou be war, thou tynis of thy chauffair.
 The Sone be than was passit out of sicke,
 The day was went, and cūmin was the nichte.
 Among the Sutheroun full besely he past,
 On arther syde his ene he can to cast.
 How Lordis lay, and had thair ludging maid,
 The Dauilloun quhair that the Leopardis baid.
 Sppand tull fast quhair his auail micht be,
 He culd weill wynt and luke by with ane Ce.

Sum

Sum stonit him, sum gleyit Earl of Argyll
 Aggreit thay war of thair Herandis mistate.
 Sum spetrit at him how he sauld of the best,
 For fourtis pennys he said quhill thay may lest.
 Sum brak ane part, sum prikkit at his Cey.
 Wallace stand out priuatly and lest thains be.
 Unto his Dist agane he passit richt,
 His men be than had tane Tynto the knicht,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame gart bind him woolder
 For he wist weill he was with Wallace last (falt
 Sum bad byir him, sum hang him in ane ech,
 Thay swoze that he had desanist thair Lord.
 Wallace be this was enterit thame amang,
 To him he zaid, and wald nocht tary lang.
 Syne he gart lous him of thay bandis nro,
 And said he was baith sober, toyle, and trebo.
 To Supper sone botomit but than abaid,
 He sauld to thame quhat merkat he had maid.
 And how that he the Sutheroun saw full weill
 Schir Johne ye Grahame displeit was sum deill
 And said to him nocht Chistane syke it was,
 Thow wilfulnes in sic perrell to pas.
 Wallace answerit, or he win Scotland fre,
 Baith ze, and I, in mair perrell mon be.
 And mony vther the quhilk full woorthie is,
 Now of ane thing we do sum part ane mis.
 Ane lytill selp I wald fane that we had,
 With zome men syne, luke how we may be gladd.
 The woorthie Scottis ruke gude rest quhill next
 Thairis pay by, to array sone ordant thay. (day
 The hullis lest, and so ane plane is gane,
 Wallace him sell the vangard first bes tane.
 With hun was Boyd, and Auchinlen but brydes

The Short

With ane thousand of worthie men in weid.
 Als many sone in the myddill waied put he,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame he gart pair leidar be,
 Norbham young Adam the Lord of Ricardoun
 And Someruell ane bald Squyar of Glenoun.
 The third thousand in the reir ward he durt,
 To Walter gais of Hewbigging the knicht.
 With him Tynto that douchtrie was in deid,
 And David Sone to Schir Walter to leid,
 Behind thame neir the fute men gart he be,
 And bad thame byde quhill thay pair tyme micht
 Ze want wappinnis, and harnes in this tyde (se.
 The first counter ze may nocht weill abyde.
 Wallace gart sone the Chifranis to him call,
 This charge he gais, for chance that micht befall.
 To tak na heid to geir nor zit peillage,
 For thay will be as wad folk in ane rage.
 Now first the men, the gude sone ze may haill.
 And tak na tent of couetise to craif.
 Throw couetise men loiffis gude and lyfe,
 I forwounand forbeir sic in our stryfe.
 Like ze sailf nane, Lord, Capitane, nor knicht,
 For worchip work, and for our Eldaris richt.
 God blis us all, that we may in our veyage,
 But this fals folk out of our heritage.
 Than thay Inclynit all with ane gude will,
 His plane counand thay hecht it to fulfill.
 On the greit Dist the parteis last can dyaw,
 Cumand to thame out of the South thay saw:
 The hundred men into thair Armour cleir,
 The ganett way to thame approcht mir.
 Wallace said sone, thay ar na Ingynmen,
 For by this Dist the gais weill thay ken.

Thom

Thom Holyday thay men he gydit richt,
 from Junandail he had led thame that nicht.
 His two gude Sonnis, Johnstoun & Rutherford
 Wallace was blyth, fra he had hard that word.
 He was the last of his gude Cheualry,
 Jurdane thair come into thair company.
 And Kirkpatrick befor in Eskdail was,
 Ane yung thay war in Wallace Dist to pas.
 The Inglis watche, that nicht had bene on stek,
 Dye to thair Dist, richt as the day can peir.
 Wallace knew weill, for he befor had sene,
 The Kingis Daillone quhair it was buskit bene.
 Than with rich hors pe Scottis bys yame cast,
 At the first counter, sa greit abasing mast.
 That all the Dist was stonelist of that sight,
 Full mony ane derly to deith was dight.
 Feill of thame as than was out of array,
 Themat a wofull and haistie was the fray.
 The noyis was hudge, thow straitkis that thay
 The rumour rais sa rudely yame amang. (Dang,
 That all the Dist was than in point to se,
 The wyse Lordis fra thay the perrell se.
 The selloun fray als raste was about,
 And how thair King stude in sa mekill dout.
 To his Daillone full mony thousand socht,
 Him to reskew be ony way thay mocht.
 The Erll of Kent that nicht walkand had bene,
 With fyue thousand of men in armour kene.
 About the King full suddandly thay gang,
 And traitis weill pe assaillze was richt strang.
 All Wallace folk in vse of weir was gude,
 Into the stour, sone lichtit quhair pai stude.
 Quhome euer pai hit na harnes micht yame stynt

80 **C The Scott**
 Fra thay on fute assemblit with Swoddidene.
 Of manheid thay in hartis cruell war,
 Than thocht to win or neuer lippes to par.
 Fell Englishmen befor the king thay sleit,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame come with his po'wey
 Amag ye Dis. with ye myddil ward he raid (new
 Greit martiedome ou Sutheroun men pai maid.
 The reynard than set ou sa hardely,
 With shabbing and all the Chevalry.
 Dauillone raptis thay cuttit all in sunder,
 Boyn to the ground and mony smokit vnder.
 The fute men come, the quhilk I spak of air,
 On frapit selhis set strakis sad and sair.
 Thocht thay befor wantit baith hoys and griz,
 Aneuch thay gat, quhat pai wald wait to meir,
 The Scottis power than all togidder war,
 The kingis Dauillone bymly down thay bair.
 The Cuk of Meut with ane gude Alre in hand,
 Into the flour full stoutly culd he stand.
 Bofor the king mahand full greit debait,
 Quha best did than had the hiest estait.
 The fellows flour sa stalwart was and strang,
 Thairto contingit, mervellously and lang.
 Wallace him self full sadly culd persew,
 And as ane strak the cheif Chifane he sleit.
 The Sutheroun folk fled fast and durst not hyde
 Hout thair king and of the feild can ryde.
 Aganis his will, for he was laith to fle,
 Into that tyme he rocht nocht for to be.
 Of his best men thre thousand thair was ded,
 Of he culd find to fle and leif that steid.
 Twentie thousand fled with him in ane statill,
 The Scottis gat hoys, and followit yat battaill.
 Thro

Thro'w Cutler hope of tyme thay wonn the bicht,
 Fyll Sutheroun folk war marrit in thair micht.
 Slane be the gait as thair king fled away,
 Baith fair and bricht, and rich cleir was the day.
 The Sone ryin schynand our hill and dail,
 Than Wallace kest quhat was his best mail
 The fleand folk that of the feild first past,
 In to thair king agane pat semblit fast.
 Fra ather hede sa mony assemblit thair.
 That Wallace wald lat follo'w thame na mair
 Befoir he raid gart his folk turne agane,
 Of Inglismen seuin thousand thair was slane.
 Than Wallace Disit agane to Bigar raid,
 Quhair Inglismen greit purueyance had maid.
 The Towair as thay war hidder led,
 Baillionis and all thay leisit quhen thay fled.
 The Scotts gat gold, gude geir and ither wair
 Releut thay war that partit that pillage.
 To moit thay went with myth and plesance,
 Thay spairit nocht king Edwardis purueyance
 With solace syne ane lytill slep thay ta,
 Ane priuat watche he gart amang thame ga.
 Twa Cairis fell thair lysis for to sail,
 With deid Crois that lay vnput in grass.
 Quhen thay saw weill the Scottis war at rest,
 Out of the feild, to stail thay thocht it best.
 Full law thay crap quhill thay war out of sight,
 Efter the Disit syne ran in all thair micht.
 Quhen pat ye Scottis had sleipt bot ane quyle
 Than rais thay vp, for Wallace dyedit gyle.
 He said to thame the Sutheroun may persew,
 Agane to us, for thay ar folk anew.
 Quhair Inglismen prouisioun makis in weir,

The Scott

It is full hard to be thame nichill deir.
 On this plane feild we wotill thame nocht abyde,
 To sum gude place my purpos is to ryde.
 The pursuynce thay left was into that feld,
 To Roppis Bog he gart fernandis it lede
 wotill ordynance that Sutheroun brocht in thair,
 He wotill the Dist to Dauidschaw can fair.
 Quhair thay remanit ane greik space of the day,
 Of Inglis men zit sum thing will I say.
 As King Edward thair to Culter hopis socht,
 Out en he persauit the Scottis followit nocht:
 In Johnis Grail he gart his Dist hyde still,
 Feill feland folk assenblit some him till.
 Quhen thay war met, the King netir wotit na
 for his deir kyn that he thair laistit had.
 His twa Emis into the feild was slane,
 His seund shone that nichill was of mane.
 His brother Hew was kilhit thair full cald,
 The Cril of hene, thar cruel berne and bald.
 wotill greik wotship taks deid befor the King,
 For him he mureit sa lang as he micht King.
 At this semblay as thay in sorow stand,
 The twa Cukis come some in at his hand.
 And tauld to him, how thay eschappit war,
 The Scottis all, as foryne lris duntin thair.
 Of your wicht wyne ze gart be hidder leid,
 Full weil ze may be bengit of thair deid.
 Upon our lffis, is such that we zo w tell,
 Returne agane, ze sall find thame your sell.
 He blamit thame, and said na wot it was,
 That he agane for sic ane tauld suld pas.
 Thair Chitane is rich mervellous in weir,
 Fra sic perrell he can full weil thame deir.

For to feik mak, as now I will nocht ryde,
 Our meik is leifur, thatfor we man nocht byde.
 The hardy Duke of Longcastell and Lord,
 Souerane he said, to our counsaill concord.
 Gif this be trew, we haue the mair maill,
 we may thame win, and mak bot licht travell.
 wae gone folk deid, quha micht agane by stand?
 Than meid we nocht for meir to leif the land.
 The King answerit, I will nocht ryde agane,
 As at this tyme my purpos is in plane.
 The Duke said Schir, gif ze determinit be,
 To moue zow mair, it effeiris nocht to me.
 Command power, agane wiith me to wend,
 And I of this, sall se ane small end.
 Ten thousand hail be chargit for to ryde,
 Her in this stremth all nicht I sall zow byde
 we may get meik of bestiall in this land,
 Gude dyink as now we may nocht bring to hand.
 Of west mure land the Lord had met yame pair,
 On wiith the Duke he graithur hum to fair.
 At the first straik wiith thame he had nocht bene
 nouth hum he led ane thousand weill besene.
 The Richard Lord was wiith ane thousand boun,
 Of King Edward he kepit Calice town.
 The twer thousand vnto the town can fair,
 The two Capitanis soue met thame at Byrre.
 Wiith the vail Ruf of Norburgh and Berwike,
 Schir Rauf Gray saw pat thay war Schirtheroun
 Out of the South approuche to thair icht, (like.
 he knew full weill wiith yame it was not icht.
 Spier Mallance wiith his power come als,
 King Edwardis man ane tyran knicht and fals.
 Quhen thay war met, thay said not x clus pair,

The: Bert

Bot deid Croctis, and thay war spulzett bair.
 Than mervellit thay quhair the Scottis suld be,
 Of thame about apperance thay culd nocht se:
 Bot spys yame tauld yat come to Schir Symare
 In Dauidschaw thay saw yame mak repare.
 The feill Sutheroun lone past to that place;
 The watche was war, and tauld it to Wallace.
 He warnit the Dist out of the Toun to ryde,
 In Koppis Bog he purposit to abyde.
 Ane lytill Schaw vpon the ane syde was,
 That men on fute out of the Bog nicht pas.
 The hors thay left into that lytill bald,
 On fute thay thoche the Mos that thay suld bald.
 The Inglis Dist had weill thair passage sene,
 And followit fast with cruell men and kene.
 Thay trowit yat Bog nicht mak yame lytil bair
 Growin our with Risp, & all ye sword was bair.
 On thame to ryde thay ordanit with greit Ire,
 Of the forrest ane thousand in the myre.
 Of hors with men, ar plungit in the deip,
 The Scottis of thair clyming take gude keep.
 Upon thame set with straikis sad and sair,
 Zeid nane away of all that enterit thair.
 Licht men on fute vpon thame derfly dang,
 Feill under hors war smorit in that chyang.
 Strampit in Mos, and with rude hors bute gang
 The worthie Scottis the dy land than bestant.
 Upon the laif fechtand full wounder fast,
 And mony grume thay maid full sair agast.
 The Inglismen that desy was in weir,
 Assailzett sair, thame fra the Mos to beir.
 On ather syde, bot than it was na bute,
 The strench thay held richt awfully on fute.

To men and boys gaf many grievous wound,
 Fell to the death thay shak in that bound.
 The pehard Lord allyset therapy, shoud,
 Upon the Crabane with Grahis sad and fat.
 The Johne pe Crabane with ane gif thowd of
 his biche bynnes he pettill currie dell. (Best
 thow to all the fluf, and stibit him in that stid,
 Thus of his dyne the bauld pehard was ded.
 The Ingilis dit rube plane purpels to fle,
 In that turning the coctis gari thony de.
 malace wald fane at the wodalange haue bene,
 Of theffmureland the Lord was pame betwene
 malace on him he set ane a wofull dynt,
 thow to Rader is fluf, yet na death mycht out stint.
 To rye to death he left him in that place,
 An the fals Ryncht escape thow to this care.
 thode Robert Rord hes with ane Captaue met,
 Of Berwiche than, ane sad Graus on him set.
 Ourthogt the Craig, and herut the peking,
 thow to all his yowis in lunder graist the bane.
 f ell byrmen stid fall, and durd nocht abyde,
 Repaire euill barto that thing thay wyde.
 The Rurte him cauld of all thati Journey baill,
 his hart for the boldout in bitter baill.
 hechy he byrht, he said neuer London fe,
 On malace death quhill he reuengut be.
 Of lots bus men, agane as he ded are,
 Thus dourty he forht, with greif sorow to and care.
 thau at the Rurte ane ycell fary mad,
 An the thow to the land ouir thow way fast he cast
 the coctis dit ane nyche remant stid,
 upon the moyne thay spulset with guide wold.
 The dedd coips yne culd to Ryard wold fane,

The Seret

At ane counsaill thre dayis thay solomit thair.
 At the forest Kirk ane meting ordanit he,
 Thay cheist Wallace Scottis wardane to be.
 Traisting he suld thair panefull sozrow ceis,
 He ressaunt all that wald cum to his peis.
 Schir William come, that Lord Douglas was
 Foxluke Edward, at Wallace pear can as,
 In that thirlage he wald na langer be,
 Tribute besoir to Ingland payit he.
 In contrair Scottis with thame neuer raid,
 For better cheir Wallace thairfor him maid.
 Thus treistit he, and cherest wounder fair,
 Crew Scottis men, that fewtie maid him thair.
 And gaff greitly seill gudis that he war,
 He warnit it nocht to na gude Scottis man.
 Quha wald rebell, and gang contrair the richt,
 He punest fair, war he Squyar or Knicht.
 Thus meruellously, gude Wallace tuke on hand,
 Likly he was, richt fair and weyll farand.
 Manly and stout, and thairto richt liberall,
 Plesand and wyle in all gude generall.
 To slay foxsluth Luthercoun he spairit nocht,
 To Scottis men full greit profit he wrought.
 Into the South foxsluth than passit he,
 As him best thocht he reulit that countrie.
 Schireffis he maid, that cruel was and kent,
 And Capitanis of crew wyle Scottis men.
 Fra Campyllis peth, the land obeyit him hail,
 To Ur water, baith strents forest and daill.
 Aganis him in Galloway hous was nane,
 Except Wigtoun, biggit of lyme and stane.
 That Capitane hard the reull of Wallace,
 I way be sef he stall out of that place.

Leit all waitt, and culd in England wend,
 Bot Wallace sone ane keipar to it send.
 Ane gude Squyar, and to name he was cald,
 Adam Gordin as the storie me tald.

Ane strength thair was at the watter of Cra,
 Within ane roche richt stalwart wrocht of tre
 Ane gart befor, na man nicht to it win,
 But the consent of thame that dwelt thairin.
 On the bak syde ane roche and watter was,
 Ane strait entre foriuth thair was to pas.
 To bely it Wallace him self sone went,
 Fra he it saw, he kest in his Intent.
 To win the hald, he hes chosin ane gart,
 That thay within suld mak lytill debait.
 His power haill hes gart byde out of sicke,
 Bot thre with him quhill tyme that it was nycht.
 Than tuke he twa quhen that the nicht was dym
 Steuin of Ireland and Keirly that culd clym.
 Up sone thay went aganis that roche sa strang,
 Thus enterit thay the Sutheroun men amang.
 The watche befor tuke na tent to that syde,
 Thir thre in feir sone to the Doxtar thay glyde.
 Gude Wallace than strack the Doxtar him sell,
 Deid our the roche into the dyke he fell.
 Leit down the brig, and blew his hoerne on hicht,
 The buschment brak, and come in all thair might.
 It thair a win will, sone enterit in that place,
 To Inglismen thay dio full lytill grace.
 Sextie thay slew, in that hald was na ma,
 Bot ane auld Preist, and sempill weimen twa.
 Greit purueyance was in that roche to spend,
 Wallace baid still, quhill it was at ane end.

The Short

Brik down the strength, baird big a Bulwark all,
 Out our the Roch thay gart the tymmer fall.
 Undid the gait, and wald na langer byde,
 In Carrik syne, thay bowonit thame to ryde.
 Haisit thame nocht, bot soberly can sair,
 To Turnbery, that Capitane was of Air,
 With Lord Persee to tak his counsail hail,
 Wallace purposit, that place for to assail.
 Ane woman tauld, quhen ye Capitane was gane,
 Gude men of sence into the steid was nane.
 Thay fillit the dyke with eird and tymmer baill,
 Syne fyit the hous, na succour micht auail.
 Ane Priest thair was, and gentill women pairin,
 Quhilk for ye maner, maid hiddeous noyis a din.
 Mercy thay cryt, for him that deit on tre,
 Wallace gart slay, the fyre and let thame be,
 To mak defence na ma was leut thair,
 He thame commandit out of the land to sair.
 Spulzeit the place, and spilt all that thay mocht
 Upon the mozne to Cumnok sone thay socht.
 To Lanerk syne, and set ane tyme of Air,
 Widoaris feill, he gart be punist thair.
 To gude trew men he gais full nobill wage,
 His brother Sonnis put to thair heritage.
 To the blak craig in Cumnok past agane,
 His houshald set with men of mekill mane,
 Thre monethis thair be dwelt into gude rest,
 The subtil Sutheroun sand weil it was ye best
 Trewis to tak for to eschew ane chance,
 To further this thay send for knicht alliance.
 Bothwell zit that Traour helpit still,
 And Air all hault was at Lord Perseis will.
 Thow greis supple of the Capitans of Air,

The

The Bishop Wer in Oslag to he dwelt agat.
 Cell of Soutersford to his Chimerlane of England,
 with Schir Wymer, this Treator take on hand.
 Copiedre þat be any maner of race,
 He said Conduet they purches of wallace.
 In Ingeln Ber the tresp that haue thay set,
 And promys maid to met wallace but let.
 The day of this appochit wouder last,
 The greis Chancellor and Wymer hiddet pass.
 Wymer wallace come, and his men weill belesse,
 wath þen syfte, arrayt all in grene.
 Jis one of shame ane bow and arrows bare,
 And lang swe, þis, the quibls full sharply schair.
 wath in the kith how some he enterit had,
 wath his prayer he pass but mayt aboard.
 Wymer by he rass and to his tryll he toem,
 And his gude men fall crieh of Intent.
 In Tre he greet, that Treator quhen he saw,
 The Inglesmen of his face stude greet aw.
 wath reullit him, that he did name outrage,
 The Crispe he to sett to his he turage.
 For to che wath part ther he come to that place,
 Greitly abast for the bult of his face.
 Schir Wymer said, this speiche ze may begh.
 He will nocht bow to na Prince of your kyn
 Assouert ze ar, I trairt ze may speik well,
 for all Ingland he will nocht bich abell.
 His said Conduet, of quhair he matris ane band,
 The Chancellor than proferit him his hand.
 wallace stude still, and cuid na bandis tak,
 frendship to shame na liklyes wald he mak.
 Schir Wymer said, wallace ze vnderstand,
 This is ane Lord, and Chancellor of Ingland.

I will tak pear quhill farther we be myght.
 Than baird thay thus, thair suld be na debait,
 Castell and Town suld stand in that ilk staik.
 Fra that day furth quhill ane yere went at end,
 Semle this pear, and tike thair leif to wend.
 Wallace fra thame past into the west,
 Maid plane repaire quhair that him lyak best.
 Zit saw he dyed, that thay suld him dissait.
 This Indenture to Schir Rannald he gaff,
 His deir Urthill, quhair it micht keipis be,
 In Cunnock syne to his dwelling went he.

(F)(+)(D)

The Securit part of this Buke declairis how
 Wallace dynt ye Bernis of Air, and put Bischop
 Beth out of Glasgowe, & slew Lord Berke. Ca. 1.

A Februar befell the samin eace,
 That Inglisinen take trewls with Wallace
 This pastit our quhill Marche away was
 The Inglisine best all ye wayis pai mocht. (socht
 with subtil and wickit Illusion,
 The worthie Scottis to put to confusoun.
 Into Aprile the King of England come,
 In Cumbirland of punnfret fra his home.
 Into Carlile to ane counsall he zeid,
 Quhair of the Scottis micht haue sul menil dreed
 Mouy Capitane that was of England boyne,
 Bidder thair past, semblit thair King before.
 A Scottis man to that counsall thay cald,
 Bot Schir Hymer, that traitour was of auld.
 At him thay speirit how thay suld tak on hand,

3. 17.

The righteous blude to stroy out of Scotland,
 Schir Armer said, thair Chiftane can well do,
 Richt wyse in weis, and hes greit power to,
 And now this trewis genis thame self hardyned,
 That to your fact they will nocht all consent,
 Bot wald ze do richt as I can zow lete,
 The peas to thame it suld be schuld full dete.
 Than demit be the fals Southron among,
 How they best micht the Scottis Sacrament big
 Four greit Bernis that tyme stude into Air,
 Nocht for the king quhen his bigging was yet
 Biggit about, that na man enter micht,
 Bot ane atanis, noz haue of ither sight.
 Thair ordanit thay thir Lordis suld be flane,
 Ane Justice maid quhilk was of mekill name,
 To Lord Derlee of this mater thay laid,
 With sad awile agane to thanis he said.
 Thay men to me hes keptit treuth sa lang,
 Disaitfully I may nocht se thame hang.
 I am thair sa, and warne will I thame nocht,
 As I be quyte, I eek nocht quhat ze woche,
 Fra thyne I will, and toward Glasgou draw,
 With our Bischop, to heir of his new Law.
 Than cheist thay ane Justice seirs and sell,
 Quhilk Arnulf hecht as myne Authoz will tell
 Of South Hampton he hecht baith Air & Lord,
 He vnder tute to pyne thame with ane cord.
 Ane ither Air in Glasgou ordanit thay,
 For Clyddisdail men to stand the samyn day.
 Syue chargit thame in all wayis earnestly,
 Be na kyn meane Wallace suld eschape yame by.
 For weill thay wist, & thir men war ouirdrawn,
 Thay nicht at wil buk Scotland as pair own.
 This

This band thay clois vnder thair Seillis fast,
 Syne socht our mure agane King Edward past.
 The new Justice ressaute was in Air,
 The Lord Berlee can vnto Glasgows fair.
 This Air was set in June the xxiii. day,
 And planely cryit, na fre man war away.
 The Hewittis meruellit, and pear tane in the land
 Quhy Inglisemen, sic maistris tuke on hand.
 Schir Rannald set ane day befor this Air,
 At Monkton Kirk, his freindis to meit him pair
 William Wallace vnto that tryst culd pas,
 For he as than, Wardane of Scotland was.
 This Maister Johne ane worthie clerk was pair
 He chargit his kyn for to hyde fra that Air.
 Richt weill he wist, fra Berlee lest that land,
 Greit perrell was to Scottis appeirand.
 Wallace fra thame, into the Kirk he zeid,
 Peter Foster, he said, and als ane Creid.
 Syne to the Grece he lent him soberly,
 vpon ane sleip he slaid full suddandly.
 Cleland followit, and saw him fallin on sleip,
 He maid na noyis, bot wisely culd him keip.
 In that summer, cumand him thocht he saw,
 Ane stalwart man that toward him culd draw.
 Sone be the hand he hint him haistlie,
 I am he said in beyage chargit with the.
 Ane sword hun gais, of burely burnist steill,
 Gude Sone he said, this sword thow sall beuk
 Of Trepacion him thocht the plumat was, (weill.
 Baith hilt and all, glitterand as the glas.
 Deir Sone he said, we tary heit to lang,
 Thow sall ga se, quhair wrocht is mekill wraig.
 Than he hum led to ane montane on hicht,

[The Seuint

The world him thocht he micht se at ane sight.
 He left him thair, syne sone he fra him went,
 Thair of Wallace studyt in his Intent.
 To se him thair he had full greit desyre,
 Thairwith he saw begyn ane fellowm fyre.
 Quhilk braitly bynt on breid out throo ye land
 Scotland attour, fra Ros to Sulway sand.
 Than sone to him descendit thair ane Quene,
 Illuminat licht, schinand full brycht and schene.
 In hir presence appeirit sa mekill licht,
 That ail the fyre scho put out of his sight.
 Gaif him ane wand of cullour reid and grene,
 With ane Saphir saynit his face and ene.
 Welcum scho said, I cheis the to my lufe,
 Thow art grantit be the greit God abuse.
 To help pepill that sufferis mekill wozang,
 With the as now, I may nocht tary lang.
 Thow sall returne to thyne awin Dist agane,
 Thy derrest kyn at heir in mekill pane.
 This richt Region, thow mon redeme it all,
 Thy last rewaridur eirth sal be bot small.
 Let nocht thairfor, tak redyes of this wis,
 To thy rewarid thow sall haue heuynis blis.
 Of hir richt hand scho betoucht him ane buik,
 Humbly thus his leif than scho thik.
 Unto the Clud ascendit of his sight,
 Wallace brak vp the buik in all his micht.
 In thre partis the buik weill wryttin was,
 The first letteris, war gros letteris of bras.
 The secund gold, the thrid was siluer schone,
 Wallace metuellit quhat this wryting suld mene.
 To reid the buik he besyt him sa fast,
 His Spytte agane to walkand mynd it past.

And

And vp he rais spne suddandly furth went,
 This Clerk he sand, and tauld him his Intent.
 Of this visoun as I haue said besoir,
 Compleitly furth, quhat neidis wordis moir.
 Deir Sone he said, my wit vnabill is,
 To ratifie sic for dreid I say mys.
 Zit I sall deme, thocht my cunning be small,
 God grant na charge efter my wordis fall.
 The stalwart man gaf the that sword in hand,
 Fergus it is first winnar of Scotland.
 That montane is, quhat he the had on hiche,
 Knowledge to half of wyng yat thow morricht.
 That fyre salbe sell tythingis or ze part,
 Quhilk will be tauld in mony sındie art.
 I can nochte wit, quhat Quene that that sild be,
 Bot gif it be fystoun one Lady quhylls richt fre.
 The pretty wand I crow be myne Intent,
 Betaknis reull, and cruell chaitement.
 The reid cullour, quha graithly vnderstude,
 Betaknis all to greit battell and blude.
 The grene curage, that thow art now amang,
 In trubill and weir, thow sall conntre w lang.
 The Saphir stane scho blisfit the with all,
 Is happy chance will God sall to the fall.
 The thynsald buff, is bot this broken land,
 Thow mon redeme be worthynes of hand.
 The bras letteris betaknis bot to this,
 The greit oppres in weir and mekill mys.
 The quhilk thow sall bring to the richt agane,
 Bot thow thairfor mon suffer mekill pane.
 The gold betaknis honour and worthynes,
 Victoz in armis, manheid and Nobilnes.
 The siluer schawis clene lyfe and heuinnis blis,

The Seuint

To thy reward that myght thou sail nocht mair,
 Dried nocht thairfote, be out of all despair,
 Farther as now heirof I can na mair.
 He thankit him, and thus his leif hes tane,
 To Corsbie syne with his Unkill raid hame.
 With myghtis thus all nicht folowit thair,
 Upon the moyne thay graithit thame to the Air.
 And furth thay raid, quhill thay come to Lynce,
 With dreidfull hart thus spetrit wicht Wallace.
 At Schir Rannald for the Charter of peis,
 Nevop he said, thir wordis ar nocht leis.
 It is leuit in Corsbie in the kist,
 Quhair thou it laid, thair of name ither wist.
 Wallace answerit, had we it heir to schaw,
 And thay be fals we sail nocht enter aw.
 Den Hone he said, I pray the pas agane,
 Thocht thou wald send, thy trauell war in vane.
 Bot thou or I, can nane it bring this tyde,
 Grett grace it was, maid him agane to ryde.
 Wallace returnit, ruke nane with him bot thre,
 Nane of thame knew this Indenture bot he.
 Unhap him led, for he him culd be nocht,
 Of fals desait this gude Knicht had na thocht.
 Schir Rannald raid, but resting to the toun,
 Writand na thing of all this fals treffoun.
 That wickit Signe sa reullit that Plancit,
 Saturne was than into his hiest stat.
 Abone Juno in his Melancoly,
 Juppiter, Mars, ay cruell of Inuy.
 Saturne as than auancit his nature,
 Of Tyranny he power had and cure.
 Rebellis reullis in mony seir Region,
 Crubillous wedder, makis mony schippis to droun
His

His dyching is with plow in the he,
 As of the land full of Iniquitie.
 He walkis weir, full of Pestilence,
 Filling of wallis with cruell violence.
 Poploun is ryse, among the brither thingis,
 Suddand slauchter of Emptouris and Kingis.
 When Sampson pullit to ground the Pillar,
 Saturne was than into the best Spectr.
 At Thebes als of his power thay tell,
 When Phiozar sank throw the irth to hell.
 Of the Troianis he had full mekill cure,
 When Achilles at Troy slew gude Hector.
 Burdeous schent, and mony Cieteis mo,
 His power zit, it hes na hap to ho.
 In braid Bertane feill vengeance hes bene sene,
 Of this and mair, ze wait weill quhat I mene.
 Bot to this hous that stalwart was and strang
 Schir Rannald come and nicht noch tary lang.
 Ane balk was knyt all full of raipis bene,
 Sic ane Tolbuith sen lyne was neuer sene.
 Strang men was set the entre for to hald,
 Naue nicht pas in, bot ane as thay war cald.
 Schir Rannald first, to mak fewtie for his land,
 The knicht went in, and wald na langer stand.
 Ane rynnand cord thay slippit our his heid,
 Hard to the balk, and hangit him to deid.
 Schir Wyce the Blair nixt efter in he past,
 Unto the deith thay haistit him full fast.
 Be he enterit, his heid was in the snair,
 Tir to the balk, hangit to deith richt thair.
 The thrid enterit, greit pietie was for thy,
 Ane gentill knicht Schir Aell of Montgomery
 And vther feill of landit men about,

¶ The Seruint

Wony zeld in, bot na Scottis come out.
Of Wallace part thay put to that derf deid,
Wony Craufurd sa endit in that Reid.
Of Carryk men Bennedeis flew thay als,
And kynd Campbellis, that neuer had bene falg.
Thir Rebellit nocht contrair pair richteous croun,
Sutheroun for thy pame put to confusioun.
Barklayis, Boydis, and Stewartis of gude kyn,
Na Scot eschapiit that tyme that enterit in.
Upon the balk thay hangit mony pair,
Besyde thame deid, in ane nuth kest thame thair.
Sen the first tyme, that ony weir was wrocht,
To sic ane deith sa mony zeld thair nocht.
Upon ane day throw cursit Haronis seid,
Vengeance of this out throw that kynrent zeld.
Grantit it was fra the greit God of heuin,
Sa ordanit, that la to suld be thair steuin.
To the fals Haronis for thair sell Judgement,
Thair wickitnes ouir all the world is went.
Ze Nobill men that ar of Scottis kynd,
Thair pieteous deith, ze keip it in your mynd.
And vs reuenge quhen we ar set in thrang,
Dollour it is, heiron to tary lang.
Thus aughtene scoir, derfly to deith thay dight,
Of Barrounis bald, and mony worthie knicht.
Quhen thay had slane the worthiest was thair,
For waik pepill thay wald na langer spair.
Into ane garth kest thame out of that Reid,
As thay war boine, spilzeit bair and deid.
Gude Robert Boyd vnto ane Cauern zeld,
With twentie men, that douchtie war in deid.
Of Wallace hous full cruell in Intent,
He gouernit thame, quhen Wallace was absent.

Beirle

Kettle returnit with his Maister agane,
 Cleland and Boyd, that meill was of mane
 Steuin of Ireland went furth into the streit,
 The trew woman full sone with him culd meet.
 He speir at hir, quhat happinnit in the Air?
 Sorow scho said, is nathing ellis thair.
 Feirtily scho said, allace quhair is Wallace?
 fra us agane he passit at Kynce.
 Ga warne his folk, and haist thame of the toun,
 To keip him self I salbe red dy boun.
 With hir as than na mair tary he maid,
 To his fellows he went withoutt in baid.
 And to thame tauld of all this greit missair,
 To Laglane wod thay botomit without mair.
 Be this Wallace was cūmand wounder fast,
 for his freindis he was full satr agast.
 Unto the Bern sadly he culd persew,
 To enter in, for he na perrell knew.
 This trew woman, vpon him loud can call,
 O feirs Wallace, feill tempest is befall.
 Our men is slane feill tempest is to se,
 As bestiall houndis hangit ouir ane tre.
 Our trew Barrounis be twa and twa past in,
 Wallace weipit, for greit lois of his kyn.
 That with vnets vpon his hors he baid,
 Hail for to speir to this woman he raid.
 Deir Aece he said, gif thow the treuth can tell,
 Is myne Eme deid, or how the cace befell.
 Out of zone Bern forsuith I saw him bozne,
 Naikit laid law, on cald eirch me beforne.
 His frosty mouth I kyssit in that steid,
 Richt now manlyke, bair and brocht to deid.
 And with aue claith I coueit his Lichame,

The Hewint

For in his lyfe he did neuer woman schame.
His Sister Sone, thow art worthie and wicht,
Revenge his deith, for Goddis lufe at thy micht.
Als I sall help, as I am woman trew,
Deir wicht he said, greit God gif yat thow knew
Gude Robert Boyd, quhair euer thow can him so
William Wallace, als gif he leuand be.
Adam Wallace wald help me in this stryfe,
I pray to God send me thame all on lyfe.
For Goddis saik bid thame sone cum to me,
The Justice Innis thow spy for cheritie.
And in quhat feir that thay thair ludging mak,
Sone efter that we sall our purpos tak.
Into Laglane, quhilk hes thair succour bene,
Adeu merkat, and welcum woddis grene.
Heirot as than, to hir he spak na mair,
His byrdill turnit and fra hir can he fair.
Sic murning maid for his deir worthie kyn,
Him thocht for bail his byst neir byst in twyn.
As he thus raid, in greit anger and tene,
Of Inglis men thair followit him sytene.
Wicht waillit men, that toward him culd drave,
With ane Haislar, to teiche him to the Law.
Wallace returnit in greif and matalent,
With his sword drawin amang yame sone he wot
The myddill of thame he mankit sone in twa,
Ane vther thair vpon the heid can ta.
The thrid he straik, and throw the coist him clais,
The feird to ground richt derfly down he draif.
The fyft he hit with greit Ire in that steid,
Without reskew dzeidles he left thame deid.
Than his thre men had slane the tother fyfe,
Fra thame the laif eschaypt with thair lyfe.

Fled

fled to thair Lord, and sauld him of this case
 To Laglane wad than tydis with wallace
 The Sutheroun said, quhat ane that he his richt,
 without mercy dreidles to deith was richt,
 Meruell thay had, sic strength ane suld be,
 One of thair men at ilk strack he gart de.
 Than demig thay, it suld be wallace wicht,
 To thair langage, maid answer ane auld knicht,
 Forwith he said, he be eschapyt this Air,
 All your new deid is eihing of our car.
 The Justice said, quhen thair sic rumour cam,
 Ze wald be feint, and thair come mony saig,
 That for ane man me think 300 lyth to de,
 And was nocht 300, in deid gif it be.
 And bocht it war, I count him bot full licht,
 Duba bydis heir, thk gentul man salbe knicht.
 I think to deill thair landis hail to mozne,
 To 300 about, that ar of England borne.
 The Sutheroun drew to pair ludgeing but maid
 four thousand hail that nicht was into Air.
 In gret Bernis biggit without the Toun,
 The Justice lay with mony bauld Barroun.
 Than he gart cry about thay wanis wyde,
 As Scottis beirne amang thame thair suld byde
 To the Castell he wald nocht pas for eis,
 Bot soiozne thair with thing yat micht him pleis
 Greet purueyance be sey was to thame bocht,
 with wyne and aill, the best that couth be bocht.
 As watche was set, becaus thay had na dout,
 Of Scottis men that leuand was without.
 Labourit in mynd thay had bene all that day,
 Of aill and wyne, aneuch chofin had thay.
 As beistlye folk tuke of thame self na krip,

¶ The Seventh

In that balais to the said the deuchess he is,
 To the soul glorify in God's presence the soul
 That Christ was great that's god of love.
 This wife brother hang yme among paine was
 I sell men who were, and gave to Aglans pain.
 For self joyne, god's ship with malice here,
 Some comfort than into his heart with let.
 When he thame saw, he thought God of miche,
 Things he at the woman's hand him take.
 And as the wife at all some false men to,
 As the world was in some lumpy.
 Then malice said, give to all within be;
 I call it best with the joy thame to be.
 Of guide men than, the woman's to him be,
 The woman had said the two men's was
 Out of the world with the man and his,
 And with the, his man's as the man's let.
 They are and by the, the world's men that miche
 The world's than the men to malice be.
 And he said, the friend's into se,
 Our byn at thame, thair's is great pite.
 To the soul miche, the great despite is made,
 To the man's the man's to let the man's.
 And as the man's was made to be,
 That at a way, the thair's put to me.
 And as the man's of a's guide blide,
 And the man's be the man's and a's guide,
 The man's said, the man's of the man's,
 As the man's the man's for conclusion.
 And as the man's of the man's lumpy,
 The man's said, the man's to the man's be,
 Malice and the man's, and the man's of the man's,
 And the man's, the man's of the man's.

his father than was vespit with sekene,
 God had him tane into his lest and grace.
 The first Auchinlek, in weir and nobill man,
 Canillis to cast, about this tyme began.
 It wald on him, for ocht thay wald deuple,
 Continually quhill thay had castin theple.
 Than he allace rais and out ane sword can dya to.
 He said I a wou to the maker of a w.
 And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleir.
 My Auchillis deith, now salbe sauld full deir.
 With mony ma of our deir worthie kyn,
 first of I eit, or drink we sall begyn.
 For deuth nor slep, sall neuer remaine with me,
 Of this tempest, quhill I auengur be.
 Than all inclynit richis humbill of ane accord,
 And him ressaue as thair Chifane and Lord.
 Wallace ane Lord, he may be clept weill,
 Thocht rurall folk thair of haue lyrell seill.
 Thay deme na Lord, bot landis be thair part,
 Had he the warld and be wretched of hart.
 He is na Lord bot to the worthynes,
 It can nocht be but fredome Lordipnes.
 At the Roddis, thay mak full mony ane,
 Quhill worthie ar, thocht landis thay haue name.
 This dyscussing we leif Heraldis to end,
 Unto my mater breifly I will wend.
 Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
 fyne calli anduch, that his deir deice micht set.
 At ilk yet quhair Sutheroun war on raio,
 And twentie men he gart sons widdris thraio.
 ilk man upon thair arme ane pair thraio,
 Unto the Toun full fast thay can persew.
 The woman past befor thame subtelly,

Calke iſſeſe, thay nedid nocht geſt,
 Than ſeſtill thay the durris with toſſeſis ſaſt,
 To ſapill and heſp with mony ſicker caſt.
 Weallace gart Boyd weſt hand the Catell geſt,
 Weith ſpille men aye ſeoyard to ma.
 Wiſ ony ſidde, the ſpelle geſhen that thay luto,
 All ſaſt to the ſe he ordame thame to dhaue.
 The laſt with him about the Bernis ſeid,
 This trew toþman him ſet ut weill in heid.
 Weith þis and ſpelle, that haſſile heidit weild,
 In euerris wais thay ſeſtint beſſis blaſt.
 Weallace commandit to all þis men about,
 As to erþeroun man that thay ſuſt lat bick out.
 Quhat euer he be, ceſſeſe no me of that kyn,
 Fra eſſeſis ſpelle, him ſet all pas-thairin.
 The ſonndis to to ſpelle haine byſon diche,
 For ſuith he ſaid, this is the bleſand ſicht.
 To our heid is it ſalwe ſum redies,
 Weat ſeſt away, that we poret wat the leg.
 As to the ſulſte, him ſelf bi ſonnd can caſt,
 Lat us to borgþ our men fra þout ſals aſto.
 That leuand ſe, and chourpit fra þour ſir,
 Weith nocht þat he kend, the belato is our ſe.
 Weith had us rich, it ſalbe on the ſene,
 The rumour was with eſt ſall cry and deſte.
 The baill ſpelle weſt, richþis þingþi upon loſt,
 To ſlepadd men that weatning was bridde.
 The ſeche without was a toſt to ſe,
 In all the weald the greſt at paſe miche be.
 Than thay to þin ſufferit for to diwell,
 That euer was weſeche bot purgatorie or beſt.
 One pane of bell weith neir it miche weſt,
 Weith ſolk in ſpelle hamperit in mony ſalt.

sell biggingis byne pat worthy war and wecht
 Gat name away, knaif, Capitane, no: knicht.
 Quhen bandis sell of ruse treis yame among,
 Sum rudely rais in bitter payis strang.
 Sum nabit byne bot belchis all away,
 Sum neuer rais bot smozit quhare pat lay.
 Sum ruschis fast to ate gif pat micht wyn,
 Blyndit in fyre pat dedis war full bym.
 The reik split with filth of catioun,
 Among the fyre richt fowll of infectioun.
 The peptill betrit like wod beistis in that tyde,
 Within the wallis rampand on ather syde.
 Sumist with reuch, and mony ane grisly grane.
 Sum grymly great quhill thair life days war gane.
 Sum durcis socht the entre for to get.
 Bot Scottis men in wysely thame beset,
 Gif ony brak be auenture of that staid.
 With swordis sone bynnynt thay war to deid,
 Or ellis agane be force dzeuin in the fyre.
 Thair chapit name bot byne by bane and fyre.
 The stynk scapit of deid bodyis sa wyde,
 The Scottis abhorrit neir hand thame for to hyde.
 Zeid to the wynd and lett thame cuin allane,
 Quhill the reid fyre had pat fals blude our gane.
 Ane freir Dumlat was þisour than of Air.
 Seuin scoze with him pat nycht ruke harbery pat.
 In till his Innis for he micht not thame let,
 Quhill neir mydnycht ane wach on thame he set.
 Him self wolk weill quhill he the fyre saw ryle.
 Sum mendis he thocht to tak of that supple,
 His brettir bel. sone to harnes thay zeid.
 Him self chistane the remanent to leid,
 The best thay wail of armour and gude gete.

Reviews

The yue wamples take vnto the armoillat affect,
 That vnto. ffeetis in the parties they go,
 meith twocoldis by action to the hons yeld thea.
 Some entere in quere. Withoutoun they and wea,
 and none thame let witht ffeadels sad and lay.
 f ell ffechis that thap ffeetis dang to peid,
 Sum makit fled and gat out of that ffeid.
 The water focht abafte out of ffeid,
 In to the ffeit well that was brack lang and deid.
 f ell of thame fell that brak out of that place,
 Toount to ground and det withtoun grace,
 Toount and flane was all that hardyie that,
 then calls it the ffeetis bliffing of the.
 feto folk of hale was leuit. Upon case,
 In the Castell Lord peticie fra that place.
 Before the Air fra thyme to Chafcon dyed,
 and men and fluf it was to puruey ne w.
 Ze they witht in fau the ffeie burnand flout,
 witht thoyt aboute ffeid and mad na dout.
 The burnment than as wretchis weye and toidit,
 Ait thame alane and to the hous past richit,
 Toyd was the poit entere and all his men,
 ffeapels in it was left bot nyne of ten.
 The ffeimall fone him felf feith in hand,
 and quye of him fyme flew all that they faid.
 and purueance in that Castell was naie,
 and thoyt thyme befole fra it peticie was game.
 The fell Arnulf had refaunt that bald,
 and thit in the town was bynt to pouder cald.
 Toyd gart remane of bigit. men fill,
 him felf past furth to out of medallace will
 ffeapand the town quhill nocht was leuit that,
 Bot the wold ffeie and belchis bynt full bat.

And lithly men that boyme was of England,
 He swerd and fyre that myght beic fyue thousand.
 And then we allace men was well to godder met,
 Gude frendis he said he knawd that that was let.
 So it was as this now into Glasgo to com,
 The Bishop Beris and Jetric of remoun.
 That for J toill in heid we hydder fast,
 And our gude byn sempart is loste that.
 He gart full sone the burgys to him call,
 And gart command in generall to thame all.
 In brynging that suld tak the hous of Al,
 And had it hall quhill tyme that we beir matre.
 To byde our king Gadelles J wald we had,
 And we byrgen al we may he beir our bad.
 That gart gart thet cum for he had faste laug,
 Itill he take fyre bounde thame to gang.
 Thos they thes that Suthorn had byoch theale
 And to at will and of the town can fast.
 And he hundredy hall was in his rumparty,
 And he wounder fast said this gude theualcy.
 To Glasgo to byg that biggt was of tre.
 Some past out of, And thorn miche thame se,
 And he seire tolycht that beir was in weir.
 And he thet men fast and fall in astre,
 Than beir that all that it was tolycht we allace,
 He had befor elchapt the to many face.
 The Bishop Beris and Jetric that was tolycht,
 And the toland led of men in acounour bycht,
 We allace saw well quhat rounder semblit thair.
 He made bys men in two partis to fair,
 And thet thame toell without the town end,
 He callit And thales for he the passage kend.
 And he said he beir in to weir,

The Sermon

Another toll ye the Bishoppis taitl by beke,
Or pas before and tak his benyoun.

He anlierte him with richte schort pownfoun,
wobischopit ye forsch 3 crow ye be.

Zour self fall first his blissing tak for me,
for sikerly 3e seruit it best to nyght.

To bere his taitl we fall in all our nyght,
we allace answerte sen we mon sinder gang.

Werell it is and 3e byde fra us lang,

for 3one ar men will nocht be sone agast.

for a tyme we met for Goddis sake by 3ow fast,
our sindering 3 wald naður throun saw.

we bynd thame cum in thow to the nocht eist pass,
ende men of weir ar all for thumber land.

Thay partit thus take vicht be the hand,
Auchinlek said we fall do that we may,

and wald lyde suill to byde acht lang away,

Ans busiens still betur us sone mon be.

Bot to the richte Almyghty God haue we.

Adam we allace and Auchinlek was hon.

we byn scole to thaim on the bat syde of the toum,

richt fast thay zed quhill thay war our of richt.

The tocht part arrayit thame full richt,

we allace and Bopp the plane strett by can ga.

Suthoun uerwalt because thy sam na ma,

Thair Ensenys cryt vpon the Borecrys syde.

weith Bishop Bets that baldly dutt abyde,

Ans late semblay was at thair meting sene.

As fyre on fyrte it saure thame betuene,

The hardie Scottis richt awfully thame abaid,

Boch seil to ground thow weid 3 weel was maid.

we ciruit plaittis with poyntis oif of seill,

we soire of hand gart mony cruell knell.

The strang flour rais as reik aboue thame fast.
 O myll throw Stone vp to the clowdis past.
 To help thame self ilk ane had mekill need.
 The wourthy Scottis stude in ane feloun deed.
 Zit furthwart fast thay preissit for to be,
 And thay on thame greit wounder was to se.
 The Peireyis men in weir war bilt weill,
 Richt feirly faucht and sonzeit nocht adreill.
 Adam Wallace and Auchinlek come in,
 Ane part of Southoun richt sadly thay twyn.
 Returnit to thame as nobill men of weir,
 The Scottis gat rouine and mony down thay beir.
 The new countir assaithzeit thame sa fast,
 Throw Inglismen maid stoppis at the last.
 Than Wallace self in to the felloun thrang.
 With his guid sword that heule was and lang.
 At Peireyis face with ane guid will he bair,
 Baith bane, a brayne, the fruschet steill throw schair.
 The hundred men quhan Lord Peirey was de.d.,
 Out of the gait the Bischop Beik thay leid.
 For than thame thocht it was natyme to byde,
 By the freir Kirk to ane wod thair besyde.
 In that forest forluth thay tarpit nocht,
 On fresch hors to Bothuell sone thay socht.
 Wallace followit with wourthy men and wicht.
 Forsochtin thay war and trauellit all the nycht,
 Zit seill thay flew in to the chace that day.
 The Bischoppis self and guid men gat away.
 Aymeir Wallange reseruit thann in that place,
 That knicht full oft did greit harme to Wallace.
 Wallace began that nycht at ten hoaris in Air,
 On day be it. in Glasgow semblit thair.
 Se ane ouir none at Bothuell zet he was.

The Seuint

Reppent Wallace of he wald forþir pas.
Synne turnit agane as weill witnessis the busk,
To Dundas raid and thair resting he tuk.
Tald guid Schir Johne of thir thyngis in Air,
Greit mane he maid he was nocht with him thair.
Wallace soloymt in Dundas at his will,
Fyue dayis out, quhill thyngis come him till.
Out of the hicht quhair guid men war forloze,
For Buchane rais, Athole, Menteith, and Loze.
Upone Argyle, ane fellone weir thay mak,
For Edwardis saik this thay can vndertak.
The Knicht Campbell in Argyle than was still,
With his guid men aganis King Edwardis will.
And kript fra Lochaw his heritage,
Bot Makfadzeane than did him greit outrage.
This Makfadzeane to Inglismen was swayne,
Edward gais him baith Argyle and Loze.
Fals Johne of Loze to that gift can accord,
In England than he was ane new maid Lord.
Thus falsly he gais out his heritage,
And tike at London of Edward ane greit wage.
Duncane of Loze zit for the Landis strais,
Quhill Makfadzeane ourset him with the lais.
Put him on foze to guid Campbell the Knicht,
Quhill in to weir was wyse, wourthy, and wiche.
This Makfadzeane was enterit in Scotland,
And merualously that Tyrant tike on hand.
With his power the quhill I spak of Air,
Thir thre Lordschippis all semblit to him thair.
Fyftene thousand of cursit folk in deid,
Of all gadering in oist he had to leid,
And mony of thame was out of Irland brocht,
Warnis noz wyse thay pepill spairit nocht.

Wallis

naistit the land als fer as thay micht ga,
 Thay beistly folk couth nocht bot byrne and sla,
 In to Lochaw he enterit suddandly,
 The guid knicht Campbell saw guid defence for thy.
 To Crag Hummre with thre hundred he seid,
 That strenth thay held for all thair cruell deid.
 Syne brak the bug that thay micht nocht our pas,
 Bot thro'w ane furd quhair narrow passage was.
 Abandonnly Campbell aganis thame bald,
 Fast vpone Awe that was baith deip and braid.
 Makfadzeane was vpon the tother syde,
 And thair on force behufit him for to byde.
 For at the furd he durst not enter out,
 For guid Campbell micht set him than in dout.
 Makfadzeane socht and ane small passage fand,
 Had he layser thay micht pas of that land.
 Betwix ane Roche and the greit water syde,
 Bot four in front thay micht nane gang nor ryde.
 In to Lochaw was beistis greit plene,
 And quhill he thocht thair with his oist to be.
 And vther stuf that thay had with thame brocht,
 Bot all his cost auailit him richt nocht.
 Duncane of Lorne has sene this suddand race,
 Fra guid Campbell he went to seik Wallace.
 Sum help to get of thair torment and tene,
 Togidder befoir in Dunde thay had bene.
 Lennand at Scolc in to thair tender age,
 He wocht to slak Makfadzeanis hie curage.
 G. I. nichell thair with Duncane furth him richt,
 One gyde he was and fute man wounder wichte.
 Sone gat thay wit quhair Wallace ligit was,
 With thair complaynt to his presence thay pas.
 Erll Malcolme als the Lennor held at peis,

The leuit
 with his guid men to wallace carboys.
 To him thair come guid Richard of Lundy,
 In to Dundas he wald na langar ly.
 Schir Johne the Grahamer als bounit him to ryde,
 Makfadzeanis weir sa greit him that tyde.

Chow Wallace slew Makfadzean. Ca. 4.

Than Wallace thocht his greit power to se,
 In quhat array he reulit that cuntre.
 The Rukkie than keptit with greit wrang,
 Striuelling Castell that staluart was and strang.
 Quhen Wallace come be south it in ane baill,
 To Erll Malcolme he said he wald it saill.
 In diuers partis, he gart disseuer his men,
 Of thair power that Suthpoun suld nocht ken.
 Erll Malcolme baid in buschment out of sight,
 Wallace with him tuk guid Schir John ye Knicht
 And ane hundreth of wyle weir men but dout,
 Throw Striuelling raid gif ony wald Ische out.
 Towart the Bug the ganest way thay pas,
 Quhen Rukkie saw quhair that thair power was,
 He tuk sein scoir of Archearis that war that,
 Upone Wallace thay followit wounder sair.
 That feill bukker did tham mekill deir,
 Wallace in hand grippit ane nobill speir.
 Agane returnit and hes the formast flane.
 Schir Johu the Grahamer that mekil was of mane
 Among thame raid with ane guid speir in hand.
 The first he slew that befor him sand,
 Upone ane vther his speir in sonder zaid.
 Ane twerd he diew, quhilk helpit him at need.
 Inglis Archearis byone thame can renew.

That

That his guid hors with arrowis sone thay slew.
 On fute he was quhen Wallace has it sene.
 He lichtit sone with men of Armes bene.
 Among the rout sechtand full wounder fast,
 The Inglisshen returnit at the last.
 At the Castell thay wald haue bene full fane,
 Bot Eril Malcolme with men of mekill mane,
 Betwix the Suthroun and the zettis zeid.
 Mony thay slew that douchty was in deid.
 In the greit preis Wallace and Rukkie met,
 With his guid sword ane straik bypone him set.
 Dersly to deid the auld Rukkie he draif,
 His tua sonnys eschaypit amang the laif.
 In the Castell be auenture thay zeid,
 With threttie men na ma chaipit that deid
 The Lennor men with thair guid Lord that was,
 Fra the Castell thay said thay wald nocht pas,
 For weill thay wist it micht nocht haldin be.
 For na lang tyme for thy thus ordanit be.
 Eril Malcolme tuke the hous to keip that tyde,
 Wallace wald nocht fra his first purpose byde.
 Instance he maid to this guid Lord and wyse,
 Fra thyne ropas he suld on na kyn wyse.
 Quhill that he had betrueling the Castell strang,
 Crew men him tauld thay micht nocht hald it lang.
 Than Wallace thocht was maist on Makladzeane
 Of Scottis men he had slain mony ane,
 Wallace auowit that he suld wrokkin be.
 On that Rebald or ellis thairfoir de,
 Of tyranny King Edward thocht him guid,
 Law borne he was and als of sympill bluid.
 Thus Wallace was sair greuit in his entent,
 To this iourney richt crnefully he went.

The Twint

At Strueling Big assemblit to him richt,
 Two thousand men that wourthy war and wicht,
 Towart Argyle he bounit for to ryde,
 Duncane of Lorne was thair trew sicker gyde.
 Of auld Rabbie the quhill we spak of Air,
 Two sonnys on lyfe in Strueling leuit thair.
 Quhen thair Brethir consaut all at richt,
 This hous to bald that thay na langar micht,
 For cause quhy thay wantit men and meit,
 With Eyll Malcolme thay maid thame for to treit,
 Grace of thair lyfis and thay that with thame was,
 Gaif our the hous syne courth in Ingland pas.
 On the thrid day that Wallace fra thame raid,
 With King Edward full mony zeir thay bald.
 In Bruceis weir agane come in Scotland,
 Strueling to help the ane of thame tike on hand.
 Mentoun of Bruce is oft in Wallace buik,
 To send his richt full mekill pane he tuk.
 Quhatfore suld I here ony tary ma,
 To Wallace furth now shortly will I ga.
 Duncane of Lorne Gilnichell fra him send,
 Ane spy to be for he the cuntre kend.
 Be our party was past Strath fillane,
 The small fute folk began to irk ilkane.
 And boys als on force behufit to faill,
 Than Wallace thocht that company to waill.
 Guld men he said this is nocht meit for us.
 In brokin array and we cum on thame thus,
 We may tak skaith and harme our fais small,
 To thame in lyke we may nocht assembl all.
 Tary we lang ane plane feild quhill thay get,
 Upone thame sone sa weill we may nocht set.
 Part we man leif us followand to be,

with

with me sall pas our power in to this,
 five hundred first to him self has he tane.
 Of westland men war wourthy knaivis ilhane.
 To schir Johne the Braham als mony ordanis he,
 And five hundred to Richard of Lundie,
 In that part was Wallace of Ricardtown.
 In all gude deid he wes ay redy boun,
 five hundred left and nicht not with thame ga.
 Suppois that thay to hyde wes woundit wa,
 Thus Wallace ois begouth to tak the hicht,
 Out ane montane spue passit out of sicke.
 In Glendochar thair spymet thame agane,
 with Lord Campbell then was our folk richt fane.
 At thair metting greit blythnes nicht be sene,
 Thre hundred led that cruell war and kene,
 He comfort thame and bad thame haue na dreid.
 Zone beistly folk wantis wapnis and weid,
 Sone will thay fle scharly and we persew.
 Be Loch Douchar full suddandly thame dysw.
 Than Wallace said ane lyfe we sall all ta,
 for heir is nane wil fra his fallow ga.
 The spy thay send the entre for to se,
 Upon the Moss ane Scurreour sone fand he.
 To scout the land Makfadzeane had him send,
 Out of Cragmore that day he thoct to wend.
 Gilmichell fast vpon him follovit thair,
 with ane guid sword that weil a scharly schate
 Maid quyte of him that tythingis tald he name,
 The out spy thus wes loist fra Makfadzeane.
 Than Wallace ois vpon thair fute thay liche.
 Thair hois thay lest thoct thay war neuer sa wiche.
 for Moss and Crag thay nicht na langar dre,
 Than Wallace said quha gangis best lat se.

The Sentint

Thow out the mos delruerly thay zeid,
Synne take the hals quhair of thay had maist deid.
Endlang the schoze ay thze in front thay past,
Quhill all within thair semblit at the last.
Lord Campbell said we haue cheist this bald,
I trow to God thair walknyng sall be cald.
Heir is na gait to fle zone pepill can.
Bot rochis heich and watteris deip and wan.
Buchtene hundreth of douchty men in deid,
On the greit oist but mair proces thay zeid,
Fechtand in front and meikill maistrie maid,
The frapit folk buskit withoutin baid.
Rudly to ray thay ruschit thame agane,
Greit part of thame was men of mekill mane.
Gude Wallace men sa stoutly can thame steir,
The battall on bak syue aker breid thay beir.
In to the stout seill tyrant gart thay kneill,
Wallace in hand had ane guid stat of steill.
Quhom euer he hit to ground byrnie thame bair,
Roumit him about ane large rude and mair.
Schir John the Graham in deid was richt woorthy.
Guid Campbell als, and Richard of Lundy.
Adam Wallace and Robert Boyd in feir,
Amang thair fais quhair dedis war sauld deir.
The felloun stout was awfull for to se,
Makfadyeane than sa greit debair maid he.
With Irland men hardie and coragous,
The stalwart stryfe richt hard and perillous,
Abundance of blude fra woundis wyde and wan.
Strikkit to deid on ground lay mony man.
Que houris large in to the stout thay stand,
The ferilfest thay aneuch of sechbring fand.
That op him self well wist nocht a quaid man,

Get we allace men wald nocht in boundes stayn.
To help thame self thay war of hardy will,
Of Ireland blude full fellounly thay syll.
With sell sechtung maid slappis thow the thring,
On the sailis past our wichtis wotoun in dang.
That thay to hyde nicht bene na langer mycht,
The Ireland folk than maid thame for the sicht.
In Craggis clam, and sun in water set.
Qua tho wald thay dounit withoutin let,
Some Scottis men baid still in the feld.
Best wapnis thame fra and on thair kneis knettid.
With pictuous woe thay cryit on we allace,
for Goddis sath to take thame in his grace.
Gruit he was bot reuth of thame he had,
Rescuint thame sair with countenance full sad.
Of our awin blid wald heus greit pieté,
Luk 33 slay name of Scottis wili foldin be,
Of outland men lat nane chairp with the lyfe.
Waldadzeane sep for all his felloun treyfe.
Unto ane Caill waldin ane clift of stane,
under Cragmoir with iystene is he gane.
Wuncane of Lorne, his leif at we allace ast,
On Wadadzeane with wothie men he past.
He grantit him to put thame all to deid,
Thay leif name syne bot nocht we allace his deid.
Upone ane spert thow the felds it bair,
The Lorde Campbell, syne bynt it be the bair.
Weich on Cragmoir he maid it for to stand.
Still on ane stane for honour of Ireland.
The Wyllait men that was of Scotland bothe,
Some at his saith he gart thame be stoune.
Waldofit thame that wald cum to his leis.
He leif slay name that wald cum to his peis.

The Seruint

Efter this dedd in Lome tyme couth he sail,
 He wolle the land had bene in mekill cair
 In Ardcatan one counsall he gatt cry.
 Quhair mony man come to his henzoury.
 All Lome he gail to Duncane that was wicht,
 And had him hald in Scotland with the richt.
 And thow sail brout this land in heritage,
 Thy brothir sone in London has greit wage.
 Zit will he cum he sail his landis half,
 I wald tyme nane that Aericie might sail.
 Mony trow Scot to Wallace couth persew,
 At Ardcatane fra seill stenthis thay drew.
 Ane guid knicht come and with him men sixty,
 He had bene oft in mony strang leoperdy.
 With Inglis men and sonzet nocht adell,
 Ay fra chair faith he fendit him fill weill.
 Heipit him fra thowcht King Edward had swoyne,
 Schir Johne Ramsay that richreous was boyne,
 Of Duchtirhous and othir landis lord,
 And Schirres als as my buke wolle record.
 Of nobill blude and awd ancestrie,
 Continewit weill with wourthy Chensaleie.
 In to Stroomchane lang tyme he had bene,
 At greit debatt among his enemyis bene.
 Richt wichtly wan his leving in to weir,
 To him and his Sputhroun did mekill deir.
 Weill he eschewit and sufferit greit distres,
 His sone was callit the flour of courtlynes
 As witnessis weill in to this schoyt trefy,
 Efter the Wyce quha reidis that history,
 He reullit weill baith in to weir and pris,
 Alexander Ramsay to name he hecht but less.
 Quhen it was weir to armes he him kest,

Widit

Under the Croun he was one of the best.
 In tyme of peac to courtlynes he zed,
 Bot to gentrics he take nane bettir heid,
 Quhat gentill man had nocht with Ramsay bene,
 Of courtlynes thay comprit him not ane pene.
 fredome and trueth he had as men wald as,
 Sen he began nane better Squyar was.
 Roxburgh ald he wan richt manfully,
 Spne held it lang quhill tratouris resonably.
 Caust his deith I dar nocht tell zow how,
 Of sic thingis I will ga-by as now.
 I hane had blame to say the suthfastnes,
 Chairfoir I will bot lichtly cyn that cais.
 Bot it be thing that planely sclanderit is,
 for sic I trow thay suld nocht deme na mis.
 Of Alexander as now I say na moir,
 his fader come as I tald zow befoir.
 Wallace of him richt full grett comfort hats,
 for he weill couth do harmyng to his fais.
 In weir he was richt mekill for to pyse,
 Bely and few bath, sober, wicht and wys.
 Ine guid Prelat als to Ardcharane socht,
 Of his Lordschip as than he broukit nocht.
 This wourthy Clark cumin of the lynage,
 Of Shinclore blude nucht fourtie zerc of age.
 Chosin he was be the Papis consent,
 Of Dunkeld Lord was maid with guid entent.
 Bot Inglisinen that Scotland grippit hail,
 Of benchice thay leit him brouk bot small.
 Quhen he saw weill thairfoir he wicht nocht mute,
 To sail his lye thre zercis he dwelt in Bute.
 Leiffit as he wicht and keptt ay guid part,
 Under saultie of James than Lord Stewart.

