Ancient English Metrical Romances.

Selected and Published

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"Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit ac deserta vetustas."

—Horatius.

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SIR ORPHEO.

This lay, or tale, being rather too concise to be denominated a metrical romance, is a Gothick metamorphosis of the classical episode of Orpheus and Eurydice, so beautifully related by Ovid. It professes, like the tales of Mary of France, to be a lay of Britain, (whether Great Britain or Armorica, has been already discussed); and, if it have not so much merit as some others of these poetical compositions, the most fastidious reader can scarcely complain of its prolixity. There are two copies of this poem; one, from which it was transcribed, among the Harleian manuscripts, number 3810; and another in the Auchinleck manuscript (W. 4. I. number lri), in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh: each more or less imperfect. The latter, which omits the prologue, and commences abruptly,

"Orpheo was a ryche king,"

is much longer than the poem here printed, which seems abridged from it, by considerable omissions, many of the remaining lines being the same: but whether it be a translation from a French original (which, at least, is sufficiently probable) there is no means to ascertain. Another fragment in the same MS. (num. xxxv), though upon a different subject, begins precisely like the Harleian copy, but is entitled Lay le freine (the Tale of the Ash), and, apparently, a version of Mary's poem under the same title.

Among the "pleysand storeis," enumerated in The Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, is "Opheus, kyng of Portingal:" but whether the name should have been Orpheus, and the story were the same, or a different one, cannot be ascertained. "A tedious fable," according to Pinkerton, "by [Robert] Henryson, with a spiritual moralization," of "Orpheus kyng, and how he yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his quene," was printed at Edinburgh by Walter Chepman, in 1508. In an old poem of "the laying of a gaist," quoted, by Mr. Leyden, from the Bannatyne MS. the "gaist" is married to "the Spenzie flie,

And crownd him kyng of Kandelie;
And thay gat them betwene
Orpheus king, and Elphra quene."
SIR ORPHEO.

We redyn ofte, and fynde ywryte,
As clerkes don us to wyte,
The layes that ben of harpyng
Ben yfound of frely thing;
Sum ben of wele, and sum of wo,
And sum of joy, and merthe also,
Sum of bourdys, and sum of rybaudry,
And sum ther ben of the feyrè;
Sum of trechery, and sum of gyle,
And sum of happes that fallen by while.
Of alle thing that men may se
Moost to lowe forsothe they be.
In Brytayn this layes arne ywrytt,
Furst yfounde, and forthe ygete,
Of aventures that fillen by dayes,
Wherof Brytons made her layes,
When they myght owher heryn
Of aventures that ther weryn,
They toke her harpy with game,
Maden layes, and yaf it name.
Of auntsures that han befalle
Y can sum telle, but nought all.
Herken, lordynges, that ben trewe,
And y wol you telle of sir Orphewe.

Orpheo was a ryche kyng,
And in his tyme a grete lordyng:
Ful fayr man, and large thereto,
And hende, curteis, and hardy also.
His fadre was com of king Pluto,
And his modur cam of quene Juno,*
That in tyme wer goddys holden,
For wordys that they dedyn and tolden,

* The original passage of the Harley MS. reads thus:
   "His fadre was com of sir Pilato,
   And his modur cam of Yno;"
Orpheo most of any thing
Lovede the gle of harpyng;
Syker was every gode harpoure
Of hym to have moche honour.
Hymself loved for to harpe,
And layde thereon his witnes scharpe;
He lerned so, ther non was
A better harper in no plas.

In the world was never man born,
That onus Orpheo sat biforn,
And he myght of his harpyng her,
He shulde thinke that he wer
In one of the joys of paradys,
Suche joy and melody in his harpyng is.
Orpheo sugerneth in Crasnes,*
That is a cyté of noble defens,
He hath a quene ful feyre of pris,
That is clepyd dam Erody,
The feyrest woman for the nonys
That myght be made of flesche and bonys,
All hur here, and hur gode nes,
Myght no man discryve hur fayrenes.
Hit bifel in tyme of May,
That is mery and lykyng the someris day
Awey ben the wynteris schouris,
And every felde is ful of flouris,
Of blosmes spryngyng on the bowe,
Over all the londe is mery ynowe,
That ilke quene, dame Erody,
Toke with hur two maydenes of pris,

which do not accord so well with the following couplet,

"That in time were goddy holden,
For wordys that they dedyn and tolden,"

as those of the Edinburgh one:

"His fader was comen of king Pluto,
And his moder of king [r. quene] Ju:is."

* The corresponding lines of the Edinburgh copy are,

"This king sojourned in Tracens
That was a cité of noble defens,"

to which it adds,

"For Winchester was cleped tho
Tracens withouten no."
And walked in the undertyde
To pley in hur orchard-syde,
To se floures sprede and spryng.
And se and here the foulys syng.
They seten hem down all thre,
Fayr under an ympe-tre,
And wel sone the feyr quene
Felled a slepe upon the grene.
The maydenes durst hur not awake,
But bysye hur mery they can hem make,
And lete hur slepe tyl after none,
That the undertyde was agone;
And, al so sone as sche can wake,
Sche cryed, and lothly can hur make,
She froted hur hondys and hur fete,
And cracc hed hur tyll that sche can blede,
Hur ryche clothis sche can ter,
And was wode out of hur wit ther.
The two maydenes that sat bysye
durst they non lengur abyde,
But went into the palys ryghth,
And tolde both squyer and knyghth,
That her quene awcy wolde go.
Kynghths out went, and ladyes also,
And damsellis fyfty and mony mo,
To set her lady they thought to do.
Into the orchard they wer come,
And hur up in armes ynome,
And brought hur in bed at the last,
And held hur in ryghth fast;
But ever sche cryed with grete mode,
And rent hurself as sche wer wode.
When the kyng herd this tydyng,
He was never so wo for no thing.
The kyng com, with knyghthis kene,
Into the chamber to his quene,
And of hur had grete pytè:
Swete hert, he sayde, how may this be?
That ever yet hast ben so styyle,
And now criest so loude and schrylle;
Thy body, that was white biforn,
With thy nayles is al to-torn;
Alas! thy rode that was so rede
Is as wan as ony lede.
Also thy fngris smal, sre,
They ben al blody and palle.
Alas! thy lovely yyen two
Loken on me as man on s0.
Leve dam, y besche the mercy,
Lete be al this ruful cry,
And tel me what thing and how
Yf ony thing may help the now.
The lady still es at the last,
And gan to wepe swythe fast,
Tho sche sayde the kyng to,
Alas! my lord, syr Orpheo,
Seth we togedur were
Never yit wroth we ner,
Ever yit thou hast loved me,
With alle myn hert so have y the;
And now we schul part atwo,
Do thy best, for ye most go.
Alas! he sayde, forlorn y am,
Whidur wol thou go and to wham?
Wher thou comest thou schalt with me,
Whidur thou gost y whl with thee.
Sir, sche sayde, it may not be this,
I schal you telle how it is:
As y lay this undertye,
To slepe under the orchard-syde,
Ther com to me two fair knyghtes,
Wele arayde at alle ryghthis.
And bade me come, without lettyng,
To speke with her lord the kyng;
And y answrde with wordis bolde
That y ne durst, ne y nolde:
Fast agayn they can dryve,
Then com her kyng al so blyve*

* This monarch, (who is anonymous), it appears from a subsequent verse was 'kyng of Fayré,' his attendants are numerous, his riches and magnificence immense; and such fair knights, as the thousand and more who accompanied him, Erodys had never seen: no notice, therefore, being taken of their verdant vesture, or diminutive size, the characteristics of English fairies, it may be fairly concluded that the poem
With a thousand knytes and mo,
And with layes fyfty also,
And ryden al on snow-white stedys,
And also white was her wedys
Y sey never seth y was borne
So feyr knygtes me byforne.
The kyng had a crowne on his hede,
It was no selver, ne golde rede,
All it was of precious stone,
As bryght as sunne forsothe it schone.
Al so sone he to me cam,
Wold y, neld ye, he me nam,
And made me with him ryde,
On a whyte palfrey by his syde,
And brought me in to his palys,
Ryght wele ydight over al y wys.
He schewed me castels and touris,
Medewys, ryveres, feldys, and flores,
And his forestes everyche one ;
And seth he brought [me] ayen home,
Into our own orcharde,
And sayde to me this afterwarde :
Loke to-morew that thou be
Here under this ympe-tre ;
And yif thou makest ony lette,
Wherever thou be thou schalt be set,
And to-tore thy lymes alle,
That no thing the help schalle,
And, thaugh thou be so to-tore,
Yt schalt thou awey be bore.
When the kyng herde this case,
Out ! he seyde, and alase !
Me were lever to lese my lyfe,
Than to lese the quene my wyse !
He axed consel of many of man,
But non of hem help hym can.

was not invented or composed in this country; the fairies of the French and Italian romances being essentially distinct, and, in fact, generally females endowed with singular beauty and supernatural powers. See an account of this sort of fairy in the roman d'Ogier le Danois, or that of Huon de Bordeaux, of which there is an English version.
On the morewe, when tyme came,
The kyng his armes forsooth he name,
And two hundred knyghtes with hym,
Wele yarmed stout and grym;
With the quene went he,
Into the orchard, under the tre,
Ther made they watche on every syde,
And cast hem there for to byde,
And suffre deth everychon
Er sche schulde from hem gon:
And there anon withouten lette
Among hem all scho was yset,
Awey with the feyres sche was ynome,
Wist non of hem wher scho become.
Ther was ther wepyng and cryeng also,
The king to his chamber can go,
And fel adown on the stone,
He made grete dele and meche mone;
Wel nyc he hed hymself yschent,
He sygh ther was no amendement.
He sende after erle and baroun,
And other lordys of grete renoun;
And, whan they togeder were,
Lordys, he seyde, that ben here,
Y ordeyne my steward of myn halle
To kepe my londys overalle.
Now y have my quene forlore,
The best lady that ever was bore;
Y wol never esfe woman se,
In wyldernes now wol y be,
And wonne there in holtys hore
In wyldernes for evermore.
When ye wyte y am of the world went
Make ye all a parlement,
And do chese you a new kyng,
And do your best in al thing.
Ther was grete sorewe in the halle,
Wepyng and cryeng among hem alle;
Ther ne myght olde ne yonge
For wepyng speke a worde with tonge.
They knelyd all adown in fer,
And besought hym, yif his wil wer,
That he ne wolde from hem go.
Do wey! he seyde, y wil not so.
Alle his kyndam he forsoke,
And to him a sclaveyn anon he toke;
He ne wolde have non hode,
Hose, ne scho, ne other gode;
But his harpe he gan take,
And went barfot out at the gate:
Ther most no man with hym go,
Alas! ther was wepyng and wo.
He that was kyng, and bar the crowne,
Went so porely out of towne,
Into wildernes he gethe,
Bothe throw wode and throw hethe.
Now he is naught at ese,
But now he is at male-ese;
Now in hard wode he lythe,
With erbis and gras he hym wrythe.
He that had grete plentè,
Mete, drynke, and grete dignytè,
Now he most bothe digge and wrote,
Er he have his fille of rote.
In somer he lyveth by havys,
That on hauthorne growth by schawys;
And in wynter by rote and rynde,
For other thing may he non fynde.
His body was awey dryve,
With hayle and reyne al to-ryve,
No man coude telle of his sore
That he suffred ten yere and more
He that had castel and toure,
Forest, fryth, bothe felde and flour,
Now hath he nothing that him lyketh,
But wylde bestes that by hym stryketh:
The here of his hede is blak and row,
Benethe his gurdel it ys ygrow.
He taketh his harpe, and maketh hym gle,
And lythe al nyght under a tre.
When the weder is cler and bryght,
He taketh his harpe anone ryght,
Into the wode it ryngeth schrylle,
As he coude harpe at his will.
The wilde bestes that ther bethe,
For joy about hym they gethe;
All the foulis that ther were,
They comyn aboute hym there,
To her harpyng that was fyne,
So mechel joy was therine.
When he the harpyng leve wolde,
Foule, ne best, abyde ther nolde,
But went hem albydene,
And lete hym alone ther bene.
Ofte he saw hym bysyede
In the hote somer-tyde,
The kynge of Fayre,* with his route,
Com to hunte all aboute,
With dunnyng and with blowyng,
And houndys gret cryeng;
But forsothe no best they nome,
Ne he ne wyst wher they becom;
And other while he myght ysè
A grete ost by him te,
Wel a two hundreth knyghtes,
Wele yärmed at all ryghtes.
Sum while he saw other thing,
Knyghtes and ladies com rydyng
In bryght atyre and disgysid,
With esy pace pace and wele avysed,
Taberis and pypes yeden hem by
And alle maner of mynstrelsy;
And ladys thir com rydyng,
Joly they wer in alle thing;
Jentle and jolef, forsothe, y wys,
No man among hem ther nys.
Every on an hauke on honde bere,
And went haukyng by the ryver,
Of game they fonde grete haunt,
Fesaunt, heron, and cormerant.
The foules out of the rever flowe,
Every faukun his game slowe.

* In Chaucer's Marchanes' Tale he speaks of
"Pluto, that is the king of Faerie." -- (V. 10101.)
That saw kyng Orpheo, and lowe,
As he stode under a bowe:
Perfay, he sayde, ther is gode game,
Thider* y wil in goddis name,
Such game he was wont to se,
Up he ros, and thider cam he;
To his owne lady wel nigh he come;†
And hur wel ny had undernone;
He knew hur by the semelant, y wys,
His owc lady, dam Erodyse:
But ther myght non with other speke,
Then schc hym knewe, and he hur eke.
For myssis that she on hym sye,
That sum tyme was bothe ryche and hie,
The teris ran doun by hur yghe,
So dede of hym when he hur sye.
They made hur awey there ryde,
For ther myght sche no lenger abyde.
Alas! he seyde, that me is wo!
Why nyl deth myn hert slo?
Alas! wrecche that y ne myght
Dyc anon after this syght!
Alas! to long lasted my lyfe,
That y ne may speke with my wyfe!
Ne schc with me a worde to speke!
Alas! why nyl myn hert breke!
Perfay, he sayde, [tide what bitide]
Y wil se whyder this ladies ride,
In that wey wyly go
For of my lyf yeve y not a slo;
His sclaveyn dede he on his bak,
And toke his harpe ryght as he spak.
Fast after hem he can gone
Over stok and over stone.
In then at the roche the ladies ryde,
He went sone after, he nolde not byde.
When he was into the roche ygo,
Wele thre myle, and sum dele mo,
He cam to a feyr contray,
Was as bryght as ony day;

* Original reading: Thidey.  † Original reading: Came.
Feyr palys, and alle grene,
Hille ne dale was nought sene.
Amyd the launde a castel he sye,
Noble and rych, ryght wonder hic,
And al the overyst walle
Schene as doth the crystal;
Fayr tours ther wer aboute,
Gayly set with perles stoute;
The utmost that stode on the dyche
Was of golde and selver rych;
The front that was amyd all
Was of dyvers metalle;
Within were wyde wonys,
Of golde, selver and precious stones,
Feyr pilers theron were dyght
Of precious stones and safyres bryght.
Hit schone so fayr by nyght
That al the towne thereof was lyght.
The rych stones schone so cun,
Al so bryght as ony sun.
No man myght telle, ne thinke in thought,
The ryches that therein was wrought.
At the castel the ladies alyght,
Orpho went after as fast as he myght.
Orpho knocked at the gate,
The porter was redy therate,
And asked, What wilt thou so?
"Perfay, y am a mynstrallo,*
To solas the with my gle,
The merier schalt thou be."
He unded the gate anone,
And lete hym into the castel gone.
Orpho loked about over all,
He saw folk sit under the wall;
Sum that were thyder ybrought,
Al dede were they nought:
Amonge hem lay his owne wyfe,
That he loved as his lyfe;

* Thus, in the Auchinleck copy:
"And asked what he wold have ydo,
Perfay, quath he, icham a minstrel lo."

The Harley MS. reads so, in the first line.
Sche lay under ane ympe-tre,  
By her glowes he wyst it was sche.  
He went forthe into the halle,  
Therin was grete joye with alle.  
The ryche kyng therin setre,  
He fyl on knees, and hym grette.  
By hym sete a quene bryght,  
Unnethis he had of hur a syght.  
When he had ysene al thing,  
He fel on knees byfore the kyng,  
And besought hym yif his wil were  
That he wolde of his mynstrelsy her.  
Then sayde the kyng, What art thow,  
That art hyder ycom nowe?  
Myself, ne non that is within me,  
Never sende ather the.  
Seth y this kyngdam fuest bygan  
Fonde y non so hardy a man  
That hider durst come ne wende,  
But that y ather hym sende.  
Sir, he sayde, y trowe ful wele,  
Y holde it soth, sir, every dele,  
For sothe it is the maner of us  
To come to every lordys hous,  
And though we nought welcome be,  
Yit we most profer our game or gle.  
Byfore the kyng he set hym downe,  
And tok his harpe of mery sowne,  
And, as he ful wel can,  
Many mery notys he began.  
The kyng beheld and sat ful stylle,  
To here his harpyng he had gode will.  
When he left of his harpeng,  
To hym seyde that ryche kyng,  
Mynstrel, me lyketh ryghte wele thy gle,  
What thing that thou aske of me  
Largely y wol the pay,  
Therfor, aske now and asay.  
Lord, he sayde, y pray the,  
Yif it your wyl be,  
Yif me that lady bryght of ble  
That lythe yonde under the ympe-tre.
Nay, he seyde, as it nought ner.
[A sori couple of you it were]
For thou art row and blake,
And sche is made withouten lak.
A foule couple it wer forthy
To lete hur com in thy company.
Lord, he seyde, ryche kyng,
Yit hit wer a fouler thing
To here a lesyng of thy mouthe,
To me as thou saydest nouthe,
That y schulde have what y wolde?
A kyngis worde most nede be holde.
Thou sayst soth, sayd the kyng than,
Forsathe thou art a trewe man.
Y wol wel that it be so;
Take hur by the honde, and go;
Y wol that thou of hur be blythe:
And he hym thanked mony a sythe.
He toke hur by the honde anon
With ryght gode wille they can out gon.
Fast he went out of that stede,
Ryghth as he came out he yede.
So long they have undergone,
That to Crassens they were ycome,
That sum tyme was her owne cetè,
But no man wyst they weren he
With a begger of poor lyfe
He herbored hym and his wyfe;
He asked tydynges of the londe,
And who then had the kyndam in honde.
The por begger, in his cote,
Anon tolde hym every grote,
How the qwene was fet away
Of the londe, forsathe to say,
And how the kyng aftar them yede,
No man wyst into what stede;
And now the stewarde the kyngdam doth holde;
Mony tydynges he hym them tolde.
A morewe at the none-tyde
He made the quene there abyde,
He toke his harpe ryght anon,
Into the towne he can gon.
His owne steward he can mete
As he cam by the strete.
He set hym doun on his kne,
And sayde, Lord, help for charyte!
Y am a por mynstrel* of Hethenes,
Helpe me, lord, at this dystres!
The steward sayde, With me com home,
Of my gode thou schalt have somme;
For my lordys love, Syr Orphee,
Al mynstrellys ben welcom me to.
Anone they wente into the halle,
The steward and the lordys all;
The steward wasched and went to mete,
And all lordys weren ysete.
Ther was merthe in halle
When Orphee sat within the wall.
When they weren all stytle,
He toke his harpe that was schille
And pleyde fast with the gle,
The stewarde loked, and cam to se
And knewe the harpe wel blyve;
Mynstrel, he seyde, as thou most thryve,
Wheer had thou that harpe, and howe?
Tel me now, syr, for thy prowre.
Lord, he seyde, inunkoute the londe,
By a forest y hit ther fonde;
Y sygh a man draw ful smale,
It lay by hym in a dale:
Now it is ten wynter agone.
Alas! seyde the steward, and made grete mone,
Hit was my lord, syr Orphee,
Alas! that ever he yede us fro.
The kyng behelde the steward than,
And wysst he was a trewe man;
To hym he seyde, without lesyng,
Syr, he seyde, y am Orphee the kyng.
Here, at the townis ennde,
Y have brought my lady hende,
The lordys steroten up anon,
And maden hym to chamber gon,

* Original reading: Mystrel.
With merthe, joy, and procession,
They set the quene into the towne:
Ther they lyved gode lyfe afterwad; 
And sythe was the kyng stewarde.
Thus cam they out of care:
God gave us grace wele to fare!
And all that have herde this talkynge
In heven bys be his wonynge!
Amen, amen, for charyte,
Lord us graunte that it so be!*

* The Edinburgh copy ends thus:

"Now king Orphee coround is,
And his quen dame Heurodis;
And lived long afterward,
And seththen was king the steward.
Harpours in Bretain after than
Herd how this mervail bigan,
And made her of a lay of gode likeing
And nempne it after the king;
That lay Orfeo is yhote,
Gode is the lay, swete is the note.
Thus com sir Orfeo out of his care:
God graunte ous al wele to fare."

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Of this old metrical chronicle, transcribed from a manuscript of the Royal Library (12 CXII) there is another copy in that of the Faculty of Advocates, already noticed, to which are prefixed the following lines by way of title:

"Here may men read, who co can,
How Ingland first bogan;
Then mow it find in Englische,
As the Brout it telleth y wis."

At the end is "Explicit liber regum Angliae."

There can be no doubt that this and similar chronicles were composed for the purpose of being sung in public to the harp. "Our modern ballads," according to Hearne, "are for the most part, romantick; but the old ones contain matters of fact, and were generally written by good scholars. . . They were a sort of chronicles. So that the wise founder of New-college permitted them to be sung, by the fellows and scholars of that college, upon extraordinary days." (Appendix to Hemingi Chartularium, P. 662.)

He refers, for the last fact, to "Statuta Coll. Novi, Rubric XVIII:" the words of which statute, as given by Warton, are as follows: "Quando ob dei reverentiam aut suae matris, vel alterius sancti cujuscunque, tempore yemali, ignis in aula sociis ministratur; tune scholaribus et sociis post tempus prandii aut cenae, liceat, gracia recreationis, in aula, in cantilenis et aliis solaciis honestis, moram facere condecentem; et poemata, regnorum chronicas, et mundi hujus mirabilia ac cetera quae statum clericalem condecorant, seriosius pertractare." (History of English Poetry, I. 92.)

"The latter part of this injunction," he adds, "seems to be an explication of the former: and on the whole it appears that the cantilenæ which the scholars should sing on these occasions, were a sort of poemata, or poetical chronicles, containing general histories of kingdoms." "The same thing," he says, "is enjoined in the statutes of Winchester college;" was
afterwards "adopted into the statutes of Magdalen college;" and from thence, if he recollects right, "copyed into those of Corpus Christi, Oxford." (Ibi. 93.)

The practice of delivering oral history appears, in fact, to be of much greater antiquity, and, if not of the Saxon times, cannot be much later. Matthew Paris, in his legend of Offa the first, says that King Warmund, his father, is celebrated with the chief praise of commendation by those who had used histories of the Engles, not only to utter by relation, but also to insert in writings. (P. 961.)

Even Robert of Brunne, though he professes to have

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"mad nght for no disours,
Ne for no seggers no harpours,"

says, at the same time,

"And thersore for the comanalt
That blythely wild listen to me,
On light lange i it began
For luf of the lewed man;"

and concludes his prologue by affirming, that he

"Did it wryte for felawes sake,
When thai wild solace make;"

that is, as Mr. Warton properly explains it, "he intended his chronicle to be sung, at least by parts, at public festivals."

Another poem of the same nature may be found in Hearne's appendix to Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle (P. 505), in the glossary to which work (P. 731) he introduces an extract from the fragment of a similar performance.

The present bears internal evidence of having been composed in the reign of Edward the second; and that the manuscript itself is of the same age seems no less certain. The hand is apparently that of a Norman law scribe, and bears the closest resemblance to that of the Harleian MS. 2253, which contains King Horn, &c.
HERKNETH hideward, lordynges, 
Ye that wolleth here of kynges: 
Ant ye mowen heren anon 
Hou Engclone fyrst bigon; 
This philosofres us doth to-wyte, 
Ase we findeth ywyte. 
This lond was cleped Albyon, 
Er then Bruyt from Troye com, 
A thousent ant tuo hondred yer 
Erthen Marie Crist ber. 
A mucho mon com from Troy, y wis, 
Wes icleped Bruyt Sylvius, 
A mucho mon com with him also, 
Corineus yclepud wes tho. 
In thilke time, in al this londe, 
Om aker-lond ther nes yfounde 
Ne toun ne houses never on 
Erthen Bruyt from Troye com; 
Ah al wes wode ant wildernesse, 
Nes ther no tilthe, more ne lesse. 
Geauntz her wonede suythe stronge, 
That were bothe grete ant longe; 
Gemagog hathe here kyng, 
Me nuste no wer ys evenyng; 
He wes of suythe wonder streynthe, 
Ant fourti sithe hade the leynthe 
From the elbowe to the hond, 
Ant tuenti on brede on him me fond. 
In grete hulles hy woneden her, 
Ant livede by herbes ant wilde duer, 
Mylk ant water, hy dronke nout elles, 
Ase the boc hyt saithe ant telles. 
Schepe he heden ase hors gret, 
That beren wolle ase her of get, 
Therof hy maden hem sclavyms, 
Ase palmers that beth paynyns.
Tho Bruyt com this lond to wynne,
The geauntz that ther woneden ynne,
Tho hy herden of Brutes come,
Ham byradden alle ant some
To yeven hem bataille anon,
Ant to slen hem everuchon.
The Troyens were suythe kene,
Ant that wes ther wel asene,
The geauntz heo overcome,
Ant heore grete kyng he nome,
Geomagog that wes so strong,
Ant so wonderliche long.
Corineus the champioun,
That with Bruyt from Troye com,
Seh Geomagog so sturne,
Ant desirede suithe yurne
To wrastle wyth that soule thing,
That wes the geaundene kyng.
Ant of Bruyt he bad the bone,
Ant he him grauntede suithe sone.
Corineus anon forth schet,
To the kyng that wes so gret,
Al day togedere hy wrastly conne,
Ferto hem faylede light of sonne,
The kyng wes a teoned stronge
That Corineus astod so longe,
Ant so harde he him tuaste,
That thre ribbes in him to-braste.
Bruyt byhueld Corineus,
Ant to him he seide thus,
Corineus, wet dest thou nouthe?
Nes ner by northe, ne by southe,
Ne by water, ne by londe,
Er then non thi piere yfonde;
And yef the word of the spongge
That eny mon the stode so longe,
Geaunt, other champioun,
Al thyn honour were leid adoun,
Ant nomeliche to thy lemmon,
That ys wyttore then the som.
Tho Corineus underyat
That Bruyt of ys lemmon spac,
Of Erneburh that maide hende,
To Geomagog he con wende,
Ant him putte with such streynthe,
Thah he were more than he of leinthe,
That fourti fet, roumede and grete,
Into the see he made him lepe.
Tho the geauntz were overcome,
Ant Bruyt hade this londe ynome,
Corineus lovede the more
Al that contrey tharefore,
Ant clepede hit for that batayle
After Corineus Cornwayle,
Bruyt hade muche folk with him,
Bothe fremede and eke kun,
That wer erthe-tilyes gode,
Hy faleweden erthe, ant feolden wode,
Ant of this lond that wes so wylde
Hy bygonne tounes to bulde;
Londone he made furst with gome,
Ant yef hit his owne nome,
Newe Troye, for he com
Furst from Troye and hit bygon.
In his time, withoute les,
Elye the prophete ichose wes,
The children of Yrael bi dai ant nith,
The laghe techen hem ariht,
The laghe he tahte hem ych wene,
On hem thereafter hit wes sene.
Bruyt had thre sones,
That were suythe feyre gomes.
That on wes hote Lokeryn,
He reigneved after his fader syn.
Cambroun hatte that other,
He wes the mydleste brother,
He was ybore in Devenshire,
Of Wales he wes maked sire.
Albanactus the thridde iclepud wes,
Scotland to ys part he ches,
Ant tharefore, ase ryth ys,
Al that Bretaygne iclepud ys.
He reigneved her
Other half-houndred yer,
At Westmustre he was ded,
Ant yburied, for so he bed.
Tho anon, after hym,
Reygnede his sone Lokeryn ;
Crafti mon for sothe he wes,
He wrohte her, withoute les,
Tuo merveilles grete, y wys,
Wrokynghole that on clepud ys
Sikerlich withoute gyle,
Biside Glasting bury a myle ;
A chapele that other ys,
That over the erthe hongeth thus,
From the erthe tuenti fet,
The leynthe for sothe last yet,
Of seynt Susanne, wythoute les,
The chapele ycleped wes.
He reignede her
An hondred wynter and tuo yer.
After hym reignede Eboras,
That suithe wis and crafti was ;
He wes Lokerynes sone,
Everwyk wes his meste wone,
Ant he Everwik made and met,
More than Londone by sevé streth,
Alklud and Maydenescastel bo,
Ant Mound de le Rous he made also :
Ant tho David and his teem
Reigneden in Jerusalem.
After hym Lud-Hudybras,
So Eboras sone ycleped was,
Hade this londe everuch del,
Ant hyt yemede suythe wel ;
He made Caunterbury anon,
Ant other tounes moni on,
Wynchestre and Schafetesburye,
Ther spac an ern a prophacie,
Thre dawes and thre nyht,
The prophacie he tolde riht :  
Wet in Englond schulde byfalle,
That ther weren hit herden alle.
Lud, that ichabbe of yttold,
He wes kyng suythe bold,
To bulden he nevede gode wate,
At London he made a yate,
Ant clepede hit, arer ys nome,
Ludgate, al with gome.
After thilke kyng Lud
Reignede his sone Bladud;
He wes clerk of nigremancie,
That ys an an art of gret maistrie;
He made the wonder, ful y wis
That hote bathe ycleped ys.

Herketh alle that beth hende,
Ant y schal telle, ord and ende,
The rihte sothe, ful y wys,
Hou hote bathe ymaked ys:
Four tonnes* ther beoth of bras,
Al for sothe thus hit was,
Feole thinges ther beth yyne,
Craftilich ymad with gynne,
Quic brimston and other alsuo,
With wylde fur ymad therto,
Selgemme and salpetre,
Salarmoniac ther ys ek,
Salnitre that ys briht:
Berneth bothe day and nyth.
This ys in the tonnes ydon,
Ant other thinges moni on:
Berneth bothe nyht and day,
Ah never quenchen hit ne may.
In four sprunges the tonnes liggeth,
Ase this philosofres suggeth,
The hete withynne, water withoute,
Maketh hot al aboute.
The tuo sprunges urneth yfere,
Ah the other tuo beth more clere;
Therof ys maked, ful y wys,
That kyngesbathe ycleped ys.

* The fragment of this chronicle printed by Selden, in a note upon the third song of Drayton's Poly-Olbion, reads,

Two tunne, &c."

