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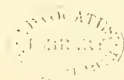
THE
SCOTTISH METRICAL ROMANCE
OF
LANCELOT DU LAK.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY, BELONGING TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

WITH
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
FROM THE SAME VOLUME.

PRINTED FOR THE MAITLAND CLUB.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.



*At a General Meeting of the MAITLAND CLUB, held at Glasgow,
in the Hall of Hutchison's Hospital, on Wednesday the 16th
January 1839,*

RESOLVED, That the SCOTTISH METRICAL ROMANCE OF LANCELOT
DU LAK be printed for the Members, under the superintendence of
JOSEPH STEVENSON, Esquire, from the original Manuscript belonging
to the University of Cambridge.

JOHN SMITH, YGST. *Secretary.*



THE MAITLAND CLUB.

MARCH, M.DCCC.XXXIX.

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PREFACE.

§ 1. THE interest which has long been felt in the publication of every remnant of the EARLY LITERATURE OF SCOTLAND, and the advantages under which the researches, originating in that interest, have been prosecuted, make it difficult, at the present time, to bring forward any document which can lay claim to even a moderate degree of novelty. It is believed, however, that the contents of the Volume, now presented to the Members of the MAITLAND CLUB, are not only altogether new, but that they constitute an important feature in the history of Scottish Poetry.

§ 2. The “ROMANCE OF LANCELOT DU LAK,” here printed, has not been, as far as the Editor is aware, mentioned by any author who has written upon the early literature of either England or Scotland, nor is any other copy of it known to exist. It is, unfortunately, imperfect at the beginning and end, and we are hence deprived of such information regarding its author as the title and colophon, had they been extant, might possibly have communicated. A considerable portion of the Prologue remains, but it is expressed in terms so vague as to leave us almost

ignorant of the literary history of the version to which it is prefixed. We learn only that the Poem was written by a despairing lover, and was intended to propitiate the obdurate object of the Poet's affections, the Lady appearing, from some allusions contained in the Prologue, to have moved in a superior rank of life to his own. Nor is it easy to explain, in a satisfactory manner, the lines which occur towards the end of this Prologue, where allusion is made to a poet of surpassing merit, who is not mentioned more distinctly, that his name might not be associated with such an unsatisfactory production as the present. This individual, whoever he was, is stated to have written in the Latin language.

§ 3. The present text is founded, as the writer informs us,* upon the great French prose Romance of Lancelot du Lak,† of which it is an extended Paraphrase, so free, that, while the Scottish writer adheres to the incidents of the original, he uses the greatest liberty in expanding or condensing his materials. For the purpose of illustrating his mode of dealing with the work which he had before him, the following extract from it is given,

* See Prologue, l. 109, etc.

† This Romance was printed at Paris, in three volumes folio, A.D. 1520. The last volume concludes with this Colophon: "¶ Cy fine le dernier volume de la table ronde faisant mention des faitz et prouesses de monseigneur Lancelot du Lac et daultres plusieurs nobles et vaillans hommes ses compaignons. Nouvellement imprime a Paris pour Michel le Noir libraire iure de universite de Paris demourant en la grant rue saint Jacques. Lan mil cinq cens et .xx. le quinzeisme jour des moys de decembre."

which may be compared with an incident towards the beginning of the Poem.

§ 4. “ Ung jour advint la ou le rois sejournoit a Kamalot que la dame des Marches de Selices luy envoya ung messaige et luy manda que Gallehault le filz a la Geande estoit entre en fa terre et toute la luy avoit tollue fors deux chasteaulx quelle avoit en fa terre deca. Pour ce roy Artus faiçt le messaige ma dame vous mande que vous veingniez deffendre vostre terre, car elle ne se peult tener longuement se vous ny venez. Je iray faiçt le roy hastivement a il grant nombre de gens. Il a bien deux cens mille hommes a cheval. Bel amy diçtes a vostre dame que je partiray demain pour aller contre Gallehault. Sire ce font fes hommes non ferez aius attendez voz gens car celui a trop de gens amenez si ne vous devez vous mie mettre en adventure. Ja Dieu ne maist fait le roy puis que on entre en ma terre pour mal faire se je demeure en une ville plus dune nuit tant que je foye la. Au matain le roy sen partit et alla tant quil vint au chateau ou la pucelle des marches estoit. Il avoit bien sept mille chevaliers sans plus, mais il a faiçt ses crys et commandemens ainsi que lors estoit de coustume po^r avoir et assemlir tout son pouvoir. Gallehault tenoit son siege devant le chateau. Et avoit amene un maniere de gens quy tyroyent fayettes envenymeas et estoient moult bien armez pour gens a pied. Et avoyent amene des instrumens de fer que ilz menoyent en chars et en charrettes en si grande quantite quilz encloyrent tout lost de Gallehault tellement que leurs ennemys ne les povoyent sur prendre par derriere. Gallehault ouyt dire que le roy Artus estoit venu et que il navoit encores guaires de gens. Il mande fes hommes cestassavoir les trente roys que il avoit conquis et des aultres tant comme il luy plaist. Seigneurs fait il le roy Artus est venu et na guaire de gens ainsi que len ma dit. Ce ne feroit mye mon honneur que mon corps y assemlait tant comme il a si pou de gens mais je vueil que mes gens assemlent contre les siens. Sire fait le roy des cent chevaliers se il vous plaist je irray demain au matin et verray son ost. Cest bien dit fait Gallehault.”

Tom. 1. fueillet lxvij. b.

§ 5. It will be observed, that a long Episode is rather abruptly introduced about the middle of the Poem, in which the duties of a Prince towards God, himself, and his subjects, are laid down with great minuteness, and insisted on with considerable emphasis. Had not the outline of the same address existed in the French text, it might reasonably have been conjectured that the advice was intended for the indirect benefit of the monarch who filled the Scottish throne at the period when the present version was formed; and even now, with the certainty that the exhortation is not perfectly original, it may be a question, whether the writer of a Romance, and that Romance intended for the amusement of a Lady, would have loaded his pages with a long digression upon such a topic, unless the circumstances of the times in which he wrote made the discussion of a king's duties an interesting and important subject.

§ 6. The MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, which follow the Romance in this volume, require a very brief notice here, since they are, for the most part, respectively accompanied by the few remarks which they seem to demand. Such of the pieces contained in the Manuscript as are not now printed, although valuable to the Scottish philologist, are not considered of sufficient interest to demand insertion in a volume like the present. It may further be remarked, that the manuscript contains numerous documents of a legal and historical character, the most important

of which are certain proceedings of the Parliament of Scotland, hitherto unprinted, but which will find a place in the First Volume of the Scottish Acts, about to be edited by Thomas Thomson, Esq. A few private instruments are introduced, which it has been thought expedient to print entire, since they are probably connected with the family affairs of the individual by whom, or for whom, it was written.

§ 7. The Volume which has furnished these interesting pieces belongs to the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, is now distinguished by the press-mark of K. k. i, 5, and appears formerly to have been numbered (453,) (97,) and (51.) Nothing is known with certainty of its previous history, unless it may be presumed to be the Volume marked (97) amongst the manuscripts formerly belonging to More,* Bishop of Norwich, described in the *Catalogus Manuscriptorum Angliæ* (ii. 364, fol. Oxon. 1697) as “Old English Poetry, fol.” This Volume, in its present state, consists of three distinct manuscripts, bound up together. The first is in folio, written upon paper, in the Fifteenth Century, prefixed to which is the following Rubric:

“Here begynneth the boke which is called the Body of Polycye, and it spekethe of vertues and of good maners; and the said boke is devyded in thre parties, the firste parte is adressed to pryneys, the second to knyghtes and nobles, and the thyrde to the univerfalle people.”

The Prologue begins thus—

“If it be possible that of vyce myghte growe.”

* The larger portion of More's MSS. passed into the Public Library at Cambridge.

The work itself commences—

“ Than now we have for to trete of vertu and profyte,”

and ends with these words—

“ Whiche three estates and alle in on our Lorde, for his holy mercy, wille mayntene and encreffe fro bettir to bettyr in alle perfeccione of foule and body.”

The second Manuscript is also upon paper, is written in the Seventeenth Century, and contains a copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.

The third Manuscript, and by far the most interesting, is also upon paper, written in a bold hand, about the middle or towards the latter half of the Fifteenth Century. Its contents are as follows:

I. “ Here begynnys the titillis of the grete lawis of Scotland of the gude King David, the quhilk lau is contenit in the buke, the quhilk is callit *Regiam Majestatem*, fol. 1.

II. “ Her begynnys the Buke of *REGEM MAGISTATEM*, the quhilk comprehendis within the lawis of the kynrike of Scotland, the quhilk within the tyme of pece is richt mystirfull within the kinrike to rewle ande to governe it; for richt as the kynrike is defendit and governit be fors of armes in the tyme of were be wicht and strently men of armes,” etc. fol. 4.

Printed by Sir John Skene, fol. Lond. 1609.

III. "Her begynnes the copiiē of the Rolle of Ulerioun and the judgement of the lawis of the fee," fol. 40.

Beg.

"Of the makyn of a man maister of a schip." "It is accordyt that a man made maister of a schip that is tua mennis."

IV. "Here beginnis the law of Burch mayde throw King Davide, Macholin fone, and faynt Margaret," fol. 43.

Beg. prol.

"For that thar was fa mony men in his kinrike of fundry condiciouns, and thare was"—

Beg. book.

"Off kingis renttes in burche." "Ilke man schall gyffe to the kinge off his borowage wytthin burche for ilke rude of lande, v. ð. in the ȝere."

Printed by Sir John Skene, in the Work above quoted, fol. 118, b.

V. Decrees and ordinances made "be the worthy and noble burges of Berewyk, Edinburghe and Sterling, the ȝer of Gode M.cc. ȝ. nyntte the v. day the Mounneday next efter the Ephiphanie of our Lorde Jefu Cryft, at the abbay of the Haly Cros of Edinburghe," fol. 60, b.

Printed by Sir John Skene, in the Work above quoted, fol. 141.

VI. Prophetia quædam, versibus plus minus 80 expressa, fol. 61, b.

Incip.

"Taurus cornutus ex patris germine Brutus."

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number I.

VII. A prophecy.

Beg.

"Quhen the koke in the northe halows his neft."

VIII. Fragment of an alliterative poem concerning Thomas Becket, fol. 66.

Beg.

“Thomas takes the juelle,
and Jefus thanks.”

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number II.

IX. Prophetia de rege Angliæ, ut videtur, sub nomine Leonis, fol. 70.

Incip.

“Filius (?) regnans in nobile parte mundi movebitur contra.”

X. Thomæ [Becket] Cantuariensis archiepiscopi narratio de aquila aurea ei miraculose ostensa, patrante B. V. Maria, fol. 71, b.

Incip.

“Quando ego Thomas Cantuariensis archiepiscopus, exul ab Anglia.”

XI. A prophecy relative to the affairs of England, fol. 71.

Beg.

“When Rome is removyde in to Inglande.”

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number III.

XII. “Here begynyth a shorte extracte, and tellyth how thar ware fex masters assemblede, ande eche one askede other quhat thing thai sholde spek of Gode, and all thei war accordet to spek of tribulacioun,” fol. 72, b.

Beg.

“The fyrste master feyde that if ony thing.”

XIII. “Bernardus de cura rei familiaris,” fol. 75.

Beg.

“Autentyk bukys and storis alde and new.”

A Specimen is printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number IV.

XIV. A moral treatise, in prose, entitled, “The Craft of Deyng,” fol. 84.

Beg.

“Sen the passage of this vrechit warlde, the quhilk is callit Dede, femys harde, perelus ande”—

XV. A Ballad of Good Counfel, fol. 87, b.

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number V.

XVI. Chaucer’s Ballad of Good Counfel, fol. 87, b.

Beg.

“Fle fro the preafe.”

Printed amongst Chaucer’s Works, fol. 320, edit. fol. Lond. 1602.

XVII. A ballad.

Beg.

“Sen trew vertew encreffes dignytée,” fol. 88.

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number VI.

XVIII. A ballad.

Beg.

“Sen in waist Natur na thinge mais,” *Ibid.*

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number VII.

XIX. An abstract of Solomon's Proverbs, fol. 88.

Beg.

"Kinge Solomone fais in his buk of his contemplacioune." At the end, "Expliciunt Dicta Salomonis, per manum V. de F."

XX. A moral treatise in poetry, entitled, "Ratis Raving," intended for the instruction of youth, fol. 95.

Beg. Prol.

"My dere sone, wnderstande this buk,
Thow study and reid it oft, and luk ;
Her fall thow fynd thi fatheris entent
To the lefte in amendement."

Beg. Book.

"Forethi, my fuet sone, procur grace,
To be so ferand of thi purches ;
Fore, wit thow weill, fore out that thinge,
May na man cum to hie gærnyng."

End.

"Now, pene, I pray the, rest the here,
For now is endyt this matere,
The quhilk is RATIS RAVING cald ;
Bot for na raving I it hald,
Bot for rycht wys and gud teching,
And weill declar fyndry thinge,
That is rycht nedfull for to knaw,
As the sentens it wyll schaw ;
And to gret God be the lovyng," etc.

XXI. A poem, entitled, "The foly of fulys, and the thewis of wyf-men," fol. 118, b.

Beg.

"Sen vys men, that before our dawis,
Studyt in prophefy and in lawis."

XXII. A poem, entituled, "The confail and teiching at the vyfman gaif his fone," fol. 124, b.

Beg.

"Qwhay takis plefans in gouthage,
Of gud and ill to have knowleg."

XXIII. A poem, entituled, "The thewis of gudwomene," fol. 131.

Beg.

"The gud wyf fchawis, fore beft fcho cane."

Printed amongst the Miscellaneous Poems appended to this Volume, Number VIII.

XXIV. A treatife, in profe, upon "the verteuīs of the Meß apprewyt be the haly wryt baith be our Lord Jhefu Cristis wordis and uthir haly fanctis and doctouris of the Cristyne faith," fol. 135.

Ad calcem.

"Qui culpat manum fcriptoris lambiat anum."

XXV. The Romance of Sir Lancelot du Lak, fol. 138.

Printed in the present Volume.

XXVI. An imperfekt ballad, confifting of the following lines, fol. 180.

"My luf mornes for me, for me,
My luf mornis for me,
Adew dear heart, ve man depart,
Lat all gour mornyng [be].
To luf allone comfortis non,
Bot mornith more and more ;
Myne awin deer hart
Is caufit my fmert,
And grewit my perfone.
Soir I me complene
And no thhing"
.

XXVII. Epistola Officialis Sancti Andreæ infra Archidiaconatum Laodoniæ Curato de Lawder, de citatione Andreæ Lawder tertio facta, fol. 180.

XXVIII. Fragment of an Agreement between Johne Colgere dat. 1529, *Ibid.*

XXIX. "The extract of the lawis of Regiam Majestatem," ff. 181, 192, 219.

Beg.

"All maner of pleys ar outhir of criminale actiouns or of civil."

XXX. "The forme of the folowing of a breif of rycht," fol. 181.

Beg.

"I, A. of B. fais agane C. of D., that quhar my fader."

XXXI. Instrumentum, notarii attestacione roboratum, de quadraginta libris sterlingorum per dominum Willelmum Ramsay, dominum de Inverleth, ad manerium domini Johannis de Turribus in villa de Inverleth frustra oblatis, nec non de fractura saisinæ ejusdem domini Johannis per dictum dominum Willelmum, quo ad terras supradictas.

Dat. apud Inverleth, 30th Dec. A.D. 1382, fol. 184.

Totum exscribere lubet.

In Dei nōie Amen. Anno D'ni millesio trecentfio octogefio ſcdo indicōne quīta menſis Decembris an[te]penultima pontificat⁹ ſtiſſi in Xpo patris et D'ni nri dñi Clement⁹ divina pvidencia ppe vij. anno quar[to]. In mei notarii publici et testiū inf⁹ſcriptoz pñcia psonr conſtitut⁹ nobilis vir dñs Wilks Ramsay dñs de Inverleth et ibidē psonr gstitut⁹ acceſſit ad t maneriem dñi Johis de Turribz in villa de Inverleth] ubi corā me notario et testibz inf⁹ſcriptis exhibuit et optulit et pſentavit quad⁹ginta libras ſterlingoz q[uas] portabat in quod pilio rubeo quibus aſſeruit p ſras ſuas obligatorias firmi⁹ tenebat⁹ dto dño Johi de [Turribz] et neminē ibi reppit qui dñas xl^a libras nōie dñi Johis licet ſepius oblatas ut dixit recipe[t] et pptea dixit idē dñs Wilks qd ſibi nō imputer

n^e ei pp^t nō solucōm dte fūme pecūie sup posses[sionem] t^rar^u suar^u de Inv^leth aliq^d p^jjudiciū geⁿet^r quovism^o cū sit t^r fuit semp^o patus sol^ve fūmā an-
[tedtam] illi vel illis qui d^tam fūā nōie d^ti dⁿi Johis recipe debebant n^e ut
p^mittit^r fuit aliquis qui recipe volebat fūmam sepius p^r eū^d ut affuit obla-
tam quibz sic d^tis d^tus Wills dⁿs abinde re[cessit]] veniens ad quā^d domū
suā sup d^tas t^ras suas 9struētā et ibid^m fracta t^r remota clausura d[]
p^r eū^d d^m Willm fregit faisinā a^ts ut affuit nōie d^ti dⁿi Johis de Tur-
ribz de p^dtis t^ris re[] et p^r huj^omoⁱ frac^tonē faisine recognovit se ad
possessionē d^tar^u t^rar^u suar^u p^testante pu^e q^b nō stetit neq^b fiat quo min^o
dte fūme solucō fieret et fiat si ēet nichil reppiri possit q^d d^tam f[]
nōie p^rfati dⁿi Johis recipe vellet. Et tūc inhibuit exp^risse dⁿs Wills ex
pte dⁿi n^ri reg^r et [] lorū mⁱstrorū ejusd^m ne quis ip^m sup possessione
d^tar^u t^rar^u suar^u ali^r q^m p^r viam justicie ci[] cui se ibidē sp^onte sub-
didit et in cunct^r d^tas t^ras suas tangentibz obligavit inquietā p^rsumat
[] acceptet sup quibz oibz et sing^lis d^tus dō^o Wills sibi fieri pe-
ciit pu^e instrumētū notario infra[] Acta fuerūt hec ap^d Inv^leth
anno indi^ccōe die mense et pont^e p^dtis ven^{ti} in X^po [p^re] dⁿo David ab-
bate mo^rstⁱii S^te Cruc^e de Edynburgh et Jo^hne Mariscalli burgen^se de
Edynburg [] Wills filio Thome cū div^{er}s aliis testibz ad p^rmissā
vocat^r t^r rogatis.

Et ego Hugo de Dalmehoy c^licus S^ti Andree dio^ces pu^e auct^ritate
ap^lica no^rius qui p^rmissis oibz univ^{er}s et sing^lis dū sic ut p^rmit^r fierent
et ag^oent^r una cū p^rnoⁱatis testibz p^rns int^rfui ea^b oia et sing^la sic fieri vidi
et adivi sc^ripsi et publicavi et in hanc formā publicā redegⁱ signoq^b meo
confueto signavi rogatus in testio^m oim^u p^rmissorū.

XXXII. Indentura inter dominum Willelmum de Ramfay, militem,
dominum de Inverleth, ex parte una, et dominum Johannem de Turribus,
militem, dominum de Darle, ex parte altera. Dat. apud Edynburgh, 13
Junii, A. D. 1380, fol. 184, b.

Hec indentura testat^r q^b t^rciadecia die mens^{is} Junii apud Edinburgh an-
no Dⁿi m^{mo} trecentesimo octogesimo initū fuit et finalit^r concordatū in^o no-
bilem virū d^m Willm de Ramfay militē d^m de Inv^leth ex pt[e] una et

dn̄m Johannē de Turribz militē dn̄m de Darly ex pte al̄ta in forma que fequit^r videlicet q₃ dtus dn̄s Willm⁹ gratan⁹ et sine dilaçõe p̄solvet d̄to dño Johi feu dne C^hstiane sponse sue h̄edibz si[ve] exe^{bz} vel assignat^r quad^rginta libras bonoꝝ et legaliū sterlingorū put in quod̄ sc̄ipto d̄to dño Johi p̄ d̄tm dn̄m Willm facto pleni⁹ continet^r ad festū B^ti M^tini in yeme p̄x̄ futurū ap^d mās[um] d̄ti dñi Johis qui dicit^r Bax^t landas qm̄ dtus Joñes gratan⁹ eas quad^rginta libras sterlingorū d̄to dño Wilto respectuavit usq₃ ad festū S^ti M^tini p̄notatū. Et si dtus dn̄s Wilts d̄tas quad^rginta lib[ras] sterlingorū eid dño Johi 'feu' d̄te C^hstiane sponse sue h̄edibz suis exe^{bz} v̄l assignat^r in d̄to festo B^ti M^tini p̄solvet evidencie d̄taꝝ q^rd^rginta libraꝝ sterlingorū d̄to dño Wilto integralit^r delibabūtur oīni dilaçõe p̄posita absq₃ fraude. Et si contingat q₃ dtus do⁹ Wilts d̄tas quad^rginta libras sterlingorū ad p̄fatū festū B^ti M^tini integralit^r nō p̄solvit sc̄ipta tre seu evidencie quecūq₃ sint p̄ dn̄m Willm d̄to dño Johi facta in roboꝝ et virtute sic^r existerant quarto die men̄s Maii qu[ando] dn̄s Wilts d̄to dño Johi d̄tas quad^rginta libras sterlingorū p̄solve debebat put in dicti[s] evidenciis sibi inde 9sec̄tis pleni⁹ † 3portat et testat^r pmaneāt integralit^r cū efftu. Et obligat dtus Wilts fide media h̄edes suos exc^{es} et affig^{atos} tempibz fut^{is} nuq^m cont^r sc̄ipta iras evidencia d̄tm dn̄m 'Willm' d̄to dño Johi de d̄tis quad^rginta libris sterlingorū facta deveni^r ire v̄l cont^rdiçõe al[iquam] litem move^r sup̄ eis̄ sub pena viginti librarū sterlingorū fabrice eccl̄ie B^ti Egidii de Ed[inburgh] nōie pene applicand^r et d̄to dño Johi feu dne C^hstiane sponse sue h̄edibz suis exe^{bz} v̄l assigna[tis] quadraginta libras bonorū et legaliū sterlingorū nōie dampnoꝝ et expensarū ante ingressū p̄solvend^r. P^rtibz enī sc̄ipto tris evidenciis quad^rginta librarū sterlingorū d̄to dño [] in suo robore pmanētibz. Et ad hec oīnia fidei et absq₃ fraude ob̄svanda dtus dn̄s Wilts d̄t[o] Johi fidem p̄stitit manualem. Et ad majorē huj⁹ rei evidenciā et ob̄svacōm p̄missorū nobil^r d̄na Agnes de Hebburne spon̄sa d̄ti dñi Willi d̄to dño Johi juramētū p̄stitit corpale p̄ti indenture hinc inde remanētibz sigillo p̄dictoꝝ dñi Willi et Agnet^r sponse sue et dñi Johis de [] al̄tnatim sūt appensa † Actilo et dat̄ anno die men̄se et loco quibz sup^r.

XXXIII. Carta Roberti [Secundi] regis Scottorum concedens David

de Ramfay, filio Willelmi de Ramfay, militi, terras de Inverleth cum pertinentiis, infra vicecomitatum de Edinburgh, quæ fuerunt ejusdem Willelmi. Dat. apud Lynlythcou, 2 Jul. 14 Rob. [II.] fol. 185.

Impressa exstat in Registro Magni Sigilli, p. 176, n. 41, edit. Fol. 1814, omiſſis tamen nominibus testium, videlicet, “venerabilibꝫ in Xp̄o p̄ribꝫ W[] et Joħe Canĉ n̄ro S’ti Andř et Dunkeldeñ eccliaꝝ ep̄is Joħe p̄mogenito n̄ro de Carryk feñ S[] Roberto de Fyffe et de Menteth filio n̄ro dñto Jacobo de Douglas 9fangineo n̄ro comitibꝫ Arch[] de Douglas et Roberto de Erkyne 9fangineis n̄ris militibus.”

XXXIV. Proceedings of the Parliament of Scotland, ff. 185,* 182, 183.

These important proceedings, hitherto unpublished, will find a place in the First Volume of the “Acts of Parliaments of Scotland,” edited by Thomas Thomson, Esq.

XXXV. Further Proceedings of the Parliament of Scotland.

Printed in the “Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland,” from Vol. II. c. ii. l. 3, to p. 97, c. ii. l. 6.

XXXVI. “Ther ar the refonis pretendit be Thomas Thomfoñ,” ff. 191, 190, b.

Beg.

“In the first gif thai pretent the breif of the fadir than.”

XXXVII. “Quhat fal be done efter that the partiis refonis ar red and the partes has inforfit thaim[] object again utheris,” fol. 194.

XXXVIII. “Of remede of domys gevin in absens of party,” *Ibid.*

XXXIX. “Extract out of the Barone Lawis,” fol. 195.

Beg.

“Somound is setting of a certane day and place to the partiis to anfuere.”

XL. "The lawis extract of the Borow Lawis," fol. 201.

Beg.

"Ilk burges fal gif to the king for his burowage."

XLI. A juridical treatise [imperfect at the beginning] upon writs of "Mortancestry," "the falsing of doumys," etc. fol. 206.

XLII. "Extract out of King David statuts," fol. 210.

XLIII. "The lawis extract of Kinge Robert the Broß statuts," fol. 212, b.

XLIV. "Extraete de statutis regis Willelmi," in Scotch, fol. 215, b.

XLV. "Her folowis the feis of the kinges officars," ff. 218, 220, 221.

Beg.

"In the first to the kinges Chancelare for the fele fee of the kinges charter."

See the Work of Sir John Skene above quoted, fol. 1, b.

§ 8. The pieces which have been selected for the present volume are printed with such errors of transcription as have crept into them by the carelessness of the scribe. Many of these are so obvious, that they may easily be corrected; but there are a few passages apparently corrupted, the restoration of which seems to require the use of another copy, until the discovery of which, (scarcely to be anticipated,) we must gratefully accept the text furnished by the Cambridge Manuscript.

JOS. STEVENSON.

London, April, 1839.

The Romans
of
Lancelot of the Lak.

PROLOGUE.

.
.
THE soft morow ande the lustee Aperill,
The wynter fet the stormys in exill,
Quhen that the brycht and fresch illumynare
Uprifith arly in his fyre chare,
His hot courß in to the orient,
And frome his spere his goldine stremis fent
Wpone the grond, in manner mefage,
One every thing to valkyne thar curage,
That natur haith fet under hire mycht,
Boith gyrß, and flour, and every lusty vicht;
And namly thame that felith the affay
Of lufe, to schew the kalendis of May,

Throw birdis fonge with opine vox oure hy,
That fessit not one lufares for to cry,
Left thai forghet, throw flewth of ignorans,
The old wfage of lowis observans.
And fromme I can the bricht face affpy
It demit me no langare for to ly,
Nore that love schuld in to me slouth finde,
Bot walkine furth, bewalinge in my mynde,
The dredful lyve endurit al to longe,
Suffrans in love of forouful harmys frouge,
The fcharpe dais and the bewy gerys
Qubill Phebus thris haith passith al his speris,
Vithoutine hope ore traiftinge of comfort,
So be fuch meine fatil was my fort.
Thus in my faull rolinge all my wo,
My carful hart carwing cane in two
The derdful fuerd of lowis hot diffire,
So be the morow fet I was a fyre
In felinge of the acceß hot and colde,
That haith my hart in fch a fevir holde
Only to me thare was nonne uthir ef
Bot thinkine qhow I schulde my lady ples.
The fcharp aflay and ek the inwart peine
Of dowblit wo me neulynges cane constrein,
Quben that I have remembrit one my thoct
How fche, quhois bewte al my harme haith wrocht,
Ne knouith not how I ame wo begonne,
Nor how that I ame of hire fervandes one ;

And in my self I cane nocht fynde the meyne
In to qubat wyß I fal my wo compleine.
Thus in the feild I walketh to and froo,
As thoctful wicht that felt of nocht but woo ;
Syne to o gardinge, that weß weil befene,
Of quhiche the feild was al despaynt with grene,
The tendyr and the lusty floures new
Up throue the grene upone thar stalkes grew,
Aghane the fone, and thare levis sprede,
Quhar with that al the gardinge was clide,
That Pryapus, in to his tyme before,
In o lustiar walkith nevir more.
And al about enweronyte and iclofite
One sich o wyß, that none within supposit
Fore to be sene with ony vichte thare owte ;
So dide the levis clos ite al aboute.
Thar was the flour, thar was the quene Alpheite,
Rycht wering being of the nyctes rest,
Unclofing gane the crownel for the day ;
The brycht fone illumynit haith the spray,
The nychtis fokir and the most schowris
As cristoll terys withhong upone the flouris,
Haith upwarpith in the lusty aire,
The morow makith soft, ameyne, and faire ;
And the byrdis thar mychty voce out throng,
Quhill al the wood resonite of thar songe,
That gret confort till ony vicht it wer
That pleffith thame of lustenes to here.