Return

To gud Wallace quhill Scotland wan with pane,
 Resto:it this Lord to his leuing againe,
 And mony ma that lang had bene ourthra win.
 Wallace thame put richteously to thair awin.
 The small oif als quhill I spak of Air.
 In to the hicht that Wallace leuit thair.
 Come to the feild quhair Makfadzeane had bene,
 Take that was left baith weid and wapnis schene.
 Throw Loyne syne past als gudly as thay can,
 Of thair number thay had not loiffit ane man.
 On the fift day wan to Ardechatane,
 Quhair Wallace baid with guid men mony ane.
 He welcumit thame bpone ane gudly wyle,
 And said thay war richt mechtill for to pyse.
 All crew Scottis he honoyt in to weir.
 Gaif that he wan, him self keipit na geir.

How Wallace wan Sanct Johnstoun. Ca. iij.

When Wallace wald na langer solorne thair,
 Fra Ardechatan out thro'w the land thay fair.
 Towart Dunkeld with guid men of renoun.
 His maist thocht than was of Sanct Johnstoun.
 He callit Ramsay, that guid knyght of greit baill.
 Sadly anglic besocht him of counsaill
 Of Sanct Johnstoun now haue I remembrance
 That haue I bene and loiffit men thro'w chance.
 Bot ay for ane we gart ten of thame de,
 And zit me think that is na mendis to me.
 I wald assay fra this land or we gang,
 And lat thame wit thay occupie heir wyang.
 Than Ramsay said tharroun thay man not help,
 The wallis ar lawt suppois the dykis be drip.

Ze haue ane to that fall thame cummer on,
 fill vp the dyke that we may planely ga.
 In bail battell ane thousand ouir stants,
 fra this power; thay fall nocht hald zone wants.
 Wallace was glaid that he sic comfort maid,
 furth takand thus vnto Dunkeld thay raid.
 The dayis thair thay ludgeit with plesance,
 Quhill tyme thay had forsene thair ordynance.
 Ramsay gart big strang Bastailzetis of tre,
 Be gude wrichtis the best in that cuntre.
 Quhen pat wat wrocht, betocht yame me to ledd
 The watter down, quhill thay come neir pat steid.
 Schir Johne Ramsay richt gudely was pat gyde
 Reullit thame weill, at his will for to hyde.
 The greit Dist than about the billage pass,
 with eird and stane thay fillit dykis fast.
 flaikis thay laid on tymmer lang and wicht,
 Ane roune passage to the wallis thay dicht.
 feill Bastailzetis richt starkly vp thay rais,
 Gude men of armes sone to assaile gais.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, and Ramsay pat was
 The Turat brig assagit in all pat micht. (wicht,
 And Wallace self at mid syde of the town
 with men of armes that was to bargane boun.
 The Sutheroun men maid greit defence pat tyde
 with Artailze that felloun was to hyde.
 with Tablaster, ganze, and stanis fast,
 And hand gunnis richt bymle out thay cast.
 funzeit with speiris at men of armis bene,
 The Nobill Scottis that worthy ar hes bene:
 At hand straikis fra thay togidder met,
 with Sutheroun blude thair wayppinnis sone pat
 Zit Inglismen pat worthy wat in weir, (wet.

The Seulst

Into the flour richt baldly can thame beir.
 Bot all for nocht availit thame thair deid,
 The Scottis throw force vpon yame in thap seid
 Ane thousand men out wallis seid haistely,
 Into the town rais hiddeous noyis and cry.
 Ramsay and Graham the Turat ; it hes wpa,
 And enterit in, quhair greit stryfe did begyn.
 Ane crew Squapar quhilk Rothue hecht to name,
 Come to pe assait with gude Schir John pe Gra-
 Thettie with him of men yat preuit weill (hame.
 Among thair fais with wappinnis stit of stail.
 Duben that the Scottis assemblit on ather syde,
 As Sutheroun was that nicht thair dynt abyde
 Twa thousand fons was fulzeit vnder seir,
 Of Sutheroun blude thap strikte in the streit.
 Schir John Stewart saw weill the town was
 Tuik him to sight, & wald na langer stynt. (rent,
 In ane licht Barge, and with him men septie,
 The watter down socht succour at Dundie.
 Wallace had stit, quhill the seird day at moine,
 Add lest nane thair that was of England boine.
 Riches thap gat of gold and vther gude,
 Plencist the town, agane with Scottis gude.
 Ro:huen he lest, thair Capitane to be,
 In heritage gait him the office of se.
 Of all Stratherne and Schires of the town,
 Syne in ye North gude Wallace maid him boun.
 In Abirdene he gart ane counsall cry,
 Crew Scottis men suld assemblil haistely.
 To Cowper he raid, to besy that Abbay,
 The Inglis Abbot was fled fra thyne away.
 Bishop Sinklaire without langat abaid,
 Wher thame at Glamis, syne furth with yame he
(raid.

Into whichen thay ludgett all that night,
 Sois on the more weallace gart greetlye rise,
 To playe on weid the banner of Scotland,
 In gude array, with stobil men at hand.
 That placeis cry that saunt suld be name,
 Of Souteris blude, quhair pai mycht be seintie
 In place battell thyo to our se seirnis thay ryde
 The Englisshmen that durst thame nocht abyde,
 Before the Dis full ferily thay fle,
 To Dunsottre ane stremis withyn the se.
 As farther thay mycht toyn out of the land,
 Thay assemblit thair quhil pai n. ar four thousand
 To se thair pai ran, yat thocht girth to haue raue,
 The laif remane upon the floch of Dene.
 The Bitchop than began retie to ma,
 Thair lyfis to get, our of the hand to gra.
 Bot thay war rad, and durst nocht weill aspy,
 Weallace in fye gart set all hailely.
 Ryat up the kirch, and al that was that in,
 Yrtour the floch the laif ran with greidyn.
 Sum hang on craitis rade Doufely to be,
 Sum lap, sum fell, sum doctrit in the se.
 As Sutheroun on hys toas leut in that hand,
 And thay with in, thay bynt in powder cald.
 And then was done, thay fell on knelis down,
 At the Bitchop ashtir absolucion.
 Than weallace leuch, said I fogit so to all,
 At 32. weimen that repents for sa small,
 Thay retouit us nocht into the town of Air,
 Our treis SACrounis, quhen yat par beligit par,
 To thir Dene than safly can thay pas,
 And haie Englisshmen be se sittand was.
 And hundredy Schippis, yat Burcher buir end Air

¶ The Deunt

To turs thair gudis in haum was bydand thair.
 Bot Wallace Dist come on thame suddandly,
 Thair schaupit nane of all that greit naup.
 Bot sellsernandis in thame was leuit nane,
 At ane Chaspe the Scottis is on thame gane.
 With out the geit syne set the Schippis in fyre
 The men on land, thay byrnt baith bane and tyre.
 Zeit nane away bot Priestis, wyfis and barnis,
 Maid thay debait, thay charpit nocht but harmis.
 Into Bluchare Wallace maid him to ryde,
 Quhair Lord Be winout was ordant to abyde.
 Eill he was maid bot of schoyt tyme befoir,
 He brakit it nocht for all his busteous schoir.
 Quhen he wist weil that Wallace cumand was,
 He left the land, and couth to Slanis pas.
 And syne be Schip fled in Ingland agane,
 Whare raid throo the North land into plane.
 At Cromartie seill Inglismen thay flew,
 The worthie Scottis vnto him couth persew.
 Returnt agane, and come to Abirdene,
 With his byrth Dist vpon the Lammes eum.
 Strabillit the land as him thocht best suld be,
 Syne with ane Dist he passit to Dundie.

¶ How Wallace laid ane Setge to Dundie, and
 how he gait battel at the beg end of Struiling
 to Kirkinghame yat was Thesaurar to Edward
 King, and to ye Eill of Marrane. Ca. iij.

¶ At set ane Setge about the Castell Strang,
 I leif hun thair, and farther I will gang.
 Schir Symon Wallage haustit him full fast
 Into Ingland with his hail houshald past.

Beche. j.

Bothwell he left was Murrays heritage,
 And tuik him than bot to King Edwardis wage.
 Thus his awin land forsuik for ever mair,
 Of Wallace deid greit cythingis tald he thair.
 Als Inglis men sair murnit in thair mude,
 That loffit heir baith lyfe landis and gude.
 Edward as than couth nocht in Scotland sair,
 Bot Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurair.
 With him ane Lord, than Erll was of Mearne,
 He chargit thame with numberis mony ane.
 Richt weill besene in Scotland for to ryde,
 At Strivelling still, he ordanit thame to hyde:
 Quhill he micht cum with ordinance of England,
 Scotland agane he thocht to tak on hand.
 This Dist past furth, and had bot lytill dreid,
 The Erll Patrick ressaute thame at Tweid.
 Malice he had at gude Wallace befor,
 Lang tyme bypast, and than Incessit moir.
 Bot throw ane cace it hapnit of his wyfe,
 Dunbar fra him scho held into that stryfe.
 Throw the supple of Wallace into plane,
 Bot he be meane gat his Castell agane.
 Lang tyme or than, and zit he couth nocht ceis,
 Agane Wallace he preuit in mony preis.
 With Inglis men suppleit thame at his micht,
 Contrait Scotland yat wrocht full greit vnricht.
 Thair musture than was awfull for to se,
 Of sechtand men thousandis war settie.
 To Strivelling brig past or thay lykit to hyde,
 To Erll Malcolm ane Seige thay laid yat ryde
 And thocht to keip the command of thair King,
 Bot gude Wallace wrocht for ane vther thing.
 Dundie he left, and maid ane gude Chiftane,

The Sentin
 With thra thousand to keip that hous of stane.
 Of North land men, and dwellaris of Dundie,
 That samin nicht, to Sanct Johnstoun went he.
 Upon the mozne to Schires mure he raid,
 And thair ane quhyle in gude array he baid.
 Schir Johne pe graham said we hail undertane
 With les power, sic thing that weill is gane.
 Tha Wallace said, quhair sic things cumis of neth
 We suld thank God, that mabis us to speid.
 Bot neir the brig my purpos is to be,
 And wick for thame sum subtill Propardie.
 Ramsay answerit, the brig we may keip weill,
 Of way about, the Sutheroun hes lptill sell.
 Wallace send Jop, the battell for to set,
 The Tustday nixt, to fecht withoutin let.
 On Setterday into the brig thay raid,
 Of gude plane buird, was weill a Joyntly maid.
 Gart wachis wait, that nane suld to thame pas,
 Ane wicht he tuk, the subtillest that thair was.
 And ordanit him to say the buird intwa,
 Be the myd trest, that nane might ouir it ga.
 On Charnall bandis naillit it full sone,
 Synne fillit with clay, as na thing had bene done.
 The cother end he ordanit for to be
 Now it suld stand upon the Rollaris of tre.
 Quhen aue war out, that the lalf down suld fall,
 Hlin self bader, he ordanit thare with all.
 Bund ou the trest, in aue Cradill to sit,
 To lous the pyn quhen Wallace leit him wit.
 Bot with aue horne quhen it was tyme to be,
 In all the Wyld na man suld blaw bot he.
 The day approachit of the greit battall,
 The Inglisten for power wold nocht faill.

37 set thay war, agane ane of Wallace,
 fyfte thousand maid thame to battell place.
 The remanent baid at the Castell still,
 Baith feld and hous thay thoct to tak at will.
 The worthy Scottis vpon the tother syde,
 The plane feild tusk, on suit maid thame to hyde.
 Hew Kirkinghamme the vangard than led he,
 With twentie thousand of lyke men to se.
 Thettie thousand the Erll of Warrane had,
 Bot he did than, as the wyse man hym bad.
 All the first Dist befor him our was send,
 Sum Scottis man that weil the maner kend:
 Bad Wallace blaw, and said thay war anew,
 He haistit nocht, bot sadly couth persew.
 Duhill Warranis Dist, thich on the brig he saw,
 Fra Top the hoze he hint and couth it blaw:
 Sa asperly, and warrit gude Johne wyicht,
 The Kollar out he strak with greit slicht.
 The laif zeid down quhen the pynnis out gais,
 Ane hiddeous cry amang the pepill rais.
 Baith hoys and men into the watter fell,
 The hardy Scottis that wald na langer dwell:
 Set on the laif with strakis sad and sair,
 Of thame thair our, as than souerit thay wair.
 At the soir breist thay prenit hardely
 Wallace and Grahame, Boyd, Ramsay, & Lundy.
 All in the stour fecht and face to face,
 The Sutheroun dist bak reirit in that place.
 At the first strak syue aiker braid and mar,
 Wallace on suit, ane greit scharp spelt he bair.
 Amang the thickest of the preis he gais,
 On Kirkinghamme ane strak he choyn bais.
 In the breneis that polist was full licht,

The Sentint

The prunzeand heid the plaitis peirist richt.
 Thro the body stikkit him but reskew,
 Derly to deith that Chistane wes adew.
 Baith man and hors at that straik he baif down,
 The Inglis Dist quhilk war in battell boun:
 Comfort thay tynt quhen pair Chistane was slane
 And mony ane to fle began in plane.
 Zit worthy men baid still into that steid,
 Quhill ten thousand war bryocht vnto the deid.
 Than fled the laif, and nicht na langer byde,
 Succour thay socht in mony diuers syde
 Sum eist, sum west, and sum fled to the North,
 Senin thousand large, atanis flatterit in forth
 Plungit in deep, drownit without mercie,
 Nane left on lyfe of all that fell menze.
 Of Wallace Dist na man was slane of baill,
 Bot Andro Murray into that strang battail.
 The South part van pat saw pair men was tynt
 Als feirly fled as fyre dois fra the fyrnt.
 The place thay left, Striuling Castell and toun,
 Towart Dunbar, in greit haist maid paine boun.
 Quhe Wallace oist had wryne ye feild thro wricht
 Tuik by the byg and lowsit gude Johne wricht.
 On the flearis syne followit wounder fast,
 Erll Malcolme als out of the Castell past.
 With Lennor men to stuf the chace gude speid,
 Ay be the way thay gart seill Sutheroun bleid.
 In the Corwod-thay gart full mony de,
 The Erll of Mearne that can full feirly fle:
 With Corspatrik that graithly was his gyde,
 Unchangit hors out thro the land thay ryde.
 Straicht to Dunbar, bot few with thame pai leid
 Mony war slane our scuthfully that fled.

The

The Scottis hoys had run wounder lang,
 Mony gaif ouir, and nicht na farther gang.
 Wallace and Braham euer togidder baid,
 At Hadingtoun full greit slauchter thay maid.
 Of Inglismen quhen thair hoys tyzt had,
 Quhen Rasey come, gude Wallace was sul glaid.
 With him was Boyd and Richard of Lundy,
 Thre thousand haill was of gude Cheualry.
 And Adam Wallace, als of Ricardtoun,
 With Erll Malcolme yame fand at Hadingtoun.
 The Scottis men on slauchter taryt was,
 Quhill to Dunbar, the twa Chiftranis couth pas.
 Full sytefull war for thair contrary cace,
 Wallace followit quhill thay gat in that place.
 Of thair best men, and Kirkburghame of Renoun,
 Threttie thousand was deid but redemptioun.
 Besyde Beltoun Wallace returnit agane,
 To follow mair than was it bot in vane.

In Hadingtoun ludgeing he maid all nicht,
 Upon the mozne to Struiling passit richt.
 On ye Assumptioun day befell this cace,
 By louit be our Lord of his gude grace.
 Conuoyar oft, he was to gude Wallace,
 And helpit him in mony Andrie place.
 Wallace in haist sone efter this battaill,
 Ane greit aith tuik of all the Barrounis haill.
 That with gude will wald cum to his presence,
 He hecht thame als to byde at thair defence.
 Schir Johne Menteith was yan of Arrane Lord
 To Wallace come, and maid ane plane concord.
 With witnes thair, with his aith he hun band,
 Lawtie to keip to Wallace and Scotland.

¶ The Seuint

Quha wald nocht with fre will to richt apply,
Wallace be force, punisht thame rigorously.
Part put to deith, part set in presoun strang,
Greit word of him throw baith yir Realmes rang
Dundie thay gat, sone be ane schozt trette,
Bot for thair lyfis thay fled away be see.
Inglist Capitanis that hous had in hand;
Left Castellis free, and stall out of the land.
Within ten dayis, efter this tyme was gane,
Inglist Capitanis in Scotland was leit nane.
Except Berwik and Roxburgh Castell wicht,
Zit Wallace thocht to bying thame to the richt.

That tyme thair was ane woorthy trew Bar-
To name he hecht Cristal of Setoun. (roun
In Jedburgh wud, for saistrie he had berie,
Agane Sutheroun full weill he couth contene.
Edward couth nocht, fra Scottis saith him get,
Thocht he him gais ane mulzeou of gold weill met
Herbottill fled fra Jedburgh Castell wicht,
Toward England, thair Setoun met him richt.
With fourtie men Cristall in bargane baid,
Agane seuin scott, and mekill maistrie maid.
Slew that Capitane, and mony cruell man,
Full greit riches in that Journey he wain.
Houshald and gold, as thay suld pas away,
The quhilk befor thay keipit mony day.
Jedburgh he tuk, and Rothuen leuit he,
At Wallace will thair Capitane to be.
Wald Setoun syne to Louthiane maid repair,
In this storie ze may heie of him mair.
And into Bruce, quha lykis for to reid,
He was with him in mony cruell deid.

Gude

Gude Wallace than full sadly can deuyse,
 To reull the land with worthy men and wyse.
 Capitanis he maid, and Schireffis pat was gude
 Part of his knu, and of trew vber blude.
 His deir Cousling in Edinburgh ordanit he,
 With trew Craufurd, that ay was full worthie.
 Keipar of it, with Nobill men at wage,
 In Hannwell than he had gude heritage.
 Scotland was fre, that lang in baill had bene,
 Wallace it wan fra our fals enemeis bene.
 Greit Gouvernour in Scotland he couth ring,
 Mast and ane tyme, to get his richteous King.
 Fra Inglismen, that held him in bandoun,
 Lang wyngoussly, fra his awin richteous Crown.

The aucter part of this buik declaris how Wallace put Cospatrick out of Scotland. Ca. 1.

Inue monethis past, Scotland stund in gude rest
 And counsell erit, yaine thocht it was pe best.
 In saint Johndoun quhair it suld holdin be
 Assemblit Clerk, Barroun, and Burges fre.
 Bot Cospatrick wald nocht cum at thair call,
 Baid in Dunbar, and maid scoyne at thame all.
 Thay spak of him, seill Lordis in pat Parliament
 Than Wallace said, will ye heirtie consent:
 Forgiu him fre, all thing that is bypast,
 Sa he will cum, and grant he hes trespass.
 Fra this tyme furth kep lawtie to our Crown,
 Thay grant thairto, Clerk, Burges, and Barroff.
 nent haill consent thair wigtling to him schid,
 Richt lawly thus, thay thame to him commend.
 Besocht him sau, as ane than of the laud,

The Auche

To cam and tak hun Gouvernance on hand.
 Lichely he lench, in scozne as it had bene,
 And said he had sic Message seildin sene.
 That Wallace now, as Gouvernour sall King,
 Heir is greit fait of ane gude Prince and King.
 That King of Kyle I can nocht vnderstand,
 Of him I held neuer zit ane fur of land.
 That Bachiller crowis, for fortune schawis hir
 Chair with to lest it fall not lang he weil. (quheill
 Bot to you Lordis, and ze will vnderstand,
 I mak you wyle, I ancht to mak na band.
 Als fre I am in this Regioun to King
 Lord of myne awin, as ever was Prince of King.
 In England als greit part of land I haill,
 Wharrent thair of thair will na man me crail,
 What will ze mast, I warne you I am fre,
 For your Summoundis ze get na matir of me.
 To Sanct Johnstoun this wair he send agane,
 Before the Lordis was manifest in plane,
 When Wallace hard the Cril sic answer makis
 Ane greit hek thro to curage than he takis.
 For he wist weil thair suld be bot ane King
 Of this Regioun atanis for to King.
 Ane King of Kyle, for that he callit Wallace,
 Lordis he said, this is ane vncouth race.
 We be sufferit, we hane war than it was,
 Thus rais he up, and maid him for to pas.
 God hes us thollit to do sa for the last,
 In tyte of deith, in faith we sall him haill.
 Or gar him grant quhome he haldis for his Lord,
 Or ellis wat schame, in this to record.
 I bow to God, with eis he sall nocht be,
 Into this Realme, bot ane of us sall de.

Les than be cum and knaw his richteous thing
 In this Regioun weill battis we fall nocht ring.
 His lichtlaskome he fall repent full soir,
 Bot power sail o: I fall end thairsoir.
 Gan in this erd is o: danit me na rest,
 Now God be Judge the richt he knawis best.
 At that counsall langer he taryit nocht,
 With twa hundreth fra sanct Johnstoun he socht.
 To the Counsall-maid Instance o: he seid,
 Thay suld contene, and of him haue na dreid.
 I am bot me, and for gude caus I ga,
 Toward Kingome the ganest way thay ta.
 Upon the moine over forth south thay couth pas
 On his beyage he ha:it wounder fast
 Robert Lawder at Mussilburgh met Wallace,
 Fra Inglistmen he kepit weill his place.
 Couth nane him treit, knicht, squyar, nor Lord,
 With King Edward for to be at concord.
 On Cril Patrik to pas he was full glaid,
 Sum said befor the Was he wald haue had.
 Gude men come dis, with Cristall of Setoun,
 Than Wallace was four hundreth of Renoun
 Ane squyar Lyle that weill the cuntre knew,
 With twentie men to Wallace couth persw.
 Wyde Lynsoun, and to shame tald he than,
 That Cril Patrik with mony Lpkie man:
 At Cobburnis pett he had his gaddering maid,
 And to Dunbar wald cum withoutt in baid.
 Than Lawder said it war the best think me,
 Falter to pas in Dunbar o: he be.
 Wallace answerit we may at laiser ryde,
 With your power he thins his bargane to byde.
 Sub of ane thing, ze sell weill vnderstand;

[The Micht]

The hardper Lord is nocht into this land.
 Nicht he be maid, tris to steidfast to ane King,
 Be wit and soyce he can do mekill thing.
 Bot wilfully he lykis to tyme him sell,
 Thus said thay furth, and wald na langer dwell.
 Be eist Dunbar, quhair men thame cald on care,
 How Erll Patrik was warnit of Wallace.
 Heir Innerwith cheist ane seild at wail,
 With nyne hundzeth of lyklye men to wail.
 Four hundzeth was with Wallace in the richt,
 And thay anone appochit to thair sight.
 Greit salt thair was of gude tretie betuene,
 To mak concord, and that full sone was sene.
 Withouth rehetis of action in that tyde,
 On ather part togidder fast thay ryde.
 The flour was strang, and wounder peryllous,
 Content lang with deidis Cheualrous.
 Hony thair deit of cruell Scottis blude,
 Of this tretie the mater is nocht gude.
 Thairfoir I reis to tell the distruction,
 Dietie it was, and all of ane Natioun.
 Bot Erll Patrik the seild left at the last,
 Richt few with him to Cobburnis peth past.
 Aggreuit saw that his men thus was tynt,
 Wallace returnit, and wald na langer synt.
 Towart Dunbar, quhair swithfast men him tald,
 As purueyance was left into that hald.
 Noz man of fence, all had bene with thair Lord,
 Quhen Wallace hard the sicket crew record:
 Dunbar he tuk all haill at his bandoun,
 Gail it to keip to Cristall of Sctoun.
 Quhilk suffit it weill, with men and gude birtaill
 Upon the mozne, Wallace that wald nocht fail
with

With thre hundred to Cockburns peth he tocht,
 Eril Patrik Jschit, for byde him wald he nocht.
 Hone to the Park Wallace ane range hes set,
 To Bonhill wud Corpatrick fled but let.
 And out of it, to Roxhame passit he,
 When Wallace saw it micht na better be:
 To Caldstreame raid, and ludgett him on Twell,
 Eril Patrik than in all haist can him speid:
 And passit by o: Wallace power rais,
 without resting in Ettrik forest gais.
 Wallace followit, bot he wald nocht assall,
 Ane range to mak, as than it micht nocht daill.
 Dule few he had, the strench was thick and strang
 Twel myle on bread, and thairto twyis als lang.
 Into Cockholme Eril Patrik baid arrest,
 For mair power Wallace past in the west.
 Eril Patrik than him graithit haistlie,
 In Jugland past, to get him thair supple.
 Out throw the land richt earnestly couth pas,
 To Anthonie Beik, that Lord of Durame was.
 Wallace him put out of Glasgou befoir,
 And slew Werse, thair malice was the moir.
 The Bischop Beik gart sone greit power ryse,
 Northumbreland, vpon ane awfull wyse.
 Thay ordanit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
 To wry his awin, bot euill dissaunt he was.
 Thay gart him trow that wallace was Rebell,
 And thocht to tak the kinrik on him sell.
 For fals thay war, and cuer zit hes bene,
 Lawtie and trench was euer in Wallace sene.
 To fend ye richt was all he tuk on hand,
 And thocht to bring the Bruce fre to his land.
 Of this mater as now I tary nocht,

¶ The Nucht

With strang power Sutheroun togidder socht.
 Fra Opis watter assemblit haill to Tweid,
 The land Dist was threttie thousand in deid.
 Of Themis mouth send Schippis be the see,
 To keip Dunbar that nane suld thame supple.
 Erll Patrik past with twentie thousand but let,
 Besoir Dunbar ane stalwart Seigs he set.
 The Bischop Berk, and Robert Bruce baid still,
 With ten thousand, in Roaine at thair will.
 Wallace be this, that fast was laubozand
 In Louthiane come with gude men fyue thousand
 Richt weill besene into thair armour bycht,
 Thocht to reskew the Setoun bald and wicht.
 Under Zester that first nicht ludgett he,
 Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie,
 In Down forest all that tyme he had bene,
 He had the cūming of the Sutheroun sene.
 Fyfte he had of wise men into weir,
 Thay tald Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir.
 Hay said forswith, and ze nicht him ouirset,
 Power agane richt sone he may nocht get.
 My counsall is, that we gif him battall,
 He thankit him of comfort and counsall.
 And said freind Hay in this caus that I wend,
 Sa that we woyne I rek nocht for to end.
 Richt suith it is that anis we mon be,
 Into the richt quha suld in terrour be?
 Erll Patrik thair ane Messinger gart pas,
 Tald Anthonie Berk that Wallace cūmand was.
 Of this tythingis the Bischop was full glaid,
 Ane mendis of him full fane he wald haue had.
 But mair prolong throw Laumys mure pai raid,
 Acir the Spot mure in buschment still he baid.

Dubait Erll Patrik than ordanit for to be,
Wallace of Beik, but warnit than was he.
Zit he befor was nocht haillie in deid,
Bot than he put baith him and his in deid.
Upon swyft hors scurriouris raid betuene,
The cūming than of Erll Patrik hes scene.
The hous he left, and to the mure is gane,
Ane plane feild thair, with his Dist hes he tane.
Gude Setoun syne, Ischit with few menze,
Part of his men into Dunbar left he.
To Wallace raid was on the richteous syde,
In gude array, to the Spot mure thay ryde.
Sum Scottis dyed the Erll sa many was,
Twentie thousand agane sa few to pas.
Bot Jop persauit, he bad Wallace suld byde,
Tyne nocht 3our men, bot to sum strenth ze ryde.
And I sall pas to get 3ow power mair,
Thir ar our gude, thus lichtly for to wair.
Than Wallace said, in treuth I will nocht fle,
For four of his, ay ane quhill I may be.
We ar our neir, sic purpos for to tak,
Ane dangerous chace thay micht bypon us mak.
Heir is twentie, with this power to day,
Wald him assay, suppois I war away.
Mony thay ar, for Goddis saik be we strang,
Zone Sutheroun folk, in flour wil not byde lag.

¶ (†) ¶

How Corspatrik brocht in Scotland Bischop
Beik and Robert the Bruce, and how Wal-
lace gair thame battell, and put thame out of
Scotland. Ca. ij.

M. j.

The Nacht

The byrne battell brachly on ather syde,
 Greit reid pair rnis ouir all quhair pat pai
 The sair seblie, quhē pai togidder met (ryde.
 Feill straikis thair thay sadly on vther set.
 Brunzeand speiris thow plaitis peirist fast,
 Mony of hors down to the ground thay cast.
 Sadillis thay teym of hors but maisteris thair,
 Of the south syde spue thousand down thay bair.
 Gude Wallace Dist the forrest cūmerit sa,
 Quhill yat the laif was in will away to ga.
 Erll Patrik baid, sa cruell of Intent,
 All baill his Dist tulk of him hardiment.
 Aganis Wallace in mony stour was he,
 Wallace knew weill that his men wald nocht fle.
 For na power that leuand was on lyfe,
 Quhill thay in heill micht be ay ane for syle.
 In that greit stryfe mony was handillit haif,
 The feill dyntis, the cruell hard debatt.
 The seirs stryking maid mony ane greuous woud
 Vpon the erd the blude maid to abound.
 All Wallace Dist into ane compas baid,
 Quhair sa thay turnit full greit slauchter pai maid
 Wallace and Grahame, Ramsay full woorthy,
 The bald Setoun, and Richard of Lundy.
 And Adam Wallace, als of Ricardtoun,
 Baith Hay and Ayle, with gude men of Renoun.
 Boyd, Barclay, Baird, & Lawder yat was wicht
 Feill Inglismen, derdly to deith thay dicht.
 Bot Erll Patrik full feirfly saucht agane,
 Thow his awin hand mony he put to pane.
 Our men on him thrang fordwact into thra,
 Had throw his Dist feill sloppis to and fra.
 The Inglismen began planely to fle,

Than

Than Bisthop Beik full suddandly thay se.
 And Robert Bruce, contrair his natie men,
 Wallace was wa, fra tyme he couth him ken.
 Of Bruceis deidis he was aggreuit mair,
 Than all the laif, that day that semblit thair.
 The greit buschment atonis brak on breid,
 Ten thousand haill that doughtie war in deid.
 The fearis than with Cril Patrik releuit,
 Thay faucht agane quhair mony war mischeuit.
 Quhen Wallace saw, the buschment brokin was,
 Out of the feld, on hoys thay thocht to pas.
 Bot he saw weill his Dist sound in thair weid,
 He thocht to fray the sounest oz he zeid.
 The new estmin Dist about thame semblit pair,
 On ather syde, with straikis sad and sair.
 The worthy Scottis sa feirly faucht agane,
 Of Anthonis men mony haue thay flane.
 Bot that tyran sa vilit was in weir,
 On Wallace Dist thay did full mekill deir.
 And the bald Bruce sa cruelly wrocht he,
 Throo strenth of hand seill Scottis he gart de.
 To resist Bruce, Wallace he preissit fast,
 Bot Inglis men sa thick betuir thame past:
 And Cril Patrik in all the haist he mocht,
 Throo out the stour to Wallace sone he socht.
 On the Besane ane felloun straik him gais,
 Beruit the plait, with his scharp groundit glaif.
 Throo all the stuf, and woundit him sun deill,
 Bot Wallace thocht he suld be bengit weill.
 Followit on him, and ane straik etillit fast,
 Bot ane Haitland reklesly betuir thame past.
 Upon ye heid gude Wallace heg him tane,
 Throo heid and bjaune in sunder straik the bane.

CThe Aucht

Drid to the ground at that straik he him draif,
Thus Wallace was disseuerit fra the laif.
Of his gude men, amang thame him allane,
About him socht feill enemeis mony ane.
Strikkit his hors, to ground behuissit him licht,
To send him self als wyselie as he micht.
The worthy Scottis, that micht na langer byde,
With sair hartis out of the feild thay ryde.
With thame in feir, thay weind Wallace had bene
On fuit he was, amang his enemeis bene.
Gude roune he maid about him into byrd,
With his gude sword that helpit him in neid.
Was nane sa strang, that gat of him ane straik,
Efter agane maid neuer ane Scot to waik.
Erll Patrik than that had greit craft in weir,
With speiris ordanit, gude Wallace down to beir.
Anew thay tuik, was hail into the feild,
To him thay zeid, thocht he suld haue na beild.
On ather syde fast prunzeand at his geir,
He he wit of heidis, and wyselie couth him weir.
The worthy Scottis of this full lytill wist,
Socht to gude Grahame, quhē pai pair Chistane
Lawder & Lyle, & Hay pat was sul wicht, (mut.
And bald Ramsay, quhilk was ane worthy knight
Lundy and Boyd, and Cristall of Setoun,
With fyue hundred that war in bargane boun.
Him to reskew full ruidly in thay raid,
About Wallace ane large roune thay maid.
The Bischop Beik was braitly boxie to eird,
At that reskew thair was ane felloun reird.
Or he gat by, feill Sutheroun thay slew,
Out of the preis, Wallace thay can reskew.
Sone horsit him, vpon ane Quirser wicht,
To warre

Toward ane strenth, rydis in all thair micht.
 Richt wyfelle fled, reikewand mony man,
 The Erll Patrik to stuf the chace began.
 On the flearis, thair lytill harme thay wrocht,
 Gude Wallace folk away togidder socht.
 Thir fyue hundreth, ye quhilk I spak of air,
 So awfully abandounit thame and sair.
 Na followar durst, out fra his fellow ga,
 The gude flearis sic turning in thay ma.
 Four thousand hail had tane the strenth befor,
 Of Wallace Dist, his comfort was the moir.
 Of Glascow that Forst thoct to hald,
 Erll Patrik turnit, thoct he was neuer sa bald:
 Agane to Beik, quhen chaipit was Wallace,
 Curssand Fortoun of his mischancefull cace.
 The feild he wan, and seuin thousand was loist,
 Deid on that day for all the Bischoppis boist.
 Of Wallace men, fyue hundreth slane I ges.
 Bot na Chistane, his murning was the les
 Aier euin it was, bet Beik wald nocht abyde,
 In Launp? mure thay turnit in that tyde.
 Thair ludgeing tuk, quhair he thoct maist auail
 For weil he trowit, the Scottis wald assaill:
 Upon the feild quhair thay gais battell last,
 The cuntry men to Wallace gadderit fast.
 Of Edinburgh with Craufurd that was wicht,
 Four hundreth come into thair armour brycht.
 To Wallace raid be his ludgeing was tane,
 Of Tenidail come gude men mony ane.
 Out of Jedburgh with Rothuen at that tyde,
 Togidder socht, fra mony diuers syde.
 Schir William pan, yat Lord was of Dowglas
 With him four score, that nicht come to Wallace.

The Tucht

Twentie hundred of new men met that nicht,
 Upon yair fais, to benge thame at thair nicht.
 At the first feild thir gude men had nocht bene,
 Wallace wachis thair aduersaris hes sene.
 Into quhat wyse thay had thair lndgeting maid,
 Wallace bowmit, efter Supper but baid.
 In Laumyz mure thay passit hastely,
 Sone to array zaid this gude Cheualry.
 Wallace thame maid in toun partis to be,
 Schir Johne de Grabame, & Heroun ordanit he,
 Lawder and Hay, with thir thousand to ryde,
 Him self the last, tith wylle for to gyde.
 With him Lundy, baith Ramsay and Dowglace,
 Barklay and Boyd, and gude Adam Wallace.
 Be this the day approcht wounder neir,
 And brycht Titan, in presence can appeir.
 The Scottis Dist sone semblit into sight,
 Of thair encineis thay war nocht reddy dight.
 Out of array feill of the Sutheroun was,
 Richt awfully Wallace can on thame pas.
 At this entre the Scottis sa weill thame baie,
 Feill of thair fais to deith was bytymit thair.
 Redles thay rais, and mony fled away,
 Sum on the ground was smoitit quhair yai lay.
 Greit noyis and cry was raisit thame amang,
 Gude Grahame come in, yai stalwart was & strag
 Fra Wallace men war weill rogidder met,
 On the South part sa awfully thay set.
 Incontrair thame thay scayit folk nicht not stad
 Atanis thair fled, of Sutheroun ten thousand.
 The worthie Scottis wrocht vpon sic ane wyse,
 Jop said him self yai war mekill to pyse.
 Zit Bischop Beils that felloun tyran strang,

Waid

Said in the flour, richt awfully and lang.
 Ane knicht Skeltoun, that cruell was and kene,
 Beside him staid, into his amour schene.
 To send his Lord, full worthely he wrought,
 Lundy him saw, and sadly to him socht.
 With his gude sword, ane awtwart straik him gail
 Thro the besane stuf, his craig in sunder draif.
 Quhair of the laif war stoniest in that steid,
 The bald Skeltoun of Lundy's hand was bled.
 Than fled thay all, and micht na langer bide,
 Patrik and Beik away with Bruce can ryde.
 Fyue thousand held into one floy away,
 To Roxham hous in all the haist thay may.
 Our men followit, that worthy war and wicht,
 Mony fear derly to deith thay dycht.
 Thir thre Lordis to the Castell thay socht,
 Full fell thay toisit, that was of Ingland brocht.
 At this Journey twentie thousand thay tent,
 Drownit and slane, with speir and swordis dynt.
 The Scottis at Tweid, than haistit thair sa fast
 Feill Sutheroun men to wylang suirdis thay past.
 Wallace returnit, in Roxham quhen pat wait,
 For worthy Bruce his hart was wounder sair.
 He had leuer haue had him at his large,
 Fre till our Crown, than of fyne gold so charge.
 Quair pan in Troy was quhen y Greikis it wan.
 Wallace passit, with mony awfull man.
 Our Patrikis land, and warrit wounder fast,
 Tuik out greit gudis, and placis down can cast.
 His scidis twelf that Met hamps was cald,
 Wallace gart brek thay buirly biggingis balo.
 Baith in the Mers and als in Louthiane,
 Except Dunbar stand and he leuit nane.

The Aucht

To Edinburgh than vpon the aucht day,
 Vpon the moyne Wallace without delay:
 To Perth he past, quhair ane Counsaill was set,
 To the Barrounis he schewit withoutin let.
 How his greit bow richt weill eschewit was,
 To ane maister he gart Erll Patrik pas.
 Becaus he said, of Scotland he held nocht,
 To King Edward, to get supple he socht.
 The Lords was blyith, and welcūmit weill wat;
 Thankand greit God of his sair happy case. (lace
 Wallace tuik stait to Gouerne all Scotland,
 The baruage haill maid him ane oppin band.
 That delt he land to gude men him about,
 For Scotlandis richis had set pair lyfis in dout.
 Stanetoun he gait to Lawder in his wage,
 The knicht Wallange aucht it in heritage.
 Than Birgyn cruik he gait Lyle pat was wichte
 To Skryngeour als; full gude rewarid he dichte.
 Syne Wallace tonn and oither landis pair till,
 To worthy men he delt with Nobill will.
 To his awin kyn, heritage nane gait he,
 Bot office haill that euerilk man micht se.
 For couetise, thair couth na man him blame,
 He baip rewarid, quhett the King suld cum hante.
 Of all he did, he thocht to hyde the Law,
 Before his King, maister quhen he him saw.
 Scotland was blyith, in dolour had bene lang,
 In ilk aue part to gude laubour thay gang.

How Wallace past in Ingland, and remanit
 pair thre quarteris of ane year, and come hame
 agane but battell. Ca. iij.

Be this

But this the tyme of October was past,
 November neir approcht wounder fast.
 Cythngis thair come, King Edward greut
 with his power in Scotlād thocht to pas. (was
 for Erll Patrick had geuin him sic counsall,
 Wallace gat wit, and semblit power haill.
 fourtie thousand on Rossing mure thair met,
 Lordis he said, this is King Edwardis set.
 In contrair richt to seik us in our land,
 I hecht to God, and to now be my hand.
 I sall him mett for all his greit barnage,
 within England to fend our heritage.
 His fals desyre sall on him self be sene,
 He sall us find in contrair of his ene.
 Sen he with wyang hes riddin this Regioun,
 we sall pas now in contrair of his Crown.
 I will nocht bid greit Lordis with us fair,
 for myne Intent I will planely declair.
 Our purpos is, outhir to wyn or de,
 Quha zeidis him sall neuer ransomit be.
 The Barrounis than, him answerit worthelp,
 And said thay wald pas with thair Cheualry.
 Him self and Jop prouydit that menze,
 Twentie thousand of waillit men tuik he.
 Harnes and hors, he gart amang thame waill,
 wapptanis anew, that micht for thame awaill.
 Graithit thir men, that cruell war and bene,
 Better in weir, in warld couth nocht be sene.
 We had the laif on laubour for to hyde,
 In gude array fra Rossing mure thay ryde.
 At pair muster gude Wallace couth thame as,
 Quhat mysteris ma in ane power to pas?
 All of ane will, as I trow set ar we,

The Aucht

In plane battell can nocht discomfess be.
 Our Realme is pure, waistit with Sutheroun
 So wry on yame gold or ither gude. (blude
 The Dist Inclynit all with humbill will,
 And said thay suld his bidding than fulfill.
 The Erll Malcolme, with Ireland men is gane,
 Bot name of reull on him he wald tak nane.
 Wallace him knew, and Lord pat was worthie,
 At his counsall he wrocht full staidfastly.
 Starker he was, gif thay had battell sene,
 For he befor had in gude Journays bene.
 Ane man of strength, that hes gude wit with all,
 Ane haill Regioun may comfort at his call.
 As manly Hector wrocht into his weir,
 Aganis ane hundreth comptit was his speir.
 Bot that was nocht thow his strength anerly,
 Sic reull be led of Robill Cheualry.
 This exempris war worthie for to ken,
 Hector I leif, and speik furth of our men.
 The knicht Campbell maid him to that beyage,
 Of Lochow cheif, that was his heritage.
 The gude Ramsay furth to that Journey went,
 Schir Johne the Grahame, fordwart in his In-
 wallace Cousing, Adam full worthie was, (tent.
 And Robert Boyd, furth blythly can yai pas.
 Baith Auchinleck, and Richard of Lundy,
 Lawder and Hay, and Setoun full worthie.

This Royall Dist but resting furth thay raid,
 To Brokis feild, & yair ane quhyple yai baid.
 Thā Wallace tuk, with him fourty but lels,
 To Roxburgh zet raid sone or he wald ceis.
 Suthcroun meruellit, gif it suld be Wallace,

without affouerance, come to persew that place.
 Of Schir Rauf Gray sone presence counth he ag,
 and warnit him thus, farther oz he wald pas.
 Our purpos is in Ingland for to ryde,
 A tyme we hail of Seilling now to byde.
 Tak tent and heir of our cūming agane,
 Gif our this hous, send me the keyis in plane.
 Thus I command besoir thir witnes large,
 Gif thow wold nocht, remane with all the charge.
 Bot this be done, thro to force and I tak the,
 Out our this wall, thow fall be hangit hie.
 With that he turnit, and to his Dist can wend,
 This ilk command, to Berwik sone he send.
 With gude Ramsay, yat was ane worthy Knicht,
 The Dist but mair, full awfully he dicht
 Began at Tweid, and spairit nocht thay fand,
 Bot bynt be force, all baill Northumberland.
 All Durame toun thay bynt by in ane gleid,
 Abbayis thay spairit, & kirbis quhair yat pai Reid.
 To Zork thay raid, but baid oz thay wald blyu,
 To byrne and slay, of thame he thocht na syn.
 As sui thay thocht, the samin to lat vs feill,
 Bot William Wallace quit our querrell weill.
 For this thay wan, and small Castellis kest down.
 With asper wappinnis payit thair ransoun.
 Of prisoneris thay spair nocht to krip,
 Quhome pai our tuik, thay maid thair freindis to
 As sutheroū lauit, for all pair greit riches, (weip.
 All sic trustie he callit bot wretchednes.
 Unto the zettis, and Subuerbis of the toun,
 Wealthly pai bynt, and brak pair biggingis doun.
 At the wallis assaitzeit sychene dayis,
 Quhil King Edward scud to yame in this waris.

The Incht

Ane knicht, ane Clerk, and ane Souerayn of peis,
 And prayit him fair of byrning for to ceis.
 And hecht battell of systene dayis was past,
 Souerance sa lang gif him lyvit be ast.
 And als he speirit, quhy Wallace tuik on hand,
 The felloun stryfe in defence of Scotland?
 And said he meruellit, in his wit for thy,
 Aganis England, was of sa greit party.
 Sen ze haue maid mekill of Scotland see,
 It war gude tyme for to lat malice be.
 Wallace hes hard the message say thair will,
 With manly voce richt thus he said thame ill.
 Ze may knawt weill, that richt aneuch we haif,
 Of his Souerance I keip nocht for to craif.
 Becaus I am ane native Scottis man,
 It is my det to do all that I can.
 To send our Kingrik out of dangering,
 To his desyre we will grant in sum thing.
 Our Dis sail ceis, for chance that may betyde,
 Thir systene dayis, bargane for to abyde.
 And sail do nocht, les than it muse in zow,
 In his respite my self couth neuer trow:
 King Edwardis wozit, vnder his Seill yai gais,
 We fourtic dayis that thay suld battell haif.
 Wallace than gais, this credence to thair King,
 Thair leif thay tuik, syne passit but resting.
 And tald him haill how Wallace leit thame seill,
 Of pair Souerance he keipit nocht adcell.
 Sic reullit men, sa awfull in efferr,
 At nocht Cristinit, as he leidis in weir.
 The King answerit, and said it suld be kend,
 It cumis of wit, enemies to commend.
 Thay ar to dzeid, richt greitly in certane,

Sadly

Sadly thay think of harmis that thay haue tant.
 Let I thame thus, at counsall with thair King,
 And of the Scottis agane to speik sum thing.

Allace tranoyntit bpon the secund day,
 Fra Zork pat past, richt in ane gude array.
 North west pat went, in battell buskit boun
 Thair ludgeting tuk beſyde Northallartoun.
 And cryit his pear, thair mercattis ſoz to ſtand,
 Thay fourtie dayis, ſoz pepill of Ingland.
 Quha that lykit, ony bittall to ſell,
 Of all thair ſchole war mekill ſoz to tell.
 Schir Rauf Rymont Capytane of Whitoun was,
 With greit power be nicht ozdanit to pas
 On Wallace Diſt, to mak ſum Jeopardie,
 Feill Scottis men, that dwelt in that countrie
 Wiſt of this thing, and gadderit to Wallace,
 Thay maid him wyſe of all this felloun cace.
 Gude Lundy than, to him he callit thair,
 And Hew ye Hay of Lochozquhart was Air.
 With thre thouſand, yat worthely had wrocht,
 Syne priuatly on fra the Diſt thay ſocht.
 The men he tuk, that come to him of new,
 Gydis to be, ſoz thay the cuntrie knew.
 The Diſt he maid in gude quyet to be,
 Ane ſpace fra thame he bukit priuatlie.
 Schir Rauf Rymont, with ſeuin thouſand come in
 On Wallace Diſt, ane Jeopardie to begin.
 The buſchment brak, oz thay the Diſt come neir,
 On Sutheroun men, ye worthy Scottis caſteir.
 Thre thouſand hail war brauthly vbrocht to ground,
 Journey thay ſocht, and ſickerly hes ſound.
 Schir Rauf Rymont was ſtitkit on ane ſpeir,

The Aucht

Thre thousand stane that worthy war in weir.
 The Sutheroun wist quhen thair Chistane was
 To Hiltoin fast pai sied in all thair mane. (Clare
 Wallace followit with his gude Cheualry,
 Amang Sutheroun thay enterit suddanly.
 Scottis and Inglis, into the toun atanis,
 Sutheroun men schot, & brastly kest down stanis
 Of thair awin men richt seill thair haue pai stane,
 The Scottis about, that war of mekill mane.
 Up Greissis ran, and seist all the toun,
 Dersly to desith, the Sutheroun dang thay down.
 Wallace thair heg fundin full greit riches,
 Jowellis and gold, wappinnis, and harnes.
 Spulzeit the toun of wyne and of vittail,
 To his Dist send, with cariage of greit waill.
 Thre dayis still 'withín the toun he baid,
 Syne brak down werk, that worthely was maid.
 Wyfis and barnis thay put out of the toun,
 As man he sauit that was of that Natioun.
 Quhen Scottis had rane, and tursit thair desyre,
 Wallis thay brak, and set the laif in fyre.
 The tymmer werk thay bynt vp all in plane,
 On the seird day to his Dist raid agane.
 Bart cast ane dyke, that micht sum strentthing be,
 To keip the Dist fra suddand Jeopardie.
 Chau Inglisinen was richt greitly agast,
 Fra North and South, unto thair king pai past.
 At Dunfrayt lay, and held ane Parliament,
 To gif battell the Lordis couth nocht consent.
 Bot Wallace war, of Scotland crownit king,
 Thair counsall fand, it was ane perrillous thing.
 For thocht thay wan, thay wán bot as thay war.
 And gif thay tynt, loist England euer mair.

In case it war put in the Scottis hand,
 And this Decreet thair wit amang thame sand.
 Gif Wallace wald bpon him tak the Crown,
 To gif battaill thay suld be redde boun.
 The samin message to him thay send agane,
 And thair Intent thay tald to him in plane.
 Wallace thame chagit, fra his presence absent,
 His Counsall callit, and schew thame his Intent.
 He and his men Desyre battell to haif,
 Be ony wyse, of Ingland our the laif.
 Him self said first, that war ane our hie thing,
 Aganis my faith, to reif my richteous King.
 I am his man, borne natiue of Scotland,
 To weir the Crown, I will nocht tak on hand.
 To send the Realme, it is my Det be skill,
 Lat God abone reward me as he will.
 Sum bad Wallace bpon him tak the Crown,
 Wyie men said nay, it war derisicun.
 To Crown him King but voce of Parliament,
 For thay wist necht gif Scotland wald consent.
 Either sone said, it was the wrangous place,
 Thus demit thay of mony diuers case.
 The Knicht Campbell of wit ane worthy man,
 As I said air, with thame was present than.
 Hard and answerit, quhen mony said thair will,
 This war the best wald Wallace grant thair till.
 To Crown him King Solempnitly for ane day,
 To get ane end of all our lang delay.
 The gude Erll Malcolme, said rat Wallace micht
 As for ane day, in fence of Scotlandis richt.
 Thocht he relussit it lest andly to beir,
 Resaue the Crown, as into feir of weir.
 The pepill all, to him gaif thair consent,

The Rucht

Malcolme of ald was Lord of Parliament.
 Zit Wallace thoillit, and leit thame say pair wi
 Duben thay had demit be mony diuers skill:
 In his awin mynd he abhorrit with this thing,
 The comounis cryit mak Wallace crownit King.
 Than semblit he, and said it suld nocht be,
 At termis schozt, ze get na mair of me.
 Under cullour our answer we man mak,
 Bot sic ane thing I will nocht on me tak.
 I will zoow suffer, to say that it is swa,
 It war ane scoyne the Crown on me to ta.
 Thay wald nocht lat, the message of Ingland
 Cum thame amang, or thay suld vnderstand.
 Twa knichtis past to the message agane,
 Maid yame to crow Wallace was crownt in plane
 Gart yame traist weil, yat yis was swithfast thing
 Deliverit thus, thay passit to the King.
 To Dunfret went, and tald that thay had sene,
 Wallace Crownt, quhair of yat Lordis war tene.
 In barrat wor, in Parliament quhair thay stude,
 Than said thay all, thir tythingis ar nocht gude.
 He did sa weill in thir tymes befoir,
 And now thair King, he will do mekill moir
 Ane forunate man, na thing gais him agane,
 And we gif battell, we sall repent with pane.
 Ane vther said, and battell will he haue,
 Or stroy our land, na trefour may vs saue.
 In his conquest, sen first he couth begyn,
 He selis nocht, bot takis that he may wyn.
 For Inglismen he settis na dome bot deid,
 Pricc nor pennys may mak vs na remeid.
 Ane wodstok sayis, ze wrik nocht as the wyse,
 Git that ze tak the antec of suppyle.

for thocht we wou all that ar in England,
 The laif ar stark aganis us for to stand.
 Be Wallace saif, vther thay comyt bot small,
 for thy me think, it war the best of all.
 To keip our strenthis of Castellis & wallit town,
 Sa we sall send the folk of this Region.
 Thocht Noth be bynt, better of souerance to be,
 Than set all England on ane Jeopardie.
 Thay grantit all as Woodstok can thame say,
 And thus thay put the battell to delay.
 And best thame haill for vther gouernance,
 Aganis Wallace to wrik sum ordinance.
 Thus Wallace hes in plane discomfeiss haill,
 Aganis King Edward all his haill battall.
 for throw faller and his subtilite,
 Thay thocht he suld for greit necessitie:
 And salt of fude, to steill out of the land,
 Than this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
 Thay gart the King cry all thair mercat down,
 fra Trent to Tweid, throuchfair and fre town.
 That in thay boundis na man suld vittall leid,
 Sic stuf or wyne, vnder the pane of deid.
 This same decreit thay gais in Parliament,
 Of Scottis furth to speik is myne Intent.
 Wallace lay still, quhill fourtie dayis war gane,
 Abydand thame, bot apperance saw he nane.
 Battell to haue as thair promeis was maid,
 He gart display agane his baner braid.
 Repruit Edward, richt greitly of this thing,
 Bauchillit his Seill, blew out on this fals King.
 As retrypand, turnit bak and zaid his gart,
 Than Wallace maid full mony biggingis hait.
 Thay raisit fyre, bynt vp Northallartoun,

¶ The Buche

Aganesthrold Zork schipe baldly maid yame bon.
 Distropit the land, als far as euert thay ryde,
 Heuin mple about, thay bynt on ather syde.
 And wrocht ye Sutherost moneg werkad wound,
 Wallis spilt, gress Towris can confound.
 Wedowis weypt, both sorow in thair sang,
 Madynnis murrit, with gress mening amang.
 Thay spakke nocht, bot toemen and the kirk,
 The worthie Scottis of labour wald nocht Irl.
 Gais to Abdaris richt largely of thair gude,
 To all kirk men thay did na thing bot gude.
 The reimpozall land thay spulzeit at thair will,
 Gude Gardingis gay, and gress Dycharis pat spil
 To Zork thay went, thir weirmen of Renoun,
 The Seige thay set richt sadly to the Toun.
 For gress defence thay garnest thame within,
 The fellows sate without thay can begin.

¶ The Seige of Zork. Ca. liij.

Deuydit the Dist in four partis about,
 With wachis fell, that na man suld Irl out
 Abone the toun vpon the south part syde,
 Thair wallace wald, and gude Lundy abyde.
 Earl Malcolm sphe at the west yet abaid,
 With him ye Boyd pat gude Journeis had maid
 The knicht Campbell, of Lochow pat was Lord,
 At the south yet, and Ramsay maid thame for.
 Schir John ye grahame pat worthy was in wele
 Forhute, Craufurd, with full manly effeir,
 At the east port baldly thay boun to byde,
 The thousand archearis vpon the Scottis syde.
 Disengrit thame amang the four party,

Ifue

fyue thousand boymen in the town for the,
 within the wallis arrapt thame full richt,
 Twelf thousand ma, that semelie was to sight.
 Than stode the allace, and zone war on aue place,
 In feild to fecht, me think we suld be fane.
 Than sailzet thay, richt fast on everie syde,
 The worthy Scottis, that baldly durst abyde.
 With speir and scheild, for gunnis bad pai uane,
 within the dykis pai gart seill Sutheroun grane.
 Artois thay schot, richt seires as ony fyre,
 Out oute the wallis, that stowmit in greit Ire.
 Throo' dieris brycht with heidis of fyne steill,
 The Sutheroun blude, of freindschip uane pai seill
 Our schynand harnes schot the blude sa schene,
 The Inglisemen that cruell war and kene.
 Kreipit thattoun, and sendit thame full fast,
 faggaldis of fyre among the Dist thay cast.
 With pik and tar of seill Scots thay lent,
 Mony war hurt o' thay fra the wallis went.
 Stantis of Springhaldis thay cast out sa fast,
 And gaddis of Irne maid mony groine agast.
 Bot neuertheles the Scottis pat war without,
 The town full off, thay set into greit dout.
 Chait Bulwerk bynt, richt bymip of the town,
 Chait Barinkin wan, a greit garrettis kest down.
 Thus sailzeit thay, on ilk syde with greit might,
 The day was gane, and esuin was the night.
 The wepy Dist, than dzeu thame fra the town,
 Set out wachis, for resting maid thame boun.
 With wonndis with wyne, of yame pat was bna
 for nane was deid, of greit mirth pai aboid (soid)
 seill men war hurt, bot na murning thay maid,
 Confermit the Scige, and steidfastly thay baid.

The Aucht

Quhen that the mone on morrow rais by bricht,
 Befoir the Chistianis assembleit thay full rich,
 And said amendis of the toun thay suld tak,
 For all the sence yat the Sutheroun nicht mak.
 Arrayit agane, as thay began befoir,
 About the toun thay sailze wonder soir.
 With felloun schot out ouir the wallis full schene,
 Feill Inglishmen that cruell war and bene.
 With schot war flane, for all thair targis strang,
 Bustit helms, mony to ground thay dang.
 Byrn byrnand fyze thay best to euerie zet,
 The entres thos in perrell oft thay set.
 The defendaris war of full greit defence.
 Keipt thair toun, thow strench and violence.
 All thus the day thay draf vnto the nicht,
 To Daullounis bowit mony woery wicht.
 All ilk of weir, the toun was strang to win,
 Of artailze and nobill men within.
 Quhen that yai trowit ye Scottis war all at rest,
 For Jeopardy the Inglishmen thame best.
 Schir Johne Moroun, was knawin worthye
 Schir William Leis graithit yame & nicht (wicht
 With fyue thousand, weill garnist and sauage,
 Upon the Scottis, thay thocht to mak skirnage.
 And at the zet ischt out haistely,
 On Cill Malcolm, and his gude Cheuatre.
 To chad the wache Wallace and ten hes behe,
 Rydand about, and hes thair cūming seie.
 He gart ane blaw was in his company,
 The reddy men arrayit thaine haistely.
 Feill of the Scottis ilk nicht in harnes baid,
 Be ordinance, for thay sic reull had maid.
 With schot anye togidder at thay went,

Upon

Upon yair fais, quhair fell Sutheroun war schent
 Wallace knew weill, the Erll to haillie was,
 for thy he sped him in the preis to pas.
 Ane sword of weir into his hand he bair,
 The first he hit, the craig in sunder schait.
 Ane ither akwart on the face tuk he,
 Baith neis and front, in the scild gart he fle.
 The hardy Erll befoir his men our past,
 Into the preis, quhair fell war sechtand fast.
 Ane scheitand sword, he bair drawin in hand,
 The first was sey, that he befoir him sand.
 Quhen Wallace and he was togidder set,
 Thair lestit nane agane thame that thay met.
 Bot outhir deid, or ellis fled thame fra,
 Be this the Dist all in ane gude array:
 With the greit serj, assemblit thame about,
 Than stuid the Sutheroun in ane felloun dout.
 Wallace knew weill the Inglisinen wald fle,
 for thy he preisit in the thickest to be.
 Hewand full fast on quhat Seigis he focht,
 Aganis his dynt, fyne fell auailit nocht.
 Wallace of hand, sen Arthur had na maik,
 Quhome he richt hit, was ay deid at ane straik.
 That was weill knowin in mony places quhair,
 Quhome Wallace hit, yai deirit ye Scottis na mair.
 Als all his men, did cruelly and weill,
 That come to straik, yat micht ye Sutheroun fell.
 The Inglisinen fled and lest the seild p. a. hely,
 The worthy Scottis wrocht thair sa hardely.
 Schir Johne Mortoun in yat place he was ord,
 And twelf hundred, but ony mair remeid.
 Thir mony war left in the felld and flane,
 The last returnit in to the toun agane.