and contains other slight variations in almost every line. It does not appear whence he had it.
Thilke maister Bladud,
That wes kynge sone Lud,
Tho he this ilke bathe made,
Ant he eny defaute hade
Of thinges that ther schulde to,
Herkneth hou he wolde do;
From Bathe to Londe he wolde fleo,
Ant thilke dai self ayeyn tae,
Ant vacche that therto byfel,
He wes quic and suithe snel.
Tho thes maister was ded,
Anon he wende to the qued,
For Crist nas nout yet ybore,
Ne deth ne soffrede him nout fore.
After Bladud wes heir
Ys oune sone, that hatte Leyr,
He made Leircestre with gome,
Ant yef hit ys oune nome.
After him reignede his sone bold,
That wes icleped Denewold,
He made Malmesbury,
Lacok and Tettesbury,
Ant Devises also,
And other tounes fele mo.
Tueye sones he hade thenne,
That on Belynys, that other Brenne,
Hy weren men of chevalerie,
Hy wonne Fraunce and Normandie,
Ant tha lond suithe sone
From Fraunce that come to Rome,
Thilke Belynys and Brenne
Made four weyes thenne,
Thourh the grace of godes sonde,
Thourh-out all Engelonde.
That on to thisse daye yet
Ys ycleped Wateling-stret.
That other ys icleped Fosse,
Geth from Cornwaille into Scosse,
A launde in Scotland of gret prys,
In al that lond feiore ther nys.
Ykenild-stret ther beoth thre;
Offedich the furthe wol be.
After him com a muche mon,
Was ycleped Cassabalon,
A wis kyn and a war,
He caste Julius Cesar,
That was emperour of Rome,
Out thisse lond sone,
Ant tuye him overcom,
Ant at the thridde time Cesar him nom,
Ant tho Cassabalon was overcome,
He yef gret truage to Rome,
Thre hondred pound by yer.
Er he moste be quite and sker;
That were sixti yer by score
Er then Crist were ybore.
After him Uther-Pendragoun
Hade his londe al and som,
He won to ys hond
Englund, Wales, and Scotland;
He reigneved thritti yer,
To Glastinbury me him ber.
After him his sone Arthur
Hevede this lond thourh and thourh;
He was the beste kyng at nede,
That ever mihte ride on stede.
Other wepne welde, other folk out-lede,
Of mon ne hede he never drede.
He ne com never in none londe,
That he ne hede the heire honde.
Ther nes never such king biforn,
Ne non ne byht ther nevermore.
Whyl kyng Arthur wes alyve
In Bretaigne wes chyvalerie,
Ant the in Bretaigne were yfonde
This gret aventures, ichonderstonde,
That ye habbeth yherd her this
Ofte sithes, and soth hit ys.
Wyth kyng Arthur wes a knyht,
Wel ychot Eweyn he hyht,
Ther nes mon in al the londe
That durste in fith ayein him stonde.
This kyng Arthur, as ich er tolde,
He wes kyng suith the bold,
He won Engelond suithe sone,
Out of the truage of Rome,
Ant Luces the emperour, sauntz fayle,
He overcom in bataille.
He get, thourh his chevalerie,
Fraunce that come to Lumbardie,
Ant Rome he wolde han ymone,
Ant tho the tidinge him wes icome,
That Moddred hys cosyn
Englond wolde bynymen him,
Ant hede yleye by the quene,
Genevre, that wes bryth and schene,
That wes kyng Arthures wyf,
That he lovede so ys lyf.
Ase sone ase Arthur the kyng
Hede herd this tiding,
To Engelond he turnde aytein,
Bothe with knyth and with suelyn,
Ant Engelond hath ynome y wys,
Ant halt hit ase rith ys.
After thon he livede ten yer,
To Glastingbury me him ber:
God almihti, that best may,
Yeve him reste nyth and day!
Ther after tuo and twenti yer,
Efter that Marie Crist ber,
Eleutherie, the pope of Rome,
Stablede suithe sone
Godes werkes wurthe,
Ant singe in holy chirche,
*Gloria in excelsis deo,*
Ant yef gret pardon therto.
After thon, ichonderstonde,
Lucius brohtt into Engelonde
Cristendome, griht, and pees,
From the pope Eletheries.
Thilke Lucius, thourh godes sonde,
Made thre archebishopes in is londe,
Ant twenty-sevyn he made also
Leod bishopes therto.
That was to-fore the come of seint Austin her
Four hondred and ahte and fourti yer.
Dioclicien thilke time
Dude cristendome much pine;
In thilke time seint Albon
For godes love tholede martirdom.
    Kyng Fortiger, wyth schome and schonde,
Wes driven out of Engelonde.
Thourh Hengistus, for soth y wys,
That made the tresoun, for thus hit ys:
At Stonhenges, wite ou wel,
Ther he hit made everuch del,
For Merlyn hem saide biforenhood
He ne schulde ner dure en England.
Rowenne, that was so feir may,
Furste saide, by this day,
To kyng Fortiger, Wassail;
Ant that onsuere wes, Drinkhail.
    Seththe anon, sone and suithe,
Wes Engelond deled on fyve,
To vyf kynges treweliche
That were suithe riche.
That on hade to his partie
That lond of Kent that is so druye,
Ant tueie bishopes in ys lond,
Wel hy were beyne yfond;
The erchebishop of Cauterbury,
Ant of Roucestre, that ys mury.
The kyng of Essex wes riche mon,
He hade to ys portion
Wylteschire, Barkschyre,
Southsex, Southanteschyre,
Sotherey, Somerseteschyre,
Dersettschire and Deveneschire,
Ant therto al Cornwayle;
Ant in is lond, sauntz fayle,
He hade vyf bishopes riche,
Me nuste no wer here yliche,
Of Salesbury wes that on,
He wes a suythe jolyf mon,
At Schyrebourne wes tho the se,
Ant nou at Salesbury ys he.
The bishop of Welles also,
That at Bathe wonede tho,
The bishop of Wynchestre,  
Ant the bishop of Chychestre,  
Ant of Exetre also,  
Thilke was deled atuo,  
That on at Credynton, sauntz faile,  
That other at sein Germeyn in Cornwaile.  
The kynge of Merkyneriche,  
Nes ther non ys yliche,  
He hade Gloucestreschire,  
Wyrcestreschire, and Warewikeschire,  
Staffordschire, and Shropschire,  
Al the march and Herefordschire,  
Oxnefordschire, and Bokynghame,  
Hertfordschire, ant Hontindone,  
Northamteschire, ant Leycestre,  
Lyncolneschire, that ys betre,  
Ant the schire of Nottingham,  
Rykemondeschire, nis nout to blam:  
Ant in is lond that wes so muche  
He hade foure bishopes riche;  
Of Lyncolne, ant of Chestre,  
Of Hereford, ant of Wyrcestre.  
The kynge that wes of Estengle sire  
He hade Grauntebruggeschyre,  
Norfolk ant Bedefordschyre,  
Loncastel, and Blakebourneschire;  
Ant yn ys lond bishopes thre,  
Noble coynté large ant fre,  
Of London, ant of Norwyk,  
Ant the bishop of Ely ek.  
The kynge of Northumberlond  
Hade al the lond, ichonderstonde,  
Bituene a water that hatte Homber,  
Ant Scotlond ther yt urneth under;  
Ant in is lond bishopes tuo,  
Grete lordinges were bo:  
The erchebishop of Everwyk,  
Ant the bishop of Durham eke:  
Thus wes England to-deled,  
Ant uch kynge from other dreued,  
So that ever the strengore  
Overcome the feblore,
Ant ever the richore
Overcom the porore.
Tho com kyng Egbryth,
Ant, wyth batyle ant fyht,
Made al Englond yhol
Falle to ys oun dol ;
Ant sethe he reignede her
Ahte ant tuenti folle yer :
At Wynchestre lyggeth ys bon,
Buried in a marbel-ston.
After him Ethelwolf ys sone
Hade this lond al ant some,
He hade sones fyve
Er he partede of thisse live.
The eldeste hatte Athelston,
He wes a suithe jolyf mon.
That other hatte Eylbryth,
He wes a staleworte knyht.
The thridde hatte Athelbaud,
In werre he made moni saut.
The furthe hatte Achelered.
The fyhtte hatte Alured.
Ethelwolf in ys time sone
Wende to the court of Rome ;
There he wonede with the pope,
Ant dude ys lond lute note ;
For he arerede of ys lond her
Thre hondred besauntz uche yer,
That on he yef to arere the lyht
Of seint Petre apostel bryht ;
Sethe he yef that other
To seint Poul ys brother ;
The thridde he yef, sauntz fayle,
To the selve apostoyle.
Yet he dude more qued
Ethelwolf or he were ded.
In Englond he arerede a lok
Of uche hous that come smok,
To Rome yef a peny, y wys,
That Petres peny cleped ys.
Ethelwolf on that maner
Wodiede at Rome thre yer,
Sethe he com hol ant sound,
Bi Fraunce toward Engelond,
Ant weddede ther a suete thynge,
Charles dohter the grete kyng,
Dame Judyth wes hire nome;
Muche he lovede gle ant gome,
Tho he come to londe her,
Ne lyvede he bote tuo yer:
At the hyde of Wynchestre
Were his bones don in cheste.
After him reignede Achebred,
In ys time, er he were ded,
Com the kyng of Denemarche,
With is host stor ant stark,
Engelond to bywynne,
Ant sle that ther weren ynne,
Ah Achebred ant Alured bo
Connen her mete suo,
That, in a lutel wyhte stounde,
The Denyes hy fallen to grounde.
460
After that bataille sevè yer
Achebred wes kyng her;
At Wybourne mustre, y wys,
Hys body yburied ys.
After him regnedhe Alured,
The wisesté kyng that ever et bred,
He wes bothe war ant wys,
Ant a mon of muche pris;
He made, thoorh godes sonde,
The lawen en Engelonde;
470
Ant sethe he regnedhe her
Four ant tuenti folle yer;
At seint Poules liggeth is bon,
Buried in a marbre ston.
Thilke kyng Alured
Slepte lutel in ys bed,
Thenne he hade travail muche,
Ye mowe wel here wuche:
The tuenti-four tiden ariht,
That beoth in the day ant nyht:
480
Thilke he delede on threo,
Wel he bisette theo;
The aht he spende, as mon mai rede,
In beden, ant ys almesdede;
That other aht ys body to reste;
The thridde aht were the beste;
Thilke he spende saunt dotaunce,
Aboute toht ant purveaunce,
Hou he myghte him wise ant rede,
Ant ys lond ariht lede.
He hevede a mon in hys chapele,
That thus this tiden con dele;
He made thre condlen by wyht,
That schulde berne day ant nyht,
When the on condle wes ydo,
The aht tiden weren alsuo;
The kyng he warnede by thon,
Hys purpos ariht to don.
The rihtwise Alured kyng
Yet he dude more thyng;
Al his ryghte purchas
To povre abbeyes yef was;
Hys rentes he delede atuo,
Ne worthe never ys soule wo;
The halvedel thenne athreo
Wel he bisette theo;
That on partie he yef hem
That in ys court serveden hym;
That other he yef ythe stude,
To thilke that his werkes dude;
The thridde part he yef thenne
To uncothe povre menne;
Sethe he delede feire ant wel
On foure that other halvedel;
That on partie he sende by sonde
To thilke that were povre in londe;
That other to povre religious;
The thridde to povre clergeouns;
That other partie thenne yef he
To poure chirgen byyende the se:
Thus livede the gode Alured
Ever forté he were ded.
After the gode Alured kyng,
Reignede Edward ys sone yyng,
He was bothe war ant wys,  
In uch bataille he hade the prys.  
Tharefore tho folke of Denemarche,  
That beth bothe stor and starke,  
Of him were adred so sore,  
That in ys time never more  
Ne dorsten he comen in ys londe,  
Leste hem tidde schome ant schonde.  
Thilke Edward hade in is lyves  
Fourteen children by thre wyves,  
Nine dehtren ant five sones,  
That were suythe feyre gomes ;  
Of ys dehtren thre wymmen  
To religioun yolden hem.  
Alfled hatte that on levedy,  
He wes abesse at Romeysy.  
Ediht hatte that other may,  
He wes abesse at Wiltoun abbai.  
The thridde hatte Aubourh,  
An holi wommon thourh ant thourh.  
Edward hede a soster fre,  
No seireore levedy myhte be,  
Ne wisore of sele thyng,  
He huelp hire brother Edward kyng,  
With hire wyt and hire rede,  
His lond wel for to lede.  
Longe er the kyng were ded,  
He wes yeve to the erl Aylred,  
That wes a god holy mon,  
Ant on ys wif a child he won ;  
The levedy pinede so sore,  
Er that child were ybore,  
That in hire pine he wes so wroht,  
That he suor, ant made hire oht,  
Bi the vertu of Marie sone,  
Nevermore he nolde come  
By hire lyne nyht ne day,  
In the bed ther hire lord lay.  
Edward reignede her  
Vour ant tuenti yer ;  
At Wynchestre liggeth ys bon,  
Buried in a marbre ston.
After him reigned Athelston,
God knyht, ant hardi mon,
Bothe by day, ant by nyht,
Wel he hueld his lond to ryht.
Gui of Warewyk livede tho,
Ant gode knyhtes féle mo.
Alle the theynes of Walschelonde
He made bowe to ys honde,
Ant leyde such truage on hem,
Ant on heore Walsche men,
That thre hondred pond of sterlyng
Heo yeven Athelston the kyng,
Ant eke tuenti pound of golde
Scotlond hym yeve scholde,
Yet Wales yeld more hym
Fif thousent fatte cun
To the kyng uche yer,
Er he mosten be quíte ant sker.
Thilke kyng Athelston
Heve a soster, so feir wommon
That in this world me nuste non
So feir levedy of féysch ant bon ;
Hylde hatte that maide ffré,
That hath so muche of beauté.
Hugh that kyng in Fraunce wes
This maide to quene ches,
For heo wes so feir ant hende,
After hire he con sende
The eorl Edulf of Boloyné,
The erles fone Baldwyn of Coloyne,
He wes the kynges messager
In his neodes fer ant ncr.
Tho he was to londe ycome
He fond the kyng at Abyndon,
Tho he the kyng ymette
Wel feire he hyne grette,
A noble present he him brohte,
Ant of ys suster him bysohte
To ys lord syr Hugh the kyng,
That wes in Fraunce wonyng ;
Ant from him verreiment
He brohte a riche present,
Metrical Romances.

That was preciouse and deore,
Wuch hit wes ye mowe here:
Thre hondred steden mylk-whyte,
In the world nys heore ulyche,
The bridles were for the nones
Bygo with preciouse stones;
Yet he presentede him also
Other thinges fele mo:
Themperoures suerd Constantin,
The scaubert wes gold pure ant fin,
Therinne wes closed a nail gret
That ede thurh godes fet;
Ant he presentede him the spere
That Charlemayne wes wonet to bere
To-fore the holy legioun,
That is of gret remissioun;
Ant o partie of the holy rode,
That God schedde on ys blode,
Hit wes closed feir ant wel
In a cristal everuch del;
Ant thre of the thornes kene
That were on godes hed sene;
Ant one riche croune of golde,
No richeore king were ne scholde,
Biset withinne ant withoute
With preciouse stones al aboute,
Richore croune nes never wroth
Sethe god made the world of noth.
Athelestone of this sonde wes blythe,
Ant thonkede the king of Fraunce suye,
His suster Hilde he him sende,
Mid gret honour with hire he wende.
Sevé yer kyng Athelstone
Hueld this ilke kynedom,
Engelond that ys so muri,
And deyede, ant lyth at Malmebury.
After him his sone Edmond
Wes her kynd in Engleland,
Ah, ase seggeth somme other,
Edmond wes Athelstones brother.
Ab, he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe syx yer.
Sethe byfel at one feste,
At Canterbury, a cas unwreste:
Ase the kyng at mete seet,
He bihueld, ant underyeet,
Of a thef that wes degised
Among his knyhtes hende ant wyse;
The king wes hastif ant starte up,
Ant hente the thef by the top,
Ant caste him doun to the ston;
The thef braid out is knyf anon,
Ant to the heorte the kyng thruste,
Er eni of ys knihtes wyste;
The lordinges starten up uchon,
And the thef slowen anon,
Ah rathere he woundede moni on,
Thourh the fleish to the bon:
To Glastingbury me ber the kyng,
Ant made ther ys buryyng.
After that Edmond wes ded,
Reynede his sone Acheled,
A war mon ant a wys,
Ant a knyht of muche prys;
He reignede nyghe yer,
Ant wes yburied at Westmuster.
Tho anon after hym
Reignede ys sone Edwyn;
He wes king of gret prys,
Ah of is bodi he wes unwys;
The firste daï that [he] croune nom-
He bifaste a god mon
Of ys wif for hire seirhede,
Of god he hade lutel drede,
Yet heo wes his cosine,
The sore he serveede more pyne.
He reignede foure yer,
To Wynchestre me him ber.
After him reigned Edgar,
A wys kyng ant a war,
Bothe by day ant by nyth,
Wel he hueld ys lond to ryth.
Thilke nyth that he was ybore
Seint Dunstan wes glad therfore,
For he herde the stevene
Of the sangles of hevene,
In heore song segge by ryme,
Yblessed be that ilke time
That Edgar ybore wes,
For in ys time schal beo pees
Ever in his kynedom,
Whil he lyveth ant scint Dunstan; 710
Ant so ther wes gret foisoun
Of alle gode in ucha toun,
For rith wisore kyng then he was
Never yety ybore nas;
For alle the whyle that laste is lyf
Lovode he nouther werre ne stryf,
Ne mon ther nas non so heh
That mysdude, feore other neh,
In ys lond, day other nyht,
Ayeynes the laghe eni wyht, 720
That he schulde fonge mede
After the selve misdede:
Hou schulde he speren eni mon
Wen he of bestes wrache nom?
At Londone he hueld a parlement,
Ware-thure Wales wes yschent,
For thider to him he made come
The theynes of Wales alle ant some,
Him trewe lord for to holde,
Ant to sueren him othes holde,
Ant bringen him truage ther
Thre houndred wolves uche yer;
Ant so hy dude treweliche
Thre yer plenerelyche,
The furthe ne mihten he finde none,
So clene he weren alle agone,
Ant tho the king hit hem foryeft
Ne dude hem no more gref.
Edgar wes an holy mon,
That oure lord him cuthe con, 730
Afterward, ase he wes wurthe,
That he hade leyen in urthe,
Sixti wynter under molde,
An abbot him reme wolde;
Aylwart hihte thilke abbot:
Ase me wolde him nymen up,
Ant leggen in a throh of ston,
He founden him bothe fleys ant bon
Al so hol, ant al so sound,
Ase he was leyd furst in ground;
Hy nomen him up anon,
Ant wolden him leggen in the ston
That the abbot hevede ilet make
For the nones to his sake;
Ah so schert he was ywoht,
Istraht ne myhte he ligge noht,
Hys legges hy corven of anon,
Faste by the kneo-bon,
Ah hy hit ne dufe for non harm,
Ant the blode al so warm
Hem starte out opon,
Ase hit were a quic mon;
The abbot that ther bystod,
Seh that miracle feir ant god,
Ant lette him in a tounbe don,
Bothe in fleys and in bon;
Ase me him in tounbe dufe,
A wodmon botnede y the stude,
Ant a blindmon hede sihte,
Ant mighte seon suithe breyte;
Ant a cripel eke anon
Ther him strahte ant myhte gon.
Edgar reignede her
Evene sixtene yer.
Tho he wes ded, afterward
Reynede hys sone Edward;
Ah he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe thre yer,
That Estrylde his stepmoder,
Selde beth ther eny gode,
Him apoisonede that he was ded,
To maken hire sone Achelred
Her king in Engelonde,
Ant so he wes with schome ant schonde,
For never pes in is time nas,
Bote whil sein Dunstan alive was.
The king hede a stiward,
That was fel ant culvard,
He was cleped Edrich,
Nes no traitour his ylich,
He was suikel fals ant fel,
Ant thah the king him luvede wel,
Ant tolde him his consail,
Ant the traitour uchadel
Sende hit to Denemarke,
By messagers stor ant starke.
Haveloc com tho to this lond,
With gret host ant eke strong,
Ant sloh the kynge Achelred,
At Westmustre he was ded:
Ah he hevede reigned her
Sevene ant tuenti fulle yer.
Ant yet the Englische ofte ilome
Thourh bataile Dencis overcome,
Ant crouned at Northampton
Edmound, Achelredes sone,
For is prouesse ant his streynthe,
He wes abrede ant o leinthe
Cleped yent this lond wide
Edmound Irneside.
Yet, in the somer afterward,
Come the Deneis hideward,
Ant conne sihte with Edmound,
That was king in Engelond,
Ene heo him overcome,
Ant he hem eft-sone,
So that heo acordeden,
And this lond to-deleden
Riht evene atuo
Bituene the kynges tho,
Thourh consail of Edrich,
Nes never traitour him ylich.
Sethe deyede Edmound,
Thourh Edriches tresoun,
Ah he ne hevede yreined her
Nout bote tuo yer.
Tho hevede kyng Knout
Al this lond out and out;
Tho come the traitours of this lond
That heden traised Edmond,
Ant slawen him to dede,
Thourh Edriches rede,
Ant were jolif ant proud,
Ant tolden hit to kyng Knout,
For heore soule tresoun
Hy wenden habbe warisoun ;
Ah Knout wes a god mon,
Ant made hem telle here suykedom
Ant for that tresoun that hy dude
Hy were to-drawen wythe stude ;
Ant so thourh god resoun
He yeld hem heore tresoun.
Sethe sone after thus
Ther bifel a wonder cas,
Ant a muche feorlych,
Bituene the kyng ant Edrich :
At Londone in a soler,
Anybt after soper,
Bituene Edrich ant the kyng
Aros a reproofing ;
Sire kyng, seide Edrich,
Who wende that thou wer sich ?
Understondest the noht
Hou dere ichabbe thi love aboth ?
Y lette bitraye thilke mon
That muche gode me dude on,
Al the mastrie of ys lond,
Al wes in myn hond,
Ant ich him lette sle with gyn,
To make the kyng after hym,
Ant thou servest thus me
To wrotherhele y lovede the.
| The kyng wes ful sore agromed,
Ant of ys wordes suithe aschomed.
Sire Edrich, seide the kyng,
Thou ne gabbest nothing,
With gile ant wyth suykeydom,
Thou lettest thi lord to dethe don,
That the dude muche honour,
Ant thou were his traitour,
Ant after trecherie ant gile
Me schal yelde the thy whyle.
The king him lette bynde
His honden him byhynde,
Ant his fet also
Were bounde bo tuo,
Ant at a windou casten out
Right doun into Temese flod:
So endede he his day,
God ys soule jugge may!
King Knout in londe her
Reignede evene tuenti yer.
After thilke kyng Knout,
Reignede his sone Hardeknout;
He wes kyng Knoutes sone,
Ant a suithe jolyf gome:
He reignede her
Evene ahte ant tuenti yer.
After reignede Edward,
Knoutes sone bastard,
He wes a god holy mon,
Ant lovede wel is cristendom.
He reignede her
Four an tuenti yer.
Ant six moneth also;
At Westmunstre he deyede tho.
Sethe reignede a god gome,
Harald, Godwyne sone,
He wes cleped Harefot,
For he wes urnare god.
He ne reignede her
Bote nyghe moneth of a yer.
WILLAM BASTARD DE NORMAUNDIE.

Tho com with gret chevalerie
Willam bastard of Normaundie,
Ant Engelond al he won,
Ant hueld hit asc ys kynedom;
King Harald he overcom,
Ant lette him to dethe don.
Kyng Harald, ful y wys,
At Waltham yburied ys;
Ant thenne Willam bastard
Hueld al this lond to hys part.
Ant tho he made, fauntz fayle,
The abbeye of the bataille.
Willam bastard wes kyng her
On ant tuenti fulle yer,
Sethe he deyede at Ham,
In Normandie, at Caham.
After his endynge
Reignede Willam the rede kyng;
He wes luther ant unwrest,
He made a newe forest,
Fifti moder chirchen ant mo
He lette falle, ant chapeles bo,
Ant clene casten adoun,
And made wode ther wes toun;
That dude his soule lute note,
For sethe therinne he was yachote,
With an arewe kene ant smert,
That wes idrawe to an hert;
Water Tyrel the arewe droh,
Ant the king thermide he sloh.
He reignede threttene yer,
To Wynchestre me him ber.
Sethe reignede an other,
Henry ys oune brother,
He reignede her
Evene five ant thritti yer.
Henry thilke kyng
Lyth yburied at Redyng,
Sethe wel evene
Reignede kyng Stevenc;
He reignede her
Evene tuenti yer;
He wes a god holi man,
Ant wes buried at Faversham.
After him reigned Henry,
God mon ant hardy,
The erles sone of Chaunpaigne,
Ant a mon of muche mayne;
His moder, ase ye habbeth herd her this,
Hyhte Mahaud the emperis.
He reignede her
Evene four ant thratti yer.
Thilke Henry the kyng
Dude a suithe wonder thing;
Tho he hevede reigned her
Sixtene fulle yer
He made take Henry ys sone,
Ant croune him kyng at Londone,
Ant tho in Englond kynges were
Tuez Henryes that crounen bere,
Ant whil the sone alive wes
Bituene her wes lute pes;
Ah the sone ycrouned her
Livede threttene yer.
After Henry the sones dethe,
Henry the fader livede unneth,
Vyf yer in Engelond,
Ant hueld this lond in ys hond;
Ant thah the sone crouned bere
The fader hueld is date here,
Ant al Eugelond y hol,
Al to is oune dol.
The erchebishop, seint Thomas,
In heore time martired was.
Tho deyede the fader Henry her,
That reignede thritti-four yer.
Tho anon afterward
Reignede ys sone Richard;
Richard queor de lyoun,
That was his sournoun;
Ah he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe ten yer.
Sethe he was yschote, alas!
At Castel-Gailard ther he was;
At Fount-Evererd liggeth his bon.
Sethe reignede kyng Jon,
In is time al Engelonde
Wes entredite with wronge,
Thourh an erlebiscop,
That wes wis mon ant nout sot.
He hihte Stevene of Longedon,
The kyng him nolde underson.
He reignede seventene yer;
To Wyclifre me him ber.
After him reignede Henry,
A god kyng ant holy;
In his time wes werre strong,
Ant grete stryf in Engelond;
Bituene the barouns ant the kyng,
Wes grete stryvyng
For the preveance of Oxneford,
That sire Simound de Mountfort
Meintenede: ant gode lawes
Therfore he les his lyf-dawes.
He reignede her
Fifti-six folle yer,
Ant tuenti dawes therto;
At Westmunstre he wes leid tho.
Sethe reignede a god gome,
Edward his oune sone,
He was icleped conquereour;
God yeve his soul muchel honour!
In werre com he never, y wys
That he ne hade the meste prys:
He reignede her
Thrithi-five fulle yer,
Ahte moneth, ant dawes thre,
In Engelond king wes he.
Tho anon afterward
Reignede his sone Edward;
Thilke Edward, sauntz-fayle,
Yef the erldome of Cornwayle
To sire Pieres of Gavaston,
That for envie wes ynome.
The lordinges of Engelonde
To him heveden gret onde,
For he wes wel with the kyng,
Heo heveden him in henyng,
Ant seiden he wes traitour
To the king ant to heore honour,
Ant for he wes loverdsuyke,
Heo ladden him to Warewyke,
At Gaveressich, ye mowe wyte,
Ther his heved wes of amyte.
LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

The only copy of this excellent old romance is extant in a paper MS. in Bishop More's collections, in the public library of the university of Cambridge (Num. 690), written, it seems, in or about the time of King Edward IV. from which it has been, and, it is hoped, carefully, transcribed. No French original is known, though repeated references to "the boke" or "romance" render it more than probable that such a one has actually existed. As to the rest, a story, much more concise, indeed, but, in many respects, similar, is to be found in the manuscript copies of the Latin Gesta Romanorum (Harley, 2270, etc. C. 101), as well as in the English versions of that work (I. 7333, Num. 69, and Robinson's edition, sig. O b). This, which is likewise told in the Speculum historiale of Vincentius Bellovacensis (L. 7, C. 90), was dilated in prosaic stanzas by Thomas Hoccleve; and a material incident, common to both (that of the bloody knife), is introduced into Gower's legend of Constance, and Chaucer's Man of Lawes tale; though it does not occur in Emaric, which, as will be elsewhere observed, is substantially the same narrative.* See Warton's History of English Poetry, III, lxxxiii. The same story, in French verse, exists in a MS. of the twelfth and thirteenth century, in the library of Berne (Num. 634). See Sinner's catalogue (III, 389), and Le Grand, Fabliaux ou contes, V, 164. It is also in the Patranas de Timoned, fo. 21.

The name of the romance, or its heroine, would be more properly written La bonne Florence of Rome, but our ancestors, who acquired their French, like Chaucer's Prioress,

"After the schol of Stratford atte bowe,"

seems to have payed little or no attention to gender. We still call the parish of St. Mary la bonne as, grammatically, it owes to be, St. Mory le bone.

There is no head-title in the MS. but, at the end, is "Explicit le bone Florence of Rome."

*This incident has, likewise, found its way into the Histoire de Gerard comte de Neveir; see tome 2, C. 4.
LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

As ferre as men ryde or gone
A more chyvalrous town then Troy was oon
In londe was never seen;
Nor better knyghtys then came of hyt
In all thys worlde was never yyt,
For bothe hardy and kene.
Then came oon hyght Awdromoche,
The furste byger of Anteoche,
And enhabited cuntreyes clene;
Antenowre was of that borne-teme,
And was founnder of Jerusalem,
That was wyght withowtyn wene.

Helemytes hyght the thryd Troyon,
And was a stronge man of blode and bone,
That fro Troye came to Awyfreke;
Eneas be schyp gate to Rome,
The chefe cyte of Crystendome,
Then was ther none hyt lyke.
Unto the tyme that the emperowr sir Gercy
Werryd on hyt, and herkenyth why,
That many a oon sore can syke;
Of Costantyne the nobull was he,
A doghtyar knyght thar not be
In batell for to stryke.

Another emperowr reygned at Rome,
Syr Otes the grawnt hyght that gome,
That wyght was undur-schylde;
A feyre lady he had to wyfe,
That on a day loste hur lyfe,
That worthy was to welde,
And dyed of a maydyn chylde,
That aftar waxe bothe meke and mylde,
So fayre was seen but selde.*

* A fourth part of this stanza is wanting; all the rest are perfect.
Whan the emperys was dedd,
The Emperoure was wylde of redd,
    He gart crysten rhys chylde bryght,
And callyd hur Florens thys maydyn feyre,
Bothe hys doghtyr and hys heyre,
    In thys worlde was not soche a wyght.
Wolde ye lythe y schoulde yow telle 40
Of the wondurs that there beselle
    Abowte in cuntreys ryght :
    For thre dayes hyt reyned blode,
And bestes faghst as they were wode,
Bothe wylde and tame with myght ;

Fowlys in the fyrmament
Eyther odur in sondur rence,
    And felle dedd to the grownde,
Hyt sygnysfyed that after come
Grete trybulacions unto Rome,
    Schulde many a man confownde ;
As was for that maydyn small,
Owte-takyn Troy and Rownevelle,
    Was never in thys worlde rownde.
Syr Otes, the nobull emperowre,
Gart norysch the chylde with honowre,
And kept hur hole and sownde.

He set to scole that damysell,
Tyll sche cowde of the boke telle,
    And all thynge dyscrye,
Be that sche was fystene yere olde,
Wel sche cowde, as men me tolde,
    Of harpe and sawtrye ;
All hur bewteys for to nevyn
Myght no man undur hevyn,
    For sothe no more may i.
To mykyll bale was sche borne,
And many a man slayn hur forne,
    And in grete batels can dyce.

When syr Garcy herde seye 70
That the emperowre of Rome had soche a may
    To hys doghtur dere,
He waxe hasty as the fyre,
And gart semyll the lorde of hys empyr,
    That bolde and hardy were.
He seyde, Ofte have ye blamed me
For y wolde not weddyd bee,
    Y have herde of a clere,
Florens that ys feyre and bryght,
In all thys worlde ys not soche a wyght,
    Y wyll hur have to my fere.

As the romans trewly tolde,
He was a hundrud yerys olde,
    And some boke seyth mare.
He was arayed in rych parell,
Of sylke and golde wythowtyn sayle,
    All whyte was hys hare.
He seyde, Syrs, wendyth ovr the see,
And bydd the emperowre of Rome sende me
    Hys doghtur swete and sware,
And yf he any gruchyng make,
Many a crowne y schall gar crake,
    And bodyes to drowpe and dare.

Hys flesche trembylde for grete elde,
Hys blode colde, hys body unwelde,
    Hys lyppes blo for-thy ;
He had more mystyr of a gode fyre,
Of bryght brondys brennyng schyre,
    To beyke hys boones by,
A softe bath, a warme bedd,
Then any maydyn for to wedd,
    And gode encheson why,
For he was bresyd and all to-brokyn,
Ferre travelde in harnes, and of warre wrokyn :
    He tolde them redylce ;

When ye have the maydyn broght,
That ys so feyre and worthely wroght,
    Sche schall lygg be my syde,
And taste my flankys with hur honde,
That ys so feyre y undurstonde,
    Yn bedde be me to byde.
Sche schall me bothe hodur and happe,
And in hur lovely armes me lappe,
Bothe evyn and morne tyde;
Byd hur fadur sende hur to me,
Or y schall dystroye hym and his cytè,
And thorow hys remes ryde.

A prowde garson that hyght Acwrye,
He was borne in Utalys,
The emperowr aftur hym sende;
And forty lorde wryttes withynne,
That were comyn of nobull kynne,
In message for to wende;
And forty stedes with them he sente,
Chargyd with golde for a presente,
"And, say hym as my frende,
That y grete wele sir Otes the graunt,
And byd hym sende me his doghter avenaunt,
That ys curtes and hende.

He cawsyd them to hye as they were wode,
Wyth schyppes soone into the flode,
They rechyd ovr the depe;
Spaynysch stedys with them they ledd,
And clothys of golde for back and hedd,
That men myght undur slepe.
Aye the wynde was in the sayle,
Over fomes they flett withowtyn sayle,
The wethur them forthe can swepe.
The furste havyn that ever they hente
Was a towne they calde Awtrement,
That folke them feyre can kepe.

Soon ther tresowre up they drowe,
And ther stedys strong ynowe,
And made theyr schyppys tome;
They lefte a burges feyre and wheme,
All theyr schyppys for to yeme,
Unto ther gayne-come.
They passed thorow Pole and Chawmpayn,
Evyr speryngh ther gaty's gane
Unto the cytè of Rome;
They entyrde yn at the yatys wyde,
Full ryally thorow the cyté they ryde,
Ane dreedyd no wrang dome.

The fourti messengerys, as y yow say,
Every oon rode in seyre array,
Ther sadyls schone full bryght;
Ther brydyls glyterying all of golde,
Ther was never frescher upon molde,
Made be day nor nyght.
A stede of Spayne, y undurstande,
Every lorde ledd in hys hande,
Bothe full prest and wyght;
All was covyrde wyth redd sendell,
The cariage behynde, as y yow telle,
Came wyth the tresur ryght.

Thorow the towne the knyghtes sange,
And ever ther bryght brydyls range,
Makeynge swele mynstralcy;
Lordys and ladyes of grete astate,
And odur many, well y wate,
At wyndows owt can lye;
And ever the format speryd the wayes
Unto the emperowrs paleys,
Full ryall was that crye;
Feyre they were resseyvyd thore
Wyth him that was full wyse of lore,
Hys doghtur sate hym bye.

In a robe ryght ryall bowne,
Of a redd syclatowne,
Be hur fadur syde;
A coronell on hur hedd sett,
Hur clothys wyth bestes and byrdes wer bete,
All abowte for pryde.
The lyghtnes of hur rych peyrre,
And the bryghtnes of hur ble,
Schone full wondur wyde.
There were kynges in that halle,
Erlys and dewkys, who rekenyth all,
Full a hundurd that tyde.
Thes fourti messengerys at ones
Entrye into thes worthy wones,
    And came into the halle:
Syr Acwrye haylsed the emperowre,
And hys doghtyr, whyte as floure,
    That feyrest was of all.
He askyd of whens that they myght bee.
"Of Costantyne the nobull are we,"
    "Feyre, syrrys, mote yow befalle."*  
"A present we have broght in hye,
Fro owre emperowre, syr Garcy,
Stedys into thy stalle,

And fourty horsys chargyd ryght,
Wyth clothys of golde, and besawntes bryght,
    Into thy tresory.
He byddyth, wythowte avysement,
That thy doghtur be to hym sent,
    For to lygg hym by;
Hys body ys bresyd, hys bones are olde,
That sche may kepe hym fro the colde,
    Have done now hastelye.
In comely clothynge sche schall be cledd,
I have grete hope he wyll hur wedd,
    Sche ys a feyre lady:

And yf thou sende hur not soone,
Hastelye, wythowten won,
    Then ryseth ther a stryfe:
Ellys wyll he nygh the nere,
Wyth hys rychie powere,
    And feche hur as hys wyfe.
He wyll dystroye thy bygly landys,
And fle all that before hym standys,
    And lose full many a lyfe.
Have done, he seyde, hastelye in hye,
An answere muste we gyf Garcy,
    At home when we can ryve."

* This interruption in the ambassador's address seems to be a compliment, or welcome, on the king's part; after which the ambassador proceeds.
The emperowre seyde, as a man hende,
Ye schall have an answere or ye wende,
And calde the steward hym tylle:
"The yonder knyghtes to chawmbur ye lede,
Of all thynge that they have nede
Serve them at ther wylle;
They are syr Garcys messengerys,
And go we to oure cowncell perys,
And leve them bydyng stylle,
To loke what beste ys for to doo,
Soche tythyngys ys comyn us too,
Loke whedur we wyll fulfylle."

The emperowre hys doghtur be the hande hent,
And to a chaumber they wente,
Hys cowncell aftur hym yede,
And askyd ysche wolde sent ther-tylle,
For to be at syr Garceys wylle,
And sche seyde, 'Jhesu forbede!'
Sche seyde, 'Be god, that boghte me dere,
Me had levyr the warste bachylere
In all my fadurs thede,
Then for to lye be hys bresyd boones,
When he coghyth and oldely grones,
I can not on hys lede."

Hur fadur lykyd hur wordys wele,
So dut hys cowncell every dele,
And blessyd hur for hur sawe.
They seyde, 'Yf that Garce comte,
In eyyll tyme he hedur nome
Hedurward for to drawe.
The garsons be not so doghtye,
But mony of them soone schall dye,
Yf we togedur plawe;
Go we hens, owre redd ys tane,
Odur cowncell kepe we nane,
Be ryght nodur be lawe."

The emperowre came into the halle,
The messengerys had etyn all,
And stode to byde an answere:
He seyde, Syrs, wendyth hame,
For here schall ye have no game,
    God forbede hyt so ware!
Take the tresowr that ye broght,
But my doghtur gete ye noght,
    For all youre bostefull fare;
We schall stonde owre chawnce unto,
Whedur he come, or not so do,
    Full mekyll we schall not care.

Then Acurye can say,
In the begynnynge of Maye,
    My lorde will buske hym to ryde,
And take the somer before hym clene,
And dystroye thy londys all be deene,
    Who ys he that schall hym byde?
Then answeryd syr Egraveyne,
We schall fouunde to knok agayne,
    For all hys grete pryde.
The emperowre comawndyd no man schulde do
Harme the messengerys unto,
    They toke ther leve that tyde.

Then the messengerys all togedur,
Wyth the tresowre that they browght thedur,
    Went home agayne.
Al so tyte as syr Garcy sawe,
Wyt ye wel he lyste not to lawe,
    But mornyd in mode and mayne;
Alther furste he toke hym come
To speere the estyrs of Rome,
    To telle hym Acurye was fayne:
"Syr, hyt ys feyre bygged with halles and bowrys,
We tolde the seven hundurd towrys,
    So Cryste me save and sayne;

And ther lorde syr Otes the graunt,
Wyth mekyll worshyp they hym avaunt,
    Of curtesye he ys the welle;
And therto trewe as any stele,
For thy, sir, men love hym wele,
    Mony wyth hym to dwelle;
Metrical Romances.

He ys bothe ware and wyse,
And gevyyth them gyfys of pryce.
The certen sothe to telle;
And hys doghtur, the feyrest thyng,
That ever was seen wolde or yynge,
Made of flesche and felle.

Thogh a man sate on a wyght palfreye,
All the longe somers-day,
Avysyd myght he be
For to ryde Rome abowte,
And come yn wher he wente owt,
Hyt were a grete yurnè.
Every day in the yere
The feyre ys there lyke playnere,
Amonge the folke so free;
Syxty dewkys are calde hys perys,
And twenty thousande bachyleres
Longyth to that cyte.

Of the emperowrs pales y wyll yow say,
Ther ys no soche in the worlde to-day
Stondyng undur hevyn;
The pyllers that stonde in the halle,
Are dentyd wyth golde and clere crystalle,
And therto feyre and evyn.
They are fyllyd wyth sylver, as Criste me cover,
And ther ys peyntyd wythynne and over,
The dedly synnes sevyn;
There was peyntyd wyth thynge sere,
That men myght mewse on many a yere,
Or he hyt scryed wyth stevyn.

