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ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES

FROM THE

AUCHINLECK MANUSCRIPT.



THE ROMANCES

OF

ROULAND AND VERNAGU,

AND

OTUEL.

FROM THE AUCHINLECK MANUSCRIPT.

PRINTED AT EDINBURGH:

M.DCCC.XXXVI.







PRESENTED  
TO THE MEMBERS OF  
THE ABBOTSFORD CLUB

BY

ALEXANDER NICHOLSON.



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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN the ancient volume, written on vellum, commonly known as the Auchinleck MS. are preserved two Ancient English Romances relative to Charlemagne and his Peers. Of these poems, Mr. Ellis\* has given a spirited and elegant analysis, but as neither of the romances has appeared in an entire shape, and as the transcripts used by Mr. Ellis were full of mistakes, it was thought that a correct and entire edition of these literary curiosities might not inappropriately be offered as a contribution to the Members of the Abbotsford Club.

Unfortunately, both Romances are somewhat mutilated. The first, which is termed both by Ellis and Sir Walter Scott, "Roland and *Ferragus*," is defective, in a few lines at the beginning, which have been torn out, probably for the sake of the illumination prefixed, the title, consequently, given by them is arbitrary, and not warranted by the text, throughout which, the gigantic antagonist of the gallant Orlando or Rouland, is invariably styled *Vernagu*. On this account, the name affixed by these eminent Antiquaries

\* Specimens of Early English Romances, vol. 2, p. 233. London, 1805. Crown, 8vo.

has been rejected, and Rouland and Vernagu substituted in its place. The illumination has been also removed from the second poem, but the title "Otuel, a Knight," still remains. This Romance, besides being otherwise slightly defective, wants the end.

Rouland and Vernagu, of which no other copy is known to exist than that occurring in the Auchinleck MS. is taken from Turpin's, or, as Ritson styles him, Tilpin's, fabulous History of Charlemagne; and the translator has followed his original with great minuteness. "This chronicle," observes Mr. Dunlop,\* "is feigned to be addressed from Viennes, in Dauphiny, to Leoprandus, dean of Aquisgranensis (Aix la Chapelle), but was not written, in fact, till the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. The real author seems not to be clearly ascertained, but is supposed by some to have been a Canon of Barcelona, who attributed his work to Turpin.

"This production, it is well known, turns on the expedition of Charlemagne to the peninsula. Some French writers have denied that Charlemagne ever was in Spain, but the authority of Eginhart is sufficient to establish the fact. It seems certain, that about the year 777, the assistance of Charlemagne was invoked by one of those numerous sovereigns, among whom the Spanish provinces were at that time divided: that, on pretence of defending his ally from the aggressions of his neighbours, he extended his conquests over a great part of Navarre and Arragon; and, finally, that on his return to France he experienced a partial defeat from the treacherous attack of an unexpected enemy. These simple events have given rise to the famous battle of Roncesvalles, and the other extravagant fictions recorded in the chronicle of Turpin."

\* History of Fiction, vol. i. p. 312. Lond. 1814. Crown 8vo.

Although the romance of Rouland and Vernagu cannot be cited as possessing much poetical merit, it is by no means deficient in vigour, and there is a degree of stirring interest diffused throughout, that completely removes it from the charge of tameness. The combat is particularly good, and the theological controversy between the combatants vastly amusing.\* Ellis, has, in his Abstract, done it every justice.†

Sir Otuel, (the nephew, as he calls himself, of "Vernagu,") is an infinitely superior romance in every respect, and is written with great spirit and animation. King Clarel's interview with Charlemagne, in which he taunts the ancient monarch, and the emperor's consequent wrath, is given with much graphic effect. The knight's conversion to Christianity is somewhat suspicious; and it might be suspected that the gallant bearing of Rouland, and the supposed charms of the fair Bellisent, had more to do with it than the "white culver" (Dove) that perched on his crest. From the loss of the concluding lines, we are not told whether he was finally made happy by possession of the person of the beautiful fair, but as Charlemagne was too high-minded a person to break his word, we may safely assume that the marriage was in due season consummated.

Mr. Ellis mentions ‡ a second MS. (of Otuel) in six-line stanzas, in the possession of W. Fillingham, Esq. The style of this is represented as languid and feeble. "It has, however, the merit of complet-

\* Mr. Ellis was unfortunately furnished with very inaccurate transcripts, and it is not surprising that various mistakes occur in his admirable analysis. Thus, "Deneye" is converted into "Agavie," "pusesoun" into "poisoun," &c. The orthography, too, has not been preserved.

† It must be confessed that the poet is not entitled to any other commendation than that of being an able translator, as the reader will see upon turning to the Latin version of the combat, from Turpin's History. Appendix, No. I.

‡ P. 313, Vol. II.

ing the story, and of furnishing a paraphrase of Turpin's Chronicle from the period of the death of Ferragus to the battle of Roncesvalles." Strange to say, Otuel, in the continuation, is almost forgotten, and is brought forward towards the end, for the purpose of killing Perigon, King of Persia, at the battle fought by Charlemagne at Sarragossa against the Saracen King Baligand, an atchievement which he successfully performs.

As no mention occurs in Turpin of Sir Otuel, and as no French romance on the subject has been traced, it is not easy to say from whence the author drew his materials. That it is not an original English Romance may almost be taken for granted, and perhaps it may have been derived from the old Scandic Romance on the exploits of Charlemagne, stated by Warton\* to be in the royal library at Stockholm, and thus described by him:—"SAGAN AF KARLAMAGNUSE OF HOPPUM HANS. *The History of Charlemagne, of his champions and captains*, containing all his actions in several parts. 1. Of his birth and coronation, and the combat of Carvetus King of Babylon with Oddegir the Dane. 2. Of Aglandus King of Africa, and of his son Jatmund, and their wars in Spain with Charlemagne. 3. Of Roland, and his combat with Villaline King of Spain. 4. Of Otuel's conversion to Christianity, and his marriage with Charlemagne's daughter. 5. Of Hugh, King of Constantinople, and the memorable exploits of his champions. 6. Of the wars of Ferracute, King of Spain. 7. Of Charlemagne's atchievements in Rouncevalles, and of his death." On the other hand, this ancient Scandic MS. may have been a translation of, or derived from a French Romance on the subject. Whichever may be the case, this much is certain, that the exploits of Sir Otuel, at a very early

\* History of English Poetry. New Edition. Vol. I. p. lix. London, 1824. 8vo.



period, had been engrafted on the history of Charlemagne, and if access could be had to the Stockholm MS. it would probably turn out that the incidents there, are pretty much the same as those recorded in the present poem.

The only other English romance relating to Charlemagne, of which the Editor is aware, is that of Sir Ferumbras, with an abridgement of which Mr. Ellis has favoured the public.\* It is professedly translated from the French, and contains 3386 lines.† It is remarkable, that these poems are the only remains hitherto found of early English romances relative to Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,—a fact which seems to indicate either that there must have been a singular fatality attending the manuscripts on this subject, or else that it was one not very popular in England. This latter supposition is rather supported by the fact, that although numerous ancient romances, from time to time, issued from the presses of our early printers, the exploits of Orlando of the “good.” Ogier, or the gallant Oliuer, the gigantic Otuel, and even the illustrious Charlemagne, were totally neglected.‡

Warton|| remarks, that before the crusades, “the principal and leading subjects of the old fablers were the achievements of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers. But in the romances, written after the Holy War, a new set of conquests and of countries were introduced. Trebizonde took place of Roncevalles, and Godfrey of

\* Vol. II. p. 356.

† A copy was in the Library of Dr. Farmer, and a transcript made by Mr. Stevens was presented by him to the late Mr. Douce. This was again retranscribed by Mr. Ellis.

‡ Caxton's History of Charlemagne, of which some account will afterwards be given, was not properly speaking a romance, but a prose compilation from the French and Latin Chronicles.

|| Vol. I. p. 112. New Edition, 1824. 8vo.

Bulloigne, Solyman, Nouraddin, the Caliphs, the Souldans, and the cities of Ægypt and Syria, became the favourite topics."

Upon this passage, the late Mr. Price, the editor of the last edition of Warton has observed, that although it "has been the subject of severe animadversion, and characterised [by Ritson] as containing nothing but "random assertion, falsehood, and imposition," there are few of its positions which a more temperate spirit of criticism might not reconcile with truth. The popularity of Arthur's story, anterior to the crusade, is abundantly manifested by the language of William of Malmesbury, and Alanus de Insulis; who refer to it as a fable of common notoriety and general belief among the people. Had it arisen within their own days, we may be certain that Malmesbury, who rejected it as beneath the dignity of history, would not have suffered an objection so well founded, as the novelty of its appearance, to have escaped his censure: nor can the narrative of Alanus be reconciled with the general progress of traditionary faith,—a plant of tardy growth,—if we limit its first publicity to the period thus prescribed (1096-1142). With regard to Charlemagne and his Peers, as their deeds were chaunted by Talliefer, at the battle of Hastings 1066, it would be needless to offer further demonstration of their early popularity; nor, in fact, does the accuracy of this part of Warton's statement appear to be called in question by the writer in question. It would be more difficult to define the degree in which these romances were superseded by similar poems on the achievements of the crusaders; or, to use the more cautious language of the text, how far "Trebizonde took place of Rouncevalles." But it will be recollected, that in consequence of the crusades, the action of several romances was transferred to the Holy Land;—such as Sir Bevis, Sir Guy, Sir Isumbras, the King of Tars, &c.; and that most of these

were "favourite topics," in high esteem, is clear, from the declaration of Chaucer, who catalogued them among the "Romances of Pris." In short, if we omit the names of the Caliphs, and confine ourselves to the *Soldans*,—a generic name used by our early writers for every successive ruler of the East, and the cities of Egypt and Syria, this rhapsody, as it has been termed, will contain nothing which is not strictly demonstrable by historical evidence, or the language of the old romancers."

Concurring, generally, in the soundness of this criticism, we may, however, except to that portion of it which assumes the early popularity of Charlemagne and his Peers in England. It is, indeed, true, that "a Norman called Talliefer, spurred his horse in front, and began the song of the exploits of Charlemagne and Roulant, famous throughout Gaul. As he sung, he played with his sword, throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried God be our help! God be our help!"\* But surely all that is proved by this, is, that the exploits of Charlemagne were popular in Gaul, and "the song" founded on them was sung by a Norman at the battle of Hastings; but this is no proof that the subject was popular in England. That the Normans, after their victory, would naturally attempt to introduce the songs of their country, is consistent with probability; but that the English would ever permanently receive them is a very different matter. Indeed, in regard to Charlemagne and Roulant, the bitter recollection that their achievements had been used as a means of animating their enemies at the fatal battle of Hastings, would of itself render their very names distasteful to the conquered. That the English deeply lamented

\* Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, Vol. I, p. 295.

the national degradation, is a fact admitting of no dispute. Their historians record the event "in a tone of dejection, which it is difficult to transfuse. They call the day of the battle a day of bitterness,—a day of death,—a day stained with the blood of the brave. 'England, what shall I say of thee?' exclaims the Church historian of Ely.' 'What shall I say of thee to our sons?' 'That thou hast lost thy national King, and sinkest under the foreigner bathed in the blood of thy defenders.' Long after the day of this fatal conflict, patriotic superstition believed that its bloody traces were still to be seen on the ground, which had drunk the blood of the warriors of their country."\*

That Charlemagne and his Peers formed the theme of tales recited in the Anglo-Norman Court, may be conceded. That poems founded on their exploits, were sung in the halls of the Norman Barons, may be admitted: but that such Romances ever attained any permanent footing in England, remains to be proved. Warton and his editor correctly state, that the crusades afforded a source from whence writers of fiction might draw new materials for their fables: and that they did so, is undeniable. Still these tales did *not* supersede the old ones; and Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, never for one moment lost their footing in the country. In every shape their achievements were sung, and alike formed the subject of the bulky Romance, and the humble ballad.—affording equal amusement to peer and peasant. National enthusiasm kept the memory of the British hero alive, whilst, amongst the great mass of the people, who, whether of Danish, Norman, or Saxon ancestry, became gradually so thoroughly fused together, as to lose all traces of their original descent, and to regard England as

\* Thierry, p. 300.

their "father land," and its heroes as theirs, no feeling of the kind attaching to Charlemagne and his Peers, their exploits, in process of time, would cease to be regarded with interest.

Upon the introduction of printing into England, Caxton, who had just published the prose Romance of *La Morte D'Arthur*, gave to the world a life of Charlemagne, translated from the French Chronicles. This was a mere historical compilation, and was not popular enough to be subsequently reprinted. The title is thus given by Dr. Dibdin, in his new edition of the *Typographical Antiquities*.\*

"The lyf of Charles the Great. Fynysshed in the reducyng of it into englysshe the xvij day of Juyn, the second yere of kyng Rychard the thyrd, and the yere of our Lord M.CCCC.LXXXV, and enprynted the fyrst day of Decembre the same yere of our Lord, and the first yere of King Harry the seventh. Explicit per William Caxton. Folio." Of this work the only copy known, formerly in the King's Library, is with the rest of that magnificent collection now in the British Museum.

The preface, which is very curious, contains the ensuing account of the work :—

"Saynet Poul doctour of veryte sayth to vs that al thynges that ben reduced by wrytyng, ben wryton to our doctryne. And Boece maketh mencion that the helthe of euery persone procedeth dyuerceley. Thenne sythe it is soo that the cristen feyth is affermed and corroborted by the doctours of holy chyrche, neuertheles the thynges passed dyuersly reduced to remembraunce, engendre in vs correction of vnlawful lyf. For the werkes of the auncient and olde peple ben for to gyue to vs ensaumple to lyue in good and vertuous

\* Vol. I. p. 255. Lon. 1810. 4to.

operacions digne and worthy of helth in folowyng the good, and eschewyng the euyl. And also in recountyng of hye hystories, the comune vnderstandyng is better contente to the ymagynacion local than to symple auctoryte, to which it is submysed. J saye this gladly, for ofttymes J haue ben excyted of the venerable man, messire henry bolomyer chanonne of lausanne for to reduce to his playsyr somme hystories as wel in latyn & in romaunce, as in other facion wryton, that is to say of the ryght puyssaunt, vertuous and noble charles the grete, kyng of Frannee and emperour of Rome, sonn of the grete Pypyn, and of his prynces & barons, as Rolland, Olyuer, and other, touchyng somme werkes haultayne doon and comysed by their grete strength and ryght ardaunt courage, and to the exaltaeyon of the crysten fayth and to the confusyon of the hethen sarazyns and myscreaunts, whiche is a werk wel contemplatyf for to lyue wel. And by cause the sayd henry Bolomyer hath seen of thys mater, and the hystories dysioyned withoute ordre, therfore at his request after the capacitye of my lytel entendement, and after thystories and mater that J haue founden J haue ordeyned this book folowyng. And it myght soo haue ben that yf J had been more largely enformed and al playn J had better made it, for J haue not sayd ony matere, but J haue therof ben enformed,— Fyrst by an autentyke book named myrroure hystoryal, as by the canones and somme other bookes whiche make mencyon of the werke folowyng, and by cause J may haue a lytel parte of honourable fundament J shal touche of the first cristen kyng of france, For the moste parte of this book is made to thonour of the frenssh men, and for prouffyte of euery man, and after the desyre of the reder and herer, there shalle be founden in the table, all playne, the mater of whiche the persone shal haue desyre to here or rede, withoute grete atedyacyon, by the playsyr of god to whome J

submytte al myn entente to write no thyng that ought to be blamed, ne but that it be to the helthe & sauacion of euery persone.

“Thenne for as moche J late had fynnysshed in enprynte the book of the noble and vyetoryous kyng Arthur fyrst of the thre mooste noble & worthy of crysten kynges, and also tofore had reduced in to englysshe the noble hystory & lyf of Godefroy of boloyne kyng of Jherusalem, last of the said iij worthys, somme persones of noble estate and degree haue desyred me to reduce thystorye, and lyf of the noble and crysten prynce Charles the grete kyng of fraunce & emperour of Rome, the second of the thre worthy, to thende that thystories, actes, and lyues may be had in our maternal tongue lyke as they be in latyn or in frensshe. For the moost quantyte of the people vnderstonde not latyn ne Frensshe, here in this noble royaume of England. And for to satisfye the desyre & requeste of my good synguler lordes & speeial maysters and frendes J haue enprysed and concluded in my self to reduce this sayd book in to our englysshe, as all alonge and playnely ye may rede, here, and see in thys book here followyng, besechyng al them that shal fynde faute in the same to correcte and amende it. And also to pardone me of the rude & symple reducyng, and though so be there be no gaye termes, ne subtyl ne new eloquence, yet J hope that it shal be vnderstonde & to that entente J haue speccially reduced it, after the symple connyng that god hath lente to me, whereof J humbly & wyth al my herte thanke hym, & also am bounden to pray for my fader and moders soules, that in my youthe sette me to scole, by whyche by the suffraunce of god J gete my lyuynge J hope truly. And that J may so do & contynue J byseeche hym to graunte me of his grace, and so to laboure and occupye my self ver-  
tuously that J may come oute of dette & dedely synne, that after

this lyf J may come to hys blysse in heuen AMEN." On the next leaf begins a table of contents, which takes up three leaves.

At the end is this additional declaration :—

“ And by cause J William Caxton was desyred & requyred by a good and singuler frende of myn, Maister William daubeney, one of the tresorers of the Jewellys of the noble & moost crysten kyng, our naturel and souerayn lord late of noble memorye kyng Edward the fourth on whos soule Jhesu haue mercy, to reduce all these sayd hystories in to our englysshe tongue J haue put me in deuoyr to translate thys sayd book as ye here to fore may see al a longe and playn, prayeng all them that shal rede, see or here it, to pardon me of thys symple & rude translacyon and reducyng, bysechying thym that shal fynde faute to correcte it, & in so doying they shal deserue thankynges, & J shal praye god for them, who bring them and me after this short and transytory lyf to euerlasting blysse, Amen : the whiche werke was fynysshed in the reducyng of it to englysshe the xviiiij. of Juyn the second yere of kyng Rychard the thyrd. And the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXV. And enpnynted the fyrst day of decembre the same yere of our lord & the fyrst yere of kyng Harry the seventh. Explicit per William Caxton.”

