

T H E B R U C E ;
O R,
T H E H I S T O R Y O F R O B E R T I .
K I N G O F S C O T L A N D .

W R I T T E N I N S C O T I S H V E R S E
B Y J O H N B A R B O U R .

T H E F I R S T G E N U I N E E D I T I O N ,
P U B L I S H E D F R O M A M S . D A T E D 1 4 8 9 ;
W I T H N O T E S A N D A G L O S S A R Y
B Y J . P I N K E R T O N .

V O L U M E I I .



XII. 58.

L O N D O N :
P R I N T E D B Y H . H U G H S ,
F O R G . N I C O L , B O O K S E L L E R T O H I S M A J E S T Y .
M . D C C . X C .

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE VIII.

Vol. II.

B

ARGUMENT.

Thilk, and the twa followand bukes, contein the conquest of hale Scotland be King ROBERT.—DOWGLAS disconfits MOUBRAY.—The Kyng agayn defeits Schir AYMER at Loudoun hill—and ganging North, levis DOUGLAS to win the suth of Scotland.—Dedis of DOUGLAS.—Taking of Lanark castel.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E VIII.

THE KING, fra Schyr AYMER wis gane,
Gadryt hys menye euirilkane ;
And left bath wodds and muntanys,
And held hys way strak till the planys.
For he wald fayne that end war maid 5
Off that, that he begunnyn haid :
And he wyft weill he mycht not bring
It to gud end, bot trawailing.
To Kyle went he fryft ; and that land
He maid all till hym obeyfand : 10
The men maist force come till hys pefs.
Syne eftirwart, or he wald sefs,
Off *Conyngame* the maist party
He gert hold till hys senyowry.

In *Boithweill* then Schyr AYMER was, 15
That in hys hart gret angre has
For thaim off *Cunnyngame* and *Kyle*,
That war obeyfand till hym quhile,

Ver. 1. May, 1307.

Ver. 15. Bothwell castle on the Clyde, Lanarkshire.

Left *Inglis* mennys fewté :
 Tharoff fayne wengyt wald he be. 20
 And send PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 With a thousand, as Ik herd say,
 Off men, that war in hys leding,
 To *Kyle*, for to werray the KING.

Bot JAMES off DOWGLAS, all that tid, 25
 Had spyis owt on ilka sid,
 Wyft off thair cummyng ; and that thai
 Wald hald doune *Makyrnochs way*.
 He tuk with hym, all priuely,
 Thaim that war off hys cumpany, 30
 That war fourty, forowtyn ma.
 Syne till a strait place gan he ga,
 That is in *Makyrnochs way*,
 The *Nethir-ford* it hat perfay.
 It lyis betwix marraifs twa ; 35
 Quhar that na horfs on lyve may ga.
 On the south halff, quhar JAMES was,
 Is ane upgang, a narow pafs :
 And on the north halff is the way
 Sa ill, as it appers to day. 40

DOWGLAS, with thaim he wyth hym had,
 Enbuschyt hym, and then abad.
 He mycht weill fer se thair cummyng :
 Bot thai mycht se off hym nathing :
 Thai baid in buschment all the nycht. 45
 And quhen the sone wis schynand brycht,
 Thai

Thai saw in batailling cum arayit,
 The waward, with baner displayit :
 And syne sone the remanand
 Thai saw, weill ner behind cummand. 50
 Than held thai thaim still, and priuy,
 Till the formaft off that mengye
 War entryt in the ford, thaim by.
 Than schot thai on thaim with a cry ;
 And with wapnys, that scharply schar, 55
 Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar :
 And sum, with armys barblyt braid,
 Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid,
 That thai gan draw to woys the place.
 Bot byhind thaim sa stoppyt was 60
 The way, that thai fast mycht not fle ;
 And that gert mony off thaim de.
 For thai on na wyfs mycht away
 Bot as thai come, but giff that thai
 Wald throw thair fayis hald thair gate : 65
 Bot that way thought thaim all to hat.
 Thair fayis met thaim sa sturdyly,
 And cuntenyt the fycht sa hardely,
 That thai sa dredand war, that thai
 That fyrst mycht fle, fyrst fled away. 70
 And the rerward saw thaim swa
 Discumfyt, and thair wayis ga ;
 Thai fled on fer, and held thair way.
 Bot Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 That with the formaft ridand was, 75
 That entryt wis in the place,

Quhen that he saw how he was stad,
 Throw the gret worschip that he had,
 With spurs he strak the steid off pryce;
 And, magre all hys ennymys,
 Throw the thikkeft off thaim he raid.
 And but challance eschapyt had;
 Ne war a knyght hym by the brand:
 Bot the gud steid, that wald not stand,
 Lansyt furth deliuerly.
 Bot the tothyr sa stalwartly
 Held the belt that braist off the brand,
 And suerd and belt left in hys hand.
 And he bot suerd hys wayis raid,
 Weill otowth thaim: and thar abaid,
 And beheld how that hys mengye fled,
 And how hys fayis clengyt the steid,
 That war betwix hym and hys men.
 Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then
 To *Kylmarnok*, and *Kilwynnyne*,
 And till *Ardrossane* estre syne.
 Syne throw the *Largs*, hym allane,
 Till *Ennyrkyp* the way has tane,
 Rycht to the castell, that wis then
 Stuffyt all with *Inglis men*;
 That hym resaffyt in daynté.
 And fra thai wyft how gat that he
 Sa fer had rydin, hym allane,
 Throw thaim that war hys fayis ilkane,
 Thai pryffyt hym full gretumly,
 And lovyt fast hys chewalry.

Schyr PHILIP thus eschapyt was.
 And DOWGLAS, that wis in the place,
 Quhar he sexty has slayne, and ma ;
 80 The layff fouly thair gate gan ga, 110
 And fled to *Bothwelle* hame agayne.
 Quhar Schyr AYMER wis na thing fayne,
 Quhen he herd tell on that maner
 That hys mengye discomfyt wer.

Bot quhen the King ROBERT was tauld 115
 How that the DOWGLAS, that wis bauld,
 Wencuffyt sa fele with few mengye,
 Rycht joyfull in hys hart wes he.
 90 And all hys mengye cumfortyt war :
 For thaim thocht weill, bath les and mar, 120
 That thai suld les thair fayis dreid,
 Sen thair purposis sa with thaim yeid.

The KING lay in *Galfstoun*,
 That is rycht ewyn anent *Lowdown* ;
 And till hys pes tuk the cuntré. 125
 Quhen Schyr AYMER, and hys menye,
 Hard how he rayayt the land,
 And how that nane durst hym withstand ;
 He wis intill hys hart angry,
 And with ane off hys cumpany 130
 He send hym word, and said, giff he
 Durst hym into the plannys se,

Ver. 123. *Galfstoun* and *Loudon* are in the north-east part of *Air-shire*.

He suld, the tent day of May,
 Cum under *Lowdown hill* away.
 And giff that he wald meyt hym thar, 135
 He said hys worschip suld be mar,
 And mar be turnyt in nobill ay,
 To wyne hym in the playne away,
 With hard dints, and ewyn fechting,
 Than to do fer mar with skulking. 140

The KING, that hard hys messengyr,
 Had dispyt apon gret maner,
 That Schyr AYMER spak sa heoly:
 Tharfor he ansueryt irusly;
 And to the messengyr said he, 145
 ‘ Say to thy Lord, giff that I be
 ‘ In lyff, he fall me se that day
 ‘ Weyle ner; giff he dar hald the way
 ‘ That he has said for sekyrly.
 ‘ Be *Lowdown hill* mete hym fall I.’ 150

The messengyr, bot mar abaid,
 Till hys maister the wayis raid:
 And hys ansuer hym tauld alswyth.
 Quharoff he was bath glaid and blyth.
 For he thocht, throw hys mekill mycht, 155
 Giff the KING durst cum to fycht,
 That throw the gret chewalry,
 That suld be in hys cumpany,
 He suld swa ourcum the KING,
 That thar suld be na recowering. 160
 And

And the KING, on the tothyr party,
 That was all wyfs and awerty,
 Raid for to se, and cheifs the place,
 And saw the hey-gate liand was
 Apon a fayr feild, ewyn and dry; 165
 Bot apon aythir sid tharby
 Wes a gret moss, mekill and braid,
 Bot fra the way wes, quhar men raid,
 A bow-draucht weille on ayther sid.
 And that place thocht hym all so wid 170
 Till abyd men, that horsyt war.
 Tharfor three dykys our thuort he schar,
 Fra baith the mosses to the way :
 That war sa fer fra oythir, that thai
 War yiwyn a bow-draucht and mar. 175
 Sa how and hey the dykys war,
 That men mycht not, bot mekill payn,
 Pafs thaim, though nane war thaim agayn.
 Bot sloppys in the way left he,
 Sa large, and off sic quantité, 180
 That fyve hunder mycht samyn rid
 In at the sloppys, sid be sid.
 Thar thought he bataill for to bid,
 And bargayne thaim; for he na dreid
 Had that thai suld ony sid assaille; 185
 Na yeit behind giff thaim bataille.
 And befor thocht hym weill that he
 Suld fra thair mycht defendyt be.

Ver. 172. *Dykes* are ditches. In Scotland that name is now improperly given to walls.

Thre

Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma ;
 For giff he durst not weill ourta 190
 To mete that the fyrst, that he
 Suld haiff the tothyr on hys powté ;
 Be than the thrid, giff it war swa
 That thai had passyt the tothyr twa.

On this wyfs hym ordanys he. 195
 And syne assembylt hys mengye,
 That war SAX HUNDER fechtand men,
 Bot rangale, that was with hym then,
 That war as feile as thai, or ma.
 With all that mengye gan he ga 200
 The ewyn, or that the bataill suld be,
 Till *litill Lowdown*, quhar that he
 Wald abyd to se thair cummyng.
 Syne with the men off hys leding
 He thoct to sped hym swa, that he 205
 Suld at the dyke befor thaim be.

Schyr AYMER, on the tothyr party,
 Gadryt swa gret chewalry,
 That he mycht be THREE THOUSAND ner,
 Armyt and dycht on gud maner. 210

Ver. 198. This term *rangale* Barbour uses, in one or two other passages, for that usefess rabble which attends an army. Gawin Douglas spells it *rangald*.

Ver. 207. That Bruce defeated Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, at Loudon-hill, appears from the English historians Matthew of Westminster, and Trivet. See *Annals*, ii. 20.

Than,

Than, as a man of gret noblay,
 He held towart hys trift hys way,
 Quhen the set day cummyn was ;
 He sped hym fast towart the place
 That he nemyt for to fycht. 215
 The sun wis ryffyn schinand brycht,
 That schawyt on the schelds brade.
 In twa eschels ordanyt he had
 The folk, that he had in leding.
 The KING, weill sone in the morning, 220
 Saw fyrst cummand thair fyrst eschele,
 Arrayit sarrally, and weill.
 And at thair bak, sum deill ner hand,
 He saw the tothyr followand.
 Thair bassynetts burnyft all brycht 225
 Agayn the son glemand off lycht :
 Thair spers, pennonys, and thair schelds,
 Off lycht enlumynyt all the felds :
 Thair best and browdyn wes brycht baner,
 And hors hewyt on ser maner ; 230
 And cot armours off ser colowrs,
 And hawbreks, that war quhyt as flours,

Maid

Ver. 218. An *eschel* is a division of an army, arranged in some particular manner ; but its form I cannot find.

Ver. 225. This description has considerable merit. Barbour, as appears from several passages, was far from being insensible of the

Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war.

Ver. 232. The hauberk was a coat of mail, made with interwoven rings, so as to ply to the body and motions.

It

Maid thaim glitrand, as thai war lyk
To angelys hey off hewynys ryk.

The KING said, ‘ Lords, now ye se 235
 ‘ How yon men, throw thair gret powesté,
 ‘ Wald, and thai mycht fullfill thair will,
 ‘ Sla us, and makys sembland thartill.
 ‘ And sen we know thair felny,
 ‘ Ga we mete thaim sa hãrdily, 240
 ‘ That the stowtest off thair mengye,
 ‘ Off owr meting abaysit be.
 ‘ For giff the formaft egrely
 ‘ Be met, ye fall see sedanly
 ‘ The hindmaist fall abaysit be. 245
 ‘ And thouch that thai be mar than we,
 ‘ That suld abays us litill thing.
 ‘ For quhen we cum to the fechting,
 ‘ Thar may mete us na mar than we.
 ‘ Tharfor, lordings, ilk ane suld be 250
 ‘ Off us worthy off gret walour,
 ‘ For to maynetayne her our honour.
 ‘ Think quhat gladschip us abyds,
 ‘ Giff that we may, as weill betyds,
 ‘ Haiff wictour off owr fayis her. 255
 ‘ For thar is nane then, fer na ner,
 ‘ In all thys land that us char doute.’
 Then said thai all, that stud aboute,

It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and continued in use, it is believed, as long as any mail.

“ Schyr,

" Schyr, gyff God will, we fall sa do,
 " That na reprov fall fall tharto." 260
 ' Now ga we furth then !' said the KING,
 ' Quhar he, that maid off nocht all thing,
 ' Lede us, and saiff us, for hys mycht,
 ' And help us for till hald owr rycht !'

With that thai held thair way in hy, 265
 Weill sex hunder in cumpany,
 Stalwart and stout, worthy and wycht ;
 Bot thai war all to few, Ik hycht,
 Again sa fele to stand a stout,
 Ne war thair utrageoufs walour. 270

Now gais the nobill KING hys way,
 Rycht stoutly, and in gud aray.
 And to the formast dyke is gane ;
 And in the sloop the feld has tane.
 The cariage, and the powyr all 275
 That war not worth in the bataill,
 Behynd hym levyt he all still,
 Syttand all samyn on the hill.

Schyr AYMER the KING has sene,
 With hys men, that war cant and kene, 280
 Come to the playne, doune fra the hyll,
 As he thoct in full gud will
 For to defende or to affaille,
 Giff ony wald bid hym bataill.

Tharfor

Tharfor hys men comforyt he, 285
 And bad thaim wycht and worthy be ;
 For giff that thai mycht wyne the KING,
 And haiff wiçtour off hys fechting,
 Thai suld rycht weill rewardyt be ;
 And ek gretly thair renouné. 290

With that thai war weill ner the KING ;
 And he left hys amoneffing,
 And gert trump to the assemblé.
 And the formost off hys mengye
 Enbrasyt with the schelds braid, 295
 And rycht sarraly togydder raid,
 With heid stoupand, and spers straucht,
 Rycht to the KING thair wayis raucht.
 That mete thaim with sa gret wigour,
 That the best, and off the maist walour, 300
 War laid at erd at thair meting.
 Quhar men mycht her sic a breking
 Off spers, that to fruschyt war ;
 And the woundyt sa cry and rar ;
 That it anoyis wes to her. 305
 For thai, that fyrst assemblyt wer,
 Swyngyt, and faucht full sturdely.
 The noyis begouth than, and the cry.

A mychty God ! quha thar had bene,
 And had the KING's worschip sene, 310
 And hys brothyr, that was hym by,
 That stonyit thaim sa hardely,

That

That thair gud deid, and thair bounté,
 Gaiff gret comfort to thair mengye;
 And how DOWGLAS sa manlily
 Comfortyt thaim, that war hym by;
 He suld weill say, that thai had will
 To wyn honour, and cum thartill.

315

The KING's men sa worthy war,
 That with speers, that scharply schar,
 Thai stekyt men, and steds baith,
 Till rede blud ran off wounds raith.
 The hors that woundyt war gan sling,
 And ruschyt thair folk in thair flynging;
 Swa that thai that the formast war
 War scalyt in foppys, her and thar.

320

The KING saw thaim ruschyt swa,
 And saw thaim reland to and fra;

325

Ran apon thaim sa egrely,
 And dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That fele gart off hys fayis fall.

330

The feld wis ner coweryt all
 Bath with flane hors, and with men.
 For the gud KING thar folowyt then,
 With fyve hunder that wappnys bar,

335

That wald thair fayis nathing spar.
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That, in schort tyme, men mycht se ly
 At erd an hunder, and weill mar.

The remanand sa fleyit war,

340

That

That thai begouth thaim to withdraw.
 And quhen thai off the rerward saw
 Thair waward be sa discomfyt,
 Thai fled forowtyn mar respyt.

And quhen Schyr AYMER has sene 345
 Hys men fleand haly beden,
 Wyt ye weill hym wis full way.
 Bot he moucht not ammonyfs sway,
 That ony for hym wald turn agane.
 And quhen he saw he tynt hys payne, 350
 He turnyt hys bridill for to ga:
 For the gud KING thaim preffit swa
 That sum war dede, and sum war tane;
 And the laiff thair gat ar gane.

The folk fled apou this maner 355
 Forowt areft; and Schyr AYMER
 Agayne to *Boithweill* is gane,
 Menand the scaith that he has tane.
 Sa schamfull that he wencussyt wais,
 That till *England* in hy he gais, 360
 Rycht to the King, and schamfully
 He gaiff up thar hys wardanry.
 Na newyr syne, for na kyn thing,
 Bot giff he come rycht with the King,
 Come he to werray *Scotland*. 365
 Sa hewyly he tuk on hand,
 That the KING into set bataill,
 With a quhene, lik to pouerall,

Wencussyt

Wencusyt hym with a gret mengye,
That war renonyt off gret bounté. 370

Sic angre had Schyr **AYMERY**.
And King **ROBERT**, that wis hardy,
Abaid rycht still into the place,
Till that hys men had left the chace.
Synce with prifonours that thai had tane, 375

Thai ar towart thair innys gane;
Fast lowand God off thar weilfar.
He mycht haiff sene, that had bene thar,
A folk that mery wos and glaid
For thair wictour; and als thai haid 380

A lord that swa swete wis, and deboner,
Sa curtaifs, and off sa fayr effer,
Sa blyth, and als sa weill bourdand,
And in bataill sa styth to stand,
Swa wyfs, and rycht swa awifé, 385
That thai had gret caufs blyth to be.

Swa war thai blyth withowtyn dout,
For fele, that wynnyn thaim about,
Fra thai the **KING** saw help hym swa,
Till hym thair homage gan thai ma. 390

Than woux hys power mar and mar.
And he thoct weill that he wald far
Bot our the *Mounth* with hys menyé,
To luk quha that hys freynd wald be.

Into Schyr ALEXANDER FRASER 395
 He traistyt, for thai cosyngs wer,
 And hys brothyr SYMON, thai twa;
 He had mystre weill off ma,
 For he had fayis mony ane.
 Schyr IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchqubane*, 400
 And Schyr IHON the MOWERAY syne,
 And gud Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNE,
 With all the folk off thair leding,
 War fayis to the nobill KING.
 And for he wyft thai war hys fayis, 405
 Hys wiage thyddirwart he tais,
 For he wald se quhat kyn endyng
 Thai wald set on thair menassing.

The KING buskyt and maid hym yar,
 Northwarts with hys folk to far. 410
 Hys brodyr with hym gan he ta,
 And Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alsua;
 The Erle off LENEWAX als was thar,
 That with the KING was our all quhar;
 Schyr ROBERT BOYD, and othyr ma. 415
 The KING gan furth hys wayis ta;
 And left JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 With all the folk that with hym was,
 Behind hym for to luk giff he
 Mycht recower hys cuntré. 420
 He left into full gret perill;
 Bot estre, in a litill quhill,

Throw

Throw hys gret worfchip fa he wroucht,
 That to the **KINGS** pefs be brought
 The *forest off Selcryn* all hale ; 425
 And alsua did he *Douglas-dale* ;
 And *Jedworthis forest* alsua.
 And quha fa weill on hand couth ta
 To tell hys worfchippis, ane and ane
 He suld fynd off thaim mony ane. 430
 For in hys tyme, as men said me,
 Threten tymys wencussyt wes he,
 And had wictours feuen and fyfty.
 Hym semyt not lang ydill to ly
 Be hys trawail he had na will. 435
 Methink men suld hym love with skill.

This **JAMES**, quhen the **KING** wes gane,
 All priuely hys men has tane,
 And went to *Douglas-dale* agane ;
 And maid all priuely a trane 440
 To thaim that in the castell war.
 A buschement maid he slely thar ;
 And off hys men fourten, or ma,
 He gert as thai war sekkis ta
 Fellyt with grefs ; and syne thaim lay 445
 Apon thair hors, and hald thair way,

Ver. 425, 427. It appears from different authors, charters, &c. that the country about Selkirk and Jedburgh was formerly called The Forest ; and it seems to have lain uncultivated, from its proximity to the borders, and consequent exposure to the ravages of the border-thieves.

Rycht as thai wald to *Lanark*, far
 Owtouth quhar thai enbuschyt war.
 And quhen thai off the castell saw
 Sa fele ladys gang on raw, 450
 Off that fycht thai war wondre fayn,
 And tauld it to thair capitane,
 That hate Schyr IHONE off WEBETOUN;
 He wis baith yong, stout, and felloun,
 Joly alfua, and walageoufs; 455
 And for that he was amoroufs,
 He wald ische far the blythlier.
 He gert hys men tak all thair ger,
 And isch to get thaim wictaille,
 For thair wictaille gan fast thaim faile. 460
 Thai ischyt all abandounly,
 And prikkyt furth sa willfully
 To wyn the ladys, that thai saw pass,
 Quhill that DOWGLAS with hys was

Ver. 449. The castle-hill of Lanark is on the south of the town; but no ruin of the castle remains; its scite being now a bowling-green and garden. The murder of Wallace's wife, which seems the first cause which incited him to arms, was committed at Lanark, by Heselrig or Hislop, governour of the castle, whom Wallace after slew. See Fordun xi. 28: for Henry the minstrel is no authority, his work being an absurd romance; tho' in this instance he accords with history, and with tradition, a large cave in Cartland Craigs near Lanark, where Henry says that Wallace lurked, being called Wallace's Cave to this day. It is remarkable that Sir D. Dalrymple should have omitted this important circumstance, for which Fordun was surely good authority.

All betwix thaim and the castell. 465
 The laidmen, that persawit weill,
 Thai keft thair ladys down in hy;
 And thair gownys deliuerly
 That heylt thaim, thai keft away;
 And in gret hy thair hors hint thai. 470
 And stert apou thaim sturdily,
 And met thair fayis with a cry;
 That had gret wondre, quhen thai saw
 Thaim, that war er lurkand sa law,
 Cum apou thaim sa hardely. 475
 Thai woux abaysyt sedanly;
 And at the castell wald haiff bene:
 Quhen thai ane othyr halff has sene,
 DOWGLAS brak hys enbuschement,
 That agayn thaim rycht stoutly went. 480
 Thai wyff not quhat to do, na fay,
 Thair fayis on aythir sid saw thai,
 That strak on thaim, forowtyn sparing,
 And thai mycht help thaimselwys nathing;
 Bot fled to warand, quhar thai moucht. 485
 And thai sa angrely thaim foucht;
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.
 Schyr IHONE WEBETOWN thar wes slayne.
 And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
 Thai fand intill hys coffer 490
 A lettyr that hym send a lady,
 That he luffyt per drouery,

That

Ver. 492. *Per drouery*, is not in a view of marriage. The term

That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
 In wer, as a gud batchiller,
 The awenturs castell off *Dowglas*, 495
 That to kep sa peralus was ;
 Than mycht he weill ask a lady
 Hyr amours, and hyr drouery.

The letter spak on this maner.
 And quhen thai slayne on this wyfs wer, 500
 DOWGLAS rycht to the castell raid,
 And thar sa gret debate he maid,
 That in the castell entryt he.
 I wate nocht all the certanté,
 Quetheyr it wis throw strenth or flycht. 505
 Bot he wrocht sa with mekill mycht
 That the cunstabill, and all the laiff
 That war tharin, bath man and knaiff,
 He tuk, and gaiff thaim dispending ;
 And sent thaim home, bot mar growing, 510
 To the CLYFFURD, in thair cuntré.
 And syne sa besyly wroucht he,

term is old French. *Druë*, maitresse, ou concubine : *Drurie*,
 la vie joyeuse.

Soit sa moullier, ou soit sa *druë*,
 Tantost en a l'amour perduë.

Roman de la Rose, 10196.

Que bien voy-je que ma *drurye*,

Ne mon solas ne vous plaist mye. *Ib.* 9278.

It might be thought that Drury-lane takes its name from
 this term, now so applicable ; but it was a lane leading up
 to Drury-house, the seat of a family called Drury.

That

That he tumblyt doun all the wall,
And deftroiit the houffis all.

Syne till the Forest held hys way,

515

Quhar he had mony ane hard affay :

And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.

Quha couth thaim all reherfs, or tell,

He fuld fay that hys name fuld be

Leftand in full gret renouné.

520

THE END OF BUKE VIII.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E IX.

ARGUMENT.

*The Kyng passes the Mounth, and falls sick at Enrourie
—is carried to Slenath.—Gumin Erle of BUCHAN
assailis the King, quha is bravelie defendit be his
men.—The Kyng recoverand defeits BUCHAN at
Enroury; and herries all his lands—fares to
Angus, and taks Forfar castell—and Perth.—Schir
EDWARD BRUCE gangand to Galloway defeits
Schir AYMER ST. JOHN at Cree.—DOUGLAS
taks RANDEL and STUART prisoneirs.*

T H E
B R U C E .

B U K E IX.

NOW leve we intill the *Forest*
 DowGLAS, that fall bot litill rest,
 Till the cuntré deliueyrt be
 Off *Inglis* folk, and thair powsté :
 And turn we till the nobill KING ; 5
 That, with the folk off hys leding,
 Towart the *Mounth* has tane hys way,
 Rycht stoutly, and intill gud aray.
 Quhar ALYSANDER FRAYSER hym met,
 And als hys brodyr SYMONET, 10
 With all the folk thai with thaim had.
 The KING gud cuntenance thaim maid :
 That wes rycht blyth off thair cummyne.
 Thai tauld the KING off the cowyne
 Off IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchane*, 15
 That till help hym had with hym tane
 Schyr IHON MOWBRAY, and othyr ma ;
 Schyr DAVID off BRECHYN alsua ;
 With all the folk off thair leding ;
 ‘ And yarnys mar na ony thing

20
‘ Wengance

' Wengeance off yow, Schyr KING, to tak,
 ' For Schyr IHONE the CUMMYNS sak,
 ' That quhillum in *Dumfries* wes slayn.'
 The KING said, Sa our Lord me sayn,
 " I had gret causis hym for to sla. 25
 " And sen that thai on hand will ta,
 " Becausis off hym, to werray me,
 " I fall thole a quhile, and se
 " On quhat wyfs that thai prove thair mycht.
 " And giff it fall that thai will fycht, 30
 " Giff thai assaile we fall defend,
 " Syne fall estre quhat God will fend."