There comyth watur in a condyte,
Thorow a lyon rennyth hyt,
That wroght ys all of golde,
And that standyth in the myddys of the halle;
A hundred knyghtes and ladyes smalle
Myght wasche there and they wolde
All at ones on that stone;
Many othur waturys come thorow the town,
That fresche are upon folde;
In myddys the cyté ys oon rennande,
Tyger hyght, y understande,
As men there us tolde,

The effect of Rome y have yow tolde,
And of the best barons bolde,
    That lygge there-wythynne;
But of the feyrenes of the maye
I can not telle mony a day,
    Ne noght y wyll begynne;"
But, sir, he seyde, al so mote y the,
Thyn eyen mon sche never see,
    To welde yyt nodur to wynne.
Full grete othys Garcy hath sworne:
"Many a thousand schall dye therforen,
    Or y of my brethe blynne;

Or thre monythys and a halfe be gone,
I shall dystroye hys landys everychon,
    And wynne hys doghtur with were."
Then he made to sende owt wryttes wyde,
In hys londe on every syde,
    Messengerys can them bere;
And Florence fadur at hame
Ordeygned hys men on the same,
    With armourwe, schylde, and spere:
And thus begynneth a bale to brewe,
Many a man therfore myght rewe,
    And wemen hyt dudd grete dere.

Syxty thousand sembelde then
Of garsons, and of odur men
    To Garcy in that stownde,
They set up seyls, and forthe they rode,
And sy hymselfe, wythowten bode,
    The formaste forthe can fownde.
Syxty myle fro Rome ryved they,
Hyt went nere on the thrydd day,
    Ther was not oon drowned;
They tyght ther pavylons in a stede,
The brode felde waxe all redd,
    So glemed golde on the grownde.
The medowe was called Narumpy, 380
The water of Tyber rennyng by,

    There Garcytes pavylon stode ;
All the clothys were of sylke,
The ryche ropys were ryght swylke,
    The boosys were redd as blode.
Ther was no beest that yede on fote
Byut hyt was portreyed there, y wote,
    Nor fysches swymmyng in flode ;
Fystene pomels of golde thare schoon,
An egyll and a charbkull stone,
    Wyde the lyghtnes yode.  390

The emperowre of Rome lay on his walle,
And hys doghtur gente and small,

    Florence the feyre sche hyght ;
And sye the garsons assay ther stedyss,
Sterne men in stеле wedys,
    The medow all can lyght.
He seyde, Y have golde ynogh plentë,
And sowdairs wyll come to me,
    Bothe be day and nyght ;  400
Now schall y never my golde spare,
But faste upon thys warre hyt ware,
    God helpe me in my ryght.

The kynge of Hungary that tyme was dedd,
And lefte hys sonnes wylde of redd,

    Syr Mylys and syr Emerc ;
Ther modur was weddyd to a stedd,
Agenste all the baronage redd,
    As ye schall further here,
To a lorde that wonnyd thereby,
    Syr Justamownde of Surry,
    That sterne was to stere.
The kynge of Naverne toke thers chyldur two,
And made them knyghtys bothe tho,
    And manhode can them lere ;  410

Tyll hyt felle oones on a day
They wente to a medowe to playe,
    To lerne them for to ryde :  

    H
Syr Emere bare in hys schylde
A whyte dowve, whoso behelde,
   A blakk lyon besyde :
The whyte dowve sygnyfyed
That he was full of knyghthed,
   And mekeness, at that tyde ;
The lyon, that he was ferse and felle,
Amonge hys enmyes for to dwelle,
   And durste beste in batell byde.

A very palmer came them by,
And seyde, Syrrys, y have ferly
   That ye wyll not fare.
I have bene at grete Rome,
To seke seynte Petur, and thens y come,
   Straunge tythyngeys harde y thare.
Ther ys an emperowre, that hyght Garcy,
Is logyd in the Narumpy,
   Wyth syxty thousande and mare,
He seyth the emperowre of Rome schall not leve
But yf he to hym hys doghtur geve,
   That ys so swete of sware.

Than syr Mylys, and sir Emere,
Toke wyth them forty in here,
   That were comyn of gentyll kynne,
To grete Rome evyn they rode,
And at a burges hows abode,
   And there they toke ther ynne.
They speryd of ther oste and ther ostès,
Of ther tythyngeys more and lesse,
   Or evyr they wolde blynne.
They fownde hyt as the Palmer tolde,
They seyde with Otes dwelle they wolde,
   Whedur hyt were to lose or wynne.

Fyve thousande on the morne Garcy sent
Of hys men verament,
   Wele arayed in ther gere ;
As nere as they durste for dowte,
Fyfty of them yssewed owte,
   For to juste in werre.
That sawe syr Mylys and Emere,
Wyth ther ferys bothe in fere,
    They thoght them fowr to feere ; 460
They passyd owt at a posterne,
Os men that schould of batayle lerne,
Wyth armowre schylde and sper.

Thes fyfty had forjusted soone,
And slewe them down withowten mone,
    All that wolde abyde ;
Oon came prekyng owt of the prees,
To syr Emere evyn he chese,
    But soone was fellyd hys pryde.
Syr Emere reysyd hys sper on hyght,
Thorow the body he bare the knyght,
    And downe he felle that tyde.
Than they faghth hand ouyr hedd,*
Many oon ther hlyvys levydd,
    That came on Garcyes syde.

The emperowre of Rome lay on hys wall,
And hys doghtur gent and small,
    Florence feyre and free ;
Sche seyde, Fadur, with mylde steyvn,
To us ys comyn helpe fro hevyn,
    Fro god inmageste ;
Yondur ys a nobull knyght,
That styrryth hym styffly in the fyght,
    Beholde and ye may see ;
Wyth the whyte dowve and the blak lyom,
The beste that cometh he stryketh down,
    Helpe that he rescowde bee.

The emperowre calde syr Egravayne,
Ayd syr Sampson, that was hym gayne,
    Armed well and ryght,
A hundurd men with them he toke,
Up they lepe, so seyth the boke,
    On stedys stronge and wyght.
All that were lefte onslayne,
Fledd unto ther strenkyth agayne,
    Hyt was a semely syght.

* Conjectural Emendation: hevyld.
Then swere Garcy, in full grete yre,
That he wolde brenne all Rome with fyre,
   On the morne yf that he myght.

Then syr Mylys and syr Emere,
Wyth ther forty felows in fere,
   Come the emerowre beforne ;
They salutyd hym full ryally,
And hys doghtur that stode hym by :
   He askyd where they were borne.
They answeryd hym full curtesyle,
We were the kynges sonnes of Hungary,
   Owre sadur hys lyfe hath lorne,
And hedur are we come to the,
   As sowdears, yf mystyr bee ;
   We speke hyt not in skorne.

God, and seynt Petur of Rome,
Ylde yow yowre hedur-come,
   The emerowre can sey ;
So doghtely as ye have begonne,
Was never men undur the sonne
   So lykyng to my paye.
Then the maydyn thankyd them esfe,
He them wythhelde with them they lefte,
   To mete then wente thay ;
The emerowre set syr Mylys hym by,
Emere cowde more of curtesye,
   And he ete with the maye.

Sche thoght hym a full curtes knyght,
Feyre, yonge, semely, and wyght,
   Hur harte to hym can yylde.
Syr Mylys seyde the emerowre too,
And ye wolde at my council doo,
   Ye schould ye not fyght in fylde,
But close the yatys, and the brygges up drawe,
And kepe us clene owt of ther awe,
   And owre wepons wyghtly welde :
And kepe the town bothe nyght and day,
Tyl they be wery and wende away :
   Syr Emere hym behelde.
Emere seyde Mylys unto,
So myght a sympull grome do,
Kepe an holde wythynne;
But we wyll manly to the felde,
And syr Garce batell yelde,
To morne or that we blynne.
Then they made crye thorow the cyre,
That no man schouldse so hardy bee,
That waryson wolde wynne.
But folowe the standard wher hyt goys,
And freschly fyght upon owre foys,
Bothe the more and the mynn.

Than syr Garce, wyth mekyll prye,
Made to crye the same on hs syde,
Amonge the barons bolde;
The kynge of Turkay he seyde than,
Thou art a fulle madde man,
And saydeste wyt for elde;
Syr Otes the graunte hath noght gylte,
Let therfore no blode be spylte,
For hym that all schall welde;
Nay he warnyd me hs doghtur schene,
And that hath tymberde all my teene,
Full dere hyt schall be selde.

A Roman stode besyde and harde,
To the towne full soone he farde,
And tolde the emperowre;
The maydyn mylde up sche rase,
With knyghtes and ladyes feyre of face,
And wente unto a towre.
There sche sawe ryght in the feldys
Baners brode and bryght scheldys
Of chevalry the flowre,
They nowmberde them forty thousand men,
And a hundurd moo then hur fadur had then,
That were ryght styffe in stowre.

Allas! seyde that maydyn clere,
Whedur all the yonde folke and there
Schouldse dye for my sake,
And y but a sympull woman!
The terys on hur chekys ranne,
    Hur ble beganne to blake,
"Put me owt to olde Garcy,
Yf all thes men schulde for me dye,
    Hyt were a dolefull wrake."
Hur sadur seyde hyt schulde not bee;
Hors and armowre askyd hee,
    And soone hys swyrde can take.

He lepe on hys stede Bandynere,
And in hys honde he hente a spere,
    And rode abowte all nyght,
To the lordys of the town,
And bad they schulde be redy bowne,
    Tymely to the fyght.
They set ther standard in a charre,
And feele folke with hyt can fare,
    That hardy were and wyght,
Syxe lordys and syr Egravayne
To be all ther chefetayne,
    And kepe hyt well and ryght.

The standarde was of whyte yvore,*
A dragon of golde ordeyned therfore,
    That on the oyr ende stode;
That syngnyfied that Otes ware
In the felde as bolde as any bare,
    And a sterne man of mode.
The wawe-warde and the myddyll soone,
And the rere-warde owte of Rome
    The grete oost removyd and yode;
Be then had Garcy takyn hys place,
And soone wythynne a lytyll space,
    Ranne bowrnes all on blode.

Than syr Otes the graunt can calle
On herawde and hys knyghtys all,
    In myddys of the prees,
Whoso beryth hym beste to-day,
Ageyne syr Garcy, as y yow say,
    That wyrkyth me thys unpees,

* Original reading: yer.
Metrical Romances.

I schall geve hym a feyre flowre,
Of grete Rome to be emperowre,
  Aftur my dyssees,
And wedde Florens my doghtur bryght,
As y am trewe crysten knyght,
  Certen wythowtyn lees.

Syr Emere askyd hys lorde the kynge,
Yf he myght have the furste rydynghe,
  And he grauntyd hym tylle.
Owt of Garces oost came oon,
A prowde garson, hyght Bresebon,
  A wykkyd man of wylle ;
When syr Emere with hym mett,
A stronge dynte on hym he sett,
  Thorow hys armowre stylye.
He fonde no socowre at hym schylde,
But dedd he felle downe in the fylye,
  Hys harte blode can owte spylle.

Be that the grete oost began to sembyll,
Trumpes to blowe, and stedys to trembyll,
  Harde togedur they yede.
Ryche harburgens all to-ruschted,
And stele helmes all to-dusched,
  And bodyes brake owt to blede ;
Hedys hopped undur hors fete,
As haylestones done in the strete,
  Styckyd was many a stede.
For Florence love, that feyre maye,
Many a doghty dyed that day,
  In romance as we rede.

Then syr Garce, with mekyll pryde,
Made knyghtys on hym owne syde,
  Syxty yonge and feyre ;
The warste of ther fadurs were barons,
And oght bothe towres and townes,
  And all were they ryght heyre.
When Emere and hys men with them mett,
Stronge dyntys on them he sett,
  Among them can they store ;
At the furste wynnyng of ther schone,*
So tyte of lyvys were they done,
That all deryd not a pere.

Then Garce ye de nere wode for yre,
And arayed hys batels in that bere,
And fared as he wolde wode;
He bath ther dyntes schulde be wele ware,
That no Roman on lyve bee spared,
Thowe they wolde rawsone bede.
Ageyne hym came syr Otes the graunt,
A doghty knyght and an aveaunt,
On Bondeñore hys stede;
When Garce sye that hyt was hec,
He seyde, Syrrys, al so mote y the,
We two muste do owre dede.

Thou art wele streckyn in age, y trowe,
But y am ferre elder then thou,
We two muste juste in werre;
Hyt ys sethyn y armyd ware.

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*A young or new-made knight was said to *win his spurs* when he first achieved some gallant action. *To win his shoes* is a phrase of similar import, but of less dignity. It occurs again, in *The Squire of low degree*:

“For, and ye my love should wynne,
With chyvalry ye must begynne,
And other deedes of armes to done,
Through which ye may _wonne_ your shone:”

Again:

“And whan ye, syr, thus have done,
Than are ye worthy to _wore_ your shone.”

At the battle of Cressy, the prince, Edward, being hard benet, “sent a messenger to the kinge, who was on a lytell winde-mill-hill; then the knighte sayd to the king, Sir, therle of Warwike, and therle of Campent, sir Reynolde Cobham, and other suche as be about the prince your son, are fiersly fought whithal, and are sore handled; wherfore they desyre you that you and your bataile wold come and aide them, for if the Frenchmen encrease, as they doute they wyll, youre sonne and they shall have muche ado. Then the kynge sayde, Is my sonne dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled? No, syr, quod the knight, but he is hardsly matched, wherefore, he hath nede of your ayde. Well, sayde the king, retourne to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they sende no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my sonne is alive; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day _to winne his spurreis_; for, ye god be pleased, i will this journey be his, and the honour therof, and to them that be about hym.”—(Froissart's Cronicles, by Sir John Bourchier, Lord Berners, 1525, P. 65. See also Fabliaux ou contes, D. 107.)
Sevyn yere and some dele mare:
    And eyther toke a spere.
So harde togedur can they ryde,
Out of ther sadys they felle besyde,
    And graspyd to odur gere;
With scharpe swyrdys faghg they then;
They had be two full doghty men,
    Gode olde fyghtyn was there.

Gercy hyt Otes on the helme,
That upon hys hedd hyt can whelme,
    Hyt sate hym wondur sare.
"Syr, with thys dynte y chalenge Rome,
And thy doghtur bryght as blome,
    That brewyd hath all thys care.
When that y have leyn hur by,
And done hur schame ane vylenye,
    Then wyll y of hur no mare,
But geve hur to my chaumburlayne."
Tho wordys made Otes unfsayne,
    And tyte he gaf an answare:

God and seynt Petur of thys towne,
Let never Rome come in thy bandoune,
    And save my doghtur sownde;
Owre fyghtyng ys not endyd yyt.
On the helme Gercy he hyt,
    That he felle to the grownde.
There had syr Gercy bene tane,
But ther came garsons many oon,
    And rescowd hym in that stownde.
Syr Emere horsyd hys lorde agayn,
And loovyd god he was not slayn,
    And faste to fyght they sownde.

Syr Emere lokyd a lytyll hym fro,
And sawe hys brodur suffer woo,
    In a stowre fyghtande:
The Grekys had fyred hym abowte,
That he myght on no syde owte,
    But styfely can he stande.
He rescowde hym full knyghtly;
Many a doghty made he to dye,
    That he abowte hym fande;
Evyll quytt he hym hys mede,
For Mylys was the falsyst lede
    That evyr levyd in lande.

When he had rescowde hys broder Mylon,
Of hys fomen camem thretty bowne,
    Stelyng on hym stylle;
All ther sperys on hym they sett,
He drewe hys swyrde, wythouten let,
    And Mylys fledde to an hylle.
He seyde, Brodur, al so mote y the,
Thou schalt not be rescowde for me,
    Loke whedur that he dud ylle.
But stryked yn at a nodur stowre,
And mett hys lorde the emperowre,
    Layeng on wyth gode wylle.

Myllys, he seyde, where ys thy broder?
At the devyll, quod the todur,
    I trowe beste that he bee.
He ys belefte wyth syr Garce
Ageyn yow, he tolde me why,
    He myght geve more then ye.
Be god, he seyde, that all may,
He ys false, that dare y lay,
    Trewly trowe ye me.
The emperowre lykyd hyt ylle,
And leyde upon with gode wylle,
    Tyll he myght the sothe see;

Forth the then lokyd the emperowre,
And saw syr Emerc in a stowre,
    Fyghtynge agenste hys foys;
He strode the stede with the spurrys,
He spared noder rygge nor forows,
    But evyn to hym he goys;
All that he abowte hym fonde
He and hys men broght to grownde,
    That nevyr oon up rose;
And there was Mylys prevyd false,
Wyth hym and odur lordys alse,
    And loste all hys gode lose.

Than Emere toke harte hym too,
Full doghtely then can he doo,
    Florence hym behelde,
And tolde hur maydyns bryght of ble,
In the felde best doyth he,
    Wyth the whyte dowve yn hys schylde,
Aud thereto the black lyoun.
Sche cryed to hym, wyth grete sowne,
    Thou be my fadurs belde,
And thou schalt have all thy desyre,
Me, and all thys ryche empyre,
    Aftur my fadur to welde.

When he harde the maydyn bryght,
Hys hedd he lyfte upon hyght,
    The wedur wax full hate ;
Hur fadur nere hande can talme,
Soche a sweme hys harte can swalme,
    For hete he wax nere mate.
When that they had so done,
A quarell came fleying soone,
    And thorow the hed hym smate,
They sende aftur the pope Symonde,
And he schrove hym and hoselde on that grounde,
    And assyled him, wel y wate.

As soone as the emperowre yyldyd the gast,
A prowde garson came in haste,
    Syr Synagote hyght hec,
And broght an hundurd helmes bryght
Of hardy men that cowde well fyght,
    Of felde wolde never oon fle.
Emere stroke in to that stowre,
And many oon made he for to cowre,
    And slewe them be two and thre ;
Soone therafter was he tane,
And knyghtes kene wolde hym have slayne,
    But ther soverygn bad let bee,
"Unto syr Garcy have hym seen,
I trowe his lyfe he wyll hym leen,
    He ys so feyre a knyght."
Leve we syr Emere in the stowre,
And speke more of the emperowre,
    How they on a bere hym dyght,
And how they broght hym to the towne,
Wythowten belle or procescoun,
    Hyt was a drery fyght.
They layned hyt fro ther enmyes whyll they myght,
And fro Florence that worthy wyght,
    Hys own dere doghtur bryght.

Soone the standard yn they dud lede,
    And baners bryght that brode dud spred,
    The Romans lyked ylle.
And sayde they schulde upon the morne
Fyght wyth Garcy yf he had sworne,
    That hyely was on hyle.
Florence lay in a cornell,
    And hur maydyns, as y yow telle,
    That was curtes of wyle;
They sayde men brynge yn a bere,
And that wyth a full mornyng chere,
    But all was hoscht and stylle.

Then can feryr Florence sayne,
Yondur ys be gonne an evyll bargayn,
    Y see men brynge a bere,
And a knyght in handys leede,
Bondynowe my fadurs stede,
    Then all chawngyd hur chere.
Sche and hur maystres Awdygon
Went into the halle allone,
    Allone wythowten fere,
And caste up the clothe, then was hyt so,
The lady swowned, and was full woo,
    There might no man hur stere.

Allas, sche sayde, that y was borne!
My fadur for me hys lyfe hath lorne,
    Garcy may have hys wytle,
All my brode landys and me,
That y welde yn Crystyante!
    Ther myght no man hur stylle.
Lordys and ladyes that there ware
Tyll hur chambur can they fare,
    Lorde that them lykyd ylle;
Knyghtes and squyers that there was
Wrange ther hondys and seyde, alnas!
    For drede sche schulde hur spylle.

Dewkys and erles ther hondys wronge,
And lordys sorowe was full stronge,
    Barons myght have no roo:
"Who shall us now geve londes or lythe,
Hawkys, or howndes, or stedys stythe,
    As he was wont to doo?"
Syr Garcy went crowlande for fayne,
As rampande eyen do in the rayne,
    When tythynges came hym too,
He bad hys men schulde make them bowne,
And hastelye go stroye up the towne,
    "My byddynge that ye doo:

Slo them down where ye them mete,
Ann fyre fasten in every strete,
    Loke now that taste:
I shall wyrke, as have y yoye,
As kyng Maynelay dud be Troye,
    And stroye hyt at the laste."
When they harde that were wythynne,
To the yatys can they wynne,
    And baryd them full faste,
And they wythowte yngynes bende,
And stones to the wallas they sende,
    Andquarels wyth alablaste.

They wythynne wolde have gone owte,
Ther sovereignty marred them for dowte,
    And made them to kepe ther holde,
They sgynd to the yatys of the towne,
An hundred men in armes bowne,
    That hardy were and bolde.
The pope came wythowten delyte,
And entered the emperowre tyte,
    They wepte both yonge and olde.
The boke seyth, god that us boght
Many myrakyls for hur he wroght,
    Many a oon and thycyk folde.

So longe logyd the sege there,
That they wythynne nere famysched were,
    Evyll lyfe can they lede;
They were not ordeygned therfore,
They had golde in warme store,
    But mete was them full nede.
All they cowncelde Florence to take
Oon of thses lordys to be hur make,
    That doghty were of dede;
For to mayntene and upholde
Agayne syr Garcy that burne bolde,
    The towne levyth all in drede,

And Awdegone hur cowncelde soo
Oon of thses lordys for to too,
    Syr Mylys or syr Emere;
"And let hym wedde yow wyth a rynge;
Ther fadr was a rychy kynge,
    Knowyn both farre and nere."
Ye, but now ys syr Emere tane,
And Garcys men have hym slaye,
    Seyde that maydyn clere.
"Ye behove to have a nodur,
Take Mylys, that ys hys eldyst brodur,
    Hyt ys my cowncell wythowten were."

To syr Mylys Awdegon went,
And askyd yf he wolde assent
    To wedde that maydyn free,
That ys whyte as lylly-flowre,
And be lorde and emperowre,
    The grettyst yn Crystyante.
"But god forbede, and seynt Myghell,
That thou undurtake hyt but thou do well,
    And trewe man thynke to bee."
To hys speche answeryd he noght,
But styll e stode and hym be thoght,
   And seyde, Y schall avyse me.

Avyse the, seyde that maydyn feyre,
For to be my fadurs heyre?
   Lyghtly may y thynke.
Be hym that suffurde woundys fuye,
I schall nevyr be thy wyfe,
   To suffur dethys dynte.
Kyngys and dewkys have me askyd,
Their londes wolde have geve me at the laste,
   And many a ryall thynge.
Forth he yede wyth syghyng and care,
That he had gevyn that fowlwe answare,
   For sorowe nere wolde he synke.

Thys whyle had Synagot takyn Emere,
And broght hym before syr Garcia in fere,
   And seyde, We have tane a knyght
Agenste yow fyghtyng in the stowre,
We refte hym hors and armowre,
   But he ys an hardy wyght.
Felowe, he seyde, what dyd thou there?
"Syr, wyth my lorde on the to were,
   That now to dedd ys dyght;
As sowdears, my brodur and y,
We have noght ellys to leve by,
   Owre fadur fordyd owre ryght.

Syr Phelyp of Hungary owre fadur was,
Now ys he dedd, therefore allas!
   Owre modur weddyd ys newe,
In to Surry to syr Justamownde,
That ys abowte us to confownde,
   And owre bytter bales to brewe.
He hath dysheryd us, wythowt lees,
That we had levyr warre nor pess,
   Per chawnce that may hym rewe."
Syr Synagot cowncelde syr Garcia soo,
Syr, deleyver hym qwyte, and let hym goo,
   He semyth covenawnt and trewe.
Than answered syr Garkey,
When y toke trewage of Turky
Thy fadur in stede stode me,
Therfore y schal let the goo,
And geve hym all ye toke hym fro.
Emere knelyd on hys knee:
"Syr, when y come into the towne,
I and my men must be bowne
To greve both thyn and thee."
Ye, godys forbode that thou spare,
But of thy warste wylle ever mare:
Garcy, thus sayde he.

"What wenyst thou wyth thy bragg and boost
For to dystroye me and myn hoost?"
He toke his leve and yede;
Syr Synagot gave hym all togedur,
Be the lefte thonge that he bare thedur,
Emere lepe on his stede.
He ledd hym thorow the pavylons all,
Till he came nere to Romes walle,
And paste the moost drede.
Than they wythynne were full fayne,
That they had getyn the gome a gayne,
Ther blysse be ganne to brede;

And agayne syr Emere they went,
And broght hym before that lady gente,
And askyd yf he wolde
Wedde the best of hur elde,
And all hur londys for to welde,
Agayne Garkey to holde;
And helpe to venge hur fadurs dedd.
He dud ryght as the lady bedd,
That hardy was and bolde.
He seyde, Prevely muste me do,
Tyll the baronage be sworne us to,
Bothe the yonge and the olde.

Syr Sampson, and syr Egravayne,
Syr Clamadore, and syr Alayne,
Wyste of that bargen newe.
Metrical Romances.

They went after sir Geoffrey of Pyse,
And sir Barnard of Moune-devyse,
Tho syxe were gode and trewe;
They made them to swere they schulde be lele,
And sir Emers counsell heyle,
And Florence feyre of hewe:
Thus he tylleth them be sowe and syve,
All they had sworne to hym be lyve,
Then Mylys hysmselfe can rewe.

The pope came, as ye may here,
For to crowne syr Emere,
And [wedd] them wyth a ryngye.
Sche seyde, Now are ye emperowre of Rome,
The grettyst Lorde in Crystendome,
And hedd of every kynge;
Yyt schall ye never in bedde me by,
Tyl ye have broght me syr Garcey,
For no maner of thyngye;
Or lefte hym in the felde for dedd,
Be hym y sawe in forme of bredd,
When the preest can synge.

Emere the emperowre can say,
I shall do all that I may,
But charge me wyth no mare,
Then they wysche, and to mete be gone:
"Of mynstralcy we kepe none,
We have no space to spare;
Nodur harpe, sedyll, nor geest,
But ordeyn yow wyth moost and leest,
That wyth me wyll sare;
And bryng my stede Bondynere,
And feche me forthe bothe schyldre and sperre:"
Full tyte then were they thare.

Than was there no lenger bode,
But up they lepe and forthe they rode,
To preke after ther praye.
When worde came to syr Garcey,
A sory man was he forthy,
That weddyd was that may,
That was whyte as lylly-flowre,
And syr Emere crowned emperowre,
    Allas? then can he say,
That ever y let that traytur goo,
When he was in my bandoune soo,
    Me dawyd a drye day!

Ther was lefte no man in that town
To kepe the lady of renowne,
    That was of temporātē,
That myght wyth ony wepon wyrke,
Owt-takyn men of holy kyrke,
    At home they let them bee.
They beganne at the nerre syde,
And slewe downe all that wolde abyde,
    Trewly trowe ye me ;
On felde they faghght as they were wode,
Ovyr the bentys ranne the blode,
    All tho dyed that wolde not flee.

Then on the felde they freschely faghght,
Many oon ther dethe there caghght,
    That came on Garceys syde.
Syr Garcey toke hym to the syght,
Wyth an hundurd in harnēs bryght,
    He durste no lenger byde ;
Of all the men he thedur broght,
Many on lyve levyd he noght,
    To schypp went they that tyde ;
They set up sayle and forthe are gone,
To Constantyne the nobull towne.
    Al so faste as they myght glyde.

Al so soone as syr Emere wyste
Wel nere for sorowe hys herte breste,
    That he in schyppē can lende,
He bad syr Nyllys turne agayne,
Syr Sampson and syr Egravayne,
    "For y wyll aftur wende :";
Take an hundurd men of armes bryght,
And kepe my lady day and nyght,
    That ye curtes and hendē ;

1030
1040
1050
1060
Say to hur y am on the see,
Chasyng after myn old enmye,
That slewe hur derrest freende."

Syr Mylys seyde to thes hundred all,
Thys herityage to me wyll falle,
My brodur comyth never a gayne.
I wylle wedde the yonge bryde,
He stlepyd nevyr be hur syde,
Nor hath hur not by layne.
All that wyll assent to me
Grete lordys schall they bee:
To graunt hym they were fayne.
Sampson seyde, That wyll y never doo,
Falschedd my lorde unto;
The same seyde Egraveyne.

All they assentyd but they two,
The todur parte was the moo.
And that was there well seen.
Soche wordys among them can falle,
They preysed abowte syr Sampson all,
And slewe hym in that tene.
They made syr Egraveyne to swere soon,
Or they wolde wyth hym the same have done,
To wote wythowten were;
Sone a bere have they ordeygned,
And the dedd corse theon leyde,
The sorte was false and kene;

And sethyn to Rome they hym broght,
And told Florence worthilyly wont,
That Emere laye there dedd;
When that sche had swowned twyes,
And thereafter syghed thryes,
Sche wepyd in that stedd.
Mylys seyde, My lady fre,
Thy cowncell wyll that y wedd the,
Hyt was my brodur reddy.
Sche seyde, Y wyll weddyd bee
To a lorde that never schall dye,
That preestys schewe in forme of bredd.
Furste then was my fadur slayne, 1100
And now my lorde ys fro me tane,
Y wyll love no ma,
But hym that boght me on the rode,
Wyth hys sweete precyus blode,
To hym I wyll me ta.
Then Mylys made seven armed knyghtes
To kepe the pales day and nyghtes,
She myght not come them fra,
And also swythe syr Egravayne,
Went to the pope, that sothe to sayne,
To telle he was full thra,

How that Emere was ovyr the see,
Chasing Garcy to hys cuntre,
And Mylys wolde have hys wyfe,
He had a hundurd to hys assent,
And hyght them londys, lythys, and rente ;
But Sampson hath loste hys lyfe,
And broght hym home[upon a bere,
And tolde Florence hyt was Emere,
All Rome he hath made ryse־
And certys y am sworne them too : Holy fadur, what schall y do,
That turned were all thys stryfe ?

Then the pope was not lothe
To assoyle hym of hys othe,
For hyt to falsehed can clyne :
“Syr, y schall telle the a sekyr tale,
Hyt ys bettur brokyn then hale,
I set my sowle for thyne.”
Than he gart arme of the spyrytualte,
And of the sculers hundurdys thre,
Or evyr wolde he blynne ;
To the palés he made them to brynge,
For to dystroye that false weddyng,
The matrymony was not fyne.

All that they wyth false Mylys fonde
They bonde them bothe fote and honde,
But they wolde flee not ane ;
Mlyns set hys backe to a pyllere,
And seyde all schulde dye that came hym nere; 1140
But smartely was he tane,
And put in an hye towre,
Be the reverence of the emporowre,
That was made of lyme and stane;
And twenty of thes odur sy in a pyt,
In strokkes and seturs for to sytt,
Or evyr pope Symonde blanne.

Than the pope and Egravayne 1150
To telle the lady were full sayne
Hur lord was on the see,
To Constantyne the nobull strekk;
All the lasse can sche recke,
Tho all bryghtenyd hur blee.
They went to the bere wythowten wone,
And caste up the clothe and sye Sampson,
That semely was to see;
They dud wyth hym as wyth the dedd,
They beryed hym in a ryall stedd,
Wyth grete solemptye. 1160

All thys whyle was syr Emere
Chasyng Garcy, as ye schall here,
As the romans tolde;
But Garcy had getyn hys palés before,
And vetayly hyt wyth warme store,
Hys wyllys were full olde.
Syr Emere set hys sege therto,
Full doghtely there can he doo.
That hardy was and bolde, 1170
Wyth men of armes all abowte,
That he myght on no syde owte,
But hamperde hym in hys holde:

And thus they segyd Garcy wyth strenkyth,
In hys palés large of lenkyth,
The Romaynce had ther wylle
Of Constantyne the noble cytè
In ther poscescon for to bee,
That many oon lykyd ylle,
Syr Emere comawndyd every man
To brooke wele the tresur that they wan,
    So myght they ther cofurs fylle.

When syr Gargy sawe all yede to schame,
He callyd to Emere be hys name,
    Downe at a wyndowe stylle:

Syr, he seyde, al so mote y the,
Thou holdyst full wele that thou hyghtyst me,
    When y let the goo,
Aycyn to Rome as men may lythe,
Had y wetyn what schulde be sythe,
    Thou schuldyst not have skapyd soo;
But syn y qwyte-claymed the thore,
Yt muste thou be of mercy more,
    Thou graunt that hyt be soo.
Nine thowsand pownde y schall geve the
To wende home to thy cuntre,
    And wyrke me no more woo.

"Nay, be hym that lorde ys beste,
Tyll y have thys londe conqueste,
    And efte be crowned newe;
And yf my men wyll so als,
For y trowe ther be noon fals,
    And yf ther be themselfe schall rewe."
Synagor seyde, Be godys wayes,
He wyll holde that he says,
    He ys hardy and trewe:
I rede we do us in hys wylle,
And yylde thys empvre hym tylle,
    Or he us more bale brewe.

Ther ys not, undurstonde,
An hunerd knyghtys in thy londe
    Moo then thou haste here,
Slewe he them not up at Rome?
In evyll tyme we thedur come,
    Or that thy lore can lere.
When that thou went Florence to wowe,
Ovyr the stremes thou madyste us to rowe,
    And boght thy pride full dere;
Many a chylde left thou thore
Fadurles for evyrmore,
    And wedows in cuntreys sere.

There they openyd ther yatys wyde,
Syr Garce came down that tyde,
    Wyth a drawyn swyrde in hys hande,
And wyth a keye of golde clere,
And yeldyd unto syr Emere,
    Hyt sygnyfyed all the lande.
They ledd yn hys baner wyth honowre,
And sett hyt on the hyest towre,
    That they [in] castell fande ;
And soone upon that odur day,
They crowned hym emperowre, y saye,
    Ther durste no man agenste hym stande.

Then he gaye londys to knyghtys kydde,
And newe men in ofyce dydd,
    The land to stabull and stere :
He seyde unto syr Garce,
Syr, ye muste wende home wyth me,
    Yf that yowre wylle were,
For to see Rome wythynne,
    That ye wende some tyme to wynne,
And Florence that ys to me dere ;
Hyt schall turne yow to no grefe.
Whether he were lothe or lefe,
    Forthe they wente in fere.

Soche a navé as ther was oon
Was never seen but that allone,
    When hyt was on the see ;
Then Emere thought on Mylys hys brodur,
And on Florence feyreste of odur,
    At them then wolde he bee.
He seyde unto syr Garce,
And to odyr lordys that stode hym by,
    To Hungary soone wyll wee,
Justamownde for to forfare,
And crowne Mylys my brodur thare,
    For kyndyst heyre ys hee.
A messengere to londe wannye,
That some tyme rode, and some tyme ranne,
Tyll he came Rome wythynne;
He tolde Florence, bryght of hewe,
How hys lorde was crownyd newe,
And the empyre can wynne;
And wyth hym bryngyth olde Garce,
The lady fayne was sche for thy,
Sche was comyn of gentyll kynne.
Sche gafe hym, for hys newe tythandys,
Worthe a barony of landys,
Or evyr wolde sche blynne.

Lorde, that ys bothe god and man,
Gyf the emperowre had wetyn than
The treson of hys brodur,
That he dud in hys absence;
To Sampson and to feyre Florence,
And Egravayne the todur!
The lady went up to a towre,
Be reverence of the emperowre,
And wyth hur many odur,
And toke hym downe that cursyd thefe,
That afterward dud hur grete grefe,
Ther was nevr no sawe sotheyr.

The lady preyd syr Egravayne,
And odur lordys, that they wolde layne
The treson of the knyght,
And all that he hath done to me,
All forgyvn schall hyt bee,
For godys love moste of myght.
She set him on a gode palfray,
And bade hym wende upon hys way,
Agenste hys brodur ryght.
When that he came to the see,
A false lesynghe there made hee
Of Florence feyre and bryght.

Syr Egravayne sadylde his stede,
And hyed hym after a gode spede,
He hopyd that he wolde lye;
When Mylys sawe the emperowre,
He felle downe in a depe fowre,
    Fro hys hors so hye.
Emere, seyde Mylys, what eylith the?
    "Syr, thus thy wyfe hath dyght me,
    For y seyde y schulde hur bewrye,
When y fonde Egravayne lygyng hur by,
In preson yut sche me forthy,
    And sorowe hath made me to drye."

The emperowre smote down wyth hys hevydd,
All hys yoye was fro hym revydd
    Of Florence that he hadd,
All the lykyng of hys longe travayle
Was away wythowten sayle,
    In sorowe was he staddde.
All the lordys that were hym by,
Recowmforde hym full kyndely,
    And bad hym not be adradd
Tyll we the sothe have enqueryd,
Bothe of lewde and of lernydd;
    Thes wordys yyt made hym gladd.