¶ The Kuche

And rehoit full fair, that ever pat furth counth said,
 Among rane was full mony one werkid woun,
 The Dist agane ilk ane to thair waikd raid,
 Commandit wache, and na mair noyis maid.
 Bot restit still quhill that the bicht day be to,
 Agane began, the toun to sailze new.
 All thus thay wrocht with full greit woorthynes,
 Asailzet sair, be tolt and hardynes.
 The Distis bittall worth skant and sailzet fast,
 Thus lay thay thair, quhill diuers dayis war past.
 The land waikit, and metit was nane to win,
 Bot that wist nocht the folk that was within.
 Thay dyed full sair for thair awin verupoun,
 For Soucrance prayit the power of the toun.
 To speik with Wallace thay desyrit fast,
 And he appeirit, and speirit quhat thay ast.
 The Maie answerit, said we wald pay ransom,
 To pas your way, and beir na mair our toun.
 Greit schame it war that we suld zoldin be,
 And tounis haldin of les power than we.
 Ze may nocht wpn, vs lang thocht pat ze byde,
 We sall gif gold, and ze will fra vs ryde.
 We may gif battell, durst we for our king,
 Sen he hes left, it war ouir hie ane thing.
 To vs to do, without his ordinance,
 This toun of him we hald in gouernance.
 Wallace answerit, of your gold rek we nocht,
 It is for battell that we hidder socht.
 We had leuer haue battell of England,
 Than all the gold that gude King Arthur fand.
 On Mont Michell, quhen he the Giant slew,
 Gold may be gane, bot wozschip is ay new.
 The king proumeit, that we suld battell haif,

his wyll thair to bnder his Deill thay gaff.
 Letter of band, ze se may noch auall,
 us for this tyme he thocht to gif battall.
 we think we shuld on his men wzokin be,
 upon our kyn, mony greit wzang wozcht he.
 his deuill lyke ded he wozcht into Scotland,
 The Haire said Schir, richt thus we vnderstand.
 we haue na charge quhat our King garris vs do,
 Bot in this kynd we sall be bound zow to.
 Sum part of gold to gif zow with gude will,
 And noch ester to wait zow with nane Ill.
 Be na kin meane the power of this coun,
 Bot gif our King mak him to battell boun.
 Into the Dist, was mony worthie man,
 with Wallace wa, noz rekkin now I can.
 Better it was, for at his will thay wozcht,
 Thocht he was best, ze bther lak we noch.
 All seruit thank, to Scotland ever mair,
 for manheid wit, the quibik thay schewit thair.
 The haill counsall thus demit thame anang,
 The toun to Seige, thay thocht it was to lang.
 And noch ane way to wynn it with na slicht,
 The counsall sand, it was the best thay micht.
 Sum gold to tak, sen that thay get na mair,
 Spye furth away into thair beyage fair.
 Than Wallace said, my self will noch consent,
 Bot gif this toun mak vs this plane content:
 Tak our baner, and set it on the wall,
 for our power thair Realine hes riddin all.
 Zoldin to be, quhen we think thame to tak,
 In England lang residence and we mak.
 This answer sone, thay send vnto the Haire,
 And thay consentit, the remanent that was thair

The Rucht

The baner takk by, and set it on the toun,
 To Scotland was, his honour and Renoun.
 That baner thair, fra vii. houris vnto none,
 Thair finance maid, deliuerit gold full sone.
 Fyue thousand pundis, all gude gold of England
 The Dist restant, with vittall aboundand.
 Baith bzeid and wyne, richt glaidly furth yaf gail
 And vther stuf, that thay lykit to hail.
 Twentie dayis out, the Dist remanit thair
 Bot want of vittall gart thame fra it fair.
 Zit still in pear, the Dist ludgett all pat nicht,
 Quhill on the moyne, the Sone was ryssin bricht.
 In till Apryll among the Schawis schene,
 Quhen that the ground was cled in tender grene.
 Plesand it war to ony Creature,
 In lustie lyfe this tyme for to Indure.
 The gude women, had fredome largely,
 Bot suide was skant, thay inicht get nane to by.
 Turrit Centis, and in the cuntrie raid,
 On Inglis men full greit heirschip thay maid.
 Wynt and brak down, biggingis spair thay noch
 Richt worthy Wallace, law to ground yame brocht
 All Myrdaine land thay bynt by in ane fyre,
 Brak Parkis down, distroyit all the Schyre.
 Wold Deir thay slew, for vther beistis was nane,
 Thir wourmen tulk of vennyfoun gude wane.
 Cowart the south, thay turnit at the last,
 Hard bigging, s bair, als far as euer thay past.
 The countounis all, to Londoun ar thay went,
 Befoir the king, and tald him thair Intent.
 And said thay wald, bot he gart Wallace ceis,
 Forsaik thair faith, and tak thame to his peis.
 Ma Berald thair, than durst to Wallace pas,
Quhair

Quhatrof the King greitly aggrent was,
 Thus Edward left his pepill into baill,
 Contrair Wallace he wald nocht gif battall.
 For byde in feild, for nocht that thay can say,
 Gaif our the caus, to Londoun past his way.
 At men of wit, this questoun heir I as,
 Among Robillis gif ever ony was.
 So lang in England throw force of throto cace,
 Hen Brutus dett, but buttall bot Wallace.
 Greit Julius, the Emperre had in hand,
 Twyis on force was put out of England.
 Nicht Arthur als, first of weir quhen he prent,
 Als twyis pai saucht, suppois thay war mischeunt.
 A full Edward durst nocht wicht Wallace byde
 In ane plane battell, for all England sa wyde.
 In Londoun lay, and tuik him to his rest,
 And byak his bow. quhilk hald ze for the best?
 Deine as ze list gude men of discretoun,
 Richt clair it is to resolve this questoun.
 To my sentence now breidly will I pas,
 Quhan Wallace yus throw Zork schyre tournad
 Wittall as than, was nane left in the land, (was.
 Bot in housis, quhair it might be warrand.
 The Dist heirof, abaillit was to byde,
 fra fude skantit, na plesance was that tyde.
 Sum bad turne hame, a sum wald farther maie,
 Wallace callit Jop, and said to him richt chair.
 Thow knawis the land, quhair maist aboundace
 Be thow our gode, and pan we sall nocht mis. (is
 Wittall to find, that I wait wounder weill,
 Thow hes I traist of England mekill feill.
 The king and his, to starn stren: his ar gane,
 Bot Jeopartie now perrell haue we nane.



[The Aucht

Chan Jop said Schir, be ze gydit be me,
The plentiest part of England ze sall se.
Of wyne and quheit, thair is in Rochmōt Schyre
And vther stuf of fude as ze desyre.
Quhair of I trow, ze salve weill content,
The Dist was glaid, and hidderwart thay went.
Mony trew Scot was semblit in that land,
To Wallace come, weill ma than nyne thousand:
Of pzelone part sum had in laubour wrocht,
Fra ather part full fast to him thay socht.
Wallace was blyth of our awin natiue kin,
That come to him of baitt that thay war in.
And all the Dist of comfort was blythar,
Fra thair awin folk was multipliand mair.
In Rochemont Schyre thay fand aboundance,
Of breid and aill, with vther purueyance.
Bak Bar kis down, and slew beistis mony ane,
Of wyld and tame, forsuith thay spairit nane.
Throw out the land thay past in gude array,
Ane semely place sa fand thay in thair way.
Quhilk Ranuswauch hecht as Jop him self tald
Fehew was Lord, and Capitane in that hald.
Fyue hundreth men war semblit in that place,
To sail thame self and thair gude fra Wallace.
Ane Royall steid fast by ane forest syde,
With Turatis fair, and garratis of greit pryde.
Buldit about, richt lyklike to be wiche,
With fyue greit Towris weill biggit to the hicht.
Feill men about, on wallis buskit bene,
In gude armour, that burnist was full schene.
The Dist past by, and despit bot that place,
Zit thay within ou loud despit Wallace.
And Trumpetis blew, with mouny weir lyke soun,
Chan

Than Wallace said, had we zone gallandis down
 On the plane ground, thay wald mair sober be,
 Than Jop said Schir, ze gart his brother de.
 In Herald weid, ze wait on Tynto hill,
 Wallace answerit, sa wald I with gude will.
 Had I him self, bot we may nocht him deir,
 Gude men man thoill, of harlottis scoyne in weir.
 Schir John ye grahame wald at ane bicker bene
 Bot Wallace sone the perrell hes for sene.
 Commandit him to lat his feirnes be,
 We haue na men to waist in sic degre.
 Wald we thame harme, I knaw ane uther gait,
 How we with fyze, within sall mak thame hait.
 For fyze hes bene ay selloun into weir,
 On sic ane place it may do lytill deir.
 Thair bulwark auld, I se of widderit ask,
 War it in fyze, thay nicht nocht stand ane straik.
 Housis and wod, heir is aneuch plentie,
 Quha he wis best of this forest lat se.
 Pull housis down, we sall nocht wane adeill,
 The auld tymmer, will gar the grene byrn weill.
 At his command full besely thay wrocht,
 Greit wod in haist about the place thay brocht.
 The Bulwerk wan, thir men of armes bricht,
 To the Barmkin, laid tymmer by on licht.
 Than bowmen schot, to keip thame fra the cast,
 Bot thay about had lestint fyris fast.
 Wemen and barnis, on Wallace loud thay cry,
 On kneis thay fell, and askit him mercy.
 At ane quarter quhair fyze had nocht ourtane,
 Thay tuk thame out fra that Castell of stane.
 Syne bet the fyze with brandis byrn and bald,
 The reid low rais full hie abone that hald

¶ The Aucht

Barrellis of pisk, for sence was hungin thair,
 All strait in fyre, thair mischeif was the mair.
 Quhen the byrme fyre atour the place was past,
 Than thay within, nicht nouthir schuit nor cast.
 Als bestiall of nolt and hois within.
 Among the fyre thay maid ane hiddeous din.
 The armit men in harnes was sa hart,
 Sumn down to ground, duscht but mair debait.
 Sum lay sum fell, into the felloun fyre,
 Simotrit to deith, and byrnt by bare and lyre.
 The fyre brak in at all oppinis about,
 Anue baid on loft, in felloun was the dout.
 Fehew him self lay rudely fra the bicht,
 Throw all the fyre, can out the Barinkin licht.
 With ane gude sword, Wallace strait of his heid,
 For hint it by, and turst it fra that steid.
 Fyue hundred men, that was into that place,
 Gat nane away, bot deit without in grace.
 Wallace baid still, with his power that nicht,
 Upon the moirne the fyre had failzett nicht.
 Besoit the zet, quhair it was byrnt on breid,
 Ane rod thay maid and to the Castell zeid.
 Straik down the zet, a tuik that thay nicht win,
 For wellis and gold, greit riches was thairin.
 Spuilzeit the place, and lest nocht ellis thair,
 Bot beikis, byrnt, bodyis and wallis bair.
 Than tuik thay hir that was wyfe to fchew,
 Gais hir command, as scho was woman trew.
 To turs that heid to Londoun to king Edward,
 Scho it ressaunt, with greit sorow in hart.
 Wallace him self, thir chargis to hir gair,
 Say to your king, bot git I battell wair:
 At Londoun zettis we sall assailze sair,

In this

In this moneth we think for to be thair.
 Traist in ye treuth will God we sail nocht sail,
 Bot I desist throu charge of our counsall.
 The south west part of Ingland we sail se,
 Bot he seik pear, or ellis bergane wiith me.
 Upon ane tyme he chargit me on this wiise,
 Richt busteously to mak to him seruice.
 Sic sail be haue, as he vs caus hes maid,
 Than mouit thay, withoutrin mair abaid.
 Deluerit scho was fra this Cheualry,
 Towatt Londoun scho dicht hir ernistly.
 Unto the toun but mair proces scho went,
 Quhair Edward lay sair mouit in his Intent.
 His Aeuoris heid, quhen he saw it was brocht,
 Sa greit sorrow sadly vpon him socht.
 Wiith greit vneis, vpon his seit he stude,
 Weipand in wo, for his deir tender blude.
 The Counsall rais, and prayit him to ceis,
 We lois Ingland, bot gif we purches peis.
 Than Wodstok said, this is my best counsall,
 Tak peice ane tyme as for our aduin auail.
 Or we tyme mair, we flaik of our curage,
 Efter ze may get help be your barnage.
 The King grantit, and bad yame message send,
 Na man was thair, that durst to Wallace wend.
 The Quene appeirit, and saw this greit distance,
 Weill bozne scho was of the richt blude of France.
 Scho trowit weill, yairfor to speid the errair,
 Hir self purpoissit in that Message to sair.
 Als scho forthocht that the King tuk on hand,
 Agair the richt, sa of to reis Scotland.
 And teill men said, the vengeance hapnit sair,
 Of greit murthet, his men maid into Air.

[The Rucht

Thus demit thay the counsall thame amang,
 To this effect, the Quene bowmit to gang.
 Quhen scho hes sene ilk man forsak this thing,
 On knets scho fell, and askit at the King.
 Souerane scho said, gif it zont willis be,
 That I desyre zoke Chistiane for to se:
 For he is knawin, baith hardy, wyse, and trew,
 Perchance he wald erat on women rew.
 Than on four men, thay haue done him sic deir,
 Quhen he thame seis, it muistis him ay to weir.
 It may nocht skaith, suppois I do na baill,
 To help this land, I wald mak my trauaill.
 The Lordis all, of his desyre was fane
 Unto the King maid Instance into plane:
 That scho micht pas, the King with akwart will,
 Hail into Fre he gais consent thair till.
 Sum of thame said, the Quene lufit Wallace,
 For the greit voce of his hie Nobilnes.
 Ane hardy man, that is lyklye with all,
 Greit fauour will of Fortoun to him fall.
 Ane women, is sene in mony place,
 Shapppinnit, in this tyme of Wallace.
 In his ryng, he was ane lufar rew,
 And cheissit ane, bot Inglis men hir slew.
 Zit said thay nocht, the Quene wald on hir tak,
 As for his lufe sic trauell for to mak.
 Now lufe or leif, or for help of thair land,
 I mak rehers, as I in Scripture fand.
 Scho graithit hir, vpon ane gudly wyse,
 With gold and geit, and folk at hir deupse.
 Ladyis with hir nane vther wald thay send,
 And auid preistis, that weill the cuntrie kend.
 Leif I the Quene so message reddy dight,

And

And speik farther of Wallace trauell richt.

The worthy Scotts amāg pair enemeis raid,
 Distructioun greit, vpō yame haif pai maid.
 — Waitit the land, about on ather syde,
 Na weirman than, durst in thair wayis abyde,
 Thay Ransonic nane, bot to the deith thame dicte
 In mony steid maid syus braid and bichte.
 The Dist was blyith, and in ane gude estat,
 A power was, that wald mak thame debatt.
 Greit riches wan, of gold and gude thair till,
 Leuing aneuch to tak at thair awin will.
 In awfull feir thay trauell throw the land,
 Hard bigguis hair, yat thay beloir thame sand,
 Greit Barnkinnis brak, of steidis stark & strang,
 Thir wicht weirmen of trauell thocht nocht lang,
 South in the land richt cruilly thay socht,
 To Sanct Albanis, bot harme pair did yat nocht.
 The Pryour send, i hame weyne and bennysoun,
 Restit schit the Dist with fude in greit fusioun.
 The nicht apperit, quhen thay war at that place,
 Thay herbyit than, fra thyne and lytill space.
 Cheist ane steid, quhair thay sild byde all nicht,
 Centis on ground and pauillous pryoudly plicht.
 Inid ane daill, besyde ane Riner far,
 On ather syde quhair wyld beestis maid repair,
 Set trachis out, that wyllic couth thame keip,
 To Supper went, and tymouly couth sleip.
 Of meit and drink, thay eis with sufficiace,
 The nicht was thort, our draz the durtful chace.

How the Quene of England come and spak
 with Wallace. Ca. v.

The Aucht

The mery day sprang fra the Orient,
 with beiris brycht, Illuminut ye Occident.
 Efter Cyrtan Phobus vpyrit fair,
 Reich in the Spheir the Signis maid declair.
 Zephirus began his michtie morrow cours,
 The sweet vapour did fra the ground resours.
 The donk dew down fra the heuin did baill,
 In everie meid, baith firth, forest, and daill.
 The frelche Reuer among the Rochis rang.
 Thow grene branchis, quhair bydis blythly sag.
 With Joyous boce, in heuinly harmony,
 Than Wallace thocht it was na tyme to ly.
 He blisit him, syne suddandly vp he rais,
 To tak the air, out of his Tent he gais.
 Maister Johne Blair was reddy haistelle,
 To Goddis seruice bowit richt reuerentlie.
 Quhen that was done Wallace couth him array,
 In his armour, quhilk was baith gude and gay.
 His schynand scheild, pat burneit was full bene,
 His leg harnes, that claspit was full clene.
 Pulanis greis, he claspit on full fast,
 The clois birny, with mony sicker cast.
 Brist plait Braitaris, pat worthy war in weir,
 Besyde him furth, Jop couth his Basnet beir.
 His glitterand gluishtis grauin on ather syde.
 He semit weill in battell for to byde.
 The gude girdill, and syne ane buirly brand,
 The flak of steill he gtyppit in his hand.
 The Dist hym blisit, and prayit God of his grace,
 Hym to conser fra all mistemperit cace
 Wain Wallace, and Woyd furth with him zaid,
 Endlang ane Riuer out throw ane sureist meid.
 And as thay walk arouir the ferdis grene,

Out of the South, yai saw quhair yat ye Quene.
 Towart the Dist come rydand soberly,
 fyftie Ladyis war in hir cumpany.
 Maillit of wit, and demit of Renoun,
 Sum wedowis war, and sum of Religioun.
 And seuin Preistis, that enterit war in age,
 Wallace to sic did neuer greit outrage.
 Bot gif to him yai maid ane greit offente,
 Thus thay approacht on towart thair presence.
 At the Pauilloun quhair thay the Lyon saw,
 To ground thay licht, and syne on kneis yai saw.
 Prayand for peice, thay cry with pietous cheir,
 Erll Malcolme said, our Chiftrane is nocht heir.
 He bad hir ryse, and said it is nocht richt,
 Ane Quene on kneis, to ony lawer wicht.
 Up be the hand, the gude Erll hes hir tane,
 About the bent, to Wallace ar thay gane.
 Quhen scho him saw, scho wald haue kneillit doff
 In armes sone he claucht yis Quene with Croun.
 And kistit hir withouthin woꝝdis moir,
 Sa did he neuer to na Sutheroun befor.
 Madame he said, richt welcum mot ze be,
 How pleissit zow, our Disting for to se?
 Richt weill scho said, of freindschip we haue need,
 God grant ze wald, of our necessair to speid.
 Suffer we mon, suppois it lyke vs ill,
 Bot traistis weill it is contrair our will.
 Ze sall remane with this Lord I man gang,
 Fra zour presence we sall nocht rary lang.
 The Erll and he, vnto the Pauilloun zeid,
 With gude auple to deme mair of this deid.
 The counsall sone, Wallace gart call thame to,
 Loꝝdis he said, wait ze quhair 14 ado.

The Aucht

Of thair cūming my self hes na plesance,
 And thairsoir man we wolk with ordinance.
 Wemen may be contemptning into weir,
 Amang suillis, that can nocht thaine sozbeir.
 I say nocht this, be thir, nor be the Quene,
 I trow it be bot gude that scho will mene.
 Exempill tak, of lang tyme passit by,
 At Runly baill, the tressoun was planely.
 Be wemen maid, yat Sanzelone with him brocht,
 And Turky wyne, sozbeir than couth thay nocht.
 Lang vse in weir, gart thame desyre thair will,
 Quhilk brocht King Charlis to selloun loir & ill.
 The flour of France, without redemption,
 Thow that foul deid, was brocht to confusoun.
 Command your men, thairsoir in priuat wyse,
 On pane of lyfe thay wrik nocht on sic gyse.
 Nane speik with yame bot wyse men of greit baill
 That Lordis ar, and swoyne to this counsall.
 His charge thay did, als gudly as thay mocht,
 This ordinance throw all the Dist was wrocht.
 He and the Erll baith to the Quene thay went,
 Rescavit hir fair, and brocht hir to ane Tent.
 To Denner bownit, als gudly as thay can,
 And seruit was with mony lyblie man.
 Gude purueyance the Quene had with hir brocht.
 Ane assay scho tuik of all that gude hir thoht.
 Wallace persavit, and said we haue na dreid,
 I can nocht trow Ladyis will do that deid.
 To poyfoun men for all England to wyn,
 The Quene answerit, gif poyfoun be thairin:
 Of ony thing quhilk is brocht heir with me,
 Upon my self, first sozrow ze sal! se.
 Sone efter meit ane Marschell gart all absent,

Bot Lordis and thay, that to the counsall went.
 Ladyis appeirit in presence with the Quene,
 Wallace askit quhat hir cūming inicht mene,
 for peice scho said, that we haue to ȝow socht,
 This byrmand weir in baill hes mony brocht.
 Ze grant vs peice for him that deit on tre,
 Wallace answerit, Madame that may nocht be.
 Ingland hes done sa greit harmis to vs,
 we may nocht pas, and lichtly leif it thus.
 Zes said the Quene, for cristin folk we ar,
 For Goddis sark sen we desyre na mair.
 we aucht haue peice, he said that we deny,
 The perfite caus, that sall I schew for quhy.
 Ze seik na peice bot for ȝour awin auail,
 Quhen yat ȝour King had Scotland grippit haill
 For na kin thing that he befoir him fand,
 He wald nocht thoill the richt blude in our land.
 Bot rest thair rent, syne put thame self to deid,
 Ransoun of gold nicht mak vs na remeid.
 His sell fals weir sall on him self be sene,
 Than soberly to him answerit the Quene.
 Of thir wzangis amendis war maist fair,
 Madame he said, of him we ask na mair.
 Bot that he wald hyde vs into battall,
 And God be Judge, he kennis the mater haill.
 So thing scho said, it war nocht gude think me,
 Peice now war best, and it nicht purchest be.
 wald ze grant peice, and trewis with vs tak,
 Throʷ all Ingland we suld gar prayeris ma':
 for ȝow and pame, yat in the weir war loist,
 Than Wallace said, quhair sic cūmis throʷ boist,
 Prayer of force, quhair sa that it be wrocht,
 To vs helpis, outhir lytill or nocht.

The Aucht
 Warly scho said, thus wyse men hes vs kend,
 If efter weir, peice is the finall end.
 Quhairfor ze suld of your greit malice ceis,
 The end of weir is cheritie and peis.
 Peice is in heuin, with blis and lest andnes,
 We sall besik the Lord of his hie grace:
 To cominand peice, sen we may do na mair,
 Madame he said, or your prayer cum thair:
 Andis of Ingland we think van for to haue,
 Quhat set zow thus, on weir sa God zow saue.
 fra violent weir, that ze think nocht to dwell,
 Madame he said, the treuth I sall zow tell.
 Efter the dait of Alexanderis King,
 Our land thre zeir stuid desolat but King.
 Keipit full weill at concord in gude stait,
 Throw twa pat clamit thair hapnit greit debait.
 Sa ernistfully accord thame nocht thay can,
 Zour King thay askit for to be thair our man.
 Sclay he staid in strenthis of Scotland,
 The Kingrik syne he tuik at his awin hand.
 He maid ane King aganis our richteous Law,
 For he of him suld haue the Regioun aw.
 Contrair this band, war all the haill barnage,
 For Scotland zit, was neuer in thirlage.
 Greit Julius, that tribute tuik of all,
 His wyning was, in Scotland bot richt small.
 Than your fals King, vnder collour but mair,
 Throw band he maid, to Bruce that is our Air.
 Andid that King quhilk he befor had maid,
 Throw all Scotland, with greit power pai raid.
 To Bruce sen syne he keipit na cunnand,
 He said he wald nocht gang and conquere land:
 To uther men, and thus the cace befell,

Chan

Than Scotland throw he demanit him sell.
 Slew our Eldaris, greit pietie was to se,
 In presoun syne, lang tyme thay presonit me.
 Quhill I was than, castin out for deid,
 Thankit be God he send me sum remeid.
 Wengit to be, I preut all my micht,
 Feill of that kin, to deith syne haue I dicht.
 The rage of youth gart me despye ane wyfe,
 That rewit I sair, and will do all my lyfe.
 Ane Treitour knicht but mercy gart hir de,
 Ane Hellsirig, bot for despyte of me.
 Than rang I furth in trauell weir and pane,
 Quhill we redemit part of our land agane.
 Than your counsall despye of us ane trew,
 Quhill maid Scotland full graithy for to rew.
 Into that peice thay set ane subtill Nit,
 Than xviii. scott to deith thay hangit thair.
 That Robillis war, and worthy of Renour,
 Of coit armouris, eldest in that Regioun.
 That deith we thnk to benge in all our micht,
 The woman als, that duilfully was dieht.
 Out of my mynd that deith will neuer flyde,
 Quhill God me tak fra this fals world sa wyde.
 On Sutheroun sen, I can na pietie haif,
 Your men in weir I neuer thnk to saif.
 The brycht teiris was pietie to behald,
 Brist fra his ene quhen he his taill had tald.
 The Quene weipit for pietie of Wallace,
 Allace scho said, wa worth the wickit cace.
 In warpit tyme that Hellsirig was bozne,
 Mony worthy throw his deith at forlozne.
 He suld haue pane that saikles sic ane sleugh,
 In England sen syne hes bocht it deir aneuch

The Aucht

Thocht scho had bene ane Quene or ane Princes;
 Madame he said, als God gif me gude grace:
 Princes or Quene, of quhat stait sa thap be,
 Into hir tyme scho was als deir to me.
 Wallace scho said, of this talk we will ceis,
 The mendis heirof is gude prayer and peis.
 I grant he said, of me as now na mair,
 This is richt nocht bot eiking of our cair.
 The Quene fand weill langage na thing hir bet;
 Scho trepwt with gold; that he micht be ouirset.
 The thousand pund of synest gold sa reid,
 Scho gart be brocht to Wallace in that steid.
 Madame he said, na sic tribute we craif,
 Ane vther mendis we wald of Ingland haif.
 Of we retorne fra this Regioun agane,
 Of your fals bynde that hes our Eldaris flane.
 For all the gold, and riches in your King,
 Ze get na price but desyre of your King.
 When scho saw weill gold micht hir norcht reless,
 Sum part in sport scho thocht him for to preis.
 Wallace scho said, ze war clepit my lufe,
 Hair abundantly I maid me for to prufe.
 Traisting thairfor your rancour for to flaik,
 Me think ze suld do sum thing for my saik.
 Richt wyfelie he, maid answer to the Quene,
 Madame he said, and veritie war sene:
 That ze me lufte, I aucht zow lufe agane,
 This wordis all at nathing bot in vane.
 In speiche of lufe, subtill ze Sutheroun ar,
 Ze can vs mok, suppois we get na mair.
 To tak ane lyking, and syne get na plesance,
 Sic lufe as that is nathing to auance.
 In Loudoun scho said, for zow I sufferit blame,

Our

Our counsall als will lauch quhen I cum hame.
 Sa may thay say women ar feirs of thocht,
 To seik freindschip, and syne can get richt nocht.
 Madame we wait how ze war hidder fend,
 Ze trow we haue bot lytill for to spend.
 First with your gold, for ze ar riche I wis,
 Ze wald be blind, sen Scottis ar sa mys.
 Syne plesand wordis of you, and Ladyis fair,
 As quha said dryfe the bydis to ane snair.
 With ane quhessill pype, for it will freschest call,
 Madame as zit, ze may nocht tempt be all.
 Greit part of gude is lest amang our kyn,
 In Ingland als we find aneuch to wyn.
 Abaisit scho was, to mak answer him till,
 Weir Schir scho said, sen that it is your will:
 Weir or peice, quhat that you lykis best,
 Lat your hie wit, and gude counsall degest.
 Madame he said, now sall ze vnderstand,
 The resoun quhy that I will mak na band.
 With you Ladyis, I can na trewis bynd,
 For your fals King wald sone heirester fynd:
 When he saw tyme to brek it at his will,
 And plainly say he grantit nocht that till.
 Than had we nane bot Ladyis to repuse,
 That sall he nocht, be God that sittis abuse.
 Upon women I will na weir begin,
 On you in feild, na woyschip is to win.
 All the haill pais on him self he sall tak,
 Of peice or weir, quhat we happin to mak.
 The Quene grantit his answer sufficient,
 Sa did the laif, in plane that was present.
 His deliuerance thay held of greit auail,
 And stark aneuch, to schaw to thair counsall.

The Nucht

Na was the Quene, hir tranell helpit nocht,
 The gold scho tuk, that pai had with hir brocht:
 Into the Dist richt frely scho it gais,
 To euerie man that lykt for to hail.
 Menstralkis, and Heraldis, scho gais abundantle
 Besekand thame, hir freind that thay wald be.
 When Wallace saw the fredome of the Quene,
 Sadly he said, the suth weill hes bene sene.
 Women may tempt the wyldest hes bene wrocht,
 Your greit gentrice, it sall not be for nocht.
 We now assure our Dist sall do na thing,
 Quhill tyme ze may send Message fra your King.
 Gif it be swa, that he accord and we,
 Than for your saik it sall the better be.
 Your Heraldis als, sall saidly cum and ga,
 For your fredoms, we sall trubill na ma.
 Scho thankit him, of his grant mony spse,
 And all the Ladyis vpon ane gudly wyle.
 Gladly thay drink, the Quene and gude Wallace,
 Hir Ladyis als, and Lordis in that place.
 Hir leif scho tuk, for outin langer baid,
 Fyue myle that nicht south to ane Honry raid.
 Upon the moyne to Londoun passit thay,
 In Westmynster, quhair that the counsall lay.
 Wallace answer scho gart schaw to the King,
 It neidis nocht heir, now mair reheirs this thing.
 The greit commend that scho to Wallace gais,
 Besour the King in presence of the laif.
 To trew Scottis, it suld greitly appreis,
 Thocht Inglismen thair of had lytill eis.
 Of worschip, wit, manheid and gouernance,
 Of fredome, treuth, key of remembrance.
 Scho callit hun thair, into thair hie presence,

Thecht

Choche contrair thame, he stude at his defence.
 As Chiffrane lyke, scho sayis as he is sene,
 Into Ingland I tro to hes neuer bene.
 maid ze of gold gif him this Realms rent,
 fra honour he, will nocht turne his Intent.
 Assuerit ze ar, quhill ze may message mak,
 Of wyle Lordis sum part I reid zow tak.
 To purches peice withoutt in wordis mair,
 for all Ingland may re to his raid full lair.
 Zour Heraldis als, to pas to him hes leif,
 In all his Dist thair sall na man thame greif.
 Than thankit thay the Quene for hir trauell,
 The king and Lordis that war of his counsell.
 Of hir answer the king appleiffit was,
 Than thre greit Lordis thay ordanit to pas:
 Thair counsall hail hes fund it for the best,
 Tre wis to tak or elks thay get na rest.
 Ane Herald went in all the haist he may.
 To Juane baill, quhair that the Scottis lay.
 Conduct to haue, till thay had said thair will,
 The counsall sone ane Conduct send thame till.
 Agane he past with Souerance to his king,
 Than cheiffit thay thre Lordis for this thing.
 The bene Clifurd, that than was wardane haill
 Bewmont, Woodstok, all men of mekill baill.
 Quhat thir thre wrocht, ye laif suld stand pair till,
 The kingis self was geuin thame at thair will.
 Sone thay war brocht to speiking with Wallace,
 Woodstok him sche wit furth mony subtil cace.
 Wallace hes hard thair Sophismis euerilk deill,
 As zit he sa. I, me think we mene bot weill.
 In wrong ze hald, and dois vs greit outrage,
 Of housis part that is our heritage.

The Rucht

Out of this peice, in plane I mak thame knawin,
 Thame for to wyu, sen that thay ar our awin.
 Roxburgh, Berwik, yat ouris lang tyme hes bene
 Into the handis of your fals King I wene.
 We ask heir als be vertew of this band,
 Our awin youg King be woxang led fra Scotlad.
 We sall thame haue withoutrin wordis mair,
 To his delyte the Lordis grantit thair.
 Richt at his will thay haue consentit baill,
 For na kyn thing, the peice thay wald nocht fail.
 The young Randall, that than in Londoun was,
 The Lord of Ryme in this band he can as.
 The Erll of Buchane, bot than in tender age,
 Ester he grete ane man of greit bassalage.
 Cumyng and Foullis he gart delyuer als,
 Quhilk ester was, to King Robert full fals.
 Wallange fled our, a durk nocht byde yat mure,
 In Picardy to ask him was na bute.
 Bot he wald erat haue had that fals knicht,
 Than ane thousand of fynest gold sa bycht.
 The Bruce he askit, bot he was had away,
 Befoir that tyme, to Calice mony ane day.
 King Edward preuit yat pai micht nocht him get,
 Of Glocester his Uncle had him set.
 That Calice had, baill into his keiping.
 Wallace that tyme gat nocht his richteous King.
 The Erll Patrik als fra Londoun thay send,
 With Wallace to gang, as weill befor is kend.
 Of this mater ane finall gouernance,
 To King Edward he gait by his leggance.
 And tuik to hald of Scotland euer mair,
 With full glaid hart Wallace ressauit him pair.
 Thay honourit him richt reuerently as Lord,
The

The Scottis was all relopit of that concord.
 Ane hundredeth hois, with young Lordis of Renou,
 To Wallace come, all freed of that presoun.
 Under his Heill King Edward yon gart send,
 For to gif our, and mak ane ferial end
 Roxburgh, Berwick, quhill war of mekill baill.
 To Scottis men, and all the boundis haill.
 For syne zeir trewis thay promeist be pair band
 Than Wallace said, we will pas weir Scotland.
 Or ocht be Heillit, and thairfor mak vs boun,
 Agane we will besyde Northallartoun.
 Quhair King Edward first battell hecht to me,
 As we began thair sail it endit be.
 Greit weil the Quene he chargit the Message
 It is for hir that we leif our beyage.
 Ane day he set, quhen thay suld meit him thair,
 And seik the peice withouttin proces mair.
 Upon the moirne the Dist but mair anyse,
 Cranoyutit noyth vpon ane gudly wyle.
 To the fet tryst that Wallace had thame maid,
 The Inglis message come but mair abaid.
 Thay seik the peice without langer delay,
 The message than vpon the Secund day:
 To Londoun went in all the baist thay can,
 The worthy Scottis with mony gudly man:
 To Wamburgh come, with all thair power haill,
 Sertie thousand all Scottis of greit vaill.
 Ten days befor Alhallowis euen thay fure,
 On Lammes day thay lichtit on Carhame mure.
 Thair ludgeit thay, with plesance as thay mocht,
 Quhill on the moirne that Preistis to yame brocht
 In Carhame Kirk, and seik in his hand,
 Roxburgh keyis as thay had maid cūnand:

The Micht

And Berwik als, quhilk Inglismen had laug,
Thay fred the folk in Ingland for to gang.
For thair lyfis Ichit of ather place,
Thay durst nocht weil byde rekning of Wallace.
Capitane he maid, in Berwik of Renoun,
That worthy was, gude Cristall of Setoun.
Keeper he maid to Roxburgh Castell wicht,
Schir John Ramsay, ane wyse & worthy knicht.
Syne Wallace self with Gille Patrik in plane,
To Dunbar raid, and restoit him agane.
In his Castell, and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the haill barnage.
When Wallace was aggreit and this Lord,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudly forð.
Scotland atouit fra Ros to Sulway sand,
He raid it thryis, and statute all the land.
In the Lennor, ane quhyle he maid repair,
Schir John Menteith ane quhyle was Capitane
Als twyis befor he had his Gossp bene, (thair,
Bot na freindschip betwix thame syne was sene.
Twa monethis still he dwelt in Dunbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of Stane.
When left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the Marche, agane he rydis richt.
Into Roxburgh thay cheissit him ane place,
Ane gude Towr thair, he gart big in schoyt space.
The Kingrik stude in gude worship and eis,
Was nane sa greit durst his nichtbour displeis.
The abill ground gart laubour thristely,
Uittall and frute thair grew abundantly.
Was neuer befor sen this was callit Scotland,
Sic welth and peice atanis in the land.
He send Jop twyis to Bruce in Huntingtoun,
Beset and

Beseband him, to cum and tak his Crowne.
 Counsaill he tuik at fals Saxonis allace,
 He had neuer hap, in lyfe to get Wallace.
 The zeir as thus, the Realme stude in gude peis
 Of this saying me wourthis for to ceis.
 And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
 Into his lyfe quhat auenture zit befell.

Their endis the first Conqueis of Scotland.



The Aynt part of this buik declairis how
 Wallace past in France. Cap. 1.

A Ne Royall King that Regnit into France,
 Greit worship hard, of Wallace gouernance.
 The proues, price, and of his worthy deid,
 Als furthwart fair, commendit of manheid.
 Baith humbill, trew, and pruisit weill of pycc,
 Of honour, treuth, and boyd of couetyce.
 That Nobill King Regnand in Royaltie,
 Had greit delyte this Wallace for to se.
 And knew richt weill schoztly to vnderstand,
 The greit suppyse, and ourset of Ingland.
 He mcruellit als, of Wallace small power,
 That but ane King tuik sic a Realme to steir.
 Aganis Ingland, and gart thair malice ceis,
 Quhill thay despyt with gude will to tak peis.
 And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
 In schozt termis he hes recheir sic all.
 Of his Intent compleitly to ane end,

The Pynt

Pynt in Scotland, he had him be said to ment,
And he tozeit richt with betray greit honour,
To William Wallace as ane Conquerour.

Prouit leid, with tozschip toyle and toisour,
Thow betray help, in balding of thy richt.
(Thow rich refhewar of thy nature land,
With Goddis grace aganis thy sais to stand,
In defence helpar, of thy richreous bludy,
Id worthip birch, and blisit be thy fude.
As it is red of prophecy before,
In happy tyme for Scotland thow to was boine.
The beseik with all humilitie,
My clois luter, thow to wald soust and se.
As your brother I cristinit King of France,
To the bettar, 3e heit and gif credance.
The Herald him bodinit, and to pe schip is gane
In Scotland sone, he clunis into ane.
Bot Herald lyke he seikis his presence,
On land he toent, and maid na residence,
In euerie steid quhair he presumis thair,
Sd on ane day, he fand him unto thair.
In guide csteit, and manly he cumpany,
The Herald than with honour reuerently,
Hes salut him, ypon ane gudely maner,
And he agane with humill beggery cheir;
Restaut him, into riche guidly toyle,
The Herald than, with tozschip to be toyle;
Be tuis to him the Kingis toite of France,
Wallace on kne, with lawly obeylance.
With reuerently for tozschip of Scotland,
When he it red, and had it order stand:
At this Herald he asait his credance,

with

with asper speche, and manly countenance.
 And he him tald, as I haif said besoir,
 The kingis desyre, quhat heid his wordis most?
 The hie honour, and the greit Nobilnes,
 Of your manheid weill knawin in mony place.
 Him thhis asweill your worschip to auance,
 As ze war bozne ane leige man of France.
 Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmis sene,
 Als the greit band of kyndnes so to betwene.
 And sen this Realme standis in sic saistie,
 It war worschip his presence for to se.
 Wallace constant, withoutt in taryng,
 The greit desyre of this gude Nobill King.
 Spne to him said, sa God of hevin me saue,
 Heirefter sone, ze sall ane answer haue.
 Of your desyre that ze haue schewit me till,
 Welcum ze ar with ane fre harty will.
 The Herald baid vnto the twentie day,
 With Wallace still, in gude weillfair and play.
 Consumit the tyme with worschip and plesance,
 Be gude auyse maid his delmerande.
 With his awin hand he wait vnto the King,
 All his Intent as tuching to this thing.
 Richt riche reward he gais the Herald to,
 And him conuoyit, quhen he had leif to go.
 Out of the coun with gudly company,
 His leif he tuk, and went vnto the sey.
 Gude Wallace than hes maid his puruepance,
 His purpos was to se the King of France.
 Heireft but weir to Sanct Johnstoun couthfaw.
 Ane counsaill than he had gart ordane thair.
 Into his Reid, cheisit ane Gouvernour,
 To keip the land, ane man of greit honour.

The Arnt

James gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
 Quhilk father was as Royis beiris on hand.
 To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
 Mariory Bruce syne gat in Mariage.
 Thair of as now, to speik I haue na space,
 It is weill knawin, thankit be Goddis grace.
 And to the Herald withouttin residence,
 How he appeirit vnto the Kingis presence.
 Fra the Rochell the land sone hec he tane,
 Atouir the land he graithit him to gane.
 Seikand the King als gudly as he may,
 Sa to the Court he passit on ane day.
 To Paris went, as peirles of Renoun,
 This King that tyme held Palice in that coun.
 Quhen he him saw, hec graithly vnderstand,
 He spirit tythandis, the weillfair of Scotland.
 The Herald said, iuto thir termis schozt,
 That all was gude, he had the mair comfort.
 Saw thow Wallace the Chustane of that land,
 And he said ze, that dar I tak on hand.
 Ane worthrar, this day is leuand nane,
 In way of weir, als far as I haue gane.
 The hie worship, and the greit Nobilnes,
 The gude weillfair, plesance and worthynes.
 The riche rewaird, was michtie for to se,
 That for your saik he kythit vpon me.
 And his answer in writ he hes now sent,
 The King ressaui, it with ane gude Intent.

D Royall Roy and richtheous Crownit King.
 Ze knaw this weill, be vther ma than me.
 How yat our Realme, standis in perplexite.
 The fals Nation that we ar surroundis to,
 Quhen

Quhen pleitis thame thap mak us ay ado.
 Sa hand may be maid of the suffraunce,
 Bot ay in it thay find ane variance.
 To wait ane tyme wull God that I may be,
 weithin ane yer I wull your presence se.
 Of this answer weill pleist was the King.
 Neif I thame thus in Royaltie to King.
 And glaid comfourt richt as I haue now said,
 Of mallace furth I wull my purpos haib.

To the mallace past in France, and saccht with
 the Beld Benuar and buicuit him. Chap. 41.

Fetill April, the ane and twentic day,
 The Beldend changit as we sle to say.
 Celestiall greit blythnes in to bring.
 Principall moneth, so much it may be fene,
 The heuinly heidis upon the tender grene.
 Quhen auld Saturne his cludde cours hes gane,
 The quhilk hes bene baith bide and beist is bane.
 Zephirus eik with his sweet vapour,
 His comfourt hes be working of natour.
 All fructeous thing into the erd adoun,
 That reult is vnder the bie Regioun.
 Sober Luna in following of the se,
 Quhen bricht Jhebus is in his themeris he;
 The Bulls cours sa tabin hes his place,
 And Jupiter was in the Crabbis face.
 Quhen Aries the hait Signe Colerik,
 Into the Ram quhilk hes his roumis rike.
 Theris had his place and manoun,
 In Capricorne the Signe of the Lyon.

¶ The Apent

Gentill Jupiter with his myld ordynance,
 Saith herb and tre reuertis into plesance.
 And frefche floga bit floury manfull spred,
 In euerie baill baithi boip hell and medd.
 In this same tyme, for thurs myne Authoꝝ sayis,
 Inallace to pas of Arcotand tuis his wayis.
 He sehoit myse be schuip him to the see,
 And spete man tuis in his cunpany.
 He leit na word than walk of his passage,
 And Englismen had stoppe his bepage.
 For tuis na leif at Lordis of parliament,
 He wote full well thay wote nocht all content.
 He suffer him out of the land to go,
 For thy anone without witting of me:
 He gart fourte and ordane well his schip,
 And this wote thay past in his sellow schip.
 He was in allace was his kynntemen full nere,
 Craufurd, Cleland, to him wote baldin beir.
 At this bendyght he ordane his passage,
 Seymen he set, and gart thame gudly wage.
 And gode neto Barge, rich togetheryl wochte for
 Thay wote nocht, of wyne, vitall nor greit. (wete
 wete he thay wote ane gudly cunpany,
 And to allis men, had wochte full hardely.
 Boneallies Dyant rich gladly on ane moꝝro to
 Wyne leif thay tuis, a wote greit God to boye to
 Boittis wote sehoit, and fra the land thame sent,
 welch glad hacris atanis in thay tent.
 And to the schip thay to wote haistely,
 The Seymen than without full earnestly.
 Ankeris wand in, wofelle on ether spde,
 Thair leidis best, and to wote well the spde.
 Yet sailis sail, and hes that courts anone,
 And

The gudly wynd out of the richt airth come.
 Freshis on foirstam reullit weill thair geir,
 Leidis on leburd, with ane Lo:dly feir.
 Lynis laid out to luik thair passage sound,
 With sul Saill pus, fra Scotland firth pai sound.
 Saillit haill ouir, the day and als the night,
 Upon ye moyne quhen yat ye Sone schynit brycht
 Thair Schipmaister hnto the Top is went,
 South eist he saw, that trublit his Intent.
 Sertene Saillis arrayit on ane raw,
 In collour reid, that to wart yame couth draw.
 The glitterand Sone vpon thame schewit brycht,
 The sey about Illuminit with the licht.
 This manis Sprite was in ane extasy,
 Doun went he sone, and said richt sorrowfully.
 Allace (quod he) the day that I was bozne,
 Withouth remeid our lyfis at all forlorne.
 In cursit tyme I tuk this cure on hand,
 The best Chiftane, and reshew of Scotland:
 Out rcklessly I haue tane vpon me,
 With waik power to bring him thro to the see.
 It forcit nocht, wald God I war torment,
 Ha Wallace micht, with woyschip chaip vnscet.
 Quhen Wallace saw, and hard this manis mane,
 To comfort him, with gude will is he gane.
 Maister he said, quhat hes anoyit the?
 Nocht for my self, this man said pietyouslie.
 Bot of ane thing I dar weill buertane,
 Thocht all war heir the Schippis in Bertane.
 Part suld we lois, set Fortoun had it swozne,
 The best weirman in sey is vs beforne.
 Lefand this day, and King is of the see,
 Wallace sone speirit, wait thow quhat he may be.

The Haynt

The Reid Reuar thay call him in his style,
 That I him saw, O warpit be the quhyle.
 For myne aw in lyfe I wald na murning mak,
 Is na man borne, that zone Tyrant will tak.
 He saffis nane, for gold nor ither gude,
 Bot slayis and drownis all derdly in the flude.
 He gettis na grace, thocht he war King or knicht
 This sextene zeir he hes done greit vnricht.
 The power is sa strang he hes to steir,
 May nane eschape, pat cumis in his dangere.
 Wold ze him buird, na buir is to begin,
 The lakeist schip that is his floit within.
 May sail vs down vnto the dulefull deid,
 Than Wallace said sen thow can na remeid:
 Tell me his feir, and how I sall him knaw,
 What is his vse, and spne go luge the law?
 The schip men said, full weill ze may him ken,
 Be graith takynnis full cleirly be his men.
 His coit armour is sene in mony steid,
 All battell boton in rayment all of reid.
 This forniest schip that persewis vs sa fast,
 Him self is in, and will nocht be agast.
 He will zow haill quhen pat thay cum zow nair,
 Without tary than man ze stryke and steir.
 Him self will enter first full hardely,
 Thir at the Signis, pat ze sall tak him by.
 Ane bar of Blew into his schynand scheild,
 Ane bend of Ruyte desprand ay the feild.
 The Reid betakynnis blade and hardymment,
 The Ruyte curage, Incessand his Intent.
 The Blew he beiris, for he is cristin man,
 Sadly him answerit, William Wallace than.
 Thocht he is cristin, this is na cristin deid,
Ga vnder

Ga vnder loft, ye Lord God mot vs speid.
 Baith Schipmaister, and Steirisman also,
 Into the how, but baid beg: at thame go.
 His ffreie men withouttin langer rest,
 Wallace gart ray, into thair armour prest.
 Aucht and fourtie on lufe buird. laid thap. la'w,
 William Craufurd than to him can he ca'w.
 And said thow can sum part of Schipman fair,
 Thow hes bene vfit into the toun of Air.
 I pray the tak this doctrine weill of me,
 Lurk that thow stand still craftly be the tre.
 When thap bid stryke, to seruice be thow bane,
 When I the warne, lat down the Sall agane.
 Cleland Cousing cum tak the steir on hand,
 Heir on the waill neir by the fall I stand.
 God gyde our Schip, as now I say na mair,
 The Barge began with ane ful weirlyke fair.
 Him self on loft, was with ane drawin sword,
 And bad pair Steirisman lay endlang the buird.
 On loud he cryit, stryke doggis o' ze fall de,
 Craufurd leit draw the Sall a lytill we.
 The Capitane lap in, ful sone and wald not lunt;
 Wallace hes him sone be the gorget hnt.
 On the ouir loft, kest him quhair pat he stude,
 Quhill neis and mouth all ruschit furth of blude.
 Ane forgit knyfe, braidly he braidit out,
 The weir schippis was lappit thame about.
 The Barge clippit, bot thap nocht festnit fast,
 Craufurd drew Sall, schot by and of thame past.
 The Reuar cryit with piteous voce full cleir,
 Grace of his lyfe, for hun pat bocht vs deir.
 Mercy he cryit, for him that deit on Rude,
 Laster to mend, I haue spilt mickill blude.

The Ryme

For my trespass I wald mak sum remede,
 Mony saikles I haue gart put to dede.
 Wallace wist weill, thocht he to deith war brycht
 Fra thame to chace, on na wyse micht he nocht.
 And of his lyfe sum reskew micht he mak,
 Ane better purpos, sent sone than can he tak.
 And als he rewit, for his lyfe had bene ill,
 In Latine tounge richt thus he said him till.
 I neuer tusk man that enemye was to me,
 For Goddis saik thy lyfe zit grant I the.
 Bai th knyfe and sword, he tusk fra him anone,
 Up be the hand, as prelsoner hes him tane.
 Upon his sword, scharply he gart him sweete,
 Fra that day furth he suld him neuer deir.
 Command thy men, said Wallace to our peis,
 Thair schot of gun, that was nocht eith to ceis.
 Thay castand war, awfull on ather tyde,
 The Reid Rewar commandit thame to byde.
 Held bp ane gluis in taikning of the trew,
 His men beheld and weill that Henze knew.
 Left of thair schot, the Signe quhen pat pai saw,
 His greitest barge towart him can he caw.
 Lat be your weir, thir ar freindis at ane,
 I trow to God our werst hōuris ar gane.
 He askit Wallace to do quhat was his will,
 With schort auyse, richt thus he said him till.
 To the Rochell I wald ze gart thanre Sail,
 For Inglis men we wait nocht quhat may ail.
 He thame commandit for outtin wordis mair,
 Turne Sail and wynd, to wart the Rochell fair.
 For thair will God is our purpos to be,
 Luik weill about, for Scurriouris on the se.
 His charge thay wrocht in all the haist thay car,
Wallace

Wallace desyrit to talk maik wiith this man.
 myselie he spcirit, in quhat land art thou borne?
 In France he said, and all my Elders beforne.
 And thair we had sum part of heritage,
 Thocht seirs Fortoun, yus brocht me in ane rage.
 Wallace answerit, how come thou to this lyfe?
 Forsyth he said, bot throw ane suddand stryfe.
 Sa happinit I, into the Kingis presence;
 Quir recklesly to do ane greit offence.
 Ane worthy man of gude kyn and Renoun,
 That throw my deid was put to confusioun.
 Deid of ane stralk, quhat neidis wordis maik,
 All mendis it nocht, thocht I repent it sair.
 Throw freind in Court, I chaipit of that place,
 And neuer sen syne couth get the Kingis grace.
 Feill of our kyn thay gart for my saik de,
 Fra tyme I saw it nicht na better be.
 Bot leif the land, that me behuifit on neid,
 Upon ane day to Burdeous I zeid.
 Ane Inglis Schip sa gat we on ane night;
 For sey laubour, full earnestly us dight.
 To me assemblit, mysdoaris viher ma,
 Within schozt space we multiplrit sa.
 Was few that micht contrair our power gang,
 In tyzannie thus haue we rungur lang.
 Thir sextene zeiris, I haue bene on the se,
 And done greit harmie, thairfoir full wa is me.
 I saikit quene for gold or greit Ransom,
 Bot flew and drownit into the sey all down.
 Fauour I did, to folk of lundyie land,
 Bot frenche men na freindschip in me fand.
 Thay gat na grace, als far as I micht King,
 Als on the sey I cleipit was ane King.

The Ayne

Now se I weill, that my fortune is went,
 Vincust with ane, that garris me sair repent.
 Quha wald haue said, this samin day at moir,
 I suld with ane, thus lichtly down be boirne.
 In greet heithing my men wald it haue tane,
 My self thocht als, to haue matchit ony ane.
 Bot I haue fund the berray plane contrait,
 And I gif our rubie for euer mair.
 In sic mysreull I sall neuer armes beir,
 Bot gif it be in honest vse of weir.
 Now haue I taid part of my blis and pane,
 For Goddis saik sum kyndnes kyth agane.
 My hart will bryk, bot I wit quhat ze be,
 Outrageously that hes rebaitt me.
 For weill I weind, that leuand had bene name,
 Be force or strenght, micht me as prisoner tane.
 Except Wallace that hes redemit Scotland,
 The best is callit, this day leuand of hand.
 Into his weir war worship for to walk,
 As now in world I trow he hes na maik.
 Wallace synlit, and said freind it may weill be,
 Scotland had neid of mony sic as the.
 Quhat is thy name, tell me sa haue thow Weill,
 Forsuith he said, Thomas of Longueill.
 Weill bryk thow it, all thus styntis our stryfe,
 Schaip to pleis God in mending of thy lyfe.
 Thy faithfull freind my self thinkis to be,
 And als my name I sall sone tell to the.
 For chance of weir, thow suld na murning mak,
 As weird will work, thy fortune man thow tak.
 I am that man, that thow anancis sa he,
 And bot schort tyme sen I come to the se.
 Or Scotland boirne my rycht name is Wallace,
On

On knets fell, and thankit God of his grace.
 I dar abow, that zoldin is my hand,
 To the best man, this day that is lewand.
 For such he said, this pleits me mekill moir,
 Than of flosingis ze gail me ferric scoir.
 Thā wallace said, yow art heir now thro to chace,
 My purpois is to pas now into France.
 Unto the King, sen I am botow to pas,
 To my reward, thy peice I think to as.
 Peice I wald haue, fane of my nattuie King,
 And na langer into the Reahne to King.
 Than thow tak leif to cum far it agane,
 Into thy seruice I think for to reuiane.
 Seruice he said, Thomas that may nocht be,
 Bot gude frendschip, as I sall help to the.
 Gatt draw the wyne, and ilk ane mery maid,
 The Schippis be than was in the Rochell rad.

The Reid Blasolis, as pat had boyne in thair
 The toun was sone into ane suddand lek.
 The Reid Reuar thay said was at pair had,
 The quhilk throw strenth, nicht nane aganis him
 Sum schippis fled, a sum ye land hes tane (stand.
 Clariouis blew, and Trumpeis mony ane.
 Quhen Wallace saw the pepill was on steir,
 He gatt command na Schip suld neirar peir.
 Bot his aw in Barge, in the haum gatt draw,
 The folk was glaid, quhen thay the baner saw.
 Full weil thay knew, in gold the reid Lydun,
 Leit by the port ressaunt thame in the toun.
 Thay souerit him, for all he had thair brocht,
 The Reid Flaue into the haum thay socht.
 On laud syne went, quhair pat yame lykit to pas,

The Arnt

Richt few wist thair, quhat Scottisman Wallace
Bot well pai thoct he was ane gudly mā. (was,
And honourit him with all the craft thay can.
Thay four dayis skil, Wallace remanit thair,
Thir men he callit, quhen he was boun to fair.
He thame commandit vpon that coist to byde,
Quhill he thame fed, for chance yat micht betyde.
Beir zow euilly, quhat gude that ever ze spend,
Leil of zour atwin, quhill I zow tythingis send.
Gar sell thir Schippis, and mak zow men of pels
It war gude tyme of witekitnes to cels.
Zour Capitane sall pas to the King with me,
Thow help of God, I sall his warrand be.
He gart graith him, in suit with his atwin man,
Was na man thair, yat micht weill Thomas ken.
Lyklye he was, manly of countenance,
Lyke to the Scottis be mekill gouernance.
Sall of his tounz, for Scottis had he nane,
In latine weill he micht hane sufficte for ane.
Thus past thay on, in all the haist thay may,
To Paris toun thay went vpon ane day.
Tythingis war brocht of Wallace to the King,
Sa greit desyre he had of na kin thing.
Is in that tyme quhill he had sene Wallace,
To mett him self he waitit vpon cace.
In ane garding quhair he gart thame be brocht,
To his presence with manly he feir thay socht.
Two and syfte atanis kueland down,
And salust him, as Roy of maist Kendoun.
With reullit speiche in sa gudly aulse,
All France couth nocht mair nurtour pame deulse
The Quene had leil, and come in hir effeir,
For mekill scho hard of Wallace deid in weir.

Quhat neidis make of courtship to tell,
 Thay kept it weill, that to the Scottis befell.
 Of kingis fair, I dar mak na rehetis,
 My febill mynd, my trubillit spryte transueris.
 Of the riche seruice, quhat neidis wordis mair,
 Nicht nane be fund, bot I was present thair.
 Sone efter meit, the king to Berlour went,
 With gudly Lordis, thair wallace was present.
 Than commonit thay of mony sundrie thing,
 To speik with him, greit desyre had the king.
 At him he spectit, of weir the gouernance,
 He answerit him with manly countenance.
 To euerie point, als far as he had sell,
 In Latine tounge, richt naturally and weill.
 The king consault sone be his hie knowlage,
 Quhat weirmen shif be-reif in thair passage.
 Into quhat mynd the Reid Retar than was,
 Meruell he said, how he leit Wallace pas.
 To him he said, ze ar sum thing to blame,
 Ze micht haue send with our Herald fra hame.
 Efter power, to bring zow throw the se,
 God thank zow Schir, thair of aneuch had we.
 Few men may pas, quhair thay find na perrall,
 Richt quene may keip, quhair nane is to assaill.
 Wallace he said, thair of meruell haif I,
 Ane Tyrant Regnis in Ire full cruelly.
 Upon the sey, that greit sorow hes wrocht,
 Nicht we him get, it suld not be for nocht.
 Wopte of this land, ane natue man to me,
 Thairfor on vs, the greitest harine dois he.
 Than Thomas quok, and changit countenance
 He hard the king his euill deidis disauance.
 Wallace beheld, and senzeit in ane part,

The Aynt

Forſuith he ſaid, we ſand nane in that art.
That ydderit vs our ſic unkyndnes;
Be your leiſ Schir, I ſpeik in hamelyneſ.
Trow ye be ſicht, ye couth that Squyar knaw,
To lang it war, ſen tyme that I him ſaw.
Bot thir wordis, of him ar bot in vane,
Or he cum heir, richt gude men will be ſlone.
Than Wallace ſaid heir haue I brocht with me,
Of lyklye men that dwelt in our cuntrie.
Quhilk of all thir wald ye call him maiſt lyke,
Among thame blent, thus Royall Roy maiſt ryke,
Weſpit thame weil, batch ſtature and curage,
Maner, makdome, thair faſſoun and beſage.
Sadly he ſaid, auyſt ſoberly
That largeſt man ye quhilk ſtandis neiſt zow by.
Wald I call him, be makdome to deuile,
Thir ar na thing bot wordis of office.
Before the King on bne ſell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy, of his honour and grace.
With waſt wordis I will zow nocht trauall,
Now I will ſpeik ſum thingis for myne auail.
Our barrane land hes bene ouirſet with weir,
Be Haronis ſeid, that dois vs mekill deir.
Slane our Eldaris, diſtroyit our richteous blude
Waſtit the land, of gold and vther gude.
And ye ar heir in might and Royaltie,
Eye ye ſuld haue to our aduerſite.
And vs ſupport for kyndnes of the band.
Quhilk is confermit betwix zow and Scotland.
Als I am heir, for your chatge at pleaſance,
Wher lyflait is bot honeſt cheulaſance.
Flour of Realmes forſuith is this Region,
To my rewarde I wald haue greit guardoun.

Wallace

Wallace he said, now ask what ze wald haif,
 Gude gold or land sall nocht be lang to craif.
 Wallace answerit, swa ze grant it to me,
 What I wald haue, it sall sone chosn be.
 What euer ze ask that is in this Region,
 Ze sall it haue, except my wyfe and Crown.
 He thankit him of his greit Kinglynes,
 All my rewaird salbe asking of grace
 Peice to this man, I brocht with me thro to chace
 Heir I quytclame all vther gift in France.
 This same is he, gif that ze knaw him weill,
 That we of spak, Thomas of Longoueil.
 Be rigour ze, desyre it he suld be slane,
 I him restoir vnto your grace agane.
 Resaif him fair, as leige man of your land,
 The king meruellit, and couth in study stand.
 Persytlic knew, that it was Longoueil,
 He him forgaf, his trespas every deil.
 Bot for his saik that had him bidder brocht,
 For gold nor gude, ellis he did it nocht.
 Wallace he said, I had leuer of gude land,
 Thre thousand pund haue seissit in thy hand.
 That I haue said, sall haldin be in plane,
 Heir I resaif Thomas to peice agane.
 Dirar to me, than cuer he was befor,
 All for your saik, thocht it war mekill more.
 Bot I wald wit how this meruell befell,
 Wallace answerit, the treuth I sall now tell.
 Than he reheirsit, what hapnit on that day,
 As ze befor myne Authour hes hard say.
 When the gude King had hard the suddand cace,
 Upon the sey be for sight of Wallace.
 The King him held richt wourthe to auance,

The Arnt

He saw in him manheid and Gouvernance.
 So did the Quene and all thir uther Lordis,
 All wicht of him greit honour than recoʒdis.
 He purchest peice for all the power hall,
 Fourtene hundred was left at the Rchell.
 Gart cry thame fre, trew seruandis to the King,
 And neuer agane, for salt into sic thing.
 When Thomas was restout to his richt,
 Of his awin hand the King had maid him knichte
 Efter he gais stait to his neirest Air,
 And maid him self with Wallace for to fair.
 Thus he bes brocht, thay men fra reis throu cace,
 Be suddand chance of him and wicht Wallace.
 Thus leif we thame in woʒschip and plesance,
 At lyking still with the gude King of France.

How Wallace past in Guyan. Cap. iij.

Thay twentie dayis he ludgit into rest,
 So to remane he thoct it nocht the best.
 Still into peice, he couth nocht lang indure,
 For quhy contrarious it was to his nature.
 Richt weil he wist Inglismen occuppit
 Guyan that tyme, thairfoir he hes espyit.
 Sum Jeopardie bpon thame for to mak,
 Ane gudly leif he at the King couth tak.
 Of frenche men he wald nane with him call,
 At that first tyme for auenture that micht fall.
 Wot Schir Thomas that scrute couth persew,
 He wist nocht weil gif all the laif was trew.
 Of Scottismen than semblit haistely
 Ayne hundred sonc of woʒthy Cheualry.
 In Guyan land full haistely can ryde,

Ratme

Raising fell fyre, and waisting wyningis wyde.
 For this thay brak, and stalwart biggingis wan,
 Derty to deith, brocht mony Sutheroun man.
 Ane weirlyke toun sa fand thay in that land,
 Quhill Schemet hecht, yat Inglisme had in had.
 Towart that steid, full sadly Wallace socht,
 Be ony way, assaile gif he mocht.
 Bergane to haue, and he micht get thame out,
 Greit strength of wood, yair was yat toun about.
 The toun stude als byon ane watter syde,
 Into ane Park, that was baith lang and wyde.
 Thay duskit thame, quhill passit was the night,
 Quhen the Sone rais, four hundreth me he dight.
 The laif he gart Craufurd in buschement tak,
 Gif thay mystreit anc reskew for to mak.
 Chan Longouell that ay was full Savage,
 With Wallace past, as ane to that skirnage.
 Thir four hundreth, yat was full weil arrayit,
 Besoit the toun, the plane baner displayit.
 It was nocht weil than knawin in yat cuntrie,
 The Lyon in gold, yat awfull was to se.
 Ane forray kest, and seisset mekill gude,
 Weirmen with in, that wofelle vnderstude.
 Sone Ischit out, the pray for to reskew,
 The worthy Scottis feill Inglismen thay flew.
 The laif for dreid, fled to the toun agane,
 The forray tuik the pray, and passit in plane.
 Towart the Park, bot power of the toun,
 Ischit agane in awfull battell boon.
 Ane thousand hail of men in armes strang,
 Few baid within, that micht to armes gang.
 Chan Wallace gart the forrayaris leif ye pray,
 Assemblit sone into ane gude array.

The Aynt

The cruell counter was at that meitting sent,
 Of wicht weirmen into thair armour schene.
 Feill lest thair lyfe vpon the Sutheroun syde,
 Bot nocht for thy, full baldly thay abyde.
 Of the Scottis part than worthy men thay stou,
 William Craufurd that weill the perrell knew:
 Out of the Park he gart the buschment pas,
 Into the feild quhair feill men secht and was,
 At thair entre thay gart full mony de,
 The Inglismen was wonder laith to fle.
 Full worthely thay wrocht into that place,
 Baid neuer sa few sa lang aganis Wallace.
 With sic power, that day as he was thair,
 On ather syde assaltzeit wonder sair.
 Into that flour sa fellounly he wrocht,
 That worthy men derly to deith was brocht.
 With pointis peirmit throw plaittis birnist bricht,
 Wallace him self, and Schir Thomas the knicht.
 Quhome sa thay hit, maid neuer mair delat,
 The Sutheroun part was handillit thair sa hit.
 Into that place thay nicht na langer byde,
 Out of that feild with sair hartis thay ryde.
 Unto the toun thay fled full hastily,
 Wallace followit, and his gude Cheualry.
 Fechtand sa fast into the thickest thrang,
 Quhill in the toun thay enterit thame amang.
 With him Craufurd, and Longouell ye knicht,
 And Richard als, Wallace his Cousing richt.
 Fyftene thay war, of Scottis in cumpany,
 Thus hapnit tha, amang that greit party.
 The cruell portar gat vp vpon the wall,
 Pullit out the pyn, lest the port Culzeis fall.
 The Inglismen say, enterit in was na ma,

Upon

Upon the Scottis full hardily thay ga.
 Bot to ane wall thay haue thair bakkis set,
 Sad straikis and sair baldly about thame bet.
 Richard Wallace the Turngrece weill hes sene,
 He followit fast vpon thair poxtar bene.
 Upon the wall, deid down in ane dyke him draif,
 Gat vp the poxt, and leit in all the laif.
 Quhen Wallace men, had thus the entre woun,
 Full greit slauchter agane thay haue begun.
 Thay saikit nane vpon the Sutheroun syde,
 That wappinis bair, or harnes in that tyde.
 Weinen and barnis, the gude thay tuik yame fra,
 Syne gair thame leif in the rowme land to ga.
 The Preistis als, that was nocht in the feild,
 Of agit men that nucht na wappinis weild.
 Thay slew nane sic, for Wallace charge it was,
 Bot maid thame fre, at larges for to pas.
 Riches of gold thay gat in greit plentie,
 Harnes and hors, that nucht thame weill supple.
 With frenche folk pleneist the toun agane,
 On the tent day, the feild thay tuik in plane.
 The Riuer down into the land thay socht,
 On Sutheroun men sul greit maistry pai wrocht.
 Than quhen trew men to the King tald this tair,
 Of frenche men he semblit ane battall.
 Twentie thousand of trew liegis of France,
 His brother thame led, was Duke of Dylance.
 Throo Guyan land, in rayit battell thay raid,
 To follow Wallace, quha maid bot lytill baid.
 For frenche supple to help him in thair richt,
 For Burdeous or thay ouertak him micht.
 Gude Wallace was thair, & cholin hes ane plane,
 For sū men tauld, yat Burdeous with greit maue.

