

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

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**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 .**

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**V O L U M E I I I .**



XX. 246.

3000.

**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  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XV.

Vol. III.

B

A R G U M E N T.

*The first battle was by Earl EDWARD in Ireland—  
he is declared King of Ireland.—Death of Schir  
NEIL FLEMING.*

*The poet returns to King ROBERT, who subdues the  
Iris.—DOUGLAS kills EDMOND DE CAILLOW,  
and Schir ROBERT NEVIL.*

T H E  
B R U C E.

---

B U K E XV.

**Q**UHEN thai within hes fene sua slayn  
 Thair men, and chassyt hame agayn,  
 Thai war all wa; and in gret hy  
 “ Till armys !” hely gan thai cry.  
 Than armyt thaim all that thar war, 5  
 And for the bataill maid thaim yar.  
 Thai ischyt owt, all wele arayit,  
 Into the bataill, baner displayit;  
 Bowne on thair best wifs till assaill  
 Thair fayis into sele bataill. 10

And quhen Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY  
 Saw thaim isch in sa gud aray,  
 Till Schyr EDUARD the BRUYSS went he;  
 And said, “ Schyr, it is gud that we  
 “ Schap for sum slycht that may awaile, 15  
 “ To help us into this bataill.  
 “ Our men ar quhoynes, but thai haff will  
 “ To do mar than thai may fulfill.

Ver. 1. April 1316.

" Tharfor I rede our cariage,  
 " Forowtyn ony man or page, 20  
 " Be thaimselwyn arayit be ;  
 " And thai fall seyme far mar than we.  
 " Set we befor thaim our baners,  
 " Yone folk that cumys out of *Coigners*,  
 " Quhen thai our baners thar may se, 25  
 " Sall trew traistly that thar ar we :  
 " And thyddir in gret hy fall thai rid.  
 " Cum we then on thaim at a sid,  
 " And we fall be at awantage ;  
 " For fra thai in our cariage 30  
 " Be entryt, thai fall cumbryt be ;  
 " And than, with all our mycht, may we  
 " Lay on, and do all that we may."  
 All as he ordanyt done haff thai.  
 And thai that come out off *Coigners* 35  
 Addressyt thaim to the baners ;  
 And smate with spurs in hy ;  
 And rushit amang tham sedanly.  
 The barrell ferrars that war thar  
 Cumbryt thaim fast that rydand war. 40

And then the Erle, with hys bataill,  
 Come on, and sadly gan affaill.  
 And Schyr EDUARD, a litill by,  
 Assemblyt sua rycht hardely,  
 That mony a fey fell undre fete. 45  
 The feld wox sone off blud all wete.

With

With sa gret felny thar thai faucht ;  
 And sic routs till othyr raucht,  
 With stok, with stane, and with retreat,  
 As aythir part gan othyr bet ; 50  
 That it wes hidwyfs for to se.  
 Thai mantenynt that gret mellé  
 Sa knychtlyk apon aythir sid,  
 Giffand and takand routs roid,  
 That pryme wes passyt, or men mycht se, 55  
 Quha mast at thar abow mycht be.  
 Bot sonę estre that pryme wes past  
 The *Scotts men* dang on sa fast,  
 And schot on thaim at abandoun,  
 As ilk man war a campion, 60  
 That all thair fayis tuk the flycht.  
 Wes nane off thaim, that wes sa wycht,  
 That ewir durst abid hys fer ;  
 Bot ilk man fled hys wayis fer.

To the toun fled the maist party. 65  
 And Erle THOMAS sa egryly,  
 And hys route, chassyt with swerds bar,  
 That all amang thaim mellyt war,  
 That altogyddir come in the toun.  
 Than wes the slaughtre sa feloune, 70  
 That all the ruys ran off blud.  
 Thaim that thai gat to dede all yhud ;  
 Swa that than weill ner war dede  
 As fele as in the bataill stede.

The Syvewarme wes takyn thar. 75  
 Bot sa rad wes RYCHARD off CLAR,  
 That he fled to the south countré.  
 All that moneth I trow that he  
 Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.  
 Schyr IHONE STEWART, a noble knycht, 80  
 Wes woundyt throw the body thar,  
 With a sper that scharply schar.  
 Bot to *Montpeller* went he syne,  
 And lay thar lang intill helyne :  
 And at the last helyt wes he. 85  
 Schyr EDUARD than, with hys menyne,  
 Tuk in the toun thair herbery.  
 That nycht thai blyth war, and joly,  
 For the wictour that thai had thar.  
 And on the morne, forowtyn mar, 90  
 Schyr EDUARD gert men gang and se  
 All the wictaill off that cyté ;  
 And thai fand sic foyfoun tharin  
 Off corne, and flour, and wax, and wyne,  
 That thai off it had gret ferly. 95  
 And Schyr EDUARD gert halily  
 Intill *Cragfergus* caryit be.  
 Syne thyddir went hys men and he,  
 And held the sege full starwartyly,  
 Quhill Palme Sondag wes passit by. 100

Ver. 75. Editions read the 'The Swaryn.' I cannot interpret either.

Ver. 83. Hence it appears that, even in these times, *Montpeller* was famous for it's invigorating clime.

Than,

Than, quhill the Twysday in Payfs-wouk,  
 On ayther half thai trewys touk ;  
 Swa that thai mycht that haly tid  
 In pennance, and in pryer bid.

Bot, apou the Pasche-ewyn rycht, 105  
 To the castell, into the nycht,  
 Fra *Dewillyne* schippys come fyften,  
 Chargyt with armyt men bedene :  
 Four thowfand trow I weill thai war.  
 In the castell thai entryt ar : 110  
 The MAWNDWEILL auld Schyr THOMAS  
 Capitane off that menye was.

Intill the castell priuely  
 Thai entryt, for thai had gret spy  
 That mony off Schyr EDUARDS men 115  
 War scalyt in the countré then.  
 Tharfor thai thocht in the mornyng  
 Till isch, but langer delaying,  
 And to supprifs thaim suddarly ;  
 For thai thocht thai suld traiftly, 120  
 For the trewys that takyn war.  
 Bot I trow falsset euirmar  
 Sall haif unfayr and ewill ending.  
 Schyr EDDUARD wyft off this nathing ;  
 For off trefoun had he na thocht. 125  
 Bot for the trow he lewyt noucht

Ver. 107. Dublin, on ancient coins *Dyflin*.



To set wachis to the caffell :  
 Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele.  
 And NELE FLEMYNG wachit that nycht,  
 With sixty men, worthy and wycht. 130

And alsone as the day wes cler,  
 Thai that within the caffell wer  
 Had armyt thaim, and maid thaim boun,  
 And sone thair bryg awalyt doun,  
 And ischit into gret plenté. 135

And quhen NELE FLEMMING gan thaim se,  
 He send ane to the King in hy;  
 And said to thaim that war hym by,  
 “ Now fall men se, Ik undretak,  
 “ Quha dar dey for hys Lords sak. 140  
 “ Now ber yow weill, for sykyrly  
 “ With all this menyne fecht will I.  
 “ Intill bargane thaim hald fall we,  
 “ Quhill that our mayster army be.”

Ver. 137. Edward Bruce was not crowned king of Ireland till 2d May, 1316. *Annals*.

See a letter from Sir Griffith Lhuyd, who rebelled in Wales, to Edward Bruce, in Caradoc of Llancarvon's history of Wales, London, 1697, 8vo. p. 311. *Nobili in Christo Conquestori, Edwardo Illustrissimo Regi Hibernie, &c.* Sir Griffith entreats his support against the king of England. The answer of king Edward is given p. 312.

Edward Bruce's conquest of Ireland, tho' of short duration, is strong in the tradition of the Irish; and many forts are called Bruce's castles. See Hamilton's Remarks on the northern parts of Ireland, &c.

And

And with that word assemblyt thai. 145  
 Thai wer to few all out, perfay,  
 With sic a gret rout for to fycht.  
 Bot not forthy with all thair mycht  
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely,  
 That all thair fayis had gret ferly, 150  
 That thai war all off swilk manheid,  
 As thai na dreid had off thair dede.  
 Bot thair fayis sa gan assaile,  
 That na worschip thar mycht awaill.  
 Than thai war slane up cuirilkane, 155  
 Sa clene, that thar eschapyt nane.

And the man that went to the King,  
 For to warne hym off thair isching,  
 Warnyt hym in full gret hy :  
 Schyr EDUARD wes comonaly 160  
 Callyt the King off *Irland*.  
 And quhen he hard sik thing on hand,  
 In full gret hast he gat hys ger.  
 Twelf wycht men in hys chambre wer,  
 That armyt thaim in full gret hy. 165  
 Syne with hys baner hardely  
 The mydds off the toun he tays.  
 Weill ner cumand war hys fayis,  
 That had delt all thair men in thre :  
 The MAWNDWEILL, with a gret menyne, 170  
 Rycht throw the toun the way held down ;  
 The lave on aythir syd the toun

Held,

Held, to mete thaim that fleand war.  
 Thai thought that all that thai fand thar  
 Suld dey, but ransoun, cuirilkane : 175  
 Bot othyrwayis the gle is gane.

For Schyr EDUARD, with hys baner,  
 And hys twelff I tauld yow off er,  
 On all the rowte swa hardely  
 Assemblyt, that it wes ferly. 180

For GIB HARPAR befor hym yeid,  
 That wes the douchteast in deid  
 That than wes leuand, off hys state ;  
 And with an ax maid hym sic gat,  
 That he the fyrst fellyt to ground. 185

And off thre, in a litill stound,  
 The MAWNDWELL be hys armyng  
 He knew, and rout hym sik a swing  
 That he till erd yeid hastily.  
 Schyr EDUARD, that wes ner hym by, 190  
 Reuerfyt hym, and with a knyff  
 Rycht in that place rest hym the lyff.

With that off *Ardrossane* FERGUS,  
 That wes a knycht rycht curageous,  
 Assemblyt with sexty and ma. 195  
 Thai preffyt than thair fayis sua,

Ver. 193. Fergus of Ardrossan, according to the Annalist, was slain 26th January, 1316. But in 1320 he is one of the Scottish Barons who address the famous letter to the Pope.

That

That thai that saw thair lord slayne,  
 Tynt hart, and wald haf bene agayne.  
 And ay as *Scotts men* mycht be  
 Armyt, thai come to the mellé: 200  
 And dang apon thair fayis sua,  
 That thai all the bak gan ta;  
 And thai thaim chassyt to the yat,  
 Thar wes hard fecht, and gret debat.  
 Thar slew Schyr EDUARD, with hys hand, 205  
 A knycht that off all *Irland*  
 Wes callyt best, and off maist bounté,  
 To fynnam MAWNDWEILL had he,  
 Hys awne name I can noucht say.  
 Bot hys folk to sa hard assay 210  
 War set, as thai off the dungeoun  
 Durst opyn na yhat, na brig lat doun.  
 And Schyr EDUARD, Ik tak on hand,  
 Sought thaim that fled thar to warand  
 Sa felly, that off all perfay 215  
 That ischit apon hym that day,  
 Thar eschapyt neurir ane,  
 Bot thaim war aythir tane or slane.

For to the fycht MAKNAKILL then  
 Come, with twa hundreth spermen. 220  
 And thai slew all thai mycht to wyn.  
 This ilk MAKNAKILL, with a gyn,

Ver. 222. A gyn is here a stratagem.

Wan

Wan off thair schippys four or fyve;  
And haly rest the men thair lyve.

Quhen end wes maid off this fechtung,      225  
Yeit then wes lyffand NELE FLEMYNG.  
Schyр EDUWARD went hym for to se;  
About hym slayne lay hys menyé  
All in a lump, on aythir hand;  
And he redy to dey, throwand.      230  
Schyр EDUWARD had off hym pité,  
And hym full gretly menyт he;  
And regretyt hys gret manheid,  
And hys worschip, and douchty deid.  
Sic mayn he maid men had gret ferly;      235  
For he wes not custummabilly  
Wont for to mayne men ony thing;  
Na wald not her men mak menyng.  
He stod tharby till he wes ded;  
And syne had hym till haly sted;      240  
And hym with worschip gert he be  
Erdyt, with gret solymnyté.

On this wyfs ischit MAWNDWEILL.  
Bot sekyrly falsét and gyle  
Sall always haf an iwill ending,      245  
As weill is sene by this isching.  
In tyme off trewys ischyt thai;  
And in sic tyme as on Pasche-day,

Ver. 225. This battle, in which Sir Neil Fleming was slain,  
was fought on the 11th April, 1316. *Annals.*

Quhen

Quhen God rais for to sauf mankyne,  
 Fra wein of auld Adamys syne. 250  
 Tharfor sa gret myschance thaim fell  
 That ilk ane, as ye hard me tell,  
 War slayn up, or takyn thar.  
 And thai, that in the castell war,  
 War set intill sa gret a flour, 255  
 For thai couth se quhar na succour  
 Suld come to releyff; and thai  
 Tretyt; and till a schort day  
 The castell till hym yauld fre,  
 To sauff thaim lyff, and lym. And he 260  
 Held thaim full well hys cunnand.  
 The castell tuk he in hys hand;  
 And wyttalyt wele; and has set  
 A gud wardane it for to kept.  
 And a quhill tharin restyt he; 265  
 Off hym na mar now spek will we.

Bot to KING ROBERT will we gang,  
 That we haff left unspokyn off lang.  
 Quhen he had conwoyt to the se  
 Hys brodyr EDUARD, and hys menye, 270  
 And othyr men off gret noblay,  
 To *Tarbart* thai held thair way,

In

Ver. 267. The poet returns to the year 1315, in which king Robert subdued the Hebrides: the chain of Irish transactions having led him beyond his chronology.

Editions

In galayis ordanyt for thair far.

Bot thaim worthyt draw thair schippys thar ;

And a myle wes betwix the feys, 275

Bot that wes lompnyt all with treys.

The KING hys schyppis thar gert draw.

And for the wynd couth stoutly blaw

Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,

He gert men rapys and masts ta, 280

And fet thaim in the schippys hey,

And saylls to the toppis tey ;

And gert men gang tharby drawand.

The wynd thaim helpyt that wes blawand,

Swa that, in a litill space, 285

Thair flote all our drawin wza.

And quhen thai that in the *Iles* war

Hard tell how the gud KING had thar

Gert hys schippys with saills ga.

Owt our betwix *Tarbart* twa, 290

Thai war abayfit sua uttrely.

For thai wyft, throw auld prophecy,

Editions after ver. 270 insert :

With his ships he made him yare

Into the Iles for to fare.

Walter Stewart with him took he,

His maich, and with hym gret meny; ;

And other men, &c.

Rightly it is believed.

The *Tarbat* is the narrow neck of land at the northern extremity of *Cantire*. *Magnus*, king of *Norway*, is said in 1098 to have, in like manner, drawn his ships across this neck of land.

That

That he that suld gar schyppis fwa  
 Betwix the seis with sailis ga,  
 Suld wyne the *Ilis* sua till hand, 295  
 That nane with strenth suld hym withstand.  
 Tharfor thai come all to the KING.  
 Wes nane withstud hys bidding,  
 Owtakyn IHONE off LORNE allane.  
 Bot weill sone estre wes he tane; 300  
 And present rycht to the KING.  
 And thai thar war off hys leding,  
 That till the KING had brokyn fay,  
 War all dede, and destroyt away.

This IHONE off LORNE the KING has tane,  
 And send hym furth to *Dumbertane*, 306  
 A quhill in prisoun thar to be.  
 Syne to *Louchlewyn* send wes he:  
 Quhar he wes quhill thar festnyng;  
 I trow he maid tharin ending. 310

The KING quhen all the *Ilis* war  
 Brought till hys liking, les and mar,  
 All that sefoun thar duellyt he,  
 At hunting, gamyn, and at gle.

Quhen the KING upon this maner 315  
 Dawntyt the *Ilis*, as I tell her,

Ver. 306. Now Dunbarton.

Ver. 308. The castle in Lochleven, afterward the prison of  
 the unfortunate Mary.

The



The gud Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS  
 Intill the forest duelland was,  
 Defendand worthely the land.  
 That tym in *Berwik* wes duelland 320  
 EDMOUND DE CAILOW, a *Gascoune*,  
 That wes a knycht off gret renoune ;  
 And intill *Gascoune*, hys cuntré,  
 Lord off gret senyowry wes he.  
 He had *Berwik* in keping : 325  
 And maid a priuë gadryng,  
 And gat hym a gret cumpany  
 Off wicht men armit jolely.  
 And the nethyr ende off *Tewidale*  
 He prayit down till hym all hale, 330  
 And off the *Mers* a gret party ;  
 Syne towart *Berwik* went in hy,

Schyr ADAM off GORDOUN, that than  
 Wes becommyn *Scotts man*,  
 Saw thaim dryf sua away thair fe ; 335  
 And wend thai had bene quhone, for he  
 Wald

Ver. 336. Editions read :

*Saw them drive so away his fee ;  
 And weind they wbeen were, for that he  
 Saw but the fleeing skail perfay,  
 And them that seazed on the prey.  
 Than to Sir James of Douglas  
 In full great hy the way he taes ;  
 And told how Englishmen their prey  
 Had tane ; and syn wer went away  
 Toward Berwick with all their fee.  
 And said they wbeen were ; and if he*

*Wuld*

Wald sped hym, he suld weill lightly  
 Wyn thaim, and reskew all the ky.  
 With knawis and swanys, that na mycht  
 Had for to stand in feld and fycht; 340  
 The lave behind thaim maid a stale.  
 The DOWGLAS saw thair lump all hale;  
 And saw thaim off sa gud cowine,  
 And saw thai war sa mony syne,  
 That thai for ane off hys war twa. 345  
 "Lordings," he said, "sen it is sua  
 "That we haff chassyt on sic maner,  
 "That we now cummyn ar sa ner,  
 "That we may not eschew the fycht,  
 "Bot giff we fouly tak the flycht; 350  
 "Lat ilkane on hys leman mene;  
 "And how he mony tym has bene

*Would speed him, he should well lightly  
 Win them, and rescue all the ky.*

Sir James soon gave his assent  
 To follow them: and forth is went,  
 And followed them in full great hy,  
 And came well near them hastily.  
 For, ere they might fully see,  
 They came well near with their menye.  
 Bot then both forray, and the scail,  
 Were knit into a sop all hail;  
*With knawis and swains, &c.*

As this account is rather prolix, so the reading of the MS. is certainly so brief as to injure the meaning.

Ver. 351. Let every one think on his mistress; a common injunction in the days of chivalry.

" In gret thrang, and weill cummyn away ;  
 " Think we to do rycht sua to day.  
 " And tak we off this furd herby 355  
 " Our awantage ; for in gret hy  
 " Thai fall cum on us for to fycht.  
 " Set we than will, and strenth, and mycht,  
 " For to mete thaim rycht hardely."  
 And with that word full hastely 360  
 He displayit hys baner,  
 For hys fayis war cummyn ner.  
 That quhen thai saw he wes sa quhoine,  
 Thought thai suld with thaim some haff done,  
 And asssemblyt full hardely. 365  
 Thar men mycht se men fycht fely,  
 And a rycht cruell mellé mak ;  
 And mony strakys giff and tak.

The DOWGLAS thar weill hard was stad.  
 Bot the gret hardyment that he had 370  
 Confort hys men on sic awyfs,  
 That na man thought on cowardyfs ;  
 Bot faucht sa fast, with all thair mayne,  
 That thai fele off thair fayis has slayne.  
 And thouch thai be weill fer way ma 375  
 Than thai, yeit euyr demanyt thaim sua,  
 That EDMOUND DE CAILOW wes dede  
 Rycht in that ilk fechtyn stede.  
 And all the lave, fra he wes done,  
 War planly discomfyt sone. 380  
And

And thai that chassyt sum has slayn,  
And turnyt the prayis all agayn.

The hardast fycht forfuth this was  
That cuir the gud Lord off DOWGLAS  
Was in, as off sa few menyne. 385  
For not had bene hys gret bounté,  
That slew thair cheyftane in that fycht;  
Hys men had all to dede bene dycht.  
He had intill custoume alway,  
Quheneuir he come till hard assay, 390  
To preys hym the cheyftane to sla,  
And her fell hap that he did suz;  
That gert hym haff wictour fele fyfs.  
Quhen Schyr EDMOUND apon this wyfs  
Wes deid, the gud Lord off DOWGLAS 395  
To the *forest* hys wayis tais.  
Hys fayis gretly gan hym dreid;  
The word sprang weile fer off hys deid,  
Swa that in *England* ner tharby  
Men spak off it commonaly. 400  
Schyr ROBERT NEVILLE that tid  
Wonnyt at *Berwik*, ner besid  
The *march*, quhar the Lord DOWGLAS  
In the *forest* repayrand was;  
And had at hym full gret inwy, 405  
For he saw hym sa manlily  
Mak ay hys bounds mar and mar.  
He hard the folk that with hym was

Spek off the Lord DOWGLAS mycht,  
 And how he forsyne wes in fycht, 410  
 And how he fell oft fayr fortoun.  
 He wrechyt tharat all sone ;  
 And said, "Quhat wene ye is thar nane  
 " That euir is worth bot he allane ?  
 " Ye set hym as he wer but per. 415  
 " Bot Ik awow, befor yow her,  
 " Giff euir he come intill this land,  
 " He fall fynd me ner at hys hand.  
 " And giff Ik euir hys baner  
 " May se displayit apon wer, 420  
 " I fall asfembill on hym but dout,  
 " Although yhe hald hym neuir sa stout."

Off this awow sone bodward was  
 Broucht to Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS,  
 That said, " Giff he wald hald hys hycht 425  
 " I fall do sa he fall haff fycht  
 " Off me, and my cumpany,  
 " Yheit or oucht lang, weill ner hym by."

Hys retenew than gaderyt he,  
 That war gud men off gret bounté, 430  
 And till the *march*, in gud aray,  
 Apon a nycht he tuk the way.  
 Swa that, into the mornyng arly,  
 He wes, with all hys cumpany,  
 Befor *Berwik* and thar he maid 435  
 Men to display hys baner brad.

And

And off hys menye sum sent he  
 For to bryn townys twa or thre.  
 And had thaim sone agayne thaim sped ;  
 Swa that on hand, giff thar cum ned, 440  
 Thai mycht befor the fycht be redy.  
 The NEWILL that wyft wittify  
 That DOWGLAS cummyn was sa ner,  
 And saw all brad stand hys baner,  
 Than with the folk that with hym war, 445  
 (And he had a gret menye thar ;  
 For all the gud off that countré  
 Intill that tyme with hym had he ;  
 Swa that he thar with hym had then  
 Well may than war the *Scotts men* ; ) 450  
 He held hys way up till a hill.  
 And said, " Lordings, it war my will  
 " To mak end off the gret deray  
 " That DOWGLAS mayis us ilk day.  
 " Bot me think it spedfull that we 455  
 " Abid, quhill hys men scalyt be  
 " Throw the countré, to tak thair pray :  
 " Than forsely schout on thaim we may ;  
 " And we sall haff thaim at our will."  
 Than all thai gaff assent thartill ; 460  
 And on the hill abaid howand.  
 The men fast gadryt of the land,  
 And drew till hym in full gret hy.  
 The DOWGLAS than, that wes worthy,  
 Thought it wes sojly mar to bid : 465  
 Towart the hill than gan he rid,

And quhen the NEWILL saw that thai  
 Wald not pass furth to the forray,  
 Bot pressyt to thaim with thair mycht,  
 He wyft weill than that thai wald fycht. 470  
 And till hys mengye gan he say,  
 " Lordings, now hald we furth owr way.  
 " Her is the flour off the countré ;  
 " And may than thai alsua ar we.  
 " Assembill we than hardely, 475  
 " For DOWGLAS, with yone yhwmanry,  
 " Sall haff na mycht till us perfoy."  
 Than in a frusche assemblyt thai.

Than mycht men her the spers braff,  
 And ilkane ding on oythir fast ; 480  
 And blud bryft owt at wounds wid.  
 Thai faucht fast apon ayther sid ;  
 For aythir party gan thaim payn  
 To put thair fayis on bak agayn.

The Lords off NEWILL and DOWGLAS, 485  
 Quhen at the fechting fellast was,  
 Met togyddyr, rycht in the preys.  
 Betwix thaim than gret bargane wes.  
 Thai faucht felly with all thair maucht :  
 Gret routs ayther othyr raucht. 490  
 Bot DOWGLAS starkar wes, Ik hycht,  
 And mar usyt alsua to fycht ;  
 And he set hart, and will alsua,  
 For to deleuir hym off hys fa,

Quhill at the laft, with mekill mayn 495  
 Off forfs, than NEWILL has he flayn.

Then hys enfenye hey gan cry ;  
 And on the lave fa hardely  
 He rufchyt, with hys menye,  
 That intill fchort tyme men mycht fe 500  
 Thair fayis tak thaim to the flycht.  
 And thair thaim chaffyt, with all thair mycht.  
 Schyr RAWFF NEWILL in the chafs,  
 And the baron off HILLTOUN was  
 Takyn ; and othyr's off mekill mycht. 505  
 Thar wes fele flayne into that fycht,  
 That worthy in thair tyme had bene.  
 And quhen the feld wes clengyt clene,  
 Swa that thair fayis euirilkane  
 War flayn, or chaffyt away, or tane, 510  
 Than gert he forray all the land ;  
 And fefyt all that euir thair fand.  
 And brynt townies in thair way ;  
 Syne hale and fer cumyn ar thair.

The preys amang hys menye, 515  
 Eftre thair merits, delt he ;  
 And held na thing till hys behuff.  
 Sic deds aucht to gar men luff

Ver. 514. That is, they came away ' whole and fair,'  
 complete, and in good array.



Thair lord: and sua thai did perfay.  
 He tretyt thaim sua wysely ay, 520  
 And with sa mekill luff alsua,  
 And sic awanement wald ma  
 Off thair deid, that the mast cowart  
 He maid stoutar than a libbart.  
 With cherysing this gat maid he 525  
 Hys men wycht, and off gret bounté.

Quhen NEWILL thus was brought to ground,  
 And off CAILOW auld Schyr EDMOUND,  
 The drede off the Lord off DOWGLAS,  
 And hys renoun, sa scalyt was 530  
 Throw out the marchis off *England*,  
 That all that tharin war wonnand  
 Dred hym, as the fell dewill off hell,  
 And yheit haf Ik herd oftsyfs tell,  
 That he sa gretly dred was than 535  
 That quhen wiwys wald childre ban;  
 Thai wald rycht with an angry face  
 Beteth thaim to the blak DOWGLAS.  
 Throw hys gret worschip and bounté  
 Swa with hys fayis dred wes he, 540  
 That thaim growyt to her hys name.  
 He may at ese naw duell at hame  
 A quhill, for I trow he fall noucht  
 With fayis all a quhill be foucht.

Ver. 536. A trite illustration of a terrible name. It is told  
 of Talbot, of Marlborough, &c. &c.

Now

B U K E XV.

25

Now lat hym in the *forest* be. 545  
Off hym spek now na mar will we ;  
Bot off Schyr EDUARD the worthy,  
That, with all hys chewalry,  
Wes in *Cragfergus* yeit liand,  
To spek mar we will tak on hand. 550

THE END OF BUKE XV.

THE

THE  
BRUCE.

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BUKE XVI.

ARGUMENT.

*King ROBERT passis intill Irland to assist his brother  
—with five thousand he fechts again forty thousand.  
—Thai march throuch Irland to Limeric, and back  
to Craigfergus.*

*DOUGLAS slais Schir THOMAS of RICHMOUND.  
The bischop of Dunkeld defetis the Inglis ner Dun-  
fermlin.*

*King ROBERT returnis fra Irland,*

## T H E

## B R U C E.

## B U K E XVI.

**Q**UHEN Schyr EDUARD, as Ik said er,  
 Had discomfyt RICHARD off CLAR,  
 And off *Irland* all the barnage  
 Thrifs, throw hys worthy wassalage,  
 And syne with all hys men off mayn 5  
 Till *Cragfergus* wes cummyn agayn;  
 The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,  
 Tuk leyff in *Scotland* for to pass.  
 And he hym levyt with a gruching;  
 And syne hym chargyt to the KING, 10  
 To pray hym specially that he  
 Cum intill *Irland*, hym till se.  
 For, war thai bath into that land,  
 Thai suld fynd nane suld thaim withstand.

The Erle furth than hys way has tane, 15  
 And till hys schipping is he gane;  
 And sayllyt weill out our the se;  
 Intill *Scotland* sone arywit he.

Synce

30 THE BRUCE:

Syne till the KING he went in hy.  
 And he refawyt hym glaidfumly ; 20  
 And speryt off hys brodyr fayr,  
 And off journayis that thai had thar.  
 And he him tauld all but lesing.  
 Quhen the KING left had the spering,  
 Hys charge to the gud KING tauld he. 25  
 And he said he wald blythly se  
 Hys brodyr, and se the offer  
 Off that countré, and off thair wer.

A gret mengye than gaddryt he,  
 And twa lords off gret bounté ; 30  
 The tane the STEWART, WALTRE, was,  
 The tothyr JAMES off DOWGLAS,  
 Wardanys in hys absence maid he ;  
 For to mayneteyne weill the countré.

Syne to the se he tuk the way ; 35  
 And at *Lochbriane* in *Galloway*  
 He schippit, with all hys mengye.  
 To *Cragfergus* sone cummyn is he.  
 Schyr EDUARD off hys come wes blyth ;  
 And went doun to mete hym swyth ; 40  
 And welcumyt hym with glaidfum cher ;  
 Sa did he all that with hym wer ;  
 And specially the Erle THOMAS  
 Off MURREFF, that hys newo was.

Ver. 29. Summer 1316.