Caxton's declaration, that he had translated the life of Charlemagne to the end, “ that the historie, acts, and lives may be had in our *maternal* tongue,” like as “ they be in Latin or in French,” may be referred to, as also supporting the assumption, that Charlemagne and his Peers had long antecedently ceased to be popular; and that this was an attempt to bring them again into notice, an object which could not be attained, so long as the originals were permitted to remain in Latin or French, neither of



which languages “the most quantitie of the people” “in this noble *royame* of England” understood.

The Editor is, therefore, on the whole, very much inclined to think, that whatever attractions the romances founded on the atchievements of Charlemagne and his gallant supporters may have possessed, either in the Anglo-Norman Court or amongst its followers, they never obtained any permanent popularity in this country, and that when the different races inhabiting England came to be blended together, and all distinction of origin lost sight of, Arthur and his knights of the Round Table fairly drove Charlemagne and his “duzze Peers” out of the field. In France, on the other hand, Charlemagne and his warriors had no rivals, and their memory was too firmly rooted, to be affected by fictions, either ancient or modern. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remind our readers, that in Italy, Ariosto and Boiardo have made the name of Orlando\* immortal.

Before concluding these somewhat desultory observations, it is proper to mention, that in the original MS. various slight errors occur. Thus, one of the Saracen warriors is called “Tura-beles,” “and some lines afterwards, we find him figuring as Cura-beles.” As it was by no means certain which of the two words was the correct one, the variety of spelling was retained. Indeed, in no instance has the Editor ventured to interfere with the text: and the very few corrections he has made, have all been carefully pointed out by being enclosed in brackets.

Sir Otuel terminates, as before mentioned, abruptly, and the next page commences with a fragment of the Romance of Alex-

\* Need we mention, that the conqueror of Vernagu, and the lover of Angelica, are the same persons? The epitaph upon his death, occuring in Turpin, is No. II. of the Appendix.

ander. As it is very short, and has not been hitherto printed, it has been inserted in the Appendix to these Remarks.\*

Of the MS. volume in which the two romances are to be found, the reader will find an account in the Appendix to Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to Sir Tristrem, as well as a catalogue of its contents.† It was presented to the Faculty of Advocates in 1744, by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, one of the Lords of Council and Session in Scotland, and father of the biographer of Johnson. Of its former history, nothing is known. Whoever may have been the compiler, it is evident, that the very curious and valuable poetical remains which it records are exclusively English.

To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. many thanks are due for his extreme kindness in furnishing the spirited etchings, which have been prefixed to each of these Romances.

\* No. III.

† Scott's Poetical Works, vol. 5, p. 107, new edition, 12mo.

## A P P E N D I X.

### 1.—DE BELLO FERRACUTI GIGANTIS, ET DE OPTIMA DISPUTATIONE ROLANDI.\*

STATIMQUE nunciatum est Carolo, quod apud Nageram, Gigas quidam nomine Ferracutus de genere Goliad aduenerat, de oris Syriae, quem cum viginti millibus Turcorum Babylonis Admiraldus ad bellandum Carolum regem miserat. Hic vero lanceam aut sagittam non formidabat, vim quadraginta fortium possidebat. Quapropter Carolus ilico Nageram adiit. Mox ut eius aduentum Ferracutus agnouit, egressus ab vrbe, singulare certameu, scilicet vnum militem contra alterum, petiit. Tunc mittitur ei primum à Carolo Ogerius Dacus: quem mox ut Gigas solum in campo aspexit, suauiter iuxta illum vadit, et ilico eum brachio dextro cum omnibus amicis suis amplexatus est, et deportans illum, cunctis videntibus, in oppidum suum leuiter, quasi esset vna mitissima ouis. Erat enim statura eius quasi cubiti duodecim, et facies eius longa quasi vnus cubiti, et nasus vnus palmi mensurati, et brachia et crura eius quatuor cubiti erant, et digiti tribus palmis. Deinde misit ad eum causa belli Carolus, Rainaldum de Alba Spina, et detulit illum solo brachio ilico in carcerem oppidi sui. Deinde mittitur Constantinus rex Romanus et Oellus comes, et ipsos, simul vnum ad dexteram, et alium ad laeuam, carcere retrufit. Deinde mittuntur viginti pugnatores, scilicet duo infimul separatim, et illos similiter carcere mancipauit. His itaque inspectis, Carolus, cunctis insuper admirantibus, neminem postea ausus est mittere ad expugandum eum. Rolandus tamen vix impetrata licentia à rege, acceffit ad Gigantem bellaturus. At ille Gigas ilico rapnit eum sola manu dextera, et misit eum ante se super equum suum. Cumque illum portaret versus oppidum, resumptis viribus suis, in Domino confusus arripuit eum per mentum, et statim euertit eum retro super equum, et ceciderunt ambo simul de equo prostrati solo: statim-

\* Veterum Scriptorum, qui Caesarum et Imperatorum Germanicorum res per aliquot Secula Gestas, literis mandarunt, Tomus vnus. Hanoviae, 1619, folio, p. 75.

que eleuantur à terra ambo pariter, et ascenderunt equos. Illico Rolandus, spatha propria euaginata, Gigantem occidere putans, equum eius solo ictu per medium trucidauit. Cumque Ferracutus pedes esset, spathamque euaginatam manu tenens ei nimias minas intulisset, Rolandus sua spatha in brachio, quo spatham suam Gigas tenebat, illum percussit, et minimè eum laesit, sed spatham eius é manu excussit. Tunc Ferracutus gladio amisso, percutere putans pugno clauso Rolandum, eius equum in frontem percussit, et laesit, et statim equus obiit. Denique sine gladiis pedites vsque ad nouam pugnis et lapidibus debellarunt. Die adnesperante impetrabat treugas Ferracutus à Rolando vsque in crastinum. Tunc disposuerunt inter se, vt die crastina in bello sine equis et lanceis ambo conuenirent, et concessa pugna ex vtraque parte, vnusquisque ad proprium remeant hospitium. Crastina vero die, fummo diluculo separatim venerunt pedites in campo belli, sicut dispositum fuerat: Ferracutus tamen secum attulit spatham, sed nihil ei valuit, quia Rolandus baculum quendam retortum et longum secum detulit, cum quo, tota die illum percussit, et minimè laesit eum. Percussit eum cum magnis et rotundis lapidibus, quibus campus abundanter erat, vsque ad meridiem, illo tempore consentiente, sed eum nullo modo laedere potuit. Tunc impetratis à Rolando treugis, Ferracutus somno prægrauatus cepit dormire: Rolandus verò, vt erat iuuenis alacer, misit lapidem ad caput eius, vt libentius dormiret. Nullus enim Christianorum illum tunc occidere audebat, nec ipse Rolandus, nam talis erat inter eos institutio: quod si Christianus Saraceno, vel Saracenus Christiano daret treugas, nullus ei iniuriam faceret; et si aliquis treugam datam ante diffidentiam frangeret, statim interficeretur. Ferracutus itaque postquam satis dormiuit, euigilauit, et sedit iuxta eum Rolandus, et cepit eum interrogare, qualiter ita fortissimus et durissimus habebatur, quam vt gladium aut lapidem aut baculum non formidabat. Vulnerari, inquit Gigas, non possum nisi per umbilicum. Loquebatur ipse lingua Hispanica, quam Rolandus satis intelligebat. Tunc Gigas cepit Rolandum adspicere et interrogare eum, dicens: Tu autem quomodo vocaris? Rolandus, inquit, vocor. Cuius generis, inquit Gigas, es, qui fortiter me expugnas? Francorum genere oriundus, inquit Rolandus, sum. At Ferracutus ait: Cuius legis sunt Franci? Et Rolandus: Christianæ legis Dei gratia sumus, et Christi imperiis subiacemus, et pro eius fide in quantum possumus, decertamus. Tunc paganus audito Christi nomine ait: Quis est ille Christus, in quem credis? Et Rolandus, Filius Dei Patris, inquit, qui ex virgine nascitur, cruce patitur, sepulchro sepelitur, et ab inferis tertia die resuscitatur, et ad Dei Patris dexteram super cælos regreditur. Tunc Ferracutus, Nos credimus, inquit, quia creator cæli et terræ vnus est Deus, nec filium habuit nec patrem: sed sicut à nullo generatus est, ita neminem genuit: Ergo vnus est Deus, non triuus. Verum dicis, inquit Rolandus, quia vnus est: sed cum dicis, Trinus non est, in fide claudicas. Si credis in Patrem, crede in Filio eius, et Spiritu sancto

## ET DE OPTIMA DISPUTATIONE ROLANDI. xvii

Ipse enim Deus Pater est, Filius, et Spiritus sanctus est, vnus Deus permanens in tribus personis. Si Patrem, inquit Ferracutus, dicis esse Deum, Filium Deum, Spiritum sanctum Deum: ergo tres Dii sunt, quod absit, et non vnus Deus. Nequaquam, inquit Rolandus, sed vnum Deum et trinum prædico tibi, et vnus est, et trinus est. Totæ tres personæ coæternæ sibi sunt et coæquales. Qualis Pater, talis Filius, talis Spiritus sanctus; in personis est proprietas, in essentia vnitas, et in maiestate adoratur æqualitas. Trinum Deum et vnum angeli adorant in caelis. Et Abraham tres vidit, et vnum adorauit. Hoc ostende, inquit Gigas, qualiter tria vnum sunt. Ostendam etiam tibi, inquit Rolandus, per humanas creaturas: Sicut in cithara, cum sonat, tria sunt, ars scilicet, chordæ, et manus, et vna cithara est; sic in Deo tria sunt, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus sanctus, et vnus est Deus. Et sicut in amygdala tria sunt, corium scilicet, nucleus, et testa, et vna tamen amygdala est: sic tres personæ in Deo sunt, et vnus Deus est. In sole tria sunt, candor, splendor, et calor, et tamen vnus sol est. In rota plaustrum tria sunt, modius scilicet, brachia, et circulus, et tamen vna rota est. In temetipso tria sunt, corpus scilicet, membra, et anima, et tamen vnus homo es. Sic in Deo et vnitas et trinitas esse perhibetur. Nunc Ferracutus inquit, trinum Deum et vnum esse intelligo: sed qualiter Pater Filium genuit, ignoro. Credo, inquit Rolandus, quod Deus Adam fecit. Credo, inquit Gigas. Quemadmodum, inquit Rolandus, Adam à nullo generatus est, et tamen filios genuit: sic Deus Pater à nullo generatus est, et tamen Filium ineffabiliter ante omnia tempora diuinitus, prout voluit, genuit à semetipso. Et Gigas, Placent, inquit, mihi quæ dicis, sed qualiter homo effectus est qui Deus erat, penitus ignoro. Ille, inquit Rolandus, qui cælum et terram et omnia creauit ex nihilo, ipse fecit humanari Filium in virgine sine femine humano, sed spiramine sacro suo. In hoc, inquit Gigas, laboro et qualiter sine humano femine, vt asseris, nascitur de virginis utero. Et Rolandus ait: Deus qui Adam sine femine alterius formauit, ipse Filium suum sine femine hominis de virgine nasci fecit, et sicut de Deo Patre nascitur sine matre, sic ex matre nascitur sine homine patre. Talis enim decet partus Deum. Valde, inquit Gigas, erubescō, quomodo virgo sine homine genuit. Ille, inquit Rolandus, qui fabre gurgulionem et arbori et glifici facit gignere vermem, et multos pisces et vultures, et apes et serpentes, sine masculo femine facit parere prolem, ipse virginem intactam absque virili femine facit gignere Deum et hominem. Qui primum hominem sine alterius femine, vt dixi, fecit, facile potuit facere, vt Deus homo factus de virgine sine masculino concubitu nasceretur. Bene, inquit Ferracutus, potest esse, quia de virgine natus fuit: sed si Filius Dei fuit, nullatenus, vt asseris, in cruce mori potuit. Nasci, vt dicis, potuit, sed si Deus fuit, nequaquam mori potuit; Deus enim nunquam moritur. Bene, inquit Rolandus, dixisti, quia de virgine nasci potuit, ecce quia vt homo natus fuit. Si natus est vt homo, igitur mortuus est

vt homo, quia omnis qui nascitur, moritur. Si credendum est natiuitati, igitur credendum est passioni, simul et resurrectioni. Quomodo, inquit Ferracutus, credendum est resurrectioni? Quia, inquit Rolandus, is qui nascitur, moritur; et qui moritur, tertia die uiuificatur. Tunc Gigas, audito verbo, miratus est multum, dixitque ei, Rolande cur tot uerba inania profers? Impossibile est, vt homo mortuus, denuo ad vitam resurgat. Non solum, inquit Rolandus, Dei filius à mortuis resurrexit, uerum etiam omnes homines qui fuere ab initio vsque ad finem, sunt resurrecturi ante eius tribunal et accepturi meritorum suorum stipendia, prout gessit unusquisque siue bonum, siue malum. Ipse Deus qui modicam arborem in sublime crescere fecit, et granum frumenti mortuum in terra putrefactum reuiuifcere, crescere ac fructificare facit, ille cunctos propria carne et spiritu de morte ad vitam resuscitabit in die nouissimo. Leonis mysticam tibi assume. Si die tertia leo catulos suos mortuos anhelitu suo uiuificat, quid mirum si Deus Pater, Filium suum die tertia à mortuis resuscitauit? nec nouum tibi debet uideri, si Dei Filius ad vitam rediit, eum multi mortui ante eius resurrectionem ad vitam redierint. Si Helias et Elifens facillè defunctos resuscitarunt, facilius Deus Pater illum resuscitauit: facillè à mortuis resurrexit, à morte nullatenus teneri potuit, ante cuius conspectum mors ipsa fugit, ad cuius uocem mortuorum phalanx resurrexit. Tunc Ferracutus, fati, inquit, cerno quæ dicis, sed qualiter cœlos penetrauit, vt dixisti, prorsus ignoro. Ille, inquit Rolandus, qui de cœlis descendit, polos facillè ascendit: qui facillè per semetipsum resurrexit, facile polos penetrauit. Exempla multarum rerum tibi sume: uides rotam molendini quantum ad ima de superis descendit, tantum de infimis ad sublimia ascendit. Anis uolans in aère quantum descendit, tantum ascendit. Tu ipse, si forte de quodam descendisti monte, bene potes iterum redire unde descendisti. Sol ab Oriente heri surrexit, et ad Occidentem occubuit, et hodie similiter in eodem loco surrexit. Unde ergo filius Dei uenit, illuc rediit. Tali igitur pacto, inquit Ferracutus, tecum pugnabo; quod si uera est hæc fides quam asseris, ego uictus sum; et si mendax est, tu uictus sis; et sit genti uictæ iugiter approbrium, uictori autem laus et decus in æuum. Fiat, inquit Rolandus, ideoque bellum ex utroque corroboratur, et ilico Rolandus paganum aggreditur. Tunc Ferracutus eiecit ictum spatia sua super Rolandum, sed ipse Rolandus subiliit ad læuam, et accepit ictum spatia in baculo suo. Interea abscisso baculo Rolandi, irruit in eum et ipse Gigas, et illum arripiens leuiter inclinauit subter se ad terram. Statim agnouit Rolandus, quod tunc nullo modo euadere poterat, cepit igitur implorare auxilium filii beatæ Mariæ uirginis, et erexit se Deo iuuante paulatim, et reuoluit eum subter se, et adiunxit manum suam ad mucronem eius, et puxit eius parumper umbilicum, et euasit. Tunc alta uoce cepit Deum suum Gigas inuocare, dicens: Mahumeth, Mahumeth, Deus meus, succurre mihi, quia iam morior. Et statim ad hanc

## DE NOBILITATE ET MORIBUS ROLANDI. xix

vocem accurrentes Saraceni fustulerunt eum, portantes manibus versus oppidum. Rolandus vero iam incolumis ad suos redierat, et statim Christiani una cum Saracenis qui Ferracutum deferebant in oppidum, urbem violento impetu ingrediuntur. Sicque Gigante perempto, urbs et castra capiuntur, et pugnatōres à carcere eripiuntur.

### II.—DE NOBILITATE ET MORIBUS ROLANDI. \*

Non decet hunc igitur vacuis deffere querelis,  
Quem lætum fummi nunc tenet aula poli.  
Nobilis antiqua decurrens prole parentum,  
Nobilior gestis nunc super astra manet.  
Egregius, nulli de nobilitate secundus,  
Moribus excellens, culmine primus erat.  
Temporum cultor, recreans modulamine ciues,  
Vulneribus patriæ fida medela fuit.  
Spes clerici, tutor viduarum, panis egentum,  
Largus pauperibus, prodigus hospitibus.  
Sic venerabilibus templis, sic fudit egenis,  
Mitteret ut cælis quas sequeretur opes.  
Dogmata corde tenens plenus velut arca libellus,  
Quisquis quid voluit fonte fluente bibit.  
Confilio sapiens, animo pius, ore serenus,  
Omnibus ut populis esset amore parens.  
Culmen honoratum, decus almum, lumen opimum,  
Laudibus in cuius militet omne decus.  
Pro tantis meritis hunc ad cælestia vectum,  
Non premit vrna rogi, sed tenet aula Dei.

\* Veterum Scriptorum, qui Cæsarum et Imperatorum Germanicorum res per aliquot Secla Gestas, literas mandarunt, Tomus unus. Hanoviae, 1619, folio, p. 84.