Then came Egravayne, wythowten lees,
Faste prekyng into the prees,
    The sothe he wolde have tolde,
But Mylys owte wyth a swyrde kene,
And wolde Egravayne tene,
    But he a mantell can folde
Ofte sythys abowte hys arme.
And kepyd hym wele fro any harme,
    That hardy was and bolde.
The emperowre bad put them in sondur,
And of yow schall bye thys blundur
    Whych hath the wronge in holde.

Syr Egravayne seyde, Syr, now y schall
Tell yow a full sekyr tale,
    And ye wyll here hyt wele.
Syr, when he went uuto the see,
Ye lefte an hundurd men, and us thre,
    Armed in yron and stele,
To kepe Florence tyll ye came agayne;
And that made my brodur Sampson slayne,
And wroght hath myn unhele.*

Unnethe were ye on the see
When Mylys seyde, here standyth he,
That ye for evyr were gone.
He seyde he wolde be emperowre,
And wedde yowre lady whyte as flowre,
That worthy ys yn wone;
He had an hundurd at hys ascente,
And hyght them londys and ryche rente;
That made syr Sampson alone:
And broght him home on a bere-tree,
And tolde Florence that hyt was ye,
Thon made sche full grete moone;

And when he wolde hur have wedde,
Faste away fro hym sche fledde,
And wolde have stolyn awaye.
Then Mylys made to arme twelve knyghtes,
To kepe the place day and nyghtys,
And watch abowte hur lay;
And certy n was to them sworne,
And ellys had my lyfe be lorne,
The certen sothe to saye.
I went to the pope and tolde hym sa
And he assoyled me a pena et culpa
Wythowtyn any delay.

Then he gart ame an hundurd clerkys,
Doghty men and wyse of werkys,
To the palés he can them brynge,
They bonde the false bothe hond and fote,
And in pryson caste them, god hyt wote,
And ther yn can them thrynge;
And Florence let owt Mylys nowe,
For to wende agenste yow,
Be Jheau, hevyn kynge;

* The three last lines of this stanza are apparently missing: every other consisting of twelve, of which the rhyme of every third line is uniform.
Thys wyll wyntes pope Symond,
He wolde not for a thousand pownde,
   Telle yow a lesynge;
Ye schall come home, as y yow say,
Be to-morne that hyt be day,
   And thys was at the none.
The emperowre in thysh whylys,
Drewc a swyrde to syr Mylys,
   But lordys helde hym soone;
He badd, False traytur, fee!
That thou nevyr thy brodur see,
   For wykkydly hast thou done.
Evyn to Rome ageye he rode,
Hastely wythowten bode,
   Or evyr he wolde awey gone,

To feyre Florence can he saye,
A lesyng that hur wele can paye,
   My lorde byddyth that ye schall
Come agayne hym in the mornynge.
Blythe therof was that maydyn yynge,
   And trowed hys false tale.
Sche sente to the pope over nyght,
And bad he schulde be tymely dyght,
   Wyth mony a cardynale;
And sche ordeynged hur meynë als,
And went wyth hym that was false,
   And passyd both downe and dafe.

When they came wythowte the cytë
Mylsy seyde, My lady free,
   We two muste ryde faste,
And let the pope and hys meynë
Come behynde the and me,
   For thus then ys my caste;
That thou may speke wyth my lorde thy fylle,
And wyth Garcy wykkyd of wylle,
   And be nothyng agaste.
For when the emperowre the pope can see,
Mekyll speche wyll ther bee,
   And that full longe wyll laste.
Mylys, sche seyde, god yylde hyt the,
That y soone my lorde may see,
    Thou makyst me full fayne.
The ryght wey lay evyn este,
And he lad hur sowthe-west,e,
    And thus he made hys trayne,
Tyll they came downe in a depe gylle ;
The lady seyde, We ryde ylle,
    Thes gates they are ungayn ;
I rede we lyght unto the grownde,
And byde owre sadur the pope a stownde.
    He seyde, Nay, be god dys payne,
Thou schalt hym see nevyr mare.
Tho the lady syghted wondur sere,
    And felle off on hur palfyay.

He bete hur wyth hys nakyd swyrde,
And sche caste up many a rewfull rerde.
    And seyde ofte Wele a saye !
Schall y nevyr my lorde see ?
No, be god that dyed on tre,
    The false traytur can saye.
Up he hur caste, and forthe they rode,
Hastely wythowten any abode,
    Thys longe somers day.

They were nyghted in a wode thyck,
A logge made that traytur wyck,
    Undurnethe a tree.
Then he wolde have layn hur by,
And sche made hur preyer specyally,
    To god and Mary free,
Let nevyr thys false fende
My body nodur schame nor schende,
    Myghtfull in mageste !
Hys lykyng vansched all away.
On the morne, when it was day,
    Ther horsys bothe dyght hee,

Up he hur caste, and forthe they rode,
Thorow a foreste longe and brode,
    That was feyre and grene.
Tyll eyder odur mekyll care,
The lady hungurd wondur sare,
    That was bryght and schene;
She had levyr a lofe of bredd
Then mekyll of the golde redd
    That sche before had seen,
So hyt drewe to the evenynge,
Then they herde a belle rynge,
    Thorow the grace that godd can lene,

A holy armyte fowlde he there,
To greve god full lothe hym were,
    For he had servyd hym aye.
Thedur they wente to aske mete.
The armyte seyde, Soche as y ete
    Ye schall have, dere damysell, y say.
A barly lofe he broght hur too,
And gode watur : full fayne was scho,
    That swete derworte the maye.
Therof the yonge lady ete,
Sche thoght never noon so swete,
    Be nyght nodur be day.

Mylys ete ther of als,
He seyde, Hyt stekyth in my hals,
    I may not gete hyt downe.
Chorle, god yf the schames dedd,
Brynge us of thy bettur bredd,
    Or y schall crake thy crowne.
Be god, he seyde, that boght me dere,
I had no bettur thys seven yere.
    The wykkyd man tho made hym bowne,
In at the dore he hym bete,
    And sethyn fyre upon hym sete,
    Ferre fro every towne.

The holy armyte brente he thare,
And lefte that bygly hows full bare,
    That semely was to see.
The lady beganne to cry and yelle,
And sayde, Traytur, thou schalt be in helle,
    There evyr to wonne and bee.
He made the lady to swere an othe,
That sche schould not telle for lefe nor lothe, 1490
   Nevr in no cuntre,
Fro whens thou came, nor what thou ys,
Nor what man broght the fro thy blyss,
   Or here y schall brenne the.

To make that othe the lady was fayne,
And there he wolde by hur have layne,
   But she preyed god to be hur schyld ;
And ryght as he was assaye
Hys lykyng vanyscht all awaye,
   Thorow the myght of Mary mylde. 1500
Tymely as the day can dawe,
He led her thorow a feyre schawe,
   In wodes waste and wylde ;
Evyn at undurne lyghtyd he
Downe undur a chesten tre,
   That feyrest in that fylde.

He seyde, Thou haste wychyd me,
I may not have to do with the,
   Undo or thou schalt abye.
She answeryd hym wyth mylde mode,
   Thorow grace of hym that dyed on rode,
False traytur, thou schalt lye.
He bonde hur be the tresse of the heere,
And hangyd hur on a tre there,
   That ylke feyre bodye ;
He bete hur wyth a yerde of byrke,
Hur nakyd flesche, tyll he was yrke,
   Schegaf many a rewfull crye.

There was a lorde that hyght Tyrry
Wonned a lytyll there by, 1520
   In a foreste syde,
Thedur was he comyn that day,
Wyth hawkys and howndys hym for to play,
   In that wode so wyde.
He harde the crye of that lady free,
Thedur he went and hys meynè,
   Al so faste as they myght ryde ;
When Mylys was warre of ther comying,
He lepe on hys hors and forthe can spryng,
    And durste no lenger byde. 1530

The feyryst palfrey lefte he there,
And hurselfe hangyd be the heere,
    And hur ryche wede,
Hur sadull and hur brydull schone,
Set wyth mony a precyus stone,
    The feyryst in that thede.
Sche was the feyryst creature,
And therto whyte as lylly flowre,
    In romance as we rede ;
Hur feyre face hyt schone full bryght, 1540
To se hyt was a semely syght,
    Tyll hur full faste they yede.

Then they lowsyd hur feyre faxe,
That was yelowe as the waxe,
    And schone also as golde reddy.
Sche myght not speke, the romance seyde,
On a lyter they hur leyde,
    And to the castell hur ledd.
They bathyd hur in erbys ofte,
And made her sore sydes softe,
    For almoste was sche deddy:
They fed hur wyth full ryche fode,
And all thyng that hur nede stode,
    They servyd hur in that stedd.

The lorde comawndyd hys men everychon
That tythynges of hur they shulde sper noon,
    Nor ones aske of whens sche were.
Unto the stabull they ledd hur stede,
And all hur odur gere they dud lede,
    Unto a chaumbur dere. 1550
The lorde had a doghtyr feyre
That hyght Betres, schulde be hys heyre,
    Of vysage feyre and clere ;
To Florence they can hur kenne,
To lerne hur to behave hur among men,
    They lay togedur in fere,
In bedd togedur, wythowte lesynge.
Florence that was feyre and yynge,
  Yf any man hur besought
Of love, sche gaf them soche answare
That they wolde never aske hur mare,
  That was so worthely wroght.
Sche preyd to god that boght hur dere,
To sende hur sownde to syr Emere,
  That hur full dere had boght.
Be that he was comyn to Rome,
He thought hyt a full carefull come,
  Where sche was he wyste nought.

Off Garcy y wyll telle yow mare,
That was cawser of hur cyll farc,
  And cawsyd hur fadur to be slayne,
Emere vengyd well hys dedd,
And broght hym fro hys strenkyth full stedd,
  To grete Rome agayne.
There lykyd hym nght to bee,
And soone there-aftur dyed he,
  The sothe ys not to layne ;
Sche sawe hym never wyth hur eye,
That cawsyd hur all thot sorowe to drye,
  Of hur have we to sayne.

Wyth syr Turry dwellyd a knyght
That hardy was, and Machary he hyght,
  He was bolde as any bare :
To hys lemmyn he wolde have had thot bryght,
And spyed hur bothe day and nght,
  Theroft came mekyll care.
Tyll hyt befelle upon a day,
In hur chaumbur stode that maye,
  To hur than can he fare ;
He leyde hur downe on hur bedd,
The lady wepyd sore for dredd,
  Sche had no socowre thare.

Before hur bedd lay a stone,
The lady toke hyt up anon,
  And toke hyt yn a gethe,
Metrical Romances.

On the mowthe sche hym hyt,
That hys for tetho owte he spytt,
   Above and also benethe.
Hys mowthe, hys nose, braste owt on blood,
Forthe at the chaumber dore he yode,
   For drede of more wreteth;

And to his chaumber he hyed hym ryght,
And dwellyd forthe a fowrtenyght,
   And then he came agayne,
And tolde hys lorde that he was schent,
Eyll betyn in a turnement,
   The sothe ys not to layne:
The teth be smetyn owt of my mowthe,
Therefore my sorowe ys full cowthe,
   Me had levyr to be slayne.
He wolde have be vengyd of that dede,
Florence myght full sore hur drede,
   Had sche wetynd of hys trayne;
A scharpe knyfe he had hym boght,
Of yron and stele well ywroght,
   That bytterly wolde byte.

And evyn to hur chaumbur he yode,
And up behynde a curten he stode,
   Therof came sorowe and syte;
When he wyste they were on slope
To Betres throte can he grope,
   In sonder he schare hyt tyte.
And yyt the thefe, or he wolde leeve,
He put the hastfe in Florence neeve,
   For sche schulde have the wyte.

Forthe at the chaumber dore he yode,
And Betres lay burlyng in hur blode,
   And Florence slepyd faste.
Hur sadur thought h in a vysyon,
Hys doghtur schulde be strekyn downe,
   Wyth a thonder blaste;
And as a thyck leyghtenyng aboute hur ware:
Up he starte wyth mekyll care,
   And a kyrtell on he caste;
A candyll at a lawmpe he lyght,
And to hur chaumber reykyd he ryght,
Thorowly on he thraste;

And fonde Betres hys doghtur dedd,
The bedd was full of blode redd,
And a knyfe in Florence hande.
He callyd on Eglantyne hys wyfe,
Knyghtys and ladyes came belyfe,
Wondur sore wepeande;
Gentyll wemen sore dud wepe,
And evyr can feyre Florence slepe,
That was so feyre to fande.
Sche glyste up wyth the hedeows store,
A sorowfull wakenyng had she thore,
Soche a nodur was nevyr in lande;

Abowte the bedd they presyd thyck,
Among them came that traytur wyck,
The whych had done that dede.
He seyde, Syr, y schall fet a stake.
Wythoute the towne a fyre to make,
And Florence thedur lede.
Ye myght see, be hur feyre clothynge,
That sche was no erthely thynge,
And be hur grete feyre-hede.
But some false fende of helle
Ys comyn thy doghtur for the qwelle.
Let me quyte hur hur mede.

They dyght hur on the morne in sympull atyr,
And led hur forthe unto the fyre,
Many a oon wyth hur yede;
Sche seyde, God, of myghtys moost,
Fadur and sone, and holy goost,
As y dud nevyr thyss dede,
Yf y gyltles be of thys,
Brynge me to thy bygly blys,
For thy grete godhede.
All that ever on hur can see,
Wrange ther hondes for grete pytè,
And farde as they wolde wede.
The lorde, that had the doghtur dedd,
Hys herte turned in that stedd,
To wepe he can begynne.
He seyde, Florence, al so mote y the,
I may not on thy dethe see,
For all the worlde to wynne.
To hur chaumbur he can hur lede,
And cled hur in hur own wede,
And seyde, Y hold hyt synne.
They set hur on hur own palfraye,
In all hur nobull ryche arraye,
Or evyr wolde he blynne;

And gaf hur the brydull in hur hande,
And broght hur to the wode ther he hur fande,
And than he lefte hur thare.
And betagh hur god and gode day,
And bad hur wende on hur way,
And then she syghed sare;
Syr, sche seyde, for charytè,
Let none of thy men solowe me
To worche me no more care.
Nay for god, he seyde, noon schulde
For nyne tymes thy weyght of golde:
Home then can he fare.

Thorow the foreste the lady rode,
All glemed there sche glode
Tyll sche came in a felde.
Sche sawe men undur a galows stande,
Thedur they led a thefe to hange,
To them then sche helde;
And haylesed them full curteslye.
They askyd fro whens sche came in hye,
That worthy was to welde.
Sche seyde ye schall wete of me no mare
But as a woman dyscownfortyd sare
Wythowten bote or belde;

No levyng lefe wyth me y have,
Wolne ye graunt me to be my knave,
The thefe that yee thynke to hynge.
The more buxum wyll he bee,
That be were borowyd fro the galow tree,
I hope be hevyn kynge.
Then ther counsell toke thyay,
They were lothe to seye hur nay,
Sche was so feyre a thynge.
They gaf hym to hur of ther gyfte,
He was full lothe to levee hyys thefes ;
Sche thankyd them olde and yynge.

Sche seyde, Wolde thou serve me wele,
I schulde the quyte every dele.
He seyde to hur, Yaa,
Ellys were y a grete fole,
And worthy to be drownned in a pole,
The galowe thou selyvyrd me fra.
Sche thynkyth, Myght y come ovr the see,
At Jerusalem wolde y bee;
Thedur to ryde or ga ;
Then myght y spry tythandes of Rome,
And of my lordys home come ;
But now wakenyth hur was.

A burges that was the thefys reyset,
At the townes end he them mett,
The lady rode ovr an hylle,
I wende thou hadyst be hangyd bye,
And he twynkyld wyth hyys eye,
As who seyth, holde the style :
Thys gentyl woman hath borowd me,
For y schulde hur knave bee,
And serve hur at hur wyllle ;
And sythyn he rowned in his eere,
I behete the all thys ryche gere,
Thy hows y wyll brynge hur tylle.

He led hur up into the towne,
At thys burges hows he toke hur downe,
There was hur harburgerye.
On the hye deyse he hur sett,
And mete and drynke he hur sett,
Of the wyne redd as cherye.
Metrical Romances.

The burges wyfe welcomed hur ofte,
Wyth mylde wordys and wyth softe,
    And bad hur ofte be merye.
Tho two false wyth grete yre,
Stode and behelde her ryche atyre,
    And beganne to lagh and flerye.

The burges wyfe wyste ther thoght,
And seyde in feythe we do for noght,
    Yf so be that y may. 1770
At nyght to chaumbur sche hur ledd,
And sparryd the dore and went to bedd,
    All nyght togedur they laye.
Sche calde on Clarebolde hur knave,
A lytyll errande for sothe y have,
    At the see so graye;
Yf any schepe wend ovr the streme
To the cyté of Jerusalem,
    Gode sone wytt me to saye.

Clarebolde seyde the burges tylle, 1780
Thys nyght had we not owre wylle,
    We muste caste a nodur wyle.
To the see they went in fere,
And sold her to a maryner,
    Wythynne a lytyll whyle;
On covenawnt sche ys the feyrest thynge,
That evyr ye syc olde or yyngye,
    And he at them can smyle.
So mekyll golde for hur he hyght,
That hyt passyd almoost hur weyght,
    On eyther parte was gyle.

"Take here the golde in a bagg,
I schall hyt hyngge on a knagg,
    At the schypp borde ende;
When ye have broght that clere,
Put up yowre hand and take hyt here:"
    Aftur her can they wende.
They seyde a schypp ys hyred to the,
That wyll to Jerusalem ovr the see,
    Sche thankyd them as sche was hende. 1800
Sche gaf the burges wyse hur palfray,
Wyth sadyll and brydyll, the sothe to say,
   And kyste hur as hur frende.

Alther furste to the kyrke sche went,
To here a masse verament,
   And preyed god of hys grace,
That he wolde bryng hur to that ryke,
That evr more ys yoye in lyke,
   Before hys worthy face ;
And or sche dyed Emere to see,
That hur own lorde schulde bee,
   In Rome that ryall place.
To the schypp they went in fere,
And betoke hur to the marynere,
   That lovely undur lace.

They toke the bagg, they went hyt had be golde,
And had hyt home into ther holde,
   They lokyd and then hyt was ledd ;
The burges seyde to Clarebalde,
Thou hast made a sory frawde,
   God gyf the schames dedd :
For certenly, wythowten wene,
Thou hast begyled a lady schene,
   And made hur evyll of redd.
To the see hyed they faste,
The sayle was up unto the maste,
   And remevydd was fro that stedd.

All men that to the schypp can longe,
They went Florence to leman have fonge,
   Ylke oon aftur odur had done ;
But they saylyd of ther praye,
Thorow grace of god that myghtes may,
   That schope bothe sonne and moone.
Sche calde on Clarebalde hur knave,
The marynere seyde, Y hope ye rave,
   And tolde how he hade doone :
Sche prayde god schulde hym forgeve,
A drreyer woman myght noone leeve,
   Undur hevyn trone.
The maryner set hur on hys bedd,
Sche hadd soone oftur a byttur spredd,
   The schypp sayled belyve;
He seyde, Damysell, y have the boght,
For thou art so worthely wroght,
   To wedde the to my wyve.
Sche sayde, Nay that schall not bee,
Thorow helpe of hym in trynytè
   That suffurde woundys fyve;
In hys armes he can hur folde,
Hur rybbes crakyd as they breke wolde,
   In struglynge can they stryve.

Sche seyde, Lady Mary fre,
Now thou have mercy on me,
   Thou saylyst me nevyr at nede;
Here my errande, as thou well may,
   That y take no schame to-day,
Nor lose my maydynhede.
Then beganne the storme to ryse,
And that upon a dolcfull wyse,
   The marynere rose and yede.
He hyed to the toppe of the maste,
They stroke the sayle, the gabuls braste,
   They hyed them a bettur spede.

He seyde but yf thys storme blynne,
All mun be drowned that be hereynne,
   Then was that lady sayne;
Sche had leveyr to have be deed
Then there to have loste hur maydynhedd,
   Or he had hur by layne.
Then the schypp clave in sondur,
All that was yn hyt soone went undur,
   And drowned both man and swayne.
The yonge lady in that tyde,
Fleytyd forthe on the schypp syde,
   Unto a roche ungayne;

The marynere sat upon an arc,
But nodur wyster of odur fare,
   The todur were drowned perdé.
The lady steppyd to a ston,
Sche fonde a tredd and forthe ys gon,
   Loudyng the trynytè,
To a noonre men' calle Beverfayre,
That stondyth on the watur of Botayre,
   That rennyth into the Grekys see.
A stepull then the lady sye,
Sche thoght the wey thedur full drye,
   And thereat wolde sche bee.

Syr Lucyus Ibarnyus was fownder there,
An hundurd nonnes theryn were,
   Of ladyes wele lykeande.  1890
When that sche came nere the place,
The bellys range thorow godyr grace,
   Wythowten helpe of hande.
Of seynt Hyllary the churche ys,
The twenty day of yowle y wys,
   As ye may understande.
They lokyd and sawe no leyving wyght,
But the lady fayre and bryght
   Can in the cloystur stande.

The abbas be the honde hur toke,
Andd ladd hur forthe, so seyth the boke,
   Sche was reddy for ronne.
Sche knelyd downe before the crosse,
And looveyd god wyth mylde voyce,
   That sche was thedur wonne.
They askyd hur yf sehe had ony fere.
Sche seyde, Nay, now noon here
   Leveyng undur the sonne.
Sche askyd an hows for charytè,
They broght an habyte to that fre,
   And there sche was made nonne.  1910

The lady that was bothe gode and feyre,
Dwellyd as nonne in Beverfayre,
   Loveyng god of hys loone,
And hys modur, Mary bryght,
That safe and sownde broght her ryght
   Unto the roche of stone.
A systur of the hows was seke,
Of the gowte, and odur eyyle eke,
Sche myght not speke nor goon;
Florence vysyted hur on a day,
And helyd hur or sche went away,
Sche wolde ther had wytten thereof none.

The abbas, and odur nonnes by,
Tolde hyt full openlye,
That hyt was so verrayc,
Ther was noon syke nor sare,
That come there the lady ware,
But they went sownde away.
The worde sprang in mony a cuntré,
And into Rome the ryche cytè,
There hur lorde in laye,
Whych had an eyyll in hys hevedd,
That all hys yoye was fro hym revedd,
Bothe be nyght and daye.

He was so tugglede in a toyle,
For he werryd on the kyng of Poyle,
And he on hym agayne;
And as he schulde hys helme aventure,
A quarell smote hym verament,
Thoroughowt bothe bonne and brayne.
The leche had helyd hyt ovr tyte,
And hyt was festurd wythowte delye,
Theryn he had grete payne;
He had levyr then all hys golde,
That he had ben undur the molde,
Or slyly had be slayne.

He calde Egrevayne hym too,
And seyde, What ys beste to do?
Myn eyyll encreseth yerne.
"Syr, at Beverfayre dwellyth a nonne,
The wyes thedur we ne conne,
But we schall spyre and lerne."
Mekyll golde wyth them they toke,
And wente forthe, so seyth the boke,
Prevely and derne;
And yyt for all ther mekyll fare,
Hyt was a grete whyle or they came thare,
Thogh all they hastyd yerne.

The emperowre toke hys yynne thereby,
Alther next the nonnery,
For there then rolde he dwelle ;
And Mylys hys brodur, that graceles sole,
Dwellyd wyth oon Gyllam of Pole,
And was woxyn a fowlie meselle.

He harde telle of that lady lele,
And thedur was comyn to seeke hys hele,
The certen sothe to telle ;
He harberde hym far therefro
All behynde men, y telle yow soo,
Hys sekenes was so selle ;

And Machary was comyn als,
Agenste the lady that was so false,
That slewe Betres and put hyt hur too.
God had sende on hym a wrake,
That in the palsyne can he schake,
And was crompylde and crokyd therto.

He had geten syr Tyrry thedur,
And hys wyfe bothe togedur,
Dame Egiantyne hyght schoo,
The holy nonne for to praye,
For to hele hym and sche maye,
That oght sche evyll to doo.

Syr Tyrrye the chastlayne
Harbarde the emperowre full gaync,
On the todur syde of the strete ;
And the marynere that hur boght,
That wolde have had hur hys leman to a wroght,
That on the ore can flete,
He came thedur wyth an evyll
Hyppyng on two stavys lyke the devyll,
Wyth woundys wanne and wete ;
And Clarebalde, that was the thefe,
Came wyth an evyll that dud hym grefe ;
Thes four there all can meete.
The emperowre to the church went,
To here a masse in gode entent,
   Hende, as ye may here;
When that the masse was done,
The abbys came and haylesyd hym soone,
   On hur beste manere,
The emperowre seyde, Well thou bee,
The holy nonne wolde y see,
   That makyth the syke thus fere;
An evyll in my hedd smetyn ys,
That y have loste all odur blys;
   They sente after that clere.

At hur preyers there as sche ware,
When sche sawe hur owne lorde thare,
   Sche knewe hym wele ynoghe:
So dud he hur he wolde not so saye,
Abowte the cloystur goon are thay,
   Spekynge of hys woghe.
Then was sche warre of the four thare,
That had kyndylde all hur care,
   Nere to them sche droge.
They knew hur not be no kyna thynge,
Thereof thankyd sche hevyn kynge,
   And lyghtly at them loghe.

Mylys that hur aweye ledd,
He was the fowlest mesell bredd,
   Of pokkys and bleynes bloo;
And Machary, that wolde hur have slayne,
He stode schakynge, the sothe to sayne,
   Crokyd and crachyd thertoo.
The maryner, that wolde have layne hur by,
Hys yen stode owte a strote for thy,
   Hys lymmes were roton hym froo.
They put Clarebalde in a whelebarowe,
That strond thefc, be strelys narowe,
   Had no fote on to goo.

Sche seyde, Ye that wyll be hale,
And holly broght owt of yowre bale
   Of that ye are ynne,
Ye must schryve yow openly;
And that wyth a full lowde crye,
To all that be here bothe more and mynne.
That they thoght full lothe to doo,
Mylys seyde, Syth hyt muste be soo,
Soone schall y begynne.
I lykyd never wele, day nor nyght,
Syth y ledd awey a lady bryght,
From kythe and all hur kynne.

Then he seyde to them verament,
How he the lady wolde have schent,
And tolde them to the laste;
And that he wolde have be emperowre,
And weddyd the lady whyte as flowre,
And all hys false caste;
And sythe awey he can hur lede,
“For y wolde have refte fro hur hur maydynhede,
That sche defendyd faste.
I had never wyth hur to doo,
For y myght not wynne hur to,
But clene fro me sche pastey:

And sythyn he tolde them of the barley bredd,
And how he brent the armyte to dedd,
And hangyd hur up be the hare:
“Then y sye men and howndys bathe,
And to the wode y went for wrathe.”
There Tyrry gaf answare:
Then came y and toke hur downe,
And hur wyth me unto the towne,
And that rewyd me full sare;
Sche slewe Betres my doghter schene,
That schulde my ryght heyre have bene,
And yyt let y hur fare.

For she was so bryght of blee,
And so semely on to see,
Therfore let y hur goo.
Then Machary, for he muste nede,
“Sche dyd me oonyys an eyyll dede,
My harte was wondur thoo.
When y wolde have leyn hur by,
My for teth smeote sche owt for thy,
That wakenyd all my woo;
I slewe Betres wyth a knyfe,
For y wolde sche had loste hur lyfe,
Trewly hyt was soo."

Thou Tyrry farde as he wolde wede,
And seyde, False traytur, dyd thou that dede?
Then wepyd dame Egiantyne,
And seyde, Allas that we came here,
Thys false traytur for to fere,
That wroght us all thys pyne.
Yyt y am warse for that feyre maye
That was so unfrendely flumed away,
And was gyltes therynne.
Clarebalde seyde, Sche came be me,
I stode undur a galowe tree,
And a rope abowte hals myne;

Fro the galowse sche borrowed me,
For y schulde hur knave have bee,
And serve hur to hur paye.
We were togedur but oon nyght,
At the see y solde that bryght,
On the seconde day.
Then spake the marynere that hur boght,
When y wolde hur to wyfe have wroght
Soone sche seyde me naye;
Sche brake my schypp wyth a tempeste,
Sche fletyd sowthc and y north-westc,
And syth ye sawe y never that maye.

Upon an ore to londe y wanne,
And ever syth have be a drery man,
And nevyr had happe to hele;
And syth y have be in sorowe and syte,
Me thynkyth we four be in febull plyte,
That cawsyd hur to wante hur wylle.
She handylde them wyth hur hande,
Then were they hoole, y understande,
And odur folke full feele.
Hur own lorde, alther laste,  
The venom owt of hys hedd braste,  
    Thus can sche wyth them dele;  

The venome braste owt of hys ere.  
He seyde, Y fynd yow four in fere.  
    Hys hertime was full throo.  
He made to make a grete fyre,  
And caste them yn wyth all ther tyre,  
    Then was the lady woo.  
The emperowre took dame Eglantyne,  
Tyrrye, and Florence, feyre and fyne,  
    And to the halle can goo,  
They looveyd god, lesse and more,  
That they had fownde the lady thore,  
    That longe had be them froo.

Such a feste as there was oon,  
In that lande was never noon,  
    They gaf the nonnes rente,  
And all ther golde, wythowt lesynge,  
But unnethys that that myght them home brynge,  
    And thankyd them for that gente.  
Florence seyde, Syr, wyth yowre leewe,  
Tyrrye some thynge muste yow geve,  
    That me my lyfe hath lente.  
He gaf hym the cyté of Florawnce.  
And bad hym holde hyt wythout dystawncce:  
    They toke ther leve and wente.

Tyrrye wente home to hys cuntré,  
And the Emperowr to Rome hys ryche cyté,  
    As faste as evyr they maye.  
When the pope harde telle of ther comynge,  
He went agayne them wythowt lesynge,  
    In full ryall arraye.  
Cardynals were somned be ther names,  
And come syngyn *Te deum laudamus*,  
    The certen sothe to saye;  
They loovyd god bothe more and lesse,  
That they had getyn the emperes,  
    That longe had been awaye.
Soche a brydale as there was oon
In that lande was nevyr noon,
    To wytt wythowten wene;
There was grete myrthe of mynstrals stevyn,
And nobull gyffys also gevyn,
    Bothe golde and robys schene;
Soone aftur, on the sowertenyth day,
They toke ther leve and went ther way,
    And thankyd kyng and quene.
They loovyd god wyth myght and mayne
That the lady was comyn agayne,
    And kept hur chaste and clene.

They gate a chylde the furste nyght,
A sone that syr Otes hyght,
    As the boke makyth mynde;
A nobull knyght, and stronge in stowre,
That after hym was emperowre,
    As hyt was full gode kynde,
Then the emperowre and hys wyfe,
In yoye and blysse they lad ther lyfe,
    That were comyn of gentyl strynde.
Pope Symonde thys story wraate,
In the cronyklys of Rome ys the date,
    Who sekyth there he may hyt fynde.*

For thy schulde men and women als
Them bethynke or they be false,
    Hyt makyth so fow'e an ende.
Be hyt nevyr so slylye caste,
Ytt hyt schamyte the maystyr at the laste,
    In what londe that ever they lende.

* In the introductory note to this quaint romance, Ritson ascribes the original manuscript, which is in the University Library of Cambridge, to the reign of Edward VI. I feel great diffidence in venturing an opinion at variance with so learned an authority's;—still, I cannot help antedating the manuscript full fifty years. The orthography too, I contend, supports my hypothesis. I must acknowledge, however, that of several learned friends whom I have consulted, one half were of my way of thinking, while the remainder inclined to Ritson's view. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"—E. G.
I meene be thes four fekyll.
That harmed feyre Florence so mykyll,
The trewest that men kende:
And thus endyth thys romance gode.
Jhesu, that boght us on the rode,
Unto hys blysse us sende.
THE ERLE OF TOLOUS.

This romance is printed from a transcript made for the editor by his amiable and accomplished friend the late John Baynes, from the MS. in the public library of the university of Cambridge already described. There is another copy of it in the Ashmolean museum (45, 4to), of which Dr. Percy got a transcript, and a third (imperfect) in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. This last is entitled as follows: "Here begynnes the romance of Dyo­
clecyan the emperour, and the erle Berade of Tholous, and of the emprice Beaulillione;" and commences, unmetrically,

"Jhu Criste god and lorde in trynyte."

No French original is known: the Roman de Dicletien (as it is occasionally called) being that of The seven wise masters of Rome: neither has the story itself been met with, though incidents of a similar nature are not uncommon.

Warton thinks he has "seen some evidence to prove, that Chestre [the author of Sir Launfal] was also the author of the metrical romance called The erle of Tholouse. (H. E. P. II, 103): it is a pity he could not recollect where or what, as no one, it is believed, has been equally fortunate.
THE ERLE OF TOLOUS.

Jhesu Criste, yn trynyte,
Oonly god and persons thre,
Graunt us wele to spede,
And gyf us grace so to do,
That we may come thy blys unto,
On rode as thou can blede!
Leve lordys, y schall you telle,
Of a tale some tyme befelle,
Farre yn unkowthe lede;
How a lady had grete myschefe,
And how sche covyrd of hur grefe;
Y pray you take hede.

Some tyme ther was in Almayn
An emperrour of moche mayn,
Syr Dyaclysyon he hyght;
He was a bolde man and a stowte,
All Crystendome of hym had dowte,
So stronge he was yn fyght.
He dysheryted many a man,
And falsely ther londys wan.
Wyth maystry and wyth myght;
Tyll hyt be felle, upon a day,
A warre wakenyd, as y yow say,
Betwene hym and a knyght;

The erle of Tollous, syr Barnard,
The emperrour wyth hym was hardc,
And gretly was hys foo;
He had rafte owt of hys honde
Thre hundurd poundys worth be yere of londe,
Therfore hys herte was woo.
He was an hardy man and a stronge,
And sawe the emperrour dyd hym wronge,
And other men also;
He ordeyned hym for batayle,
Into the emperours londe saunfayle,
And there he began to brenne and sloo.
Thys emperour had a wyfe,
The fayrest oon that evyr bare lyfe,
   Save Mary mekyll of myght;
And therto gode in all thynge,
Of almesdede and gode berynge,
   Be day, and eke by nyght.
Of hyr body sche was trewe,
As evyr was lady that men knewe,
   And therto moost bryght;
To the emperour sche can say,
My dere lorde, y you pray,
   Delyvyr the erle hys ryght.

Dame, he scyde, let that bee,
That day schalt thou nevyr see,
   Yf y may ryde on ryght;
That he schall have hys londe agayne,
Ryrste schall y breke hys brayne,
   Os y am trewe knyght.
He warryth faste on my londe,
I schall be redy at hys honde,
   Wythyn thys sowretenyght.
He sent abowte every whare
That all men schulde make them yare,
   Agayne the erle to fyght.

He let crye in every syde,
Thorow hys londe ferre and wyde,
   Bothe in felde and town,
All that myght wepon bere,
Sworde, alablast, schyld, or spere,
   They schoulde be redy bowne.
The erle on hys syde also,
Wyth forty thousand and moo,
   Wyth spere and schyld e browne.
A day of batayle there was sett,
In felde when they togedur mett,
   Was crakydd many a crowne.

The emperour had bataylys sevyn,
He spake to them wyth sterne stevyn,
   And sayde, so mote he thrywe,
Be ye now redy for to fyght,
Go ye and bete them downe ryght,
And leeveth non on lyve.

Loke that none raunsomyd bee,
Nothyrr for golde ne for fee,

But sle them wyth swerde and knyfe:
For all his boste he faylyd yyt,
The erle manly hym mett,

Wyth strokys goode and ryc.

They reryd batayle on every syde,
Bodely * togedur can they ryde,
Wyth schylde and many a spere:
They leyde on faste, as they were wode,
Wyth swerdys and axes that were gode,

Full hedeous hyt was to here.

There were schyldys and schaftys schakydd,
Hedyss thorogh helmys crakydd,
And hawberkys all to tere;

The erle hymselfe an axe drowe,
An hundurd men that day he slowe,

So wyght he was yn were.