Syne

Syne till the castell went thai yar,  
 And maid thaim mekill feft and far.  
 Thai soiournyt thar dayis thre,  
 And that in myrth and jolyté.

King ROBERT, apou thys kyn wyfs,  
 Intill *Irland* arywit is, 50  
 And quhen in *Cragfergus* had he  
 With hys men soiournyt dayis thre,  
 Thai tuk to cunfail that thai wald,  
 With all thair folk, thair wayis hald  
 Throw all *Irland*, fra end till othyr. 55  
 Schyr EDUARD than, the KINGs brothyr,  
 Befor in the awaward raid ;  
 The KING hymselff the rerward maid,  
 That had intill hys cumpany  
 The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy. 60  
 Thair wayis southwart haff thai tane,  
 And sone ar passyt cuirilkane.

This wes in the moneth off May,  
 Quhen byrds syngs on ilka spray ;  
 Melland thair nots with seymly sounne, 65  
 For softnes off the sует sounne.  
 And levys off the branches spreds,  
 And blomys brycht besid thaim breds ;  
 And felds ar strowyt with flours,  
 Weill sawerand, off ser colours : 70  
 And all thing worthis blyth and gay.  
 Quhen that this gud KING tuk hys way  
 To

To rid southwart, as I said ar,  
 The wardane than, Schyr RICHARD off CLAR,  
 Wyft the KING wes arywyt swa, 75  
 And wyft that he schuip hym to ta  
 Hys way towart the south countré.  
 And off all *Irland* assemblyt he  
 Bath burges and chewalry;  
 And hobelers and yhumanry; 80  
 Quhill he had ner fourty thousand.  
 Bot he wald not yeit tak on hand  
 With all hys fayis in feld to fycht.  
 Bot he unbethoucht hym off ane slycht,  
 That he with all that gret menye 85  
 Wald in wod enbuschyt be,  
 All priuely besid the way,  
 Quhar that thair fayis suld away;  
 And lat the awaward pas fer by,  
 And syne assemblill hardely 90  
 On the rereward, with all thair men.  
 Thai did as thai dewifit then.  
 In ane wod thai enbuschyt wer:  
 The *Scotts* oft raid by thaim ner;  
 Bot thai na schawing off thaim maid. 95  
 Schyr EDUARD weill fer forouth raid,  
 With thaim that war off hys menye;  
 To the rereward na tent tuk he.

And Schyr RICHARD off CLAR in hy,  
 Quhen Schyr EDUARD wes passyt by, 100  
 Send



Send lycht yhumen, that weill couth schout,  
 To bykker the rerward apon fute.  
 Than twa off thaim that send furth war  
 At the wod syd thaim bykkyryt thar ;  
 And schot amang the *Scotts* men. 105  
 The KING, that had thar with hym then  
 Weill fyve thousand, wycht and worthy,  
 Saw thir twa sa abandounly  
 Schut amang thaim, and cum sa ner ;  
 He wyft rycht weill, withowtyn wer, 110  
 That thai rycht ner suppowall had.  
 Tharfor a bidding has he mad,  
 That na man fall be sa hardy  
 To prik at thaim, bot sarraly  
 Rid redy ay into bataill, 115  
 To defend giff men wald affaill.  
 " For we fall sone, Ik undreta,"  
 He said, " haf for to do with ma."

Bot Schyr COLYNE CAMBELL, that ner  
 War by quhar thaife twa yhumen wer, 120  
 Schowtand amang thaim hardely,  
 Prikyt on thaim in full gret hy ;  
 And sone the tane has he ourtane,  
 And with the sper hym sone hes flane.  
 The tothyr turnyt and schot agayne ; 125  
 And at a schot hys horfs hes slayne.  
 With that the KING come hastily,  
 And, intill hys malancoly,

With a trounefoune intill hys neve  
 To Schyr COLYNE sic dusche he geve, 130  
 That he dynnyt on hys arfoun.  
 That bad he smertly tit hym doun.  
 Bot othyr lords, that war hym by  
 Ameyssyt the KING into party.  
 And he said, " Breking off bidding 135  
 " Mycht caufs all our discomfyting.  
 " Weyne ye yone ribalds durst assaill  
 " Us fa ner, intill our bataill,  
 " Bot giff thai had suppowaill ner ?  
 " I wate rycht weill, withowtyn wer, 140  
 " That we fall haf to do in hy ;  
 " Tharfor luk ilk man be redy."

With that weill ner threty, or ma,  
 Off bowmen come, and bykyrit swa  
 That thai hurt off the KINGS men. 145  
 The KING hes gert hys archers then  
 Schoute, for to put thaise men agayne.  
 With that thai entryt in a playne ;  
 And saw arayit agayne thaim stand,  
 In four bataills, fourty thousand. 150

The KING said, " Now, lordings, lat se  
 " Quha worthy in this fycht fall be.

Ver. 150. This battle is not duly authenticated. See  
 Lord Hailes's Annals;

" On thaim, forowtyn mar abaid !"  
 Sa stoutly than on thaim thai raid,  
 And assemblyt sa hardely, 155  
 That off thair fayis a gret party  
 Was laid at ird, at thair meting.  
 Thar wes off spers sic bristing,  
 As aythir apon othyr raid,  
 That it a wele gret frusche hes maid. 160  
 Hors come thar fruschand heid for heid,  
 Swa that fele on the ground fell deid.  
 Mony a wycht and worthy man,  
 As ayther apon othyr than,  
 War duschyt dede, doun to the ground. 165  
 The red blud out off mony a wound  
 Ruschyt in sa gret foyfoun than,  
 That off the blud the stremys ran.  
 And thai, that wraith war, and angry,  
 Dang on othyr sa hardely, 170  
 With wapnys that war brycht and bar,  
 That mony a gud man deyit thar.  
 For thai that hardy war and wycht,  
 And stoutlynys with thair fayis gan fycht,  
 Pressyt thaim formast for to be. 175  
 Thar mycht men cruell bargane se ;  
 And hard bataill, Ik tak on hand.  
 In all the wer off *Irland*  
 Sa hard a fychting wes not sene,  
 The quheyr of gret wictours nynetene 180  
 Schyr EDUARD has, withowtyn wer ;  
 And into les than in thre yer.

And in syndry bataills of tha  
 Wencuffyt threty thousand and ma,  
 With trappyt hors rycht to the fete. 185  
 Bot in all tymys he wes yete,  
 Ay ane for fyve, quhen left, was he.  
 Bot the KING, into this mellé,  
 Had alwayis aucht off hys famen  
 For ane. Bot he sua bar hym then, 190  
 That hys gud deid and hys bounté  
 Comfortyt sua all hys menye,  
 That the mast coward hardy wes.  
 For quhar he saw the thikkeft pres,  
 Sa hardely on thaim he raid, 195  
 That thar about hym rowme he maid.  
 And Erle THOMAS, the worthy,  
 Wes in all tyme ner hym by ;  
 And faucht as he war in a rage.  
 Swa that for thair gret wassalage 200  
 Thair man sic hardyment gan tak,  
 That thai na perill wald forsak ;  
 Bot thaim abandound sa stoutly,  
 And dang apon thaim sa hardely,  
 That all thair fayis affrayit war. 205  
 And thai, that saw weill be thair far  
 That thai eschewyt sum dele the fycht,  
 Than dang thai on with all thair mycht,  
 And in thair fleying fele gan sla.  
 The KINGS men has chaffyt swa, 210  
 That thai war scalyt euirilkane.  
 RYCHARD off CLAR the way has tane

To *Dewillyne*, in full gret hy,  
 With othyr lordis that fled hym by.  
 And warnysfit bath castells and townys, 215  
 That war in thair possessiownys.

Thai war sa felly fleyit thar  
 That I trow Schyr RICHARD off CLAR  
 Sall haff na will to faynd hys mycht,  
 In bataill na in foris to fycht, 220  
 Quhill King ROBERT, and hys menyne,  
 Is duelland in that cuntré.

Thai stuffyt strets on this wis.  
 And the KING, that wes to pris,  
 Saw in the feld rycht mony slayn. 225  
 And ane off thaim, that thar wes tane,  
 That was arayit jolyly

He saw greit, wondre tendrely,  
 And askyt hym quhy he maid sic cher.  
 He said hym, " Schyr, withowtyn wer, 230  
 " It is na wondre thocht I gret,  
 " I se fele her lossyt the suet  
 " The flour off all North *Irland*,  
 " That hardyast war off thair hand,

Ver. 223. Editions read :

They stuffed strengths on this wise.

That is, they garrisoned the castles.

Ver. 228. *Greit* is weep.

Ver. 232. Editions have :

I se so many slain at my feet.

“ And maist dowtyt in hard affay.” 235  
 The KING said, “ Yow dow wrang perfay,  
 “ Yow has mar causis myrthis to ma,  
 “ For yow the dede eschapyt sua.”

RICHARD off CLAR, on this maner,  
 And all hys folk, discomfyt wer, 240  
 With few folk, as I to yow tauld.  
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD BRUYSS, the bauld,  
 Wyft at the KING had fouchtyn swa,  
 With swa fele folk, and he tharfra,  
 Mycht na man se a wzer man. 245  
 Bot the gud KING said till hym than,  
 That it wes in hys awne foly,  
 For he raid fa unwittely  
 Sa fer befor, and na waward  
 Maid to thaim off the rerward: 250  
 For he said, quha on wer wald rid  
 In awaward, he fuld na tid  
 Pafs fra hys rerward fer off fycht ;  
 For gret perills swa fall thar mycht.

Off this fycht will we spek na mar. 255  
 Bot the KING, and all that thar war,  
 Raid furthward in better aray,  
 And nerar togyddyr than er did thai.  
 Throw all the land planly thai raid.  
 Thai fand nane that thaim obstakill maid. 260  
 Thai raid ewyn forouth *Drochindra*,  
 And forouth *Dewillyne* syne alsua :

Ver. 261. Drogheda ?

And

And to giff bataill nane thai fand.  
 Syne went thai southwart in the land ;  
 And rycht to *Kyneryke* held thair way, 265  
 That is the southmaist town perfay  
 That in *Irland* may fundyn be.  
 Thar lay thai dayis twa or thre :  
 And buskyt syne agayn to far.  
 And quhen that thai all redy war, 270  
 The KING has hard a woman cry,  
 He askyt quhat that wes in hy.  
 " It is the layndar, Schyr," said ane,  
 " That her chyld-ill rycht now hes tane :  
 " And mon leve now behind us her. 275  
 " Tharfor sche makys yone iwill cher."  
 The KING said, ' Certs, it war pité  
 ' That sche in that poynt left suld be,  
 ' For certs I trow thar is na man  
 ' That he ne will rew a woman than.' 280  
 Hys oft all thar arefyt he,  
 And gert a tent sone stintit be ;

Ver. 265. Some editions read Limeric. Perhaps *Kinsale* is meant ; for Waterford, Cork, and Aghadoe are south of Limeric : Ross is even south of Kinsale. It is certain, however, from other authorities, that Bruce's army penetrated as far as Limeric. See *Annals*.

Ver. 271. This tale of our hero's humanity crowns his character ; and does honour both to him, and the poet, who had a heart good enough to preserve it.

A *lavender* is a washerwoman, or laundress. *Lavandiere*, Fr.

And gert hyr gang in haftely,  
 And othyr wemen to be hyr by.  
 Quhill sche was deleueryt he bad ; 285  
 And syne furth on hys wayis raid.  
 And how sche furth suld caryit be,  
 Or euir he furth fur, ordanyt he.  
 This wes a full gret curtasfy,  
 That swilk a King, and fa mychty, 290  
 Gert hys men duell on this maner,  
 Bot for a pour lauender.

Agayne northwart thai tuk thair way,  
 Throw all *Irland* than perfay ;  
 Throw all *Conach*, rycht to *Dewillyne* ; 295  
 And throw all *Metby*, and *Iereby* syne ;  
 And syne haly throw *Ulfyster*,  
 And *Monefter*, and *Lenester* ;  
 To *Cragfergus* forowtyn bataill,  
 For thar was nane durst hym assail. 300

The Kings off *Irchery*  
 Come till Schyr EDUARD halyly,  
 And thar manredyn gan hym ma.  
 Bot, gff that it war ane or twa,

Ver. 296. *Metby* is Meath. For *Iereby* editions have *Tyrel*. Our poet's geography of Ireland is very imperfect.

Ver. 304. That is, there was but a skirmish or two, before they returned to Carricfergus.

Till



Till *Cragfergus* thai come agayn, 305  
 In all that way wes nane bargayn.  
 Bot giff that ony poynye wer,  
 That is noucht for to spek off her.

The *Irfche* Kings than euirilkane  
 Haym till thair awne repayr ar gane, 310  
 And undretuk in all kyn thing  
 For till obey to the bidding  
 Off Schyr EDUARD, that thair King callit thai.  
 He wes now weill set in gud way  
 To conquer the land halyly; 315  
 For he had apou hys party  
 The *Irfchery*, and *Ulfyster*;  
 And he was fa furth on hys wer,  
 That he wes passyt throw *Irland*,  
 Fra end till othyr, throw strenth of hand. 320  
 Couth he haf gouernyt hym throw skill,  
 And folowyt not to fast hys will,  
 Bot with mesur haf led hys dede,  
 It wes weill lik, withoutyn drede,  
 That he mycht haf conqueryt weill 325  
 The land off *Irland* ilka dele.  
 Bot hys utrageoufs sucquedry,  
 And will that wes mar than hardy,  
 Off purpos lettyt hym perfay;  
 As I hereftre fall yow fay. 330

Ver. 330. The poet passes to the year 1317.

Now

Now leve we her the nobill KING,  
 All at hys ese, and hys liking,  
 And spek we off the Lord DOWGLAS,  
 That left to kep the merchis was.  
 He gert set wrychts that war sleye, 335  
 And in the halche off *Lyntailé*  
 He gert thaim mak a fayr maneer.  
 And quhen the houffs biggit wer,  
 He gert purway hym rycht weill thar ;  
 For he thought to mak an infar, 340  
 And to mak gud cher till hys men.  
 In *Rychmound* wes wenand then  
 The Erle that men callyt Schyr THOMAS.  
 He had enwy at the DOWGLAS ;  
 And said giff that he hys baner 345  
 Mycht se displayit apon wer,  
 That sone assenbill on it suld he.  
 He herd how DOWGLAS thought to be  
 At *Lyntailey* ane fest to ma.  
 And he had witting weill alsua 350  
 That the KING, and a gret menye,  
 War passyt then off the countré ;  
 And the Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS.  
 Tharfor he thought the countré was  
 Febill off men, for to withstand 355  
 Men that suld fecht with stalwart hand.  
 And off the marches than had he  
 The gouernall, and the pousté.

He gadryt folk about hym then,  
 Quhill he wes ner ten thousand men; 360  
 And wod axys gert with hym tak;  
 For he thought he hys men wald mak  
 To hew *Jedworth Forest* sa clene,  
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.

Thai held thaim forthwart on thair way. 365  
 Bot the gud Lord DowGLAS, that ay  
 Had spyis out on ilka sid,  
 Had gud witring that thai wald rid,  
 And come apou hym sedanly.

Than gadryt he rycht hastily 370  
 Thaim that he moucht off hys menyne.

I trow that than with hym had he  
 Fifty, that worthy war and wycht,  
 At all poynts armyt weill and dycht;  
 And off archers a gret menyne, 375  
 Assemblyt alsua with hym had he.

A place thar was thar in the way,  
 Quhar he thought weill thai suld away,  
 That had wod apou ayther sid;  
 The entré wes weill large and wid, 380  
 And as a schield it narowit ay,  
 Quhill at intill a place the way  
 Wes not a pennystone cast off breid.  
 The Lord off DowGLAS thyddir yeid,

Ver. 383. *Pennystones* are stone quoits still used in Scotland.

Quhen

Quhen he wyft thai war ner cummand, 385  
 And in a louch on the ta hand,  
 Has hys archers enbuschyt he,  
 And bad thaim hald thaim all priu ,  
 Quhill that thai hard hym rayfs the cry,  
 And than thai suld schout hardely 390  
 Amang thair fayis, and sow thaim far  
 Quhill that he throw thaim passyt war ;  
 And fyne with hym furth hald suld thai.  
 Than byrks on ayther syd the way,  
 That young and thik war growand ner, 395  
 He knyt togyddir, on sic maner  
 That men mycht not weill throw thaim rid.  
 Quhen this wes done, he gan abid  
 Apon the tothyr hald the way.  
 And RICHMOND, on gud aray, 400  
 Come ridand in the fyrst escheill.  
 The Lord DOWGLAS has sene hym weill,  
 And gert hys men all hald thaim still,  
 Quhill at thair hand thai come thaim till,  
 And entryt in the narow way. 405  
 Than with a schout on thaim schot thai.  
 And cryt on hycht, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"  
 The RYCHMOND, that than worthy wes,  
 Quhen he has hard sua rayfs the cry,  
 And DOWGLAS' baner sa planly, 410

Ver. 386. *Louch* is here used in its primitive German meaning, for a cavity in the ground; whence the Scottish *loch* for a lake, or cavity filled with water.

He

He dressyt thyddirwart in hy.  
 And thai come on sua hardely,  
 That thai throw thaim maid thaim the way;  
 All that thai met till erd bar thai.  
 The RYCHMOUND borne doun thar was: 415  
 On hym arestyt the DOWGLAS,  
 And hym reuerfyt, and with a knyff  
 Rycht in that place rest hym the lyff.  
 An hat apon hys helm he bar,  
 And that tuk with hym DOWGLAS thar, 420  
 In tuknyng, for it furryt was.  
 And syne in hy thair wayis tais,  
 Quhill in the wod thai entryt war:  
 The archyrs weill has borne thaim thar,  
 For wele and hardely schot thai. 425  
 The *Inglis* rout in gret affray  
 War set, for DOWGLAS suddanly,  
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,  
 Or cuir thai wyff, war in thair rout,  
 And thyrlyt thaim weill ner throuhout; 430  
 And had almost doyn hys dede,  
 Or thai to help hym couth tak heid.

And quhen thai saw thair Lord slayn,  
 Thai tuk hym up, and turnyt agayn,

Ver. 421. As a token, that he might discover who the owner was. Lord Hailes remarks, that in Lobineau's history of Bretagne there is the portrait of an Earl of Richmond, with a furred cap, as here described.

To

To draw thaim fra thai schot away. 435  
 Than in a playne assemblyt thai,  
 And for thair Lord, that thar wes dode,  
 Thai schup thaim in that ilk stede  
 For to tak herbery all that nycht.  
 And than the DOWGLAS, that wes wycht, 440  
 Gat witting ane clerk ELYSS,  
 With weil thre hundre enymys,  
 All fraucht to *Lyntailé* war gayn,  
 And herbery for thair oft has tane.  
 Than thyddir is he went in hy, 445  
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,  
 And fand clerk ELLYS at the mete;  
 And hys round about hym set.  
 And thai come on thaim stoutly thar,  
 And with suerds that scharply schar, 450  
 Thai seruyt thaim full egrely.  
 Slayn war thai full grewously,  
 That weill ner eschapyt nane;  
 Thai seruyt thaim on sa gret wane,  
 Off scherand suerds, and with knyffs, 455  
 That weill ner all left the lyvys.  
 Thai had a feloun estremes;  
 That sowl chargs to chargand wes.  
 Thai that eschapyt thar throw cas  
 Rycht till the oft the way taifs, 460

Ver. 441. Had advice that a clergyman of the name of Ellis.

Ver. 457. Editions bear *intermais*. *Extremes*. Fr.

And

And tauld how that thair men war slayne  
Sa clene that thar eschapyt nane.

And quhen thai off thair ost had herd  
How that the DOWGLAS with thaim ferd,  
That had thair herbreyours flane, 465

And ruschyt all thaimself agane,  
And slew thair Lord in myd thair rout ;  
Thar wes nane off thaim all sa stout,  
That mar will than had till assaill  
The DOWGLAS. Tharfor to cunsaill 470

Thai yeid, and to purpos has tane  
To wend hamwart ; and hamewart ar gane.

And sped thaim swa upon thair way,  
That in *England* sone cum ar thai.  
The *forest* left thai standand still ; 475

To hew it than thai had na will :  
Specially quhill the DOWGLAS  
Swa ner hand by thair nychtbur was.

And he that saw thaim turne agayn,  
Perfawyt weill thair Lord wes slayn ; 480

And be the hat that he had tane,  
He wyft alsua weill ; for ane  
That takyn wes said hym suthly  
That RYCHMOUND commonnaly  
Wes wount that furrty hat to wer. 485

Than DOWGLAS blythar was than er,  
For he wyft weill that RYCHMOUND,  
Hys feloun sa, wes brought to ground.

Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS, on thys wyfs,  
 Throw hys worschip, and hys emprys, 490  
 Defendyt worthely the land.  
 This poynt off wer, I tak on hand,  
 Wes undretane full apertly,  
 And eschewyt rycht hardely.  
 For he na stonayit, forowtyn wer, 495  
 That folk, that weill ten thousand wer,  
 With fyfty armyt men, but ma.  
 I can als tell how othyr twa  
 Poynts that weile eschewyt wer  
 With fyfty men, and but wer. 500  
 This wes the fyrst that sa stoutly  
 Wes brought to end wele with fyfty.

Into *Galloway* the tothyr fell ;  
 Quhen, as ye forouth herd me tell,  
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUYSS, with fyfty, 505  
 Wencussyt of SAINT IHONE Schyr AYMERY,  
 And fyfty hundre men by tale.  
 The thred fell intill *Esdail* ;  
 Quhen that Schyr IHONE the SOWLS was  
 The governour off all that place, 510  
 That to Schyr ANDROW HARDCLAY  
 With fyfty men withset the way,  
 That had thar in hys cumpany  
 Thre hundre, horsyt jolily.

Ver. 511. Sir Andrew Hardcla, afterward Earl of Carlile,  
 beheaded in 1323 for treasonable correspondence with the  
 Scotish king.

Thus



Thus Schyr IHONE intill playn melle, 515

Throw sowerane hardyment that felle,  
Wencussyt thaim rycht sturdely ilkane,  
And Schyr ANDROW in hand has tane.

I will not reherfs the maner,  
For quhasa liks thai may her 520

Young wemen, quhen thai will play,  
Syng it amang thaim ilk day.

Thir war the worthy poynts thre,  
That I trow cuirmar fall be  
Pressyt, quhile men may on thaim mene. 525

It is wele worth, forowtyn wene,  
That thair namys for cuirmar,

That in thair tym sua worthy war,  
That men till her yheit has daynté,  
For thair worschip and thair bounté, 530

Be lestand ay furth in lowing ;  
Quhar he that is off Hewynys King  
Bring thaim hey up till Hevynys blis,  
Quhar alwayis lestand lowing is.

In this tyme that the RYCHMOUND 535

Was on this maner broucht to ground,  
Men off the coast off *England*

That duelt on *Humbre*, or ner hand,  
Gadryt thaim a gret menye ;  
And went in schippis to the se. 540

Ver. 518. Took Sir Andrew prisoner.

And towart *Scotland* went in hy,  
 And in the *Fyrth* come hastely.  
 Thai wend till haiff all thair liking,  
 For thai wyft full wele that the KING  
 Wes than far owt off the countré, 545  
 With hym mony off gret bounté.  
 Tharfor into the *Fyrth* come thai,  
 And enlang it up held thai,  
 Quhill thai besid *Inverkething*,  
 On west halff towart *Dumferyng* 550  
 Tuk land; and fast begouth to ryve.  
 The Erl off FYFF, and the schyrryve,  
 Saw to thair cost schippis approchand,  
 Thai gadryt to defend thair land;  
 And aforgayn the schippis ay, 555  
 As thai sailyt, thai held thair way,  
 And thought to let thaim land to tak.  
 And quhen the schipmen saw thaim mak  
 Swilk contenance, in sic aray,  
 Thai said amang thaim all that thai 560  
 Wald not let for thaim land to ta.  
 Than to the land thai sped thaim swa,  
 That thai come thar in full gret hy,  
 And arywyt full hardely.

The *Scotts men* saw thair cummyng, 565  
 And had off thaim sic abayfing,

Ver. 542. Of Forth.

That

That thai all samyn raid thaim fra ;  
 And the land letles lete thaim ta.  
 Thai durst not fycht with thaim, forthy  
 Thai all withdrew thaim halely ; 570  
 The quhethyr thai war fyve hundre ner.  
 Quhen thai away this ridand wer,  
 And na defens begouth to schape,  
 Off *Dunkeldyn* the gud Byschop,  
 That men callyt WILYAM SAINTCLER, 575  
 Come with a rout in gud maner ;  
 I trow on horsis thai war sexty.  
 Hymselff was armyt jolyly ;  
 And raid apon a stalwart sted ;  
 A chemar, for till hele hys wed, 580  
 Apon hys armour had he then ;  
 And armyt weill als wer hys men.

The Erle and the Schyrreff met he,  
 A waywart with thair gret menye :  
 And askyt thaim weill sone quhat hy 585  
 Maid thaim to turne sa hastily.  
 Thai said thair fayis, with stalwart hand,  
 Had in sic foyfoun takyn the land,

Ver. 574. William Sinclair, brother of Sir Henry Sinclair, of Roslin, was bishop of Dunkeld from about 1308 till about 1324. *Keith*.

Ver. 580. A *chemar* is a loose upper garment.

Her body shaded with a slight *cymar*.

Dryden, Cymon and Iph.

That thai thocht thaim all out to fele,  
And thaim to few with thaim to dele. 590

Quhen the Byschap hard it wes swa;  
He said, "The KING aucht weill to ma  
" Off yow, that takys sa welé on hand,  
" In hys absence, to wer hys land.  
" Certs giff he gert serff yow wele, 595  
" The gilt spurs, rycht be the hele,  
" He suld in hy ger hew yow fra.  
" Rycht wald with cowarts men did sua.  
" Quha luffs hys Lord, or hys countré,  
" Turne smertly now agayne with me!" 600  
With that he kest off hys chemer,  
And hynt in hand a stalwart sper,  
And raid toward hys fayis in hy.  
All turnyt with hym halely,  
For he had thaim reprowyt swa, 605  
That off thaim all nane fled hym fra.  
He raid befor thaim sturdyly;  
And thai hym folowyt sarraly,  
Quhill that thai come ner approachand  
On thair fayis that had tane land. 610  
And sum war knyht in gud aray;  
And sum war went to the ferray.

The gud Byschap, quhen he thaim saw,  
He said, " Lordings, but drede or aw,

Ver. 596. To hew the spurs from the heel was a well-known mark of degradation from knighthood.

" Pryk

“ Pryk we apou thaim hardyly,  
 “ And we fall haiff thaim weill lychtly,  
 “ Se thai us cum but abayfing,  
 “ Swa that we mak her na ftynting,  
 “ Thai fall weill fone difcomfyt be.  
 “ Now dois weill ; for men fall fe  
 “ Quha luffs the **KINGS** menfk to-day.”  
 Than altogyddir, in gud aray,  
 Thai prykyt amang thaim fturdely.  
 The Byschop that was rycht hardy,  
 And mekill, and ftark, raid forouth ay.  
 Than in a frufche affemblit thai.  
 And thai, that at the fyrft meting,  
 Feld off the fpers fa far fowing,  
 Wandyst, and wald haiff bene away :  
 Towart the fchippys in hy held thai,  
 And thai thaim chaffyt felounly ;  
 And flew thaim fa difpitoufly,  
 That all the felds ftrowyt war,  
 Off *Inglis men* that flayne war thar.  
 And thai yheit that held unflayne  
 Prefsyt to the fe agayne.  
 And *Scotts men* that chaffyt fua  
 Slew all that euir thai mycht ourta.  
 Bot thai that fled yheit not forthy  
 Swa to the fchippys gan thai hy,  
 And in fum barge fua fele gan ga ;  
 And thair fayis hafyt thaim fwa,  
 That thai ourtumblyt ; and the men  
 That war thar war drownyt then.

615

620

625

630

635

640

Thar did an *Inglis man* perfay 645  
 A wele gret strenth, as Ik hard say;  
 For quhen he chassyt wes till hys bat,  
 A *Scotts man*, that hym handlyt hat,  
 He hynt than be the armys twa,  
 And war hym wele, or war hym wa, 650  
 He ewyn apon hys bak hym slang;  
 And with hym to the bat gan gang,  
 And kest hym in, all mawgre hys.  
 This wes a weile gret strenth I wis.

The *Inglis men* that wan away 655  
 To thair schippys in hy went thai;  
 And saylyt hame angry and wa,  
 That thai had bene rebutyt swa.

Quhen that the schippys on this wyfs  
 War difcomfyt, as I dewyfs, 660  
 The Byschop that sa weill hym bar,  
 That he all hartyt that thair war,  
 Wes yheit into fechting sted,  
 Quhar that fyve hundre ner war ded,  
 Forowtyn thaim that drownyt war. 665  
 And quhen the feld wes spulyeit bar,  
 Thai went all hame till thair repar.  
 To the Byschop is fallyn fayr  
 That throw hys price, and hys bounté,  
 Wes eschewit swilk a journé. 670  
 The KING tharfor, ay fra that day,  
 Hym luffyt, and pressyt, and honoryt ay;

And

And held hym in suylyk daynté  
That "hys awne Byschop" hym callit he.

Thus thai defendyt the countré 675  
Apon bath halffs the *Scotts se*,  
Quhill that the KING wes out off land.  
That than, as Ik haf borne on hand,  
Throw all *Ireland* hys cours had maid ;  
And agayn to *Cragfergus* raid. 680

And quhen hys brodyr, as he war King,  
Had all the *Irschery* at bidding,  
And haly *Uisistre* alsua,  
He buskyt hame hys way to ta.  
Off hys men that war mast hardy, 685  
And presyt mast off chewalry,  
With hys brodyr gret part left he ;  
And syne is went hym to the se.  
Quhan thair levys on aythir party  
Wes tane, he went to the schip in hy ; 690  
The Erle THOMAS with hym he had ;  
Thai raissyt failis, but abaid,  
And in the land off *Galloway*,  
Forowt perill, aryvyt thay.