## III.—FRAGMENT OF THE ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kandidus wroth went oway,  
 And no com ogain nought manie aday.  
 Tho the cloth was y-drawe,  
 The waite gan aflegel blawe.  
 Alefaunder and Candace,  
 To chaumber token her pas.  
 So we finden on the boke,  
 That night the king his leue toke.  
 He went to Ynde to his barouns,  
 Bi wodes, bi dales, and bi tounes ;  
 Leue he had with morninge,  
 And went forth in the daweinge,  
 Bi an heghe way that he kneu,  
 Til that he com to Tholomen.  
 He was welcome mani fithe,  
 Alle his oft was wel blithe,  
 Tho thai hadde of him fight.  
 No bileued he bot onight,  
 Amorwe he went with outen afoigne,  
 To the gret Babilonie.  
 Antiogus hadde the form gard,  
 Tholomeu the rereward,  
 And Alifander, that riche fire,  
 Passeth Perce and ek Affire,  
 To Babiloine ; for men teld,  
 Darries trefour was therin held,  
 Membrot first a geaunt fel,  
 Made Babiloine, and ek Babel :  
 Ac he no might for God Almighty,  
 Fullich out it dight.  
 For ther fel first for his vtrage,  
 Lxii diuers language :



Seththen a lenedi Amiramis,  
 Alayd his boft and al his pris,  
 And wan the cite with al the honour.  
 And xv kingriches tut entour.  
 The cite is, fo figgeth men,  
 Bitven Tigre and Affraten.  
 An hundred pas is heighe the wal,  
 And an hundred gates al of metal.

Alifaunder of his regioun,  
 Thought ther make the maifter toum :  
 Into alle the warld he fent meffage,  
 And doth arere newe tailage,  
 On kinges, doukes, princes, erls,  
 On barouns, knightes, fquiers, and cherls,  
 And doth gader oft fo gret,  
 Seththen was nener non fwiche yet.  
 For he thought to Aufrike vende.  
 After in the fomer hende.  
 Ac him was y-fent a fond,  
 Of amfife of his lond :  
 Antipater was his name,  
 Mani man he hadde do fchame,  
 The lond folk beden the kinge,  
 Of him make remuuinge.  
 The king him dede quic depofe,  
 With harm to his owen nofe,  
 For Antipater is to court y-fent,  
 Now hereth the kinges encumbrent.

In this warld falleth mani cas,  
 Gidi bleff and fehort folas !  
 Ypomodon and Pallidamas,  
 And Abfalon that fo fair was,  
 Thai liueden here a litel ras,  
 Ac fone for yeten ich fo was.  
 The leuedis fchene, al fo the glas,  
 And thes maidens, with rudi fas,

Passeth sone, so flour in gras !  
 So strong no fair ner non nas,  
 That he no schal passe with allas !  
 Anentour so hath turned his pas,  
 Ogaines the king and rered mas,  
 That vnder stondeth Olimpias,  
 And fendeth to Alifaunder bi has,  
 That he him war in all wise,  
 Fram Antipater his justise.  
 And Antipater vnder stondeth wel,  
 The king is feloun and cruwel,  
 Adred he is, he is wode neighe,  
 Ac gif he is of art fleighe.  
 Hou so it euer be,  
 The king it schal abigge, or he.  
 Venim he tempreth with win.  
 The win hete Eleborin ;  
 In this world abouen erthe,  
 Nis win of so miche werthe.  
 To the king he it hath y-fent,  
 The king asketh drink of that present,  
 Men brought it him in a coupe of gold,  
 The king drank other than he schold.

Oway he threwe that gold red,  
 " Allas, Allas, Icham dede,  
 Drink no schal neuer eft more,  
 Don to this world so michel fore,  
 So this drink hath y-do ;  
 Allas, Allas, what me is wo,  
 For mi moder Olimpias,  
 And for mi fostre that so fair was,  
 And for mi barouns, al thing aboue,  
 That Ich mest in hert loue,  
 Thai be lordles, and Icham ded,  
 Thurch a traitour fals red.  
 What helpeth it lenger y-teld,  
 The theues present me hath aqueld,

No man that wil this day passe,  
No drink ther of more no laffe."

With that word he gan to fwough,  
About him com barouns anough,  
And token him vp in her arm,  
And biwepen fore his harm.  
Ther men might reuthe y-fen,  
Mani baroun her here to ten.  
Mani fest y-wrong and hant,  
And mani riche robe rant.  
Muchel defray, muchel gredeing,  
Michel wope, michel wailing;  
Oft bimene his prueffe,  
His yingthe and his hardinisse,  
His gentilirs, his curteisie,  
Al thai gunnen aloude crie,  
Opon Alifaunder, that nam that was,  
Crid mani "allas, allas."  
Riche and poner, leffe and more,  
Wrong honden and wepe fore.  
To mile abouten, men mighten here,  
Of gentil men that rewely bere.  
The king renerted in this gredeinge,  
And gaf hem al comfortinge,  
And feyd, "bringeth me to bed mine,  
And er Ich in this world fine,  
Ichil biquethe mi guide,  
To alle tho that han ben me mide,"  
He was y-brought to bed anon,  
The barouns stoden about him ichon.

"Lordinges," he feyd, "of this cuntray,  
Of Tyre, of Mede, and Sydoney,  
That han wide y-ferued me,  
And for me in miche wo be,  
Rentes, londes, fo Ich founde,  
Ogain Ich you yeld hole and founde,

And Ich a thousand pounce and more,  
 Your harmes for to afore.  
 O bele ami, fir Perdicas,  
 For mi loue in mani cas  
 Thou haft y-thold, and mani friif,  
 And trewe ben in al thi liif,  
 Y the biquethe Grece, min hiritage,  
 Corinthe, Mafidoine, and Cartage,  
 Tebes and al tho other loundes,  
 Kepe mi moder and awreke mi fchond.  
 Tholomeu mi marchal,  
 Thou fhalt haue Portugal,  
 And Egypt to Flimuordon,  
 For better baroun no liues non.  
 Antioge oftage bi dome,  
 Thou fhalt haue riche Rome,  
 And al Romaine and Lombardie ;  
 For thou hem canft as baroun gye.  
 Aymes of Archade, fo God me afoile,  
 Thou fhalt haue Calabre and Poile,  
 And the riche lond of Labour,  
 And be Antioge neighebour.  
 Tiberie, with flefche hardi,  
 Thou fhalt haue the lond of Sulie,  
 Acres, Japhes, and Jerufalem,  
 And Nazaret and Bedelem,  
 And al the lond of Galile,  
 Quicliche bi quethe y the.  
 Marke of Rome, bel ami.  
 Efcclauoie that is fo fri,  
 Thou fhalt haue, and Coffentine noble,  
 And Limochious that lond fo noble,  
 And Griffaine that riche pece,  
 That lith to the lond of Grece.  
 Philot thou fhalt haue Caucaus.  
 And alle the lond to Mallems.  
 And al the lond of Cafpias,  
 To the riche cite of Baudas,

And alle the idles of Taproban,  
That Ich of Porrus the king wan.  
Samfon of Emufe for min amour,  
Thou haft y-thold mani dolour.  
Thou schalt haue al Albienne,  
And Armenie in to the fenne,  
And Orcanie and newe Alifaunder,  
Mi riche cite and newe of fclaunder.  
Salome, feththen, Darri was ded,  
Thou haft me ferued in mani red,  
In ich feruife wel redi,  
Trewe in bataile and hardy,  
Thou schalt haue Perce and Mede,  
And Babiloine that riche thede.  
Darries blod for thou art next,  
Wight and gentil and ek heigheft.  
Darries air, Y make the,  
And tefe the with al his fe.  
This venim crepeth vnder mi ribbe,  
No may Ich no lenger libbe"  
In al this ich gret dolour,  
He dede feche al his trefour,  
And gaue to knight, fwain, and knaue,  
So michel fo thai wolden haue,  
Of hors, of clothes, of filuer wone,  
He made hem riche euerichon.  
And right alfo he hadde y-do,  
The liif he lete of bodi go,  
Ac no man in foth treuthe,  
No feighe neuer fo michel reuthe,  
Of wope, of cri, of hond wringing,  
So was for Alifaunder the king.

Now the king is out of this liue,  
Quic arifeth wel gret ftriue,  
For the bodis birringe,  
After the forwe and criing.

Salome feith with al fare  
 He wil his bodi biri thare.  
 Ac haue him wold the douke Samfoun,  
 To Alifaunder his riche toun.  
 Philote alfo y finde,  
 Him chalanges in to Ynde.

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. . . . . " barouns lete . . .  
 And doth Godes heft belue,  
 Of his biriing no think no redeth,  
 Ac in to Egypt him ledeth,  
 Into Alifaunder that cite apert,  
 That he made in defert,  
 Tho he defroid the vermine,  
 Quic doth heft mine."

So the foule went of fight,  
 The barouns dede fo it hight,  
 That bodi richeliche thai kept,  
 And ledden it in to Egypt,  
 And laiden him in gold fin,  
 In a temple of Apolin,  
 Nift men neuer hethen king,  
 Haue fo riche biriing.  
 Tholomeu hath the faifin,  
 God ons leue with to fin.  
 Tho the king was bi delue,  
 Ich douke went to him felue,

And maden wo and contek anough.  
Ich of hem neighe other flough,  
For to haue the kinges guide,  
Michel batail was hem midde.  
Thus it farth in the midlerd,  
Among the lewed and lerd,  
When that heued is y-falle,  
Acombred beth the membres alle,  
Thus endeth Alifaunder the king,  
God ous graunt his blufeing. Amen.

**Explicit.\***

\* See Weber's Metrical Romances, Vol. I. Edin. 1810. Crown 8vo, P. 316, for another Version of this Poem.





# The Romance of



Rouland and Hernagu.



## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

.....  
For he it feighe with fight,  
Now bigin ichil of him,  
Of Charls that was ftout and grim,  
And tel you al that right.

An hundred winter it was and thre,  
Sethen God dyed opon the tre,  
That Charls the King  
Had al Fraunce in his hond,  
Danmark and Ingland,  
Withouten ani lefing,  
Lorein and Lombardye,  
Gascoun, Bayoun, and Pikardye,  
Was til his bidding ;  
And emperour he was of Rome,  
And lord of al Christendome,  
Thau was he an heighe lording.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

In that time he was an emperour  
 In Coftentin of gret honour,  
                   Conftanfius he hight ;  
 God he loued and alle his,  
 And hated hem that dede amis,  
                   With al his might.  
 In Speyn, tho ther was a king,  
 A stern man withouten leſing,  
                   That werred ogain the right,  
 Ebrahim was his name,  
 Wide ſprong his riche fame,  
                   He was a doughti knight.

Alle that leued in Godes lawe,  
 He lete hem bothe hong and drawe,  
                   Tho that he might of take ;  
 And the patriark of Ieruſalem  
 Out of lond he dede him flem,  
                   Al for Godes fake.  
 The patriarke was ful wiis,  
 And to themperour he went Y wis,  
                   His mone for to make,  
 Hou the king Ebrahim  
 Out of lond exiled him,  
                   With michel wer and wrake.

King Coſtance themperour  
 Made fwiſte gret dolour  
                   For this tidinges,  
 Iheſu Chriſt bifought he,  
 Almighty God in trinite,  
                   King of al kinges,

He fende him grace him to flo,  
That had y-wrought fo michel wo,  
    And flawe Godes ginges,  
And fone fo he had the bon y-bede,  
An angel light doune in that ftede,  
    And this bode him bringes.

The angel feyd to themperour,  
Wele the greteth thi saueour  
    Ihesu, ful of might,  
And bit the fende with michel anour,  
After Charls the conquerour,  
    He is a douhti knight.  
He fchal the help in batayl,  
And fle the farrazin withouten fail,  
    That doth ogain the right.  
Themperour was glad and blithe,  
And thonked God fele fithe,  
    His hert nas neuer fo light.

Four the beft he fent of hem,  
That on hight Dauid of Ierufalem,  
    And Samuel also,  
Ion of Naples was another,  
Ysac hight the ferth brother,  
    Thider he gan go.  
He went to the palais of Rome,  
And bifor fir Charli come  
    And told him of her wo;  
Thai toke him the letter and kift his hand,  
Swiche was the lawe of the land,  
    And fchal ben euer mo.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Charls wepe for that dede,  
 When he herd the letter rede,  
     And hete an heigheing,  
 Al that might armes bere,  
 Kniif or scheld, fwerd or spere,  
     Men shuld bifor him bring.  
 Thai busked hem and made hem yare,  
 To Coftentin for to fare,  
     Withouten any lesing.  
 Themperour was glad Y wis,  
 And vnderfenge with miche blis,  
     Sir Charls the king.

Riche iuels withouten lesing,  
 Sir Coftance the king  
     Bifor Sir Charls he brought ;  
 Sauage bestes for the nones,  
 Gold and filuer, and rich stones,  
     Ac therof nold he nought.  
 He bifought him of more honour,  
 Of Ihesu our faueour,  
     That al this ward hath wrought,  
 That he on suffred passiou,  
 Of the croice and of the croun,  
     Therof he him bifought.

Themperour his wil dede,  
 And ladde him to the holy stede,  
     There the relikes ware ;  
 Ther com fwiche a fwete odour,  
 That neuer yete so fwete fauour,  
     No feld thai neuer are ;

Of the final that was fo fwote,  
Thre hundred fike hadde her bote,  
    And caft were out of care.  
Than brought thai forth the holy croun,  
And the arme of feyn Simoun,  
    Biforu hem alle thare.

And a parti of the holy crofs,  
That in a cryftal was don in clos,  
    And Godes clotheing.  
Our leuedi finok that hye had on,  
And the yerd of Araon,  
    Forth thai gun bring,  
And a fperre long and finert,  
That Longys put to Godes hert,  
    He gaf Charls the king :  
And a nail long and gret  
That was y-driue thurch Godes fet,  
    Withouten ani lefing.

When Charls had reſeined that thing,  
He bifought Ihefu, heuen king,  
    To fend him might and fpace,  
For to wite the fothe there,  
Yif the relikes verray were,  
    Er he thennes pafe.  
Than decended a lightneffe,  
Doun rightes fram the heuen blis,  
    In that ich place,  
That thai wenden alle Y wis,  
Thai hadde ben in Paradyſ,  
    So ful it was of grace.

Thai tok leue at themperour,  
 And thonked him of gret honour,  
     And to Aife in Gafcoyn went ;  
 Ther he duelled fiker aplight,  
 So he biheld opon a night,  
     Vp to the firmament,  
 A way of fterres he feighe Y wis,  
 Out of Spaine into Galis,  
     As red as brond that brent.  
 He bifought God in trinite  
 To fende him grace wite wat it be,  
     With wel gode entent.

And in the thought that he was in,  
 Ther com a voice, and fpac to him,  
     With a mild feuen,  
 Iames the apostel bi Crist,  
 Iones brother, the wangelift,  
     Godes deciple of heuen,  
 That God bad prechy on the fe,  
 For thi Herodes lete me fle,  
     Therof Y the neuen,  
 Mi body lith in Galis,  
 Biyond Speyne for fothe Y wis,  
     Jurnays mo than feuen.

For thi me wondreth withouten fail,  
 That thou comest nought to do batayl.  
     That lond for to winne,  
 And gif thou winnes that lond Y wis,  
 Y fchal the bring in to that blis,  
     Ther Ich woni inne.



Al that me fekethe more and leffe,  
Schal haue foryeuenes  
    Of her dedeli finne.  
Now wende and do as Y the fede,  
And in batayl thou schalt fpede,  
    When thou it will biginne.

The way of fterres bitokneth Y wis,  
That of Spaine and of Galis  
    Thou shalt be conquerer ;  
Lorain and Lombardye,  
Gafcoyne, Bayoun, and Pikardye,  
    Schal be in thi pouwer.  
Thus com the Apostel Iames,  
Thries to Charls, and feyd this,  
    That was so stoutte and fer.  
Now wendeth Charls with his oft  
Into Speyne with michel bost,  
    As ye may forward here.

The first cite was Pampiloun,  
That was a fivithe noble toun,  
    That Charls gan afayl ;  
And fax monethes he it bilay aplight,  
That nothing winne he it no might,  
    For al his batayle.  
For the walles so strong were,  
He no might haue non entre there  
    Withouten ani fayl,  
Ther were mani strong gines,  
And fele thousand of farazines,  
    Swithe heyghe of parail.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Than praid Charls to God of heuen,  
 Lord, he feyd, here mi steuen,  
     Aftow art ful of might,  
 Sende me grace this cite to winne,  
 And fle the farrazins her inne,  
     That don ogain the right.  
 Tho felle the walles of the cite,  
 Charls entred with his meyne,  
     Als a douhti knight,  
 And thurch the miracle that was there,  
 Ten thousand farrazins cristned were,  
     In that ich night.

And tho that nold nought cristned be.  
 He lete hem hong opon a tre,  
     Er he thennes pafe.  
 Thus Charls thurch Spayn gan gon,  
 And wan the cites euerichon,  
     Al thurch Godes grace.  
 Where he com in ani erd,  
 Ich man was of him aferd,  
     That loked on his face.  
 The names of eueri cite  
 That he wan, Y fchal tel ye  
     Er Ich hennes pafe.