Estre this spek, the KING in hy
 Held straucht hys way till *Enrowry*.
 And thar hym tuk sic a seknes, 35
 That putt hym to full hard distres,
 That he forbar baith drynk and mete.
 Hys men na medecyne couth get
 That euir mycht to the KING awaile.
 Hys force gan hym halyly faile, 40
 That he mycht nothyr ryd na ga.
 Then wyt ye that hys men war wa ;

Ver. 34. *Inverury*, about fifteen miles north-west of Aberdeen. Bruce went to the north of Scotland October, 1307. The Annalist of Scotland, ii. 23, thinks Bruce had met with a defeat before he proceeded to the north; and says it is difficult otherwise to account for that progress: but the reasons given by our poet seem sufficient.

For

For nane wes in that cumpany,
 That wald haiff bene halff sa sary
 For till haiff sene hys brodyr ded, 45
 Lyand befor thaim in that sted,
 As thai war for hys seknes,
 For all thair comfort in hym wes.

Bot gud Schyr EDUARD the worthy,
 Hys brodyr that wis sa hardy, 50
 And wyfs and wicht, fet mekill payn
 To comfort thaim with all hys mayn:
 And quhen the lords, that thar war,
 Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
 Trawaillyit the KING, thaim thought in hy 55
 It was not spedfull thar to ly;
 For thar all playne wes the cuntré,
 And thai war bot a few menyé,
 To ly but strenth into the playne.
 For this, till that thair capitane 60
 War coweryt off hys mekill ill,
 Thai thought to wend sum strenthis till.

For folk forowtyn capitane,
 Bot thai the bettir be apayn,
 Sall not be all sa gud in deid, 65
 As thai a Lord had thaim to leid;
 That dar put hym in a wentur,
 Bot abaying to tak the ure
 That God will send: for quhen that he
 Off sic will is and sic bounté, 70
 That

That he dar put hym till assay,
 Hys folk fall tak ensample ay
 Off hys gud deid and hys bounté,
 And ane off thaim fall be worth thre
 Off thaim that wilkyt chiftane hais. 75
 Hys wrechytnefs fa in thaim gais,
 That thai thair manlynes fall tyne,
 Throw wrechytnefs off hys cowyne.
 For quhen the lords, that thaim fuld leid,
 May do noucht bot as he war deid, 80
 Or fra hys folk halds hys way
 Fleand, trow ye not than that thai
 Sall wencuffyt in thair harts be ?
 Yis fall thai, as I trow, pardé,
 Bot giff thair harts be sa hey, 85
 That thai na will for thair worfchip fley.
 And thouch sum be off sic bounté,
 Quhen thai the lord and hys menyne
 Seys fley, yeit fall thai fley apayn ;
 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne. 90
 See quhat he dois, that fwa fowly
 Fleis thus for hys cowardy ;
 Bath hym and hys wencuffyt he,
 And gers hys fayis abowne be.
 Bot he that, throw hys gret noblay, 95
 Till peralls hym abandownys ay,
 To recomfort hys menyne,
 Gers that he be off sa gret bounté,
 That mony tyme unlikly thing
 Thai bring rycht weill to gud ending. 100

Sa did this KING, that Ik off reid ;
 And, for hys uttrageous manheid,
 Confortyt hys on sic maner,
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer
 Liand intill hys seknes. 105
 Tharfor in littre thai hym lay,
 And till the *Slenauch* held thair way :
 And thocht thar in that strenth to ly,
 Till passyt war hys malady.

Bot fra the Erle off BUCHANE 110
 Wyft that thai war thyddir gane ;
 And wyft that sa sek wis the KING
 That men dowtyt off hys cowering ;
 He sent estre hys men in hy,
 And assemblyt a gret company. 115
 For all hys awne men war thar ;
 And all hys freynds with hym war ;
 That wis Schyr IHONE the MOWBRAY,
 And hys brodyr, as Ik hard say,
 And Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNGE, 120
 With fele folk in thair ledyng.

And quhen thai all assemblyt war,
 In hy thai tuk thair way to far
 To the *Slenauch*, with all thair men,
 For to affaille the KING then 125

Ver. 107. The *Slenauch* is probably in the mountains of Benachie, a few miles west of Inverury.

Wis liand intill hys seknes. :

This wer eftre the *Martymas*,

Quhen snaw had halyt all the land. .

To the *Slenauch* thai come ner hand,

Arrayit on thair best maner.

130

And then the KING's men that were

War off thair come, thaim apparaylyt

To defend, giff thai thaim assaylyt.

And not forthy thair fayis war

Ay twa for ane that thai war thar.

135

The Erly's men ner cummand war,

Trumpan and makand mekill far,

And maid knychts quhen thai war ner.

And thai, that in the wodds sid wer,

Stud in aray rycht farraly,

140

And thought to byd thar hardly

The cummyn off thair enymys.

Bot thai wald, apon na kyn wys,

Ifche till assaile thaim in fechting,

Till coweryt war the nobill King.

145

Botand oythir wald thaim assailye,

Thai wald defend wailye contra wailye.

And quhen the Erl's cumpany

Sa that thai wroucht sa wisely,

That thai thair strenth schupe to defend;

150

Thair archers furth to them thai send,

Ver. 138. It is well known that it was usual to make knights just before a battle.

To

To bykker thaim as men off mayne ;
 And thai fend archers thaim agayne,
 That bekkryt thaim fa sturdely,
 Till thai off the Erle's party 155
 Intill the bataill drywyn war.
Thre dayis on this wyfs lay thai thar ;
 And bekkryt thaim euirilk day.
 Bot thair bowmen the war had ay.
 And quhen the **KINGS** cumpany 160
 Saw thair fayis befor thaim ly,
 That ilk day wox ma and ma,
 And thai war quhene, and stad mar fa
 That thai had nathing for till eyt,
 Bot giff thai trawailit it to get ; 165
 Tharfor thai tuk cunfale into hy
 That thar wald thai na langer ly ;
Bot hald thair way quhar thai mycht get
 To thaim, and thairs, wiçtallis and mete.

In a littar the **KING** thai lay ; 170
 And redyt thaim, and held thair way,
 That all thair fayis mycht thaim fe.
 Ilk man buskyt hym in hys degre
 To fycht giff thai assaillyt war.
 In midds thaim the **KYNG** thai bar, 175
 And yeid about hym farraly,
 And not full gretly thaim gan hy.

The Erle, and thai that with hym war,
 Saw that thai buskyt thaim to far ;

And saw how, with sa litill effray, 180
 Thai held furth with the KING thair way,
 Redy to fycht, quha wald affaile;
 Thair harts begouth all to faile:
 And in pefs let thaim pafs thair way;
 And till thair houffsis hame went thai. 185

The Erle hys way tuk to *Bowchane*,
 And Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE is gane
 Rycht to *Strabolghy*, with the KING.
 And swa lang thar maid fojournyng,
 Till he begouth to cowyr, and ga. 190
 And syne thair wayis gan thai ta
 Till *Innerowrie* straucht agayne.
 For thai wald ly into the playne,
 The wynter fesone, for wictaile
 Intill the plane mycht thaim to faile. 195

The Erle wyft that thai war thar;
 And gadryt a mengye, her and thar;
 BRECHYNE, and MOWBRAY, and thair men,
 All till the Erle assemblit then,
 And war a full gret cumpany 200
 Off men arayit jolyly.

Ver. 188. *Strathbogy*, a country and town on the west of
 Aberdeen-shire.

Ver. 194, 195. Editions read:

The winter season for vittail
 Into the plain they might not fail.

Till

Till *Auld Meldrum* thai yeid thair way,
 And thar with thair men logyt thai,
 Befor Yhule-ewyn a nycht bot mar,
 A thousand trow I weile thai war. 205
 Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht.
 And on the morn, quhen day was lycht,
 The Lord of *Brechyne*, Schyr DAWY,
 Is went towart *Innerowry*,
 To luk giff he on ony wyfs 210
 Mycht do scaith till hys ennymys.
 And till the end of *Innerowry*
 Come ridand sa sedanly,
 That off the KING's men he slew
 A part, and othyr sum thaim withdrew, 215
 And fled thair way towart the KING;
 That, with the maist off hys gadryng,
 On the yond half down was thaim liand.
 And quhen men tauld hym tythand,
 How Schyr DAWY had slayne hys men, 220
 Hys horfs in hy he askyt then,
 And bad hys men all mak thaim yar
 Into gret hy, for he wald far
 To bargayne with hys enymys.
 With that he buskyt for to ryfs, 225
 That was not all weill recoweryt then.
 Than said sum off hys priuy men,
 'Quhat think ye this gat to far
 'To fecht, and not yheit recoweryt ar?'
 "Yhis," said the KING, "withowtyn weer, 230
 "Thair boft has maid me hale and fer.

"For fuld na medecyne fa sone
 "Haiff coweryt me, as thai haiff done.
 "Tharfor, fa God hymselff me fe!
 "I fall aythir haiff thaim, or thai me."

235

And quhen hys men has hard the KING
 Set hym fa hale for the fechting,
 Off hys coweryng all blyth thai war,
 And maid thaim for the bataill yhar.

The nobill KING, and hys mengye,
 That mycht weill ner feuen hunder be,
 Towart *Auld Meldrum* tuk thair way,
 Quhar the Erle and hys mengy lay.
 The discowrrours saw thaim cummand,
 With baners to the wynd wawand;
 And yeid to thair lord in hy,
 That gert arme hys men hastily,
 And thaim arayit for bataill.
 Behind thaim set thai thair poweraill,
 And maid gud sembland for to fycht.
 The KING come on with mekill mycht;
 And thai abaid, makand gret fayr,
 Till thai ner at assemblyng wayr.

240

245

250

Bot quhen thai saw the nobill KING
 Cum stoutly on, forowtyn fenyeing,
 A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew.
 And the KING, that rycht weill knew

255

That

That thai war all discomfyt ner,
 Preffyt on thaim with hys baner ;
 And thai withdrew mar and mar. 260
 And quhen the small folk thai had thar
 Saw thair lords withdraw thaim swa,
 Thai turnyt thair baks all for to ga,
 And fled all scalyt her and thar.
 The lords that yheit togeddyr war, 265
 Saw that thair small folk war fleand,
 And saw the KING stoutly cummand,
 Thai war ilkane abesyt swa,
 That thai the bak gaiff, and to ga.
 A litill ffound samyn held thai, 270
 And syne ilk man has tane his way.

Fele neuir man sa foule myfchance,
 Eftre sa sturdy cuntenance.
 For quhen the KING's company
 Saw that thai fled sa foulyly, 275
 Thai chafyt thaim with all thair mayn ;
 And sum thai tuk, and sum has flayn.
 The remanand war fleand ay ;
 Quha had gud hors gat best away.
 Till *Ingland* fled the erle off BOWCHQUHANE,
 Schyr IHONE MOWBRAY is with hym gane, 281
 And war refett with the king.
 Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting ;
 For thai deyt sone eftre syne.
 And Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE 285
 D 3 Fled

Fled till *Brechyne*, hys awyn castell;
 And warnyft it baith fayr and weill.
 Bot the erle of ATHOLL, DAWY
 Hys son, that wis in *Kyldromy*,
 Come syne, and hym affegyt thar. 290
 And he that wald hald wer na mar,
 Na bargane with the nobill KING,
 Come syne hys man with gud treting.

Now ga we to the KING agayne,
 That off hys wictory wes rycht fayne, 295
 And gert hys men bryn all *Bouchane*
 Fra end till end, and sparyt nane;
 And heryit thaim on sic maner,
 That estre that weill fyfty yer,
 Men menyt the *Herschip off Bowchane*. 300
 The KING than till hys pefs has tane
 The north cuntreyis, that humbly
 Obeyfyt till hys senyowry.
 Sa that be north the *Month* war nane
 Than thai hys men war ilkane. 305
 Hys lordschip wox ay mar and mar.
 Towart *Angus* syne gan he far,

Ver. 296. This ravage of Buchan is certainly no gem in the crown of Bruce's praise; but the manners of the age, and the desire of striking salutary terror into his opponents, may excuse him; along with the just enmity he had for the Cummins, a family too powerful, and who had conspired his death. The time is now spring, 1308. See *Annals*, ir. 24.

And

And thought sone to mak all fre
 That wes on the northalff the *Scotts Se.*
 The castell off *Forfayr* wes then 310
 Stuffyt all with *Inglis men.*
Bot PHILIP the FORASTER off *Platane*
Has off hys freyndis with hym tane,
 And with leddrys all priuely
 To the castell he gan hym hy. 315
 And up owtour the wall off stane,
 And swa gat has the castell tane,
 Throw faute off wach, with litill payne.
 And syne all that he fand has slayne :
 Syne yauld the castell to the KING, 320
 That maid hym rycht gud rewarding.
 And syne gert brek down the wall,
 And fordyd well, and castell all.

Quhen that the castell off *Forfar*,
 And all the towrs tumblyt war 325
 Downe till the erd, as lk haiff tauld,
 The KING, that wycht was wys and bauld,
 That thought that he wald mak all fre
 Apon the north halff the *Scotts Se*,

Ver. 309. The *Scotts Sea*, or *Mare Scoticum*, is the frith
 of Forth. That part of Scotland south of Clyde and Forth
 was not accounted to be in *Scotland proper*, till a late period,
 but only belonging to it. See *Enquiry into the History of*
Scotland preceding 1056. London 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ver. 329. But Dundee was still held by the English, till
 1313. See book x. ver. 801.

Till *Pertb* is went, with all hys rout, 330
 And unbesett the towne about;
 And till it a sege has set.
 Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and mete,
 It mycht not but gret payn be tane;
 For all the wall wis then of stane, 335
 And wycht towrs and hey standand.
 And that tyme war tharin duelland
 MOFFAT, and als OLYSARD,
 Thai twa the toun had all in ward:
 And off STRAITHERNE als the Erle wes thar. 340
 Bot hys son, and off hys men, war
 Without intill the KINGS rowt.
 Thar was oft bekkeryng styth and stout,
 And men slayne apon ilk party.
 Bot the gud KING, that all wytty 345
 Wes in hys deds euirilkane,
 Saw the wallis sa styth off stane,
 And saw defens that thai gan ma;
 And how the toun was hard to ta
 With opyn sawt, strenth or mycht; 350
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht.
 And in all tyme that he thar lay
 He spyit, and slely gert assay,
 Quhar the dyke schaldest was.
 Till at the last he fand a place 355

Ver. 340. Malis Earl of Strathern, a nobleman of great power.

Ver. 354. That is, 'where the ditch was shallowest.'

That

That men mycht till thair schulders wad.
 And quhen he that place fundyn had,
 He gert hys men busk ilkane,
 Quhen sex wouks off the sege wes gane ;
 And turfyt thair harness halely, 360
 And left the sege all opynly ;
 And furth with all his folk gan fayr,
 As he wald do tharto na mayr.

And thai, that war within the toun,
 Quhen thai to fayr sa saw hym boun, 365
 Thai schowtyt hym, and skornyn mad :
 And he furth on hys wayis rad,
 As he ne had will agayne to turn,
 Na besid thaim mak mar foiourn.
 Bot in aucht days not forthy 370
 He gert mak leddrys priuely,
 That mycht suffice till hys entent ;
 And in a myrk nycht syne is went
 Towart the town, all priuely ;
 Thai hard na wachys spek, na cry ; 375
 For thai war within may fall,
 As men that dred not, slepand all.
 Thai haid na dreid than off the KING ;
 For thai off hym hard nathing,
 All the thre dayis befor, or mar ; 380
 Tharfor sekryt and traist thai war.

And quhen the KING thaim hard not ster,
 He was blyth on gret maner,

And

And hys leddrys in hand gan ta,
 Enfample till hys men to ma. 385
 Arayit weill in all hys ger,
 Schot on the dyke, and with hys sper
 Taistyt, till he it our woud :
 Bot till hys throt the watyr stud.

That tyme wis in hys cumpany 390
 A knycht off *Fraunce*, wycht and hardy ;
 And quhen he in the watyr swa
 Saw the KING pass, and with hym ta
 Hys laddyr unabasytly,
 He faynyt hym for the ferly. 395
 And said, " A lord ! quhat fall we fay
 " Off our lords off *Fraunce*, that thai
 " With gud morfells fayris thair pawnych,
 " And will bot ete, and drynk, and dawnse,
 " Quhen sic a knycht, and sa worthy, 400
 " As this throw hys chewalry,
 " Into sic perill has hym set,
 " To wyn a wrechyt hamylett !"

With

Ver. 403. It is no wonder that, to a French knight, Perth, one of the chief towns of Scotland, should appear ' a wretched hamlet.' Such was the poverty of Scotland, owing to want of industry ; for industry can make any country rich ; and want of it can render any country poor. This poverty continued till the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, 1750, when liberty and industry began to diffuse their blessings over Scotland. The flourishing state of Scottish commerce under the five Jameses, lately started by ignorant theorists,

With that word to the dyke he ran,
And our estre the KING he wan.

405

And quhen the KING's mengye saw
Thair lord out our, intill a thraw
Thai passyt the dyk : and, bot mar let,
Thair leddrys to the wall thai fet ;
And to clymb up fast pressyt thai.
Bot the gud KING, as I hard say,
Was the second man that tuk the wall :
And bad thar, till hys mengye all
War cummyn up, in full gret hy ;
Yheit thair rais nothyr noyis na cry.

410

415

Bot sone estre thai noyis mad,
That off thaim fyrst fersawing had,
Swa that the cry rais throw the toun.
Bot he that with hys men wes bounne
Till assaill, to the toun is went,
And the maist off hys mengye sent,
All scalyt throw the town : bot he
Held with hymself a gret mengye ;
Sa that he mycht be ay purwayit
To defend, giff he war assayit.

420

425

Bot thai, that he send throw the toun,
Put to sa gret confusioun
Thair fayis, that in bedds war,
Or scalyt fled her and thar ;

rists, is a mere dream, unsupportable by any proof whatever
Scotland never was in so flourishing a condition as
present.

Tha

That, or the sone raifs, thai had tane 430
 Thair fayis, or discomfyt ilkane.

The wardanys bath tharin war tane :
 And MALICE off STRAITHERNE is gane
 Till hys fadyr, the erle MALICE,
 And with strenth tuk hym, and hys. 435
 Syne for hys sake the nobill KING
 Gave hym hys in gouerning.

The lave, that ran without the toun,
 Sefyt to thaim into gret fufioun
 Men, and armyng, and merchandifs, 440

And othyr gud on syndry wyfs ;
 Quhill thai, that er war pour and bar,
 Off that gud rych and mychty war.
 Bot thar was few slayne ; for the KING

That thaim had gevyn in cummanding 445
 On gret payne, that thai fuld slay nane,
 That bot gret bargane mycht be tane.

That thai war kynd to the cuntré
 He wyft, and off thaim had pité.

In this maner the toune wis tane. 450
 And syne towrs euirilkane,
 And wallis, gert he tumble down :
 He levyt not about that toun

Ver. 439. *Fufioun* is plenty. Shakspeare uses *foyson plenty*, for abundant plenty.

Ver. 450. Fordun xii. 18 dates the taking of Perth 8 Jan. 1312-13. Sir D. Dalrymple 1311. Barbour's authority seems best, who here places it in 1308.

Towr

Towr standand, na stane na wall,
 That he ne haly gert stroy thaim all. 455
 And prifonerys, that thar tuk he,
 He send quhar thai mycht haldyn be.
 And till hys pefs tuk all the land:
 Wis nane that durft hym thar withstand.

Apon north halff the *Scotts Se*, 460
 All obeyfyt till hys maiesté;
 Owtane the LORN, and thai
 Off *Argbile*, that wald with hym ga.
 He held hym ay agayne the KING:
 And hatyt hym atour all thing. 465
 Bot yete, or all the gamyn ga,
 I trow weill that the KING fall ta
 Wengeance off hys gret cruelté;
 And that hym far repent fall he,
 That he the KING contraryit ay, 470
 May fall, quhen he it mend na may.

The KING's brodyr, quhen the toun
 Wes takyn thus, and dongyn doun,
 Schyr EDUARD that was sa worthy,
 Tuk with hym a gret cumpany, 475
 And tuk hys gayt till *Galloway*.
 For with hys men he wald affay
 Giff he mycht recouer that land,
 And wyn it fra *Inglis menys* hand.

This Schyr EDUARD, forfuth Ik hycht, 480
 Wes off hys hand a nobill knycht;
 And in blythnes suete and joly;
 Bot he was owtrageous hardy,
 And off sa hey undertaking,
 That he had neur yhet abaysyng 485
 Off multitud off men, forthy
 He discumfyt commonly
 Mony with quehene: tharfor had he
 Owt our hys pers renounie.
 And quha wald reherfs all the deid 490
 Off hys hey worschip, and manheid,
 Men mycht a mekill romans mak.
 And not forthy, I think to tak
 In hand, to say sum thing off hym:
 Bot not tend part hys trawailyn. 495

This gud knycht, that I spek of her,
 With all the folk that with hym wer,
 Weill sone to *Galloway* cummyn is.
 All that he fand he makyt hys;
 And roytyt gretly the land. 500
 Bot than in *Galloway* war wennand
 Schyr INGREHAME UMPHRAWELL, that wes
 Renonyit off sa hey prowefs,
 That he off worschip passyt the rout;
 Tharfor he gert ay ber about 505
 Apon a sper ane red bonnet,
 Into takyn that he wes fet

Iato

Into the hycht of chewalry ;
 And off SAYNT IHONE als Schyr AYMERY.
 Thir twa the land had in ftering. 510
 And quhen thai hard off the cumming
 Off Schyr EDUARD, that sa playnly
 Owt raid the land, then in gret hy
 Thai assemblyt all thair mengye.
 I trow twalf hundir thai mycht be. 515
 Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
 Befid *Cree*, and sa hard thaim set,
 With hard bataill, and stalwart fycht,
 That he thaim all put to the flycht :
 And slew twa hundir weill and ma. 520
 And the cheyftanys in hy gan ta
 Thair way to *Bothwell*, for to be
 Thar refawyt to fawfté.
 And Schyr EDUARD thaim chaffyt fast.
 Bot till the castell, at the last, 525
 Gat Schyr INGRAHAME, and Schyr AYMERY ;
 Bot the best off thair cumpany
 Left ded behind thaim in the place.
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD saw the chace
 Wes failyt, he gert seyfs the prey ; 530
 And swa gret catell had away,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 Owt of *Bothwell* thai saw how he

Ver. 509. His name was John de St. John, not Aymer de St. John. *Annals*, ii. 25.

Ver. 517. Fordun says near the river Dec, xii. 17. This action happened 29 June 1308.

Gert

Gert hys men dryve with hym the prey;
 Bot na let set tharin mycht thai. 535

Throw hys chewalyoufs chewalry
Galloway wes stonayit gretummly;
 And he dowtit for hys bounté.
 Sum off the men off that cuntré
 Come till hys pefs, and maid hym aith. 540
 Bot Schyr AYMRY that had the skaith
 Off the bargane, I tawld off er,
 Raid till *Ingland* to purches ther
 Off armyt men gret cumpany,
 To wenge hym off the welany 545
 That Schyr EDUARD, that nobill knyght,
 Hym did by *Cre* into the fycht.

Off gud men he assemblyt thar
 Weill fyften hundir men, and mar,
 That was off rycht gud renounné. 550
 Hys way with all that folk tuk he;
 And in the land, all priuely,
 Entryt with that chewalry;
 Thynkand Schyr EDUARD to surpryfs,
 Giff that he moucht on ony wyfs; 555
 For he thocht he wald hym affaill,
 Or that he left in playne bataill.

Now may ye her off gret ferly,
 And off rycht hey chewalry. For

For Schyr EDUARD into the land	560
Wes with hys mengye, rycht ner hand,	
And in the mornyng rycht arly	
Herd the cuntré men mak cry;	
And had witting off thair cummyng.	
Than buskyt he hym, but delaying,	565
And lap on hors deliuerly.	
He had then in route fyfty,	
All apon gud hors armyt weill.	
Hys small folk gert he ilk deill	
Withdraw thaim till a strait tharby:	570
And he raid forth with hys fyfty.	