END OF BUKE XVI.

THE  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XVII.



A R G U M E N T.

*Berwik wan be King ROBERT: and WALTER STEWARD maid gouverneur.—The King of Ingland gadders his power to sege Berwik.—The sege beginnis.—Ane Inglis schip brent.—DOUGLAS and MURRAY ravage Ingland.—CRAB the Fleming foils the Inglis ingynours at Berwik.—Assault of Berwik.—EDWARD II. raisis the sege and retiris.*

T H E  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XVII.

**T**H E lords off the land war fayn,  
 Quhen thai wyft he wes commyn agayn;  
 And till hym went in full gret hy,  
 And he refawit thaim hamlyly;  
 And maid thaim feft, and glaidfum cher.           5  
 And thai fa wondrely blyth wer  
 Off hys come, that na man mycht fay.  
 Gret feft, and fayr, till hym maid thai.  
 Quhareuir he raid all the countré  
 Gadryt in daynté hym to fe.                       10

Gret glaidfchip than wes in the land;  
 All than wes wonyn till hys hand;  
 Fra the *Red Swer* to *Orknay*  
 Wes nocht off *Scotland* fra hys fay;  
 Owtakyn *Berwik*, it allane.                       15  
 That tyme tharin wonyt ane,

Ver. 13. Editions have 'the Red Syre:' apparently some place in Galloway.

That

That capitane wes off the toun.  
 All *Scotts men* in suspicioun  
 He had, and tretyt thaim rycht ill ;  
 He had ay to thaim hewy will, 20  
 And held thaim fast at undre ay.  
 Quhill that it fell apon a day,  
 That a burgefs, SYME off SPALDING,  
 Thought that it wes rycht angry thing  
 Swa gate ay to rebutyt be. 25  
 Tharfor intill hys hart thoct he,  
 That he wald ferly mak cowine  
 With the Marchall, quhayis cosyne  
 He had weddyt till hys wiff ;  
 And as he thought he did belyff. 30

Lettrys till hym he send in hy  
 With a traift man all priuely ;  
 And fet hym tym to hym a nycht,  
 With leddres, and with gud men wycht,  
 Till the *Kow yet* all priuely ; 35  
 And bad hym hald hys traift trewly,  
 And he suld mete thaim at the wall,  
 For hys walk thar that nycht suld fall.

Quhen the Marschell the lettre saw,  
 He unbethocht hym than a thraw ; 40  
 For he wyft, be hym selwyn, he  
 Mycht not off mycht na power be  
 For to escheyff sa gret a thing ;  
 And giff he tuk till hys helping,

Anc

Ane othyr lettre suld writtyn be. 61  
 Tharfor rycht to the KING yeid he; 45  
 And schawyt it hym, betwix thaim twa,  
 The lettre and the charge alsua.  
 Quhen that the KING hard that this traine  
 Spokyne wes intill certayne, 50  
 That hym thought tharin na fantifs;  
 He said hym, " Certs thow wroucht as wifs,  
 " That has discoweryt the fryst to me;  
 " For giff thow had discoweryt the  
 " To my newo, the Erle THOMAS, 55  
 " Thow suld displeis the Lord DOWGLAS;  
 " And hym alsua, in the contrer.  
 " Bot I fall wyrk on sic maner,  
 " That thow and thyne entent fall be,  
 " And haff off nane off thaim mawgré. 60  
 " Thow fall tak kep weill to the day;  
 " And with thaim that thow purches may,  
 " At ewyn thow fall enbuschyt be  
 " In *Duns dark*, bot be priué.  
 " And I fall ger the Erle THOMAS, 65  
 " And the Lord alsua off DOWGLAS,  
 " Aythir with a sowme off men,  
 " Be thar to do as thow fall ken."

The Marchell but mar delay  
 Tuk leve, and held furth on hys way; 70  
 And held hys spek priué and still,  
 Quhill the day that wes set hym till.

Than

Than off the best off *Lothiane*  
 He hym till hys tryft has tane ;  
 For schyreiff tharof then wes he. 75  
 To *Duns park* than with hys menyé  
 He came, at ewyn priuely.  
 And syne, with a gud cumpany,  
 Sone eftyr come the Erle THOMAS,  
 That wes met with the Lord DOWGLAS. 80  
 A rycht fayr cumpany thai war,  
 Quhen thai war met togyddyr thar.

And quhen the Marschell the covyn  
 To bath the lords, lyne be lyne,  
 Had tauld, thai went furth on thair way, 85  
 Fer fra the toun thair hors left thai.  
 To mak it schort swa wroucht thai then,  
 That, but seyng off ony men,  
 Owtane SYME off SPALDYNE allane,  
 That gert that deid be undretane, 90  
 Thai set thair leddres to the wall,  
 And, but persawing, come up all ;  
 And held thaim in a nuk priué,  
 Quhill that the nycht suld passit be.  
 And ordaynyt that the maist party 95  
 Off thair men suld gang sarraly  
 With thair lords, and hald off stæle.  
 And the remanand suld all hale  
 Skail throw the town, and tak or fla  
 All the men that thai mycht ourta. 100

Bot sone this ordynance brak thai.  
 For alsone as it dawyt day,  
 The twa parts off thair men, and ma,  
 All skailyt throw the toun gan ga ;  
 Sa gredy war thai to the gud, 105  
 That thai ran rycht as thai war woud,  
 And selyt houffs, and slew men.  
 And thai that saw thair fayis then  
 Cum apon thaim sa sedanly,  
 Throw the toun thai raissyt the cry ; 110  
 And schot togyddir her and ther :  
 And ay, as thai assemblyt wer,  
 Thai wald abid, and mak debate.  
 Had thai bene warnyt wele, I wate,  
 Thai suld haiff fauld thair deds der ; 115  
 For thai war gud men ; and thai wer  
 Fer ma than thai war that thaim foucht.  
 Bot thai war scalyt that thai moucht  
 On na maner assemblit be ;  
 Thar war gret mellyfs twa or three. 120  
 Bot *Scotts men* sa weile thaim bar,  
 That thair fayis ay ruschyt war ;  
 And contraryt at the last war swa,  
 That thai haly the bak gan ta.  
 Sum gat the castell, bot not all ; 125  
 And sum ar slydyn our the wall,  
 And sum war intill hands tane,  
 And sum war intill bargane slane.

On

On this wyfs thaim contenyt thai,  
 Quhill it wes ner none off the day : 130  
 Than thai that in the castell war,  
 And othyr that fled to thaim thar,  
 That war a rycht gret company,  
 Quhen thai the baners saw simply  
 Standand, and stuffyt with a quhone, 135  
 Thair yatts haff thai opnyt sone,  
 And ischyt on thaim hardyly.  
 Than Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy,  
 And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,  
 With the few folk that with thaim was, 140  
 Met thaim stoutly with wapnys fer ;  
 Quhar men mycht se, that had bene ner,  
 Men abandoune hardely.  
 The *Inglis men* faucht cruelly ;  
 And with all thair mychts gan thaim payn 145  
 To rusche the *Scotts men* agayn.  
 I trow thai had sua done perfay,  
 For thai war fewar fer than thai,  
 Giff it na had bene a new maid knyght,  
 That till hys name Schyr WILYAM hycht 150  
 Off KEYTH, and off GALLISTOUN  
 He hycht, throw difference off sournome,  
 That bar hym swa rycht weill that day,  
 And put hym till sua hard assay,  
 And sic dynts about hym dang ; 155  
 That, quhar he saw the thykkyft thrang,

Ver. 135. Supplied by a few ; accompanied by few men.

He

He preffit with fa mekill mycht,  
 And sua enforfely gan fycht,  
 That he maid till hys mengue way;  
 And that ner war by hym ay 160  
 Dang on thair fayis sua hardely,  
 That thai haff tane thair bak in hy,  
 And till the castell held the way.  
 And at gret myscheiff entryt thai,  
 For thai war preffyt thar fa fast, 165  
 That thai fele lesyt of the last.

Bot thai that entryt, not forthy  
 Sparyt thair yatts hastely;  
 And in hy to the walls ran;  
 For thai war not all fyker than. 170

The toun wes takyn on this wyfs  
 Throw gret worschip, and hey pryfs;  
 And all the gud that thar fand  
 Wes sefyt smertly intill hand.  
 Wi&taill thai fand in gret foysoun; 175  
 And all that fell to stuf off toun,  
 That kepyt thaim fra destroying.  
 And fyn has word send to the KING;  
 And he wes off that tything blyth,  
 And sped hym thydderwart swyth; 180  
 And as he throw the countré raid  
 Men gadryt till hym, quhill he had

Ver. 171. 28th March 1318.



A mekill rout off mychty men.  
 And the folk that war wonand then  
 Intill the *Mers* and *Towidail*, 185  
 And in the *forest* als all hale,  
 And the est end off *Lothiane*,  
 Befor that the KING come, ar gan  
 To *Berwik*, with stalwart hand,  
 That nane that wes that tyme wonand 190  
 On yond half *Tueid* durst weill apper.  
 And thai that in the castell wer,  
 Quhen thai thair fayis in sic plenté  
 Saw forouth thaim assemblyt be,  
 And had na hop off reskewing, 195  
 Thai war abayfit in gret thing.

Bot thai the castell not forthy  
 Held thaim fyve dayis sturdely;  
 Synce yauld it upon the sext day;  
 And till thair countré synce went thai. 200

Thus wes the castell, and the toun,  
 Till *Scottsmenys* possessioun  
 Broucht: and sone estre the KING  
 Come rydand with hys gaddryng  
 To *Berwik*; and in the castell 205  
 He wes herbryt bath fayr and weill;  
 And all hys Lords hym by.  
 The remanand comonaty  
 Till herbery till the toun ar gan.  
 The KING has than to confaill tane 210  
 That

That he wald not brek down the wall ;  
 Bot castell, and the toun withall,  
 Stuff weill with men, and with wictaill,  
 And al kyn othyr apparail

That mycht awaile, or ells mystre 215  
 To hald castell, or toun off wer.

And WALTRE STEWART off *Scotland*,

That than wes young and awenand,

And syne in laucht wes to the KING,

Had sa greit will and sic yarning, 220

Ner hand the merches for to be,

That *Berwik* to yemfell tuk he.

And refawit off the KING the toun,

And the castell, and the dungeoun.

The KING gert men off gret noblay 225

Ryd intill *England* for to prey ;

That broucht out gret plenté off fe :

And sum countries tholyt he,

For wictaill, that in gret foyfoun

He gert bring smertly to the toun : 230

Swa that bath castell and toun war

Weill stuffyt for a yer, and mar.

The gud STEWART off *Scotland* then

Send for hys freynds, and hys men,

Quhill he had with hym but archers, 235

And but burdowyis, and awblasters,

Ver. 235, 236. *But* in these lines implies *over and above*.

Fyve hundre men, wycht and worthy,  
That bar armys off awncestry.

**IHONE CRAB**, a *Flemyng*, als had he,  
That wes off fa gret futelté 240  
To ordane, and mak apparail,  
For to defend, and till assaill,  
Castell off wer, or than cyté,  
That nane sleyar mycht fundyn be.  
He gert engynys, and cranys, ma, 245  
And purwayit gret fyr alsua ;  
Spryngalds, and schot, on fer maners  
That to defend castells affers,  
He purwayit intill full gret wane ;  
Bot gynnys for crakys had he nane, 250  
For in *Scotland* yeit than but wene  
The ufs off thaim had not bene sene.

        Quhen the toun upon this wyfs  
Was stuffyt, as Ik her deuifs,  
The nobill **KING** hys way has tane, 255  
And ryddyn toward *Lowthiane*.  
And **WALTRE STEWART**, that wes stout,  
He left at *Berwik* with hys rout ;  
And ordanyt fast for apparail  
To defend giff men wald assaill. 260

Ver. 250. 'Gynnys for crakys,' are great guns or cannon.

Quhen

Quhen to the King off *Inglan*  
 Wes tauld how that, with stalwart hand,  
*Berwik* wes tane, and stuffyt syne  
 With men, and wiçtaill off armyne,  
 He wes anoyit gretumly; 265  
 And gert assembill all halely  
 Hys cunsaill, and has tane to reid  
 That he hys oft will thyddyr leid;  
 And with all mycht that he mycht get  
 To the toune ane asslege set; 270  
 And gert dyk thaim sa stalwartly,  
 That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly,  
 Thai suld fer owt the traister be.  
 And giff the men off the countré  
 With strenth off men wald thaim assaill, 275  
 At thair dyks into bataill,  
 Thai suld awantage haff gretly,  
 Thouch all *Scotts* for gret foly  
 War till assaill into fychting  
 At hys dyks sa stark a thing. 280

Quhen thys counsaill on this maner  
 Wes tane, he gert bath fer and ner  
 Hys oft haly assemblyt be :  
 Ane gret folk than with hym had he.  
 Off LANG CASTELL the Erle THOMAS, 285  
 That syne was, as men sayis,  
 In hys cumpany wes thar ;  
 And all the Erllys that als war

In *England*, worthy for to fycht,  
 And Barons als off mekill mycht, 297  
 With hym to that affege had he.  
 And gert hys schippys by the fe  
 Bring schot, and othyr aparail,  
 And gret warnysone off wiçtail.

To *Berwik* with all hys menye, 295  
 With hys bataills arayit, come he ;  
 And till gret Lords ilkane fundry  
 Ordanyt a feld for thair herbery.  
 That men mycht sone fe pailyownys  
 Be stentyt, off fyndry fassownys, 300  
 That thai a toun all sone maid thar,  
 Mar than bath toun and castell war.

On othyr half fyne, on the fe,  
 The schippys come in sic plenté,  
 With wiçtail, armyng, and with men, 305  
 That all the havyn wes stoppyt then.

And quhen thai that war in the toun  
 Saw thair fayis, in sic foyfoun,  
 Be land and fe, cum sturdely ;  
 Thai, as wycht men and rycht worthy, 310  
 Schup thaim to defend thair steid,  
 That thai in awentur of deid

Suld put thaim ; or than rusche agane  
 Thair fayis. For thair capitane  
 Tretyt thaim sa lusfely ; 315  
 And thairwithall the maist party  
 Off thaim, that armyt with hym wer,  
 War off hys blud, and sib hym ner :  
 Or ells thai war off hys elye.  
 Off sic comfort men mycht thaim se, 320  
 And off sa rycht fayr contenyng,  
 As nane off thaim had abaysing.

On dayis armyt weill war thai ;  
 And on the nycht wele walkyt ay.  
 Weill sex dayis sua thai abaid, 325  
 That na full gret bargane haid.  
 Intill this tyme, that I tell her,  
 That thai withowtyn bargane wer,  
 The *Inglis men* sa cloffyt had  
 Thair ost, with dyks that thai maid, 330  
 That thai war strenthit gretumly.  
 Syne with all hands befely  
 Thai schuip thaim, with thair apparaill,  
 Thaim off the toun for till affaill.  
 And off our Ladys ewyn Mary 335  
 That bar the byrth that all gan by,  
 That men calls hyr Natiuity,  
 Sone in the morning men mycht se

Ver. 319. ' Or else they were of his *ally*.' Edit.

Ver. 335. The 7th September, 1319.

The *Inglis* oft arm thaim in hy;  
 And displayit baners sturdely; 340  
 And affebill to thair baners  
 With instruments off ser maners.  
 As scaffalds, leddrs, and cowering,  
 Pykkys, howis, and with staff flyng  
 To ilk Lord, and hys bataill, 345  
 Was ordanyt, quhar he suld affaill.

And thai within, quhen that thai saw  
 That mengye raung thaim sa on raw,  
 Till thair wards thai went in hy,  
 That war stuffyt rycht stalwartly 350  
 With stans, and schot, and othyr thing  
 That nedyt to thair defending;  
 And into sic maner abaid  
 Thair fayis, that till affaill thaim maid.

Quhen thai without war all redy 355  
 Thai trumpyt till a salt in hy;  
 And ilk man with hys apparail,  
 Quhar he suld be, went till affaill.  
 To ilk kyrnell that war thar  
 Archers to schot assignyt war. 360  
 And quhen on this wyfs thai war boun,  
 Thai went in hy towart the toun;  
 And fillyt dyks hastely,  
 Syne to the wall rycht hardely  
 Thai went, with leddres that thai haid; 365  
 Bot thai sa gret defend that maid,

That

That war abownye apone the wall,  
 That oft leddres, and men withall,  
 Thai gert fall flatlings to the ground.  
 That men mycht se in a litill stound 370  
 Men assailand hardely,  
 Dressing up leddres douchtely,  
 And sum on leddres pressand war ;  
 Bot thai that on the wall war thar,  
 Till all perills gan abandoun 375  
 Thaim, till thair fayis war dungyn doun.

At gret myscheiff defendyt thai  
 Thair toun, for giff we suth fall say,  
 The walls off the toun than wer  
 Sa law, that a man with a sper 380  
 Mycht stryk ane othyr apone the face,  
 And the schot alsua thyk thar was  
 That it war wondre for till se.  
 WALTRE STEWART with a menyne  
 Raid ay about, for to se quhar 385  
 That for to help maist mystre war :  
 And, quhar men pressyt maist, he maid  
 Succour to hys that mystre haid.

The mekill folk, that wes without,  
 Had enweronyt the town about, 390  
 Swa that na part off it wes fre.  
 Thar mycht men the assailiars se  
 Abandoun thaim rycht hardely ;  
 And the defendours douchtely,

With



With all thair mychts, gan thaim payn, 395  
To put thair fayis with force agayn.

On this wyfs thaim contenyt thai,  
Quhill none wes passit off the day;  
Than thai that in the schippis wer  
Ordanyt a schip, with full gret fer, 400  
To cum with all hyr apparail  
Rycht to the wall, for till affaill.  
Till myd mast up thair bat thai drew,  
With armyt men tharin enew;  
A brig thai had for to lat fall, 405  
Rycht fra the bat apon the wall.  
With bargs by her gan thai row,  
And pressyt thaim rycht fast to tow  
Hyr by the brig-houfs to the wall:  
On that entent thai set thaim all. 410  
Thai broucht hyr quhill she come weill ner:  
Than mycht men se on sic maner  
Sum men defend, and sum affaill,  
Full besyly with gret trawaill.  
Within sa stoutly thai thaim bar 415  
That the schipmen sa handlyt war,  
That thai the schip on na maner  
Mycht ger to cum the wall sa ner,  
That thar fall brig mycht neych thartill,  
For oucht thai mycht, gud or ill: 420

Ver. 419. To *neych* is to approach, to get nigh.

Thay war so nyce quhen men thaim *nicht*.

Christ's Kirk.

Quhill

Quhill that sche ebbyt on the grund.  
 Than mycht men in a litill stound  
 Se thaim lee fer of wer cowyne,  
 Than thai war er that war hyrin.  
 And quhen the se wes ebbyt sua, 425  
 That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,  
 Owt off the toun ischit in hy  
 Till hyr a weill gret cumpany,  
 And fyr till hyr has kyndlet sone ;  
 Into schort tyme swa haif thai done, 430  
 That thai in fyr hes gert her bryn.  
 And sum war slayn that war hyr in,  
 And sum fled, and away ar gane.  
 Ane engynour thar haiff thai tane,  
 That wes sleaft off that myfter, 435  
 That men wyft ony fer or ner :  
 Intill the toun syne entryt thai.  
 It fell thaim hapily perfay,  
 That thai gat in sa hastely,  
 For thair come a gret cumpany, 440  
 Intill gret hy up be the se,  
 Quhen thai the schip saw brynd be,  
 Bot or thai come, the tothyr war past  
 The yat, and barryt it rycht fast.

That folk affailyt fast that day ; 445  
 And thai within defend that ay  
 On sic a wyfs, that thai that war  
 With gret enforce affailland thar,

Mycht

Mycht do thair will on na maner.  
 And quhen that ewyn-fang tym wes ner, 450  
 The folk without that war wery,  
 And sum woundyt full cruelly,  
 Saw thaim within defend thaim swa ;  
 And saw it wes not fyth to ta  
 The toun, quhill sic defens wes mad 455  
 By thaim that intill faring had.  
 The oft saw that thair schip was brynt,  
 And off thaim that tharin wes tynt ;  
 And thair folk woundyt and wery,  
 Thai gert blaw the retret in hy. 460  
 Fra the schippmen rebutyt war,  
 Thai let the tothyr affaill na mar ;  
 For throw the schip thai wend ilkane  
 That thai the toun weill suld haff tane.

Men fays that ma schippis than sua 465  
 Pressyt that tyme the toun to ta ;  
 Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane,  
 And the engynour tharin wes tane,  
 Her befor mentioun maid I  
 Bot of a schip all anerly. 470

Quhen that thai blawyn had thair retret,  
 Thair folk that tholyt had paynys gret,  
 Withdrew thaim haly fra the wall ;  
 The affalt haff thai left all.  
 And thai within that wery war, 475  
 And mony off thaim woundyt war far,

War blyth and glaid, quhen that thai saw  
 Thair fayis on that wifs thaim withdraw.  
 And fra thai wyft suthly that thai  
 Held to thair pailyownys thair way, 480  
 Thai set gud wachys to thair wall ;  
 Syne till thair innys went thai all,  
 And essyt thaim that wery war.  
 And othys that had wownds far  
 Had gud lechys forfuth, Ik hycht, 485  
 That helpyt thaim as thai best mycht.  
 On ayther sid wery war thai ;  
 That nycht thai did na mar perfay.  
 Fyve dayis estyr thai war still,  
 That nane till othyr did mekill ill. 490

Now leve we thir folk her lyand,  
 And still, as Ik have born on hand ;  
 And turn the cours off our carping  
 To Schyr ROBERT, the douchty KING,  
 That asssemblyt, bath fer and ner, 495  
 Ane oft, quhen that he wist bot wer  
 That the King sua off *Ingland*  
 Had asslegyt with stalwart hand  
*Berwik*, quhar WALTRE STEWART wes.  
 To purpos with hys men he taes 500  
 That he wald not swa sone assaill  
 The King off *Ingland* with bataill ;  
 And at hys dyks specially ;  
 For that moucht wele turne to foly.

Tharfor

Tharfor he ordanyt Lords twa, 505  
 The Erle off MURREFF wes ane off tha ;  
 The tothyr wes the Lord off DOWGLAS ;  
 With fyften thowfand men to pafs  
 In *England*, for to bryn and fla ;  
 And swa gret ryote thar to ma, 510  
 That thai that lay segeand the toun,  
 Quhen thai hard the destructioun  
 That thai fuld into *England* ma,  
 Suld be sua dredand and swa wa,  
 For thair childre, and for thair wyffs, 515  
 That thai fuld drede to lese the lyvis,  
 And thair guds alsua, that thai  
 Suld dred, than fuld be had away ;  
 Thai fuld leve thair sege in hy ;  
 And wend to reskew hastily 520  
 Thair gud, thair frends, and thair land.  
 Tharfor, as Ik haff born on hand,  
 Thir Lords fend he furth in hy.  
 And thai thar way tuk hastily :  
 And in *England* gert bryn, and fla ; 525  
 And wroucht tharin sa mekill wa,  
 As thai forrayit the countré,  
 That it wes pité for to se  
 Till thaim that wald it ony gud.  
 For thai destroyit all as thai yhud. 530

Swa lang thai raid destroyand sua,  
 As thai trawersyt to and fra,

Ver. 509. September, 1319.

That

That thai ar cummyn to *Repoun*,  
 And destroyit haly that toun.  
 At *Borowbrig* syne thair herbery  
 Thai tuk, and at *Myton* tharby. 535

And quhen the men off that countré  
 Saw thair land sua destroyit be,  
 Thai gadryt into full gret hy  
 Archers, burges, and yhumanry, 540  
 Preysts, clerkys, monks, and frers,  
 Husbands, and men off all maners,  
 Quhill that the samyn assemblit war  
 Weill twenty thowfsand men, and mar.  
 Rycht gud armys inew thai had. 545  
 The Archebyschop off YORK thai mad  
 Thair capitane; and to consaill  
 Hes tane, that thai in plane bataill  
 Wald assaill the *Scottsman*,  
 That fer fewar than thai war then. 550

Than he displayit hys baner;  
 And othyr Byfchappys, that thar wer,

Ver. 533, &c. *Repoun* is Rippon: *Borowbrig*, Burrow-bridge: *Myton*, Mitton near Burrowbridge: all in Yorkshire.

Ver. 542. *Husbands* are husbandmen or farmers; *villani*, men bound to a certain house and farm, and assignable at the will of their lords. Such existed in England even to the reign of Elizabeth.

Gert display thair baners alsua.  
 All in a rout furth gan thai ga  
 Towart *Mytoun* the redy way. 555  
 And quhen the *Scotts men* herd say  
 Thai war to thaim cummand ner,  
 Thai buskyt thaim on thair best maner ;  
 And delyt thaim in bataills twa.  
 DOWGLAS the awaward gan ma : 560  
 The rerward maid Erle THOMAS ;  
 For chyftane off the oft he was.  
 And swa ordanyt in gud aray,  
 Towart thair fayis thai held thair way.

Quhen ayther had on othyr fycht, 565  
 Thai pressyt on bath halff to the fycht.  
 The *Inglis men* come rycht sadly  
 With gud cuntenance, and hardy,  
 Rycht in a frusche with thair baner,  
 Quhill thair fayis come sa ner, 570  
 That thai thair wisage mycht se.  
 Three sper lenth, I trow weill, mycht be  
 Betwix thaim, quhen sic abayfing  
 Tuk thaim that but mar in a swing  
 Thai gaff the bak all, and to ga. 575  
 Quhen *Scotts men* had sene thaim swa  
 Effrayitly fle all thair way,  
 In gret hy apon thaim schot thai ;  
 And slew and tuk a gret party.  
 The laiff fled full effrayitly, 580  
 As

As thai best moucht, to sek warand.  
 Thai chassyt sua ner at hand,  
 That ner a thowfand deyt thar.  
 Off thaim yhet thre hundred war  
 Preysts, that deyt in that chafs. 585  
 That for that bargane callyt was  
*The Chaptur off Mytounne*; for thar  
 Slayn fa mony preysts war.

Quhen thir folk thus discomfyt was;  
 And *Scotts men* had left the chafs, 590  
 Thai went thaim forthwart in the land,  
 Slayand swa, and destroyand.

And thai that at the sege lay,  
 Or it was passyt the fyft day,  
 Had maid thaim syndry apparall, 595  
 To gang eft sonys till assaill.  
 Off gret gests a fow thai maid,  
 That stalwart heildyne aboyne it haid;  
 With armyt men inew tharin,  
 And instruments for to myne. 600  
 Syndry scaffalds thai maid withall,  
 That war wele heyar than the wall.  
 And ordanyt als that, be the se,  
 The toun suld weill assaillyt be.

Ver. 597. A *sow* was a military engine resembling the *testudo* of the Romans.



Thai within, that saw thaim swa 605  
 Swa gret apparraill schap to ma,  
 Throw CRABY's cunsaill, that wes fley,  
 A crane thai haiff gert drefs up hey,  
 Rynnand on quheills, that thai mycht bryng  
 It quhar that nede war off helping. 610  
 And pyk, and ter, als haiff thai tane;  
 And lynt, and herds, and brymfane;  
 And dry treyis that wele wald brin;  
 And mellyt aythir othir in:  
 And gret fagalds tharoff thai maid, 615  
 Gyrdyt with irne bands braid.  
 The fagalds weill mycht mesuryt be  
 Till a gret towrys quantité.  
 The fagalds bryning in a ball,  
 With thair cran thocht till awaill, 620  
 And giff the sow come to the wall,  
 To lat it brynand on hyr fall;  
 And with stark chenyeis hald it thar,  
 Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.  
 Engynys alsua for to cast 625  
 Thai ordanyt, and maid redy fast,  
 And set ilk man syne till hys ward.  
 And Schyr WALTRE, the gud STEWARD,  
 With armyt men suld rid about,  
 And se quhar that thar was maist dout; 630  
 And succour thar with hys menye.  
 And quhen thai in sic degre

Had

Had maid thaim for defendyng,  
 On the Rud ewyn, in the dawning,  
 The *Inglis* oft blew till assaill. 635  
 Than mycht men, with ser apparail,  
 Se that gret oft cum sturdely.  
 The toun enweround thai in hy;  
 And assaillyt with swa gret will,  
 For all thair mycht thai set thartill, 640  
 That thaim pressyt fast on the toun.  
 Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun  
 To dede, or than to wounds far,  
 Swa weill has thaim defendyt thar,  
 That leddres to the ground thai flang; 645  
 And with stanys sa fast thai dang  
 Thair fayis, that fele thar left lyand;  
 Sum dede, sum hurt, and sum swonand.

Bot thai that held on feyt in hy  
 Drew thaim away deliuerly; 650  
 And scounryt not for that thing,  
 Bot went stoutly till assailling.  
 And thai aboun defendyt ay,  
 And set thaim to sic hard assay,  
 Quhill that fele off thaim woundyt war, 655  
 And thai sa gret defens maid thar,  
 That thai styntyte thair fayis mycht.  
 Apon sic maner gan thai fycht,  
 Quhill it wes ner none off the day,  
 That thai without, on gret aray, 660

Ver. 634. Holy Cross eve, 13 September 1319.