Vifim, Lameche, and Sumy,  
 Colomuber, Luche, and Vrry,  
     Brakare and Vimaraile.  
 Compoftel, a cite grete,  
 Aurelian and Tullet,  
     That ftrong is to afayl :

Golddelfagar and Salamencha,  
 Vline, Canayls, Madris, alfwa  
     Calatorie and Leftoyl,  
 Medinacel, an heighe cite,  
 Segouus the grete, and Salamenche,  
     Gramie and Sturgel,

Godian and Emerite,  
 Bours in Spaine, that nis nought lite,  
     A fwithe noble toum ;  
 Nafers and Mathed,  
 Carion and Vrpaled,  
     And Oche of gret renoun ;  
 Burbagalle, a castel also,  
 Coftant, Petros, and other mo,  
     Bayet and Pampiloun,  
 Ventos in the greun vale,  
 Caparre, Eufstorge, and Entale,  
     Gafcoine and Bayoun,

Toutor, a strong castel,  
 Landulif and Portingal,  
     Burnam and Saragouus,  
 Granad and Satyne,  
 Coftaunce and Deine,  
     Teragon and Valouns,  
 Leride, Acoun, and Siuile,  
 Charls wan in a while,  
     Agabie and Vrens,  
 Quaramelide, Gibalderie,  
 Barbafter, Vice, and Almarie,  
     Agavie and Sifens

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Acoun, that Y fpak of ere,  
 Seyn Iames deciple lith there,  
                     That hat feyn Torquas ;  
 A fwithe fair oliif tre  
 Befide his toumbe men may fe,  
                     That fpringeth thurch Godes grace ;  
 Opon his feft in midmay,  
 Ther on is front of gret noblay,  
                     Bothe more and laffe ;  
 And who that feketb hem verrament,  
 At the day of iuggement,  
                     Schal fe Godes face.

Alle the londes that were in Spayne,  
 With dint of fwerd wan Charlmain,  
                     Portingale and Lauers ;  
 Landuluf and Chaftel,  
 Bigaires, Bastles, and londes fele,  
                     Moys and Nauers.  
 Alle the londes he wan yern,  
 Til he com to Lucern,  
                     So ftout he was and fers,  
 And tvelmoneth he it bilay aflight,  
 And nothing win he it might,  
                     For al his dulle pers.

Tho preyd Charls to God abone,  
 That he him fent grace fone,  
                     The cite for to winne.  
 Tho fel the walles adoun rightes,  
 King Charls entred with his knightes,  
                     Thurch that ich ginne ;

Charls accursed that cite,  
 And Ventos, and Caparre, and Deneye,  
     For her dedelie sinne ;  
 Deferd thai were after than,  
 That neuer feththen no Cristen man,  
     No durft com ther inne.

For Charls cursed tho Lucern,  
 Also tite the toun gaubern,  
     And schal don ever mo ;  
 And of the smot of that toun,  
 Mani taketh ther of puscfoun,  
     And dyeth in michel wo :  
 And ther the other thre cites stode,  
 Beth waters red of helle flode,  
     And fishes therin al blo ;  
 And who that wil nought leue me,  
 In Spaine men may the sothe y-fe,  
     Who that wil thider go.

And while Charls was in that stede,  
 A fair miracle God for him dede,  
     Er he gan thennes wende ;  
 Braunches of vines Charls sett,  
 In Marche moneth withouten lett,  
     As was the right kende ;  
 And amorwe grapes thai bere,  
 Red and ripe to kerne there,  
     For paners thai gun fende ;  
 And for paners thai crid tho,  
 Yet men clepeth the cite so,  
     And schal to the warldes ende.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Clodnius the first Cristen king,  
 And Clotayrs withouten lesing,  
     King Dagabers and Pipin,  
 Won mani tonnes in Spaine,  
 Ac the gode Charlmain,  
     Wan it al with gin :  
 Alle the maumetes in Spaine were,  
 That were the Sarrazius leue and dere,  
     King Charls and Turpin,  
 Thai deftroyd thurch Godes might,  
 Sum thurch miracle and sum thurch fight,  
     So feyt the Latin.

And an image of gret poufte,  
 Stode on a roche bi the fe,  
     In the gilden lond ;  
 His name was Salanicodus,  
 As a man y-schapen he wes,  
     And helde a glaive an hond,  
 Mahoun maked him with gin,  
 And dede mani fendes ther in,  
     As Ich vnderftond,  
 For to susten the ymage,  
 And fett him on heighe ftage,  
     For no man nold he wond.

The face of him was turned fouth right,  
 In her lay the Sarrazius founde aplight  
     Of Iubiter and Mahoun ;  
 That when y-born were the king,  
 That schuld Spaine to Cristen bring,  
     The ymage schuld falle adoun ;

Charls dede that ymage falle,  
 And wan in Spaine the cites alle,  
     Bothe tour and toun ;  
 And with the trefor that he wan there,  
 Mani a chirche he lete arere,  
     That was of gret renoun.

The first chirche for foth Y wis,  
 Was feyn Iames in Galis,  
     That he lete arere,  
 With an hundred chanouns and her priour,  
 Of feynt Yfador the confessor,  
     For to ferui there :  
 And in Aife a chapel,  
 Of lim and ston y-wrought ful wel,  
     Of werk riche and dere,  
 And feyn Iames at Burdewes,  
 And on at Tolous, another at Anevaus,  
     And mo as ye may here.

Charls duelled fiker aflight,  
 Thre mones and fourteen night,  
     In Bayoun with his oft,  
 Ther fel a miracle of a knight,  
 Wiche that was to deth y-dight,  
     Thurch the holy gost ;  
 Sir Romain for sothe he hight,  
 Er he dyd he hadde his right,  
     Withouten ani boft ;  
 On of his frendes he cleped him to,  
 Y schal dye it is fo,  
     Ful wele thou it woft.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Mine clothes that Ichaue,  
 Ther with that Y be brought in graue,  
     With mete and drink and light,  
 And fel min hors on heigheing,  
 Pouer clerkes fauters to fing,  
     Ther to that it be dight ;  
 And when he hadde y-feyd thus stille,  
 Also it was Godes wille,  
     Than died the knight,  
 The hors was feld withouten duelinges,  
 For to hundred schillinges,  
     And put it up aflight.

And at the nende of thritti night,  
 To his feketour com the ded knight,  
     And feyd in this maner,  
 Mi foule is in heuen blis,  
 For the loue of min almis,  
     That Y sett here ;  
 And for thou haft at hold min,  
 Thritti days Ichaue ben in pin,  
     That wel strong were,  
 Paradis is graunted me,  
 And in that pain thou schalt be,  
     That Ich was in ere.

The ded thus in his way went,  
 And he awaked verrament,  
     And wonder hadde aflight ;  
 And amorwe his sweuen he told,  
 To erls and to barouns bold,  
     To squiers and to knight,



And amonges hem alle,  
 As thai stoden in the halle,  
     Ther com a windes flight,  
 And fele fendes that were swift,  
 And beren him vp in to the lift,  
     And held him there four night.

Seriancce the bodi fought,  
 Ac thai no might it finde nought,  
     Four dayes no more.  
 Fro Bayoun he went with his ost,  
 And thurch Nauern with miche boft,  
     The bodi thai founde thore,  
 Ther the fendes had let him felle,  
 And bere his foule in to helle,  
     To hard paines fore.  
 So schal eueri sekatur,  
 The dedes gode abigge wel four,  
     That hie binimeth the pore.

No late we be of this thing,  
 And speke of Charles the king,  
     That michel was of might,  
 Of his lengthe and of his brede,  
 As the Latin ous fede,  
     Ichil you rede aright ;  
 Tventie fete he was o lengthe,  
 And also of gret strengthe,  
     And of a stern fight,  
 Blac of here and rede of face,  
 Whare he com in ani place,  
     He was a douhti knight.

Four times in the yere,  
 On his heued he bere,  
     The holy croun of thorn,  
 At Efter, at Wiffentide,  
 And at feyn Iames day with pride,  
     And in Yole as God was born.  
 And atte the mete in the halle,  
 Among his knightes alle,  
     A drawe fwerd him biforn.  
 This was the maner ay,  
 And fchal be til domesday,  
     Of emperour y-corn.

And whare he flepe anight,  
 Wel wife he was and wight,  
     And douted of trefoun,  
 An hundred knightes him kept,  
 That non of hem no flept,  
     That were of gret renoun.  
 And eueri dughti knight  
 Held a torche light,  
     And a naked fauchoun.  
 Thus king Charls lay,  
 With his oft mani a dai.  
     In the cite of Pampiloun.

And on a day com tiding,  
 Vnto Charls the king,  
     Al of a doughti knight,  
 Was comen to Nafers :  
 Stout he was and fers,  
     Vernagu he hight ;

Of Babiloun the soudan  
Thider him fende gan,  
    With king Charls to fight,  
So hard he was to fond,  
That no dint of brond,  
    No greued him aflight.

He hadde tventi men strengthe,  
And fourti fet of lengthe,  
    Thilke panim hede,  
And four fet in the face,  
Y-meten in the place,  
    And fiften in brede,  
His nose was a fot and more,  
His browe as brestles wore,  
    He that it feighe it fede,  
He loked lotheliche,  
And was swart as piche,  
    Of him men might adrede.

Charls com to Nafers  
With his duffe pers,  
    To se that painim.  
He asked withouten fayl,  
Of king Charls batayl,  
    To fight againes him :  
Charles wonderd tho,  
When he feighe him go,  
    He biheld him ich alim,  
For feththen he was y-bore,  
He no hadde y-sen bifore,  
    Non that was so grim.

Sir Oger the Danais,  
 A knight ful curtays,  
     To him firft was y-fent ;  
 And at his coming,  
 Vernagu an heygheing,  
     Vnder his arm him hent,  
 Y-armed as he was,  
 He toke him in the plas,  
     And to the caftel he went :  
 Sir Oger fchamed fore,  
 Him o thought that com thore,  
     And held him foule y-fhent.

Reynald de Aubethpine  
 Was fent to that farrazin,  
     He ferued him alfo ;  
 And feyd to Charlmain,  
 Sir, tho thou won Spain,  
     Hadestow non better tho.  
 So Mahoun me yine ref,  
 O yam ten fwiche the beft,  
     To fight Ich wold go.  
 Sir Coftentin of Rome,  
 And therl of Naumtes come,  
     To fight with bothe to,

And Vernagu bar bothe,  
 No were thai neuer fo wrothe,  
     To Naffer's caftel,  
 Vnder aither arm on,  
 As ftille as ani fton,  
     Might thai nought with him mele.

Tho Charls fent ten,  
Also he ferned his men,  
    Might no man with him dele.  
Charls bithought tho,  
Yif he fent mo,  
    It were him wrother hele.

Roland the gode knight,  
Tho bad leue to fight,  
    Ogain that painim,  
King Charls feyd nay,  
Thou no fhalt nought bi this day,  
    He is to ftout and grim.  
So long he him bad,  
That leue of him he hadde,  
    Rouland armed him,  
And com anon right  
Into the feld, to fight  
    Ogain that farrazin.

And at his coming thare,  
Sir Vernagu was ware,  
    And tok him vnder his hond,  
Out of his fadel he gan him bere,  
And on his hors fwere,  
    He fet Roulond,  
And Roulond finot him fo,  
That Vernagu tho,  
    Vnto the grounde wond,  
And when the criften feighe this,  
That Vernagu fallen is,  
    Thai thanked Godes sond.

Thai lopen opou her ftede,  
 And fwerdes out thai brede,  
     And fight thai gun tho,  
 Rouland with Durindale,  
 Brewed him miche bale,  
     And carf his hors ato :  
 When Vernagu was o fot,  
 He no couthe no better, bot  
     To Rouland he gan go,  
 In the heued he finot his ftede,  
 That ded to grounde he yede,  
     O fot than were thai bo.

A fot thai tok the fight,  
 And Vernagu anon right,  
     His fwerd he had y-lore,  
 Rouland with al his might,  
 He ftired him as a knight,  
     And yaf him dintes fore.  
 Til it was ogain the none,  
 Thus thai layd opon,  
     Ay til thai weri wore :  
 Douk Rouland fone he fond,  
 That with no dint of brond,  
     He flough him neuer more.

When it com to the nette,  
 Vernagu bad leue,  
     To refteu of that fight :  
 Rouland him trewthef yaf,  
 So he moft bring a ftaf,  
     After his wil y-dight ;

Vernagu graunted wel,  
And went to her hostel  
    When that was night.  
Amorwe withouten fail,  
Thai com to the batayl,  
    Aither as doughti knight.

Sir Rouland brought a staf  
That king Charls him yaf,  
    That was long and newe,  
The bodi of a yong oke,  
To yif ther with a stroke,  
    He was tough and trewe.  
And with that gode staf,  
Wel mani dintes he yaf,  
    Vernagu the schrewe,  
And at the non aflight,  
Thai gun another fight,  
    And stones togider threwe.

Gode rappes for the nones,  
Thai yauen with the stons,  
    That sete fwithe fore ;  
That helme and heye targe,  
Thurch her strokes large,  
    Ther with thai broken wore.  
And Vernagu at that cas,  
So fore asleped was,  
    He no might fight no more  
At Rouland leue he toke,  
That time fo feyt the boke,  
    For to flepe thore.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Roland yaf leue him,  
 For to flepe wele afin,  
     And rest him in that stounde.  
 And feyd that he nold,  
 For the cite ful of gold  
     Be ther with y-founde,  
 Slepeand to flen a knight,  
 Thei that he had in fight,  
     Yif him dethes wounde,  
 Tho Vernagu lay adoun,  
 To flepe he was boun,  
     There opon the grounde.

And Vernagu rout thore,  
 As a wild bore,  
     Tho he on flepe was :  
 To him Rouland gan gon,  
 And tok the greteft ston  
     That lay in that place,  
 He leyd vnder his heued y-wis  
 For him thought it lay amis,  
     To love at that cas.  
 And Vernagu vp stode,  
 He stard as he were wode,  
     When he awaked was,

Vernagu asked anon,  
 Who leyd this gret ston,  
     Vnder min heued so.  
 It no might neur be,  
 Bot yif he were a knight fre,  
     Wist Ich who it were,



He schuld be me leue and dere,  
     Thei that he were mi fo.  
 Quath Rouland fikerly,  
 Certes it was Y,  
     For that thou rot fo,

And when tho me louest miche,  
 Now tel me fikerliche,  
     Whi thou art fo hard,  
 That no thing may the dere,  
 Knif, no ax, no spere,  
     No, no dint of fward :  
 Quath Vernagu fikerly,  
 No man is harder than Y,  
     Fram the nauel vpward,  
 For thi Y com hider Y wis,  
 To fight with king Charlis,  
     With the hore bard.

Vernagu to Rouland fede,  
 Also thi God the spede,  
     Whare were thou y-born ?  
 In Fraunce be feynt Auftin,  
 King Charls cofyn,  
     Our kinde lord y-corn,  
 We leueth opon Ihesu,  
 That is ful of vertu,  
     That bare the croun of thorn,  
 And ye leueth in the fende,  
 For thi withouten ende,  
     Ye schul be forlorn.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

And when that Vernagu  
 Y-herd ſpeke of Iheſu,  
     He asked wat man he was.  
 Sir Rouland feyd, he is  
 The king of paradys,  
     And lord ful of gras,  
 In a maiden he was bore,  
 To bigge that was forlore,  
     As ſonne paſſeth thurch the glas.  
 And dyed opon the rod,  
 For our alder gode,  
     And nought for his guilt it nas,

And ſuffred woundes fine,  
 And ros fram ded to liue,  
     Than thridde day ;  
 And fet out Adam and Eue,  
 And mo that were him leue,  
     Fram helle for ſothe to fay,  
 And ſitt in Trinite,  
 O God in perſones thre,  
     Swiche is our lay.  
 Vernagu feyd tho,  
 It no might neuer be ſo,  
     Ther of I figge nay,

How might it euer be,  
 That he were on and thre,  
     Tel me now the ſkille.  
 Rouland than fede,  
 Al ſo God me ſpede,  
     Tis with a gode wille,

As the harp has thre thinges,  
 Wode and fonn and frenges,  
     And mirthe is ther tille,  
 So is God perfones thre,  
 And holeliche on in vnite,  
     Al thing to ful fille.

And as the fonne hath thinges thre,  
 Hete and white on to fe,  
     And is ful of light,  
 So is God in trinite,  
 Vnite and mageste,  
     And lord ful of might.  
 Quath Vernagu, now Y fe,  
 Hou he is God in perfones thre,  
     Now Ich wot that right,  
 Ac hou that he bicom man,  
 The lord that this world wan,  
     Therof no haue Y no fight.

Quath Rouland, he that ous bought,  
 And al thing maked of nought,  
     Wele might he be so hende,  
 That he wald fende his fone,  
 In a maiden for to wone,  
     Withouten mannes kende.  
 Quath Vernagu, faunfayl,  
 Therof Ichaue gret meruail,  
     Hou might he fram hir wende,  
 Hou might he of hir be bore,  
 That was a maiden bifore,  
     Y no may nought haue in mende.

Rouland feyd to Vernagu,  
 Mi lordes fader Ihesu,  
     Is fo michel of might,  
 That he made fonne and fe,  
 And fishes in the flod to be,  
     Bothe daye and night,  
 Wele may he than as Y the er feyd,  
 Ben y-bore of a maide,  
     Withouten wem aflight.  
 Quath Vernagu, it may wele be,  
 Ac hou he dyed Y no can nought fe,  
     Tel me now that right,

For I-nift neuer no man,  
 That aros after than,  
     When that he ded was,  
 And yif he Godes sone were,  
 He no might nought dye there,  
     Tel me now that cas.  
 Quath Rouland, I schal tel the,  
 His bodi flepe upon the tre,  
     And the thridde day aras,  
 His Godhed waked euer and ay,  
 And to helle tok the way,  
     And bond Satanas.

So schal we al arife,  
 And of the dome agrife,  
     Atte day of iuggement,  
 And anfwerey for our dede,  
 The gode and the quede,  
     Hou we our liif haue spent.

Quath Vernagu, now Ich ot wel,  
 Hou he aros ichadel,  
     And haue in min entent,  
 Ac hou he flegghe to heuen,  
 Y no can nought neuen,  
     No wite verrament.