Many a stede there stekyd was,
Many a bolde baron in that place
Lay burland yn hys own blode;†
So moche blode there was spylte
That the feld was ovyrr hylte,
Os hyt were were a flode.

Many a wyfe may sytt and wepe,
That was wonte soffe to slepe,
And now can they no gode;

Many a body and many a hevyd,
Many a doghyt knyght there was levyd,

That was wyld and wode.

The erle of Tollous wan the feld,  
The emperour stode and behelde,

Wele faste can he flee,
To a castell there besyde,
Fayne he was hys hedd to hyde,
And wyth hym erlys thre:

* Conjectural emendation—Boldely.
† Conjectural emendation—Hys blode.
No moo forsothe scapyd away,
But they were slayn and takyn that day,
   Hyt myght non othyr bee;
The erle tyll nyght folowed the chace,
And sythen he thanked god of hys grace,
   That syttyth in trynytè.

There were slayne in that batayle,
Syxty thousand wythowte sayle, *
   On the emperours syde;
Ther was takyn thre hundurd and fyfty,
Of grete lordys sekyryl,
   Wyth woundys grymly wyde.
On the erlys syde ther wer slayne,
But twenty, sothely to sayne, *
   So boldely they can abyde;
Soche grace god hym sende,
That false quarell cometh to evell ende, *
   For oght that may betyde.

Now the emperour ys full woo,
He hath loste men and londe also,
   Sore then syghed hee;
He sware, be hym that dyed on rode,
Mete nor drynke schulde do hym no gode
   Or he vengedd bee.
The emperes seyde, Gode lorde,
Hyt ys better ye be acorde,
   Be oght that y can see;
Hyt ys grete parell, sothe to telle,
To be agayne the ryght quarell,
   Be god thus thynketh me.

Dame, seyde the emperoure,
Y have a grete dyshonoure,
   Therfore myn herte ys woo;
My lordys be takyn, and some dede,
   Therfore carefull ys my rede,
Sorowe nye wyll me sloo.
Then seyde dame Beulybon,
Syr, y rede, be seynt John,
   Of warre that ye hoo;
Ye have the wronge, and he the ryght,
And that ye may see in syght,
    Be thys and othyr moo.

The emperour was evyll payde,
Hyt was sothe the lady sayde,
    Therfore hym lykyd ylle ;
He wente awey, and syghed sore,
Oon worde spake he no more,
    But held hym wonder stylle.
Leve we now the emperour in thoght,
Game ne gle lyked hym noght,
    So grety can he grylle,
And to the erle turne we agayn,
That thankyd god wyth all hys mayn,
    That grace had sende hym tylle.

The erle Barnard of Tollous,
Had fele men chyvalrous
    Takyn to hys preson,
Moche gode of them he hadd,
Y can not tell, so god me gladd,
    So grete was ther raunsome.
Among them had he oon
Was grettest of them everychon,
    A lorde of many a town,
Syr Trylabas of Turky,
The emperour hym lovyn sekurly,
    A man of grete renowne.

So hyt befelle upon a day
The erle and he went to play,
    Be a rever syde,
The erle seyde to Trylabas,
Tell me, syr, for goddys grace,
    Of a thynge that spryngyth wyde ;
That youre emperour hath a wyfe,
The fayrest woman that is on lyfe,
    Of hewe and eke of hyde :
Y swere by boke and by belle,
Yf sche be so feyre as men telle,
    Mekyll may be hys pryde.
Then sayde that lord anon ryght,
Be the ordre y bere of knyght,
The sothe y schall telle the,
To seeke the worlde more and lesse,
Bothe crystendome and hethynnesse,
Ther ys none so bryght of blee:
Whyte as snowe ys hur coulore,
Hur rudde ys radder then the rose flour,
Yn syght who may hur see;
All men that evyr god wroght
Myght not thynke nor caste in thoght
A fayrer for to bee.

Then seyde the erle, Be goddes grace
Thys worde in mornynge me mas,
Thou seyest sche ys so bryght;
Thy raunsom here y the forgyve,
My helpe my love whyll y leve,
Therto my trowthe y plyght,
So that thou wylt brynge me
Yn safe garde for to bee
Of hur to have a syght,
An hundurd pownde wyth grete honoure,
To bye the horses and ryche armoure,
Os y am trewe knyght.

Than answeryd syr Trylabas,
Yn that covenaunt in thys place
My trowthe y plyght thee,
Y schall holde thy forward gode,
To brynge the, wyth mylde mode,
Yn syght hur for to see;
And therto wyll y kepe coussayle,
And never more, wythowte sayle,
Agayne yow to bee;
Y schall be trewe, be goddys ore,
To lose myn own lyfe therfore,
Hardely tryste to mee.

The erle answeryd wyth wordys hende,
Y tryste to the as to my frenede,
Wythowte any stryfe;
Anon that [we] were buskyd yare,
On owre jurney for to fare,
    For to see that wyfe.
Y swere be god and seynt Andrewe,
Yf hyt be so y fynde the trewe
    Ryches schall be to the ryfe,
They lettyd nothyr for wynde nor wedur,
But forthe they wente bothe togedur,
    Wythowte any stryfe.

These knyghtes never stynte nor blanne
Tyll to the cýté that they wan,
    There the emperes was ynne,
The erle hymselfe for more drede
Cladd hym in armytes weder,
    Thogh he were of ryche kynne;
For he wolde not knownen bee,
He dwellyd there dayes three,
    Aud rested hym in hys ynne.
The knyght bethoght hym on a day
The gode erle to betray
    Falsely he can begynne.

Anone he went in a rese
To chaumbur to the emperes,
    And seth hym on hys knee;
He seyde, Be hym that harowed helle,
He kepe yow fro all parelle,
    Yf that hys wylle bee.
Madam, he seyde, be Jhesus,
Y have the erle of Tollous,
    Our moost enemye ys hee.
Yn what manere, the lady can say,
Ys he comyn ? y the pray,
    Anone telle thou me.

“Madam, y was in hys preson,
He hate forgevyn me my raunson,
    Be god full of myght ;
And all ys for the love of the,
The sothe ys he longyth yow to see,
    Madam, onys in syght.
An hundurd pownde y have to mede,
And armour for a nobull stede;
   For sothe y have hym hyght,
That he schall see yow at hys fylle,
Ryght at hys owne wylle,
   Ther to my trowthe y plyght.

Lady, he ys to us a foo,
Therfore y rede that we hym sloo,
   He hath done us grete grylle."
The lady seyde, So mut y goo,
Thy soule ys loste yf thou do so,
   Thy trowthe thou schalt fulfylle.
Sythe he forgaf the thy raunsom,
And lowseydd the owt of prison,
   Do away thy wyckyd wylle;

To-morne, when they rynge the mas-belle,
Brynge hym into my chapelle,
   And thykke thou on no false slouthe.
There schall he see me at hys wylle.
Thy covenaunt to fulfylle,
   Y rede the holde thy trowthe.
Certys, yf thou hym begyle,
Thy soule ys in grete peryle,
   Syn thou hast made hym othe;
Certys hyt were a traytory,
For to wayte hym velany,
   Me thynkyth hyt were rowthe.

The knyght to the erle wente,
Yn herte he helde hym soule schente,
   For hys wyckyd thoght;
He seyde, Syr, so mote y the,
To-morne thou schalt my lady see,
   Therfore dysmay the noght.
When ye here the mas-belle,
Y schall hur brynge to the chapelle,
   Thedur sche schall be broght.
Be the oryall-syde stonde thou stylle,
Then schalt thou see hur at thy wylle,
   That ys so worthyly wroght.
The erle seyde, Y holde the trewe,
And that schall the nevr rewe,
   As farre forthe as Y may.
Yn hys herte he waxe gladd,
Fylle the wyne, wyghtly he badd,
   Thys goyth to my pay.
There be restyd that nyght,
On the morne he can hym dyght,
   Yn armytes array;
When they ronge to the masse,
To the chapell conne they passe,
   To see that lady gay.

They had stonden but a whyle,
The mowntaunse of halfe a myle,
   Then came that lady free;
Two erlys hur ladd,
Wondur rychely sche was cladd,
   In gold and ryche perrè.
Whan the erle sawe hur in syght,
Hym thoght sche was as bryght
   Os blossom on the tree:
Of all the syghtys that ever he sye
Raysyd never none hys herte so hye,
   Sche was so bryght of blee.

Sche stode stylle in that place,
And schewed opynly hur face,
   For love of that knyght;
He behelde yuly hur face,
He sware there, be goddys grace,
   He sawe never none so bryght.
Hur eyen were gray as any glas,
Mowthe and nose schapen was
   At all maner ryght;
Fro the forhedd to the too,
Bettur schapen myght non goo,
   Nor none semelyer yn syght.

Twyes sche turnyd hur abowte,
Betwene the erlys that were stowte,
   For the erle schulde hur see;
When sche spake wyth mylde stevyn,
Sche semyd an aungell of hevyn,
So feyre sche was of blee.

Hur syde longe, hur myddyll small,
Schouldurs, armes, therwythall,
Fayrer myght non bee;
Hur hondys whyte as whallys bonne*
Wyth fyngurs longe and ryngys upon
Hur nayles bryght of blee.

When he had beholden hur welle,
The lady wente to hur chapell
Masse for to here;
The erle stode on that odur syde,
Hys eyen fro hur myght he not hyde
So lovely sche was of chere.
He seyde, Lorde god, full of myght,
Leve y were so worthy a knyght
That y myght be hur fere;
And that she no husbonde hadd,
All the golde that evyr god made
To me were not so dere.

When the masse come to ende,
The lady, that was feyre and hende,
To the chaumbur can sche fare;

* This allusion is not to what we now call whalebone, which is well known to be black, but to the ivory of the horn or tooth of the Narwhal, or sea-unicorn, which seems to have been mistaken for the whale. The simile is a remarkable favourite:
Thus, in Syr Eglamour of Artoys:—

"The erle had no chylde but one,
A mayden as white as whale's bone."

Again, in Syr Isembra:—

"His wyfe as white as whale's bone."

Again, in The Squyr of lowe degree:—

"Lady as white as whale's bone."

It even occurs in Skelton's and Surrey's Poems, and, what is still more extraordinary, in Spenser's Fairie Queen, and Shakspeare's Love's Labour Lost (if, in fact, that part of it ever received the illuminating touch of our great dramatist). Steevens, in his note on the last instance, observes that whale "is the Saxon genitive case," meaning that it requires to be pronounced a sa dissylable (thus, whale's, or, more properly, whales'), which it certainly is in every instance.
The erle syghed, and was full woo,
Owt of hys syght when sche schulde goo,
   Hys mornyng was the mare.
The erle seyde, So god me save,
Of hur almes he wolde crave,
   Yf hur wylle ware;
Myght y gete of that free
Eche a day hur to see,
   Hyt wolde covyr me of my care.

The erle knelyd down anon ryght,
   And askyd gode for god allmyght,
That dyed on the tree,
The emperes callyd a knyght:
Fourty floranse, that ben bryght,
   Anone brynge thou mee.
To that armyte sche hyt payde,
Of on hyr fyngyr a rynge she layde
   Amonge that golde so free;
He thankyd hur ofte, as y yow say,
To the chaumbyr wente that lady gay,
   There hur was leveste to bee.

The erle went home to hys yynys,
And grete yoye he begynnys.
   When he founde the rynge;
Yn hys herte he waxe blythe,
And kyssyd hyt fele sythe,
   And seyde, My dere derlynge,
On thy fyngyr thys was,
Wele ys me y have thy grace,
   Of the to have thys rynge;
Yf evyr y gete grace of the quene,
That any love betwene us bene,
   Thys may be oure tokenyng.

The erle, al so soone os hyt was day
Toke hys leve, and wenete hys way,
   Home to hys cuntrè;
Syr Trylabas he thanked faste,
Of thys dede thou done me haste,
   Well qwyt schall hyt bee.
They kyssyd togedur as gode frende,
Syr Trylabas home can wende,
    There evell mote he thee!
A traytory he thought to doo,
Yf he myght come thertoo,
    So schrewde in herte was hee.

Anon he callyd two knyghtys,
Hardy men at all syghtys,
    Bothe were of hys kynne ;
Syr, he sayde, wythowt fayle,
Yf ye wyl do be my counsayle,
    Grete worschyp schulde ye wynne.
Knowe ye the erle of Tollous?
Moche harme he hath done us,
    Hys boste y rede we blynne ;
Yf ye wyl do aftur my redd,
Thys day he schall be dedd,
    So god me save fro synne.

That oon knyght Kamiters, that odur Kaym
Falser men myght no man rayme,
    Certys then were thoo ;
Syr Trylabas was the thrydde,
Hyt was no mystur them to bydd
    Aftur the erle to goo.
At a brygge they hym met,
Wyth harde strokes they hym besett,
    As men that were hys foo ;
The erle was a man of mayn,
Faste he faghth them agayne,
    And soon he slew twoo.

The thrydd fledd, and blewe out faste,
The erle ovyrtoke hym at the laste,
    Hys hedd he close in three ;
The cuntry gedyrd abowte hym faste,
And aftur hym yorne they chaste,
    An hundurd there men myght see.
The erle of them was agaste,
At the laste fro them he paste,
    Fayne he was to flee ;
From them he went into a waste,
To reste hym there he toke hys caste,
A wery man was hee.

All the nyght in that foreste
The gehtyll erle toke hys reste,
He had no nodur woon;
When hyt dawed he rose up soone,
And thankyd god that syttlyth in trone,
That he had scapyd hys soon.
That day he trayvayld many a myle,
And ofte he was in grete parylle,
Be the way os he can gone,
Tyll he come to [a] sayre castell,
There hym was levyst to dwelle,
Was made of lyme and stone.

Of hys comyng, hys men were gladd,
Be ye mery, my men, he badd,
For nothyng ye spare;
The emperour, wythowte lees,
Y trowe wyll let us be in pees,
And warre on us no mare.
Thus dwellyd the erle in that place,
Wyth game myrthe and grete solase,
Ryght os hym levyst ware.
Let we now the erle alloon,
And speke we of dame Beulyboon,
How sche was caste in care.

The emperour lovyd hys wyfe,
Al so moche os hys own lyfe,
And more yf he myght;
He chose two knyghtys that were hym dere,
Whedur that he were ferre or nere,
To kepe hur day and nyght.
That oon hys love on hur caste,
So dud the todur at the laste,
Sche was feyre and bryght;
Nothyry of othryr wyste ryght noght,
So derne love on them wroght,
To dethe they were nere dyght.
Metrical Romances.

So hyt befelle upon a day
That oon can to that othyr say,
Syr, al so muste y thee,
Methynkyth thou fadyst all away,
Os man that ys clongyn in clay,
So pale waxeth thy blee.
Then seyde that other, Y make a vowe,
Ryght so methynkyth fareste thou,
Why so evyr hyt bee;
Telle me thy cause, why hyt ys,
And y schall telle the myn, y wys,
My trouthe y plyght to thee.

Y graunte, he seyde, wythowt fayle,
But loke hyt be trewe counsayle.
Therto hys trowthe he plyght.
He seyde, My lady the emperes,
For love of hur y am in grete dystresse,
To dethe hyt wyll me dyght.
Then seyde the othyr, Certenly,
Wythowte drede, so fare y
For that lady bryght;
Syn owre love ys on hur sett,
How myght owre bale beste be bett?
Canste thou rede on ryght?

Then seyde that othyr, be seynt John,
Bettur counsayle can y noon
Methynkyth then is thys;
Y rede that oon of us twoo
Prevely to hur goo,
And pray hur of hur blys;
Y myselfe wyll go hur tylle,
Yn case y may gete hur wylle,
Of myrthe schalt thou not mys;
Thou schalt take us wyth the dede,*
Leste thou us wrye sche wyll drede,
And graunte thy wylle, y wys.

*That is, with the manner (a law-phrase, cum manu opere, ovesque le main aewere), flagrante delito, or in the very act, and, in what the Scots called, in respect of their deer-stealers, the reid, or bluido, hand.
Thus they were at oon ascent,
Thys false these forthe wente,
To wytt the lades wylle;
Yn chaumyr he founde hyr so free,
He sett hym downe on hys knee,
Hys purpose to fulsylle.
Than spake that lady free,
Syr, y see now well be the,
Thou hast not all thy wylle;
On thy sekenes now y see,
Tell me now thy prevytè,
Why thou mornyst so stylle.

Lady, he seyde, that durste y noght,
For all the gode that evyr was wroght,
Be grete god invysybylle;
But on a booke yf ye wyll swere
That ye schull not me dyskere,
Then were hyt possybyll.
Then seyde the lady, How may that bee,
That thou durste not tryste to mee?
Hyt ys full orybylle:
Here my trowthe to the y plyght,
Y schall heyle the day and nyght,
Al so trewe as boke or belle.

“Lady, in yow ys all my tryste,
Inwardely y wolde ye wyste,
What payne y suffir you fore;
Y drowpe, y dare, nyght and day,
My wele, my wytt, ys all away,
But ye lene on my lore.
Y have yow lovyd many a day,
But to yow durste y nevyr say,
My mornynge ys the more;
But ye do aftur my rede,
Certenly y am but deede,
Of my lyfe ys no store.”

Than answeryd that lovely lyfe,
Syr, wele thou wottyst y am a wyfe,
My lorde ys emperoure,
He chase the for a trewe knyght,
To kepe me bothe day and nyght,
    Undur thy socowre.
To do that dede yf y assente
Y were worthy to be brente,
    And broght in grete doloure;
Thou art a traytour in thy sawe,
Worthy to be hanged and to-drawe,
    Be Mary that sweete floure.

A, madam, seyde the knyght,
For the love of god almyght,
    Hereon take no hede,
Yn me ye may full wele tryste ay,
Y dus nothyng but yow to affray,
    Al so god me sped.
Thynke, madam, your trowth ye plyght,
To holde counsayle, bothe day and nyght,
    Fully wythowte drede;
Y ask mercy for goddy's ore,
Hereof yf y carpe more
    Let drawe me wyth a stede.

The lady seyde, Y the forgeve,
Al so longe os y leve,
    Counsayle schall hyt bee;
Loke thou be a trewe man,
In all thyng that thou can,
    To my lorde so'free.
"Ys, lady, ellys dyd y wronge,
For y have servyd hym longe,
    And wele he hath qwytte mee."
Here of speake he no mare,
But to hys felowe can he fare,
    There evyll must they the.

Thus to hys felowe ys he gon,
And he hym frayned anon,
    Syr, how haste thou spedd?
Ryght noght, seyde that othyr,
Syth y was borne, lefe brothyr,
    Was y neyvr so adredd.


Certys hyt ys a boteles bale
To hur to touche soche a tale,
At borde or at bedde.
Then sayde that odur, Thy wytt ys thynne,
Y myselfe schall hur wynne,
Y lay my hedd to wedde.

Thus hyt passyd ovyr, os y you say,
Tyl aftur, on the thrydde day,
Thys knyght hym bethoght,
Certys, spede os y may,
My ladyes wylle that ys so gay,
Hyt schalle be thorowly soght.
When he sawe hur in beste mode,
Sore syghyng to hur he yode,
Of lyfe os he ne roght :
Lady, he sayde, wythowte sayle,
But ye helpe me wyth yowre counsayle,
Yn bale am y broght.

Sche answeryd full curtesyly,
My counsayle schall be redy,
Telle me how hyt ys.
When y wott worde and ende,
Yf my counsayle may hyt mende,
Hyt schall, so have y blysse.
Lady, he sayde, y undurstonde
Ye muste holde up yowre honde
To holde counsayle, y wys.
Yys, sayde the lady free,
Therato my trouthe here to the,
And ellys y dude amys.

Madam, he sayde, now y am in tryste,
All my lyfe thogh ye wyste,
Ye wolde me not dyskere ;
For you y am in so grete thoght,
Yn moche bale y am broght,
Wythowte othe y swere :
And ye may full wele see
How pale y am of blee,
Y dye nere for dere ;

* Original reading : dyskovere.
Dere lady, graunt me youre love,
For the love of god that sytteteth above,
That stongen was wyth a spere.

Syr, sche seyde, ys that youre wylle?
Yf hyt were myne then dyd y ylle;
What woman holdyst thou me?
Yn thy kepeyn g have ben,
What haste thou herde be me or sene
That touchyth to any velanye?
That thou in herte art so bolde,
Os y were a hore, or a scolde:
Nay that schall nevyr bee.
Had y not hyght to holde counsayle,
Thou schouldest be honged, wythowt fayle,
Upon a galowe-tree.

The knyght was never so sore aferde,
Syth he was borne in myddylerd,
Certys os he was thoo:
Mercy, he seyde, gode madam!
Wele y wott y am to blame,
Therefore myn herte ys woo;
Lady, let me not be spylte,
Y aske mercy of my gylte,
On lyve ye let me goo.
The lady seyde, Y graunte wele
Hyt schall be counsayle every dele,
But do no more soo.

Now the knyght forthe yede,
And seyde, Felowe, y may not spede,
What ys thy beste redd?
Yf sche telle my lorde of thys,
We be but dedd, so have y blys,
Wyth hym be we not fedd:
Womans tongue ys evell to tryste,
Certys and my lorde hyt wyster,
Etyn were all owre bredd.
Felow, so mote y ryde or goo,
Or sche wayte us wyth that woo,
Hur selfe schall be dedd.
How myght that be? that othur sayde,
Yn herte y wolde be wele payde,
    Myght we do that dede.
Yys, syr, he seyde, so have y roo,
Y schall brynge hur wele therto,
    Therof have thou no drede ;
Or hyt passe dayes three
In mekyll sorowe schall schec bee,
    Thus y schall qwyte hur hur mede. 690
Now are they bothe at oon assente,
Ín sorow to brynge that lady gente ;
    The devell mote them spede !

Sone hyt drowe toward nyght,
To soper they can them dyght.
    The emperes and they all.
The two knyghtys grete yapys made,
For to make the lady glade,
    That was bothe gentyll and small ;
When the soper-tyme was done,
To the chaumbyr they went soone,
    Knyghtys cladd in palle.
They daunsed and revelyd os they noght dreed
To brynge the lady to hur bedde,
    There soule must them sall.

That oon these callyd a knyght,
That was carver to that lady bryght,
    An erleys sone was hee,
He was a feyre chylde, and a bolde,
Twenty wyntur he was oolde,
    In londe was none so free.
"Syr, wylt thou do os we the say ?
And we schall ordeygne us a play,
    That my lady may see ;
Thou schalt make hur to lagh soo,
Thogh sche were gretly thy foo,
    Thy frende schuld sche bee."

The chylde answeryd anon ryght,
Be the ordur y bere of knyght,
    Therof wolde y be rayne ; 720
Metrical Romances.

And hyt wolde my lady plese,
Thogh hyt wolde me dysese,
    To renne yn wynde and rayne.
"Syr, make the naked, save thy breke,
And behynde the yondur curtayn thou crepe,
    And do os y schall sayne ;
Then schalt thou see a yoly play."
Y graunte, thys yong knyght can say,
    Be god and seynt Jermayne.

Thys chylde thoght on no ylle,
    Of he caste hys clothys stylle,
    And behynde the curtayn he went ;
They seyde to hym, what so befalle,
    Come not owt tyll wee thee calle ;
    And he seyde, Syrs, y assente.
They revelyd forthe a grete whyle,
No man wyste of ther gyle,
    Save they two veramente ;
They voyded the chaumber sone anon,
The chylde they lafte syttynge alone,
    And that lady gente.

Thys lady lay in bedd on slepe,
Of treson toke sche no kepe,
    For therof wyste sche noght ;
Thys chylde had wonder ever among
Why these knyghtys were so longe,
    He was in many a thoght :
"Lorde, mercy, how may thys bee !
Y trowe they have forgotten me
    That me hedur broght ;
Yf y them calle sche wyll be adredd,
My lady lyeth here in hur bedde,
    Be hym that all hath wroght."

Thus he sate stylle as any stone,
He durst not store, nor make no mone,
    To make the lady afryght ;
Thes false men, ay worthe them woo ?
To hur chambur can they goo,
    And armyd them full ryght.
Lordys owte of bedd can they calle,
And badd arme them grete and smalle;
"Anone that ye were dyght;
And helpe to take a false traytour,
That with my lady, in hur boure,
Hath playde hym al thys nyght."

Sone they armyd everychone,
And with these traytours can they gone,
The lordys that there wore;
To the emperes chaumber they cam ryght,
Wyth torchys and wyth swer dys bryght,
Brennyng them before.
Behynde the curtyne they wente,
The yong knyght, verrament,
Nakyd found they thore;
That oon thefe wyth a swerde of were
Thorow the body he can hym bere,
That worde spake he no more.

The lady woke, and was asryght,
Whan sche sawe the grete lyght,
Before hur beddys syde,
Sche seyde, Benedycte!
Syrs, what men be yee?
And wonder lowde sche cryedd.
Hur enemyes mysansweryd thore,
We are here, thou false hore,
Thy dedys we have aspyedd;
Thou haste betrayed my lorde,
Thou schalt have wonduryng in thys worde,
Thy los schall sprynge wyde.

The lady seyde, Be seynte John,
Hore was y nevyr none,
Nor nevyr thoghth to bee.
Thou lyest, they seyde, thy love ys lorne,
The corse they leyde hur beforne;
Lo here ys thy lemmen free:
Thus we have for the hym hytt,
Thy horedam schall be wele qwytte,
Fro us schalt thou not fle.
They bonde the lady wondyr faste,
And in a depe preson hur caste,
Grete dele hyt was to see.

Leve we now thys lady in care,
And to hur lorde wyll we fare,
That ferre was hur froo:
On a nyght, wythout lette,
In hys slepe a sveyn he mett,
The story tellethe us soo:
Hym thoght ther come two wylde berys,
And hys wyfe al to-terys,
And rofe hur body in twoo;
Hymselfe was a wytty man,
And be that dreme he hopyd than
Hys lady was in woo.

Yerly when the day was clere,
Hë bad hys men all in ferre,
Tó buske and make them yäre;
Sōmer-horsys hë let gō before,
And charcyctys stuffëd wyth stōre,
Wële twelve myle and mōre.
Hë hopud wële in hys herte
That hys wëfe was not in querë,
Hys herte thërfōre was in care;
Hë styntëd not tyll hë was dyght,
Wyth ērlës, barons, and māny a knyght,
Hōmeward can they fāre.

Nyght ne day neyvr they blānne,
Tyll tō that cytē they cāme
Thēre thē lády was ynne,
Wythōwt the cytē lōrdys them kēpyd,
For wō in herte manī oon wēpyd,
Thēre teerys myght they not blynne.
They supposyd wēle yf hē hyt wyste
That hys wyfe had seche a bryste
Hys yoye wolde bē full thynne.
They ladden stēdys tō the stall,*
And thē lōrdë into the halle,
Tō worschyp hym wyth wynne.

* Original reading: stabyll.
Anon to the chaumbur wendyth hē,
Hē longyd hys feyre lády tō sec,
   That was sō swète a wyght ;
Hē callyd them that schouldē hur kēpe,
Whēre ys mī wyfe ? ys schē on slēpe ?
   Hōw fēreth that byrde bryght ?
Thē two traytōurs answeryd anōn,
Yf yē wyste hōw schē had done,
   Tō dēthe schē schulde bē dyght.

A, devyll ! hē seyde, hōw soō ?
Tō dēthe that schē ys worthý tō gōo,
   Telle mē in what manēre.
Syr, hē seyde, bē goddys ore,
Thē yonge knyght, syr Antore,
   That was hur kervere,
Bē that lady hē hath layne,
And thērōre wē hāve him slayne,
   Wē founde them in fēre.
Schē ys in preson, verrament,
The lawe wyll that schē bē brente,
   Be god that boght us dēre.

Allas! seyde thē emperōūre,
Hath schē done mē thys dyshonoure,
   And y lovyd hur sō wēle ?
Y wende, for all thys worldys gōde
That schē wolde not hāve turned hur mōde ;
   Mī yoye begynyth tō keele. *
Hē hente a knyfe wyth all hys mayn,
Had not a knyght ben hē had hym slayn,
   And that traytōur have broght ovte of heele ;
For bale hys armes abrode hē bredd,
And fell in swowne upon hys bedd ;
   There myght men see grēte dēle.

On the morne, bē qon assent,
On hur they sett a parlyament,
   Be all the comyn rēde ;
They myght not finde in thēr counsayle,
Be no lawe, wythōwt fayle,
   Tō save hur fro the dēde.

* Original reading: *kīkē.*
Then bespake an olde knyght,
Y have wondur, be goddys myght,
   That syr Antore thus was bestedd;
In chaumbyr thogh they naked were,
They let hym gyf none answere,
   But sowe hym, be my hedd.

Thær was nevyr man, sekurly,
That be hur founde any velany,
   Save they two, y dar wêle say;
Be some hatered hyt may be,
Thêrfôre doyth astur mê,
   For my love y yow pray.
No mo wyll prove hyt but they twoq,
Thêrfôre wê may not save hur fro woø,
   For ñôthe, es y yôw say,
In hyr quarell but wê myght fynde
A man that wêre gode of kynde,
   That durst fyght agayn them tway.

All they assentyd to the sawe,
They thoght he spake reson and lawe,
   Then answeryd the kyng wyth crowne,
Fayre falle the for thyn avyse;
He callyd knyghtys of nobyll pryce,
And badd them be redy borne,
   For to crye, thorow all the londe,
Bothe be see, and be sonde,
   Yf they fynde mowne
A man that ys so moche of myght
That for that lady dar take the fyght,
   He schall have hys wareson.

Messangerys, y undurstonde,
Cryed thorow all the londe,
   In many a ryche cytê,
Yf any man durste prove hys myght,
In trewe quarell for to fyght,
   Wele avaunseed schulde he be.
The erle of Tullous harde thyss telle,
What anger the lady befelle,
   Thereof he thoght grete pytê;
Yf he wyste that sche had ryght,  
He wolde aventure hys lyfe to fyght  
    For that lady free.

For hur he morned nyght and day,  
And to hymselfe can he say  
    He wolde aventure hys lyfe:  
"Yf y may wytt that sche be trewe,  
They that have hur accused schull rewe,  
    But they stynte of ther stryfe."
The erle seyde, Be scynete John,  
Ynto Almayn wyll y goon,  
    Where y have somen ryfe;  
I prey to god full of myght,  
That y have trewe quarell to fyght,  
    Owt of wo to wynne that wyfe.

He rode on huntyng on a day,  
A marchand mett he be the way,  
    And asked hym of whens he was.  
Lorde, he seyde, of Almayn.  
Anon the erle can hym frayne  
    Of that ylke case:  
"Wherefore ys yowre emperes  
Put in so grete dystresse?  
    Telle me for god dys grace;  
Ys sche gylté, so mote thou the?"  
"Nay, be hym that dyed on tree,  
    That schope man aftur hys face."

Then seyde the erle, wythowte lett  
When ys the day sett  
    Brente that sche schulde bee?  
The marchande seyde, Sekyrlyke,  
Evyn thys day thre wyke,  
    And therfore wo ys mee.  
The erle seyde, Y schall the telle,  
Gode horsys y have to selle,  
    And stedys two or thre;  
Certys, myght y selle them yare,  
Thedur wyth the wolde y fare,  
    That syght for to see.
The marchand seyd wordys hende,
Into the londe yf ye wyll wende,
   Hyt wolde be for yowre prowre;
There way ye selle them at your wylle.
Anon the erle seyde hym tylle,
   Syr, herken me nowe;
Thys yourney wylt thou wyth me dwelle?
Twenty pownde y schall thee telle,
   To mede y make a vowe.
The marchand grauntyd anon.
The erle seyde, Be seynt John,
   Thy wylle y alowe.

The erle tolde hym in that tyde
Where he schulde hym abyde,
   And homeward wencte hee;
He busked hym that no man wysse,
For mekyll on hym was hys tryste:
   He seyde, Syr, go wyth mee.
Wyth them they toke stedy sevyn,
Ther were no fayrer* undyr hevyn,
   That any man myght see:
Into Almayn they can ryde;
As a coresur of mekyll pryde
   He semyd for to bee.

The marchand was a trewe gyde,
The erle and he togedur can ryde,
   Tyll they came to that place;
A myle besyde the castell
There the emperour can dwelle
   A ryche abbey ther was.
Of the abbot leve they gatt
To soyorne, and make ther horsys fatt;
   That was a nobyll cas:
The abbot was the ladyes eme,
For hur he was in grete wandleme,
   And moche monnyng he mase.

So hyt be felle upon a day
To church the erle toke the way,
   A masse for to here;

* Original reading: *sayre.*
He was a fayre man and an hye,
When the abbot hym sye,
  He seyde, Syr, come nere;
Syr, when the masse ys done,
Y pray yow ete wyth me at noone,
  Yf youre wylle were.
The erle grauntyd all wyth game,
Afore mete they wysche all same,
  And to mete they wente in fere.

Aftur mete, as y yow say,
Into an orchard they toke the way,
  The abbot and the knyght;
The abbot seyde, and syghed sare,
Certys, syr, y leve in care
  For a lady bryght.
Sche ys accusyd, my herte ys woo,
Therefore sche schall to dethe goo,
  All agayne the ryght;
But sche have helpe, verrament,
In fyre sche schall be brente,
  Thys day sevenyght.

The erle seyde, So have y blysse,
Of hyr methynkyth grete rewthe hyt ys,
  Trewe yf that sche bee.
The abbot seyde, Be seynte Poule,
For hur y dar ley my soule,
  That never gylte was sche;
Soche werys new sche wroght,
Neythyr in dede, nor in thoght,
  Save a rynge so free,
To the erle of Tullous sche gafe hyt wyth wynne,
Yn ese of hym, and for no synne,
  In schryfte thus tolde sche me.

The erle sayde, Syth hyt ys soo,
Cryste wreke hur of hur woo,
  That boght hur wyth hys bloode!
Wolde ye sekyr me, wythowt fayle,
For to holde trewe counsayle,
  Hyt myght be for youre gode.
The abbot seyde, be bokes fele,
And be hys professyon, that he wolde hele,
   And ellys he were wode.
"Y am he that sche gaf the rynge,
For to be oure tokenyng,
   Now heyle hyt for the rode.

Y am comyn, lefe syr,
To take the batayle for hyr,
   There to stonde wyth ryght.
But fyrste myselfe y wole hur schryve,
And yf y fynde hur clene of lyve,
   Then wyll my herte be lyght.
Let dyght me in monkys wede,
To that place that men schulde hyr lede,
   To dethe to be dyght ;
When y have schrevyn hyr wythowt fayle,
For hur y wyll take batayle,
   As y am trewe knyght."  

The abbot was never so gladd,
Nere for yoye he waxe madd,
   The erle can he kysse ;
They made meré, and slewe care,
All that sevenyght he dwellyd thare,
   Yn myrthes wythowt myss.
That day that the lady schulde be brent
The erle wyth the abbot wente,
   In monkys wede, y wys ;
To the emperour he knelyd blyve,
That he myght that lady schryve,
   Anon receyved he ys.

He examyned hur wyttyrly,
As hyt seythe [in] the story,
   Sche was wythowte gylte,
Sche seyde, Be hym that dyed on tree,
Trespas was never none in me,
   Wherefore y schulde be spylte ;
Save oonys, wythowte lesynge,
To the erle of Tollous y gafe a rynge ;
   Assoyle me yf thou wylte ;
But thus my destanye is comyn to ende,
That in thys fyre y muste be brende,
   There good wylle be fullylyt.

The erle assoyled hur wyth hys honde,
And sythen pertely he can up stonde,
   And seyde, Lordynghys pese!
Ye that have accused thys lady gente,
Ye be worthy to be brente.
   That oon knyght made a rees,
Thou carle monke, wyth all thy gynne,
Thowe youre abbot be of her kynne,
   Hur sorowe schalt thou not cees;
Ryght so thou woldest sayne,
Thowe all youre covent had be hyr layn,
   So are ye lythyryr and lees.

The erle answeryd, wyth wordys free,
Syr, that oon y trowe thou bee
   Thys lady accused has;
Thowe we be men of relygon,
Thon schalt do us but reson,
   For all the fare thou mas.
Y prove on hur thou sayst not ryght,
Lo here my glove wyth the to fyght,
   Y undyrake thys case;
Os false men y schall yow kenne,
Yn redd fyre for to brenne,
   Therto god gyl me grace.