Preffyt thair fow toward the wall;  
 And thai within sone gert call  
 The engynour, that takyn was,  
 And gret manance till hym mais,  
 And swour that he suld dey, bot he 665  
 Prowyt on the fow sic sutelté,  
 That he to fruschyt ilk dele.  
 And he, that hath perlawyt wele,  
 That the dede wes wele ner hym till,  
 Bot giff he mycht fulfil thair will, 670  
 Thought that he at hys mycht wald do.  
 Bendyt in gret hy then wes sche,  
 That till the fow wes ewyn set,  
 In hy he gert draw the cleket,  
 And smertly swappyt owt a stane. 675  
 Ewyn our the fow the stane is gane,  
 And behind it a litill wey  
 It fell: and than thai cryt, "Hey!"  
 That war in hyr, "furth to the wall,  
 "For dredles it is ours all!" 680

The gynour than deleuerly  
 Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy;  
 And the stane smertly swappyt out.  
 It flaw owt quethyr, and with a rout,  
 And fell rycht ewyn befor the fow. 685  
 Thair harts than begouth to grow.

Ver. 672. 'Sche' is the engine prepared by Crab against the English fow.

Bot

Bot yhet than, with thair mychts all,  
 Thai preffyt the fow toward the wall;  
 And has hyr fet tharto gentilly.  
 The gynour than gert bend in hy: 690  
 The gyne, and wappyt owt the ftane,  
 That ewyn toward the lyft is gane,  
 And with gret wyght fyne duschyt down  
 Rycht be the wall, in a randoun;  
 And hyt the fow in sic maner, 695  
 That it that wes the mast fowar,  
 And starkaft for to stynt a strak,  
 In fundre with that dusche it brak.  
 The men than owt in full gret hy.  
 And on the wallis thai gan cry 700  
 That thair fow wes feryt thar.  
 IHON CRAB, that had hys geer all yar,  
 In hys sagalds has set the fyr;  
 And our the wall fyne gan thai wyr,  
 And brynt the fow till brunds bar. 705  
 With all this, fast assailycand ar  
 The folk without, with feloun fycht;  
 And thai within with mekill mycht  
 Defendyt manlily thair steid,  
 Into gret awentur of deid. 710

The schipmen, with gret apparail,  
 Come with thair schippys till assail;  
 With topcastell warnyft weill,  
 Off wyght men armyt-into steill.

Thair bats up upon thair mast 715  
 Drawyn weill hey, and festnyt fast,  
 And pressyt with that gret atour,  
 Towart the wall: bot the gynour  
 Hyt in the aspyne with a stane,  
 And the men that tharin war gane 720  
 Sum ded, sum dosnyt, cum doun wynland.  
 Fra thynce furth durst nane tak on hand  
 With schippys to preys thaim to the wall.  
 Bot the lave war assaillyand all  
 On ilka fynd fa egryly, 725  
 That certs it wes gret ferly,  
 That that folk sic defens has maid,  
 With the gret myscheiff that thai haid.

For thair wallis fa law than wer,  
 That a man rycht wele with a sper 730  
 Mycht stryk ane othyr up in the face,  
 As her befor said to yow was.  
 And fele off thaim war woundyt far;  
 And the lave fa fast trawaillyt war,  
 That nane had tyme rest for to ma, 735  
 Thair adwersours assaillyt sua.

Thai war within fa straitly stad,  
 That thair wardane that with hym had  
 Ane hundre men in cumpany,  
 Armyt, that wycht war and hardy, 740  
 And raid about for to se quhar  
 That hys folk hardast pressyt war,  
To

To releve thaim that had myfter,  
 Come syndry tymys in plac ser,  
 Quhar sum off the defendours war, 745  
 All dede, and othyr woundyt far.  
 Swa that he off hys cumpany  
 Behuffyt for to leve thair party :  
 Swa that be he a courfs had maid  
 About, off all the men he haid 750  
 Thar wes lewynt with hym bot ane,  
 That he ne had thaim left cuirilkane  
 To releve, quhar he saw myfter.  
 And the folk, that affailand wer  
 At *Mary yat*, to hewyn haid 755  
 The barraifs, and a fyr had maid  
 At the drawbryg, and brynt it doun ;  
 And war thringand in gret foyfoun  
 Rycht to the yat a fyr to ma ;  
 Than thai within gert smertly ga 760  
 Ane to the wardane, for to say  
 How thai war fet in hard assay.

And quhen Schyr WALTRE STEWART herd  
 How men sa straitly thaim ferd,  
 He gert cum off the castell then 765  
 All that thar war off armynt men,  
 For thar that day affailyt nane ;  
 And with that rout in hy is gane  
 To *Mary yate* ; and to the wall  
 He fend, and saw the myscheiff all. 770

And unbethought hym suddanly  
 Bot giff gret help war set in hy,  
 Tharto thai suld bryn up the yat,  
 That fra the wall thai suld not let.

Tharfor apou gret hardyment 775  
 He sedanly set hys intent,

And gert all wyd set up the yat,  
 And the fyr that he fand tharat  
 With strenth off men he put away.  
 He set hym to full hard assay; 780

For thai that war assailyeand thar,  
 Pressyt on hym with wapnys bar,  
 And he defendyt with hys mycht.  
 Thar mycht men se a feloun fycht  
 Off stabing, stoking, and striking. 785  
 Thai maid sturdy defendyng :

For with gret strenth off men the yat  
 Thai defendyt, and stud tharat,  
 Mawgre thair fayis; quhill the nycht  
 Gert thaim on bath halff leve the fycht. 790

Thai off the ost, quhen nycht gan fall,  
 Fra the assalt withdrew thaim all,  
 Woundyt, and wery, and forbefst,  
 With mad cher the assalt thai left :  
 And till thair innys went in hy, 795  
 And set thair wachis hastely.

The lave thaim esyt, as thai mycht best,  
 For thai had gret myster off rest.

That

That nycht thai spak commonly  
 Off thaim within, and had ferly 800  
 That thai sua stout defens had maid,  
 Agayne the gret affalt thai haid,  
 And thai within on othyr party  
 Quhen thai thair fayis sua hastely  
 Saw withdraw thaim, thai war all blyth, 805  
 And has ordanyt thair wachis swyth ;  
 And syne ar till thair innys gane.  
 Thar wes but full few off thaim slane ;  
 But sele war woundyt uttrely.  
 The lave our mesur wer wery. 810  
 It was an hard affawlt perfay ;  
 And certs I herd neuir say  
 Quhar quhen mar defence had maid -  
 That swa rycht hard assailyng had.  
 And off a thing, that thar befell, 815  
 I haff ferly that I fall tell,  
 That is that, intill all that day,  
 Quhen all thair mast assailyeit thai,  
 And the schot thikkast wes withall,  
 Women with child, and childre small, 820  
 In armfulls gadryt up, and bar  
 Till thaim that on the walls war,  
 Arowys and stanys, nane slayne war  
 Na yheit woundyt, and that wes mar  
 The myrakill off God Almychty : 825  
 And to noucht ellys it set can I.



On aythir syd that nycht thai war  
 All still : and on the morn but mar  
 Thar come tithings out of *England*,  
 To thaim off the ost that bar on hand, 830  
 How that by *Borowbrig* at *Mytoun*  
 Thair men war slayn, and dongyn down ;  
 And al the *Scotts men* throw the land  
 Raid yheit brynard, and destroyand.

And quhen the King had hard this tale, 835  
 Hys counsaill he assemblyt haile,  
 To se quheyr fayr war hym till  
 To ly about the toun all still,  
 And assaye quhill it wonnyn war ;  
 Or than in *England* for to far, 840  
 And reskew hys land, and hys men.  
 Hys counsaill fast discordyt then.  
 For sotheroun men wald that he mad  
 Arest thar, quhill he wonnyn had  
 The toun, and the castell alsua. 845  
 Bot northyn men wald na thing swa,  
 That dred thair frends for to tyn,  
 And mast part off thair guds syne,  
 Throw *Scotts menys* cruelté ;  
 Thai wald he lete the sege be, 850  
 And raid for till reskew hys land.  
 Off *LONGCASTELL*, I tak on hand,  
 The Erle *THOMAS* was ane off tha  
 That counsaillit the King hame to ga.

And

- And for that mar inclynyt he  
 To the folk off the south countré,  
 Than to the northyn mennys will,  
 He tuk it to fa mekill ill,  
 That he gert turfs hys ger in hy :  
 And with hys bataill halyly, 855  
 That off the 'oft ner thred part wes,  
 Till *England* hame hys way he taes.  
 But leve he hame has tane hys gat :  
 Tharfor fell eftre sic debat  
 Betwix hym and the King, that ay 865  
 Lastyt quhill ANDROW HARDCLAY  
 That throw the King wes on hym set,  
 Tuk hym rycht in *Pomfret* ;  
 And on ane hill besid the toun,  
 Strak off hys hede but ransoun. 870  
 Tharfor syne hyngyt and drawyn wes he ;  
 And with hym a weill gret menye.  
 Men said syne eftre this THOMAS  
 That on this wyfs maid martyr was,  
 Was sayint, and myrakells did, 875  
 Bot enwy syne gert thaim be hid.  
 Bot quheyr he haly was or nane,  
 At *Pomfret* thus wes he slane.
- And syne the King off *England*,  
 Quhen that he saw hym tak on hand 880  
 To pafs hys way fa opynly,  
 Hym thought it wes perill to ly  
 Thar

Thar with the lave off hys menye.  
 Hys harnays tharfor turfyt he,  
 And till *England* hame gan he far. 885  
 The *Scotts men*, that destroyand war,  
 In *England*, sone hard tell tithing  
 Off this gret sege departing ;  
 Tharfor thai tuk westwart the way,  
 And to *Carlele* hame went ar thai, 890  
 With prayis, and with prisoners,  
 And othyr guds on fer maners.

The Lords to the KING ar gane ;  
 And the lave has thair wayis tane,  
 Ilk man till hys repair agayne. 895  
 The KING I wyfs wes wondre fayne  
 That thai war cummyn hale and fer ;  
 And that thai sped on sic maner,  
 That thai thair fayis discomfyt hade,  
 And, but tynfaill off men, hes made 900  
 Rescouris to thaim, that in *Berwik*  
 War affegyt rycht till thair dik.

And quhen the KING had speryt tithand  
 How thai had farne in *England* ;  
 And thai had tauld hym all hale the far, 905  
 The *Inglifs men* discumfyt war ;  
 Rycht blyth intill hys hart was he :  
 And maid thaim fest with gamyn and gle.

*Berwik* wes on this maner  
 Reskewyt, and thai that tharin wer, 910  
 Thrów manheid, and throw futelté.  
 He worthy wes a prynce to be,  
 That couth with wit fa hey a thing,  
 But gret tynfaill, bring till ending.  
 Till *Berwik* syne the way he tayfs; 915  
 And quhen he hard thar how it wayfs  
 Defendyt rycht swa apertly,  
 He lowyt thaim that war thar gretly.  
 WALTRE STEWART hys gret bounté  
 Out our the laiff commendyt he, 920  
 For the rycht gret defens he maid  
 At the yat, quhar men brynt had  
 The brig, as ye herd me dewyfs.  
 And certs he wes wele to pryfs,  
 That fa stoutly with plane fychting 925  
 At opyn yate maid defending.  
 Mycht he haiff levyt quhill he had bene  
 Off perfyt eld, withowtyn wene,  
 Hys renoune suld haff strekyt fer.  
 Bot dede that walks ay to mer 930  
 With all hyr mycht, and forthy  
 Had at hys worschip sic enwy,  
 That in the flour off hys youtheid  
 Sa endyt all hys douchty deid;  
 As I fall tell yow forthar.mar. 935  
 Quhen the KING had a quhill bene thar

Ver. 930. Death that aspires to strike high objects.

• He

He fend for mesonys fer and ner,  
That sleaft war off that myfter,  
And gert weill ten fute hey the wall  
About *Berwiks* toun our all.

940

And syne towart *Lothiane*,  
With hys mengye, hys gat is gane.  
And syne he gert ordane in hy  
Bath armyt men, and yhumanry,  
Intill *Irland* in hy to fer,  
To help hys brodyr that wes ther.

945

THE END OF BUKE XVII.

THE

THE  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

*Erl EDWARD defetit, and slayn, in Irland.—EDWARD II. invades Scotland, and takis a lame bull neir Tranent.—DOUGLAS harrassis his retreat.—King ROBERT perswis the Inglis King.—The Inglis discomfit at Bylands path.—The French knichts dismist withouten ransoun.—The Scotis return with gret prey.*

T H E  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XVIII.

**B**O T he, that rest anoyit ay,  
 And wald in trawail be alway,  
 A day forouth thair arywing  
 That war send till hym fra the KING,  
 He tuk hys way southwart to far; 5  
 Mawgre thaim all that with hym war.  
 For he had not than in that land  
 Off all men, I trow, twa thousand,  
 Owtane the Kings off *Irebery*,  
 That in gret routs raid hym by. 10

Towart *Dundalk* he tuk the way.  
 And quhen RICHARD of CLAR herd say  
 That he come with sa few menye,  
 All that he mycht affemblyt he

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce king of Ireland.

The poet has been led on by the capture and siege of Berwick beyond the epoch of Edward Bruce's death, which happened on the 5th of October, 1318.

VOL. III.

H

OFF



Off all *Irland* off armit men. 15  
 Sua at he had thar with hym then  
 Off traupit horfe tuenty thufand ;  
 By tham that war on fute gangand.  
 And hald furth northward on hys way.  
 And quhan Schyr EDWARD hard thaim fay 20  
 That cummin ner till him wes he,  
 He sent dyscourrors hym to fe :  
 The SOWLS, and the STEWARD war thai,  
 And als Schir PHILIP DE MOWBRAY.  
 And quhan thai fen had thair cuming, 25  
 Thai went agan to tell tything :  
 And faid thai war weil mony men.  
 In hy Schir EDUARD answerit than,  
 And faid at he fuld fecht that day,  
 Thocht fyve or fax tymes mar war thai. 30

Schyr IHON STEWARD faid fykerly,  
 " I rede ye fecht not in sik hy.  
 " Men fayis my brodyr is cummand  
 " With fyften thousand men ner hand,  
 " And war thai knyt with yow ye mycht 35  
 " The traystlyer abid to fycht."  
 Schyr EDUARD lukyt all angrely ;  
 And till the SOULLS faid in hy,  
 " Quhat fayis yow ? " " Schyr," he faid, " perfay  
 " As my falow has faid I fay." 40  
 And to Schyr PHILIP DE MOWBRAY faid he.  
 " Schyr," faid he, " fa our Lord me fe !

Vcr. 41. He spoke to Mowbray ; he asked his opinion.

" Me

“ Me think na foly for to bid  
 “ Your men, that speds thaim to rid.  
 “ For we ar few, our fayis ar fele. 45  
 “ God may rycht wele our werds dele ;  
 “ Bot it war wondre that our mycht  
 “ Suld ourcum fa fele in fycht.”

Than, with gret ire, ‘ Allace,’ said he,  
 ‘ I wend neur till her that of the ! 50  
 ‘ Now help quha will : for sekyrly  
 ‘ This day, but mar baid, fecht will I.  
 ‘ Sall na man say, quhill I may drey,  
 ‘ That strenth off men fall ger me fley.  
 ‘ God scheld that ony suld us blame 55  
 ‘ Giff we defend our nobill name.’

“ Now be it swa gat than,” quoth thai,  
 “ We fall tak that God will purway.”

And quhen the Kings off *Irschery*  
 Herd say, and wyft sekyrly, 60  
 That thair King with fa quhone wald fycht  
 Agane folk off fa mekill mycht ;  
 Thai come till hym in full gret hy,  
 And cunfailyt hym full tendrely  
 For till abid hys men : and thai 65  
 Suld hald thair fayis all that day  
 Doand ; and on the morne alsua,  
 With thair rounnyngs that thai suld ma.

Bot thar mycht na counsaill awaile.  
 He wald all gat haff bataile. 70  
 And quhen thai saw he wes fa thra  
 To fycht, thai said, "Ye ma well ga  
 "To fycht with yone gret cumpany.  
 "Bot we at quyt us uttrely  
 "That nane off us will stand to fycht. 75  
 "Assur not tharfor in our mycht.  
 "For our maner is off this land  
 "To folow and fycht, and fycht fleand;  
 "And not to stand in plane mellé  
 "Quhill the ta part discomfyt be." 80  
 He said, 'Sen that your custum is,  
 'Ik ask at yow na mar bot this,  
 'That is, that ye and your menyé  
 'Wald all togyddir arayit be;  
 'And stand on fer, but departing, 85  
 'And se our fycht, and the ending.'

Thai said weill that thai suld do swa.  
 And syne towart thair men gan thai ga,  
 That war wele twenty thowfsand ner.  
 EDUWARD, with thaim that with hym wer, 90  
 That war not fully twa thowfsand,  
 Arayit thaim stalwartly to stand  
 Agayne fourty thowfsand, and ma.  
 Schyr EDUWARD that day wald not ta  
 Hys cot armour: bot GIB HARPER, 95  
 That men held als withowtyn per  
 Off

Off hys estate, had on that day  
All hale Schyr EDUARDS aray.

The fycht abad thai on this wyfs.  
And in gret hy thair enymys 100  
Come, till assembl all redy.  
And thai met thaim rycht hardely.  
Bot thai sa few war, south to say,  
That ruschyt with thair fayis war thai.  
And thai that pressyt maist to stand 105  
War slayne down ; and the remanand  
Fled till the *Irsche* to succour.  
Schyr EDUARD, that had sic walour,  
Wes dede ; and IHONE STEWART alsua ;  
And IHONE the SOWLLS als with tha ; 110  
And othyr als off thair cumpany.  
Thai war wencussyt sa suddanly,  
That few intill the place war slane ;  
For the lave thair wayis haff tane  
Till the *Irsche* Kings, that war thar, 115  
And in hale bataill howand war.

JOHN THOMASSONE, that wes leder  
Off thaim off *Carrik* that thar wer,  
Quhen he saw the discomfiting,  
Withdrew hym till ane *Irsch* King 120  
That off hys aquentance had he.  
And he refawit hym in leawté.

Ver. 116. That hovered, or stood aloof, in complete array.

And quhen IHONE cummyne wes to that King,  
 He saw be led fra the fechtung  
 Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, the wycht, 125  
 That had bene dofnyt into the fycht.  
 And with armys led wes he  
 With twa men, apone a causé,  
 That wes betwix thaim and the toun,  
 And strekyt lang in a randoun. 130  
 Towart the toun thai held thair way :  
 And quhen in myd causé wer thai,  
 Schyr PHILIP off hys desynes  
 Ourcome ; and persawit he wes  
 Tane, and swa gat led with twa : 135  
 The tane he swappyt sone hym fra ;  
 And syne the tothyr in gret hy ;  
 And drew the fuerd deleuerly.  
 Intill the fycht hys wayis he tays  
 Enland the causé, that than wais 140  
 Fillyt intill gret foyfoun  
 Off men, that than went till the toun.  
 And he, that met thaim, agayn gan ma  
 Sic payment, quhar he gan ga,  
 That weile a hundre men gert he 145  
 Leve, mawgre thairs, the causé :  
 As IHONE THOMASSONE said suthly,  
 That saw hys deid all halely.  
 Towart the bataill ewyn he yeid.  
 JOHN THOMASSONE, that tuk gud heid 150  
 That thai war wencussyt all planly,  
 Cryit on hym in full gret hy ;  
 And

And said, "Cum her, for thar is nane  
"On lyve, for thai ar dede ilk ane."

Than stud he still a quhill, and saw 155  
That thai war all downe of daw ;  
Syne went towart hym farraly.  
This IHONE wroucht syne fa wittily  
That all that thyddyr fled than wer,  
Thouch that thai lossyt off thair ger, 160  
Come to *Cragfergus*, hale and fer.  
And thai that at the fychting wer  
Soucht Schyr EDUARD, to get hys heid,  
Amang the folk that thar wes deid ;  
And fand GIB HARPER in hys ger : 165  
And for swa gud hys armys wer,  
Thai strak hys heid off ; and syne it  
Thai haff gert falt into a kitt ;  
And send it intill *England*,  
Till the King EDUARD in presand. 170  
Thai wend Schyr EDUARDS it had bene.  
Bot for the armyng, that wes schene,  
Thai off the heid dislawyt wer ;  
All thouch Schyr EDUARD deyt thar.

On this wyfs war thaife nobill men 175  
For willfulnes all lesyt then.  
And that wes syne, and gret pité.  
For had thair owtrageous bounté  
Bene led with wyt, and with mesur,  
Bot giff the mar mysawentur 180  
H 4 Bene

Bene fallyn thaim, it fuld rycht hard thing  
 Be to lede thaim till owtryng.  
 Bot gret outrageous furquedry  
 Gert thaim all her thair worfchip by.

And thai, that fled from the mellé, 185  
 Sped thaim in hy towart the fe,  
 And to *Cragfergus* cummyn ar thai.  
 And thai that war into the way  
 To Schyr EDUARD, fend fra the KING,  
 Quhen thai hard the discumfyting, 190  
 To *Cragfergus* thai went agayne.  
 And that wes not forowtyn payn.  
 For thai war mony tyme that day  
 Affailyeit with *Irschery*: bot thai  
 Ay held togyddir farraly; 195  
 And defendyt fa wittily,  
 That thai eschapyt oft throw mycht;  
 And mony time alsua throw slycht.  
 For oft off thairs to thaim gaff thai,  
 To lat thaim skaithles pas thair way. 200

And till *Cragfergus* come thai swa.  
 Thair batts and schyppys gan thai ta,  
 And faylit till *Scotland* in hy,  
 And thar aryvyt all fauffy.  
 Quhen thai off *Scotland* had witriring 205  
 Off Schyr EDUARDES wencuffing,

Ver. 199. They gave them part of their money or goods.

Thai

Thai menynt thaim full tendrely  
 Our all the land commonaly;  
 And thai that with hym slayn war thar  
 Full tendrely als menynt war. 210

EDUARD the BRUYSS, as I said her,  
 Wes discomfyt on this maner.  
 And quhen the feld wes clengyt clene,  
 Swa that ne resistans wes sene,  
 The wardane then, Schyr RICHARD off CLAR,  
 And all the folk that with hym war, 216  
 Towart *Dundalk* has tane the way.  
 Swa that rycht na debat maid thai  
 At that tyme with the *Irschbery*;  
 Bot to the town thai held in hy. 220  
 And syne had sent furth to the King,  
 That had *England* in gouerning,  
 GIB HARPERS heid into a kyt.  
 IHONE MAUPAS till the King had it.  
 And he refawit it in daynté : 225  
 Rycht blyth off that present wes he.  
 For he was glaid that he was swa  
 Delewyryt off a felloun fa.

In hart tharoff he tuk sic prid,  
 That he tuk purpos for to rid 230  
 With a gret ost in *Scotland*;  
 For to weng hym, with stalwart hand,

Ver. 229. The poet's chronology again errs. This expedition of Edward II. into Scotland was in 1322.

Off



Off tray, of trawail, and off tene,  
That done tharin till hym had bene.

And a rycht gret oft gadryt he. 235  
And gert hys schippys be the fe  
Cum, with gret foyfoun off wictail.  
For at that tyme he wald hym taile  
To dystroy up fa clene the land,  
That nane suld leve tharin lewand. 240  
And with hys folk, in gret aray,  
Toward *Scotland* he tuk the way.

And quhen King ROBERT wyft that he  
Come on hym with sic a mengye,  
He gadryt hys men, bath fer and ner, 245  
Quhill fa fele till hym cummyn wer;  
And war als for to cum hym to;  
That hym thought he rycht wele suld do.

He gert withdraw all the catell  
Off *Lothiane*, euirilk deill, 250  
And till strenthis gert thaim be fend;  
And ordanyt men thaim to defend.  
And with hys oft als still he lay  
At *Culrofs*; for he wald assay  
To ger hys fayis, throw fasting 255  
Be feblest, and throw lang walking.  
And fra he feblis had thar mycht  
Assembill than with thaim to fycht.  
He

He thought to wyrk upon this wys.  
 And *Inglismen*, with gret maiftryfs, 260  
 Come with thair oft in *Lothiane*;  
 And sone till *Edinburgb* ar gane.  
 And thar abaid thai dayis thre.  
 Thair schyppys that war on the se  
 Had the wynd contrar to thaim ay, 265  
 Swa that apon na maner thai  
 Had power to the *fyrth* to bring  
 Thair wictaill, to releve the King.  
 And thai off the oft, that faillyt met,  
 Quhen thai saw that thai mycht not get 270  
 Thair wictaill till thaim, be the se,  
 Thai fend furth rycht a gret menye  
 For to forray all *Lothiane*.  
 Bot catell haiff thai fundyn nane,  
 Owtakane a bull, that wes haltand, 275  
 That in *Tranents Corne* thai fand.  
 That broucht thai till thair oft agayne.  
 And quhen the Erle of *WARAYNE*  
 Saw that bull alenarly cum swa,  
 He askyt giff thai gat na ma? 280  
 And thai haff said all till hym nay.  
 Than said he, ‘ Certs I dar say  
 ‘ This is the derrest best that I  
 ‘ Saw cuir yhet; for sykyrly  
 ‘ It cost a thowfand pound and mar.’ 285  
 And quhen the King, and thai that war  
 Off

Off hys cunsaill, saw thai mycht get  
 Na cataill till thair oft till ete,  
 That than of fastyng had gret payne,  
 Till *England* turnyt thai agayne.

299

At *Melrofs* schuip thai for to ly;  
 And send befor a cumpany,  
 Thre hundre ner off armyt men.  
 Bot the Lord DOWGLAS, that wes then  
 Besid intill the *forest* ner,

295

Wyft off thair come; and quhat thai war.  
 And with thaim off hys cumpany  
 Into *Melrofs* all priuely  
 He howyt in a buschement.

And a rycht sturdy frer he sent  
 Without the yate, thair com to se,  
 And bad hym hald hym all priuy,  
 Quhill that he saw thaim cummand all  
 Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall;

300

And than cry hey, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"

The frer than furth hys wayis tais,  
 That wes all stout, derff, and hardy.

306

Hys mekill hud helyt haly  
 The armur that he on hym had.

Apon a stalwart hors he rad:

310

And in hys hand he had a sper.

And abaid apon that maner

Quhill that he saw thaim cummand ner.

And quhen the forrest passyt wer

The

The coynye, he cryt, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"  
 Than till thaim all a couris he maifs; 316  
 And bar ane doun deleuerly.  
 And DOWGLAS, and hys cumpany,  
 Ischit apon thaim with a schout.  
 And quhen thai saw sa gret a rout 320  
 Cum apon thaim sa suddarly,  
 Thai war abaysit gretumly.  
 And tuk the bak bot mar abaid.  
 The *Scotts men* amang thaim raid;  
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta: 325  
 A gret martyrdome thar gan thai ma.  
 And thai that eschnapyt inslayne  
 Ar till thair gret oft went agayne;  
 And tauld thaim quhat kyn welcoming  
 DOWGLAS thaim maid at thair meting; 330  
 That conwoyt thaim agayn rudly,  
 And warnyt planly harbery.

The King off *England*, and hys men,  
 That saw thair herbriours then  
 Cum rebutyt on that maner, 335  
 Anoyit in thair hart thai wer.  
 And thought that it war gret foly  
 Intill the wod to tak herbery.

Tharfor by *Dryburgh*, in the playn,  
 Thai herberyt thaim: and syne agayn 340  
 Ar

Ver. 339. This plain is a level on the river, called in that  
 part

Ar went till *Ingland* thair way.  
 And quhen the King ROBERT hard say  
 That thair war turnyt hame agayn ;  
 And how thair herbriours war slayn ;  
 In hy hys oft assemblit he, 345  
 And went south our the *Scotts Se* ;  
 And till *Ingland* hys way taifs.  
 Quhen hys oft assemblit wayfs  
 Auchty thowfsand he wes, and ma.  
 And aucht battaills he maid off tha : 350  
 In ilk bataill war ten thowfsand.  
 Syne went he furth till *Ingland* ;  
 And intill hale rowt folowit fa fast  
 The *Inglis* King, quhill at the last  
 He come approchand to *Biland*, 355  
 Quhar at that tyme thar wes liand  
 The King off *Ingland*, with hys men.  
 King ROBERT, that had wittering then  
 That he lay thar with mekill mycht,  
 Tranountyt swa on hym a nycht, 360

part of Scotland a *haugb*, adjoining to the monastery, and extending to about an hundred acres. The army of Edward II. burned and destroyed a great part of the monastery ; and the marks of this devastation are yet to be traced there, that part of the building having never been renewed. Dryburgh Abbey was founded Anno 1150 by Hugo de Morville and Beatrix de Beauchamp his wife ; and endowed by King David I. sometime afterwards. It is now the residence of the Earl of Buchan.

Ver. 355. The abbey of Biland, near Malton in Yorkshire.

That

That be the morn that it wes day,  
 Cumbyn in a plane feld wer thai,  
 Fra *Biland* bot a litill space.  
 Bot betwix thaim and it thar wass  
 A craggy bra, strekyt weill lang,  
 And a gret peth up for to gang.  
 Othyr wayis mycht thai nocht away  
 To pass to *Bylands Abbey*,  
 But giff thai passyt fer about.  
 But quhan the mekill *Inglis* rout  
 Hard that King ROBERT wes sa ner,  
 The maist part off thaim that thar wer  
 Went to the peth, and tuk the bra.  
 Thai thought thar defens to ma.