Bot gladneß till the thoctful ever mo;
The more he feith, the more he haith of wo.
Thar was the garding with the floures ourfret,
Quich is in pofy for my lady fet,
That hire represent to me oft before,
And thane alfo; thus al day gan be for
Of thoct my goft with torment occupy,
That I became in to one exafy,
Ore flep, or how I wot; bot fo befell
My wo haith done my livis goft expell,
And in fich wiß weil long I can endwr,
So me betid o wondir aventur.
As I thus lay ryght to my fpreit vas fene
A birde, that was as ony lawrare grene,
Alicht, and fayth in to hir birdes chere;
“O woful wrech, that levis in to were!
To fchew the thus the God of Love me fente,
That of the fervice no thing is contente,
For in his court yhoue lewith in difpar,
And vilfully fuftenis al the care,
And fchapith no thinge of thine awin remede, .
Bot clepith ay and cryith apone dede.
Yhow callith the birdes be morow fro thar bouris,
Yhoue devith both the erbis and the flouris,
And clepit hyme unfaithful King of Lowe,
Thow drawith hyme in to his rigne abufe,
Yhow tempith hyme, yhoue doith thi felf no gud.
Yhoue are o monn of wit al deftitude.

Wot yhoue nocht that al liwis creatwre
Haith of thi wo in to his hand the cwre ?
And fet yhoue clep one erbis and one treis,
Sche hiris not thi wo, nore ghit fche feis;
For none may know the dirkneß of thi thocht,
Ne blamyth her thi wo fche knowith nocht.
And it is weil accordinge it be fo
He suffir harme, that to redref his wo
Provideth not; for long or he be fonde,
Holl of his leich, that fchewith not his vounde.
And of Owid the autor schall yhow knaw
Of lufe, that feith for to confel, or fchow,
The last he clepith althir best of two;
And that is futh, and fal be ever mo.
And Love alfo haith chargit me to fay,
Set yhoue prefume, ore beleif, the aßlay
Of his fervice, as it wil ryne or go,
Prefwme it not, fore it wil not be fo;
Al magre thine a fervand fchal thow bee.
And as tueching thine adverfytee,
Compleen and fek of the ramed, the cwre,
Ore, gif yhow likith, furth the wo endure."
And, as me thocht, I anfuerde againe
Thus to the byrde, in wordis fchort and plane :
" It ganyth not, as I have harde recorde,
The fervand for to difput with the lord;
Bot well he knowith of all my vo the quhy,
And in quhat wyß he hath me fet, quhar I

Nore may I not, nore can I not attane,
Nore to hir hienes dar I not complane."
"Ful!" quod the bird, "lat be the nyf dispare,
For in this erith no lady is so fare
So hie estat, nore of so gret empriß,
That in hire self haith vifdome ore gentrice,
Yf that o wicht, that worthy is to be
Of Lovis court, schew til hir that he
Servith hire in lovis hartly wyß,
That schall thar for nyme hating or dispis.
The God of Love thus chargit the, at schorte,
That to thi lady yhoue thi wo reporte ;
Yf yhoue may not, thi plant schall yhou write.
Se, as yhoue cane, be maner oft endite
In metir, quich that no man haith süsspek,
Set oft tyme thai contenyng gret effeccc ;
Thus one fume wyß yhow schal thi wo declar.
And for thir fedulis and thir billis are
So generall, and ek so schort at lyte,
And fwme of thaim is lost the appetit,
Sum trety schall yhoue for thi lady sak,
That wnkouth is, als tak one hand and mak,
Of love, ore armys, or of sum othir thing,
That may hir one to thi remembryng brynge ;
Quich foundith not one to no hewynes
Bot one to gladneß and to lusteneß,
That yhoue belefis may thi lady plisß,
To have hir thonk and be one to hir esß,

That fche may wit in fervice yhow are one.
 Faire weil," quod fche, "thus fchall yhow the difpone,
 And mak thi felf als mery as yhoue may,
 It helpith not thus fore to wex alway."
 With that, the bird fche haith hir leif tak,
 Fore fere of quich I can onone to wak ;
 Sche was ago, and to my felf thoct I
 Quhat may this meyne ? quhat may this fignify ?
 Is it of troucht, or of illufione ?
 Bot finaly, as in conclufiounne,
 Be as be may, I fchal me not difcharge,
 Sen it apperith be of Lovis charg ;
 And ek myne hart none othir bißynes
 Haith bot my ladice fervice, as I geß,
 Among al utheres I fchal one honde tak
 This litil occupationne for hire fak.
 Bot hyme I pray, the mychty Gode of Love,
 That fitith hie in to his fpir abuf,
 (At command of o wyß quhois vifione
 My goß haith takin this opuniounne,)

That my lawboure may to my lady pleß,
 And do unto hir ladefchip fum eß,
 So that my travell be nocht tynt, and I
 Quhat uthores fay fetith nothing by.
 For wel I know that, be this worldes fame,
 It fchal not be bot hurting to my name,
 Quhen that thai here my febil negligens,
 That emptit is, and bare of eloquens,

Of difcreffioune, and ek of retoryk,
The metire and the cunning both elyk,
So fere difcording frome perfeccioune;
Quhilk I fubmyt to the correctioun
Of thaime the quhich that is discret and wyf,
And enterit is of Love in the fervice;
Quhich knowyth that no lovare dare withftonde,
Quhat Love hyme chargit he mot tak one honde,
Deith, or defame, or eny maner wo;
And at this tyme with me it ftant rycht fo,
As I that dar makine no demande
To quhat I wot it lykith Love commande.
Tueching his charges, as with al deffitut,
With in my mynd fchortly I conclud
For to fulfyll, for neid I mot do fo.
Thane in my thocht rolling to and fro
Quhare that I mycht fum wnkouth mater fynde,
Quhill at the laft it fell in to my mynd
Of o ftory, that I befor had fene,
That boith of love and armys can contene,
Was of o knycht clepit LANCELOT OF THE LAK,
That fone of Bane was king of Albanak;
Of quhois fame and worfchipful dedis
Clarkes in to divers bukis redes,
Of quhome I thynk her fum thing for to write,
At Lovis charge, and as I cane, endite;
Set me tharin fal by experiens
Know my confait, and al my negligens.

Bot for that story is so passing larg,
One to my wit it war so gret o charg
For to trauslait the Romans of that knyght,
It passith fare my cunyng and my mycht,
Myne ignorans may it not comprehende ;
Quharfor thare one I wil me not depende
How he was borne, nor how his fader deid
And ek his moder, nore how he was denyed
Efter thare deth, presumyng he was ded,
Of al the lond, nore how he fra that stede
In facret wyß wnwyst away was tak,
And nwrift with the Lady of the Lak.
Nor in his ȝouth think I not to tell
The aventoures, quhich to hyme befell ;
Nor how the Lady of the Laik hyme had
One to the court, quhare that he knyght was mad ;
None wist his nome, nore how that he was tak
By love, and was iwondit to the flak,
And throuch and throuch perfit to the hart,
That al his tyme he couth it not astart ;
For thare of love he enterit in service,
Of Wanore throuch the beute and franchis,
Throuch quhois service in armys he has vrocht
Mony wonderis, and perelles he has focht.
Nor how he thor, in to his ȝoung curage,
Hath maid a woue, and in to lovis rage,
In the rewenging of o wondit knyght
That cumyne was in to the court that nycht,

In to his hed a brokin fuerd had he,
And in his body also mycht men fee
The tronfione of o brokine sper that was,
Qubich no man out dedenynt to aras ;
Nor how he haith the wapnis out tak,
And his awow apone this wis can mak,
That he schuld hyme reweng at his poware
One every knyght that lovith the hurtare
Better thane hyme, the quhich that was i-wond.
Throw quich awoue in armys hath ben founde,
For fro tho wow was knowing of the knyght
The deth of mony werroure ful wicht ;
Thare was ful mony o passage in the londe
By men of armys kepit to with stond
This knyght, of quhome thai ben al fet afyre
Thaim to reweng in armys of desir.
Nor how that thane incontynent was fend
He and sir Kay togidder to defend
The lady of Nohalt, nor how that hee
Governit hyme thare, nor in quhat degre.
Nor how the gret pasing vassolag
He eschevit, throue the outragouß curag,
In conquiryng of the Sorowful Castell.
Nor how he passith doune in the cavis fell,
And furth the keys of inchantment brocht,
That al distroyt quhich that thare var vrocht.
Nore howe that he reikewit sir Gawane,
With his .ix. falouß in to prefonne tane ;

Nore mony uthere divers adventure,
Quhich to report I tak not in my cwe,
Nor mony assēblay that Gawane gart be maid,
To wit his name; nor how that he hyme hade
Unwist, and hath the worschip and empriss,
Nor of the knyghtes in to mony divers wyf
Through his awoue that hath thare dethis found;
Nor of the sufferans that by lovis wounde
He in his trawel sufferith aver more;
Nor in the quenis prefens how tharfor
By Camelot, in to that gret revare,
He was ner dround. I wil it not declare
How that he was in lovis hevy thocht
By Dagenet in to the court i-brocht;
Nor how the knyght that tyme he cane persew,
Nor of the gyantes by Camelot he flew;
Nor wil I not her tell the maner how
He flew o knyght, by natur of his wow,
Off Melyholt; nore how in to that toun
Thar came our hyme o gret confusione
Of pupil and knyghtes, al unarmyt,
Nor how he thar haith kepit hyme unharmyt;
Nor of his worschip, nor of his gret prowes,
Nor his defens of armys in the pres.
Nor how the lady of Melyhalt that sche
Came to the feild, and prayth him that he
As to o lady to hir his fuerd hath gold,
Nor how he was in to hir keping hold;

And mony uthir novil deid also,
I wil report quharfor I lat ourgo.
For quho thaim lykith for to speeyfy,
Of one of thaim mycht mak o grit flory;
Nor thing I not of his hie renowne
My febil wit to makin menfioune.
Bot of the weres that was fcharp and ftrong,
Richt perellouß, and hath enduryt lang,
Of Arthur in defending of his lond
Frome Galiot, fone of the fair Gyonde,
That brocht of knyghtes o pasing confluens.
And how Lancelot of Arthures hol defens
And of the veres berith the renowne,
And how he be the wais of fortune
Tuex the two princes makith the accorde,
Of al there mortall weres to concorde.
And how that Venus, fityng hie abuf,
Reuardith hyme of trauell in to love,
And makith hyme his ladice grace to have,
And thankfully his fervice cane refave;
This is the mater quhich I think to tell.
Bot ftill he mot rycht with the lady duell,
Quhill tyme cum eft that we fchal of hym fpek,
This proceß mot clofine bene and ftek;
And furth I wil one to my mater go.
Bot firft I pray, and I befek also,
Onè to the moft conpilour to fupporte,
Flour of poyetes, quhois nome I wil reporte,

To me nor to none uthir it accordit,
In to our rymyng his name to be recordit ;
For sum fuld deme it of presumpfioune,
And ek our rymyng is al bot deryfioune,
Quhen that remembrit is his excellens,
So hie abuf that flant in reverans.
The fresch inditing of his Laiting tounge
Out throuch this world fo wid is y-rounge,
Of eloquens, and ek of retoryk ;
Nor is, nor was, nore never beith hyme lyk,
The world gladith of his fuet poetry.
His faul I blyf confervyt be forthy ;
And yf that ony lusty terme I wryt
He haith the thonk therof and this denit.

EXPLICIT PROLOGUS, ET INCIPIT PRIMUS LIBER.

QWHEN Tytan, withe his lusty heit,
A twenty dais in to the Aryeit
Haith maid his courß, and all with diuerß hewis,
And paralit haith the feldis and the bewis ;
The birdis amyd the erbis and the flouris,
And one the branchis, makyne gone thar bouris,
And be the morow finging in ther chere
Welcum the lusty fessone of the gere.
In to this tyme the worthi conqueroure
Arthure, wich had of al this worlde the floure
Of chevelry awerding to his crown,
So pasing war his knightis in renoune,
Was at Carlill ; and hapynnit fo that hee
Sojornyt well long in that faire cuntree.
In to whilk tyme in to the court thai heire
None awenture, for wich the knyghtis weire
Anoit all at the abiding thare.
For why, beholding one the fobir ayre,
And of the tyme the pasing lustynes,
Can fo thir knychtly hartis to enereß,
That thei shir Kay one to the king haith fende,
Befeiching hym he wold wichfaif to wende
To Camelot the cetie, whare that thei
Ware wont to heryng of armys day be day.

The king forfuth, heryng thare entent,
To thare defir, be fchort awyfmēt,
Ygrantid haith; and fo the king proponit
And for to pas hyme one the morne difponit.
Bot fo befell hyme that nyght to meit
An aperans, the wich one to his fpreit
It femyth that of al his hed the hore
Of fallith and maid defolat; wharfore
The king therof was penfyve in his mynd,
And al the day he couth no refting fynde,
Wich makith hyme his jorneye to delaye.
And fo befell apone the thrid day,
The bricht fone pafing in the weft,
Haith maid his courf and al thing goith to ref;
The king, fo as the ftory can dewyf,
He thought ageine, apone the famyne wyf,
His vombe out fallith vith his hoil fyde
Apone the ground, and liging hyme befid.
Throw wich anon out of his flep he ftert,
Abafit and adred in to his hart.
The wich be morow one to the qwen he told,
And fhe ageine to hyme haith anfuir golde.
“To dremys, fir, fhuld no man have refpeck,
For thei ben thingis weyn, of non effek.”
“Well,” quod the king, “God grant it fo befall!”
Arly he rof, and gert one to hyme call
O clerk, to whome that al his hewynes
Tweching his drem fhewith he expref,

Wich anfuer yaf and feith one to the kinge ;
“ Shir, no record lyith to fuch thing,
Wharfor now, shir, I praye yow tak no kep,
Nore traift in to the vanyteis of fleip.
For thei are thingis that askith no credens,
But caufith of fum maner influens,
Empriß of thoght, ore superfluytee,
Or than fum othir cafualtyee.”
“ Ȝit,” quod the king, “ I fal noght leif it fo.”
And furth he chargit mesingeris to go
Throgh al his realm, withouten more demande,
And bad them stratly at thei shuld comande
All the bifhopes, and makyng no delay
The shuld appere be the twenty day
At Camelot, with al thar hol clergy
That moft expert war, for to certefye
A mater tueching to his goft be nyght ;
The mesag goith furth with the lettres right.

The king eft fone, with in a litill fpace,
His jorney makith haith frome place to place,
Whill that he cam to Camelot ; and there
The clerkis all, as that the chargit were,
Aßemblit war, and came to his prefens,
Of his defir to viting the sentens.
To them that war to hyme moft fpeciall
Furth his entent shauyth he all hall ;
By whois confeil of the worthieft
He chefish ten, yclepit for the beft,

And most expert, and wifest was supposit,
To quhome his drem al hail he haith discloffit ;
The houre, the nyght, and al the circumstans ;
Besichyne them that the signifycans
Thei wald hyme shaw, that he myecht resting fynde
Of it, the wich that occupeid his mynde.
And one of them with al ther holl assent
Saith, “ Shire, fore to declare our entent
Upone this matere, ye wil ws delay
Fore to awysing one to the .ix. day.”
The king ther to grantith haith, bot hee
In to o place, that strong was and hye,
He clofith them, whare thei may no where get
Un to the day, the wich he to them fet.
Than goith the elerkis fadly to awyß
Of this mater, to feing in what wyß
The kingis drem thei shal best speeefy.
And than the maisteris of astronomy
The bookis longyne to ther artis fete,
Nor was the bukis of Arachell forget,
Of Nembrot, of Danzhelome, thei two,
Of Moyfes, and of Herynos al foo ;
And feking be ther calcolacioune
To fynd the planetis disposicioune,
The wich thei fond ware wonder ewill yfet
The famyne nyght the king his sweven met.
So ner the point foecht thei have the thing,
Thei fond it wonder hewy to the king,

Of wich thing thei waryng in to were
To shew the king, for dreid of his danger.
Of ane accorde thei planly have proponit
No worde to show, and so thei them difponit.
The day is cumyng, and he haith fore them sent,
Besichyne them to shewing ther entent,
Than spak they all, and that of an accorde ;
“ Shir, of this thing we can no thing recorde,
For we can noght fynd in til our sciens
Tueching this mater ony ewydens.”
“ Now,” quod the king, “ and be the glorius vorde,
Or we depart ye shall sum thing recorde ;
So pas yhe not, nor so it fall not bee.”
“ Than,” quod the clerkis, “ grant ws dais three.”
The wich he grantid them, and but delay
The term passith, no thing wold the fay,
Wharof the king stondith hevy cherith,
And to the clerkis his vifag so apperith,
That all thei dred them of the kingis myght.
Than faith o clerk, “ Sir, as the thrid nyght
Ye dremyt, so giffis ws delay
The thrid tyme, and to the thrid day.”
By whilk tyme thei fundyng haith the ende
Of this mater, als far as shal depend
To ther sciens, yit can thei not awyß
To schewing to the king be ony wyß.
The day is cum, the king haith them besocht,
Bot one no wyß thei wald declar ther thocht ;

Than was he wroth in to his felf and noyt,
And maid his wow that thei ſhal ben deſtroyt.
His baronis he commandit to gar tak
Fyve of them one to the fir ſtak,
And uther fyve be to the gibbot tone ;
And the furth with the kingis charg ar gone.
He bad them in to ſecret wyß that thei
Shud do no harm, but only them aßley.
The clarkis, dredful of the kingis ire,
And ſaw the perell of deth and of the fyre,
I'ye, as thei can, has grantit to record ;
The uther herde and ben of ther accorde ;
And al thei ben yled one to the king
And ſhew hyme thus as tueching of this thing.
“ Shir, ſen that we conſtrenyt ar by myght
To ſhaw that wich we knaw no thing aricht,
For thing to cum preſervith it allan,
To hyme, the wich is every thing certane,
Except the thing that till our knawleg hee
Hath ordynat of certan for to bee ;
Therfor, ſhir king, we your magnificens
Befeich it twrne till ws to non offens,
Nor hald ws nocht as learis, thought it fall
Not in this mater, as that we telen thall.”
And that the king haith grantit them, and thei
Has chargit one that one this wiß fall feye.
“ Preſumyth, ſhir, that we have fundyne fo ;
All erdly honore ye nedift moß forgo,

And them the wich ye most affy in till
Shal falye gow, magre of there will.
And thus we have in to this matere founde."
The king, quhois hart was al wyth dred ybownd,
And askit at the clerkis, if thei fynde
By there elergy, that stant in ony kynde
Of possibilibtee, fore to reforme
His desteny, that stude in such a forme ;
If in the hewyne is preordynat
On such o wyȝ his honor to translat :
The clerkis faith, " Forfuth, and we have sene
O thing whar of, if we the trouth shal mene,
Is so obscure and dyrk til our elergye,
That we wat not what it shal signefye,
Wich causith ws we can it not furth say."
" Yis," quod the king, " as lykith yow ye may,
For wer than this can not be faid for me."
Thane faith o maister, " Than futhly thus finde we,
Thar is no thing fal fueour nor reskeu ;
Your worldly honore nedis most adeu,
But throuch the wattyre lyone and ek fyne,
On throuch the liche and ek the wattir fyne,
And throuch the conseill of the flour ; God wot
What this thude mene, for more ther of we not."
No word the king ansuerid agayne,
For all this refone thinketh bot in weyne ;
He shawith outward his contenans
As he therof taketh no grevans ;

But al the nyght he passid not his thought,
 The dais courß with ful desir he focht;
 And furth he goith to bring his mynd in rest
 With mony o knyght un to the gret forest.
 The rachis gon wncopelit for the deire,
 That in the wodis makith nois and cheir;
 The knyghtis with the grewhundis in aweit,
 Secith boith the planis and the freit.
 Doune goith the hart; doune goith the hynd also;

.
 The swift grewhund, hardy of assay,
 Befor ther hedis no thing goith away.
 The king of hunting takith haith his sport,
 And to his palace home he can resort,
 Ayan the noon; and as that he was fet
 Vith all his noble knyghtis at the met,
 So cam ther in an agit knyght and hee,
 Of gret estat femyt for to bee;
 Anarmyt all, as tho it was the gyß,
 And thus the king he salust, one this wiß.

“ Shir king, one to yow am Y fende
 Frome the worthiest that in world is kend,
 That levyth now of his tyme and age,
 Of manhed, wifdome, and of hie curag;
 Galiot, fone of the fare Gyande,
 And thus, at short, he bidis yow your londe
 Ye yald hime our, without impedymēt;
 Or of hyme holde, and if tribut and rent.

This is my charge at short, whilk if youe left
For to fulfill, of al he haith conquest,
He sais that he most tendir shal youe hold.”
By short awys the king his anfuer yald;
“ Schir knyght, your lorde wondir bie pretendis,
When he to me sic salutatione fendis;
For I, as yit in tymys that ar gone,
Held never lond, excep of God alone,
Nore never thinkith til erthly lord to yef
Trybut nor rent, als long as I may lef.”
“ Well,” quod the knyght, “ ful for repentith mee;
Non may recist the thing the wich mone bee.
To yow, fir king, than frome my lord am I
With diffyans sent, and be this refone why;
His purpos is, or this day moneth day,
With all his oft planly to assay
Your lond, with mony manly man of were,
And helmyt knyghtis, boith with sheld and spere.
And never thinkith to retwrn home, whill
That he this londe haith conquest at his will;
And ek Vanour the quen, of whome that hee
Herith report of al this world that shee
In fairhed and in wertew doith excede,
He bad me say he thinkis to possede.”
“ Schir,” quod the king, “ your mesag me behufis
Of refone and of curtesy excuss.
But tueching to your lord and to his oft,
His pouer, his mesag, and his boft,

That pretendith my lond for to distroy,
Thar of as git tak I non anoye.
And fay your lord one my behalf, when hee
Haith tone my lond, that al the world shal see
That it shal be magre myne entente.”
With that the knyght, withouten leif, is went,
And richt as he was pasing to the dure
He faith, “ A Gode ! what wykyt adventure
Apperith ! ” With that his hors he nome,
Two knichtis kepit, waiting his outcome.
The knicht is gon, the king he gan inquire
At Gawan, and at othir knyghtis fere,
If that thei knew, or ever hard recorde,
Of Galiot, and wharof he wes lorde ;
And ther was non among his knyghtes all
Which ansuered o word in to the hall.
Than Galygantynis of Walys rafe,
That travelit in divers londis has,
In mony knyghtly aventur haith ben ;
And to the king he faith, “ Sir, I have fen
Galiot, which is the fareft knyght,
And hieft be half a fut one hycht,
That ever I saw, and ek his men accordith ;
Hyme lakid nocht that to a lord recordith.
For visare of his ag is non than hee,
And ful of larges, and humylytee ;
An hart he haith of pasing bie curag,
And is not xxiij ȝer of age,

And of his tyme mekil haith conquerit.
 Ten kingis at his command ar fterit.
 He vith his men fo lovit is, Y geß,
 That hyme to pleß is al ther befynes.
 Not fay I this, fir, in to the entent
 That he, nore none wnder the firmament,
 Shal pouere have agane your majestee;
 And or thei shuld, this Y fey for mee,
 Rather I shall knyghtly in to field
 Refave my deith anarmyt wnder sheld.
 This spek Y list." The king, ayan the morn,
 Haith varnit huntaris baith with hund and horne,
 And arly gan one to the forest ryd,
 With mony manly knyghtis by his fid,
 Hyme for to sport and comfort with the dere,
 Set contrare was the fefone of the yere.
 His most huntynge was atte wyld bore,
 God wot a lustye cuntree was it thoore,
 In the ilk tyme; weil long this noble king
 In to this lond haith maid his fijornynge,
 Frome the lady was fend o mesfenger
 Of Melyhalt, wich faith one this maner,
 As that the story shewith by recorde.
 " To yow, fir king, as to her foveran lorde,
 My lady bath my chargit for to fay
 How that your lond stondith in affray;
 For Galiot, fone of the fare Gyande,
 Enterit is by armys in your land,

And fo the lond and cuntre he anyth,
That quhar he goith planly he diftroyth,
And makith al obeifand to his honde,
That nocht is left wneconquest in that lond,
Excep two castellis longing to hir cwre,
Which to defend she may nocht long endure.
Wharfor, fir, in wordis plan and short
Ye mon difpone your folk for to fupport.”
“ Wel,” quod the king, “ one to the lady fay
The neid is myne, I fall it not delay.
But what folk ar thei nemmyt for to bee,
That in my lond is cumyne in fuch degree.”
“ An hundreth thoufand both vith fhield and fpere,
On hors ar armyt, al redy for the were.”
“ Wel,” quod the king, “ and but delay this nyght,
Or than to morn, as that the day is lycht,
I fhall remuf, ther fhall no thing me mak
Impedymment, my jorney for to tak.”
Than feith his knyghtis al with one affent,
“ Schir, that is al contrare our entent,
For to your folk this mater is unwift,
And ye ar here our few for to recift
Ȝone power, and youre cuntre to defende ;
Tharfor abid, and for your folk ye fend,
That lyk a king and lyk a weriour
Ye may fuften in armys your honoure.”
“ Now,” quoth the king, “ no langer that I ȝeme
My crowne, my fepture, nor my dyademe,

Frome that I here, ore frome I wnderstand,
That ther by fors be entrit in my land
Men of armys, by strenth of vyolens,
If that I mak abid, or refydens,
Into o place langer than o nycht,
For to defend my cuntre and my rycht.”
The king that day his mesage haith furth sent,
Through al his realme, and fyne to rest is went.
Up goith the morow, up goith the brycht day,
Up goith the fone in to his fresh aray ;
Richt as he spred his bemys frome northeft,
The king upraß withouten more areft,
And by his awn conseil and entent
His jorney tuk at short avysment.
And but delay he goith frome place to place,
Whill that he can here whare the lady was,
And in one plane, apone o rever fyde,
He lichtit doune, and ther he can abide ;
And yit with l yme to batell fore to go
Vij. thoufand fechteris war thei, and no mo.
This was the lady, of qwhome before I tolde,
That Lancilot haith in to hir kepinge holde ;
But for to tell his pasing hewynesse,
His peyne, his sorow, and his gret distresse,
Of presone and of loves gret suppeis,
It war to long to me for to dewys.
When he remembrith one his hewy charge
Of love, wharof he can hyme not discharge,

He wepith and he forowith in his chere,
 And every nyght femyth hyme o yere.
 Great peite was the forow that he maad,
 And to hyme felf apone this wiß he faade :

“ Qwhat have I gilt, allace ! or qwhat defervit ?
 That thus myne hart shal rendit ben and carwit
 One by the fuorde of double peine and wo ?
 My comfort and my plesans is ago,
 To me is nat that shuld me glaid refervit.

I curß the tyme of myne nativitee,
 Whar in the heven it ordanyd was for me,
 In all my lyve never til have ceß ;
 But for to be example of difeß,
 And that apperith that every vicht may fee.

Sen thelke tyme that I had sufficians
 Of age, and chargit thoghtis sufferans,
 Nor never I continewite haith o day
 With out the payne of thoghtis hard assay ;
 Thus goith my youth in tempest and penans.

And now my body is in presone broght,
 But of my wo that in regard is noght,
 The wich mine hart felith ever more.
 O deth, allace ! whi haith yow me forbore
 That of remed haith the so long befoght !”

Thus neveremore he feliþ to compleine,
This woful knyght that felith not bot peine ;
So prekith hyme the fmert of loves fore,
And every day encreffith more and more.
And with this lady takine is alfo,
And kepit whar he may no whare go
To haunt knyghthed, the wich he moft defirit,
And thus his hart with dowbil wo yfrite:
We lat hyme duel here with the lady still,
Whar he haith laifere for to compleine his fyll.