Than feyd Rouland,  
 O Vernagu vnderftand,  
     Herken now to me,  
 That ich lord that with his might,  
 In a maiden a light,  
     Y-born for to be,  
 As the fonne aros in the eft,  
 And decended in the weft,  
     Aftow might now fe,  
 Right fo dede God almight,  
 Mounted in to heuen light,  
     And fit in trinite.

Quath Vernagu, now Ich wot,  
 Your criften lawe eueri grot,  
     Now we wil fight,  
 Whether lawe better be,  
 Sone we fehul y-fè,  
     Long ar it be night.  
 Rouland a dint him gaf,  
 With his gode ftaf,  
     That he kneled aflight,  
 And Vernagu to him finot,  
 And carf his ftaf fot hot,  
     Euen ato aright.

## ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

Tho Rouland kneld adoun,  
 And makend an orifoun,  
     To God in heuen light,  
 And feyd Lord vnderftond,  
 Y no fight for no lond,  
     Bot for to faue thi right,  
 Send me now might and grace,  
 Here in this ich place,  
     To fle that foule wight.  
 An angel com ful fone,  
 And feyd herd is thi bone,  
     Arife Rouland and fight,

And fched the fchrewes blod,  
 For he nas neuer gode,  
     Bi lond no bi fe,  
 Thei alle prechours aliue,  
 To chriften wald him felriue,  
     Gode nold be neuer be.  
 When Rouland herd that fteuen,  
 He ftirt him vp ful euen,  
     And faught with hert fre :  
 Strokes bi fex and feuen.  
 Togider this knightes geuen,  
     That mani man might y-fe.

Rouland withouten dueling,  
 Thurch might of heuen king,  
     Vernagu he smot,  
 That the left arm, and the fchild  
 Fel forth into the feld,  
     Fram that painim fot hot :

His arm tho he had lore,  
 Swithe wo him was ther fore,  
                   And fast he faught Y wot.  
 He smot Rouland on the croun,  
 A strok with his fauchoun,  
                   That thurch the helm it bot.

No hadde ben the bacinet,  
 That the strok with fett,  
                   Rouland hadde ben aqueld.  
 The farrazin fayd afwithe,  
 Smite Ich eft on fithe  
                   Thi liif is bought and feld.  
 Rouland anferd nay,  
 Mine worth the rather pay,  
                   Bi God that al thing weld,  
 And with a strok ful large,  
 He clef the farrazins targe,  
                   That half fel in the feld.

And at another venov,  
 Roland smot Vernagu,  
                   That he fel down to grounde,  
 And Rouland with Durindale  
 Gaf him stokes fale,  
                   And his dethes wounde.  
 The paynem crid help Mahoun,  
 And Iubiter of gret renoun,  
                   That beth so michel of mounde,  
 As ye beth might ful helpeth me,  
 That Ich might y-vened me  
                   Of this cristen hounde.

Rouland lough for that cri,  
 And fyd Mahoun fikerly,  
     No may the help nought :  
 No Iubiter, no Apolin,  
 No is worth the bruft of a fwin,  
     In hert no in thought.  
 His ventail he gan vnlace,  
 And finot of his heued in the place,  
     And to Charls it brought :  
 Tho thonked he God in heuen,  
 And Mari with milde fleuen,  
     That he so hadde y-wrought.

And al the folk of the lond,  
 For onour of Roulond,  
     Thonked God old and yong :  
 And yede a procefioun,  
 With croice and gomfaynoun,  
     And falue miri fong,  
 Bothe widowe and wiif in place,  
 Thus thonked Godes grace,  
     Alle tho that fpeke with tong,  
 To Otuel also yern,  
 That was a farrazin ftern,  
     Ful fone this word fprong.



# The Romance of



Duel.



## OTUEL, A KNIGHT.

HERKNETH bothe yinge and olde,  
That willen heren of batailles bolde,  
And ye wolle a while duelle,  
Of bolde batailles Ich wole you telie,  
That was funtime bitwene,  
Cristine men and farrazins kene.  
There was funtime a king in Fraunce,  
A doughty man with spere and launce,  
And made farazins ful tame,  
King Charles was his name,  
And was born in feynt Denys,  
Nought bote a litel fram Parys.  
And was a wol treu knight,  
And meintenede Cristendom aright.  
In his time, a king ther was,  
An hethene that vncristned was,  
That was king of Lumbardie,  
And was y-hoten king Garfie.

Marfile was his alfo,  
 And manie other londes mo.  
 A fwith the gret lord he was,  
 In his time non fuych ther nas.  
 On Ihefu Crift ne leuede he nought,  
 That him hadde fo dere a-bought.  
 He leuede al in maumetrie,  
 And forfok God and feinte Marie.  
 In alle londes there he wente,  
 He flough al that euere he hente,  
 That wolde on Ihefu Crift bileue,  
 And tok the lond to his byheue :  
 Night and day it was his thought,  
 To bring Criftendom to nought.  
 In hetheneffe ther nas no king,  
 That ne hel of him fuy thing,  
 Or dude him omage or feute,  
 Suich a mighty king was he,  
 Alle thei fcholden to him bouwe.  
 He was lord of londes ynowe,  
 And yit he thoughte wit maiftrie,  
 Habben al Criftendom to gye,  
 Al Criftendom more and laffe,  
 He thoughte to maken hethenneffe.  
 Whan he wolde hauen a parlement,  
 There com to his comaundement,  
 To helpen hym wit alle thinges.  
 Fyftene hethene kinges :  
 And alle thei were togidere fworn.  
 That Criftendom fcholde be lorn,  
 And maden alle here ordenaunce,  
 To werren uppon the king of France,

For thei herden alle tidinges,  
That he was chef of Cristene gynges,  
And the king wifte it wel.  
Nou schulle ye here hou it bifel,  
Hit was on Childermasse day,  
Soth to fegge withouten nay,  
That king Charles of fein Denys,  
Wente him toward Parys.  
Hise duzze peres wit him he nam,  
And muche poeple to him kam,  
And token alle here confail thare,  
That thei wolden with alle fare.  
Into Marfile riden and gon,  
And werren there with Godes foon,  
And hadden fet a certain day,  
To wenden thider withouten delay:  
Bote ar thei thiderward ferden,  
Suiche tydings thei herden,  
Of a farafin doughti and good,  
That a-moenede al here blod.  
There com a farazin ful of rage,  
Fram king Garfie in message,  
Into Paris the wei he nam,  
And to the kinges paleis he kam.  
Otuwel his name was,  
Of no man afered he nas,  
Into the paleis tho he cam,  
A fkwier be the hon he nam,  
And feide Ich am comen her,  
Kying Garfies messager,  
To speke with Charles king of this lond,  
And with a knight that heet Roulond,  
And another hatte Oliuer,

Knichtes holden withouten peer.  
Thofe thre Ich bifeche the,  
That thou telle me which thei be.  
The fwier thoughte wel by fight,  
That Otuwel was a doughti knight,  
And for he was in meffage come,  
Bi the hond he haueth him nome,  
And ladde him in to the halle,  
Among the grete lordes alle,  
And there thei fioden oppon her feet,  
He fchewede him where the king feet,  
And taughte him hou he fcholde knowe.  
There thei feten oppon a rowe.  
Roulond and Olyuer,  
And the godde knight Ogger.  
Anon as Otuwel hadde a fight.  
Of Charles that was king and knight,  
For eye of no man he ne leet,  
Bote went to him there he feet,  
Hit was the boldeft farazin,  
That euere thorte drinke win,  
And that was fene withoute lefing.  
Tho he fpak with Charles the king.  
He feide to him amydde his halle,  
Sire king, foule mote the falle,  
Thou art aboute for to greue,  
Mahoun that we omme bylene.  
There fore haue thou maugre,  
So ye greteth Garfie bi me,  
That me haueth in meffage fent,  
To feggen his commandement.  
And thou Roulond that art his knight,  
Non Iche knowe the be fight,

May Iche mete the in the feeld,  
 With thi spere and with thi scheld.  
 Iche wole wyte fo mote Ich the  
 Right bytwene me and te.

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 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

That thou makest offe this boft,  
 Tel me nou yef thou woft.  
 Quath Otuwel fo mote Ich the  
 I nelle nought hele for eie of the.  
 It was oppon a Weddenesdai,  
 In Aueril before the May,  
 King Garfie the weie nam,  
 To the cite of Rome he cam,  
 Twentie thoufende was the fawe,  
 That were thare of farazin lawe,  
 Corfoufe m . . . . harde fel,  
 And bot there Freinche flechs fol wel.  
 Eftught of Leggers, a Freinthe knight,  
 He flette op anon right,  
 And kypete anon in his hond  
 A gret muche fir bronde,  
 And to Otuwel a ftrok hadde ment,  
 And Rouland bynam him the dent.  
 Thaune feide Charles the king,  
 Ich forbede oppon alle thing,  
 That no man be fo wood,

For to don hym other than good,  
 A kinges meffager for he is,  
 He ne fhall habbe non harm I wis.  
 Sire king, quath Otuwel, be me blod,  
 And ani of hem be fo wod,  
 To drawe to me fwerd or knif,  
 Certes he fhall lefen his lif.  
 The kinges knightes hadden tene,  
 Of Otuwel wordes kene,  
 With that worde anon right,  
 Op ftarte a Freinfche knight,  
 Bilienden Otuwel he cam,  
 And be the hod Otuwel nam,  
 And braid with fo gret might,  
 And braid adon that hethene knight,  
 And anon out with a knif,  
 And wolde haue reued him his lif.  
 And that farazin Otuwel,  
 Was i-armed fwithe wel,  
 That he ne dede him nought bote good.  
 Ne drough of his bodi no blood.  
 He ftarte op and was wroth.  
 To ligge longe him was loth,  
 And Corfouze his brond he drough,  
 And the kinges knight he flough.  
 And amang hem alle he flood,  
 And lokete as he were wood.  
 The kinges knightes were agramed,  
 And fumme of hem were afchamed,  
 That Otuwel in the halle,  
 Slough a knight among hem alle,  
 And bi gunnen op to ftonden,  
 And thoughte to leggen on him honden.



Otuwel ther of was war,  
And in his herte it him bar,  
That thei nere aboute no good.  
And feide to hem there he stod,  
Bi the louerd fire Mahoun,  
Knightes I rede ye sitten adoun,  
For yef ani of you so hardi be,  
That any strok munteth to me,  
Mahoun mi God Ich here forfake,  
Yef he schal euere ordres take.  
Of ani other bisschopes hond,  
Bot of Corfouze mi gode brond.  
Thei behelden Otuwel alle,  
Knightes and skwieres in the halle,  
Ther nas non that there stood,  
That ne wende Otuel were wod,  
And enere he held his fwerd y-drawe,  
And gaf nought of hem alle an hawe.  
King Charles stood vpright,  
And comaundede anon right,  
That no man scholde be so wod,  
To do the messager nought bote good.  
Knightes and sweines in the halle,  
Were wol glade therof alle,  
That the king so bad.  
For mani of hem was fore adrad,  
And thei withdrawen hem echone,  
And euere stod Otuwel alone,  
And biheld hem as thei yede,  
Yef ani him wolde stroke dede.  
Thanne feide Charles the king  
Bi God that made all thing  
Sarafin nere thou messager,

Wrother hele come thou her,  
 I rede you yeld op thi brond,  
 And taket out of thin hond.  
 Quath Otuwel, that Sarazin  
 Bi Mahoun that is louerd myn,  
 I nelle take it out of min hond.  
 To no man of al thi lond,  
 That is ther inne geten and bore,  
 That wind thou haueft i-lore.  
 Sarafin, quath Rouloud  
 Take me thi fwerd in myn hond,  
 And Iche wole faue the bi mi blod,  
 Schal no man do the nought bote good,  
 And whan thou art redi to fare  
 For fothe thi fwerd ffechal be yare.  
 Quath Otuwel the farazin,  
 Bi Mahoun that is louerd min,  
 Though Ich hadde fkwieres twelue,  
 Ich wole bere myn fwerd mi felue,  
 Holte o roum, Ich wolde rede,  
 And thanne doftou a god dede.  
 Sarazin, quath Charles the king  
 Let ben al thi thretning.  
 Tel me nou alle and fome  
 In what meffage artou come.  
 Otuwel, that noble knight  
 Aufwerede anon right.  
 Hider me fente king Garfie,  
 Spaine is his, and Lumbardie,  
 An manye londes name couthe,  
 That I ne mai nemne with mounthe ;  
 Bi me he fente the to fegge,  
 Thou ffoldeft Cristendom alegge,

And maken thine men in eche toun,  
 For to leuen on fire Mahoun,  
 And you and alle thine barons bolde,  
 Of him ye ffehulle youre londes holde,  
 Thanne mightou amenden yif thou wilt,  
 That thou haueft Mahoun agult,  
 And certes bot it fo befallē,  
 Garfie wele giue thine londes alle,  
 To Olecent of Efclauenge,  
 The kinges fone of Ermenie,  
 That haueth his o doughter to wif,  
 That he loueth as his lif,  
 Thous ffehall all thi murthe adoun,  
 Bote thou leue on fire Mahoun.  
 The duzze pieres anfwerede, tho  
 Certes while we moun ride and go,  
 Fraunfe ffehal he neuere giue,  
 To no man while we moun liue,  
 Sire king, his wille nou thou woft,  
 Let affemblen al thin oft,  
 And let vs upon Garfie wenden,  
 Alle his londes for to ffehenden,  
 Of wordes that he haueth I ffepeke.  
 For fothe we reden you be awreke.  
 Certes fire king, quoth Otuwel,  
 Thine Freinche knightes kune yelpē wel,  
 And when thei beth to werre i-brought,  
 Thanne be thei right nought,  
 Though you bringe with ffeheld and ffepere,  
 Al that euere may wepene bere,  
 To werren vpon king Garfie,  
 Certes alle thei ffeholden deie.  
 And thou art king, and old knight,

## OTUWEL, A KNIGHT.

And haueſt i-loren al thi might,  
 And in thi yinkthe tak god hede,  
 Thou nere neuere doughti of dede.  
 Tho was the king was agramed,  
 And alle hiſe duzze peres affchamed,  
 That Otuwel, that hethene knight,  
 Told of hem alle ſo light.  
 Roulond bi the king ſtood,  
 And ameneude al hiſ blod,  
 And feide in wraththe anon right,  
 To Otuwel that hethene knight,  
 To werren on Garſie yef we fare,  
 In bataille, and I mete the thare,  
 And I may mete the aright,  
 Bi Iheſu that is ful of might,  
 Thou ne ſchalt neuere after that day,  
 Deſpice Freinchs man, yef Ich may.  
 Ough, quath Otuwel and lough,  
 Wherto makeſtou it ſo tough,  
 To threte me in another lond,  
 Nam Ich here at thin hond,  
 Yef thou haueſt will to fighte,  
 Whan enere thou wolt let the dighte,  
 And thou ſchalt finde me redi dight,  
 In the feld to bide fight.  
 Bi God, quath Roulond, Ich wolde be yare  
 Whan Ich wiſte to finde the thare,  
 And euele mote he thriue and the,  
 That ferſt failleth of me and te.  
 Ye leue ya, quath Otuwel tho.  
 Whether ſo failleth of us two,  
 Ich wole finde Mahoun to borwe,  
 Ich wile be redi erliche tomorwe.