EThe Rynt

Within schoyt tyme thocht battell for to geif,
Bot fra thay wist, that frenche folk wald releif:
With greit power for helping of Wallace,
Wither purposis thay tuk into schoyt space.
In Dicardy sone message couth thay send,
Of Wallace cūning thay haif tauld to ane end.
Of Glocester Capitane of Calice was,
The hardy Erll, and maid him for to pas.
In Ingland sone, and syne to Londoun went,
Of Wallace deid he tauld in thair Parliament.
Sum planely said, that Wallace brak the peis,
Wyle men said nay, and prayit thame for to ceis.
Lord Bewmont said, he tuk bot for Scotland,
And nocht for France, yat sall ze vnderstand.
Gif our Indenturis speikis of ony mair,
He hes done wrong the suith ze may declair.
Woodstok answerit, said ze haue spoken weill,
Bot contrair richt, yat tair is euerilk deill.
Gif zone be he, that band for him and his,
May na man say, bot he hes wrought a mys.
For principally he band with vs the trew,
And now agane beginnis malice new.
Schir King he said, gif ze think euer to mak,
On Scotland weir, on hand now ze suld tak.
Quhill he is out, or ellis it helpis nocht,
As Woodstok said, the haill counsall hes wrought.
Power thay raisit, in Scotland for to ryde,
Be land and sey, yat wald na langer byde.
Thair land Dist thay rayit sone in deid,
Thair vangard tuk the hardy Duke to leid.
Of Glocester, that of weir had greit scill,
Of Longcastell the Duke gouernit weill
The myddill ward, and to the sey thay send,

Schir

Schir John Stewart, pat weil ye noythland kēd,
 The Knicht Wallange befoir the Dist in raid,
 And sic ane way with euill Scottis men maid.
 Mony Castellis he gart sone foldin be,
 To Inglismen, withouttin mair melle.
 O the best wist, that it was weir in plane,
 Enterit he was into Bothwell agane.
 Schir Johne Stewart that come in be the se,
 Sanct Johnstoun sone gat throw ane Jeopardie
 Dundie thay tuik, and put Scottis men to deid,
 In fyfe fra thame was nocht keipit ane steid.
 And all the south, fra Cheuiot to the se,
 Into the west, thair micht na succour be.
 The worthy Lord that suld haue gournit this,
 God hes him taue, we trow to lest and blis.
 His Sone Walter, that bot ane Child zit was,
 Trew men him tuik, and couth in Arrane pas.
 Adam Wallace, than wist of na supplie,
 To Rauchlie went, and Lindesay of Cragie.
 Gude Robert Boyd in Bute maid residence,
 For haistie dissait, thay tuik thame to defence.
 Schir John ye graham, in Dundas micht nocht
 Succour he socht to the Forest of Clyde. (byde,
 The Knicht Stewart, ane Schirck maid of fyfe,
 Schir Aymeiris brother, and gais for terme of fyfe
 Thay landis all, that Wallange aucht befoir,
 Richard Lundy, had greit dreid throw pair schoir.
 He lykit nocht for to cum to thair peis,
 For thy in fyfe thay wald nocht lat him ceis.
 To pas ouir Tay, as than it nucht nocht be,
 For Inglismen sair reullit that cuntrie.
 Out of that land he stall away be nicht,
 Auchtene with him, that worthy war & wicht.

The Apnt

And a's his Sone, that was in tender eild,
 Bot efter sone, he couth weill wappinis weild.
 At Struiling brig, or that the wache was set,
 Thair passit he, the way withoutin let.
 In Dūdas mure schir John ye Grahame he socht,
 Ane woman him tald, as yai befoir was wrocht.
 Unto ane strenth, he went vpon the moirne,
 Lauerk was tane with zoug Thomas of Thorne.
 Hay and Lundy thay nicht na langer remane,
 Be south Tynto to ludge thay maid in plane.
 Schir John ye grahame gat wit pat yai war pair
 To thame he past, withoutin proccs mair.
 Wallange gart bring fra Carlile cartage,
 To stuf Bothwell, baith wyne and gude bernage.
 Lundy and Grahame gat wit of that bitrall,
 Richt suddandly thay maid thame to assaill.
 Fyftie thay war of Nobill Cheualry,
 Aganis four scoir of Inglis cumpany.
 Ane Squyar than, keipit the cariage,
 All Brankistruhait haill, that was his heritage.
 Lundy & Grahame, met with pat Squyar wicht,
 Feill Inglismen, derfly to deith thay dicht.
 Sertie was slane vpon the Sutheroun syde,
 And syue Scottis, sa baldly thay abyde.
 Greit gude thay wan, baith gold and vther geir,
 Wittall and hois, thus hapnit in this weir.
 Syue yai haue sene, weill lang yai nicht not lest,
 Into that land, for thy thay thocht it best.
 To seik sum place, in strenth that thay nicht byde
 For Sutheroun folk had pleneist on Ilk syde.
 Lundyis ludge thay lest vpon ane nicht,
 Into the Lennor thay past the way full richt.
 To Cell Halkolme that keipit that cuntrie,

Fra

fra Inglis men thro' help of thair supplie.
 Setoun and Lyle into the Bag abaid,
 For Inglis men sa greit maistrie had maid.
 That all the South was tane into thair hand,
 And how ye Hay thay send into England.
 And vther Airis, to presoun at thair will,
 The Northlād Lordis saw na help come yame till
 The Squyar Guthrie, amang yame ordant thay,
 To warne Wallace in all the haist he may.
 Out of Abirbrothok he passit to the se,
 And at the Sluce land takin sone hes he.
 In Flanderis land na residence he maid,
 In France he past, bot Wallace weill abaid.
 On his purpois, in Guyan at the weir,
 On Inglis men he had done mekill detr.
 Quhill gude Guthrie had gottin his presence,
 He haistit fast, and maid na residence.
 He hes him tauld, with Scotland how it stude,
 Than Wallace said. this tything is ar nocht gude.
 I had exempill of tymes that is by wo'ne,
 Trewis to bynd, with yame that is manes wo'ne.
 Bot I as than, couth nocht think of sic thing,
 Becaus that we tuk peice with thair fals King.
 Be thair Chancellar the tother peice was bundin
 And that full sair our folk Elderis hes fundin.
 Under that trew yat gart auchtene scot de,
 That Nobillis war, the best in our cuntrie.
 To the greit God, my abow heir I mak,
 Peice with that King think I neuer to tak.
 He sall repent that he this weir began,
 Thus mouit he with mony Royall man.
 Unto the King, and tald him his Intent,
 To lat him pas th' King wold nocht consent.

[The Mynt

Quhill Wallace thair, maid promeis be his hand,
 gif euer agane he thocht to leif Scotland.
 To cum to him, his greit Seill he him gail,
 Of quhat Lordschip that he lykit to hail.
 Thus at the king one haistie leif tuik he,
 Na man with him he brocht of that cuntrie.
 Bot his awin men, and Schir Thomas ye knichte
 In Flanderis land, thay past with all pair nichte.
 Guthrieis Barge at the Sluce couth ly still,
 To ye sey pat went, with ane full egre will.
 Baith Forth and Tay, thay left and passit by,
 On the North coast, gude Guthrie was thair gy.
 In Montros hauin thay brocht him to the land,
 To trew Scottis it was ane blyth tythand.
 Schir Johne Ramsay, pat worthy was & wicht,
 Fra Duchtirhous the way he cheisit richt.
 To meet Wallace with men of armis strang,
 For his dwelling, thay had thocht wonder lang.
 The trew Rothmen come als withouttin baid,
 In Birnane wud he had his ludgeing maid.
 Barclay, Bissat, to Wallace semblit fast,
 With thre hundreth to Duchtirhous he past.

[The] [The] [The]

[The Cent Buik Declairis how Wallace wan
 Sanct Johnstoun be ane Trooparie. Ca. 1.

The latter day of August fell this cace,
 For the reskew thus ordanit gude Wallace.
 Of Sanct Johnstoun, pat Sutheroun occu,
 Fast toward Tay thay passit and espyt. (ppit
 Or it was day vnder kynnoull thame laid,

Out

Out of the town, as Scottismen to him said:
 Thair seruandis ȝschit with Cartis, hay to leid,
 Swa was it suich, and hapnit in that steid.
 Than ser thair come, and brocht bot Cartis thre,
 Quhen yat of hay was leid and besylie.
 Guthrie with ten, in handis hes thame tane,
 Put all to deith, of thame he saifit nane.
 Wallace in haist, gart tak thair vniest weid,
 And siclyke men thay wal:ke weill gude speid.
 Four was richt gude, Wallace him self tuk ane,
 And Russet cloth, and with him gude Rothuen.
 Guthrie, Bissat, and als gude zeinen twa,
 In that ilk fute, thay graithit thame to ga.
 Fyftene thay tuk, of men of armis wicht,
 In ilk Cart hye, thay ordanit out of sight.
 Full subtellie thay couerit thame with hay,
 Syne to the town thay went the ganest way.
 Thir Carteris had schozt swordis of gude steill,
 Under thair weid, callit furth the Cartis weill.
 Schir John Ramsay, baid in the buschemet still,
 Quhen myster war, to help yame with gude will.
 Thir trew Carteris past on withouttin let,
 Trouit the brig, and enterit at the zet.
 Quhen thay war in, thair clokis kest thame fra,
 Gude Wallace than the cheif portar couth sa.
 Upon the heid, quhill deid he hes him lest,
 Syne vther twa the lyfe fra thame he rest.
 Guthrie, Bissat, did richt weill in the town,
 And Rothuen als, dang of thair sey men down.
 The armit men, that in the Cartis war brocht,
 Lais vp and weill thair deuour dewly wrocht.
 Upon the gait thay gart sell Sutheroun de,
 Than Ramsayis spy, hes sene thame get entre.

The Tent

The buschement brak baith brig and port hes woun
Inio the toun greit stryfe thair was begun.
Twentie and ane of Ramsay come in plane,
Within the toun had fourtic Sutheroun slane.
The Inglismen to array was nocht gane,
The Scottis as than, laffer leit yame haue nane.
Fea gude Ramsay with his men enterit in,
Thay sailit nane, was knawin of Sutheroū him.
And Longoucill, ye worthy knicht Ichir Thomas
Percuit weill thair, and inony bther place.
Aganis his dynt, few Inglismen nicht stand,
Wallace in him greit faith and kyndnes fand.
The Sutheroun part saw weil ye toun was synt
Feirfly thay fled, as fyre dois of the synt.
Sum fled, sum fell, into draw dykis deip,
Sum to the kirk, thair lyfe gif thay nicht keip.
Sum fled to Tay, and in small beschell zeid,
Sum derfly deit, and drownit in that deid.
Schir Johne Stewart at the west zet out past,
To Methuen wod he sped him wounder fast.
Ane hundreth men the kirk tuik for succour,
Bot Wallace wald na grace grant in that hour.
He bad slay all of cruell Sutheroun kyn,
Thame for to slay, he said it was na syn.
Four hundreth men within the toun was deid,
Seuin scoir on lyfe, chaipit out of that steid.
Wifis and barnis, thay maid thame fre to ga,
With Wallace will he wald slay name of tha.
Riches thay fand, that Inglismen had brocht new
Pleneist the toun, with worthy Scottis & trew.
Schir Johne Stewart left Methuen Forrest strag
Went to the Gask full feill Sutheroun amang.
And syne in fyle quhair Wallange Schiref was
Said

Maid Scurriouris lone, out throo ye lād to pas.
 And gadderit men, ane stalwart cumpany,
 To Ardagane he diew thame priuatly.
 Ordanit thame in reddy bergane bowen,
 Agane he thocht to sailze Sanct Johnstoun.
 Quhair Wallace lay, and wald na langer rest,
 Reullit the toun, as than him lyk it best.
 Schir Johne Ramsay greit Capitane ordanit he,
 Rothuen Schiref, at ane accord to be.
 This charge he gail, gif men yaine warning maid
 To cum to him, withouttin maie abaid.
 And sa pai did, quhen tythingis was yaine brocht
 With ane hundreth Wallace furth fra yame socht.

The Battell of Blak Irne syde Forrest. Ca. ii.

A fyfe he passit, to besy that cuntrie,
 Bot wzang warnit of Inglis men was he.
 Schir Johne Stewart quhe pai war passit
 Fra the Dyche he sped him haistely. (by,
 Upon Wallace followit with all his micht,
 In Abirneithy tuik ludgeing that first nicht.
 Upon the moirne with fyftene hundreth men,
 To Blak Irnesyde, as his gydis couth him ken.
 Quhair Wallace was, and micht no message send,
 To Sanct Johnstoun, to mak this Journey kēd.
 For Inglis men that full subtil hes bene,
 Greit wachis warnit, yat nane micht pas betuene
 Than Wallace said, this mater plessis nocht me,
 He callit to him the Squyar gude Guthrie.
 And Bissat a's, that knew full weil the land,
 And askit at yaine quhat deid was best on hand.
 Message to mak, our power for to get,

The Tent

With feill Sutheroun we will be buheset.
 And wickit Scottis that knowis this forest best
 Thay ar the caus that we may haue na rest.
 I dreid far mair wallange that is the gyde,
 Than all the laif, that cumis vpon that syde.
 Than Guthrie said, micht we get anis our Tay,
 To Sanct Johnstoun it war the ganest way.
 And warne Ramsay, we wald get succour son;
 Our suith it is, that can nocht weill be done.
 Richt weill I wait, Meschell is leuit nane,
 Fra the wod hauin, to ye ferry callit Arrane.
 Than Wallace said, the watter awfull is,
 My self can swourme, I trow and aill na mys.
 Bot currour vse accoꝝdis nocht for me,
 And leif zow heir, zit had I leuar de.
 Throw Goddis grace we sall better escheu,
 The strenth is strang, and we ar men anew.
 In Elchob Park bot fourtie men war we,
 For seuin hundreth, and gart feill Sutheroun de.
 Eschaipit weill in mony bulykie place,
 Sa sall we heir, throw help of Goddis grace.
 Quhill men may fast, we may this wod hard still,
 For thy Ilk man be of crew hardy will.
 And that we do sa nobilly into deid,
 Of vs be fund, efter na lak to reid.
 The richt is ouris, we suld mair ardent be,
 I think to freith this land oz ellis de.
 His waillit speiche, with wit and hardiment,
 Maid all the laif sa cruell of Intent.
 Sum bad tak feild, and gif battell in plane,
 Wallace said nay, thay woꝝdis ar in vane.
 We will nocht leif, that may be our auantage,
 This wod to vs is worth ane zeiris wage.

Of bewin tymmer in haist he gart thame tak,
 Sullis of Aik, and ane greit Barreris mak.
 At ane four front, fast in the forest syde,
 Maid ane greit strêth quhair pai purposit to byde.
 Stellit thame fast, to treis that growand was,
 That thay nicht weill in fra the Barreris pas.
 And se thair baill on ather syde about,
 Syne cum agane, quhen pai saw pair was dout.
 Be that this strenth arrayit was at richt,
 The Inglis Dist approachit to thair sight.
 Than Deswart com, pat way for to haue wend,
 That thay war wont, his gydis sa him kend.
 At thair entre, thay thocht to haue passage,
 Bot sone thay fand, pat maid yame greit stopage.
 Ane thousand he led of men in armis strang,
 With syue hundred he gart John Wallage gang.
 Without the wode, that nane suld chaip him fra,
 Wallace with him had fourtie Archearis thra.
 The lair was speiris, full Nobill in ane neid,
 On thair enemeis thay bicker with greit speid.
 Ane cruell counter was at the Barreris sene,
 The Scottis defence, sa sicker was and kene.
 Sutheroun stude aw, to enter thame amang,
 Feill to the ground, pai ouirthrow in that thrang.
 Ane rowme was left, quhair part at front nicht
 Quha enterit in, agane zeid neuer mair. (fair,
 Fourtie thay slew, that ganewart wald haue pass
 All disparair, the Dist was all agast.
 Ane part of hors throw schot to deith was brocht,
 Brak to ane plane, the Sutheroun to thame socht
 Than Deswart said, allace how may this be,
 And do na harime, our greit rebute haue we.
 He callit Wallange, and askit his counfall,

The Tent

Schiref thow art, quhat may vs maist auail.
 Bot few thay ar, that makis this greit debait,
 Johne Wallace said, this is the best I wait.
 To reis heirof, and remane heir besyde,
 For thay may nocht lang in this Forest byde.
 For salt of fude thay man in the cuntrie,
 Than war mair tyme to mak on thame melle.
 Or thay be wynn, on force into this stryfe,
 Feill that ze leid, sall erat loig the lyfe.
 Than Psewart said, this rede I will nocht tak,
 And Scottis be warnit, reskew some tyme mak
 Of this despite amendis I think to hair,
 Or de thairfoir in number with the lair.
 Into ane range my self on fute will fair,
 Nicht hundreth he tuik, the lykeliest yat was yair.
 Synce bad the lair byde at the Barreris still,
 With Johne Wallace to reull yame at his will.
 Wallace he said be fordwart in this cace,
 In sic ane mair, we couth nocht get Wallace.
 Tak or slay him, I promeis be my lyfe,
 That King Edward sall mak the Cril of fyfe.
 At zone Eist part we think to enter in,
 I bad na mair, nicht ze this Barreris wynn.
 Fra thay be clost graithly amang vs sa,
 Bot meruell be, thay sall na farther ga.
 I sail ze sair, quhen ze wit we cum heir,
 On ather syde we sall hald thame on steir.
 Thus Psewart thair vpon ane awfull wyse,
 Wallace hes sene, quhat hes bene thair deuyse.
 Gude men he said, vnderstand this deid,
 For such he said, thay ar richt mekil to dreid.
 Zone Psewart is ane worthy Robill knicht,
 Fordwart in weir, richt hardy, wyte, and wicht.
his

His affaillze be ordanis wounder fair,
 Us for to harme, manis wot can do na maik.
 Pleland it is, ane wyse Chistane to ga,
 Tha Chistane lyke, it suld greit comfort ma.
 To his awin men, and thay of woꝛschip be,
 Than for to se ten thousand cōwartis fle.
 Sen we ar set, with enemeis on ilk syde,
 And heir on force mon in this forest byde.
 That all the laif of vs abaisit be,
 Assay the first, for Goddis sath cruellie.
 Craufurd he left, and Longoueil the knicht,
 Fourtie with thame, to keip the Barreris wicht.
 With him sertie, all woꝛthy men in weid,
 To meit Plewart, with hardy will he zeid.
 Ane maner of dyke, into the wood was maid,
 Of thoztour ryis, baldly he thair abaid.
 Ane downwith baill the Sutheroun to yame had,
 Sone semblit thay, with strakis sair and sad.
 Scharp speiris than, duschand on ather syde,
 Thro w birneis bucht, maid woudis deip a wyde.
 The bantage was, the Scottis thame dantit sa,
 That na Inglis men durst fra his fellowis ga.
 To bꝛek array, or forrest enter in,
 Of cristynit blude to se it was greit sin.
 For wrongous caus, and hes bene shony day,
 Feill Inglis men in the dyke deid thair lay.
 Speiris full sone, all into splendoris sprang,
 With scharp swoꝛdis thay hewit on in thrang.
 Blude bristit out thro w fyne harnes and mail,
 John Wallange als, full scharply can assaill.
 Upen Craufurd, and the knicht Longoueil,
 With thair power keipit the Barreris weill.
 Shaid gude defence, be wit, manheid, and micht,

The Spent

At the entre fell men to deith thay dicht,
 Thus all starns thay saizet ather place,
 Fane that was thair durst turne fra ye Barrack.
 To help Wallace na man of his durst pas,
 To reskew thame, sa fell the sechring was.
 At ather hand thay handillit war full hair,
 Bot do o? de, na succour ellis thay wait.
 Wallace was stad into, that stalwart stour,
 Guthrie, Bissat, with men of greit valour.
 Richard Wallace, that worthy was of hand,
 Iscwart meruellit, yat contrair yame nicht stad.
 That euer sa few nicht byde in battell place,
 Aganis thame, and machit face for face.
 He thocht him self, to end that mater weil,
 Fast pteist in, with ane gude hand of steill.
 Into the dyke, and Scottis man gart he de,
 Wallace thairfor in hart had greit pietie.
 Ane mendis to haue, he followit on him fast,
 Bot Inglismen sa thirk betuic thame past:
 That upon him, ane straik get culd he nocht,
 Wither worthy detfly to deith he brocht.
 Sloppis thay maid throw all the Chenealry,
 The hardy Scottis than wrocht sa worthely.
 Than Sutheroun saw of thair gude men sa dyest,
 Langer to byde, yame thocht it nocht the best.
 Four scoir war slane, or thay wald leif the steid.
 And syttie als was at the Barreris deid.
 Ane Trumpet blew, and fra the wud thay dra'w,
 Wallace left of, that sicht fra that he saw.
 To saile mair, thay thocht it was na speir,
 Without the wud to counsall sone thay zeid.
 The worthy Scottis, to tell thame was full faue
 Fell hurtis thay had, bot few of thame was slane.
Wallace

Wallace had all, of gude comfort to be,
 Thankit be God, the sairer part haue we.
 Zoune Knicht Stewart hes at greit Journeyis
 Sa sair assay I haue bot seildin sene. (brue
 I had leuar on Wallace wrokin be,
 Than ony man that is of zoune menze.
 The Scottis all vnto the Barreris zaid,
 Stanchit woundis, that couth full brathly bleid.
 Sum Scottis men had bled full mekill blide,
 for salt of drink, and als waiting of fude.
 Sum sebillit fast, that had seill hurtis thair,
 Wallace thairfor sicthit with hart full sair.
 The hat he hunt to get water is game,
 Wther refuge as than he wist of nane.
 The lytill strand he fand that ran him by,
 Of cleir water he brocht thame abundantly.
 And drank him self, syne said with sober mude,
 The wyne in France me thocht not half sa gude.
 Than of the day, thye quarteris was our went,
 Schir Johne Stewart, hes cassin in his Intent.
 To sailze mair, as than he couth nocht preil,
 Quhill on the moyne that new men couth reil.
 And keip thame in, quhill thay for hunger for,
 Cum in his will, or ellis de thairfor.
 Wallace he said, I charge the for to byde,
 And keip thame in, quhill I to Cowper ryde.
 Thow sall remane with fyue hundred at thy will
 And I ye moyne with power sall cum the till.
 Johne Wallace said, this charge heir I forsak,
 Efter this day, all nicht I may nocht walk.
 Bot traistis weill, thay will I se to the plane,
 Thocht ze byde als, or ellis de in the pane.
 Stewart had byde, or vnderly the blame,

[The Rynt

I the command on gude King Edwardis name,
 Or heir to God, abow I mak befozne,
 And thay brek out to hyng the hie the morne.
 Of his command John Wallange had greit dreid
 Of swart fra thame with nyne scot into deid.
 First hand the wode, and his gude men of fyfe,
 The Scottis was blyth, quhe þat hard sic stryfe.
 Wallace drew neir, his tyme quhen pat he saw,
 To the wode syde, and couth on Wallange call.
 That knicht hes hecht ye morne to hang the hie,
 Cum in to us, I sall thy warrand be.
 In contrait him, and all King Edwardis might,
 Tak we him quyk, we sall him hang on hicht.
 Ane gude Lordschip I sall the gif heir gilt,
 In this ilk land that thy brother hes leift.
 Wallange was wyse, full sone couth vnderstand,
 Be lyklines Wallace suld wynn the land.
 And better him war, into the richt to byde,
 Than be in weir vpon the tother syde.
 With schort auysement, to Wallace in thay socht,
 Than Of swart cryit, and said that beis for nocht.
 And fals of kynd, thow art of heretage,
 Edward on the hes euill wairit greit wage.
 Heir I sall byde, my purpos to fulfill,
 Outher to de, or haue the at my will.
 For all his speiche, to pas pat wald nocht spair,
 With full glaid hart Wallace ressaunt yame pair.
 Be that Rothwen, and Ramsay of Renoun,
 Be ane trew Scot, pat past to Sanct Johnstoun.
 Thame warning maid, pat Of swart followit fast
 Upon Wallace, than war thay sair agast.
 Out of the toun, I schis in all thair might,
 With thre hundred, pat worthye war and wicht.

To Blak Irnesyde assemblit in that place,
 As Wallace was gane in to gude Wallace.
 The knicht Deswart bes weill thair cuming sene
 Ane fair plane feild he chesit thame betwene.
 Elleuin hundreth, and four score than had he,
 The Scottis men, war spue hundreth and seerie.
 Thir was bot few, ane plane feild for to tak,
 Out of the wod gude Wallace can him mak.
 He wist na wit of thame that cumand was,
 Hair hardiment was fra the French to pas.
 Bot quhen he hard, Rothuen and Ramsay cry,
 Of Duchtirous blyth was this Cheualry.
 Nicht thay of gold, haue brocht ane Kingis rent,
 To gude Wallace nicht nocht in weill content.
 Than to array thay zeid on ather syde,
 In cruell Ire at battell bowne to byde.
 Worthyer men than Deswart semblit thair,
 In all his tyme Edward had neuer mair.
 Bot Deswart saw his number was far ma,
 His power sone he gart deuyde in twa.
 To secht in that caus knichtly he thame kend,
 In that Journey outhet to wyll or end.
 The worthy Scottis yat first amang rane bald,
 Full greit slauchter on Inglis men thay maid.
 Into the wod besot had preuit weill,
 Than on the plane thay sonzeit neuer adeill.
 In curage grew, as thay war new begun,
 Schort rest thay had, fra ryling of the Sone.
 Be that Ramsay, and gude worthy Rothuane,
 Thro wout the thickest of the preis is gane.
 Sloppis thay maid amang the Inglis men,
 Disseuerit thame be twentie, and be ten.
 Quhen speiris war gane, with swoordis of mettel.

[The Tent

To Inglis men thair cūming sauld full deir.
 Wallace and his be worthynes of hand,
 Feill Sutheroun blude gart licht vpon ye land.
 The twa feildis togidder reillit than,
 Schir Johne Stewart with mony Robill man.
 To help thair Lord thre hundreth in ane place,
 About hūn stude, and did thair besynes.
 Defendand him with mony awfull dynt,
 Quhill all the outwart of the feild was tynt.
 Of commounis part, into the forest fled,
 Surcoute to seik, thir men sa had thame led.
 The Scottis hes sene sa mony in ane rout,
 With Stewart stand, that Inuerourt him about,
 Upon all sydis, assailzeit wounder sair,
 The poleist plattis with popntis peirsit hair.
 The Sutheroun maid defence full cruelly,
 All occuprit was this Robill Cheualry.
 Schir Johne Ramsay wald thay had soldin bene
 Wallace said nay, it is all wrong ze mene.
 Ransoun to tak, we can nocht now begin,
 On sic ane wyse, this land ze may nocht win.
 Zoune knicht of auld our enemye hes bene,
 Sa fell to vs, of thame I haue nocht sene.
 Now he sall be throw help of Goddis grace,
 He come to pay his Ransoun in this place.
 The Sutheroun saw, and wist planely to be,
 Reskew was nane, suppois that thay wald fle.
 Freshly thay saucht, as thay had enterit new,
 Upon our syde part worth men thay slew.
 Thā Stewart said, allace throw wrongous thing
 Our lyfis we loie, for desyre of our king.
 That telloun knicht dourit his lyfe richt nocht,
 Among the Scottis full manfully he wrought.

Willet

Bisset he straik to deith for outtin mair,
 Wallace preuit with his sword birneist bair.
 At Stewartis hals, he ettillic with greit Ire,
 Thro w pefane stuf, in sunder straik the swyre.
 Deid to the ground he ruscht for all his micht,
 Be Wallace, and thus endit that gude Knicht
 The remanent without mercy thay fla,
 For gude Bisset, the Scottis was wounder wa.
 In handis sum, thay stikkit but remeid,
 As Sutheroun past with lyfe out of that feild,
 Than to the wod, for thame that left the feild,
 Ane range thay set thus micht thay get na brild.
 Zeid nane away was contrair our opinioun,
 Gude Rothuen past agane to Sanct Johnstoun.
 Schir Johne Ramsay to Cowper Castell raid,
 That hous he tuk, for defence nane was maid.
 Wallace, Craufurd, and with paine gude Guthrie
 Richard Wallace had lang bene in mellie.
 And Longouell into Lundois baid still,
 Fastit thay had to lang agane thair will.
 Wallace thay maid thair Stewart for to be,
 Of meat and drink thay fand aboundantie.
 The power fled, and durst na langer byde,
 That was befor vpon the Sutheroun syde.
 Upon the moine to Sanctandris thay pass,
 Out of the toun that Bischop bo wnit fast.
 The King of England had hin thidder send,
 That rent at will he gail him in commend.
 His Kingis charge, as than he durst nocht hald,
 Ane wrangous Pape yat Tyrant micht be cald.
 Few fled with him, and gat away be see,
 For all Scotland, Wallace he wald nocht se.
 Of him as than, he maid bot licht record,

The Tent

Gart restoir him, that thair was richteous Lord.
 The worthy knicht that into Cowper laz,
 Gart spuilze it vpon the secund day.
 Syne ordant men, at the command of Wallace,
 But maie proces for to cast down the place.
 Byndouris gart some piers out throw the wall,
 Syne punctionis fyit, vnto the gound best all.
 Schir Johne Ramsay syne to Carrell can fair,
 Sutheroun was fled, and left bot wallis bare.
 Efter Dewart thay durst nocht tary lang,
 The Scottis at large out throw all fyfe pai rāg.
 As Inglismen was left in that cuntrie,
 Bot in Lochleuin thair baid ane companie.
 Upon that Inche in small housis thay licht,
 Castell was nane, bot wallit with watter wicht.
 Besyde Carrell semblit Wallace befozne,
 His purpos was for to assay Kingorne.
 The knicht Mulgrais, Capitane in it was,
 Be schozt awyle he purposit for to pas.
 Erar he wald byde challange of his King,
 Than with Wallace to reckin for sic thung.
 That hous thay tuk, and lytill tary maid,
 Upon the mozne withouthin maie abaid.
 About the mure, quhair thay the tryst had set,
 New Scotland well thair ludging tuk but tet.
 Efter Supper, Wallace bad thame ga rest,
 My self will walk, me think it may be best.

The wyrrning of Lochleuin. Cap. lii.

As he commadit but grunching pai haue done,
 Into thair sleip Wallace him graithic sone.
 Past to Lochleuin as it was neir mydnight.

Ruchene

Auchtene wiith him, that he had sworn it richt
 Thir men weind weill he come to help it,
 Fellowis he said, I do zow weill to wit.
 Consider weill this place and vnderstand,
 That it may do full greit skaith to Scotland,
 Out of the south, and power cum thame till,
 Thay may tak in, to help at thair awin will.
 Upon zone Inche richt mony men may be,
 And syne Ische out, thair tyme quhen yai se.
 To hyde langer heir we may nocht vpon chance,
 Zone folk hes fude, traist weill at sufficance,
 Matter fra thame, soz sulth can nocht be set,
 Sum ither wyle behouis vs for to get.
 Ze sall remane heir at this part all still,
 And I my self the boit sall bring zow till.
 Thair wiith his weid in haist of castis he,
 Upon zone syde na wache man can I se.
 Held on his lark, and tyik his sword sa gude,
 Bund on his neib, syne lay into the fude,
 And ouir he swame, for letting had he nocht,
 The Boit he tuik, and to his men it brocht.
 Arravit him weill, and wald na langer hyde,
 Bot passit in, and spwit to the ither syde.
 The Inche yai tuik, wiith drawin swordis in had,
 Thay spairit nane, that thay befor thame sand.
 Straik durris bp, and Rikkit men quhair yai lay,
 Upon the Sutheroun this sadly sembill thay.
 Chzettie thay flew, that was into that place,
 To mak defence, the Inglis men had na space.
 Thair women syue, was send out of that steid,
 Weimen noz barnis, he gart neuer put to deid.
 The gude thay tuik, as it had bene thair awin,
 Than Wallace said, fellowis I mak zow knawin

The phentygane that is within this toanis,
 we will nothe ryle, yette sembla to all etanis.
 At warne Hamstey, and bea hund men Jiliane,
 I will certayne quhill that they flye be gane.
 So end first are inken that hogas for to help,
 Ieue by the wote, spye bechis fura to felyp.
 we allace pother, hie Accehard speen quethis lay,
 befor the shone rhyppirthe him away.
 Sum mening man, had meruellit of that case,
 Hamstey had cene, and merite nothe for we allace.
 It is for gude, that he is fra be wene,
 That kan se, and that wote to the hapmentt.
 App heid to hope, Aochfith be pader to be,
 Bot in that place, na Jilgithen kine to be.
 Into this land, bekie the waceris left,
 The thingis of him, fust fone to fall beie eft.
 As thay about wote thilpader on this wofte,
 we allage cote, and churche thest to ryle;
 App Aoud be said, to we cithes thes to wold,
 Into Aochfithen, quethis is eue the hald.
 Ze kan fere wote, that cote put of the fowrd,
 We had geatible thame, vith fure on the moztow.
 And the wote pader, of we allace wote to be,
 Thest sembla in, one full blissh to the wofte.
 Thest lagie pame pader, quethis dayis was at end
 wofte, and wote, thay had biche to spend.
 Thest fure gelyp, we othercom had byoche pader
 we bare to the wote, to Sarte Jofnstoun pader.
 Bichop Amblar, that wofte was and toyle,
 We we allace cote, and fere him his ayle.
 Thus the wofte we allace with him wote to be,
 And in Dunseld Dolome that wofte to be.
 Bot the said nate, that had Jiloch the best,
 And

And Scotland thus, in peice doe can nocht rest.
 The Bischop said, plainly it may nocht wend,
 Into the North, for men I reid so to send.
 I grant (quod he) and cheitir ahe mellingair,
 The worthy Jop was with the Bischop thair.
 And Maister Blair, quhill Wallace com; pai uard,
 With pat gude Lord, pat nobill cheir name maid.
 Wallace send Blair, into his poffis weid,
 To warne þ west quhair freindis had greit dread.
 How thay suld pas, or to gude Wallace torn;
 For Inglisnen, that held thame lang in thorn,
 Adam Wallace, and Lindesay that was wicht,
 Rauthlie thay left, and went a way be rycht.
 Throw out the land, to the Lennor thar fair,
 To Erll Malcolm, that welfumir yame full fair.
 Maister Johne Blair, was blyssful of that semble,
 Gude Grahame was pair, and Riccard of Lude.
 Als Robert Boyd, thar out of Byce came socht,
 That pai Wallace, of na thing thair thay rocht.
 Bot Inglisnen betur thame was sa strang,
 That thay in plane, nicht nocht weil to blih gag.
 Jop passit on, for na thing wald he les,
 Greit power than, as thair he routh nocht get.
 The Lord Cumyn, that Erll of Buchane wald
 For auld Jnuy, he wald lat na man pas.
 That he nicht lat in gude Wallace supplie,
 The Erll Barrick at plane seild helpit he,
 Zit pure men come, and precht all thair might.
 To help Wallace in fence of Scotlandis richt.
 The gude Randall in tender age was kend,
 Part of gude men out of Murray he send.
 Jop passit agane, and come in presence sone,
 Besoit Wallace, and sauid how thay had done.

The Tent

Bot Walter Blair, sa gude tythingis him brocht,
 That of the Cuning Wallace full lytell tocht.
 Als Inglismen, than had full mekill dreid,
 Fra fyte was tynt, the war thay crowit to speid.
 The Duke and Erll that tyme in Scotland led,
 Capitans thay maid, in England syne thay sped.
 Wallace him botomit, quhe he thoche tyme suld be,
 Fra Sanct Johnstoun, and tuk with him fyfte.
 Steuin of Ireland, and Ketrly pat was wiche,
 For Inglismen thay had haldin the richt.
 In waith men weid, and sendit thame richt well
 To gude Wallace thay war als trew as steill.
 To follow him, thay twa thoche neuer lang,
 Thro the Dyche, thay maid yame for to gang.
 Of mair power he carpit nocht that tyde,
 To keip the land the laif he gart abyde.
 To Struiking brig, as than he wald nocht pas,
 For strang powar of Inglismen thair was.

The wypping of Erth. Cap. .iij.

To Erth Ferry thay passit privatly,
 And bursit thame in ane dern Reid thair by.
 Ane crael Capitane in Erth dwelt that zeir.
 In England borne, and hecht Thomlin of weir.
 Ane hundred men was at his leiding still,
 To buik that land thay did power and will.
 Ane Scottis kichear quhilk pai had tane beforne,
 Contrair his will, gart him be to thame swoorne.
 In thair service thay held him day and nicht,
 Befor the Sone Wallace gart Jop him diche.
 And send him furth the passage to espy,
 Or that kichear he hapnit suddandly:

All him allane, bot ane boy that was thair,
 For hynt him sone, and for na dyed wald spair.
 Be the collar, and out ane knyfe pullit he,
 For Goddis sake this man askit merite.
 For speir it sone, of quhat Natioun art thou,
 Ane Scot he said, bot Sutheroun gart me vow.
 In thair service, aganis my will full sair,
 Bot for my lyfe, that I remanit thair.
 To seek fische I come on this North syde,
 Be ye ane Scot, I wald fane with yow byde.
 Than he hun brocht in presence to Wallace,
 The Scottis was blyth, quhen yai haue sene yis
 For with his boit yai nicht weil passage haif, (cace
 For ferry craft he thocht nocht for to craif.
 Upon that syde, lang space thay taryit nocht,
 In the south land with glaid harris thay socht.
 Syne brak the boit, quhen thay war landit thair,
 Service of it, Sutheroun nicht haue na mair.
 Than throw the Mos, thay passit full gude speid,
 To the Forwod yat man with thame thay leid.
 The wedow thair, brocht tythingis to Wallace,
 Of his trew Cme, that dwelt in Donypace.
 Thomlin of weir, in presoun had him set,
 For mair tresour ya nhe befoir nicht get.
 Wallace said Dame he sall weil lousit be,
 The more be none, or ma thairfoir sall de.
 Scho gat thame meit, and in quyet thay baid,
 Quhill it was nicht, syne reddy sone thay maid.
 Towart Erth hall, richt suddandly thame drew,
 Ane strenth thair was, yat weil ye fischear knew.
 Of draw dykis, and full of watter wan,
 Wpsele thair of hes warnit thame this man.
 On the bak syde he led thame priuatlie

¶ The Tent

Fra the water, as wound to cum was he.
Out ane small brig, gude mallace enterit in,
Into the hall him self thocht to begin.
Fra the Supper, as thap war boton to ryfe,
He saluſt thame upon ane awfull wyfe.
His men him follovoit, ſuddandly atanis,
Whaſte ſorrow was raiſe in thap wanis.
With ſcheir ad ſwoydis, ſcharply about yame dang
feill on the ſure, was ſellit thame among.
With Thomlin weir, mallace him ſelf hes met,
Ane ſelloun ſtraik ſadly upon him ſet.
Thyo to beid and ſwoyfe, all thyo to ye coſt him clari
The worthy Secoris ſaſt ſtrikit of the laſt.
Heipir Durris, and to the Deth thame dict,
To chaip a way, the Sutheroun had na micht.
Aun woyndois ſocht for to haue yrobin out,
Bot all for nocht, full ſey was maid that rout.
About the ſpye buſchit the blude ſa freid,
Ane hundredy men was flane into that ſteid.
Than mallace ſocht quhat his auncle ſaid be,
In ane deip doif he was ſet Dukeſulle.
Aubek water ſtude, and he in Arms ſtrang,
Mallace full ſonc, the lyaſ ſup he dang.
Of that myrk heil, byocht him with ſtrength a liſt,
Bot noyis he bard, of na thing ellis he wiſt.
Sa blyth beſoit, in ward he had nocht bene,
And thait with ſicht, quhen he had mallace ſeus.
In dybis out, the deid bodyis thap keſt,
Craithit the place, as that thame lykit beſt.
Maid full gude cheir, and wyfe wachis thap ſet,
Mithill meir the day, thap ſceip withoutin ſet.
When thay had ſich, ſpuiſeit the place in by,
Fand gairand geir, bauch gold and ſilver.

Our

Out all that day in quyet held thame still,
 Quibē Sutheroun come, ressaunt pame with gude
 In pat laubour ye Scottis was ful bane, (will.
 Inglisnen come in, bot ilaie zeid out agane.
 Menen and barnis put in p̄scoun and caif,
 Sa thay nicht mak na warning to the laif.
 Steuin of Ireland, and heirlp pat was wicht,
 Keipt the port vpon the setund nicht.
 Besoir the day the worthp Scottis rais,
 Currit gude geir, and to the Torwood gaig.
 Remanit thair, quhill nicht was cūmin on hand,
 Syne bowit thame in quyet throo the land.
 The wedow sone, fra thay war passit dout,
 Ane setuand send, and leit the women out.
 To pas fra Erth-quhair pat yame lyhit best,
 Now speik of thame, that went into the west.

How Wallace bynt the Inglisnen in
 Dunbertane. Cap. v.

Wallace him self was sicker gyde that nicht,
 To Dunbartane the way he cheisit richt.
 Or it was day, for than the nicht was lang,
 Unto the toun full priuatly thay gang.
 Mckill of it Inglisnen occuppit,
 Gude Wallace sone, throo ane dark garth him
 Unto ane hous quhair he was wont to ken, (hyt
 Ane wedow dwelt, that was freind to our men.
 About hir bed, on the bak syde was maid,
 Ane dertn wyndo, was nouthet lang nor braid.
 Thair Wallace callit, and sone fra scho him kneio
 In haist scho rais, and priuatly him drew:
 To ane clois barn, quhair thay nicht keptit be,

The Tent

Baith mett a drink, scho brocht pame greit plentie.
 Ane gudly gift, to Wallace als scho gart,
 Ane hundred pund, and mair atour the laiff.
 Ayne Sonis scho had, was likly men and wiche,
 Ane aith to him scho gart thame sweir full richt.
 In peice thay dwelt, in trubill thay had bene,
 And tribute payit to Inglis Capitanis bene.
 Schir Johne Menteith, the Castell had in hand,
 Bot sum men said thair was ane preue band.
 To Sutheroun maid, be meanis of that kucht,
 In thair supplie to be at all his micht.
 Thair of as now, I will na proces mak,
 Wallace that day, ane schozt purpos can tak.
 Quhen it was nicht he had the wedow pas,
 And mark the duris, quhair Sutheroun dwellt.
 Syne efter this, he and his Cheualry, (was,
 Craicht thame weil, and wappinis tuk in hy.
 Went on the gait, quhair Sutheroun was on flet,
 Ane greit Distillary our Scottis tuk to help
 Ane Inglis Capitane was sittand by sa lair,
 Quhen he and his, with drink was maid sa fair:
 Ayne men was thair, with him set in his cupage,
 Sum wald haue had gude Wallace in that rage.
 Sum wald haue buid, schir John ye grahametrow
 Sum wald haif had guid boyd at sword/iech. (lēt)
 Sum wistit Lundy, yat chaipit was in fyfe,
 Sum wichter was, nor Setoun yan in ulyfe.
 Quhen Wallace hard, the Sutheroun mak sic dyn
 He gart all byde, and him allane went in.
 The lair remanit to heir of thair tychance,
 He salusth thame with sturdy countenance.
 Fellowis he said, sen I come lair fra hame,
 In trauell I was, in land our vucouth fame.

fra South Ireland I come in this cuntrie,
 The new conquests of Scotland for to be.
 Part of your drink, and sum gude I wald haif,
 The Capitane than, ane schewit answer him gaif
 Thow semis ane Scot unlikly vs to spy,
 Thow may be ane of Wallace company.
 Contrait our King he is ryllin agane,
 The land of fyfe he hes riddin in plane.
 Thow sall heir byde, quhill we wit how it be,
 Be thow of his, thow sall be hangit he.
 Wallace thocht than it was na tyme to stand,
 His Robill sword he grippit sone in hand.
 Durt thout the face, drew the Capitane in tene,
 Straik all away, that grew abone his Cne.
 Ane ither bratthly in the breist he baif,
 Baith braune & bane, ye buirly blaid thow schair.
 The laif ruscht vp, to Wallace in greit Ire,
 The thrid he felit, full derfly in the fyre.
 Steuin of Ireland, and Keirly in that thrang,
 Keipt na charge, bot enterit thame amang.
 And ither ma, that to the dure can preis,
 Quhill yat him saw, yat culd na thing thame ceis
 The Sutheroun men full sone was brocht to deid
 The blyith Distillar, bad thame gude aill & bield.
 Wallace said nay, quhill we haue laffer mair,
 To be our gyde, thow sall befoir vs sair.
 And begyn fyre quhair yat the Sutheroun lyes,
 The Distillar sone vpon ane haistie wyis.
 Hynt fyre in hand, and to ane greit hous zeld,
 Quhair Inglismen was into mekill dield.
 For thay wist nocht, quhill yat ye Reid low rais,
 As wod beistis amang ye fyre than gais.
 Naith panis sell, ruscht full sorowfully,

The Tent

The laif without of our gude Chenstry,
 At ilk hous quhair the Distillar began,
 Keipit the durist, fra thame chaipit na man,
 For all pair micht, thocht king edward had swoome
 Gat nane away, that was of Ingland boine.
 Bot outhir bynt, or but reskew was flane,
 And sum thro'w force dzein in the fyre agane.
 Part Scottis folk in seruice thame amang,
 Fra ony pane frely thay leit thame gang.
 Thye hundreth men was to Dunbertane send,
 To keep the land, as thair Lord had thame kend.
 Khaithles of thame, for ay was this Regioun,
 Wallace or day maid him out of the town.
 Unto the Coif of Dunbertane thay zeid,
 And all that day, thair sojornit but dzeid.
 Baith meit and drink the Distillar gart be brocht
 Quhe nicht was cumin, in all ye haist thay mocht
 Towart Rosneath full ernestly thay gang,
 For Inglis men was in that Castell strang.
 On the Garloch thay purpos thame to byde,
 Betuik the Kirk, that neir was thair besyde.
 And to the Castell full priuatly thay ga,
 Under ane bray thay lubgit thame full la.
 Under the watter quhair commoun vse had thay
 The Castell suf vnto the Kirk ilk day.
 Ane mariage als, was that day to begin,
 All Fischit out, and left na man thairin.
 That fence micht mak, bot seruandis in that place
 Thus to that tryll thay passit vpon cace.
 Wallace and his dzeu thame full priuatly,
 New hand the place, quhen thay war passit by.
 Within the hall, and thocht to keep that steid,
 Fra Sutheroun men, or ellis thairfoir be deid.

Compleit

Compleit was maid, the mariage into plane,
 Unto Rosmeth thay passit hame agane.
 Four score and ma, was in that company,
 Bot nocht arrayit, as was our Cheualry.
 To the Castell thay weind to pas but let,
 The worthy Scottis sa hardly on thame set.
 Fourtie atanis derfly to ground thay bair,
 The remanent eschapyt war sa sair.
 Langer in feild thay had na micht to hyde,
 Bot feirfly fled fra thame on ather syde.
 The Scottis thair with, weil hes re entre woin,
 And slew all thair, that in the hous was fundin.
 Syne on the flearis followis wounder fast,
 A Inglisman with lyfe thair fra thame past.
 The women sone thay seikit into hand,
 Keipt thame clois for warning of the land.
 And deid bodyis all out of sight thay best,
 Than at gude eis thay maid thame for to rest.
 On that purueyance seuin dayis ludgit thair,
 At rude costis, to spend thay wald nocht spair.
 Quhē Sutheroun come, thay tuk thame glaidly
 Bot out agane thay leit nane of that kin. (in,
 Quhat tythingis send the Capitane of yat feild,
 Thair seruitoris the Scottis put to deid.
 Spulzett the place, and lest na gudis thair,
 Brok wallis down, and maid the biggingis bair.
 Quhen yat had spilt all stane werk yat yat mocht,
 Syne kendillit fyre, and fra Rosmeth thay socht.
 Quhen thay had bynt all trein werk in yat place
 Wallace gart freich the woemen of his grace.
 To do thame harme neuer his purpols was,
 Than to Falkland, the worthy Scottis can pas.
 Quhair Cril Halcolme, was bydand at Defence,

The Tent

Richt blyith he was of Wallace gude presence.
 Than he fand thair ane Robill cumpany,
 Schir Johne ye Braham, and Richard of Ludy.
 Adam Wallace that worthy was and wyse,
 Barklay, and Bopd, with men mekill to pyse.
 At Cristyumes, yair Wallace soioznit still,
 Of his mother tythingis was brocht hum till.
 That tyme befoir, scho had lest Ellerlie,
 For Inglisinen scho durst nocht in it be.
 Fra thyne disagysit scho past in pilgrame weid,
 Sum girth to seik, to Dunfermling scho zeid.
 Seiknes scho had, forsluth into that steid,
 Deceissit scho was, God tuik hir Spyte to leid.
 When Wallace hard yat yir tythingis war trew
 How sadnes sa, on ilk syde can persew.
 In thank he tuik, becaus it is naturall,
 He louit God with sicker hart and baill.
 Better hum thocht, as it was hapnit sa,
 Than Sutheroun suld put hir to vther wa.
 He ordanit Jop, and all wa maister Blair,
 Chidder to pas, and for na coist to spair.
 Bot honorabill y e Corps put in Sepulture,
 At his comand thay seruit all the cure.
 Doand thairto, as deith requyrit to haif,
 With riche entrie, the Corps thay put in graif.
 Agane thay turnit, and schewit of hir end,
 He thankit God, quhat grace that euer he send.
 He seis the world sa full of fantasy,
 Comlozt he tuik lest all murning ga by.
 His maist desyre was for to freith Scotland,
 Now will I tell quhat cace pan come on hand.

Chow the William Douglas towar the
 Castell of Aquhary be ane Jeopardie,
 and how William Wallace take wit him
 fra the Inglishmen, and put thame out of
 that part. Cap. lx

The William lang of Douglasdall was
 the first wyfe, as richt is to record (loz)
 Deceit he than out of this worldy car;
 Was his be had with hir that leuit that.
 Dubhik hie was, and abill in curage,
 To schull war send into that tender age.
 James and Hew, sa hecht the brether twa,
 And efter some thair vncle culd thame sa.
 Gude Robert hecht had thame fra blawis
 And out the ley, so France he stand him be.
 At study syne he left thame in Paris,
 With ane Maister, yat morth was and wys.
 The King Edward iuk thair fathir pat is nicht,
 And held him all, thocht he was neuer sa wicht.
 Dubhik wroth he had assent to his will,
 Ane marriage als thay haue ordanit him till.
 The Lady ferres of power and hie blude,
 Bot thair of come to his lyfe lytill gude.
 Was thent he gat on this Lady but mair,
 With Edwardis will he iuk his leif to fair.
 In Scotland come, and brocht his wyfe in peis,
 In Douglas dwelt, so luth this is na leis.
 King Edward crow that he had stedfast bene,
 Fast to thair saich, bot the contrair was sene.
 At Scottis blude remainit into Douglas,
 Aganis Ingland, that prent in mony place.
 The Aquhary was ane Castell fair and strang
 S. l.

The Tene

The English Capteine had done sell hisself to say,
 Into it dwelt aye he refused he was cald,
 That heid all wast, fra ryse to to woglasshald,
 In the net of syn was Douglas wyfe and he,
 Whatsoe he rowt in peir of him to be.
 Socht William saw, that mallace rais in plane,
 And rich phile to seich Scotland agane.
 To help him part, into his mynd he bed,
 For in that lyfe rich lary he couyt nocht lest.
 He chocht na charger to byt upon England,
 It was thowt soyes pat euer be maid thame baid.
 The young man thow, that hardy was and bald,
 Bome woth him self, and Thomas Tisoun cald.
 Thair frend he said, I wald prei at my wyth,
 And mak aye say as fals he wurd the knych.
 In the aquitance Douglas, & does ful greit ourrage,
 Than Tisoun said, my self in that beage.
 All for I am pas, woth Anderson to speik,
 If cindithys to me my Douglas woull wiche byt.
 He is the man thair fy leidis thame til,
 Wyth to his help I am purpois I may fastill!
 Socht William than in all the haid he miche,
 Thertie retu men in that beage he diche.
 And said his wyfe, to Tisoun he wald say,
 The cryt he said of England he had say.
 Thus passit he, guthair pat na Southcoun wist,
 Woth thertie, thow to wald land at that list.
 Doubt wiche was cumen, he butht pame full lair
 Thow aye cleuch neir at the watter of Crau.
 O the Southcoun Tisoun allane he send,
 And he soue wald woth Anderson this end.
 Tisoun wald cas bairt his boyz and his weid,
 He it was day aye daughter of wou to leid.

Agane

Againe he pass, and said the yude to Douglas,
 Doubt's he w him some in-to-ene pemat parr.
 Anderfoun said quhen that that was estaid,
 To Thomas Toiboun, was richter am of his linc.
 f ourte thay ar, all men of mecht and will,
 Be thay on foot, thay will four Jair assail.
 Whif he happin the entrie for to get.,
 On the rich hand and salwart ade is set.
 That with the w may defend the tene shing,
 Be Douglas wof, he wyde nocht fra the dang.
 Anderfoun seid to the bufhement in heil,
 For the Castell be dre w shame prusely.
 Into one Schaw, Sutheroun midt aillt nocht,
 Co the net mod with Toiboun some the fact.
 That hit are thairt or are heid and lath,
 That he are hope, and to the oun sam thair.
 Arapit he was, in all Anderfounis wist,
 And bad haue in, the Joutar come gude spet.
 That heid he said, xpoth woldt haue the woldt,
 And pruselys thair art, so is it fram the dang.
 The Jout seid to the Toiboun, gar in bet and w,
 And thoyfour hand that all the Joutar thp baie,
 He cutt it, the Jout to gward coultis,
 Quhen the Jout, striking thay woldt be nocht w,
 The Jout thoyfour the Jout and the Jout,
 The Jout thoyfour the Jout, and the Jout thp baie,
 The Jout the Jout that the Jout and the Jout,
 And the Jout thp baie, was the Jout thp baie,
 In our the wold, enterit of thay woldt w,
 The woldt men was, fra the woldt thp baie,
 And the woldt men was, fra the woldt thp baie,
 And the woldt men was, fra the woldt thp baie.

The Tent

Dowglas had tane the zet of the grett Tour.
 Ran vp the Grece quhair that the Capitane lay,
 On fuit he gat, and wald haue bene a way.
 Quis leit it was, Dowglas strack by the dure,
 Bewfurd he fand in myddis of the flure,
 With ane skil sword to deith he bes him dicht,
 His men followit, that wox by war and wiche.
 The men thay slew, that was within thay wantis
 Sene in the clow thay semblit all at atanis.
 The hous thay tuk, and Sutheroun put to deid,
 Gat nane bot ane, with ipse out of that fleid.
 For that the zet sa lang vnsteik it was,
 This spy he sled, and to Durrisdeer can pas.
 Tald that Capitane that thay had hapnit sa,
 And vther he gart vnto the Ennoch ga.
 And Tpherris mure was warnit of this cace,
 And Lochmabane all semblit to this place.
 The countrie als, quhen thay hard of sic thing,
 To seige Dowglas, and hecht thay suld him hing.
 Quhen Dowglas wist, that nane was fra thame
 To sailze him, he trowit þat pai wald schaip. (chapp
 Diklone he send vpon ane Cutsour wicht,
 To warne Wallace in all the haist he micht.
 In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plane,
 With four hundredeth that was of nobill mane.
 Kilsyth Castell he thoct to besy it,
 That Baundakil held, bot trew men leit him wit
 That he was out, that tyme in Cumernald,
 Lord Cumpng dwelt on tribute in that hald.
 Quhen Wallace wist, he gart Erll Malcome ly,
 With twa hundredeth in bulcheiment neir thair by.
 To keip the hous, that nane suld to it fair,
 He tuk the lair in the wod syde neir thair.

Ane

The Scurriour set, to warne gif he sawe achit.
 Some Raundall come, of yame he had na chocht.
 When he was cumin þrwa bulchemfrie betwene
 The Scurriour warnit thir cruell men and hone.
 Quhe Erll Malcolme had barrit yame fra re place
 As Surberoun zeid with lyfe thay did yat grace.
 Part Lennor men thay lest the hous to ca.
 On quylzeing than thay wald na tary ma.
 To seige housis, than Wallace couth nocht hyde,
 Thow out the land in a wfull wyse thay ryde.
 Than Lynlichgow toun, pai bynt into pair cast.
 Quhat Surberoun dwelt, pai maid pair bigging;
 The Deill pai tuk, flew yame þ was pairin, þat
 On Surberoun blude, ye Scottis thocht na sin.
 Spne on the moyne bynt Dalkeith in ans gleid,
 Than to ane strength in Newbottill wod pai zeid.
 Be that Lawdys, and Cristall of Setoun,
 Come fra the Bas, & bynt North Berwik toun,
 For Inglis men pair suld na succour get,
 Quhome pai our tuk, thay flew for ourrin let.
 To meet Wallace thay past in all thair micht.
 Ane hundred with thair of men in arming bycht.
 Ane blysch meeting that tyme was thams betwene
 When Erll Malcolme, & Wallace hes yame sene.
 Thomas Daloun was met with gude Wallace,
 Quhilk grantit sone, for to reskew Douglas.
 Daloun he said, wait thow of thair myght,
 The thousand men pair power may nocht be,
 Er Malcolme said, thocht pai wat thousandis spie
 For this actioun me think yat we suld stryfe.
 Than New the Hay, yat dwelt vnder tre wage,
 Of Inglis men sone he gail out that mag.
 What for to pay, as than he lykit noch,

The Tene

with fyrie men to be allace forth he socht.
 To be this fast, bot na Sutherrope yame had.
 That at the Croce, ahe plane city hawe thay made.
 be allace comandit; quitha wald cum to his pels,
 and byde thairat, rewarde suld haue bot leis.
 Gude Sutherford, that ever rewe had here,
 In thatis teld, agane the Sutherrope bene.
 is idin he had; and done thame methil bet.
 Shertie be led of Jobill men of weir.
 be allate him welcumit, that come in his supplie,
 with Lord he leit, and Christane lyke was he.
 That to array, thay went without the tow.
 That timber was set hundredth of Sengul.
 In beintis ficht, all men of methil wall.
 with glad hartis thay past thyo to Cristid wall.
 The Seige began, was to the Sengul set,
 Sic rythungis coude, that wald thairin the let.
 When Sutherdu hard yat be allace was in weir,
 Thow thairle frey, the whil was all the weir.
 Na man was yair, wald for aue vther byde,
 purpos thay tois, in England for to ryde.
 The Christane laid, sen thair King had be soyt,
 fra the adace fled, thair causis was the mote.
 fra Sengul yat socht, to byde it was gret wair.
 To be glay as pan, was thus quyte of thair seair.
 In Craukurd mure be than was gude be allace,
 When men him tauld that Sutherrope ypon case.
 was fled a way, and durst him nocht abyde,
 Thre hundredth than he chesle with him to ryde.
 In heit harnes, and hoys yat thay wald wall,
 The Crill Shalcome he bad byde with the stall.
 To follo w thame aue bak gaird for to be,
 To stur the thace, in all hait bo must be.

Thyo w

[illegible]

The Tent

And trauellit sair, thay micht na farther gang.
 Schir Johne ye Brahamme vpon his fute was set;
 Than Wallace als, lychtit withouttir let.
 Thir twa on fute among pair enemies set,
 Was none but hors, micht fra yame pas so; sped.
 On Inglisshen sa cruelly thay socht,
 Quhome thay ouertuk, agane harrit vs nocht.
 To Wallace come, ane part of yowre new;
 On restit hors that peirly couerth persew.
 Adamle Cotte with gude men of greit bail,
 And Johnstoun als, that dwelt into Erskdall.
 And Kirkpatrick was in that cumpany,
 And Hauldrip, quhill semblit sturdip.
 Quhair thay enterit ye farize was sa sair,
 Deid to the ground, still scaris down thay bare.
 Beukle seir was hailt of new cumm men in deid,
 The South partie of yame had mekill deid.
 Wallace was hoist vpon ane Cartouit wiche,
 That gude Cotte had brocht hon to that icht.
 To that the thair with new Chynary;
 Commandit Brahamme, and his gude men for thy.
 Cogidder brde, and follow as thay micht,
 Thir Capitans pair full sone to deith pat dycht.
 Thir restit hors sa wonder weill him bair,
 Quhome he ouertuk, agane rais neuer mair.
 Raichly he raid, and brocht full mony wound,
 Thir thir Capitans he slikit in ane stound.
 Of Durrisdeer, Ennoch, and Teberris mure,
 Lord Cullokdis Cate away to Carlile sure.
 The quhill befor pat kerpit Lochinabane,
 As schandit man with him chaipir bot ane.
 For Marwell als, out of Carlauerok come,
 On ye Sutheroun the ganest way hes home.

Into

In comtise he had rungin sa lang,
 Chustanis he maid, yet thay suld nocht pas tozand
 & ydis thay cheis fra stremhis thame to ge,
 Thay thoct na mair to byde at Jeopardy.
 In plane battell, and thay micht weallace wyth,
 He rowit of weir, thay wold na mair begyn.
 Let I this king mak and his Dydanis,
 May purpois is, to speik sum thing of France.
 The Ingilmen, than Guyan held of weir,
 To frenche folk, yai did full mekill dese.
 King and counsaill sone in thait wittes best,
 To get weallace, thame thoct it was the best.
 For Guyan land the Ingilmen had thay,
 Than schuy thay thus, in all the hais thay may.
 For thay traistit gif Scotland war weill stad,
 Weallace wold cum, as he thame promeis had.
 The samy Herald besour in Scotland was,
 Thay him commandit, and ordanit he suld pass.
 Into Scotland without langer delay,
 Out of the schuce als gudly, as he may.
 Reddy he was, in socht he past on cais,
 In Thays mouth he maid the hais he tair.
 Quhair weallace thay, was at the laithes stait,
 And he ressaue the Herald with gudde wait.
 Thair woir he red, and said thame on this wyse,
 Yne answer sone he coult thame nocht delyse.
 To honest Junis, the Herald thay he send,
 On weallace coult richt badly for so spend.
 Wchill tyme he saw how dyer morters yid,
 Than answer he suld haue withoutin dyid.
 The wit of France, thoct weallace to counnail,
 Into Scotland with his Herald thay send,
 That of his dyd, and als the descriptioun,

¶ The Tene

Of him tane that is called of discretion.
 Glads, haples, betales that he saw,
 Bot J heirof, can nocht rebels at war,
 No allace stature of gretnes mid of hicht,
 Neas Judgt thus be discretoun of hicht.
 That saw him bath on Chrenall and in weid,
 Ayne quarters laige of hicht he was in deid.
 Chyd part that lenth; in schulderis baid was he;
 Richt semely strang, and richt lustie to se.
 In lymms greit, with stalwart pails and bound,
 His bairnis hard, with armis lang and tound.
 His handis maid richt lyke to ane palmist,
 Of manly he mak, with nallis lang and eler:
 Proportounat fair, and lang was his offage,
 Richt sad of speiche, and abill of curage.
 Braid helleit heich, with sturdy craig and greit,
 His lippis round, his nels was squair and terit.
 Brounpant byun hait on browis and byeis lycht
 Cleit asper ene, lyke Dyamentis brycht.
 Under his cheyn, on his left syde was sent,
 Be hurt ane wen his cullour was sanguene,
 Woundis he had in many diuers place,
 Bot fair and hadl weill keptit was his face.
 Of riches als he keptit no propir thing,
 Gail pat he war, lyke Alexander the king.
 In tyme of pety meik as ane mayd shuld be,
 Dubait wote appoethis, the richt Hector was he.
 To Scottis men richt gude creodence he gaf,
 Bot klawis enemys pat couth him nocht distall.
 Chir propertis war Judgt into France,
 Of him so be, ane gudly rememb. ance.
 Whaist John Blak, this Baroun couth tell,
 In no allace but he spent it with the tall.