And Galiot in this meyne tyme he laie,
By ftrong myght o caftell to aflay,
With many engyne and diverß wais fere,
For of fute folk he had a gret powere
That bowis bur, and uther instrumentis,
And with them lede ther palgonis and ther tentis,
With mony o ftrong chariot and cher,
With yrne qwhelis and barris long and fqwar ;
Well fluffit with al maner apparell
That longith to o fege or to batell ;
Whar with his oft was clofit al about,
That of no ftrenth nedith hyme to dout.
And when he hard the cumyne of the king,
And of his oft, and of his gaderyng,
The wich he reput but of febil myght
Ayanis hyme for to fuffen the ficht,
His confell holl affemblit he, but were,
Ten knightis with other lordis fere,

And told theme of the cuning of the king,
And alkit them there confell of that thing.
Hyme thoght that it his worchip wold degrade,
If he hyme felf in propir perfone raid
Enarmyt agane fo few menye,
As it was told Arthur fore to bee ;
And thane the kyng an hundereth knyghtis cold,
And fo he hot, for never more he wolde
Ryd of his lond, but in his cumpany
O hundyre knyghtis ful of chivellry.
He faith, “ Shir, ande I one hond tak,
If it you pleß this jorney shal I mak.”
Quod Galiot, “ I grant it yow, but ye
Shal first go ryd yone knyghtis oft and fee.”
With outen more he ridith our the plan,
And faw the oft and is returnyd ayane ;
And callit them mo than he hade fen, for why ?
He dred the refufe of his cumpany.
And to his lord apone this wys faith hee,
“ Shir, ten thoufand Y ges them for to bee.”
And Galiot haith chargit hyme to tak
Als fell folk, and for the feld hyme mak.
And fo he doith and haith them well arayt ;
Apone the morne his banaris war displayt.
Up goith the trumpetis with the clariouns,
Ayaine the feld blawen furth ther fownis,
Furth goith thir king with all his oft anon.
Be this the word wes to King Arthur gone,

That knew no thing, nor wist of thir entent,
But fone his folk ar one to armys went ;
But Arthur by report hard faye
How Galiot non armys bur that day,
Wharfor he thoght of armys nor of sheld
None wald he tak, nor mak hyme for the feld.
But Gawane haith he clepit, was hyme by,
In qwhome rignith the flour of chivalry;
And told one what maner, and one what wyf
He shuld his batelles ordand and dewys;
Befeching hyme wifly for to see
Againe thei folk, wich was far mo than hee.
He knew the charg and passith one his way
Furth to his horf, and makith no delay ;
The clariounis blew and furth goith al onone,
And our the watter and the furd are gone.
Within o playne upone that other fyd,
Ther Gawan gon his batellis to dewide,
As he wel couth, and fet them in aray,
Syne with o manly contynaus can fay,
“ Ye falowis wich of the Round Table bene,
Through al this erth whois fam is hard and fen,
Remembrith now it stondith one the poynt :
For why ? it lyith one your sferis poynt.
The well fare of the king and of our londe,
And fen the fucour lyith in your honde ;
And hardement is thing shal most awail,
Frome deth ther men of armys in bataill.

Lat now your manhed and your hie curage
The pryd of al thir multitude affuage ;
Deth or defence, non other thing we wot.”
This fresch king, that Maleginis was hot,
With al his oft he cummyne our the plane,
And Gawan fend o batell hyme agane ;
In myde the borde and festinit in the stell
The sperithis poynt, that bitith scharp and well ;
Bot al to few thei war, and mycht not lest
This gret rout that cummyth one so fast.
Than haith fir Gawan fend them to support,
One othir batell with one knyghtly forte ;
And fyne the thrid, and fyne the ferde also,
And fyne hyme self one to the feld can go.
When that he fauch thar latter batell steir,
And the ten thoufand cummyne al thei veir ;
Qwhar that of armes prewit he so well,
His ennemys gane his mortall fell.
He goith ymong them in his hie curage,
As he that had of knyghthed the wfage,
And couth hyme weill conten in to one hour,
Againe his strok resistit non armour ;
And mony knyght, that worth ware and bolde,
War there with hyme of Arthures houshold,
And knyghtly gan one to the feld them bere,
And mekil wroght of armys in to were.
Sir Gawan than upone such wyf hyme bure,
This uthere goith al to discumfitoure ;

Sewyne thousand fled and of the feld thei go,
Whar of this king in to his hart was wo,
For of hyme self he was of hie curage.
To Galiot than fend he in mesag,
That he shuld help his folk for to defende,
And he to hyme hath xxx^{te} thousand sende ;
Whar of this king gladith in his hart,
And thinkith to reweng all the smart
That he to for haith suffrit and the payne.
And al his folk returnyit is agayne
Atour the feld, and cummyne thik as haill,
The swyft hors goith first to the affall.
This noble knyght that feith the grate forþ
Of armyt men, that cummyne upone hors,
To giddir semblit al his falowship,
And thocht them at the sharp poynt to kep,
So that thar harme shal be ful deir ybought.
Thic uthere folk with straucht cours hath focht
Out of aray atour the larg felld ;
Thar was the strokis festnit in the shelde,
Thei war refavit at the speris end.
So Arthuris folk can manfully defend ;
The formest can thar lyves end conclude,
Whar fone assemblit al the multitude.
Thar was defens, ther was gret affail,
Richt wonderfull and strong was the bataill,
Whar Arthuris folk sustenit mekil payn,
And knyghtly them defendit haith againe.

Bot endur thei mycht, apone no wyf,
The multitude and ek the gret suppriß;
But Gawan, wich that felith al his payn,
Upone knyghthed, defendid fo againe,
That only in the manhede of this knyght
His folk rejosit them of his gret myght,
And ek abasit hath his ennemys;
For throw the feld he goith in fuch wyf,
And in the preß fo manfully them fervith,
His fuerd atwo the helmys al to kerwith,
The hedis of he be the shouderis finat;
The horß goith, of the maister defolat.
But what awalith al his befyne,
So strong and fo insufferable vas the preß?
His folk are passit atour the furdil ilkon,
Toward ther bretes and to ther luges gon;
Whar he and mony worthy knyght also,
Of Arthuris houß endurit mekill wo,
That never men mar in to armys vroght
Of manhed, ȝit it was al for noght.
Thar was the strenth, ther was the passing mygh,
Of Gawan, with that will the dirk nyght,
Befor the luges faucht al hyme alone,
When that his falowis entrit ware ilkone.
On Arthuris half war mony tan and slan;
And Galiots folk is hame returnyd againe,
For it was lait. Away the oflis ridith,
And Gawan ȝit apone his horß abidith,

With fuerd in hand, when thei awar var gon,
And fo for-rocht hys lymmys ver ilkon,
And wondit ek his body up and doune,
Upone his horß richt there he fel in swonne ;
And thei hyme tuk and to his luyne bare,
Boith king and qwen of hyme vare in dispare ;
For thei supposit, throw marwellis that he vroght,
He had hyme self to his confusioune broght.

This was nere by of Melyhalt, the hyll,
Whar Lanfcelot git was with the lady still.
The knychtis of the court pasing home,
This ladiis knychtis to hir palice com,
And told to hir, how that the feld was vent,
And of Gawan, and of his hardyment.
That merwell was his manhed to behold,
And sone this tithingis to the knight vas told,
That was with wo and hewynefs opprest ;
So noyith hyme his fujorne and his rest,
And but dulay one for o knycht he fend,
That was most speciall with the lady kend.
He comyne, and the knycht un to hyme said,
“ Disples gow not, sir, be ghe not ill paid,
So hourly thus I yow exort to go,
To gare my lady spek a word or two
With me, that am a carful prifonere.”
“ Sir, your commande Y shall, withouten were,
Fulfill ;” and to his lady passit hee
In lawly wyß befiching her, that she

Wald grant hyme to pas at his request,
Unto hir knyght, stood under hir areft;
And she, that knew al gentilleſſ aright,
Furth to his chamber paſſit wight the licht;
And he aroſ and ſaluſt curtaſly
The lady, and ſaid, “ Madem, her I,
Your preſoner, beſekith yow, that ghe
Wold merſy and compaſſione have of me,
And mak the ranſone wich that I may yeiſ,
I waſt my tyme in preſone thus to leiſe.
For why? I heron be report be told
That Arthur, with the flour of his houſeholde,
Is cummyne here, and in this cuntre lyis,
And ſtant in danger of his ennemyis,
And haith aſſemblit and eft this ſhalt bee
Within ſhort tyme one new aſſemblic.
Thar for, my lady, Y youe grace beſech,
That I mycht pas, my ranſon for to fech;
Fore I preſume thar longith to that fort
That loved me, and ſhal my nede ſupport.”
“ Shire knyght, it ſtant nocht in ſuch degree,
It is no ranſone wich that cauſith me
To holden yow, or don yow ſich offens;
It is your gilt, it is your wiolens,
Whar of that I deſir no thing but law,
Without report your awne trefpas to know.”
“ Madem, your pleaſance may ye wel fulfill
Of me, that am in preſone at your will,

Bot of that gilt I was for til excus,
For that I did of werry nede behw,
It twechit to my honore and my fame;
I mycht nocht lese it but hurting of my nam,
And ek the knyght was mor to blam than I.
But ye, my lady, of your curteff,
Wold ge deden my ranfone to refave,
Of pefone fo I my libertee myght have,
Y ware golde evermore your knyght,
Whill that I leif with all my holl myght.
And if fo be ye lykith not to ma
My ranfone, if me to ga
To the affemble, wich falbe of new;
And as that I am feithful knyght and trew,
At nyght to yow I enter fhall againe,
But if that deth or other lot certane,
Throw wich I have fuch impediment,
That I be hold, magre myne entent.”
“ Sir knyght,” quod she, “ I grant yow leif, with thy
Your name to me that ge wil fpecify.”
“ Madem, as git futly I ne may
Duelar my name, one be no maner way;
But I promyt, als fast as I have tyme
Convenient, or may vith outhen cryme,
I fhall;” and than the lady faith hyme tyll,
“ And I, felhir knyght, one this condifeione will
Grant yow leve, fo that ye oblist bee
For to return, as ye haue faid to me.”

Thus thei accord, the lady goith to rest,
The sone discending cloist in the vest ;
The ferd day was dewysit for to bee
Betuex the oftis of the assemblee.
And Galiot richt arly by the day,
Ayane the feld he can the folk aray ;
And fourty thousand armyt men haith he,
That war not at the othir assemble,
Commandit to the batell for to gon ;
“ And I my self,” quod he, “ shal me dispone
On to the feild againe the thrid day ;
Whar of this were we shal the end assay.”

And Arthuris folk that come one every fyde,
He for the feld can thame for to provide,
Wich ware to few againe the gret assere
Of Galiot, ȝit to susten the were
The knyghtis al out of the cete rof
Of Melyholt, and to the semble gois.
And the lady haith, in to secrete wyf,
Gart to hir knyght and presoner dewysf
In red al thing, that ganith for the were ;
His curfeir red, so was boith scheld and spere.
And he, to qwham the preson hath ben smart,
With glaid desir apone his curfour start,
Toward the feld anon he gan to ryde,
And in o plan hovit one rever fyde.
This knyght, the wich that long haith ben in cag,
He grew in to o fresch and new curage,

Seing the morow blythfull and amen,
The med, the rever, and the vodus gren,
The knychtis in armys then arayinge,
The baneris ayaine the feld displaying,
His ȝouth in strenth and in prosperytee,
And fyne of lust the gret adverfytee.
Thus in his thocht remembryng at the last,
Efterward one fyd he gan his ey to cast,
Whar our a bertes lying haith he fen
Out to the feld lukiſ was the qwen;
Sudandly with that his goſt aſtart
Of love anone haith caught hyme by the hart;
Than faith he, “How long ſhall it be ſo,
Love, at yow ſhall wrik me al this wo?
Apone this wyß to be infortunate,
Her for to ſerve the wich thei no thing wate.
What fuſſerance I in hir wo endure,
Nor of my wo, nor of myne adventure;
And I unworthy ame for to attane
To hir preſenſe, nore dare I noght complane.
Bot, hart, fen at yow knawith ſhe is here,
That of thi lyve and of thi deith is ſtere,
Now is the tyme, now help thi ſelf at neid,
And the dewod of every point of dred;
That cowardy be none in to the ſene,
Fore and yow do yow knowis the peyne I weyn;
Yow art wnable ever to attane
To hir mercy, or cum be ony mayne.

Tharfor Y red hir thonk at yow disserve,
Or in hir prefens lyk o knygt to sterf.”
With that confusit with an hewy thoct,
Wich ner his deith ful oft tyme haith hyme focht,
Devoydit was his spiritis and his goft,
He wist not of hyme self nor of his oft ;
Bot one his hors, als still as ony ston.
When that the knychtis armyt war ilkon,
To warnmyng them up goith the bludy foun,
And every knyght upone his hors is boun ;
Twenty thousand armyt men of were.
The king that day he wold non armys bere,
His batelles ware devyfit everilkon,
And them forbad out our the furdys to gon.
Bot frome that thei ther ennemys haith fen,
In to such wys thei couth them noght sustene ;
But our thei went vithouten more delay,
And can them one that other fid assay.
The red knycht still in to his hewy thought
Was busyng ȝit upone the furd, and noght
Wist of hime self ; with that a harrold com,
And sone the knycht he be the brydill nom,
Saying, “ Awalk ! it is no tyme to slep ;
Your worfchip more expedient vare to kep.”
No word he spak, so prikith hyme the smart
Of hevynes, that stood un to his hart.
Two scerewis cam with that, of quich one
The knychtis sheld vyt frome his hals haith tone,

The uthir watter takith atte laft,
And in the knychtis wentail haith it caft ;
When that he felt the vatter that vas cold
He wonk, and gan about hyme to behold,
And thinkith how he sum quhat haith myfgone.
With that his fpere in to his hand haith ton,
Goith to the feild withoutin vordis more ;
So was he vare where that there cam before,
O manly man he was in to al thing,
And clepit was The ferft conqueft king.
The red knycht with spuris smat the fted,
The tothir cam, that of hyme hath no drede ;
With ferß curag ben the knychtis met,
The king his fpere apone the knycht hath fet,
That al in peciß flaw in to the felde ;
His hawbrek helpit, fuppos he hath no fcheld.
And he the king in to the fcheld haith ton,
That horß and man boith to the erd ar gon.
Than to the knycht he cummyth, that haith tan
His fheld, to hyme deliverith it ayane,
Besiching hyme that of his ignorance
That knew hyme nat as takith no grewance.
The knycht his fche[l]d but mor delay haith tak,
And let hyme go, and no thing to hyme fpak.
Than thei there with that fo at erth haith fen
Ther lord, The ferft conqueft king, ymene,
In haift thei cam, as that thei var agrevit,
And manfully thei haith ther king relevit.

And Arthuris folk, that lykith not to byde,
In goith the fpeiris in the ftedis fyde ;
To giddir thar affemblit al the oft :
At whois meiting many o knycht was loft.
The batell was richt crewell to behold,
Of knychtis with, that haith there lyvis golde.
One to the hart the fpere goith throw the fcheld,
The knychtis gaping lyith in the feld.
The red knycht, burnyng in loves fyre,
Goith to o knycht, als fwift as ony vyre,
The wich he perfit throuch and throuch the hart ;
The fpere is went ; with that anon he flart,
And out o fuerd in to his hond he tais,
Lyk to o lyone in to the feld he gais ;
In to his rag fmyting to and fro
Fro fum the arm, fro fum the nek in two.
Sum in the feild lying is in fwone
And fum his fuerd goith to the belt at doune.
Fore qwhen that he beholdith to the qwen,
Who had ben there his manhed to have fen,
His doing in to armys and his myght,
Shwld fay in world war not fuch o wight.
His falouschip fch comfort of his dede
Haith ton, that thei ther ennemys ne dreid ;
But can them felf ay manfoly conten
In to the flour, that hard was to fufften ;
For Galyot was o pafing multitude
Of preuit men in armys that war gude,

The wich can with o fresch curag affaill
The ennemys, that day in to batell,
That ne ware not the vorsechip and manhede
Of the red knyght, in perell and in dreid
Arthuris folk had ben, with outhen vere,
Set thei var goode thei var of final powere.
And Gawan, wich gart bryng hyme self befor
To the bertes, fet he was vondit fore,
Whar the qwen vas, and whar that he mycht see
The manere of the oft and affemble;
And when that he the gret manhed haith sen
Of the red knyght, he saith one to the qwen,
“ Madem, gone knyght in to the armys rede,
Nor never I hard nore saw in to no sted
O knyght, the wich that in to schortar space
In armys haith more forton nore mor grace;
Nore bettir doith boith with sper and scheild,
He is the hed and comfort of our feild.
Now, sir, I traist that never more vas sen
No man in feild more knyghtly hyme conten;
I pray to hyme that every thing haith cure,
Saif hyme fro deth or wykit adventure.”
The feild it was rycht perillus and strong
On boith the fydis, and continewit long,
Ay from the sone the varldis face gan licht
Whill he was gone, and cumyne vas the nyght;
And than o forþ thei mycht it not afftart,
On every fyd behovit them depart.

The feild is don and ham goith every knycht,
And prevaly, unwist of any wicht,
The way the red knycht to the cete taiis,
As he had hecht, and in the chamber gais.
When Arthure hard how the knycht is gon,
He blamyt fore his lordis everilk one ;
And oft he haith remembrit in his thoght,
What multitud that Galiot had broght ;
Seing his folk that ware so ewil arayt,
In to his mynd he stondith al affrayt
And faith, “ I traift ful futh it fal be founde
My drem richt as the clerkis gan expounde ;
For why ? my men failȝeis now at neid,
My self, my londe, in perell and in dreid.”
And Galiot upone hie worschip fet,
And his confell anon he gart be fet,
To them he faith, “ With Arthur weil ȝe fee
How that it stant, and to qwhat degre,
Agains ws that he is no poware ;
Wharfor, me think, no worschip to ws ware
In conqueryng of hyme, nor of his londe,
He haith no strent, he may ws not vithstonde.
Wharfor, me think it best is to delay,
And resput hyme for a twelmoneth day,
Whill that he may assemble al his myght ;
Than is mor worschip agains hyme to ficht ;”
And thus concludit thoght hyme for the best.
The very knychtis passing to there rest,

Of Melyholt the ladeis knyghtis ilkone
Went home, and to hir presenfe ar thei gon ;
At qwhome ful fone than gan fcho to inquire,
And al the maner of the oftis till spere ;
How that it went, and in what maner wyf,
Who haith most worfchip, and who is most to pryf?
“ Madem,” quod thei, “ o knyght was in the feild,
Of red was al his armour and his fheld,
Whois manhed can al otheris to exceed,
May nan report in armys half his deid ;
Ne wor his worfchip, shortly to conclud,
Our folk of help had ben al deftitud.
He haith the thonk, the vorsehip in hyme lyeis,
That we the feld defendit in sich wyf.”
The lady thane one to hir felf haith thoct,
“ Whether is gone my presonar, ore noght ?
The futhfastnes that shal Y wit onon.”
When every wight un to ther rest war gon
She clepith one hir cwfynes ful nere,
Wich was to hir most speciall and dere,
And faith to hir, “ Qwheyar if yone bee
Our presoner, my confell is we fee.”
With that the maden in hir hand bath ton
O torche, and to thei stabille ar thei gon ;
And ghit the horsf it is nocht wich that hee
Furth with hyme hade. The lady said, “ Per dee
He usyt haith mo horsf than one or two ;
I red one to his armys at we go.”

Tharwith one to his armys ar thei went ;
Thei fond his helm, thei fond his hawbrek rent,
Thei fond his scheld was frufchit al to nocht ;
At fchort, his armour in fuch wyf vas vrocht
In every place that no thing was left haill,
Nore never eft accordith to bataill.
Than faith the lady to hir cufynef,
“ What fal we fay, what of this mater gefß ? ”
“ Madem, I fay, thei have nocht ben awyfit,
He that them bur fchortly he has them vfyt.”
“ That may ge fay, fuppos the beft that lewis,
Or moft of worfchip in til armys prewis,
Or ghit haith ben in ony tyme beforne,
Had them in feld in his maft curag borne.”
“ Now,” quod the lady, “ will we paß, and fee
The knyght hyme felf, and ther the futh may we
Knew of this thing.” Incontynent them boith
Thir ladeis un to his chambre goith.
The knyght al very fallyng was on flep,
This maden paffith in, and takith kep ;
Sche fauch his brest with al, his fchowderis bare,
That bludy war and woundit her and thare ;
His face was al to hurt and al to fchrent,
His newis fwellyng war and al to rent.
Sche fmylyt a lyt, and to hir lady faid,
“ It femyth weill this knyght hath ben affaid.”
The lady fauch, and rewit in hir thoght
The knyghtis worfchip, wich that he haith vroght.

In hire remembrance lovis fyre dart
With hot defyre hir smat one to the hart ;
And than a quhill, with outen wordis mo,
In to hir mynd thinking to and fro,
She studeit fo, and at the last abraid
Out of hir thoct, and fudandly thus said,
“ With draw,” quod she, “ one fyd a lyt the lyght
Or that I pass that I may kyss the knyght.”
“ Madem,” quod sche, “ what is it at ge mene ?
Of hie worschip our mekill have ge fene
So sone to be supprifit with o thoct ;
What is it at ge think ? preftw ge noght
That if yon knyght wil walkin, and perfaif,
He shal tharof no thing bot ewill confaif ;
In his entent ruput yow therby
The ablare to al lyghtnes and foly ?
And blam the more al utheris in his mynd,
If your gret wit in such desire he fynde ?”
“ Nay,” quod the lady, “ no thing may I do
For sich o knyght may be defam me to.”
“ Madem, I wot that for to love yone knyght,
Confidir his fame, his worschip, and his mycht,
And to begyne, as worschip wil dewyff,
Syne he ayaine mycht lowe yow one such wyff,
And hold yow for his lady and his love,
It war to yow no maner of reprwe ;
But quhat if he appelit be and thret
His hart to lowe, and ellis whar y-fet ?

And wel Y wot, madem, if it be so,
His hart hym self fal not suffir to love two,
For noble hart wil have no dowbilnes,
If it be so ghe tyne yowr low, I ghes;
Than is your self, than is your love refusit,
Your sam is hurt, your gladnes is conclusit.
My confell is, therefore, yow to absten
Whill that to yow the werray ryght be fene
Of his entent, the wich ful son ghe may
Have knowlag, if yow lykith to assay.”
So mekil to hir lady haith she vrought
That at that tyme she haith returnyt hir thought,
And to hir chambre went, withouten more,
Whar love of new assaith hir ful fore.
So well long thei speking of the knyght,
Hir cufynace hath don al at the myght
For to expel that thing out of hir thocht;
It wil not be, hir labour is for nocht.
Now leif we hir in to hir newest pan,
And to Arthur we wil retwrn agane.

THE cloudy nyght, wnder whois obfcure,
The reft and quiet of every criature
Lyith fauf, whare the goft with befynes
Is occupiit, with thoughtfull bewynes ;
And for that thocht furth fehewing vil his mycht,
Go farewel reft and quiet of the nycht.
Artur, I meyne, to whome that reft is nocht,
But al the nycht fupprifit is with thocht ;
In to his bed he turnyth to and fro,
Remembryng the apperans of his wo,
That is to fay his deith, his confufioun,
And of his realme the opin diftruccioun.
That in his wit he can no thing provide,
Bot tak his forton thar for to abyde.
Up goith the fun, up goith the hot morow,
The thoughtful king al the nycht to forow,
That fauch the day upone his feit he ftart,
And furth he goith, diftrublit in his hart.
A quhill he walkith in his penfyf goft,
So was he ware that cummyne to the oft
O clerk, with whome he was aqwynt befor,
In to his tyme non better was y-bore ;

Of qwhois com he gretly vas rejoſit,
For in to hyme ſum comfort he ſuppoſit.
Betuex them was one hartly affeccioune,
Non orderis had he of relegioune,
Famus he was, and of gret excellence,
And rycht expert in al the .vij. ſcience;
Contemplatif and chaſt in governance,
And clepit was the maiſter Amytans.
The king befor his palgoune one the gren,
That knew hyme well, and haith his cummyne ſene,
Velcummyt hyme, and maid hyme rycht gud chere,
And he agan, agrewit as he were,
Saith, “Nothir of the falofing, nor the,
Ne rak I nocht, ne charg I nocht,” quod hee.
Than quod the king, “Maifter, and for what why
Ar ȝhe agrewit? or quhat treſſpas have I
Commytit, ſo that I ſhal yow diſples?”
Quod he, “No thing, it is ayane myn ef,
But only contrare of thi ſelf alway,
So fare the courſ yow paſſith of the way.
Thi ſchip, that goth apone the ſtormy vall,
Ney of thi careldis in the ſwelf it fall,
Whar ſhe almoſt is in the perell drent;
That is to ſay, thow art ſo far myfwent
Of wykitneſ vpon the vrechit dans,
That thow art fall yng in the ſtrong vengans
Of Goddis wreth, that ſhal the ſon devour,
For of his ſtokk approachit now the hour;

That boith thi ringe, thi ceptre, and thi croune,
Frome hie estat he smyting shal adoune.
And that accordith well, for in thi thoct
Thow knowith not hyme, the wich that haith the wrocht,
And fet the up in to this hie estat
From power ; for, as the felwyne wat,
It cummyth al bot only of his myght,
And not of the, nor of thi elderis richt
To the discending, as in heritage,
For thow was not byget in to spowfag.
Wharfor thow aucht his biding to obserf,
And al thy mycht thow shuld hyme pleß and ferf,
That dois thow nat, for thow art so confuslit
With this fals warld that thow haith hyme refusit,
And brokine haith his reul and ordynans,
The wich to the he gave in governans.
He maid the king, he maid the governour,
He maid the so, and fet in hie honour
Of realmys and of peplis fere ;
Efter his love thow shuld them reul and stere,
And wnoppresfit kep in to justice,
The wykit men and pwynce for ther wice.
Thow dois no thing, but al in the contrare,
And suffrith al thi puple to forfare ;
Thow haith non ey but one thine awn delyt,
Or quhat that plesing shall thyne appetyt.
In the defalt of law and of justice,
Wudir thi hond is sufferyt gret suppris

Of fadirleß, and modirleß also,
And wedwis ek sustenit mekill wo.
With gret myschef oppressit ar the pure ;
And thow art causß of al this hol injure,
Wharof that God a raknyng fal craf
At the, and a fore raknyng fal hafe.
For thyne estat is gewyne to redref
Thar ned, and kep them to ryhtwyfnesß,
And thar is non that ther complantis heris ;
The mychty folk, and ek the flattereris,
Ar cheif with the, and doith this oppressioun ;
If thai complen it is ther confusioun.
And Daniell faith that who doith to the pure,
Or faderleß, or modirleß, enjure,
Or to the puple, that ilke to God doth hee ;
And al this harme sustenit is throw the.
Thow sufferith them, oppressith and anoyith ;
So thow art causß, throw the thei ar distroyth ;
Than al thi mycht God so distroys thow.
What shal he do agane ? quhat shal thow,
When he distroys by vengeance of his fuerd
The synaris fra the vyfagis of the erde ?
Than utraly thow shall distroyt bee ;
And that richt weill apperis now of thee,
For thow allon bylest art folitere,
And the wyß Salamon can duclar,
' Wo be to hyme that is bylest alone,'
He haith no help, so is thi forton gone ;

For he is callit, with whom that God is nocht,
Allone, and so thi wikitneß haith wrocht
That God hyme self he is bycummyn thi fo,
Thi pupleis hartis haith thow tint also ;
Thi wykitneß thus haith the maid alon,
That of this erth thi fortune is y-gone.
Thow mone thi lyf, thow mone thi vorfchip tyne,
And eft to deth that never shal haf fyne."

"Maister," quod he, "of yowre benevolence,
Yow befech that tueching myn offens
Ȝhe wald wichefaif your confell to me if,
How I fal mend, and ek her eftir leif."

"Now," quod the maister, "and I have merwell qwhy
Thow askith confail, and wil in non affy,
Nor wrik thar by ; and ȝhit thow may in tym,
If thow lykith to amend the cryme."

"Ȝhis," saith the king, "and futhfastly I will
Ȝour ordynans in every thing fulfyl."