A knycht, that then wis in hys rowt,	
Worthy and wycht, stalwart and stout,	
Curtails, and fayr, and off gud fame,	
Schyr ALLANE off CATKERT by name,	575
Tauld me this taile, as I fall tell.	
Gryt myft into the mornyng fell,	
Sa thai mycht not se thaim by,	
For myft, a bow-draucht fullyly.	
Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traifs,	580
Quhar at the rowte furth passyt waifs	
Off thair fayis, that forouth raid.	
Schyr EDUARD, that gret yarning had	
All tymes to do chewalry,	
With all hys rowte in full gret hy,	585
Folowyt the traifs quhar gan war thai;	
And, befor myd-morn off the day	

The myst woux cler all sedanly.
 And than he, and hys cumpany,
 War not a bow-draucht fra the rout: 590
 Than schot thai on thaim with a schout.
 For giff thai fled, thai wyft that thai
 Suld not weill feyrd part get away.
 Tharfor in awentur to dey
 He wald hym put, or he wald fley. 595
 And quhen the *Inglis* cumpany
 Saw on thaim cum fa sedanly
 Sik folk, forowtyn abayfing,
 Thai war stonayit for effrayng.
 And the tothyr, bot mar abaid, 600
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid,
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.
 Stonayt fa gretly than thai war,
 Throw the force off that fyrst assay,
 That thai war intill gret affray; 605
 And wend befor thai had ben ma,
 For that thai war assaillyit swa.
 Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim hastely,
 Then Schyr EDUARD's cumpany
 Set stoutly in the heid agayne. 610
 And at that cours borne doun, and slayne,
 War off thair fayis a gret party;
 That thai effrayit war fa gretly,
 That thai war scalyt gretly then.
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD, and hys men, 615
 Saw thaim intill fa ewill aray,
 The thrid tyme on thaim prykyt thai.
 And

And thai that saw thaim sa stoutly
 Come on, dred thaim sa gretummly,
 That all the rowte, baith les and mar, 620
 Fled prykand, scalyt her and thar.
 Was nane amang thaim sa hardy
 To bid; bot all comonaly
 Fled to warand, and he gan chafs
 That willfull to destroy thaim was. 625
 And sum he tuk, and sum war slayn.
 Bot Schyr AMERY, with mekill payn,
 Eschapyt; and hys gate is gayn.
 Hys men discomfyt wer ilkane;
 Sum tane, sum slayn, sum gat away. 630
 It wes a rycht fayr point perfay.

Lo how hardyment tane sa sedanly,
 And drewyn to the end scharply,
 May ger ostfys unluky things
 Cum to rycht fayr and gud endings. 635
 As it fell into this cafs her.
 For hardyment withowtyn wer
 Wan fyften hundir with fyfty:
 Quhar ay for ane thar was twenty;
 And twa men ar a manns her. 640
 Bot ure thaim led on swilk maner,
 That thai discomfyt war ilkane.
 Schyr AMERY hame hys gate is gane,
 Rycht blyth that he swa gat away.
 I trow he fall not mony day 645
 E 2 Haiff

Haiff will to werray that countré :
 With this Schyr EDUARD tharin be ;
 And duell furth into the land,
 Thaim that rebell war werryand.

And in a yer fa werrayit he, 650
 That he wane qwyt that cuntré
 Till hys brodyrs pefs, the KING.
 Bot that wis nocht bot hard fechting.
 For in that tyme thar hym befell
 Mony sayr poynt, as Ik hard tell, 655
 The quhilk that ar not wryttyn her.
 Bot I wate weill that, in that yer,
 Threten castells with strenth he wan,
 And ourcame many a mody man :
 Quha fa off hym the south will reid, 660
 Had he had mesure in hys deid,
 I trow that worthyar then he
 Mycht not in hys tyme fundyn be.
 Axceptyn hys brodyr entrely,
 To quham into chewalry 665
 Lyk wis nane, in hys day :
 For he led hym with mesur ay,
 And wyt with hys chewalry.
 He gouernyt fa worthily
 That he oft full unlikely thing 670
 Brocht rycht weill to gud ending.

In all this tyme JAMES off DOWGLAS
 In the *Forest* trawailand was ;

Ver. 672. Summer 1308.

And

And it, throw hardiment and flycht,
 Occupyit all, maugre the mycht 675
 Off hys fell fayis, the quhyr thai
 Set hym oft in full hard assay.
 Bot oft throw wyt, and throw bounté,
 Hys purpos to gud end broucht he.
 Intill that tyme hym fell throw cas 680
 On ane nycht, as he trawailand was,
 And thocht till haiff resting
 In ane hous on the watyr off *Lyne*.
 And as he come with hys mengye
 Ner hand the hous, sa lysnyt he, 685
 And hard ane say tharin, " the dewill !"
 And be that he persawyt weill
 That thai war strang men, that thar
 That nycht tharin herberyt war.
 And as he thocht it fell per cas : 695
 For off *Bonkle* the Lord thar was,
 ALESANDYR STEWART hat he ;
 With othyr twa off gret bounté,
 THOMAS RANDALL off gret renoune ;
 And ADAM alsua off GORDOUN. 695

Ver. 683. In Tweedale : it passés near Kirkurd, and falls into the Tweed above Peebles.

Ver. 686. Swearing was so uncommon in the country at that time, that Douglas judged a man at arms alone could use it.

Ver. 694. Thomas Randel the king's nephew, soon after this, Earl of Moray.

That thar come with gret cumpany,
 And thocht into the *Forest* to ly,
 And occupy it, throw thair mycht;
 And with trawaill, and stalwart fycht,
 Chase DOWGLAS owt off the cuntré. 700
 Bot othyrwyfs then yeid the gle.

For quhen JAMES had witting
 That strange men had tane herbering
 In the place, that he schuip hym to ly,
 He to the houfs went hastily, 705
 And unbeset it all about.

Quhen thai within hard swilk a rout
 About the houfs, thai raifs in hy,
 And tuk thair ger rycht hastily,
 And schot furth, fra thai harnafyt war. 710

Thair fayis thaim met with wapnys bar,
 And affailyt rycht hardily,
 And thai defendyt doughtely
 With all thair mycht; till at the last
 Thair fayis pressyt thaim sa fast, 715
 That thair folk failyt thaim ilkane.

THOMAS RANDELL thar wes tane;
 And ALYSANDER STEWART alsua,
 Woundyt in a place or twa;
 ADAM off GORDOUN fra the fycht, 720
 Quhat throw hys strenth and mycht,
 Eschapyt; and fer off thair men.
 Bot thai that war arefyt then,

War

War off thair takyng wondre wa.
 Bot neidlings behowit it be fwa. 725

That nycht the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
 Maid to Schyr ALEXANDIR, that was
 Hys ennemys sone, rycht glaidsum cher :
 Swa did he als withowtyn wer
 Till THOMAS RANDELL, for that he 730
 Wes to the KING in ner degre
 Off blud, for hys systre hym bar.
 And on the morn forowtyn mar
 Towart the nobill KING he raid,
 And with hym bath the twa he had. 735

The KING off hys present wis blyth ;
 And thankyt hym weill fele syth.
 And till hys nevo gan he say,
 " Thou hast ane quhill renyid thy fay :
 " Bot yow reconfalit now mon be." 740
 Then till the KING ansueryt he,
 And said, ' Ye chasty me ; bot ye
 ' Aucht better chafnyt for to be ;
 ' For sen ye werrayit the king
 ' Off *England* in playne fechting, 745
 ' Ye suld pres to derenyhe your rycht,
 ' And not with cowardy, na with flycht.'
 The KING said, " Yheit fall it may
 " Cum, or oucht lang, to sik assay.
 " Bot sen yow spekys sa rudly, 750
 " It is gret skill men chasty

E 4

" Thy

“Thy proud words, till that yow know
“The rycht, and bow it as yow aw.”
The KING, forowtyn mar delaying,
Send hym to be in ferme keping;
Quhar that he allane suld be,
Not all apon hys powfté fre.

THE END OF BUKE IX.

THE
BRUCE.

BUCKE X.

ARGUMENT.

The Kyng, at the mountain of Crethinben, defetes the men of Lorn—taks Dunstafnage.—ALEXANDER Lord of ARGYLE submits, bot his son JOHN of LORN flees awa be se.—WILLIAM BUNNOC, a farmer, taks Linlithgow fort, for the King, be stratageme.—RANDEL is maid Erle of MUREF—and besiegis Edinburgh castel.—DOUGLAS taks Roxburgh castel.—RANDEL taks Edinburgh castel.—Schir EDWARD BRUCE taks Ruthglen fort, and Dundee—but gies terms to Strivilin, quhilk draw the King of England to quell Scotland.

B R U C E.

B U K E X.

QUHEN THOMAS RANDELL, on this wyfs,
 Wes takyn, as lk her dewyfs,
 And send to duell in gud keping,
 For spek that he spak to the KING;
 The gud KING, that thocht on the skaith, 5
 The dyspyt and felny bath,
 That IHON of LORNE had to hym done,
 Hys oft assemblyt he then sone;
 And towart *Lorn* he tuk the way,
 With hys men intill gud aray. 10
 Bot IHONE off LORNE off hys cummyng,
 Lang or he come, had witring.
 And men on ilk sid gadryt he,
 I trow twa thousand thar mycht be:
 And send thaim for to stop the way, 15
 Quhar the gud KING behowyt to gay;
 And that wes in an ewill plafs,
 That sa strayt and sa narow was,

Ver. 10. August 1308. See some latin rimes on this sub-
 ject in Fordun, xii. 18.

That

That twasum samyn mycht not rid
 In sum place off the hills sid. 20
 The nethyr halff wes parallous ;
 For a schor crag, hey and hidwoufs,
 Raucht to the fe, doun fra the pafs.
 On ayther halff the montane was
 Swa combroufs hey, and ftay, 25
 That it wes hard to pafs that way.
Crethinben hight that montane.
 I trow nocht that, in all *Bretane*,
 Ane heyar hill may fundyn be.
 Thar IHON of LORN gert hys menye 30
 Enbuschyt, be abowyn the way,
 For, giff the KING held tharaway,
 He thocht he suld sone wencuffyt be.
 And hymselff held hym apon the fe,
 Weill ner the pafs with hys galayis. 35
 Bot the KING, that in all affayis
 Wes fundyn wyfs and awifé,
 Perfawyt rycht weill thair futelté ;
 And that he neid that gait suld ga.
 Hys men depertyt he in twa ; 40

Ver. 27. Is this *Crutbin-ben*, between Lochs Etive and Awe, in the direct way from the east to Dunstaffnage ?

Ver. 35. The chiefs of Argyle, Lorn, and the Isles, being of Norwegian extract, had kept up the navy introduced by the Norwegians. Tho' the kings of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, had all their fleets, it cannot be discovered that the kings of Scotland ever had any.

And

And till the gud Lord of DOWGLAS,
 Quham in herbryd all worschip was,
 He taucht the archerys cuirilkane.
 And this gud Lord with hym has tane
 Schyr ALYSANDER FRASER the wycht; 45
 And WYLLYAM WYSEMAN, a gud knycht;
 And with thaim syne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
 Thir with thair mengye held thair way,
 And clamb the hill deliuerly.
 And, or thai off the tothyr party 50
 Perfawyt thaim, thai had ilkane
 The hycht abowyne thair fayis tane.

The KING and hys men held thair way:
 And quhen intill the pafs war thai
 Entryt, the folk of *Lorne* in hy 55
 Apon the KING rayfyt the cry.
 And schot, and tumblyt on hym stans,
 Rycht gret and hewy for the nanys.

Bot thai scaith not gretly the KING.
 For he had thar in hys leding 60
 Men, that lycht and deliuer war,
 And lycht armours had on thaim thar;
 Swa that thai stoutly clamb the hill:
 And lettyt thair fayis to fulfill
 The maist pairt off thair felny. 65
 And als, apon the tothyr party,
 Come JAMES off DOWGLAS, and hys rout,
 And schot apon thaim with a schout.

And

And woundyt thaim with arows fast ;
 And with thair suerdys, at the last, 70
 Thai ruschyt among thaim hardely.
 For thai off *Lorne*, full manlely,
 Gret and a pert defens gan ma.
 Bot quhen thai saw that thai war swa
 Affailyt apon twa partyfs ; 75
 And saw weill that thair ennymys
 Had all the fayrer off the fycht ;
 In full gret hy thai tuk thair flycht.

And thai a feloune chafs gan ma ;
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta. 80
 And thai that mycht eschap, but delay,
 Rycht till ane watyr held thair way,
 That ran down be the hillys syd.
 It was sa styth, and depe, and wyd,
 That men in na place mycht it pass, 85
 Bot at ane brig that beneuth thaim was.
 To that brig held thai sfracht thair way,
 And to brek it fast gan assay.
 Bot thei that chassyt, quhen thai saw
 Mak thar a rest, bot drede or aw, 90
 Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely,
 And discomfyt thaim uterly.
 And held the brig hail quhill the KING,
 With all the folk off hys leding,

Ver. 73. That is ' began to make a great and brisk defence.'

Paffyt

Paffyt the brig all at thair ese.

95

To IHONE off LORN it fuld displese,

I trow, quhen he hys men mycht se,

Owte off hys schyppys fra the se,

Be slayn and chaffyt in the hill,

That he mycht set na help thartill.

100

Bot it angrys als gretumly,

To gud harts that ar worthy,

To se thair fayis fulfill thair will,

As to thaimself to thole the ill.

At sik myscheyff war thai off *Lorn*.

105

For fele the lyvys thar has lorne ;

And othyr sum war fled thair way.

The KING in hy gert sese the pray

Off all the land : quhar men mycht se

Sa gret habundance cum off se,

110

That it war wondre to behawld.

The KING, that stoute wes, stark, and bauld,

Till *Dunstaffynch* rycht sturdely

A sege set ; and besyly

Affailyt the castell it to get.

115

And, in schort tyme, he has thaim set

In fwilk thrang, that tharin war than,

That magre thaimis he it wan.

And ane gud wardane tharin set,

And betaucht hym bath men, and met,

120

Ver. 113. *Dunstaffnag* on the western shore of *Lorn*, a strong castle, and the residence of the chief. See a description and view of it in Mr. Pennant's *Tour*.

Swa

Swa that he lang tyme thar mycht be,
Magre thaim all off that countré.

Schyr Alysander off ARGHILE, that saw
The KING destroy up clene and law
Hys land; send treyters to the KING; 125
And come hys man bot mar duelling.
And he refawyt hym till hys pefs.
Bot IHONE off LORNE hys son, that wes
Rebelland, as he wes wont to be,
And fled with schippys on the se. 130

Bot thai, that left apoun the land,
War to the KING all obeyfand;
And he thair hofstage all has tane;
And towart *Perth* agayne is gane,
To play hym thar into the playne. 135
Yeyt *Lothyane* wes hym agayne.
And at *Lythkow* was than a pele,
Mekill, and stark, and stuffyt wele

With

Ver. 125. *Treyters* are 'messengers to treat.'

Ver. 137. The Annalist of Scotland dates the taking of Linlithgow fort in 1311. There is therefore a vacancy of two years in this part of the poem, from 1308 to 1311. A peace between England and Scotland was negotiating in 1308, 1309, by the mediation of France. Nor was any thing warlike performed till 1310, for the brief siege of Rutherglen is very dubious: (Annals, ii. 30). But in 1310 Edward II. made a fruitless and inglorious expedition as far as Renfrew: and a famine then raged in Scotland. In 1311 Bruce re-
fumed

With *Inglifmen*; and was refett
 To thaim that, with armurs or met, 140
 Fra *Edynburgh* wald to *Strewelyn* ga.
 And fra *Strewelyng* agayne alsua
 Intill the cuntré did gret ill.
 Now may ye her, giff that ye will,
 Entremellys, and juperdys, 145
 That men assayit mony wyfs,
 Castells and peylls for to ta.
 And this *Lithquhow* wes ane off tha:
 And I fall tell yow quhow it wes tane.
 In the cuntré thar wenyt ane 150
 That husband was, and with hys fe
 Offtysys hay to the peile led he.
 WILYAME BUNNOCK to name he had.
 He saw fa hard the cuntré stad,
 Throw the gret force that it wes then 155
 Gouvernyt, and led with *Inglis men*;
 Thai trawaillyt men outour mesure.
 He wes a stout carle and a sture;
 And off hymselff dour, and hardy;
 And had freynds wonnand hym by. 160
 And schawyt to sum hys priueté;
 And apon hys conwyne gat he
 Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma,
 Qubill that he with hys wayn fuld ga

sumed his operations. We may regret that Barbour has omitted two great incidents, the expedition of Edward II. and the famine.

Ver. 151. A *husband* is a farmer, *villicus*.

To lede thaim hay into the pele. 165
 Bot hys wayne suld be stuffyt wele:
 For aucht men, in the body
 Off hys wayne, suld fit priuely,
 And with hay helyt be about.
 And hymselff, that wes dour and stout, 170
 Suld by the wayne gang ydilly;
 And ane yuman, wycht and hardy,
 Befor suld dryve the wayne; and ber
 Ane hachat, that war scharp to scher,
 Undre hys belt: and quhen the yat 175
 War opynnyt; and thai war tharat,
 And he hard hym cry sturdely
 "Call all! Call all!" than hastely
 He suld stryk with the ax in twa
 The soyme; and than in hy suld tha, 180
 That war within the wayne, cum out,
 And mak debat, quhill that thair rout
 That suld ner by enbuschyt be,
 Cum for to manteyne the mellé.

This wes intill the herwyft tyd, 185
 Quhen felds, that ar fayr and wyd,
 Chargyt with corne all fully war;
 For syndry cornys that thai bar
 Wox ryp to wyn, to mannys fud:
 That the treys all chargyt stud 190
 With fer fruts, on syndry wyfs.
 In this fuede tyme, that I dewyfs,

Ver. 180. *Soyne*, a rope used in drawing carriages.

Thai

Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay,
 And with this BUNNOK spokyn had thai,
 To lede thair hay, for he wes ner ; 195
 And he assentyt but daunger.

And said that, in the mornynge
 Weill sone, a fothyr he suld bryng,
 Fayrar, and grefar, and weill mor,
 Than he broucht ony that yer befor. 200

And held thaim cunnand sekyrly.
 For that nycht warnyt he priuely
 Thaim that in the wayne suld ga,
 And that in the buschment suld be alua.

And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar, 205
 That or day thai enbuschyt war,
 Weill ner the pele ; quhar thai mycht her
 The cry, als sone as ony wer.
 And held thaim sua still, but stering,
 That nane off thaim had persawing. 210

And this BUNNOK fast gan hym payne
 To drefs hys menye in hys wayne ;
 And all, a quhile befor the day,
 He had thaim helyt weile with hay.
 And made hym to yok hys fe, 215
 Till men the sun schynand mycht se.
 And sum that war within the pele
 War ischyt on thair awne unsele,
 To wyn the herwyft ner tharby.
 Than BONNOK with the company, 220

That in hys wayne clofyt he had,
 Went on hys way, but mar debaid,
 And callyt hys men towart the pele.
 And the portar, that saw hym wele
 Cum ner the yat, it opnyt sone. 225
 And than BONNOK, forowtyn hone,
 Gert call the wayne deliuerly.
 And quhen it wes set ewynly
 Betwix the cheks off the yat,
 Swa that men mycht it spar na gat, 230
 He cryt, " Theyff! Call all! Call all!"
 And he than lete the gad wand fall;
 And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.
 BONNOK with that deliuerly
 Roucht till the portar sic a rout, 235
 That blud and harnys bath come out.
 And thai, that war within the wayne,
 Lap out belyff; and sone has slayne
 Men off the castell, that war by.
 Than in a quhile begouth to cry; 240
 And thai that ner erbuschyt war
 Lap out, and come with fuerds bar,
 And tuk the castell all but payn:
 And has thaim that tharin was slayn.
 And thai that war went furth beforne, 245
 Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn,
 Thai fled to warand to and fra;
 And sum till *Edinburgh* gan ga;
 And till *Strewilline* ar othyr gane;
 And sum intill the gat war slayne. 250
 BUNNOK

BUNNOK on this wyfs, with hys wayne,
 The pele tuk, and the men has flayne.
 Syne taucht it till the KING in hy,
 That hym rewardyt worthely ;
 And gert dryve it down to the ground. 255
 And fyne our all the land gan found,
 Settand in pefs all the cuntré,
 That at hys obeyfance wald be.

And quhen a litill tyme wes went,
 Eftre THOMAS RANDALL he fent ; 260
 And fa weill with hym tretyt he,
 That he hys man hecht for to be.
 And the KING hys ire hym forgave :
 And for to hey hys ftate hym gave
 Murreff, and Erle tharoff hym maid. 265
 And othyr syndry lands braid
 He gave hym intill heretage.
 He knew hys worthy waffelage,
 And hys gret wycht, and hys awyfs,
 Hys traift hart, and hys lele feruice. 270
 Tharfor in hym affayit he,
 And ryche maid hym off lands and fa.
 As it wer certs rycht worthy,
 And off fa fowerane gret bounté,
 That mekill off hym may spokyn be. 275 }

Ver. 256. To *found* is to go, to travel.

Ver. 266. The charter, which is curious, is published by Home, Lord Kaim, in his *Essays on British Antiquities*, and in Shaw's *History of Moray*. It has no date.

And for I think off hym to redé,
 And to schaw part off hys gud dede,
 I will discryve now hys fassoun,
 And part off hys condition.
 He was off mesurabill statur, 280
 And weile porturat at mesur;
 With braid wesage, plesand and fayr,
 Curtais at poynt, and debonayr;
 And off rycht sekyr contenyng;
 Lawté he lowyt atour all thing. 285
 Falsset, trefoun, and felony,
 He stud agayne ay entrely.
 He heyit honour ay, and larges,
 And ay mantenynt rychtwyfnes.
 In cumpany solacious 290
 He was; and tharwith amorous.
 And gud knychts he luffyt ay.
 And, giff I the suth fall say,
 He was fulfilyt off bounté,
 Als off wertuys all maid was he. 295
 I will commend hym her na mar:
 Bot ye fall her wele forthyrmar,
 That he, for hys deds worthy,
 Suld weill be pryfyt souerandly.

Quhen the KING thus was with hym saucht,
 And gret lordschippis had hym betaucht, 301
 He woux sa wyfs, and sa awisé,
 That hys land fyrst weill stablyst he.

And

And syne he sped hym to the wer,
 To help hys eyne in hys myster. 305
 And with the assent off the KING,
 Bot with a symple aparaling,
 Till *Edinburgb* he went in hy,
 With gud men intill cumpany,
 And set a sege to the castell; 310
 That than was warnyft wondre weill
 With men and wiçtallis, at all rycht,
 Sa that it dred na mannys fycht.

Bot this gud Erle not forthy
 The sege tuk full apertly. 315
 And pressyt the folk that tharin was
 Swa, that not ane the yet durst pass.
 Thai may abid tharin, and ete
 Thair wiçtall, quhile thai oucht may get;
 Bot I trow thai fall lettyt be 320
 To purchefs mar in the cuntré.
 That tyme EDUARD of *England* king
 Had gewyn that castell in keping
 Till Schyr PERYS LOMBERT of *Gascone*.
 And quhen thai off hys garysone 325
 Saw the sege set thar sa stythly,
 Thai mystrow hym off tratoury,
 For that he spokyn had with the KING.
 And for that ilk mistrowing

Ver. 308. 1312.

Ver. 324. Leland, Collect. ii. 546, calls him *Piers Leland*, perhaps from nominal affection.

Thai tuk hym, and put hym in presoun, 330
 And off thair awyn natioun
 Thai maid a constabill, thaim to lede,
 Bath wyfs, and war, and wycht of dede.
 And he set wyt, and strenth, and flycht,
 To kepe the castell at hys mycht. 335

Bot now off thaim I will be still ;
 And spek a litill quhill I will
 Off the douchty lord off DOWGLAS,
 At that tyme in the Forest was.
 Quhar he mony a juperty, 340
 And fayr poynts off chewalry,
 Serwyt as weill be nycht as day,
 Till thaim that in hys castells lay,
 Till *Roxburgh* and *Fedworth* ; bot I
 Will lat fele off thaim pas for by ; 345
 For I can noucht reheris thaim all.
 And thought I couth, weill trow ye fall,
 That I mycht not suffyce tharto,
 Thar fuld fa mekill be ado.
 Bot thai, that I wate wyttrely, 350
 Eftre my wytt reheris will I.

This tyme that the gud Erle THOMAS
 Affegyt, as the lettre sayis,

Ver. 339. 1312.

Ver. 353. 'As the lettre sayis,' only implies, as in this
 book has been said before.

Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, JAMES off DOWGLAS

Set all hys wyt for to purchas 355

How *Roxburch*, throw futelté

Or ony craft, mycht wonnyn be.

Till he gert SYME off the LEIDHOUSS,

A crafty man and a curious,

Off hempyn rapis leddres ma, 360

With irne steppis bundyn swa,

That brek wald not on na kyn wifs.

A cruk thai maid at thair deuifs

Off irne, that wes styth and squar,

That fra it in ane kyrneill war, 365

And the leddre tharfra straitly

Strekyt, it suld stand sekyrly.

This gud Lord off DOWGLAS, alfone.

As this deuifit wes and done,

Gadryt gud men in priuete, 370

Thre scor, I trow, thai mycht be.

And on the Fastryngs-ewyn rycht,

In the beginning off the nycht,

To the castell thai tuk thair way.

With blak frogs helyt war thai, 375

The armours that thai on thaim had.

Thai come ner by thair, but abad,

Ver. 365. A kernil is one of the low interstices of wall on the battlements.

Ver. 372. Fastrens-even is the eve of Lent. 6 March 1313.

Ver. 375. A *frog*, now spelt *frock*, is an upper-coat.

And

And fend haly thair hors tharfra.
 And thai on rawnge, in an route gan ga
 On hands and fete, quhen thai war ner, 380
 Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer,
 That war wont to be bondyn left tharout ;
 It was rycht myrk withoutyn dout.
 The quheyn ane, on the wall that lay,
 Besid hym till hys fere gan say, 385
 " This man thinks to mak gud cher,"
 (And nemyt ane husband tharby ner)
 " That has left all hys oxin owt."
 The tothyr said, ' It is na dout
 ' He sall mak mery to nycht, thocht thai 390
 ' Be with the DOWGLAS led away.'
 Thai wend the DOWGLAS and hys men
 Had bene oxyn ; for thai yeid then
 On hands and fete, ay ane and ane.
 The DOWGLAS rycht gud tent has tane 395
 To thair spek : bot alfone thai
 Held carpand inwart thair way.