Bot

Bot he betrof, as than tusk iyrill heid,
 His lauborous mynd was all of vther deid.
 At Dundie Seige, this earnest as he lay,
 Cythngis to him Jop brocht vpon ane day;
 How Edward King with lyklike men to wail,
 Ane hundred thousand come for to assaill.
 Than Scotland ground thay had tane vpon cace
 Into sum part it greuit gude Wallace.
 He maid Skypmgeour at the hous to ly,
 With twa thousand, and chargit him for thy.
 That nane suld chaip with yse out of that steid,
 That Sutheroun war, bot put yame all to deid.
 Skypmgeour grantit, richt faithfully to byde,
 With aucht thousand Wallace can fra him ryde.
 To Sanct Johnstoun thze dayis he graithit yale
 With sad auple towart the south can fair.
 For King Edward that tyme ordanit had,
 Ten thousand hail, to pas that was full glaid.
 With young Woodstok, ane Lord of mekill might,
 At Striuling byg he ordanit thame full richt.
 And thair to byde, the entrie for to weir,
 Of Wallace than, he trowit to haue na deir.
 Thair leif thay tusk, and past on but delay,
 Richt Royally into ane gude array.
 To Striuling come, and thair wald nocht abyde
 To se the North beyond Forth can thay ryde.
 Sic new curage sa fel in his Intent,
 Quhilk maid Sutheroun full lair for to repent.

(K)(+)(D)

The Ellement Bulke Declairis the Battell of
 the fawbuke. Cap. 1.

The Cheyne

This woodstok raid into ye North gude speid,
 Of Scottis as than, he had bot lytill dreid.
 For weill thay trobet for to reserw Dundie.
 Thair Schippis come to Tay in be the se.
 His gydis said, that thay suld leid him be.
 Sanct Johnstoun quhair passage lay planety.
 The hicht thay tuk, and lukit thame about,
 Sa war thay war of Wallace and his rout.
 Than in sumpart he remordit his thocht,
 The Kingis command becaus he kept nocht.
 Bot fra he saw thay se war was noy be,
 He wald thame hyde, and outhir do oȝ de.
 Schir Johne Ramsay forrest this power saw,
 Said zone ar thay, that ze se hiddit draw.
 Outhir Sutheroun that cūmis sa cruellie,
 Oȝ Erll Malcolme to seik zow for supplie.
 Than Wallace saylit, said Inglisoun thay ar,
 Ze may thame ken riche weill quhair yat pai fair
 On Schirel mure Wallace the seild hes cane,
 With aucht thousand, of worthy men in mane.
 The Sutheroun war richt douchtie into deid,
 Togidder straitt stufit in steill weid.
 Than speiris sone all into splenderis spent,
 The hardy Scottis out throw ye Sutheroun wēt
 In rayit battell seuin thousand down thay baite,
 Deid on the bent, that cowerit neuer maite.
 Richt sell sechtung with wappinns groundin bene,
 Blude fra beirnis was buscht on the grene.
 The stalwart stour that felloun was and strang,
 The worthy Scottis sa derly on thame dang.
 That all was deid within ane lytill stound,
 Nane of that place had power for to found.
 Young Woodstok hes baith lyfe and Dist forlorne
The

The Secretis spotteth of gude gett thame beloune
 Quibar thame thocht beif of þine barnes pat well
 Bathy gold and gude, and boys that miche amall.
 So Struthing byg, without resting thay can,
 O ma luffe cum, weallace this opdowne mard,
 Is all out the byg, weallace gart wipthetis call,
 And woth crastis men toidid the passyng all,
 A þne thay same folk be send to the Iayp furd,
 That set the ground woth that scathetis and burd,
 And woth the scathid mard it als beip as scot.
 Than we allace said we sal on are fide be,
 Z one king and I, bot gif be southwart fle.
 We send Lawder, quhilk had in hand the Ros,
 Endlang the coif quhair oip elsethell was.
 And men woth him, that beþie court luth,
 Of ilk boit are but d of twa out rith.
 So chippis thay bypit of strangeris yat was pat,
 Setoun and be, so we allace thus can fac.
 In Struthing lay upon his purpous still,
 For Anglusmen, so se quibar way thay will.
 The Cril Malcolme Struthing in keeping had,
 To him be come, woth men of armis sad.
 The hundredeth hall, that sicker was and treth,
 Of Aennot-folk, that power to reue to.
 Sochur Johne the Strathame fra Dundal sickerly,
 To we allace come, woth are gude Cheualer.
 The thadus him bioche, for wetherell come af hand
 In Ophubethen king Edward was lufgreand.
 Destroyand the place of purueyance was that,
 Sancte Johus gude as than yat woth mocht speth
 Gude Seiwart of Rure come to we allace pat,
 Mith him be had twelf hundred men and mair.

The Elleuine

The Cumyng than was past in Cummernaid,
 Upon the moyne bownt the Stewart bald.
 Sone to array, with men of armis bucht,
 Twentie thousand than semblit to thair sicht.
 The Lord Stewart, and Cumyng furth vai ryde
 To the faw Kirk, and thocht thair to abyde.
 Wallace and his, than to array thay zeid,
 With ten thousand of worthy men in deid.
 Quha culd behald his awfull Lordly bult,
 Sa weil besene, sa fordwart, sterne and stont.
 Sa gude Chifranis, as with sa few thay bear,
 Withouth ane King, was neuer in Scotland here.
 Wallace him self, and Erll Malcolm the Lord,
 Schir Johne pe graham, a Ramsay at record.
 Scoun, Lawder, and Ramsay pat was wicst,
 Adam Wallace was to that Journey dicit.
 And mony uther quhilk preit weill in preis,
 Thair namis all, I may nocht heir reheis.
 Sutheroun or than, out of Torphichen fure,
 Thair passage maid into Slamanane mire.
 Into ane plane set Tentis and Pauilloun,
 South the faw Kirk, a lyill abone the coun.
 Gude Jop him self Judgit be his sicht,
 In haill number ane hundreth thousand richt.
 Of Wallace come the Scottis sic comfort tuik,
 Quhen thay him saw all dreddour thay forluk.
 For of Inuy was sew thair that it wist,
 Tressonabill folk thair matet with this with list.
 Boysoun sen syne at the faw Kirk is cald,
 Thro greit tressoun and coruptioun of ald.
 Lord Cumyng had Inuy at gude Wallace,
 For Erll Patrik that hapnit vpon cace.
 Countes of Marche was Cumyngis Sister deir,
Under

Underfallout he wrocht on this matter.
 Into the Dist had ardaun Wallace deid,
 And maid Stewart to fall with him in pleid.
 That Lord he said that Wallace had na richt,
 Power to leid; and he present on sight.
 He bad him tak the vanguard for to go,
 Sa wist he weill that he said stryle for thy.
 Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his counsaill.
 Said: Schir ze knaw, quhat may us in this awaill
 Zone a wufull King is felloun for to Unde,
 Richt brabast Wallace answerit that tyde.
 And I hane sene ma twyis into Scotland;
 With zone ilk King quhe Scottis meiruk on hadid
 North to pat men, than now at hidder foche,
 This Kealine agane, to full yads perpolis brocht.
 Schir we wot lecht; for we haue men anew,
 As for ane Day, that we all be trew.
 The Stewart and he to the vanguard half;
 Wallace answerit, and this sa GOD he saif:
 That ze fall richt, in King as I may ring,
 Noz na thair King, quhat I se in this edus King.
 Gif he will cum, and tak on him the Crown;
 At his command, I sal be redy boun.
 Thro GODdis grate I reschew Scotland twyis
 I wot so that, as tyne it on sic wyse.
 To tyne for both, that I haue gouernit lang,
 Thus half in with, it a wate yun can he gang.
 Stewart thair with all bo boun into baill,
 Wallace he said, be the I tell ane raill.
 Say furth (quod he) of the fairest ze can,
 Unhappely hi I can thus he began.
 Wallace he said, how takis the mekill cure,
 Sa fast it be working of nature.

The Ellement

How ane Howlet compleit of his fethrame,
 Quhill Dame nature tulk of. Ith bird but blame
 Ine sair fedder, and to the Howlet gais,
 Than he throw pryde rebutit all the lais.
 Quhairfoir suld thou the Senze schaw sa hie,
 Thow thinkis nane heir, that suld thy fellow be.
 This makis it, thow art cled with our men,
 Had we our awin, thyne war bot few to ken.
 At this wordis gude Wallace bynt as fyre,
 Our hastely he answerit him in Ire:
 Thow leid he said, the suith full oft hes bene,
 Thair haue I biddin, quhe thow durst not be sene
 Contrair thy enemyis na mair for Scotland's richt,
 Nor dar the Howlet, quhen yate day is licht.
 That fail full neir thow hes tald be thy sell,
 To thy desyre thow sall nae nocht compell.
 Cumpnyng it is hes geuin the this counsaill,
 Will God ye fall of your first purpois fail.
 This fals tratour, that I of danger brocht,
 Is wounder lyke this Reakne to bring to nocht.
 For thyne oggart outhir thow sall byde o' de,
 To presoun led, o' cowardly to fle.
 Reskew of me, thow sall get nane this day,
 Thair with he turnit, and fra thame raid his way
 Ten thousand hail, away with Wallace raid,
 Nane better was in all the world sa braid.
 As of sic men, that leuand was on lyfe,
 Allace greit harme sell Scotland for that steple.
 Past to ane wode, fra the sawkirk be eist,
 He wald nocht byde for cominand nor request.
 For charge of nane, bot it had bene his king,
 That micht that tyme bring him fra his etling.
 The viher Scottis that saw this discentoun,
For

For discomfort to leif the feild was boun.
 Bot that thay men was natie to Stewart,
 Principall of Bute, tuis hardiment in hart.
 Lord Stewart was at Cumpnyng greuit thair,
 Hecht and he leuit, he suld repent fullsair.
 The greit trespas that he throw mystnatwage,
 Had gart him mak to Wallace in that place.
 Of thair debait it was aue greit pietie,
 For Inglis men than micht na blythar be.
 Haisit sa fast, aue bostell to the feild,
 Thertie thousand, yat weil couth wapping weild.
 The Erll of Harthfurd was chosin yair Chiltane,
 The gude Stewart than to array is gane.
 The feild he tuk, as trew and worthy knicht,
 The Inglis men come on with full greit micht,
 Thair feill meitring was awfull for to se,
 At that counter thay gart seill Suthcroun de.
 Que speiris war spilt, hynt out with swoerdis sone
 On ather syde full douchtie deid was done,
 Fell on the ground was fellit in that place,
 Stewart and his can on thair enemies race.
 Blude byist out throw mailze burnist byicht,
 Twentie thousand with dreidful wappingis dicht
 Of Sutherony men verily to deith thay ding,
 The remanent, agane fled to the King.
 Ten thousand than efter the deid sic he wit,
 With thair Chiltane vnto the Dist releuit.
 Agane to ray the hardy Stewart zeid,
 Quhen Wallace saw this worthie Nobill deid:
 Held by his handis, with humbill prayer prest,
 O God he said, gif zone Lord grace to lest.
 And power haue, his worschip to attend,
 To wpen this folk, and tak the hault commend.

The Elcuint

Greit harme it war, that he suld be outed,
 With nane power thay than on him reber.
 Be that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayir,
 The Bischop Belk, that oft had bene assayir.
 Fourtie thousand upon the Scottis to fair,
 With feill effeir thay callit by the chaire:
 The Bruceis Baner with gold and goulis cleir,
 Quhen Wallace saw the battellis approachit neir
 The richt Epoun aganis his awin knyrik,
 Allace he said, the world is contrair like.
 This land suld be zone tyrantis heritage,
 That cumis thus, to strop his awin barnage.
 Ha I war fre, of it that I said Air,
 I wald forswear Scotland for ever mair.
 Contrair Bruce, I suld reskow thame now,
 Or de chairfuit, to God I mak abow.
 The greit debait in Wallace wot can wald,
 Betwix kyndnes, and wilfull bow was maid,
 Kyndnes bad him reskow thame fra pat-fa;
 Than will said nay, quhy full walkidow do sa?
 Thow hes na wot, with richt thy self to let,
 Suld thow help him, that wald put the to det.
 Kyndnes said yit, thoy ar gude Scottis men;
 Than will said wit, the veritie thow may ben.
 Had thay bene gude, all ane wold have bene,
 We resoun here, the contrair well is sen.
 For thay me halt, mair than the Sutheroun led,
 Kyndnes said nay, that schawd pat rocht in deid.
 Thocht ane of yame, be fals into thair-faw,
 Becaus of this thow wald rocht tois thame aw.
 Way have done weill in to yon felloun-bour,
 Lette to yame now, and tak ane hie honour.
 Will said thay wald, have rest fra me my lyfe,
 I baid

The Gentle

That day he should ane with him nocht his name,
 And so without man he be seen at ane street
 Bot his aown strength, nycht not aganis yane be,
 To wait his Dis, be heit him to do.
 The Bruce him saw, as his returning thair,
 Under the herche, a deir wound and aie heit.
 Buda heit it out, bairly ane speir's lench,
 fra the greit Dis, he led to wait his strength.
 Sic ane fear befor was never sene,
 Roicht at Gaderis of Gaudifere the kene.
 When Alexander rest he wit the fourre partis,
 Officht nocht to be, he so impatient to thair pointis.
 The hall turning of speir's heit heit,
 How bandouny befor the Dis heit beit.
 For how gude Graham with ethen vantage,
 For how James among his fass went,
 How the me allane befor the ston's wiche,
 And the me allane was in stanching of his wiche.
 Be than he had semmit full well his wound,
 With the bandouny, buto the seid can found,
 To rest he Graham, and a sword he was wiche,
 Bot Bishop Beis come with the strength a fliche.
 The wiche Beis come with the strength a fliche,
 Heun at the beid in turning of thair be.
 It was thair twa, thair delpuerit well,
 Be his aown hand, and ane gude sword of steel.
 The aown hand Bruce, among yane with greit mane
 At the rest he, the Scott men bes flane.
 Quhome he hit richt, ay at ane strair was beid,
 He allace preist he, thair for to set remeid.
 With ane gude speir ye Bruce was feruit but beid
 With greit may, to the allace fast he said.
 And he to him, allon heit he for the

The Duke him myt, as Wallace passit by.
 He mair he strak, with his schatp groundin glaif
 Spere and hors craig, he all in lunder brast.
 Bruce was at erd, or Wallace turnit about,
 The greit battell of Sutheroun sterne and stout.
 Thay hoist Bruce, with men of greit valour,
 Wallace allane was in that stalwart stour.
 Grahame preist in, and strak ane Inglis knicht
 Befoir the Bruce, upon the Bannet bricht.
 That fruell stuf, and all his uther weid,
 Baith bane & branne, ye nobill sword thro to zeid.
 The knicht was deid, gude Grahame returnt, like
 Ane subrell knicht, yair at had greit despite.
 Followit at wait, and hes persault weil,
 Grahame's birny, to narrow was sum deil.
 Beneth the waist, at clois it micht nocht be,
 On the fillat full sternly strak that he.
 Deistit the bak, in the botwellis him bair.
 With ane schatp spere, that he micht leif na mair.
 Grahame turnt thair, a smoit that knicht in tene
 Thro to the wisair, ane lytill beneth the ene.
 Deid of that dynt, to the ground he duschit down,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame smountit on his arfoun
 Or he durt come to pas to his party,
 Feill Sutheroun men, that was on fult him by:
 Stibbit his hors, that he na farther zeid,
 Grahame zaid to God his gude spytte & his deid.
 Quhe Wallace sa w yis guid knicht to deid bracht
 The piteous pane sa sair thir lit his thoche,
 All out of kynd it alterit his curage,
 His wit in weir, was than bot ane wod rage.
 The hors him bair, in feild quhair sa him kis,
 For of him self, as than lytill he wis.

The Ellenint

Lyke ane mad beist, that was fra resson rent,
 As willes wy into the Dist he went.
 Dingand off bad quhat Sutheroun he richt hit,
 Straucht dpon hors, agane nicht neuer sit.
 Into that rage, full feill folk he dang down,
 All him about was reddit ane greit rounne.
 Quhen Bruce persault, with Wallace it stude sa,
 He chargit men lang speiris for to sa.
 And slay his hors, sa he culd nocht eschape,
 Feill Sutheroun pan to Wallace can pame schape
 Weirte his hors with speiris on atber syde,
 Woundis pai maid, pat wat path deip and wyde
 Of schakis part Wallace in lunder schair,
 Bot feill heidis into his hors left chair.
 Sum wit agane to Wallace, can redoun,
 In his awin myud sa reullit him resoun.
 Sa for to de he thoct it na vassage,
 Than for to fle, he tulk intill ane rage.
 Spurrit the hors, he ran in ane randoun,
 To his awin folk, was bydand on Caroun.
 The sey was m, thay stoppit and still stude,
 On loud he cryit, and bad thaitt tak ye stude.
 Togidder byde, ze may nocht loie ane man,
 At his comand thay tulk the watter than.
 He returrit, the entrie for to keip,
 Quhitt all the Dist was passit ouir the deip.
 Syne sellowit fast, and died his hors suld fall,
 Him self was cled in beny plait of mail.
 Thocht he couth twoume, he crowit he nicht nocht
 The cleir watter cullit the hors sum deill. (weill,
 Atouir the stude he bair him to the land,
 Syne fell down deid, and nicht na langer stand.
 Heirly full sone ane Quirsour to him brocht,
Than

Than by he lay among the Oist he locht;
 Grahamie was a way, and vther syt ene wicht,
 On Magdalene day, thir folk to vris was dight:
 Threttie thousand of Inglishmen for trew,
 The worthy Scottis vpon that day thay strew.
 Quhat be Stewart, and syne be wicht Wallace,
 For all his price King Edward rewt that race.
 To the Cowood, he had the Oist suld ryde,
 Heirly and he passit on Caroun ryde.
 Behaldand our vpon the south party
 Bruce forrest come, and couch on Wallace cry.
 Quhat art thou thair? ane man Wallace can say,
 The Bruce answerit, that hes thou prunt to day.
 Abyde he said, thou needis nocht now to fe,
 Wallace answerit, I eschevit nocht for the.
 Bot that thy power hes neir thyne awin vndone,
 Amendis will God, betrof we sall haue sone.
 Langage of the, the Bruce says I desyre,
 Say furth quod he, thou may for I still hyre.
 Ryde fra thy Oist, and gar yame ryde with Beith,
 I wald fane heir, quhat thou lykis to speik.
 The Oist baid still, the Bruce passit yame fra,
 Na man with him, bot ane Scot pat hecht Ra.
 When that the Bruce but of thair heiring were,
 He turnit in hy, and this questoun can spere.
 Why wrikis thou thus, & micht in gude price be?
 Than Wallace said, bot in defalt of the.
 Thou thy fallet, thyne awin wit is myskend,
 I claime na richt, bot wald this land defend,
 That thou vndois thou thy says cruell deid,
 Thou hes tint twa, pat was worth far mair meid
 Upon this day, with ane gude King to found,
 For hert Hilloun of fynest gold sa round.

The Elleune

That euer was woicht, in werk or cunze bicht,
 I trow in warld be nocht ane better knicht.
 Than was gude Grahame, of treuth a hardener,
 Ceitis thair with fra Wallace ene down went.
 Bruce said far mair on this day we haue loist,
 Wallace answerit, allace thay war euill coist.
 Thow thy tressoun vat suld be our richtous King
 That wilfully discrois thyie aoun offpring.
 The Bruce answerit, will thow do my deuple,
 Wallace said nay, thow leuis in sic ane wyse:
 Thow wald me mak at Edwardis will to be,
 Zit had I leuer, ye moine be hangit be.
 Zit sall I say, as I wald counsall geif,
 Than as ane Lord, thow micht at loking lett.
 At thyne aboun will in Scotland for to King,
 To be in peice, and hald of Edward King.
 Of that fals King I thuk neuer to tak,
 Bot contrair him with my power to mak
 I claime na thing as he tyll of richt,
 Thocht I micht reif, sen God hes lent me micht.
 Fra the thy Crown of this Regioun sa weir,
 Bot I will nocht sic charge vpon me heir.
 Greit God wait best, quhat power I tuik on hand,
 For to help fre, that thow art ganestandand.
 It micht be said of lang tyme befozne,
 In cursit tyme, thow was for Scotland bozne.
 Schamis thow nocht, that neuer zit did gude,
 Thow Regnegat deuorat of thy blude,
 I bow to God may I thy maister be,
 In ony feild, thow sall far rather de:
 Than sall ane Turk, for thy fals cruell weir,
 Waganis to vs, dois nocht sa mekill deir.
 Than leuch the Bruce at Wallace ernstnes,
And

And said thes soles that thus stonde the cold.
 This day thou art with our power outed,
 Aganis our King, our hand: tho w may not get.
 Than another said: me as he mekall thing,
 So that this day encounter yone King.
 Thyed at bigger. quene he left many of his.
 And als the fend, he sail he do with this.
 O: de thatfor, for all his mekall miche,
 Into this fend we have lost bot one miche.
 And so cotend now, into he perrell is fled.
 To let it open, y miche be calir full mad.
 He all so be said, it applocheis neir the nict,
 He ald tho w the noyne, quene pat ye day is licht:
 O: nyne of god mek us at this Chapele,
 Wy Dornpale; I wold haue thy counsell.
 He all so said way, o: that ilk ynis besment,
 He at all the ven byne to the Orient.
 Into one well with Edward quene had towne,
 He sail be game of nyne hours is the moine.
 O: his wyng rest, outhet he sail think schame,
 O: de thatfor, o: he in England hame.
 He ot and thou will, some be the hour of this,
 He that ilk test, will god I sail the se.
 Quene I may lest, this is calme sail nocht forlaid,
 He sail plement him, with twelf scort to be paid.
 He sail be all so said, staid tho w richreous to me;
 He sail be all so said, I sail nocht be to the.
 He sail be all so said, and so thy power ma,
 He sail be all so said, tho w be seind of sa.
 He sail be all so said, the wyne passit his way,
 He sail be all so said, quene I King edward lay.
 He sail be all so said, and luddit be fouth the town,
 He sail be all so said, as is we at the isauloun,

¶ The Telleunt

A coute in, and thus backward this he,
 As to utter the truth, bot made him to the rest.
 Asaund he was, and bene in methel drait,
 To lode was all his to soppris and his to gait.
 Subteroun Lordis, seyntis in seruis stude,
 And said be that, your secoleris this ston blude,
 The king, chocht euill thay wald sic desfour,
 As so haue waite to Rince of Spuntlagfoun.
 Thay bad him to ethe, he said that wald he soche
 This blude is myne, that thouris meikis my speche,
 Sably the Rince than in his myghte cano? be,
 The wordis such me allace had him recogde,
 Than reuic he said, that restoun had him brauid,
 That blude & hand suld souerly haue bene his auid,
 Meikis thame he was, lang or he gae a way,
 Bot conseruie, secoleris the saucht mocht fra gait they
 Nid? the Rince said mynand, in his Jiment.
 Gude meither a lorde, agane to his drit, toent.
 In the Towmod, quiblis had thair indyng meikis
 Fyris thay ber, that was bairly be the and bygh.
 Of nolt and seche thay suld at sufficence,
 A thair of full come to get pame sustinence,
 Me allace despit, bot it hoit quible and sone rats,
 To rend the drit on any gude man he gais.
 To Gyll shakolure, lamsay and kaining to ethe,
 Meikis fure thousand in batell pame, he dleit,
 Me allace, A adober, and drit all of secoleris,
 Fure thousand le, and me allace of Rince doun,
 Full well strait it into thair armow shay,
 To ad so the feild, quiblis that thochat had betis,
 Amongis Reid men sthand the no othy ald,
 The corps of Crauame for quob me gis mirring
 Ad up? for him sand, & gaid me allace him sayp (meikis

He lycheit down; him bynt heforn thame a to,
 In arms by behaldand his pall face,
 He kist him, and crye full oft allace.
 My best brother, in world is as now I had,
 My auld freind, quhen I was hardest gad.
 My broþ, my hell, thou was of maist honour,
 My saith, my help, my strength into flour.
 In the was wit, freedom and hardynes,
 In the was treuth, manheid and noblines.
 In the was reull, in the was gowernance,
 In the betteir, withoutin variance.
 In the lawie, in the was greit largnes,
 In the gentrie, in the was freid salnes.
 Thou was greit cause of wryning of Scotland,
 Thocht I began and tuk the weir on hand.
 I bow to God that hes the warld to wald,
 Thy deid shall be to Schireroun full der sala.
 My artie thou art for Scotlandis richt and me.
 I sall be venge of ellis thairfor to de.
 Meas na man that fra weping mycht refreus,
 For lois of him, quhen they had no allace pleis.
 They carry him with worship and honour,
 In the fawour maid him ane Spultour.
 No allace comanditis men thairfor to byde,
 Was ten be tuk, for is met. Beure that ryde.
 Sooury west he pall, quhair thair the tryst was set,
 The Beure full lone, and gude no allace is met.
 For lois of Graham, and als for peopis tene,
 He grew in fre, quhen he the Beure bes tene.
 Thair salussing was bot buisous and than to,
 We wis thou he said, thou art contrair the awin.
 Beure said no allace, rebute me nocht na mair,
 Myne awin deid is hes bet me woundet sair.

When that thay hard, the scry ryse in the toun.
 On Edwardis Dist thay set full suddandly,
 Wallace and his, maid lytill noyis or cry.
 Bot occupyt with wappinis in that flour,
 Feill felit to deith, that was without armour.
 All disarrayit the Inglis Dist was than,
 Among ye Haillounis ye Scottis quhair mony
 Cutt doun cordis, gart mony Tentis fall, (man
 Nane sonzeit than, aranis was feicht and all.
 Gude Wallace Dist, & Erll Malcolme with miche
 King Edward than with awfull feir on biche:
 Cryt to array, on Bruce sa sterne and flour,
 Twentie thousand in armis him about.
 Into harnes had biddin all the night,
 Bot frapic folk sa dultfully was diche.
 On ilk syde fled, for feirnes of thair dreid,
 Wallace and his, sa ouchly throw thame zaid.
 Towart the King, and felit feill to ground,
 Quha baid yame pale, richt feill scching hys losid.
 The cruell King richt awfully abaid,
 To all his folk ane grent comfort he maid.
 The worthy Scottis agane him in that stont,
 Feill Sutheroun flew into thair fyne aramour.
 Sa fordwartly thay preist in that thrang,
 Besoir the King, maid stoppis thame amang.
 Inglis commonis than fled on ether syde,
 Bot Nobill men, thair durst nane vther byde.
 The Bruce as than, to Scottis did na grevance,
 Bot Judge he was, with fenzeit countenance.
 Sa did he neuer into na battell air,
 Nor rit efter, sit deid as he schew thair.
 The Erll Malcolme, be than into the toun,
 The Erll Harchfurd, to se he maid him beun.

The Ellenint

The Lennor men set thair lugeis in fyre,
 Than feiritley fled feill mony Sutheroun fyre.
 The King Edward, yat zit was secht and still,
 Hes sene pame fle, pan lykit him full ill.
 The worthy Scottis fast to wart him pai prels,
 His byrdill neir, assayit oz thay wald ceis.
 His baner man Wallace slew in that place,
 And syne to ground, the baner sone thay race.
 The Erll of Zork counsallit the King to fle,
 Than he returnit, sen na succour thay se.
 The Inglis men hes sene thair baner fall,
 Withouth comfort, to fle thay purpos all.
 Ten thousand men, in seild and toun was ded,
 Of Edwardis folk, oz him self left that sted.
 Twentie thousand away togidder raid,
 King and Chistianis na langer cary maid.
 The Scottis in haist, than to thair hors pai zaid,
 To stuf the chace, with worthy men in weid.
 The Lennor folk, that wantit hors and geir,
 Tuik thame at will, to help thame in pair weir.
 At Stragill raid, quhat Scot micht fornest pas,
 On Sutheroun men, quhair full greit slaughter
 Wallace hes sene the Scottis vnozdourly, (was
 Follow the chace, he maid Hailaris in hy.
 Thame for to reull, and altogidder ryde,
 Commandand thame, ilk ane suld vther byde.
 Into fleing the Sutheroun subtell ar,
 Se thay ane tyne, thay will set on bs sair.
 Feill scailit folk to thame will soue renew,
 For ze se weill that thay ar men anew.
 The followaris war reullit weill with skill,
 In gude array thay raid all at his will.
 And slew dou fast, quhat Sutheroun pai outtra
Contrair

Contrair ye Scottis come nocht maistris to mak.
 Into the chace, thay haistit thame sa neir,
 Na Inglisman durst fra the Dist out steir.
 The frayit folk at stragill was fleand,
 Diew to the King, weill ma van ten thousand:
 Threttie thousand in number van was thay,
 Into array togidder past pai away.
 Feill Scottis hors sa drentin was in traual,ill,
 For run that day, sa Irkit began to faill.
 The Sutheroun was with hors seruit sa weill,
 Of Wallace chace, the Sutheroun had sum feill.
 Of hors thay war purueit in greit wane,
 The King changit of sindrie hors of Spane.
 Than Wallace said, Lordis ze may weill se,
 Zone folk ar now, all that zone King may be.
 For salt of stuf we lois our mekill thing,
 Had we gude hors to pas befor this King:
 We suld mak end of all this lang debait,
 Zit sum of thame sall be handillit sa haite.
 Part of our hors ar haldin fresche and wicht,
 Set on thame fast, quhill that we ar in micht.
 With pat ye Scottis sa hard amang thame diew
 Of the outwaird thre thousand pair pai flew.
 In Craufurd mure mony ans man was flane,
 Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of mane.
 Than said he thus, gude Erll of Huntingtoun,
 Ze se the Scottis puttis feill to confusoun.
 Wold ze with men, agane on thame releif,
 And mar thame ans, I sall quhill I may leif.
 Luif zo w far mair than ony ither knight,
 And for all this sall put zo w to your richt.
 Than said the Bruce, Schir lous me of my band,
 And I sall turne, I hecht zo w be my hand.

The Elment

The King full sone considerit in his mynd,
 Whan he hard Ryce answer him in the kynd:
 Fra Englyshmen the Ryces hart set is,
 Than best he thus, how he shuld mend that mis,
 And sa he did in England at his will,
 As Scotis man he lett with Ryce byde still,
 Bot quhair he pass, held him in subiectioun,
 Of Englyshmen, vnder ane grete bandoun.
 He turnit nocht, nor na mar langage maid,
 In rapit battell the King to sul way raid,
 With meill pane pass vpon England coast,
 Spite thousand in that trauell thar lost.
 When Wallace saw, he chaipit was a way,
 Vpon command, agane returnit thar.
 To Edinburgh withoutin wordis moit,
 Put in Trausard, that Capiane was befor.
 Of heritage he had in Marwell land,
 Wallace commandit, Als man shuld hold in hand.
 Thair a woin office, as thar befor tyme had,
 Put in gude peice, Scotland in rich he had.
 On the rent day to Sanct Johnstoun he went,
 Humbil Lordis, spue schawit pame his intent,
 Seyng out come, far than had wyn Tundie,
 Wallace command that tyme well heipit be.
 He laisset sa, quhill strang younger pame dyat,
 As rebellit war, the hous to him thar gait.
 Thap wageouris sone, he put to consilioun,
 Spine brocht wyrtoun to mak ane consilioun.
 Besoir Wallace, and s. he fra he hun saw,
 He gart hyng him, for all King Edwardis aw.
 As assouns, payndouris, with Seyng out fureth
 Keit down Tundie, & pair of maid ane end, (he sed,
 Wallace sadly, quhen this deidis war done,

The Nobles be call'd, & his will shew to parrs fore.
 Under men be said, I was your Countenour,
 say mynne was set to do so to ay honore.
 And say to byng this wealme to richteousness,
 for it I put in mynne parrfull place.
 To toyn our awoyn, my self I neuer spard,
 yet the fawltis thay opband me to ward.
 Of that reward, se bett na mate thow to me,
 Ca the gittis Godd will full well have e.



Do to se at the thow the mater of miche,
 He grant so to grace for to defend our richte
 Als I praye godd that we be opband me,
 thay be cortis men, guthis shuld se to whatis be
 I haue amercy of our auld enemies strete,
 He think our awoyn shuld nocht I may my lyte.
 say after bett, our planely I resting
 I think na mate to tak on me the thing.
 In France I will, and toyn my leuing that,
 as now aupte, and haue to cum na mate.
 And his gamefunde, bot all that helpit nocht,
 for our that, he did as himself thocht.
 Botthop shuld, to as bett with felmes,
 Into I amked, and syne thow to Goddis grace:
 the recouert quhen meallact pass away,
 after the Dyuce he leuit money are day.
 Under meallact thus trut leif in I amked Johnstone
 Ambreue with him, to I amked maid parr boun.
 Longouell pass, that douchte was in Deid,
 the Barounis son of Dycehen with him feid.
 Was byether als, with that auncle thanne dycht,
 Symon meallact and richard that was dycht,
 Dycht Thomas Gray, this Dyce can with that
 (sauc

The Elleuine

Edward Lytill, gude Jop and Maister Blak.
 Gude keirly past, had bene with Wallace lang,
 And done full weill in mony felloun thang.
 This keirly than, that couth with Wallace fair,
 Will keir he hecht, myne Authoz dois declair,
 Keirly in Frisch, is bot keir lytill cald,
 In Carrik he had heritage of ald.
 His foirbear, quhilk worthie was of hand,
 Sanct David king him brocht out of Ireland
 Syne at Dumoir, quhair first Rozowais toltle to
 This gude keir maid greit discomfite of pair kin.
 With seuin hundreth, he blucust nyne thousand,
 Sum drowit in Doune, sum flane upon ye land.
 Thay landis haill the gude king gatt him till,
 Now Wallace past, now farther speik we will.

How Wallace met with Johne of Lyn
 vpon the sey. Cap. 4.

A Mang Merchandis pus Wallace tusk ye se,
 Pray we to God, that he thair helper be.
 Thay saille furth be part of England schoir,
 To Humber mouth, quhen that thay come befor.
 Out of the South ane greit Reid Saill pat se,
 Into the Top, thre Leopardis standand hie.
 The Merchandis than, ye signe quhe pat pai saw
 Cumand sa neir, thay war discomfot aw.
 For weill thay wist, that it was Johne of Lyn,
 Scottis to slay, he said it was na syn.
 Thir frayit folk thay zeid to Confessioun,
 Than Wallace said, sic ane deuotioun:
 Zit saw I neuer, in na place quhair I past,
 That for ane Schip, me think for all agast.

Zoue

Zone wud Cattis, sall do vs lytill deir,
 We saw pame sail twyis ma quhen pat pat weir.
 On ane fair seild, sa sail thay on the se,
 Despite it is, to se thame stand sa he.
 The Steirman said, Schir will ze vnderstand,
 He sailis nane, that is borne of Scotland.
 We may nocht se fra zone Barge wait I weill,
 Weill stufft pat ar, with gum and ganze of steill.
 Upon the sey zone Beuar lang hes bene,
 To righteous men he dois full mekill tene.
 Nicht we be saist we rek nocht of our gude,
 This vs he hes, in schoot for to conclude.
 One shude he betris vpon his coit armour,
 By drowand sold, sa patett is his figour.
 Suppois we murne, ze suld haue na ineruall,
 Than Wallace said, heir is men of mair bail:
 To sailt the Schip, thairtoir in how thow ga,
 And thy setris, na mair cumir thow ma.
 Wallace and his, than sone to harnes seid,
 Quhen thay war grathit into thair woorthy weid
 Him self and Wair, and the Knicht Longouell,
 Thet this hes tane to kep the mydschip weill.
 Behoir was aucht, and ser best he kend,
 Symorna he cheuit the Top for to defend.
 And Gray he maid patr Steirman for to be,
 The Merchandis than saw thame sa marfullie:
 Defend thame self, becaus thay had na weid,
 Out of the how thay tuk skynnis gude speid.
 By betuir twa stuffit woll as thay nicht best,
 Agane the Strak, that thay nicht sumpart lest.
 Than Wallace leuch, and conunendit thame a w,
 Of sic harnes, befoir he neuer saw.
 We that the Barge come on thame wounder fast,

The Elleuint

Scuin scoir in hir, that was na thing agast.
 Quhen Johne of Lyn saw yame in armour biche
 He leuch and said, thir hau land wordis on biche.
 Zone glaikit Scottis, can vs nocht vnderstand,
 Fullis thay ar, new cūmin of the land.
 He cryit streke, bot nane answer thay maid,
 Blair with ane Bow, schot fast withouthin baid.
 Or thay clippit, he schot bot arrowis thre,
 And at ilk schot, he gart ane Reuar de.
 The Biggantis than pai bikkerit wounder fast,
 Amang the Scottis, with schot of gunnis cast.
 And thay agane, with speiris heidit weill,
 Feill woundis maid, throw plaitis of fyne steill.
 Ether vther festnit woth clippis kene,
 Ane cruell counter thair was at schipburd sene.
 The derf schot draif als thick as hail schour,
 Lestit pair weill, neir the space of ane hour.
 Quhen schot was gane, ye Scottis greit comfort:
 At hand strakis thay war sicker and sad. (had
 The Merchandis als, with sic thing as pai micht,
 Dreuit full weill, in defence of thair richt.
 Wallace and his, at neir strakis quhen thay se,
 With schairp swordis, pai gart feill Biggantis de.
 Thay in the Top, sa wichtly wrocht with hand,
 In the south Top pair micht na Reuar stand.
 All the mydschip of Reuaris was maid wait,
 That to gif our in point thay war almai.
 Than Johne of Lyn was richt greitly agast,
 He saw his folk about him failze fast.
 With egir will he wald haue bene away,
 Bad wynd the Saill in all the haist thay may.
 Bot fra the Scottis than micht pai nocht eskey,
 The Schippis sa sair on ether syde thay wey.

Thay

Thay saw na thing that micht be to thame eis,
 Crauford on lost, thair Sall bynt in ane bleis.
 Of Johne of Lyn schup for to lett that Reid,
 Of his best men, sextie war brocht to Reid.
 Thair schip by ouris, ane burd was maist of licht,
 Wallace lay in among thay Kenaris wicht.
 Ane man he strak, our ship burd in the se,
 On the our lost he slew sone bther thre.
 Longouell enterit, and als gude Maister Blair,
 Thay gais na grace, to freik yat yat fand thair.
 Wallace him self with Johne of Lyn he met,
 At his tollair ane felloun strak he set
 Baith Helne and heid, fra the schulderis he draif,
 Blair out the burd, in the sep kest the laif.
 Of his, body than all the remanand,
 Enterit and slew, the Byggantis that yat fand.
 The Schip thay tuk, greit gold and bther geir,
 That thay Kenaris had gadderit lang in weir.
 Bot Maister Blair spak na thing of him sell,
 In Reid of arnis, quhat aventure that befell.
 Schir Thomas Gray was preist yat to Wallace
 Put in the buik how thame hapnit this cace.
 That Blair was in, and mony worthy Reid,
 Of quhill him self had na plesance to Reid.
 Wallace gart reull the schip with his awin men,
 And sailit furth the richt cours for to ken.
 In the Sluce havin, quhill thay enterit be,
 The Merchandis weill he helpit in saistie.
 Of gold and geir he tuk part that thay fand,
 Gais thame the Schip, syne passit to the land.
 Thro w Flanderis raid, bpon ane gudly wise,
 Enterit in France, and syne socht to Paris.
 The glaid tythingis, yat to the King was brocht,

The Elletint

Of Wallace cuning, it comfort all thair thocht.
 Thay trowit be him, to get redres of wrong,
 The Sutheroun had, in Guyan wrocht sa lang.
 The Peiris of France war still at pair Par'lamēt
 The King commandit, with hail and trew Intēt
 Thay suld soirise ane Lordchip to Wallace,
 The Lordis than all demit of this case.
 For Guyan was all hail out of thair hand,
 Thay thocht it best for to gif him that land.
 For weill thay trowit, he had wrocht sa besoit,
 He suld it woun, or ellis de thairsoir.
 Allwa of it thay nicht na proffit haif,
 This was the caus to Wallace thay it gait.
 This Decretione thay schew unto the King,
 Displeit he was, thay maid him sic ane thing.
 Of Guyan thus, quhen Wallace had ane feill,
 Pa land he said, lykit him half sa weill.
 My chance is thus, for to be ay in weir,
 And Inglismen, hes done our Realme maist deir.
 It was weill knawin my defence richteous pair,
 Nicht haue I heir, my comfort is the mair.
 I thank you Lordis, maid sic reward to me,
 Your purpos is, I sall nocht fail be.
 The King bad him be Duke of Guyan land,
 To pat command Wallace was ganest and and.
 Becaus that land was haistely to conqueis,
 His thocht was ay to woun it throu Goddis grace
 Bot neuertheless the King bad maid him knicht,
 And gait him gold for to maintene his richt.
 And syne gait charge to all weirmen in France,
 Thay suld be hail at Wallace Ordinance.
 And als of him he bad him arms tak,
 Wallace forsuik, sic changeing for to mak.

Sen

Sen I began, I buir the Reid Lyon,
 And thinkis to be, ay trew man to that Crown.
 I thank zow Schir, of this mychtie rewaird,
 Zour men beirfoir, sail nocht richt lang be spaird.
 I think to quyte sum part ze kythit on me,
 In zour service, or ellis thairfoir to de.
 Gude Wallace thocht his time he wald not wait
 Unto the weir, he graithit him in haist.
 All Scottis men that was into that land,
 To him thay socht with thair sewtie and band.
 Longouell als, ane greit power can rais,
 In Wallace help, this gude Knicht glaidly gais.
 Ten thousand haill of Nobill men thay wait,
 The braid Baner displayit of Scotland thair.
 Thir weirmen sone vpon Guyan thay fure,
 Brak bigging down, quhilk had bene stark & sture
 Sutheroun thay slew, agane thame maid debait,
 Brichtly on bield, thay raisit fyris haist.
 Schemon pai tuik, that Wallace first had winnir,
 And slew all men of Sutheroun pair was fundin.
 Into that toun Wallace his dwelling maid,
 All thair about he wan the countrie braid.
 The worthy Duke of Dylance was Lord,
 Seinblit his folk into ane gude accord.
 Twelf thousand than, he had in armour bricht,
 And thocht to help gude Wallace in his richt.
 Neif I thame thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,
 And speik nu part how Scotlād tuik greit skaith.

¶ How Edward King of Ingland come
 in Scotland and maid haill Conqueis
 thairof.

Cap. iij.

(F)(†)(D)

The Elcune

The fals Inuy, and the witchit tressoun,
 Among thame self, brocht seill to confusoun.
 The knicht wallage in Scotland maid repare
 The fals Menteith, schir Johne withouthin mat.
 Betwix thay twa was maid ane priuate band.
 So on ane day thay met into Annaund.
 Of the Lennor Schir Johne had greit desyre,
 Schir Armeit hecht he suld it haue in hyre.
 To hald in see, and vther landis mo,
 Of King Edward, sa he wald pas him to.
 Thus cordit thay, and syne to Londoun went,
 Edward was glaid to hald that pointment.
 Menteith annone, was bound to that fals King,
 To further him, to Scotland in all thing.
 Syne passit hame, and wallange with him fure,
 Quhill he was brocht, agane our Carlile mure.
 King Edward than, in Ire and seires outrage,
 Be threttie dayis he raisit his barnage.
 In Scotland past, and thair na stopping fand,
 As Chistane was, that durst agane him stand.
 For Menteith tald yai thocht to mak Bruce King
 All trew Scottis wald be pleist of that thing.
 Zit mony fled, and durst nocht byde Edward,
 Sum into Ros, and in the Flis past part.
 Bischop Sinklair agane fled into Bute,
 With that fals King he had na will to mute.
 Thus without straik the Castellis of Scotland,
 King Edward hes tane into his awin hand.
 Deuydit syne, to men that he wald lyke,
 Strenthis and touis, to Ros thro we Kingrike.
 Baith hicht and baill, obeyit haill his will,
 That he commandit thay purpois to fulfill.
 The Bischoppis all Inclenit to his Crown,
Baith

With tempozall, and the Religioun.

The Romane buikis, yat pan war in Scotland,
 He gart yame beir to Scone quhair yai yame fād.
 And but redeme thay byrnt thame all ilk aue,
 Salisbery vse, our Clerkis than hes tane.
 The Lordis he tuk, yat wald nocht of him hald,
 In Ingland send, the Nobill blude of ald.
 Schir William lang Dowglas to Londoun send
 In strang pzeloun, quhair thro to he maid ane end.
 Erll Thomas als, that Lord was of Murray,
 And Lord Fresar wuth him he send away.
 Als Hew the Hay, and vther atris ma,
 He gart Wallange wuth yame in Ingland ga.
 Na man was left, all this mane land within,
 Fra Edwardis peice, was knawin of ony kin.
 Setoun, Latoder, dwelt still into the Bas,
 Wuth thame Lundy, and men that worthy was.
 The Erll Malcolm, and Campbell past but let,
 In Bute succour, wuth Sinklair for to get.
 Schir John Ramsay, and Rothuen yai fled north
 To thair Cousing, that Lord was of Filloth,
 He past wuth yame thro to Murray landis richt,
 Sa fand yai pair ane gentill worthy knicht.
 That Clement hecht, full cruell ay had bene,
 And fendit weill amang thair enemeis keene.
 He thocht neuer at Edwardis will to be,
 Into his tyme he gart seill Sutheroun de.
 He led thir Lordis, in Ros withouttin mair,
 At the stok furd, ane stark strenth biggit thair.
 Is ewit that lang, richt worthely be weir,
 To thair enemeis thay did full mekill deir.
 Adam Wallace and Lindesay of Cragep,
 Away thay fled, into the nicht be sey.

The Elleuine

And Robert Boyd, quhill was baith wyse & wicht
 Arrane thay tuik, to send pame at thair micht.
 And Cozspatrik into Dunbar dwelt still,
 Fewtie full sone he maid King Edward till:
 Abirnethie, Lord Soullis and Cumpng als,
 And Johne of Lozne, pat lang tyme had bene fals
 The Lord of Breichen, and mony vther ma,
 At Edwardis peice for giftis pat he pame ga.
 Justing of peice, for twentie dayis set he,
 Of Inglismen, in Lozne that men micht se.
 Plane to declair, bot for this caus I wis,
 That all Scotland be conqueis than was his.
 The Lordis than, and gude Bischop Sinklair,
 Syne out of Bute thay maid ane Ballingair.
 To gude Wallace, tald him thair torment hail,
 Than wait thay thus, to get Bute of thair baill.

Our hoip, our heill, and our haill Gouvernour,
 Our gudly gyde, our best Chistane in flour.
 Our Lord, our luif, our Strêth in richteousnes
 For Goddis sake redeme vs awis to grace.
 And tak the Crown, to vs it war kyndair,
 To bruike for ay, or fals Edward it bair.
 The writ he gat, bot zit suffer he wald,
 For greitt falsset, that part him did of ald.
 He kill dolour it did him in his mynd,
 Of thair myssair, for trew he was and kynd.
 He thocht to tak amendis of thair wrang,
 He answerit nocht, bot into weir furth rang.
 Of King Edward, zit mair furth will I mele,
 Into quhat wyse that he couth Scotland dele.
 In Sanct Johnstoun, the Erll of Zouls he maid
 Capitane to be, of all thay landis braid.

fra Tay to Dee, and bnder him Buttellair,
 his Grandseir had at Kinclevin endit chair.
 His father als, Wallace had baith thame slane,
 Edward thairfoir, maid him ane man of mane.
 The Lord Beuomont into the North he send,
 Thay Lordschippis haill, he gais thame in comend
 To Striuling lyne, fra Sact Johnstoun he went
 Thair to fulfill the last of his Intent.
 The Lord Clifford, he had than Dowglasdail,
 Keullar to be of the South Marchis haill.
 All Galloway he gais Cumyng in hand,
 wist nane bot God, how lang rat stait suld stand
 The gentill Lord, gude Bischop of Lambertoun,
 Of Sanctandrois had Dowglas of Renoun.
 Befoir that tyne, young James wicht and wise,
 To him was cum, fra Scullis of Parise.
 Ane pssuate fauour the Bischop to him bair,
 Bot Inglismen was sa greit maisteris thair:
 He durst nocht weill in place schaw him kyndnes,
 Quhill on ane day he tuik sum hardynes.
 Dowglas he callit, and couth to Striuling fair,
 Quhair King Edward was deiland landis thair.
 He profferit him to the Kingis seruise,
 To buik his awin, fra he wist in this wisse
 Dowglas he was, than he forluk planelie,
 Sweiris be Sact George, he buikis na lands of
 His father was in contrair of my Crown, (me.
 Thairfoir as now, he bydis in our presoun.
 To the Bischop nane ither answer he maid,
 Bot as he plesit, delt out thay landis braid.
 To the Lord Soullis, all haill the Hers gais he,
 And Capitane als of Berwick for to be.
 Olyphant ran, rat he in Striuling fand,

The Elleuint

Quhen he him had, he wald nocht keep his band.
 The quhilk he maid, or he Striuling him gair,
 Dissaitfully this King couth him dissair.
 Into England, send him to presoun strang,
 In greit distress he leift thair full lang.
 Quhen Edward King had delt this Regioun,
 His leif he tuik, in England maid him boun.
 Out of Striuling south wart as yai can ryde,
 Cuming hapnit nelt hand the Bruce to byde.
 Thus said he Schir, and ze can keep counsall,
 I can zow leir, quhilk may be zour auall.
 The Bruce answerit, quhat euer ze schaw to me,
 As for my part, sall weill conceillit be.
 Lord Cuming said, Schir ze knaw not yis thing
 Of all this Reakne ze suld be richteous King.
 Chan said the Bruce suppois I richteous be,
 I se na tyme to tak sic thing ou me.
 I am baldin into my enemeis hand,
 Under greik aith, quhen I come in Scotland.
 Nocht part fra him, for proffeit nor requreit,
 Nor for na strenth, bot gif deid me arreit.
 He hecht agane to gif this land to me,
 Now synd I weill it is bot subteltie.
 For thus thow seis, he deillis my heritage,
 To Sutheroun part, and sum to ratouris wage.
 Chan Cuming said, will ze heir to concord,
 Of my landis, and ze lyke to be Lord.
 Ze sall thame haue, for zour richt of ye Crown,
 Or and ze lyke, Schir for my warpsoun:
 I sall zow help, with power at my micht,
 The Bruce answerit, I will nocht sell my richt.
 Bot on this wyse, quhat Lordship thow wil craif
 For thy supplie, I hecht it thow sail haif.

Cum

Cum fra zone King Schir with sum Jeopardie,
 Now Edward hes all Galloway geuin to me.
 My Menoy Soullis, that keipis Berwik toun,
 At your command his power sall be boua.
 My Menoy als, ane man of mekill might,
 The Lord of Lozne hes greit rowme in yz hicht.
 My thrid Menoy, ane knicht of greit Renoun,
 Will ryse with vs, of Breichen the Barroun.
 Than said the Bruce, sell thair sa fair ane chance,
 That we nicht get agane Wallace of France:
 Be wit and soice, he couth this Kingrik wyu,
 Allace we haue bene ouir lang haldui in twyn.
 To that langage Cumyng maid na record,
 Of auld deidis into his mynd reuord.
 The Bruce and he completit furth thair band,
 Syne pat same nicht seillit it with thair hand.
 This Ragment left the Bruce with Cumyng pair
 With King Edward haue in Ingland couth fair.
 And pair remanit, quhil yis ragmet was knawin,
 Thre zeir or mair, or Bruce preissit to his awin.
 Sum men deinis, Cumyng the Ragment send,
 Sum men thairfoir, agane makis defend.
 Nane may say weill that Cumyng was saikles,
 Becaus his wyfe was Edwardis Cousignes.
 He seruit deid be richt law of his King,
 Sa reklesly myskceipit sic ane thing.
 Had Bruce past by, but baid to Sanct Johnstoun
 We haill assent, and ressaunt his Crown.
 On Cumyng syne he nicht haue done the law,
 He couth nocht thoill, fra tyme that he him saw.
 Thus Scotland left in hard pylestrie,
 Of Wallace mair, in kin part spels will we.

(F) (†) (D)

[The Twelfth
The Twelfth Buik declairis how Wallace
Conqueist the land of Guyan, and how he
was maid Lord thair of. Cap. 4.

The sair trauell, the ernist besynes,
The fell labour he had in mony place.
To wynn the land, yat ye gude King him gail
Into his Regne he wald na Sutheroun sail.
In Guyan land Wallace was still at werk,
Of Scotlandis lois, it did his hart greir deir.
Of trew Scottis in mynd he had pietie,
He thocht to help, his tyme quhen he nicht se.
Of set battellis spue he discomfeist hail,
But Jeopardie, and mony strang assaill.
Synne thay forsuik, and durst him nocht abyde,
The Sutheroun fled, fra thyne on ather syde.
To Burdeous, into greit multisplie,
The toun thay stuf, with vittallis be the se.
All Guyan land Wallace tuk to his peis,
To Burdeous he past of he wald ceis.
On out biggingis full greit maistrie he maid,
Still twentie dayis, at strang assaillzeng baid.
For this and werk that was without the toun,
Thay brak and bynt, and put to confusoun.
Wedgis and alayis, be labour that was thair,
Fulzeit and spilt, thay wald na fruitis spair.
The Inglismen maid greit defence agane,
With schot and cast, that mekill war of mane.
Of gunis thay war, and ganzcis stufit weill,
All artailze, and wappinis of fyne steill.
With men and meit within was buskit bene,
The greit Capitane, was wylse, cruell, and bene.
Of Glocester the huge Lord and here,

The

The Cell had bene ay bñt into were:
 Keipit his men be wit and hardyment,
 without the toun pair durst nane fra him went.
 The land without was nere waistit away,
 Weirnen sa lang into the countrie lay.
 In Wallace Dist sa scant was of butrall,
 Thay micht nocht byde na langer to assail.
 Than this wyse Lord the Duke of Dylance,
 To Wallace said, Schir ze suld ken this chance.
 It standis our weill with ris fals sutheroñ blude
 For on na wyse can we stop thair fude.
 The havin thay haue, and schippis at thair will,
 Of Ingland cūmis, vitrall ancuch thame till.
 The land is pure of vitrall suld vs beild,
 And ze se weill, als thay forsaik the feild.
 Thay will nocht secht, thocht ze all zeir suld byde,
 Ze may of peice pleneis thir landis wyde.
 My counsall is, in plane anent this thing,
 That ze wald pas wíth worchip to the King.
 Be his assent, ze may at laiser waill,
 wíth prouissoun agane thame to assail.
 Wallace Inclynit, and thankit this wyse Lord,
 Than thay returnit, all in aie gude accord.
 Past by in France, with honour to the King,
 And schew him hail the veritie of this thing.
 And he thairof in hart was wounder glaid,
 Frenche men besot, pat hundzeth zeir nocht had:
 Of Guyan hail sa mekill in thair hand,
 noyting be than was new cūmin of Scotland.
 Fra part of Lordis, and gude Bischop Binklair,
 Besocht the King into thir termis fair.
 Of his gentrice, and of his gudly grace,
 For thair supple, to counsall gude Wallace:

The Twelft

To cum agane, and bring thame of bandoun,
 And tak to weir, the Crown of that Regioun.
 This woxit as than, he wald nocht to him schaw,
 Richt laith he was, for freindschip, seid, or aw.
 Wallace suld pas sa sone fra his presence,
 The dwelling place he tuk to his residence.
 In Schynnone still, Wallace his dwelling maid,
 And held about, richt lykand landis braid.
 The bene Capitane than clomit in heritage,
 Office of it, and greit landis in wage.
 Thairfor he thocht gude Wallace for to sta,
 Under cullour sic maistrie for to ma.
 Lang tyme he socht to get ane day and place,
 Said he desyit in seruice to Wallace.

A He tryste thay set with systene on the syde,
 Fourtie thair by he gart in buschement byde.
 Of men in armis, quhen he with Wallace met,
 Richt awfully he bad thame on him set.
 Pauc arimour had Wallace men in that place,
 Bot sword & knyfe pai bure on pame throw grace
 Part of his men lest heir ane forest syde,
 Richt buscoufly the Capitane said that tyde
 That Wallace held of his landis vnricht,
 Richt soberly he said to that Frenche knicht:
 I haue na land, bot quhilk the King gais me,
 My lyfe thairfor hes bene in Jeopardie.
 The knicht answerit, thy lyfe sall be forlorne,
 Or ellis that land, the contrair quha had sowne.
 Abak he lap, and out ane sword he drew,
 The buschement brak, quhen he that takin schew.
 Gude Wallace thocht that mater stude not weil,
 He grippit sone ane scheirand sword of steill.

And

And at ane strack the knicht to deith he draif,
 About fextene sone lappit all the laif.
 Wallace and his, sa woithelp thay woicht,
 Full feill thay slew, that sairest on thame socht.
 The knicht is biotther, pat stalwart was a strang,
 And thoct thay suld be bengit oz thay gang.
 Of Wallace men sum part he woundit sair,
 Hawand thair was, into ane Hedow thair:
 Ayne stout Carllis, all seruandis to that knicht,
 Spithis thay hynt, and ran in all thair micht:
 To the sechtaris, oz thay come next that place,
 Bot thame persaut, richt weil hes gude Wallace.
 Sa awfull thing, of sic he neuer saw,
 Thame to resist, him self can to thame draw.
 Into the flour left his men sechtand still,
 To mett thay Carllis, that come with egr wil.
 The first leit draw at Wallace with his Spith,
 Deluer he was, and helch ouir lap is swyith.
 Ane akwart straik hit the Churll on the heid,
 Dersly on ground, he hes him left for deid.
 The tother he met, ouir lap his Spith sa bene,
 On the schulder, als straik him in that tene.
 Throw all the coist, the Robill sword down schair
 The thrid he met, with ane full awfull sair.
 The groundin Spith, at Wallace he leit draw,
 This gude Chistane clenely ouir lap thame aw.
 With his guid sword he maid ane hiddeous woud
 Left him for deid, lyne on the feird can found.
 On the Rig bane in greit Ire can him sa,
 Cleuit the coist richt cruelly in twa.
 Thre formess Spithis yis gude Wallace ouir lap,
 And four he slew, yai saw sic was thair hap.
 For ane man ay he slew at euerilk straik,

¶ Of the Cōseil

At the last Redd first, this can that pōwer hath,
 we allace follo wai, and some the syst outrais,
 So crastis him to Deth, that na farther he gait,
 So ym sped him some, þuto his men agait,
 He than thap had the knichtis byschep, thane,
 yfste and ser, dedly to Deth was bair,
 Except heuln men, that Redd out of that fite,
 yfue shaw aris als, that we allace self withi met,
 To ffranchemen, sen yfue na the tyst se,
 Therraus that thap him byschep, to the ane case,
 The king hard tell, to ell thapit was we allace.
 Send for him some, yfue prayit him for to be,
 Of his houshald, and leif in gude saltie.
 f or to ell he saw thap had him at Jny,
 So till with him self, he gart hem byde for thy.
 Two retis thair, we allace withi mysch abaid,
 So till into France many gude Journey mad.
 The king him plect in all his gudy mane,
 fira him be thocht, he suld noch part agane,
 Nothis and Ladyis honouris him ffranchis,
 Merychis and Sothe wais, he had him at Jny.

¶ To the we allace ffrith the tua Campi-
 onis. Cap. ii.

The a Campionis, par time biwet to be king
 had greit Despire, at we allace in all thing.
 To glider Reid ay thir tua Campionis,
 Of felloim foire, and thynwar conditounis.
 Arith greit Despire thap spak ay of Scotland,
 Dubill on ane Day, it hapint upon hand.
 We allace and thap wat leut thame allane,
 Be auenture, into ane hous of stane.

¶ Thap

Thay blit to beir na woappinis in that hall,
 Thay trowit thairfoir, ane mys yat nicht not fall,
 Thair commonnit thay of Scotland komefully,
 Than Wallace said, ze wzang vs betterly.
 Sen we ar bund in frendschip to your king,
 And he of vs, is plesit in all thing.
 All Scottis men hes helpit this Realme fra dreid,
 We think ze suld, gif gude word for gude deid.
 What may ze speik of your enemies bot euill,
 In lichtynes thay maid answer thair till.
 And him dyspytit in thair langage als,
 Ze Scottis thay said, hes ever zit bene fals.
 Wallace tuk ane, on the face in his tene,
 With his gude hand, quhill nets mouth and ene:
 Thro to the brath blaw, all buscht out of blude,
 Broungis to ground he smoit him quhair he stude
 The tother hynt to Wallace in that steid,
 For weill he weind, his fellow had bene deid.
 And he agane, in greif him grippt sair,
 Quhill his speir sailzet, yat he nicht do na maie.
 The first frek rais, and smoit on Wallace fast,
 Baith to the deith he brocht thame at the last.
 Upon ane pillair thair harnis out he dang,
 And with his handis out at ye dur yame sang.
 And said quhat Death, mout zone Carllis at me,
 Lang tyme in France, I wald haif lattin yame be
 Traist weill in treuth, thus war thay gane in deid
 Thocht frenche mē now, not lykis yair to reid.
 Als I wold reis, and put it out of Ryme,
 Better it is, quha richt can lusk the tyme:
 Mony greit Lord was displeist in France,
 Bot ys gude King, yat knew all hail the chance.
 Richt greis despite, of Scotland spokin had thay,
 E. iij.

The Twelfth

This passit ouir, quhill yat vpon ane day:
ne as name of thame, yat durst it undertak,
He had done wjang, or pairfoir battell mak.

How Wallace slew the Lyon in the
Barrace. Cap. liij.

This Royall Roy ane hie worschip him gatt,
As Conquerour, him honourit ouir ye latt.
Ane fell Lyon yis King had gart be brocht
Within Barrace, for greit harme yat he wrocht.
Trelist in Jene na mair power him gatt,
Of wodnes he excedit all the latt.
Bot he was fair, and richt felloun in deid,
In that strang strength he gart men him seid.
Keipt him clos, for men and bestiall,
In Court pair dwelt twa Squar of greit bail.
That Cousingis war, to ye Captois twa,
The quhill befoir Wallace hapnit to sla.
Ane band thay maid in prey conclusion,
At thair power to wrik his confusion.
Be ony meane, thow fraud and subteltie,
Efter pairfoir yat thocht nocht for to de.
To deith or schame, sa yat yat micht him bring,
Upon ane tyme thay went vnto the King.
This Scot thay said, that ze sa weill fair mak,
He seis nocht heir, bot he wald undertak.
Be his greit force to put to confusoun,
Now he despyis to secht with your Lyon.
And bad vs ask, at 30w this battell strang,
Ze grant him leif in the Barrace to gang.
Sadly agane, to thame answerit the King,
Hair me sozthin his he despyis sic a thing.