"And if the list at confail to abide,
The remed of thi harme to provyde.
First, the begyning is of sapiens,
To dreid the Lord and his magnificens ;
And what thow haith in contrar hyme ofendit,
Whill thow haith mycht of fre desir amend it,
Repent thi gilt, reprent thi gret trefpaß,
And remembir one Goddis richwyneß.
How for to hyme that wykitneß anoyt,
And how the way of fynaris he distroit ;

And if ye lyk to ryng wnder his pef,
The wengans of his mychty hond thow fef,
This schalt thou do, if thou wil be perfit.
Firft, mone thou be penitent and contrit
Of every thing that tuechith thi confiens,
Done of fre will, or ghil of neglygens.
Thi neid requirith ful contreciounne,
Princepaly without conclusiounne;
With humble hart and gostly byfyness,
Syne shalt thou go devotly the confess
Ther of unto sum haly confessor,
That the wil confail tueching thin arour;
And to fulfill his will and ordynans,
In satisfaccione and doing of penans,
And to amend al wrang and injure,
By the y-done till every creature;
If thou can in to thi hart fynde,
Contreciounne well degeft in to the mynd.
Now go thi weie, for if leful were
Confessiounne to me, I shuld it here.”

Than Arthur, richt obedient and mek,
In to his wit memoratyne can feik,
Of every gilt wich that he can pens,
Done frome he passith the geris of innocens;
And as his maister hymme commandit hade,
He goith and his confessiounne haith he maad
Richt devotly with lementably chere;
The maner wich quho lykith for to here

He may it fynd in to the holl romans,
Of confessioun o pasing circumstans.
I can it not, I am no confessor,
My wyt haith ewill confat of that labour,
Quharof I wot I aucht repent me fore.
The king wich was conf slit what is more,
Goith and til his maister tellith hee,
How every fyne in to his awn degree,
He shew, that mycht occuryng to his mynde.
“ Now,” quod the maister, “ left thow aght behynde
Of Albenak, the vorschipful king Ban,
The wich that vas in to my service slan,
And of his wif disherist eft also?
Bot of ther fone, the wich was them fro,
Ne spek Y not.” The king in his entent
Abafyt was, and furthwith is he went
Azane, and to his confessor declarith;
Syne to his maister he ayane reparith,
To quhome he faith, “ I astir my cumyng
Your ordinans fulfillit in al thing;
And now right hartly Y befeich and prey,
The wald wifchaif sum thing to me fay,
That may me comfort in my gret dreid,
And how my men ar falget in my neid,
And of my dreme, the wich that is fo dirk.”
This maister faith, “ And thow art bound to virk
At my confail, and if thow has maad
Thi confessioun, as thow before bath said;

And in thi conciens thinkith perfevere,
As I presume that thou onon shalt here,
That God hym self shal so for the provide,
Thou shalt remayne and in the ring abyde.
And why thi men are falget at this nede,
At thort this is the cause shalt thou nocht dred,
For thou to Gode was froward and perwert,
Thi ryng and the he thoct for to subwert;
And thou shal know na power may recite,
In contrarie what God lykith to affi[f]t.
The vertue more the strengthe of victorie
It cummyth not of man, but auerly
Of hym, the which hath every strength, and than
If that the wais pleist hym of man,
He shal have for agane his ennemis.
Aryght agan apone the samyng vyf,
If he displeit un to the Lord, he shall
Be to his fais a subiect or a thrall,
As that we may in to the Bible red,
Teuching the folk he tuk hym self to led
In to the lond, the which he them byhicht.
Ay when thei ghed in to his ways richt,
Ther fois gon before there fuerd to nocht;
And when that thei ayanis hym hath vrecht,
Thei war so full of radur and dispare,
That of o leif fleing in the air,
The sound of it hath gart o thousand tak
At onys apone them self the bak,

And al thir manhed uterly forghet;
Sich dreid the Lord apone ther hartis fet.
So shalt thou know no powar may withstond,
Ther God hymie self hath ton the caus on hond.
And the quhy stant in thyne awn offens,
That al thi puple falghet off defens;
And sum ar falgeing magre ther entent,
Thei ar to quhom thou yewyne hath thi rent,
Thi gret reuard, thi riches and thi gold,
And cherissith and held in thi houshold.
Bot the most part ar falgheit the at wyll,
To quhome thou haith wnkynndnes schawin till;
Wrong and injure, and ek defalt of law,
And pwnyng of qwhich that thei stand aw;
And makith service but reward or fee,
Syne haith no thonk bot fremmytues of the.
Such folk to the cummyth but for dred,
Not of fre hart the for to help at nede.
And what awalith owthir sheld or sper,
Or horþ or armoure according for the were,
With outen man them for to stere and led?
And man thou wot that vontith hart is ded,
That in to armys servith he of noght,
A cowart oft ful mekil harm haith vroght.
In multitude nore ghit in confluens,
Of sich is nowther manhed nore defens.
And so thou hath the rewlyt, that almost
Of al thi puple the hartis ben y-lost;

And tynt richt throw thyne awn myfgovernans
Of averice and of thyne errogans.
What is o prince? quhat is o governoure
Withouten fame of worfchip and honour?
What is his mycht, fuppos he be a lorde,
If that his folk fal nocht to hyme accorde?
May he his rigne, may he his holl empire
Suften al only of his owne defyre,
In ferwyng of his wrechit appetit,
Of awerice and of his awn delyt,
And hald his men wncherift in thraldome?
Nay! that fhall fone his hie estat confome,
For many o knyght therby is broght y-doune,
All utarly to ther confufioun;
For it makith uther kingis by
To wer on them in traft of victōry,
And oft als throw his peple is diftroyth,
That fyndith them agrewit or anyth.
And God alfo oft with his awn fwerd,
Punyfith ther wyfis on this erd;
Thus falith not o king but governans,
Boith realme and he goith one to myfchans."

As thai war thus fpeking of this thinge,
Frome Galiot cam two knyghtis to the king;
That one the king of Hundereth Knyghtis was,
That other to nome the Fyrft Conquest knyghte has,
At firft that Galyot conquerit of one.
The nereft way one to the king thei gon,

And up he roß, as he that wel couth do
Honor, to quhome that it afferith to ;
And ȝhit he wist not al thai kingis were,
So them thei boith and vyth rycht knyghtly cher
Reverendly thei saluſt hyme, and thane
The king of Hunder Knyghtis he began
And ſaid hyme, “ Sir, to ȝow my lord ws fende,
Galiot, whilk bad we fay he wende,
That of this world the vorthieſt king wor ȝhe,
Gretest of men and of awtoritee.
Wharof he has gret wonder that ȝhe ar
So feble cummyne in to his contrare,
For to defend your cuntre and your londe,
And knowith well ȝhe may hyme nocht withſtonde.
Wharfor he thinkith no worſchip to conquere,
Nore in the weris more to perſyvere ;
Confiddir yowr wakneß and yowr indegens,
Agains hyme as now to make defens.
Wharfore, my lord haith grantit by us here,
Trewis to yow and reſput for o ȝhere ;
If that yhow lykith by the ȝheris ſpace,
For to retwrn ayane in to this place,
Her to manteine yhour cuntre and withſtond,
Hyme with the holl power of yhour lond.
And for the tyme the trewis ſhall endure,
Yhour cuntre and yhour lond he will aſſurre ;
And wit ȝhe ȝhit his powar is nocht here.
And als he bad ws fay yhow by the yhere,

The gud knycht wich that the red armys bure,
And in the feild maid the difcumfiture ;
The whilk the flour of knycthede may be told,
He thinkith hyme to have of his houfhold.”
“ Well,” quod the king, “ I have hard quhat yhe fay,
But if God will, and ek if that I may,
In to fch wyf I think for to withftond,
Yhour lord fhall have no powar of my londe.”
Of this mefag the king rejoſing haß,
And of the trewis wich that grantit was,
Bot anoyt ghit of the knycht was he,
Wich thei awant to have in fuch degre,
Ther leið thei tak, and when at thei war gon,
This maifter faith, “ How lykith God difpone !
Now may yhow fe and futh is my recorde,
For by hyme now is makith this accord ;
And by non uthir worldly providens,
Sauf only grant of his bynewolans,
To fe if that the lykith to amend,
And to provid thi cuntre to defend.
Wharfor thou fhalt in to thi lond home fair,
And gowerne the as that I fhall declare.
Firft, thi God with humble hart thou ferfe,
And his comand at al thi mycht obferf ;
And fyne lat paß the ilk bleßlit wonde,
Of lowe with mercy juftly throw thi londe ;
And Y befeich to quhome thou fal direke,
The rewle upone the wrangis to correk,

That thou be nocht in thi electioun blynde,
For writin it is and thou fal trew it fynde,
That be thei for to thonk or ellis blame ;
And towart God thi part shal be the same.
Of ignorans shalt thou nocht be excusit,
Bot in ther werkis forly be accusit,
For thou shuld ever cheif apone sich wyf
The min[i]steris, that rewl haith of justice.
First, that he be decret til wnderstond,
And lowe and ek the mater of the londe ;
And be of mycht and ek autoritee,
For puple ay contempnith low degre,
And that of trouth he folow furth the way.
That is als mych as he lovith trewith alway ;
And haitith al them thi wich fal pas therfro,
Syne that he God dreid and lowe al so,
Of averice he war with the desyre,
And of hyme full of hastynes and fyre.
Be war thar for of malice and desyre,
And hyme also that lowith no medyre ;
For al this abhominable was hold,
When justice was in to the tymis olde.
For qwho that is of an of thir byknow,
The left of them subvertith all the low,
And makith it wnjustly to procède,
Eschew tharfor, for this fal be thi meid.
Apone the day when al thing goith aright,
Whar none excus hidyng schal the lyght ;

Bot he the jug, that no man may fuffpek,
Every thing ful juſtly fal correk.
Be war thar with, as before I have told,
And cheß them wyfly that thi low ſhal hold,
And als I will that it well eft be fen,
Richt to thi ſelf how thei thi low conten;
And how the right, and how the dom is went,
For to inquer that thow be delygent.
And promyß for, for o thing ſhal thow know,
The moſt trefpas is to ſubvert the low,
So that thow be not in thar gilt accuſit,
And frome the froit of bliſſit folk reſuſit.
And pas thow ſhalt to every cheſ toune,
Throw out the boundis of thi regioun,
Whar thow ſall be that juſtice be elyk,
With out diviſione baith to pur and ryk;
And that thi puple have awdiens,
With thar complantis and alſo thi prefens;
For qwho his eris frome the puple ſtekith,
And not his hond in ther ſupport furth rekith,
His dom ſall be ful grewous and ful hard,
When he ſal cry and he ſal nocht be hard.
Wharfor thyne eris iſith to the powre,
Bot in redreß of ned and not of injure,
Thus ſall thei don of reſſone and knawlag.
But kingis when thei ben of tender ag,
Y wil not ſay I traſt thei ben excuſit,
Bot ſchortly thei ſall be far accuſit,

When fo thei cum to yheris of refone,
 If thei tak not full contrifoune,
 And pwnyß them that hath thar low myfgyt,
 That this is trouth it may not be denyit ;
 For uther ways thei fal them not difcharg.

[.]

One eftatis of ther realm that fhold,
 With in his gouth fe that his low be hold.
 And thus thow the with mercy kep alway,
 Of juftice furth the ilk bleffit way ;
 And of thi wordis beis trew and ftale,
 Spek not to mych, nore be not vareable.
 O kingis word fhold be a kingis bond,
 And faid it is a kingis word fhold ftand ;
 O kingis word among our faderis old,
 Al out more pretious and more fur was hold,
 Than was the oth or feel of any wight,
 O king of trouth fuld be the werray lyght,
 So treuth and juftice to o king accordyth.
 And als, as thir clerkis old recordith,
 In tyme is larges and humlitee,
 Right well according unto hie dugre,
 And pleffith boith to God and man alfo ;
 Wharfor, I wil incontinent thow go,
 And of thi lond in every part abide,
 Thar thow gar fet and clep one every fid
 Out of thi cuntreis, and ek out of thi tounis,
 Thi dukis, erlis, and thi gret baronis,

Thi pur knychtis, and thi bachleris,
And them refauf als hartly as afferis,
And be them felf thow welcum them ilkon :
Syne them to glaid and cheris thee difpone,
With feftling and with humyll contynans.
Be not penfyve, nore proud in arrogans ;
Bot with them hold in gladnes cumpany,
Not with the rich nor myghty anerly,
Bot with the pure worthi man alfo,
With them thow fit, with them thow ryd and go.
I fay not to be our familiar,
For as the moft philofephur can declar,
To mycht to oyß familiaritee,
Contempnyng bryngith our to hie dugre ;
Bot cherice them with wordis fair depaynt,
So with the pupelle fal thow the aquaynt.
Than of ilk cuntre uyfly thow enquere
An agit knycht to be thi confulere,
That haith ben hold in armys richt famus,
Uyß and diferet, and no thing inwyus ;
For there is non that knowith, fo wil I wyß,
O worthy man as he that worthi is.
When well long haith thow fwjornyt in a place,
And well acqueynt the vith thi puple has,
Than fhalt thow ordand and prowid the,
Of horß and ek of armour gret plente,
Of gold, and filver, and cleithing,
And every riches that longith to o king ;

And when the lykith for to tak thi leif,
By largeß thus thow thi reward geif,
Furst to the pure worthy honorable,
That is till armys and til manhed able;
Set he be pur, ghit worchip in hyme bidith :
If hyme the horß one wich thi felwyne ridith,
And bid hyme that he rid hyme for yhoure fak,
Syne til hyme gold and silver thow betak ;
The horß to hyme for worchip and prowes,
The trefor for his fredome and larges.
If most of riches and of cherisng,
Eftir this gud knyght berith vitnesng.
Syne to thi tennandis and thi wawafouris,
If esly haknays, palfrais, and curfouris,
And robis sich as plesand ben and fair ;
Syne to thi lordis, wich as mighty aire,
As dukis, erlis, princis, and ek kingis,
Thow if them strang, thow if them uncouth thingis,
As divers jowellis, and ek preciouß stonis,
Or halkis, hundis, ordainit for the nonis,
Or wantone horß that can nocht stand in stable ;
Thar giftis mot be fair and delitable.
Thus, first un to the vurthi pur thow if
Giftis, that may ther poverte releif ;
And to the rich iftis of plesans,
That thei be fair, fet nocht of gret substans ;
For riches askith no thing bot delyt,
And powert haith ay ane appetyt

For to support ther ned and indigens :
Thus shall thou if and makith thi dispens.
And ek the quen, my lady, shalt also
To madenis and to ladeis, quhar ghe go,
If, and cheriſ one the ſamyne wyf,
For in to largeſt al thi welfar lȳis ;
And if thi giftis with ſich continans,
That thei be ſen ay giſyne with plefans ;
The uȳſ man ſais, and ſaith it is approuit,
Thar is no thonk, thar is no iſt alowit,
Bot it be ifyne in to ſich manere,
That is to ſay als glaid in to his chere,
As he the wich the iſt of hȳme reſavith ;
And do he not the giſar is diſſavith.
For who that iſſis, as he not if wald,
Mor profit war his iſt for to with hald,
His thonk he tȳnith, and his iſt alſo.
Bot that thou iſith, if with boith two ;
That is to ſay, vȳth hart and hand atonis ;
And ſo the wyſman ay the iſt diſponis.
Beith larg and iſſis frely of thi thing,
For largeſt is the treſour of o king ;
And not this other jowelis, nor this gold,
That is in to thi treſory withholde.
Who gladly iſſith be vertew of larges,
His treſory encreſis of richeſſ,
And ſal agane the mor al out reſawe.
For he to quhome he gewith ſall hawe,

Firſt his body, fyne his hart with two,
His gudis al for to diſpone alſo
In his ſervice, and mor atour he ſhall,
Have o thing, and that is beſt of all;
That is to ſay, the worſchip and the loſ,
That upone larges in this world furth goſ.
And thow ſhal know the lawbour and the preſ,
In to this erth about the gret richeſ.
Is ony, bot apone the cauſ we fee,
Of met, of cloth, and of proſperitee?
Al the remenant ſtant apone the name
Of purches, furth apone this warldis fame.
And well thow art in thyne allegians,
Ful many is the, wich haith ſufficians
Of every thing that longith to ther ned,
What haith thow more qwich them al to lede?
For al thi realmys and thi gret riches,
If that thow lak of worſchip the encreſ,
Well leſ al out, for eſter thar eſtate
Thei have vorſchip, and kepith it algat;
And thow degradith al thyne hie dugree,
That ſo ſchuld ſhyne in to novelitee
Throuch wys, and throw the wrechitneſ of hart.
And knowis thow not what fall by thi part,
Out of this world when thow ſal paſ the courſ?
Fair well, i-wyſ! thow never ſhall recourſ,
Whar no prince more ſhall the ſubjeſt have,
But be als dep in to the erd y-grave,

Sauf vertew only and worfchip wich abidith,
With them the world apone the laif dewidith.
And if he, wich fhall eftir the fucced,
By larges fpend of quich that thhow had dreid,
He of the world comendit is and prift,
And thow ftant furth of every thing difpift;
The puple faith and demyth thus of thee,
“Now is he gone, a werray vrech was hee,
And he the wich that is our king and lord,
Boith wertew haith and larges in accorde;
Welcum be he!” and fo the puple foundithe.
Thus through thi viß hes wertew mor aboundith,
And his vertew the more thi wice furth fchawith.
Wharfor ghe, wich that princes ben y-knawith,
Lat not yhour vrechit hart fo yhow dant,
That he that cummyth next yhow may awant,
To be mor larg, nore more to be commendit;
Beft kepit is the riches well difpendit.
O ghe the wich that kingis ben, fore fham,
Remembrith yhow this world hath but o naame
Of good or ewill, efter ghe ar gone;
And wyfly tharfor cheffith yhow the tone,
Wich moft accordith to nobilitee,
And knyith larges to yhour hie degre.
For qwhar that fredome in o prince rignis,
It bryngith in the victory of kingis,
And makith realmys and puple boith to dout,
And fub[j]eētis of the cuntre al about.

And qwho that thinkith ben o conquerour,
Suppos his largeſ fumquhat pas myfour,
Ne rak he nat, bot frely iſſith ay;
And as he wynyth beis var, al way,
To mych nor ghit to gredy that he hold,
Wich fal the hartis of the puple colde.
And low and radour cummyth boith two,
Of larges; reid and ghe fal fynd it fo.
Alexander this lord the world that wan,
Firſt with the fuerd of larges he began,
And as he aynith iſſith largely,
He rakith no thing bot of chevelry;
Wharfor of hyme ſo paſſith the renown,
That many o cetee, and many a ſtrang towne,
Of his worchip that herith the recorde,
Diſſirith ſo to haveing ſich o lorde,
And offerith them with outhen ſtok of ſpere,
Suppos that thei war manly men of were;
But only for his gentilleſ that thei
Have hard; and ſo he lovith was al way,
For his larges, humilitee, and manhed,
With his awn folk, that never more we reid
For al his weris, nor his gret trawell,
In al his tym thei hyme onys fail;
Bot in his worchip al thar beſynes,
Thei fet, and lewith in to no diſtres;
Whar throw the fuerd of victory he berith.
And many prince full oft the palm werith,

As has ben hard by largeß of before,
In conqueringe of rignis and of glore.
And urechitnes richt fo, in the contrar,
Haith realmys maid ful defolat and bare,
And kingis broght down from ful hie estat;
And who that red ther old bukis wat,
The vicis lef, the wertew have in mynde,
And takith larges in his awn kynd;
Amyd standing of the vicis two,
Prodegalitee and awerice alfo.
Wharfor her of it nedith not to more,
So mych ther of haith clerkis vrit to fore.
Bot who the wertw of larges and the law
Sal cheß, mot ned confider well and know
In to hyme self, and thir thre wnderfande,
The subftans firft, the powar of his land,
Whome to he iffith, and the cauß wharfore,
The nedful tyme awatith evermore,
Kepith thir thre; for qwho that fal exceed
His rent, he fallith fodandly in nede.
And fo the king, that on to myfter drowis,
His fubjeētis and his puple be our thrawis,
And them difpolgeith boith of lond and rent;
So is the king, fo is the puple fchent.
For quhi? the woice it fcrik[i]th up ful ewyne,
With out abaid, and paffith to the hewyne,
Whar God hyme self refavith ther the crye,
Of the opprefioun and the teranny,

And with the fuerd of wengans doun y-fmytith,
The wiche that carvith alto for, and bitith,
And hyme distroyth, as has ben hard or this,
Of every king that wirkith sich o mys.
For ther is few eschapith them, it fall
Boith upone hyme and his succeffione fall ;
For he forfuth haith ifyne hyme the wond,
To justefy and reull in pece his lond.
The puple all submytit to his cure,
And he aȝan one to no creatur,
Save only shal un to his Gode obey.
And if he passith so far out of the wey,
Them to oppres, that he shuld reul and gid,
Ther heritag, there gwdis to dewide,
Na wunder whome that he most nedis stond,
At correccioun fal strek his mytty hond,
Not every day, bot shal at onys fall
On hym, mayhap, and his succeffione all.
In this, allace ! the blyndis of the kingis,
And is the fall of pryncis and of ryngis,
The most wertew, the gret intellegens,
The bleffit tokyne of wyfdom and prudens,
Is in o king for to restren his honde
Frome his pupleis riches and ther lond.
Mot every king have this wice in mynd
In tyme ! and not when that he ned fynde ;
And in thi larges beith war, I pray,
Of nedful tyme, for them is best alway ;

Awyß the ek quhome to that thow falt if,
Of there fam, and ek how that thei leif ;
And of the wertws and wicious folk also,
I the befeich dewidith well this two,
So that thei stond nocht in o degree,
Discreccioune fall mak the diversitee,
Wich clepith the moder of all vertewis.
And beith war, I the befeich of this,
That is to fay of flatry, wich that longith
To court, and al the kingis larges fongith.
The vertuouß man no thing thar of refavith,
The flattereris now fo the king diffavith,
And blyndith them that wot no thing, i-wyß,
When thei do well, or quhen thei do omyß ;
And latith kingis oft til wnderfonde
Thar vicis, and ek the faltis of ther lond.
In to the realme about o king is holde
O flatterere were than is the stormys cold,
Or pestelens, and mor the realme anoyith,
For he the law and puple boith distroyith.
And in to principall ben ther three thingis,
That cauffith flattereris stonding with the kingis,
And on it is the blyndit ignorans,
Of kingis, wich that hath no governans
To wnderfond who doith sich o myß,
Bot who that fareß schewith hym, i-wyß,
Most suffisith and best to his plesans ;
Wo to the realme that havith sich o chans !

And fecundly, quhar that o king is
Weciuf hyme felf, he cheriffith ywys,
And them the wich that one to vicis foundith,
Whar throw that vicis and flattery ek aboundith.
The thrid, is the ilk fchrewit haremful wice,
Wich makith o king within hyme felf fo nyce,
That al thar flattry and ther gilt he knowith
In to his wit, and ghit he hyme with drowith
Them to repref, and of ther vicis he wot ;
And this it is the wich that diffemblyng hot,
That in no way accordith for o king.
Is he not fet abuf apone his ringne,
As foverane his puple for to lede ?
Whi fchuld he fpare, or quhom of fchuld he dred
To fay the trouth, as he of right is hold ?
And if fo ware that al the kingis wold,
When that his legis comytit ony wyce,
As beith not to fchamful, nore to nyce,
That thei prefume that he is negligent.
Bot als far as he thinkith that thei myß went,
But diffemblyng repewith as afferis ;
And pwnice them quhar pwnyfyng requeris,
Sauf only mercy in the tyme off ned.
And fo o king he fchuld his puple led,
That no trefpaf, that cummyth in his way,
Shuld paf his hond wnepnift away ;
Nore no good deid in to the famyn degree,
Nore no wertew, fuld unreuarded bee.

Than flattery shuld, that now is he, be low,
And wice from the kingis court with drow ;
His ministeris that shuld the justice reull,
Shuld kep well furth of quiet and reull,
That now, God wat, as it conferwit is,
The stere is lost, and al is gon amys ;
And vertew shuld hame to the court hyme dref,
That exillith goith in to the wildernes.
Thus if o king stud lyk his awn degree,
Wertwis and uyf than shuld his puple bee,
Only fet by wertew hyme to pleß,
And fore adred his wisdom to displeß ;
And if that he towart the vicis draw,
His folk fall go on to that ilk law.
What shal hyme ples that wil nocht ellis fynd?
Bot ther apon seeith al ther mynde.
Thus only in the wertew of o king,
The reull stant of his puple and his ringne,
If he be wyf and but diffemblyng schewis,
As I have said, the vicis one to schrewis.
And so thus, fir, it stant apone thi will,
For to omend thi puple, or to spill ;
Or have thi court of vertewis folk, or fullis ;
Sen thou art holl maister of the scoullis
Teichith them, and thei sal gladly leir,
That is to say that thei may no thing heir
Sauf only wrtew towart thyn estat,
And cherif them that wertews ben algait ;

And thinkith what that wertew is to thee,
It pleſſith God, uphaldith thi degree.”
“Maister,” quod he, “me think rycht profitable
Yowr confcell is, and wonder honorable
For me, and good, rycht well I have confavit,
And in myne hartis inwartneß refavit.
I ſhal fulfill and do yowr ordynans,
Als far of wit as I have fuſſifans ;
Bot Y befeich yow, in till hartly wyß,
That of my drem ghe ſo to me dewyß,
The wich ſo long haith occupeid my mynd,
How that I ſhal no maner ſucour fynd,
Bot only throw the wattir lyon, and fyne
The leich that is withouten ane deſyne ;
And of the confell of the flour wich ayre
Wonderis lyk that no man can duclar.”
“Now, ſir,” quod he, “and I of them al thre,
What thei betakyne ſhal I ſchaw to the,
Such as the clerkis at them ſpecifiit,
Thei uſit no thing what thei ſigneſiit.
The wattir lyone is the God werray,
God to the lyone is lyknyt many way ;
But thei have hyme in to the wattir ſene,
Confuſit were ther wittis al Y wene.
The wattir was ther awn fragelitee,
And thar trefpas, and thar inequitee.
In to this world, the wich thei ſtand y-cloſit,
That was the wattir wich thei have ſuppoſit ;

That haith there knowlag maad fo imperfyt,
Thar fyne and ek ther worldis gret delyt,
As clowdy wattir was evermore betwene,
That thei the lyone perfytly hath nocht fene ;
Bot as the wattir, wich was ther awn fynne,
That evermor thei stond confusit in.
If thei haith stond in to religione clen,
Thei hed the lyone not in wattir fen,
Bot clerly up in to the hewyne abus,
Eternaly whar he shal not remufe.
And evermore in vatter of fyne vas hee,
Fore quhi ? it is impossible for to bee ;
And thus the world, wich that thei ar in,
Y-clofit is in dyrknes of ther fyne,
And ek the thikneß of the air betwen,
The lyone mad in vattir to be fen.
For it was nocht bot strength of ther clergy
Wich thei have here, and it is bot erthly,
That makith them there refouns to dewyf.
And fo the lyone thus in erthly wyß,
This is the lyone God, and Goddis Sone,
Jhesu Crist, wich ay in hewynne fal winne.
For as the lyone of every best is king,
So is He lord and maister of all thing,
That of the bleffit Vyrgyne vas y-bore.
Ful many a natur the lyone haith, quhar fore
That he to God refemblyt is, bot I
Lyk not mo at this tyme specify.

This is the lyone, thar of have yow no dred,
That shal the help and comfort in thi ned.

“ The fentens here now woll I the defyne,
Of hyme the lech withouten medyfyne,
Wich is the God that every thing hath vrought ;
For thow may know that uthir it is noght,
As furgynis and fescianis, wich that delith
With mortell thingis, and mortell thingis helyth,
And al thar art is in to medyfyne,
As it is ordaint be the mycht dewyne,
As plafteris, drinkis, and anonyntmentis feir,
And of the qualyte watyng of the yhir ;
And of the planetis disposicioune,
And of the naturis of compleccyoune,
And in the diverß chaunging of hwmowris.
Thus wnder reull lyith al there cwriss ;
And yhit thei far as blynd man in the way,
Oft quhen that deith thar craft list to affay.
Bot God, the wich that is the foveran lech,
Nedith no maner medyfyne to fech ;
For ther is no infyrmyte, nore wound,
Bot as hyme lykith al is holl and found.
So can he heill infyrmytee of thoght,
Wich that one erdly medefyne can noght ;
And als the faul that to confusioune goith,
And haith with hyme and uthir parteis boith,
His dedly wound God helyth frome the ground,
On to his cure no medefyne is found.