Al that stoden in that place
Thankyd god of hys grace,
   Wythowte any fayle.
The two knyghtys were full wrothe,
He schulde be dedd they swere grete othe:
   But hyt myght not avayle.
The erle wente there-besyde,
And armyd hym wyth mekyll pryde,
   Hys enemyes to assayle;
Manly when they togedur mett,
They hewe thorow helme and basenet,
   And martyrd many a mayle.
They redyn togedur wythowt lakk,
That hys oon sperre on hym brakk,
    That othr faylyd thoo;
The erle smote hym wyth hys sperre,
Thorow the body he can hym bere,
    To grounde can he goo.
That sawe that odyr, and faste can fle,
The erle ovyrtoke hym undyr a tre,
    And wroght hym mekyll woo.
There thys traytour can hym yylde,
Os recreaunt yn the fylde,
    He myght not fle hym froo.

Before the emperour they wente,
And ther he made hym, verrament,
    To telle for the noonys;
He seyde, We thought hur to spylle,
For sche wolde not do oure wylle,
    That worthy ys in wonys.
The erle answeryd hym then,
Therfore, traytours, ye schall brenne
    Yn thys fyre, bothe at onys.
The erle anon hym hente,
And in the fyre he them brennte,
    Flesche, felle, and boonys.

When they were brennt bothe twoo,
The erle prevely can goo
    To that ryche abbaye,
Wyth yoye and processyon
They fett the lady into the towne,
    Wyth myrthe, os y telle may.
The emperoure was full gladd,
Fette me the monke, anon he badd,
    Why wente he so awaye?
A byschoperyke y wyll hym geve,
My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,
    Be god that owyth thys day.

The abbot knelyd on hys knee,
And seyde, Lorde, gone ys hee
    To hys owne londe;
He dwellyth wyth the pope of Rome, 1150
He wyll be gladd of hys come,
   Y do yow to undurstonde.
Syr, quod the emperoure,
To me hyt were a dyshonoure,
   Soche wordes y rede thou wonde;
Anone yn haste that y hym sec,
Or thou schalt nevyr have gode of me,
   And therto here myn honde.

Lorde, he seyde, sythe hyt ys soo, 1160
Aftur hym that y muste goo,
   Ye muste make me sewrte,
   Yn case he have byn youre foo,
   Ye schall not do hym no woo,
   And then, al so mote y thee,
Aftur hym y wyll wynde,
   So that ye wyll be hys frende,
   Yf youre wylle bcc.
Yys, seyde the emperoure full sayne,
All my knynge thogh he had slayne,
   He ys welcome to mee. 1170

Then spake the abbot wordys free,
Lorde, y tryste now on thee,
   Ye wyll do os ye sey;
Hyt ys syr Barnard of Tollous,
   A nobyll knyght and a chyvalrous,
   That hath done thyrs jurney.
Now certys, seyde the emperoure,
To me hyt ys grete dyshonoure;
   Anon, syr, y the pray,
Aftur hym that thou wende,
   We schall kysse and be gode frende,
   Be god that owyth thyrs day. 1180

The abbot seyde, Y assente;
Aftur the erle anon he wente,
   And seyde, Syr, go wyth mee;
My lorde and ye, be seynt John,
Schull be made bothe at oon,
   Goode frendys for to bcc.
Thereof the erle was full fayne,
The emperoure came hym agayne,
And sayde, My frende so free,
My wrath here y the forgive,
My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,
Be hym that dyed on tree.

Togedur lovely can they kysse,
Thereof all men had grete blysse,
The romautne tellyth soo;
He made hym steward of hys londe,
And sesyd agayne into hys honde
That he had rafte hym froo.
The emperoure leyvd but yerlys thre,
Be alescion of the lordys free
The erle toke they thoo,
They made hym ther emperoure,
For he was styff fe ynstoure,
To fyght agayne hys foo.

He weddyd that lady to hys wyfe,
Wyth yoye and myrthe they ladd ther lyfe,
Twenty yere and three;
Betwene them had they chylde r fyftene
Doghty knyghtys all bedene,
And semely on to see.
Yn Rome thys geste ys cronycglyd, y wys,
A lay of Bretayne callyd hyt ys,*
And evyr more schall bee.
Jhesu Cryste to hevyn us brynge,
There to have owre wonnyng :
Amen, amen, for charytee !

* See Emars, V. 103c, and the note upon that passage.
THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGREE.

This strange and whimsical, but genuine English, performance is here given from a copy in quarto and black letter, without date "Imprented at London by me Wyllyam Copland," extant among Garrick's old plays, now in the British Museum (K. vol. 9). That it was printed before 1575 is evident from Laneham's "Letter," already mention'd; and in fact, as Cope, and died in 1568, or 1569, could not be later than one of those years. It was, moreover, licensed to John Kynge, on the 10th of June 1560; and, from the apparent modernisation of the printed copy, seems of much greater antiquity. Spenser, in his "Faery quene," has introduced "The squire of lowe degree;" and, in Shakspeare's play of King Henry the Fifth, Captain Fluellan says to ancient Pistol, "You call'd me yesterday mountain squire, but i wil make you to-day a squire of lowe degre" (Act V., scene 1). These allusions prove, at least, the popularity of the poem; its age, however, cannot be easily ascertained; for though it has been thought even anterior in point of date to the time of Chaucer, it is never mentioned by any one writer before the sixteenth century; nor is it known to be extant in manuscript; and, in fact, the Museum copy is the only one that exists in print.
THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

Ir was a squyer of lowe degré *
That loved the kings daughter of Hungrè.
The squir was curteous and hend,
Ech man him loved and was his frend;
He served the kyng, her father dere,
Fully the tyme of seven yere;
For he was marshall of his hall,
And set the lords both great and smal.
An hardy man he was, and wight,
Both in batayle and in fyght;
But ever he was styll mornying,
And no map wyste for what thyng;
And all was for that lady,
The kynges daughter of Hungry.
There wyste no wyghte in Christentè
Howe welle he loved that lady fre.
He loved her more then seven yere,
Yet was he of her love never the nere.
He was not ryche of golde and fè,
A gentyll man forsoth was he.
To no man durst he make his mone,
But syghed sore hym selfe alone.
And evermore, whan he was wo,
Into his chambre would he goo;
And through the chambre he toke the waye,
Into the gardyn, that was full gaye;

* A squire was a state or condition inferior and, generally speaking, preparatory to that of a knight, upon whom the squire attended in the nature of a servant; having the care of his horse and armour, dressing and undressing him; and carving his meat and serving him with bread and wine at table. See "Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie," tome L., p. 11, &c. A most curious and interesting account of the education, employments, and progress of a page, varlet, or squire, will be found in "L'Histoire et Plaisante Cronique du Petit Jehan de Saintré," an excellent romance of the fifteenth century (Paris, 1523, 1724).
And in the garden, as i wene,
Was an arber sayre and grene,
And in the arber was a tre,
A sayrer in the world might none be;
The tre it was of cypresse,
The fyrrst tre that Jesu chese;

* Warton, who conjectures this poem to be "coeval with Chaucer," says, in a note, "From this passage, and another of the same sort, an ingenius correspondent * has taken occasion to consider Chaucer's "Rime of Sir Thopas" in a new light; and transcribes his words. "The rhyme of Sir Thopas was intended by Chaucer as a kind of burlesque on the old ballad-romances; many of which he quotes. . . . Now, in these old romances nothing is so common as impertinent digressions, containing affected enumerations of trees, birds, &c. There is a specimen of the former in an old romance, intitled 'The squyer of lowe dege'; * where it is remarkable that the author has reckoned the lily, the piance, the sother-wood, &c., as trees. With the same accuracy the pie, the popinjay, the sparrow, &c., are classed among the singing birds in the lines which immediately follow the list of trees. . . . From these lines we shall easily perceive the drift of Chaucer's humour in the following stanzas of Sir Thopas:—

There springen herbes grete and smal,
The lycores and the setuall,
And many a cloye geleres,
And nutmeges to put in ale,
Whether it be new or stale,
Or for to lie in cofer.

The birdes singen, it is no naie,
The sperhawke and the popinjaye,
That joye it was to here;
The throstel eke made his laye,
The wood-cocke upon the spraye,
She song full loud and clere.

The "ingenious correspondent" adds that Speght and Urry have "substituted woodelark instead of wood-cock, not considering that Chaucer is jocose." Tyrwhitt's edition, however, indisputably the best, reads wood dove; and as Lybeaus Diaconus, one of the romances enumerated by Chaucer, is alluded to in "The squyer of lowe dege," it is not, probably, also of his age. (See "Observations on the Fairy queen," J., 139).

Bottom, the weaver, in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," after he

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1 This ingenious correspondent turns out to be Mr., afterwards Dr. Percy, since Dean of Carlisle, and Bishop of Dromore. See a note in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," London, 1794, III., xxiii.

2 Though this "ingenious correspondent" has already said that, in what he pleased to call "the old ballad romances," nothing is so common as these impertinent digressions and enumerations, he was not able to produce a single instance, except "The Squyer of lowe dege," which, after all, is not proved to be one of these "old ballad-romances," none of which, in fact, contains any such impertinences.
Metrical Romances.

The sother-wood, and sykamoure,*
The reed rose, and the lylly-floure,
The boxe, the beche, and the larel-tre,
The date, also the damysè,
The fylyrdes hangyng to the ground,
The fygge-tre, and the maple round,
And other trees there was mané ane,†
The pyany, the popler, and the plane,
With brode braunches all abowte,
Within the arbar, and eke withoute;
On every braunch e sate byrdes thre,
Syngynge with great melody,
The lavorocke, and the nyghtyngeale,
The ruddocke, the woodwale,
The pee, and the popinjaye,
The thrustele sange‡ both nyght and daye,
The marlyn, and the wrenne also,
The swalowe whippynge to and fro,
The jaye jangled them amonge,||
The larke began that mery songe,
The sparowe spredde her on her spraye,
The mavys songe with notes full gaye,
The nuthake with her notes newe,
The sterlynge set her notes full trewe,

has received Robin Goodfellow's favour of an ass's head, sings part of one of these
"old ballad-romances," to convince his companions, whom he supposes to be within
hearing, that he is not afraid—

"The woosel cocke, so blacke of hue,
    With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle, with his note so true,
    The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the larke,
    The plainsong cuckow grey;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
    And dares not answer, nay."

During the performance of this singular melody, the Queen of the Fairies, allured out
of her nap by such harmonious strains, exclaims,

"What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed."

* Original reading: lycamour.
† Original reading: on.
‡ Original reading: saynge.
|| Thus in The Cherrie and the Slat:

"The jargon of the jangling jays."
The goldefynche made full mery chere,
Whan she was bente upon a brere,
And many other foules mo,
The osyll, and the thrushe also;
And they sange wyth notes clere,
In confortynge that squyere;
And evermore, whan he was wo,
In to that arber wolde he go,
And under a bente he layde hym lowe,
Ryght even under her chambre wyndowe;
And lened hys backe to a thorne,
And sayd, Alas, that i was borne!
That i were ryche of gold* and se,
That i myght wedde that lady fre!
Of golde good, or some treasure,
That i myght wedde that lady floure!
Or elles come of so gentyl! kynne,
The ladyes love that i myght wynne!
Wolde god that i were a kynges sonne,
That ladyes love that i myght wonne!
Or elles so bolde in eche fygth,
As was syr Lybius that gentell knyght,
Or elles so bolde in chyvalry,
As syr Gawayne, or syr Guy!
Or elles so doughty of my hande
As was the gyaunte syr Colbrande!†

Again, in The Houlate, a still more ancient poem, by Holland:
"Thus jowkit with juxters the janglane ja."

Again, in Wedderburn's Complaynte of Scotland, St. Andrews, 1549; "the jargolyne of
the suallou gart the jay jangil."
* Original reading: goldy.
† This Colbrond was a Danish giant, whom Sir Guy, earl of Warwick, like
another David, fought in single combat, defeated, and slew. The combat is elabo-
rationally described by Robert of Gloucester, and Henry de Knyghton, the historians,
and Michael Drayton, the poet, each of whom, no doubt, was indebted to the old
English romance of "Sir Guy," or the Latin one of a certain imaginary Girardus
Cornubiensis, for whom see Hearne's appendix to the Chronicon de Dunstaple, Num. XI.
and who was translated, in drolling stanzas of balade royal, by Dan John Lydgate,
monk of Bury; though it happens not to be mentioned by any historical writer of
or near the time of action. Warton, indeed, an admirable judge, to be sure, of
literary antiquesies! seems to have no doubt of both Bevis and Guy being "English
heros," and actually refers, for the latter, to "Will. Malmes. Gent Angl. ii. 6." where
it would, probably, be somewhat difficult to find him. Camden, indeed, a professed
antiquary, and even the more learned Selden, are nearly as credulous as "honest Tom."
And [it] were put in jeoperdè,*
What man shoule wynne that lady fre,
Than should no man have her but i,
The kingse daughter † of Hungry.
But ever he seyde, Wayleawaye!
For povertie passeth all my paye!
And, as he made thys rufulle chere,
He sowned downe in that arbere.
That lady herde his mournyng all,
Ryght under the chambre wall;
In her oryall there she was,
Closed well with royall glas,
Fulfilled it was with ymagery,
Every wyndowe by and by,
On eche syde had there a gynne,
Sperde with many a dyvers pytte.
Anone that lady, sayre and fre,
Undyd a pynne of yverè,
And wyd the wyndowes she open set,
The sunne shone in at her closet,
In that arber sayre and gaye
She sawe where that squyre lay.
The lady said to hyn anone,
Syr, why makest thou that mone?
And whi thou mournest night and day?
Now tell me, squyre, i thee pray;
And, as i am a true lady,
Thy counsayl shall i never dyscry;
And, yf it be no reprefe to thee,
Thy bote of bale yet shall i be:
And often was he in wele and wo,
But never so well as he was tho.
The squyer set hym on hys kne,
And sayde, Lady, it is for thee,
I have thee loved this seven yere,
And bought thy love, lady, full dere.
Ye are so ryche in youre aray,
That one word to you i dare not say,
And come ye be of so hye kynne,
No worde of love durst i begyne.

* Original reading: *jeopede.*
† Original reading: *goughter.*
My wyll to you yf i had sayde,
And ye therwith not well apayde,
Ye might have bewraithed me to the kinge,
And brought me sone to my endyng.
Therfore, my lady, fayre and fre,
I durst not shewe my harte to thee;
But I am here, at your wyll,
Whether ye wyll me save or spyll;
For all the care i have in be
A worde of you might comfort me;
And, yf ye wyll not do so,
Out of this land i must nedes go;
I wyll forsake both lande and lede,
And become an hermyte in uncouth stede;
In many a lande to begge my bread,
To seke where Christ was quicke and dead;
A staffe i wyll make me of my spere,
Lynen cloth i shall none were; *
Ever in travayle i shall wende,
Tyll i come to the worldes ende;
And, lady, bst thou be my bote,
There shall no sho come on my fote;
Therfore, lady, i the praye,
For hym that died on good frydaye,
Let me not in daunger dwell,
For his love that harowered hell.†

* He means, in fact, to become a pilgrim, not "an hermyte," the former being a vagabond, the latter stationary; and, instead of a linen shirt, would wear one of hair or woolen; as such like ignorant and despicable enthusiasts were wont to do. Thus, Sir Armado, in Loves Labour Lost, says, "The naked truth of it is, I have no skirt; I go woolward for penance."

Again, in Twayne and Gauain, V. 267; "It was a wonder wede,
That the cherle yn yede,
Nowther of wol, ne of line."

† This means Jesus Christ, who, in the interval between his crucifixion and ascension, is said, in the apostles' creed, to have "descended into hell." This visitation is related, most at large, in Nichodemus's Gospel. In Hearne's appendix to Fordun's Scotichronicon (p. 1488-3), is a singular engraving from an old illumination, in which "Iesus Christus (resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum," not Saint Patrick, as Dr. Johnson mistakes) "is represented," as he says, "visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion...of whom one...[with a prong and a horn] has a label issuing out of his mouth, with these words, "Out out amongst!" (Note in Shakespeare, 1793, VII. 342.) The harrowing of hel (which seems to mean sacking or plundering, as Christ
Than sayd that lady, milde of mode,
Ryght in her closet* there she stode,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
Thou shalt never be deaceyved for me;
Thou i for thee should be slayne,
Squyer, i shall the loye agayne.
Go forth, and serve my father the kynge,
And let be all thy styl mounrynge;
Let no man wete that ye were here,
Thus all alone in my arbere;
If ever ye wyl come to your wyll,
Here and se, and holde you styll.
Beware of the stowarde, i you praye,
He wyl deceyyve you and he maye;
For, if he wote of your wayng,
He wyl bewraye you unto the kynge;
Anone for me ye shall be take,
And put in pryson for my sake;
Than must ye nedes abyde the lawe,
Peraventure both hanged and drawe;
That syght on you i would not se,
For all the golde in Christentè.

For, and ye my love should wynne,
With chyvalry ye must begynne,†

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* Original reading: closed.
† In like manner Horn Child, before he will agree to marry Rymenild, thinks it necessary to spend seven years in knightly adventures. See also, the advice given to *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, by *la jeune dame des belles confines* (P. 169, &c.) and his subsequent conduct.
And other dedes of armes to done,
Through whiche ye may wynne your shone; *
And ryde through many a peryllous place,
As a venterous man to seke your grace,
Over hylles and dales, and hye mountaines,
In wethers wete, both hayle and raynes,
And yf ye may no harbrouge se,
Than must ye lodge under a tre,
Among the beastes wyld and tame,
And ever you wyll gette your name ;
And in your armure must ye lye,
Every nyght than by and by ;
And your meny everychone,
Til seven yere be comen and gone ;
And passe by many a peryllous see,
Squyer, for the love of me,
Where any war begynneth to wake,
And many a batayll undertake,
Throughout the land of Lumbardy,
In every cytie by and by ;
And be avised, when thou shalt fight,
Loke that ye stand aye in the right ;
And, yf ye wyll take gode hede,
Yet all the better shall ye spede ;
And, whan the warre is brought to ende,
To the Rhodes then must ye wende ;
And, syr, i holde you not to prayes,
But ye there fyght thre good frydayes ;
And if ye passe the batayles thre,
Than are ye worthy a knyght to be.
And to bere armes than are ye able,
Of gold and goules sete with sable ;
Then shall ye were a sheld of blewe,
In token ye shall be trewe,
With vines of golde set all aboute
Within your sheld, and eke without,
Fullyled with ymagey,
And poured with true loves by and by.
In the myddes of your sheld ther shall be set
A ladyes head, with many a frete,

* See Le bone Florence of Rome; V. 656 ; and the note upon that passage.
Above the head wrytten shall be
A reason, for the love of me,
Both O and R shall be therin,
With A and M it shall begynne.*
The baudryke, that shall hange therby,
Shall be of white, sykerly,
A crosse of reed therin shall be,
In token of the trynytè.
Your basenette shall be burnysshed bryght,
Your ventall shal be well dyght,
With starres of gold it shall be set,
And covered with good velvet.
A coronall clene corven newe,
And oystryche † fethers of dyvers hewe.
Your plates unto your body shal be enbraste,
Sall syt full semely in your waste.
Your cote armoure of golde full fyne,
And pounded well with good armyne.
Thus in your warres shall you ryde,
With syxe good yemen by your syde,
And whan your warres are brought to ende,
More ferther behoveth to you to wende,
And over many perellous streme,
Or ye come to Jerusalem,
Through feytes, and feldes, and forestes thicke,
To seke where Christe were dead and quycke;
There must you drawe your swerde of were,
To the sepulchre ye must it bere,
And laye it on the stone,
Amonge the lorde everychone;
And offre there florences fyve,
Whyles that ye are man on lyve;
And offre there florences thre,
In tokenyng of the trynytè;
And whan that ye, syr, thus have done,
Than are ye worthy to were your shone;

* His device would resemble that of Chaucer’s Prioresse:

"Of smale coral about her arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gaude alle with grene,
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which there was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after, Amor vincit omnia."

† Original reading: oystriche.
Than may ye say, syr, by good ryght,
That you ar proved a venturous knyght.  250
I shall you geve to your rydinge
A thousande pounde to your spendinge;
I shall you geve hors and armure,
A thousande pounde of my treasure;
Wherethrough that ye may honoure wynn,
And be the greatest of your kynne.
I pray to god and our lady,
Sende you the whele of vyectory,
That my father so fayne may be,
That he wyll wede me unto thee,  260
And make the king of this countré,
To have and holde in honestè,
Wyth welth and wynne to were the crowne,
And to be lorde of toure and towne;
That we might our dayes endure
In parfyte love that is so pure;
And if we may not so come to,
Otherwyse then must we do;
And therfore, squyer, wende thy way,
And hye the fast on thy journay,  270
And take thy leve of kinge and quene,
And so to all the courte bydene.
Ye shall not want at your goyng
Golde, nor sylver, nor other thyng.
This seven yere i shall you abyde,
Betyde of you what so betyde;
Tyll seven yere be comen and gone
I shall be mayde all alone.
The squyer kneled on his kne,
And thankyd that lady fayre and fre;  280
And thryes he kyssed that lady tho,
And toke his leve, and forth* gan go.
The kings steward stode full nye,
In a chambre fast them bye,
And hearde theyr wordes wonder wele,
And all the woyng every dele.
He made a vowe to heaven kynge,
For to bewraye that swete thynge,

* Original reading: he gan go.
And that squyer taken shoulde be,
And hanged hye on a tree;
And that false stewart of yre,
Them to betraye was his desyre;
He bethought hym nedely,
Every daye by and by,
How he myght venged be,
On that lady fayre and fre,
For he her loved pryvely,
And therfore dyd * her great envye.

* Original reading: he dyd.

† A chaplet, it is presumed, was a garland of flowers.

Alas! it tourned to wroth her heyle
That ever he wyse of theyr counsayle.

Bnt leve we of the stewarte here,
And speke we more of that squyer,
Howe he to his chambre wente,
When he past from that lady gent.
There he ariied him in scarlet reed,
And set his chaplet upon his head,†
A belte aboute his sydes two,
With brode barres to and fro;
A horne about his necke he caste;
And forth he went, at the last,
To do hys office in the hall,
Among the lordes both great and small.
He toke a white yeard in his hande,
Before they kynge than gane he stande,
And sone he sat hym on his knee,
And served the kynge ryght royally,
With deynty meates that were dere,
With partryche, pecoke, and plovere,
With byrdes in bread ybake,
The tel[e, the ducke and the drake,
The cocke, the curlewe, and the crane,
With fesantes fayre, theyr were no wane,
Both storkes and snypes ther were also,
And venyson freshe of bucke and do,
And other deyntes many one,
For to set averse the kynge anone:
And when the squyer had done so,
He served the hall to and fro,
Eche man hym loved in honestè,
Hye and lowe in theyr degrè,
So dyd the kyng full sodenly,
And he wyst not wherfore nor why.
The kyng behelde the squyer wele,
And all his rayment every dele,
He thought he was the semlyest man
That ever in the worlde he sawe or than.
Thus sate the kyng and eate ryght nought,
But on his squyer was all his thought.
Anone the stewarde toke good hede,
And to the kyng full soone he yede,
And soone he tolde unto the kyng
All theyr words and theyr woynge;
And how she hyght hym lande and se,
Golde and sylver great plentye,
And how he should his leve take,
And become a knight for her sake:
"And thus they talked both in fere,
And i drewe me nere and nere,
Had i not come in, verayly,
The squyer had layne her by,
But whan he was ware of me,
Full fast away can he fle;
That [this] is sothe here my hand
To fight with him while i may stand."
The kyng sayd to the steward tho,
I may not beleve it should be so;
Hath he be so bonayre and benynge,†
And served me syth i was yynge,
And redy with me in every nede,
Bothe true of word, and eke of dede,
I may not beleve, be nyght nor daye,
My daughter dere he wyll betraye,
Nor to come her chambre nye,
That fode to longe with no foly;
Though she would to hym consente,
That lovely lady fayre and gente,
I truste hym so well, withouten drede,
That he would never do that dede;

* Original reading: benynge.
But yf he myght that lady wynne,
In wedlocke to welde withouten synne,
And yf she assent hym tyll,
The squyer is worthy to have none yll.
For i have sene that many a page
Have become men by mariage ;
Than it is semely that the squyer
To have my daughter by this manere,
And eche man in his degre,
Become a lorde of ryaltye,
By fortune and by other grace,
By herityage and by purchase :
Therfore, stewarte, beware thereby,
Defame hym not for no envy :
It were great reuth he should be spylte,
Or put to death withouten gylte ;
And more ruthe of my daughter dere,
For chaunyng of that ladyes chere ;
I woude not, for my crowne so newe,
That lady chaunge hyde or hewe,
Or for to put thyselfe in drede,
But thou myght take hym with the dede : *
For yf it may be founde in thee,
That thou them fame for enmyte,
Thou shalt be taken as a felon,
And put fulle depe in my pryson,
And fetred fast unto a stone,
Tyl twelve yere were come and gone,
And drawen wyth hors throughge the cytè,
And soone hanged upon a tre ;
And thou may not thyselfe excuse,
This dede thou shalt no wise refuse ;
And therfore, stewart, take good hed,
How thou wilt answere to this ded.
The stewarte answered, with great envy,
That i have sayd that i wyll stand therby ;
To suffre death and endlesse wo,
Syr kynge, i wyl never go therfo ;
For, yf that ye wyll graunt me here
Strength of men and great power,

* Unless, that is, thou shouldest take him with the manner. See before, The erle of
tolous, V. 522 ; and the note on that line.
I shall hym take, this same nyght,  
In the chambre with your daughter bright;  
For i shall never be gladde of chere,  
Tyll i be venged of that squyer.  
Than sayd the kynge, full curteisyly,  
Unto the stewart, that stode hym by,  
Thou shalte have strength ynough with the,  
Men of armes thirty and thre,  
To watche that lady, muchoe of pryce,  
And her to kepe fro her enemies.  
For there is no knyght in Chrystentè,  
That wold betray that lady fre,  
But he should dye under his shelde  
And i myght se hym in the feldde;  
And thence, stewarde, i the pray,  
Take hede what i shall to the say;  
And if the squiere come not to-night,  
For to speke with that lady bryght,  
Let hym say whatsoever he wyll,  
And here and se and holde you styll;  
And herken well what he wyll say;  
Or thou with him make any fray;  
So he come not her chambrè within,  
No bate on hym loke thou begyn,  
Though that he kysse that lady fre,  
And take his leve ryght curteisyly,  
Let hym go, both hole and sounde,  
Without wemme or any wounde;  
But yf he wyl her chamber breke,  
No worde to hym that thou do speke,  
But yf he come with company,  
To betraye that hayre lady.  
Loke he be taken soone anone,  
And all his meyne everychone,  
And brought with strength to my pryson,  
As traytour, these, and false felon;  
And yf he make any defence,  
Loke that he never go thence;  
But loke thou hew hym al so small,  
As flesche whan it to the potte shall:  
And yf he yeilde hym to thee,  
Brynge him both saufe and sounde to me.
I shall borowe for seven yere
He shall not wedde my daughter dere:
And therfore, stowarde, i thee praye,
Thou watche that lady nyght and daye.
The stowarde sayde the kynge untill,
All your byddying i shall fullfyll.
The stowarde toke his leave to go,
The squyere came fro chambre tho,
Downe he went into the hall,
The officers some can he call,
Both usher, penter, and butler,
And other that in office were;
There he them warned, sone anone,
To take up the bordes everychone.
Than they dyd his commanement,
And sythe unto the kyng he went;
Full lowe he set hym on his kne,
And voyded his borde full gentely;
And when the squyere had done so,
Anone he sayde the kyng unto,
As ye are lorde of chyvalry,
Geve me leve to passe the sea,
To prove my strenthe with my ryght hande,
On godes enemyes in uncouth land;
And to be knowe in chyvalry,
In Gascoyne, Spayne, and Lumbardy;
In eche batayle for to fyght,
To be proved a venterous knyghe.
The kyng sayd to the squyere tho,
Thou shalt have good leve to go;
I shall the gyve both golde and fe,
And strength of men to wende with thee;
If thow be true in worde and dede,
I shall thee helpe in all thy ned.
The squyere thanked the kyng anone,
And toke his leve and forth can gone;
With joye, and blysse, and much pryde,
With all his meyny by his syde.
He had not ryden but a whyle,
Not the mountenaunce of a myle,
Or he was ware of a vyllage,
Anone he sayde unto a page,
Our souper soone loke it be dyght,
Here wyll we lodge all to-nyght.
They toke theyr ynnes in good intente,
And to theyr supper soone they wente,
When he was set, and served at meate,
Than he sayd he had forgete
To take leve of that lady fre,
The kynge's daughter of Hungre.
Anone the squyer made him ayre,
And by hym selfe forth can he faire,
Without strength of his meyné,
Unto the castell than went he.
When he came to the posterne-gate,
Anone he entred in thereat,
And his drawen sword in his hande,
There was no more with him wolde stande:
But it stode with hym full harde
As ye shall here nowe of the stewarde.
He wende in the worlde none had ben
That had knowne of his pryvité,
Alas! it was not as he wende,
For all his counsaye the stewarde [kende].
He had bewrayed him to the kyng
Of all his love and his woyng;
And yet he laye her chambre by,
Armed with a great company,
And beset it one eché syde,
For treason walketh wonder wyde.
The squyer thought on no mystruste
He wende no man in the worlde had wyste,
But yf he had knowne, ne by saynt John
He had not come thedur by his owne;
Or yf that lady had knownen his wyll,
That he should have come her chamber tyll,
She would have taken hym golde and fe,
Strength of men and royalté;
But there ne wyst no man nor grome
Where that squyer was become;
But forth he went hymselfe alone
Amonge his servauntes everychone.

* Original reading: done.
Whan that he came her chambre to,
Anone, he sayde, Your dore undo!
Undo, he sayde, nowe, fayre lady!
I am beset with many a spy.
Lady, as whyte as whalès bone,
There are thyrty agaynst me one.
Undo thy dore! my worthy wyfe,
I am besette with many a knyfe.
Undo your dore! my lady sweete,*
I am beset with enemyes great;
And, lady, but ye wyll arise,
I shall be dead with myne enemyes.
Undo thy dore! my frely flour.
For ye are myne and i am your.
That lady with those wordes awoke,
A mantell of golde to her she toke;
She sayde, Go away, thou wicked wyght,
Thou shalt not come here this nyght:
For i wyll not my dore undo
For no man that cometh therto.
There is but one in Christente
That ever made that forwarde with me;
There is but one that ever bare lyfe,
That ever i hight to be his wyfe;
He shall me wedde, by Mary bryght,
When he is proved a venterous knyght;
For we have loved this seven yerre,
There was never love to me so dere.
There lyeth on me both kyng and knygh,
Dukes, erles, of muche might.

* From this repeated exclamation of the poor terrified squire, he seemed to have acquired it as a nickname, the printer's colophon being—"Thus endeth Undo your dore, otherwise called the squyr of lowe dege." To Undo your door is to open it.

Thus Gower, Confessio Amantis, fo. 41:

"This Geta cam than at laste
Unto the dore, and saide Undo!"

So, likewise, in Kynge Horn:

"Horn bed Undo, wel softe,
Monityme and ofte."

This sense of the word, however, would seem to have been obsolete in the time of Shakespeare, who, in the fragment of an old song, supposed to be sung by Opheia, has

"—dope the chamber-doore."
Wende forth, squyer, on youre waye,
For here ye gette none other praye;
For i ne wote what ye should be,
That thus besecheth love of me.
I am your owne squyr, he sayde,
For me, lady, be not dysmayde.
Come i am full pryvely
To take my leave of you, lady.
Welcome, she sayd, my love so dere,
Myne owne dere heart, and my squyer;
I shall you geve kysses thre,
A thousande pounde unto your fè,
And kepe i shall my maydenhede ryght
Tyll ye be proved a venturous knyght.
For yf ye should me wede anone,
My father wolde make slee you soone.
I am the kynges daughter of Hungrè,
And ye alone that have loved me,
And though you love me never so sore,
For me ye shall never be lore.
Go forth, and aske me at my kynne,
And loke what graunt you may wynne;
Yf that ye gette graunte, in faye,
Myselfe therto shall not say nay;
And yf ye may not do so,
Otherwyse ye shall come to.
Ye are bothe hardy, stronge, and wight,
Go forth, and be a venterous knight.
I pray to god, that our lady,
To send you the whèle of Victory,*
That my father so leve he be
That wyll profer me to thee.
I wote well it is lyghtly sayd,
Go forth, and be nothyng afayde.
A man of worshyp may not do so,
He must have what nedis him unto;
He must have gold, he must have fè,
Strength of men and royaltè.

* This couplet has already occurred. This illustrious princess, however, is here made to confound the wheel of Fortune with that of Victory, a goddess who had no wheel.
Metrical Romances.

Golde and sylver spare ye nought,
Tyll to manhode ye be brought ;
To what batayll soever ye go,
Ye shall have an hundreth pounde or two ;
And yet to me, syr, ye may saye,
That i woulde fayne have you awaye,
That profered you golde and fe,
Out of myne eye-syght for to be.
Nevertheless it is not so,
It is for the worshyp of us two,
Though you be come of symple kynne,
Thus my love, syr, may ye wynne,
Yf ye have grace of victory,
As ever had syr Lybyus, or syr Guy,
When the dwarfe, and maybe Ely,*
Came to Arthoure kyng so fre,
As a kyng † of great renowne
That wan the lady of Synadowne.
Lybius was graunted the batayle tho,
Therfore the dwarfe was full wo,
And sayd, Arthur, thou art to blame ;
To bydde this chylde go sucke his dame,
Better hym semeth, so mote i thryve,
Than for to do these batayles fyve,
At the chapell of Salebraunce.
These wordes began great distaunce,
They sawe they had the victory,
They kneled downe and cryed mercy;
And afterward, syr, verament
They called hym knyght absolent.
Emperours, dukes, knyghtes, and quene,
At his commaundement for to bene,
Suche fortune with grace now to you fall,
To wynne the worthyest within the wall,
And thynke on your love alone,
And for to love that ye chaunge none.
Ryght as they talked thus, in fere,
Theyr enemyes approached nere and nere,

* See Lybeaus Discours, V. 110, &c. where, however, the dwarf says nothing at all; so that, it is probable, there has either been a different edition of Lybeaus in French or English, or the present minstrel has mis-recited the one we have.
† Conjectural emendation: kynght.
Foure and thryty, armed bryght,
The steward had arrayed hym to fyght.
The steward was ordeyned to spy,
And for to take then utterly.
He wende to death he should have gone,
He felled seven men agaynste hym one;
Whan he had them to grounde brought,
The stewarte at hym full sadly fought,
So harde they smote together tho,
The stewarde throte he cut in two,
And some he fell downe to the grounde,
As a traitour untrewe with many a wound.
The squier sone in armes they hente,
And of they dyd his good garmente,
And on the stewarde they it dyd,
And some his body therin they hydde,
And with their swordes his face they shære,
That she should not knowe what he ware,
They cast hym at her chambre-dore,
The stewarte that was styffe and store.
Whan they had made that great affraye,
Full Pryvely they stable awaye;
In arme they take that squire tho,
And to the kynges chambre can they go,
Without wemme or any wounde,
Before the kyng bothe hole and sounde.
As soone as the kynges him spyed with eye,
He sayd, Welcome, sonne, sykerly;
Thou hast cast thee my sonne to be,
This seven yere i shall let thee.