DOWGLAS' men tharoff war blyth.
 And to the wall thai sped thaim swyth :
 And sone has up thair leddres set, 400
 That maid a clap quhen thai cruchet
 Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.
 That herd ane off the wachis weill ;
 And buskyt thyddirwart, but baid.
 Bot LEDDEHOUSE, that the leddre maid, 405
 Sped

Sped hym to clymb fyrst to the wall :
 Bot or he wes up gottyn all,
 He at that ward had in keping,
 Met hym rycht at the upcumming.
 And for he thought to ding hym down, 410
 He maid na noyis, na cry, na foun,
 Bot schot to hym deliuerly.
 And he that was in jupperty
 To de, a launce he till hym maid,
 And gat hym be the nek but baid ; 415
 And stekyt hym upwart with a knyff ;
 Quhill in hys hand he left the lyff.
 And quhen he ded swa saw hym ly,
 Upon the wall he went in hy,
 And down the body keft thaim till ; 420
 And said, " All gangs as we will.
 " Spede yow upwarts deliuerly."
 And thai did swa, in full gret hy.
 Bot, or thai wan up, thar come ane,
 And saw LEDHOUSS stand hym allane, 425
 And knew he was not off thair men.
 In hy he ruschyt till hym then ;
 And hym assaylit sturdely,
 Bot he slew hym deliuerly ;
 For he wes armyt, and wes wycht ; 430
 The tothyr nakit wes, Ik hycht,
 And had noucht for to stynt the strak.
 Sic mellé thairup gan he mak,
 Quhill DOWGLAS, and hys mengye all,
 War cummyn up upon the wall. 435
 Then

Then in the tour thai went in hy :
 The folk wes that tyme halyly
 Intill the hall, at thair daunsing,
 Synging, and other wayis playing ;
 As apon Fastyrings-ewyn is 440
 The custume to mak joy and blyfs,
 Till folk that ar into pousté ;
 Swa trowyt thai that tyme to be.

Bot, or thai wyft, rycht in the hall
 DOWGLAS, and hys route, cummyn war all. 445
 And cryt on hycht, DOWGLAS ! DOWGLAS !
 And thai, that ma war than he was,
 Hard DOUGLAS ! cryt hydwyfsly ;
 Thai war abaysit for the cry ;
 And schuip rycht na defens to ma. 450
 And thai but pité gan thaim sla,
 Till thai had gottyn the ourhand.
 The tothyr fled to sek warand.
 That out off mesur ded gan dreid.
 The wardane saw how that it yeid 455
 That callyt was GILMYN DE FYNYS ;
 In the gret toure he gottyn is,
 And othyr off hys cumpany,
 And sparryt the entré hastely.
 The lave, that lewynt war without, 460
 War tane, or slayn, thar is na dout,

Ver. 456. Gillemin de Fiennes, *Annals*, ii. 37.

Bot

Bot giff that any lap the wall.

The DOWGLAS that nycht held the hall,

Allthoch hys fayis tharoff wer wa.

Hys men was gangand to and fra,

465

Throw out the castell all that nycht.

Till on the morne, that day wes lycht,

The wardane, that wis in the tour,

That was a man off gret walour,

GILMYN THE FYNYS, quhen he saw

470

The castell tint, be cleue and law,

He fet hys mycht for to defend

The tour; but thai without hym send

Arowyis in sa gret quantité,

That anoyit tharoff wes he.

475

Bot till the tothyr day not forthy

He held the tour full sturdely.

And then at ane affalt he was

Woundyt sa felly in the face,

That he wes dredand off hys lyff;

480

Tharfor he tretyt thar beliff;

And yauld the tour on sic maner,

That he, and all that with hym wer,

Suld saufly pafs in *England*.

DOWGLAS held thaim gud conand,

485

And cowoid thaim to thair cuntré.

Bot thar full schort tyme levyt he:

For throw the wound intill the face,

He deyt sone, and beryit was.

DOWGLAS

DOWGLAS the castell sefyt all, 4
 That than was closyt with stalwart wall;
 And send this LEIDHOUSS till the KING,
 That maid hym full gud rewarding.
 And hys brothyr in full gret hy,
 Schyr EDUARD, that wes sa douchty, 4
 He send thyddyr to tumble it doun,
 Bath tour, and castell, and dungeoun.
 And he come with gret cumpany,
 And gert trawaill sa besyly,
 That tour and wall, rycht to the ground, 5
 War tumblyt in a litill stound.
 And duelt thar quhill all *Tewidale*
 Come to the KINGS pefs, all haile,
 Owtane *Jedwort*, and othyr that ner
 The *Inglismennys* bounds wer. 5

Quhen *Roxburch* wonyn was on this wyfs,
 The Erle THOMAS, that hey emprifs
 Set ay on souerane hey bounté,
 At *Edynburgh* with hys mengye
 Was liand at a sege, as I 5
 Tauld you befor all opynly.
 Bot fra he hard how *Roxburch* was
 Tane with a trayne, all hys purchas,
 And wyt, and besynes, Ik hycht,
 He set for to purches sum slycht, 5
 How he mycht help hym, throw body
 Mellyt with hey chewalry,

To wyn the wall off the castell
 Throw sum kyn slycht. For he wyft weill
 That na strenth mycht it plainly get, 520
 Quhill thai within had men and met.

Tharfor priuely speryt he
 Giff ony man mycht fundyn be,
 That couth fynd any juperty
 To clymb the wallis priuely : 525
 And he suld have hys waryfoun.
 For it wes hys ententioun
 To put hym till all awentur,
 Or that a sege on hym mysfur.

Than wes thar ane WILYAME FRANCUSS, 530
 Wycht, and apert, wyfs, and curyufs,
 That intill hys youthheid had bene
 In the castell ; quhen he has sene
 The Erle sua enkerly hym set
 Sum futelté, or wile, to get, 535
 Quhar throw the castell have mycht he,
 He come to hym in priueté ;
 And said, “ Methink ye wald blythly
 “ That men fand yow sum jupartly,
 “ How ye mycht our the wallis wyn : 540
 “ And certs giff ye will begyn
 “ For till assay on sic awyfs,
 “ Ik undirtak, for my seruice,
 “ To ken yow to clymb to the wall ;
 “ And I fall formaft be off all ; 545
 “ Quhar

" Quhar with a schort leddre may we,
 " I trow off twelf fute it may be,
 " Clym to the wall up all quytyly.
 " And giff that ye will wyt how I
 " Wate this, I fall yow blythly say. 550
 " Quhen I was young this hendre day,
 " My fadyr wes keper off yone hous,
 " And I wes sum deill walgeoufs,
 " And lovyt a wench her in the toun.
 " And for I, bot suspicioun, 555
 " Mycht repayr till hyr priuely,
 " Off rapys a leddre to me mad I :
 " And tharwith our the wall I flaid.
 " A strayt roid, that I speryt had,
 " Intill the crage, syne down I went ; 560
 " And offtsyfs come till myn intent.
 " And quhen it ner drew to the day,
 " I held agayne that ilk way :
 " And ay come in but perfawing.
 " Ik usyt lang that trawailing ; 565
 " Sa that I can that roid ga rycht,
 " Thought men se newyr sa myrk the nycht ;
 " And giff ye think ye will assay
 " To pas up estre me that way ;
 " Up to the wall I fall yow bring, 570
 " Giff God us sawys fra perfawing
 " Off thaim, that wachys on the wall.
 " And giff that us swa fayr may fall,
 " That we owr leddres up may set,
 " Giff a man on the wall may get, 575
 " He

“ He sall defend, and it be ned,
 “ Quhill the remanand up thaim sped.”

The Erle wes blyth off hys carping,
 And hycht hym fayr rewarding ;
 And undretuk that gat to ga. 580
 And bad hym sone hys leddre ma,
 And hald hym priué quhill thai mycht
 Set for thair purpose on a nycht.

Sone estre was the leddre maid ;
 And then the Erle, but mar abaid, 585
 Puruayt hym a nycht preuély,
 With threty men, wycht and hardy ;
 And in a myrk nycht held thair way
 That put thaim till full hard assay ;
 And to gret perill sekyrly. 590

I trow, mycht thai haiff sene clerly,
 That gat had not bene undretane,
 Thouch thai to let thaim had not ane.
 For the crag wes hey, and hidwoufs,
 And the clymbing rycht parallous : 595
 For hapnyt ony to slid and fall,
 He suld sone be to fruschynt all.

The nycht wes myrk, as Ik hard say,
 And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai
 Off the crag ; that wes hey and schor. 600
 Than WILYAM FRANSOYS thaim befor

Clamb in crykes forouth ay;
 And at the bak hym followyit thai,
 With mekill payne; quhile to quhile fra,
 Thai clamb into the crykys swa, 605
 Quhile half the craig thai clumbyn had,
 And thar a place thai fand fa brad,
 That thai mycht sit on anerly.
 And thai war handles and wery:
 And thair abad thair aynd to ta. 610
 And rycht as thai war sittand swa,
 Rycht aboune thaim, up upon the wall,
 The chak-wachys asssemblyt all.
 Now help thaim God, that all thing mai!
 For in full gret perill ar thai; 615
 For mycht thai se thaim thar, suld nane
 Eschape out off that place unflane:
 To dede with stanyis thai suld thaim ding,
 That thai mycht help thaimselwyn nathing.

Bot wondre myrk wes the nycht, 620
 Swa that thai off thaim had na sycht.
 And not forthy yeit wes thar ane
 Off thaim, that swappyt doun a ftane,
 And said, "Away! I see yow weille."
 The quheyr he saw thaim not a deile. 625
 Owt our thair heds flaw the ftane;
 And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.

The wachys, quhen thai herd noucht fter,
 Fra that ward samyn all passyt er,

And

And carpand held fer by thar way. 630
 The Erle THOMAS, alfone and thai
 That on the crag thar fat hym by,
 Towart the wall clamb haftily,
 And thyddyr cam, with meikle mayn,
 And not but gret perill and payn. 635
 For fra thyne up wes grewoufer
 To clymb up, ne beneth befer.

Bot quhat kyn payn sua euir thai had,
 Rycht to the wall thai come but bad,
 That had weill ner twelf fute off hycht. 640
 And, forowt perfawing or fycht,
 Thai fet thair leddres to the wall.
 And fyne FRANSOYS, befor thaim all,
 Clamb up; and fyne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
 And fyne the Erle hymself, perfay, 645
 Wes the thrid, that the wall gan ta.
 Quhen thai thar doune thair Lord swa
 Saw clymbyne up upon the wall,
 As woud men thai clamb eftre all.

Bot or all up clumbyn war thai, 650
 Thai that war wachys till assay,
 Hard ftering, and priué speking,
 And alswa fraying off armyng.
 And on thaim schot full sturdely;
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely; 655
 And slew off thaim dispiteoufly.
 Than throw the castell rais the cry,

“Trefoun! Trefoun!” thai cryt fast.
 Than sum off tham war swa agast,
 That thai fled, and lap our the wall.
 Bot to say futh, thai fled not all.

660

For the constabill, that wes hardy,
 All armyt schot furth to the cry;
 And with hym fele hardy and stout.
 Yeyt wes the Erle, with hys rout,
 Fechtand with thaim apon the wall;
 Bot sone he discomfyt thaim all.
 Be that hys men war cummyn ilk ane
 Up to the wall, and he has tane
 Hys way down to the castell sone.
 In gret perill he hes hym doyn,
 For thai war fer ma men tharin,
 (And thai had bene off gud cowyne)
 Than he; bot thai effrayit war.
 And not for this, with wapnys bar,
 The constabill, and hys cumpany,
 Met hym and hys, rycht hardely.

665

670

675

Thar mycht men se gret bargane rifs:
 For with wapnys off mony wifs
 Thai dang on othyr, at thair mycht,
 Quhill swerds that war fayr and brycht
 War till the hilts all bludy.
 Than hidwyfly begouth the cry:
 For thai that fellyt, or stekyt, war,
 Hidwyfly gan cry and rar.

680

685

The

The gud Erle, and hys cumpany,
 Faucht in that fycht sa sturdy,
 That all thair fayis ruschyt war,
 The constabill wes slane rycht thar.
 And fra he fell the remanand 690
 Fled, quhar thai best mycht, to warand.
 Thai durst not bid to ma debate.
 The Erle was handlyt thar sa hat,
 That had it not hapnyt throw cas,
 That the constabill thar slayn than was, 695
 He had bene in gret perell thar.
 Bot quhen thaj fled thar was na mar;
 Bot ilk man, to sauff hys lyff,
 Fled furth hys dayis for to dryve.
 And sum slaid down out our the wall. 700
 The Erle has tane the castell all;
 For thar wes nane durst hym withstand.
 I hard newyr quhar, in na kin land,
 Wes castell tane sa hardely,
 Owtakyn *Treile* anerly, 705
 Quhen ALEXANDER the cunquerour,
 That conqueryt *Babilonys* tour,
 Lap on bar foris fra the wall;
 Quhar he amang hys fayis all,

Ver. 701. Edinburgh castle was taken 14th March 1313, Fordun xii. 19.

Ver. 705. Editions read *Tyre*, absurdly. It was in a town of the Oxydracæ that Alexander incurred this danger. Arrian. lib. vi. p. 394, ed. Blancardi. But the name is unknown, and Barbour's authority escapes me.

Defendyt hym full doughtely, 710
 Quhill hys nobill chewalry,
 With leddres our the wall yeid,
 That nothyr left for dede na dreid.
 For fra thai wyft weill that the king
 Wes in the toun, thar was nathing 715
 Intill that tyme that ftynt thaim moucht,
 For all perill thai set at noucht.
 Thai clamb the wall; and ARISTE'
 Come fyrst to the gud king, quhar he
 Defendyt hym, with all hys mycht; 720
 That then sa hard wes set, Ik hycht,
 That he wes fellyt on a kne;
 He till hys bak had set a tre,
 For dred thai fuld behind affaile.
 ARISTE' then to the bataille 725
 Sped hym in hy, all sturdely,
 And dang on thaim sa doughtely,
 That the king weille reskewit was.
 For hys men, into syndry plas,
 Clamb our the wall and foucht the king, 730
 And hym reskewyt with hard fechting;
 And wanne the toun deliverly.
 Owtane this taking enerly,
 I herd neur, in na tyme gane,
 Quhar castell was sa stoutly tane. 735

And off this taking that I mene
 Saint MARGARET, the gud haly quene,

Wyft

Ver. 737. Margaret, the queen of Malcom III. a woman
 worth

Wyft in hyr tyme, throw reweling
 Off hym that knaws and wate all thing.
Tharfor, insted of prophecy, 740
Sche left taknyng rycht joly,
That is yeit intill hyr chapele.
Sche gert weill portray a castell,
A leddre up to the wall standand,
And a man up tharapon clymband. 745
And a wrote oucht hym, as auld men fayis,
In *Frankis, Gardys vouys de Fransais.*
And for this word sche gert wryt swa,
Men wend the *Frankis men* suld it ta.
Bot for **FRAWNSOUS** hattyn wes he, 750
That swa clamb up in priueté,
Sche wrat that, as in prophecy:
And it fell estrewart sothly
Rycht as she said; for tane it was,
And **FRANSOYS** led thaim up that pass. 755

On this wyfs *Edinburgh* was tane;
 And thai that war tharin ilkane
 Othyr tane, or flane, or lap the wall.
 Thair guds haiff thai lefyt all;

worth a thousand saints. See the life of her, by her confessor, in the *Vite Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, Londini, 1789, 8vo.

Ver. 746. Editions read:

And wrote on him, as old men fayes.

We should surely read 'owr him,' over him, above him.

And fouch the houfs euirilkane.
Schyr PERS LUMBART that was tane,
As I faid er befor, thai fand
In boyis, and hard feftnyng fittand.
Thai broucht hym to the Erle in hy,
And he gert loufs hym haftely;
Then he become the KING's man.
Thai fend word to the KING rycht than,
And tauld how the caftell wes tane.
And he in hy is thyddar gane;
With mony ane in cumpany,
And gert myne down all halyly,
Bath tour and wall rycht to the grond.
And fyne our all the land gan fond,
Sefand the cuntré till hys pefs.
Off this deid, that fa worthy wes,
The Erle was presyt gretumly.
The KING that faw hym fa worthy,
Was blyth, and joyfull our the lave,
And to mantayne hys ftat he gave
Rents and lands, fayr inewch.
And he to fa gret worfchip dreuch,
That all fpak off hys gret bounté.
Hys fayis gretly ftodayit he;
For he fled neuir for force off fycht.
Quhat fall I mar fay off hys mycht?
Hys gret manheid, and hys bounté,
Gerrs hym yeit renownyt be.

In this tyme, that thir jupertys
 Off thir castells, that I dewifs,
 War eschewyt fa hardely, 790
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the hardy,
 Had all *Galloway* and *Nidysdale*
 Wynnyn till hys liking all haile.
 And dingyn doun the castells all
 Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall. 795

He hard than fay, and knew it weile,
 That in *Ruglyn* wes a pele.
 Thyddir he went, with hys menye,
 And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he.
 Syne to *Dundé* he tuk the way, 800
 That then wes halden, as I herd fay,
 Agayne the KING. Tharfor in hy
 He set a sege tharto stoutly ;
 And lay thar quhill it yolden was.
 To *Strewillyne* syne the way he taes ; 805
 Quhar gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 That was sa douchty at assay,
 Was wardane ; and had in keping
 That castell, off the *Inglis* king.

Thartill a sege thai set stythly : 810
 Thai bekkryt offtys sturdely ;
 Bot gret chewalry done wes nane.
 Schyr EDUARD, fra the sege wes tane,

A weill lang tyme about it lay,
 Fra the Lentryne, that is to say,
 Quhill forouth the Saint Ihonys mess;
 The *Inglis* folk, that tharin wes,
 Begouth to failye wictaill be than.
 Than Schyr PHILIP, that douchty man,
 Tretyt quhill thai consentyt war,
 That giff at Midsomer, the neist yer
 To cum, it war not with bataill
 Reskewyt; than that, forowtyn faill,
 He suld the castell yauld quytly.
 That connand band thai sekyrly.

Ver. 815, 816. From Lent 1313 to 24th Jun

THE END OF BUKE X.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E X I.

A R G U M E N T.

Thisk, and the twa folowand bukes, contein the Kyng of England's array again Scotland, and the battel of Bannocburn. EDWARD II. assembles and gret host, dividit intil ten battels, of ten thousand men ilkane—marchis till Edenborrow.—King ROBERT summons his armie of thritty thousand, and ma, and dividis tham into four battels—his stratageme—he orders the sma folk, carriage, and vittail, fra bim.—The Inglis advaunce to Falkirk.—The Erle of MUREF, with fyve hundred men, assalis eight hundred.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XI.

AND quhen this cunand thus was maid,
 Schyr PHILIP intill *Ingland* raid ;
 And tauld the King all hale his tale,
 How he a twelf moneth all hale
 Had, (as it wryttin wes in their tailé), 5
 To reskew *Strewilhyne* with bataillé.

And quhen he hard Schyr PHILIP say
 That *Scotts men* had set a day
 To fycht ; and that sic space he had
 To purway him ; he wes rycht glaid. 10
 And said, it wes gret sukudry
 That set thaim apon sic foly.
 For he thocht to be, or that day,
 Sa purwayit, and in sic aray,
 That thar suld nane strenth hym withstand. 15
 And quhen the lords off *Ingland*
 Herd that this day wes set planly,
 Thai jugyt it all for to failly,

Ver. 5. *Tailé* is covenant, agreement.

And

And thought to haiff all thair liking,
Giff men abaid thaim in fechting.

Bot oft faillys the fulis thought :
And yheit wyfsmennys ay cummys nocht
To sik end, as thai weine, always.
A litill ftane oft, as men fays,
May ger weltyr a mekill wayne.
Na mannys mycht may stand agayne
The grace of God, that all thing fters.
He wate quhat till all thing affers ;
And disponys at hys liking
Off hys ordynance all thing.

Quhen Schyr EDUARD, as I yow fay,
Had gevyn fwa owtrageous a day
To yeld, or refkew, *Strewillyne*,
Rycht to the KING he went hym fyne.
And tauld quhat trefyfs he had mad ;
And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
The KING said, quen he hard the day,
“ It wes unwifely doyn perfay !
“ Ik herd neuir quhar fa lang warnyng
“ Wes gevyn to fa mychty a King,
“ As is the King off *England*.
“ For he has now intill hand
“ *England*, *Ireland*, and *Walis* alfua,
“ And *Aquitangue* yheit, with all tha ;
“ And off *Scotland* yeit a party
“ Dwells undre hys fenyowry.

" And off tresour sa stuffyt is he,
 " That he may wageours haiff plenté.
 " And we ar quhoyne, agayne sa fele.
 " God may rycht weill ovr werdys dele! 50
 " Bot we ar fet in juperty,
 " To tyne, or wyn, than hastily."

Schyr EDUARD said, ' Sa God me rede!
 ' Thoch he, and all that he may lede,
 ' Cum; we fall fecht all, war thai ma.' 55
 Quhen the KING hard hys brodyr say swa
 Spek to the bataill sa hardely,
 He presyt hym in hys hart gretumly.
 And said, " Brodyr, sen swa is gane,
 " That this thing thus is undretane, 60
 " Schap we us tharfor manlely;
 " And all that luffs us tendrely,
 " And the fredome off this cuntré,
 " Purway thaim at that tyme to be
 " Boune, with all the mycht that euir thai may.
 " Swa giff that our fayis assay 66
 " To reskew *Strewilline*, throw bataill,
 " That we off purposis ger thaim fail."

To thys thai all assentyt ar,
 And bad thair men all mak thaim yar 70
 For to be boune, agayne that day,
 On the best wys that euir thai may.

Then

Then all, that worthy war to fycht,
 Off *Scotland* set all hale thair mycht,
 To purway thaim, agayne that day. 75
 Wappnys and armowrs purwayit thai;
 And all that affers to fychting.
 And in *England* the mychty King
 Purwayit hym in sa gret aray,
 That, certs hard I neuir say, 80
 That *Inglis men* mar aparaile
 Maid, than thai did for bataile.

For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner,
 He assemblyit all hys power.
 And, but hys awne chewalry, 85
 That wes sa gret it wes ferly,
 He had off mony fer cuntré
 With hym gud men off gret bounté.
 Off *Fraunce* worthy chewalry
 He had intill his cumpany; 90
 The Erle off *Henaud* als was thar,
 And with hym men that worthy war;
 Off *Gascoyne*, and off *Almany*,
 And off the worthyast off *Bretaynguy*,
 He had wycht men, and weill farand, 95
 Armyt clenly, bath fute and hand.
 That nane left that mycht wappnys weld,
 Or mychty war to fecht in feld.
 All *Walis* als with hym had he;
 And off *Irland* a gret mengye; 100
 Off

Off *Pontynt, Aquitane, and Bayone,*
 He had mony off gret renoune.
 ANE HUNDRE THOUSAND men, and ma;
 And fourty thousand war off tha
 Armyt on horfs, bath heid and hand. 105
 And off thaim yeit war thre thousand,
 With helyt horfs in plate and mailye,
 To mak the front off the batailye.
 And fyfty-twa thousand off archers
 He had, forowtyn hobelers. 110
 And men of fute and smal rangale,
 That yemyt harnays and wittaile,
 He had fa fele, it wes ferly.
 Off carts als that raid thaim by
 Sa fele that, but all thai that bar 115
 Harnays, and als that chargyt war
 With pailyownys, and weschall withall,
 And aparaile off chambyr and hall,

Ver. 103. This number seems not exaggerated. See *Annals*, ii. 41, 42. Edward summoned the whole power of his kingdom; *totum servitium nostrum*. Rymer's *Fœdera*, iii. 478. With half the number he might probably have been victorious. An army exceeding 40,000 seems, from ancient and modern history, to be only calculated for mismanagement and defeat. March, 1314.

Ver. 107. That is, horses covered with mail: a very ancient practice among the Sarmatæ, or Slavonic nations, as appears from Trajan's pillar, and other ancient monuments, collated with ancient authors: and which continued among the Gothic nations to the latest times of chivalry.

And wyne, and wax, schot, and wictaille,
 Aucht schor, chargyt with pulaile. 120
 Thai war sa sele-ghar that thai raid,
 And thair bataills war sa braid,
 And swa gret rowme held thair char,
 That men that mekill off mycht se [far]
 Ourtak the lands largely. 125
 Men mycht se then, that had bene by,
 Mony a worthy man, and wycht;
 Mony ane armour gayly dycht,
 And mony ane sturdy stering sted,
 Arayit intill ryche wede; 130
 Mony helmys, and haberiownys;
 And sa many a comby knycht,
 That it semyt that into fycht
 Thai suld wencufs the warld all haile.
 Quhy suld I mak sa lang my taile? 135
 To *Berwik* ar cummyn ilk ane;
 And sum tharin has innys tane;
 And sum logyt without the townys,
 In tents and in pailyownys.

And

Ver. 120. Editions read, 'fewal.' *Penlaile* is surely poultry.

Ver. 123, 124, 125. The MS. is here corrupt. It reads:

And swa gret rowme held thair char

[A blank space left for a line]

That men that mekill off mycht se,

Ner by quhen sa wald be,

Ourtak the lands largely.

Men mycht se then, that had bene by.

The third line is superfluous nonsense: and this corruption

And quhen the King hys oft has sene 140
 Sa gret ; and sa gude men, and clene ;
 He was rycht joyfull in hys thocht.
 And weill supposit that thar wes noucht
 In warld a king mycht hym withstand.
 Hym thocht all wonnyn till hys hand ; 145
 And largely amang hys men
 The land off *Scotland* delt he then.
 Off othyr mennys thing larg wes he.
 And thai, that war off hys mengye,
 Manaufyt the *Scotts men* haly 150
 With gret words. But not forthy,
 Or thai cum all to thair entent,
 Howys in hale claith fall be rent.

The King, throw cunsaile off hys men,
 Hys folk delt in bataills ten. 155
 In ilkane war weile ten thousand,
 That lete thai stalwartly suld stand
 In the bataill, and stythly fycht ;
 And leve not for thair fayis mycht.
 He set leders till ilk bataile, 160
 That knawin war off gud gouvernaile.
 And till renownyt Erls twa,
 Off *GLOSYSTER* and *HERFURD* war tha,
 Thai had the waward in leding,
 With mony men at thair bidding, 165

is easily remedied from the editions ; which however for *thair*
char read, *they there*.