This is his mycht that never more shall fyne,
This is the leich withouten medyfyne ;
And if that yhow at confessioun hath ben,
And makith the of al thi fynnis clen,
Thow art than holl and this ilk famyn is he,
Schall be thi leich in all necessitee.

“ Now of the flour Y woll to the difcerne :
This is the flour that high the froyt eterne,
This is the flour, that fadith for no schour,
This is the flour of every flouris floure,
This is the flour, of quhom the froyt was borne
That ws redemyt efter that we war borne,
This is the flour that ever spryngith new,
This is the flour that changith never hew,
This is the vyrgyne, this is the bleffit flour
That Jhefu bur that is our Salveour,
This flour wnwemmyt of hir virginitee,
This is the flour of our felicitee,
This is the flour of quhom ve shuld exort,
This is the flour not fessith to support
In prayere, confell, and in byffynes,
Us catifis ay in to our wrechitnes
On to hir Sone, the quich hir confell herith ;
This is the flour that al our gladnes sterith,
Throuch whois prayer mony one is sawit,
That to the deth eternaly war refawit,
Ne war hir hartly supplicatioun.
This is the flour of our salvatioun,

Next hir Sone, the froyt of every flour ;
This is the fame that ſhal be thi ſuccour,
If that the lykith hartly reverans,
And ſervice ȝeld one to hir excellens ;
Syne worſchip hir with al thi byſyneß,
Sche fal thi havin, ſche fall thi ned redreß.
Sche fall ſicc confell if one to the two,
The lyone and the ſoverane lech alſo,
Thow fall not ned thi doeme for to diſpar,
Nor ȝhit no thing that is in thi contrare.”
“ Now,” quod the maiſter, “ thow may well wnderſtand,
Tueching thi drem as I have born on hande ;
And planly haith the mater al declarith,
That thow may know of wich thow was diſparith.
The lech, the lyone, and the flour alſo,
Thow worſchip them, thow ſerve them evermo ;
And ples the world as I have ſaid before,
In governans thus ſtondith al thi glore.
Do as thow liſt, for al is in thi honde,
To tyne thi ſelf, thi honore, and thi londe ;
Or lyk o prince, o conquerour, or king,
In honore, and in worſchip, for to ringe.”

“ Now,” quod the king, “ I ſell that the ſupport
Of yhour confell haith don me ſich comfort,
Of every raddour my hart is in to eß,
To ȝhour command God will Y fal obeß.
Bot o thing is yneuch wn to me,
How Galiot makith his awant that he

Shall have the knyght, that only by his honde
And manhed, was defendour of my londe ;
If that shall fall Y pray yhow tellith me,
And quhat he hecht, and of quhat lond is hee ?”

“ What that he hecht thow shall no forther know,
His dedis fall her efterwart Hymene schaw ;
Bot contrar the he shall be found no way,
No more thar of as now Y will the fay.”

With that the king haith at his maister tone
His leve, one to to his cuntre for to gonne ;
And al the oft makith none abyde,
To pasing home anone thei can provid ;
And to fir Gawane thei haith o lytter maad,
Ful fore y-wound, and hyme on with them haade.

The king, as that the story can declar,
Passith to o cete that was right fair,
And clepit Cardole, in to Walis was,
For that tyme than it was the nereft place,
And thar he sojornyt xxiiijti days
In ryall festing, as the Auttore fays.
So discretly his puple he haith cherit,
That he thar hartis holy haith conquerit ;
And fir Gawan helyt holl and found,
Be xv. dais he was of every wounde,
Right blyth ther of in to the court war thei.
And so befell the xxiiij. day,
The king to fall in to hewynes,
Right ate his table siting at the mes ;

And fir Gawan cummyth hyme before,
And faid hyme, “ Sir, yhour thocht is al to fore,
Confidering the diuerſ knyghtis fere,
Ar of wncouth and strang landis here.”
The king anfuert, as in to maltalent,
“ Sir, of my thocht, or ghit of myne entent,
Yhe have the wrang me to repref, for quhy?
Thar lewith none that ſhuld me blam, for I
Was thinkand one the worthieſt that lewy,
That al the worſchip in to armys prewyt;
And how the thonk of my defens he had,
And of the wow that Galiot haith mad.
But I have ſen, when that of my houſhold
Thar was, and of my falowſchip, that wold,
If that thei wiſt, quhat thing ſhuld me ples,
Thei wald nocht leif for trawell nor for es.
And ſum tyme it preſwmyt was and faid,
That in my houſhold of al this world I had
The flour of knyghted and of chevalry;
Bot now thar of Y fe the contrarye,
Sen that the flour of knyghted is away.”
“ Schir,” quod he, “ of reſone futh yhe fay;
And if God will in al this warld ſo round,
He ſal be foght, if that he may be found.”
Than Gawan goith with o knyghtly chere,
At the hal dure he faith in this manere:
“ In this paſag who lykith for to wend?
It is o jorne moſt for to comend,

That in my tyme in to the court fallith,
 To knyghtis wich that chewellry lowith,
 Or trawell in to armys for to hant ;
 And lat no knycht fra thyne furth hyme awant
 That it denyith." With that anon thei roß
 Al the knychtis, and frome the burdis goß.
 The king that fauch in to his hart was wo,
 And said, " Sir Gawan, nece, why dois thou fo ?
 Knowis thou nocht I myne houfhold fuld encreß,
 In knychthed, and in honore, and largeß ?
 And now thou thinkith mak me diffolat
 Of knychtis, and my houß tranfulat,
 To fek o knycht, and it was never more
 Hard sich o femble makith o before."
 " Sir," quod he, " als few as may thou pleßß,
 For what I said was no thing for myne eßß,
 Nor for defir of faloufchip, for why ?
 To paß alone but cumpany think I ;
 And ilk knycht to paß o fundry way,
 The mo thei paß the fewar efchef thay,
 But thus shal pas no mo bot as thou left."
 " Takith," quod he, " of quhom ghe lykith best,
 Fourty in this pafag for to go,
 At this command ;" and Gawan chesit fo
 Fourty, quhich that he lovit, and that was
 Richt glaid in to his falowfchip to pas.

And fuch thei go, and al anarmyt thei
 Come to the king, withouten more delay,

The relykis brocht, as was the maner tho,
When any knyghtis frome the court fuld go,
Or when the passit, or quhen thei com, thei swor
The trowth to schaw of every adventur.
Sir Gawin knelyng to his falowis fais,
“ Yhe lordis, wich that in this feking gais,
So many noble and worthi knyghtis as ghe,
Me think in wayne yhour travell shuld nocht be,
For adventur is non so gret to pref,
As I suppone, nor ghe fal it eff'chef;
And if ghe lyk as I that shal dewyß,
Yhour oth to fwer in to the famyne wyß
Myne oith to kep.” And that thei undertak,
How ever so that he his oith mak
It to conferf, and that thei have all sworne.
Than Gawan, wich that was the king befor,
On kneis fwore, “ I fal the futh declar,
Of every thing when I agan repar,
Nor ever more aghane fal I returne,
Nore in o place long for to fujorne,
Whill that the knyght, or verray evydens
I have that shal be tokine of credens.”
His faloufchip abasit of that thing,
And als therof anoyt was the king,
Sayng, “ Nece, yow haith al so yvroght,
And wilfulnes that haith nocht in thi thoght,
The day of batell of Galiot and me.”
Quoth Gawan, “ Now non other ways ma be.”

Thar with he and his falowfchip alfo
Thar halmys lafit, on to ther horf thei go,
Syne tuk ther lef, and frome the court the fare,
Thar names ware to long for to declar.
Now fal we leif hyme and his cumpany,
That in thar feking paffith viffely;
And of the lady of Melyhalt we tell,
With whome the knycht mot ned alway duell.

O day the mayd hyme on to hir prefens fet,
And on o fege be fid hir haith hyme fet,
“Sir, in keping I have yow halding long;”
And thus fche fayd, “for gret trefpas and wrong,
Magre my ftewart in worfchip, and forthi
Ȝhe fuld me thonk.” “Madam,” quod he, “and I
Thonk yow fo that ever at my mycht,
Whar fo I pas that I fal be yhour knycht.”
“Grant mercy, fir, bot o thing I ȝow pray,
What that ȝhe ar ȝhe wold wouchfauf to fay.”
“Madam,” quod he, “yhour mercy ask I quhy?
That for to fay apone no wyß may I.”
“No! wil ȝhe not? non other ways as now,
Ȝhe fal repent, and ek I make a vow
One to the thing the wich that I beft love,
Out frome my keping fal ȝhe not remuf
Befor the day of the afsemblee,
Wich that o ȝher is nereft for to bee;
And if that ȝow haith pleffit for to fay,
Ȝhe had fore me deliverit ben this day;

And I fal knaw, quether zhe wil or no,
 For I furth with one to the court fal go,
 Whar that al chichingis goith and cumyth fone."
 "Madam," quod he, "yhour plefance mot be donne."
 With that the knyecht one to his chalmer goith,
 And the lady hir makith to be uroith
 Aganis hyme, but futhly vas fche not,
 For he al out was mor in to hir thoght.
 Than fchapith fhe agane the ferd day,
 And richly fche gan hir felf aray ;
 Syne clepit haith apone her cufynes,
 And faith, " Y will one to the court me dref ;
 And malice I have fchawin on to zhon knyecht,
 For quhy he wold not fchew me quhat he hecht,
 Bot fo I wyß it is nocht in my thoecht,
 For worthyar non in to this erth is wrocht.
 Tharfor I pray, and hartly I requer
 Zhe mak hyme al the company and chere,
 And do hyme al the worfchip and the ef,
 Excep his honore, wich that may hym pleß ;
 And quhen I cum deliverith hyme als fre
 As he is now." " Ne have no dred," quod fche.

The lady partit, and hir lef hath ton,
 And by hir jorne to the court is gon.
 The king hapnit at Logris for to bee,
 Wich of his realme was than the chef cete ;
 And haith hir met, and in til hartly wyß
 Refavit her, and welcummyt oft fyß ;

And haith hir home one to his palice brocht,
Whar that no dante nedith to be focht,
And maid hir cher with al his ful entent.
Eft fupir one to o chalmer ar thei went,
The king and fche, and ek the quen al thre,
Of hir tithandis at hir than askit hee,
And what that hir one to the court had brocht ?
“ Sir,” quod fche, “ I come not al for nocht,
I have o frend haith o dereyne ydoo,
And I can fynd none able knyght tharto ;
For he the wich that in the contrar is
Is hardy, ftrong, and of gret kyne, i-wyf ;
Bot, it is faid, if I mycht have with me
Ȝour knyght, quich in the laft affemble
Was in the feld, and the red armys bur,
In his manhed Y mycht my caus affur ;
And yhow, fir, richt hartly I exort,
In to this ned my myfter to fupport.”
“ Madem, by faith one to the quen I aw,
That I beft love, the knyght I never faw,
In nerneß by which that I hyme knew,
And ek Gawane is gan hyme for to few
With other fourty knyghtis in to cumpany.”
The lady fmylit at ther fanteffy ;
The quen thar with prefumyt wel that fche
Knew quhat he was, and faid, “ Madem, if ȝhe
Knowith of hyme what that he is, or quhar,
We ȝow befech till ws for to declar.”

"Madem," quod fche, "now be the faith that I
 Aw to the king and yhow, as for no why
 To court I cam, but of hyme to inquire;
 And fen of hyme I can no tithingis here,
 Nedlyngis tomorn homwart mon I fair."
 "Na," quod the king, "Madem, our fon it waire;
 Ghe fal remayne her for the qwenys fak;
 Syne shal ghe of our best knyghtis tak."
 "Sir," quod fche, "I pray gow me excuf,
 For quhy to paß nedis me behuf;
 Nor, fen I want the knyght which I have foght,
 Wtheris with me to have desire I nocht,
 For I of otheris have that may suffice."
 Bot ghit the king hir prayit on sich wyß,
 That fche remanit whill the thrid day;
 Syne tuk hir leif to pasing hom hir way.

It nedis not the festing to declar
 Maid one to hir, nor company, nor fare;
 Sche had no knyght, fche had no damyfeill,
 Nor thei richly rewardit war and well.
 Now goith the lady homwart, and fche
 In her entent defyrus is to see
 The flour of knycthod and of chevelry.
 So was he pryfit and hold to every wy.

The lady which one to hir palace com,
 Bot of fchort tyme remanith haith at home
 When fche gart bryng, withouten recidens,
 With grete effere this knyght to hir prefens,

And faid hyme ; “ Sir, fo mekil have I focht,
And knowith that befor I knew nocht,
That if yhow lyk I wil yhour ranfone mak.”

“ Madem, gladly, wil ghe wichauf to tak

Efter that as my powar may attene,

Or that I may prowid be ony mene.”

“ Now, fir,” tho faid, “ forfuth it fal be fo,

Yhe fal have thre, and cheß yhow on of tho ;

And if yhow lykith them for to refus,

I can no mor, but ghe fal me excuf,

Yhe nedis mot fusten yhour adventur

Contynualy in ward for til endur.”

“ Madem,” quod he, “ and I yhow hartly pray,

What that thay fay ghe wald wuchauf to fay ?”

“ The firft,” quod fche, “ who hath in to the chene

Of low yhour hart, and if ghe may derene ;

The next, yhour name, the which ge fal not lye ;

The thrid, if ever ghe think of chevalry

So mekil worfchip to atten in feild,

Apone o day in armys wnder fcheld,

As that ghe dyd the famyne day, when ghe

In red armys was at the afsemble.”

“ Madem,” quod he, “ is there non uthir way

Me to redem, but only thus to fay

Of thingis, which that rynyth me to blam,

Me to awant my lady or hir name?

But if that I moft fchawin furth that one,

What feurte fchal I have for to grone

At libertee out of this danger free ?”
“ Schir, for to dred no myfter is,” quod shee,
“ As I am trew and faithfull woman hold,
Ȝhe fal go fre quhen one of thir is told.”
“ Madem, yhour will non uther ways I may,
I mone obey ; and to the first I fay,
Is to declar the lady of myne hart,
My goft fal rather of my brest aftar ;”
(Whar by the lady fuyndit al for nocht,
The lowe quhich long hath ben in to his thocht,)
“ And of my nam schortly for to fay
It stondith so that one no wyf I may.
Bot of the thrid, madem, I fe that I
Mon fay the thing that tuechith velany ;
For suth it is I traft and God before
In feld that I shal do of armys more
Than ever I did, if I commandit bee.
And now, madem, I have my libertee,
For I have said I never thocht to fay.”
“ Now, fir,” quod sche, “ when ever ȝhe wil ye may ;
But o thing is I yhow hartly raquer,
Sen I have hold yhow apone such maner
Not as my fo, that ȝhe vald grant me till.”
“ Madem,” quod he, “ it fal be as ȝhe will.”
“ Now, fir,” quod sche, “ it is no thing bot ȝhe
Reman with ws wnto the asfemble,
And every thyng that in yhour myfter lyis,
I fall gar ordan at yhour awn dewyfs ;

And of the day I shall yow certefy
 Of the affemble ghe fal not pas ther by."
 "Madem," quod he, "it fal be as yhow list ;"
 "Now, fir," quod fche, "and than I hald it best,
 That ghe remane lyk to the famyne degre
 As that ghe war, that non fall wit that ghe
 Deliverit war ; and in to secreet wyß
 Thus may ghe be ; and now yhe fal dewyß
 What armys that yhow lykyth I gar mak."
 "Madem," quod he, "armys al of blak."
 With this, this knyght is to his chalmer gone ;
 The lady gau ful prewaly diffpone
 For al that longith to the knyght, in feild ;
 Al blak his horß, his armour, and his fcheld,
 That nedful is, al thing fche well prewidith ;
 And in his keping thus with hir he bidith.
 Suppos of love fche takyne hath the charg
 Sche bur it clos, ther of fche vas not larg,
 Bot wyfly fche abstenit hir deßir,
 For ellis quhat fche knew he was a fyre ;
 Thar for hir wit.hir worfchip haith defendit,
 For in this world thar was nan mor commendit,
 Boith of difcreccioune and of womanhed,
 Of governans, of nurtur, and of farhed.
 This knyght with hir thus al this whil mon duell,
 And furth of Arthur fümthing will we tell—
 That walkyng vas furth in to his regiounis,
 And fojornyt in his ceteis and his townis,

As he that had of visdome sufficiens.
He kepit the love of maister Amytans
In ryghtwyfnes, in festing and larges,
In cherishing cumpany and hamlynes ;
For he was bisfly and was deligent,
And largely he isfith, and dispend
Rewardis, boith one to the pur and riche,
And holdith fest throw al the gher eliche
In al the world passing gan his name,
He chargit not bot of encref and fame,
And how his puples hartes to emplef,
That gladnes ay was to his hart most ef.
He rakith not of riches nor tressour,
Bot to dispend one worschip and honour ;
He isfith riches, he isfith lond and rent,
He cherisfith them with wordes eloquent,
So that thei can them veraly propone
In his service thar lyves to dispone :
So gladith themme his homely contynans,
His cherisfyng, his wordis of plesans,
His cumpany, and ek his mery chere,
His gret rewardis, and his isfith fere.
Thus hath the king non uthir besynes
Bot cherishing of knyghtis and largef,
To mak hyme self of honour be commend ;
And thus the gher he drawith to the ende.

THE long dirk pafag of the vinter, and the lycht
Of Phebus comprochit with his mycht ;
The which afcending in his altitud
Awodith Saturne with his stormys rude ;
The foft dew one fra the hewyne doune valis
Apone the erth, one hillis and on valis,
And throw the fobir and the mwft hwmouris
Up nurfit ar the erbis and in the flouris ;
Natur the erth of many diverß hew
Ourfret, and cled with the tendir new.
The birdis may them hiding in the grawis
Well frome the halk, that oft ther lyf berevis ;
And Scilla hie afcending in the ayre,
That every vight may heryng hir declar
Of the feffone the paffing luftynes.
This was the tyme that Phebus gan hym dref
In to the Rame, and haith his cours bygown,
Or that the trewis and the gher vas fown,
Which vas y-fet of Galiot and the king
Of thar affemble, and of thar meting.
Arthur haith a xv. dais before
Affemblit al his barnag and more

That weryng wnder his fubeccioune,
Or lovith hyme, or longith to his crown ;
And haith his jornay tone, withouten let,
Or to the place the wich that was y-fet,
Whar he hath found befor hyme mony o knyght
That cummyng war with al thar holl mycht,
Al enarmyt both with spere and scheld,
And ful of lugis plantith haith the feld,
Hyme in the wer for to support and ferf,
At al ther mycht, his thonk for to differf.
And Gawan, which was in the feking ȝhit
Of the gud knyght, of hyme haith got no wit,
Remembrith hyme apone the kingis day,
And to his falowis one this wys can fay :
“ To ȝhow is knowin the mater, in what wyf
How that the king hath with his ennemys
A certain day, that now comprochit nere,
And one to ws war hewynes to here
That he var in to perell or in to dreid,
And we alway and he of ws haith neid ;
For we but hyme no thing may efchef,
And he but ws in honore well may lef ;
For, be he lost, we may no thing withftond,
Our felf, our honore we tyne, and ek our lond.
Tharfor, I red we pas on to the king,
Suppos our oth it hurt in to fum thing,
And in the feld with hyme for til endur,
Of lyf, or deth, and tak our adventur.”

Thar to thei ar contentit everilkon,
 And but dulay the have that jorney toune.
 When that the king them faw in his entent
 Was of thar com right wonder well content,
 For he prefwmyt no thing that thei wold
 Have cummyne, but one furth to ther feking hold.
 And thus the knigh[t]is oft affemblit has
 Agane the tyme, againe the day that vas
 Y-statut, and ordanit for to bee,
 And every thing hath fet in the dogre.

And Galiot, that haith no thing forghet
 The termys quhich that he befor had fet,
 Affemblit has, apone his best maner,
 His folk, and al his other thingis fere,
 That to o weryour longith to provid,
 And is y-come apone the tothir fyde.
 Whar he befor was one than vas he two,
 And al his uthir artilgery also
 He dowblith hath, that merwell was to fene;
 And by the rewere lychtit one the grene,
 And stronghar thane ony wallit toune
 His oft y-bout y-clofit in randoune.
 Thus war thei cummyne apone ather fyd
 Be for the tyme, them seif for to prowid,
 Or that the trewis was complet and rwn;
 Men mycht have fen one every sid begwn
 Many a fair and knychtly juperty
 Of lusty men, and of gong chevalry,

Difyrus in to armys for to pruf;
 Sum for wynyng, fum caufith vas for luf,
 Sum in to worfchip to be exaltate,
 Sum caufit was of wordis he and hate,
 That lykit not ydill for to ben;
 A hundereth pair at onis on the gren.
 Thir lufly folk thus can thar tyme difpend,
 Whill that the trewis goith to the ende.

The trewis pafte, the day is cummyne ononne,
 One every fyd the can them to difpone;
 And thai that war moft fecret and moft dere
 To Galiot, at hyme the can enquere,
 "Who fal affemble one yhour fyd tomornne?
 To nycht the trewis to the end is wornne."
 He anfuerit, "As yhit one to that were
 I ame awyfit I wil none armys bere,
 Bot if it ftond of more neceffitee,
 Nor to the feld will pas, bot for to fee
 Yhone knyght, the which that berith fych o fame."
 Than clepit he the Conqueft King be name,
 And hyme commandit xxx thoufand tak
 Againe the morne, and for the feld hyme mak.
 And Gawane haith apone the tother fyde
 Confulit his eme he fchuld for them prowid,
 And that he fchuld none armys to hyme tak
 Whill Galiot will for the feld hyme mak.
 "I grant," quod [he], "wharfore ghe mone difpone
 Yhow to the feld with al my folk to morne,

And thinkith in thhair manhed and curage
For to recift ȝhone folkis gret owtrage.”

The nycht is gone, up goith the morow gray,
The brycht fone fo cherith al the day :
The knychtis gone to armys than, in haft ;
One goith the fcheildis and the helmys laft ;
Arthuris oft out our the fuorde thei ryd.
And thai againe, apone the tother fyd,
Aſſemblit ar apone o luſty greyne,
In to o waill whar fone thar mycht be feyne
Of knychtis togiddir many o pair
In to the feld aſſemblyng her and thair,
And ſtedis which that haith thar maifter borne ;
The knychtes war done to the erth doune borne.
Sir Eſquyris, which was o manly knycht
In to hyme ſelf, and hardy vas and wycht,
And in till armys gretly for to pryß,
Ȝhit he was pure he porewit well oftſyß ;
And that tyme was he of the cumpanee
Of Galiot, bot efterwart was hee
With Arthur ; and that day in to the feild
He come, al armyt boith with ſpere and ſcheld,
With ferß deſir, as he that had na dout,
And is aſſemblit ewyne apone a rowt ;
His ſpere is gone, the knycht goith to the erd,
And out onon he pullith haith o ſwerd ;
That day in armys prewit he rycht well
His ſtrenth, his manhed, Arthuris folk thei fell.

Than Galys Gwynans, with o manly hart,
Which brother was of Ywane the bastart,
He cummyne is onone one to the flour
For conquering in armys of honour,
And cownterit with Esqyris hath fo
Than horß and man al four to erth thai go ;
And still o quhill lying at the ground.
With that o part of Arthuris folk thei found
Till Qwyans and haith hyme fone reskewit
Aganis them, til Esqyris thei sewyt
Of Galiotis well xxx^{ti} knyghtis and mo ;
Gwyans goith done, and uthir vij also,
The wich war tone and Esqwyris relewit.
Than Ywane the anterus aggrewit
With kynnesmen one to the melle socht.
The hardy knyghtis, that one thar worfchip thoct,
Cownterit them in myddis of the scheld,
Whar many o knyght was born down in the feld ;
Bot thei wich ware on Galiotis part,
So wndertakand nor of so hardy hart
Ne ware thei not as was in the contrare.
Sir Galys Gwyans was refqwyt thare
With his falowis, and Esqwyris don bore ;
Thar al the batellis com, withouten more,
On ather part, and is assemblit fo
Whar fyfty thoufand war thai, and no mo,
In o plane befyd the gret riware
XXX thoufand one Galiotis half thei vare,

Of Arthuris x thoufand, and no mo,
Thei ware, and ghith thai contenit them fo ;
And in the feld fo manly haith borne,
That of thar fois haith the feld forfworne.
The Conquest King, wich the perell knowith,
Ful manly one to the feld he drowith ;
The lord fir Gawan, coverit with his fcheld,
He rufchit in myddis of the feld,
And haith them fo in to his com affayt,
That of his manhed ware thei al affrait ;
No langer mycht thei contrar hyme endur,
Bot fled, and goith one to difcumfiture.
And Galiot, wich haith the difcumfit fen,
Fulfillit ful of anger and of ten,
Incontinent he fend o new poware,
Whar with the feldis al our coverit ware
Of armyt ftedis both in plait and maill,
With knychtis wich war reddi to affaill.
Sir Gawan, feing al the gret fuppris
Of fois, cummyng in to fch o wys,
Togiddir al his cumpany he drew,
And comfortable wordis to them fchew ;
So at the cummyng of thar enemys
Thei them refauf, in fo manly wyf,
That many one felith deithis wound,
And wuder horf lyith foving one the ground.
This uther cummyth in o gret defir,
Fulfillit ful of maltalent and ire,

So freschly, with so gret o confluens,
Thar strong affay hath don sich vyolens,
And at thar come Arthuris folk so led
That thai war ay abayst [and] adred.
Bot Gawan, wich that, by this worldis fame,
Of manhed and of knythed bur the name,
Haith prewit wel be experiens,
For only in til armys his defens,
Haith maid his falowis tak sich hardyment,
That manfully thei biding one the bent.
Of his manhed war marwell to raherf,
The knychtis throw the scheldis can he perf,
That many one thar dethis haith refavit ;
None armour frome his mychty hond them favit,
Ȝhit ay for one ther ennemys wor thre.
Long mycht thei nocht endur in such dugree,
The preß it wos so creuell and so strong,
In gret anoy and haith continewit longe,
That magre them, thei nedis most abak,
The way one to thar luggis for to tak.
Sir Gawan thar fufferith gret myschef,
And wonderis in his knythed can he pref ;
His falowship haith merwell that him saw,
So haith his fois that of his fuerd stude aw.

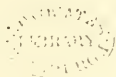
King Arthur, that al this whill beheld
The danger and the perell of the feld,
Sir Ywan with o falowship he fende,
Them in that ned to help and to defend,

Qwich fond them into danger and in were,
And enterit nere into thar tentis were.
Sir Gawan fechtand was one fut at erde,
And no defend, but only in his fwerde,
Aganis them bot with spere and scheld,
Of Galowa the knicht goith to the erde.
Thar was the batell furyous and woid,
Of armyt knychtis to the grownde thai ghud.
Sir Ywane, that was a noble knyght,
He schew his strenght, to schew thar his gret mycht,
In al his tyme that never of before
Off armys, nore of knyctheth, did he more :
Sir Gawan thar reskewit he of fors,
Magre his fois, and haith hyme fet on horß,
That frome the First Conquest King he wane ;
Bot sir Gawan so ewill was wondit than,
And in the feld supprifit was so fore,
That he the werß thar of was evermore.
Thar schew the lord sir Ywan his curage,
His manhed, and his noble waffolage ;
And Gawan, in his doing, wald nocht irk ;
So al the day enduring to the dyrk
Sal them, magre of thar defyre, constren
On athar half fore depart in twen.
And when that Gawan of his horß vas tone,
The blud out of his noiß and mouth is gone,
And largely so passith every wounde,
In fwonyng thore he fell one to the ground :

Than of the puple petee was to here
 The lemy[n]table clamour, and the chere ;
 And of the king, the forow and the care,
 That of his necis lyf was in diffpare.
 “ Far well,” he fais, “ my gladnes, and my delyt,
 Apone knyghted far well myne appetit,
 Fare well of manhed al the gret curage,
 Thow flour of armys, and of vassolage ;
 Gif thow be lost !” Thus til his tent hyme brocht
 With wofull hart, and al the furrygenis focht,
 Wich for to cum was reddi at his neid ;
 Thai fond the lord was of his lyf in dreid,
 For wondit was he, and ek wondit fo,
 And in his fyd ware brokyne ribys two.
 Bot nocht forthi, the king thai maid beleif,
 That at that tyme he shuld the deith eschef.