Quath Roulond, thar he stod on grounde,  
 Selpe me Gode feere i-founde  
 Right before the kinges eien,  
 That alle the kinges knightes feien,  
 Either other his trewthe plighte,  
 Vppon morwen for to fighte.  
 King Charles stod al stille,  
 And biheld his gode wille,  
 And feide, it is harm I wis,  
 That thou noft what follaut is,  
 Yef thou woldes follaut take,  
 And thine falsè godes forsake,  
 Iche wolle make the so mote Ich the,  
 And tou wille bleue with me,  
 A riche man in mi lond,  
 That Ich wille sikere the on hond.  
 Otuwel, that hardi knight,  
 Answerede anon right,  
 Cristes cors vppon his heued,  
 That me radde such a red,  
 To forsake mi god Mahun,  
 I nelle nought leue thi falsè farmon.  
 Though Otuwel speke outrage,  
 For he was comen on message,  
 King Charles that was heende and god,  
 Nolde soffre him hadde nought bote god,  
 Bote feide to him anon right,  
 Be thou fkwier, be thou knight,  
 Tel me yef thi conseil is nome,  
 Of what linage thou art come.  
 Otuwel answerede this,  
 A kinges sone Ich am, I wis,  
 Soth to segge and nought to lye,

Ich am the kinges cofin Garfie,  
 Fernagu myn eem was,  
 That neuere ouer comen nas,  
 Sir Roulond thi cofin him flough,  
 Therefore wole rife wo inough,  
 Therefore Ich defire fo moche,  
 To fighte with Roulond fikerliche,  
 Ich wille tomorewen in the day,  
 Awreken his deth yef Ich may,  
 Nou he haueth i-feid his fawe,  
 That he ne mai him nought withdrawe,  
 That we fchule bothe fighten ifeere,  
 Nou Ich wille that thou it here,  
 Min emes deth Ich awreke,  
 Or min herte ffchal to breke.  
 King Charle gan to meuen his blod,  
 Bot natheles he was hende and good,  
 And nolde for his wordes heghe,  
 Don Otuel no vileinie.  
 Bote comaundede anon a fwein,  
 Gou fechen him his chaumberlein,  
 A ying knight ant nought old,  
 That was wel norffched and bold,  
 And feide to him, fire Reiner,  
 Tak here this meffeger,  
 And to his in faueliche him lede,  
 That for no word ne for no dede,  
 That he haueth don and faid,  
 That non hond be on him leid;  
 And loke that he be wel i-dight,  
 And onoured als a knight.  
 The chamberlein anon dede,  
 Als the king him hadde i-bede,

And ladde him hom to his in,  
And whan he was i-comen in,  
He tok his leue the chamberlein,  
And wente to the king agein.  
Littel flep the king that night,  
For ferd of Roulant that gode knight,  
Of the bataille he hadde i-nome,  
Lefte he were ouer come,  
For the king hadde fein ful wel,  
The kumtenaunfe of Otuel:  
The king wifte wel afin,  
Hit was a bold farazin,  
For he faugh hit wel by fight,  
Tho he faugh him flen his knight.  
On morwe tho the dai sprong,  
And the larke bigan hire fong,  
King Charles wente to cherche,  
Godes werkes for to werche.  
Roulond his cofin with him yede,  
Of Godes help that hadde nede,  
Thei wenten anon to here maffe,  
For here finnen ffeholde be the laffe.  
Tho the maffe was i-feid,  
And the weftement down i-leid.  
The king and Roulond ifere,  
Wente forth as ye moun here,  
Right to the paleis gate,  
And founde houinge ther ate.  
Otuel armed and i-dight,  
Al redi to bide fight.  
Tho feide that farazin,  
Sire king, were is thi cofin,  
Roulond that his trunthe plighte,

That he wolde with me fighte,  
 He was tho fol heie of mod,  
 Is he nou i-lete blod.  
 Roulond flod al and herde,  
 Hou Otuel toward him ferde,  
 And anfwerede anon right,  
 By Ihesu, that is fol of might,  
 Thin heued sſchal fele vnder thin hood,  
 That I nam nought laten blood.  
 Welcome be thou, quath Otuwel tho,  
 And turnde his ſtede and made him go,  
 And to the place tho rod he,  
 There the bataille ſſcholde be,  
 Al aboute the water ran,  
 Ther nas nother man ne winman,  
 That mighte in riden no gon,  
 At no ſtede bote at on ;  
 And there Otuwel in rood,  
 No lengere he ne abood.  
 Roulond that doughti knight,  
 Was fol haſteliche i-dight,  
 And his ſtede he biſtrod,  
 And no lengere he ne abood,  
 Er the dai i-don it were,  
 Ther thei ſſchollen fighten ifere.  
 Anon als Roulond be heeld,  
 Otuwel houede in the feel[d],  
 Roulond was ſo egre to fighte,  
 That for al the world he ne mighte,  
 Abide to riden in at the gate,  
 There Otuwel rod in ate,  
 He thoute the neckſte weie to ride,  
 And no lengere he nolde abide,



He finot his stede with spores brighte,  
And with help of Godes mighte,  
Ouer the water the stede swam,  
And to londe saf he cam.  
Anon right als Roulond  
Hadde i-kaught the druthe lond,  
Gret enuye was hem betwene,  
Thei riden togidere with spores kene.  
That were steue and nought longe,  
And the knightes were both stronge,  
And smyten either in others scheld,  
That bothe hors fellen in the feld,  
And risen agein op from the grounde,  
And bothe knightes were hole and founde.  
Tho the stedes were risen bothe,  
The knightes woxen both fol wrothe,  
And drowen swerdes ate laste,  
And either hugh on other faste.  
Roulond to Otuwel finot  
A strok, that fol fore bot,  
He wolde haue smiten Otuwel,  
And he blenkte swithe wel,  
And Roulond finot the stede broun,  
And clef the heued al adoun,  
And the stede fel to grounde,  
Bot Otuwel was hol and founde.  
Roulond was hende and good of wille,  
And houede oppon his stede stille,  
To smiten made he semblant non.  
Er Otuwel was risen and gon.  
Roulond, quath Otuwel, what was the,  
Art tou blynd, mightou nought se  
Wil Ich oppon mi stede sat,

Whi ffolde mi ftede hadde that,  
 It hadde be more honour to the,  
 Forfothe to hadde i-finite me.  
 Ough, quath Roulond, blame me nought,  
 Bifengeme, Ich hadde i-fought,  
 Otuwel, Ich hadde y-ment,  
 That thou ffoldeft haue i-feled that dent.  
 Ich hadde wel leuere fo mote Ich the,  
 Otuwel hadde gouen it the.  
 Otuwel was wroth his ftede was flawe,  
 And with his fwerd he bar i-draue,  
 He fmot to Rolond with good wille,  
 That ouede oppon his ftede ftille,  
 That he hadde Roulond ment,  
 And he failede of his dent,  
 And fmot Roulondes gode ftede,  
 That neuere eft on erthe he ne yede.  
 Otuwel thoute on errede deede,  
 Tho he hadde flawe his ftede,  
 Hou Roulond houede ftille as ftou,  
 Til he was rifen and gon,  
 And he ftod al ftille,  
 And leet Roulond rifen at wille,  
 And feide, Roulond, fo mote Ich the.  
 That ftrok Ich mente to the,  
 And nou it is on thi ftede i-ftunt,  
 Let nou ftoude dunt for dunt.  
 Tho thei fien non other bote,  
 Thi wenten togidere al on fote,  
 And ftokes yeden bitwene ham fo kene,  
 That the fer fprong out bitwene.  
 King Charles with his knightes bolde,  
 Was come the bataille to biholde,

And bifought God fol of might,  
He fcholde faue Roulond his knight.  
Bothe knights were gode and ftronge,  
And foughten togidere fwith the longe,  
Roulond was a hende knight,  
And feled that Otuwel fmot aright,  
And that might was in his arm,  
And thoute to fauen him from harm,  
And feide, Otuwel, let thi fight,  
And leue on Ihefu ful of might,  
And Ich wele ben at acent,  
That thou fſchalt wedde Belecent,  
The kinges daughter, mi neſe that is.  
I rede Otuwel that thou do this.  
Quath Otuwel to Roulond,  
Whil mi ſwerd is in min hond,  
Al thi preching is for nought,  
Hit ne cam neuere in my thout,  
Me ne ſtant nought of the ſwich awe,  
That thou fſchalt make me reneie mi lawe,  
For to wedde Belecent,  
So nis nought mi wille I went.  
Tho thei ne might nought acente,  
Agein to bataille thei wente,  
And foughten harde togidere beie,  
Neneron of other ne ſtod eie.  
Roulond bigan to meuen his blood,  
That Otuwel ſo longe ſtood,  
And for tene vp with the brond,  
That he bar in his hond,  
And in the heued he thoute to redde  
Otuwel, bote nought he ne ſpedde.  
Otuwel ſtarte ofide,

And let the fwerd bi him glide,  
 And Roulond with the fwerdes ende,  
 Reighte Otuwel oppon the lende,  
 Als he wolde the dent fle,  
 Otuwel fel on kne.  
 Otuwel affchamed was,  
 That he knelede oppon the gras,  
 And for auger his herte gan ffwelle,  
 And thoughte Roulond for to quelle,  
 In the heued he hadde him ment,  
 Bote Roulond bleinte for the dent,  
 As fwete Ihesu Chrifft wolde,  
 That Roulond there deie ne ffcholde.  
 Befide the heued the dent wente,  
 And the hauberk he to rente,  
 Fram the hepebon an heigh,  
 That alle the pece out fleigh.  
 King Charles faugh there he ftood,  
 And was fol dreri in his mood,  
 And was fwithe fore afright,  
 To lefe Roulond his gode knight,  
 For Otuwel finot fo hertliche,  
 The king wende fikerliche,  
 That Roulond ffcholde been y-lore,  
 And was a fori man there fore.  
 As the king ftoode in doute,  
 He fpak to his folk aboute,  
 And feide to alle that there were,  
 Lordinges, doth as Ich wou lere,  
 Sitte eche man oppon his kne,  
 And biddeth to God in Trinite,  
 For his grace and for his mightes,  
 Sende feightneffe bitwene tho knightes.

And giue Otuwel wille to day,  
 For to reneien his lay.  
 Euerichone thei token here red,  
 And deden as the king ham bed,  
 To Ihesu Crist thei deden here bone,  
 And fwete Ihesu herde ham sone,  
 A whit colnere ther cam fle,  
 That al the peple mighten se,  
 On Otuweles heued he lighte,  
 Thoru the uertu of Godes mighte,  
 And Otuwel that doughti knight,  
 Withdrough him anoon right  
 Fram Roulond, and stod al stille,  
 To fighte more he ne hadde wille,  
 And seide, Roulond thou fimatest fol fore.  
 With drau thin hond and finight na more.  
 Yef thou wolt holden that thou me bet,  
 That I schal wedde that maiden swet,  
 The kinges doughter Belesent,  
 For sothe, than is mi wille went,  
 Yef I schal wedden that faire may,  
 Ich wille bileuen oppon thi lay,  
 And alle myne godes forfake,  
 And to youre God, Iche wille take.  
 Roulond likete that word fol wel,  
 And answerede Otuwel,  
 I thonke it Ihesu ful of might,  
 Thorou wham that grace is in the light.  
 Otuel caste of his hond,  
 Corfoufe, his gode brond,  
 And Roulond his also,  
 And togidere thei gune go,  
 Eyther forgaf other his loth,

## OTUWEL, A KNIGHT.

Nas non of hem with other wroth,  
 Bote clippe and kuffe ethther other,  
 As either hedde been otheres brother.  
 King Charles rood thidere anon,  
 And knightes with him many on,  
 Anon as he thider cam.  
 Bi the hon Roulond he nam,  
 And feide, Roulond, for Godes erthe,  
 Hou is the and this man i-wurthe,  
 So harde ftrokes as ye hebben giue,  
 Hit is wunder that ye liue.  
 Sire, quath Roulond, we beth al founde.  
 Nother of vs ne haueth wounde,  
 Otuwel haueth his confeil nome,  
 That he wile Cristene bycome,  
 And Ich hadde granted bi youre acent,  
 That he schal wedde Belecent.  
 Certes, quath Charles tho,  
 Nou thou wolt that it be so.  
 I graunte wel that it so be,  
 For whi that he wille dwelle with me :  
 Thanne hadde Ich the and Oliuer,  
 Otuwel, and gode Ogger,  
 In all the world in lenkye aud brede,  
 Ther nis king that nolde me drede.  
 The king took Otuwel anon,  
 And to his paleis made him gon,  
 And makeden murthe and melodie,  
 Of alle maner of menestrafie,  
 For the miracle that was wrought,  
 That Otuwel hadde i-turned his thought.  
 On moruen tho the day was bright,  
 Thei ladden to churche that noble knight,

Biffchop Turpin was biffchop tho,  
He follede him that day and nam mo.  
Tho Otuwel hadde follaught nome,  
And to the kingges pees was come,  
The king beed him his daughter anon,  
And feire loudes mani on.  
Otuwel to the king faide,  
Sire, keep me wel that maide,  
For fothe Ich nele hire neuere wedde,  
No neuere with hire go to bedde,  
Er thi werre to the ende be brought,  
And fim what of thi wille wrought,  
Whan king Garfie is flawe or take,  
Thanne is time mariage to make.  
Quath king Charles to Otuwel,  
Non I fe thou loueft me wel,  
And yef I leue fo mote I the,  
Thou ne ffchalt nought lese thi loue on me.  
Tho leet the king afemblen anon,  
Alle hife duzze peres echon,  
Lordinges, he feide, what is youre red,  
King Garfie feith, I ffchal be ded,  
And as ye habbeth i-herd fegge,  
He thenketh Cristendame to legge,  
Whether wole we wenden oppon him anon,  
Other abide til winter be gon.  
The duzze peres acentenden therto,  
To bide til winter were i-do,  
And alle winter the king of Fraunce,  
Lette maken his purueiaufe,  
Al that winter at hom he bod,  
And in fomer to werre he rod.  
Lordinges bothe yinge and olde,



Her[k]neth as we formeft tolde,  
 Hon the werre was fol hyghe,  
 Bitwene king Charles and king Garfie.  
 Anon as winter was y-gon,  
 The king afemblede his hofte anon,  
 And mochel peple cam to his hond  
 Out of mani diuerfe lond.  
 Aueril was comen and winter gon,  
 And Charles tok the weie anon,  
 And drough him toward Lumbardie,  
 To werren oppon king Garfie.  
 There was fet withouten faille  
 Certain day of bataille :  
 Anoon as Charles was i-come,  
 Nigh honde thar the bataille was nome,  
 In a mede anon right.  
 The kinges paulions were i-pight,  
 Vnder an hul besides a riuiere,  
 And bifel as ye moun here ;  
 Fol nygh the water the king lay,  
 Of bataille for to abide his day,  
 And vppon that other fide,  
 He mighte seen hife enemis ride,  
 And there nas brugge ne ford non.  
 That man mighte ouer riden ne gon.  
 King Charles that gode knight,  
 Tok carpenters anon right,  
 And lette make a brugge anon,  
 That men mighten ouer gon,  
 Tho the brugge was al yare,  
 That men mighten ouer fare.  
 Hit bitidde vppon a day,  
 Wil Charles in his bed lay,



That Roulond an Oliuer,  
And the gode knight Oger,  
Ouer the brugge thei wenteu ifeere,  
Auntres for to fen and here,  
And tho thei ouer paffed were,  
Suche auntres thei funden there,  
For al the good vnder fonne,  
Thei nolde hebben the gamen bi gonme.  
Of Garsies oft four hethene kinges,  
Wenten for to here tidinges,  
For alle cas that mighte bitide,  
Wel i-armed bataille to bide.  
Here foure names ye moun wite,  
As we finden in romaunfe write,  
Turabeles hatte the to king,  
A stout farazin, withouten lesing,  
That other Balfamun het,  
A werfe man yede non on fet,  
Aftaward was the thriddes name,  
He louede werre and hatede game,  
The ferthe king highte Clarel,  
That neuere yite ne dede wel.  
As thei riden alle y-fere,  
That on feide as ye moun here,  
Mahoun leeu ous yit abide,  
Into Fraunce that we moun ride.  
And Ich mighte Roulond mete,  
Al with wraththe Ich wolde him grete :  
That traitour he flough mi brother,  
Ne gete Ich neue eft fuch a nother.  
Roulond herde and Oliuer,  
And the gode knight Ogger,  
Hou thei fpeken hare wordes highe,

And thratten Roulond to die,  
 And Roulond was fo nygh,  
 That alle foure kinges he fygh.  
 Felawes, quath Roulond anon,  
 Ich am war of oure fon,  
 Thei beth foure, and we bote thre,  
 Dathett habbe that hem fle,  
 Nou we habben founden game.  
 Gawe to hem a Godefname.  
 Anon as Clarel ham fygh,  
 He seide, oure enemys beth nygh,  
 Ich se bi here cuntenaumfe,  
 Thei beth Cristene men of France,  
 Charles oft lith here bi fide.  
 In paulons bataille to bide,  
 And these beth of hife men I wis.  
 Therefore mi reed iftis,  
 That we hasteliche to ham ride,  
 And loke whether thei wole abide.  
 With that word the kinges anon,  
 Touchede here stedes and made hem gon.  
 And toward the Cristene knightes thei riden.  
 And thei doughtiliche abiden.  
 Aftaward with Roulond mette.  
 Nought he ne spak, ne him ne grette,  
 Bot smot him with his spere anon.  
 Thoron the scheld he made hit gon.  
 And Roulondes spere Y wis,  
 Was wel betere than was his,  
 To Aftawardes herte hit yede,  
 And caste him down of his stede,  
 Aris, quath Roulond, and tak the bet,  
 At this time thou art i-let.

Curabeles ne lengere ne abood,  
 To god Ogger anon he rood,  
 Ogger was a ftrong knight,  
 And rood to him with gret might,  
 And bar adon horfe and pak,  
 And the farazins nekke to brak.  
 Balfamum and Oliuer,  
 Eyther neighede other ner,  
 Tho Balfamum bigan to ride,  
 Oliuer nolde no lengere abide,  
 He pingde his ftede with fiores kene,  
 And finot a ftrok that was fene,  
 Hene ne mighte tho no bette do,  
 Bote gurde the nekke bon otwo.  
 Thus Roulond and Oliuer,  
 And the gode knight Ogger,  
 Slouwen the hethene kinges thre,  
 And yet nolde nought Clarel fle :  
 To the duk Roulond he rood,  
 And Roulond his ftrok abod,  
 For wraththe hife felaus were i-flein,  
 He rood to Roulond with gret mayn.  
 And bar a fpere greet and long,  
 And the farazin was ftrong,  
 And in the fadel fat fafte,  
 And Roulond to grounde he kaffe,  
 With the fal the fteede anoon,  
 To barft that a ffchanke bon,  
 Roulond vppon his feet ftood,  
 And ne hadde nought bote good.  
 Ogger faugh fol wel tho,  
 That Roulondes hors was ago,  
 Ogger that was doughthi of dede,

Smot down Clarel of his ftede.  
 Oliuer tok the ftede anon,  
 And to Roulond he gan gon.  
 Roulond haue this, quath Oliuer.  
 This the fente good Ogger,  
 And Clarel he haueth to grounde i-throwe,  
 For he broughte the fo lowe.  
 Roulond that hadde his ftede i-lore,  
 Thonkede hem bothe therefore,  
 And was the gladdeste man vnder foune,  
 That he hadde an hors i-wonne.  
 Clarel vppon his feet ftood,  
 And faught as he were wood,  
 On none manner he nolde fle,  
 Bot faught agein hem alle thre.  
 The thre knightes were fol stronge,  
 He ne mighte nought dure agein ham longe,  
 And feide to hem alle thre,  
 Lordinges, let me oliue be,  
 To you it were lutel honour,  
 To fleme that nabbe no focour.  
 To fighte more he for fook,  
 And Roulond his fwerd tok,  
 Roulond was hende and nocht forfok,  
 Aud of Clarel his fwerd he tok.  
 King Clarel, quath Ogger,  
 Worth vp bi hinden me her.  
 Tho was king Clarel glad,  
 For to do that Ogger bad,  
 And was staleworthe and light,  
 And lep vt anon right,  
 Tho wenten thei forth withouten targing,  
 And thoute prefente Charles the king,

With Clarel that thei hadden i-nome,  
 And hopeden to ben welcome.  
 And of here weie thei were let,  
 And fwithe harde thei were met,  
 Thei sien of Garlies men a feerd.  
 Bothe with spere and with fwerd,  
 Bitwen hem and the paulouu,  
 There thei fsholden wenden adoun.  
 Thei ore mighte skapen in neuere a fide,  
 Thoru out hem thei moften ride.  
 Felawes, quath Ogger tho,  
 To Roulond and Oliuer bo,  
 Iche wene er we hom come,  
 Clarel ous worth bynome,  
 Lordinges, what is nou youre red,  
 Wole we smiten of his hed?  
 Quath Roulond, so mote Ich the,  
 At that red nel Ich nought be.  
 No Ich nother, quat Oliuer,  
 Bi the louerd fein Richer,  
 On liue I rede we leten him go,  
 And ne do we him nan more wo.  
 Such cas may fallen in fum neede,  
 He mai quiten vs oure mede.  
 Bi God, quath Ogger, that is soth,  
 And where he do, or he ne doth,  
 Hit were fshame to ous I wis,  
 To fflen a man that yolden him is:  
 I rede we leten him gon his wey,  
 For we moten tenden to a nother pley.  
 Alle thre thei were at on.  
 And leten Clarel on liue gon.  
 Clarel nolde no lengere abide.