Bot

Bot I toill nouthir, for greif nor yet plesur,
 Deny Wallace, quhat he desyris in France.
 Than went thay furth, & sone met with Wallace,
 Ane figurat taill thay tauld hym in yat cace.
 Wallace thay said, the King desyris that ye,
 Drenge battell, sa cruell for to se.
 And chargis you, to seche with this Lyon,
 Wallace answerit in haillie conclusoun.
 And I sall do quhat be the Kingis will,
 At my power richt gladly to fulfill.
 Than passit he vnto the King but maire,
 Ane Lord of Court, quhen he approcht thair:
 Untowliche speirit without prouisioun,
 Wallace dar ye, ga secht with our Lyon?
 And he said ye, sa the King suffer me,
 Or with your self, gif ye ocht better be.
 Quhat will ye maire, this thing admittit was,
 That Wallace suld vnto the Lyon pas.
 The King chargit to bring him gude harnes,
 And he said nay, God scheild us fra sic cais.
 I suld it tak, gif I saucht with one man,
 Bot for one Dog, that nocht of arms can.
 I will haue nane, bot singill as I ga,
 Ane greit mantill about his hand-can sa.
 And ane gude sword with hym he tuk na maire,
 Abandonidly in Barrace enterit thair.
 Greit cheinzets was wrocht in ye yet with a gin,
 And pullit to, quhen Wallace was thairin.
 The wod Lyon, on Wallace quhair he stude,
 Rampand he brayit, for he desyrit blude.
 With his round pollis in the mantill rocht sa,
 Atwart the bak yet Wallace can hym sa.
 With his gude sword, that was of birnsist steill,

¶ The Twelfth

This body in time, it cutteth eueryk death.
As pene to the King he caith in greet fere,
And said on loud, was this all your desire?
To waite and Escot this liethly into bane,
Is that was Rogges, yet se sit wold hame flane?
As bying yame furth, sen I man Rogges quail,
To be bidding, quhill yet I woth to wuell.
I ganis full wuell, so grauh me in Escot land,
For greiter betris, yet men hes same on hand.
Then woth and Rog in battell to encheif,
He to w and fance, for ener I tak my leif.
The King periaunt yet mallace greut was,
So a ermissly he asait leif to pas.
Be toie in his mynd, that he was baptit in,
So a lewd and bed, so let him unberta.
Kna wand the wofship, and pe greit Roblines,
Of him quills spang, yet tyme in many place.
Namely he said, it said displeis to w nocht,
He se despit, he byed neuer in my choiche.
And be the faith I stow the Crown of fance,
I chocht neuer to charge to w to sic chance.
Not men of bail, that asait it for to w,
Mallace answert, so God I mak and to w.
I lyth neuer, sic battell to be in,
Upon and Rog, na wofship is to w.
The King consaunt how this sailer was to docht,
The Aquaris bath, was to his presence to docht.
Euld nocht deny, quhen they come him betoir,
All that trespass, they said to wouthin moir.
The King commandit, yet said be done to be to,
So moir of their lysidig without ony reuoid.
The Ambassadors, to for I may caules,
So subbad Dely mallace yame to docht thyo to cales

¶ The

The Squeyris als, fra yair fallnes trouit bid,
 Inuy yame brocht, baith to one suddand end.
 Lordis behald, Inuy the euill Dragon,
 In cruel tyte he byynis this Regioun.
 For he is nocht yat aboundis in Inuy,
 To him wischeif, it bringis thame haithef.
 Forsaik Inuy, cho to fall the better speid,
 Herof as now, I will na farther reid.
 Bot in my mater, that I befor began,
 I sall declair, als planely as I can.

When Wallace saw, thay had him at Inuy,
 Langer to byde, he couth nocht yan planely.
 Better him thocht, in Scotland to be,
 And auenture tak, outhir to leif or de.
 To help his awin, he had far mair plesance,
 Than thair to byde, with all the welch in France.
 Than his hail mynd, manheid, and curage,
 Was planely set, to woun out of bondage.
 Scotland agane fra pane, and mchill schoir,
 He bowit he suld, or ellis de thairfoir.
 The king hes sene how gude Wallace is set,
 The letter than, him gais withoutt in let.
 The quhilk of lait fra Scotland was him send,
 Wallace it saw, and weill yair harmis kend.
 Be the first writ thairto accozdiall,
 Thame to supple, he thocht he wald nocht fail.
 Quhair of suld I, beirof lang proces mak,
 Wallace of France ane gudly leif can tak.
 The king hes sene, it wald nocht ellis be,
 To Chalmer went, behald him micht nocht be.
 For greit langour, quhen Wallace can remuse,
 The king to him keipit hyndnes ay and use.

The Twelfth

To twelfis and gold, his worthip for to sell,
 He had thame gif als mekill as he wald will.
 Lordis and Ladyis weipit wonder fast,
 Quhen Wallace thair, sa tith his left and past:
 As man he tuk, bot quham he thidder bocht,
 Agane with him gude Longouell furth socht.
 For pane or blis, yat gude Knicht left him neuer,
 For cace befell, quhill deith maid yame disseuer.
 Towart the Stuce, in gudlie feir past he,
 Ane Uesthell gat, and maid him to the se.
 Auch Schipmen sevir, a gudly wage yame gais,
 To Scotland fure, the firth of Tay thay haif.

How Wallace come in Scotland agane at the
 Battell of Elchok Park. Cap. iiii.

Upon the nicht Wallace the land hes tane,
 At Ernis mouth, and is to Elchok gane.
 He gart the Schip in couert sail away,
 Sa out of sight, thay war or it was day.
 At Elchok dwelt, ane Wallace Cousling deir,
 That Craufurd hecht, ye hous quhe pai come neir.
 On the bak syde Wallace ane wyndo fand,
 And in he callit, ane Craufurd come at hand.
 Fra tyme he wist, that it was gude Wallace,
 Into his Barn he ordanit yame ane place.
 Ane mow of cozne he biggit thame about,
 And closit it weill, nane inicht persail thair out.
 Bot at ane place quhair melt was to yame bocht
 And bedding to, als gudly as he mocht.
 The dern houll furth on the north syde thay had,
 Unto the watter, quhair of Wallace was glaid.
 Four dayis or fyue, in rest pai soioznit thair,

Quhill

Quhill meit was gane, than Craufurd bowmit for
 To Sanct Johnstoun pair purueance to by (mair
 Inglismen thocht he tuik mair aboundantly:
 Than he was wount in ony tyme befoir,
 Thay haue him cane, put him in presoun soir.
 Quhat gaistis he had, to tell thay maid request,
 He said it was bot to ane Kirking feist.
 Zit thay presumit the cūming of Wallace,
 Knowledge to get, pai set ane subtell race.
 Thay leit him pas weth thing that he had bocht,
 Syne efter sone in all the haist thay mocht.
 To harnes zeid the power of the toun,
 Nucht hūdzeth men id Buttellar maid yame boun
 Followit on dreich, quhill yat yis man come hame
 Wallace him saw, and said he seruit blame.
 In my sleipng ane fell visioun me tald,
 Till Inglismen, that thow suld me haue saild.
 Craufurd him said, he had bene torment sair,
 With Inglismen that had him at dispair.
 Thairfoir ryle vp, and sone sum succour se,
 Idreid full sair thay set watchis on me.
 The worthy scottis pai graith yame in gude weid
 Thair wappinis tuik, syne of that hous thay zeid.
 Thus suddandly thir feill Sutheroun pai saw,
 To sebo thay war to secht agane thame awo.
 That kenely come, with 300g Buttellar ye knicht,
 Than Wallace said, ane plane land is nocht richt:
 Bot Elchok Park, that is neir heit besyde,
 The first sailze, we think thair to abyde.
 Nyntene thay war, and Craufurd with gude wofl,
 The twentie man, the number to fulfill,
 The Park thay tuik, Wallace ane place heg sene;
 Et greit Holing, yat grew baith dreich and gtene.

The Twelfe

With thozfour treis ane maner of strenth maid he.
 O that war woun, thay thocht to gar fell de.
 The woud was thick, bot lytill of heid and lenth,
 And yai had meit, yai thocht to hald that strenth.
 The Inglis men than past to Craufurd's place,
 fand in the barn the ludgeing of Wallace.
 Than Craufurd's wyfe in handis thay haue tane,
 And askit at hir, quhat way the Scottis is gane?
 Richt weill thay trowit, that Wallace suld pair be
 fra France to Tap, he was cūmit thow the se.
 Scho wald nocht tell for boist nor zit reuaird,
 Thā Buttellar said, our lāg tho to hes bene spaird.
 Thair with he grew in matakent and fre,
 And gart thame big ane braid bymand fire.
 The Sutheroun spoz pairin scho suld byput be,
 Than Wallace said scho sall nocht end for me.
 Greit sin it war, zone faibles wicht to sa,
 O scho suld end, in saith pair sall de ma.
 He lest the strenth, and the plane feild can sa,
 On loud he cryit, and said lo heir thy sa.
 Thinkis thow not schame for to tormēt ane wyfe,
 Quin first to me, and mak end of our stryfe.
 Fra Buttellar had on feild gude Wallace sene,
 For auld malice he wore heir woud for tene.
 Upon ye Scottis thay schuip all with greit mane
 Gude Wallace soue the strenth he tuik agane,
 Ane feill bikker the Inglis men began,
 Allaszeit sair with mony cruell man.
 Bot yai within war Robill of defence,
 Maid greit debait with force and violence.
 At the entreie sytens thay put to deid,
 Than all the lair renouit fra that steid.
 Zeid to array, agane to saulze new,

Wallace

Wallace beheld, quhill weill in weir him knew.
 Fellowis he said agane all at this place,
 Thay will nocht fail, bot thus standis the cace.
 Zome knicht thinkis for to deuyde his men,
 In heir placis, the suith ze sall weill ken.
 Agane on us to preis how it may be,
 Us now behouis sum vther way to se.
 Contrair thair micht, ane gude defence to mak,
 Now Longouell thow sall ser with the tak:
 William my Eme, als mony sall with zow ga,
 And spue with me, as now we haue na ma.
 Knicht Buttellar than, partit his men in thre,
 Wallace bespit quhair Buttellar schuip to be,
 Thidder he ran past, that entrie for to weir,
 Quhill he thay did assaill with greit fer,
 Wallace left part on the bryttle begin,
 Bot name zeid out, that on the Scottis come in.
 Semin forrest was that in the front first zeid,
 Wallace fyne men that donther was in deid.
 ilk ane slew ane, and Wallace gare choi ce,
 Buttellar was neist, and said yis will nocht be.
 Abak he drew, and lest his courage slack,
 The worthy Scottis prent weill for Scotland's lack.
 Gude Longouell his counter maid sa sair,
 And Craufurd als, thay sailzeit chalne na maie.
 Richt neir be than appochit to mirk nicht,
 And Sternis to appeir, began into thair sight.
 Sutheroun set wachis, and to thair Supper wet
 The Buttellar was sair greuit in his Intent.
 Zit fure thay weill, of gude Aus, sill, and bzeid
 Wallace and his, thay wist of na remeid.
 Bot cold watter that ran out thow ane strand,
 In that ludgeing, nane vther fude thay fand.

The Twelfth

Than Wallace said, gude fellows think not lang,
 Till God we sall be lone out of this thang.
 Suppois we fast ene day or ene night,
 Tak all in thank, this pane for Scotlandis richt.
 The Erll of York was in Sanct Johnstoun still
 To Buttellar send, and bad him byde at will.
 To him full sone pair suld cum new power,
 And als him sell thus tauld the Messinger.
 Buttellar wald sane Wallace had zoldin bene,
 Or the Erll come, and for this caus was sene:
 His Grandschir and his father baith he sene,
 This knicht pair with to wart ye Wark him drewe.
 Quhat cheir thay maid, vpon the Scottis he caid,
 Than Wallace said, far better than thow wald.
 The Buttellar said, I wald sane speik with the,
 Wallace answerit, thow may for lyill se.
 Wallace he said, thow hes done me greit skaith,
 My father and my Grandschir thow slew baith.
 Than Wallace said, for skait that thow art in,
 It war my det, for to vndo thy kin.
 And I think als, as God of heum me saik,
 That my twa handis sall graith the to thy graik.
 The Buttellar said, that is nocht lyklic now,
 Bot we the haue, we sall gar spedis sow.
 Of this I ask, and thow wald mak me grant,
 Quhat I the hecht, yat thing thow sall not want.
 Say furth (quod he) be thy desyre ressonabill,
 I sall it grant, withouttun ony sabill.
 The Buttellar said, Wallace thow unawis richt,
 Thow may not chaip, be power nor be flicht.
 And sen thow seis, it may na better be,
 For thy gentrice thow wald the zeld to me.
 Than Wallace said thy will vnkulfull is,

Thow

Thow wald me do, quhilk is our hie ane milt,
 Zoldin I am, to better I can prufe,
 To quhome he askit? to the greit God abuse.
 For cuerilk day, sen I had wit of man,
 Besoir my werk, to zeild me I began.
 And als at euin, quhen yat I sailzeit licht,
 I me betuik, to the maker of micht.
 The Buttellar said, me think thow hes done weill
 Zit of ane thing, I pray the lat me seill.
 For thy manheid, yis to me manifest,
 Quhen that thow seis, thow may na langer lest:
 On this ilk place, quhilk I haue tane to weir,
 That thow cum furth, and all bther forbeir.
 Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyre,
 And said I sall, thocht thow war wod as fyre.
 And all Ingland the contrarie had swoyne,
 I sall cum out, at that ilk place the moyne.
 Or ellis this nicht, traist weill yat I the say,
 I byde nocht betr, quhill nyne houris of the day.
 Buttellar send furth, ye chax wache on ilk syde,
 In that ilk place baldly he bownit to byde.
 Thus still thay baid, quhill day began to petr,
 Ane thick myst fell, ye planeit was nocht cleir.
 Wallace assayit, all that place about,
 Leit as he wald, at ony ane place bzek out.
 Quhill Buttellaris men away fra him couth ga,
 To help the lair, quhen yat saw it was sa.
 Wallace and his, fast sped thame to that steid,
 Quhair Buttellar baid, seill men yat draif to deid.
 The worthy Scottis sone passit thow yat inelle,
 Craufurd thair with was sair hurt in ye kne.
 At eird he was, gude Wallace turnit agane,
 And at ane straik he hes the Buttellar flane.

The Twelfth

Hynt up that man, vnder his arme sa strang,
 Defendand him out of that fellown thrang.
 Gude roume he maid, amang yame quhair he gais,
 With his richt hand he slew fyue of his fais.
 Bure out Craufurd be forse of his persoun,
 Ayne aiber braid, or euer he set him down.
 The Sutheroun fand, þ thair Capitane was ded
 Semblit him about, bot pan was na reneid.
 Threttie with him, of the wichtest thay brocht,
 Deid on that place quhair at ye Scottis out socht
 Wallace and his, be than was fra thair sight,
 Sutheroun baid still for greit lois of that nicht.
 The myst was mirk, that Wallace lykit weill,
 Him self was glaid, and said to Longouell:
 At Methuen wode, is my desyre to be,
 For thair is bestiall to get of greit plentie.
 Be than thay war, weill cūn to the hicht,
 The myst slakit, the Sone schynit fair and brycht.
 Sone war, thay war, ane lytill space thame by,
 Of four and threttie in ane company.
 Than Wallace said, be zone freind or fa,
 We will thame se, sen that thay ar na ma.
 Quhen thay come neir ane Nobill Knicht it was,
 The quhilk to Rame hecht Hew of Dundas.
 And schir John Scot, ane wyse & worthy knicht,
 Into Stracherne ane man of mekill might.
 For thair he had, greit part of herstage,
 Dundas Sister he had in mariage.
 Passand thay war, and micht na langer lest,
 To Inglūnen, thair sewtie for to lest.
 The Lord of Breichen sic cūnand had yame maid
 Of king Edward to hald thair landis braid.
 Bot sen thay saw, that it was wicht Wallace

Held

Held by thair handis, and thankit God of grace.
 Of his greit help, quhill he had send yame pair,
 To Berthuen wod with ane assent thay sair.
 Sone gat thame mett of bestiall that thay fand,
 Restit that day, quhē nicht was esmin on hand:
 To Birnane wod, but resting ar thay gane,
 Quhair yai haue fund, þ Squyar gude Ruthuane.
 In outlaw ble he had lang leuit thair,
 Of bestiall, quhill he micht get na mair.
 Thay taryit nocht, bot into Athoill zeid,
 Quhair mett was scant, yair Wallace had greit
 Passit to Lorne, richt lytill sand he thair, (Dreid
 Of wyld and tame, that countrie was maid bair,
 Bot in strenthis, thair fude was leuit nane,
 Thir worthy scottis yai maid ane piteous mane
 Schir Johne Scot said, he had far rather be
 Into gude name, and leif his airis fre.
 Than for to byde, as bund in subiectioun,
 Quhen Wallace saw thir gude men of Renoun:
 With hunger stad, almost micht leif na mair,
 Wit ze for thame he sicht woundet sair.
 Gude men he said, I am the caus of this,
 At your desyre I sall amend this mis.
 Or leif you fre, sum cheutance for to ma,
 All him allane he bowit for to ga.
 Prayit thame byde, quhill he micht cum agane,
 Out out ane hill he passit into plane.

Out of thair sicht, into ane forest syde,
 He set him down vnder ane Aik to byde.
 His Bow and Sword he lenit to ane tre,
 In anguilsche, greif, on grouf sa turnit he.
 This piteous mane, was for his men sa wrocht,
 B. 4.

The Twelft

That of him self, lytill thing than he rocht.
 O wyrtche he said, that neuer couth be content,
 Of our greit micht, pat ye greit God the lent.
 Bot thy feirs mynd, wilfull and variabill,
 With greit Lordschip thow couth not sa byde sta.
 And wilfull wot, for to mak Scotland fre, (bill
 God lykis nocht, that I haue tane on me.
 Far worthpar than I, of birith was bozne,
 Thow my desyre, for honger ar foxlozne.
 I ask at God, thame to restoir agane,
 I am the caus, I suld haue all the pane.
 Quhyle studyand yus, quhyle flytad with him sell,
 Quhill at the last, vpon sleiping he fell.
 Thre dayis befor thair had him followit fyue,
 The quhilk was bund, or ellis to loig pair lyue.
 The Eril of Zork bad yame sa greit guardoun,
 That thay be thist, thocht to put Wallace down.
 Thre of yame was bozne men of Ingland,
 And twa was Scottis, pat tuik ye deid on hand.
 And sum men said, ye thrid brother betraistit,
 Kyndzome eist, quhair greit sorow was raisit.
 Ane Child pai had quhilk helpit to beir meit,
 In wildernes, amang the montanis greit.
 Thay had all sene the disseuering of Wallace,
 Fra his gude men, and quhair he baid on care.
 Amang thich wod, in couert held thame law,
 Quhill thay persauit, he couth on sleiping saw.
 And than thir fyue, approchit Wallace neir,
 Quhat best to do, at vther fast thay speir?
 Ane man said thus, it war ane hie Renoun,
 And we micht quick leid him to Sanct Iohnston
 To how he lyes, we may our grippis wail,
 Of his wappinis, he sall haue nanc auail.

nae sall him bynd in contrair of his will,
 And leid him thus on bak syde of zone hill.
 Sa that his men sall na thing of him knaw,
 The tother four assentit to his saw.
 And thairthir fyue maid thanne vnto Wallace,
 And thocht thow force to byud him in that place.
 Quhat trowit this fyue for to hald Wallace down?
 The manlyest man, the starkest of persoun.
 Leuand he was, als stude into sic richt,
 noe traist weill God his deidis hes in sight.
 Thay grippit him, and out of sleip he braid,
 Quhat menis this? than sadly Wallace said.
 About he turnit, and vp his armis thrang,
 On thay tratouris with knichtly feir he dang.
 The starkest man into his hand bynt he,
 And all his harnis he dang out on ane tre.
 His sword he gat, sone efter that he rais,
 Campioun lyke, amang the four he gais.
 Euer ane man, he gart de at ane dynt,
 Quhe twa was deid, ye tother thre wold not styt
 Maid thame to fle, bot than it was na bute,
 noas natts leuand micht fra him pas on fute.
 He followit fast, and sone to deith thanne brocht,
 Than to the Chyld, sadly agane he socht.
 Quhat did thow heir? ye Chyld with ane pail face
 On knels fell, and askit Wallace grace.
 With thame I was, & knew na thing pair thocht,
 Into seruice, as thay me bad I wrocht.
 Quhat beiris thow thair? bot meit ye Chyld can
 Ga tak it vp, and pas with me away. (say,
 Meit in this tyme is far better no; gold,
 Wallace and he furth soundit on the fold,
 Quhat brocht Wallace fra his enemis bald,

[The Twelfth]

Quha bot greit God, yat hes this warld to haill.
 He was his help in mony felloun thrang,
 With glaid cheir thus, vnto Erns can be gang.
 Baith roistit flesche, yair was als bried and chetis,
 To succour yame, yat was in point to letis.
 And heit deillis to four men and fyftie,
 Quhill had befoir fastit ouir dayis thre.
 Syne tusk his part, he had fastit als lang,
 Quhair hard ze ever ony in sic thrang.
 In hounger sa slepand and wappinles,
 Sa weill recouertit, as Wallace did in cais.
 Blanely be force vincit his enemeis fyue,
 Men of wot this questoun now discreue.
 Withouthin glois I will tell furth my tair,
 How come this mett? the fellowshyp askit haill.
 To that desyre, Wallace na answer zaid,
 Quhair fyue was deid, he led yame forth and taid
 Greitly displettit was all that Cheualry,
 To ane Chistane thay held it fantasy.
 To walk allane, Wallace with sobit mirth,
 Sayis heirof, is cum na thng bot girth.
 To the Law land agane full fast thay socht,
 Speirit at yis Chyld, gif he couth wis yame ocht.
 Quhair thay micht best, of purueyance for to win,
 Of nane he said was that countrie within.
 For all about, in als far as I knaw,
 Quhill yat ze cum down to the Rannoch haw.
 That Lord hes stuf, baith aill, bried, and vernage,
 Of King Edward he takis full mehill wage.
 Than Wallace said, my self sail be your gyde,
 I knaw that steid, about on ather syde.
 Throw the wold land, he gydit thame full riche,
 To Rannoch hall he brocht thame yat same nycht

Ther to sethe was our, and that sell sene thay is,
þe was aue þe col, ȝif þe wald mocht him be.
Bot gart him tell the manner of that place,
Quas putrit thay withun aue lyellþpace.
The ȝet thay was, ȝof daffell was þair name,
Bot mud to all helth, withourin lyne oȝ flame.
we allace in þair stais by the Chalmier dore,
weith þis richȝ fute, that darwar was and dore.
Chas thay withun walkenit sudandþe,
The Lord gat by, and mery can him cry.
Ira syne þe wold, that guðe we allace was thayr,
þe chauntt God, þine laud þis wordis mair.
Certo man I was, and wyȝ aganis me wold,
weith Angliheru, suppos I lyte ill.
All þe cortis me ar, þat in this hous is nowt,
ȝet ȝour command, all baidly fall we bowt.
Of our ffalloun guðe we allace had pierce,
Coutt aduis of chaume, and syne meir aſaie þe.
Guðe theȝe þat mair, quþill lichȝ Day on ȝe moine,
Cþis frew man than þoue ſembrit him beſyne.
Cþe þe onis þe þat, þat ſalwart was and bald,
And twente men of þen in his boundald.
we allace was þyrtȝ thay mair þing ſic ſupple,
And I þatwe God, þat we þous multiplye.
All that Day out, in guðe þingȝ thay tel,
me achis thay wold, to help chaume that coult beſt.
wpon the moine the lichȝ Day quthen thay layd.
Chas we allace ſaid our po wer ȝof to knawt.
me wold tak ſell, and by our þaner ſals,
In richȝ of þe cotland, and contrair of our ſais.
we will na mair now us in conert þyde,
þower to us, with ſembill on illuþde.
Chas þoys thay get, the beſt that could be theȝir,

The Twelfth

Towart Dunkeld the ganest way thay sailt.
 The Bischop than gat to Sanct Johnstoun,
 The Scottis slew that was of pair Natioun.
 Baith pure and riche, and seruandis pat pai fand,
 Lese nane on lyfe that bozne was of England.
 The place thay tuk, and maid yame weill to sale,
 Of purueyance that Bischop had brocht thair.
 Towellis thay gat, baith gold and siluer brycht,
 With gude cheir pair syue dayis Soioynst richt.
 On the sext day Wallace to counsall went,
 Gart call the best, and schew yame his Intent,
 Na men we haue to sailze Sanct Johnstoun,
 Into the North, thairfor lat mak vs boun.
 In Ros ye knaw gude men ane strenth hes maid,
 Heir pat of us, pai cum withoutm baide.
 Als into Bute is gude Bischop Sinklaire,
 Fra he get wit, he clyms withoutm maire.
 Gude westland men, of Arrane and Rauchlic,
 Fra thay be warnit, thay will all cum to me.
 Thus purpois tuk, and in the North pai ryde,
 Na Inglisman durst in thair gait abyde.
 Quhome Wallace tuk, pai knew ye auld ransoun
 Fra he come hame, to se thay mak yame boun.
 And Scottis men semblit to Wallace fast,
 In awfull feir out thow the land thay past.
 Strenthis was lest, wit ye all desolait,
 Agane thir folk na man durst mak debait.
 In rapit battell thay raid to Ebirdene,
 In haill number vij. thousand than was sene.
 Bot Inglis men had lest the coun all waist,
 On euertik syde away then can thame haist.
 In all that land lest nouthet maire noz les,
 Lord Bewmont tuk the sey at Burchane nes.

Thow

Thro to Scotland than was manifest in plane,
 The Lordis that fled, in hart was wounder fane.
 The knicht Clement of Roscome suddandly,
 In Murray land, with thair gude Chensley.
 The hous of Harne yat guid knicht weill bes tane
 Slew the Capitane, and gude men moir ane.
 Out of Murray, and Buchane land come thay,
 To seik Berwmont, bot he was past away.
 Than thir gude men to Wallace passit rich,
 Quhe Wallace saw schir Johne Ramsay & knicht
 And othir gude men, that had bene fra him lang,
 Greit curage yan was raisit thame amang.
 The land he reullit, as that him lyk it best,
 To Sanct Johnstoun, syne raid oz pai wald rest.

The Seige of Sanct Johnstoun.

A Teverilk port anc stalwart wache he maid,
 Confermit ane Seige, and stedfastly abaid.
 Bischop Stmklaire in all gude haist him dight,
 Come out of Bute, with seinely men be sight.
 Out of the Flis, of Rauchlie and Arrane,
 Lindesay and Boyd, with gude men mony ane.
 Adam Wallace, Barroun of Ricardtoun,
 Fall sadly socht to Wallace of Renoun.
 At Sanct Johnstoun baid at the Sailze still,
 For Sutheroun men, yat nicht weill pas at will.
 For in thair way thair durst na enemie be,
 Bot fled away, be land and als be se.
 About that toun thus seinblit thay but moir,
 For thay had bene with gude Wallace befoir.
 Setoun, Lawder, gude Richard of Lurdie,
 In ane gude Barge thay past about the se.

(The Twelfth

**In Sanct Johnstoun haurin, pairt enteris haue pai
Twa Inglis schipp, pai tuik withoutin let. (As
The tane thay bynt, and suffer the tother well,
With artailze, and saltmart men in steill.
To help the host, pairt suld cum na viltail,
Into the town, nor men that inicht avail
fra South and North, mony of Scotland ded,
Left Castellis wast, seill leue thair yfis in wed.
The Sutheroun Bischop pat befor left Dunell,
To Londoun pass, and said Edward him sell
In Scotland pair had fallen aye greit myschance,
Than send he sone for Rymere the wallance.
And askit him, quhat thair was best to do,
He hecht to pas, and tak greit gold thairto.
Into Scotland sum meams for to mak,
Aganis wallace, on hand this can be tak.
He said he wald, vnto king Edwardis Croton,
Bot gif he micht thow tressoun put him down,
king Edward hecht, quhat thing ? wallange bad
He suld it keep, pairto he gait his hand.
wallange tuik less, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell come, syne kest in his Intent.
Quhat man thair was micht best wallace begyte
And sone he fand within ane lytill quhyple:
Schir Johne Denteich wallace Gossip was,
Ane Wessinger Schir Rymere hes gart pas.
Vnto Schir Johne, and sone ane tryft hes set,
At Ruglyn Kirk, thit twa togidder met.
Than wallange said, Schir Johne row knawis
wallace agane ryffis contrait ye king. (vis thing
And yow may haue quhat lordship yow wil wall
And yow wald werk as I wald gif counsaill,
Zow tyan haldis the Realmis at trubill baith,
To**

To thristie men it doits full mickill schath.
 He traistis ye, yow may full weill him tak.
 Of this mater, I reid ane end yow mak.
 That he away we might at lyking King,
 As Lordis all, and leit vnder one King.
 Than Wentewh said, he is our Gouernour,
 For as he said in mony felonous flour.
 Nocht for him self, bot for our heritage,
 To sell him thus, it was ane soull outrage.
 Than Wallaunge said, and thow weill vnderstude
 Grett merite it was, he spillis in mickill blude.
 Of cristin men, puttis saullis into petrell,
 I bynd me als, he sall be baldin baill.
 As for his lyfe and helpit in ptesoun,
 King Edward wald haue him in subleitioun.
 Than Wentewh thocht sa thow wald help vnaund
 He wald full sane haue had him of Scotland.
 Wallaunge saw him intib ane study be,
 Thre thousand pund of fyne gold leit him se.
 And hecht he suld the Lennor haue at best,
 Thus tressonabilly Wentewh grantit that till.
 Ane Obligatioun with his awin hand he maid,
 Syne tuk ye gold, and Edwardis Seil sa brad
 And gaff thame his, quhen he his tyme nicht se,
 To tak Wallace, our Sulway gif him fre.
 To Inglis men, be this tressonabill concord,
 Schir Johne suld be of all the Lennor Lord.
 Thus Wallace suld in England helpit be,
 Sa Edward nicht mak Scotland to him fre.
 Thair couerise was our grett master sene,
 Ane exumpil takis how ane vther hes bene.
 For couerise put in pants strang and fell,
 For couerise the Serpent is in hell.

The Twelfth

For couetise gude Hector tuik the deid,
 For couetise thair can be na remeid.
 Thro to couetise gude Alexander was lost,
 And Iulius als, for all his reil and host.
 Thro to couetise deit Arthur of Britane,
 For couetise, thair hes deit mony ane,
 For couetise the tratour Gauillon,
 The flour of France he put to confussion.
 Thro to couetise thay popsonit gude Godefray,
 In Antioche, as the Authour will say.
 For couetise Meneleus bpon fals wavis,
 Betraist Wallace, yat was his Goslopy thrys.
 Wallange lu haist, with blyth will and gude hart
 To Londoun past, and schew to King Edward.
 Of thair contract he had far mair plesance,
 Than of fyve gold gewin in Ballance:
 Of greiter weicht than his Ransoun might be,
 Of Wallace furth yet spek him part will we.

At Sanct Jobbsloun was at the seiging still,
 In the morning so Sutheroun with guid will
 Fyve hundred men in armes richt Egerly,
 Thay flicht furth to mak ane Jeopardy.
 At the South Port upon Scot and Dundas,
 Quhill in pair tyme richt wyse and worthy was.
 Aganis thait fais richt sharply faucht and fair,
 In that couter leuin scoir to delith thay bair.
 Ze Inglis men that cruell was and kene,
 Full derfly faucht, quhair douchtie deid was sene.
 Fra the west yet drew all the Scottis haill,
 To the sechtar, quhen pai saw noch quaiill,
 Bot in agane, full fast thay can thair speid,
 The knicht Dundas preuit douchtie in deid.

Quir

Quir neir the zet, full bandounly he baid,
 With ane gude sword, full greit maistrie he maid.
 Nocht wistand weill, his fellowis was him fra,
 In at the zet, the Sutheroun can him ta.
 Unto the Erll thay led him haistlie,
 Quhen he him saw, he said he suld nocht de.
 To slay this ane, it may be lytill remeid,
 He send him furth, to Wallace in that steid,
 Unto the North his battellis hes he brocht,
 Quhill he him saw, of this he wist richt nocht.
 Send to the Erll, and thankit him largelie,
 Hecht for to quyte, quhen he sic caus inicht se.
 Bot zit pairfoir, souerance he wald nocht grant,
 Thocht thay war zoldin, and cum recryant.
 For gold nor gude he wald na tribute tak,
 Ane greit assault, than he began to mak.
 The Erll of Fyfe, dwelt vnder trewis lang,
 Of King Edward, and than he thocht it wong.
 That Wallace sa was seigand Sanct Johnstoun
 Bot gif he come in richt help of the Crown.
 To Inglis men he wald nocht keip that band,
 Than he come sone, with gude men of the land.
 And Johne Wallange was van Schiref of Fyfe,
 To Wallace past, and stakit him in that styfe.
 The Erll was cūmin of gude trew Nobill blude,
 Of ye auld Thane, quhilk in his tyme was gude.
 Than all about to Sanct Johnstoun pai gang,
 The felloun fault, was hiddeous, schairp & strang.
 Full feill faggaldis, into the dyke thay cast,
 Haddir and hay, wound about flakis fast.
 With treis and cird, ane greit passage pai maid,
 Out our the wallis, thay zaid in battell braid.
 The Sutheroun than, maid greit defence agane,

¶ The Twelfth

Quhil at the wallis thair was ane thousand slane
 Wallace zeid in, and his capit battell richt,
 All Sutheroun men derfly to deuth pai diche.
 To saif the Erll, Wallace the Herald send,
 Gude Jop him self, the quhilk befor him kend:
 For Dundas saik, he said he suld nochte de,
 Wallace him self, thus ordanit for to be.
 Ane small Haiknay to him he gart be tak,
 Siluer and gold, his coistis for to mak.
 Set on his clok, ane takin for to se,
 Ane Lyoun in warc, that suld his Conduct be.
 Conuoyit him furth, and na man him with all,
 Wemen and barnis, Wallace gart freith yame all.
 And syne cryit trew Scottis to thair awin,
 Pleneist ye lād, quhilk lang had bene outthravin
 Than Wallace past, the south land for to se,
 Edward the Bruce in his tyme richt worthie.
 That zeir befor he had in Ireland bene,
 And thair with him cruell men and kene.
 Fyftie in feir, was of his motheris kin,
 At Kirkcubricht in Galloway enterit in.
 With thay fyfte, he had vincust nyne scoir,
 And syne he past withoutt in tary moir.
 To Wigtoun sone, and that Castell hes tane,
 Sutheroun was fled, and left it all allane.
 Wallace him met, with trew men reuerentlie,
 To Lochinabane, went all that Cheualrie.
 Thay maid Edward baith Lord and leidar pair,
 This conditioun Wallace him maid but mair.
 Bot ane schozt tyme to byde Robert the King,
 Gif he come uocht in this Regioun to Ring:
 That Edward suld ressaif the Crown but fail,
 This hecht Wallace, and all the barnage hail.

In Lochmabane Prince Edward leyndit till,
 And Wallace past to Cumnok with gude will.
 At the Blak bog, quhair he was wount to be,
 Upon that steid ane Royall hous held he.
 Inglis Wardanis to Londoun past but maist,
 And cauld the King of all thair greit myssair.
 How Wallace can Scotland fra thame reduce,
 And how he had, ressaunt Edward Bruce.
 The Commounis swoze yai suld cum neuer maist,
 Upon Scotland, and Wallace leuand waist.
 Than Edward writ to Menteith priuily,
 Prayit him to haist, the tyme was passit by.
 Of the promeis, ye quhilk pat he was bundin,
 Schir Johne Menteith, into his wit hes fundin:
 How he suld best his purpois do fulfil,
 His Sister sone in haist he callit him till.
 And ordanit him in dwelling with Wallace,
 Ane aith agane he gart him mak on cace.
 Quhat tyme he wist, Wallace in quyet draz,
 He suld him warne, quhat auenture micht saw.
 This man grantit, that sic thing suld be done,
 With Wallace thus, he was in seruice sone.
 Bot of treiloun Wallace had lytill thocht,
 His lauborous mynd in vther materis wrocht.
 Thus Wallace thryis, hes maid all Scotland fre,
 Than he desyrit in lest and peice to be.
 For as of weir he was in sum part Jek,
 He purpoist than to serue God and the Kirk.
 And for to leif vnder his richteous King,
 That he desyrit atouir all eirdly thing.

How Wallace was betraist be Schir Johne of
 Menteith, and had in Ingland, and Hartpryt
 thair. Cap. v.

The Twelst

The Herald Top, in England sone he send,
 And wait to Bruce richt hartly his comend,
 Besetkand him, to cum and tak his Crown,
 Nane suld ganestand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barroff
 The Herald past, quhen Bruce saw his credance,
 That of he tuik, ane persyte greit plesance.
 With his awin hand, agane wait to wallace,
 And thankit him of lawtie and kyndnes.
 Besetkand him, this mater to conceill,
 For him behuif, out of England to steill.
 For lang befor was keipit the Ragiment,
 Quhilk Cumyng had, to byde the Parliament.
 Into London, and gif thay him accuse,
 To cum fra thame, he suld mak sum excuse.
 He prayit Wallace, on Glasgo wure to walk,
 The nirt first nicht of Julij for his sailk.
 And bad he suld, bot into quyet be,
 For he with him, nicht bring few Cheualrie.
 Wallace was blyth, quhen he this wytyng saw,
 His houshald sone, he gart to Glasgo draw.
 That moneth thair, he ordanit thame to byde,
 Keirly he tuik, Iks nicht with him to ryde.
 And this young man yat Menteith to him send,
 With nane bot yr, quhat way yat Wallace wend.
 The quhilk gart warne his Eme the rhuin. nicht,
 Sertie full sone, Schir John Menteith gart dight.
 Of his awin kyn, and allys was borne,
 To this tressoun he gart yame all be swoyne.
 Fra Dunbertane yat sped thame haistely,
 Deir Glasgo w Kirk thay buskit yame priuely.
 Wallace past furth quhair yat ye tryst was set,
 Ane spy thay maid, and followit him but let.
 Robert Ralstoun, was new the way besyde,

And

And bot ane hous quhair Wallace wist to byd.
 He wolk on fute, quhill passit was mydnight,
 Keirly and he, than for ane sleip yame diche.
 Thay bad this man, that he suld walk his part,
 And walkin Wallace, come men fra ony art.
 Quhen thay sleipt, yis tratour tuk gude hard;
 He met his Eme, and bad him haue na dreid.
 On sleip he was, and with him bot ane man,
 Ze may him haue, for ony craft he can.
 Withouth the hous, thair wappinmis lair yame fra
 For weill thay wist, gat Wallace ane of tha.
 And on his feit, his Ransoun suld be said,
 Thus semblit thay about that sebill hauid.
 This tratour wache fra Wallace than he call,
 With knyfe and sword, his bow and arrowis all.
 Efter mydnight in handis thay haue him tane,
 Blomerit on sleip; with him na man bot ane.
 Keirly thay tuk, and led him fra that place,
 Did him to deith, withouthin langer space.
 Thay thoct to bynd, Wallace with strichis strong;
 On fute he gat, thay sell tratouris amang.
 He grippit about, bot na wappin he fand,
 Upon ane Hill he saw besyde him stand:
 The bak of ane he bystir in that thrang,
 And of ane vther the harnis out he dang.
 And als mony as handis couth on him lay,
 He forre him hynt, for to haue him away.
 Bot that power ane fute nicht nocht him leir,
 Out of that hous, quhill yai o he war deir.
 Schir Johne saw weill, he force it couth not be,
 Or he war tane, erar he thoct to de.
 Wentelth bad reis, and thus spak to Wallace,
 Gyue schew him furth, ane full richt subtell case.

The Twelfth

Ze haue sa lang bett blit 30w, allane,
Quhill we thetref is into England gane.
Thairfor bett me, and sober your curage,
The Inglis men with ane full greit barnage:
Ar semblit bett, and set this hous about,
That ze be force, on na wayis may wynn out.
Supperts ze had the strength of gude Hector,
Among this Oist, ze may nocht lang Indure.
And thay 30w tak in haist your deith is dichte,
I haue spokin with Lord Clifford that knicht.
Nocht thair Chistane, weill merit for your lyfe,
Thay ask na mair, bot be quyte of your styfe.
To Dunbartane ze sall pas furth with me,
In your atwin hous, ze may in saistie be.
Sutherland sic yle with wgentith lang had thay,
That Wallace tro wit, sum part that he wald say.
Wgentith said Schir, lo wappinis we naue haill,
We come in trait, your lyfe gif we nicht sail.
Wallace tro wit well, and he bis Collop thryes,
That he wald nocht be na maner of wyis:
Him do betrais, for all Scotland sa wyde,
Ane aith of him he askit in that tyde.
Thair wantis wit, quhat suld his aithis mofe,
For woine to him, he was lang tyme before.
The aith he maid, Wallace come in his will,
Siche fraudfully all thus he scheit him fill.
Collop he said, as Desoner yai mon 30w se,
O? yai thow force, yai will tak 30w fra me.
Ane Courche with slicht upon bis handis yai lair,
And vnder syne with sicker cordis thay byair.
Saut schairp and teuch, and fast togidder dyer,
Allace the Wyce, nicht fair that bynding rer.
Dunbills maid, Scotland sone brokin vpon cace,
For

For Cumpright's Deity, and lord of gude we allace,
 That led him furth in feir among thame so,
 Meritly be myght, and us Southerton be laud.
 That he myght be weill, that he betrayit was,
 That he the South with him quhen yai can pas.
 That he him said, in treuth he said nocht be,
 King Edward wald, him keep in gude lastite.
 For the honour in writ that he had myght,
 That he said bandis sa trublit all his thocht.
 Credence thairto forstith be court nocht gess,
 He with sut weill, that wald nocht let him less.
 The fals foul cal's yai shewit bys him said,
 Quhen on this wyse gude we allace be was said.
 That men sayis it was so said was lord,
 That he said all our, that maid that fals recort.
 That the fauouris the gude that he was blame,
 Our thornichis, rethellis that in plane.
 On Dagdaleine Day the schil. yet befor,
 Cumpright's Deity that for it to teneffis mof.
 That weithoun we allace was resonabill,
 Thus sailly stolin fra his gude thernalp.
 In Glasgow lair, and with nocht of this thing,
 Thus he was loit in byding of his king.
 That he was him led, ay haldand the wair land,
 That he him in heit our Southerton said.
 That he lord Clifford, and we allange rith him thair
 To deatilloun, full fast with him that said.
 In paretoun him set, that was an greit bolour,
 That he was efter, that callit we allace our.
 That men seie said, yai knew not weill pe care,
 In Berwick town, so Deity that we allace.
 That he is a man, be this opinoun,
 For Southerton thaim had all Berwick town.

The Twelfth

To Scotland fre, untill pat Houllis it gait,
 For Lord Cunyng to Ingland with the lair.
 Ane vther point is, the tratouris durst nocht pass,
 That sauld him sa, quhair scottis men maister was.
 The thrid point is, ye commounis of Ingland,
 Quhat thay deny, thay will nocht vnderstand.
 That thing be done, for witness that may be,
 As credence gif farther nor pat may se.
 To se him be Edward had mair desyre,
 Than to be Lord of all the hail Empyre.
 And for this caus thay keptit him sa lang,
 Quhill ye commounis micht vnto Londoun gang.
 Allace Scotland, to quhome sall thow coplene?
 Allace fra pane, quha sall the now refrene?
 Allace thy help, is fastly brocht to ground,
 The best Chistane in brait handis is band.
 Allace thow hes now loist thy gyde of licht,
 Allace quha sall defend the in thy richt?
 Allace thy pane approachit wounder neir,
 With sorow sone, thow man be left on steir.
 Thy gracious gyde, thy greitest Gouvernour,
 Allace our neir is cum thy fatal hour.
 Allace quha sall now best the of thy baill?
 Allace quhen sall of harmis thow be haill?
 Quha sall defend? quha sall the now mak fre?
 Allace in weir, quha sall thy helper be?
 Quha sall the help? quha sall the now redeme?
 Allace quha sall the Baronis fra the Geme?
 I can na mair, bot beleiue God of grace,
 The to restoir, in haill to welth and peice,
 Sen gude Wallace may succour the na mair,
 The lots of him Incessis mekill cair.
 Now of his men, in Glasgou still that lay,
Quhat

What so: to be rais, quhen thay misse him away.
 The cruel pane, the wofull complementing,
 That of to tell it war our hevy thing.
 I will lat be, and speik that of na mair,
 Yetill reheirs is our mekill of cair.
 And principally quhair redemptioun is nane,
 It helpis nocht, to tell thair piteous mane.
 The deith parol is 3t in remembrance,
 I will lat stak of sorow to the ballance.
 Bot Longouell to Lochmabane can pas,
 and pair hecht he quhair gud prince Edward was
 Out of Scotland he suld pas neuer mair,
 Lois of Wallace socht to his hart sa sair.
 The Realme of France he bowit neuer to se,
 Bot abenge Wallace, or ellis pairsoir to de.
 Thair he remant quhill cūning of the king,
 with Bruce in weir, yis guid knicht furth did ring.
 Remembrance syne is in the Bruceis Bute,
 Secund he was, quhe yai Sanct Johnstoss tute.
 Followit the king at wyning of the town,
 The Bruce thairsoir, gais him full gret guardoun.
 All Charteris landis ye gude king to him gais
 Charteris sen syne of his kyn is the lair.
 What to suld I say in this story wend,
 Bot of my bute to mak ane finall end.
 Robert the Bruce come hame on the thrid day,
 In Scotland efter, that Wallace was yad away,
 To Lochmabane, quhair he fand gude Edward,
 Whatrol he was, gretly reioysit in hart.
 Bot fra he wist, Wallace away was led,
 Sa mekill baill into his breist was bred.
 Air out of wit he worthit so: to weid,
 Edward full sone yan to his brother zaid.

The Twene

The suddand chance this was in wa fra trell,
 And Edward sayis his helpis nicht adrell.
 Lat murning be, it may be na remeid,
 Ze haue him tynt, ze suld Reuenge his deid.
 Bot for your caus, he tuis the weir on hand,
 In your defence, and thyris hes freed Scotland.
 The quibik was tynt, fra us and all our kyn.
 Nocht nocht no allace, we had neuer enterit in.
 Opprou he was, of lawtie and manheid,
 In weir the best, that euer sail power leid.
 Had he lyuis, for to haue tane your Crown,
 No ald name him let, pat was in thys Region.
 Had nocht bene he, ze suld had na entres,
 Into this Realme for tressoun and falsnes.
 That sail ze se, the tratour that him said,
 Fra zow he thinkis, Dunbartane for to haud.
 Thoun comfort tak, and lat slak of this sorow,
 The King chargit Edward vpon the morrow.
 Betwes to tak of wrong pat wrocht him was,
 To Dalsmyntoun he ordanit him to pas.
 And men of armis, gif yai fand Cumpnyng thair,
 Put him to deith, for na dyid thay suld spair.
 Thay sand him nocht, the King him efter slew,
 Into Dumfries, quhair witnes was anew.
 That hapunt wrong, our greit haill in ane King.
 To wick by law, it may saath mekill thing.
 I need nocht heie na farther for to schaw,
 How that was done, is knowen to zow aw.

B Of young Douglas first to the King ca pas,
 In all his weir, pat wicht and worth was.
 For how ye King hes tane on his ye Crown,
 Of all that heir I may bot s:hort mentoun.

An how Lord Spornis gait Berthak countray.
 How efter some tyme was Galloway.
 How Johne of Lorne agane his richt king rais,
 On ather hyde how Bruce had mony fais.
 How bald Breichen contrair his king counthryde,
 Richt few was than in weir with him to byde.
 For how the North was gevin for the gude king,
 Quhilk maid him lang, in painefull weir to King.
 Bot trew to him, was James ye gude Dowglas
 For Bruceis richt, baid weill in mony place.
 Under the King he was the best Chistane,
 Bot Wallace I set aue Chistane him allane.
 Thairfor to him is na comparisson,
 As of ane man, sail reuerence of the Crown.
 Bot sa mony as of the Dowglas hes bene,
 Gude of all thing, was neuer in Scotland sene.
 Comparissonis I can nocht weill declair,
 Of Bruceis Buth, as now I speik na mair.
 Maister Johne Barbour, quhilk was ant worthy
 He said the Bruce among his beher week. (Clerk
 In this mater I am polist all maist.
 To my purposis beidly I will me haist.
 How gude Wallace was set among his fais,
 To Londoun with him Clifford & Wallace gais
 Quhair king Edward was richt sane of þe sang,
 Thair heue him set richt in ane prison strang.
 Of Wallace end my self wald leif for dreid,
 To say the worst, bot richteousnes me leid.
 For his lyfe was all sa berray trew,
 His farall hour I will nocht sen; e now.
 Wherewith him sauld, what our weill was knawing
 Feill of that kyn, in Scotland pan was sown.
 Chargit to, byde vnder the greis Judgement,

The Twelfth

That King Robert actit in his Parliament:
 Chair of I mak na langer continue wance,
 Bot Wallace end in world was displesance.
 Chairfoir I ceis, and puttis it nocht in Ryme,
 Scotland may thank the blyssit happy tyme:
 That he was bozne, be principall pointis twon,
 This is the first, oz that we farther ga.
 Scotland he freed, and brocht it fra thirllage,
 And now in heuin he hes his herberage.
 As it is preut be gude experiance,
 Wyse Clerkis it hes zit in remembrance.

Because that the maiir part of this thingis followand, as
 also gibberd superstitious and not agreeabill to pe tteuch
 of Goddis word, we haue thocht it expedient to admon-
 nische the (gude Reader) that albeit we gaue Inscriptioun
 efter the forme of our Copie, zit notwithstanding we do
 na thing les than allow oz approue thame for ony tteuch,
 bot rather on the ane part we haue retenuit thame still to
 schaw the blyndnes and errour of that tyme, and haire in me-
 morie (as it wer) enforcit to beleif sic vanities and leis: pat
 now that may be steric vp to gif thankis to the Eternal
 our God that hes oppinnit thair eiris and deliuerit yame
 from Ignorance, pat yai may cleirly discern betuix liche
 and micknes, richt and wzang. On the uther part to sa-
 tisfie the appetytis of mony that culd nocht esely permit
 ony thing to be tane away oz alterit in this work, quhair
 in we haue bozne with thame, alterand almaist na thing
 heirin, lest thay suld Judge vs rasche oz haire in doing
 chair of, at our libertie and pleasure.

How that ane Monk of Bury Abbay than,
 Into that tyme ane richt Religious man.
 Ane youg man als, with him in ordour stude
 Quhilk knew his lyfe, was clene, perfyte, & gude.
 This father Monk was besyt with seiknes,
 Out of the world, as he suld pas on cais.
 His brother saw, his speit lyklye to pas,
 Ane band of him, richt earnestly couth he as,

To cum agane, and schaw him of the mēto,
 That he suld ask of God for his gude deso.
 He grantit him, at his power to preis,
 And cum agane, gif God wald gif him leif.
 His speik changit out of yis warldis pane,
 In that same tyme come to the Monk agane.
 Sic thing hes bene, and is he bock and sight,
 Quhair he appeirit, pair schynit mekill licht.
 Lyke to Lanternis, that Illuminit sa cleir,
 That warldly licht thairto micht be na peir.
 Ane voce said thus, God hes me grantit grace,
 That I sall keip my promeis in this place.
 The Monk was blyth of this clene figure fair,
 Bot ane fyre byand in his soirheid he bare.
 And pat him thoche mispist all the last,
 Quhair art thou speikis answer sa God the last.
 In Purgatory how lang sall thou be thair?
 Bot half ane hour, so cum, and lytill maire.
 Purgatory is, I lat the weill to wit,
 In ony place quhair God will it commit.
 Ane houris space I was pair Judgit to be,
 And that passis sappots I speik with the.
 Quhy hes thou that, and all the last sa hast?
 For of science, I thochtime maist of baill.
 Quha, pydis pairin pair laubour is in waist,
 For science cumis bot of the haly Gaist.
 Efter thy hour, quhat is thy passage euin?
 Quhen tyme cumis, he said to lestand heuin.
 Quhat tyme is that? I pray to be now declar,
 Twa ar on lyfe, man be befor me thair.
 Quhill twa ar thay? the veritie me ken,
 The first hes bene ane grett slayer of men.
 Now pai him help, to Partys in Londoun town,

The Twelfth

On w^{ed}n^{es}day, befor^e King and Commoun.
 Is nane on i^{er}th, that hes sa mony flane,
 Broth^{er} he said, that sail is bot in vane.
 For slauchter is to God abhominabill,
 Than said the sp^{irit}, forsure this is na fabill.
 He is Wallace Defender of Scotland.
 For richteous i^{er}is, that he tuk upon hand.
 Thair richteousnes is iustic ouir the lair,
 Thairfoir in heuyn he sail that honour haif.
 Sp^{irit} ane pure sp^{irit}, is mekill to commend,
 He tuk in thank, quhat thing that God him send.
 For godlynes, and gud^e deuotioun,
 Heuyn be sail haue to led and maryoun.
 I am the chyd, grantit th^{is} to Goddis grace,
 Broth^{er} he said, tell I this in our place,
 Thay will bot deme, I outh^{er} deme o^r rail,
 Than said the sp^{irit}, this witnes yow sail haif.
 The bellis sail ring, for ocht that ye da may,
 Quhen thay him slay, half ane hour of the day.
 And sa thay did, ye w^{on}th wilt quhat pai auit,
 Th^{is} w^{as} h^{is} b^{er}tane ye w^{ou}ld pairol was scailie
 The sp^{irit} tuk leif, at Goddis will to be,
 Of Wallace end, to heir is greit pieris.

A And I wald nocht put men in greit dolour,
 Bot lichely pas, out ouir this sarall hour.
 On w^{ed}n^{es}day y^{is} said Sutheroun furth brach,
 To martyr him, as thay befor^e had wrocht.
 Wallace was martyrut, ye swith to yow to tell,
 As w^{as} Olwald, Edmond, Edward, with pants
 Of men in armis led him ane full greit rout, (tell
 With ane bald sp^{irit}, Wallace blens abur.
 The sp^{irit} he askit, for him that deit on tre,

King Edward than commandit his Clergie,
 And said I charge, in pane of lois of lyfe,
 Nane be so bold zome tyran for to schyfe.
 He hes rung lang in contrait of my hienes,
 Ane blisse Bischop sone present in that place.
 Of Canterbury he than was righteous Lord,
 Aganis the king he maid this right record.
 And said my self sall beir his Confessioun,
 Of I haue micht, in contrait of thy Crown.
 Or thow thow force sall stop me fra this thing,
 I bow to God quhilk is my righteous king:
 Or all England I sall than Interdyte,
 And mak it knawin thow art ane Heretyke.
 The Sacrament of Kirk I sall him geif,
 Syne tak thy chois to sterf or lat him leif.
 It wat maie bail in worschip of thy Crown,
 To keip sic ane on lyfe in thy bandoun.
 Than all the land and gude yat thow hes rest,
 Bot couetise ye ay fra honour dyest.
 Thow hes thy lyfe rung in all wyngous deid,
 That sall be sene, on the or on thy seid.
 The king gail charge thay suld the Bischop ta,
 Bot wyse Lordis counsallit to lat him ga.
 All wyse men said, yat his desyre was right,
 To Wallace than he raikit in thair sight.
 And sadly hard his Confessioun to end,
 Humbly to God his spere he did commend.
 Lately him seruit with hartly deuosioun,
 Upon his kneis, and said ane Quisoun.
 His leif he tuk, and to Westmynster raid,
 The Cleuch men than yat but Wallace but baid,
 Unto ane place, his martyrdome so tak,
 For to his deuy he wull na furth: ring mak,

The Twelfth

Fra the first nicht he was tane in Scotland,
 Thay helpit him into that samin band.
 Na thing he had that hes done him gude,
 Bot Inglis men him seru of cairfull fude.
 This waridly lyfe despyis the sustenance,
 Thocht he it gat in contrair of plesance.
 Thay threttie dayis his bandis yat durst not slack
 Quhill he was bund on ane Hamyll of Aik.
 With thre cheinzeis, that war baith stark & hene,
 Ane Clerk thay set to heir quhat he wald mene.
 Thow Scot he said, yat sa greit wrong hes Done,
 Thy satall hour, thow seis appochis sone.
 Thow suld in mynd remember thy mysdeid,
 That Clerkis may, quhen yat pair Psalmes reid:
 For Cristin saullis, yat makis thame to pray,
 In thair number, yow may be ane of thay.
 For now thow seis, on force thow man deceis,
 Than Wallace said, for all thy round reheis:
 Thow hes na charge, suppois I had done mys,
 Zene blissit Bischop hes becht I sall haue blys.
 And I trow weill, that God sall it admit,
 Thy simulate wordis, sall not my conscience smit.
 Comfozt I haue, of way that I suld gang,
 Quait pane I seill, that I byde heir sa lang.
 Than said this Clerk, our King oft send the till,
 Thow micht haue had, all Scotland at thy will,
 To hald of him, and eeissit of thy stryfe,
 Sa as ane Lord, to rungin furth thy lyfe.
 Than Wallace said, thow speikis of mighty thing,
 Had I lest it, and gottin my richteous King,
 Fra worthy Bruce had ressauit his Crown,
 I thocht hail maid Ingland at his bandoun.
 That viterly suld haue bene at his will,

Quhat

Quhat pleist him, to sail thy King or spill.
 Weill said the Clerk, I se thou repentis nocht,
 Of wickitnes, thou hes ane felloun thocht.
 Is nane in warld, that hes sa mony flane,
 Chairfoit to ask, me think tho'w suld be bane,
 Grace at our King, and syne at his barnage,
 Chau Wallace smyrit, ane lytill at his langage.
 I grant he said, sum Inglis men I slew,
 In my querrell, me thocht nocht half ane w.
 I muist na weir, bot for to wyn our awin,
 Bauh God and mā ye richt full weill hes knawin
 Thy frustrat wordis dois nocht bot tyris me,
 I the comand of Goddis Name lat me be.
 Ane Schiref gart this Clerk sone fra him pas,
 Richt as thay durst, grantit quhat he wald as.
 Ane Psalter Buik Wallace had on him euer,
 Fra his Chyldheid, with it he wald nocht seuer.
 The better he trowit in bepage for to speid,
 Bot than he was dispuilzeit of his weid.
 This grace he askit at Lord Clifford that knichte,
 To lat him haue his Psalter buik in sight.
 He gart ane Preist it oppin befor him hald,
 Quhill thay to him, had done quhat yat pai wald,
 Steidfast he red, for ocht thay did him thair,
 Feill Sutheroun said, that Wallace seid na sair.
 Gude deuotioun sa was his beginning,
 Continc wit pair with, and swa was his ending.
 Quhill speiche and Spreit atanis all can sair,
 To lest and blys, we trow for euer maie.
 I will nocht tell how he deuydit was,
 In spue partis, and ordanit for to pas.
 Zit his spreit thus, be lyklines was weill,
 Of Wallace lyfe quha hes ane better feill.

The Twelfth

May schew furth mair, with wit and eloquence,
 For I to this hes done my diligence.
 Efter the Prose geuin fra the Latine buik,
 Quhill Maister Blair in his tyme vnder tusk.
 In lair Latine complit to ane end,
 With gude witnes, the mair is to commend.
 Bischop Sinklair than Lord was of Dunkell,
 He gat this Buik, and consicmit it him sell.
 For verray treuth, thair of he had na dzeid,
 Him self hard greit part of Wallace deid.
 His purpois was to haue send it to Rome,
 Our father of kirch patrin to gif his dome.
 Bot Maister Blair, and als schir Thomas Gray,
 Efter Wallace thay leuit mony ane day.
 Thir twa knew best of gude schir Williamis deid
 Fra sextene zeir, quhill nyne and twentie zeid.
 Fourtie and syue Wallace of age was cald,
 That tyme pat he was to the Sutheroun saild:
 Thocht this mater be nocht to all plesance,
 His suithfast deid is worthy to auance.
 All worthy men, that reidis this rurall dyte,
 Blame nocht the buik, thocht I be Imperfyte.
 I suld haue thank, sen I na trauell spaird,
 For my trauell na man hecht me reward.
 Na charge I had, of king nor ither Lord,
 Greit harme I thocht his gude deid suld be smord
 I haue said heir, neir as the proces gais,
 And senzeit nocht, for freindis nor zit for sais.
 For coistis hetrof, was na man bund to me,
 In this sentence, I had na will to le.
 Bot in als mekill, as I recheirste nocht,
 So a worthelp as Robill Wallace wrocht.
 Bot in ane point, I grant, I said ane mus,

Thit

Thir tua knichtis suld blamit, be of this.
 The knicht Wallace of Cragy richteous Lord,
 And Lybdaill als, gart me mak wraung recoird.
 On Allartoun mure, ye Crown he tuik ane day,
 To get battell, as myne Authoꝝ will say.
 Thir tua gart me say on ane ither wyse,
 To Maister Blair, we did part of suppryse.

God Robill buth fulfillit of sentence,
 Suppois thow be barrane of eloquence.
 — Go worthy buth, fulfillit of worthy deid,
 Bot the to help, of langage thow hes neid.
 Quhen gude makeris rang weill in to Scotland,
 Greit harme it was, that nane of thame the sand.
 Zit thair is part, that can the weill auance,
 Now byde the tyme, and be in remembrance.
 I now besek of your beneuolence,
 Quha will nocht loif, lak nocht my eloquence.
 It is weill knawin I am ane Rural man,
 And hetr hes done, als gudely as I can.
 My toung did neuer ornate termis embrace,
 I besek God that geuar is of grace:
 Maird hell and eird, and set ye heuin abuse,
 That he till vs grant, his deir lest and luse.

Thus endit William Wallace the wicht,
 Behind him lest nocht sic ane knicht.
 Be worthynes, and deid of hand,
 Fra thraldome thyris he fred this land.

Imprinted at Edinburgh be Robert Lekprensik
 at the Expensis of Hentie Charteris, & as to be
 sauld in his Buth, on the North syde of ye gait
 abone the Throne. Anno. Do. M. D. LXX.

THE LYFE AND ACTIS
OF
SCHIR WILLIAM WALLACE
(1594)

Title-page; Preface; Table; the first four pages of the text.

THE
LYFE AND ACTIS
OF THE MAIST ILLVSTER
AND VAILZEAND CAM-
BION

William Wallace, Knicht of Ellerslie,
Maintainer and defender of the
libertie of Scotland.

Cicero 2. de finibus.

¶ Laudandus est is, qui mortem oppetit pro Republica,
qui doceat chariorem esse patriam nobis, quam nolunt
iplos.

Cicer. Philip. 14.

¶ Proprium sapientis est, grata eorum virtutem memoria
prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt.

Cicer. ibidem.

¶ O fortunata mors, quæ naturæ debita, pro Patria potis-
simum est reddita.

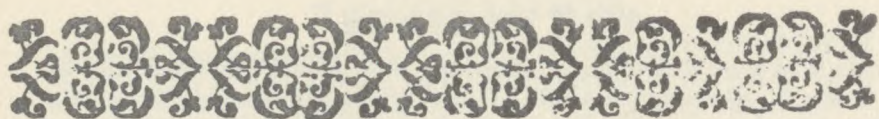
Ovid. 2. Fastor.

¶ Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit, habet.