Off Melyhalt the ladyis knychtis were
 In to the feld, and can thir tithingis here,
 And home to thar lady ar thai went,
 Till hir to schewing efter thar entent,
 In every poynt, how that the batell stod
 Of Galiot, and of his multitud ;
 And how Gáwan hyme in the feld hath borne,
 Throw quhoys fwerd so many o knyght vas lorne,
 And of the knyghtly wonderis that he wrocht,
 Syne how that he one to his tent vas brocht
 The lady hard, that lowit Gawan fo,
 She gan to wep, in hir hart vas wo.

Thir tythyngis one to Lancelot ar gone,
 Whar of that he was wonder wo-bygone,
 And for the lady haftely he fent,
 And fche til hyme, at his command, is went :
 He faluft hir, and faid, “ Madem, is trew
 Thir tithingis I her report of new
 Of the affemble, and meting of the oft,
 And of fir Gawan, wich that fluld be loft ?
 If that be fwth, adew the flour of armys,
 Now nevermore recoveryt be the harmys !
 In hyme was manhed, curtefly, and trouth,
 Befy trawell in knyched, ay but fleuth,
 Humilyte, gentrice, and cwrag ;
 In hyme thar was no maner of outrage.
 Allace ! knycht, allace ! what flhal thow fay ?
 Thow may compleu, thow may bewail the day,
 As of his deith and gladfchip aucht to fes,
 Baith menftralfy and felling at the des ;
 For of this lond he was the holl comfort,
 In tyme of ned al knyched to fupport !
 Allace ! madem, and I durft fay at ghe
 Al yhour beheft not kepit haith to me,
 Whar of that I was in to full belef
 Againe this day that I fchuld have my lef,
 And nocht as cownt thus fchamfully to ly
 Excludit in to cage frome chewalry,
 Whow othir knychtis anarmyt on thar ftedis
 Hawntis there ghouthhed in to knychtly dedis.” *



“ Sir,” quod sche, “ I red yhow not displeß,
 ðhe may in tyme her efter cum at es;
 For the thrid day is ordanit, and ðhal be
 Of the oftis a new affemble,
 And I have gart ordan al the gere
 That longith to yhour body for to were,
 Boith horß and armour in the famyne wyß
 Of fable, ewyne aftir ðhour awn dewyß;
 And yhe fal her remane one to the day,
 Syne mak ðhe paß, fore well ðhe know the way.”
 “ I will obey, madem, to yhour entent.”
 With that sche goith, and to hir rest is went :
 One the morn arly up sche roß
 Without delay, and to the knyght sche gois,
 And twk hir leß, and said that scho vald fare
 On to the court, with outhen any mare.
 Than knelit he, and thankit her oft fys,
 That sche so mych hath done hyme of gentriß,
 And hir byhecht ever, at his myght,
 To be hir awn trew and stedfaß knyght.
 Sche thonkith hyme, and fyne sche goith her way
 On to the king, with outhen more delay,
 Whar that honour with king and qwen sche fall
 Ryght thankfully refavit be with all.
 Eft to fir Gawan thai hir led, and sche
 Ryght gladly hyme defyrit for to see,
 And sche hyme fond, and sche was glad tharfore;
 All uthir ways than was hir told before.

The knycht, the wich in to hir keping vas,
 Sche had commandit to hir cuffynece,
 Wich cherist hyme apone hir best manere,
 And comfort hyme, and maid hym rycht gud chere.

The days goith, so passith als the nycht,
 The thrid morow, as that the sone vas lych,
 The knycht onon out of his bed aroß,
 The maden sone out to his chalmer goß,
 And secretly his armour one hyme spent.
 He tuk his leß, and fyne his way he went
 Ful prewaly, rycht to the famyne grene
 One the rewere, whar he befor had ben.
 Ewyne as the day the first courß hath maad
 Alone rycht thar he howit, and abaade,
 Behalding to the bertes, whar the qwene
 Befor al the affemle he had fene.
 Rycht so the sone schewith furth his lycht,
 And to his armour went is every wycht ;
 One athir half the justing is bygon,
 And many o fair and knychtly courß is rown.

The blak knycht ghit howyns on his sted,
 Of al thar doing takith he no hed,
 Bot ay apone the besynes of thoct
 In beholding his ey depertit nocht.
 To quhom the lady of Melyhalt beheld,
 And knew hyme by his armour and his scheld,
 Qwhat that he was ; and thus sche said one hycht :
 “ Who is he gone ? who may he be ghone knycht,

So still that hovith and sterith not his ren,
 And feith the knyghtis rynyng on the grene?"
 Than al beholdith, and in princypale
 Sir Gawan beholdith most of all;
 Of Melyhalt the lady to hyme maid
 Incontinent his couche, and gart he had
 Before o wyndew thore, as he mycht fe
 The knyght, the oft, and al the assemble.
 He lukith furth, and sone the knyght hath fen,
 And, but delay, he faith one to the qwen,
 "Madem, if ghe remembir, so it was
 The red knyght in to the famyne place
 That wencuft al the first assemble,
 Whar that gone knyght howis, howit hee."
 "Gha," quod the qwen, "rycht well remembir I;
 Qwhat is the caus at ghe inquire, and quhy?"
 "Madem, of this larg world is he
 The knyght, the wich that I most desir to see,
 His strenth, his manhed, his curag, and his mycht,
 Or do in armys that longith to o knyght."
 By thus, Arthur, with confell well awyfit,
 Haith ordanit his batellis, and devysit:
 The first of them led Ydrus king, and he
 O worthy man vas nemmyt for to bee.
 The secund led Harwy the Reweyll,
 That in this world was knyght that had most feill,
 For to prowid that longith to the were,
 One agit knyght, and well couth armys bere.

The thrid feld deliverit in the bond
Of Angus, king of Ylys of Scotlande,
Wich cufing was one to king Arthur nere,
One hardy knyght he was, withouten were.
The ferd batell led Ywons the king,
O manly knyght he was in to al thing.
And thus dewyfit ware his batellis fere,
In every feld xv. thoufand were.

The first batell the lord fir Ywan lede,
Whois manhed was in every cuntre dred,
Sone he was one to Wryne the kyng,
Forward, ftout, hardy, wyß, and ghing ;
XX. thoufand in his oft thai paf,
Wich ordanit was for to affemble laß.

And Galiot, apone the tothir fyde,
Ryght wyfly gan his batellis to dewid.
The first of them led Malengings the king,
None hardyur in to his erth lewyng ;
He never more out of his cuntre raid,
Nor he with hyme one hunderith knyghtis hade ;
The ferd king Clamedens has
Wich that lord of Far Ylys was.
The first batell, whar xl. thoufand were,
King Brandymagus had to led and ftere,
O manly knyght, and prewit well oft fyß,
And in his confell wonder fcharp and wyß.
Galiot non armys bur that day,
Nor as o knyght he wald hyme felf aray,

But as o fervand in o habarjowne ;
O prekyne hat, and ek o gret trownfciowne
In til his hond, and one o curfour fet,
The best that was in only lond to get.
Endlong the rewar men mycht behold and fee
The knychtis weryne mony one assemble ;
And the blak knycht still he couth abyde
With out remowyng one the riwer fyde,
Bot to the bartes to behold and fee
Thar as his hart defyrit most to bee :
And quhen the lady of Melyhalt haith fene
The knycht so stond, sche said one to the qwene,
“ Madem, it is my confell at ghe fende
One to ghone knycht, gour self for to commende,
Befeiching hyme that he wald wndertak
This day to do of armys, for gour fak.”
The quen anfuerit, as that hir lykit nocht,
For othir thing was more in to hir thocht ;
“ For well ghe fe the perell how disjoi[n]t,
The adventur now stondith one the point
Boith of my lord his honore, and hir lond,
And of his men the danger how thai stond :
Bot ghe, and ek thir uthere ladice may,
If that yhow lykith, to the knycht gar fay
The mesag, is none that wil yhow let,
For I tharof fal nocht me entermet.”
On to the quen scho faith, “ Her I,
If so it pleß thir uthir ladice by,

Am for to fend one to the knyght content ;”
And al the ladice can thar to assent,
Befeching hir the mesag to dewyß,
As sche that was most prudent and most wyß.
Sche grantit, and o madene haith thai tone
Discret, apone this mesag for till gone ;
And fir Gawan a sqwyer bad also,
With two speris one to the knyght to go.
The lady than, withouten more dulay,
Haith chargit hir apone this wyß to fay :
“ Schaw to the knyght, the ladice ever ilkone
Ben in the court, excep the quen allon,
Til hyme them haith recommandit oft fyß,
Befeching hyme of knyghthed and gentriß,
Or if it hapyne evermore that he shall
Cum, qúhar thai mai, owther an or all,
In ony thing awail hyme, or support,
Or do hyme ony plesans or comfort,
He wold withfaif for love of them this day
In armys sum manhed to assay.
And fay, fir Gawan hyme the speris sent.
Now go, this is thefek of our entent.”
The damyfell scho haith hir palfray tone,
The sqwyar with the speris with hir gone ;
The nereft way thai paß one to the knyght,
Whar sche repete hir mesag haith ful rycht :
And quhen he hard, and planly wnderstude,
How that the quen not in the mesag gude,

He spak no word, bot he was not content,
Bot of fir Gawan glaid in his entent :
He askit, quhar he was, and of his fair ?
And thai to hyme the maner can declair ;
Than the sqwyar he prayth that he wold
Pass to the feld the speris for to hold.
He saw the knychtis semblyng her and thare,
The stedis rynyng with the fadillis bare ;
His spuris goith in to the stedis fyde,
That was ful swyft, and lykit not to byd ;
And he that was hardy, ferß, and stout,
Furth by o fyd assemblyng on a rout,
Whar that one hundereth knychtis was and mo,
And with the first has recounterit fo,
That frome the deth not helpith hym his scheld,
Boith horß and man is lying on the feld ;
The spere is gone, and al in pecis brak,
And he the trunscyoune in his hand haith tak
That two or thre he haith the fadillis rest,
Whill in his hond schortly no thing is left.
Syne to the squyar of the feld is gone,
Fro hyme o spere in his hond haith ton,
And to the feld returnyt he agayne :
The first he met he goith one the plan,
And ek the next, and syne the thrid also ;
Nor in his hond nore in his strak was ho.
His ennemys that veryng in affray
Befor his strok, and makith roun away ;

And in sich wyß ay in the feld he vrocht,
Whill that his speris gon vas al to nocht,
Whar of fir Gawan berith vitnesing
Throw al this world that thar vas non leving,
In so fchort tyme so mych of armys wrocht.
His speris gone, out of the feld he socht,
And passit is one to the rewere fyde,
Rycht thore as he was wont for to abyde ;
And so beholdyne in the famyne plane,
As to the feld hyme lykit nocht agane.
Sir Gawan saw, and faith on to the quen,
“ Madem, yhone knyght disponit, I weyne,
To help ws more, fore he so is awyfit,
As I presume he thinkith hyme dispifit
Of the mesag that we gart to hyme mak,
Yhowre self yhe have so specially out tak,
He thinkith ewill contempnit for to bee,
Confidering how that the necessitee
Most principally to yhowr supporting lyes.
Tharfor my confell is yhow to dewyß,
And ek ghowre self in yhowr trespas accusß,
And ask hyme mercy, and yhour gilt excusß,
For well it oucht o prince or o king,
Til honore and til cheriß in al thing
O worthi man, that is in knycthed prewit,
For throw the body of o man eschevit
Mony o wondir, mony one adventure,
That merwell war til any creature.

And als oft tyme is boith hard and fen,
 Quhar xl. thoufand haith difcumfit ben
 With v. thoufand, and only be o knycht ;
 For throw his ftrenth, his vorfchip, and his mycht,
 His falowfchip fch comfort of hym tais
 That thai ne dreid the danger of thar fays.
 And thus, madem, I wot, withouten were,
 If that ghone knycht this day will perfywere
 With his manhed for helpyng of the king,
 We fal have cauf to dred in to no thing.
 Our folk of hyme thai fal fch comfort tak,
 And fo adred thar ennemys fal mak,
 That fur I am onys er the nycht
 Of forf ghone folk fal tak one them the flycht :
 Wharfor, madem, that ghe have gilt to mend
 My confell is one to ghon knycht ge fend.”
 “ Sir,” quoth fche, “ quhat plefith yhow to do
 Ghe may dewyß, and I confent thar to.”

Than was the lady of Melyhalt content,
 And to fir Gawan in to contynent,
 Sche clepit the maid wich that paffit ar,
 And he hir bad the mefag thus declar.
 “ Say [to] the knycht, the quen hir recommendith,
 And fal correk in quhat that fche offendith,
 At his awn will, how fo hyme lift dewyß ;
 And hyme exortith, in moft humyll wyß,
 As ever he will whar that fche can or may
 On powar haith hir charg, be ony way ;

And for his worſchip and his hie manhede,
 And for hir luſ, to helpen in that ned
 The kingis honore, his land fore to preferſ,
 That he hir thonk for ever may deferſ."
 And four ſquyaris chargit he alſo
 With thre horſ and ſperis x. to go
 Furth to the knyght, hym prayng, for his ſak
 At his raqueſt thame in his ned to tak.

The maden furth with the ſquyaris is went
 One to the knyght, and ſchawith ther entent.
 The meſag hard, and ek the preſent ſene,
 He anſwerit, and aſkith of the qwen ;
 " Sir," quod ſhe, " in to ghone bartiis lyis,
 Whar that this day yhour dedis ſal dewyſ,
 Yhour manhed, yhour worſchip, and aſſere,
 How ghe contene, and how ghe armys bere ;
 The quen her ſelf and many o lady to
 Sal jugis be, and vitnes how yhe do."
 Than he, whois hart ſtant in o new aray,
 Saith, " Damycell, on to my lady fay,
 How ever that hir lykith that it bee,
 Als far as wit or powar is in me,
 I am hir knyght, I ſal at hir command
 Do as I may, withouten more demand.
 And to fir Gawan, for his gret gentriſ,
 Me recommend and thonk a thouſand fyſ."
 With that o ſper he takith in his hond,
 And ſo in to his ſterapis can he ſtond,

That to fir Gawan femyth that the knycht
Encrefyng gon o larg fut one hycht ;
And to the ladice faith he, and the qwen,
“ Jhon is the knycht that ever I have fen
In al my tyme moft knychtly of affere,
And in hyme felf gon fareft armys bere.”
The knycht that haith remembrit in his thocht
The qwenys charges, and how fche hym befocht
Curag can [] encrefing in his hart.
His curfer lap and gan onon to ftart,
And he the fqwaris haith reqwyrit fo,
That thai with hyme one to the feld wald go.
Than goith he one, withouten mor abaid,
And our the revar to the feld he raid ;
Don goith his fpere onone in to the reft,
And in he goith, withouten mor areft,
Thar as he faw moft perell and moft dred
In al the feld, and moft of held had ned,
Whar femblyt was the Firft Conqueft King
With mony o knycht that was in his leding :
The firft he met, doun goith both horß and man,
The fper was holl, and to the next he rane
That helpit hyme his hawbrek nor his fcheld,
Bot throuch and throuch haith perfrit in the feld.
Sir Kay, the wich haith this encontyr fen,
His horß he ftrekith our the larg gren,
And fir Sygramors ek the Defyrand,
With fir Grefown cummyth at ther honde,

Son of the duk, and alfua fir Ywan
The baftart, and fir Brandellis onan,
And Gaberß, wich that brothir was
To Gawan ; ther fex in a raf
Deliverly com prekand our the feldis
With fperis ftraucht, and coverit with thar fcheldis,
Sum for love, fome honor to purchef,
And afir them one hundereth knychtis was
In famyne will, thar manhed to affay :
On his v. falowis clepit than fir Kay,
And faith them, “ Siris, thar has ghonder ben
A courß that never more farar was fen
Maid be o knycht, and we ar cummyn ilkon
Only we one worfchip to difpone,
And never we in al our dais mycht
Have bet exampil than iffith ws gone knycht
Of well doing, and her I hecht for me
Ner hyme al day, if that I may to bee,
And folow hyme at al my mycht I fall,
Bot deth or athir adwentur me fall.”
With that, thir fex al in one affent,
With frefch curag in to the feld is went.

The blak knycht fpere in pecis gonne,
Frome o fqwyar onne uthir haith he tonne,
And to the feld onone he gaith ful rycht ;
Thir fex with hyme ay holdith at ther mycht,
And thay bygan his wonderis in the feld,
Thar was no helme, no hawbryk, nore no fcheld,

Nor yhit no knyght fo hardy, ferþ, nore ftout,
No ȝhit no maner armour mycht hald owt
His ftrenth, nore was of powar to withftond;
So mych of armys dyde he with his honde,
That every wight ferleit of his deid,
And al his fois ftondith ful of dreid.
So bufely he can his tyme difpend,
That of the fperis wich fir Gawan fend,
Holl of them all thar was not lewit onne;
Throw wich but mercy to the deyth is gon
Ful many o knyght, and many o weriour,
That couth fuften ful hardely o ftour;
And of his horþ fupprifit ded ar two,
One of his awn, of Gawanis one alfo,
And he one fut was fechtand one the gren,
When that fir Kay with his falowis fene;
The fqwyar with his horþ than to hym brocht
Magre his fois he to his courfeir focht
Deliverly, as of o mychty hart,
Without fteropis in to the fadell ftart,
That every wycht beholding merwell has
Of his ftrenth and deliver befynes.
Sir Kay, feing his horþ, and how that thai
War cled in to fir Gawanis aray,
Askith at the fqwyar if he knewith
What that he was this knyght? and he hym fchewith
He wift no thing quhat that he was, nore hee
Befor that day hyme never faw with ee.

Than askith he, how and one quhat wyß
On Gawanis horß makith hyme sich service ?
The sqwar faith, “ Forfuth, Y wot no more,
My lord ws bad, I not the cauß quharfore.
The blak knyecht horfit to the feld can few,
Als fresch as he was in the morow new :
The fex falowis folowit hyme ilkone,
And al in front on to the feld ar gone,
With freschly one thar ennemys thai foght,
And many o fair point of armys vroght.

Than hapynit to king Malyganius oft
By Ydras king difcumfit was, and lost,
And fled, and to the Conquest King are gonne,
That boith the batellis assemblit in to one.
King Malengynis in to his hart was wo,
For of hyme self no better knyecht mycht go ;
Thar xl. thoufand war thai for xv.
Than mycht the feld rycht perillus be fen
Of armyt knyechtis gaping one the ground ;
Sum deith, and sum with mony o grewous wond ;
For Arthuris knyechtis, that manly war and gud,
Suppos that uthir was o multitude,
Refavit tham well at the speris end ;
But one fuch wyß thai may not lang defend.

The blak knyecht faw the danger of the feld,
And al his doingis knowith quho beheld,
And ek remembrith in to his entent
Of the mesag that sche haith to hyme sent :

Than curag, strenth encrefing with manhed,
 Ful lyk o knycht one to the feld he raid,
 Thinking to do his ladice love to have,
 Or than his deth befor hir to refave.
 Thar he begynyth in his ferð curag
 Of armys, as o lyounne in his rag;
 Than merwell was his doing to behold,
 Thar was no knycht so strong, nor yhit so bold,
 That in the feld befor his fuerd he met,
 Nor he so hard his strok apone hyme fet,
 That ded or wondit to the erth he focht;
 For thar was not bot wonderis that he wrocht.
 And magre of his fois everilkone
 In to the feld oft tymis hyme alone
 Throuch and throuch he passith to and fro,
 For in the ward it was the maner tho
 That non o knycht shuld be the brydill tak
 Hyme to orest, nore cum behynd his bak,
 Nor mo than on at onys one o knycht
 Shuld strik, for that tyme worschip stud so rycht.
 Ghit was the feld rycht perellus and strong,
 Till Arthuris folk fet thai contenyt longe;
 Bot in sich wyß this blak knycht can conten,
 That thai, the wich that hath his manhed sene,
 Sich hardyment haith takyne in his ded,
 Them thoght thai had no maner cauß of dred,
 Als long as he mycht owthir ryd or go,
 At every ned he them recomfort so.

Sir Kay haith with his falowis al the day
Folowit hyme al that he can or may,
And wondir well thai have in armys prewit,
And with thar manhed oft thar folk relewit ;
Bot well thai faucht in divers placis fere,
With multitud ther folk confusit were,
That long in sich wyß mycht thai nocht contene :
Sir Kay that hath fir Gawans qsqyaris sen
He clepit hyme, and haith hyme prayt so,
That to fir Harwy the Rewell wil he go,
And fay to hyme, “ Ws think hyme ewill awyfit,
For her throuch hyme he sufferit be supprist
The best knyght that ever armys bur ;
And if it so befell of adventur,
In his defalt, that he be ded or lamyt,
This warld fal have hyme utraly defamyt.
And her ar of the Round Table also
A faloufchip, that fall in well and wo
Abid with hyme, and furth for to endur
Of lyf or deth, this day, that adventur.
And if so fall defcumfyt at thai bee,
The king may fay that wonder ewill haith he
Contentit hyme, and kepit his honore,
Thus for to tyne of chevalry the flour !”
The sqwar hard, and furth his way raid,
In termys fchort he al his mesag said.
Sir Harwy faith, “ Y wytnes God, that I
Never in my days comytit tratory,

And if I now begyne in to myne eld,
In ewill tyme first com I to the feld ;
Bot if God will I fal me fon discharg.
Say to fir Kay I fal not ber the charg,
He fal no mater have me to repref,
I fal amend this mys if that I lef."

The fqwyar went and tellit to fir Kay ;
And fir Harwy, in al the haft he may,
Assemblyt hath his oftis, and onone
In gret defyre on to the feld is gon
Before his folk, and haldith furth his way ;
Don goith his fper, and ewyne before fir Kay
So hard o knyght he ftrykith in his ten
That horß and he lay boith apone the gren.
Sir Gawan faw the counter that he maad,
And leuch for al the farves that he had :
That day fir Harwy prewyte in the feld
Of armys more than longith to his eld,
For he was more than fyfty yher of ag,
Set he was ferß and gong in his curag ;
And fro that he assemblyt his batall
Doune goith the folk of Galotes al haille ;
For to withftond thai war of no poware,
And yhit of folk x. thousand mo thei vare.

Kyng Valydone, that fauch on fuch o wyß
His falowis dangerit with thar ennemys,
With al his folk, being freß and new,
Goith to the feld anon, them to reflkew ;

Thar was the feld ryght perellus aganne,
Of Arthuris folk ful many on vas flan.

Bot Angus, quhich that lykith not to bid,
And faw the perell one the tothir fid,
His sted he strok, and with his oft is gon
Whar was most ned, and thar the feld has ton.

Kyng Clamedyns makith non abaid,
Bot with his oft one to the fid he raid.

And Ywons king, that haith his cummyn fen,
Encounterit hyme in myddis of the grenn.

The aucht batelles affemblyt one this wiß;
On ether half the clamore and the cryiß
Was lametable and petws for til her,
Of knychtis wich in diverß placis fere
Wondit war, and fallying to and fro,
Ȝhit Galyoth folk was xx. thoufand mo.

The blak knycht than on to hyme felf he faid:
“Remembir the, how yhow haith ben araid,
Ay fen the hour that thow was makid knycht,
With love, agane quhois powar and whois mycht
Thow haith no strenth, thow may it not endur,
Nor Ȝhit non uthir ertthly creatur;
And bot two thingis ar the to amend,
Thi ladies mercy, or thi lyvys end.
And well yhow wot that on to hir prefens,
Til hir estat, nor til hir excellens,
Thi febilnefs never more is able
For to attan, fche is fo honorable.

And fen no way thow may fo hir extend
My verray confell is, that thow pretend
This day, fen yow becummyne art hir knycht
Of hir comand, and fechtit in hir fycht,
And well thow schall, fen thow may do no mor,
That of refone fche fal the thank tharfore.
Of every poynt of cowardy thow fcham,
And in til armys purches the fum nam.”
With that of love into o new defir
His fpere he ftraucht, and swift as any wyre
With al his forß the nereft feld he foght;
His ful ftrenth in armys thar he vroght,
In to the feld rufching to and fro,
Doun goith the man, doun goith the horß alfo ;
Sum throw the fcheld is perfit to the hart,
Sum throw the hed, he may it not aftar ;
His bludy fuerd he dreuch, that carwit fo
Fro fum the hed, and fum the arm in two ;
Sum in the feld fellit is in fwone,
Throw fum his fuerd goith to the fadill doune.
His fois waren abasit of his dedis,
His mortell ftrok fo gretly for to dred is ;
Whar thai hyme faw within a lytill fpace
For dreid of ded thai levyng hyme the place,
That many o ftrok ful oft he haith forlorne,
The fpedy horß away the knycht hath borne.
In to the wyking nevermore he feft,
Nor non abaid he makith, nor areft.

His falowis fone his knycthed affluryd,
Thai ar recomfort, thar manhed is recoveryt,
And one thar fois ful ferfly thai foght,
Thar goith the lyf of many a knycht to nocht.

So was the batell wonderful to tell,
Of knychtis to fe the multitud that fell,
That pety was til ony knycht to fene
The knychtis lying gaping on the grene.
The blak knycht ay continewit so fast,
Whilk many one difcumfit at the laft
Are fled, and planly of the feld thei pas :
And Galyot haith wondyr, for he was
Of mor powar, and askit at them qwhy
As cowntis thai fled fa fchamfully ?
Than faith o knycht, forwondit in the brayne,
“ Who lykith, he may retwrn agayne
Frome qwhens we come, marwalis for to fee,
That in his tyme never flich fauch hee.”
“ Marwell,” quod he, “ that dar I boldly fay
Thay may be callit, and quhat thai ar, I pray ?”
“ Schir, in the feld forfuth thar is o knycht,
That only throw his body and his mycht
Wencuffith al, that thar may non fuffen
His ftrokis, thai ar fo fureows and ken.
He farith as o lyone or o beyre,
Wod in his rag, for fuch is his affere ;
Nor he the knycht in to the armys red,
Wich at the firft affemble in this fted

Wencuffith all, and had the holl renown,
He may to this be no comparyfoune,
Fore never he fefith fen the day vas gone,
Bot evermore continewit in to one."
Quod Galiot, " In nome of God and we
Al, be tyme, the futhfaftneß fal fee."

Than he in armys that he had is gone,
And to the feld with hyme agane hath ton
Al the flearis, and fundyne fich aray
His folk, that ner difcumfyt al war thay ;
Bot quhen thai faw cummyne our the plan
Thar lord, thai tuk fich hardement agane,
That thar effengeis lowd thai gon to cry.
He chargit tham to go, that ware hyme by,
Straucht to the feld, with al thar holl forß ;
And thai, the wich that fparit not the horß,
All redy war to fillyng his command,
And frechly went, withouten more demand :
Throw quich thar folk recoveryt haith that place,
For al the feld prefwmyt that thar was
O new oft, one fuch o wyß thai foght,
Whar Arthuris folk had paffith al to nocht ;
Ne war that thai the better war ilkonne.
And al thai can them utraly difponne
Rathar to dee than flee, in thar entent ;
And of the blak knyght haith fich hardyment,
For at al perell, harmys, and myfchef,
In tyme of ned he can tham al raleß.

Thar was the batell dangerus and strong,
Gret was the pres, bath perellus and throng ;
The blak knyght is born on to the ground,
His horß hyme falyth that fellith dethis wound.
The vj. falowis, that folowit hyme al day,
Sich was the preß, that to the erth go thay ;
And thar in myd among the ennemys
He was about enclofit one sich wyß
That quhare he was nou of [his] falowis knew,
Nor mycht nocht cum to help hyme, nore reskew.
And thus among his ennemys allon
His naked fuerd out of his hond haith ton ;
And thar he prewit his wertew and his strenth,
Far thar was none within the fuerdis lenth
That came, bot he goith to confusioun :
Thar was no helme, thar was no habirjoune,
That may recist his fuerd, he fmytith so
One every fyd, he helpith to and fro,
That al about the compas thai mycht ken ;
The ded horß lyith virflyng with the men.
Thai hyme affalgeing both with scheld and spere,
And he azane ; as at the stok the bere
Snybbith the hardy houndis that ar ken,
So farith he ; for never mycht be fen
His fuerd to rest, that in the gret rout
He rowmyth all the compas hyme about.