He ne askede non hors onne to ride,  
 Bote on fote dede him go,  
 And leuede hem thare in muchel wo.  
 Now lordinges, quath Ogger,  
 To Roulond and to Oliner,  
 Ich wole triste to my sswerd,  
 And foude for to passe this ferd :  
 Ich hope, thoru help of Godes might,  
 To fe mi lord Charles this night :  
 Yef ani farazin with eie,  
 Cometh to lette me of mi weie,  
 Selpme God and this day,  
 He sshal abugge, yef Ich may.  
 Nou, quath Roulond, that doughti knight,  
 And Ich wille help the bi mi might,  
 I nele to day bi fein Martin,  
 Yild me to no farazin.  
 Quath Oliner, so mote Ich the,  
 In mani peril, Ich habbe i-be,  
 And yef Ich faille at this nede,  
 God ne lete me neuere eft spede ;  
 I nele yef God halt me found,  
 To day yelde me to non hound.  
 Thei markeden hem alle thre,  
 To him that tholede deth on tre,  
 And no lengere thei ne abiden,  
 Anon in to the ferde thei riden.  
 A farazin with Roulond mette,  
 And of his weie, Roulond lette,  
 He cam out of al the here,  
 And bar to Roulond a gret spere.  
 A bold knight that hatte Byoun,  
 An Roulond bar him adoun.

Oliuer that was his brother,  
 He mette with another,  
 A doughti knight an hethene man,  
 A strong thief that heet Baffan.  
 Oliner was horsed wel,  
 And bar a spere kene and fel,  
 And smot him right vnder the scheld,  
 That there he lay amidde the feld.  
 And the gode knight Ogger,  
 Mette with on, that heet Moter,  
 And wolde him hadde down i-bore,  
 And Ogger was wroth thar fore.  
 And smot the farazin so fore,  
 That he ne spak neuere more.  
 Oliner, Ogger, and Rouland,  
 Among the farazins stureden here hond,  
 Thoru help of God that is aboue,  
 That ham hadde that grace i-gone :  
 Thoru the ferd as thei riden,  
 Alle that here strokes abiden,  
 Thei were maimed for euere more,  
 The doughti knightes thei smiten so fore,  
 That with inne a litel stounde,  
 The felden mani on to grounde.  
 Tho can a foudan, stout and firs,  
 On of Garfies duzze peers,  
 That hatte Karmel of Tabarie,  
 Oppon the Sarafins, he gan crie,  
 Recreiede knightes, whi nele ye fighte,  
 Traitours, theues, where youre mighte ?  
 It is schame bi God Mahon,  
 That oure folk goon thus adoun.  
 With this worde, Carmel anon,

Ringde his ftede and made him gon,  
 And rood to Ogger in that lete,  
 And thoute he ffehold his lif for lete,  
 And was ftronge, and ful of tene,  
 And fmot fore, and that was fene,  
 He finot Ogger in the ffeheld,  
 That Ogger lay amidde the feld,  
 Sore he fel oppon the grounde,  
 And hadde a fol luther woude.  
 The duk Roulond that feygh,  
 For wraththe he was wod wel nygh,  
 And for wraththe finot him fo fore,  
 That he ne fpak neuere eft more.  
 Tho cam Anwe of Nubie,  
 On of kinges knightes Garfie.  
 And felde Oliuer to grounde,  
 Bote he ne gaf him neuere a woude.  
 Roulond was fol wroth with alle,  
 Tho he faugh Oliuer falle,  
 And Anawe of Nubie he finot,  
 That neuere eft croufte he ne bot.  
 Oliuer ros vp fram the grounde,  
 Al hol withouten woude,  
 And anon his ftede he nam,  
 And to Roulond fone he cam.  
 Tho was Roulond fol fawe,  
 That Oliuer was nought i-fflauwe,  
 Tho rei [thei ?] were togidere i-met,  
 Tho were thei harde bifet,  
 Amang farafins that were kene,  
 And thei finiten fore for tene.  
 Whil Roulond faught and Oliuer,  
 Heuere ftode the gode Ogger,



And hadde lorn his gode stede,  
And his wounde gan faste blede,  
And yit he faught there he stod,  
And leide on as he were wod.  
Whil Ogger that doughti knight,  
Agenes farazins stod in fight,  
Oppon a stede Clarel com driue,  
That Ogger halp to sauen o liue,  
Thorou counseil of Roulond and Oliner,  
And anon he knugh Ogger,  
Ogger, he seide, hit is mi red,  
Yilte come ore thou art ded,  
Thou holpe to saue mi lif a day,  
Ich wole sauen thin, yef I may.  
Ogger saugh wel with his eye,  
That he was in point to deye,  
And to Clarel he gan gon,  
And tok him his fwerd anon.  
Clarel nas no wedded man,  
Clarel hadde a fair lemman,  
That was hoten Aufanye,  
And was born in Ermenie.  
Clarel anon rightes,  
Clepede to him two knightes,  
And seide to hem anon,  
To mi lemman ye schulle gon,  
And fegge that Ich sente hire this knight,  
And that his wounde be heled aright:  
And god hede to him nome,  
To sauen him til mi to come.  
The knightes deden as he hem bad,  
To his lemman he was lad,  
That was hoten Aufanye,

That was kinges daughter Garfie,  
 And yo was glad of that present,  
 To do Clareles comaundement.  
 Roulond and Oliuer foughten,  
 That of here liues nought ne roughten,  
 Thei hadden foughten ouer myghte,  
 Thei ne mighte no lengere dure to fighte,  
 An anon turnden here ffeeden,  
 And flowen for thi ne myghten nought speden.  
 To Otuwel it was told,  
 That Roulond that was bold,  
 Oliuer and Ogger bo.  
 Were ouer the water go.  
 Otuwel anon rightes,  
 Leet armen him, and alle his knightes,  
 Tho he was armed and wel i-dight,  
 He wente to the king anon right,  
 And feide, fire, I dwelle to longe,  
 Rouland, Oliuer, and Ogger the ftronge,  
 Oue the water alle thre,  
 Beth went for envie of me,  
 To loke wher thei mighten spede,  
 To don any doughti deede,  
 Among the farizins bolde :  
 And I fſcholde be couward hoolde,  
 Ther fore I nele no lengere abide,  
 To fechen hem Ich wole ride.  
 Though thei habben envie to me,  
 Ich wille for the loue of the,  
 Fonden whother I mighte comen,  
 Ye helpen hem ar thei weren i-nomen.  
 And yif hem any harm bytit,  
 Let ham witen hare oune wit.

Quath the king, par Charite,  
 Otuwel, Ich bifeche the,  
 For Godes loue highe the bliue,  
 And fonde to fauen hem oliue,  
 Er thei be flawe or nome,  
 And ye ffchal fone focour come.  
 Otuwel no lengere ne abood,  
 Anon his ftede he bi ftrood,  
 And alle hife knightes bi his fide,  
 And toward the ferd he gan to ride.  
 And as Otuwel was goon,  
 The king leet dighte his hofst anon,  
 After Otuwel to wende,  
 As a god king and hende.  
 As Otuwel bigan to ride,  
 He lokede abouten in eche fide.  
 And he faugh ate lafte,  
 Where Roulond fleygh, and Oliuer fafte.  
 Otuwel touchede his ftedes fide,  
 And agein hem he gan ride,  
 And feide, turneth agein anon,  
 And helpeth to wreke you on youre fou,  
 Thei ffchulle abugge fo mote Ich the,  
 That maketh you fo fafte fle.  
 Tho thei herden Otuwel fpeken,  
 That thei ffcholden ben awreken,  
 Tho were thei ferchs to fichte,  
 And tournden agein and were fol lighte.  
 Lordinges. quath Otuwel tho,  
 Whuder is god Ogger go ?  
 And thei anfwereden fikinge fore,  
 For fothe, we ne sien him nought yore,  
 We ne witen where he is by come,

Whether he is i-flawe other nome.  
 Allas ! allas ! quath Otuwel,  
 This tidung liketh me nout wel,  
 Sire Charles, my lord the king,  
 Wole be fori for this tidung :  
 For Godes loue, hie we bliue,  
 And loke we whother Ogger be alieue.  
 Otuwel and Oliner,  
 And Roulond that doughiti bacheler.  
 With a feir compaignye,  
 Thei bigunnen for to hie,  
 Toward king Garfies hoft,  
 For to abaten of hare boft.  
 There was a farazin fstrong,  
 That bar a brod fwerd and a long.  
 And was hoten Encumbrer,  
 And bigan to neighen hem ner.  
 Oppon a mucche blak ftede,  
 And Otuwel took of him hede,  
 And of his armes hadde a fight,  
 And knugh him anon right :  
 And no lengere he ne abod.  
 Otuwel to him rood.  
 And bar him down hors and man,  
 Thus Otuwel gamen bigan.  
 Eftught of Legers, a noble knight,  
 That with Otuwel cam to fight.  
 Bar a fperre of tre, fol fin,  
 And finot a bold farazin,  
 Into the bodi thoru the ffehield.  
 And there he lay det in the feld.  
 Oliner ho flough another,  
 And the ferthe Roulond his brother.

Tho the Freinche knightes feien,  
 The farafins fallen with hare eien,  
 Thei nolden tho no lengere abide,  
 Thei fimiten to in eche fide,  
 And felden farazins fafte,  
 And thei flouwen ate lafte.  
 King Clarel made hem torne agein,  
 Oppon Cristene men to lein,  
 And he leide on fafte,  
 And the thef ate lafte,  
 Slou Dromer of Alemaine,  
 That reu fol fore the king Charlemaine.  
 Erpater, king of Ynde, was,  
 He cam with a mafc of bras,  
 And Otuwel on the helm he reighte,  
 So harde that al the heued to queighte.  
 Quath Otuwel, fo mote Y the,  
 Ich ne thoute naught boruwe that ftrok of the ;  
 Bi min heued vnder myu hat,  
 I nele nought longe ouwe the that.  
 Otuwel, with a fauchoun,  
 Cleef him al the heued adoun,  
 And he fil vnder his horfe feet.  
 Quath Otuwel, that Ich the bi heet.  
 Tho was Otuwel fol of mood,  
 And faught as he were wood.  
 Al the kinges oft anon,  
 Foleuweden Otuwel echon,  
 Rouloud and Oliuer,  
 And maden a foul larder.  
 The knightes leiden on fo fafte.  
 The farazins flouwen ate lafte.  
 Tho neighede it toward eue,

Tho moſte the oft bileue,  
 And dwellen there al that night,  
 Til on morwe the dai was bright.  
 Tho the oft was withdrawe,  
 To reſten hem, as is the lawe,  
 King Clarel kam in fourme of pees.  
 With tweie felawes mo ne lees,  
 Toward Charles oft, the king,  
 For to wyten a tiding :  
 And Otuwel agein him wente,  
 To wite who him thidere ſente.  
 Thanne ſeide king Clarel,  
 To the doughti Otuwel,  
 Knight, he ſeide, ſo mote thou the,  
 Tel me what thi name be,  
 Thou art ſo doughti man of dede,  
 And mani a knight haueſt maked blede,  
 Ich wolde fol fain bi myn eye,  
 Bring thi name to the king Garſie.  
 Bi God, felawe, quath Otuwel,  
 Er this thou kneuwe my name fol wel,  
 So God ſſchilde me fram ſſchame,  
 Otuel is my Criſline name :  
 Mahoun, Ich habbe forſake,  
 And to Iheſu, Ich habbe me take.  
 Allas ! quath Clarel, whi deſtou ſo,  
 So wrecheliche haueſtou do.  
 Yit I rere thou turne thi mood,  
 And leef on Mahoun ore thou art wod,  
 And Ich wole peſe yef thou wilt,  
 That thou haueſt Garſie a gult.  
 Figh, quath Otuel tho,  
 On Mahoun and on Garſie bo,

Bi him that maude Adam and Eue,  
 Y nele neuere oppon you leue,  
 Bi Ihesu, that is fol of might,  
 And Ich may mete him aright,  
 There schal no farazin skape oliue,  
 That Ich may hente, so mote Ich thrine.  
 Otuwel, quath Clarel tho,  
 Were we swimware, bitwene vs two,  
 Bi Mahoun, that Ich onne bilene,  
 Oppon thi bodi Ich wolde preue,  
 That Mahoun may mo miracles make,  
 Than he that thou art to i-take :  
 He nis nought half, bi mi crowne,  
 So mighty, as is fire Mahoun.  
 Quath Otuwel, bi Godes mighte,  
 Clarel, mi truthe Ich the plighte.  
 Whan euere thou wolt, hit schal be.  
 Euele mote he thriue that fle.  
 Quath Clarel, anon right,  
 Bi Mahoun, that is fol of might,  
 Woltou fikere me on hond,  
 That no man of king Charles lond,  
 Schal do me no vileynie,  
 By the death that I schal deye.  
 Mi confeil is anon i-nome,  
 Tomorue erliche, Ich wille come.  
 Quath Otuwel, ne doute the nought,  
 Bi God, that al the world haueth wrought,  
 And the deth that I schal deie,  
 Thou ne schalt hente no vileinie,  
 Of no man of king Charles lond,  
 Bote right of myn oune hond :  
 Bi him, that made leef and bough,

Ther offe ye ſſhall thincken y-nough.  
 Quath Clarel, tho do thi beſt,  
 To-morwe thou ſſhalt finde me preſt.  
 Thus the were there bothe at on,  
 Er thei wolden otwinne gon.  
 Eyther other his trewth the plight,  
 Oppon morwen for to fighte.  
 On moruwen tho the day ſprong,  
 Clarel the king, thoughte long,  
 To the paviloun til he cam,  
 To holde the day, that he nam :  
 Uppon a ſtede wel i-dight,  
 He came ſol redi to bide fight.  
 King Charles with hiſe knightes bolde,  
 Comen out Clarel to biholde,  
 Hou he com al redi dight,  
 Boldeliche to bide fight.  
 Clarel was bold on his bond,  
 For [O]tuwel ſikerede him on hond,  
 That no man of flechs and blood,  
 Ne ſſholde doon him nought bote good,  
 But hem ſelue tweien fighte,  
 And hadde the maiſtrie who ſo mighte.  
 Tho was Clarel ſol trift,  
 For to ſegge, what him luſt.  
 King Charles was an old man,  
 And Clarel hede ther offe nam,  
 And ſeide, Charles thou art old,  
 Who made the nou ſo bold,  
 To werren oppon king Garſie,  
 That is cheef of al Painie,  
 Al Paynime he haued in wold,  
 Thou doteft, for thou art ſo hold.



King Charles warythede anon right,  
 That Clarel tolde of him fo light,  
 And hadde i-ment tho fol wel,  
 To habben i-foughten with Clarel :  
 And bad fetten his armure bright.  
 And wolde armen him auon right ;  
 And feide in wraththe, by Godes mighte,  
 Ich mi felf wole with him fighte.  
 Roulund bi the king stood,  
 And bigan to meuen his mood.  
 And feide to the king anon,  
 Thou haueft, fire king, mani on.  
 Gode doughti knightes of deede,  
 To fighte thi felf thou ne haueft no nede.  
 God fſchilde, fire, quath Oliuer.  
 Hit fſcholde ſpringe fer or ner,  
 To putte thin oune bodi to fight.  
 And haueft fo mani a doughti knight.  
 King Charles ſwor his oth,  
 And bigan to wexe wroth,  
 And feide, for ought that man may ſpeke,  
 Miſelf, Ich wile ben on him wreke.  
 A ! fire, quath Otuwel tho,  
 For Godes lone ſei nought fo,  
 Ich and he beth truthe plighte,  
 That we fſchalde togidere fighte,  
 And Ich wole telle the, withoute faille,  
 Where fore we habbe taken bataille.  
 He wolde habbe maked me yufterday,  
 To habbe reneied my lay.  
 And feide, that Ich was i-lore,  
 And God was nought of Marie bore :  
 And feide, algate he wolde preue,

That Ich am in misbelene :  
 There fore he profreth him to fight,  
 To wite whether is more of might.  
 Ihesu, that is louerd min,  
 Or Mahoun and Apolyn.  
 Thous we habbeth the bataille i-nome,  
 And bothe we beth i-fwore to come.  
 Quath the king Charles tho,  
 Otuwel, whan it is fo.  
 Tak the bataille a Godes name.  
 And Ihesu schilde the fram ffchame.  
 Otuwel, that noble knight,  
 Lette armen him anon right,  
 And his gode stede bistrod,  
 And no lengere he ne abood,  
 Bote to the stede he rood fol right.  
 There Clarel honede to bide fight.  
 Anon as Otuwel was i-come,  
 Here conseil was anon i-nome,  
 No lengere thei ne abiden,  
 Anon right togidere thei riden,  
 Noon other nas ham bitwene,  
 Bote gode stronge sferes and kene :  
 Nas neuer nother of other agast,  
 And either sat in his fadel fast,  
 That bothe stedes yeden to grounde.  
 And the knightes weren al founde ;  
 And bothe stedes wenten forth,  
 That on south, that other north :  
 The knightes on fote togidere yede,  
 An droven hare sverdes gode at nede,  
 No sparede thei nought the sverdes egge,  
 Eyther on other bigan to legge.