Ver. 153. That is, 'holes must be made in sound cloth.'

Ordanyt into full gud aray.
 Thai war fa chewalrows, that thai
 Trowyt, giff thai come to fycht,
 Thar suld na strenth withstand thair mycht.
 And the King, quhen hys mengye wer 170
 Dewysit intill bataill fer,
 Hys awne bataill ordanyt he ;
 And quha suld at his bridill be.
 Schyr GILIS DE ARGENTE' he sett
 Apon a halff, hys reyngye to kept ; 175
 And off WALENCE Schyr AYMERY
 On othyr halff, that wes worthy ;
 For in thair fouerane bounté
 Owtowr the lave affayit he.

Quhen the King, apon this kyn wifs, 180
 Had ordanyt, as Ik her deuifs,
 Hys bataills, and hys ftering,
 He rais arly in a mornyng,
 And fra *Berwik* he tuk the way.
 Bath hillis and walis helyt thai, 185
 As the bataills, that war braid,
 Departyt our the felds raid.
 The son wes brycht, and schenand cler,
 And armours that burnysyt wer,
 Sa blomyt with the sonnys beme 190
 That all the land wes in a leme.

Ver. 174. Sir Giles de Argentine, a foreign warrior of great fame, but unknown extract: probably of Flanders.

Ver. 184. June, 1314.

Baners

Baners rycht fayrly flawmand,
 And penfeles to the wynd wawand,
 Swa fele thar war off fer quantifs,
 That it war gret flycht to deuifs. 195
 And fuld I tell all thair affer,
 Thair cuntenance, and the maner,
 Thouch I couth, I fuld combryt be.
 The King, with all that gret mengye,
 Till *Edynburgh* he raid hym rycht. 200
 Thai war all owt to fele to fycht
 With few folk, off a fymple land.
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withstand?

The King ROBERT, quhen he hard fay
 That *Inglis men* in sic aray, 205
 And into swa gret quanteté,
 Come in hys land; in hy gert he
 Hys men be fumound generaly.
 And thai come all, full wilfully,
 To the *Torwood*, quhar that the KING 210
 Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.

Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the worthy,
 Come with a full gret cumpany
 Off gud men, armyt weill at rycht,
 Hardy, and forsy for to fycht. 215
 WALTRE STEWART off SCOTLAND fyne,
 That than wes bot a berdless hyne,

Ver. 193. Pensils are small penons, with which the spears of knights were ornamented.

Come with a rout off nobill men,
 That men mycht be contynence ken.

The gud lord off DOWGLAS alsua 220
 Broucht with hym men, Ik undreta,
 That weile war usyt in fechting ;
 Thai fall the les haiff abayfing,
 Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
 Awantage thai fall tittar se, 225
 For to stonay thair fayis mycht,
 Than men that usis not to fycht.
 The Erle off MURREFF with hys men,
 Arayit weille come alsua then,
 Into gud cowine for to fycht, 230
 And gret will for to manteyne thair mycht.
 Owtakyn thair mony barownys,
 And knychts that off gret renoune is,
 Come, with thair men, full stalwartly.
 Quhen thai war assemblyt halely, 235
 Off fechtand men I trow thai war
 THRETY THOUSAND, and some deill mar ;
 Forowtyn cariage, and pettail,
 That yemyt harnayis, and wittail.

Our all the oft then yeid the KING ; 240
 And beheld to thair contenyng,
 And saw thaim off full fayr affer ;
 Off hardy cuntenance thai war,
 Off liklynes the mast cowart
 Semyt full weill to do hys part. 245
The

ING has sene all thair hawing,
 ew hym weill into sic thing,
 v thaim all commonnaly
 cuntenance, and sa hardy,
 effray or abaying, 250
 hart had he gret liking.
 oucht that men off sa gret will,
 ii wald set thair will thartill,
 full hard to wyn perfay.
 he met thaim in the way, 255
 cumyt thaim with glaidsum far,
 d gud words her and thar.
 ii that thair Lord sa mekly
 :lcum thaim, and sa hamly,
 thai war : and thought that thai 260
 wele to put thaim till assay
 d fechtand, or stalwart stur,
 maynteyne hys honour.

worthy KING, quhen he has sene
 assemblyt all bedene ; 265
 v thaim willfull to fulfill
 ing, with gud hart and will ;
 maynteyne will thair franchis ;
 reiofyt mony wifs.
 lyt all hys cunsaile priué, 270
 d thaim, " Lords, now ye se
Ingli men, with mekill mycht,
 all disponyt thaim for the fycht ;

- “ For thai yone castell wald reskew.
 “ Tharfor is gud we ordane now 275
 “ How we may let thaim off thair purpos ;
 “ And swa to thaim the wayis clofs,
 ¶ That thai pass not, bot gret letting.
 “ We haiff her with us at bidding
 “ Weile threty thousand men, and ma. 280
 “ Mak we four bataills off tha ;
 “ And ordane us in sic maner
 “ That when our fayis cummys ner,
 “ We to the *New Park* hald ovr way.
 “ For thar behowys thaim nede a way, 285
 “ Bot giff that thai will beneuch us ga,
 “ And our the merrais passand swa,
 ¶ We fall be at awantage thar.
 “ And methink that richt spedful war
 “ To gang on fute to this fechtung, 290
 “ Armyt bot in litill armyng ;
 “ For schuip we us on hors to fycht,
 “ Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht,
 ¶ And better horsyt than ar we,
 “ We suld into gret perill be. 295
 “ And giff we fycht on fute perfay
 “ At awantage we fall be ay.
 “ For in the park, amang the treys,
 ¶ The hors men ar cumbryt alwayis.
 “ And the syks alsua, that ar thardoun, 300
 ¶ Sall put thaim to confusioun.”

Ver. 274. Stirling castle, within view.

All

All thai consentyt till that saw.
 And than, intill a litill thraw,
 Thair four bataills ordanyt thai.
 And till the Erle THOMAS perfay 305
 Thai gaiff the waward in leding;
 For in his nobill gouerning,
 And in hys hey chewalry,
 Thai affoweryt rycht soueranly.
 And, for to maynteyne hys baner, 310
 Lords, that of gret worschip wer,
 War assygnyt, with thair mengye,
 Intill hys bataille for to be.
 The tothyr bataile wes gevyn to led
 Till hym, that douchty wes of deid, 315
 And presyt off hey chewalry,
 That wes Schyr EDUARD, the worthy.
 I trow he fall maynteyne it sua
 That, howsæuir the gamyn ga,
 Hys fayis to plenyne fall matre haf. 320
 And syne the thred bataill thai gaff
 Till WALTRE STEWART for to leid;
 And to DOWGLAS douchty off deid.
 Thai war cosyngs in ner degre,
 Tharfor till hym betaucht wes he. 325
 For he wes young, bot not forthy
 I trow he fall sa manlily
 Do hys deuour, and wirk sa weill,
 That hym fall nede ne mar yeinseill.
 The ferd bataill the nobill KING 330
 Tuk till hys awne governing.
 And

And had intill hys cumpany
 The men of *Carrik halely*,
 And off *Arghile*, and off *Kyntyr*,
 And off the *Ilis*, quharoff was Syr 335
 ANGUSS off *Ile* and *Bax*: all tha
 He off the plane land had alsua,
 Off armyt men a mekill rout:
 Hys bataill stalwart wes and stout.
 He said the rerward he wald ma; 340
 And ewyn befor hym suld ga
 The waward; and, on aythir hand,
 The tothyr bataillis suld be gangand,
 Besid on sid a litill space:
 And the KING, that behind thaim was, 345
 Suld se quhar thar war mast mifter,
 And releve thar with hys baner.

The KING, thus, that wes wycht and wifs,
 And rycht awisè at dewifs,
 Ordanyt hys men for the fychting 350
 In gud aray, in allkyn thing.

And on the morn, on Settreday,
 The KING hard hys discourours fay
 That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
 Had lyn at *Edinburch* all nycht. 355

Ver. 333, 334. That is, he joined those of Carrick, in whom he most confided, with those in whom he trusted least, that the former might check the later.

Tharfor,

Tharfor, withowtyn mar delay,
 He till the *New Park* held hys way,
 With all that in hys leding war,
 And in the park thaim herbyryt thar.

And in a plane feld, be the way, 360
 Quhar he thought ned behowyd to gay
 The *Inglis men*, giff that thai wald
 Throw the park to the castell hald,
 He gert men mony potts ma,
 Off a fute braid round; and all tha 365
 War dep uptill a mannys kne;
 Sa thik, that thai mycht lyknyt be
 Till a wax kayme, that beis mais.
 All that nycht trawailand he wais,
 Swa that or day he hes maid 370
 The potts, and thaim helyt haid
 With stykks, and with gres all grene,
 Swa that thai moucht not weill be sene.

On Sunday than, in the mornyng,
 Weile sone estre the sone rysyng, 375
 Thai hard thair mefs commonnaly.
 And mony thaim schraiff full devotly,
 That thought to dey in that mellé,
 Or than to mak thair cuntré fre.
 To God, for thair rycht, prayit thai; 380
 Thar deyt nane off thaim that day.

Ver. 377. Many *shrove*, or confessed their sins to the
 priests,

Bot

Bot for the vigil off Saint Ithane
 Thai fastyt water and breid ilkane,

The KING that, when the mess wes done,
 Went furth to se the potts sone, 385
 And at hys liking saw thaim mad.
 On aythir syd, rycht weill braid,
 It wis pittyt, as Ik haiff tauld.
 Giff that thair fayis on hors wald hald
 Furth in that way, I trow thai fall 390
 Not weill eschaip forowtyn a fall.
 Throwout the ost than gert he cry
 That all suld arm thaim hastily,
 And busk thaim on thair best maner;
 And quhen thai assemblyt wer, 395
 He gert aray thaim for the fycht.
 And syne gert cry our all on hycht
 That quha sa euir he war, that fand
 Hys hart not sekыр for to stand,
 To wyn all, or dey with honour, 400
 For to manteyne that stalwart stour,
 That he betyme suld hald hys way.
 And nane suld duell with hym bot thai
 That wald stand with hym to the end,
 And tak the ure that God wald send. 405
 Than all answeryt with a cry,
 And with a woce said generaly,
 That nane for dout off deid suld faile,
 Quhill discomfyt war the gret bataile,

Quhen the gud KING has hard hys men 410

Sa hardely hym ansuer then,
 Sayand that nothyr dede, na dreid,
 Till sic discomfort suld thaim leid,
 That thai suld eskew the fechting,
 In hart he had gret reiosing. 415

For hym thocht men off sic cowyne,
 Sa gud, and hardy, and sa fyne,
 Suld weill in bataill hald thair rycht,
 Agayne men off full mekill mycht.

Syne all the small folk, and spitall, 420

He send with harneyfs and with wictaill

Intill the park, weill fer hym fra ;

And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga.

And as he bad thai went thair way,

Twenty thousand weill ner war thai. 425

Thai held thair way till a walé.

The KING left bot a clene mengye,

The quithyr thai war threty thousand,

That I trow fall stalwartly stand ;

And do thair deuour as thai aw. 430

Thai stud thaim rangyt all on raw,

Redy for to giff hard bataill,

Giff ony folk wald thaim assaill.

The KING gert thaim all buskyt be,

For he wyft in certanté 435

That hys fayis all nycht lay

At the *Fawkyrk* ; and syne that thai

Held

Held toward hym the way all straucht,
 With mony men off mekill maucht.
 Tharfor till hys newo bad he, 440
 The Erle off MURREFF, with hys mengye,
 Besid the kyrk to kepe the way,
 That na man pass that gat away,
 For to debate the castell.
 And he said himself suld weill 445
 Kep the entré with hys bataill,
 Giff that ony wald thar affaill.
 And syne hys brodyr, Schyr EDUARD,
 And young WALTRE alsua STEWARD,
 And the Lord off DOWGLAS alsua, 450
 With thair mengye, gud tent suld ta,
 Quhilk off thaim had of help mister,
 And help with thaim that with hym wer.

The KING send than JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 And Schyr ROBERT the KEYTH, that than was
 Marischell off all the ost off fé, 456
 The *Inglis mennys* comyng to se.
 And thai lap on, and furth thai raid,
 Weill horsyt men with thaim thai haid;
 And sone the gret ost haiff thai sene, 460
 Quhar schelds schynand war sa schene,
 And bassynetts burnyft brycht,
 That gave agayne the sone gret lycht,
 Thai saw sa fele brawdyne baners,
 Standars, and pennownys, and spers, 465
 And

And sa fele knychts apon fteds,
 All flawmand in thair weds ;
 And sa fele bataills, and sa braid,
 And tuk swa gret rowme as thai raid,
 That the maist ost, and the stoutest, 470
 Off Cryftyndome, and the gretteft,
 Suld be abayfit for to se
 Thair fayis into sic quantité,
 And swa arayit for to fycht.
 Quhen thair discourriours has had fycht 475
 Off thair fayis, as I yow fay,
 Towart the KING thai tuk thair way,
 And tauld hym, into priueté,
 The multitud, and the beauté,
 Off thair fayis, that come sa braid, 480
 And off the gret mycht that thai had.
 Than the KING bad thaim thai suld ma
 Na contenance that it war sua,
 Bot lat them into comowne fay,
 That thai come intill ewyll aray ; 485
 To comfort hys on that wys.
 For oftsyfs throw a word may ryfs
 Discomford, and tynsaill with all.
 And throw a word, als weill may fall,
 Comford may ryfs, and hardyment 490
 May ger men do thair intent.
 On the samyn wis it ded er.
 Thair comford, and thair hardy cher,
 Comford thaim sa gretumly,
 Off thair ost, that the leyft hardy 495
 Be

Be contenance wald formaft be
For to begyne the gret mellé.

Apon this wyfs the nobill KING
Gaiff all hys men recomforting,
Throw hardy contenance of cher, 500
That he maid on fa gud maner.

Thaim thought that na myscheiff mycht be
Sa gret with this thai hym mycht se
Befor thaim, swa that thaim suld greve
That in hys worschip suld thaim releve. 505

Hys worschip comfort thaim swa,
And contenance that he gan ma,
That the mast coward wes hardy.
On othyr halff, full sturdely,
The *Inglis men* on sic aray, 510

As ye haiff herd me forouth say,
Come with thair bataille approchand,
The baners to the wynd wawand.

And quhen thai cummyn war fa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer, 515

Thai chesyt a joly cumpany
Off men, that wycht wer and hardy,
On fayr coursers armyt at ryght.
Four lordys off mekill mycht
War capitanyys off that route. 520

The Schyr the CLYFFURD, that wes stout,

Ver. 514. The day before the battle of Bannockburn, or
23d June, 1314.

Wes

Wes off thaim all fowerane leidar :
 Aucht hundre armyt, I trow, thai war.
 Thai war all young men, and joly,
 Yarnand to do chewalry 525
 Off best of ywill the oft war thai
 Off contenance, and off aray :
 Thai war the fayrest cumpany
 That men mycht fynd off sa mony.

To the castell thai thought to far, 530
 For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar,
 Thai thought it suld reskewyt be.

Furth on thair way held thys mengye,
 And towart *Strewilline* held thair way.
 The *New Park* all eschewit thai, 535

For thai wyft weill the KING was thar,
 And newth the *New Park* gan thai far ;
 Weill newth the kyrk, intill a rout.

The Erle THOMAS, that wes sa stout,
 Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane, 540
 In gret hy went he thaim agayne,

With fyve hundre, forowtyn ma,
 Anoyit in hys hart and wa,
 That thai sa fer war passyt by.

For the KING had said hym rudely, 545
 That " a rose off hys chaplete
 " Was fallyn ;" for quhar he wes set

To

Ver. 526. Editions read :

The best of all the host were they.

Ver. 547. That is a rose of his chaplet, or wreath of flow-

To kep the way thaise men war past.
 And tharfor he hastyt hym sa fast,
 That cummyn in schort tyme wes he 550
 To the plane feld, with hys mænye.
 For he thought that he suld amend
 That he trespassit had, or than end.

And quhen the *Inglis men* hym saw
 Cum on, forowtyn dyn or aw, 555
 And tak sa hardely the plane,
 In hy thai sped thaim hym agane;
 And strak with spurs the steds styth,
 That bar thaim ewyn hard and swyth.
 And quhen the Erle saw that mengye 560
 Cum sa stoutly, to hys said he,
 "Be not abayfit for thair schor,
 "Bot setts spers yow befor.
 "And bak to bak for all your rout
 "And all the spers poynts owt. 565
 "Swa gate us best defend may we,
 "Enweronyt with thaim giff we be."

And as he bad thaim thai haiff done:
 And the tothyr come on alsone.
 Befor thaim all come prykkand 570
 A knycht, hardy of hart and hand,

ers: a proverbial metaphor. The Annalist, ii. 44, strangely misunderstands the passage.

And

And a weile gret lord at hame,
 Schyr GILYAME DE AMECOT wes hys name.
 And prykkyt on thaim hardyly,
 And thai met hym swa sturdely, 575
 That he and horsis wes borne doune,
 And slayne rycht thar forowtyn ransoun.
 With *Inglis men* gretly wes he
 Menyt that day, and hys bounté.
 The lave come on rycht sturdely, 580
 Bot nane off thaim sa hardely
 Ruschyt amang thaim, as did he.
 Bot with fer mar maturyté,
 Thai assemblyt all in a rout,
 And enweround thaim all about, 585
 Affailyand thaim on ilka fid.
 And thai with spers wownds wid
 Gaff till the horsis, that cum thaim ner.
 And thai that ridand on thaim wer,
 That doune war borne, losyt thair lyvis. 590
 And othyr spers, darts, and knyffs,
 And wapynnys on fer maner,
 Kest amang thaim that fechtand wer ;
 That thaim defendyt swa wittily,
 That thair fayis had gret ferly. 595
 For sum wald schout out off thair rout,
 And off thaim that affailyt about,

Ver. 573. Editions say Sir William the Hawcourt. From the Annals, ii. 44, it appears that *Daynecourt* is the real name.

Stekyt steds, and bar down men,
 The *Inglis men* sa rudly then
 Kest amang thaim fuerds and mafs, 600
 That ymyd thaim a monteyle was,
 Off wappnys, that war warpyt thar.
 The Erle and hys thus fechtand war
 At gret myscheyff, as I yow fay.
 For fewar, be full fer, war thai 605
 Than thair fayis; and all about
 War enweround: quhar mony rout
 War roucht full dispiteously.
 Thair fayis demanyt thaim full starkly.
 On ayther half thai war sa stad, 610
 For the rycht gret heyt that thai had,
 For fechtyn, and for sonnys het,
 That all thair fiefs off swate was wete.
 And sic a stew raisis out off thaim then,
 Off ane ding bath off horsis and men, 615
 And off powdyr; that sic myrknes
 Intill the ayr abowyne thaim wes,
 That it wes wondre for to se.
 Thai war in gret perplexité.
 Bot with gret trawaill not forthy 620
 Thai thaim defendyt manlily:
 And set bath will, and strenth and mycht,
 To rusche thair fayis in that fycht,
 That thaim demanyt angryrly:
 Bot giff God help thaim hastily, 625

Ver. 616. Powder is dust.

Thai

Thai fall thair fill haiff off fechtynge.
 Bot quhen the nobill renownyt KING,
 With othyr Lords that war hym by,
 Saw how the Erle abandonnly
 Tuk the playne feld, JAMES off DOWGLAS 630
 Come to the KING, rycht quhar he was,
 And said, " A Schyr! Sanct Mary!
 " The Erle off MURREFF opynly
 " Tays the playne feld, with hys menyne.
 " He is in perill but he be 635
 " Sone helpyt; for hys fayis ar ma
 " Than he, and horfyt weill alsua.
 " And with your leve I will me speid
 " To help hym, for he has ned;
 " All umbeweround with hys fayis is he." 640
 The KING said, ' Sa our Lord me se l
 ' A fute till him yow fall not ga.
 ' Giff he weill dois, let hym weill ta,
 ' Quheyr euir hym happyn to wyn or los,
 ' I will not for hym brak purpos.' 645
 " Certs," said JAMES, " I ma na wifs
 " Se that hys fayis hym surpris,
 " Quhen that I may set help thartill,
 " With your leve sekyrly I will
 " Help hym, or dey into the payn." 650
 ' Do than, and speid ye sone agayn,'

The KING said. And he held hys way :
Giff he may cum in tyme perfay,
I trow he fall hym help fa weill,
That all hys fayis fall it feill.

THE END OF BUKE XI.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XII.

A R G U M E N T.

The King of Scotland kills Schir HENRY DE BONUN.—The Erle of MUREF defeats the Inglis partie.—K yng ROBERT avifis with his men—makis a lang fpeche to thaim.—Thai remain on armis all nicht.—Next day is the BATTEL OF BANNOCBURN.—The armies joyn in fecht.—Dedis of the Erle of MUREF.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XII.

NOW DOWGLAS furth hys wayis tals;
 And in that felff tyme fell, throw caifs,
 That the king off *England*, quhen he
 Wes cummyn with hys gret menye
 Ner to the place, as I said ar, 5
 Quhar *Scotts men* arayit war,
 He gert areft all hys bataill.
 And othyr alfua to tak confaill,
 Quhar thai wald herbery thaim that nycht;
 Or than but mar ga to the fycht. 10

The waward, that wyft na thing
 Off this areft, na hys duelling,
 Raid to the *Park* all fraucht thair way,
 Forowtyn stynting, in gud aray.

And quhen the KING wyft that thai wer 15
 In hale bataill, cummand sa ner,

Hys

Hys bataill gert he weill aray.
 He raid apon a litill palfray,
 Laucht; and joly arayand
 Hys bataill, with an ax in hand. 20
 And on hys bassinet he bar
 An hat off tyre aboute ay quhar;
 And tharapon, into taknyng,
 Ane hey crown, that he wes king.

And quhen GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war, 25
 With thair bataill, approachand ner,
 Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
 With helm on heid, and sper in hand,
 Schyr HENRY THE BOUNE, the worthy,
 That wes a wycht knyght, and a hardy; 30
 And to the Erle off HERFURD cusyne;
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
 Come on a sted, a bow-schote ner,
 Befor all othyr that thar wer.
 And knew the KING, for that he saw 35
 Hym swa rang hys men on raw;
 And by the crown, that wes fet
 Alsua apon hys bassinet.
 And towart hym he went in hy.
 And the KING swa apertly 40

Ver. 18. Editions read :

Himself rade on a gray palfray.

This palfray, or little horse, Robert only used in arraying his army, because more manageable than a war-horse.

Ver. 29. Sir Henry de Bohun.

Saw

Saw hym com, forouth all hys fers,
 In hy till hym the hors he fters.
 And quhen Schyr HENRY saw the KING
 Cum on, forowtyn abaying,
 Till hym he raid in full gret hy. 45
 He thought that he suld weill lychtly
 Wyn hym, and haf hym at hys will,
 Sen he hym horfyt saw sa ill.
 Sprent thai samyn intill a ling.
 Schyr HENRY myffit the nobill KING. 50
 And HE, that in hys sterapys stud,
 With the ax, that wes hard and gud,
 With sa gret mayn raucht hym a dynt,
 That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt
 The hewy dusche, that he hym gave, 55
 That neir the heid till the harnys clave.
 The hand-ax schaft fruschyt in twa ;
 And he down to the erd gan ga
 All flatlynys, for hym faillyt mycht.
 This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht, 60
 That wes performyft douchtely.
 And quhen the KING's men sa stoutly
 Saw hym, ryght at the fyrst meting,
 Forowtyn dout or abaying,
 Haiff slayne a knyght, sa at a strak, 65
 Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak,
 That thai come on ryght hardely.
 Quhen *Inglis*men saw thaim sa stoutly

Ver. 49. They *sprang* forward at once, in full and strait career.

Cum

Cum on, thai had gret abaying :
 And specially for that the KING 70
 Sa smertly that gud knycht has flayne ;
 That thai withdrew thaim euirilkane ;
 And durst not ane abyd to fycht :
 Sa dreid thai for the KING's mycht.

And quhen the KING's men thaim sa 75
 Swa in hale bataill thaim withdraw,
 A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak.
 And thai in hy tuk all the bak ;
 And thai that folowit thaim has flane
 Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane. 80
 Bot thai wer few, forsuth to say,
 Thair hors's' fete had all away.
 Bot, how sa quhojne deyt thar,
 Rebutyt foulily thai war ;
 And raid thair gait, with weill mar schame 85
 Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

Quhen that the KING reparyt was,
 That gert hys men all leve the chas,
 The lords off hys cumpany
 Blamyt hym, as thai durst, gretumly, 90
 That he hym put in awentur,
 To mete sa styth a knycht, and stur,
 In sic poynt as he then wes sene.
 For thai said weill, it mycht haiff bene
 Cause off thair tynsaill euir ilkane. 95
 The KING ansuer has maid thaim nane.
 Bot

Bot menyt hys hand-ax schaft sua
Wes with the strak brokyn in twa.

The Erle THOMAS wes yeit fechtand
With fayis apon ayther hand, 100
And off thaim a quantité :
Bot wery wes hys men and he.
The quheyr with wapynys sturdely
Thai thaim defendyt manlily ;
Quhill that the DOWGLAS come ner, 105
That sped hym on gret maner.
And *Inglisemen*, that war fechtand,
Quhen thai the DOWGLAS saw nerhand
Thai wandyft, and maid an opyning.
JAMES off DOWGLAS, be thair relyng, 110
Knew that thai war discomfyt ner :
Than bad thaim, that with hym wer,
Stand still, and pres na furthyr mar.
“ For thai that yondre fechtand ar,”
He said, “ ar off sa gret bounté, 115
“ That thair fayis weill sone fall be
“ Discomfyt, throw thair awne mycht,
“ Thouch na man help thaim for to fycht.
“ And come we now to the fechting,
“ Quhen thai ar at discomfyting, 120
“ Men suld say we thaim fruschynt had ;
“ And swa suld thai, that cas has mad

Ver. 97. An unaffected stroke of heroism !