365

370

The baners thar thai gert display;  
 And thair bataills on braid aray:  
 And thought weill to defend the pass.  
 Quhen the King ROBERT persawyt was  
 That thar thought thai thaim to defend,  
 Eftyr hys counsaill hes he send,  
 And askyt quhat was best to do.  
 The Lord DOWGLAS answeryt tharto,  
 And said, "Schyr, I will undreta  
 " That in schort tyme I fall do sa,  
 " That I fall wyn yon pass planly;  
 " Or than ger all yon cumpany  
 " Cum down to yow her to this plane."  
 The KING said than till hym agayn,

375

380

385

'Do

112 THE BRUCE:

‘Do than quhar mychty God ye speid!’  
 Than he furth on hys wayis yheid : 399  
 And off the oft the mast hardy  
 Put thaim intill hys cumpany ;  
 And held thair way toward the pafs.  
 The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,  
 Left hys bataills, and in gret hy 395  
 Bot with four men off hys cumpany,  
 Come till the Lords rout off DOWGLAS ;  
 And or he entryt in the pafs  
 Befor thaim all the pafs tuk he ;  
 For he wald that men fuld hym se. 400

And quhen Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS  
 Saw that he swa gat cummyn was,  
 He pryfyt hym tharoff gretly,  
 And welcumyt hym hamelely :  
 And syne the pafs thai samyn ta. 405  
 Quhen *Inglis men* saw thaim do swa,  
 Thai lychtyt, and agayn thaim yheid.  
 Fwa knychts rycht douchty off deid ;  
 THOMAS ENCHTRE ane had to name,  
 The tothyr Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME ; 410  
 Come down befor all, thair mengye :  
 Thai war bath full of gret bounté ;  
 And met thair fayis manlely.  
 Bot thai war pressyt rycht gretumly.

Ver. 409. ‘Thomas of Struthers.’ Edit.

Thar

Thar mycht men se rycht weill affail,  
 And men defend with stout bataill ;  
 And harnys flew in gret foyfoun.

415

And thai, that our war, tumblyt down  
 Stanys apon thaim fra the hycht.

Bot thai, that set bath will and mycht  
 To wyn the peth, thaim pressyt swa,

420

That Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME gan ta  
 The way up till hys hors in hy ;

And left Schyr THOMAS manlily  
 Defendand with gret mycht the pass,

425

Quhill that he swa suppressyt was  
 That he wes tane throw hard fechtung.

And tharfor syne in hys ending  
 He wes renounyt for best off hand

Off a knycht off all *England*.

430

For this ilk Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME  
 Intill all *England* he had name,

For the best knycht off all that land.

And for Schyr THOMAS duelt fechtand

Quhar Schyr RAUFF, as befor said I,

435

Withdrew hym ; pryssyt our hym wes haly.

Thus war thai fechtand in the pass.

And quhen the King ROBERT, that was

Wifs in hys deid and anerly,

Saw hys men sa rycht douchtely

440

The peth apon thair fayis ta ;

And saw hys fayis defend thaim sa ;



Than gert he all the *Irschery*  
 That war intill hys company,  
 Off *Arghile*, and the *Ilis* alfu,  
 Speid thaim in gret hy to the bra:  
 And bad thaim leif the peth haly,  
 And clymb up in the craggs hy;  
 And speid thaim fast the hycht to tr.  
 Than mycht men se thaim stoutly ga,  
 And clymb all gat up to the hycht;  
 And leve not for thair fayis mycht.  
 Mawgre thair fayis thai bar thaim fwa,  
 That thai ar gottyn about the bra.  
 Than mycht men se thaim fycht felly;  
 And rusche thair fayis sturdely.  
 And thai that till the pass war gane,  
 Mawgre thair fayis, the hycht has tane.  
 Than laid thai on with all thair mycht:  
 Thar mycht men se thaim felly fycht.

Thar wes a parlous bargane:  
 For a knycht, Schyr IHONE the BRETAGNE,  
 That lychtyt wes about the bra,  
 And hys men, gret defens gan ma:  
 And *Scotts men*, sua gan affaile,  
 And gave thaim sa feloun bataill,

Ver. 443. The highlanders, undoubtedly of Irish origin,  
 are called Irish by Barbour, as their tongue is still called  
 Erse or Irish.

That

That thai war set in sic affray,  
That thai that mycht flei fled away.

Schyr IHONE the BRETANE thar wes tane;  
And rycht fele off hys folk wes flane. 470  
Off Fraunce thar tane wes knychts twa;  
The Lord the IULE wes ane off tha;  
The tothyr wes the Merſchell BRETAYN,  
That wes a weill gret lord at hame.  
The lave, ſum ded war, and ſum tane: 475  
And the remanand fled ilkane.

And quhen the King off *England*,  
That yeyt at *Biland* wes liand,  
Saw hys men diſcumfyt planely;  
He tuk hys way in full gret hy. 480  
And furthwart fled with all hys mycht.  
The *Scotts men* chaſſyt faſt, lk hycht;  
And in the chaſs has mony tane.  
The King quicly away is gane;  
And the maſt part off hys mengye. 485  
STEWART WALTRE, that gret bounté  
Set ay on hey chawalry,  
With fyve hundre in cumpany,  
Till *Yorks* yatts the chas gan ma:  
And thar ſum off thair men gan ſla. 490  
And abade thar quhill ner the nycht,  
To ſe giff ony wald iſche to fycht.  
And quhen he ſaw nane wald cum out,  
He turnyt agayn with all hys rout;

And till hys oft he went in hy, 495  
 That tane had than thair herbery  
 Intill the abbay off *Billand*  
 And *Refnows* that wes by ner hand.

Thai delt amang thaim that war thar  
 And gaif the KING off *Inglands* ger, 500  
 That he had levyt in *Biland*,  
 All gert thai lep outour thair hand,  
 And maid thaim all glaid and mery.  
 And quhen the KING had tane herbery,  
 Thai broucht till hym the prifoners, 505  
 All unarmyt as it affers.

And quhen he saw *IHONE* off *BRETANGNE*  
 He had at hym rycht gret engage; ;  
 For he wes wont to spek hychly  
 At hame, and our dispitously; 510  
 And bad have hym away in hy,  
 And luk he kept war straitly.  
 And said, " War it not that he war  
 " Sic a catyve, he suld by far  
 " Hys wordys that war swa angry." 515  
 And he humbly cryt hym mercy.

Thai led hym furth forowtyn mar;  
 And kept hym weill quhill thai war  
 Cummyn hame till thair awne countré.  
 Lang estyr syne ransounyt wes he 520

Ver. 498. Editions read :

And rewes that were near by *lyand*.  
 That is, the streets near.

For

For twenty thousand pund to pay,  
As Ik haiff hard syndry men say.

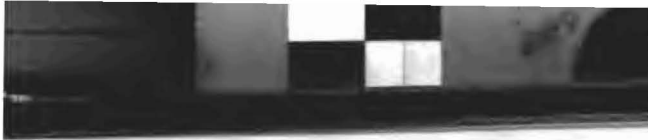
Quhen that the KING this spek had maid,  
The *Frankys* knychts men takyn haid  
War broucht rycht thar before the KING; 525  
And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng.  
And said, "I wate rycht weill that ye,  
" For your gret worschip and bounté,  
" Come for to se the fechtand her.  
" For sen ye in the countré wer. 530  
" Your strenth, your worschip, and your mycht,  
" Wald not lat yow eschew the fycht.  
" And sen that caus yow led thartill;  
" And nothyr wreyth, na iwill will;  
" As frends ye fall refawyt be, 535  
" Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye."  
Thai knelyt, and thankyt hym gretly,  
And he gart tret thaim curtassly.  
And lang quhill with hym thaim had he;  
And did thaim honour and bounté. 540  
And quhen thai yarnyt to thair land,  
To the King off *Fraunce* in presand  
He send thaim quit, but ransoun, fre,  
And gret giffts to thaim gaff he.

Hys frends thus gat curtassly 545  
He couth reflawe, and hamely,  
And hys fayis stoutly stonay.  
At *Biland* all that nycht he lay.

For thair wictour all blyth thair war.  
 And on the morne, forowtyn mar, 550  
 Thai haff forthwart tane thair way.  
 Sa fer at that tyme trawaillyt thair,  
 Brynnand, slayand, and destroyand,  
 Thair fayis with all thair mycht royand,  
 Quhill till the *Wald* cummyn war thair. 555  
 Syne northwart tuk thair hame thair way.  
 And destroyit in thair repair  
 The wale all planly of *Beane*war.  
 And syne with prisoners, and catell,  
 Rychys, and mony fayr jowell, 560  
 To *Scotland* tuk thair hame thair way ;  
 Bath blyth and glaid, joyfull and gay.  
 And ilk man went to thair repayr,  
 And lowyt God thaim fell sa fayr  
 That thair the King off *England*, 565  
 Throw worschip, and throw strength off hand,  
 And throw thair Lords gret bounté,  
 Discumfyt in hys awne countré.

END OF BUKE XVIII.

THE



THE  
BRUCE.

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BUKE XIX.

### ARGUMENT.

*Peace beand at lenth establist, a conspiracy is permit  
be Lord SOULIS again King ROBERT.—A par-  
lement callit; and the conspiratours put to the  
deid.—Ingliš piratis tak Scotis schips.—Deth of  
WALTER STEWART.—King ROBERT orders  
MURRAY and DOUGLAS to invade Ingland,  
EDWARD III. being now on the throne of that  
kingrik.—The Ingliš army advauncis to repell the  
Scottis.—DOUGLAS advises not to bazard a bat-  
tel.—Embusehment of DOUGLAS.—First use of  
gunnis.—DOUGLAS in the nicht assalis the Ingliš  
camp.—Storie of the fox and the fysher.—Retreit  
of the Scottis.*

T H E  
B R U C E.

---

B U K E XIX.

**N**OW wes the land a quhile in pess.  
 Bot cowatyfs, that can noucht cefs  
 To set men apon felony,  
 To ger thaim cum to senyowry,  
 Gert Lords off full gret renoune 5  
 Mak a fell coniouratioun  
 Agayn ROBERT, the douchty KING.  
 Thai thought to bring hym till ending:  
 And to bruk, eftre hys dede,  
 The kynryk, and to ryng in hys steid. 10

The Lord the SOWLLS, Schyr WILYAME,  
 Off that purches had maist defame;  
For

Ver. 5. *Cowatyfs* is here used for covetousness of power, ambition.

Ver. 11. Our poet dates this conspiracy after king Edward's expedition 1322; but from Lord Hailes's Annals it appears to have happened in 1320; and the conspirators were put to death in August 1320.

There



For principale tharoff wes he.  
 Off assent off that cruelté  
 He had gottyn with hym sindry: 15  
 GILBERT MALEHERBE, IHONE off LOGY,  
 Thir war knychts that I tell her;  
 And RICHARD BROUNE als, a squyer.  
 And gud Schyr DAWY off BRECHYN  
 Wes off this deid aretted syne; 20  
 As I fall tell yow foryrmar.  
 Bot thai ilk ane discoweryt war  
 Throw a lady, as I hard say,  
 Or till thair purpos cum mycht thai.

For sche tauld all to the KING 25  
 Thair purpos, and thair ordanyng;  
 And how that he suld haff bene ded,  
 And SOWLLS ryng intill hys sted.  
 And tauld hym werray takynyng  
 This purches wes futhfast thing. 30

And quhen the KING wyft it wes swa,  
 Sa futell purches gan he ma,

There were two truces between England and Scotland: one in 1319, to last two years; another in 1323, to last thirteen years. Barbour puts the conspiracy after the second truce, instead of after the first. Fordun dates the conspiracy 1320.

Ver. 23. Our hero's obligations to the fair sex, in the time of his adversity, have been formerly noted.

That

That he gert tak thaim cuirilkane.  
 And quhar the Lord SOWLLS wes tane,  
 Thre hundre and sexty had he 35  
 Off squyers, cled in hys lyuery,  
 At that tyme in hys company;  
 Owtane knyghtys that wer joly.  
 Into *Berwik* takyn wes he;  
 That mycht all hys mengye se 40  
 Sary, and wa; but futh to fay,  
 The KING let thaim all pafs thair way;  
 And held thaim at he takyn had.  
 The Lord SOWLLS sone estre maid  
 Plane granting off all that purchas. 45  
 A parlement set tharfor thar was;  
 And broucht thyddir hys mengye war.  
 The Lord the SOWLLS has grantyt thar  
 The deid into plane parlement.  
 Tharfor sone estyr he wes sent 50  
 Till hys pennance to *Dunbertane*;  
 And deit thar in a tour off stane.

Schyr GILBERT MALEHERBE, and LOGY,  
 And RICHARD BROUNE, thar thre planly  
 War with a fyfs thar ourtane; 55  
 Tharfor thai drawyn war ilkane,  
 And hangyt, and hedyt tharto;  
 As men had dempt thaim for to do.

And gud Schyr DAWY off BRECHTIN  
 Thai gert chalance rycht straitly syne. 60  
 And

And he grauntyt that off that thing  
 Wes weill maid till hym discouering;  
 Bot he thartill gaff na consent.  
 And for he helyt thair entent,  
 And discoweryt it not to the KING, 65  
 That he held off all hys halding,  
 And maid till hym hys fewté,  
 Jugyt till hang and draw wes he.  
 And as thai drew hym for to hing,  
 The pepill ferly fast gan thring, 70  
 Hym and hys meyscheyff for to se,  
 That to behald wes gret pité.  
 Schyr INGRAHAME the UMFRAWEILL, that than  
 Wes with the KING as *Scottsman*,  
 Quhen he that gret myscheyff gan se, 75  
 He said, " Lordings, quharto pres ye?  
 " To se at myscheyff sic a knycht,  
 " That wes sa worthy, and sa wycht,  
 " That Ik haff sene mar pres to se  
 " Hym for hys rycht souerane bounté, 80  
 " Than now doys for to se hym her."  
 And quhen thir werds spokyn wer,  
 With sary cher he held hym still,  
 Quhill men had off hym thair will.  
 And syne, with the leve off the KING, 85  
 He broucht hym menskly till erding.

Ver. 84. Till men had executed their pleasure upon Brechin, had put him to death.

And

And syne to the KING said he,  
 " A thing I pray yow graunt me,  
 " That is, that ye off all my land  
 " That is intill *Scotland* liand, 90  
 " Wald giff me leve to do my will."  
 The KING than sone hes said hym till,  
 ' I will weill graunt that it swa be.  
 ' But tell me quhat anowis ye ?'  
 He said agayn, " Schyr, graunt mercy, 95  
 " And I fall tell yow it planly.  
 " Myne hart giffs me na mar to be  
 " With yow duelland in this countré.  
 " Tharfor, bot that it noucht yow greve,  
 " I pray yow hartily off your leve. 100  
 " For quhar sa rycht worthy a knyght,  
 " And sua chewalroufs, and sa wycht,  
 " And sa renownyt off worschip syne,  
 " As gud Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE,  
 " And sa fulfillet off all manheid, 105  
 " Wes put to sa welanys a ded,  
 " My hart forfuth may not giff me  
 " To duell, for na thing that may be."  
 The KING said, ' Sen that yow will swa,  
 ' Quhencuir ye likys yow ma ga. 110  
 ' And yow fall haff gud leve tharto  
 ' Thy liking off thy land to do.'

And he hym thankyt gretumly.  
 And off hys land, in full gret hy,

As hym thought best disponyt he. 115  
 Syne at the KING off gret bounté,  
 Befor all thaim that with hym war,  
 He tuk hys leve for cairmar ;  
 And went in *England* to the KING,  
 That maid hym rycht fayr webrummyng ; 120  
 And askyt hym off the north tithing.  
 And he hym tauld all but lesing :  
 Haw thaise knychts destroyit war,  
 Quhen as I tauld till yow ar ;  
 And off the KINGs curtassy, 125  
 That lewyt hym debonesly  
 To do off hys land hys liking.  
 In that tyme wes send fra the KING  
 Off *Scotland* myffengers to trete  
 Off pefs, giff that thai mycht it get. 130  
 As thai befor offsyfs war send ;  
 How that thai noucht couth bring till end.

For the gud KING had in entent,  
 Sen God sa fayr grace had hym lent,  
 That he had wonnyn all hys land, 135  
 Throw streath off armys, till hys hand,  
 That he pefs in hys tyme wald ma.  
 And all hys lands stabill swa  
 That hys ayr estre hym suld be  
 In pefs, giff men held lawté. 140

Intill this tyme that UMPHRAWELL,  
 As I bar yow on hand er quhill,

Come

Come till the King off *England*,  
 The *Scotts* messengers thar he fand,  
 Off pels and rest to haiff tretis. 149  
 The King wyft Schyr INGRAHAME wes wis,  
 And askyt counsaill tharto  
 Quhat he wald rede hym for to do.  
 For he said hym thought hard to ma.  
 Fess with the King ROBERT, hys fa, 150  
 Quhill that he off hym wengyt war.  
 Schyr INGRAHAME maid till hym ansuar,  
 And said, " He delt sa curtally  
 " With me, that on na wyfs fuld I  
 " Giff counsaill till hys nethring." 155  
 " The behowis nedways," said the King,  
 " To this thing her. say thyne awifs."  
 " Schyr," said he, " fen your wills is  
 " That I say, wyt ye sekylly,  
 " For all your. grat chewakry, 160  
 " To dele with hym yhe haiff na mycht.  
 " Hys men all worthyn ar sa wycht,  
 " For lang usage off fechting,  
 " That has bene nuryft in swilk thing,  
 " That ilk yhuman. is sa wicht 165  
 " Off hys, that he is worth a knycht.  
 " Bot an yow thynk yow war to bring  
 " To your purpos and your liking,  
 " Lang trewyfs with hym tak ye.  
 " Than fall the mast off hys mengye, 170  
 " That ar bot sympil yhumanry,  
 " Be dystroynit comonnaly  
 " To

" To wyn thair mete with thair trawaile.  
 " And sum off thaim neds but fail  
 " With pluch and harow for to get, 175  
 " And othyr fer craffts, thair mete.  
 " Swa that thair armyng fall worth auld;  
 " And fall be rottyn, stroyt, and sauld.  
 " And fele, that now of wer ar flei,  
 " Intill the lang trew fall dey : 180  
 " And othyr in thair sted fall ryfs,  
 " That fall cum litill of that mastryfs.  
 " And quhen thai disufyt er,  
 " Than may ye move on thaim your wer."

Till this assentyt thai ilkane. 185  
 And estre sone war trewis tane,  
 Bot wer, betuix twa Kings, that wer  
 Tailyeit to left for aucht yer :  
 And on the marchis gert thaim cry.  
 The *Scotts men* kepyt thaim lelely. 190

Bot the *Inglis men* apon the se  
 Distroyit, throw gret inyquyté,  
 Marchand schippis, that sailand war  
 Fra *Scotland* till *Flaunders* with war :  
 And destroyit euirilkane, 195  
 And to thair oyfs the gud has tane.

The KING send oft till ask redrefs :  
 Bot nocht off it redressyt wes.

And

And he abaid all tyme askand.  
 The trow on hys haff gert he stand  
 Apon the marchis stabilly,  
 And gert men kep thaim lelely.

200

In this tyme that trowis war  
 Leftand on marchis, as I fide ar,  
 Schyr WALTRE STEWART, that worthy was,  
 At *Bathgate* a gret seknes tas.

206

Hys iwill ay woux mar and mar,  
 Quhill men persawyt be hys far,  
 That hym worthyt ned pay the det  
 That na man to pay may let.

210

Schrywyn, and als repentit weill,  
 Qohen all wes doyn hym ilk deill  
 That chryftyn man nedit till have,  
 As gud cryftyn the gaff he gave.

Than men mycht her men gret and cry;  
 And mony a knycht, and mony a lady,  
 Mak in apert rycht ewill cher.

215

Sa did thai all that euir thai war:  
 All men hym menyt commonaly,  
 For off hys eild he wes worthy.

220

Qohen thai lang quhill thair dule had maid,  
 The corfs to *Paslay* haff thai haid:

Ver. 206. In the shire of Linlithgow.

Ver. 214. Walter Stuart died 9th April 1316.

Barbour has past from 1322 to 1326; but the years 1323, 1324 were occupied in negotiations, and in 1325 nothing occurs in Lord Hailes's Annals.



And thar with gret solempnyté,  
 And with gret dule, erdyt wes he.  
 God, for hys mycht, hys faule bring 225  
 Quhar joy ay lests but ending!

Eftre hys dede, as I said, ar,  
 The trewys that swa takyn war,  
 For till haff leftyt aucht yer,  
 Quhen twa yer off thaim passyt wer, 230  
 And ane half as I trow alsua,  
 The King ROBERT saw men wald not ma  
 Redrefs off schyppys that war tane;  
 And off the men als that war slane:  
 Bot contynowit thair mawyté, 235  
 Quhenir thai met thaim on the se.  
 He send and acquyt hym planly;  
 And gaff the trewis up opynly.

And syne, in wengeance off thys trespas,  
 The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS, 240  
 And DONALD Erle off MAR alsua;  
 And JAMES off DOWGLAS with thaim twa,  
 And JAMES STEWART, that ledar wes,  
 Eftyr hys gud brodyrs desceifs,  
 Off all hys brudrys men in wer; 245  
 He gert apon thair best maner,

Ver. 229. The truce was to last thirteen years, as we know from original documents: and it was concluded in 1323, so that two years and a half of it extend into 1326.

Ver. 245. Editions have 'his brother's.'

With

With mony men, boune thaim to ga  
In *England*, for to brya and fla.

And thai held furth till *England*.

Thai war off gud men ten thowland. 250

Thai brynt and flew intill thair way;

Thair fayis fast destroyit thai.

And swa gat southwart gan thai far

To *Wardaill* quhill thai cummyn war.

That tyme EDUARD off CARNAUERANE 255

The King wes ded, and laid in stane;

And EDUARD, bys sone, that wes ying,

In *England* crownyt wes to King,

And furnome off *Wyndyffor*.

He had in *Fraunce* bene thar befor 260

With hys modyr, dame YSABELL;

And wes weddyt, as Ik hard tell,

With a young lady fayr off face

That the Erles douchtre was

Off *Hennaud*; and off that countré 265

Broucht with hym men off gret bounté.

Ver. 254. Weredale on the river Werr, in the western extremity of the county of Durham.

Ver. 257. Edward III. ascended the throne of England 24th January, 1327. The Scottish expedition was in the summer of that year. A truce had been concluded in 1303, to last thirteen years; but Barbour says the English had broken it by taking Scottish ships. It is also suspected that, in that age, the death or deposition of a king was conceived to cancel a treaty made with him.

Schyr IMONE the HENNAUD wes thair leder,  
That wes wyfs and wycht in wer.

And that tyme that *Scotts men* wer  
At *Wardaile*, as I said yow er, 270  
Intill *York* wes the new maid King:  
And herd tell off the destroying  
That *Scotts men* maid in hys countré.  
A gret oft till hym gadryt he:  
He wes weill ner fyfty thowfand. 275  
Than held he northwart in the land,  
In haill bataill with that mengye.  
Auchten yer auld that tyme wes he.

The *Scotts men* a day *Cokdaile*  
Fra end till end had herid hale; 280  
And till *Wardaile* agayn thai raid:  
The discourriours, that sycht has haid  
Off cummyng off the *Inglis men*,  
To thair Lords thai tauld it then.  
Than the Lord DOWGLAS, in a ling, 285  
Raid furth to se thair cummyng;  
And saw that sewyn bataill war thai,  
That come ridand in gud aray.

Quhen he that folk behaldyn had,  
Towart hys oft agayn he rad. 290  
The Erle speryt giff he had sene  
That oft; "Ya, Schyr," he said, "bot wene."  
' Quhat

‘ Quhat folk ar thai ? ’ “ Schyr, mony men.”  
 The Erle hys ayth hes suorn then  
 We fall fecht with thaim, thouch thai war 295  
 Yeyt ma estsonys than thai ar.  
 “ Schyr, lowyt be God,” he said agayn,  
 “ That we haff syk a capitayn,  
 “ That swa gret thing dar undreta.  
 “ Bot be Sayint Bryd it beis not sua, 300  
 “ Giff my cunsaill may trowyt be.  
 “ For fecht on na maner fall we,  
 “ Bot it be at our awantage.  
 “ For me think it war na owtrage  
 “ To fewar folk aganys ma 305  
 “ Awantage, quhen thai ma it, ta.”

As thai war on this wyfs spekand,  
 Our ane hey rigg thai saw rydand,  
 Towart thaim ewyn, a bataill braid,  
 Baners displayit inew thai haid. 310  
 And ane othyr cum estyr ner ;  
 And rycht apon the samyn maner  
 Thai come, quhill aucht bataills braid  
 Owt our that hey rigg passyt haid.

The *Scottsmen* that war thar liand 315  
 On north half wer, towart *Scotland*.  
 The dale wes strekyt weill, Ik hycht ;  
 On aythir syd thar wes ane hycht ;  
 And till the watre doune sum deill stay,  
 The *Scottsmen* in gud aray, 320  
 On

On thair best wyfs buskyt ilkane;  
 And in a strenth that thair had tane,  
 And that wes fra the watre off *Wers*  
 A quartar off a myle weill ner,  
 Thair stud thair bataill till abid. 325  
 And *Inglis men* on aythir sid  
 Come rydand downwart, quhill thair wer  
 To *Wers* watre cummyng als ner,  
 As on the othyr halff thair fayis wer.  
 Than haff thair maid a rest rycht thar. 330  
 And fend owt archerys a thowsand  
 With huds off, and bowis in hand;  
 And gert thaim wele drynk off the wyne,  
 And bad thaim gang to bykker syne  
 The *Scotts* oft in abandoun; 335  
 Thair gert thaim cum apon thaim doun;  
 For mycht thair ger thaim brek aray,  
 To haff thaim at thair will thought thair.  
 Armyt men doun with thaim thair fend,  
 Thaim at the watre to defynd. 340

The Lord DOWGLAS hes sene thair fer;  
 And men, that rycht weill horsyt wer  
 And armyt, a gret cumpany  
 Behind the bataills priuely,  
 He gert howe to bid thair cummyng: 345  
 And, quhen he maid to thaim taknyng,  
 Thair suld cum ilkane fast, and sla  
 With sperys that thair mycht ourta.

DONALD

**DONALD** off **MAR** thair cheftane wes ;  
 And **ARCHIBALD** off **DOWGLAS**. 350  
 The **LORD DOWGLAS** towart thaim raid ;  
 A gowne on hys armur he haid :  
 And trawerfyt always up agayn,  
 Thaim ner hys bataills for to trayn.  
 And thai, that drunkyn had off the wyn, 355  
 Come ay up lingand in a line,  
 Quhill thai the bataill come fa ner,  
 That arowis fell amang thaim fer.

**ROBERT** off **OGILL**, a gud squyer,  
 Come prikand than on a courfer ; 360  
 And on the archers cryt agayn,  
 “ Ye wat noucht quha mays yow that trayn.  
 “ That is the **LORD DOWGLAS** ; that will  
 “ Off hys playis ken sum yow till.”  
 And quhen thai herd spek off **DOWGLAS**, 365  
 The hardyest effrayit was,  
 And agayn turnyt halely.  
 His takyn maid he then in hy.  
 And the folk that enbuschyt war  
 Sa stoutly prykkyt on thaim thar, 370  
 That wele thre hundre haiff thai slayne.  
 And till the watre hame agayne  
 All the remanand gan thai chas.  
**Schyr WILYAME** off **ERSKYN** thar was  
 Chaffyt

Ver. 374. Editions read :

Sir William of Erskin, that was  
 K 4

New

Chaffyt with othyr that thar war 375  
 Sa fer furth, that hys horis hym bar  
 Among the lump off *Inglis men* ;  
 And with strang hand wes takyn then.  
 Bot off hym weill sone chang wes maid  
 For othyr that men takyn haid. 380

Fra thir *Inglis* archers war slane,  
 Thir folk raid till thair oft agayn.  
 And rycht swa did the Lord off DOWGLAS.  
 And quhen that he reparyt was,  
 Thai mycht among thair fayis fe 385  
 The pailyownys sone stentyt be.  
 And thai persawyt sone in hy  
 That thai that nycht wald tak herbery,  
 And schup to do na mar that day.  
 Tharfor thaim alsua herberyt thai : 390  
 And stent pailyownys in hy,  
 Tents and bigs als tharby,  
 Thai gert mak, and set all on raw.  
 Twa noweltyis that day thai saw,  
 That forouth in *Scotland* had bene nane. 395  
 Tymmriss for helmys war the tane,

New made knight the samen day,  
 Well horsed into good array,  
 Chafed with others, &c.

Ver. 396. *Timbre*, Fr. a crest upon a helmet, corresponding to the crest of the bearer's coat of arms. Gawin Douglas uses the word for a common crest of a helmet, as worn by the Greeks and Romans.

That

That thaim thought than off gret bewtē,  
And alsua wondre for to se.

The tothyr crakys war off wer,  
That thai befor herd neur er.

400

Off thir twa things thai had ferly.

That nycht thai walkyt stalwartly.

The mast part off thaim armyt lay,

Quhill on the morn that it wes day

The *Inglismen* thaim umbethoucht

405

Apon quhat maner that thai moucht

Ger *Scotts* leve thair awantage.

For thaim thought foly and owtrage

To gang up till thaim, till assaill

Thaim at thair strenth in plane bataill.

410

Tharfor off gud men a thousand,  
Armyt on hors, bath fute and hand,  
Thai send behind thair fayis, to be  
Enbuschyt intill a walé.

And schuip thair bataills, as thai wald  
Apon thaim till the fechtand hald.

415

For thai thought *Scottsmen* sic will  
Had that thai mycht not hald thaim still :

For thai knew thaim off sic curage,

That thai through strenth and awantage

420

Thai suld leve, and mete thaim planly.