Leve we here of this squire wight,
And speake we of that lady bryght,
How she rose, that lady dere,
To take her leave of that squire;
Al so naked as she was borne,
She stod her chambre-dore beforene.
Alas! she sayd, and wealeaway!
For all to long now have i lay;
She sayd, Alas! and all for wo!
Withouten men why came ye so?
Yf that ye wolde have come to me,
Other werninges there might have be.
Now al to dere my love is bought,
But it shall never be lost for nought;
And in her armes she toke hym there,
Into the chamber she dyd hym bere;
His bowels soone she dyd out-drawe,
And buryed them in goddes lawe.
She sered that body with specery,
With wyrgin waxe and commendry;
And closed hym in a maser-tre,
And set on hym lockes thre.
690
She put him in a marble-stone,
With quaynt gynnes many one;
And set hym at hir beddes head,
And every day she kyst that dead.
Soone at morne, whan she uprose,
Unto that dead body she gose,
Therfore wold she knele downe on her kne,
And make her prayer to the trynite,
And kysse that body twyse or thrythe,
And fall in a sowone or she myght ryse.
700
Whan she had so done,
To chyrche than wolde she gone,
Than would she here masses fyve,
And offre to them whyle she myght lyve:
"There shall none knowe but heven kynge
For whom that i make myne ofrynge,"
The kynge her father anone he sayde
My daughter, wy are you dysmayde?
So feare a lady as ye are one,
And so semely of fleshe and bone,
Ye were whyte as whalës bone,
Nowe are ye pale as any stone;
Your ruddy red as any cherry,
With browes brenz, and eyes full mery;*

* The printed copy reads "browes brenz:" the emendation is founded on the authority of an old Scottish song:

"In January last
On munaday at morn,
As through the fields i past,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And saw come o'er the know
Ane glancing on her apron,
With a bonny brenz brow."
Ye were wont to harp and syng,
And be the meriest in chambre comyng;
Ye ware both golde, and good velvet,
Clothe of damaske, and saphyres set;
Ye ware the pery on your head,
With stones full oryent, whyte, and read;
Ye ware coronalles of golde,
With diamoundes set many a foulde;
And nowe ye were clothes of blacke,
Tell me, daughter, for whose sake?
If he be so poore of fame,
That ye may not be wedded for shame,
Brynge him to me anone ryght,
I shall hym make squyer and knyght,
And, yf he be so great a lorde,
That your love may not accorde,
Let me, daughter, that lordynge se,
He shall have golde ynoygh with thee.
"Gramercy, father, so mote i thrive,
For i mourne for no man alyve.
Ther is no man, by heven kyng,
That shoal knowe more of my mounynge."
Her father knewe it every deale,
But he kept it in counsele:

"To-morowe ye shall on hunting fare,
And ryde, my daughter, in a chare,
It shal be covered with velvet reede,
And clothes of fyne golde al about your hed,
With damaske white,* and assure blewe,
Wel dyapred with lyllyes newe;
Your pomelles shal be ended with gold,
Your chaynes enameled many a folde;
Your mantel of ryche degre,
Purpyl palle, and armyne fre;
Jennettes of Spayne, that ben so wyght,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright;  

Again, in *The Silken Smooched Lassie*:

"Fair her hair, and *brest her brow*.

In a Glossary to Ramsay’s Poems *brest brow* is explained “smooth high forehead.”

* Original reading: damisk.
Ye shall have harp, sautry and songe,
And other myrthes you amonge;
Ye shall have rumney and malmesyne.
Both ypocrasse, and vernage wyne,
Mount rose and wyne of Greke,
Both algrade, and respice eke,
Antioche, and bastarde,
Pyment, also, and garnarde;
Wyne of Greke, and muscadell,
Both claré, pyment, and Rochell.
The reed your stomake to defye,
And pottes of osey set you by.
You shall have venison ybake,
The best wyld fowle that may be take.
A lese of grehound with you to stryke,
And hert and hynde and other lyke,
Ye shal be set at such a tryst
That herte and hynde shall come to your fyst.
Your dysease to dryve you fro,
To here the bugles there ybrow,
With theyr begles in that place,
And sevenscore raches at his rechase.
Homward thus shall ye ryde,
On haukyng by the ryvers syde,*
With goshauke, and with gentyl fawcon,
With eglehorse, and merlyon.
When you come home, your men amonge,
Ye shall have revell, daunces, and songe;
Lytle children, great and smale,
Shall syng, as doth the nyghtyngeale.
Then shall ye go to your evensong,
With tenours and trebles among;
Threscore of copes, of damaske bryght,
Full of perles they shal be pyght;
Your aulter clothes of taaffata,
And your sicles all of taffetra.
Your sensours shal be of golde,
Endent with asure many a folde.
Your quere nor organ songe shal wante,
With countre note, and dyscant,
The other halfe on orgayns playeng,
With yonge chyldren full fare syngyng.
Than shall ye go to your suppere,
And sytte in tentes in grene arbere,
With clothes of aras pyght to the grounde,
With saphyres set and dyamonde.
A cloth of golde abought your heade,
With popinquyes pyght with pery reed,
And offyccers all at your wyll,
All maner delightes to bryng you till.
The nightingale sitting on a thorne,
Shall synge you notes both even and morne.
An hundreth knightes, truly tolde,
Shall play with bowles in alayes colde,
Your disease to drive awaie,
To se the fisshes in poles plaie;
And then wilke in arbere up and downe,
To se the florues of great renowne,
To a drawbrydge than shall ye,
The one halfe of stone, the other of tre;
A barge shall mete you, full ryght,
With twenty-four ores full bryght,
With trompettes and with claryowne,
The freshe water to rowe up and downe.
Than shall ye go to the salte some,
Your manner to se, or ye come home,
With eighty sheppes of large towre,
With dromedaryes of great honour,
And carackes with sayles two,
The sweetest that on water may go,
With galyces good upon the haven,
With eighty ores at the fore staven.
Your maryners shall synge arowe.
Hey how and rumbly lowe.*
Than shall ye, daughter, ask the wyne,
With spices that be good and fyne,
Gentyl pottes with genger grene,
With dates and deynties you betwene.
Forty torches, brenynge bryght,
At your brydges to brynge you lyght.
Into your chambre they shall you brynge,
With much myrthe and more lykyng.
Your costeres covered with whyte and blewe,
And dyapred with lylés newe.
Your curtaines of camaca, all in folde,
Your felyoles all of golde.
Your fester pery at your heed,
Curtaines with popinjayes white and reed.
Your hyllinges with furres of armayne,
Poydred with golde of hew full fyne.
Your blanketts shall be of fystyane,
Your shetes shall be of clothe of rayne.
Your head-shete shall be of pery pyght,

* Some song, with this burthen, seems to have been, formerly, peculiar to seamen.
Thus, in Cocke Lorettes bote, b. 1.
"For joye theyr trumpettes dyde they blowe,
And some songs have and howe, rumblylowe."

Skelton, too, in his Brouge of court has the following lines:
"Hold up the helme, loke up, and lete god stere,
I wolde be merie, what wind that ever blowe,
Have and hoow rumblylowe, rowe the bote, Norman, rowe:"

Alluding, it appears from Fabian, to "a roundell or songe," made by the watermen in praise of John Norman, mayor of London, in the thirty second year of Henry the sixth, who, instead of riding to Westminster, like his predecessors, "was rowed thyther by water." Its high antiquity is further manifested by the fragment of a very ancient Scottish song, preserved by the same Fabian, and other older chroniclers, on the battle of Bannock-burn, in 1314:
"Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne,
For your lemans ye have lost at Bannockys-borne,
With have alove:
What weneth the king of Engeland
So soone to have won Scotland?
With rumblylowe."

Again, in another old fragment:
"I saw three ladies fair, singing have and howe,
Upon yon ley land, hey:
I saw three mariners, singing rumblylowe,
Upon yon sea-strand, hey."
With dyamondes set and rubyes bryght.
Whan you are layde in bedde so softe,
A cage of golde shall hange alofte,
With longe-peper fayre burnning,
And cloves that be sweete smellyng,
Frankensence, and olibanum,
That whan ye slepe the taste may come.
And yf ye no rest may take,
All night minstrelles for you shall wake.
“Gramercy, father, so mote i the,
For all these thinges lyketh not me.”
Unto her chambre she is gone,
And fell in sownyng some anone,
With much sorrow and sighing sore,
Yet seven year she kept hym thore.

But leve we of that lady here,
And speake we more of that quyuer,
That in pryson so was take,
For the kinges doughters sake.
The kyng hymselfe, upon a daye,
Full pryvely he toke the waye,
Unto the pryson some he came,
The quyuer some out he name,
And anone he made hym swere
His counsayl he should never diskere.
The quyuer there helde up his hande,
His bydlyng never he should withstande.
The kyng him graunted ther to go
Upon his jorney to and fro,
And brefely to passe the sea,
That no man weste but he and he,
And when he had his jurnay done,
That he wolde come full soone:
“And in my chambre for to be,
The whyles that i do ordayne for thee:
Than shalt thou wedde my daughter dere,
And have my landes both farre and nere.”
The quyuer was full mery tho,
And thanked the kyng, and forth gan go.
The kyng hym gave both lande and fe.
Anone the quyuer passed the se.
In Tuskayne and in Lumbardy,
There he dyd great chyvalry,
In Portyngale, nor yet in Spayne,
There myght no man stand hym agayne;
And where that ever that knyght gan fare,
The worshyp with hym away he bare:
And thus he travayled seven yere,
In many a land both farre and nere;
Tyll on a day he thought hym tho
Unto the sepulture for to go;
And there he made his offerying soone,
Right as the kinges daughter bad him don.
Than he thought hym on a day
That the kynge to hym dyd saye.
He toke his leve in Lumbardy,
And home he came to Hungry.
Unto the kynge soone he rade,
As he before his covenance made,
And to the kynge he tolde full soone
Of batayles bolde that he had done,
And so he did the chyvalry
That he had sene in Lumbardy.
To the kynge it was good tydande,
Anone he toke him by the hande,
And he made him full royall chere,
And sayd, Welcome, my sonne so dere.
Let none wete of my meynè
That out of prison thou shuldest be,
But in thy chamber holde the stylle,
And i shall wete my doughters wyll.
The kynge wente forth hymselfe alone,
For to here his doughters mone,
Right under the chamber-window,
There he might her counsayle knowe.
Had she wyster, that lady fre,
That her father there had be,
He shulde not, withouten fayle,
Have knowen so muche of her counsayle,
Nor nothing she knew that he was there
Whan she began to carke and care.
Unto that body she sayd tho,
Alas, that we should parte in two!
Twyse or thrbye she kyssed that body,
And fell in sownyng by and by.
Alas! than sayd that lady dere,
I have the kept this seven yere,
And now ye be in powder small,
I may no lenger holde you withall.
My love, to the earth i shall the brynge,
And preestes for you to reade and synge.
Yf any man aske me what i have here,
I wyll say it is my treasure.
Yf any man aske why i do so,
For no theves shall come therto:
And, squyer, for the love of the,
Fy on this worldes vanyte!
Farewell golde, pure and fyne;
Farewell velvet, and satyné;*
Farewell castelles, and maners also;
Farewell huntynge, and hawkynge to;
Farewell revell, myrthe, and play;
Farewell pleasure, and garmentes gay;
Farewell perle, and precyous stone;
Farewell my juelles everychone;
Farewell mantell, and scarlet reed;
Farewell crowne unto my heed;
Farewell hawkes, and farewell hounde;
Farewell markes, and many a pounde;
Farewell huntynge at the hare;
Farewell harte and hynde for evermäre.
Nowe wyll i take the mantell and the ryngye,
And become an ancresse in my lyvynge:
And yet i am a mayden for the, 
And for all the men in Chrystenté.
To Chryst i shall my prayers make,
Squyer, onely for thy sake;
And i shall never no masse heare,
But ye shall have parte in feare:

*This list of adieu might have been reasonably presumed to have been parodied by the immortal Shakspeare, who, certainly, was not very scrupulous in the selection of his literary assistants, where he makes his hero roar out his final

"Farewell! Othello's occupation’s gone!"

If his industrious editors had not already provided, for the illustration of their inimitable author, a sufficient quantity of those exclamatory perorations. (See the edition of 1793, XV, 542.)
And every daye whyles i lyve, 970
Ye shall have your masses fyve, 980
And i shall ofre pence thre, 990
In tokenynge of the trynytè. 1000
And whan this lady had this sayde, 1010
In sownyng she fel at a brayde.

The whyle she made this great mornynge, 1020
Under the wall stode her father the kynge.
Doughter, he sayde, you must not do so,
For all those vowes thou must forgo.

"Alas, father, and weleawaye!"
Nowe have ye harde what i dyde saye."
"Doughter, let be all thy mourninge,
Thou shalt be wedede to a kynge."" 980
"I wys, father, that shall not be
For all the golde in Christentè;
Nor all the golde that ever god made
May not my harte glade."

My daughter, he sayde, dere derlynge,
I knowe the cause of your mourning:
Ye wene this body your love should be,
It is not so, so mote i the.

It was my stewarde, syr Maradose,
That ye so longe have kept inclose.
"Alas! father, why dyd ye so?"
"For he wrought you all thyss wo;
He made revelation unto me,
That he knewe all your pryvyte;
And howe the squyer, on a day,
Unto your chambr he toke the way,
And ther he should have lyen you bi,
Had he not come with company;
And howe ye hyght hym golde and fe,
Strengthe of men and royaltè;
And than he watched your chambr bryght,
With men of armes hardy and wyght,
For to take that squyer,
That ye have loved this seven yere;
But as the stewarde strong and stout
Beseged your chambr rounde about,
To you your love came full ryght,
All alone about mydnights,
And whan he came your dose unto,
Lady, he sayde, undo;
And soone ye bade hym wende awaye,
For there he gate none other praye:
And as ye talked thus in fere,
Your enemies drewe them nere and nere,
They smote to him full soone anone,
There were thyrty agaynst hym one:
But with a baslarde* large and longe
The squyer presed into the thronge;
And so he bare hym in that stounde,
His enemies gave hym many a wounde.
With egre mode and herte full throwe,
The stewardes throte he cut in two;
And than his meyné all in that place
With their swordes they hurte his face,
And than they toke him everichone
And layd him on a marble stone
Before your dose, that ye myght se,
Ryght as your love that he had be;
And sone the squier there they hent,
And they dyd of his good garment,
And did it on the stewart there,
That ye wist not what he were:
Thus ye have kept your enemy here
Pallyng more than seven yere:
And as the squier there was take,
And done in pryson for your sake,
And thensore let be your mourning.
Ye shal be wedded to a kyng,
Or els unto an emperoure,
With golde and sylver and great treasure."
"Do awaye, father, that may not be,
For all the golde in Chrystentè."
Alas! father, anone she sayde,
Why hath this traytour me betraid?
Alas! she sayd, i have great wrong
That i have kept him here so long.
Alas! father, why dyd ye so?
Ye might have warned me of my fo;

* Original reading: Bastarde.
And ye had tolde me who it had be,
My love had never be dead for me:
Anone she tournd her from the kyng,
And downe she fell in dead sownyng.
The kyng anone gan go,
And hente her in his armes two;
Lady, he sayd, be of good chere,
Your love lyveth and is here;
And he hath bene in Lombardy,
And done he hath great chyvalry;
And come asayne he is to me,
In lyfe and health ye shall him se.
He shall you wede, my daughter bryght,
I have hym made squier and knyght;
He shal be a lorde of great renowne,
And after me to were the crowne.
Father, she sayd, if it so be,
Let me soone that squyer se.
The squyer forth than dyd he brynge,
Full fayre on lyve and in lykynge.
As sone as she sawe him with her eye,
She fell in sownyng by and by.
The squyer her hente in armes two,
And kyssed her an hundredth tymes and mo.
There was myrth and melody
With harpe, getron and sautry,
With rote, ribible and clokarde,
With pypes, organs and bumbarde,
With other mynstrelles them amonge,
With sytolphe and with sautry songe
With fydele, recorde, and dowcemere,
With trompette, and with claryon clere,
With dulcet pipes of many cordes,
In chambre revelyng all the lorder,
Unto morne that it was daye,
The kyng to his daughter began to saye,
Have here thy love and thy lyking,
To lyve and ende in gods blessinge;
And he that wyll departe you two,
God geve him sorrow and wo.
A trever lover than ye are one
Was never fleshe ne bone;

y
And but he be as true to thee,
God let him never thryve ne thee.
The kyng in herte he was full blithe,
He kissed his daughter many a sithe.
With melody and muche chere,
Anone he called his messengere,
And commaundede him sooene to go
Through his cities to and fro,
For to warne his chevalry
That they should come to Hungry,
That worthy wedding for to se,
And come unto that mangerè.
That messenger full sone he wente,
And did the kinges commaundement.
Anone he commaundede bothe olde and yynge
For to be at that weddyng,
Both dukes and erles of muche myght,
And ladyes that were fayre and bryght:
As soon as ever they herde the crye,
The lordes were full sooone redy.
With myrth and game and muche playe,
They wedded them on a solempne daye.
A royall feest there was holde,
With dukes and erles and barons bolde,
And knyghtes and squyers of that countrè,
And sith with all the comunaltè:
And certaynly, as the story sayes,
The revell lasted forty dayes;
Tyll on a day the kyng himselfe
To hym he toke his lordes twelfe,
And so he dyd the squyer
That wedded his daughter dere,
And even in the myddes of the hall
He made him kyng among them all;
And all the lordes everychone,
They made him homage sone anon;
And sithen they revelled all that day,
And toke theyr leve, and went theyr way,
Eche lorde unto his owne countrè,
Where that hym [thought] best to be.
That yong man, and the quene his wyfe,
With joy and blysse they led theyr lyfe;
For al so farre as i have gone,
Suche two lovers sawe i none:
Therefore blessed may theyr soules be!
Amen, amen, for charyte!
THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND
THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

The history of which we have here a simple and romantic, but, at the same time, interesting and pathetic, narrative, is related, with some prolixity, by Fauchet, from an old chronicle, written about the year 1380, and is generally believed to be founded on facts. Le chastellain de Couci, the constable, that is, of Couci-caste (so strangely perverted in the present poem to "The knight of Curtis"),* and la dame de Faïel (Gabrielle de Vergi, or de Levergies), here called "the lady of Faguell," are celebrated lovers, and the subject of a metrical romance in French of the thirteenth century, still extant in the national library at Paris (Num. 195).†

This amiable and accomplished hero was a poet of singular merit for his age, several of his passionate and tender songs being preserved, and in the hands of the public. He appears to have accompanied his lord, uncle, and namesake, Raoul sire de Couci, in 1190, to the holy-land, where the latter was slain, at the siege of Acre, in the following year. He has been generally, but improperly, confounded, as the poet, and lover of the fair Gabrielle, with his chastellain, who received his mortal wound at the same siege. It is, however, said, in the ancient romance, that he did not arrive in Palestine, with King Richard, till after the capture of Acre, where his uncle Raoul had been killed. The husband of this unfortunate lady was Aubert de Faïel, lord of the castle and seignory of that name, near the town of St. Quentin. See Fauchet, Recueil de l'origine de la langue et poësie Française, 1581, and "Memoires historiques sur Raoul de Coucy," Paris, 1781 (the latter of which works contains his songs), and Le Grand, Fabliaux ou contes, D, 142. It

* His name was Raoul, though mistakenly called, both by Fauchet, and the French romance, Regnand or Regnault.
† Le Grand, who lowers this MS. to the fifteenth, allows it may be the copy of one of an earlier age.
Ancient English Metrical Romances.

is said, in the French romance, that Faïel, fearing lest the relations of his wife should avenge her death, caused her to be interred with a great deal of honour, and departed for the holy-land. The remembrance, however, of his barbarity pursued him everywhere: after he returned home he was never seen to laugh, and survived his wife but a few years.

This anecdote is, also, told by Howell, from the relation of a knowing gentleman whose society he lighted upon in his return in a coach from Paris to Rouen, in a letter, To his "honoured friend and father Mr. Ben. Johnson," in 1635, in which he calls the lover, "one captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman, of an ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy-castle, which," he says, "is yet standing, and in good repair." The gentleman added that this sad story was painted in Coucy-castle, and remained fresh to that day.

In the above Memoires is a small view of it.

The present poem, some sort of translation, it is presumed, from the French (but not, it seems, the Roman du chastellain de Coucy et de la dame de Faïel, before mentioned, unless with great liberties), is now republished from an old quarto pamphlet in black-letter, and without date, "Imprynted at London by me Willyam Copland," before 1568. The full title is "Here begynneth a litell treatise of the knight of Curtesy and the lady of Faguell." The copy made use of, in the Bodleian-library, is the only one known to exist.

An elegant romance, on the unfortunate loves of Gabrielle de Vergi and Raoul de Coucy, was written by the late duke de la Valliere; which, it seems probable, is the "beautiful old ballad mentioned to have been seen by the editor of "Reliques of ancient English poetry," III, xlii. The story appears to be still preserved by tradition at St. Quentin and Faïel.

The romance of La châtelaine de Vergy, which seems to have been confounded, by Froissart and others, with that of Le châtelain de Coucy, is an entirely different story. See Fabliaux ou contes, D, 49.

An anecdote, similar, in its main circumstances, to this of Raoul de Coucy, is related of William de Cabestaing, a Catalan or Provencal poet of the same age. See Histoire litteraire des troubadours, 1, 134. Boccaccio has made it the subject of one of his novels (Gier. 4, No. 9).
THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

In Faguell, a fayre countré,
    A great lorde somtyme dyd dwell,
Which had a lady so fayre and fre
    That all men good of her dyd tel.

Fayre and pleasaunt she was in sight,
    Gentyl and amayable in eche degre,
Chaste to her lorde, bothe day and nyght,
    As is the turtyll upon the tre.

All men her loved, bothe yonge and olde,
    For her vertue and gentylnesse.
Also in that lande was a knight bolde,
    Ryght wyse, and ful of doughtinesse.

All men spake of his hardynesse,
    Ryche and poore of eche degre,
So that they called him, doutlesse,
    The noble knyght of curtesy.

This knight so curteys was and bolde,
    That the lorde herde theroff anone,
He sayd that speke with him he wolde,
    For hym the messengere is gone,

Wyth a letter unto this knight,
    And sayd, Syr, i pray god you se ;
My lorde of Faguell you sendeth ryght
    An hundred folde gretynge by me.

He praith you in all hastynge
    To come in his court for to dwell,
And ye shal lake no maner of thynge,
    As townes, towres, and many a castell.

The curteyse knight was sone content,
    And in all dilygence that might be
Wyth the messyngere anone he went
This lorde to serve with humylitè.*

Fast they rode bothe day and nyght,
Tyll he unto the lorde was come;
And whan the lorde of hym had a sight,
Right friendly he did him welcome.

He gave hym towenes, castelles and towres,
Wherof all other had envye,
They thought to reve him his honoure,
By some treason or trechery.

This lady, of whome i spake before,
Seyng this knight so good and kynde,
Afore all men that ever were bore
She set on hym her herte and minde.

His paramour she thought to be,
Hym for to love wyth herte and minde,
Nat in vyce but in chastytè,
As children that together are kynde.

This knight also curteyse and wyse,
With herte and mynde both ferme and fast,
Lovyd this lady wythouten vyse,
Whyche tyll they dyed dyd ever laste.

Both night and day these lovers true
Suffred great payne, wo, and grevaunce,
How eche to other theyr minde might shewe;
Tyll at the last, by a sodaine chaunce,

* The author seems to have made use of an original which, in this respect, confounded the two stories of Raoul de Coucy and William de Cabestaing. The latter, indeed, applies for, and obtains, a service as valet or page with Raymond de Castel Roussillon, the husband of his mistress; but neither the old romance nor Fauchet's Chronicle relates any such event of Raoul. He was castellan, in fact, of his uncle's castle of Coucy, whence he occasionally visited the fair Gabrielle, whose residence of Faiel was at no great distance, so that he could go and return in the course of the night; though it appears, at the same time, from an extract of the old romance, that, being once on a visit to Faiel, he was pressed by Aubert to remain there in his absence.
This knight was in a garden grene,
   And thus began him to complayne,
Alas! he sayd, with murnyng yeyn,
   Now is my herte in wo and payne.

From murnyng can I nat refrayne,
   This ladyes love dothe me so wounde,
I feare she hath of me disdayne:
   With that he fell downe to the grounde.

The lady in a wyndowe laye,
   With herte cold as any stone,
She ywy nit what to do nor saye
   Whan she herde the knightes monye.

Sore sighed that lady of renowne,
   In her face was no colour founde,
Than into the gardeyn came she downe,
   And sawe this knight lye on the grounde.

Whan she sawe hym lye so for her sake,
   Her hert for wo was almoost gone,
To her conforte coude she none take,
   But in sowoune fell downe hym upon,

So sadly that the knyght awoke,
   And whan that he sawe her so nere,
To hym conforte anone he toke,
   And began the lady for to chere.

He sayd, Lady and love, alas,
   Into this cure who hath you brought?
She sayd, My love, and my solas,
   Your beauté standeth so in my thought,

That, yf i had no worldly make,
   Never none should have my herte but ye.
The knyght sayd, Lady for your sake,
   I shal you love in chastyté.

Our love, he sayde, shal be none other
   But chaste and true, as is betwene
A goodly systyr and a brother,
   Fro luste our bodyes to kepe clene.
And where so ever mi body be,
Bothe day and night, at every tyde,
My simpele herte in chastitè
Shall ever more lady with you abide.

This lady, white as any floure,
Replete with feminine shamefastnesse,
Begayn to chauenge her fare coloure,
And to hym sayd, My love, doubtelssse,

Under suche forme i shall you love,
With faythful herte in chastitè,
Next unto god that is above
Bothe in welthe and adversytè.

Eche of them kyssed other truely,
But, ever alas! ther was a fo
Behynde the wall, them to espye,
Which after torned them to muche wo.

Out of the gardyn whan they were gone,
Eche from other dyd departe,
Awyae was all theyr wofull mone,
The one had lyghted the others herte.

Than this spyc, of whome i tolde,
Whyche stode behinde the garden wall,
Wente unto his lorde ful bolde,
And sayd, Syr, shewe you i shall,

By your gardyn as i was walkynge,
I herde the knight of curtesye
Which with your lady was talkinge
Of love unlawfull pryvely:

Therfore yf ye suffre him for to procede,
Wyth your lady to have his joye,
He shal bee lede fro you in dede
Or elles they bothe shall you distroye.

Whan than the lorde had understande
The wordes that the spyc him tolde,
He sware he would rydde him fro that [lande],
Were he never so stronge and bolde.
He sware an othe, by god almight,
    That he should never be glade certayne
While that knight was in his sight,
    Tyl that he by some meane were slaine.

Than let he do crye a feest,
    For every man that thider wolde come,
For every man bothe moost and leest,
    Thyder came lorde bothe olde and yonge.

The lorde was at the table set,
    And his lady by him that tide,
The knight of curtesy anone was set,
    And set downe on the other syde.

Theyr hartes should have be wo-begone,
    If they had knowen the lorde’s thought;
But whan that they were styll echone,
    The lorde these wordes anone forth brought:

Me thinke it is fyttinge for a knight
    For aventures to enquyre,
And nat thus, bothe day and night,
    And home to sojourne by the fyre.

Therfore, syr knight of curtesy,
    This thinge wyl i you councelyll,
To ryde and go throughe the countrè,
    To seke adventures for your avayle.

As unto Rodes for to fight,
    The christen sayth for to mayntayne,
To shewe by armes your force and myght,
    In Lumbardy, Portyngale, and in Spayne.

Then spake the knyght to the lord anone,
    For your sake wyl i aventure my lyfe,
Whether ever i come agayne or none,
    And for my ladyes sake, your wyfe.

If i dyd nat i were to blame.
    Than sighed the lady with that worde,
In dolour depe her herte was tane,
    And sore wounded as wyth a sworde.
Than after dyner the knight did go
His horse and harneyse to make redy,
The woful lady came him unto,
And to him sayd right pyteously:

Alas! yf ye go, i must complayne
Alone as a woful creature,
If that ye be in batayle slayne,
On lyve may i not endure.

Alas, unhappy creature!
Where shal i go, where shal i byde?
Of dethe sothely nowe am i sure,
And all worldly joye i shal set asyde.

A payre of sheres than dyd she take,
And cut of her here bothe yelowe and bright;
Were this, than sayd she, for my sake,
Upon your helme, moche curteyse knight.

I shall, dere lady, for your sake,
This knyght sayd, with styl morninge:
No confort to him coude he take,
Nor absteine him fro perfounde syghinge.

For grete pytè i can not wryte
The sorowe that was betwene them two;
Also i have to small respYTE
For to declare their payne and wo.

The woffull departinge and complaynt
That was betwene these lovers twayne
Was never man that coude depaynt,
So wofully did they complaync.

The teres ran from their eyen twayne,
For doloure when they did departe;
The lady in her castell did remayne,
Wyth langour replenysshed was her herte.

Now leve we here this lady bryght,
Within her castel makinge her mone,
And tourne we to the curteys knyght,
Whyche on his journey forth is gone.
Unto hymself this knight sayd he,
Agaynst the chrysten i wyl not fyght,
But to the Rodes wyl i go
Them to susteyne with all my myght.

Than did he her heere unfolde,*
And one his helme it set on hye,
Wyth rede thredes of ryche golde,
Whiche he had of his lady.

Full richely his shelde was wrought,
Wyth assure stones and beten golde,
But on his lady was his thought,
The yelowe heare whan he dyd beholde.

Than forth he rode by dale and downe,
After aventures to enquyre,
By many a castel, cyte and towne,
All to batayl was his desyre.

In every justyng where he came
None so good as he was founde,
In every place the pryce he wan,
And smote his adversaryes to the grounde.

So whan he came to Lumberdye,
Ther was a dragon theraboute,†
Whyche did great hurt and vylanye,
Bothe man and beste of hym had doubt.

As this knight rode there alone,
Save onely his page by his syde,
For his lady he began to mone,
Sore syghynge as he did ride.

* This incident is noticed both in the French romance and the chronicle cited by Fauchet. "La dame de Fauël," says the latter, "quand elle sceut qu'il s'en devroit aller, feist'un lags de soye moulte bel et bien fait, et y aoust de ses chveux ouvres parmi la soye ; dont l'oeuvre sembloit moulte belle et riche : dont il liost un bourselet moulte riche par dessus son haume : et aoust longs pendans par derriere, a gros boutons de perles."

† This adventure with the dragon is unnoticed both in the extracts from the French romance, and by Fauchet.
Alas! he sayd, my lady swete,
    God wote in what case ye be;
God wote whan we two shall mete,
    I feare that i shal never you se.

Than as he loked hym aboute,
    Towarde a hyll that was so hye,
Of this dragon he harde a shoute,
    Yonder is a feast, he sayd, truly.

The knight him blessyd, and forthe dyd go,
    And sayd, I shall do my travayle,
Betyde me well, betyde me wo,
    The fyers synde i shall assayle.

Than wyth the dragon dyd he meate,
    Whan she him sawe she gaping wyde,
He toke good hede, as ye may wete,
    And quyckely sterted a lytle asyde.

He drewe his swerde like a knyght,
    This dragon fyersly to assayle,
He gave her strokes ful of myght,
    Stronge and mortall was the batayle.

The dragon gave this knight a wounde,
    Wyth his tayle upon the heed,*
That he fell downe unto the grounde,
    In a sowne as he had ben deed.

So at the last he rose agayne,
    And made his monc to god almyght,
And to our lady he dyd compleyne,
    Theyr helpe desyrynge in that fyght.

Than sterted he wyth a fayre courage,
    Unto the dragon without fayle,
He loked so for his advauntage,
    That [quyckely] he smote of her tayle.

Than began the dragon for to yell,
    And tourned her upon her syde,
The knight was ware of her right well,
    And in her body made his sworde to slyde.
So that she could nat remeve scarcely,
   The knight, that scinge, approched nere,
And smote her heed of lyghtly,
   Than was he escaped that daungere.

Than thanked he god of his grace,
   Whiche, by his goodness and mercye,
Hym hath preserved in that place,
   Through vertue of hys deytė.

Than went he to a nonrye there besyde,
   And there a surceane by his arte
Heled his woundes that were so wyde,
   And than fro thens he dyd departe,

Towarde the Rodes,* for to fyght,
   In bataill as he had undertake,
The fayth to susteyne with all his might,
   For his promyss he wil not breke.

Than of Sarazyns there was a route,
   Al redy armen and in araye,
That syeged the Rodes round aboute,
   Fyersly agaynst the good freydaye.

The knight was welcomed of echone,
   That within the cyté were,
They provided forth batayle anone :
   So for this time i leve them there,

And tourne to his lady bryght,
   Which is at home wyth wofull mone,
Sore morned [she] both day and night,
   Sayenge, Alas! my love is gone.

Alas! she sayd, my gentyl knight,
   For your sake is my herte ful sore,
Myght i ones of you haue a syght
   Afore my dethe, i desyrc no morc.

Alas! what treson or envye
   Hath made my love fro me to go?
I thynke my lorde for ire truely
   By treason him to deth hathe do.

* It was Acre, not Rhodes.
Alas! my lorde, ye were to blame
    Thus my love for to betraye,
It is to you a right great shame,
    Sythe that our love was chaste alwaye.

Our love was clene in chastytè,
    Without synne styl to endure,
We never entended vylanye;
    Alas, moost curteysc creature!

Where do ye dwell? where do ye byde?
    Wold god i knewe where you to fynde!
When ever ye go, where ever ye ride,
    Love, ye shall never out of my mynde.

A, deth, where art thou so longe fro me?
    Come and departe me fro this paine,
For dead and buried til i be
    Fro morning can i nat refraine.

Fare wel, dere love, where ever ye be,
    Bi you pleasure is fro me gone,
Unto the time i may you se,
    Without conforte still must i mone.

Thus this lady, of colore clere,
    Alone mourninge did complains;
Nothinge coulde her conforte ne chere,
    So was she oppressed with wo and paine.

So leve we her here in this traine,
    For her love mourninge alwaye,
And to the knight tourne we againe,
    Which at Rodes abideth the day

Of bataile, so whan the daice was come,
    The knightes armed them echc onc;
And out of the citie wente all and some,
    Strongly to fight with goddes sone.

Faire and semely was the fight,
    To se them redy unto the warre,
There was many a man of might,
    That to that bataile was come full farre.
The knight of curtesy came into the felde,
    Well armed right fast did ride,
Both knightes and barans him behelde,
    How comely he was on eche side.

Above the helme upon his hede,
    Was set, with many a precious stone,
The comely heare as golde so rede,
    Better armed than he was none.

Than the trumpettes began to sounde,
    The spere ranne and brake the ray ;
The noise of gonnès did rebounde,
    In this metinge there was no plaie.

Great was the bataile on evri side,
    The knight of curtesy was nat behinde,
He smote al downe that wolde abide,
    His mache coulde he no where finde.

There was a Sarazin stronge and wight,
    That at this knight had great envye,
He ran to him with all his might,
    And said, Traitor, i thee defie.

They ranne together, with spere longe,
    Anone the Sarazin lay on the grounde,
The knight drewe out his sworde so stronge,
    And smote his head of in that stounde.

Then came twelve Sarazins in a roght,
    And the knight did sore assaile,
So they beset him rounde aboute,
    There began a stronge bataile.

The knight kest foure unto the grounde,
    With foure strokes by and by,
The other gave him many a wounde,
    For ever they did multiplie.

They laide on him on every side,
    With cruell strokes and mortall,
They gave him woundes so depe and wide,
    That to the grounde downe did he fall.
The Sarazins went, and let him lye,
   With mortall woundes piteous to se,
He called his page* hastily,
   And said, my time is come to die.

In my herte is so depe a wounde
   That i must dye without naye,
But, or thou me burye in the grounde,
   Of one thinge i thee praiie:

Out of mi body to cut my herte,
   And wrappe it in this yelowe here,
And, whan thou doest from hence departe,
   Unto my lady thou do it bere.

This promisse thou me without delay,
   To bere my lady this present,
And burie mi body in the crosse waie.
   The page was sorry and dolent.

The knight yielded up the goost anone,
   The page him buried as he had him bad,
And towarde Faguell is he gone,
   The herte, and here, with him he had.

Somtime he went, somtime he ran,
   With wofull mone and sory jest,
Till unto Faguell he came,
   Nere to a castell in a forest.

The lorde of Faguell, without let,
   Was in the forest with his meynële,
With this page anone he met :
   Page, he said, what tidinges with thee?

With thi maister how is the case?
   Shew me lightly, or thou go,
   Or thou shalt never out of this place.
   The page was afearde whan he said so.

* The name of this page is Gobert in the French romance. He had been in the service of Aubert.
The page for feare that he had,  
The herte unto the lorde he toke tho,  
In his courage he was full sad,  
He toke the heere to him also.

He tolde him trothe of evri thinge,  
How that the knight in bataile was slaine,  
And how he sent his lady that thinge,  
For a speciall token of love certaine.