Thei were bothe fwithre frouge,  
And foughiten togidere fwithre longe.  
King Clarel was wel negh wood,  
That Otuwel fo longe flood :  
In gret wraththe, Otuwel he fmot,  
And his fwerd felliche bot,  
And than the fwerd neuere fo good,  
The gode helm it withftood.  
Bote Otuwel aftoneied was,  
There he flood vp on the gras.  
Quath Otuwel, fo mote Ich go,  
He ne louede me nought, that fmot me fo,  
Ich warne the wel, fo mote Iche the,  
Thou ffehalt habbe as good of me.  
Otuwel, for wraththe, anon  
Areighte him on the cheke bon ;  
Al the fel of that was thare,  
And made his teth al bare.  
Tho Otuwel faugh is cheke bon,  
He gaf Clarel a fkorn anon,  
And feide, Clarel, fo mote thou the,  
Whi fcheuweftou the teth to me,  
I nam no toth drawere,  
Thou ne feft me no cheine bere.  
Clarel felede him wounded fore,  
And was maimed for euere more.  
And fmot to Otuwel with al his might,  
And Otuwel, that doughti knight,  
With his fwerd kepte the dent,  
That Clarel him hadde i-ment.  
And yit the dent glood adoun,  
And fmot Otuwel oppon the croun.  
Quath Otuwel, bi Godes ore,

Sarazin thou finiteft fol fore,  
 Suthen thi berd was i-fchaue,  
 Thou art woxen a ftrong knaue.  
 Otuwel finot Clarel tho,  
 O frok and na mo,  
 That neuer eft word he ne fpak,  
 And fo Otuwel his tene wrak.  
 Tho was Charles glad y-nough,  
 That Otuwel king Clarel flough,  
 And geif Otuwel, that doughiti knight,  
 A god Erldam that felue night.  
 Al that in the oft was,  
 Maden murthe and folas,  
 That Otuwel hadde fo bigunne,  
 And hadde fo the maiftri womne,  
 Al that might ouer al the oft,  
 Thei maden al ther ioye moft.  
 Ther cam a meffager and browghte tiding,  
 To Garfie that riche king,  
 That Otuwel, his coufin in lawe,  
 Hadde king Clarel i-flawe.  
 Tho Garfie it vnder yat,  
 He was fwithe fori for that.  
 And for wraththe there he ftood,  
 Corfede hife Godes, as he were wood,  
 And feide, allas and walawo !  
 Nou is gode Clarel go.  
 Certes myn herte it wile to breke,  
 Bote Ich mowe Clarel awreke.  
 Tho lette Garfie afemlen anon.  
 Alle hife farazins echon,  
 And thoughte thoru out alle thing,  
 To ben a-wreken on Charles king,

And on his cofin Otuwel,  
 And on him felf the wreche fel.  
 King Charles herde be a fpye,  
 That Garfie thratte him to die,  
 And he afemblede his knightes echon,  
 And fede to hem alle anon,  
 Lordinges, Garfie thinketh to ride,  
 For fothe I nele no lengere abide.  
 The king armede him anon,  
 And alle hife knightes echon,  
 The king gurde him with his fwerd,  
 And wente himfelf with his ferd.  
 The king cam stilleliche with his oft,  
 And Garfie cam with gret boft,  
 Tho the oftis neigheden niegh,  
 That either oft, other fiegh.  
 Out of Garfies oft cam ride,  
 A Turkein that was ful of pride ;  
 Roulond was good and hende,  
 And agenes him gan wende,  
 The Tourkein no lengere nabod,  
 To Roulond anon he rood,  
 And gurde Roulond with a fpere,  
 That wel couthe a ftrok bere ;  
 And as doughte as he was,  
 His o ftrop he las,  
 Roulond was afchamed tharfore,  
 That he hadde his ftrop lore,  
 And with Dorendal, that was good,  
 He smot the Tourkein oppon the hood,  
 And he feydoun of his ftede,  
 So Roulond quitte him his mede.  
 Quath Roulond, that Ich the biheet,

Thou nult na more fenden on thi feet ;  
 Mine o ftirop thou madeft me tine,  
 Nou haueftou lofe bothe thine.  
 Ther cam a nother ftout farazin,  
 That was armed wel a fin,  
 That highte Myaffe of Bagounde,  
 And with a litel ftounde,  
 He made his ftede fwithe to goon,  
 And finot Oliuer anon,  
 Thorou out al his armure bright,  
 He woundede fore that gode knight.  
 Roulond faugh be contenaunfe,  
 His brother was hurt with le launce,  
 His wardecors anon he foud,  
 And tok a fpere out of his hond,  
 And made his hors make a fturt,  
 To him that hadde his brother hurt ;  
 And touchede him with the fperes ord,  
 That neuere eft he ne fpak word,  
 And tok Myaffes ftede anon,  
 And fette Oliuer ther ou.  
 There was a noble farazin,  
 A king that heet Galatyn,  
 And cam with a companie,  
 And bigan faffe to lie.  
 Otuwel was war of that,  
 Oppon his ftede there he fat,  
 Hou king Galatin cam with wille,  
 Cristene men for to fpille.  
 With the fpores the ftede he nam,  
 To Galatyn the king, he kam.  
 Thorou the bodi he him bar,  
 And bad he fcholde eft be war,

Of such a strok, whan it kam,  
 Non other hede of him he ne nam,  
 Bote rood forth oppon his stede,  
 And leet the farazin ligge and blede.  
 Tho smiten tho oftes togidere anon,  
 And foughten faste and good won :  
 And to dafchten many a scheld,  
 Mani a bodi lay in the feld.  
 Tho cam ouer the donne ride,  
 An hethene king, fol of pride,  
 And browghte with him al ferche tho,  
 A thoufende farazins and mo,  
 And foughten faste a good stounde,  
 And felden Cristenemen to grounde.  
 A doughti bacheler cam ride,  
 Oppon king Charles side,  
 A yong knight, that sprong furst herd,  
 Of no man he nas aferd,  
 Fine hundred men with him he broughte,  
 That of hare lif, litel thei roughte :  
 Nas non twenti winter old,  
 And echon was doughti man and bold :  
 He hadde i-chosen hem fol wide,  
 Bolde men bataille to bide.  
 Thei foughten faste withinne a stounde,  
 And broughten farazins to grounde :  
 Thei were bolde and foughten faste,  
 The farazins flouwen ate laste.  
 Roulond and Oliuer hulpen wel,  
 And the doughty Otuwel.  
 Courfabex the king, cam tho,  
 And mette fleinde a thoufend and mo,  
 Traitours, quath Courfabex the king,

Certes this is a foul thing,  
That ye schule fle for ferd :  
Traitors, tourneth agein the berd,  
Tourneth agein alle with me,  
And we wole make the Frenche fle.  
Thous Courfabex him self allone,  
Made tourne hem agein echone.  
The yinge knight that was so bold,  
Right nou that Ich offe hadde told,  
With Courfabex, wel sone he mette,  
And with his swerd anon he sette,  
Such a strok oppon his croun,  
That of his stede he fel adoun.  
The yinge knight to him cam,  
And Courfabex oline nam,  
And fente him Charles the king.  
Tho was he glad of that tiding.  
Tho the Tourkeins sein alle,  
That Courfabex was falle,  
And Cristenemen finite fore,  
Thei flouwen and nolde figte na more.  
And the gode yinge knight,  
Suwede and leidon down right.  
There ne halp nough fire Mahoun,  
The Tourkeins yeden faste a down.  
Tho cam Poidras of Barbarin,  
And with him mani a farazin,  
Poidras, oppon the yinge knight,  
Leid on, with al his might,  
And here men togidere huwen,  
And hethene hornes faste blewen;  
Poidras and the yinge knight,  
Bitwene hem was strong fight,



Poidras hadde the more mayn,  
And hadde wel neigh the knight slain.  
Otuwel, that doughti knight,  
Was war of that anon right,  
Otuwel no lengere nabood,  
To Poidras, anoon he rood,  
And smot Poidras of Barbarin,  
That there he lay as a fiked fwin.  
Otuwel rood in to the feerd,  
And leide on faste, mid his fwerd.  
Rouland and Oliuer,  
Ne yeden Otuwel ner,  
And the berdles knight,  
And flowen farazins adonn right.  
King Garfie herde withinne a frounde,  
Hou hife men yeden to grounde:  
King Garfie hadde a conseiler,  
And anon he took him neer,  
And feide to him, sire Arperaunt,  
Agenes Otuwel myn herte stant,  
That thous haueth reneid his lay,  
And fleth mine men night and day.  
Sire Arperant, what is thi reed,  
That the thef trattour nere ded,  
Certes Franuce hadde be wonnen,  
Ne hadde his trefoun be bigunnen.  
King Garfie, quath Arperaunt,  
Bi Mahoun that yonder stant,  
Al the while that Roulond,  
Mai bere Durendal in his hond,  
And Oliuer rit by his sife,  
For no thing that may betide,  
Thou ne schalt neuere Otuwel winne,

For nought that euer thou kans biginne.  
 Tho was Garfie wel nygh wood,  
 For wraththe on molde there he food.  
 There was an Affrikan gent,  
 That hatte Baldolf of Aquilent,  
 King Garfie feide to him anoon,  
 Certes Baldoff, thou most goon,  
 And take with the, knight and fwein,  
 And tourne the Cristene men ageine :  
 And Ich mi self wole after come,  
 And helpe that Otuwel were nome.  
 Quath Baldolf, bi fire Mahun,  
 Louerd we wole don what we mouu,  
 And com thou after and tak hede,  
 Wuche maner that we fpede,  
 And yef thou fest that nede be,  
 Com and help us er we fle,  
 For whan an oft to flight is went,  
 Bote focour come, it is schent.  
 Baldolf took his compainie,  
 And to the bataille he gau heye,  
 And with inne a litel stounde,  
 Hard bataille thei habben i-founde.  
 Otuwel, doughti of dede,  
 Where thei comen he took hede,  
 And no lengere he ne bood,  
 Bote hasteliche to lam he rood.  
 Roulond and Oliuer,  
 Neigheden Otuwel ner,  
 And the gode yinge knight,  
 That was so doughti man in fight,  
 Tho thei foure weren ifere,  
 Tho mighte men seen and here,

Harde ftrokes dele and dighte,  
 And with farazins boldeliche fighte.  
 Ther cam out of Garfies oft,  
 A man that made muche boft,  
 A king that hadde Karnifees,  
 And muchel onour there he les.  
 Ther cam a knight of Agineis,  
 A bold man, and a courteis,  
 And with Carnifees he mette,  
 And wende Carnifees to lette :  
 King Karnifees him haneth i-ftunt,  
 And flough him ate forme dunt.  
 Though Karnifees hadde thous do,  
 He wende to feruen ham alle fo :  
 Otuwel no lengere nabood,  
 To Karnifees anon he rood ;  
 Karnifees knugh Otuwel,  
 By hife armes fwithe wel,  
 And feide, to the gode gome,  
 Forfworne thef, artou come.  
 Bi Mahoun, quath Karnifees,  
 Thou fhalt hoppen heuedles.  
 Otuwel, withoute targing,  
 Anfwerede Karnifees the King.  
 Bi feingeme, Ich ne hadde nought munt,  
 Tha thou fhalt giue me that dunt.  
 Thei nolden no lengere abide,  
 Anon togidere thei gunde ride :  
 Karnifees fmot Otuwel,  
 Bifide the hened the ftrok fel,  
 A corner of Otuweles fheld,  
 He gurde out, amidde the felde.  
 Quath Otuwel, good it wite,

That frok was wel i-finite,  
 Nou thou schalt bi feint Martyn,  
 Preuen a frok of myn.  
 Otuwel, Karnifees smot,  
 With Corfoufe that wel boot,  
 That Karnifees fought the ground,  
 Ros he neuere eft, hol ne found.  
 Tho the farazins wiften alle,  
 That Karnifees was i-falle,  
 And that he nolde na more arife,  
 Tho bigan ham alle to agrife :  
 For in al Garfies feerd,  
 Nas fuch a man, to handle a fwerd.  
 Tho tournede thei to flight,  
 The farazins anon right.  
 Thous, the gode Otuwel,  
 And Roulond that was good and fnel,  
 Thoru the help of Godes might,  
 Maden the farazins tourne to flight,  
 Throu fwete Ihefu Cristes grace,  
 And thei fuweden fafte the chaffe.  
 The farazins were fo adredde,  
 Into the water manye fledde,  
 Summe fnumme and funme funke,  
 And coold water ynough thei drunke,  
 Til Roulond and Oliuer the gode,  
 In mananie harde ftoures ftode.  
 Godde Ogger in prifoun lay,  
 Bothe bi night, and eke be day,  
 Herkneth, what hede good to him nam,  
 And hou he out of prifoun kam.  
 Seuene hethene knightes bolde,  
 Ogger was bitaken to holde,

And the foure, Ogger flough,  
And yit he fkapede wel inough.  
There was a noble fkuier,  
That with queintize, halp Ogger,  
Swithe priueliche and stille,  
He broughte Ogger, to his wille,  
His fwerd and his armure bright,  
And Ogger armede him anon right.  
The he hadde on his gode wede,  
The fquier broughte him a gode ftede.  
Ogger no lengere ne abood,  
The goodde ftede he biftrood,  
The fquier was armed, and wel i-dight,  
And hadde a good hors and a light,  
And alfo stille as a fton  
The fquier lep to horfe anon,  
And to the porteres window he cam,  
And in his hond his mafe he nam,  
And oppon the window he fchof,  
That the window al to drof.  
Hit was abouten midnight,  
And the porter was afright,  
And asked anon, who was thare,  
And who makede al that fare?  
Porter, quath the fquier, tho,  
Vndo the gate and let us go,  
We here tellen, bi fire Mahoun,  
That Cristene men, goon alle adoun,  
And Ich and mi felawes I wis,  
We wole witen hou it ife,  
And yef we ani good winne,  
For fothe, thou fchalt parten ther inne,  
And he dude op the gate wide,

And lette ham bothe out ride,  
 And steek agein the gate fast,  
 And there thei sien Ogger laft.  
 Ogger rood al that night,  
 Til on the morewen the day was bright :  
 That neuere his feet comen on grounde,  
 Er he hadde his felawes founde :  
 Tho Roulond and Oliuer  
 Weren war of gode Ogger,  
 Thei were fol glad of that fight,  
 And thonkeden Ihesu fol of might.  
 Tho Roulond and Oliuer,  
 Adden i-met with gode [Ogger ?]  
 Thei were al so fous to fight,  
 As euere was a foul to flight ;  
 And wenten into the bataille anon,  
 And foughten faste and good won,  
 And made the Sarazins agaste,  
 And Otuwel was nought the laste.  
 Tho alle four weren ifere,  
 There nere none strokes dere,  
 Tho doughti knightes smiten so fore,  
 As though thei ne hadden nought foughten yore,  
 That withinne a litel stounde,  
 Sarazins yeden alle to grounde.  
 King Garfic toke god hede,  
 Hou his folk to grounde yede,  
 And no lengere he ne abood,  
 Toward his paulons he rood.  
 And Otuwel anon byheld,  
 There he rod in the feld,  
 And warende fore anon tho,  
 Roulond and Oliuer bo,

And Ogger that doughty knight,  
That king Garfie was torn to flight.  
Tho Roulond and Oliuer,  
And the gode knight Ogger,  
Sien where king Garfie rood,  
Ther nas nou that lengere a-bood,  
Hafteliche the wey thei nomen,  
And to king Garfie thei comen.  
King Garfie was afered to deye.  
And bigan merfi to crie,  
And feide, for fothe that he wolde  
Of king Charles, his lond holde,  
And ben at eche parlement,  
Redi at his comaundement.  
King Garfie feide this,  
For his loue that youre good is,  
Taketh me on liue, and fle me nought,  
Leet mi lif be for bought,  
And let me as a prifouer goon,  
Bi fore king Charles anoon,  
And dou him omage with myn hon[d],  
To holden of him al mi lond.  
Thanne feide Otuwel,  
That was doughti knight and fnel,  
To Roulond and to Oliuer,  
And to the gode knight Ogger,  
Nou he haueth this gift i-giue,  
I rede, that we laten him liue.  
Bifore the king he schall be brought,  
For Gode, we nulle flen him nought,  
An thei acenteden therto,  
And feiden, it wile be wel i-do,  
And withouten any targing,

## O T U E L, A K N I G H T.

Thei ladden him bifore the king,  
Thanne feide Otuwel, that gode knight,  
To king Charles anon right,  
Sire, he feide, her is Garlie,  
That sumtime thratte the to die,  
He wile nou, yif thi wille be,  
Do the omage and feaute,  
And ben at thi comaundement,  
And at eche parlement,  
Al redi at thin hond,  
And holden of the al his lond,  
And for his lond rente gi.æ,  
With the none he mote liue.

\* \* \* \* \*

