Than suld thair buschement halely



Behind brek on thaim at the bak.  
 Sa thocht thai weill thai suld thaim mak  
 For to repent thaim off thair play. 425  
 Thair enbuschement furth send haff thai,  
 That thaim enbuschyt priuely.  
 And on the morne, sum dele arly,  
 Intill thair oft hey trumpyt thai;  
 And gert thair braid bataillis aray. 430  
 And, all arayit for to fycht,  
 Thai held towart the watre rycht.

*Scotts men, that saw thaim do swa,*  
 Boune on thair best wyfs gan thaim ma.  
 And in bataill planly arayit, 435  
 With baners till the wynd displayit,  
 Thai left thair strenth, and all planly  
 Come down to mete thaim hardely,  
 In as gud maner as thai moucht;  
 Rycht as thair fayis befor had thocht. 440

Bot the Lord Dowglas, that ay wes war,  
 And set owt wachis her and thar,  
 Gat wyt off thair enbuschement.  
 Than intill gret hy is he went  
 Befor the bataillis, and stoutly 445  
 He bad ilk man turn hym in hy,  
 Rycht as he stud: and turnyt swa  
 Up till thair strenth he bad thaim ga:  
 Swa that na let thar thai maid.  
 And thai did as he biddyn haid, 450

Quhill till thair strenth thai come agayne.  
 Thar turnyt thai thaim with mekill payne,  
 And stud redy to giff bataill,  
 Giff thair sayis wald thaim assaill.

Quhen *Inglishmen* had sene thaim swa 455  
 Towart thair strenth agayn up ga,  
 Thai cryt hey, " Thai slei thair way!"  
 Schyr IHONE HENNAUD said, " Persay  
 " Yone sleiing is rycht tragedy.  
 " Thair armyt men behind I se, 460  
 " And thair baners; swa that thai thar  
 " Bot turne thaim as thai standand ar,  
 " And be arayit for to fycht,  
 " Giff ony prestyt thaim with mycht.  
 " Thai haff sene our enbuschement, 465  
 " And agayn till thair strenth ar went.  
 " Yone folk ar gouernyt wittily:  
 " And he that leds is worthy  
 " For awife, worschip, and wysdome,  
 " To gouern the empyr off *Rome*." 470

Ver. 459. The words *tragedy* and *comedy* were strangely abused in the middle ages. It is well known that Dante styles his poem *Commedia*, merely because it ends happily; and he calls the *Eneid* *Tragedia*, because it closes with battles and bloodshed. Virgil speaking says;

Euripilo ebbe nome, e cosi 'l canta

L'alta mia *tragedia*, in alcun loco.

*Inf. c. xx.*

Barbour here uses *tragedy*, for what we would call a stage-trick.

Thus

Thus spak that worthy knycht that day.  
 And the enbuschement, fra that thai  
 Saw that thai swa discoweryt war,  
 Towart thair oft agayn thai fair.  
 And the bataills off *Inglisemen*, 475  
 Quhen thai saw thai had failyeit then  
 Off thair purpos, to thair herbery  
 Thai went; and logyt thaim in hy.  
 On othyr halff rycht swa did thai.  
 Thai mad na mar debat that day. 480

Quhen thai that day ourdrewyn had,  
 Fyrs in gret foyfoun thai maid,  
 Alsone as the nycht fallyn was.  
 And than the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,  
 That had spyt a place tharby, 485  
 Twa myle thence, quhar mar traiftly  
 The *Scotts* oft mycht herbery ta;  
 And defend thaim bettre alsua,  
 Than ellys on ony place tharby.  
 It wes a park, all halely 490  
 Wes enweround about with wall;  
 It wes ner full off treys all.  
 Bot a gret plane intill it was.  
 Thyddyr thought the Lord off DOWGLAS  
 Be nychtlyrtale thair oft to bring. 495  
 Tharfor, forowtyn mar duelling,

Ver. 495. Editions bear:

By night all their oist to bring.

Thai

Thai bet thair fers, and maid thaim mar ;  
 And fyne all samyn furth thai far,  
 And till the park, forowtyn tynfail,  
 Thai come, and thaim herberyt weill 500  
 Upon the watre, and als ner  
 Till it as thai beforouth wer.

And on the morn, quhen it wes day,  
 The *Inglifs* oft myffyt away  
 The *Scottsmen* ; and had ferly : 505  
 And gert discourriours hastely  
 Pryk, to se quhar thai war away.  
 And, be thair fyrs, persawit thai  
 That thai in the park off *Werdale*  
 Had gert herbery thair oft all hale. 510

Tharfor thair oft but mar abaid  
 Buskyt, and ewyn anent thaim raid,  
 And on ayther halff the watre of *Wer*  
 Gert stent thair pailyownys, als ner  
 As thar befor stentyt war thai. 515  
 Aucht dayis on bath halff swa lay thai :  
 That *Inglifmen* durft not assaill  
 The *Scottsmen* with plane bataill,  
 For strenth off erd that thai had ther.  
 Thar wes ilk day justyn off wer ; 520

Ver. 497. They added fuel to their fires, and encreased them.

And

And scrymyn maid full apertly;  
 And men tane on aythir party.  
 And thai that war tane on a day,  
 On ane othyr changyt war thai.

Bot othyr deds nane war done, 525  
 That gretly is apone to mone.  
 Till it fell, on the fewynd day,  
 The Lord Dowglas had spyt a way  
 How that he mycht about thaim rid,  
 And come apone the ferrer sid. 530

And at ewyn purwayit hym he,  
 And tuk with hym a gud menye,  
 Fyve hundre in horsis, wycht and hardy,  
 And in the nycht all priuely,  
 Forowt noyis, sa fer he raid, 535  
 Quhill that he ner enwyronyt haid  
 Thir oft; and on the ferrer sid  
 Towart thaim flely gan he rid.  
 And the men that with hym war  
 He gert in hand half suerds bar, 540  
 And bad thaim hew rapys in twa,  
 That thai the pailyownys mycht ma  
 To fall on thaim, that in thaim war.  
 Than suld the lave, that folowyt thar,  
 Stab doune with spers sturdely. 545  
 And, quhen thai hard hys horne in hy,  
 To the watre hald doune thair way.  
 Quhen this wes said, that Ik her say,

Toward

Towart thair fayis fast thai raid,  
That on that sid na wachis haid.

550

And as thai ner war approchand  
Ane *Inglis man*, that lay bekand  
Hym be a fyr sid, till hys fer,

“ I wate not qubat may tid us her.

“ Bot rycht a gret growing me tais :

555

“ I dred far for the blak *Dowglas*.”

And HE, that hard hym, said perfay

“ Yow sall haff causis giff that I may.”

With that, with all hys cumpany,  
He ruschyt on thaim hardely.

560

And pailyownys doune he bar.

With spers, that scharply schar,

Thai stekyt men dispitoufly.

The noyfs weill sone raifs and the cry.

And thai stabbyt, stekyt, and slew :

565

And pailyownys down yarne thai drew.

A feloune slauchtre maid thai thar ;

For thai, that liand nakyt war,

Had na power defens to ma :

And thai bot pité gan thaim sla.

570

Thai gert thaim weill wyt that folly

Wes ner thair fayis for to ly ;

Bot giff thai traistly wachit war.

The *Scottis men* war slayand thar

Ver. 557. Douglas who heard him.

This

Thir fayis, on this quhill the cry 579  
 Rafe throw the oft comonnaly;  
 That Lords, and othyr, war on fter.  
 And quhen the DOWGLAS wyft thai wor  
 Armand thaim all commonaly,  
 He blew hys horne for to rely 580  
 Hys men; and bad thaim hald thair way  
 Towart the watre: and fwa did thai.  
 And he abaid henmaft, to fe  
 That nane off hys fuld lewynt be.  
 And, as he bad fwa howand, 585  
 Come thane ane with a club in hand,  
 And fwa gret rout he till hym raucht,  
 That had not bene hys mekill maucht,  
 And hys rycht fouerane manheid,  
 Intill that place he had bene dede. 590  
 Bot he that tyme wes nocht effrayit,  
 Thouch he weill oft wes hard affayit,  
 Throw mekill strenth, and gret manheid  
 Has broucht the tothyr to the dede.

Hys men, that till the watre doun 595  
 War rydyne, intill a randoun,  
 Myffyt thair Lord, quhen thai come thar,  
 Than war thai dredand for hym far.  
 Ilk ane at othyr speryt tithing:  
 Bot yhet off hym thai hard nathing. 600

Ver. 594. This irruption of Douglas into the English camp happened on the 4th August, 1327. See a curious account of it near the beginning of Froissart's history.

Than

Than gan thai cunsaill samyn ta  
 That thai to sek hym up wald ga.  
 And, as thai war in sic effray,  
 A tutiwing off hys horn hard thai :  
 And thai, that hes it knawyn swyth 605  
 Was off hys cummyn wondre blyth.  
 And speryt at hym off hys abaid.  
 And he tauld how a carle hym maid  
 With a club sic felounne pay,  
 That met hym stoutly in the way, 610  
 That had not fortune helpit the mar  
 He had bene in gret perill thar.

Thus gat spekand thai held thair way,  
 Quhill till the ost cummyn ar thai ;  
 That on fute armyt thaim abaid, 615  
 For till help giff thai myster haid.  
 And alsone as the Lord DOWGLAS  
 Met with the Erle off MURREFF was,  
 The Erle speryt at thaim tithing  
 How thai had farne in thair owting. 620  
 " Schyr," said he, " we haff drawyn blud."  
 The Erle, that wes off mekill mude,  
 Said, ' And we all had thyddir gayne,  
 ' We haid discumfyt thaim ilkane.'  
 " That mycht haff fallyn weill," said he ; 625  
 " Bot sekyrly ynew war we  
 " To put us in yone awentur.  
 " For had thai maid discumfytur  
 VOL. III. L " On-



" On us, that yondre passyt wer,

" It suld all stonay that ar her."

630

The Erle said, ' Sen it swa is

' That we may noucht with jupertys

' Our feloun sayis for to assaill ;

' We fall do it in plane bataill.'

The Lord DOWGLAS said, " Be Sayint Brid, 635

" It wer gret foly, at this tid,

" Till us with swilk an ost to fycht.

" It growis ilk day off mycht ;

" And hes wictaill tharwith plenté.

" And in thair cuntré her ar we,

640

" Qubar thair may cum us na succours :

" Hard is to mak us her rescouris.

" Na we us may ferrar mete to get :

" Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.

" Do we with our sayis tharfor,

643

" That ar her liand us befor,

" As Ik herd tell this othyr yer

" That a fox did with a fycher."

' How did the fox ?' the Erle gan say.

He said, " A fycher quhilum lay

650

" Befid a ryver, for to get

" Hys netts that he had tharin set.

" A litill loge tharby he maid ;

" And thar within a bed he haid ;

" And a litill fyr alsua.

655

" A dure ther wes forowtyn ma.

" A nycht,

- " A nycht, hys netts for to se,  
 " He rafe; and thar weill lang duelt he.  
 " And, quhen he had doyne hys deid,  
 " Towart hys loge agayn he yeid; 660  
 " And, with licht off the littill fyr,  
 " That in the loge wes bryndand schyr,  
 " Intill hys loge a fox he saw,  
 " That fast on an salmound gan gnaw.  
 " Than till the dur he went in hy, 665  
 " And drew hys fuerd deleuerly:  
 " And said, ' Reiffar yow mon her out.'  
 " The fox, that wes in full gret dout,  
 " Lukyt about sum hole to se;  
 " Bot nane eschew parfave couth he, 670  
 " Bot quhar the man stud sturdely.  
 " A lauchtane mantell than hym by,  
 " Liand apon the bed, he saw;  
 " And with hys teth he gan it draw  
 " Outour the fyr: and quhen the man 675  
 " Saw hys mantell ly brynnand than,  
 " To red it ran he hastely.  
 " The fox gat owt than in gret hy:  
 " And held hys way hys warand till.  
 " The man leyt hym begilyt ill, 680  
 " That he hys gud salmound had tynt;  
 " And also had hys mantill brynt:  
 " And the fox scaithles gat away.  
 " This ensample, weill I may say,  
 " Be yone oft; and us that ar her. 685  
 " We ar the fox: and thai the sycher,

- " That steks forouth us the way.  
 " Thai wene we may na gat away,  
 " Bot rycht quhar thai ly. Bot perdé  
 " All as thai think it fall not be. 690  
 " For I have gert se us a gat,  
 " Suppos that it be sumdele wate :  
 " A page off ours we fall not tyne.  
 " Our fayis for this small trowintyn  
 " Menys weill we fall prid us swa, 695  
 " That we planly on hand fall ta  
 " To giff thaim opynly bataill :  
 " Bot at this tyme thair thought fall fail.  
 " For we to morne her, all the day,  
 " Sall mak as mery as we may : 700  
 " And mak us boune agayn the nycht ;  
 " And than ger mak our fyrs lycht ;  
 " And blaw our hornys, and mak far,  
 " As all the world our awne war,  
 " Quhill that the nycht weill fallyn be. 705  
 " And than, with all our harnayis, we  
 " Sall tak our way hamewart in hy.  
 " And we fall gyit be graithly,  
 " Quhill we be out off thair daunger,  
 " That lyis now enclosyt her. 710  
 " Than fall we all be at our will.  
 " And thai fall let thaim trumptyt ill,  
 " Fra thai wyt weill we be away."  
 To this haly assentyt thai,  
 And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht, 715  
 Quhill on the morne that day wes lycht.

Apon the morne, all priuely,  
 Thai tursyt harnays, and maid redy;  
 Swa that, or ewyn, all boun war thai.  
 And thair fayis, that agayn thaim lay, 720  
 Gert haiff thair men, that thair war ded,  
 In carts, till ane haly sted.  
 All that day cariand thai war,  
 With carts, men that slayn war thar.  
 That thai war fele mycht men weill se, 725  
 That in carrying sa lang suld be.

The ofts bath that day wer  
 In pefs : and quhen the nycht wes ner.  
 The *Scotts* folk, that liand war  
 Intill the park, maid fest and fer ; 730  
 And blew hornys ; and fyrs maid,  
 And gert thaim mak brycht and braid ;  
 Swa at the nycht thair fyrs war mar,  
 Than on tyme befor thai war.  
 And quhen the nycht wes fallyn weill, 735  
 With all the harnayis ilka deill,  
 All priuely thai raid thair way.  
 Sone in a mofs entryt ar thai,  
 That had weile twa myle lang off breid.  
 Owt our that mofs on fute thai yeid : 740  
 And in thair hand thair hors leid thai.  
 And it wes rycht a noyus way ;  
 And noucht forthy all that thai wer  
 Come weill outour it, hale and fer ;

350 THE BRUCE:

And tynt but litill off thair ger, 745  
 Bot giff it war ony fumer,  
 That in the moss wes left liand.  
 Quhen all, as Ik haff borne on hand,  
 Outour that moss, that wes sa braid,  
 War cumyn, a gret glaidfchip thai haid: 750  
 And raid furth hamewart on thair way.  
 And on the morne, quhen it wes day,  
 The *Inglis men* saw the herbry,  
 Quhar *Scotts men* war wont to ly,  
 All woid: thai wondryt gretly then; 755  
 And send furth syndry off thair men,  
 To spy quhar thai war gayn away,  
 Quhill at the last thair traifs fand thai,  
 That till the mekill moss thaim haid,  
 That wes swa hidwoufs for to waid, 760  
 That awentur thaim tharto durft nane;  
 Bot till thair ost agayn ar gane.  
 And tauld how that thai passyt war  
 Quhar neuir man passyt ar.

Quhen *Inglis men* hard it wes swa, 765  
 In hy to cunsaill gan thai ta,  
 That thai wald folow thaim na mar.  
 Thair ost rycht than thai scalit thar:  
 And ilk man till hys awn raid.  
 And King ROBERT, that witting haid 770

Ver. 746. Except perhaps a sumpter-horse.

At

At hys men in the park swa lay,  
 And at quhat meyscheyff thar war thai,  
 Ane ost assemblyt he in hy.  
 And ten thousand men, wycht and hardy,  
 He has send furth with Erllis twa, 775  
 Off the MERSS, and ANGUSS, wer tha,  
 The ost in *Werdale* to releve.  
 And giff thai mycht sa wele escheve  
 That samyn nycht, be thai and thai,  
 Thai thought thair fayis till assay. 780

Swa fell that, on the samyn day,  
 That the moss, as ye herd me say,  
 Wes passyt, the discourriours that thar  
 Ridand befor the ost war,  
 Off aythir ost hes gottyn fycht. 785  
 And thai, that worthy war and wycht,  
 At thair meting justyt off wer.  
 Ensenyeys hey thai cryt ther.  
 And be thair cry persawit thai,  
 That thai war freyns, and not a fay. 790

Than mycht men se thaim glaid and blyth;  
 And tauld it to thair Lords swith.  
 The ost bath met samyn syne.  
 Thar wes rycht hamely welcumyng

Ver. 779. Editions have :

That samyn night that meet might they.

\* Be thai and thai,' seems to imply, when both came together ;  
 or with joint force.

Maid among thais gret Lords thar: 795  
 Off thair meting joyfull thair war.

The Erle PATRIK, and hys menye,  
 Had wiſtallis with thaim gret plenté,  
 And tharwith weill relevyt thair  
 Thair frends: for, the ſuth to ſay, 800  
 Quhill thair in *Wardale* liand war  
 Thai had defaut off mete. Bot thar  
 Thai war relewyt with gret plenté.  
 Towart *Scotland*, with gamyn and gle,  
 Thai went; and weill hame cummyn ar thair. 805  
 And ſcalyt ſyne ilk man thair way.

The Lords ar went to the KING,  
 That has maid thaim fayr welcuming.  
 For off thair come rycht glaid wes he;  
 And that thair ſic perplexité, 810  
 Forout tynfaill, eſchapen haid.  
 All war thair blyth, and mery maid.

Ver. 807. Auguſt, 1327.

T H E E N D O F B U K E X I X.

T H E

THE  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XX.



A R G U M E N T.

*King ROBERT assembles thre hosts to invade Ingland  
—ravages Northummerland.—The King of Ing-  
land offers pece; and his syster to King ROBERT's  
son DAVID.—Seknes of King ROBERT.—Wed-  
dyng of Prince DAVID.—King ROBERT's seknes  
increсанд, he makis his testament.—He desiris  
DOUGLAS to carry bis heart to the Halie Land.  
—Deth of King ROBERT.—Erl of MURREF  
maid Governour of Scotland.—DOUGLAS is slayn  
in Spain, fechting again the Saracenis.—Deth of  
MURREF.—Conclusioun.*

T H E  
B R U C E.

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B U K E XX.

**S**ONE estyr that the Erie THOMAS  
 Fra *Wardeill* thus reparyt was,  
 The KING assemblyt all hys mycht;  
 And left nane that wes worth to fycht.  
 A gret oft than assemblyt he; 5  
 And delt hys oft in parts there.  
 A part to *Norame* went but let,  
 And a stark assege hes set,  
 And held thaim in rycht at thair dyk.  
 The tothyr part till *Anwik* 10  
 Is went, and thar a sege fet thai.  
 And quhill that thair asslegs lay  
 At thir castells, I spak off ar,  
 Apert eschewis oft maid thar war:  
 And mony fayr chewalry 15  
 Eschewit war full douchtely.

The KING at thais castells liand  
 Left hys folk, as I bar on hand;

Ver. 3. September, 1327.

And

And with the thrid oft held hys way  
 Fra park to park, hym for to play; 20  
 Huntand as all hys awne war.  
 And till hym, that war with hym thar,  
 The lands off *Norththummyrland*,  
 That neyft to *Scotland* war liand,  
 In fe and heritage gave he: 25  
 And thai payit for the felys fe.

On this wyfs raid he destryoand,  
 Quhill that the King off *England*,  
 Throw cunfail off the *MORTYMAR*,  
 And hys modyr, that that tyme war 30  
 Ledars off hym, that then young wes,  
 To King *ROBERT*, to tret off pefs  
 Send messyngers. And swa sped thai  
 That thai assentit on this way  
 Suld thar a perpetuall pefs tak. 35  
 And thai a mariage suld mak  
 Off the King *ROBERTS* sone, *DAWY*,  
 That than bot fyve yer had scarsly,  
 And off dame *IHANE* als off the *Tour*,  
 That syne wes off full gret walour. 40

Ver. 26. And they paid the fees of sealing, of office. This  
 vaunt of Robert's corresponds somewhat with Hannibal's sel-  
 ling the shops in Rome, after the Romans had sold the ground  
 upon which his camp stood.

Ver. 32. October, 1327. King Robert was then at Nor-  
 ham.

**Syftre** sche wes to the ying King,  
**That** had *England* in gouerning,  
**That** than off eild had sewyn yer.  
**And** monyments, and lettres fer,  
**That** thai off *England* that tyme had, 45  
**That** oucht agayn *Scotland* mad,  
**Intill** that trefyts up thai gaff.  
**And** all the clame that thai mycht haff  
**Intill** *Scotland* on ony maner.  
**And** King ROBERT, for scaithis fer, 50  
**That** he to thaim off *England*  
**Had** done, off wer with stalwart hand,  
**Full** twenty thowfand pound fuld pay  
**Off** siluer into gud monay.

Quhen men thir things forspokyn had; 55  
 And, with fels and athis, maid  
 Festnyng off frendfchip, and off pefs,  
 That neur for na chance fuld cefs;  
 The mariage fyne ordanyt thai  
 To be at *Berwik*: and the day 60  
 Thai haff fet quhen that this fuld be.  
 Syne went ilk man till hys countré.

Thus maid wes pefs, quhar wer wes ar  
 And thus thair aiffyt war.

The King ROBERT ordanyt to pay                   • 65  
 The siluer: and agayn the day  
 He gert weill for the maugery  
 Ordane that quhen hys son DAWY  
 Suld weddyt be: and Erle THOMAS,  
 And the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,                   70  
 Intill hys steid ordanyt he,  
 Dewisowrs off that fest to be.  
 For a malice hym tuk sa far,  
 That he on na wyfs mycht be thar.

                  This malice off endfundeyng                   75  
 Begouth, for throw hys cald lying,  
 Quhen in hys gret myscheiff wes he,  
 Hym fell that hard perplexité.

                  At *Cardrofs* all that tyme he lay.  
 And quhen ner cummyn wes the day,                   80  
 That ordanyt for the weddyn was,  
 The Erle, and the Lord off DOWGLAS,  
 Come to *Berwik*, with mekill far,  
 And brought young DAWY with thaim ther.  
 And the Queyn, and the MORTYMER,                   85  
 On othyr part cummyn wer,  
 With gret affer and roawté.  
 The young lady, off gret bewté,

Ver. 75. *Malice*, rather *malese*, is disease. Robert's was the leprosy. Editions read:

His sickness came of a fundying  
 He had tane through his cold lying.

Thyddyr

Thyddyr thai brought with rich offer.

The weddyn haf thai makyt thar, 99

With gret fest and solempnyté.

Thar mycht men myrth and glaidſchip ſe :

For rycht gret fest thai maid thar.

And *Inglis men* and *Scotts war*

Togyddyr in joy and ſolace : 95

Na felouné betwix thaim was.

The fest a wele lang tyme held thai.

And quhen thai buſkyt to far away,

The Queyn hes left hyr douchtre thar,

With gret rychis and roale far. 100

I trow that lang quhill na lady

Wes gevyn till houſs ſa rychly.

And the Erle, and the Lord DOWGLAS,

Hyr in daynté reſſawyt has,

As it war worthy ſekyrly. 105

For ſche wes ſyne the beſt lady,

And the fayreſt, that men thurſt ſe.

Eſtyr this gret ſolemnyté,

Quhen off bath lewyis war tane,

The Queyne till *England* hame is gane, 110

And had with hyr MORTYMAR.

The Erle, and thai that levyt war,

Quhen thai a quhill hyr conwoyit had,

Towart *Berwik* agayn thai raid.

And ſyne, with all thair cumpany, 115

Towart the KING thai went in hy ;

Ver. 90. The 12th of July, 1328.

And

And had with thaim the young **DAWY**,  
And Dame **IHANE** als, that young lady.

The **KING** maid thaim fayr welcumyng.  
And estre, but langer delaying, 120  
He has gert set a parlement;  
And thiddy with mony men is went.  
For he thought he wald, in hys lyff,  
Croun hys young son, and hys wyff.  
And at the parleament swa did he 125  
With gret fayr and solemnyté.  
The King **DAWY** wes crownyt thar.  
The King **ROBERT** gert ordane thar,  
Giff it fell that hys sone **DAWY**  
Deyt, but ayr male off hys body 130  
Gottyn, **ROBERT STEWART** suld be  
King; and bruk all the roalté  
That hys douchtre bar, **MARIORY**.  
And at hys tailye suld lelyly  
Be haldyn all the Lords swar, 135  
That it with selys affyrmyt thar.  
And giff it hapnyt **ROBERT** the King  
To pass to God, quhill thai war ying,  
The gud Erle off **MURREFF, THOMAS**,  
And the Lord alua off **DOWGLAS**, 140  
Suld haff thaim into gouerning,  
Quhill thai had wyt to ster thair ring,  
And than the Lordschip suld thai ta.  
Hertill thair athys gan thai ma.

And

And all the Lords that thar war 145  
 To thir twa wardanys athys suar,  
 Till obey thaim in lawté  
 Giff fell thaim wardanys to be.

Quhen all this thing thus tretyt wes,  
 And affermyt with sykernes, 150  
 The King to *Cardross* went in hy.  
 And thar hym tuk sa felely  
 The seknes, and hym trawaillyt swa,  
 That he wyft hym behowyt to ma  
 Off all hys lyff the commoun end, 155  
 That is to dede, quhen God will fend.

Tharfor hys lettres sone fend he  
 For the Lords off hys countré.  
 And thai come as he biddyn had.  
 His testament then hes he maid, 160  
 Befor bath Lords and Prelats ;  
 And to religioun, off ser stats,  
 For hele off hys saule, gaff he  
 Siluer into gret quantité.  
 He ordanyt for hys saule weill. 165  
 And quhen this done wes ilka dele,  
 He said, " Lordings, swa it is gayn  
 " With me, that thar is noucht bot ane  
 " That is the dede, withowtyn drede,  
 " That ilk man mon thole off mede. 170  
 " And I thank God that has me sent  
 " Space in this lyve me to repent.



" For throuch me, and my werraying,  
 " Off blud has bene rycht gret spilling ;  
 " Quhar mony faklefs men war flayn. 175  
 " Tharfor this seknes, and this payn,  
 " I tak in thank for my trespass.  
 " And myn hart fichyt fekyrly was,  
 " Quhen I wes in prosperité,  
 " Off my synnys to sauffyt be, 180  
 " To trawaill apon Godds fayis.  
 " And sen he now me till hym tayis,  
 " Swa that the body may na wyfs  
 " Fulfill that the hart gan dewyfs ;  
 " I wald the hart war thyddir sent, 185  
 " Quharin consawyt wes that entent.  
 " Tharfor I pray yow euirilkane,  
 " That ye amang yow chefs me ane,  
 " That be honest, wyse, and wycht,  
 " And off hys hand a nobill knycht, 190  
 " On Godds fayis my hart to ber,  
 " Quhen saule and corfs disseueryt wer.  
 " For I wald it war worthily  
 " Broucht thar ; sen God will noucht that I  
 " Haue power thidderwart to ga." 195  
 Than war thair harts all fa wa,  
 That nane mycht hald hym from greting.  
 He bad tham leve thair sorrowing,

Ver. 178. Editions have :

And mine heart firmie fet was.

An interpretation of the old language.

For

For it, he said, mycht not releve;  
 And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve. 200  
 And prayit thaim in hy to do  
 The thing that thai war chargyt to.

Than went thai furth in drery mode.  
 Among thaim thai thocht it gode,  
 That the worthy Lord off DOWGLAS 205  
 Best schapyn for that trawaill was.  
 And quhen the KING hard that thai swa  
 Had ordanyt hym hys hart to ta,  
 That he mast yarnyt suld it haff;  
 He said, " Sa God hymselff me faiff ! 210  
 " I hald me rycht weile payit that yhe  
 " Haff chosyn hym : for hys bounté,  
 " And hys worſchip, ſet my yarnyng,  
 " Ay ſen I thought to do this thing,  
 " That it with hym thar ſuld ber. 215  
 " And ſen ye all aſſentyt er,  
 " It is the mar likand to me.  
 " Lat ſe now quhat thartill ſayis be."  
 And quhen the gud Lord off DOWGLAS  
 Wyft that thing thus ſpokyn was, 220  
 He come and knelyt to the KING,  
 And on this wyfs maid hym thanking.  
 ' I thank yow gretly, Lord,' ſaid he,  
 ' Off mony largeſs, and gret bounté,  
 ' That ye haff done me felſyſs ; 225  
 ' Sen fyrſt I come to your ſeruice.

' Bot our all thing I make thanking  
 ' That ye fa dyng and worthy thing,  
 ' As your hart, that enlumynyt wes  
 ' Off all bounté, and all prowes, 230  
 ' Will that I in my yemfall tak.  
 ' For yow, Schyr, I will blythly mak  
 ' This trawaill, giff God will me gif  
 ' Layfar and space swa lang to lyff.'

The KING hym thankyt tendrely. 235  
 Than wes nane in that cumpany  
 That thai na wepyt for pité.  
 Thair cher anoyis wes to fe.

Quhen the Lord DOWGLAS, on this wyfs,  
 Had undretane fa hey empryfs, 240  
 As the gud KING's hart to ber,  
 On Godds fayis apon wer,  
 Prissyfyt for hys emprifs wes he.  
 And the KINGs infirmyté  
 Woux mar and mar, quhill at the last 245  
 The dulfull dede approachit fast.  
 And quhen he had gert till hym do  
 All, that gud Cryftyn man fell to,  
 With werray repentance he gaf  
 The gaff, that God till hewyn haiff, 250  
 Amang

Ver. 250. King Robert died at Cardross, 7th June, 1329, aged 55.