“ With

" With gret trawail and hard fechtung,
 " Lofs a part off thair lowing.
 " And it war syne to lefs thair pryfs, 125
 " That off sa souerane bounté is ;
 " And he, throw plane and hard fechtung,
 " Has her eschewyt unlikly thing.
 " He sall haff that he wonyn has."
 The Erle with that, that fechtand was, 130
 Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua,
 In hy apon thaim gan he ga :
 And pressyt hym sa wondre fast
 With hard strakys, quhill at the last
 Thai fled that durst abid na mar. 135
 Bath horsis and men slane left thai thar ;
 And held thair way, in full gret hy,
 Not altogyddyr bot syndryly.
 And thai that war ourtane war slayn ;
 The lave went till thair oft agayn, 140
 Off thair tynsaill fary and wa.
 The Erle, that had hym helpyn swa,
 And hys als, that war wery,
 Hynt off thair bassynetts in hy,
 Till awent thaim, for thai war wate, 145
 Thai war all helyt into swate.
 Thaim semyt men, forsuth Ik hycht,
 That had fadyt thair force in fycht ;
 And swa did thai full doughtely.
 Thai fand off all thair cumpany 150

Ver. 144, 145. They took off their helmets, to have fresh air.

That

That thar was bot a yuman slayne.
 And lowyt God : and wes full fayne,
 And blyth, that thai eschapyt swa.
 Towart the KING than gan thai ga.
 And till hym weill sone cummyn ar. 155
 He wyttyt at thaim off thair far ;
 And gladsum cher to thaim mad,
 For thai sa weill thaim borne had.
 Than all pressyt into gret daynté
 The Erle off MURREFF for to fe ; 160
 For hys hey worschip, and gret walour,
 All yarnyt to do hym honour.
 Sa fast thai ran to fe hym thar,
 That ner all samyn assemblit ar.

And quhen the gud KING gan thaim fe 165
 Befor him swa assemblyt be ;
 Blyth and glad, that thair fayis war
 Rabutyt apon sic maner ;
 A litill quhill he held hym still ;
 Syne on this wyfs he said hys will. 170

Ver. 155, 156. The MS. by a mistake arising from an omission, in a transcript of two columns, being taken into the wrong column, here inserts lines 169, 170.

A litill quhill he held hym still ;
 Syne on this wyfs he said hys will.

But they are quite foreign to this passage ; and the editions rightly place them before the speech of Robert.

“ Lordings,

- “ Lordings, we aucht to love and luff
 “ Almychty God, that sitts abuff,
 “ That sends us sa fayr beginnyng.
 “ It is a gret discomforting.
 “ Till our fayis, that on this wyfs 175
 “ Sa sone has bene rabutyt twifs.
 “ For quhen thai off thair oft fall her,
 “ And knaw suthly on quhat manner
 “ Thair waward, that wes sa stout;
 “ And syne yone othyr joly rout, 180
 “ That I trow off the best men war,
 “ That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
 “ War rabutyt sa sedanly;
 “ I trow, and knawis it full clerly,
 “ That mony a hart fall wawerand be, 185
 “ That semyt er off gret bounté.
 “ And, fra the hart be discumfyt,
 “ The body is not worth a myt.
 “ Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 “ Sall folow till our begynnyng. 190
 “ And quheyr I say not this yow till,
 “ For that ye suld folow my will
 “ To fycht: bot in yow all fall be.
 “ For giff yow thinks speidfull that we
 “ Fecht; we fall: and, giff ye will, 195
 “ We leve; your liking to fulfill.

Ver. 171. To *love* or *lese* is to praise; *lef*, *laus*. Belg. et Ill. To *luff* is to *love*.

Ver. 193. That is, ‘but all this shall be as you chuse.’

“ I fall

" I fall consent, on all kyn wyfs,

" To do, ryght as ye will dewyfs.

" Tharfor sayis off your will planly."

And with a woce than gan thai cry : 200

" Gud KING ! forowtyn mar delay,

" To morné alfone as ye se day,

" Ordane yow hale for the bataill ;

" For doute of dede we fall not fail.

" Na na payn fall refusyt be, 205

" Quhill we haiff maid our cuntré fre !"

Quhen the KING had hard sa manlily

Thai spak to fechting, and sa hardely,

In hart gret glaidschaip gan he ta.

And said, " Lordings, sen ye will suz, 210

" Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng,

" Swa that we, be the sone ryfing,

" Haff herd mefs ; and buskyt weill

" Ilk man intill hys awn eschell,

" Without the pailyownys, arayit 215

" In bataillis, with baners displayit.

" And luk ye na wyfs brek aray.

" And, as ye luff me, I yow pray

" That ilk man for hys awne honour,

" Purway hym a gud baneour. 220

" And, quhen it cumys to the fycht,

" Ilk man set hart, will, and mycht,

Ver. 210. This long speech of the king's is far from being void of martial eloquence, and peculiarly adapted to the time, and to the hearers.

- " To stynt our fayis' mekill prid.
 " On horsis thai will arayit rid ;
 " And cum on yow in full gret hy. 225
 " Mete thaim with spers hardely.
 " And think than on the mekill ill,
 " That thai and thairs has done us till ;
 " And ar in will yeit for to do,
 " Giff thai hafs mycht to cum tharto. 230
 " And certs me think weill that ye
 " Forowt abaying aucht to be
 " Worthy, and off gret wasselags.
 " For we haiff thre gret awantags.
 " The fyrst is, that we haiff the rycht ; 235
 " And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 " The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
 " For lypynnyng off thair gret powar,
 " To sek us in our awne land ;
 " And has broucht her, rycht till our hand, 240
 " Ryches into sa gret quantité,
 " That the powerest off yow fall be
 " Bath ryche, and mychty tharwithall,
 " Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
 " The thred is, that we for our lyvys, 245
 " And for our childre, and for our wywis,
 " And for owr fredome, and for our land,
 " As strenyeit into bataill stand.
 " And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
 " And for thai lat off us leychtly, 250
 " And for thai wald destroy us all,
 " Maifs thaim to fycht : bot yeit may fall
 " That

- " That thai fall rew thair barganyng.
 " And certs I warne yow off a thing
 " That happyn thaim, as God forbed 255
 " That deyt on roid for mankyn heid !
 " That thai wyn us opynly,
 " Thai fall off us haf na mercy.
 " And, sen we know thair feloun will,
 " Methink it suld accord to skill, 260
 " To set stoutnes agayne felony ;
 " And mak sa gat a jupertry.
 " Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
 " That with all your mycht, that you may,
 " Ye pres yow at the beguining, 265
 " Bot cowardyfs or abayfing,
 " To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble
 " Sa stoutly that the henmaist tremble.
 " And menys off your gret manheid,
 " Your worschip, and your douchty deid ; 270
 " And off the joy that we abid,
 " Giff that us fall, as weill may tid,
 " Hap to wencufs this gret bataill.
 " In your handys without fayle
 " Ye ber honour, price, and riches ; 275
 " Fredome, welth, and blythnes ;
 " Giff ye contene ye manlily.
 " And the contrar all halyly
 " Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardyfs
 " And wykkytnes yow suppris. 280
 " Ye mycht haf lewyt into threldome.
 " Bot, for ye yarnyt till haff fredome,

- “ Ye ar assemblyt her with me.
 “ Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
 “ Worthy and wycht, but abayfing. 285
 “ And I warne yow weill off a thing ;
 “ That mar meyscheiff may fall us nane,
 “ Than in thair handys to be tane :
 “ For thai suld slaw us I wate weill
 “ Rycht as thai did my brothyr NELE. 290
 “ Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,
 “ And off the mony gret prowes,
 “ That ye haf doyne sa worthely ;
 “ I traift, and trowis sekyrly,
 “ To have plane wictour in this fycht. 295
 “ For thouch our fayis haff mekill mycht,
 “ Thai haf the wrang, and succudry,
 “ And cowartyfs of senyowry,
 “ Amowys thaim forowtyn mor.
 “ Na us thar dreid thaim, bot befor ; 300
 “ For strenth off this place, as ye se,
 “ Sall let us enweronyt to be.
 “ And I pray yow als specially,
 “ Bath mar and les commonaly,
 “ That nane off yow for gredynes 305
 “ Haff ey to tak off thair ryches ;
 “ Na prifoners for to ta ;
 “ Quhill ye se thaim contreryt sa,

Ver. 300. That is, ‘ Nor can we have any cause to apprehend their attacking us, but in front:’ the ground was so well chosen.

“ That

" That the feld anerly yowrs be.
 " And than, at your liking, may ye 310
 " Tak all the ryches that thar is.
 " Giff ye will wyrk upon this wyfs,
 " Ye fall haiff wiſtour ſekyrly.
 " I wate not quhat mar fay fall I.
 " Bot all wate ye quhat honour is : 315
 " Contene thaim on ſic awifs,
 " That your honour ay ſavyt be.
 " And Ik hycht her in leauté,
 " Giff ony deys in this bataille,
 " Hys ayr, but ward, releff, or taile, 320
 " On the fyrſt day fall weld ;
 " All be he neuir ſa young off eld.
 " Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
 " God help us, that is maift off mycht !
 " I rede armyt all nycht that we be, 325
 " Purwayit in bataill ſwa, that we
 " To mete our fayis ay be boune."
 Than anſueryt thai all, with a ſoune,
 ' As ye dewifs all fall be done.'
 Than till thair innys went thai ſone ; 330
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechting.
 Syne aſſemblyt in the ewynyng,
 And ſwa gat all the nycht bad thai,
 Till on the morn that it wes day.

Quhen the CLYFFURD, as I ſaid ar, 335
 And all hys rout, rabutyt war ;

And thair gret waward alsua,
 War distrenyeit the bak to ta;
 And thai had tauld thair rebuting,
 Thai off the waward, how the KING 34
 Slew at a strak, fa apertly,
 A knycht, that wycht wes and hardy;
 And how all hale the KING's bataill
 Schup thaim rycht stoutly till affail;
 And Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE alsua; 345
 Quhen thai all hale the bak gan ta:
 And how thai left off thair men.
 And CLYFFURD had tauld alsua then,
 How THOMAS RANDALL tuk the plane,
 With a few folk; and how wes slane 350
 Schyr GILYAME DAINECOURT the worthy.
 And how the Erle faucht manly,
 That, as ane hyrchoune, all hys rout
 Gert set owt spers all about;
 And how that thai war put agayne, 355
 And part off thair gud men flayne.
 The *Inglis* sik abaysing
 Tuk, and sik dreid off that tithyng,
 That in fyve hundre plaes and ma
 Men mycht se samyn routand ga; 360
 Sayand, "Our lords, for thair mycht,
 "Will allgate fycht agane the rycht.
 "Bot quhasa werrayis wrangwysly,
 "Thai fend God all to gretummly.
 "And thaim mycht happyn to mysfall. 365
 "And swa may tid that her we fall."
 And

And quhen thair lordys had persawing
 Off discumfort, and rownnyng,
 That thai held samyn twa and twa;
 Throw out the oft than gart thai ga
 Heralds, to mak a crye, 370
 That nane discomfort suld be;
 For in punye is oft happyne
 Quhile for to wyn, and quhill to tyne.
 And that into the gret bataille, 375
 That apon na maner may fail.
 Bot giff the *Scotts* fley thair way,
 Sall all amendyt be perfay.
 Tharfor thai monyft thaim to be
 Off gret worschip, and off bounté; 380
 And stoutly in the bataill stand,
 And tak amendys at thair hand.

Thai may weill monyfs as thai will:
 And thai may hecht als to fulfill,
 With stalwart hart, thair bidding all. 385
 Bot not forthy I trow thai fall
 Intill thair harts dredand be.
 The King, with hys cunsaill priué,
 Has tane to rede, that he wald noucht
 Fecht or the morne, that he war soucht. 390
 Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
 Doune in the *Kers*. And gert all dycht,
 And maid redy thair apparail
 Agayne the morne, for the bataill.

And, for in the *Kers pulis* war, 395
 Houffis thai brak, and thak bar,
 To mak bryggs, quhar thai mycht pass.
 And sum sayis yeit the folk that was
 In the castell quhen nycht gan fall,
 For that thai knew the meyscheiff all, 400
 Thai went full ner all that thai war,
 And durs and wyndowis with thaim bar ;
 Swa that thai had, befor the day,
 Briggitt the puls ; swa that thai
 War passyt our ilkane all hale, 405
 Arayit intill thair apparail.

The *Scottsman*, quhen it wes day,
 Thair mes devoutly gert thai say.
 Syne tuk a sop : and maid thaim yar.
 And quhen thai all assemblyt war ; 410
 And in thair bataillis all purwayit,
 With thair braid baners all displayit,
 Thai maid knychts ; as it affers
 To men that usys thais mysters.
 The KING maid WALTRE STEWART knycht ;
 And JAMES off DOWGLAS, that wes wycht : 416
 And othyr als off gret bounté
 He maid, ilk ane in thair degre.

Ver. 395. *Pulis* are *pools*.

Ver. 407. The day of the battle of Bannockburn, 24th June, 1314. A plan of this battel may be found in Nimmo's history of Stirlingshire.

Ver. 409. A sop is a slight meal, probably of Scottish portage, oat-meal and water boiled.

Quhen

Quhen this wes doyne, that I yow say,
 Thai went all furth in gud aray : 420
 And tuk the plane full apertly.
 Mony gud man, wycht and hardy,
 That war fulfillt off gret bounté,
 Intill thaise routs men mycht se.

The *Inglis men*, on othyr party, 425
 That as angelis schane brychtly,
 War not arayit on sic maner :
 For all thair bataills samyn wer
 In a schilthrum. Bot quheythir it was
 Throw the gret stretnes off the place 430
 That thai war in, to bid fechting ;
 Or that it wes for abayfing ;
 I wate not. But in a scheltrum
 It semyt thai war all and sum ;
 Owtane the awaward anerly, 435
 That rycht with a gret cumpany,
 Be thaim selwyn, arayit war.
 Quha had bene by mycht haff sene thar
 That folk ourtak a mekill feld
 On breid ; quhar mony a schynand scheld, 440
 And mony a burnyft brycht armur,
 And mony man off gret walur,
 Mycht in that gret scheltrum be sene ;
 And mony a brycht baner and schene.

Ver. 429. From Hearne's Robert of Gloucester it appears
 that a *schiltrum* is an host ranged in a round form.

And

And quhen the King off *Ingland* 445
 Saw the *Scotts* sa tak on hand,
 Takand the hard feld opynly,
 And apon fute, he had ferly ;
 And said, " Quhat ! will yone *Scotts* fycht ?"
 ' Ya sekyrly !' said a knycht, 450
 (Schyrr *INGRAME* the *UMPHRAWEILL* hat he,
 And said) ' Forsuth now, Schyrr, I se,
 ' It is the mast ferlyfull fycht
 ' That euir I saw, quhen for to fycht
 ' The *Scotts men* haff tane on hand : 455
 ' Agayne the mycht off *Ingland*,
 ' In plane hard feld, to giff bataill.
 ' Bot, an ye will trow my cunsaill,
 ' Yow fall discomfyt thaim lychtly.
 ' Withdrawis yow hyne sedanly, 460
 ' With bataillis, and with penownys,
 ' [Quhyle that we pas owr paliounys ;]
 ' And ye fall se alsone that thai,
 ' Magre thair lordys, fall brak aray,
 ' And scaile thaim our harnayis to ta. 465
 ' And, quhen we see thaim scailyt sua,
 ' Prik we than on thaim hardely,
 ' And we fall haff thaim weill lychtly.
 ' For than fall nane be knyht to fycht,
 ' That may withstand your mekill mycht.' 470
 " I will not," said the King, " perfay,
 " Do sa : for thar fall na man say

Ver. 462. Wanting in MS.

" That

“ That I fall eschew the bataill,
 “ Na withdraw me for sic rangaille.”

Quhen this wes said, that er said I, 475
 The *Scotts men* commonnaly

Knelyt all doun, to God to pray.
 And a schort prayer thar maid thai
 To God, to help thaim in that fycht.
 And quhen the *Inglis King* had fycht 480

Off thaim kneland, he said in hy,
 “ Yone folk knele to ask mercy.”

Schyr INGRAHAME said, ‘ Ye say suth now.

‘ Thai ask mercy: but nane at yow.
 ‘ For thair trespas to God thai cry. 485

‘ I tell yow a thing sykyrly,

‘ That yone men will all wyn or de.

‘ For doute off dede thai fall not fle.’

“ Now be it fa than !” said the King.

And than, but langar delaying, 490

Thai gert trump till the assemblé.

On aythir sid men mycht than se

Mony a wycht man, and worthy,

Redy to do chewalry.

Thus war thai boune on aythir sid. 495

And *Inglis men*, with mekill prid,

That war intill thair awaward,

To the bataill that Schyr EDUWARD

Gouernyt and led, held straucht thair way.

The hors with spurs hardynyt thai ; 500

And prykkyt apon thaim sturdely ;

And thai met thaim rycht hardyly.

Swa

Swa that, at thair assemble thar,
 Sik a frufching off fpers war,
 That fer away men mycht it her, 505
 That at that meting forowtyn wer.
 War fteds ftykyt mony ane ;
 And mony a gud man borne doune and flane ;
 And mony hardy men, and douchty,
 Wes thar efchewyt for hardely. 510
 Thai dang on othyr with wapnys fer.
 Sum off the horfs, that ftekyt wer,
 Rufchyt, and relyt rycht rudlye.
 Bot the remanand not forthy,
 That mycht come to the assembling, 515
 For that let maid na ftynting.
 Bot affemblyt full hardely ;
 And thai met thaim full fturdyly,
 With fpers that war fcharp to fcher,
 And axys that weill groundyn wer ; 520
 Quharwith wes roucht mony a rout.
 The fechting wes thar fa fele and ftout,
 That mony a worthy man, and wycht,
 Throw forfs wes fellyt in that fycht,
 That had na mycht to ryfs agane. 525
 The *Scottsmen* fast gan thaim payne.
 Thair fayis mekill mycht to frufch.
 I trow thai fall na payn refuse,
 Na perill, quhill thair fayis be
 Set in weill hard perplexité. 530
 And quhen the Erle off MURREFF fwa
 Thair waward faw, fa ftoutly, ga
 The way to Schyr EDUARD all ftraucht,
 That met thaim with full mekill maucht ;

He

He held hys way, with hys baner,
 To the gret rout quhar famyn wer
 The nyne bataills, that war sa braid ;
 That sa fele baners with thaim haid,
 And off men swa gret quantité,
 That it war wondre for to se. 540

The gud Erle thyddyr tuk the way
 With hys bataill, in gud aray .
 And assemblyt sa hardely,
 That men mycht her, that had bene by,
 A gret frusch off the spers that braft : 545
 For thair fayis assenblit fast,
 That on steds, with mekill prid,
 Come prikkand, as thai wald ourrid
 The Erle, and all hys cumpany.
 Bot thai met thaim sa sturdely, 550
 That mony off thaim till erd thai bar.
 For mony a sted wes stekyt thar ;
 And mony gud man fellyt undre fet,
 That had na hap to ryfs up yete.
 Thar mycht men se a hard bataill, 555
 And sum defende, and sum assaile ;
 And mony a reale romble rid
 Be roucht, thar apon aythir sid ;
 Quhill throw the byrnyfs bryft the blud,
 That till erd doune stremand yhude. 560
 The Erle off MURREFF, and hys men,
 Sa stoutly thaim contenynt then,
 That thai wan place, ay mar and mar,
 On thair fayis ; quheyr thai war

Ay ten for ane, or mar, perfay ; 565
 Swa that it semyt weill that thai
 War tynt, amang sa gret menye,
 As thai war plungyt in the se.
 And quhen the *Inglis men* has sene
 The Erle, and all hys men, bedene 570
 Faucht sa stoutly, but effraying,
 Rycht as thai had nane abaying ;
 Thaim pressyt thai with all thair mycht.
 And thai, with spers and suerds brycht,
 And axis that rycht scharply schar, 575
 Ymydds the wesage, met thaim thar.
 Thar mycht men se a stalwart stour ;
 And mony men off gret walour,
 With spers, mafes, and knyffs,
 And othyr wapynys, wyslylyt thair lyvis : 580
 Swa that mony fell doune all dede.
 The greys woux with the blud all reid.
 The Erle, that wycht wes and worthy,
 And hys men, faucht sa manlily,
 That quhasa had sene thaim that day, 585
 I trow forfuth that thai suld fay
 That thai suld do thair dewor wele,
 Swa that thair fayis suld it fele.

THE END OF BUKE XII.

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BRUCE.

BUCKE XII.

ARGUMENT.

BATTEL OF BANNOCBURN CONTINUIT.—*Dedis of STUART and DOUGLAS.—Rage of the fecbt.—The Scotysch swayns appear in array —The Inglis flee.—Deth of Schyr GILÉS DE ARGYNTYNE.—DOUGLAS persews the Inglis King.—The Erle of HEREFURD is savit in Bothwel castel.—Gret riches of the Inglis camp.—Escape of the Inglis King.—Bothwell takin; and the Erle of HEREFURD exchanged for the Quein, and her daughter.—Kynge ROBERT ravagis Northumberland.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XIII.

QUHEN thir twa fyrst bataills wer
 Assemblyt, as I said yow er,
 The STEWART, WALTRE that then was,
 And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
 In a bataill, quhen that thai saw 5
 The Erle, forowtyn dreid or aw,
 Assembill with hys cumpany
 On all that folk sa sturdely,
 For till help thaim thai held thair way.
 And thair bataill, in gud aray, 10
 Thai assemblyt sa hardly
 Besid the Erle, a littill by,
 That thair fayis feld thair cumyn weille.
 For with wapynys stalwart of stele
 Thai dang apon, with all thair mycht. 15
 Thair fayis refawyt wele, Ik hycht,
 With swerds, spers, and with mase.
 The bataill thair sa feloun was,
 And swa rycht gret spilling of blud,
 That on the erd the slouffis stud. 20

The *Scotts*men sa weill thaim bar,
 And swa gret slauchter maid thai thar,
 And fra sa fele the lyvis rewyt,
 That all the feld bludy wes lewyt.

That tyme thir thre bataills wer, 25
 All sid be syd, fechtand weill ner,
 Thar mycht men her mony dint,
 And wapynys apon armurs stynt.
 And se tumble knychts, and steds;
 And mony rych and reale weds 30
 Defoulyt foully undre fete.
 Sum held on loft; sum tynt the snet.
 A lang quhill thus fechtand thai war;
 That men na noyis mycht her thar,
 Men hard noucht, but granys; and dynts 35
 That flew fyr, as men flayis on flynts.
 Thai faucht ilkane sa egrely,
 That thai maid na noyis na cry,
 Bot dang on othyr at thair mycht,
 With wapnys that war burnyft brycht. 40
 The arowys alsua thyk thar flaw,
 That thai mycht say weill, that thaim saw,
 That thai a hydwyfs schot gan ma:
 For quhar thai fell, Ik undreta,
 Thai left, estre thaim, taknyng 45
 That fall ned; as I trow, leching.

The *Inglis* archers schot sa fast,
 That mycht thair schot half ony last,

It

It had bene hard to *Scotts*men.
 Bot King ROBERT, that wele gan ken, 50
 That thair archers war peralloufs,
 And thair schot rycht hard and grewoufs,
 Ordanyt, forowth the assemblé
 Hys marschell, with a gret menye,
 Fyve hundre armyt into stele, 55
 That on lycht hors war horfyt weille,
 For to pryk amang the archers ;
 And swa assaile thaim with thair spers,
 That thai na layser haiff till schute.
 This marischell that Ik of mute, 60
 That Schyr ROBERT off KEYTH was cauld,
 As Ik befor her has yow tauld,
 Quhen he saw the bataills swa
 Assembill, and togyddir ga,
 And saw the archers schoyt stoutly ; 65
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,
 In hy apon thaim gan he rid.
 And ourtuk thaim at a sid ;
 And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly,
 Stekand thaim sa dispitously, 70
 And in sic fusown berand doune,
 And slayand thaim, forowtyn ranfoun ;
 That thai thaim scalyt cuirilkane.
 And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane
 That assemblyt schot to ma. 75
 Quhen *Scotts* archers saw that thai swa
 War rebutyt, thai woux hardy,
 And with all thair mycht schot egrely

Among the hors-men, that thair raid;
 And wounds wyd to thaim thai maid: 80
 And slew off thaim a full gret dele.
 Thai bar thaim hardely and wele.
 For fra thair fayis archers war
 Scalit, as I said till yow ar,
 That ma na thai wer, be gret thing, 85
 Swa that thai dreid not thair schoting,
 Thai woux fa hardy, that thaim thought
 Thai suld set all thair fayis at noucht.

The mersshell, and hys cumpany,
 Was yheit, as to yow er said I, 90
 Among the archers, quhar thai maid
 With spers rowme, quhar that thai raid;
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta.
 And thai weill lychtly mycht do sua:
 For thai had noucht a strak to stynt, 95
 Na for till hald agayne a dynt.
 And agayne armyt men to fycht
 May nakyt men haiff litill mycht.
 Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner,
 That sum to thair gret bataill wer 100
 Withdrawyn thaim, in full gret hy:
 And sum war fled all utrely.

Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
 That for thair awne folk had na space,

Ver. 85. That is, 'that were more (numerous) than they
 (the Scottish archers).'

Yheyt

Yheyt to cum to the assembling,
 On agayne smertly gan thai ding. 105
 The archers that thai met fleand,
 That then war maid fa recreand,
 That thair harts war tynt clenly,
 I trow thai fall not schute gretly 110
 The *Scotts men* with schote, that day.
 And the gud KING ROBERT, that ay
 Was fellyt off full gret bounté,
 Saw how that hys bataills thre
 Sa hardely assembling thar, 115
 And sa weill in the fycht thai bar ;
 And swa fast on thair fayis gan ding,
 That hym thought nane had abaying ;
 And how the archers war scalyt then ;
 He wes all blyth. And till hys men 120
 Hef aid, " Lordings, now luk that ye
 Worthy, and off gud cowyne be,
 " At thys assemble, and hardy.
 " And assemblill sa sturdely
 " That nathing may befor yow stand. 125
 " Our men ar sa freschly fechtand
 " That thai thair fayis has grathyt sua,
 " That be thai pressyt, Ik undreta,
 " A litill fayster, ye fall se
 " That thai discomfyt sone fall be." 130

Quhen

Ver. 130. Editions add fourteen lines.