And Galiot, beholding his manhed,
Within his self wonderith of his ded,

How that the body only of o knycht
Haith sich o strent, haith sich effere and mycht ;
Than said he thus, " I wald not that throw me,
Or for my cauß, that such o knycht fuld dee,
To conquer all this world that is so larg."
His horß than can he with his spuris charg,
A gret trunfioune in to his hond hath ton,
And in the thikeyst of the preß is gone,
And al his folk chargit he to feß ;
And his command thai levyng al the preß,
And quhen he had departit all the rout,
He said, " Sir knycht, havith now no dout."
Wich anfuerit, " I have no cauß to dred."
"GIS," quod he, " fa ever God me sped,
Bot apone fut quhill ge ar fechtand here,
And yhow defendith apone sich manere,
So hardely, and ek so lyk o knycht,
I fal myself with al my holl mycht
Be yhoure defens, and varand fra al harmys ;
Bot had yhe left of worfchip in til armys
What I have don, I wold apone no wyß ;
Bot fen yhe ar of knycthede so to prys,
The fall no maner cauß have for to dred :
And fet yhour horß be falit, at this ned,
Displeß yhow not, for quhy, ge fal not want
Als many as yhow lykith for to hawnt ;
And I my self I fal yhowr sqwyar bee,
And, if God will, never more fal wee

Depart." With that, anon he can to lycht
 Doune frome his horß, and gaf hyme to the knyght.
 The Lord he thonkit, and the horß hath ton,
 And als so fresch one to the feld is gon,
 As at no strokis he that day had ben.
 His falowis glad one horß that hath hym fen,
 To Galiot one uthir horß thai broght;
 And he goith one, and frome the feld he focht,
 And to the plan quhar that his oftis were;
 And Brandymagus chargit he to stere
 Efter hyme, within a lytill space,
 And x. thoufand he takyne with hym haf.
 Towart the feld onon he can to rid,
 And chargit them befor the oft to byd:
 Wp goith the trumpetis, and the claryownis,
 Hornis, bugillis blawing furth thar fownis,
 That al the cuntre refownit hath about,
 That Arthuris folk var in despar and dout,
 That hard the noys, and saw the multitud
 Of fresch folk that cam as thai war wod.

Bot he that was withouten any dred,
 In fabill cled, and saw the gret ned,
 Assemblyt al his falowis, and arayd;
 And thus to them in manly termes said:
 "Wat that ge ar I know not yhour estat,
 Bot of manhed and worschip well I wat
 Out throuch this warld ghe aw to be commendit,
 This day ge have so knyghtly yhow defendit;

And now yhe fee how that aganis the nycht
Yhour ennemys pretendit with thar mycht
Of multitud, and with thar new oft,
And with thar buglis and thar wyndis boft
Frefchly cummyng in to fich aray,
To ifyne yhow one owtrag or affray :
And now almoft cummyne is the nycht,
Quharfor yhour ftrenth, yhour curag, and yhour mycht
Yhe occupye, in to fo manly wyß,
That the worfchip of knyghted and empyß,
That yhe have wonyng, and the grete renown
Be not y-loft, be not y-laid doune.
For one hour the fufferyng of diftreß
Gret harm it war yhe tyne the hie encreß
Of vorfchip, fervit al this day before.
And to yhow al my confell is, tharfore,
With manly curag, but radour, yhe pretend
To met tham fcharply at the fperis end,
So that thei feil the cold fperis poynt
Out throw thar fcheldis, in thar hartes poynt :
So fal thai fynd we ar no thing affrayt,
Whar throuch we fall the well leß be affayt.
If that we met them fcharply in the berd,
The formeß fal mak al the laif afferd.”
And with o woyß thai cry al, “ Sir knyght,
Apone yhour manhed, and yhour gret mycht,
We fal abid, for no man fhall efchef
Frome yhow this day, his manhed for to pref.”

And to his oft the lord fir Ywane faid,
 “ Yhe comfort yow, yhe be no thing affrayd,
 Ws ned no more to dreding of fuppref;
 We fe the ftrenth of al our ennemys.”
 Thus he faid, for he wend thai var no mo,
 Bot fir Gawan knew well it vas not fo;
 For al the oftis mycht he fe al day,
 And the gret hofit he faw quhar that it lay.
 And Galiot he can his folk exort,
 Befeching them to be of good comfort,
 And flich encounter

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I.

A PROPHECY.

THE following most mysterious Prophecy has reference, it may be conjectured, to the attempt made by Edward the Third to obtain possession of the Crown of France, to which he laid claim in right of his mother. It would be a bold undertaking to attempt identifying the persons alluded to in these lines, since few persons, possibly, could agree as to the manner in which they are to be translated. The Editor is content, therefore, in laying them before the Reader in the same form as they are to be found in the Cambridge Manuscript.

Another copy, written in the fifteenth century, preserved in the Cottonian Manuscript, (Vespasian E, vii. fol. 114, b.) contains another copy of this Prophecy, with the following rubric :—"Hic incipit capitulum tertium istius Propheciæ; docet mores regis Edwardi de Wyndesoure, secundum Bridlyngtoun." Although frequently agreeing for several lines, in more instances they differ as widely, so much so that it is difficult to amend the one by the other, and impracticable to frame an intelligible text by their mutual assistance.

TAURUS cornutus, ex patris germine Brutus,
Anglicus est natus, Gallus de matre creatus.
Anglicus et Brutus, Gallus, certamine tutus,
Triplex natura perquirat pristina jura ;

Omnia dat gratis divinæ fons bonitatis.^a
 Grata supervenient, qua non sperabitur hora ;
 Ufurpans periet, succedent prosperiora.
 Sed nimis acerba audiui nunc nova verba,
 Barrida nam bella cancer parat ipse novella ;
 Pro cancro^b venient delfines, grandia, cætæ
 Confortes, fientque focæ^c mercede dietæ,
 Turdæ, falmones, morium^d capitones ;
 Horumque numerum tibi nescio dicere verum.
 Rumbus ab oceano venient squamis redimitus,
 Arripiet plane juxta fontem sibi litus.
 Conducet magaros ac ypotauros sibi caros,
 Ducet balones,^e piratas, vispiliones ;
 Et Gallos tauros, tibi nescio dicere quantos.^f
 Tauri pasturam fatagent corrodere puram,
 Contra naturam tauri dispergere curam.
 Nunc opus est tauro proprio confidere stauro,
 Propter districtus staurum deducere luctum,
 Atque favifores percontare meliores.
 Jam reboant bella ; fer nunc vexilla, puella !
 Gratia divina taurum regat absque ruina ;
 Morte repentina falsos liberet libitina.
 Ecce canes^g carni currunt, boves veterani,

^a The Cottonian MS. here inserts about thirty-five lines, relative to the claims of Edward the Third to the crown of France ; and the remainder generally varies so materially as to render a collation difficult.

^b Tauro MS. Cott. ^c Voce MS. Cott. ^d Morimulli MS. Cott. ^e Bubones MS. Cott.
Here the Cottonian MS. passes on to the line commencing "Ecce canes."

^f Canes MS. Cott.

Currunt multones glauci, fulvique leones.
Non fiunt tardi vituli, currunt leopardi,
Trans mare, trans montes currunt ; trans fluvia, fontes,
Currunt ad taurum, cui fulvum defecit aurum :
Attamen ingrati non fiunt ad bella parati.
Cancer natura semper retro gradietur,
Nullius cura progrediens efficietur ;
Taurus pastura ductor gregis efficietur,
Vaccarum jura procedens vique tuetur.
Cancer non stabit, in primis sed latitabit ;
Taurus pugnabit pisces, Gallos superabit.
Nunc opus est conchis cuntari gurgita fontis,
Nunc vero pennatos opus est transmittere latas ;
Rumbus rumpetur, primis pennis ferietur.
Branchia cum squamis rumbi lacerabitur hamis,
Pro tauri cœna capietur et ipse sagena.
Lingis pennatis ferentur grandia cætæ
Dolphins, speratisque focæ, parientur quoque retæ ;
Pinnæ frangentur, salmones dum capientur :
Caudam monstrabunt, aliis pinnis fugitabunt.
Non expectabunt pro conchis, dum reboabunt ;
Galli terga dabunt, catapultæ dum volitabunt ;
Milvi cadentur, cuculi filiis capientur.
Grossos multones occident vispiliones,
Et vitulos multos viventes tempore stultos ;
Et leo lædetur, sed læsus non perimetur.
Pessima falforum mors est, pretiosa bonorum ;

Plus tradere bellis nolo, narrare novellis,
Quæ cancer faciet, victus quia semper fiet.
Semper, taure, vale ; tibi sit decus imperiale ;
Taurum vel tale decet omnia munera quale.
Me carmen lene dumis modulantis amene,
Ad nibidum plene vocitat taurus felonice.
Ad nihilum tendo, Gallo mea carmina prendo ;
A vi cole ducum vim discutere scutum.
Pacis erunt dies, belli terrore remoto,
Tauri curta quos sibi cedit Gallia voto.
Planget facta reus, dum proximus et jubilæus,
Deceturque Deus angelus quodam Galileus ;
Sed pater in terra vix absolvet, sine guerra
Legatus Romæ vi regis, fed cæde Thomæ.
Cantu cantabit arie plebs, et jubilabit
Per ferias septem, lætum noscas tibi cleptem.
Victi solventur, captivi dum redimentur,
Pignora cum vatis firmabuntur copulatis.
Sed Satel antiquus, bellorum semper amicus,
Impediet pacta, nisi sit sua fraus prece fracta :
Divinæ legis fiet meditatio regis.
Quæ temperabuntur per cum nunc prosperabuntur
Amodo Gallo taceo, de tauro sibi pfallo.

II.

FRAGMENT OF AN ALLITERATIVE POEM CONCERN-
ING THOMAS BECKET.

THE following fragment of an alliterative poem (being the whole of what is preserved in the Cambridge Manuscript) introduces Thomas Becket narrating a series of events connected with the future conquests of the English in France. It is not difficult to discover that this poem was written to inspire our countrymen with confidence during their long and expensive wars upon the Continent.

It does not appear that any members of the noble families of Warine, or Wake, accompanied the banished archbishop, although they are here mentioned; and we cannot fail to observe the bold anachronism which makes Edmund de Abingdon the companion of Becket in exile.

.
.

Thomas takes the juelle,
and Jhefu thanks,
That cumyne was to hume
fro his gentyll Moder.

Als Bekat bad at his meffe,
now has a boy stone

The brydylle of his blonke hede,
 agayne he buske shulde.
Thai turnyt to Thomas,
 and hume this tale taulde ;
“ Love barnes,” quod Beket,
 “ go by me ane other ;
For the falsfede fall fayr.
 Dafelle fall fall to the erth,
And falbe al-to-rokked wyth rude wederys,
 ruth to the grounde.
Fortly wende we on othir ways,
 and hime no mor wroth ;
For all thar wroke,
 fall ende wyght tham feluwe.”

Thus ne wendes on his way,
 (wyffe hume our Lorde !)
Twelff days jurnay,
 as the buke tellys ;
At the last he landes in ane nother lande,
 ther Aveyoune standes.
Thomas knelyde downe on his kne,
 and kessed the grunde ;
And gat up a glowe full of that grunde,
 wyth glayde hartes,
And fayde to therles sonne of Waryn,
 “ it is worthe alle,” and mekyll gelde.

“ Be my faule,” he fayde, “ that war a felly,
that ar riall and rew.”

“ Yes,” says Thomas, els war a felly,

[. ^h]

For here fall the pope of Rome fett,
and his fee halde.

This catiwe Avoyonune,
that na man now kepis,
Heder fall kynge and clerk
cary for helpe;

And full fayne be to feche
fude for thar faulys;

The Vernycle of Rome
fall full anerly be wyde.

This fall be tane for a towne,
and nocht be trutyde.

And thon fall ferlis feelle
fall on the warlde.

He that is reowler of refone,
fall never reke of it,

Bot let rowmes and ryche lordes
rufche to gether;

All for faute of a fader
fall feell folk dye.”

Thomas passis furthe,
ande a passe haldes,

^h The defective alliteration here shows that a line is omitted.

Tyll he come to Payteres
 throw perlyhous wais.
He buskes tyll a burges houe,
 quhar hime best tho',
And fet tyll hime tyll his fuper,
 wyth vj. lordes childer.
He hayd no power in his purs
 to pay for lyk clerkes,
Bot wyth The Waryn and The Wake
 hamwerde he wendes ;
For thai fand hime at the courte,
 thai kend hime better.
A porer prelet thane Thomas
 was passede never of Englonde.
Thomas askede the husbande,
 wytht full hende wordes ;
“ And fer, and thi will war,
 wete wald I fayne,
Quha is maystr of yhon werk,
 that is tyll a tour merkyt ;
Me think it is harme behewine,
 that it no helpe has.
For war it byggod up,” quod Beket,
 “ your towne war the better,
For ony way that mycht happine,
 on yon west halfe.”
“ Sir clerk,” fayis the cleyne burges,
 “ be Cryft I fall the tell.

Kyng Charles our cheiffe
 cheyde hime felwen,
He walde have tried up a toure,
 gyff ony tuyll rafe ;
Then was ther fulk a felly fowne
 in the fame time,
Thai fand a fayr letter,
 on a ftone fast,
That it wonderrede all the werkmen,
 that the werk wrought.
It fayd, ‘ Mafterles men,
 yhe this tour make,
A bayre fall comme out of Berttane
 wytht fo brode tufkes,
He fall travyll up yhour towre,
 and your towne ther efter ;
And dycht his den in the derrest place
 that ever aucht Kyng Char[es.]’
This foulkes had ferly theroffe,
 and the¹ fechede ;
He herd it full rathly,
 and rewyde foune efter.
He keft the ftone in the watter,
 and bad it waa worghe ;
And fayde, ‘ Mafouns, be Sanc Mary,
 no mor fall yhe make.

¹ A word is here lost, as the sense and the rhythm clearly show.

Bot what wy that it wynnys,
ger werk yt hime fellwyn.’
For thy it is grathly grathede,
and the ground thus lewyde ;
And we hynges in a hop,
for drede of the bayre.”

And thon knelys Thomas downe,
and calles tyll our Lady ;
“ Der Lady, latte me witt,
(and thy wille were,)
Qwhether of Berttaine that is braide,
fall this ber ryfe.”
The bleſſyt Lady bounnede hyme to,
and bleſſed hime for ever.
“ Beket,” ſcho ſayde, “ be holde thi buke,
it telles the beſt ;
It is the gretter of my morow gyft,
throw grace of my Sonne.
This bere in his barnhede
fall byde mony noyes.”

And then Thomas ſemblife ſonne
feyve ſkore mafonys ;
And ſeche fre ftane,
out of a fer erthe.
“ I fall bygge it,” quod Beket,
“ agayne the bere ryfe ;

If he hynttes ony harme,
 as he hydder wendes,
 Yit he may rest therin,
 wythe his rethe tuskes.
 That man fall be makleffe,
 for mercy hime folows."

And thus is Thomas' toure mayde,
 the mare is his myrthte ;
 Of his mafouns was mony wytth,
 he thame qwhittes.^k
 He fayres in a fayre felde,
 and his folke hime folowys ;
 And walkes be a wodefyde,
 and wonderly he spekes.
 " Mafouns, for Sant Mary luf,
 helpe at your mythttes !
 That here were a fayre croffe,
 founded on this grunde ;
 And downe in yhon depe dale
 dythtes ane other,
 And on yhone banke, whare yhone vynes growis,
 makes the thride.
 Fore^l the kynge of France wyfte
 quhat wonder fulde be wrothte,
 He walde that a watter, or a well,
 hayd wecht it away.

^k The text seems corrupt in this couplet.

^l Fore an the (?)

At this crosse that is theyre,
 is croune falle he losse ;
 And all Fraunce un to,
 fexty^m wynter efter.
 That fo wonderfull wyes,
 and foe fewe that ther is,
 That all the warlde fulde wyte
 be the wyll of our Lorde.
 At yhon secunde crosse,
 that I of fay schalle,
 Byschopis, arshbischopis,
 abbottes, and prioures,
 And preloettes of haly kyrke,
 fall thar lyffes losse.
 At yhone thride crosse,
 (then thripis all my shillis,)
 The founne fall forfake the fadre ;
 and that is a felly.
 And the croune be kelede
 to the erthe wytht a knyghte ;
 A batell of berdles barnes
 bring fall it oure.”

Thone lawghis the erlys founne of Waryne,
 and iwis fweris,
 “ Was never wye of this warlde
 that durst wakin slike bourdes,

Her to feghte, no to feche,
the fayr honour of Fraunce.
Quha durst buik to Bolane,
wytht ony bryt helmis?
Or care on to Calafe,
wytht ony cleyne cheldis?
Ilk a lorde in the lande,
hume fore the cheffe haldes."

Thomas grewes at the gome,
all if he gret were ;
" Thow gaffe me lytyll, be our Lorde,
leys the to fay.
It is trew, and no truffle,
that this buk tellys ;
For a tuske of this bore
fall tumble up this lande ;
And a body fall byde in a burghe,
that Londyn is hattene,
And nocht bryft a briffe
of his bare rygge."
" Serttes," says Thomas,
" her is a mor felly !
He says he fall to the fee,
wytht a fadde pepill ;
And wrotte emong walles,
and werke feell wonderys ;

And pasture hime propirly
 on proude lordes bodies.
 Thar falsbe no hatell,
 that at hume huntis,
 That wythtoutyne hurte
 falleⁿ chape.
 He fall lewe of his layke,
 fo lell fal be his hert ;
 Bot he fall clayme his comonys
 throw out all Fraunce.^o
 All Cretoye fall hame care,
 when he furth caryes ;
 And be the watter of Sayne
 fall felyes be feyne.
 Wyld wyis of Wales
 fall wyrk feel wonderys ;
 And gomes of Gourland
 fall get up thar baneris,
 And flyffe knyghtes
 strek doune thar stremys.
 Abfyle for his boft
 fall balfully be brunt ;
 And ledys lose thar lyffes
 that to that toune langes.
 And in a forest I fynde
 fall feel knyghtes de ;

ⁿ Hame salle chape (?)

^o The alliteration here indicates some error.

Ande the beft of Beeme fal by,
 when the bayr bufkes.
Fra his tufkes begynnes to tuyll,
 his tene falbe the leffe ;
He fall grynne quhar he gafe,
 and grace fall him folowe ;
Ande the fays put to the flycht,
 that the floure^p berys,
And do hime draw to Sant Denyfe,
 for drede of the bare.
This ber falbe bufkede
 in a banke fyde,
Ande nocht fter a brefle
 for all thare fterne werdes.
And then may Mount Joys murne,
 and other moo cetefes ;
Perty properly
 put downe for ever.
Cane ande Calyfe kepe thi turne,
 for than thi care ryfes !
Hogge fall full carfully
 be caft to the grounde ;
Valoys, wythtoutyne fale,
 fall fall to the erth.
In Quhyte fande the ledene fal be,
 ‘ no houfe lewyde.’

^p An obvious allusion to the armorial bearings of France.

The bare fall buk to Calyfe,
 wyth his brode bryffes,
 Ande dere Inglande dyght the,
 and kepe well thi briffes !

A noyntede^a kyng
 fall come fro the north,
 Ande noye hyme ryght
 ryght^r
 Ande ryde in the bares royalme,
 thogff he no ryt have.
 Bot he falbe hynte wyth a handfull ;
 (his herme falbe the more,)
 And claughte on a clerke lande,
 that Cutbert is^s
 And falbe lede to London,
 thogh^t lothe thinke,
 That renk, to rest hime thar
 ry^t mony yheres ;
 That never was^u of this warlde
 fall wete quhare he worthede.

^a Allusion seems here to be intended to the defeat and capture of David the Second, King of Scotland, at the battle of Durham. He is called an anointed king, from the fact of having been the first of the Scottish monarchs who received inunction; his father, Robert Bruce, having applied for that privilege in favour of his successors, and the Pope having granted his petition by a Bull printed in the *Annales Ecclesiastici* of Raynaldi, A.D. 1329, § 79.

^r A passage clearly defective.

^s The word "hoten" should probably be added to complete the line.

^t Thogh him (?)

^u Never wer (?)

Bot as a flomerande flepe
war slongyn in his crys,
Un tyll his gryfly tufkes
be fo grete growene,
That all the dukes wnder Dryghtene
fall drede hime allone.
He falbe waknede wyth a burghe,
that Berowyck hatte ;
And wander in a winter tyme
wyth full wale knyghtes.
This kene wythtoutyne counter
fall agayne care,
And fyne be comforth wyth a crowne,
as Cristes wyll is.
He fall grife tyll hime his grym griffes ;
grathly hym felwene,
Ande stable his stiffe roailme
wyth sterne knyghtes.
Ande nyghe tyll a nawy,
his enmyse to noye ;
Ilk a Sarfyne may have fyte,
quhen he to schiipe ganges.
At Bolane fall byd hume
a battell fulle hugge ;
Ande fyftyne hundreghe helmes
ther falbe hewene.
A byrde wytht two bekes
bring fall full mony ;

Fyfty thowfande of fere pepyll
fall folow his tayll,
To meke Mary, ande a ber
that mekyll mercy folowys,
Fro the bryde ande the bere
be bufked in a felde ;
Syne fall come mony fope,
or els war ferly.”
“ Benedicite !” fayde Beket,
“ ande bleffyt hime thriffe,
That ever fall a bare,
as this buk tellys,
Skippe fo fleiftly
ande he a fwyne lyk !
Quhill lyonis, unicorns,
and liberdes regnis ;
Than may ceteis have cete,
as the buk fays.
For the bere in lande
have laykede hime a ftounde,
Thai fall bane, that hime bydes,
that ever he was borne.
For he to Paryche paffe,
wytht his rout nobyll,
He fall tuche his tufkes tyll a ftone,
that mekyll ftrenth folowys ;
And thai fall caft hime the keys
our the clene yhattes ;

He fall ryde throuch the rych towne,
and rewylle it hym felvine ;
And brode bukes on breftes
agaynis hume fall thai brynge.
It no wonder, iwis,
and ilka wye wyfte
Quhat fall worth of his werkes,
wythin few yheres.
For hime behowes femble, forfuth,
that lange has beyne funder.
The crounie, ande the thre nalles,
ande a fpere rycht.
For all the blyffe of that burghte
byde wyll he nocht,
Bot efter the byrde wytht two bekes
he wyll bufk.
Fray this bayre wytht his bryffes,
be bufkede in a feylde,
Thar beys na byerde wytht twa bekes,
nor beft that hede berys,
So hardy to lyght on that lande,
thar the ber reftes.
This byrde thar nogt trest on no tre,
and he be anes turnede,
No perk hime on no proper perk,
wytht no proude pales,
For the ryche bare wytht his tufkes
wyll rywe thaime in fonder.

And he fall ferfly xiiij. days
in diuerſe places ;^x
All gyffe he be wery, iwis,
and his wyes all.
Then ſhall he caſt up his croune
to the bleſſyt Mary,
Ande beſek hyr of helpe,
helle of all fuiture ;
He ſhall be ware in the weſt
whare a wye comes ;^y
A leſe knyght and a lene,
wytht two long fydes ;
He ſalbe hardy, ande hathell,
and her of hime ſelwyne.
Lacede iij. liberttes,
and e all of golde lyke,
Wytht a labell full lele,
laide ewene our ;
A rede ſchelde wytht a quhyt lyoune
fall cum fra the felde.
Melane, mak yow no myrth,
for murne may yow fwyth,
And Lumberdy lely,
fall lene tyll hume found.
Then fall this berde in his bek
bringe thre crouns,

^x The alliteration is here imperfect.

And bynde thame to this bare,
 best of alle othire ;
 Thane this bare fall bufk
 tyll a brade watter,
 And on to Sant Nycholafe
 bowne houle fulle founne ;
 And redy his schippis,
 he that the soth tellys,
 Wyth his pawelgounis that is proper,
 and his prowde folkes,
 To weide our the wane watter,
 and wyffe hume our Lorde !
 And fall fayr to Famagoste,
 for lyes to feke,^y
 And faill furth to Cipres,
 as the buk tellis,
 Ande rynne up at ryche Jaffe,
 joys to thame all !
 To convert the cateffes
 that nogtt one Crystes lewys.
 He is my contre man,
 my comforth is the more,
 For he fall lewe his trouthe,
 on Crystes owyne grawde."^z

 Then therle fone of Waryn
 to Thomas wendes,

^y Ferlyes (?)^z Grounde (?)

“ Thar fall I fight fenely,
 be my fader faule.”
 “ Thow fwerys wonder fwyftly,
 and fwyppe may it ever,
 That time of the gere,
 ande a tyde forther.
 May thow be laid full law,
 and all thi leve armes ;
 So that no wy of this warlde
 fall were them on shulder.”

“ That war a wonder,”
 fays The Wak rycht,
 “ Lytyll landefs lelely.”
 fays Thomas, “ falbe levyde.
 Als leffe as thou thame thinkes,
 ^a
 Thow falbe laide full law,
 and thow na lorde hade.”

The gentyll fays, “ Be Sant Mary !
 that war gret murnyng,
 That fuilk lordes of landes
 fuld fo law be layde ;
 And no cofine under Cryft
 thar castels to welde.”

^a The alliteration shows that a line is omitted.

Then fays Thomas, “ In fathte,
ferly is it nonne ;
Thi land may far be famales,
in fo fer geres ;
Or thar may a peftellaunce proper
fall in all landes,
That may ger fexty cofins part
wytht in vij. wekes:
And may mak mony forowles lykes,
and joylefs brydyles ;
And mak halykyrke to-trowlede,
for truyng of maryage ;
And plewes to lygge wpon ley,
the larke lorde wax ;
And cateffes unkyndly
fall welde mekyll gudes.
Thai fall forgette Cryfte,
and his clyne Moder,
Quhen thar is no wye,
that this world weldes.
Then fall come a fnyll fuappynge
to fwithe in ther hornes.
Hunger and hate wardles,
I hythe ye for fuche,
A wodenes to walk our the landes,
and thame wa wyrke.
Bernes bundyn on to buredes,
and braydes full garue,

Tyll thai have knawyng of Cryft,
and his bleffed Moder.
He fall paffe his courfe,
and that falbe well kennede,
Ande do Haly Kyrke to heylde,
I fay the for fute.
To wend out our the wan watterys,
as thair none ware,
It fall ryne ride in the eft,
and rewith it is the mor.
And then falbe wanttyrge of wode,
and wanyng of irne.
Suilk wonderys falbe wroucht
whar the ber wendes.”

Edmound of Abyndoun,
that baroune all bleffede,
Says, “ My lorde lelyli,
lythe me a ffounde:
The fonne walkes weft,
ande the day wendes;
Mow tells thame tales,
that trowys thame full lytll.”

Ane angell bowed doune to Beket,
in a blew wede,
And fayde, “ Binde up thy buk,
my Lady the byddes.”

And then he heved up his handes,

als he as he mycht,

And lowes our Lorde

and his der Moder,

Off the talle that fcho hume tould

in the meene tyme.

That the buk was borne up

to the bleffe of our Lorde ;

And Beket to Burgane

bulkes hume full evine.

III.

A PROPHECY.

WE have here one of the prophetic poems so frequent in early Scottish Minstrelsy. It is difficult to trace the allusions which it contains, although some of these, it may be presumed, have reference to events which had already taken place, in order to give greater credibility to the others which it predicted, as yet unaccomplished.

Were not the age of the manuscript clearly established, we might be inclined to believe that the introductory lines alluded to the rejection by Henry the Eighth of the Papal Supremacy. Passing over the Lily, (France, we may safely conclude,) it is not difficult to discover Scotland in the Lion, and England in the Leopard of the respective armorial bearings of those kingdoms. The contest between the Lion and the Leopard near the river Humber, the defeat of the former, and his continued residence with his adversary, might seem to point out the defeat and imprisonment of King David Bruce, did not allusions follow, which render such an interpretation untenable. The stepsons of the Lion, the Eagle, the Falcon, and the Barge, are perhaps allusions to the armorial bearings or badges of certain families or individuals. Then follows a date, which, as far as it is intelligible, seems to have reference to some year between A.D. 1380 and 1390.

It might not be difficult, were it prudent to indulge in conjectures, to discover many circumstances which apparently are referred to in the following lines; but it is unnecessary to anticipate the ingenuity of the Reader.

A Manuscript of the fifteenth century, (MS. Cott. Clcop. C. iv. fol. 84, b.) preserved in the British Museum, contains an imperfect copy of these lines, or rather a different edition, if such a term may be used, varying too much to be of service upon the present occasion.