His disease was the leprosy, occasioned, as Barbour says,  
by

Amang hys chossyn folk to be  
In joy, solace, and Angell gle!

And fra hys folk wyft he wes ded,  
The sorow rais fra steid to steid.  
Thar mycht men se men ryve thair har : 255  
And comounly knychts gret full far,  
And thair newffys oft samyn dryve,  
And as woud men thair clathys ryve.  
Regretand hys worthy bounté,  
Hys wyt, hys strenth, hys honesté ; 260  
And our all the gret cumpany  
That he thaim maid oft curtasly.  
“ All our defens,” thai said, “ allace !  
“ And he that all our comford was,  
“ Our wyt, and all our gouernyng, 265  
“ Allace is broucht her till ending !  
“ Hys worschip, and hys mekill mycht,  
“ Maid all that war with hym sa wucht,  
“ That thai mycht neurir abaysit be,  
“ Quhill forouth thaim thai mycht hym se. 270  
“ Allace ! quhat fall we do or say ?  
“ For on lyff quhill he lefyt, ay  
“ With all our nychtbours dreid war we :  
“ And intill mony fer cuntré  
“ Off our worschip sprang the renoun : 275  
“ And that wes all for hys persoun.”

by his poor and hard living, while absconding from the English power. Constantia, Duchess of Bretagne, and Henry IV. of England, died of the same disease.

With swilk wordys thai maid thair mayn.  
 And sekryly wondre wes nane ;  
 For better gouernour than he  
 Mycht in na countré fundyn be. 280  
 I hop that nane that is on lyve  
 The lamentatioun suld discryve  
 That that folk for thair Lord maid.  
 And quhen thai lang thus forowyt had,  
 Thai haiff had hym to *Dunferlyne* : 285  
 And hym solemply erdyt syne  
 In a fayr tumb, intill the quer.  
 Byschaps and Prelats, that thar war,  
 Affolyeit hym, quhen the seruice  
 Wes done as thai couth best dewis. 290  
 And syne, on the tothyr day,  
 Sary and wa ar went thair way.

And he debowaillyt wes clenly,  
 And bawmyt syne rychly :  
 And the worthy Lord off DOWGLAS 2  
 Hys hart, as it forspokyn was,  
 Has refawyt in gret daynté,  
 With gret fayr and solemneté,

Quhen that the gud King beryt was,  
 The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,  
 Tuk all the land in gouerning :  
 All obeyit till hys bidding.

And the gud Lord off Dowglas syne  
 Gert mak a cas off siluer syne,  
 Enamylyt throw sutelté. 305  
 Tharin the Kings hart did he :  
 And ay about hys halfs it bar ;  
 And fast hym bownyt for to far.  
 Hys testament deuifyt he ;  
 And ordanyt how hys land suld be 310  
 Gouernyt, quhill hys gayn cummyng.  
 Off frends, and all othyr thing,  
 That till hym pertenynt ony wyfs,  
 With sic forfycht and sa wyfs,  
 Or hys furth passyng, ordanyt he, 315  
 That na thing mycht amendyt be.

And quhen that he hys leve had tane,  
 To schip to *Berwik* is he gane.  
 And with a nobill cumpany,  
 Off knychts and off squery, 320  
 He put hym thar to the se.  
 A lang way furthwart sailyt he :  
 For betwix *Cornwaill* and *Bretaynné*  
 He sailyt ; and left the grune off *Spainye*  
 On northhalff hym ; and held thair way 325  
 Quhill to *Savill* the graunt cum thai.  
 Bot gretly wes hys men and he  
 Trawaillyt with tempests off the se.  
 Bot, thought thai gretly trawaillyt war,  
 Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar. 330  
 Thai

Thai arywyt at gret *Savill*;  
 And eftre, in a litill quhill,  
 Thair hors to land thai drew ilkane,  
 And in the toun has herbery tane.

He hym contenyt rychly, 335  
 For he had a fayr cumpany,  
 And gold yneweh for to dispend.  
 The King alfone hym eftre fend;  
 And hym rycht weill reffawyt he;  
 And profferyt hym, in gret plenté, 340  
 Gold, and tresour, hors and arming.  
 Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing,  
 For he tuk that wiage  
 To pas intill pilgramage  
 On Godds fayis, that hys trawaill 345  
 Mycht till hys faule hele awaill.  
 And sen he wyft that he had wer  
 With *Sarysynys*, he wald duel ther,  
 And ferve hym at hys mycht lely.  
 The King hym thankyt curtafly; 350  
 And betaucht hym gud men that wer,  
 Weill knawyn off that lands wer,  
 And the maner tharoff alsua.  
 Syne till hys innys gan he ga.

Quhen that the King hym levyt had, 355  
 A weill gret soiourne thar he mad.

Ver. 338. The editions call this king *Alphonse*. He was Alphonso XI. king of Castille and Leon, then at war with Osmyn the Moorish commander of Granada. *Annals*, ii. 134.

Knychts

Knychts that come off fer countré  
 Come in gret hy hym for to se,  
 And honowryt hym full gretumly,  
 And our all men fer soueranly. 360  
 The *Inglifs* knychts that war thar  
 Honour and cumpany hym bar.

Amang thir strangers was a knycht  
 That wes haldyn sa worthy and wycht,  
 Tharfor ane off the gud wes he 365  
 Pressyt off the Cristianté.

Sa fast till hewyn wes hys face,  
 That it our all ner wonnyt was.  
 Or he the Lord DOWGLAS had sene,  
 He wend hys face had wonnyt bene. 370  
 Bot neur a hurt tharin had he.

Quhen he unwonnyt gan it se,  
 He said that he had gret ferly  
 That swilk a knycht, and sa worthy,  
 And pryffyt off sa gret bounté, 375  
 Mycht in the face unwonnyt be.  
 And he answerd tharto mekly,  
 And said, "Lowe God, all tyme had I

Ver. 365. Editions read :

That for ane of the best was he.

Ver. 367. That is, his face was all hewed as with a chissel, scared with wounds.

Ver. 378, 379. That is, 'God be praised, I had always 'hands to defend my head.' An apophthegm certainly worthy of a Greek.

"Hands



“ Hands my hede for to wer.”

Quha wald tak kep to this ansuer,  
 Suld se in it undrestanding;  
 That, and he that maid that asking  
 Had hands to wer hys face,  
 That, for faut off defens, sa was  
 To fruschyt intill plac fer,  
 Suld have, may fall, left hale and fer.  
 The gud knychts, that than war by,  
 Pryssyt hys ansuer gretumly;  
 For it wes maid with mek speking,  
 And had rycht hey undrestanding.

380

385

Apon this maner still thai lay,  
 Quhill throw the countré thai hard say,  
 That the hey King off *Balmeryne*,  
 With mony a mody *Sarysene*,  
 Was entryt intill the land off *Spanye*,  
 All hale the country to spulyie.

The King off *Spayne*, on othyr party,  
 Gaddryt hys oft deleuerly;

Ver. 381. Editions have:

Thus made he courteous answering,  
 With a right hie understanding;  
 That, for default of fence, it was  
 That so evil hewen was his face.  
 The good knights, &c.

For the better, the reading of the MS. being

Ver. 393. Is this *Almeria*, in the kingdo

And delt hym intill bataills thre.  
 And to the Lord DOWGLAS gaff he 400  
 The awaward to led and fter ;  
 All hale the ftrangers with hym wer.  
 And the gret maifter off *Saint Iak*  
 The tothyr bataill gert he tak.  
 The rerward maid hym felwyn thar. 405  
 Thus gat deuifyt furth thai far  
 To mete thair fayis, that in bataill  
 Arayit, redy till affaill,  
 Come agayn thaim full fturdely.  
 The DOWGLAS, that wes fa worthy, 410  
 Quhen he to thaim off hys leding  
 Had maid a fayr monefting,  
 To do weill and na ded to dreid,  
 For hewynys blyfs fuld be thar mede,  
 Giff that thai deyt in Godds feruice ; 415  
 Than, as gud werrayours and wifs,  
 With thaim stoutly assemblit he.  
 Thar mycht men feloune fechting fe.  
 For thai war all wycht and worthy,  
 That war on the Cryftyn party ; 420  
 And

Ver. 420. Editions after this line insert the twelve following very interesting ones :

But ere they joyned in battel  
 What Douglas did I shall you tell.  
 The BRUCE's heart, that on his brest  
 Was hinging, in the field he keft,  
 Upon a penny-stone caft and more,  
 And said, NOW PASS THOU FORTH BEFORE,

As

And faucht sa fast, with all thair mayne,  
 That *Sarysynys* war mony slayne;  
 The quheyr, with mony fele faschoun,  
 Mony a Crystyn dang thai doun.

Bot at the last the Lord DOWGLAS, 425  
 And the gret rout that with hym was,  
 Preffyt the *Sarysynys* swa,  
 That thai haly the bak gan ta.  
 And thai chassyt, with all thair mayn,  
 And mony in the chafs has slayn. 430

Sa fer chassyt the Lord off DOWGLAS,  
 With few that he passyt was  
 All the folk, that war chassand then.  
 He had not with hym our ten  
 Off all men that war with hym thar. 435  
 Quhen he saw all reparyt war,

AS THOU WAS WONT IN FIELD TO BE;  
 AND I SHALL FOLLOW, OR ELSE DIE!  
 And so did he, withouten ho;  
 He faucht even while he came it to,  
 And took it up in gret dayntie:  
 And ever in field thus used he.  
*Sa fast they faucht with all their main, &c.*

The transcriber of the MS. followed in this edition seems to have got weary of his long labour; and the later books, as we have seen in more instances than one, are not so accurate as the former: hence we may infer this to be a mere omission; for that the above lines are not interpolated we may judge from their intimate connection, and manner.

Toward

Towart hys oft than turnyt he.  
 And quhen the *Sarysynys* gan fe  
 That the chassers turnyt agayn,  
 Thai relyit with mekill mayn. 440  
 And as the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,  
 As I said er, reparand was,  
 Sa saw he, rycht besid thaim ner,  
 Quhar that Schyr WILYAME the SANTCLER  
 With a gret rowt enwiround was. 445  
 He wes anoyit : and said, " Allace !  
 " Yone worthy knyght will sone be ded,  
 " Bot he haff help : and our manheid  
 " Biddys us help hym in gret hy,  
 " Sen that we ar fa ner hym by. 450  
 " And God wate our entent is  
 " To leve, or de, in hys serwice.  
 " Hys will in all thing do fall we.  
 " Sall na perill eschewyt be,  
 " Quhill he be put owt off yone payn ; 455  
 " Or than we all be with hym slayn."

With that with spurs spedely  
 Thai strak the hors ; and in gret hy  
 Among the *Sarysynys* thai raid,  
 And rowme about thaim haff thai maid. 460  
 Thai dang on fast with all thair mycht,  
 And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.  
 Gretar defens maid neur fa quhone  
 Agayn sa fele, as thai haff done.

Quhill

Quhill thai mycht last thai gave bataill : 465  
 Bot mycht na worschip thar awaill,  
 That thai ilkane war slayne down thar :  
 For *Sarysynys* sa mony war,  
 That thai war twenty ner for ane.  
 The gud Lord DOWGLAS thar wes slane ; 470  
 And Schyr WILYAME the SAINTECLER alsua ;  
 And othyr worthy knychts twa,  
 Schyr ROBERT LOGANE hat the tane,  
 And the tothyr Schyr WALTRE LOGANE.  
 Quhar our Lord, for hys mekill mycht, 475  
 Thair faulls haf till hewynys hycht !

The gud Lord DOWGLAS thus wes ded.  
 And *Sarysynys* in that sted  
 Abaid na mar, bot held thair way :  
 Thair knychts dede thar lewynt thai. 480  
 Sum off the Lord DOWGLAS' men,  
 That thair Lord dede has fundyn then,  
 Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa,  
 Lang quhill our hym thai forowit swa.  
 And syne with gret dule hame hym bar : 485  
 The KING's hart haff thai fundyn thar,  
 And that hame with thaim haff thai tane ;  
 And ar towart thair innys gane,  
 With gretyng, and with iwill cher ;  
 Thair forow wes angry for till her. 490

Ver. 470. On the 25th of August, 1330.

And

And quhen off KETH gud Schyr WILYAME,  
 That all that day had bene at hame,  
 For at swa gret malice wes he,  
 That he come not to the journé,  
 For hys arme brokyn wes in twa ; 495  
 Quhen he that folk sic dule sa ma,  
 He askyt quhat it wes in hy.  
 And thai hym tauld all opynly :  
 How that thair douchty Lord wes slayn  
 With *Sarysyns* that releyt agayn. 500  
 And quhen he wyft that it wes swa,  
 Outour all othyr hym was wa ;  
 And maid sa wondre ywill cher,  
 That all wondryt that by hym wer.

Bot to tell off thair forowing 505  
 It noyis, and helpis litill thing.  
 Men may weill wyt, thouch nane thaim tell,  
 How angry for forow, and how fell,  
 Is to tyme sic a Lord as he,  
 To thaim that war off hys mengye. 510  
 For he was swete, and debonar ;  
 And weill couth trete hys frends far ;  
 And hys fayis rycht felounnly  
 Stonay, throw hys chewalry ;  
 The quheyr off litill affer wes he. 515  
 Our all thing luffyt he lawté :  
 At trefoun growyt he sa gretly,  
 That na traytour mycht be hym by,

Ver. 493. *Malice*, as formerly remarked, is *disease*.

That

That he mycht wyt that he ne suld be  
Weill punyft off hys cruelté. 520

I trow the lele FABRICIUS,  
That fra *Rome* to werray PYRRUS  
Wes fend, with a gret mengye,  
Luffyt trefoun na les than he,  
The quheyr quhen PYRRUS had 525

On hym and on hys mengye maid  
Ane outrageous discumfitour,  
Quhar he eschapyt throw ane tour ;  
And mony off hys men war slayne ;  
And he had gadryt oft agayne ; 530

A gret maistre off medycyne,  
That had PYRRUS in gowernyne,  
Profferyt to FABRICIUS  
In trefoun to sla PYRRUS ;  
For, intill hys neyft potioun, 535  
He suld giff hym dedely pufoun.

FABRICIUS that wondre had  
Off that proferre that he hym mad  
Said, " Certs *Rome* is weill off mycht,  
" Throw strenth off armys into fycht, 540  
" To wencufs thair fayis, thouch thai  
" Consent to trefoun be na way.

" And for yow wald do sic trefoun  
" I fall ye gat a waryfoun.  
" Ga to PYRRUS, and lat hym do 545  
" Quhateuir hym lyis on hart tharto."

Than

Than till PYRRUS he send in hy  
This maistry, and gert opynly  
Fra end till end tell hym this tale.

Quhen PYRRUS had it herd all hale, 550

He said, ' Wes euir man that swa

' For leawté bar hym till hys fa,

' As her FABRICIUS dois to me ?

' It is als ill to ger hym be

' Turnyt fra way off rychtwisnes, 555

' Or ellis consent to wykkytnes,

' As at myd day to turne agayn

' The sone that rynnys hys cours playn.'

Thus said he off FABRICIUS,

Than syne wencuffyt this ilk PYRRUS 560

In plane bataill, throw hard fechting.

Hys honest leawté gert me bring

In this ensample her, for he

Had souerane price off leawté.

And swa had the Lord off DOWGLAS, 565

That he wyft lele and worthy was,

That wes ded, as befor said we :

All menynt hym, strang and priué.

Quhen hys men lang had maid murning,

Thei debowalyt hym, and syne 570

Gert scher hym swa, that mycht be tane

The flesch all haly fra the bane.

And the carioune thar in haly place

Erdyt, with rycht gret worschip, was.



The banys haue thai with thaim tane; 575  
 And syne ar to thair schippys gane;  
 Quhen thai war lewynt off the King,  
 That had dule for thair forrowing.

To fe thai went: gud wynd thai had.  
 Thair courfs till *Ingland* haff thai maid; 580  
 And thar fauffly arywyt thai.  
 Syne towart *Scotland* held thair way,  
 And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.

And the banys honorabilly  
 Intill the kyrk off *Douglas* war 585  
 Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.  
 Schyr ARCHIBALD sone gert syne  
 Off alabastre, bath fair and fyne,  
 Ordane a tumb fa rychly  
 As it behowyt to swa worthy. 590

Quhen that on this wyfs Schyr WILYAME  
 Off KETH had brought hys banys hame,  
 And the gud KING's hart alsua,  
 And men had rychly gert ma  
 With fayr effer hys sepultur; 595  
 The Erle off MURREFF, that had the cur  
 That tyme off *Scotland* halely,  
 With gret worfchip has gert bery  
 The KINGs hart at the abbay  
 Off *Melrofs*, quhar men prays ay 600

Ver. 587. Editions have:

Sir Archbald, his brother, gart syne.

That

That he and hys have paradyfs.  
 Quhen this wes done that I deuyfs,  
 The gud Erle gouernyt the land,  
 And held the power weill to warand.  
 The lave sa weill mantenynt he, 605  
 And held in pefs swa the cuntré,  
 That it wes neuir or hys day  
 Sa weill, as Ik hard auld men say.  
 Bot syne, allace ! pufonyt wes he :  
 To fe hys dede wes gret pité. 610

Thir Lords deyt apou this wyfs.  
 He, that hey Lord off all thing is,  
 Up till hys mekill blis thaim bring,  
 And graunt hys grace, that thair offspring  
 Leid weill the land : and ententyve 615  
 Be to folow, in all thair lyve,  
 Thar nobill eldrys gret bounté !  
 The a fauld God in Trenyté  
 Bring us hey till hys mekill blis ;  
 Quhar always lestand liking is ! 620

Ver. 609. In the printed copies the deed is ascribed to a false monk :

“ But syne, allace ! poison'd wes he

“ By a false monk, full traiterously.”

Murray died 20th July, 1332.

T H E E N D.

A freedom & A nobill thing  
Freedom may be to have liking :

---

Intuitu to directus de Bona et de altibus  
Colluopis in Roberti Gross quod  
Stollorum regis illustrissimam Raptum et  
to P<sup>re</sup>mo Johānem Ramsay, episcopi  
pendabilis & hinc inspecti viri et magis  
Bymomb Lochmaleny de op<sup>er</sup>e et munus  
Viceary by Signi Anno d<sup>omi</sup>ni millesimo  
quingentesimo octogesimo nono.

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# G L O S S A R Y.

The chief obstacle in perusing this work arises from the orthography, which is so irregular that no glossary can pretend to explain every disguised word. To understand many words it is only necessary to pronounce them aloud; and the meaning, which is obscured by the spelling, will be evident from the sound. *W* is often used for *u* and for *v*: *h* is uselessly introduced, as *yhe* for *ye*, &c.

## A.

**A**, *all, one.*

**Abad**, *abode, delay.*

**Abowyn**, *superior, above.*

**Afauld**, *onifold.*

**Affer**, *belongs.*

**Affy**, *confide.*

**Allenarly**, *alone.*

**Aller**, *altogether.*

**Allgate**, *in all ways.*

**Allryn**, *all in progress.*

**Als**, *as, also.*

**Ameyfyt**, *appeased.*

**Amowyt**, *moved.*

**And**, *sometimes if.*

**Ankyrs**, *anchors.*

**Anyrly**, *alone.*

**Anys**, *once.*

**Apayn?** ix. 64.

**Apert**, *brisk.*

**Apperand**, *apparent, appearing.*

**Ar**, *ere, before, oar.*

**Arest**, *stop.*

**Armyne**, *armour.*

**Aflay**, *trial.*

**Affembil**, *engage.*

**Affonyeit**, *acquitted.*

**Affpyne**, *fastning.*

**At**, *that.*

**Athys**, *oaths.*

**Atour**, *above.*

**Aucht**, *owned.*

**Auter**, *altar.*

**Aventur**, *adventure.*

**Awailye**, *avail.*

**Awblasters?** xvii. 236.

## G L O S S A R Y.

**Awenand**, *convenient.*  
**Awent**, *refresh.*  
**Awerty**, *experienced.*  
**Awifé**, *advised.*  
**Awyne**, *own.*  
**Awysely**, *advisedly.*  
**Aynd**, *breath.*  
**Ayr**, *hair, ere, before, oar.*

### B.

**Baid**, *delay.*  
**Bait**, *boat.*  
**Band**, *bond.*  
**Baneour**, *standard-bearer.*  
**Banyft**, *banished.*  
**Bar**, *boar.*  
**Barblyt**, *barbed.*  
**Bargan**, *debate, contest.*  
**Barnage**, *baronage, barons.*  
**Barné**, *barons.*  
**Barraifs**, *bounds, entrenchments.*  
**Bassynit**, *helmet.*  
**Bath**, *both.*  
**Battalit**, *embattled.*  
**Battail**, *battalion, division.*  
**Bauld**, *bold.*  
**Bawmyt**, *embalmed.*  
**Be**, *by.*  
**Bedene**, *quickly.*  
**Begouth**, *began.*  
**Bekand**, *basking.*  
**Beliff**, *soon.*

**Benk**, *bench.*  
**Berne**, *barn.*  
**Berynes**, *burial.*  
**Best?** *viii. 229.*  
**Bet**, *help, supply.*  
**Betaucht**, *gave.*  
**Betryfs**, *betray.*  
**Bidand**, *abiding.*  
**Bidding**, *order.*  
**Bigs**, *booths.*  
**Blawand**, *blowing.*  
**Blenkit**, *glanced.*  
**Blefs**, *blast.*  
**Blyth**, *glad.*  
**Bodward**, *message, notice.*  
**Boruch**, *pledge?*  
**Botand**, *moreover.*  
**Boune**, *ready.*  
**Bounté**, *worth, goodness.*  
**Bourdand**, *witty.*  
**Bourn**, *rivulet.*  
**Bow-draught**, *bow-shot.*  
**Boyis**, *wood?*  
**Bra**, *bank.*  
**Brand**, *sword.*  
**Braft**, *burst.*  
**Braul**, *murmur.*  
**Brig**, *bridge.*  
**Brodyr**, *brother.*  
**Browdyn**, *displayed.*  
**Brudnys**, *kindred?*  
**Brukys**, *enjoys.*  
**Brunds?** *xvii. 705.*  
**Bundyn**, *bound.*  
**Burdowis?** *xvii. 236.*  
**Burdys,**

## G L O S S A R Y.

<p>Burdys, <i>boards, table.</i>          Burgeans, <i>buds.</i>          Busk, <i>prepare, bush.</i>          Bykker, <i>shoot at, skirmish.</i>          Byrd? vi. 316.          Byrks, <i>birch-trees.</i>          Byrn, <i>burn.</i>          Byrnys, <i>corselets.</i></p>	<p>Cowyne, <i>covenant, condition.</i>          Coynye, <i>corner.</i>          Crag, <i>rock.</i>          Cultir, <i>coulter of a plough.</i>          Cunfail, <i>council.</i>          Cuntentit, <i>contained.</i></p>
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### C.

Cant, *lively.*  
 Carping, *telling, talking.*  
 Cafe, *chance.*  
 Cauld, *cold.*  
 Certes, *certainly.*  
 Chamyr, *chamber.*  
 Chapyt, *escaped.*  
 Char, *chair, stop.*  
 Chasty, *chastise, correct.*  
 Chenyies, *chains.*  
 Chewisance, *acquisition.*  
 Chewys, *atchieve.*  
 Child, *young knight.*  
 Clam, *climbed.*  
 Cleket, *the catch.*  
 Clemys, *claims.*  
 Clengyt, *emptied, cleared.*  
 Comby, *comely.*  
 Conable, *possible.*  
 Conand, *covenant.*  
 Conseil, *conceal.*  
 Contrer, *mischief.*  
 Couth, *could.*  
 Cowardy, *cowardice.*  
 Coweryt, *recovered.*  
 Cowoid, *convoyed.*

### D.

Dainté, *kindness.*  
 Dang, *struck.*  
 Daw, of daw, *dead.*  
 Dawntyt, *daunted.*  
 Dawyn, *dawning.*  
 Deboner, *good-natured.*  
 Dedeynyeit, *disdained.*  
 Defawtit, *defeated.*  
 Deid, *death.*  
 Deliver, *quick.*  
 Demanyt, *dealt with.*  
 Dempt, *judged.*  
 Demyng, *judging.*  
 Den, *dam.*  
 Der, *suffer, hurt.*  
 Deray, *injury.*  
 Derenyie, *contest.*  
 Derf, *active.*  
 Despulyt, *despoiled.*  
 Dewilry, *devilry, magic.*  
 Dewour, *duty.*  
 Ding, *knock.*  
 Discur, *discover.*  
 Discowrors, *scouts.*  
 Disheryey, *disinherit.*  
 Dispend, *spend.*  
 Dispending, *money to spend.*

## G L O S S A R Y.

- Dispitous, *unpitiful.*  
 Dispytyt, *had spite at.*  
 Dislese, *want of ease.*  
 Distrenyeit, *forced.*  
 Distrowblyne, *disturb-  
ance.*  
 Diwilis, *devilish.*  
 Diwifs, *devise.*  
 Dongyn, *driven.*  
 Douchty, *mighty.*  
 Dour, *hard, strong.*  
 Dout, *sometimes fear.*  
 Dowtyne, *doubting.*  
 Dule, *grief.*  
 Dur, *door.*  
 Durwarth, *durward, door-  
keeper, porter.*  
 Dre, *suffer, undergo.*  
 Dressyt, *prepared.*  
 Dryw, *drive.*  
 Dungeoun, *tower, keep of  
a castle.*  
 Dusche, *dash, hard blow.*  
 Dycht, *dressed in armour,  
prepared.*  
 Dyke, *ditch.*  
 Dyn, *noise.*  
 Dyer, *dinner.*  
 Dyng, *honourable.*  
 Dynt, *blow.*  
 Dystroynyt, *forced.*  
 Dytyt, *blocked up.*
- E.
- Echt, *ought.*  
 Effer, *appearance.*
- Effraytly, *affraidly, fear-  
fully.*  
 Eftson, *soon after.*  
 Egging, *incitement.*  
 Ek, *add to.*  
 Emys, *uncles.*  
 Enboundonit, *abandoned.*  
 Enbuschit, *in ambush.*  
 Enchaufit, *chased.*  
 Enchelson, *fault, crime.*  
 Endenturs, *instruments.*  
 Endfundeyng? *xx. 75.*  
 Engaigne, *spite.*  
 Enkerly, *eagerly?*  
 Enpres, *emprise.*  
 Ensampil, *example.*  
 Ensensye, *word of war.*  
 Er, *are.*  
 Erd, *earth.*  
 Erdyt, *interred.*  
 Erlys, *Earls.*  
 Escheve, *eschew, at-  
chieve.*  
 Esful, *full of ease.*  
 Etling, *aim, intention.*  
 Evirmar, *evermore, al-  
ways.*  
 Eyn, *eyes.*
- F.
- Fader, *father.*  
 Fadyt, *exhausted.*  
 Fagalds, *parcels.*  
 Failyhe, *fail.*  
 Falfet, *falsehood.*  
 Fand, *found.*
- Fanding,

## G L O S S A R Y.

**F**anding, *endeavour.*  
**F**antifs, *fancy.*  
**F**ar, *go, fare.*  
**F**arand, *well-favoured.*  
**F**ardel, *bundle.*  
**F**arne, *fared.*  
**F**aucht, *fought.*  
**F**ay, *foe, faith.*  
**F**aynded?  
**F**aynd, *fond.*  
**F**e, *cattle.*  
**F**eble, *get feeble, enfeeble.*  
**F**ele, *many.*  
**F**ell, *cruel.*  
**F**eloune, *cruel.*  
**F**elefys, *many times.*  
**F**enyeyng, *feigning.*  
**F**er, *fair, fellow, far.*  
**F**erly, *wonder; fairly.*  
**F**errar, *further.*  
**F**erray, *forage.*  
**F**ewte, *fidelity.*  
**F**ichyt, *fixt.*  
**F**latlyns, *flat.*  
**F**lawmand, *flaming.*  
**F**layis, *flies.*  
**F**lears, *fleers, those that  
flee.*  
**F**lech, *flatter.*  
**F**letyng, *sailing, floating.*  
**F**lot, *fleet.*  
**F**ond, *go.*  
**F**orbest, *baffled.*  
**F**ordyd, *ruined.*  
**F**orfayr, *lost.*

**F**orly, *ly with.*  
**F**orouch, *before.*  
**F**orowsein, *foreseen.*  
**F**orowtyn, *without.*  
**F**orray, *forage.*  
**F**orsy, *full of force.*  
**F**orthy, *therefore.*  
**F**othyr, *load.*  
**F**ra, *from, after.*  
**F**rayng, *rattling.*  
**F**rayit, *engaged in affrays.*  
**F**rest? vii. 447, 547.  
**F**rush, *sudden.*  
**F**rushit, *broken.*  
**F**ulit, *doated.*  
**F**undyn, *founded, settled.*  
**F**ur, *fared.*

### G.

**G**abyt, *spoke vainly.*  
**G**adryng, *gathering, as-  
sembly.*  
**G**alay, *galley, ship.*  
**G**aly, *reel.*  
**G**amyn, *game, mirth.*  
**G**ang, *walk.*  
**G**ar, *cause.*  
**G**ate, *way.*  
**G**ayne, *agayn.*  
**G**er, *cause, armour, things.*  
**G**ests, *joists.*  
**G**hyle, *guile.*  
**G**iff, *if.*  
**G**laidschip, *gladness.*  
**G**le, *glew, game.*  
**G**lifnyt,