Now go we on them so hardily,
 And ding on them so doughtily,

L 3

That

Quhen this wes said, thai held thair way,
 And on ane feld assemblyt thai
 Sa stoutly, that at thair cummyng
 Thair fayis war ruschyt a gret thing.
 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht;
 And men, that worthy war and wycht,
 Do mony worthy wassellage.
 Thai faucht, as thai war in a rage.
 For quhen the *Scotts* archery
 Saw thair fayis sa sturdely
 Stand into bataill, thaim agayne;
 With all thair mycht, and all thair mayne,
 Thai layid on, as men out off wyt.
 And quhar thai, with full strak, mycht hyt,
 Thar mycht na armur stynt thair strak.
 Thai to fruchyt that thai mycht ourtak.

That they may feil at our coming
 That we them hate in meikle thing.
 For great cause they have us made,
 That occupied our lands brade;
 And put all to subjection.
 Your goods they made all theirs common,
 Our kin and friends, for thair awn,
 Dispiteously hanged and drawn:
 And would destroy us, if they might.
 But I trow God, through his foresight,
 This day has granted us his grace
 To wreck us on thaim in this place.

They are certainly better out: and it is suspected the author had at first inserted them, but upon an after re-perceiving the speech too long for the occasion, had cut them, as they are not in the MS.

And with axys such dusches gave,
 That thai helmys, and heds, clave.
 And thair fayis rycht hardely
 Met thaim, and dang on thaim douchtely, 150
 With wapynys that war styth off stele.
 Thar wes the bataill strekyt weill.
 Sa gret dyn thar wes off dynts,
 As wapynys apon armur stynts ;
 And off spers sa gret bresting ; 155
 And sic thrang, and sic thrysting ;
 Sic gyrnyng, granyng ; and sa gret
 A noyis, as thai gan othyr beit :
 And ensenyys on ilka sid :
 Gewand, and takand, wownds wid : 160
 That it wes hidwyfs for to her.
 All four thair bataills with that wer
 Fechtand, in a frount halyly.
 A mychty God ! how douchtely
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, and hys men, 165
 Amang thair fayis contenyt thaim then !
 Fechtand in sa gud cowyne,
 Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyne,
 That thair waward ruschyt was ;
 And, maugre thairis, left all the place : 170
 And till thair gret rout, to warand,
 Thai went ; that tane had apon hand
 Sa gret anoy, that thai war effrayit,
 For *Scotts*, that thaim hard assaiyt ;
 That than war in a schiltrum all. 175
 Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall,

I trow agayne he suld not ryfs.
 Thar mycht men se, on mony wyfs,
 Hardements eschewit douchtely :
 And mony, that wycht war and hardy, 180
 Sone liand undre fete all dede ;
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.
 Armys, and quhytyfs, that thai bar,
 With blud wes sa defoulyt thar,
 That thai mycht not descryfit be, 185
 A mychty God ! quha then mycht se
 That STEWART, WALTRE, and hys rout,
 And the gud DOWGLAS, that wes sa stout,
 Fechtand into that stalwart stour ;
 He suld say that till all honour 190
 Thai war worthy, that, in that fycht,
 Sa fast pressyt thair fayis mycht,
 That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.
 Thar men mycht se mony a steid
 Floand on stray, that lord had nane. 195
 A Lord ! quha then gud tent had tane
 Till the gud Erle off MURREFF,
 And hys, that sa gret routs geff,
 And faucht sa fast in that bataill,
 Tholand sic paynys, and trawaill, 200
 That thai and thairs maid sic debat,
 That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.

Ver. 183. *Quhytyfs* are *coats*: the word is disfigured by an odd orthography.

Thar

Thar mycht men her enfeynyeis cry :

And *Scotts* men cry hardely,

“ On thaim ! On thaim ! On thaim ! Thai faile ! ”

With that sa hard thai gan affaile, 206

And slew all that thai mycht ourta.

And the *Scotts* archers alsua

Schot amang thaim sa deleuerly,

Engrewand thaim sa gretumly, 210

That quhat for thaim, that with thaim faucht,

That swa gret rowts to thaim raucht,

And pressyt thaim full egrely ;

And quhat for arowis, that fellonly

Mony gret wounds gan thaim ma, 215

And slew fast off thair hors alsua ;

That thai wandyst a litill wei.

Thai dreid sa gretly than to dey,

That thair cowyn wes wer and wer :

For thai, that fechtand with thaim wer, 220

Set hardement, and strenth, and will,

And hart, and corage als, thartill ;

And all thair mayne, and all thair mycht,

To put thaim fully to the flycht,

In this tyme, that I tell off her, 225

At that bataill, on this maner,

Wes strykyn, on ayther party

That war fechtand enforcely ;

Yomen, and swanys, and pitaill,

That in the *Park* yemyt wictaill, 230

War

War left; quhen thai wyft but lesing
 That thair lords with full fychtyng
 On thair fayis assemblyt war;
 Ane off thair selwyn that war thar
 Capitane off thaim all thai maid. 235
 And schets, that war sum dele braid,
 Thai festnyt insteid off baners,
 Apon lang treys and spers.
 And said that thai wald se the fycht;
 And help thair lords at thair mycht. 240
 Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
 In a rout assemblit er,
 Fyften thowsand thai war, or ma.
 And than in gret hy gan thai ga,
 With thair baners, all in a rout, 245
 As thai had men bene styth and stout.
 Thai come, with all that assembelé,
 Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se;
 Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
 "Sla! sla! Apon thaim hastily!" 250
 And tharwith all cummand war thai:
 Bot thai war wele fer yete away.
 And *Inglis men*, that ruschyt war
 Throw foris off fycht, as I said ar,
 Quhen thai saw cummand, with sic a cry, 255
 Towart thaim sic a company,
 That thaim thought weill als mony war,
 As that wes fechtand with thaim thar;
 And thai befor had not thaim sene;
 Than wit ye weill, withowtyn wene, 260
 Thai

Thai war abayfit sa gretumly,
 That the best and the maist hardy,
 That war intill thair oft that day,
 Wald with thair mensk haf bene away.

The King ROBERT, be thair relying, 265
 Saw thai war ner at discomfiting,
 And hys ensenye gan hely cry.
 Than, with thaim off hys cumpany,
 Hys fayis he pressyt sa fast that day,
 Thai wer intill sa gret effray, 270
 That thai left place, ay mar and mar,
 For all the *Scottsmen* that thar war,
 Quhen thai saw thaim ekchew the fycht,
 Dang on thaim with all thair mycht,
 That thai scalyt thaim in troplys ser; 275
 And till discomfitor war ner.
 And sum off thaim fled all planly.
 Bot thai, that wycht war and hardy,
 That schame lettyt to ta the flycht,
 At gret myscheiff mantenynt the fycht; 280
 And stythly in the stour gan stand.
 And quhen the King off *Ingland*
 Saw hys men fley, in syndry place,
 And saw hys fayis rout, that was
 Worthyn sa wycht, and sa hardy, 285
 That all hys folk war halyly
 Sa stonayit, that thai had na mycht
 To stynt thair fayis in the fycht;

Ho

He wes abayfit sa gretumly,
 That he, and hys cumpany, 290
 Fyve hundre, armyt all at rycht,
 Intill a frusch all tok the flycht;
 And to the castell held thair way.
 And yheit haiff Ik hard som men say,
 That off WALLENCE Schyr AYMER, 295
 When he the feld saw wencussyt ner,
 Be the reyngye led away the King,
 Agayne hys will, fra the fechting.
 And quhen Schyr GYLIS the ARGENTE'
 Saw the King thus, and hys menye, 300
 Schap thaim to fley sa spedely,
 He come rycht to the King in hy,
 And said, " Schyr, sen it is sua
 " That ye thus gat your gat will ga,
 " Hawys, gud day! For agayne will I. 305
 " Yheit fled I neuir sekryly.
 " And I cheyfs her to bid, and dey;
 " Than for to lyve schamly, and fley."

Hys brydill, but mar abad,
 He turnyt; and agayne he rad. 310
 And on EDUARD the BRUYSS' rout,
 That wes sa sturdy, and sa stout,
 As dred off na kyn thing had he,
 He prikyt; cryand, " The ARGENTE'!"
 And thai with spers swa hym met, 315
 And swa fele spers on hym set,
 That

he and hors war chargyt swa,
 : bathe till the erd gan ga.
 in that place thar slayn wes he.
 hys deid wes rycht gret pité. 320
 wes the thrid best Knycht, perfay,
 at men wyft lewand in hys day.
 : ded mony a fayr journey.
 n *Sarysynys* thre derenyeys faucht he :
 nd, intill ilk derenye off tha,
 le wencussyt *Sarysynys* twa. 325

Hys gret worfchip tuk thar ending.
 And fra Schyr *AYMER* with the King
 Wes fled, wes nane that durft abid ;
 Bot fled scalyt on ilka sid. 330
 And thair fayis thaim pressyt fast.
 Thai war, to say suth, swa agast,
 And fled sa fast, rycht effrayitly,
 That off thaim a full gret party
 Fled to the watre off *Forth* ; and thar 335
 The maist part off thaim drownyt war.
 And *Bannok burne*, betwix the brays,
 Off men, off hors, swa stekyt wais,
 That, apon drownyt hors, and men,
 Men mycht pas dry outour it then. 340
 And ladds, swanys, and rangail,
 Quhen thai saw wencussyt the bataill,
 Ran amang thaim ; and sa gan fla,
 As folk that na defens mycht ma,
 That

That war pitté for to se. 3
 Ik hard neur quhar, in na countré,
 Folk at swa gret myscheiff war stad.
 On ane sid thai thair fayis had,
 That slew thaim doun, forowtyn mercy:
 And thai had, on the tothyr party, 3
Bannok burne, that sua cumbyrsun was,
 For slyk and depnes for to pas,
 That thar mycht nane outour it rid:
 Thaim worthys, maugre thairs, abid.
 Swa that sum slayne, sum drownyt, war: 3
 Mycht nane eschap that euir come thar.
 The quheyr mony gat away,
 That ellys war fled as I fall say.

The King, with thaim he with hym had,
 In a rout till the castell rad,
 And wald haff bene tharin, for thai
 Wyft not quhat gat to get away.
 Bot PHILIP the MOWBRAY said hym till,
 ‘The castell, Schyr, is at your will.
 ‘Bot cum ye in it, ye fall se
 ‘That ye fall sone affegyt be.
 ‘And thar fall nane off *England*
 ‘To mak yow rescourfs tak on hand.
 ‘And, but rescours, may na castell
 ‘Be haldyn lang, ye wate this weill.

Ver. 358. That fled otherwise.

Ver. 360. Of Stirling.

Tharfor comfort yow, and rely

'Your men about yow rycht starkly;

'And halds about the *Park* your way,

'Rycht als sadly as ye may.

'For I trow that nane fall haff mycht,

'That chaffys, with sa fele to fycht.'

375

And hys cunsaill thai haff doyne;

And benewth the castell went thai sone,

Rycht by the *Round Table* away;

And syne the *Park* enweround thai;

And towart *Litbkow* held in hy.

380

Bot I trow thai fall hastily

Be conweyit with sik folk, that thai,

I trow, mycht suffre weill away.

For Schyr JAMES Lord off DOWGLAS

Come to the KING, and askyt the chace;

And he gaff hym it, but abaid.

Bot all to few off hors he haid:

He had not in hys rout sixty.

The quheyr he sped hym hastily

The way eftyr the King to ta.

Now lat hym on hys wayis ga;

385

390

Ver. 379. The Round Table is an artificial mount near Stirling castle. Chivalry, universal over Europe from the twelfth century, spread romantic names in most countries. In Britain Arthur's fabulous exploits were predominant. Nimmo, in his history of Stirlingshire, mentions a round artificial mount still existing in the gardens of Stirling castle, and seems rightly to imagine that it is here implied by Barbour.

And

And eftre this we fall weill tell
 Quhat hym, intill the chace, befell.

Quhen the gret bataill on this wyſe 395
 Wes diſcomfyt, as Ik dewyſe,
 Quhar threty thouſand weill war ded,
 Or drownyt in that ilk ſted;
 And ſum war intill hands tane;
 And othyr ſum thair gat war gane; 400
 The Erle off HERFURD, fra the mellé,
 Departyt with a gret mengye;
 And ſtraucht to *Bothwell* tok the way,
 That than in the *Ingliſh mennys* fay
 Wes, and haldyn as place off wer. 405
 Schyr WALTRE GILBERTSON wes ther
 Capitane, and it had in ward.
 The Erle of HEREFURD thyddyrward
 Held, and wes tane in, our the wall;
 And fyfty off hys men with all; 410
 And ſet in houſſis ſyndryly
 Swa that thai had thar na miſtry.
 The lave went towart *England*.
 Bot off that rout, I tak on hand,
 The thre parts war ſlane or tane. 415
 The lave with gret payn hame ar gane.

Schyr MAWRICE alſua the BERCLAY
 Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
 With a gret rout off *Walis men*.
 Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht thaim ken, 420
 For

For thai wele ner all nakyt war;
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
 Thai held thair way in full gret hy.
 Bot mony off thair cumpany,
 Or thai till *England* come, war tane; 425
 And mony als off thaim war slayne.

Thar fled als othyr wayis fer.
 Bot to the castell, that wes ner,
 Off *Strewillyne* fled sic a mengye,
 That it war wondre for to se. 430
 For the craggs all helyt war
 About the castell, her and thar,
 Off thaim, that for strenth off that fled,
 Thyddyrwart to warrand fled.
 And for thai war sa fele that thar 435
 Fled undre the castell war,
 The KING ROBERT, that wes witty,
 Held in hys gud men ner hym by,
 For drede that ris agayne suld thai.
 This was the caus, for suth to say, 440
 Quharthrouch the King off *England*
 Eschapyt hame, intill hys land.

Quhen that the feld sa clene wes maid
 Off *Inglis men*, that nane abaid,

Ver. 421. This anecdote of the Welch, in the fourteenth century, is curious. They appeared naked even to Scottish peasants.

The *Scotts men* sone tuk in hand 445
 Off thair's all that cuir thair fand;
 That mony man mychty wes maid
 Off the rychys, that thair thar haid.

Quhen this wes doyne, that her say I,
 The KING send a gret cumpany 450
 Up to the crag thaim till affaile,
 That war fled fra the gret bataill,
 And thair thaim yauld forowtyn debate,
 And in hand has tane thaim sute hate.
 Syne to the KING thair went thair way. 455
 Thair dispendyt haly that day
 In spulyeing, and ryches takyng,
 Fra end wes maid off the fychting.
 And quhen thair nakyt spulyeit war,
 That war slane in the bataill thar, 460
 It wes forfuth a gret ferly
 To se samyn sa fele dede ly.
 Twa hundre payr of spurs reid
 War tane off knychts that war deid.
 The Erle off GLOSYSTRE ded wes thar, 465
 That men callyt Schyr GILBERT of CLAR.
 And GYLIS de ARGENTE' alsua;
 And PAYN TYPONTS; and othyr ma;
 That thair namys not tell can I.
 And, apon *Scotts menys* party, 470

Ver. 454. Editions read:

And them in hand they took full hait.

Thar

Thar wes slayne worthy knychts twa ;
WILYAME the WEPOYNT wes ane off thar ;
 And Schyr **W**ALTRE off ROSS ane othyr,
 That Schyr **E**DWARD, the **K**INGs brothyr,
 Luffyt, and had in sic daynté 475
 That as hymself hym luffyt he.
 And quhen he wyff that he wes ded,
 He wes sa wa, and will off reide,
 That he said, makand iwill cher,
 That hym war lewer that journey wer 480
 Undone, than he fwa ded had bene.
 Owtakyn hym men has not sene
 Quhar he, for ony man, maid menyng.
 And the caus wes off hys luffyng,
 That he hys systre per amours 485
 Luffyt, and held all at rebours
 Hys awne wyff dame **Y**SABELL.
 And tharfor sa gret distance fell
 Betwix hym, and the Erle **D**AWEY
 Off **A**THOLE, brothyr to this lady, 490
 That he apon Sayint Thomys nycht,
 Quhen bath the Kings war boune to fycht,
 In *Camskynnell* the **K**INGs wictaill
 He tuk ; and sadly gert assaile
 Schyr **W**ILLYAM of **K**ETH, and hym strew ; 495
 And with hym men ma then ynew.
 Tharfor syne intill *England*
 He wes bannyt ; and all hys land

Ver. 493. 'Cambuskenneth;' ed.

M 2

Wes

Wes sefyt as forfaut to the KING,
That did tharof syne hys liking. 500

Quhen the feld, as I tauld yow ar,
Wes dispulyeit, and left all bar,
The KING, and all hys cumpany,
Blyth and joyfull, glaid and mery,
Off the grace that thaim fallyn was, 505
Toward thair innys thair wayis tais,
To rest thaim fer thai werie war.

Bot for the Erle GILBERT off CLAR,
That slayne wes in the bataill place,
The KING sum dele anoyit was : 510
For till hym wele ner fib was he.

Then till a kyrk he gert hym be
Broucht, and walkyt all that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
The KING raifs as hys wills was. 515

'Than an *Inglis* knycht, throw cafs,
Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand,
Swa that na man laid on hym hand,
In a busk he with hys armyng,
And waytyt quhill he saw the KING 520

In the morne cum forth arly :
Till hym than is he went in hy.
Schyr MARMEDUK TWEMYNE he hycht.
He raykyt till the KING all rycht,
And halyft hym apon hys kne. 525

“ Welcum, Schyr MARMEDUK,” said he ;
“ To

“ To quhat man art thow presoner ? ”

“ To nane, ’ he said; ‘ bot to yow her.

‘ I yeld me at your will to be.’

“ And I ressave ye, Schyr, ” said he.

53

Then gert he tret hym curtassly.

He duelt lang in hys cumpany;

And syne till *Ingland* hym send he,

Arayit weñe, but ransoun, fre;

And geff hym gret gyffts tharto.

535

A worthy man that sua wald do,

And mak hym gretly for to prise!

Quhen **MARMYDUK**, apon this wyfs,

Was yoldyn, as Ik to yow say,

Than come Schyr **PHILIP** the **MOWBRAY**,

540

And to the **KING** yauld the castell.

Hys cunnand hes he haldyn well.

And with hym tetryt sua the **KING**,

That he belewyt off hys duelling;

And held hym lely hys fay,

545

Quhill the last end off hys lyff day.

Now will we off the **LORD DOWGLAS**

Tell, how that he folowit the chafs.

He had to quhene in hys cumpany;

Bot he sped hym in full gret hy.

550

And as he throuch the *Torwod* fur,

Sa met he ridand on the mur

Schyr **LAURENCE** off **ABERNETHY**,

That, with twenty-four in cumpany,

M 3

Come

Come for till help the *Inglismen* ; 559
 For he was *Inglisman* yet then.
 But quhen he hard how that it wes,
 He left the *Inglis mennys* pefs ;
 And to the Lord DOWGLAS rycht thar
 For to be lele and trow he swar. 560

And than thai bath selowit the chafs ;
 And or the King off *England* was
 Passyt *Lythkow*, thai come sa ner,
 With all the folk that with thaim war,
 That weill amang thaim swyth thai mycht ; 565
 Bot thai thocht thaim to few, to fycht
 With the gret rout, that thai had thar :
 For fyve hundre armyt thai war.
 Togyddir sarraly raid thai ;
 And held thaim apon bridill ay. 570
 Thai war gouernyt wittily ;
 For it semyt ay thai war redy
 For to defend thaim, at thair mycht,
 Giff thai assaillyt war in fycht.
 And the Lord off DOWGLAS, and hys men, 575
 How that he wald not schaip hym then
 For to fycht wjth thaim all planly,
 He conwayit thaim sa narrowly,
 That off the henmaist ay tuk he :
 Mycht nane behind hys fallowis be 580
 A penneftane cast, na he in hy
 Wesdede, or tane deleuerly,

Ver. 581. As far as a quoit can be thrown.

That

That nane recours wald till him ma,
Although he lewytt hym neuir sua.

On this maner conwoyit he
Quhill that the King, and hys menyne,
To *Wenchburg* all cummyne ar.

585

Than lychtyt all that thai war,
To bayt thair hors, that wer wery.
And *Dowglas*, and hys cumpany,
Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner.

590

Thai war sa fele withoutyn wer,
And in armys sa clenly dycht,
And swa arayit for to fycht;
And he sa quhoynes, and but supleyng;
That he wald not, in plane fechtng,
Assaile thaim: bot ay raid thaim by,
Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.

595

A litill quhill thai baytyt thar:
And syn lap on; and furth thai far;
And wes always by thaim ner:
He leyt thaim not haff sic layser,
As anys watre for to ma.

600

And giff ony stad war sa
That he behind left ony space,
Seyst alson in hand he wes.
Thai conwoyit thaim on sic awifs
Quhill that the King, and hys rout, is

605

Ver. 587. Wynchbrugh on the west of the river Cramond,
between Linlithgow and Edinburgh.

Cummyn to the castell off *Dunbar*;
 Quhar he, and sum off hys menye, war 610
 Resawyt rycht weile; for yete than
 The Erle PATRIK wes *Inglisman*.
 That gert with mete, and drynk alsua,
 Refresche thaim weill: and syne gert ta
 A bate; and send the King be se, 615
 To *Bawmburgh*, in hys awne countré.
 Thair hors thar left thai all on stray;
 Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai:
 The lave, that lewynt thar without,
 Adressyt thaim intill a rout, 620
 And till *Berwik* held straucht thair way
 In route: botand we suth say,
 Stad thai war full narrowly,
 Or thai come thar. Bot noucht forthy
 Thai come to *Berwik* weill; and thar 625
 Into the toune resawyt war;
 Ellys at gret myscheiff had thai bene.
 And quhen the Lord off *Dowglas* has sene
 That he had lesyt all hys payne,
 Towart the KING he went agayne, 630

This King eschapyt on this wys.
 Lo-quhat fading in fortoun is!
 That will apon a man quhill smyle;
 And prik on hym syne anothyr quhill.

Ver. 616. Banborough.

In na tyme stable can sche stand.

635

This mychty King off *England*

Sche had set on hyr quheill, on hycht,

Quhen, with sa ferlyfull a mycht,

Off men, off armys, and archers,

And off fute-men, and hobilers,

640

He come ; ridand out off hys land,

As I befor hafe borne on hand.

And in a nycht syne, and a day,

She set hym in sa hard assay,

That he, with few men, in a bate

645

Wes fayne for till hald hame hys gate.

Bot off this ilk quhely's turnyng

King ROBERT suld mak na murnyng.

For on hys syd the quheyle on hycht

Raifs, quhen the tothyr doun gan lycht.

650

And that it undre lawth was ar,

Mon lep on loft in the contrar.

Sa fure it off thir Kings twa.

Quhen the King ROBERT stad was swa

That in gret myscheiff wes he,

655

The tothyr was in maiesté.

And quhen the King EDUARD's mycht

Was lawyt, King ROBERT wes on hycht :

And now sic fortoun fell hym till,

That he wes hey and at hys will.

660

At *Strowillyne* wes he yeyt liand ;

And the gret lords, that he fand

Ded

Dēd in the feld, he gert bery
 In haly place honorabilly.
 And the lave syne, that dede war thar, 665
 Into gret pytts erdyt war.
 The castell, and the towrs, syne
 Rycht till the ground doune gert he myn.

And syne to *Bothwell* send he
 Schyr EDUARD, with a gret menye; 670
 For thar wes than send to hym word
 That the ryche Erle off HERFORD,
 And othyr mychty als, war thar.
 Sa tretyt he with Schyr WALTRE,
 That Erle, and castell, and the lave, 675
 In Schyr EDUARD's hand he gave.
 And till the KING the Erle send he,
 That gert hym rycht weill yemit be.
 Quhill at the last thai tretyt swa
 That he till *Ingland* hame suld ga, 680
 Forowtyn paying off ransoume, fre;
 And that for hym suld changyt be
 Byschop ROBERT that blynd was maid;
 And the Queyne, that thai takyn haid
 In presoune, as befor said I; 685
 And hyr douchtre dame MAIORY.
 The Erle wes changyt for thir thre.
 And, quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre,

Ver. 683. Robert Wishart Bishop of Glasgow. This patriotic bishop died in 1316.

The

The King hys douchtre, that wes far,
 And wes als aperand ayr, 690
 With WALTER STEWART gan he wed.
 And thai wele sone gat off thair bed
 A knaw child, throw our Lord's grace,
 That estre hys gud eld fathyr wes
 Callyt ROBERT; and syne wes King; 695
 And had the land in gouerning,
 Eftyr hys worthy eyme DAWY;
 That regnyt twa yer and fourty.
 And in the tyme off the compiling
 Off this buk, this ROBERT wes KING. 700
 And off hys kynryk passyt wes
 FYVE yer; and wes the yer of grace
 A THOUSAND, THRE HUNDRE, SEUENTY
 And FYVE; and-off hys eld SEXTY.
 And that wes estre that the gud KING, 705
 ROBERT, wes broucht till hys ending,
 FYVE and FOURTY wintres, bot mar.
 God grant that thai that cummyn ar
 Off hys offspring manteyne the land,
 And hald the folk wele to warand! 710
 And maynteyne rycht, and leawté
 As weill as, in hys tyme, did he!

Ver. 693. A *knawe child*, a boy.

Ver. 695. Robert II. the first of the Stuarts, reigned from 1371 till 1390.

Ver. 706. Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, who died 7th June 1329.