WHEN Rome is removyde in to Englande,
Ande the prest haffys the poppys power in hande,
Betuix iij. and fex, who so wylle underftande,
Mekyll baret ande bale fhall fall in Brutus lande.
When pryde is moft in price, ande wyt is in covatyfe,
Lychory is ryffe, and theffes has haldin tha lyff,
Holy cherche is awleffe, and iufticis ar lawleffe,
Bothe knyghtes and knawys clede in on clethinge,
Be the yheris of Cryft comyn and gone,
Fully nynty ande nyne, nocht onr wone,
Then fhall forrow be fett ande unfell,
Then fhall dame Fortoune turne hir whell.
Scho fall turne up that, that ar was doune,
Ande than fall leawte ber the crowne.
Betweyne the cheyfs of the fomer and the fad winter,
For the heyght of the heyte happyne fall wer,
Ande everche lorde fhall aufuerly werk,
Ther fhall Nazareth noy welle a while ;
Ande the Lilly fo lele wytth lovelyche floures
For harmes of the harde heyte fall hillyne his leues ;
Syne fpayde hime at fped, ande fpawne in the winter.
All the floures in the fryth fall folow him one,
Tat Caldwers fall call on Carioun the noyus,
Ande than fall worthe up Wallys and wrethe other
landes ;
Ande erth on tyll Albany, if thai may wyne,
Herme wnto alienys anone thai fall wakyne.

The Bruttes blude fall thame wakyne and bryttne wyth
brandes of felle,

Thar fall no bastarde blode abyde in that lande.

Then awakanus the kene kynde kyng offe erthe,

Unto the Libert shall leng, leve yhe non other.

The Lyone, leder of bestes,

Shall lowte to the Libert and long hume wytht,

And shall ftere hum a stryff be fremis of Humber.

The stepfons of the Lyonne fteryt up at ones,

The Leoperde fall thame ftryke doune, and froy thame
for ever ;

He fall thame kenly kerffe, as Cryft has hume bydyne ;

And thus he fall thame doune dryff ewyne to the ende,

For thai luf nocht the lylly, nor the Libert lelle.

And thai holde to the harde, happyn as it may,

Ay to the tayle of fomyr tyne hir lappis,

Wytht that fall a Libert be loufe when thai left weyne.

Ane Egle of the eft, and ane aventruse byrde,

Shall fande flowrys to fange in that fyrfte fefoun ;

Serte to the stepfons, ftriike thame doune together,

To bynde bandes unbrokeyne that falbe furthe broucht.

He fall him garlandes of the gay flowrys,

At in that fefoune fprede fo fayre,

And all fall fawlo the foulk that the freke ftrikes ;

A fely northyrune flaw fall fadyne for ever,

Hereafter on other fyde forow fall ryfe.

The barge of Barjona boune to the foukyne ;

Secularis fal fet thame in fpiritual clothis,

And occupy thar offices, ennoynted as thai war;
Thar tonfurys tak wytht turnamentes inowe,
And trow tytylle of trouth that the strenth haldes,
That falbe tene for to tell the tende of thar forow,
That fall ourdryff the date doune to the boke.
This most betyde in the time, trow yhe for futhe,
Quhen A, B, C, may fet hume to wryte.
Anon efter m^l, evene to rewllē,
Tre CCC in a fute femblyt together,
And fyne efter ane l, as the lyne askes,
Tris X ande ane R enterly folowand,
This is the doloroufe date, under yhe the glofe,
Whereoff whyll Merlyne melys in his bokes.

Busk ye wyell, Berwyk ! be blyth of this wordes !
That fant Bede fande in his buk of the byg berghe,
The trew towne upon Twede wytht towrys fayre,
Thou fall releve to thi king that is the kynde eyr.
Ande other burghys obowte, wytht thar brade walles,
Sall wytht the Lyowne beleff, and longe for ever.

IV.

BERNARDUS DE CURA REI FAMILIARIS.

THE Latin original from which the following lines are translated, is ascribed to one Bernard, by whom the Scottish Paraphrast would seem to understand the celebrated Abbat of Clairvaux. It is written for the information of "Dominus Raymundus Castri Sancti Ambrosii," an individual concerning whose family the various French genealogists which have been consulted upon the present occasion, are silent, as well as the historians of the period during which St Bernard flourished.

A copy of the Latin original is extant in the Harleian MS. 2561, fol. 172. commencing with the following words, which have been transcribed, in order that they may be compared with the text employed by the Poet.

Generoso et felici militi, domino Raymundo Castri S. Ambrosii, Bernardus, in servum deditus, salutem.

Doceri petis a nobis de cura et modo rei familiaris utilius gubernandæ, et qualiter paterfamilias debeat se habere circa regimen humanum. Ad quod sic respondemus, quod, licet omnium rerum mundanarum status et negotiorum exitus sub fortuna laborent, non tamen ob hoc vivendi regula abjicienda est. Audi igitur et attende, quod si in tua domo exitus, sive sumtus, et redditus sint equales, casus inopinatus poterit destruere statum tuum. Status hominis negligentis domus est ruinosa.

The interest attending the poem being materially decreased, in consequence of it being a translation from an existing original, and that original of no great curiosity, it is presumed that the following will be considered a sufficiently long extract.

AWTENTYK bukys, and floris alde and new,
 Be wyf poetys ar tretit the quhilk trew ;
 Sum maide for law of God in document ;
 Ande othir fum for vardly regiment,
 Experyence throw tham that men may haffe
 Of fapience ; and fa amange the laiffe
 A lytil epistile I fandē for to comende,
 Be the doctōr Bernarde, ande fende
 To Raymunde, knyght of cheualry the roß.
 [.^b]
 The forme as he his howfalde fulde contenne,
 And his famele miserabilly fustenne ;
 Wy^t mony other verteus eligant,
 Rycht neceßar to vaike and ignorant.
 And quhar I fay to lang, or git to schort,
 To pacience mekly I me report ;
 I wyl begyne, his text fyrst fayande thus,

Gratioſo et felici militi Raymundo, domino caſtri Sancti Angeli, Ber-
 nardus in ſenium deduētus, ſalutem.

Ande of his text, fyrst in begynnyngē,
 To Raymonde knyght he fendys ſalufyng,

Salutem, et ſincerum in Domino caritatem. Doceri petis a nobis de
 modo et cura rei familiaris gubernandæ, qualiter patres familias de-

^b It is obvious that a line is here lost.

beant se habere ; ad quod tibi respondemus, quod licet omnium rerum mundinarum status et exitus negotiorum sub fortuna laborent, nec tamen hæc timore est vivendi regula omittenda.

Thoth alkyne stat of varldly regiment
Be dame Fortowne, cruele and clement,
And variaunce ar febyle as the wynde,
Ȝit rewle of lyffe is no^r to leff behynde.

Audi ergo et attende, quod, si in domo tua sumptus et redditus sint æquales.

And fyrst provide with werteu, that thi rent
To the expensis be equivalente.

Quia status inopinatus poterit destrnere statum tuum. Status hominis negligentis est domus ruinosa.

For foly expens, but temporance, is noy ;
And of his hous the stat it may destroy.

Quid est negligentia gubernantis domum?—Ignis in domo validus et accensus.

“ Quhat is,” he sferis, “ the foly negligens
Of hym, that fulde his howfald and expens
Gowerne with grace?” He sayis, “the man that spendes
Unsparandly mar than his rent extendes,

For as the fyr throw brandes red and hate
Vastis the selfe, so is he desolate."

*Difcite diligenter eorum diligentiam, negligentiam, et propositum,
qui tua administrant.*

He fays, " All tyme fe thou with diligence
Off thi fervandys haff gud experience ;
And thar purpoß perfew for tyl haf plane,
Sa thow confaffe, gef tha be the agane,
Quhilk in thar handes haf governans of thi gud ;
In tym, but harme, that thow may tham exclude."

*Labenti et nondum elapfo utile est abstinere, antequam cadat.
Sapius revidere, quæ tua funt, quomodo fint, maxima prudentia est.*

This famus doctör fays, " It is gret prudence,
Soverine verteu, and rycht he fapience,
Oft tyl oure fe thi gud and governance,
That thow may hafe in freche remembrance ;
Gif thar be ocht in perel for to fpyle,
Ofc ourfeynge may mende it at the vile.
For it is fene and faide in fampylle batht,
Slewcht and delay oft caufis mekyl fkatht."

Nuptiæ fumptuofæ damnum fine honore conferunt.

" For to mak feft," he fays, and hie coftage,
And fumpteuß fpenß, is foly and barnage ;

° We should perhaps read " Ofc."

For gif ane loffys, ane other difcomendys,
And tyl honowris throw feftyne few ascendes.

Sumptus pro militia honorabilis est.

Bot for to fpend wyt fpenfys meafurabye,
For worchip is, and profit honorabyl.

Sumptus pro adjuvando amicos rationabilis est.

And for thi tendyr frende for tyl exspende
Thi gudis, for gud of hym, is to comende.

Sumptus pro adjuvando prodigos perditus est.

Bot for to fpende thi gude and thi fubftance,
On foly men, that lefys by temporance;
Proponand that thi gud and thi vertew
Sic fulechte men with worfchipe fuld renew,
Or git maik rychte, lat be; for in fertane,
Owt of the flefche wyl no^t brede in the bane.

*Confidera itaque de cibo et de potu animalium tuorum; nam efuriunt
et non petunt.*

So thou confydir, w^t al thi befyr cur,
Thi beftis fude, and plefe tham with pafure;
For thocht tha hungyr and thryft for falt of drynk,
Tha cane no^t afk; on tham thar for thou think.

Familian de groſſo cibo et non delicato enutries.

Thi famel fede, and thus ſal be thar fude,
Nocht delicate ; ſmall drynk, and metis rude.

Qui gulofus effectus eſt, vix aliter quam morte mores mutabit, etc.

This famus clerk thus in his buk ſayis he,—
“ Quha is infekyt with gulofite,
Or git dedit with wyce of drunkynneſ,
It leſſys tham nocht quhile dede tham part dowlteſ.”

Gulofitas vilis et negligentis hominis putredo eſt.

This voſule wyce of drunkynneſ the name,
In til a man, that has na drede of ſchame,
May be reput of forow and of ſyne ;
A fary ſmyt tyle hyme that leſſys ther in.

Sobrietas folliciti hominis et diligentis, folatium eſt.

Qwhat mane delitis, and haſſys diligence,
On glutony to waſte and mak expence,
And haile his joy ande folace is thar in,
Ande reputis ſport that wyſſi men reputes ſyne.^d

Diebus paſchalibus abundanter, et non delicate, paſce familiam tuam,
etc.

^d These lines are apparently imperfect, and have not reference to the Latin by which they are preceded.

In joyfule dayis and haly tyme pafchale
 Fede nocht thi famel with coftly victuale ;
 Geffe thame ȝnwcht of drynk and metis rude,
 Quhilk may fuffice to fervendis and ther fude.

*Fac gulam litigare cum burfa, et cave cujus advocatus exstias ; aut
 inter gulam et burfam qualem fententiam feras.*

Alß he comawndis be twene Sir Glutony
 And thi purß be ftriffe for the maßtry ;
 And be fa wer al tym in thyne expenß,
 Betwenne thame twa that thow gef ry^t fentence.
 For glutony provokys the tyl expende
 And vaß thi gudis, quhilk to difcommende
 Thi purs the prayis to fpende as thow may wyne ;
 Or ellis thin arche fal be oft bare wythin.

Si autem inter gulam et burfam judex exiftas, fæpius (fed non femper) pro burfa fententiam feras. Tunc male judicas contra gulam, quando avaritia ligat burfam.

Bot wrang jugment thow geffys and fentence blynde,
 Geß avarice the purß fal lowß and bynde.

Nam gula affectionibus probat contra burfam, et fic (teftibus non juratis) burfa evidenter probat, archa et cellario vacuatis, vel brevi tempore vacuandis. Nunquam inter gulam et burfam avaritia recte judicabit.

For glutony wald waft that elders wane,
 And avarice walde gef nother God na mane,
 Thare for largneß thow tak, and lef tham batht ;
 For he cane fpende in tym, and do na fkatht.

Quid est avarus?—fui homicida. Quid est avaritia?—paupertatis
 timor? semper in paupertate vivere.

“ Quhat is,” he fperis, “ avarice the fynne ?”
 To dred purete, and ever to leffe thar in.

Recte vivit avarus in se ; non perdens divitias, sed aliis reservando,
 etc.

Thar for a wreche he leffys ry^t wyfly
 In til hym selffe, and I fal tel ye quhy.
 It is aganys the wrechiß properte
 To fpende, thar for he leffys in pauperte ;
 And other men oft fpendys that he may wyne,
 Thar for he leffys in forow and deis in fyne.

Melius est cum aliis reservare, quam in se perdere.

Bot better is to othir kepe thi pelffe,
 Than to forfwinne and waft away thi selffe.

Si habundas blado non diligas caritiam; diligens caritiam cupit esse
 pauperum homicida.

Geff thow be rycht man of governance,
 Ande hafe to fel wetale in gret subftance,
 Se be na way na derth that thow defyre
 For thi wynnyng, for dred of Goddis ire.
 Thow cowattyß thane planly, I the affür,
 To be oppreffèr and flaar of the pur.

Vende bladum tuum dum fatis valet, non quando per pauperem emi
 non poteft.

Mane, fel thi corne and alf thi victuale,
 For mefurabyl vynnynge, profet, and awale ;
 And in that tyme defyr for to fel nocht,
 Qwhen be the pur na way it may be bocht.

Vicinis minori pretio vende etiam inimicis ; non gladio, fed sæpe fer-
 vitio vincitur inimicus.

And to thi ny^tbour, as refone is gud fkye,
 Sel better chepe na thow othir tyle ;
 And to thi fayis gud chepe, prente this worde.
 For he is nocht ay wencufte with the fworde,
 Bot oft throw lufe and dedys of cheryte.

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V.

A BALLAD OF GOOD COUNSEL.

Do way fore that may nocht awailghe,
Fra fengheand foly ay thow flee,
Se furfastnes the nocht affailghe,
Vithe flep, with fuernes, kep thow the;
Faind nocht with fors at thow may falghe,
Lef of all laitis of lichorye,
Be nocht oft bound to byd batalghe,
In byffenes ay blyth thow bee.

Lak, na lofe, to largely,
Faintly luk nocht thow fauld,
Obey to better men the by,
Wyrk nocht all wayis as thow wald,
Be curtas ay in cumpany,
To confell cum thow nocht uncald,
Love God our al thing fykyrly,
Quhar thow hechtys fe thow hald.

Vykytly luk nocht thow wyne,
Be to thi frendis as afferys,

Off thi gud dedis mak na dyne,
Be stout with wrang, quhen men the steris ;
Thi ennemys auld trow never in,
Tak kep to prowerbis quhare thow heris,
And fe thow feß of furfat fyne,
And preß the always with thi perys.

VI.

BALLAD.

SEN trew vertew encreffes dignytee,
And wertew flour and rut is of noblay,
Of ony weill, of quhat efftat thow bee,
His steppis few, and dreid the non affray;
Exill all wyce, and folow treuthe alway,
Luf most thi God that fyrst thi luf beganne,
And for ilk ynych he wyll the quyte a fpanne.

Sen word is thrall, and thought is only free,
Thow dant thi twnge, that powar has and may;
Thow fet thine ene fra warldly vanitee,
Restren thi lust, and harkyne quhat I fay;
Stramp or thow flyd, and crep furth on the way;
Kep thi beheft one to thi Lord, and thane
Fore ilk ynych he wyll the quyt a fpane.

VII.

BALLAD.

SEN in wait Natur na thinge mais,
And gud for labore all men hais,
Than he and law, as caus requeris,
Suld do fyk lawbore as thaim afferys ;
Sum wyrk, fum pray, fum kep justice,
Sum defend the pepyll fra ennemyce ;
Thar was never nane for na honore
That may excuf hyme fra lawbor.

VIII.

THE THEWIS OFF GUDWOMENN.

THE following Treatise belongs to that class of poetry which produced such moral treatises as “How the Wise Man taught his Son,”—“How the Wise Woman taught her Daughter,” and some other pieces of the same character. Although, apparently, either a translation, or, at least, an abstract of a Latin original, it possesses considerable interest, since the suggestions which it brings forward must have been applicable to the state of society in Scotland when the poem was written.

THE gud wyf schawis, fore beft scho cann,
Quhilkes ar the thewis of gud women ;
Quhilkes gar women be haldin deir,
And pouer women princes peir ;
With sum ill maneris and thewis,
That folowis ful women and schrewis.

As to the first, men fuld confidyr
That womenis honore is tendyr and flydder,
And raithar brekes mekil thinge,
As fareft roß takes soneft faidinge.

A woman fuld ay have radour
Of thinge that gref mycht her honoure ;
Ful of piete, ande humylitee,
And lytill of langage for to bee.
Nocht loud of lange, na lauchtyr crouß,
And ever doand gud in her houß ;
Nocht oyß na tratlynge in the toune,
Na with na gonge men rouk na rounne ;
Weil of hir fmylinge fimpyll and coy,
With fengeand fair nocht mak our moy.
Nocht nyß, proud, na our deligat,
Na contyrfyt nocht our hie eßtait ;
Favoure na dedes of dißhonoure,
Kep worſchip tyll al creatoure ;
Be nocht lefull tratlynges to here,
Nore to reherß quhai wald thaim ſpeir.
Tyll hir frendes obedyent bee,
In gudly thinges that may fupple ;
Nocht outragouß in hire cleithinge,
Bot plane maner and gudly thing.
Nocht our coßtlyk, na fumptewouß,
To mak uthir at hire inwyouß ;
Na covet nocht cleithing mar deir
Na be refone fuld hir eßeir ;
And thocht ſche be cled honeßtly,
Defyr nocht to be fene forði.
Quhen ſcho is proud to ſchaw her than
Is takin of a licht woman ;

Bot quhen it fuld be refone bee,
Tyll fchaw hir thane is honeftee,
Wit fuet hamly round contenans.
Nocht our fer preß hire till awans,
To fchaw hire proud, at men may fee,
Is pryd, wanglore, and vanite.
Bot ever with dreed and fchamfulnes
Scho fuld draw to the laweft place,
And erare lawar place to tak,
Na fra her place be put abak ;
God dois honore to lawlynes,
Quhen prid is punyft in al place,
Qubilk in women is maift to blame,
For eftyr prid oft folowis fchame.
Nocht than thai fuld be honest ay,
Efter thar ftat everilk day ;
Fore God commendes honeftee,
Qubilk of al gud is beft of three,
And efter honore cummys profyt,
And of al gud leift is delyt.
Gud profytable is ane of three,
And it be refone takin bee ;
Bot quhen thai tak in our mefour,
Thai turne in wyß and in arroure.
Kep thaim fra delyt nocht wallable,
And fra al deid difhonorable ;
Bot nocht fra deid al anerly,
Bot fra al thinge that is il lykly,

Fle all fow and fuffpekit place,
Gret lak folowis il lyklynes.
Fore ever defamyt company
Defades the honor of al wy ;
Dant nocht women our wantonly,
Na feid thaim nocht our delygaty ;
Fore metes and drinkis delycyus
Cauß lichory : men fais thus.
Na giftes gyf, na drowreis craif,
Na bille of amoures to refaif,
Be nocht our fyre till hir frendes,
Bot mek and lawly quhar fche lendes.
Oyf noght flityng, fturt, na ftryf,
Preß nocht to greif man, na wyf ;
In thrift ftryf ay with thi nichtboure,
Quha beft can thryf but difhonor.
Preß nocht in feift to fyt our hie,
Na ever ilk day lyk proud to bee ;
Na our clene wefching onne verk dais,
Na ghit onne werk dais oyf na plays.
Flame nocht the floures at wyll faid,
To mend hir mak at God has maid,
With payntyng wattrys to gar her fchene,
One haly dais bir hyd hold thene :
Bot nocht with coloures, na payntry,
For fyk thyng is bot gyglotry.
Schame is to day be quhit and red,
And one the morne waleyt as a wed ;

Bot kep the hew of hir nature,
For fyk fairnes fal langeft dure.
Kep biding and leif clenly,
Thank God and love hym ythandly,
Be ever of pur folk petoufable ;
Do almouß deid, be cherytable,
Gyf folk gud word behynd ther bak,
And love al leid, and na men to lak.
And gif fche be in Godys band,
Se ever honore to her hufband,
And be graciouß to his menghe,
Kepand her hufbandes honeftee ;
Tyll al folk fwet and debonar,
With gudly wyll at hire poware.
Be ferme of hed, fut, and hand,
Nocht oft in ftret to be wanerand ;
For waneringe betakins wylfumnes,
Wanwyt, welthe, ore wantonneß ;
Ore elles to fek fum company,
At war nocht lyk to be gudly.
Bot ay hald rownd and plane maner,
Haldand ay falowfchip with her feir ;
Fle fra defamyt company,
Lyk drawys to lyk ay comonly.
Luf nocht flepinge, na gret fuernes,
Fore mekill ill cummys of ydilnes.
Nocht leif to wantoune giglotryß,
Kep feres of women at are wyß ;

And ever conferme hir to the best,
Of women that ar worthyest.
Do na thinge that ill lyk may bee,
Gif na occasioun for to lee ;
Fore quhen scho dois that is lyk ill,
Traist nocht that folk wyll hald thaim still.
Hant nocht with men our anerly,
All be thai never mar fa worthi ;
Ga nocht alane in hir erand,
Tak child ore maidinge in her hand ;
It is no point of honestee,
A gud woman allane to bee,
In cumpany of mony ane,
And mekill bes with ane alane ;
It is no point of gud custum ;
Fore na man wyll the gud presum.
And quhen scho pass hir erand,
Byd nocht lang one it tareand,
Na fyt nocht donne to hald talkyne,
Quhill scho forhget hir hame ganging :
Think quhat scho has ado at hame,
And ay be dredand to have blame.
Women that haf a thowlas harte
Ane houre ore twa thinkes bot a starte ;
Gyf men thaim withgang wantonly,
Than wyll thai cowrt the maistry.
Thar is na thing thai cowrt mare
Na fridome, favore, and gud fair ;

And wald never correkyt bee,
Na git reprowyt in no degre :
Thai suld kep lawte, day and nycht,
And maist quhar thai haue lawte hicht.
Hait nocht but gret cauß manifest,
The fyrst luf ay be lowyt best ;
That sche of luf have never reprof,
To do unlawte to hir lufe.
Preß to be lowyt with her menze,
Fra drunkyne folk and tawarne fle ;
Be leif of prayer, quhene sho may,
And her meß one the haly day ;
Fore mekle gud cummys of praynge,
And garres men mak gud endinge.
And our al thinge kep her in kirk
To kek abak, to lauch, or smyrke ;
And efter nwne, one the haly day,
Owthir pray, or play at honest play.
To reid bukes, or lere wefinge,
Be occupeid ever in sum thinge ;
But leif set nocht hir hart to luf,
Thar folowis efter gret reprof.
Leif thare awne wyll and do confaill,
Ore it fall turne thaim to tynfaill ;
Tait nocht with men, na mak raginge,
Fore oft it makes a foul endinge ;
It is a takine a full women
To tyg and tait oft with the men.

And our al thing, as oft said I,
Kep hir fra cankyryt cumpany,
For foul wordes and wuhonest,
Fare langag is ever prafyt best ;
And tak ay fampyll be her nichtbour,
Gif ever scho thinkes to haf honour.
For quha defamyt war, or wyke,
Wald al the laif war to thaim lyk.
Be nocht redy charges to tak,
Na arandes bere, na mesage mak ;
Fore thai are condisciounes of barnis.
At e nocht feis, hart nocht gernis ;
Tharfor fuld women kepyt bee,
At thai may na licht women see ;
Suppos it war agane thar wyll,
It kepes thaim oft tymis fra ill.
Fore ful women ar so fmytable,
And till al wykit wyces able,
That ever the company quhar thai tak
Sall never chap without a lak.
Men bundes oft folk again thar will,
Quhill sum gret cure be done thaim till ;
Quhilk, war nocht forß thai wald nocht dud,
And 3hit it cummys thaim al for gud.
And 3hit weil mar fuld maidenis 3hinge
Be statly kept with gret awinge ;
In teiching with a gud maistref,
Quhilk knawis gud thewis, mar and leß ;

And chaisfe them, quhill thai ar childer,
Quhill wifdome cum trow wyt or eild.
For gouthed ay inclynis to wyce,
For felding find we barnis wyf;
Folk may in gouthed tift a child,
That fore na gold wad do in eild.
Forthi gunge lordes ar put to eur,
Quhill wyfdome cum thaim be natur;
Or elles throw documentes, or age,
To governe weill thare heritage.
Sa fuld madenis fra ill company,
Na ill enfampill fee thaim by;
Fore falt of aw, and of teichinge,
Gerres madenis oft tak ill endinge,
Quhilk and thai had in thar gouthage;
Quhill thai of wifdome have knowlage;
And chaste thaim, quhen thai do mys,
Fore wantone thowles rakles is.
Thai fald be chaist and threitable,
Worthi women wyf and able;
And efter cum to gret valoure,
And do thar frends gret honour.
And quhen thai haf na intruceyoun,
Na for thar misdeid punifcioun,
Bot lattes thaim flow in wantounnes,
And favores thaim in thar wykytnes,
Than of thar ill thai have the wyt,
And, do thai weil, the mar meryt.

For oft times frendes have no dreid,
Ar dampnit for thar barnis deid,
And puttes thaim felf in flurt and ftryve,
And oft in perell of faul and lyve.
Quha will kep baith fra perfchingie,
Teich thaim in gouthed, our al thinge ;
And pownis thaim quhen thai do ill,
And lat thaim nocht have al thar wyll.
Bettyr pownis thaim, and gar thaim mend,
Na faul and lyf tak baith ill end.
And kep thaim fra neid and miftere,
That povertie gar thaim nocht myffare ;
For povertie tynis mony gud woman,
Qubilkes, and thai had thurtee men,
With gudly fuet neidful lewyngie,
Thai wald never do mys, for nakyne thinge.
For oft tymis wrecht nedy kynue
Syk neid and fref halde madenys in,
That thai are pynd with povertie,
Quhill gret neid garres thar hartes dee ;
And may nocht, for thar wrechitnes,
Gret covatice, and gret nedynes,
Put thaim in tyme to thar profyt.
Thus, do thai mys, thai have the wyt,
And al the charges of thare fyne,
That neid and myfter puttes thaim in.
Thai have na traft how fuld thai leif,
And frendes will thaim na thing gif ;

Than is thar nocht bot do or dee ;
One fors thus mone thai fulys bee.
For mony lordes ar nocht larg,
Thinkand thai have our gret charge,
To mary thar barnis to thier estat ;
And oft thay lang baid cummys to lait.
For natur drawis ever to kynde,
And lukes nocht quhat may cum behinde ;
And quhen thai forfalt, thai are fane,
And garres men veyne it does thaim pane.
Quhen scho is tred her sho our heill
Than will thai fay, “ Had scho done weill
Scho had bene maryt richly ;
Now lat her chewys hir, fore thi.”
Thus mony gud madyne oft tyme
For fault of marrag in tyme
Ar tint, for fault of warldes gud ;
Thai can nocht wyne thar lyvis fud
With trawail, craft, and laborage ;
And thus in to thar tender age,
In thar maist farhead, dois foly ;
And in thar eild nane fettes thaim by.
Thus mone thai begares be alway,
And oft tyme deis before thar day ;
Of quhilk thar frendes has the wyt,
And God and natur has deffpyt.

And quha his barnis puttes nocht to lare,
And garres teich thaim at his poware,
And noryß thaim to perfyt age,
And purway madenis of marrag
Eftir thar flat, and gyf thaim aw,
Thai ar al curfyt be Godes law.

Now have I tald gow myne awyß,
How ye fuld knaw men that are wyß,
And alß ful men in fum party,
Be fundry poyntes generaly ;
And als of findry documentes
To fcharp gong men in thar intentes ;
Of wyfmen that befor has ben,
And mekil honor knawin and fene,
Quhilk thai drew out throw thare gret wyt,
And efter maid feir bukes of it,
Quhilk thai drew out of bukes old,
Quhar it lay, as in myne the gold.
Quhat thanks if I thocht it gud bee ?
Sen gudnes cummys nocht of me,
Bot of thir worthi mennis fawis,
That fyrft maid profecy and lawis.

And here I pray ye redares all,
And als ye herares, gret and fmall,

That ay, quhen at thai one it luke,
Thai pray for hymme that maid the Buk ;
And fore al Cristynne man, and me ;
Amen, amen, fore cherytte.

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