## G L O S S A R Y.

- Glifnyt, *glanced.*  
 Granys, *groans.*  
 Grathit, *prepared.*  
 Graunt, *great.*  
 Grawyn, *interred.*  
 Grefe, *grafs.*  
 Gret, *weaped.*  
 Gretumly, *greatly.*  
 Grewing, *grievance.*  
 Growit, *shuddered.*  
 Gruchys, *grudges.*  
 Grune? xx. 324.  
 Grypyt, *griped.*  
 Gyf, *if.*  
 Gyt, *guided.*  
 Gyrd, *quick step.*  
 Gyrdand, *piercing up.*
- H.
- Haid, *bad.*  
 Hailfit, *hailed, saluted.*  
 Halch, *haugh, valley.*  
 Halders, *holders.*  
 Hale, *whole.*  
 Halfindal, *about half.*  
 Hals, *throat, neck.*  
 Haly, *wholly.*  
 Halyft, *saluted.*  
 Halyt, *drew up.*  
 Hamillet, *hamlet.*  
 Hamlyly, *familiarly.*  
 Hamwarts, *homeward.*  
 Hansel, *earnest.*  
 Harnys, *armour, brains.*  
 Hartyt, *encouraged.*
- Hat, *was called.*  
 Hate, *hot.*  
 Hawing, *behaviour.*  
 Hawtane, *haughty.*  
 Heldand, *holding.*  
 Hely, *highly, loudly.*  
 Helying, *covering.*  
 Hender, *bypast.*  
 Hendermar, *hindermost.*  
 Herbery, *abode.*  
 Herds? xvii. 612.  
 Herying, *hearing.*  
 Hewid, *head.*  
 Hewit, *hewed to pieces.*  
 Hewy, *heavy.*  
 Hewyn, *heaven.*  
 Hey, *high.*  
 Hey-gate, *high way.*  
 Heylyt, *covered.*  
 Hiddilis, *hiding.*  
 Hidwyfs, *hideous.*  
 Hing, *hang.*  
 Hint, *took.*  
 Hobelers, *light - armed men.*  
 Hobland, *wavering.*  
 Hobynys, *war-horses.*  
 Hone, *delay.*  
 Houfband, *farmer.*  
 How, *hollow, low; bowe-  
near.*  
 Hund, *hound.*  
 Hy, *haste.*  
 Hyde, *skin.*  
 Hydys, *raw hides.*
- Hycht,

## G L O S S A R Y.

Hycht, *promised, called.*  
 Hyne, *youth, hence.*  
 Hynt, *seized.*  
 Hyrchoun, *hedge-bog.*

### I. J.

Ik, *also, I.*  
 Ilk, *each, same.*  
 Ilkan, *each one.*  
 Ineuch, *enough.*  
 Infar, *inroad.*  
 Innouth, *within.*  
 Innys, *lodgings, house.*  
 Iruſly, *with ire, angryly.*  
 Iſch, *issue out.*  
 Iwill, *evil.*

### K.

Karl, *stout man, curl, vil-  
 lanus.*  
 Kayme, *comb.*  
 Ken, *know.*  
 Kep, *regard, catch.*  
 Keſt, *caſt.*  
 Knave, *boy.*  
 Knawis, *knaves.*  
 Knyf, *dagger.*  
 Knytt, *join.*  
 Kow-yet, *cow-gate.*  
 Ky, *cows,*  
 Kyn, *kind.*  
 Kyndlik, *kindred.*  
 Kyndly, *by nature.*  
 Kyngrik, *kingdom.*  
 Kyrk, *church.*

### L.

Ladys, *loads.*  
 Laidmen, *men bearing  
 loads.*  
 Land-bryſs, *land-breeze.*  
 Lanſit, *darted.*  
 Lap, *leaped.*  
 Lardner, *lardry.*  
 Larg, *bountiful.*  
 Late, *gesture.*  
 Lave, *reſt.*  
 Lauchtane? *xix. 672.*  
 Law, *low.*  
 Lawté, *loyalty.*  
 Laynder, *laundreſs.*  
 Leches, *ſurgeons.*  
 Lege - powſté, *ſovereign  
 power.*  
 Lele, *true.*  
 Leman, *miſtreſs.*  
 Leme, *ſplendor.*  
 Lenye, *lean, thin.*  
 Leſt, *delay.*  
 Leſyng, *lying.*  
 Leſyt, *loſt.*  
 Let, *hinder, abandon.*  
 Letles, *without hindrance.*  
 Leveré, *delivery, distribu-  
 tion.*  
 Lewer, *rather.*  
 Leyff, *live, leave.*  
 Leynd, *dwell.*  
 Leysche, *leeſh.*  
 Libbard, *leopard.*

Likand,

## G L O S S A R Y.

- Likand, *acceptable.*  
 Liking, *will.*  
 Liklines, *appearance.*  
 Ling, *line, strait forward.*  
 Lofit, *praised.*  
 Lompnyt? xv. 276.  
 Lorne, *lost.*  
 Lofinger, *lying knave.*  
 Loup, *leap.*  
 Lourdane, *lazy scoundrel.*  
 Loutyt, *bowed.*  
 Low, *flame.*  
 Lowing, *praising.*  
 Lowfyt, *loosened.*  
 Luffand, *loving, benevolent.*  
 Lufit, *sometimes praised.*  
     *See Lofit.*  
 Luk, *look.*  
 Lyft, *firmament.*  
 Lymys, *limbs.*  
 Lysnyt, *listened.*  
 Lywyt, *lived.* I. 19, ar  
     *lywyt, are dead, vixerunt.*
- M.
- Ma, *more.*  
 Magre, *in spite of.*  
 Maist, *most.*  
 Maistery, *strength.*  
 Maistris, *mistress.*  
 Malveté, *malice.*  
 Maneer, *manour-house.*  
 Mangery, *festival.*
- Manland, *main land.*  
 Manrent, *homage.*  
 Mar, *more.*  
 Marcheand, *bordering on.*  
 Marrais, *morass.*  
 Marschal, *butler?* ii. 4.  
 Martyrdom, *slaughter.*  
 Maucht, *might.*  
 Maundment, *command.*  
 Mayne, *strength, moan.*  
 Mayse, *makes, causes.*  
 Mawgré, *ill-will.*  
 Mekil, *much.*  
 Mellé, *medley.*  
 Menand, *lamenting.*  
 Menaufyt, *menaced.*  
 Mengye, *many.*  
 Mensk, *manhood.*  
 Menyng, *pity.*  
 Merwys, *mars, ruins.*  
 Mickil, *much.*  
 Moble, *moveables, goods.*  
 Mocht, *might.*  
 Modyr, *mother.*  
 Mon, *must.*  
 Monteil, *mount.*  
 Monyfting, *admonition.*  
 More, *muir.*  
 Mofs, *marsh.*  
 Mow, *heap.*  
 Mowence, *motion, progress.*  
 Moyne, *moon.*  
 Moyr, *more.*  
 Murit, *walled?*

Mydlike?

## G L O S S A R Y.

Mydlike? iii. 71.  
 Myrk, *dark.*  
 Myselfwyn, *myself.*  
 Mysfur, *miscarried.*  
 Mystir, *need.*  
 Mystrow, *suspected.*

### N.

Na, *nor, no.*  
 Nanys, *occasion.*  
 Nawyne, *shipping.*  
 Ne, *not.*  
 Nedways, *needs.*  
 Neid, *occasion.*  
 Neift, *next.*  
 Nek-bane, *neck-bone.*  
 Nethring, *injury.*  
 Nevo, *nephew.*  
 Nevys, *fists.*  
 Newlings, *at first.*  
 Newth, *beneath.*  
 Noblay, *nobility.*  
 Nocht, *nothing.*  
 Noryst, *nourished.*  
 Nothir, *neither.*  
 Noy, *annoy.*  
 Nuryst, *nourished.*  
 Nygramansour, *necromancer.*  
 Nyt, *denied.*

### O.

Obeyfand, *obedient.*  
 Oddirs, *others.*

Oftsythis, *often.*  
 Onane, *anon.*  
 Or, *ere, before.*  
 Ost, *host, hostess.*  
 Otouth, *out from, without.*  
 Our, *over, above.*  
 Ourhand, *upper hand.*  
 Ourhy, *overtake.*  
 Ourtane, *overtaken.*  
 Owtane, *except.*

### P.

Page, *boy.*  
 Pantener?  
 Parlyownys, *pavilions.*  
 Pays, *Easter.*  
 Pele, *fort.*  
 Pennon, *streamer.*  
 Peralais, *perilous.*  
 Perfay, *in faith, indeed.*  
 Perquer, *perfectly.*  
 Pers, *peers.*  
 Pert, *brisk.*  
 Pese, *peace.*  
 Pefabyilly, *peaceably.*  
 Pitail, *rabble.*  
 Pith, *strength.*  
 Plenyeit, *complained.*  
 Porturat, *countenanced.*  
 Potts, *holes.*  
 Poveral, *poor mob.*  
 Powsté, *power.*  
 Prayit, *made prey.*  
 Prese, *press.*

Prewé,

## G L O S S A R Y.

- Prewé, *privy.*  
 Prikyt, *spurred, rode quick'y.*  
 Proferre, *offer.*  
 Pryle, *value.*  
 Pundelane? *iii. 159.*  
 Punye, *small party.*  
 Pur, *poor.*  
 Purchas, *an attempt.*  
 Purches, *procure.*  
 Purwayt, *prepared.*  
 Pusoune, *poison.*  
 Pyk, *pitch.*  
 Pykkys, *picks.*
- Q.
- Quantifs, *quaintness.*  
 Quer, *choir.*  
 Quharthrouch, *through which.*  
 Quhein, *few.*  
 Quhile, *before.*  
 Quouk, *quaked.*  
 Qwyt, *requite.*
- R.
- Rad, *afraid.*  
 Radneis, *terror.*  
 Raid, *rode.*  
 Raifs, *race.*  
 Raith, *early.*  
 Rakyt, *went swiftly.*  
 Randoun, *swift course.*  
 Rangal, *rabble.*  
 Rapys, *ropes.*
- Rar, *roar.*  
 Raung, *range.*  
 Rayayt, *terrified.*  
 Raykyt, *see Rakyt.*  
 Real, *royal.*  
 Rebaldail, *mob, rabble.*  
 Rebotyt, *driven back.*  
 Red, *part.*  
 Red, *counsel.*  
 Reff, *spoil.*  
 Rest, *bereaved.*  
 Reid, *rode.*  
 Reifar, *spoiler.*  
 Rek, *smoke.*  
 Relyit, *rallied, called back.*  
 Rengye, *reins.*  
 Rerward, *rear.*  
 Resavit, *received.*  
 Resett, *retreat.*  
 Resewyt, *reserved.*  
 Resecours, *succour.*  
 Retreand, *retreating.*  
 Reuk?  
 Rewth, *pity.*  
 Rewyd, *reaved, bereaved.*  
 Rewyn, *torn.*  
 Rewys, *streets.*  
 Rod, *road.*  
 Roucht, *reach, reckon.*  
 Routand, *whispering.*  
 Routs, *blows.*  
 Row, *repent.*  
 Rowaté, *royalty.*  
 Rowtyt, *snored.*
- Roytyt,

## G L O S S A R Y.

- Roytyt, *ravaged.*  
 Ruslyt, *annoyed.*  
 Ruschyt, *drove down.*  
 Ruys, *streets.*  
 Rybbaldy, *vulgarity.*  
 Rychtwise, *righteous.*  
 Ryk, *kingdom, country.*  
 Ryn, *run.*  
 Ryot, *ravaged.*  
 Ryve, *rob, ravage; rend.*
- S.
- Sakles, *innocent.*  
 Sake? *iv. 578.*  
 Sals, *sauce.*  
 Salt, *assault.*  
 Samyn, *the same, at once.*  
 Sanyt, *crossed.*  
 Sariolly, *loftily.*  
 Sary, *sorry.*  
 Sarraly, *boldly.*  
 Sat, *became.*  
 Saw, *saying.*  
 Sawyerand, *favouring, smelling.*  
 Sawffly, *safely.*  
 Sawt, *assault.*  
 Sawyn, *sown.*  
 Sawyt, *saved.*  
 Sayn, *save.*  
 Saynd, *message.*  
 Sayr, *fore.*  
 Sax, *six.*  
 Schapis, *endeavours.*  
 Schaw, *little wood.*
- Schawyt, *showed.*  
 Sched, *broke, split.*  
 Schent, *confounded.*  
 Scher, *cut.*  
 Schor, *sharp, boasting.*  
 Schoyne, *shoes.*  
 Schuip, *tried.*  
 Schuldrys, *shoulders.*  
 Schyr, *clear.*  
 Schyreffys, *shirefs.*  
 Scounrit, *shuddered.*  
 Scrymyn, *skirmish.*  
 Se, *sea.*  
 Sege, *seat, rank.*  
 Segs, *stations.*  
 Sekkis, *sacks.*  
 Selwyn, *sams.*  
 Semble, *hosts engaged.*  
 Sen, *since.*  
 Sent, *sometimes scent.*  
 Senyhory, *seignory, lord-ship.*  
 Ser, *several, many.*  
 Sesynt, *ceased.*  
 Seyle, *happiness.*  
 Sib, *kin, kindred.*  
 Sikerly, *surely.*  
 Skalit, *scattered.*  
 Skath, *harm.*  
 Skill, *experience.*  
 Skowerand, *shuddering.*  
 Slak, *glen.*  
 Slayd, *slid.*  
 Slely, *styly.*  
 Sleuch, *slew.*

Slicht,

## G L O S S A R Y.

- Slicht**, *flight, trick.*  
**Slik**, *mud.*  
**Sloppis**, *pieces of ground.*  
**Slot**? iii. 456.  
**Sloufs**, *suice, pool.*  
**Snell**, *sharp, keen.*  
**Sodanly**, *suddenly.*  
**Sodjouris**, *soldiers.*  
**Sojourning**, *delaying.*  
**Somoun**, *summon.*  
**Sone**, *soon, sun.*  
**Sonkyn**, *sunk.*  
**Sop**, *troop, croud.*  
**Sorded**, *defiled.*  
**Sothly**, *truly.*  
**Souch**? x. 760.  
**Sournome**, *surname.*  
**Sow**, *pierce.*  
**Sparit**, *fastened up.*  
**Spain**, *span.*  
**Special**, *connected with.*  
**Speidful**, *proper.*  
**Spek**, *speech.*  
**Sper**, *bar.*  
**Spital**? xi. 420.  
**Spray**, *ough.*  
**Spryngalds**? xvii. 247.  
**Spyrit**, *enquired.*  
**Squar**, *square, broad.*  
**Stad**, *situated.*  
**Stale**, *separate party.*  
**Stalwart**, *strong.*  
**Stark**, *stout.*  
**State**, *estate.*  
**Stay**, *sleep.*  
**Sted**, *station.*  
**Stedys**, *steeds, horses.*  
**Steked**, *stabbed.*  
**Steks**, *shuts.*  
**Ster**, *steer, helm.*  
**Stert**, *jumped.*  
**Stole**, *stool, seat.*  
**Stot**, *stop.*  
**Stound**, *blow.*  
**Stour**, *tumult.*  
**Strakys**, *strokes.*  
**Straucht**, *strait, stretched.*  
**Strekyt**, *extended.*  
**Strenthis**, *strong places.*  
**Stunay**, *astonish.*  
**Sture**, *stern.*  
**Sturting**, *trouble.*  
**Stynt**, *delay.*  
**Styth**, *stiff, firm.*  
**Suet**, *life.*  
**Sukudry**, *presumption.*  
**Suld**, *should.*  
**Sumdell**, *a little.*  
**Suppowal**, *support.*  
**Sutelte**, *subtilty.*  
**Suthfast**, *true.*  
**Swa**, *so.*  
**Swak**, *hard blow.*  
**Swanys**, *swains.*  
**Swappyt**, *drew.*  
**Swate**, *sweat.*  
**Swing**, *stroke.*  
**Swome**, *swim.*  
**Swycht**, *swift.*  
**Swylk**, *such.*  
**Swyth,**

## G L O S S A R Y.

Swyth, *quickly*.  
 Syks, *pools*.  
 Sympolly, *simply, poorly*.  
 Syn, *after, since*.  
 Syr, *lord*.  
 Syfs, *affize*.  
 Syth, *easy*.  
 Sythyn, *thereafter*.

### T.

Ta, *take*.  
 Tais, *takes*.  
 Taiffyt, *adjusted*.  
 Takyning, *token*.  
 Tane, *taken*.  
 Taucht, *delivered*. See  
 betaucht.  
 Tene, *sorrow, anger, vex-  
 ation*.  
 Tent, *beed*.  
 Ter, *tar*.  
 Thairtil, *thereto*.  
 Thak-burd, *thatch-board,  
 roof*.  
 Thole, *suffer*.  
 Thocht, *though*.  
 Thowtesnes, *thoughtless-  
 nefs*.  
 Thra, *obstinate*.  
 Thraw, *instant*.  
 Threfum, *some three, a-  
 bout three*.  
 Thret, *threatened*.  
 Thril, thryl, *stone*.  
 Thrillage, *servitude*.

Thring, *throng, press*.  
 Thropell, *throat*.  
 Thuort, *athwart*.  
 Thurst? xx. 107.  
 Thyne, *thence*.  
 Thyrland, *piercing*.  
 Thyrldom, *servitude*.  
 Tid, *time*.  
 Tillgyddre, *together*.  
 Tit, *knock*.  
 Tite, *snatched*.  
 To, *sometimes too*.  
 Toddyr, *other*.  
 Tothir, *other*.  
 Toylyit, *troubled*.  
 Traistyet, *trusted*.  
 Trane, *ambush, stratagem*.  
 Tranenting, *sudden march*.  
 Trawail, *labour*.  
 Tre, *wood*.  
 Trew, *truce*.  
 Trewail, *labour*.  
 Trewelling, *travelling*.  
 Tronfoun, *truncheon*.  
 Troplys, *troops*.  
 Trow, *believe*.  
 Trowentyn, *wandering*.  
 Tryft, *appointed place*.  
 Turfyt, *bundled up*.  
 Tutiwing, *sounding*.  
 Twal, *twelve*.  
 Twyft, *twig*.  
 Tyne, *lose*.  
 Tynfel, *loss*.  
 Tynt, *lost*.



## G L O S S A R Y.

Tyre? .xij. 22.  
 Tythands, *tidings*.  
 Tyttar, *rather*.

### U.

Ulifpyt, *lipped*.  
 Umbelet, *beset*.  
 Umbethocht, *betbought*.  
 Umquibile, *sometime*.  
 Undercast, *revolva*.  
 Unfele, *ill luck*.  
 Upblinkit, *glanced up*.  
 Uppgang, *path up*.  
 Ure, *chance*: heur, Fr.  
 Utelauys, *outlaws*.  
 Utouth, *thereout*.

### V.

Veyle, *well*.

### W.

Wa, way, *wee, sorry*.  
 Wa worth, *wee befall*.  
 Wageours, *warriors for hire*.  
 Waik, *watch*.  
 Wailye, *avail*.  
 Waine, *vain*.  
 Waith, *danger*.  
 Wald, *would*.  
 Wale, *best part*.  
 Waley, *valley*.  
 Walgeous, *galant*.  
 Walopyt, *galloped*.  
 Wandyst, *failed*.

Wane, *habitation*.  
 Wanys, *stomach*.  
 Wapnys, *weapons*.  
 War, *were, aware, worse*.  
 Ward, *guard*.  
 Wardan, *guardian, governor*.  
 Warrant, *shelter, safety*.  
 Warrayand, *warring*.  
 Warrer, *more aware*.  
 Warnyst, *garnished, provided*.  
 Warpyt, *threw*.  
 Waryit, *curfed*.  
 Waryson, *reward*.  
 Waslage, *power*.  
 Wat, *know*.  
 Wate, *wet*.  
 Wated, *lay in wait*.  
 Wauch?  
 Waward, *vanguard*.  
 Wawys, *waves*.  
 Way, *sorry*.  
 Weddyr, *weather*.  
 Wei, *little*.  
 Wein, *vestige*.  
 Weld, *manage*.  
 Weltre, *stagger*.  
 Wencusyt, *vanquished*.  
 Wend, *knew*.  
 Wengyt, *avenged*.  
 Wenning, *abode*.  
 Went, *to go*.  
 Wepit, *wiped*.  
 Wer, *worse, war; defend*.  
 Werds,

## G L O S S A R Y.

- Werds, *fates.*  
 Wefand, *windpipe.*  
 Wefchel, *vessels.*  
 Weyt, *wet.*  
 Wiage, *voyage, journey.*  
 Wictailyt, *victualed.*  
 Wigorusly, *vigorously.*  
 Will, *wandering.*  
 Willfully, *with good will.*  
 Wily, *wisdom.*  
 Winland, *whirling.*  
 Wis, *was.*  
 Withfay, *gainsay, oppose.*  
 Withthy, *with this, provided.*  
 Wittring, *information.*  
 Woid, *wood.*  
 Wonnyt, *wounded.*  
 Worfchip, *worth.*  
 Worthyt, *wax, become; were forced.*  
 Woud, *mad.*  
 Wouk, *awake, week.*  
 Woyd, *void, leave.*  
 Woydyt, *empty, free from.*  
 Wrath, *wroth, angry.*  
 Wrayt, *wrote.*  
 Wreyth, *made a grimace,*  
*was wroth.*  
 Wrychts, *carpenters.*  
 Wyddir, *a wether, a sheep.*  
 Wyff, *woman.*  
 Wyght, *strong.*  
 Wynnyt, *dwelled.*  
 Wyr, *arrow; sling down.*  
 Wyrk, *work.*  
 Wyfk, *quick blow.*  
 Wyft, *knew.*

### Y.

- Yar, *ready.*  
 Yat, *gate.*  
 Yauld, *yielded.*  
 Ydill, *idle.*  
 Yharn, *yarn, desire.*  
 Yheid, *yeid, went.*  
 Yhemar, *keeper.*  
 Yhemsel, *keeping.*  
 Yhude, *went.*  
 Yhule-cwyn, *Christmas eve.*  
 Yolden, *yielded.*  
 Youtheid, *youth.*  
 Yowde, *yeid, went.*  
 Ythanly, *busily.*  
 Ythen, *busy.*

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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**BOOK I.** ver. 61, 62. Winton reads :

That be lyne was descendand ;  
Sum bair all uthir wayis on hand.

**Book I.** ver. 121, 122. The MS. has been religiously followed, even in it's faults ; but the last of these lines should certainly stand first, as in the editions :

And wyse men sayes he is happy  
That be othir will him chasty.

**Book I.** ver. 158. Read,  
The kynryk yharn I not to have.

**Book I.** ver. 528. For *fycht* read *fycht*: in note, page 25, for *red* put *read*.

**Book I.** ver. 560. Perhaps we should read **BRUTE**, and refer this line to the account of Arthur given in the **BRUTE** mentioned in the preface.

**Book II.** p. 36, note. For 1304 read 1306.

**Book II.** ver. 242. After this line the editions rightly insert the three following :

Als was gud **CHRISTOL** of **SETOUN**,  
And **ROBERT BOID** of gret renoun ;  
And other fele men of mekil mycht,  
*Bot I cannot tell, &c.*

**Book III.** ver. 22. For *That that* read *That thai*.

**Book III.** ver. 67. It is observable that Ewan II. in whose time Fingal is placed by Hector Boethius, was son of Murthak :

Ewane the secunde in his dayis,  
Murthakis son the story sayis. Winton, p. 410.

**Book IV.** ver. 110. The word *enebefone* here, and in other parts of this poem, is the same with *achefon* in the old French poetry ; and means, as we learn from the glossary to the *Roman de la Rose*, 1. occasion ; 2. hope ; 3. good luck ; 4. motive ; 5. difficulty. This word appears as early as the French language, and may be found in Wace's *Roman de Rou*, written about the year 1165, and the songs of Raoul de Coucy, 1190.

**Book IV.** ver. 702 to 716 are omitted in the editions.

**Book**

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Book V. ver. 35. Perhaps we should read *That*, tho' *Thai* is sense, implying King Robert's people.

Book V. ver. 483. Editions have,  
*Schyr Ingram Umfraville, that wes hardy ;*  
 Rightly, as appears from Book VI. ver. 3 ; and Sir Ingram Bell is a non-existence.

Book V. ver. 507. After this line the editions insert the two following :

*Forfuth that hys ane ey wes out ;  
 Bot he sua sturdy wes, and stout,  
 That be wis, &c.*

Book VI. ver. 490. After this line editions insert the two following :

*Swa that the hund hym lovit sa,  
 Throuch hym he thought the King to ta ;  
 For be wyff that he lovit hym sa  
 That be wald part, &c.*

Book VI. ver. 666. The editions after this line add these two :

“ And let us thank God of hys grace,  
 “ That fra our faes us deliverit hes.”  
*With that the King, &c.*

Book VII. ver. 202. After this line editions have the two following :

*Till hym thai yeid in full gret pace.  
 Bot in that tyme, throw Goddis grace,  
 The King upblinkit, &c.*

Book VII. ver. 301. Editions here insert seven lines :

*Our sayis to nycht fall by traistly :  
 For thai trow we sua skaillit ar,  
 And fled to warand here and thar,  
 That we fall nocht, thir dayis thre,  
 All togeder assemblit be :  
 Tharfor this nycht thai fall traistly  
 Bot wachys, tak thair ese and ly.  
 And this day thai haf done despyt,  
 Tharfor this nycht I wald thaim quyt.  
 Qubarfor quba knew, &c.*

Rightly.

Book VII. ver. 551. After this line the editions insert these two :

*For in Glentrule wes the King,  
 That wes ner brocht til suppying,  
 Yeid unarmyt, &c.*

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

- Book IX.** ver. 105. A line wanting in MS.  
*That nane had radnes qubar he wer.*  
 Thai wald nocht fecht quhyle that he wes  
*Liand, &c.*
- Book IX.** ver. 373. Editions insert four lines :  
 Towart the town with hys menye.  
 And bors and knavis levit he  
 Far fra the town. And syne hes tane  
 His leddres ; and on fut is gane  
*Towart the town, &c.*
- Book X.** ver. 17—27. Ten lines wanting in editions.
- Book X.** ver. 153. Editions add two lines :  
*Wilyame Bunnock to name he becht,*  
 A Italwart man he wes in fecht.  
*He saw sa bard the cuntré stad,*  
 That he gret noy and pity had,  
*Throuch fortresses that wer then, &c.*
- Book X.** ver. 272. After this line the editions rightly insert these three :  
*And he wes certes rycht worthy.*  
 For gif men spek of hym truly,  
 He wes sua curageous a knycht,  
 Sa wise, sa worthy, and sa wycht,  
*And off sa sowerane, &c.*
- Book XI.** ver. 131. A line wanting in MS.  
*Mony helmys and haberiownys,*  
 Scheldis, speris, and penownys.
- Book XIII.** ver. 446. Editions insert four lines :  
 Silver and gold, claths and armyng,  
 And veschel, and all othir thyng  
 That evir thai mycht lay on thair hand.  
 Sa gret riches thar thai fand  
*That mony man, &c.*
- Book XIII.** ver. 650. Six more lines are found in the editions :  
 For twa contrares, we may wyt weil,  
 Set agan othir on a quhele,  
 Quhan ane is hie, anither is law.  
 And gif it fall that Fortune thraw  
 The quhele about, it that on hicht  
 Was er, on force it mon down lycht.  
*And it that undre, &c.*
- Book XIV.** p. 191, 192. It is suspected that the river Banna is meant. In verse 373 our poet must have imagined that

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

that Ulster was an appellation conneed to the present county of Antrim; and in fact the old Irish *Ullagh* was a small country on the north-east part of Ireland: (see the map of Ireland in the middle ages, in the editor's *Enquiry into the History of Scotland*). The town of *Coyners* the editor can find in no map, nor topography of Ireland, but it is apparently *Connor*. Edward Bruce was proceeding south when invited by the Irish king, ver. 330, into the county of Londonderry, as would seem.

Book XV. ver. 144. *Read* armyt be.

Book XVI. ver. 208. After this line the editions insert these four:

And pressit dingand on tham sa fast,  
That thai the bak gaf at the last.  
And thai that saw tham tak the flycht,  
Thai dang on tham with all thair mycht,  
*And in thair sleynng, &c.*

Book XVI. ver. 304. *Read* Bot, giff that.

Book XVI. ver. 500. Editions insert four lines:

Thai wer all done sa hardily,  
That thai wer praisit soveranely  
Attour all uthir points of weir,  
That in thair tyme encheved wer,  
*This wes the fyrst, &c.*

Book XVII. ver. 219. Syne in laucht, *is* son in law.

Book XVIII. ver. 457—461 wanting in editions.

Book XIX. ver. 179. For *sley* should we read *sley*?

Book XIX. ver. 316. Perhaps we should read:

On north half *Wer*. See line 323.

Book XIX. ver. 590—595 omitted in editions.

Book XIX. ver. 799—806. Editions contract these eight lines to four.

Book XX. ver. 5. *Read* thre.

Book XX. ver. 67. *Read* mangery: that is festival.

Book XX. ver. 127. Editions insert four lines:

And all hys lords that thar war,  
And alsua all the commonrie,  
Made hym homage and fewtie.  
And befor that thai crounit war  
*The King Robert, &c.*

Book XX. ver. 205. Six lines are inserted in the editions:  
*Quham in bath wit and worschip was,*

Suld

**ADDITIONAL NOTES.**

Suld tak the travail upon hand :  
Hereto thai war all accordand.  
And to the King thai went in hy ;  
And tald hym that thai thought truly  
That the douchty Lord Douglas  
*Best schapyn, &c.*

7

**T H E E N D.**