KING

KING ROBERT now wes well at hycht,
 For ilk day than grew hys mycht.
 Hys men woux ryche: and hys cuntre 715
 Haboundyt weill off corne, and fe;
 And off alkyn othyr ryches.
 Myrth, and solace, and blythnes,
 War in the land commonaly,
 For ilk man blyth war and joly. 720

The KING, estre the gret journé,
 Throw rede off hys consaill priué,
 In fer tounys gert cry on hycht,
 That quha sa clemyt till haff rycht
 To hald in *Scotland* land, or fe, 725
 That in thir twelfmoneth suld he
 Cum, and clam yt; and tharfor do
 To the KING that pertenynt tharto.
 And giff thai cum not in that yer,
 Than suld thai wit, withowtyn wer, 730
 That hard thareftre nane suld be.
 The KING, that wes off gret bounté,
 And besynes, quhen this wes done,
 Ane ost gert summound estre sone.
 And went thaim intill *England*; 735
 And our raid all *Northummyrland*.
 And brynt housis; and tuk thair pray;
 And syne went hame agayn thair way.

Ver. 732. November 1314.

I lat

I lat it schortly pass for by,
For thar wes done na chewalry
Prowyt, that is to spek off her.
The KING went oft in this maner
In *England*, for to rich hys men ;
That in ryches haboundyt then.

740

THE END OF BUKE XIII.

THE

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk twa bukes followand, and half the neist, are cheiflie occupyit with the actiouns of EDWARD DE BRUYSE in Ireland.—Erl EDWARD gaes to Ireland, be invitation of the Irishry—wins a battel neir Craigfergus.—The Erl of MUREF gets for bym the pass of Endnellan.—Erl EDWARD ganis the battel of Dundalk.—Thrid battel near Cogners, wun be Erl EDWARD agayn Schyr RICHARD DE CLARE, lufetenand of Ireland.

T H E

B R U C E.

B U K E XIV.

THE Erle off CARRIK, Schyr EDUARD,
 That stoutar wes than a libbard,
 And had na will to be in pefs,
 Thocht that *Scotland* to litill wes
 Till hys brodyr, and hym alsua. §
 Tharfor to purpos gan he ta
 That he of *Irland* wald be king.
 Tharfor he send and had trefyng
 With *Hysfery* off *Irland*;
 That in thair leawté tuk on hand 10
 Off all *Irland* to mak hym king.
 With thy that he with hard fychting
 Mycht ourcum the *Inglifmen*,
 That in the land war wonnand then;

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce now appears with the title of Earl of Carrick. His actions in Ireland, May 1315 to October 1318, occupy this and the next book, and half of the xvith.

Ver. 9. *Hysfery*, or *Ersfbery*, are wild Irish: it is added 'of Ireland,' to distinguish them from the highlanders or Irish of Scotland, also called *Ersfbery* by our poet.

VOL. II.

N

And

And thai suld help with all thair mycht. 15
 And he that hard thaim mak sic hycht,
 Intill hys hart had gret liking:
 And, with the consent off the KING,
 Gadryt hym men off gret bounté.
 And at *Ayr* syne schippyt he, 20
 Intill the neyft moneth off May.
 Till *Irland* held he straucht hys way.

He had thar in hys cumpany
 The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy;
 And gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, 25
 That sekyr wes in hard assay;
 Schyr IHONE the SOULLS, ane gud knycht;
 And Schyr IHONE STEWART, that wes wycht.
 The RAMSAY als off *Ouchtre housis*,
 That wes wycht and chewalroufs; 30
 And Schyr FERGUS off ADROSSANE:
 And othyr knychts mony ane.

In *Wokings fyrth* arywyt thai
 Sauffly, but bargane or assay:
 And send thair schyppys hame ilkane. 35
 A gret thing haff thai undretane,

Ver. 21. On the 25th May, 1315. *Annals*.

Ver. 24. Thomas Randel, Earl of Moray.

Ver. 33. I am not sufficiently versed in Irish topography to trace accurately Edward's progress in Ireland: but this port must have been near Carrickfergus.

That,

That, with swa quhoyme as thai war thar,
 That war sex thowfand men, but mar,
 Schuip to werray all *Irland*,
 Quhar thai fall se mony thousand 40
 Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht.
 Bot thought thai quhone war, thai war wycht.
 And, forowt drede or effray,
 In twa bataills tuk thair way
 Towart *Cragfergus*, it to se. 45
 Bot the lords off that countré,
 MANDWEILL, BESAT, and LOGANE,
 Thair men asssemblyt euirilkane.
 The SAWAGES war alsua thar.
 And quhen thai asssemblyt war, 50
 Thar war wele ner twenty thowfand.
 Quhen thai wyft that intill thair land
 Sic a mengue aryvyt war,
 With all the folk that thai had thar,
 Thai went towart thaim in gret hy. 55
 And fra Schyr EDUARD wyft suthly
 That ner to hym cummyn wer thai,
 Hys men he gert thaim wele aray.
 The awaward had the Erle THOMAS;
 And the rerward Schyr EDUARD's was. 60

Thair fayis approchyt to the fechtung;
 And thai met thaim but abaying.

Ver. 49. The Savages were a powerful family in Ireland. The editions erroneously imply this term to be given laxly to the people, 'savages.'

Thar mycht men se a gret mellé :
 For Erle THOMAS, and hys menye,
 Dang on thair fayis sa douchtely, 65
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 An hundre, that all bloody war.
 For hobynys, that war stykyt thar,
 Relyt, and slang, and gret rowme mad,
 And kest thaim that apon thaim rad. 70
 And Schyr EDUARD's cumpany
 Assemblyt syne sa hardely,
 That thai thair fayis ruschyt all.
 Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall,
 It wes perill off hys ryfing. 75
 The *Scotts men* in that fychting
 Swa apertly, and wele, thaim bar,
 That thair fayis swa ruschyt war,
 That thai haly the flycht has tane.
 And in that bataill wes tane or slane 80
 All hale the flur off *Ullyster*.
 The Erle off MURREFF gret prife had ther,
 For hys worthy chewalry
 Comfort all hys cumpany.

This wes a full fayr beginnyng ; 85
 For, newlings at thair arywing,

Ver. 68. Hobynys are war or carriage horses ; strong
 horses. Barbour, in most of his battle pieces, seems fond of
 representing the confusion caused by the wounded steeds.

Ver. 81. *Ullyster* is Ulster.

In plane bataill thai discomfyt thar
 Thair fayis, that four ay for ane war.
 Syne to *Cragfergus* ar thai gane,
 And in the toune hes innys tane. 90
 The castell weill wes stuffyt then
 Off new with wictaill, and with men.
 Thartill thai set a sege in hy.
 Mony eschewe full apertly
 Wes maid, quhill thar the sege lay: 95
 Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai.

Quhen that the folk off *Halhster*
 Till hys pefs haly cummyne wer,
 Schyr EDDUARD wald tak on hand
 To rid furth further in the land. 100
 Off the Kings off that countré,
 That come till hym, and maid fewté,
 Weyll ten or twalf, as Ik hard fay;
 Bot thai held hym schort quhill thair fay.
 For twa off thaim; ane MAKGULLANE, 105
 And ane othyr hat MAKARTANE,
 Withset a pass intill hys way,
 Quhar hym behowyt ned away,
 With twa thousand off men with spers,
 And als mony off thair archers. 110
 And all the catell off the land
 War drawyn thyddar to warand.
 Men callys that place *Innuermallane*:
 In all *Irland* straytar is nane.

For Schyr EDUARD that kept thair;
 Thai thought he suld not thar away. 115
 Bot he hys wiage sone hes tane;
 And straucht toward the pass is gane.
 The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
 That put hym fyrst ay till assayis, 120
 Lychtyt on fute, with hys menyne,
 And apertly the pass tuk he.
 Thir *Irish* Kings I spak off ar,
 With all the folk that with thym war,
 Let hym rycht sturdely: bot he 125
 Assaylyt swa with hys menyne,
 That mawgre thairs, thai wan the pass.
 Slayn off thair fayis many thar was.
 Throw out the wod thaim chassyt thair;
 And sesyt in sic fusione the pray, 130
 That all the folk off thair oft war
 Refreshyt weill, ane wouk or mar.

At *Kilgarr* King EDUARD lay;
 And wele sone he has hard say
 That at *Dundalk* wes assemblé 135
 Maid off the lords off that cuntré.
 In oft thair war assemblyt thar.
 Thar wes fyrst Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
 That in all *Irland* lufftenande
 Was off the King off *England*; 140

Ver. 133. *Kilgarr* I cannot find.

The

The Erle off **DESMOND** als wes thar;
 And the Erle alsua off **KILDAR**;
 The **BREMAN**, and **WODOUNE**,
 That war lords off gret renowne;
 The **BUTLER** alsua thar was; 145
 And Schyr **MORYSS LE FYSS THOMAS**.

Thal with thair men ar commyn thar:
 A rycht gret off forfuth thair war.
 And Schyr **EDUWARD** wyft futhly
 That thair war swilk chawalry. 150
 Hys oft in hy he gert aray;
 And thyddyrwarts tuk the way:
 And ner the toune tuk hys herbery.
 Bot for he wyft all wittily
 That in the toune war mony men, 155
 Hys bataills he arayit then;
 And stud arayit in bataill,
 To kep thaim giff thair wald affaile.

And quhen that Schyr **RICHARD** of **CLAR**,
 And othyr lords that war thar, 160
 Wyft that the *Scottsman* fa ner
 With thair bataillis wer,
 Thair tuk to consaile that that nycht,
 For it wes layt, thair wald not fycht:
 Bot on the morne, in the mornynge, 165
 Weile sone estre the sone ryfynge,
 Thair suld isch furth all that thair war.
 Tharfor that nycht thair did na mar:

Bot herberyt thaim, on aythir party.
 That nycht the *Scotts* cumpany 170
 War wachyt weill, rycht all at nycht.
 And on the morne, quhen day wes lycht,
 In twa bataills thai thaim arayit.
 Thai stod with baners all displayit,
 For the bataill all redy boun. 175
 And thai, that war within the toun,
 Quhen sone wes ryfyn schenand cler,
 Send furth off thaim that within wer,
 Fyfty, to se the contenyng
 Off *Scotts men*, and thair cummyng. 180
 And thai raid furth, and saw thaim sone ;
 Syne come agane withowtyn hone.

And quhen thai samyn lychtyt war,
 Thai tauld thair lords, that war thar,
 That *Scotts men* semyt to be 185
 Worthy and off gret bounté.
 Bot thai ar not, withowtyn wer,
 Haff dell a dyner till us her.
 The lordys had off this tithing
 Gret joy, and gret recomforting. 190
 And gert men throw the cité cry
 That all fuld arme thaim hastily.

Quhen thai war armyt, and purwayit ;
 And for the fycht all hale arayit ;
 Thai went thaim furth in gud aray. 195
 Sone with thair fayis assemblyt thai ;

That

That kepyt thaim rycht hardily,
 The stour begouth thar cruelly,
 For aythir part set all thair mycht
 To rusche thair fayis in the fycht; 200
 And with all mycht on othyr dang.
 The stalwart stour lestyt wele lang,
 That men mycht na persave, na se,
 Quha maist that thar abowe suld be.
 For fra sone estre the sone ryssing, 205
 Quhill estre myd morne, the fechting
 Lestyt intill sik a dout.
 Bot than Schyr EDUARD, that wes stout,
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,
 Schot apon thaim sa sturdely, 210
 That thai mycht thole na mar the fycht.
 All in a frusche thai tuk the flycht.
 And thai folowyt full egrely:
 In all the toun commonaly
 Thai entryt, bath entre mellé. 215
 Thar men mycht feloune slauchtre se:
 For the rycht nobill Erle THOMAS
 That with hys rout folowyit the chafs,
 Maid swilk a slauchtre in the toun,
 And swa feloune occisioun, 220
 That thais rewys all bludy war
 Off slayne men, that war liand thar.

The lords war gottyn all away.
 And quhen the toun, as I yow say,

Ver. 221. *Rewys* are streets: *rues*, Fr.

Wes

Wes throw gret force off fechtng tane, 225
 And all thair fayis fled or slayne;
 Thai herberyt thaim all in the toun.
 Quhar off wictaill wes sic fusioun,
 And swa gret haboundance off wyne,
 That the gud Erle had dowtyne 230
 That off thair men suld drunkyn be,
 And mak in drunkynes soim mellé.
 Tharfor he maid off wyne leveré
 To ilk man, that he payit suld be,
 And thai had all yneuch perfay. 235
 That nycht rycht weill at ese war thai;
 And rycht blyth off the gret honour
 That thaim befell for thair walour.

Eftyr this fycht thai soiournyt thar
 Into *Dundalk*, thre dayis but mar. 240
 Syne tuk thai suthwards thair way.
 The Erle THOMAS wes forouth ay,
 And, as thai raid throw the countré,
 Thai mycht apon the hyllis se
 Swa mony men, it wes ferly. 245
 And quhen the Erle wald sturdely
 Drefs hym to thaim with hys baner,
 Thai wald flei all that thar wer;
 Swa that in fycht not ane abaid.
 And thai suthwards thair wayis raid 250
 Quhill till a gret forest come thai,
Kylrose it hat, as lk hard say.

Ver. 252. *Kylrose* is also unknown to the editor.

And

And thai tuk all thair herbery thar.
 In all this tyme RICHARD off CLAR,
 That wes the King's luftenand 255
 Off the barnage off *Irland*,
 A gret oft he asssemblyt had.
 Thai war fyve bataills, gret and braid,
 That foucht Schyr EDUARD and hys men.
 Weill ner hym war thai cummyn then. 260
 He gat sone witting that thai wer
 Cummand on hym; and war sa ner.
 Hys men he dressyt, thaim agayn,
 And gert thaim stoutly to the playn.
 And syne the Erle thaim come to se; 265
 And Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY send he,
 And Schyr IHONE STEWART went alsua,
 Furth to discouer the way thai ta.

Thai saw the oft sone cum at hand;
 Thai wer to gefs fyfty thowsand. 270
 Hame till Schyr EDUARD raid thai then,
 And said weill thai war mony men.
 He said agayne, "The ma thai be,
 "The mar honour all out haff we,
 "Giff that we ber us manlily. 275
 "We ar set her in jupartay
 "To wyn honour, or for to dey.
 "We ar to fer fra hame to fley.
 "Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.
 "Yone ar gadryngs off this countré; 280
 "And

“ And thai fall fley, I trow, lychly,
 “ And men affaile thaim manlily.”

All faid than that thai weile fuld do.
 With that approchand ner thaim to
 The bataills come, redy to fycht ; 285
 And thai met thaim with mekill mycht ;
 That war ten thowfand worthy men.
 The *Scotts men* all on fute war then,
 And thai on stedys trappyt weile ;
 Sum helyt all in irne and stele. 290

Bot *Scotts men*, at thair meting,
 With spers perfyt thair armyhg ;
 And stekyt horfs, and men doun bar.
 A feloun fechting wes then thar.
 I cannot tell thair strakys all ; 295
 Na quha in fycht gert othyr fall.
 Bot in schort tyme, Ik undreta,
 Thai off *Irland* war conqueryt sua,
 That thai durst than abid na mar ;
 Bot fled scalyt, all that thai war. 300
 And levyt in the bataill sted
 Weill many off thair gud men ded.
 Off wappnys, armyng, and dede men,
 The feld wes hely strowyt then.

That gret oft rudly ruschyt was : 305
 Bot Schyr EDUARD let na ma chas.
 Bot

Bot with prisouners, that thai had tane,
 Thai till the woud agayne ar gane :
 Quhar that thair harnayfs levyt wer.
 That nycht thai maid thair men gud cher ; 310
 And lovyt God fast off hys grace.
 The gud knycht, that sa worthy was,
 Till JUDAS MACHABEUS mycht
 Be liknyt weill, into that fycht ;
 Forfuk na multitud off men, 315
 Quhill he had ane aganys ten.

Thus I said RICHARD off CLAR,
 And hys gret oft, rebutyt war.
 Bot he about hym not forthy
 Was gaderand men ay ythenly. 320
 For he thought yheit to cower hys cast:
 It angyrryt hym rycht ferly fast,
 That twifs intill bataill wes he
 Discomfyt, with a few menye.

And *Scotts men*, that to the forest 325
 War rydand, for to mak thair rest,
 All thais twa nychts thar thai lay,
 And maid thaim myrth, solace, and play.

Towart *Ydymfy* syne thai raid.
 Ane *Irfsche* King, that ayth haid maid 330

Ver. 329. *Ydymfy* is unknown. Editions read *Endressy*.

To

To Schyr EDUARD off fewté,
 For forouth thar hym presyt he,
 To se hys land, that na wictaill,
 Na noucht, that mycht thaim help, suld fail.
 Schyr EDUARD trowyt in hys hycht; 335
 And with hys rout raid thyddir rycht.
 A gret rewyr he gert hym pás;
 And in a rycht fayr place, that was
 Lawch by a bourne, he gert thaim to
 Thair herbery: and said he wald ga 340
 To ger men wictaill to thaim bring.
 He held hys way, but mar duelling:
 For to betraifs thaim wes hys thought.
 In sic a place he hes thaim broucht,
 For off twa journais weill, and mar, 345
 All the catell withdrawyn war.
 Swa that thai in that land mycht get
 Nathing that worth war for till ete.
 With hungyr he thought thaim to feblis,
 Syne bryng on thaim thair enemyfs. 350

This fals traytour's men had maid,
 A litill quhar he herbryit had
 Schyr EDUARD and the *Scottifman*,
 The ischow off a louch to den;
 And leyt it out into the nycht. 355
 The watre than, with swilk a mycht,

Ver: 345. That is, the cattle were removed to a distance of two days' march.

On

On Schyr EDUARD's men com down,
 That thai in perill war to droun.
 For or thai wyft on flot war thai ;
 With mekill payn thai gat away : 360
 And held thair lyff, as God gaff grace.
 Bot off thair harnyfs tynt thar was.
 He maid thaim na gud fest, perfay ;
 And not forthy yneuch had thai.
 For thouch thaim failyt off the mete, 365
 I warn yow weill thai war wele wet.

In gret distres thar war thai stad :
 For gret default off mete thai had.
 And thai betwix rewers twa
 War fet ; and mycht pafs nane off tha. 370
 The *Bane* that is ane arm off the se,
 That with hors may not passyt be,
 Wes betwix thaim, and *Hullyster*.
 Thai had bene in gret perill ther ;
 Ne war a scowmar off the se, 375
 THOMAS off DOWNE hattyn wes he,
 Hard that the oft sa straytly than
 Was stad ; and falyt up the *Ban*,
 Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay.
 Thai knew hym wele, and blyth war thai. 380

Ver. 363, 364. ' He gave them no good entertainment, in faith, and yet they had enough.'

Ver. 371. The river Boyne ?

With

With four schyppis, that he had tane,
 He fet thaim our the *Ban* ilkane.
 And quhen thai com in biggit land,
 Wiçtaill and mete yneuch thai fand.
 And in a wod thaim herberyt thai; 385
 Nane off the land wyft quhar thai lay.
 Thei esyt thaim, and maid gud cher.
 Intill that tym besid thaim wer
 With a gret oft Schyr RYCHARD off CLAR;
 And othyr gret off *Irland* wer 390
 Herbyryt in a forest syd.
 And ilk day thai gert men ryd,
 To bryng wiçtaill on ser manerys
 To thaim, fra the toun off *Coigners*;
 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra. 395
 Ilk day, as thai wald cum and ga,
 Thai come to the *Scotts* oft sa ner,
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim war.
 And quhen the Erle THOMAS persawing
 Had off thair cummyng and thair ganging, 400
 He gat hym a gud cumpany,
 Thre hundre on hors, wycht and hardy;
 Ther wes Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 And Sir JOHN STEWART als perfay;
 And Schyr ALANE STEWART alsua, 405
 Schyr ROBERT BOID; and othyr ma.

Ver. 383. 'Biggit land' is land where there were houses or buildings.

Ver. 394. *Coyners. Annals.*

Thai

Tha raid to mete the wictalers,
 That with thair wictall fra *Coigners*
 Come haldand to thair ost the way.
 Swa sedarly on thaim schot thai, 410
 That thai war sua abaysit all,
 That thai leyt all thair wapnys fall ;
 And mercy pitously gan cry.
 And thai tuk thaim in thair mercy,
 And has thaim up fa clenly tane, 415
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

The Erle off thaim gatt witring
 That off thair ost, in the ewynyng,
 Wald cum out at the wodds sid,
 And agaynys thair wictaill rid : 420
 He thought than on a juperty,
 And gert hys mengye halely
 Dycht thaim in the prifonours aray :
 Thair penownys als with thaim tuk thai.
 And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad, 425
 And syne towart the ost thai raid.
 Sum off thair mekill ost has sene
 Thair come ; and wend thai had bene
 Thair wictalours. Tharfor thai raid
 Agaynes thaim, scalyt, for thai had 430
 Na dred that thai thair fayis war ;
 And thaim hungryt als weill far.
 Tharfor thai come abandounly.
 And quhen thai wer ner, in gret hy

The Erle, and all that with hym war, 435
 Ruschyt on thaim with wapnys bar ;
 And thair ensenyeis hey gan cry.
 Than thai, that saw swa sedarly
 Thair fayis ding on thaim, war sa rad,
 That thai na hart to help thaim had. 440
 Bot to the oft thair way gan ta ;
 And thai chassyt, and swa fele gan fla,
 That all the feldys strowyt war.
 Ma than a thowfand ded war thar.
 Rycht till thair oft thai gan thaim chafs ; 445
 And syne agayne thair wayis tais.

In this wyfs wes the wictaill tane ;
 And off the *Irche men* mony flane.
 The Erle syne, with hys cumpany,
 Presoners and wictallers halily, 450
 Thai brought till Schyr EDUARD all swyth ;
 And he wes off thair cummyn blyth.
 That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher ;
 For rycht all at thair eyfs thai wer :
 Thai war ay walkyt sykyrly. 455
 And thair fayis, on the tothyr party,
 Quhen thai hard how thair men war slayne,
 And how thair wictal als wes tane,
 Thai tuk to confaill that thai wald
 Thair way towart *Coigners* hald ; 460
 And herbery in the cité ta.
 And then in gret hy thai haff don sua ;
 And

And raid be nycht to the cité.
 Thai fand thair off wictaill gret plenté;
 And maid thaim rycht mery cher, 465
 For all traift in the toun thai wer.

Apon the morn thai send to spy
 Quhar *Scotts men* had tane herbery.
 Bot thai with all als tane,
 And broucht rycht till the oft ilkane. 470
 The Erle off MURREFF rycht mekly
 Speryt at ane of thair cumpany,
 Quhar thair oft wes; and quhat thai thought
 To do? And said hym, giff he moucht
 Fynd that to hym the suth said he, 475
 He suld gang hame but ransom fre.
 He said, " Forsuth I fall yow say,
 " Thai thynk to morne, quhen it is day,
 " To sek yow, with all thair mengye,
 " Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be. 480
 " Thai haff gert throw the countré cry,
 " Off payne off lyff, full fellounly,
 " That all the men off this countré
 " To nycht into the cyté be.
 " And trewly thai fall be sa fele 485
 " That ye fall na wyfs with thaim dele."
 ' Depardew,' said he, ' weill may be !'
 To Schyr EDUARD, with that, yeid he;
 And tauld hym utrely this tale.
 Than haff thai tane for cunsaill hale 490

That thai wald rid to the cyté
 That ilk nycht, swa that thai mycht be
 Betwix the toun with all thair rout,
 And thaim that war to cum without.

As thai dewysyt thai haff done ; 495
 Befor the toune thai come alsone :
 And bot halfindall a myle off way
 Fra the cité, a rest tuk thai.
 And quhen the day wes dawyn lycht,
 Fyfty on hobynys, that war wycht, 500
 Come to a litill hill, that was
 Bot fra the toun a litill space.
 And saw Schyr EDUARD's herbery ;
 And off the fycht had gret ferly :
 That swa quhone durst on ony wifs 505
 Undretak sa hey enpryfs,
 As for to cum sa hardely
 Apon all the chewalry
 Off *Irland*, for to bid bataill.
 And swa it wes withowtyn fail. 510
 For agayne thaim war gadryt thar,
 With the wardane RICHARD off CLAR,
 The BUTLER ; and Erls twa,
 Off DESMOWND, and KILDAR, war thai ;
 BRYNNAME, WEDOUN, and FYZE WARYNE ;
 And Schyr PASCHALL off FLORENTYNE, 516
 That wes a knycht off *Loumbardy*,
 And wes full off chewalry.

The

The MAWNDWEILLS war thar alsua;
 BESITTS; LOGANYS; and othyr ma: 520
 SAWAGES als; and yheit wes ane
 Hat Schyr NYCHOLL off KYLKENANE.
 And with thir lords sa fele wes then,
 That, for ane off the *Scotts men*,
 I trow that thai war fyve, or ma. 525
 Quhen thair discourouris seyne had sua
 The *Scotts* ost, thai went in hy
 And tauld thair lords opynly,
 How thai to thaim wer cummyn ner;
 To sek thaim fer wes na myster. 530

And quhen the Erle THOMAS had sene
 That thaife men at the hill had bene,
 He tuk with hym a gret mengye,
 On horfs ane hundre thai mycht be,
 And to the hill thai tuk thair way; 535
 And in a flak thaim enbuschyt thai.
 And, in schort tyme, fra the cité
 Thai saw cumand rydand a mengye
 For to discurr to the hill.
 Than war thai blyth, and held thaim still, 540
 Quhill thai wer cummyn till thaim ner.
 Than in a frusche, all that thai wer,
 Thai schot apon thaim hardely.
 And thai that saw sa sedanly
 That folk cum on, abaysit war. 545
 And not forthy sum off thaim nar

Abad

Abad stoutly to ma debate :
And othyr sum ar fled thair gate.
And into wele schort tyme war tha,
That maid a rest, contreryit sua,
That thai fled halyly thair gat.
And thai thaim chaffyt rycht to the yat ;
And a gret part off thaim hes slayn ;
And syne went till thair ost agayn.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.