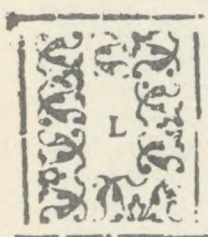
Imprentit at Edinburgh be Hentie Charteris.
M. D. XCIIII.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.



VNTO THE GENTIL

REIDER, HENRIE CHARTERIS WISHIS
PROSPEROVS HEALTH, LANG LIFE,
and perpetuall Felicitie.



LYKE as in al nationis from time to time (gude Reider) hes flourishie monie Nobill and vailzeind men as amangis the Israelites, Iosue, Gedeon, Iepthe, Samson, David, the Machabeis: amang the Romain's. Brutus, Quintus rabius, Scipio, Pompeius magnus, Iulius Cesar: amangis the Carthaginenses, Hannibal: amangis the Greikis, Themistocles, Alcibiades amangis the Thebanis, Epaminondas: amangis the Macedonians, Alexander the greit: amangis the Persianis, Cyrus, Darius: amangis the Frenchemen, Charles the greit: amangis the Germanes, the Henry's, and the Otthois: amangis the Britonis, Ambrose Arthur, & iwa furth in al Regions. Euin swa in this our Realin, hes flourishie monie nobill Princes & notabill men, quha hes not feint to expone their lyfes, and guidis to all kinde of jeopardies, & hazardis againis their maist cruell and strang adversaris, for the defence & maintenance of yair liberties & common wealth As King Caratak maist vailzeand, althocht infortunat, as wrytis Cornelius Tacitus, King Corbreid, Galdus, ye twa Kennethis, Greogore Robert Bruce, Grahame, Thomas Randall, & Schir James Douglas. And besides all thir & monie ma, in this Regioun flourishie Willame Wallace, (of quhome we ar to entreit) quha justly in vailzeantnes may be copte (all circumstancis being considerit) to be posteriour to nane of all thir yac hes preceidit.

For as we enter to ye description of him or of his properties, & nobill factis, we will speik sum thing of ye miserabill and troublisum dayis quhairin he did arise, & of the occasioun of thame. For in yat time ye common wealth of this Realme was heuily oppressit, & vterly ouerthrowin as weil be ciuill sedition & domestical discordis, as be externe an l forraine waris. The occasion heirofrais be the deith of King Alexander ye third, efter quhis deith (becaus he deceisid without children) contentit un p'is for the crowne beuix the Bruce, the Ballioll, and the Haistings. The debait in schort tme become sa hair and feruent that it apperit irreconcilabill. Bot the Haistings fel from it schortlie, quhadder throw desire of gyaetnes, or that they mistrastit thair awin strength, to be equivalent with the vtheris, it is vace: raine: for thair is lytill farther mention thair of in the

THE PREFACE

Ro: yis, The greit preis of the contentioun than resit betuix the Bruce, & the Ballioll. Quhen the nobillis of the Realme had considerit that this suld cum to the vter subversion of the countrie, gif it did continew: seing thame selfis vnabil to decyde in sa doutsum ane question, betuix sic persons thocht it maist expediēt to defer the decision thair of to sum externe prince to quhair decreit they all suld stand:

Thus was the mater deferrit to King Edward of Ingland, The supplicatioun beand of him acceptit, he appointis the time for decisoun thair of: and that it suld seme to be the mair cairfully handillit, and the mair profoundly resolut, he send for lernit mē out of diuers partis, to resson tearnly thair in, and cleirly to discus this intricate questioun, to quhome ye just richt and tyrell suld appertene, Thir thingis colourably done, supponand it to be his haruest time to make his profite, callis first the Bruce, (to quhom in the beginning he was maist inclynit) schawis to him yat ye decisoun of ye richt and tyrell of the crowne of Scotland was deferrit to him, & put in his hādis to quhom he list to confer it: quhairfoir gif he wald accept, & hald it of him as Superiour thair of: he wald constitute him King and place him in ye Regiment. The Bruce ane man of free spreit and stout hart, impacient with thraldome and servitude to enjoy authoritie answerit shortly: he wald not thral yething quhilk he fand fre, nor with servitude empyre. Then callis he ye Ballioll and in like termis proponis the same vnto him, Bot he beand of nature simple, & led with blinde appetite & desire to regne, grantis esly to that quhilk was proponit, and acceptis the conditionis. Then was the Ballioll be decreit of King Edward, to the greit greif of it onie, (how euer the mater was befoir ressonit, and concludit amangis the lernit men) pronouncit to be King.

The Bruce havand then na certaine place of refuge, his adversarie beand placit in Empyre, was enforcit to remayne with King Edward in Ingland Schortlie heirefter arysis schairp weiris betuix the Kings of France and Ingland. King Edward heirfoir sendis to Iohn Balioll, and be vertew of his promeis of faith and obedienee priuatly maid to him, desiris him to concur and assist with him in persewing of ye King of France. Iohn Balioll assemblis his Parliament to haue knowlege of the will of his nobilitie. The nobillis vterly refuset in respect of ye auld band inviolably obseruit betuix ye Kings of Scotland and France. And als in respect yat the promeis of his homage and fidelitie was priuatly maid, without ony consent of the thre Estatis of the Realme, King Edward nocht theles layit this & mony vther thingis, na les schamfull then hurtful to his charge, desirand them as they were secretlie concludit betuix them, sa they suld be publicly in Parliamēt confirmit. Iohne Balioll beand (as it war) awalkin out of his dreame of blind appetyte of regning, be thir impudent thingis quhairwith he is burdinnit, is altogidder confoundit in him self, and repentis him sair yat euer he acceptit Regiment vpon sa filthie conditions. Quhairfoir he sent to King Edward

TO THE REIDER.

Edward, lamenand heuillie he suld haue ben sa far carryt away, yat for dō fyre to reull, he suld mak ane fre Realme to be thrallit; & vtterly renunced quhat saeur yairin they had concluded befor: sayand, he wald rayer chuse to de, yan leif in thrallit authoritie. Thir thingis heard of King Edward he maist furiously enragit, & without farther delay, raisit his armie, inuadad Scotland maist cruelly, with fyre & sword, spairand nane yat wald noche be obed:ent to him. The puir Realme miserablie befor deuydit be ciuill & intestine discord, become ane esie prey to ye forreine inuader & spoyler, Nouthir was thair ony enemie mair schairp & vehement persewer, yan Robert Bruce: quha provokit be sum cōtumelie, become mair cruel againis his awin, yan euer was Marcus Coriolanus againis his natieue town of Rome. Quhill Ingland, with ye Scottis yat assistit yame, & ye Bruce, ragit & ran at ryot at yair libertie & plesure, oppressand & murderand yair resisteris, waistand & destroyand yair landis & gudis: & quhill they had set all things in sic ordour, as best plesit yame: placit reulleris at yair awin list & apperite, without ony apperance of contradictioun, in sa mekill, yat na man durst anis quhisper aganis yame. In yat samin tyme, quhen they thoct all to be at maist quyet, ye Eternal God behaldar d ye injust rage, & furie of the oppressaris, & ye hurtis & sichis of ye oppressit, did steir vp amangis vs, this our William Wallace, of quhome we will now sumthing speike.

This William was the sone of ane bonorable knicht, and flourischt about the zeir of our Lord M. CC. XC VII. Ane man of sic strength of bodie, aboue all vtheris that was in his dayis, that singular he wald combat with monie of person he was square and large: of buik and countenance plesant & amiable. In craft & conceitis of weir, (as testifies the Chronikill of Hulse) maist politick, and nathing inferior in it to the strength of his bodie. Swa that in ane person was placit baird exceeding gret strength and force, & maist quick and witty craft, & inxention. To thir was eikit ane stout and courageus baldnes to assault all adventures offerit, quhair of Polydorus Vergilius in his 17 buik of his Inglish historic makis mentioun, calland him maist railzeand and excellent in hardines. Of spirit he was altogether Heroicke and Magnanime. In maist aduerse times, quhen he was allane destitute of all men, neuir remittand hart nor courage, bot still perseuerand, and lukand for better. In promise he was faithfull & trew. In trauellis & labouris maist patient & durable without ony ceasing. In defence of his natieue countrie, & recovering the libertie thair of, sa firme and constant euin vnto the verie end, that nouthir micht boip of reward, landis, rentis, or gubis allure him: nor feir of his maist puissant enemies cstray him, or mak him anis to bow, or schynk yairin. In sa far that the fairsaid Polydorus Vergilius in the samin buk takis pris of him:

Vallas nullo neque pretio, neque metu, de fide, de opinione

THE PREFACE

deduci potuit, ut vellent aut sequi aut videre anglum regnātū
That is, Wallace naither be rewarded nor be feir, micht be bracht frō
his faith & opinton, that he wald either assent, or se the King of In-
land to regne. He had alwayis in his mouth this auld verse, quhilk he had
lernit in his youth of ane priest that was his eme, as is reherst in Scotchro-
picon in the xxij buik.

Dico tibi verum, libertas optima rerum:

Nunquam servili sub nexu vivito fili.

That is

Libertie of all thingis best is, to the 3 schaw,

Og sone from servitude se thou the ay withdræw.

He was als wa excedding liberall and fre hartit, without ony regaird or re-
spect to money or geir. For quhen, or quhat he had na man of his company
did laik. Excedding freindlie to sic as he gaue favour, & quha did assist him
in his travellis. In cōtrair, maist vehement and cruell aganis his aduersa-
ries and thair assisteris: swa yat he neuer did saue them that were able, ex-
cept they had promise of safetie befoir. To women, barnis, and vnable pers-
ounis, he did na hurt. Freindis & familiaris he had, quhome he maist ten-
derly lufit, Schir Iohn Grahame, Robert Boyd, Adame Wallace of Ricar-
toun, Steuin Ireland, with mony vtheris: & eftir his cumming out of Frāce
Thomas of Longoveill, quhome he tuik on the sey.

Thus Wallace seand the greit miseries and calamities, the vehement op-
pressiounis vsit vpon his cuntriemen, their guidis waistit, their landis de-
stroyit, them selvis banischit & murtherit; beand inflamit als wa be the
murder of his awin Father, & elder brother, & vtheris his kinsmen. how
sone he come to ony zeiris, did vterlie apply him self to the reuenge of yir
injuries & murtheris. The contumelies quhairwith he him self was pro-
vokit did haist the mater in sic sort, yat eftir mony pleyis he suddainly slewe
findrie of them in divers placis & tymis: sa stranglie & pootently combattit
& ouerhrawand them (abone the opinioun & expectatioun of ony man)
yat mony were constrainit to feill it or they wald beleif it: & at length, did
micheilie be his greit vassalage deliuer ye people from servitude.

Quhairin the wark of God is the mair greitly to be considerit, yat (lyke
auer vnto him self) he did not cheis michtie Princis & men of greit blude,
Authoritie and power, be quhais strenth & force he suld deliuer his afflic-
tied people: bot rather cheisis ane waik veschell, ane man of simple blude, of
na estimatioun, without ony authoritie, be quhais handis he will deliuer
the oppressit. It is na new thing to them that behauldis the course of his
proccedingis, and the meinis how he vsis to releif the troubillit. Nocht on-
ly has he in the setting furth of his Law and Evangell vsit continuallie this
meine, in chusing the waker veschellis, & men vnestemit in the warld, as
in the haill Scriptures of the auld & new Testament may be very eslie sene:
Bot allwa he has vsit the samin in the deliuerie of oppressit people, & als
bidit

TO THE REIDER.

He raisit vp Iepthe, ane man contemptit of his brethren, ane bastard, of na reputatioun, be quhem he ouerthrow the Ammonites, and deliuerit from seruitude the commoun wealth of Israell. He seir it vp Samson, Gedson, and monie vtheris. Quhen herejectit Saul out of his fauouris, & sent furth Samuel to seik ane new king, he chusit zounge Dauid, ane bairne, sa contemptible & despyt euin of his awin naturall father, that he thecht the Prophet to haue mockit him, quhen (neglecting his brethren) he did call for him. Mony vther exen pillis heirof ar to be had in the Scriptures: & mony lykewise may be collectit be the diligent Reider, furth of the prophane histories, quhilk for briefnes I will now omit, & retorne quhair we left.

As Wallace throw the fame of his bauldnes & vailzeandnes daylie rysand with the happie succes quhilk he had thairin, begouth to becūcdious to the inglismen, swa to all tre hartit Scottis he become amiable & belouie. For quhilk cause sindrie courageous men irkit of their heuie zock and seruitude, did resort to him in greit number: quhairthrow he was able to enter in conflict and skirmishing with greit companies of his enemies, & at lenth did sa oft triumph ouer them, that he seir it not to enter in plane feild and battell, againis their puissant & strang armies. For this that resortit vnto him, did earnestlie aspyre to their ancient liberty, & luikit for the ejectioun of their aduersaries, and the restitution of them teltis, be him, quhome they saw to be endewit with sa monie notabil and excellent gifts, abone the commoun sort of men, that he appeirit (as it wer) borne & sent of God, for the releife of their calamities: & swa did cleif and adheir vnto him, as their cheif Chiftane, defender, & delyuress. He was heirfoire electit be commoun consent to be Ruler & Gouvernour of the Realme, as being maist abill for it, & gainand abone ony vther: as Hector Boerhius wrytis. Vtheris alledgis him (as Iohn Maior in the fourt buik of his Scottis Chronikill) to haue tane & acceptit his regiment, mouit be the mony-fald ealamities & miseries of his natue countrie: and be retortirg of the people till him, being destitute of ane heid, or man of ability to leind vnto, rather then be ony electioun. Nocht heles how euer he obtieinit it, he did behaue him self thairin baith vailzeandly, diligently, and vertuoufly, as weil in glorie of martiall deidis, as in maist quick foresicht & prudence. For he seand the gret scarcitie & dearth, throw lang weiris that was in the Realme quhairon behouit follow greit mortalitie. To eschew this he maid his proclamations, chargeing all abill men to be reddie at ane præfixt day to inuaid England, and enterit therein, waistand and destroyand quhat saeuer they fand before them, and remaynit thair the hail winter selous out to spair the victuallis in their awin countrie, and returnit againe with greis spoizie & riches. Bot as be his vertuous and stout gouernement, hee wan the fauour of manie that wer sair fashit of their heuie zocke & burdening: swa (as commonly it occuris) be the samin, he conquest vnto him

THE PREFACE

All the hatred and indignation of diuers : and cheiflie of the greitest and
 Noble men of the Realme. For they bure heuily, yat ane man of simple lig-
 mage, quha only be his awin force and vertew, had atteinit to sic honors &
 dignities, suld be preferrit in authoritie to them. Throw this was bred and
 engenderit in them ans greit and quiet disdaine and inuy, quhilk after lang
 foltering and lurking, did maist lamentable and vehemently brek out, and
 vtter the self, in the battel of the ~~Faw~~**Faw**kirk. Thre parties thair contendand
 for the wangard (quhil na hoip of concord micht be had) ye Cumings trea-
 sonable fled out of the feild. The Stewart of Bute with his company, abaid
 & faucht it maist cruelly to their vtter destruction. Wallace in the meane
 time with his folkis throw maist wilfull furour only lukand on it, withous
 ony support making to them: quhairthrow quhen he enterit in combar, he
 was scarce able to mak his partie gude, to ye greit ruine and subuersioun of
 this commounwealth. This wickit sedition and debait steirit vp aganis him
 on this maner, did moue him to sic anger and indignation, that in revenge
 thair of (as sum sayis) he did willingly giue ouer al regiment, purposid thair
 efter never to intermel him with ony publiſt actioun, nor to put ony hand
 thairintil. Within schort space he passit to France, quhair he was verry gē-
 lie intercerned of King Philip. Bot heirand agane of the greit troubles in
 Scotland, on na wise he wald remane thair, bot wald retorne agane to the
 support of his familiars and freindis : althocht that be the former injuries
 quhilk he had ressauit at the Fawkirk, he was mair brokin thā euer he was
 at ony time be the puissāce & force of England, zit neuertheles he wald, nor
 culd not vterly denude himself of the naturall affectioun quhilk continu-
 ally he bure towardis his natiue countrie, bot did still, euin now, quhen he
 had maid him self priuate of authoritie, oppone him selfe maist strangly a-
 ganis inglis men, and ithandly vexit them with greit & greuous damages
 and injuries.

King Edward seand that nouthir be promissis of Lordschippis, dominis
 ounis, rentis, nor be na fair meinis he culd allure him, nor be na boistingis
 nor manassingis he culd effray him, nouthir be oppin force nor violence he
 culd ouerthraw him, he zeid about to assaill be tressonable meinis (his last
 refuge and maist agreeable to him) how to haue him oppressit. He propo-
 nit publiſtly greit rewards and Lordschippis to ony man that wald be ony
 meinis put him in his handis. He instigate priuately with riche and faire
 hechtis, diuers personis to betray him. At last, ye coup gat ane meit couer-
 ane Tyran fand ane Tratur. Schir Iohn Menteith, ane freind, (as was
 belemit) and gret familiar to Wallace, allurit be thir fair hechtis and promis-
 sis, had continuall watchis on him, quhill in ye end he apprehendit him
 quyetlie in ane lytle hous besyde Glasgou at his rest: & thair with an greit
 company of armit men, tuik him and led him in England : and thairefter
 caryt him to London: quhair, at the command of the Tyran, he was cru-
 elly tormentit and slaine, and his quarters send to sundrie townis in Scot-
 land.

TO THE REIDER.

land and England (as they supponit) to his schame. O tressonable tratour, and maist monstrous Viper, not sa mekill to him, as to thy awin natie lād how culd it enter in thy hart, sa tressonable to betray him, yat neuer wald haue luikit for ony euill at thy hand, bot rather for treuth & traistlines: and wald not haue spairit to haue hazard his life in thy defence? The lyke may I say to the Tyran, quha justlie may be callit ane Tyran: for gif thair had bene ane spark of nobill or gentill blude in him, he had estemit it mair to his honour to haif reseruit on lyfe sa forcie ane Campioun, and sa constant ane warriour, then sa cruelly to haif demanit him. Bot onelie blude man satiat the bludethristie. This was the end of this vailzeand Chiftane. This was the rewaird he gat of his countrie men to be tratourlie betrayit and put in his enemies handis, quha in his lyfe wes their strang fencewall to defend them from seruitude. Sic rewaird hes mony noble men ressauit of their greit benefites to the commoun wealth: as Ætius, Belissarius, Narfes, & mony ma quhilk wer tedious to reheirs, Zit as the names of his fraudulent betrayeris, become odious to the generation present, and execrabil to the posterities following: haitand and abhorrand the memory of sa veillanous ane tressoun: Swa the immortal fame & name of this weirlyk Chiftane dois se and pas athort the mouthis of all men to his greit praise and renoune. and sall indure till the end of the world, Nouter can the schameful leis of Caxtoun, Fabiane, and sum vther Ingis writers, obscure his glorie, quhill they call him ane Tratour, ane man of vnknawin birth, with sic vther tere mis at their plesure. To call the subject of ane vther Natioun ane tratour, becaus he will not acknowledge the rest & stollin authority & power of an Tyran, to quhom he neuer promisit, & neuer wald assent, is rather of despytfull malice, then of skullit judgemēt. Bot how thir twa agreis with thō selfis, men may esilie se. Caxtoun sayis the haill Scottis obeyed to King Edward except Wallace, he only wald neuer obey to him. Fabiane sayis, that Wallace had done mony displeasures and tressounis to the King aganis the trowth & alledgeance of his aith, Gif at ony time he gaue his trowth or alledgeance of aith to King Edward: it followis that sum tyme he had bene obedient to him. Bot that dois Caxtoun denie: & Polydorus Vergilius als swa, with all the rest of the wryters. Bot sum thing mair fall we schortlie heir of thir famous Authouris.

Wallace thus despeschit and deid, and all estemit to be at greit quyet, throw his away taking: zit did the Tyran enjoy schort time the fruits of his Tyrannie and Rapine. For God (quha continually dois mocke the purpōsis of the wickit) did immediatlie steir vp ane vther, quha wrocht vnto thō mony greit & heydous Ruffillis: and at last did vailzeandlie chafe them out of Scotland, to their greit schame and confusion, and lois of their lang trauellis. Bot this I will omit till ane vther time, and speik of the wark following.

¶ As I do not be the furth setting and new imprenting of this warke,

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following, preciselie affirme, the haill contentis thair of, to be of ane infallible
bill treuth: Swa do I na thing les then allow the judgement and opinioun
of them, that rashlie, and at the first sight, dois dampne the samin, or maist
paitt thair of, as friuoll, and senzeit. And that becaus thair is sum strange,
and meruellous thingis conteinit thairin, quhilk scarcely semis can be cre-
ditit. Ane of the cheif and principall thingis, that mouis them heirto, is the
Historie of Fawdoun, and of the Gaskhall. It is written thair, that Wallace
eskit that he had narrowlie escapit mony greit dangeris, and had slain his a-
win man Fawdoun, he come at nicht to the Gaskhal. Quhen he had hard
thair greit dyn of hornis blawing, he send out his men, first twa, syne twa,
vntill they wer all send furth. Name of them all return and agane, and the
noyse still continewand, he passis furth him self. In the passing furth, he
thocht he saw Fawdoun, quhome he had slain the day befoir, slinging his
heid at him, and he cleikit it be the hair, and slang it at him agane. The
feir be this gret terrour incressit in him mekil mair. Thus was he constray-
nit to remoue from the Gaskhall. Quhen he had ane lytill remuifit he lui-
kis behinde him and thocht he saw the hous all in ane fyre, and Fawdoun
vpon the heid of it. Swa in greit feir he wanderis furth al the nicht quhill
he come to ane womans hous of his acquaintance, quhair he refreschit him
self with meit and rest. This hystorie becaus it appeiris incredibill, makis
mony to despyse the haill wark subsequent. But gif men suld luik mair
neirly on it, it wald not be thocht sa vncouth, nor zit incredible. Frequent
and common it is to men of greit spreitis, quhat time they ar oppressit with
extreme feir, and weryit with greit trauellis, and beand in desert places vn-
der nicht, solitair, to consaue and perswade vnto them selfis that they maist
certainlie se that thing, quhilk nocht heles is not sene in deid, bot is ane
meir fantasie consaueit and generit of thair feir and werines. As it come to
pas heir in our Wallace, quha escaiping sa mory dangeris the day befoir,
being sair trauellit and weryit for fault of meit & refresching, and laiking
of sleip, being vnder nicht in ane desert place, circulit (as it appeirit) be his
enemies, solitair and destitute of all his men, & being exceiding cairfull for
them, thinking them to be all slane, and gane. All fantasies, and perrilles
welter and thus in his mynde, throw immoderat cair and feir, he thocht he
saw Fawdoun castand his heid at him, and that he caist it agane at him, and
that the hous was in ane fyre. Zit was thair na sic thing in verray deid, bot
was only ane vane fantasie, generit of his feir, and faintnes. And swa it is
written in the buik it self, that he thocht he saw sic thingis, and not writtin
that he saw them in verry deid. Als quhen he come to the hous, quhair he
was reposit, he said, that all the perrillis and jeopardies that he had bene in
befoir, wes bor play to that nicht: quhilk wes ane euident argument of his
greit feir and terrour. On the morne he send ane woman to se quhat was
becummin of the Gaskhall: quha fand it in the auld, and former stait,
without ony hurt, Quhair throw it is manifest, that this yisoun was only

TO THE REIDER.

The fantaste, consault of the caulis abone expressit. Na man heirfoir be occasioun of this Hystorie, neidis to call ony thing of the rest of this buik in dout.

Ane vther Hystorie thair is, in my judgement mair wechty, than ye precedent. The description of the battell of the Faw Kirk, quhiik differis from the opinioun of the rest of the Historiographeris. The maist part of the Historyis, baith Scottis and Inglis, declaris King Edward to haifwyn the battell of the Faw Kirk. This buik sayis, he wan the first day, bot Wallace the secund day renewit the battell, and wes superiour in the feild, Althoche it hes oft bene sene, and micht weill be, that the ane was victour in the feild the first day, & the vther the next day: zit becaus the multitude of the Historyis ar contrarious to it, I dar not affirme it, bot will leifeuer ilk mannis judgement fre to him self, to sereh the trueth thair of. Zit heitin will I speik sum thing of the former twa Inglis wryteris, to note out ane lytill of their schameles impudencie. Caxtoun sayis, yar in this battell wer slane of Scottis, threttie thousand: and of Inglismen bot aughtene men. Fabian wrytis that thair was heir ane sore fecht giuen to the King, bot in the end, the victorie fell to the Inglismen, sa that of the Scottis wer slane in the feild ouer the number of twa and threttie thousand, and of Inglismen, bot barely aucht and twentie persounis. Thir ar his awin wordis. Lanquet in his *Esopiome* of the Inglis Cronikillis, monit be thair wryting, repeatit the sammin, albeit he semis to gif na greit credite thairto. Quhat face or lykenes of treuth this hes, ane man that hes ony spark of naturall judgement, may effislie se. The like hes neuer bene hard sen the beginning of the warlde. We reid in the Scripturis, how the Angell of the Lord did slay mony thousands and confoundit the greit Hoist of Sennacherib. Gedeon with thre hundred men, ouerthrew the armie of the Madianites. Thir and sic vther we reid, wrocht, and focht in be the hand of God, and not be the Arme of man. We reid als wa in the Hystories, that the Duke of Saxone, at the request of the Empriour and Paip, had assemblit ane greit armie, againis the Hussites of Boheme: bot the fray rysand in his Camp (as God had prouydit) they were constreynit without straik to fle. Bot that twa greit armyis suld joyne in plaine feild, and mak ane cruell & sore fecht (as he callis it) and sa mony thousandis of men, and thay gude warriouris, that be lang trubillis, and continuall trauellis wer weill exercisit: and vnder sa stout and weill practisit reullaris, suld on the ane side be slane, and onlie aucht and twentie persounis on the vther side to be loist, I can nocht think that ever ony man can be inducit to beleif it. I wonder greitlie, quhat sore fecht Maister Fabiane culd think this to be, quhen barelie xxvij. persounis of his countriemen wer inlaikit, with the ouerthraw of sa mony of yair aduersars. Bot quhat wōder thocht he dremit in this, quhē he dois lytill better in the rest of ye history? Within ij. zeiris space he cōtīs lxxvij. thousand Scotts slane be King Edward. At Berwik first xxv. thousand slane, besidis prisoners tane

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Schorrtly eftir at Dunbar, twentie thouſand: and then at ye Faw Kirk two and threttie thouſand. Notwithſtanding all this he makis the Scottis to ree bell agane, or the thrid zeir. It is full lyke, ſiue and twentie thouſand me to haif bene within Berwik, and zit to haif bene wyn be force. Our wryters ſayis it was wyn be treſſoun, and that King Edward ſlewe men, wyfis, and bairnis in it: quhairthrow peradventure he hes cummit neir to Fabianis compt of the ſlaine. Gif that be the number, he micht wiith mair honeſtie haif haldin his peice. Farther, it is not verry lykelie, yat euin in ane Nation mair populous than outhir Scotland or England, eftir ſa greit ſlauchter of men, ſa haiftie inſurrexioun ſuld haif riſen of new agane. Zit for all this Polydorus Virgilius wrytis, that according to the ancient Cronikillis thair wer vpon fyfetyne thouſand Scottis ſlaine in the battell of the Faw Kirk. Be thir ze may ſe, how not only they aggre nocht ane with ane vther: bot how ſlenderly ſum of them agreis with them ſelfis: and cheiftie Fabian I leiſ his ignorance in the monſtrous namis of men & townis, neuer hard, nor knawin, & will pas to the reſt of our purpoſe.

Syndrie thair is that callis in dout the hiftoryis of the paſſing of Wallace to France, and his fechtung with the reid Reuar, and Iohn of Lyn vpon ye ſey, amangis quhome is Maiſter Iohn Maior mouit be thir ſimple reſſonis, that the French hiftoryis makis na mention of him: & that our latine Cronikillis ſchawis na excellent factis of him eftir the battell of the Faw Kirk. Thir ar waik argumentis that Magiſter noſter hes for him. The French hiftoryis makis na mention of Wallace, nor of his cumming to France, Ergo he come neuer to France. I will meit him with the lyke. Paulus Aemilius ane of the cheif wryters of the French hiftories, and almaiſt all the reſt of them makis na mention of the great and ſolempne confederacie and band made betuix King Charles the greit of France, and King Achaius of Scotland: Ergo thair was na ſic confederacie nor band made. I think Maior wald not grant to this, for he affirmis the contrair thairof in the ſecond buik of his Scottis Cronikill. Zit was this band ane mater of verray greit wecht and importance, and hes continewit inuiolable thir mony hundreth zeiris with ſic firme conſtancie, that the like of ſic continuance hes not ben oft ſeene betuix ony twa Realmes. Nouthir is it vncouth to the French writers to ſuppreſs and conceyle the nobill actis of ſtrangeris done amangis them: as it is eſie to perſaiſ to them that liſt confer the hiftoryis of vther nationis with thairs. As to his vther reſſoun, gif he had bene diligent in ſearching out of our Latine Cronikillis, it had not bene put in wryte be him. For the contrair thairof is plainelie contenit in the xix. buik of Scotis chronicon in the fourtene chapter. Bot becaus euerie man hes not the ſaid buik at hand: and leſt ſum ſuld ſuſpect it to be bot ſenzeit, I haif inſert ane pairt of the ſaid fourtene chapter in Latine, ſmelland the phraſe of that dayis: quhilk is this.

Post

TO THE REIDER.

Post enim conflictum de Rosling Vallas ascensa navi Franciam petijt. Vbi quanta probitate refulsit, tam super mare à piratis, quam in Fràcia ab Anglis perpeſſus est discrimina, & viriliter se habuit, nonnulla carmina, rã in ipsa Fràcia, quam Scotia attestantur. Cum Rege enim Franciæ Philippo, digno habebatur honore, venerabatur præcouio, & mulcebatur alloquio: ac ad secum morádum pro perpetuo grandia promittebantur territoria, & tam in pagis quã vrbi- bus prædia quamplurima, ac dominia fuerunt sibi concessa. Sed ipse solo paterno, & naturali affectione, ad modum Scot- torum allectus, post ipsius à Scotia recessum, audiens ipsum regnum nimium suppeditari, supplicatione Scot- rum de fa- cile revocaretur, nisi rex franciæ ipsum quasi invite retracta- ret. Nam vt Vilelmus secum perendinaet, Philippus Rex Franciæ, Edvardo Regi Angliæ, suo fratri legali specialif. ime- scripsit pro treugis inter ipsum & domum Scotiæ capiendis, (vt infra dicetur) ne videlicet præsentiam Vilelmi Vallas quò- tam tenerrime diligebat, vel ad tempus amitteret, &c.

Esir the battell of Rosling, Wallace entering on schipbuid, passit to France. Quhair, with what vertuousnes he did schine, quhat dangeris he sufferit asweill on the sey be the Pirates, as be Inglismen in France, and how manfully he behauit him self, certaine sangs asweill in France it self, as in Scotland beiris witnæssing. For with Philip King of France he was had in gret honour, reverencit with praise, & with familiar commoning gentilly intreitit, mony ample landis wer promisit to him for to abyde perpetually with him, mony Lordschippis and townis baith in burgh and land wer ge- uin to him. Bot he being allurit be his natiue countrie, & natural affectioun according to the maner of Scottismen, heiring esir his departing out of Scotland, the Realme to be vterlie oppressit, was esily at the request of his countrie men, purposit hame againe gif the King of France had not retei- nit him, as it wer againis his will. For Philip King of France, to the intent that Wallace suld abyde with him, wrait vnto Edward King of Inglád, his brother in Law, specially for trewis to be taine betuix him & the Realm of Scotland (as it salbe schawin heirefter) for this purpose that he suld noch- for ony space, want the prelesce of Willuame wallace, quhom he maist ten- derly favourit, &c.

Mair thair followis of the samin mater in the xv. chap. of the said buik

THE PREFACE

of Scotland: quhilk for eschewing of prolixitie, I can not heir repeat quhairby the aggreance of our latine Chronikillis with this wark followand may be weil persauit.

Besides all this, thair remainis zit to this day mony domesticall monuments of **Thomas Duke of Egeueil**, callit ye reid Reuar, quhom Wallace laceruik vpon the scy, diligently obseruie be his successouris, the Lairdis of **Winfawis**, & presentlie ar kepit in the hands of **John Charteris** now Laird of **Winfawis** as his sword, his Evidents, & dyuers other thingis reteinie of them in greit estimatioun, as auld & auncient memorials of their maist vaileand progenitour. For eftir the deith of Wallace, the said Thomas remainit continually with King Robert, & was at the siege of Sanct-Iohnstoun with him, & vnabastlie enterit ouer the wallis tharof, as baith the buikis of Bruce and Wallace dois testifie of him. Be quhilk vassalage, & mony sic vther, the King gaue vnto him the Charteris landis, & was thair eftir callit him self be the tamin surname. And as this buik reportis, the **Charteris** ar cūmin of him. Bot ye Lairdis of **Amisseild** being of ye samir name, affirmis him to haue gottin they landis be marriage of ane of the Heretrices of **Amisseild**, their Father deceifand buir ais Male, & to mak ane difference betuix the vther Heretrice, he did eik vnto their former armes, quhilkis wes ane quhite feild & ane blew Bar, the twa dowbil Traissis with **Flourdelices** gangand in & out. Bot howeueir he did obtene thay landis, he gat them be moyen & addres of King Robert, as ane pairt of rewarid of his labouris. This Thomas semis to haue bene a man of mony singular & notabill vertewis. For notwithstanding that he be necessitie, and for the saistie of his life (eftir that he suddanetic he had slaine ane Noble man, in the Kingis court of France) was constrainit to go to the scy, quhair he vit greit Rubberie & cruelty: zit the succes folowand dois plainely declair, how lytill that kynde of lyfe aggreit with his nature. For beand tane with Wallace, & thairthrow reoncylit with the King, he accompiit sic ane benecifice, yat the memorie thair of past neuer in oblivion with him, bot remanis continually thaireftir with him, participant of all his jeopardies and trauellis. Zea, eftir his deith (quhilk is greitlyer to be meruellin) he professit him self plaine and extreme enemie to all his aduersaris, adjozand him self in greitest perrellis to all them that zeid about the revenge of his deith, and the recovering of the libertie of the Realme. Ane woundrous cace. Ane stranger to leif his natieue Realme, freindis, heritage, & rentis, to cum till ane vncouth Kealm, to oppone him self against maist potēt enemies, baith Inglis & Scottis: to enter him self in maist perriuous dangeris: to cleif and abyde fast to the Waike pairt: & that vnto the very end, is ane exempil rair to be fund, quhilk wil be meruellit of ma, then followit of monie: and ane infallible argument of ane thankfull, Heroicall, and constant mynd & nature. Mony vther excellent vertewis michi I collect of him: Bot lest men schuld esteeme me partiall and affectionate in setting furth his praises, in ref-

TO THE REIDER.

Best, that of him and of his house I am proceedir, I will abstene, & commit the samin to vtheris.

The first compyler of this wark in the Latine toung, was Maister Iohne Blair, a man of indifferent learning for thay dayis: quha was present with Wallace & participant of mony of his trauellis, and was altwa (according to the custum of the tyme) his Mespriest and Chaiplane.

Thir thingis beand writtin, the person of Wallace with his qualities descriuit, & the maist appeirand doubtis resolut; I traist thair is ene sufficient licht and entres geuin to the haill warke.

If I wald haue put end to this prolix Prolog gif I had not airedy hard ye injust offence & murmuring of mony againis the present sur: setting of this volume: sayand, yat heirby men ar steiri vp rather to ye remembrace of auld injuries, then to the desire of peice & quyetnes. vnto the quhilk we all suld studie, lest we suld seme vnthankfull towardis God, & inhumaine towardis our nighbouris, out of quhais handis we haue laity ressauid sa apil benefitis. Bot quhat wil not concepiue & contentious persons calumniat? God (quha is the searcher of mens hartis) dois know how far that is from my mynde. Althocht that in the dayis of Wallace, England did vchen: Et lie oppres this Realme, quhairthrow maist iustlie he did oppone him: selfe to hem: zit I esteine it a thing not impossibil, bot yat auld enmities may be cum new and perfite freindis: & againe auld freindis be cum new & plaine enemies, as it befell betuix the Scottis and Pichtis, Zit I mene nathing les, then to steir vp the hartis of ony men againis ony Nation, Realme, or ecclētrie. My intent & cheif scope is this in generall, to muse all men (esur the exempill of Wallace) to the defence of their natieue Realme, & common welth: to hazard quhaesauer they haue in this earth, for the maintenāce thair of, aganis ony Natioun, French or Inglis, Spanissh, or vtheris quhatseuer yat wald inuaid the samin. And elswa that the vailzeant auld & dedis of sic as hes spent & geuin their trauellis and lyfes thairsoir, suld neuir cum into obliuious, but remain in fresche & recent memorie to the perpetuall glorie of their name & fame, during all ages & posterities vnto ye wairdis end.

Quhairsoir (gude Reidar) as I wish simple eye & intencion, haue of new agane publishit this delectabil Historie: Swa thow will in the samin maner reid, & peruse it: & in perusing it, thow will giue hartlie thanks vnto ye Eternall God, quha for ye deliuerance of yis afflicted and oppressed countrie, did steir vp yis our Wallace, having sure confidence, yat gif we fall leind vpon him, & from our haill hartis in all our necessities and afflictionis conuert vs till him, he fall not only rais vp ane Wallace, bot mony: be quhome he fall michtelie delyner & releif vs of all ye seurgis and oppressions of our enemies quhatseuer, how seirce, how cruell or potent saeuer they be: his hand is not schortenis, bot yat he baith will and can help.

THE PRÆFACE

In his handis ar not only ye hartis of all , bot alswa thair bodies and puiſe
lancis. He diſponis Emphyres, he diſtributis kingdomis, he remuiffis
Natiounis, he transferris families, according to his gude wil
& plesure Aganis him na ſtrength nor force, na couns
ſell nor wiledome, na ſubſtance nor riches can
preuaill. Till the that feiris & luiffis him
all thingis wirkis for the beſt.
His Name be praiſit
for euer.

SO BE IT



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IN OBITVM CLARISSIMI ET FORTIS
 Simi Ducis Guilielmi Wallas, quem Edwardus pri-
 mus Anglorum Rex, sibi proditum, supplicio
 Londini affecerat, Carmen.

I Nuida Mors tristi Gulielmum funere Wallam,
 Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.
 Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus vna est:
 Frigusque pro lorica obit.
 Illo licet terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit:
 At fata factis suppressens,
 Parte sui meliore solum, Cœlumque pererrat:
 Hoc spiritus: illud gloria.
 At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto
 Fuisset, hostis proditi
 Artibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parcioresses,
 Nec oppidatim spargeres
 Membra viri sacrandæ adytis. Sed scin quid in ista
 Immanitate viceris?
 Ut Wallæ in cunctas oras spargantur, & horas
 Laudes: tuumque dedecus.



The Actis and deidis of the

ILLVSTER AND VAILZEAND

Campioun, Schir Williame Wallace,

Knicht of Ellerslie.

THE FIRST BVIK,

OVR Antecessours, that we suld of reid,
And hald in mynde thair nobill doughtie deid.
We let ouerslyde thow verray sleuthfulness,

And castis vs euer to ouchter business.

On vane gaming is set our hail intent,

Doubtlik hes bene sene in ouchir tymes by went,

Our nixt nightbouris cummin of Brutus blude,

That ouchin tymes to Scotis wissit spell gude.

Thocht now of late God turnit thair mynde & will,

That greit knydnes thay haue schawin vs till,

The hartis of pepill the Lord hes in his hand.

He map thame reule and gpde at his command.

And thocht all leidis wald haue this land in thrall,

Oppone his power, God can aganis thame all,

As we haue sene in our forbearis afair,

Bot of thir Parabillis, as now I speik no more.

¶ WE reid of ane richt famous of renoun

Of worthie blude that regnit in this Region.

And hine furth now I will my purpose hald,

Of Williame Wallace, as ze haue hard heir tald.

His forbearis quha lykis to understand,

Of auld Linnage, and trew blude of Scotland;

THE FIRST

Schir Rannald Craufurd,richt Schiref of Ayr,
 Hys in his tyme he had a daughter fair.
 To young Schir Rannald Schiref of that coun;
 Was Sister fair, of gude fame and renoun.
 Malcolme Wallace hir gat in Mariage,
 That Ellerlie than had in heritage.
 Auchinbath and mong ane vther place,
 The second Oye he was to gude Wallace,
 The quhilk Wallace full hardelp had worche;
 Quhen Walter heir of Wallace to him socht.
 Duha lykis to heir mair knowledge in that paire;
 Ga reid the lyne of the first Stewart.
 Bot Malcolms Wallace gat on this Lady Brichte;
 Malcolme Wallace ane full gude gentill knichte.
 And Williame als as Cronickles beiris on hand,
 Quhilk efter was the reskewer of Scotland
 Quhan it was loist with cressoun and fallines,
 Ourset with fais, it fred thow Godis grace.
 King Alexander our worthie King forloze,
 He aventure his lyfe had at Kingorne.
 Thre zeiris still the Realme stund desolait,
 Quhairthow thair rais ane full g. uous debait.
 Our Prince David Erle of Huntingroun,
 Thre doughteris had of greit fame and renoun.
 Of the quhilk thre come Bruce, Ballioll, & Haisting
 Twa of hir thre desyrit to be King.
 The Ballioll claimit of the first gre lyneiy.
 And Bruce the first Maill of the gre by.
 To Edward sone vnto England thap send;
 Of this greit streife, tyocht thap suld mak ane end;
 Foly it was forsuith it hapnit sa,
 Succour to seek of thair auld moztall fa.
 Edward Langschankis had now begun his weir.
Upon

Upon Gasconne into ane anfull feir.
 Thay landis quhilk he clamie thuid in sik eais,
 He thocht fra hand to mak it haill conquestis.
 To Norham he come withouthein maie,
 The counsell than of Scotland met him thair.
 Full subtelly he chargie thame in bandeoun,
 As thair ouer Lord, to hald of him the Crown.
 Bischop Robert in his tyme worthy,
 Of Glasgow Lord, said that we do deay.
 Onp ouer Lord, bot the greit God abusit,
 The king was wraith, and hame he did remuif.
 Sir John Ballioll followit on him sa fast,
 To hald of him he grantit at the last.
 And contrairricht ane king he maid him thair
 Subairthow Scotland repentit it full sair.
 To the Ballioll our Lordis wald not consent,
 Edward furthwith set down ane Parliament.
 He callit Ballioll to ansuer for Scotland,
 The wys Lordis sone gart him beek that band.
 The Abbot past and gaue ouer his allegiance,
 King Edward than it tuk in greit grouwne.
 His Gist he raisit and come to werk on Tweid.
 Bot for to fecht as than he had greit dreid.
 To Corspatrik of Dunbar sone he send,
 His counsell askit for he the countre kend.
 Fra he was brocht in presence of the king,
 Be subtrill band thay cordit on this thing.

The battell of Berwick. Cap. II.

ERLE Patrik than to Berwick south persew,
 Rissant he was and traistit verrap crew.
 The king followit with his men of renown,
 A. II.

THE FIRST

Efter midnichte at rest was all the town.
 Corspatrik rais, the keris weill he knew,
 Leit briggis down, and Porzeulzeis chap drew'
 Edward Enteric and gart sla haistellie,
 Of men and women aucht thousand and spfrie.
 And Bairnis als be this fals auenture,
 Of crew Scottis chaipit na creature.
 The Capitane thair this fals king hes maid,
 Cowart Dunbar, withour resting thap raio.

The battell of Dunbar. Cap. III.

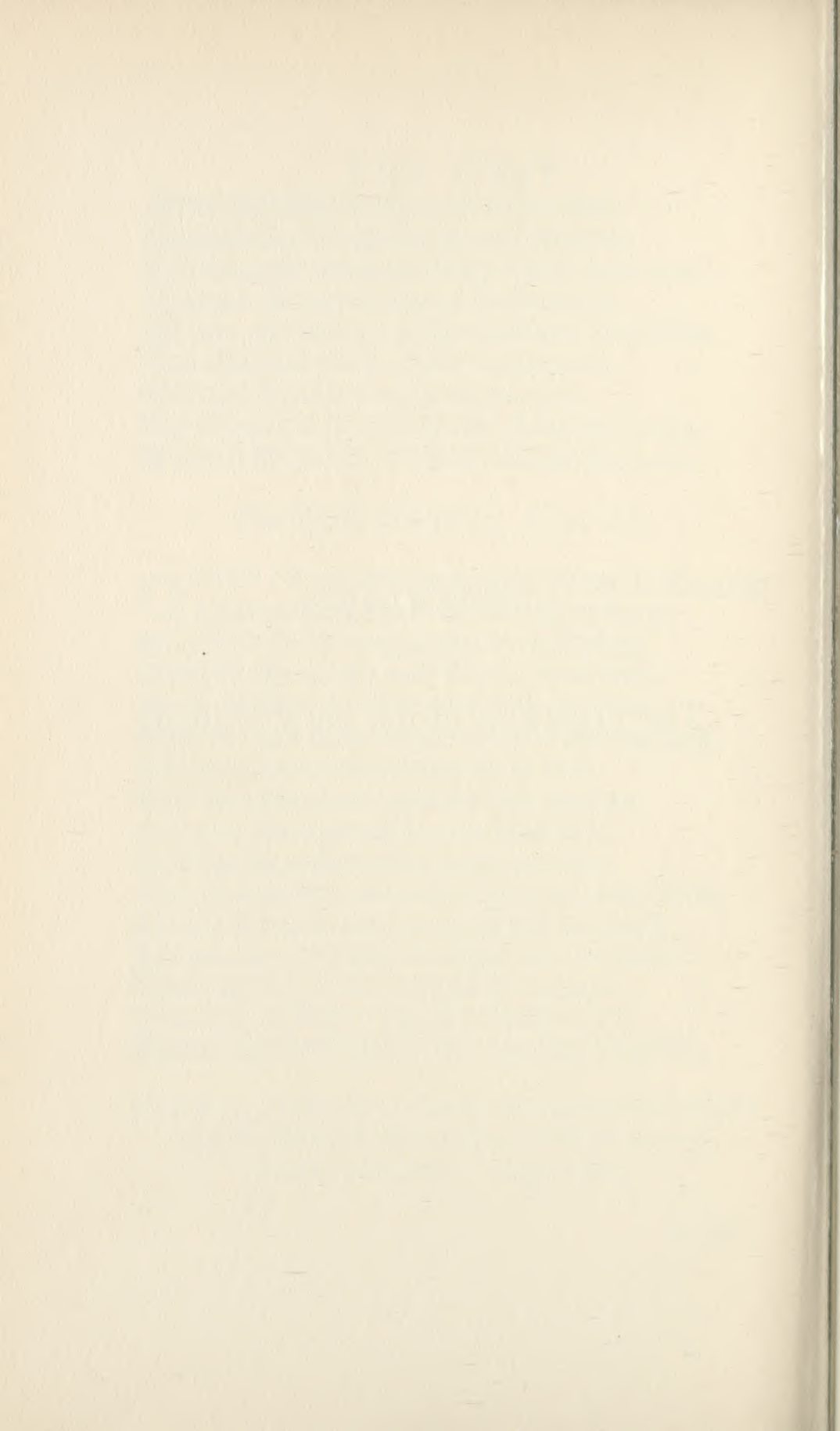
QVHAIR gadderit was greit power of Scotlād
 Aganis Edward in battell for to stand.
 Thir four Erles was enterit in that place,
 Of Mar, Menteith, and Arholl, upon care.
 In the Castell the Erle gart haill thame in,
 That to thair men withour thap might not win;
 Noz zit to thame suppleing for to ma,
 The battellis than togidder fast thap ga.
 Full greit slauchter that picie was to se,
 Of crew Scottis ouerset with subtiltie.
 Erle Patrik than quhan the fechtung was sellen,
 To our fa turnit and harming did vs maist.
 Is nane in world that skaithis may do mair,
 Than weill traistit in bozne familiar.
 Our men are slaue without redemptioun,
 Throw thir deidis hail cirt was this Regioun.

How King Edward and Corspatrik come to Scone, and
 deposit Iohne Ballioll, and had with thame the
 Airis of Scotland. Cap. IIII.

KING;

APPENDIX

The Fragments of the Early Edition



THE FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY EDITION.

THE existence of these was first made known by Dr David Laing in the Introduction to his reprint (1827) of the Chepman and Myllar pieces of 1508, in these words: "A few mutilated leaves of an ancient and unknown edition of the Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace having been accidentally discovered, a brief notice and specimen of these fragments seems requisite in this place. From a comparison with the original tracts contained in this volume it is evident that the work, if not actually printed by Walter Chepman, was at least executed with his types, which have no resemblance with those of any of his successors in this country. That many little treatises issued from his press, of which no trace can be discovered, was long suspected, but that an edition of a work as large as the blind Minstrel's poem of our 'valiant Campioun' (extending to upwards of 280 pages in folio) should have so completely disappeared as to leave no vestige of its ever having passed through the press earlier than 1570, serves to show how extensive the loss must have been which our national literature sustained in the course of the sixteenth century.

"We here subjoin two full pages, as a specimen of the text; being part of the episode of John of Lynn, the English reaver, and his discomfiture off the mouth of the Humber.

"These pages contain lines 827 to 911 of book X in the edition published by Dr Jamieson from the MS. dated 1488. They may enable the reader to form some estimate of the value of an edition, of which unfortunately only twenty leaves are preserved, more or less mutilated, from having been cut down by a binder at an early period, and pasted together for the purpose of stiffening the boards of an old quarto volume of no great value."

THE FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY EDITION

Of the twenty leaves mentioned by Laing two have since disappeared, one of these being that from which he printed the second page of his specimen. Of the surviving eighteen the Mitchell Library at Glasgow now possesses thirteen, and five (Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12, and 16) are in the University Library at Cambridge. They include portions of Books VI, VIII, X (XI), and XI (XII), and originally contained nearly sixteen hundred lines. Of one leaf, however (No. 5), only seven lines of each page is preserved, another (No. 12) has lost nine and ten lines respectively at the top of the page, No. 13 is five lines short at the bottom, and many of the others are defective to the extent of two, three, or four lines. Only on a few pages is the text of the surviving lines complete, as many letters or words are frequently missing through the defective state of the leaves. In this reprint these gaps have been filled from the edition of 1570, as that in most instances may be taken as representing the missing text. To facilitate collation, the folios of that edition have been given in the headings and on the margin of each fragment, as well as the book and line of the manuscript.

The text of the fragments, while agreeing in all essentials with the edition of 1570, is inferior to it in many minor points, especially in presenting unmetrical lines through the omission of words, usually of one syllable. At times, however, it has more correct readings, agreeing with those of the manuscript.

The transcript for this reprint was made by Miss Isabella B. Hutchen from photographs in the National Library of Scotland, with the exception of the six pages included in Nos. 8, 11, and 16. These had already been copied and put in type by Mr William Beattie of the National Library, to whom I am greatly indebted for the use of them, as well as for much valuable assistance on other points connected with this work. I also gratefully acknowledge the permission to print the fragments, so readily given by the Libraries in which they are now preserved.

W. A. C.

S[utheroun] to flay for dreid he wald nocht spare
 A[nd thay o]ft fife fele caus to him wrocht
 F[ra that t]yme furth quhilk movit him mair fare
 T[hat ne]uer in warld out of his mynd was brocht. [53 r]

N[ow lei]f yi myrth now leif yi hale plesance [81]
 N[ow lei]f yi blis now leif yi childis age
 N[ow lei]f yi 3owth now folow yi herd chance
 N[ow lei]f yi luft now leif yi mariage
 N[ow lei]f yi lufe for yow fall tyne ane gage
 Q[uhilk] neuer in erd falbe redemit agane
 Fel[loun] fortoun and all his fers outrage.
 G[o leif i]n were go leif in cruell pane

F[y on fo]rtoun fy on yi fruell quheill
 Fy [on th]i traift for heir it has no left [90]
 Th[at s]o tranffigurit Wallace out of his weill
 Qu[hen] he traiftit for to haue levit best
 His [plef]ance heir to him wes bot ane gest
 Th[ro]w yi feirs cowers yat has na hap to ho
 Hi[m tho]w ourthrew out of his likand rest
 Fra [gre]te plesance in weir travell and wo

Q[uha]t is fortune quha drawis the date fa fast
 [We w]ait yair is baith weill and wickit chance
 [Bot thi]s fals warld with mony doubill cast
 [In it is] nocht bot verray variance. [100]
 [It is n]a thing to hevinly gouernance
 Than pray we all to the maker abuse
 Quhilk hes in hand of Iuftice the ballance,
 That he vs grant it of his deir leftand lufe.

[Hei]rof as] now forthir I speke na mair
 [Bot to my] purpose fchortly will I fair

[Tw]elf hundreth 3eir yairto nynte and fevyne,
 [F]ra criste wes borne ye richtius king of hevin
 [William]e wallace in to gude liking gais
 I[n Laner]k tove amang his mortale fais [53 v]
 T[he Ing]lifmen yat euer fals has bene [111]
 W[ith He]ffilrig quhilk cruell wes and kene
 A[nd Rob]ert thorne ane felloun fubtile knycht
 [Hes fun]din the way be quhat mene best yai nicht
 [How tha]t yai fuld mak contrary to Wallace

Sexta

Be argument as he come vpone cace.
On fra ye kirk yat wes without the toвне
Quhill yair power mycht be in harnes bovne
Schir Iohne ye grahame yat wourthy was and trew
To lanark toвне gude wallace to persew. [120]
Of his weil fair as he full oft had fene
Gude men he had in cumpany fyftene
And wallace nyne yai war na feris ma
Wpone ye morne vnto ye mes can ga
Thai and yair men graithit in gudely grene
For ye fefonne fic vse full lang hus bene
Quhen fadly yai had faid yair deuocionne
Ane a[rg]uit yame as yai went throw the toвне.
The st[ar]kafst man yat heffilrig yan knew
And als he had of lightly wourdis ynew [130]
He faluft yame as it war bot in scorne
Dew garde gude day bone senzeour and gude morne
Quhom fcornys yow quod Wallace quha lerit ye
Quhy schir he faid come 3e nocht new our see.
Pardoun me yan for I wend 3e had bene
Ane ambaffiat to bring ane vncowth quene
Wallace anwerit, fic pardoun as we haif
In vs to gif yi part yow fall nocht craif
Sen 3e ar scottis 3it faluft fall 3e be
Gud dene dawcht lord ballanch ba[n]zeochade.] [140]
Ma futhroun men to yame affemb[lit] neir,]
Wallace wes laith as yan to mak ane [fteir.]
Ane maid ane skirp and tit at his lang fwerd [54 r]
[Hald ftill thy hand (quod he) and speik thy word.]
[With thy lang fword thow makis mekill boift,]
[Thairof (quod he) thy dame maid lytill coift,]
Quhat caws has yow to were yat gudly gre[ne]
My maift caus is bot to mak ye tene
Quhat suld ane scot do with fa fair ane knife
Sa fais ye preift yat laft ianglit yi wyffe [150]
That woman lang has callit him fa fair
Quhill yat his child wourthit to be thyne air
Me think quod he yow driffis me to scorne
yi dame has bene iapit or yow wes borne
The power yan asemblit him about
Twa hundreth men yat ftalward war and ftout
The scottis faw yair power wes cūand
Schir Robert thorne and heffilrig at hand.
Grete multitude with wapnis burnift bene

[The worthie] Scottis quhilk cruell war and kene
 [Amang Sutheroun] fic dyntis gaif yat tide
 [Quhill blude on bre]id briffit fra woundis wide
 [Wallace in ftour] wes cruelly fechtand
 [Of ane Sutheroun he f]mait of ye richt hand
 [And quhen that Carl] of fechting mycht na mare
 [With the left hand] in ire held ane buklare
 [Than fra the ftu]mp ye blude out fpringit fast
 [In Wallace face abundantly can it caft]
 [Into greit part it] merrit of his ficht
 [Schir Iohne ye Gra]hame ane ftraik hes tane him richt [170]
 [With his gude fw]erd vpon ye futhroun fire
 [Derfly to deith dra]if him in to yat ire
 [The perrell was ri]cht awfull herd and ftrang
 [The ftour indur]it mervalusfly and lang.
 [The Inglifhmen 3i]t gaderit woundir faft
 [The worthie Sco]ttis ye gait 3it left at ye laft [54 v]
 [Quhen thay had fla]ne and woundit mony ane
 [To Wallace Inn]ys ye ganeft way yai gane
 [Thay paßit fone,] defendit yame richt weill.
 [He and Schir Iohn]e with fwerdis ftif of fteill [180]
 [Behind thair men,] quhil yai ye 3et had tane
 [This woman tha]n quhilk wes full will of wane.
 [The perrell faw] with felloun noyis & dyn.
 [Set vp the 3et, and] leit yame enter in
 [Throuch to ane] ftreuth yai paßit of yat ftede
 [Fyftie Sutheroun vp]on ye gait lay dede
 [This fair wom]an with befyne and nicht
 [The Inglifmen] to tary with ane flicht
 [Quhill that Wall]ace into the wod wes paft
 [Than Cartlan]e cragis yai perfewit full faft [190]
 [Quhē Sutherou]n faw yat chapit wes wallace
 [Agane thay turn]it ye woman tuke on cace
 [Put hir to deith,] I can nocht tell 3ow how
 [Of sic mater I] may nocht tary now
 [Quhair greit d]ule is but redemyng agane
 [Renewing of i]t is bot eking of pane
 [Ane trew wom]an had feruit hir full lang
 [Out of the toun]e ye ganeft way can gang
 [To Wallace ta]uld how all yis deid wes done
 [The panefull] wo focht to his hart full fone [200]
 [War nocht for fch]ame he had fchot to the grund
 [For bitter baill] yat in his breift wes bund
 Schir Iohne ye grahame baith wife gentill and fre

Sexta

Grete murnyng maid yat piete wes to fe
 And als the laif yat war aßemblit yair.
 For pure forow with hart wepit full fair
 Quhen wallace feld yair curage wes fa fm[all,]
 He fenzeit him for to comfort yame all.
 Ceis men he laid yis is ane buteles pane [55 r]
 For we can nocht chevis hir life agane [210]
 Wneis ane word he nicht bring out for tein
 [The bailfull teiris brift braithly fra his ene]
 Sichand he laid fall neuer man me fe
 Rest in to eis quhill yis ded wrokin be
 The faikles flauchter of hir baith blyth an[d bricht,]
 That I avow to ye makar of nicht
 Of yat nacioune I fall neuer forbere
 zong nor ald yat abill is to were
 Preift nor woman I think nocht for to [fla ;]
 In my defalt bot gif yai cawfing ma. [220]
 Schir Iohne he laid lat al yis murnyng be
 And for hir faik yair fall ten thousand de
 Quhare men may weip yair curage is ye les
 It flakis ire of wrang yai suld reddres,
 Of yair complaynt as now I speke na mare
 Of auchinlek in kilbank duelland yare
 Quhen he hard tell of wallace vexacioune
 To cartlane wod with ten men maid him [boun.]
 Wallace he fand fumpart within ye nycht
 To lanark toвне in all haift yai yame dicht [230]
 The wach as yan of yame had litill dreid
 Partit yair men fyne diuers partis zeid
 Schir Iohne ye grahame and his gude cumpa[ny,]
 To schir Robert thorne full fast yai hy
 Wallace and his to heffilrig sone yai past
 In ane heich hous quhare he wes slepand fast
 Straik at ye dur with his fute hardely
 Quhill bar and brais in ye flure gart he ly
 The schirref cryit quha makis yat grete dera[y.]
 Wallace he laid quhilk yow has focht to day [240]
 The womanis dede will god yow fall deir by
 Heffilrig thocht it wes na tyme to ly [55 v]
 Out of yat hous full fane he wald haue bene
 The nycht wes myrk zit wallace has him fe[ne]
 Ferfly him straik as he come in grete ire
 Wpone ye hede bristit throw bane and lire
 The fcherand fwerd glaid to his schulder bane

[Out our the ft]are amang yame Is he gane
 Gu[de Auch]inlek trowit nocht yat he wes dede
 Th[ryis wit]h ane knyfe he ftraik him in yat ftede [250]
 Th[e fcry a]bout rais rudely in yat ftreit
 Fele [of the l]aif war fulzeit vndir feit
 zong [Heffilr]ig and wicht wallace Is met.
 Ane [ficker] ftraik williame has on him fet
 Der[fly to] dede our ye ftair dang him dovne
 Ma[nny that] nycht yai flew in lanark toвне
 Sum [Grei]ffis lap and fum ftekit within
 Affer[it thay] war with hidwys noys and dyn
 Schi[r Ioh]ne ye grahame had fet ye hous in fyre
 Quh[air R]obert thorne wes brynt vp bane and lyre [260]
 Twe[lf scoi]r yai flew yat war of ingland borne
 Wem[en th]ai leuit and preiftis on the morne
 To p[as th]air way of blis and gudis bair
 And f[wor]e yat yai agane fuld cum neuer mair
 Quhe[n Sc]ottis herd yir fyne tithingis of new
 Out o[f al]l partis to wallace fast yai drew
 Pleni[ft] ye toвне quhilk was yair heretage
 yus w[all]ace ftraif agane yat grete barnage
 He beg[an] with ftrife and ftalwart hand
 To ch[eue]is agane fum rovmes in fcotland [270]
 The [wo]urthy fcottis yat femblit to him yair.
 Chefit him for cheif yair chiftane and ledair
 Ameir [W]allange ane felloun tyran knycht
 In bot[hw]ile duelt king edwardis man full richt
 Murr[ay] wes out yocht he wes richtuis lord [280]
 [Of all that land, as trew men will record.]
 [Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,]
 [And vther ma, in this land durft nocht byde.]
 B[ot this fals] knycht in bothuile wonnand was
 An[e man he] gart fone to king edward pas
 An[d tauld him] hale of wallace ordinance
 Ho[w he had] put his pepill to myfchance.
 An[d planely] wes rifin agane to ryng
 G[reuit thair] at richt greitly wes yis king
 T[hrow all] ingland he gart his doaris cry
 Po[wer to] get and faid he wald planely
 In [Scotland] pas yat realme to ftatute new
 Fel[e men o]f were to him richt fast yai drew
 T[he que]ne feld weill how yat his purpos was
 To [him fc]ho went on kneis fyne can fcho as [290]
 He [wald] decift and nocht in fcotland gang

Sexta

3e fuld haue dreid to wirk fa felloun wrang
Criftynit yair ar 3one is yair heretage
To reif yair crowne it is ane grete owtrage
For hir counsale at hame he wald nocht bide
His lordis him feyt in scotland for to ride
Ane scottis man yan duelt with edward.
Quhen he hard tell yat wallace tuk sic part
He stall fra yame als priuatly as he may
In to scotland he come vpone ane day
Sekand wallace he maid him reddy bovine
This scot was borne in kile at ricardtovne.
All ingland coift he knew it woundir weill
Fra hull about to bristow every deill
Fra carlile throwch sandwich yat riale stede
Fra dover owr vnto sanct bayis hede
In picardy and flandris baith he had bene
All normāny and france has he fene
Ane purfeuant to king edward in were
Bot he culd neuer gar him his armis bere
Of grete stature and fum part gray wes he
The inglismen callit him bot grymisbie
To wallace come and in to kyle him fand.
He tald him haill ye tithandis of ingland
Thai turnit his name fra tyme yat he him knew.
And callit him iop of Engyne he wes trew.
In all his tyme gude seruice in him fand.
Gaif him to bere ye armis of scotland.
Wallace agane in cliddisdale sone yai raid
[And his power semblit withouttin baid.]
[He gart command quha wald his peax tak,]
[Ane fre remit he fuld gar to him mak.]
[For alkin deid] yat yai had done beforne
The peircyis peax and schir rannaldis wes worne
Feill to him drew yat baldly durft abide
Of wallace kyn of mony diuers fide
Schir rannald yan send him his power hale
Him self durft nocht be knawin in battale
Agane futhroun for he had maid ane band
Lang tyme before to hald of yame his land
Adam wallace past out of ricardtonne
And Robert boyd with gude men of renovne
Of cunynghame and kyle come men of wail
To lanark focht on hors ane thousand haill
Schir Iohne the grahame and his gude cheualry
Schir Iohne of tynto with men yat he nicht be

[300]

[56 v]

[310]

[320]

[330]

Gude auchinlek yat wallace vnkill was
 Mony trew scot with yair chiftane culd pas
 Thre thowfand haill of likly men in were
 And feill on fute quhilk wantit hors and gere
 The tyme be yis wes cūin vpone hand.
 The awfull oift with edward of ingland

[340]

[57 r]

The battell of Bigare

Ca ii.

TO bigare come with sexty thowfand men
 In were wedis yat cruell war to ken
 That plantit yair fell tentis and pauillonis
 Quhare clarionis blew with ful mony mighty soundis
 Plenift yat place with full gude vittale and wyne
 In cartis brocht yair purviance devyne
 This awfull king gart twa heraldis be brocht.
 Gaif yame command in al ye haift yai mocht
 To charge wallace yat he fuld cum him till
 Without promys and put him in his will
 Becaus we wait he is ane gentill man
 Cum in my grace and I fall falf him yan
 As for his life I will vpone me tak
 And eftir yis gif he culd feruice mak
 He fall haue wage yat may him weill suffice
 That rebald wenys for he has done supprise
 To my pepill oft vpone eventure
 Aganis me he he may nocht lang endure
 To yis proffer ganestandand gif he be
 [Heir I awow he falbe hangit hie.]
 [Ane 3oung Squyar was brother to Schir Hew]
 [He thocht he wald ga difagyfit to perfew.]
 Wallace to [fe yat tuke fa hie ane part,]
 Borne fister fon he wes to king eduart
 Ane coit of armys he tuke on him but baid
 With ye herraldis full priuatly furth raid
 To tynto hill withoutin refidence
 Quhair wallace lay with his folk at defence
 Ane likly oift as of fa few yai fand
 To him yai focht and wald na langar stand
 Gif 3e be he yat reuillis all yis thing
 Credence we have brocht fra our wourthy k[ing.]
 Than wallace gart thre knychts to him call
 Syne red ye writ in prefence of yame all
 To yame he faid anfuer 3e fall nocht craif

[350]

[360]

[370]

[57 v]

Sexta

Be word or writ quhilk likis 3ow beft to haif
In writ yai faid it war ye likliaft
Than wallace yus began to dite in haift [380]
yow revar king yow chargis me throw cace
That I fuld cum and put me in yi grace.
Gif I ganestand yow hechtis to hyng me.
I avow to god and euer I may tak ye
yow falbe hangit ane exempill to gif
To king of reiff als lang as I may l[eif.]
yow profferis me of yi waxis to haif.
I ye defy power and all the laif
That helpis ye heir of yi fals nacionne
Will god yow fall be put of yis regionne [390]
Or dee yairfore contrar yocht yow had fworne
yow fall vs fe or ix. houris to morne
Battell to gif mawgre of all yi kyn
For falfly yow sekis our realme within
This writ he gaif to ye heraldis but mare
And gude reward he gart deliuer yame yare
Bot Jop knew weill ye fqwyar 3ong fchir hew
And tald wallace for he vves euer trew.
He yame commandit yat yai fuld fone him tak
Him felf began fair accusing to mak [400]
Squyar he faid fen yow has fenzeit armes
On ye fall fall fumpart of yir harmes
Exempill to gif to all yi fals nacionne
Wpone ane hill he gart fet him dovne [58 r]
Straik of his hede or he wald forther go.
To ye herrald faid fyne withoutin ho
[For thow art fals to armis and manefworne.]
[Throw thy cheikis thy toung falbe out fchorne.]
[Quhen that was done, than to the thrid faid he,]
Armes to iuge yow fall neuer graithly fe [410]
He gart ane smyth with his turcace richt yair.
Pull out his ene fyne gaif yame leif to fayr
To 3our fals king yi fallow fall ye lede.
With my aufner turs him his nevois hede
Thus fair I dreid ye king and all his boift
His dum fallow led him vnto yair oift.
Quhen king Edward his heraldis yus has fene
In propir ire he wox neir wod for tene
That he nocht wift on quhat wife him to wreik
For forow al maift ane word he culd nocht fpeke [420]
Ane lang quhile he ftude writhand in ane rage

[On loud he fa]id yis is ane fell owtrage
[This deid to S]cottis full deir it falbe bocht
[Sa difpitefull] in warld wes neuer wrocht.
[Fra this Regioun]e I think nocht to gang
[Quhill tyme th]at I fall fe yat rebell hang
[I lat him thus] in fite and forow duell
[Of the gude Scot]tis fchortly I will tell

[425]

Sexta

No. 5. v.
Bk. vi. 465-471
fol. 58 v-59 r.

How lordis lay and had yair lugeing maid
The pauillone quhare yat ye leopardis baid
Spyand full fast quhar his avale mycht be
He culd weill wynk and luke vp with a[ne] E
Sum fcornyt him fum gleyt carll callit [hi]m yair
Aggrevit yai war of yair heraldis myf[fai]r
Sum fperit at him how he fald of ye beft

[59 r]

[470]

With him tynto yat douchty was in deid
 And dauid fone of fchir Walter to leid
 Behind yame neir ye fute men gart he be
 And bad yame bide quhill yai yair tyme nicht fe
 3e want wapnis & harnes in yis tide

[510]

The firft countir 3e may nocht weill abide
 Wallace gart fone ye chiftanis to him call
 This charge he gaif for chance yat nicht befall
 To tak na hede to gere na 3it peillage
 For yai will fle as wod folk in ane rage

Wyn firft ye men the gude fyne 3e may haif.
 And tak na tent of couatife to craif

[520]

Throw covatife men loiffis gude and life
 I 3ow command forbere sic in our ftrife
 Luke 3e faif nane lord capitane nor knycht
 For wourschip wirk and for our eldaris richt.
 God blis vs all yat we may in our viage
 Put yir fals folk out of our heretage
 Than yai inclinit all with ane gudly will
 His plane command yai hecht to fulfill.

On ye grete oift ye parteis faft can draw
 Cūand to yame out of ye fouth yai faw
 Thre hundreth men in to yair armour cleir
 The ganaft way to yame approchit neir
 Wallace faid fone yai ar na inglismen.

[530]

For by yis oift ye gatis weill yai ken
 Thom haliday yai men he gidit richt
 Of Auanderdail he had yame led yat nycht

[60 r]

[His twa gude Sonnis, Iohnftoun] & Rutherfurd
 [Wallace was blyth, fra he had hard that word.]
 [Sa was the laif of his gude Cheualry,]

Jardane yair come in [to yair cumpany.]
 And kirkpatrik before in eskdale was

[540]

Ane wyng yai war in wallace oift to pas.
 The inglis wach yat nycht had bene on fteir
 Drew to yair oift richt as ye day can peir
 Wallace knew weill for he before had fene
 The kingis pauillone quhair it wes bufkit bene
 Than with richt hors ye fcottis vpon yame raid
 At ye firft covnter fa grete abaifing maid
 That all ye oift wes aftonait of yat ficht
 Full mony ane derfly to dede wes dicht
 Feill of yame as yan wes out of array
 The mair awfull and haifty wes ye affray

[550]

Sexta

The noyis wes huge throw ftrakis yat yai dang
The rumour rais rudely yame amang
That all ye oift wes yan in poynt to fle
The wife lordis fra yai ye perell fe
The fellone fray als rafit wes about
And how yair king ftude in to famekill dout
To his pauillone full mony thowfand focht
Him to refkew be ony way yai mocht
The erll of kent yat nycht walkand had bene
With five thoufand men in armour kene
About ye king full fuddandly yai gang
And traiftis weill ye affailze wes richt ftrang
All wallace folk in vfe of were wes gude
In to ye ftowr fone lichtit quhare yai ftude
Quhameuer yai hit na harnes micht yame ftynt
Fra yai on fute affemblit with fwerdis dynt
Of manhede yai in hartis cruell was.
Thai thocht to wyn or neuer yin to pas
Fele inglifmen before ye king yai flew
Schir Iohne ye grahame come with his power new
Amang ye oift with ye myddil ward he raid
Grete martirdome on futhroun men yai maid.
The reirward yan fet on fa hardely
With newbiging and al ye chevalry
Pauillone rapis yai cuttit all in foundir
Borne to ye grund and mony fmorit vndir
The fute men come ye quhilk I fpak of air.
On frayit folkis fet ftrakis fad and fair
yocht yai before wantit baith hors and [geir.]
[Aneuch thay gat, quhat yai wald waill to weir.]
[The Scottis power than all togidder war.]
[The kingis Pauillone brymly down thai bair.]
The erll of kent with ane gude ax in hand
In to ye ftour full ftoutly culd he fstand
Before ye king makand full grete debait
Quha best did yan had he hiest ftait
The felloun ftowr fa ftalwart was and ftrang
Thairto contenit mervelloufly and lang
Wallace him felf full fadly culd perfew
And at ane ftraik ye cheif chiftane he flew
The futhroun folk fled faft and durft nocht bide
Horffit yair king and of the feild can ride
Aganis his will for he wes laith to fle
In to yat tyme he rocht nocht for to de

[560]

[60 v]

[570]

[580]

[590]

Bot reftit [fti]ll quhil yat ye bricht day dew
 Agane began ye toвне to [failze new.]
 All yus yai wroch[t wi]th f[ull grete] vourthynes
 Affailzeit fair be wit and hard[ynes.]
 [The Oiftis vittall worth skant and failzeit faft,]
 [Thus lay thay thair, quhil diuers dayis war pafst.]
 [The land waiftit, and meit was nane to win,]
 Bot yat wift nocht ye ftuf yat was within
 Thai dred full fair for yair avne vernyfoun
 For fouerance prayt ye power of ye toвне [870]
 To fpeke with wallace yai defirit faft
 And he apperit and fperit quhat yai aft
 The mare anfuerit faid we wald pay ranfonne
 To pas 3our way and deir na mair our tonne
 [Gr]ete fchame it war yat we fuld 3oldin be
 [And] tovnys haldin of les power yan we
 [3e ma]y nocht wi[n] ws lang yocht yat 3e bide
 [We fa]ll gif gold [an]d 3e will fra vvs ride
 [We m]ay gif bat[ta]le durft vve for our king.
 [Sen he] has left it vvar our hie ane thing. [880]
 [Till w]s to do without his ordinance
 [This] toвне of him vve hald in governance
 [Wall]ace anfuerit of 3our gold rek we nocht
 [It is f]or battale yat vve hiddir focht
 [We h]ad lever haue battale of ingland
 [Tha]n all ye gold yat king arthur fand
 [On] mont michell quhen he ye gigant flew
 Gold may be gane bot wourfchip is ay new
 The king promift yat vve suld battale haif
 His writ yairto vndir his fele yai gaif. [100 r]
 Letter or band 3e fe may nocht availl. [89r]
 Ws for yis tyme he thocht to gif battaill
 We think we fuld on his men wrokin be
 Wpone our kyn mony grete vvrang vvrocht he
 His devillike deid he vvrocht in to fotland
 The mare faid fchir richt yus vve vndirftand
 We haue na charge quhat our king garris ws do
 [Bot in th]is kynde we fal be bundin 3ow to
 [Sum pa]rt of gold to gif 3ow vvith gude vvill
 [And noch]t eftir to vvait 3ow vvith nane Ill [900]
 [Be na kin meane the power of this toun,]
 [Bot gif our King mak him to battell boun.]
 [Into the Oist, was mony worthy man,]
 [With wa]llace ma na rekkin now I can

Octaua

No. 7. v.
Bk. viii. 905-948
fol. 100 r-100 v.

Better it was for at his will yai wrocht
youcht he wes best nane vthir [lak] we nocht.
All feruit thank to scotland [euer] mair
For manhede wit 3e quhilk yai schewit yair
[The haill counfall thus demit thame amang,]
[The toun to Seige, thay thocht it was to lang.] [910]
[And nocht ane way to wyn it with na flicht,]
The counfale fand it was the best yai nicht
Sum gold to tak fen yat yai get na mare
Syne furth away in to yair viage fare
Than wallace faid my felf will nocht consent.
Bot gif yis tovene mak ws yis plane contēt.
Tak our baneir and fet it on the wall
For our power yair realme has riddin all
3oldin to be quhen we like yame to tak
[In] to ingland lang refidence and we mak [920]
This anfuere sone yai fend in to ye mair
And yai consentit ye remanent yat was yair
The baneir tuke vp and fet it vpone ye tovene [100 v]
To scotland was hie honour and renoune
That baneir yair fra viii. houris vnto none.
Thair finance maid deliuerit gold ful sone
Five thousand pundis al gude gold of ingland
The oift resauit with wictale aboundand
Baith brede and wyne richt glaidly furth yai gaif
And vthir stuf yat yai likit to haif [930]
XX. dais out ye oift remanit yare
Bot want of vittale gart yame fra it fare
3it still in peax ye oift lugit al nycht
Quhill on ye morne ye sone was rifin bricht
In aperile amang ye schawis schene
Quhen yat ye grund was cled in tendir grene
Plefand war it to ony creature
In lusty life yis tyme for to endure
The gude wemen had fredome largely.
Bot fude was scant yai nicht get nane to by [940]
Turfsit tentis and in ye cuntrie raid
On inglisfmen full grete herfchip yai maid
Brynt and brak dovene biggynnis spare yai nocht
Richt wourthy wallace law to grund yame brocht
All Mydiane land thay brint vp in ane fyre,
Brak Parkis doun, distroyit all the Schyre.
[W]ylde d[eir thay flew, for vther beiftis was nane,]
Thir weir[men tuik] of [vennyfoun gude wane.]

Towart the fouth yai turnit at ye laft
 Maid biggynnis bare alffer as euer yai paft. [950]
 The commonis all to londone ar yai went
 Before the king and tald him yair intent
 And faid yai wal[d] bot he gart wallace cei[s]
 Forfaik ye faith and tak yame to his peis
 Na herald yare yan durst to wallace pas
 [Qu]hai[r] of the king gretly aggreuit was. [101 r]
 Thus edward left his pepill in to baill
 Contrar wallace he wald nocht gif battaill
 Nor bidd in feild for nocht yat yai can say
 Gaif our ye caus to lundone paft his way [960]
 At men of wit yis questioun heir I as
 Amang nobillis gif euer ony was
 [Sa lan]g in ingland throw force or throw cace
 [Sen Brut]us deit but victale bot wallace
 [Greit Iul]ius ye empyre had in hand
 [Twyis o]n force was put of inglād.
 [Wicht Ar]thur als first of were quhen he previt
 [Als twy]s yai faucht fuppois yai war myfchev[it.]
 [Awfull] Eduard durft nocht wicht Wallace bi[de]
 [In plane bat]tale for all inglād sa wide [970]
 [In Lond]one he lay and tuke him to his reft
 [And bra]k his vow quhilk hald 3e for ye beft
 [Deme] as 3e lift gude men of discretioun
 [Richt] clair it is to refolue yis questioun
 [To my] sentence now briefly vvill I pas.
 [Quhan] Wallace yus throu 3ork fchire iournā[d was]
 Wictale as yan was nane left in ye land
 B[ot] in houffis quhare it micht be warand
 The oift heiroy abafit was to bide
 [F]ra fude fcantit na plefance vvas yat ty[d]e [980]
 Sum bad turn hame and fum wald for[t]hir [mair]
 Wallace callit Iop and faid to him richt yare
 Thovv knavvis ye land quhair maift abou[ndāce is]
 Be yovv our gide and yan vve fal nocht my[s]
 Wictale to find yat I wait woundir weill
 [yo]w has I traift of ingland mekill feill
 The king and his to ftask ftrethis ar gane
 Bot ieopardie now perell haue we nane
 Than [Io]p said fchir be 3e gidit be me [101 v]
 [The plentiest part of] ingland 3e sal se. [990]
 [Of wyne and quheit thair is in Rochmōt Schyre]
 [And vther ftuf of fude as 3e desyre.]

Octaua

[Quhairof I t]row 3e fal be weill content
 [The Oift was] glaid and yiddirwart yai went
 [Mony trew S]cot was femblit in yat land
 [To Wallace c]ome weill maa yan ix thousand
 [Of prefone pa]rt fu[m] had in laubour wrocht
 [Fra ather part] full [f]aft to him yai socht
 [Wallace was] blith of our avne natiue kyn
 [That come to] him of baill yat yai war in [1000]
 [And all the Oift] of comfort was blithar
 [Fra thair awin] folk was multipliand mair
 [In Rochemont Sc]hire yai fand abundance
 [Of breid and ai]ll wi[th] vthir purviance
 [Brak Parkis do]vne and flew beistis mony ane
 [Of wyld and ta]me forfuth yai fparit nane
 [Throw out the] land yai pafit in gude array
 [Ane femely pla]ce fa fand yai in yair way.
 [Quhilk Ramif]vauch hecht as Iop him felf tald
 [Fehew was Lor]d and capitane in yat hald [1010]
 [Fyue hundreth m]en war femblit in yat place
 [To faif thame fel]f and yair gude fra wallace
 [Ane Royall fteid fa]ft by ane foreft tide
 [With Turatis fa]ir and garrartis of grete pride.
 [Beildit about ri]cht likly to be wicht
 [With fyue greit] towris weill biggit to ye hicht
 [Feill men about] on w[al]lis bufkit bene
 [In gude armour] yat burnift was full fchene
 [The Oift pafit by] and bot vefyt yat place
 [3it thay within on] lowd defyit wallace [1020]
 [And Trumpetis] blew vvith mony weirlik sovne
 [Than Wallace f]aid had vve 3one gallandis dovne [102 r]
 [On the plane grou]nd yai wald mare fobir be
 [Than Iop said S]chir 3e gart his bruthir de
 [In Herald weid 3e] wait on tynto hill
 [Wallace anfwerit f]a wald I with gude will
 [Had I him felf b]ot we may nocht him deir
 [Gude men man] thole of harlotis fcorn in weir.
 [Schir Iohn ye g]rahame wald at ane bickir haue bene
 [Bot Wallace fon]e ye perell has forfene [1030]
 [Commandit him] to lat his fernes be
 [We haue na men] to [waift] in sic degre
 [Wald we thame h]arm I knaw ane othir gait
 [How we with fyre within fall mak thame hait.]
 [For fyre hes bene ay felloun into weir]
 [On fic ane place it may do lytill deir.]

For falt of stuf we lois our mekill thing
 Had we gude hors to pas before yis king
 We fuld mak end of al yis lang debait
 3it fum of yame falbe handillit fa hait
 Part of our hors ar haldin fresch and wicht
 Set on yame fast quhil yat we ar in mycht
 With yat ye scottis fa hard amang yame drew
 Of ye out ward thre thousand yare yai flew.
 In craufurd mure mony ane man was flane
 Eduard gart cal ye bruce mekill of mane.
 Than said he yus gude erll of huntingtonne
 3e fe ye scottis puttis fele to confusione
 Wald 3e with men agane on yame releif.
 And mer yame anys I fal quhil I may leif
 Lufe 3ow fer mare yan ony vthir knycht
 And for al yis fal put 3ow to 3our richt
 Than said ye bruce schir lows me of my band
 And I fall turn I hecht 3ow be my hand
 The king full sone confiderit in his mynd
 Quhen he hard bruce anfuer him in fic kynd
 Fra inglifmen ye bruce hart fet is
 Than keft he yus how he fuld mend yat mys
 And fa he did in ingland at his will
 Na scottis man he leit with bruce bide still
 Bot quhare he past held him in fubiectinne
 Of inglifmen vndir ane grete bandonne
 He turnit nocht nor na mare langage maid
 [In rayit battell the King to Sulway raid.]
 [With mekill pane past vpon Ingland coift.]
 [Fyftie thousand in that trauell thay loift.]
 Quhen wallace saw he chapit was away
 Wpone command agane returnit yai
 To Edingburgh withoutin wourdis more
 Put in craufurd yat capitane was before
 Of heretage he had in manwell land
 Wallace commandit ilk man fuld hald in hand
 Thair avne office as yai before tyme had
 Put in gude peax scotland in richt he stad
 On ye tent day to fainct Iohnstoun he went
 Semblit lordis fyne schewit yame his intent
 Skrymgeour come yat yan had wonnyn dunde
 Wallace command yat tyme weil kept he
 He failzeit fa quhill ftrang hungir yame draif
 Sa febillit war ye hous to him yai gaif

[711]

[720]

[154 v]
[730]

[740]

[750]

Vndecima

Thai wageouris fone he put to confufioun
Syne brocht mortonne to mak ane conclufioun
Before wallace and fone fra he him faw
He gart hing him for all king edwardis aw
Mafonis myndouris with fkrymgeour furth he fend
Keft dovne dunde and yairof maid ane end [760]
Wallace fadly quhen yir dedis war done.
The lordis he callit and his will fchawit yame sone [155 r]
Gude men he faid I was 3our gouernour
My mynd was fet to do 3ow ay honour
And for to bring yis realme to richtuifnes
For it I paf in mony panefull plais.
To wyn our avne my felf I neuer fpaird
At the faw kirk yai ordanit me reward
Of yair reward 3e heir na mare throw me
To fic giftis god will full weill haue E [770]
NOW 3e ar frethrow ye makar of mycht
He grant 3ow grace for to defend 3our richt
Als I prefume gif harm be ordanit me
Thai ar fcottis men quhilk fuld ye wirkaris be
I haue ynewch of our auld inemyis strife
Me think our avne fuld nocht invy my lyfe
My office heir our planly I refing
I think na mare to tak on me fic thing
In france I wyll and wyn my leving yair
As now avifit and hame to cum na mair [780]
Lordis ganeftud bot al yat helpit nocht
[For ony thair, he did as him felf thocht.]
[Bifchop Sinklair, was vefyit with feiknes,]
[Into Dunkeld, and fyne throw Goddis grace :]
He recouerit quhen Wallace paf away
Eftir the bruce he levit mony ane day
Gude Wallace yus tuke leif in fanct Iohnstone
xviii. with him to dunde maid yame bovine
Longaveill paf yat douchty was in deid
The baronis son of brechin with him 3eid [790]
Twa brethir als with yair vncle yame dicht
Symon Wallace and richard yat vvas vvicht
Schir thomas gray yis preift can with him fare.
Eduard litill gude iop and maifter blare [155 v]
Gude keirlie paf had bene with vvalace lang
And done full weill in mony felloun thrang
This keirlie yat couth with Wallace fair
Will ker he hecht myne auctor makis declair.

[Keirlie in Iri]ch is, bot ker litill cald
 [In Carrik he h]ad heretage of ald
 [His foirbear,] quhilk wourthy was of hand
 [Sanct Dauid K]ing him brocht out of irland.
 [Syne at Dūm]ore quhair first ye norowais come in,
 [This gude Ke]r maid grete difcomfit of yair kyn
 [With feuin hun]dreth he vincuft ix. thousand
 [Sum drownit i]n doune [sum flane vpon ye land.]
 [Thay landis h]ale ye gude king gaif him till
 [How Wallace] past now forthir speke we will

How wallace met with Iohne of lyn
 vpone ye Sey. Cap. ii.

A [Mang] marchandis yus wallace tuke ye fee
 [Pray] we to god yat he yair helpar be
 Thai [faillit fur]th by part of ingland schoir
 To h[umber m]outh quhen yat yai come before
 Out o[f the Sout]h ane grete rede faill yai fe
 In to [the Top, thr]e leopardis fstanding hie.
 The [Merchan]dis yan yat signe quhen yat yai faw
 Cum[and fa] neir yai war difcomfort aw
 For w[eill thay] wift yat it was Iohne of lyn
 Scott[is to flay] he said it was na fyn
 Thir [frayit f]olk yai 3eid to confessionne
 Tha[n Wallac]e said sic ane deuotionne
 3it fa[w I neue]r in na place quhare I past
 For yi[s a sch]ip me think 3ow all agaft
 3one [wod Catt]is fall do ws litill deir
 We fa[w yam]e fail twys maa quhen yai weir
 On a[ne fair fe]ild fa fall yai on ye fee
 Desp[ite it is,] to fe yame stand fa hie
 The [Steirfma]n said fchir wil 3e vndirftand
 He fa[ifis nane] yat is borne of scotland
 We m[ay noch]t fle fra 3one barge wait I vveill
 Weill [stuffed y]ai ar with gwn and gan3e of fteill
 Wpo[n the fey] 3one revar lang has bene
 To r[ichtigeous] men he dois full mekill tene
 Mich[t we be] falsit we rek nocht of our gude
 This [vfe he] has in schort for to conclude
 Ane f[lude he b]eris vpone his coit of armour
 Ay d[rownand] folk fa payntit is his figour
 Sup[pois we] murn 3e fuld haif na mervale
 Tha[n Walla]ce said heir is men of mare vale
 To [faill the Sc]hip yairfore in how yow ga
 And [thy feiris, n]a mare cumyr yow ma

[800]

[156 r]
 [810]

[820]

vndecima

Wallace and his yan fone to harnes 3eid
Quhen yai war graithit into yare wourthy weid
Him felf and blare and ye knycht longaveill.
Thir thre has tane to keip ye mydfchip weill [830]
Befoir was aucht and fex be eft he kend
[Syne twa] he chefit ye top for to defend
[And Gray he maid yair Steirisma]n for tobe
[The merchandis than faw thame fa manfullie :]
[Defend thame felf, becaus thay had na weid,]
Out of ye how yai tuke fkyannis gude speid
Ay betuix twa stufsit woll as yai nicht beft
Agane ye ftraik yat yai nicht fumpart left
Than wallace leuch and commendit yame aw
Of hic harnes before he neuer faw [840]
Be yat ye barge come on yame woundir faft
Sevin fcore hir in yat was na thing agaft. [156 v]
Quhen Iohne of lyn faw yame in armour bricht
He lewch and faid yir haltane wourdis on hicht,
3one glaikit fcottis can ws nocht vndirftand
Fulis yai ar is new cūmyn of ye land
He cryit ftrike bot nane anfuer yai maid
Blair with ane bow fchot faft withoutin baid
Or yai clippit he fchot bot arowis thre.
And at ilk fchot he gart ane revar dee [850]
The brigantis yan yai bikkerit woundir faft
Amang ye fcottis with fchot and gūmys caft
And yai agane with fperis hedit weill
Fele woundis maid throw platis of fyne fteill
Athir vthir feftnit with clippis kene
Ane cruell countir yair was at fchipburd fene
The derffschot draif als thik as haill fchour
Contentit yair with neir ye fpace of ane hour
Quhen fchot was gane ye fcottis grete comfort h[ad]
At hand ftrakis yai war ficker and fad [860]
The marchiandis als with fic thing as yai mycht
Previt full weill in defence of yair richt
Wallace and his at neir ftrakis quhen yai fe
With fcharp fwerdis yai gart fele brigantis dee
Than in ye top fa wichtly wrocht with hand
In the fouth top yair nicht na revar ftand
All ye mydfchip of revaris was maid waift
That to gif our in poynt yai war almaift
Than Iohne of lyn was richt gretly agaft
He faw his folk about him fail3e faft [870]

With egir will he wald haue bene away
 Bad wynd ye faill in all ye haift yai may
 Bot fra ye scottis yan nicht yai nocht efkey
 The schippis fa fair on athir fide yai wry
 Thai saw na thing yat nicht be to yame eis
 Craufurd on loft yair faill brynt in ane bleis
 Or Iohne of lyn fchupe for to leif yat ftede
 Of his beft men fexty war brocht to dede
 Thair fchip by ouris ane burde was mare of hicht
 Wallace lap in amang yai reveris wicht
 Ane man he ftraik our fchip burd in ye fee
 On the our loft he flew fone vthir thre
 Longaveill enterit and als ye maifter blair
 Thai gaif na grace to freik yat yai fand yair
 Wallace him felf with Iohne of lyn was met
 At his collair ane felloun ftraik he fet
 Baith helm and hede fra ye fchulderis he draif
 Blair our ye burd in ye fey keft the laif
 Of his body yan all ye remanand
 Enterit and flew ye brigantis yat yai fand
 The fchip yai tuke grete gold and vther gere
 That yai revaris had gaderit lang in were
 Bot maifter blair fpak na thing of him fell
 In deid of armys quhat eventure yat befell
 Schir thomas gray was yan preift to wallace
 Put in ye buke how yame hapnit yis cace
 That blair was in and mony wourthy deid
 Of quhilk him felf had na plefance to reid
 Wallace gart reull ye fchip with his avne men
 And faillit furth ye richt cours for to ken
 In ye fluce havyne quhill yai enterit be
 The marchaindis weill he helpit in faufte
 Of gold and gere he tuke part yat yai fand
 Gaif yame ye fchip fyne paßit to the land
 Throw flandris raid vpone ane gudly wife
 Enterit in france and focht to parife
 The glad tithingis yat to ye king was brocht
 Of wallace come it comfortit al yair thoct
 Thai trowit be him to get reddres of wrang
 The futhroun had in gyane wrocht fa lang
 The peris of france war ftill at yair parliament

[157 r]

[876]

[880]

[885]

[890]

[895]

[900]

[905]

[157 v]

[910]

Schemon yai tuke yat wallace firft had wonnyn.

And flew all men of futhroun yair was fundin

[960]

In to yat toвне wallace his duelling maid

All yair about he wan ye cuntre braid

The wourthy duke of orlyance was lord.

Semblit his folk in to ane gude accord

Xii. thoufand yan he had in armour bricht

And thocht to help gude wallace in his richt

Leif I yame yus ye duke and wallace baith

And fpeke sum part how fctotland tuke grete fkaith

How Edward king of ingland come in fctotland

and maid hale conquest yairof.

Cap. iii.

THE fals invy ye wickit tresoun

[158 v]

Amang yame felf brocht feil to confufioun

[970]

The knycht wallange in fctotland maid repare

The fals menteth fchir Iohne withoutin mare

Betuix yai twa was maid ane priuat band.

Sa on ane day yai met in to annand

Of ye leuenax fchir Iohne [had greit desyre

Schir Aymeir hecht he fuld it haue in hyre.

To hald in fee, and vther landis mo,

Of king Edward fa he] wald pas in to

Thus accordit yai and fyne to londone went

Eduard was glaid to hald yat poyntment

[980]

Menteth was anone bundin to yat fals king

To furthir him to fctotland in al thing

Syne paffit hame and wallange with him fure

Quhill he was brocht agane our carlile mure

King Edward yan in ire and fers outrage

Be xxx. dais he rafit his barnage

In fctotland pafit and yare na ftopping fand

Na chiftane was yat durft agane him stand

For menteth tald yai thocht to mak bruce king

All trew fctottis wald be plefit of yat thing

[990]

zit mony fled and durft nocht bide Eduart

Sum in to ros and in ye ilis pafit part

Bifchop finclar agane fled in to bute

With yat fals king he had na will to mute

Thus without ftraik ye caftellis of fctotland

King edwart has tane in to his avne hand

Deuidit syne to men yat he wald like

Strenthis and toвне to ros throu ye kinrik

Baith hicht and vale obeit haill to his will

That he commandit yai purpois to fulfill

[1000]

Vndecima

The bischoppis all inclinit to his crowne
Baith temporale & all ye religionne [159 r]
The romane bukis yat yan war in scotland
He gart yame bere to fcone quhare yai yame fand
And but redeme yai brynt yame all ilkane
Salifbery vfe our clerkis yan has tane
The lordis he tuke yat wald nocht of him hald
In ingland fend ye nobill blude of ald
Schir William lang douglace to lundone he fend
In ftrang presone quhair throw he maid ane end [1010]
Erll thomas als yat lord was of murray
And lord frefar with him he fend away
Als hew ye hay and vthir airis ma
He gart wallange with yame in ingland ga
Na man was left al yis mane land within
Fra eduardis peax was knawin of ony kyn
Seytonne lawder duelt ftill in ye bas
[With thame lundy] and men yat wourthy was
[The Erll Malcolme and Campbell pafst but let]
[In Bute fuccour with Sinklair for to get.]
[Schir Iohn Ramsay and Rothuen yai fled north] [1020]
To yair [coufing yat lord was of Fillorth]
He pafst with yame throu murray landis richt
Sa fand yai yare ane gentill wourthy knyght
That clement hecht full cruell ay had bene
And fendit weill amang yare inemys kene
He thoct neuer at eduardis wil to be
In to his tyme he gart fele futhroun de.
He led yir lordis in ros withoutin mare
At ye ftok furde ane ftark ftrenth biggit ya[r]e [1030]
Kepit yat lang richt wourthily be were
To yair inemyis yai did full mekill dere
Adam wallace and lindefay of Cragy
Away yai fled on nyght be ye fey
And Robert boyd quhilk was baith wife and wicht [159 v]
Arrane yai tuke to fend yame at yare mycht
Corpatrik in to dunbar duelt still
Fewte full fone he maid king eduard till
Abirnethy lord fowllis and cumyng als
And Iohne of Lorne yat lang had bene full fals [1040]
The lord of breichin and mony vthir baith
At Edwardis peax for giftis yat he yame maid
Lufting of peax for xx. days fet he
Of inglifmen in lorne yat men nicht se.

For goddis faik redeme ws anys to grace
 And tak ye crowne to ws it war kyndare
 To brouk for ay or fals eduard it bare
 The writ he gat bot ȝit fuffer he wald
 For grete falfet yat part him did of ald
 Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd
 Of yare myffair for trew he was and kynd, [1060]
 He thocht to tak amendis of yare wrang
 He anfuerit nocht bot in were furth rang
 Of king eduard ȝit mare furth will I mele
 In to quhat wife yat he couth scotland dele
 In sanct Iohnstonne ye erll of ȝork he maid
 Capitane tobe of all yai landis braid
 Fra tay to dee and vndir him butellar [160 r]
 His grantschir had at kinclevin endit yar
 His fader als wallace had baith [ya]me slane.
 Eduard yairfor maid him ane man of mane. [1070]
 The lord bewmōt in the ye north he fend
 Thai lordschippis hale he gaif yame in commend
 To ftriueling fyne fra sanct Iohnstoun he went
 Thair to fulfill ye laif of his intent
 The lord cliffurd he had yan d[o]uglafdaill
 Rewllar to be of ye fouth marche haill
 All galloway yan he gaif cumyng in hand
 Wist nane bot god how lang yat ftait fuld ftand
 The gentill lord gude bischop of lambertonne
 Of sanct androis had douglace of renonne [1080]
 Before yat tyme ȝong iames wicht and wife
 To him was cūmyn fra sculi[s] of parife
 Ane priuat fauour ye bischop to him bare
 Bot inglismen was ȝa grete maisteris yare
 He durst nocht weill in place schew him kyndne[s,]
 Quhil on ane day he tuke fum hardines
 Douglace he callit and couth to ftrineling fair
 Quhare king Eduard was deland landis yair

[Olyphant yan, y]at h[e in St]rineling fand
 [Quhen he him h]ad he wald nocht keip his band [160 v]
 [The quhilk he] maid or he strineling him gaif [1101]
 [Diffaitfully thi]s couth him diffai
 [Into Ingland, fe]nd him to presoun strang
 [In greit distres] he leuit yare full lang
 [Quhen Edward] king had delt all yis regione
 [His leif he tuik i]n ingland maid him bovine
 [Out of Striulin]g fouth wart as [y]ai can ride
 [Cumyng hapni]t neir hand ye bruce to bide
 [Thus said he Sc]hir and 3e can keip counsale
 [I can 3ow leir, q]uhilk may be 3our avale [1110]
 [The Bruce anfw]erit quhat euer 3e schew to me
 [As for my part, f]all weill concelit be
 [Lord Cumyng fa]id schir 3e kna[w] nocht yis thing
 [Of all this Realm]e 3e fuld be richtuis king
 [Than said the Br]uce suppois I richtuis be
 [I fe na tyme to t]ak sic thing on me
 [I am haldin in]to my enemyis hand
 [Under greit ait]h quhen I com in scotland
 [Nocht part fra] him for proffiet na request
 [Nor for na ftrent]h bot gif dede me arrest [1120]
 [He hecht agane] to gif yis land to me
 [Now fynd I w]eill it is bot subtelite
 [For thus thow fe]is he delis myne heretage
 [To Sutheroun p]art and sum to traitouris wage
 [Than Cumyn]g said will 3e heir to concord
 [Of my landis, a]nd 3e like to be lo[rd]
 [Ze fall thame haue] for 3our richt of ye crowne
 [Or and 3e lyke, Sch]ir for my warifone
 [I fall 3ow help,] with pouer at my mycht
 [The Bruce anfw]erit I will nocht sell my richt [1130]
 [Bot on this wyfe] quhat lordschip yaw will craif
 [For thy supplie, I he]cht yow fal it haif

[161 r]

Cum fra 30[ne King] fchir with fum ieopardie
 Now Edua[rd hes al]l galloway gevin to me
 My nevoy [Soullis, th]at kepis beruic to vne
 At 3our co[mmand h]is power falbe bovine
 My nev[oy als, ane] man of mekill mycht
 The lor[d of Lorne h]as grete rovme in ye hicht
 My thrid n[euoy, an]e knycht of grete renonne
 Will rise w[ith vs,] of Brechin ye baronne
 Than faid [the Bruc]e fell yair fa fair ane chance
 That we [micht g]et agane Wallace of france
 Be wit an[d force h]e couth yis kinrik wyn
 Allace we [haue ben]e our lang haldin in twyn
 To yat la[ngage C]umyng maid na record
 Of auld d[eidis int]o his mynd remord
 The bruc[e and he] completit furth yare band
 Syne yat [fame] nycht felit it with yare hand
 This ra[gment l]eft ye bruce with cumyng yare
 With ki[ng Edw]ard hame in ingland couth fare
 And yair [remani]t quhill yis ragment was knawin
 Thre 3ei[r or ma]re or bruce profferit to his awin
 Sum m[en demi]s Cumyng ye ragment fend
 Sum m[en thairfo]re agane makis defend
 Nane m[ay fay w]eill yat cumyng was faikles
 Becaus [his wyf]e was eduardis cousignes
 He ferui[t deid be] richt law of his king
 Sa rekl[esly myf]kepit sic ane thing
 Had br[uce paf]t by but baid to sanct Iohnstonne
 Be hail[l assent, a]nd ressaut his crowne
 On cu[myng fyn]e he micht haue done ye law
 He cou[th nocht] thole fra tyme yat he him saw.
 Thus [Scotland] left in herd perplexite
 Of wa[llace ma]ir in fumpart speke will we

[1140]

[1150]

[1160]

Explicit vndecima pars et
 Incipit Duodecima pars

In ye xii. part of yis buke it is declarit how walla[ce]
 conquest ye land of gyane And how he was maid [161 v]
 Lord yairof Ca i.

[Five lines missing]

Duodecima

Of scotlandis lois it did his hart grete dere
Of trew scottis in mynd he had piete.
He thocht to help his tyme quhen he nicht fe
Of fet battalis five he had discumfit hale
But ieopardie and mony ftrang affaill [10]
Syne yai forfuke and durft him nocht abide
The futhroun fled frathin on athir fide
To burdeous in to grete multiplie,
The tovne yai ftuf with wictalis be ye see
All gyane land wallace tuke to his peis
To burdeous he pafte or he wald ceis
On out biggingis full grete maiftry he maid
Still twenty dais at ftrang affailzeing yai bai[d]
Forteres and werk yat was without ye tovn
Thai brak and brynt and put to confufionne [20]
Heggis and alais be laubour yat was yare
Fulzeit and fpilt yai wald na frutis fpare
the inglifmen maid grete defence agane
With fchot and caft for yai war mekill of man[e]
Of gūnys yai war and ganzeis ftuffit weill
All artailzery and wapins of fyne fteill
With men and mete within was bufkit bene
The grete capitane was wife cruell and kene
Of gloffifter ye huge lord and here
The erll had bene ay vfit in to were [162 r]
Kepit his men be wit and hardement [31]
Without ye tovne yare durft nane fra him wen[t]
The land without was neir waiftit away
Weirmen fa lang in to ye cuntre lay
In wallace oift fa fcant was of vittale
Thai nicht nocht bide na langar to afale
Than yis wile lord ye duke of orliance
To wallace faid fchir ze fuld ken yis chance
It ftandis our weill with yis fals futhroun blu[de]
For na wife we can nocht ftop yare fude [40]
The havyne yai haif and fchippis at yair will
Of ingland cūmis vittale yneuch yame till
The land is pouer of vittale yat fuld ws beild,
And ze fe weill als yai forfaik ye feild
Thai will nocht fecht yocht [ze all zeir fuld byde,]

[Four lines missing]

[Direnz]e battale fa cruell for to fe
 [And ch]argis 3ow to fecht with yis lyonne
 [Wallace] ansuerit in haifty conclusionne
 [And I sal]l do quhat be the kingis will
 [At my p]ower richt glaidly to fulfill
 [Than] paffit he on to ye king but mare.
 [Ane Lo]rd of court quhen he approachit yare [230]
 [Un]wisly sferit withoutin prouisionne
 [Wal]lace dar 3e ga fecht on our lyonne
 [And he] said fa the king suffer me
 [Or with 3]our self gif 3e ocht better be
 [Quhat] will 3e mare yis thing admittit was
 [That w]allace fuld in to ye lyonne pas
 [The Ki]ng chargit to bring him gude harnes
 And he [fa]id na god scheld me fra sic cais
 I wald with it fuld I fecht with ane man
 [Bot for ane Dog, that nocht of armis can. [240]
 I will haue nane, bot finglil as I ga,
 Ane greit mantill about his hand can ta.]
 And ane gude fwerd with him he tuke na mare
 Abandonunly in barreris enterit yare
 Grete chen3eis was wrocht in ye 3et with ane gyn,
 And pullit to quhen wallace was yairin
 The wod lyonne on wallace quhare he stude
 Rampand he brayit for he defirit blude
 With his round pollis in ye mantill rocht fa
 Awkwart ye bak Wallace can him ta. [250]
 With his gude fwerd yat was of burnift steill
 His body in twa it cuttit euer ilk deill [165 v]
 Syne to ye king he raikit in grete ire
 And said on lowd was yis al 3our desire
 To wair ane scot yus lichtly in to vane,
 Is yair ma doggis yat 3e 3it wald haue flane
 Ga bring yame furth fen I mon doggis quell
 To do bidding quhill yat I with 3ow duell
 It ganyis full weill to graith me in scotland
 For gretar deid yare men has tane on hand [260]
 Than with ane dog in battell to encheif
 At 3ow and france for euer I tak my leif
 The king persauit wallace grevit was
 Sa erniiftfully askit leif to pas
 Rewit in his mynd yat it was hapnit fa
 Sa lewit ane deid to lat him vndirta
 Knawand ye wourfchip and ye grete nobilnes

Duodecima

Of him quhilk sprang yat tyme in mony place
Hamely he faid 3e fuld displeis 3ow nocht
This 3e defirit it movit neuer in my thocht [270]
And bethe faith I aw the crowne of frāce
I thocht neuer to charge 3ow to sic ane chance
Bot men of vaill yat askit it for 3ow,
Wallace anfuerit to god I mak ane vow
I likit neuer sic battale to be in
Wpone ane dog na wor[sc]hip is to wyn
The king confaut how yis falsset was wrocht
The squyaris baith was to his presence brocht
Culd nocht deny quhen yai come him before
All yare trespas yai tald withoutin more [280]
The king commandit yai fuld be done to ded
Smaith of yair hedis without ony remede
[The Campiounis, lo] for invy causles
[To suddād deith Wallace yame brocht throw cais
The Squyaris als, fra yair falsnes was kend.] [166 r]
Invy yaim brocht [baith to ane suddand end.]
Lordis behald invy the evill dragonne,
[In cr]uell fire he birnis yis regionne
For he is nocht yat haboundis in invy
To sum myscheif it bringis yaim haiftely [290]
Forfaik invy yow fall ye better speid
Heirot as now I will na forthir reid
Bot in my mater yat before began
I fall contene als planly as I can
QWhen Wallace saw yai had him at invy
Langar to bide he couth nocht yan apply
Better him thocht in scotland for to be
And anter to tak owthir to leif or dee.
To help his avne he had mare plesance
Than yare to bjde with all ye welth in france [300]
Than his hale mynd manhede and curage
Was planly fet to wyn out of bondage
Scotland fra pane and mekill fchore
He vowit he fuld or ellis dee yairfore
The king has fene how gude wallace is fet
The letter yan him gaif withoutin let
The quhilk of lait fra scotland was him fend
Wallace it saw and weill yare harmys kend
Be ye firft writ yairto accordiale
Thame to supple he thocht he wald nocht fail [310]
Quhairot fuld I heir of lang proces mak

[Wallace of Fran]ce ane gudly leif can tak
 [The King hes se]ne, it wald nocht ellis be
 [To Chalmer we]nt, he nicht nocht on him fe
 [For greit langou]r, quhen wallace can remufe
 [The King to him] kepit kyndnes and lufe
 [Iowellis and gold, his worfchip for to faif,
 [He bad thame gif] alsmekill as he wald haif
 [Lordis and Ladyi]s wepit woundir faft
 Quhen [Wallace] yare fa tuke his leif and past
 Na ma[n he tuik] bot quhilk he yiddir brocht.
 Agane [with him] gude longaveill furth focht
 For pan[e or blis,] yat gude knycht left him neuer
 For cafe [befell, q]uhill dede maid yame diffeuer
 Towa[rt the Slu]ce in gudlie fere past he
 Ane we[fcHELL g]at and maid him to ye fee
 [A]uch[t Schipmen] feyt and gudly wage yame gaif
 T[o Scotland fur]e ye firth of tay yai haif

[166 v]

[320]

How Wallace come in scotland agane at ye bat-
 tell of Elchok park. Cap. iiii.

[U]Pon th[e nycht Wallace ye land has tane
 At Ern]ys mowth and is to elchok gane,
 He gar[t the Schi]p in covert faill away
 Sa ou[t of ficht] yai war or it was day
 At elc[hok dwe]lt ane Wallace confing deir
 That [Craufur]d hecht ye hous quhen yai come neir
 On th[e bak fyde] wallace ane wyndo fand
 And i[n he calli]t fyne craufurd come at hand
 Fra ty[me he] wist yat it was gude wallace
 In to [his Barn] he ordanit yame ane place
 Ane m[ow of] corne he biggit yame about
 And c[lofit w]eill nane nicht perfaif yairout
 [B]ot a[t ane pl]ace quhare mete was to yame brocht
 And [bedding] to als gudly as he mocht
 Ane [dern hoil]l furth on ye north fide yai had
 Wnt[o the wa]tter quhairof wallace was glaid
 Four [dayis or] five in rest yai foiorne yare
 Quh[ill mete] was gane yan craufurd bovnit for mare
 To [Sāct Ioh]nstonne yair purviance to by
 Inglifmen th[ocht he tuke mare aboundandly
 Th[an he w]as wont in ony tyme before
 Th[ay haue h]im tane put him in pefone fore
 Qu[hat gaifti]s he had to tell yai maid request
 He f[aid it w]as bot to ane kirking fest
 3it y[ai prefu]mit ye cuming of Wallace

[330]

[340]

[167 r]

[350]

Duodecima

Knaulege to get yai fet ane subtile cace
 Thay leit him pas with thing yat he had bocht
 Syne eftir fone in al ye haift yai moch[t]
 To harnes 3eid ye power of ye tovene
 [Aucht hūdreth men] with butellar maid yame [boun]
 [Followit on dreich, quhill yat yis man come hame]
 Wallace him faw and faid he feruit blame [360]
 In my fleeping ane fell vifionne me tald
 Till inglifmen yat yow fuld me haif fald
 Craufurd him faid he had bene turment fair
 With inglifmen yat had him at difpare
 Thairfore rife vp and fone fum succour fe
 I dreid full fair yair fet wachis on me
 The wourthy fcottis yai graith yame in gud [weid]
 Thair wapnis tuke fen of yat hous yai 3eid
 Thus fuddandly yir fele futhroun yai faw
 To few yai war to fecht agane yame aw. [370]
 That keynly come with 3ong butlar ye knyc[ht.]
 Than Wallace faid ane plane land is nocht ric[ht.]
 Bot Elchok park yat is neir heir beside,
 The firft fail3e we think yare to abide
 Nyntene yai war and craufurd with gude will
 The twenty man the nowmer to fulfill
 The park yai tuke wallace ane place has fene
 Of grete holing yat grew baith heich and gren[e.]
 With thwortour treis ane maner of ftrength m[aid he] [167 v]
 Or yat war wonnyn yai trovit to gar fele dee [380]
 The wod was thik bot litill of breid and lenth
 Had yai had met yai thocht to hald yat ftrength
 The inglifmen pafte to craufurdis place
 Fand in ye bern ye lugeing of Wallace
 Than craufurdis wife in hand yai haue tane
 And afkit hir quhat way ye fcottis is gane
 Richt weill yai trowit yat wallace fuld yair be
 Of france in tay he was cūin throw ye fe
 Scho wald nocht tell for boift nor 3it reward
 Than butellar faid our lang yow has bene fpar[d] [390]
 Thair with he grew in matelent and ire
 And gart yame big ane braid brym fire
 The futhroun swore yairin fcho fuld brynt be
 Than wallace faid fcho fal nocht end for me
 Grete fyn it war 3one faikles wicht to fla
 Or fcho fuld end in faith yare fuld de ma
 He left ye ftrength [an]d ye plane feild can ta

On lowd he cryit and said lo here yi faa
 Thinkis yow na schame to turment ane wife.
 Cum first to me and mak end of our strif
 Fra butellar had vpone gude wallace fene
 For auld malice he wox neir wod for tene
 Wpone ye scottis yai schupe all with grete mane
 Wallace fone ye strenth he tuke agane
 Ane fell bikker the inglifmen began
 Affailzeit fare with mony ane cruell man
 Bot yai within war nobill of defence
 Maid grete debait with force and violence
 At the entre xv. yai brocht to dede.
 Than all ye laif remouit fra that stede
 3eid to array agane to failze new
 Wallace beheld quhilk weill in were him knew
 Fallowis he said agane all at yis place
 Thai will nocht failf bot yus standis ye cace
 3one knyght thinkis for to deuide his men
 In feir placis the futh 3e fall weill ken
 Agane on vvs to preif how it may be
 Ws wourthis now sum vthir way to fe
 Contrar yare mycht ane gude defence to mak
 Now longaveill you fall vi. with ye tak
 Williame myne eme alimony fall with 3ow ga
 And five with me as now we haif na ma
 Knyght butellar yan partit his men in thre
 Wallace vefyt quhare butellar schupe to be
 yiddir he he past yat entre for to were
 [Quhilk fide yai did affailze] with grete fere
 [Wallace leit part on the entrie begin]
 [Bot nane 3eid out that on the Scottis come in.]
 [Seuin formest was that in ye frount first 3eid.]
 Wallace v. men yat douchty was in deid
 Ilkane flew ane and wallace gart twa dee
 Butellar was neift and said yis will nocht be
 On bak he drew and leit his curage flaik
 The wourthy scottis preuit weill for scotlandis faik
 Gude longaveill his counter maid fa fare.
 And craufurd als yai failzeit yame na mare
 Richt neir be yan approchit to ye nycht
 And sternis to peir began in to yare ficht
 Suthroun set wachis and to yair suppar went
 The butellar was fair grevit in his entent
 3it fure yai weill of stuf ale and brede

[410]

[168 r]

[420]

[430]

[440]

riiij

Duodecima

No. 16. v.
Bk. xi. 442-485
fol. 168 r-169 r.

Wallace and his yai wift of na remede
 Bot cald watter yat ran out throw ane strand
 In yat lugeing nane vthir fude yai fand
 Than wallace faid gude fallowis think nocht lang [168 v]
 Will god we fal be fone out of yis thrang
 Suppose we fast ane day owr or ane nycht
 Tak al in thank yis pane for scotlandis richt
 The erll of 3ork was in sanct Iohnstoun still
 To butellar fend and bad him bide at will [450]
 To him full fone yare fuld cum new powere
 And als him felf yus told ye messingere.
 Buttellar wald fane wallace had 3oldin bene
 Or ye erll come and for yis caus was sene
 His grantfchir and his fader baith he slew
 This knycht yair with towart ye park him drew
 Quhat cheir yai maid vpone ye scottis he cald
 Than wallace said fer better yan yow wald
 The butellar faid I wald fane speke with ye
 Wallace anfuerit yow may for litill fee [460]
 Wallace he faid yow has done me grete fkaith
 My fader and grantfchir yow flew baith.
 Than Wallace faid for stait yat yow art in
 It war my det for to vndo yi kyn
 And I think als as god of hevyne me faif
 That my twa handis fal graith ye to yi graif
 The butellar faid yat is nocht likly now.
 Bot we the haif we sall gar fidis fow
 Of yis I afk and yow wald mak me grant
 Quhat I ye hecht yat thing yow fal nocht want [470]
 [Say furth (quod he) be thy defyre reffonabill,]
 [I fall it grant, withouttin ony fabill.]
 [The butellar said, Wallace yow knawis richt]
 Thow may nocht chaip be power na be flicht
 And fen yow feis it may na better be
 For yi gentrice yow wald ye 3eild to me
 Than Wallace said yi will unfkilfull is
 yow vvald I did quhilk is our hie ane mys [169 r]
 3oldin I am to better I can prufe
 To quhom he afkit to ye grete god abuse [480]
 For euer ilk day fen I had wit of man
 Before my werk to 3eld me I began
 And als at evyn quhen yat I failzeit licht.
 I me betuke to ye makar of mycht
 The butellar faid me think yow has done weill.

3i[t] ane thing I pray the lat me feill
 For yi manhede yis furthwart to me feft
 Quhen yat yow feis yow may na langar left
 On yis ilk place quhilk I haue tane to were
 That yow cum furth and all vthir forbere [490]
 Than Wallace lewch at his cruell desire,
 And faid I fall yocht yow war wod as fire
 And all ingland ye contrar yairof had fworne
 I fall cum out at yat ilk place to morne
 Or ellis to nycht traift weill yat I ye fay
 I bide nocht heir quhill ix. houris of ye day
 Butellar fend furth ye chak wach on ilk fide,
 In yat ilk place baldly he bownit to bide
 Thus ftill yai baid quhill day began to pere
 Ane thik myft fell ye planete was nocht clere [500]
 Wallace affayit all yat place about,
 Leit as he wald at ony place brek out
 Quhill butellaris men fra him couth ga
 To help ye laif, quhen yai faw it was fa
 Wallace and his fast fped yame to yat ftede
 Quhare butellar baid fele men yai draif to dede
 The wourthy fcottis fone paffit throu yat melle
 Craufurd yair with was fare hurt in ye kne.
 At erd he was gude Wallace turnit agane
 And at ane ftraik he has ye butellar flane [510]
 Hynt vp yat man vndir his arme fa strang [169 v]
 Defendand him out of yat felloun thrang
 Gude rovme he maid amang yame quhare he g[ais,]
 With his richt hand he flew five of yare fais
 Bure out craufurd be force of his perfonne
 Nyne aker breid or euer he fet him donne
 The futhroun fand yat yare capitane was de[id]
 Semblit him about bot yane was na remede
 Thretty with him of ye wichtest yai brocht
 Dede on yat place quhare at ye fcottis out foch[t] [520]
 Wallace and his be yan was of yare ficht
 Suthroun baid ftill for grete lois of yat knycht
 The myft was myrk yat wallace likit weill
 Him felf was gide and faid to longaveill
 At methven wod it is my desire tobe
 For yair is beftiale to het of grete plente
 [Be than thay war weill cūmin to the hicht,]
 [The myft flaikit, the Sone fchynit fair and bricht.]
 Sone war yai war ane litill fpace yame by

[Of four and threttie] in ane cumpany, [530]
 [Than Wallace] said be 3one frey[n]d or faa
 [We will thame] fe fen yat yai ar na maa
 [Quhen thay com]e neir ane nobill knycht it was
 [The quhilk to] name Hecht hew of dundas
 [And fchir Iohn] scot ane wife and wourthy knycht
 [Into Stratherne] ane man of mekill mycht
 [For thair he had] grete part of heretage
 [Dundas Sister h]e had in mariage
 [Paßand thay wa]r and mycht na langar left
 [To Inglifmen th]air fewte for to feft [540]
 [The Lord of Breich]in sic cunand had yame maid
 [Of King Edward] fuld hald yair landis braid
 [Bot fra thay faw,] yat It vvas wicht wallace
 [Held vp thair ha]ndis and thankit god of grace. [170 r]
 [Of his greit help] quhilk he had fend yame yare
 [To Methuen w]od with ane affent yai fare
 [Sone gat thame] mete of bestiale yat yai fand
 [Refit that day qu]hen nycht was cūin at ye hand,
 [To Birnane wod] but refiting ar yai gane
 [Quhair yai haue] fundin ye fquyare gude cochrane [550]
 [In outlaw vfe he] had lang levit yare
 [Of bestiall, quhill] he micht get na mare
 [Thay taryit nocht] bot in to Athole 3eid
 [Quhair meit w]as fkanth yare wallace had grete dreid
 [Paßit to Lorne] and richt litill fand yair
 [Of wyld and tam]e yat cuntre was maid bair,
 [Bot in ftrenthis] yare fude was levit nane
 [Thir worthy fc]ottis yan maid ane pietuus mane
 [Schir Iohne Scot f]aid he had far lever de [560]
 [Into gude name,] and leif his airis fre
 [Than for to byde] as bundin into fubiectinne
 [Quhen Wallace fa]w yir gude men of renonne
 [With hunger ftad] almaift mycht leif na mare
 [Wit 3e for thame h]e fychit vvoundir fare
 [Gude men he said] I am ye caus of yis
 [At 3our defyre I fa]ll amend yis mys
 [Or leif 3ow fre, fu]m chevifance for to ma
 [All him allane he b]ownit for to ga
 [Prayit thame by]de quhill he micht cum agane
 [Out ouir ane hill he] paßit in to plane [570]
 [O] Ut of thair ficht, into ane Forest fyde
 [He fet him down vnder ane Aik to byde.]
 [His Bow and Swor]d he lenyt to ane tre

Sais heiroy is cūmyn na thing bot gude
 To ye law land agane full faft yai focht
 Sperit at yis child gif he couth wis yame ocht
 Quhare yai mycht beft of purviance for to wyn
 Of nane he faid was yat cuntre within.
 Nor all about in als fer as I knaw
 Quhill yat 3e cum dovne to ye rannoch haw
 That lord has ftuf baith ale brede and gude ver[nage,]
 Of king Eduard he takis full mekill wage [670]
 Than wallace faid my felf fal be 3our gide
 I knaw yat ftede, about on athir fide
 [Throw the wyld land, he gydit thame full richt,]
 [To Rannoch hall he brocht thame yat same] nycht
 Ane wach was out [and] yat full fone yai ta [172 r]
 For he was fcottis yat man he vvald nocht fla
 Bot gart him tell ye maner of yat place
 Thus enterit yai vvithin ane litil fpace
 The 3et yai wan for castell was yare nane
 Bot mud wall wicht withoutin lyme or ftane [680]
 Wallace in haift ftraik vp ye chalmer dure
 Bot with his fute yat ftalwart was and fture
 Than yai within walknit fuddandly
 The lord gat vp and meircy can him cry
 Fra tym[e he] wift yat gude wallace was yare
 He thank[it] god fyne faid yir wourdis mare
 Trew [m]an I vvas and wonnyn aganis my w[ill,]
 With inglifmen fuppois I likit ill
 All [Scottis] we ar yat in yis hous ar now.
 At 3our command all baldly fall we bow [690]
 Of our nacionne gude wallace had piete
 Tuke aithis of yame and fyne mete afkit he
 Gude cheir yai maid quhil licht day on ye morne
 This trew man yan fone femblit him beforne
 Thre fonnys he had yat ftalwart war and bald
 And xx. men of kyn war in his houfhald
 Wallace was blith yai maid him fic fupple
 Said I thank god yat we yus multiplie
 All yat day our in gude liking yai reft.
 Wachis yai waill to keip yame yat couth beft [700]
 Wpone ye morne ye licht day quhen yai faw
 Than Wall[ace fai]d our pouer for to knaw
 We will tak feild and vp our banneir rais.
 In richt of scotland and contrar of our fais
 We will na mare now ws in c[oue]rt hide.

Duodecima

[Power to vs,] will fembill on ilk fide
 [Than hors thay get, the] beft yat was yare
 [Towart Dunke]ldin ye ganaft way yai fare [172 v]
 [The Bifchop tha]n gat to fanct Iohnftonne
 [The Scottis flew] yat was of yare nacionne [710]
 [Baith pure and] riche and feruandis yat yai fand,
 [Left nane on lyfe] yat borne was of ingland.
 [The place thay tu]ke and maid yame weill to fare
 [Of purueyance that] bifchop had b[roch]t yare
 [Jowellis thay gat] baith gold and filuer bricht
 [With gude cheir y]air v. days foiornt richt
 [On the fext day Wallace to counfall went,
 Gart call the beft] and fchew yame [his Intent.]
 [Na men we haue] to failze fanct Iohnftonne
 [Into the North, thai]rfore lat mak v[s] bovine [720]
 [In Ros ze know] gude men ane ftrenth has maid
 [Heir yai of vs, y]ai cum withoutin baid
 [Als into Bu]it is bifchop gude finclare
 [Fra he get wit h]e cūmys withoutin mare
 [Gude weftland] men of arrane and rauchlie
 [Fra thay be warn]it yai will al cum to me
 [Thus purpois] tuke and in ye north yai ride
 [Na Inglifman d]urft in yair gait abide.
 [Quhome Wallac]e tuke yai knew ye ald ranfonne
 [Fra he come ha]me to fle yai mak yame bovine [730]
 [And Scottifme]n femblit to wallace faft
 [In awfull feir] out throw ye land yai paft
 [Strenthis was] left wit ze all defolate
 [Agane thir folk] nane durft mak de[bai]t
 [In rayit battel]l yai r[ai]d to Abirdene
 [In haill numb]er vii. thoufand yan was fene.
 [Bot Inglifmen] had left ye tovne all waift
 [On euerilk fyde aw]ay yai can yame haift
 [In all that land] left nowyir mare na les
 [Lord Bewmon]t tuke ye fey at buchane nes [740]
 [Throw Scotl]and yan was manifft in plane [173 r]
 [The Lordis tha]t fled [i]n hart was wondir fane
 [The Knicht] clement of ros come fuddandly
 [In Murray la]nd with yare gude cheualry
 [The hous of] narne yat gude knycht weill has tane
 [Slew the Capi]tane and gude men mony ane
 [Out of Murr]ay and buchane land come yai
 [To feik Bew]mon[t] bot he was paft away
 [Than thir gu]de men to wallace paffit richt

THE misprints occurring in the original have been retained in the reprint. The following is a list of these, with the correct reading added :—

vi. 126	hus] has	x. 857	derffchot] derf fchot
185	ftreuth] ftrenth	978	in] him
345	fell] feil	1041	baith] baid
360	he he] he	1071	in the] in to
414	aufner] anfuer	1087	} ftrineling] ftriueling
536	Auander-] Anander-	1099	
588	he] ye	1101	
viii. 939	wemen] wermen	1131	yaw] yow
945	Mydiane] Mydlame	xi. 241	singlil] singill
956	bidd] bide	271	bethe] be the
1014	garrartis] garrattis	333	confing] coufing
x. 771	frethrow] fre throw	414	faill] fail
840	hic] sic	425	he he] he
852	gūmys] gūnys	526	het] get

Words ending in -onne are so printed, even when the rhyme-word has -ovne or ovne.

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