The lorde thereof toke good hede,  
And behelde the herte, that high presente ;  
Their love, he said, was hote in dede,  
They were bothe in great torment.

Than home is he to the kechin gone :  
Coke, he said, herken unto me ;  
Dresse me this herte, and that anone,  
In the deintiest wise that may be ;

Make it swete and delycate to eate,  
For it is for my lady bryght,  
If that she wyst what were the meate,  
Sothely her hert wolde not be lyght.

Therof sayd the lord full trewe,  
That meat was doleful and mortall,  
So thought the lady whan she it knewe,  
Than went the lorde into the hall.

Anone the lorde to meate was set,  
And this lady not farre him fro,  
The hert anone he made be set,  
Werof proceded muche wo.

Madame, eate hereof, he sayd,  
For it is deynteous and plesaunte.  
The lady eate, and was not dismayde,  
For of good spycye there dyd none want.

Whan the lady had eaten wele,  
Anone to her the lorde sayd there,  
His herte have ye eaten, every dele,  
To whom you gave your yelowe here.
Your knight is dead, as you may se,
I tel you, lady, certaynly,
His owne herte eaten have ye,
Madame, at the last we all must dye.

Whan the lady herde him so say,
She sayd, My herte for wo shall brast ;
Alas, that ever i sawe this day !
Now may my lyfe no longer last.

Up she rose, wyth hert full wo,
And streight up into her chambre wente,
She confessed her devoutly tho,
And shortly receyved the sacrament.

In her bed mournyng she her layde,
God wote, ryght wofull was her mone :
Alas! myne owne dere love, she sayd,
Syth ye be dead my joye is gone.

Have i eaten thy herte in my body ?
That meate to me shal be full dere,
For sorowe, alas, now must i dye :
A, noble knight, withouten fere !

That herte shal certayne with me dye,
I have received theron the sacrament,
All erhthly fode here i denye,
For wo and paine my life is spente.

My husbande, full of crueltè,
Why have you done this cursed dede ?
Ye have him slaine, so have ye me,
The hie god graunte to you your mede !

Than sayd the lord, My lady sayre,
Forgive me if i have misdone,
I repent i was not ware
That ye wolde your herte oppresse so sone.

The lady sayd, I you forgive,
Adew, my lorde, for evermore ;
My time is come, i may not live,
The lorde sayd, I am wo therfore.
Great was the sorowe of more and lesse,
    Bothe lordes and ladyes that were there,
Some for great wo swourned doubtelesse ;
    All of her dethe full wofull were.

Her complaynt pyteous was to here,
    Adieu, my lorde, nowe muste we disciever,
I dye to you, husbande, a true wedded fere,
    As any in Faguell was found ever.

I am clene of the knight of curtesy,
    And wrongfully are we brought to confusion ;
I am clene for hym, and he for me,
    And for all other save you alone.

My lorde, ye were to blame truely,
    His herte to make me for to eate,
But sythe it is buryed in mi body,
    On it shall i never eate other meate.

Theron have i recyved eternall fode,
    Erthly meate wyll i never none ;
Now Jesu that was don on the rode,
    Have mercy on me, my lyfe is gone !

Wyth that the lady, in all theyr syght,
    Yelde up her spyrit, making her mone :
The hyghe god moost of myght
    On her have mercy and us echone !
GLOSSARY.

(Throughout, the words are in Roman type, and the explanations in Italic.
The letters S and F signify that the word is derived from the Saxon or French.)

Abade, abode.
Abayst, abashed, ashamed.
Abbas, abbed.
Abenche, upon a bench.
Abote, Aboth, bought; S.
Abothe, abode.
Abought, bought.
Absolent, absolute.
Abugge, Aby, suffer, or atone for.
Ac, but; S.
Achon, each one.
Acketoun, Actoun, frequently used for the hauberk, corset,
or complete coat of mail, but,
strictly, a leathern or stuffed jacket, worn under it. Thus,
in Ywaine and Gawin, v. 2616—
"Both haujert and his actoun;"
acqueton, or hoqueton, F.
Acyce, assise.
Admyrold, Amerayle, a corrupt title given by some ancient historians to the Saracen Kings;
whence, it seems, our admiral;
the original Arabic is Ameer al omrah, or prince of the princes.
Adrad, Adradd, Adred, afraid, terrified.
Adrenche, Adrynke, drown, drink.
Adronque, drowned; S.
Adyght, dight, decked.
Afeng, received; S.
Afert, afeared, afraid.
Afurste, at first.
Afyn, Afyne, in fine, at last.
Agast, afraid.
Ageth, goeth.
Aght, eight, ought, owed.
Agramed, angry, furious; S.
Agrayde, graith, dress, decorate.
Agros, shuddered, trembled.
Agryse, shudder, tremble; or frightened, terrified, angry, or in a passion; S.
Agye, to guide, manage, govern, act for.
Agyme, begin; S.
Ah, but.
Ahte, eight.
Aknen, upon his knees.
Alablast, see Arblast.
Alayes, alleys; allies, F.
Albidene, Albydene, Allbedene, All bedeene, altogether, wholly, entirely, one after another. Thus, too, Robert of Brunne, p. 45—
"Lyndesie he destroicd all bidene."
This phrase is of inscrutable etymology. See Bydene.
Alde, old.
Alexcion, election.
Algrade (or Algarde), a species of Spanish wine.
Al if, although.
Alkins, Alkyn, likewise.
Allane, Alloon, alone.
Alner, a purse or bag, to hold money. Chaucer calls it an aumere. Almoire; F.
Alowte, lout, bend, bow, humble himself.
Als, as; Als, Alse, also; Al-
sone, forthwith.
Alther-furste, Alther-last, Alther-next, &c., the first, last, next of all.
Alwelandan, all-wielding, all-governing, omnipotent; S.
Amsall, enamel; emaile; F.
Ameraud, emerald.
Amerayle, see Admyrold.
An, on; An, Ane, one.
Anamered, enamoured.
Anblerc, on an ambler, or ambling nag.
And, an, if.
Ande, the breath; S.
Anes, once; Anly, only; Ant, and.
Antioche, some kind of wine, probably imported or introduced from that country.
Apayde, pleased, satisfied, content.
Aperiodly, openly, plainly.
Aplight, Apliht, Aplyght, complete, perfect. The etymology of this word cannot be ascertained.
Apyse, enterprise, attempt, adventure.
Aquelde, quelled, killed.
Ar, Are, ever, before.
Araste, rest, smote.
Arblaste, a cross-bow; arbalaste, F.
Arber, Arbere, arbour.
Are, ear; S.
Arche, expound, explain, interpret; S.
Arere, raise.
Areson, reason with, address, talk to, convince by argument.
Arew, rue.
Armyne, ermine.
Armyte, hermit.
Arsoun, saddle.
Arst, erst, first, sooner.
Arunde, errand.
Ascry, descry, discover, betray.
Asour, azure, blue.
Assaye, essay, trial.
Assoyle, absolve.
Astrote, bulging, strutting out.
Aswogh, Aswowe, in a swoon.
At, that, to; At ane, At on, Aton, at one, agreed.
Ateoned, atoned.
Ateyned, Ataynte, attainted.
Ath, oath.
Atrayed, poisoned; S.
Aught, owed, owned, possessed.
Aunterous, adventurous, abounding with adventures.
Avaunt, boast, extol; avant, F.
Aveaunt, Avenant, Avenaunt, comely, handsome, graceful, promise, agreement, condition.
Aventayle, aperture in a close helmet, through which the wearer was to breathe.
Avente, open (for the purpose of breathing through).
Aventurs, adventures.
Avesé, Avysé, advised, wary, discreet, or the like; avisér; F.
Avyse, consider, think of it.
Avysement, advice, deliberation; avisement; F.
Avysyd, advised.
Aw, owes, or owns, owe or own; Aw, awe, power, tyranny.
Awedé, Awyede, be mad or furious; S.
Awreke, revenged; S.
Axsy, ask; Axede, asked; S.
Aye, ever.
Ayen, Ayens, Ayeynes, again, against.
Ayre, heir, Ayre, probably for yare, which see.
Bacmet, Bacmette, Basenet, Basnet, a kind of covering for the head.
Balde, bold, certain, well assured; S.
Bale, evil, mischief, sorrow, misdeed and the like; in the plural
Glossary

Balys; S.
Band, bound.
Bandoun, Baundoun, government, bond, power, hands, confinement.
Banc, death, misery, evil, mischief, curse; S.
Baptyste, baptism.
Bare, a wild boar; S.
Barme, bosom, lap, womb; S.
Barme-teme, brood.
Barn, child; S.
Barnage, baronage, peerage, nobility.
Baslarde, a sword or dagger.
Bastarde, wine of Corsica, so called, as is conjectured, from being mixed with honey. It was a common beverage in London, so late as Shakespeare’s time.
Bate, bit.
Bay, brought to bay, at his last gasp, or when the deer, when weary of running, turns upon the hounds, and holds or puts them to bay; abbois, F.
Bayn, ready, near.
Be, by.
Bede, offer, afford; S.
Beden, prayers.
Bedene, all, altogether, together; one after another.
Beende. See Bende.
Befyl, befel; S.
Behete, Bihete, promise, assure; S.
Bekeand, beeking, warming, or sweating.
Bel and Boke, a solemn curse in the Roman Catholic religion, denounced at high mass, with the ringing of a bell, and the reading of a book.
Belamy, good friend; bel ami, F.
Beld, Belde, help, protect, defend.
Belyfe, Belyve, Bilive, afterward, soon, by and bye.

Bemes, horns, trumps, S.
Bende, bondage, bands, bonds, prison, S.
Bente, bough.
Benynge, benign.
Bentys, bents, grounds near the sea, on which bent, a coarse large grass, grows.
Ber, Bere, hier, bear.
Besautes, a piece of gold, so called because first coined at Byzantium, now Constantinople.
Besofte, besought, enticed.
Beste, deer.
Bestadde, circumstance.
Bestered, bestired.
Bet, better, bettered, amended.
Bete, beaten, plaited, inlaid embroidered.
Beth, be.
Bewrye, bewray, betray, accuse.
Bewtese, civilities, ceremonies.
Beye, aby, revenge, atone for.
Beyete, begot.
Beyke, to back, or warm, as before a rousing fire.
Beyne, bain, soon.
Bical, Bikalles, impeach, accuse.
Bicaught, deceived.
Bicollede, blackened.
Bide, abide, await.
Biform, before.
Big, build.
Bigonne, began.
Bihete. See Behete.
Bilive. See Belyfe.
Ble, Blee Bleo, Blo, hue, colour, complexion; Blo, black-blue; S. lividus, luridus.
Blew-out, breathed hard, puffed.
Blome, Blosme, bloom, blossom.
Blyn, Blynne, stop, cease, put a stop to, S.

Byve, blithe.

Bo, both.

Bodely, bodily.

Bonair, debonair.

Bone, boon, reward.

Boones, bones.

Boosys, bosses, or tufts.

Boot, boat.

Bord, Bard, board dinning-table,

Boriaes, burgesses.

Borken, barking, S.

Borowed, Borwyth, borrowed, pledged, redeemed, S.

Borows, borwes, pledges, sureties, S.

Boscage, wood, underwood, b cage, F.

Bost, boast.

Bote, boot, good, remedy, amendment, purpose, S.

Bote, boat; Bote, but.

Boteles, bootless, without remedy.

Bother: Thair bother wil, the will of both.

Boun, Bowne, ready prepared; redi, or redy boun, a pleonasm.

Bour, chamber; Bowrys, chambers.

Bouer-wemen, chamber-maids.

Bourd, jest, fun, a passage of humour, or pleasantry.

Bourding, jesting, or ridiculing.

Bourned, gilded, burnished.

Bournes, burns, rivulets.

Bowsum. See Buxum.

Boyst, a box; boiste, F.

Brade, broad; Bradder, broader.

Brand, a sword.

Brayde, drew quickly.

Brayed, roared.

Brayn-wode, stark-mad.

Brede, bread.

Bregge, a bridge.

Breke, breeches, S.

Breme, brim, fierce; Wel breme, very clear.

Bremly, fiercely.

Brenne, burn; Brenning, burning; Brent, Brenette, burned; Brente it do, caused it to be burned.

Brete, brier.

Bresyd, bruised.

Bretise, a bretise blade, a gau­way, or portal of defence, in the rampart, or wall, of a castle or town; bretesque, F.

Brether, brothers, brethren.

Breyde, start, hurry.

Briddes, birds.

Bride, bridle; bride, F.

Bright, as byrde bride, a complimentary or affectionate address or appellation of a beautiful or beloved young woman.

Broche, a kind of buckle, broad, round, and worn on the breast, or on the hat with a tongue; a breast-pin, F.

Brok, badger. “To stink like a brock,” is proverbial.

Brond. See Brand.

Brondys, brands, faggots.

Brooke, Brouk, Brouke, brook, employ well, make the best of, use, enjoy, S.

Brudale, bridal.

Brunie, brune.

Brooke, Brouk, Brouke, brook, employ well, make the best of, use, enjoy, S.

Brule, a bird. Bryd on bowe, bird on bowe. See Bright and Byrd.

Brym, bank, S. See Breme.

Bud, behoved.

Bueth, be, are.

Bumbarde, bombarde.

Bun, Bunden, bound.

Burland, burling, wetering.

Burne, baron.

Bus, behoves.

Buske, to prepare or make ready.

Buskes, bushes.

But, without, unless.
Glossary.

Buxum, *buxom*, yielding, obedient; S.
Byd, to pray.
Bydene. See Bedene.
Byger, a builder. Byged, built. Bygginge, building, house; S.
Byht, beeth.
Byker, to bicker, fight, or skirmish.
Bylaft, left behind.
Bylayne, lain by.
Byn, within.
Byradden, advised.
Byrd, a damsel, young lady or woman. See Bright and Bryd.
Byrke, birch.
Byronne, overrun.
Bys, Purpur bys, purple colour; bis, F.
Byseke, beseech.
Bysmare, dishonour, derision, infamy; S.
Bysuyke, Byswike, Byswyke, betray, beguile, deceive; S.
Byt, bite.
Calle, caul, dap, hood, or head-dress.
Camaca, according to Spelman, a kind of cloth, of which, under Edward III., they made the church-vestments; sometimes white, sometimes red.
Carackes, largeships; carraque, F.
Cardevyle, Cardelof, Carlile.
Carke, cark, care, S.
Carped, talked, conversed.
Caste, purpose, contrivance, intention, occasion, opportunity.
Cees, cease.
Celli, silly.
Certes, certainly. Certees, courteous.
Chamberer, chamber-maid.
Changy, change.
Charbokull, carbuncle; escarboucle, F.
Chare, chariot.
Chase, chose.
Chastlayne, the constable of a castle; chastelain, F.
Chasy, to chase.
Chauntement, Chaunterye, enchantment.
Chavyl, jaw.
Chepyng, a market.
Cher, countenance.
Cherel, cherl, churl, carl, clown, old fellow, S.
Chese, chose.
Chesten-tree, Chesteyn-tree, chestnut tree.
Cheverd, shivered.
Child. See the note on King Horn, v. 85.
Choll, jowl, head.
Chorle. See Cherel.
Chrystendome, Chrystenté, all countries collectively in which Christianity prevails.
Claré, clary, a mixture of wine and honey; clairet, F.
Clcle, click, catch, lay hold of.
Clese, cleaved, cleft, clove.
Clene, chaste, pure, innocent.
Clepede, called, named, S.
Clere, a clear, chaste, pure, beautiful young lady.
Cleth, to clothe, or dress.
Clippe, clasp, embrace.
Clodes, clothes.
Clodeth, clothed.
Clokarde, an instrument like a guitar.
Clongyn, Chung, S.
Clyne, encline.
Clyve, cliff, rock.
Collede, black.
Come, coming, came.
Comunalte, commonalty.
Coresur, horse-dealer.
Cornall, Cornell, Coronall, Coronell, a crown, coronet, iron-point, or head of a spear.
Cornell, “the forepart of a house.” (Coles.)
Corven, carved.
Costantyne the nobull, Constantinople.
Costerdes. “Duo costers panni magni de velveto, pro principalibus festis.”—“Do et lego Ricardo de Nevil filio meo... unum lectum de arvas, cum costeris paled de colore rubio, qui foliebant pendere in magna camera.” Du Cange.
Courage, heart; cœur, Spa.
Covenaunce, covenants.
Covanawnt, faithful.
Cover, recover.
Covering, recovery?
Cowre, crouch.
Crackled, scratched.
Crapawtes, Crapowtes, the stone chelonites, or toad-stone; cra paud, a load.
Creant, Creant, recreant, craven.
Crompyld, crumpled.
Cropoun, Croupe, back, tail.
Croupiere, the buttock-piece.
Crouth, a crowd, or stringed instrument, whence Butler’s Crowdero; S. (Leland’s Col.)
Croyz, cross.
Culde, killed.
Culpons, shreds, splinters.
Culvard, treacherous, infamous; culvert, F.
Cumand, Cumandes, command, come, coming. Cumen, come.
Cumlyng, a comeling, one newly come. (Hearne.) “Come lynge, new-cum-man or woman.”
Cumvay, convoy.
Cun, kine, cows.
Cunne, kin.
Cure, care.
Curtayse, Curtes, courteous.
Cusse, kiss. Custe, kissed.

Cutted, cut, split, formed, or shaped.
Da, a doe.
Dampny, condemn.
Dang, smote (plural of Ding)
Dawe, dawn. Dawed, Dawyd, dawned.
Dawes, days.
De, the, thee.
Ded, Ded, Dede, dead, death.
Defull, a defull dede, a diabolical act, S.
Dele, dolour, sorrow, grief.
Del, to part, to deal.
Deme, deem, judge, judgment, S.
Denketh roun, think to run.
Dentsys, dints, strokes, blows.
Der, dear. Der, Dere, Derye, harm, hurt, damage, distress, mischief. Derid, harmed, S.
Deray, noise; destroy, F.
Derne, secret, secretly, obscure, obscurely.
Derworthe, precious, valued at a high rate.
Dese. See Deys.
Destrer, a destrier, war, or tilting horse; dextrier, F.; dextrarius, L., from being on the right side, or with the right hand.
Descrive, describe.
Destruyt, destroyed.
Dewkys, dukes.
Dey, they.
Dye, dye.
Deys, hye deyse, an elevated part of the floor at the upper end of a great hall, upon which, under a canopy, stood the large dining table; still observable in the university colleges and inns of court.
Dight, decorated, decked.
Discrif, described, formed.
Diskere, Dyskere, discover.
Do, done.
Glossary.

Dofyr, daughter.
Doght, thought.
Dole, sorrow, grief.
Dolys, doles, deals, or money distributed to the poor, from a religious motive.
Dome, judgment.
Donder, thunder.
Donked, thanked.
Donne, dun, dim.
Dorth, through.
Dough, though.
Dour, endure.
Dowe, doubt, awe, fear.
Drake, dragon, S.
Drawe, draw, throw, time, space.
Drede, dread, fear, terror.
Dreche, vex, trouble, torment, S.
Drench, drink.
Drewries, jewels.
Dreye, Dreygh, Drye, bear, sustain, endure, suffer, S.
Drof, drove, drifted, sailed.
Droghe, Drogh, Drowe, drew.
Dromedaryes, large ships, more properly dromonds or dromants, F.
Drowe; quike to drowe, to draw alive.
Drury, gallantry, illicit love; dreary.
Drye, tedious, irksome.
Drynge, throng.
Dryve, driven.
Dulcemere, a dukimer.
Duere, dear.
Durstedec, thirsted.
Dwergh, Dwerk, a dwarf.
Dy, thy.
Dydyrward, thitherward.
Dyght, Dyghte, cut and serve; dressed, prepared.
Dyke, a ditch.
Dykke, thick.
Dyne, thine.
Dynge, din, noise, clash of arms.
Dyscry, describe, discern?
Dyskere, discover.

Dysour, talker, or tale-teller.
Dyssees, decease.
Dystawnce, discord, pride.

Echadell, each a deal, very much.
Ede, Eode, Eoden, went.
Eem, Eme, uncle.
Eft, Efte, after, afterward.
Effect. See Estyrs.

Eglehorne. An egkyl appears to be a species of hawk.

Egyll, eagle.

Elde, age.

Encheson, Enchesowne, cause, occasion, reason.

Endose, sitting at home, as it were, with his back against a chair; endosser, F.

Enoyn, annointed.

Entereinent, interment.

Envye, dislike, hatred, malice.
Er, Err, are.

Erindy, earthly.

Ern, an eagle, S.

Ernde, yearn, desired.

Erver, course, running.

Erst, before.

Ertou, Ertow? art thou?

Erynde, errand.

Esse, ease.

Estyrs, the inward parts of a building; or, according to Hearne, “states, conditions, things;” estres, F.

Ethe, easily.

Evenliche, evenly, equally.

Everuchen, every one.

Evyl, a disease, a disorder, a fit of madness.

Eyer, Eyr, air.

Fa, a foe, enemy.

Fachon, a faukhion, a sword.

Fadersowl, father’s soul.

Falde, fell.

Fale, Fel, Fele, Feole, many.

Faleweden, fallowed.

Fame, defame.
Famen, foemen, enemies.
Fand, Fande, found.
Fang, catch, seize, lay hold of, take, receive.
Farde, fared.
Farn, fared; How has to farn this day? How hast thou fared to-day?
Faun plate, Vamplat, or Avant plat, an iron plate, which defended, in front, a cavity for the reception of the hand, near the butt end of a tilting-spear; avant and plat, F.
Fase, foes,
Fasoun, Fassyoune, fashion, form.
Faunt, infant.
Faxe, hair.
Fawe, glad, as fain. See Fayn.
Fawtede, faulted, failed, was wanting to.
Fay, faith.
Fayn, Fayne, fain, joyful, glad, gladly, S.
Fayne, joy, gladness.
Fayntise, idleness, laziness, sloth (which might prevent their rising); faineantise, F.
Fayrine, Fyers, fierce.
Fayry, a fairyism, or appearance of the imaginary spirits so called. Fayrye, fairy-land, magic, illusion.
Feare, fair.
Feccho, fetch, S.
Feer, fierce, fire.
Felaurade, Christen felaurade, Felawrede, a fellowship, or company; few or many; a christian nation; an army of 60,000 knights;
Feld, folded.
Fell, a mountain.
Felle, skin.
Feloun, wicked, fierce, cruel.
Feltred, feltered, hairy, shaggy.
Felwet, velvet.
Femyn, venom.
Fen; lowyll fen, mud, mire, filth.
Fend, defend; Fendes, fiends, devils.
Fennell, fennel.
Fecorlych, wonderful.
Fer, Fere, fear; fire.
Fer, Feor, far.
Ferd, Ferde, fared, happened, S.
Fere, In fere, in company, together, as companions; Fere, healthy, sound; cure, heal; wife, companion. Feren, Feres, companions, friends, fellows. Fendes fere, companion of devils. Withouten fere, without equal.
Ferly fayne, wonderously glad, or joyful. Ferly fare, strange chance.
Fest, fastened.
Fete, Fett, fetched; Fette, fetch.
Fewte, fealty.
Feyre, fair. Feyrhad, Feyrnhesse, fairness, beauty.
Fith, fight.
Flankys, Taste my flankys, feel my flanks, sides, or loins.
Flaugh, Flawe, Fleigh, flew, fled.
Flemed, banished, S.
Fleon, flee.
Fleoten, float, or sail. Fleted, Fleten, floated.
Flet, parlour, antechamber, S.
Flette, flood, fleet.
Flites, scolds. Flyt, scolding, scandal, or ill words. Flyte, chide, S.
Flo, flat, fle.
Flogh, flayed.
Flome, river.
Floranse, Florences, florin, florins, or francs, ancient coin of France.
Florysseth, flourished.
Flottered, hovered, swam, floated: Flotter, F.
Fluste, flushed, or pushed.
Fode, food. Fode, Foode,
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<tr>
<td>well-bred, (sub. child, youth, or person spoken of), S.</td>
<td>Fythelers, fiddlers.</td>
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<td>Fow, followed.</td>
<td>Gabbest, sayest.</td>
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<td>Fon, foon, foes.</td>
<td>Gabuls, cables.</td>
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<td>Fonde, meet with, receive.</td>
<td>Galowe-tre, gallows, S.</td>
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<td>Fonge, take, S.</td>
<td>Game, Gamin, pleasure, sport, S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Forbode, injunction, prohibition, S.</td>
<td>Gan, began to; Gane, go, or have gone.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Force, mak na force, take no heed, have no care.</td>
<td>Gane, Gayne, Gaynest, near, nearest.</td>
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<td>Forfare, lose, forfeit, ruin, destroy.</td>
<td>Garnarde, a wine of Granada.</td>
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<td>Forfard, lost. Forfarn, lose, throw away, S.</td>
<td>Garson, youth or young man, knight or soldier; garçon, F.</td>
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<td>Forkarf, caved through.</td>
<td>Garye. See the note on Emare. V. 1032.</td>
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<td>Forleose, to lose entirely, S.</td>
<td>Gase, goes.</td>
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<td>Forlete, to give over; to quit, S.</td>
<td>Gate, way. Gatys, ways.</td>
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<td>Forlire, lost, S.</td>
<td>Gateward, porter.</td>
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<td>Format, foremost.</td>
<td>Gayne-come, coming again, return; or, possibly, meeting, S.</td>
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<td>Forne, for.</td>
<td>Gederling, gathering. Gedyrd, gathered.</td>
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<td>Forows, furrows.</td>
<td>Gertte, girt, girded.</td>
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<td>For-thehe, fore-teeth.</td>
<td>Gent, Gente, neat, pretty, F.</td>
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<td>Forther fete, fore-feet.</td>
<td>Ger, Gere, geer, apparel, necessities.</td>
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<td>Forthy, therefor, for this, for that, S.</td>
<td>Gest, a romance. Gestours, minstrels.</td>
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<td>Forward, promise, covenant, condition, agreement, S.</td>
<td>Gestes, guests.</td>
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<td>Foryaf, forgave. Forref, forgive.</td>
<td>Get, her of yet, goat, goat’s hair.</td>
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<td>Forylede, reward, recompense, make amends.</td>
<td>Geth, goeth.</td>
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<td>Founde, endeavour, attempt.</td>
<td>Getron, gittern, cittern.</td>
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<td>Frayned, asked, demanded, enquired.</td>
<td>Gilry, deceit.</td>
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<td>Frede, freed.</td>
<td>Gle, gle, mirth, minstrelsy.</td>
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<td>Frek, man.</td>
<td>Glede, a bright fire, a burning coal, blaze, flame, or spark.</td>
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<td>Fremede, stranger.</td>
<td>Glemshed, gleamed, glittered, shone.</td>
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<td>Frith, Fryght, wood, forest.</td>
<td>See Leomede.</td>
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<td>Frythes, woods, forests.</td>
<td>Gleynge, melody, minstrelsy.</td>
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<td>Froted, rubbed, or scrubbed.</td>
<td>Glode, glad, gilded.</td>
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<td>Fu, full.</td>
<td>Gode, good, alms.</td>
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<td>Fun, Funden, found. Founding, foundling.</td>
<td>Godelé, godly, S.</td>
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<td>Furryth, furred.</td>
<td>Godneday, good day.</td>
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<td>Fursoun, foison, plenty.</td>
<td>Gomez, man; Gomen, Gomes, men.</td>
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<td>Fylde, field.</td>
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Glossary.

Goo, go.
Gore, mud, mire, dirt.
Gorgete, a gorget; gorgerette, F.
Gram, mischief, injury, anger.
Gramercy, many thanks.
Gray. See Grys.
Grayd, fitted up.
Graythly, readily.
Gredde, cried, wept; Grede, cry, S.
Grenes, greenness.
Gret, greeted. Grette, wept.
Greves, groves.
Griht, Gryght, peace, S.
Grisely, dreadful.
Gro. See Grys.
Grome, a man-servant.
Groued, grew.
Gruf, grave? groveling?
Grunden, ground, sharpened.
Grylle, harm.
Grym, out of humour, stern, austere.
Grys, fur, from a kind of weasel; gris, F.
Gulde, gold.
Gurden, girded, girt.
Gylle, a glen.
Gyn, Gynne, contrivance.
Gynnynge, beginning.
Gypell, an outward garment.
Gysarmes, a sort of halberd; Guisarme, F.

Ha, have.
Habbe, have.
Habergeons, coats of mail.
Habide, Habides, abide.
Haby. See Aby.
Hailsed, Haylsed, saluted.
Halde, hold, prison, castle.
Hale, Hoole, whole. Halely, Holly, wholly.
Hales, halls, Hales in the hall, holes.
Halp, holpe, helped.

Hals, neck, throat, S.
Halt, held, holds.
Halvendel, half.
Haly gast, holy ghost.
Ham, them.
Hame, home.
Han, have.
Happe, cover, or bind, with the bed-clothes.
Har, their.
Harbroughe, Harburgerye, harbour, lodging.
Harburgens. See Habergeons.
Harowed, harried, plundered, ravaged.
Hase, hoarse.
Hat, ordered, commanded, called.
Hate, hath, hot.
Hatte, hight, called, named, is called.
Hauberke, Hawberk, coat of mail. See Brunie.
He, she, they.
Heare, Heere, hair.
Hedur-cum, hither-coming, arrival.
Hedurward, hitherward.
Heed, head.
Heele, danger.
Heire, higher.
Hele, cover, conceal, hide; health, welfare.
Helt, poured.
Hem, them.
Hende, kind, civil, polite.
Hendely, kindly, &c.
Henge, hung.
Henne, hence.
Hent, Hente, to take, catch, or receive; took or caught.
Heo, she.
Heore, their.
Her, hear, her, here, their, ere, before.
Herbers, harbours, lodges. Herberd, harboured, lodged.
Here, hair, hear.
Heried. See Harowed.
Glossary.

Herlotes, base varlets, worthless knaves.
Hern-pan, brain-pan, skull.
Heryn, cave, secret place, S.
Heste, to command.
Hete, to promise, or assure.
Hethin, hene.
Hette, commanded, was called.
Hevyd, head.
Hilles, protects, preserves.
Hire, her.
Heyle, conceal.
High-dayes, Hyegh-deys, great feasts.
Hight, promised, undertaken.
Hingand, hanging.
Hinde. See Hende.
Ho, who. Ho, Hoo, stop, cease, desist.
Hodur, hudder, hug.
Hol, whole, sound.
Holde, firm, faithful, S.
Holtes hore, Holty's hore, a grove, forest, or wood.
Hone, shame; honte, F. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."
Honge, hang. Hongeth, hanged.
Hope, expect, suppose, fear.
Horde, sharp or pointed spears.
Hore, hoary, grey. See Holtes.
Hore, whore.
Horedam, whoredom.
Hos, hoarse.
Hoscht, hushed.
Hosé, whoso.
Hoselde, houseled him, i.e., administered the eucharist, S.
Hostell, inn, lodging.
Hote, Hoten, called, named.
Hoth, heath.
Hove, dubbed.
Hovede, hovered, stayed, stood still. Hoveth, hovers.
Hue, he, she, they. Hue, them. Huere, Hure, their.
Huert, heart.
Hulles, hill.

Hurne, cave, hole, corner, or niche, S.
Hutte, hit.
Huyde, Huyden, hide.
Hy, she, they. In hy, in haste.
Hyde, hide, skin.
Hydose, hideous.
Hyght, Hyghth, called or named.
Hyne, it.
Hynge, hang.
Hyre, her.

Ibite, taste, drink.
Ibore, born.
Ichul, I shall.
Itheled, covered.
Ikarmeled, castellated, embattled.
Ilk, same.
Ilka, each, every. Ilkane, each one, every one.
Ipelvred, furred.
Is, his.
Isclayne, slain.
Iwent, gone.

Jennettes, mares.
Jefaw minecraft, a species of hawk.
Jewyse, capital punishment, execution; ber Jewyse, suffer punishment.
Jogelers, jugglers, minstrels.
Joly, jolly.
Jorne, journey, walk.
Juell, jewel.
Justus, justs.

Kan, knows.
Kantell, cantle, piece.
Kardevyle, Karlof, Karlyle, Carlisle.
Karl. See Carl.
Karlyoun, Caerleon.
Karpet, said, prated.
Karping, talk, prate, intemperate.
Kayme, Cain.
Kaytyf, caitif, wretch.
Kecche, catch.
Glossary.

Longe, hinges.
Loos, wyckked, bad reputation.
Loovey, praised.
Lorayns, reins.
Lore, learning. My lore, my speech, what I am about to say.
Lorell, a soundrel.
Lorn, lost.
Lose, Lose, Loos, praise, fame, report, in a good or bad sense.
Losed, lost.
Losenjour, flatterer, parasite, deceiver.
Louding, lauding, praising.
Loure, sad, discontented, downcast.
Lovert, lord.
Lovert-suyke, treacherous, guilty of high treason?
Lowe, a fire, blaze, or flame; hill.
Lowthe, loud.
Luef, love. Lufsom, Lufsume, lovely. Lufsummer, lovelier.
Lust, desire, wish.
Lut, few. A lute with, a light blow.
Lyfand, living.
Lyfe. See Leve.
Lyfandro, Lythe, Londes or lythes, Londys.
Lythe, listen, attend.
Lythe, listen, attend.
Lythe. See Lither.
Lyte, light.

Leomede, gleamed, glistened, shone.
Lende, stay, remain.
Lene, lend, lean.
Lengell. See Lyngell.
Lengor, longer.
Lenkith, length.
Lent, leaned.
Leode, lead, bring.
Lepe, leaped.
Lepes, leaps, stories, lies.
Lere, Lere, Leren, learn, teach, inform.
Lese, leash.
Leste, please. At the lest, at the least.
Let, hinder, deprive, obstruct, fail.
Lete, lose.
Lethir, wicked, dangerous. See Lither.
Lette, delay. Lettyd, let, stayed.
Leve, beloved.
Leve, Yleve, I believe, live.
Levyth, liveth.
Levening, lightening.
Lever, Leyr, rather, sooner.
Leveste, Levyst, most desirous.
Levore, lever, mace.
Lewte, loyalty.
Ley, lay, tale in verse.
Leyre, Lire, Lyre, cheek, face, colour, complexion thereof.
Libbe, lives. Lifand, living.
Lig, lie. Ligger, liar. Ligundle, lying.
Lightli, easily.
Liked, licked.
Limes, lymes, limbs.
Listes, arts, S.
Lite, little. Led with lite, treated her with indifference.
Lither, wicked, S.
Live, life.
Lodlick, loathly. Lodlokest, Lodlokest, loathliest.
Logge, lodge.
Londe. Wel londe, i.e., off or from the land.
Kedde, knew, shewed.
Keele, cool, Kelede, cold.
Kelle, cawl, cap, hood, or headdress.
Ken, know, inform. Kend, knew.
Kende, Kenne, kind, kin, kindred.
Kennes, kind, sort of.
Kepe, care, heed, notice.
Kerteles, kirtles, petticoats.
Kervore, carver.
Kest, cast, threw.
Keste, kissed.
Keth and Kende, Kyth and Kin, acquaintance and kindred.
Kevechers, kerchiefs.
Kevere, recover. Kevered, Keverede, recovered.
Kirk, church.
Kind, nature.
Kith, shew.
Klek, click, catch, snatch.
Klypped, clipped, clasped, embraced.
Knagg, the tine of a heart, or wooden pin, used to hang any thing upon.
Knave, a boy, page, or manservant, S.
Kownand, covenant.
Kowers, covers.
Kouth, could, knew how.
Kroupe, croup, the ridge of the back. See Cropoun.
Kun, can, will, knows how.
Kurtull, a kirtle, outer petticoat.
Kuss, kiss.
Kydd, Kydde, known.
Kyght, country, S.
Kynde, kind, race.
Kyndeli, naturally.
Kyrtell, bedgown.
Kyth, Kythe, shew, try, prove.

Laft, left.
Lagh, laugh, Laght, Lawe, Logh, Lowe, Lowgh, laughed.
Lahte, latched, caught, acquired.
Learned.
Laine, At laine, Layne, to conceal. Layned, concealed.
Lake, lack, want.
Lange, to long, belong.
Lappe, enfold, embrace.
Large, generous, liberal, bountiful.
Largesse, generosity, liberality.
Lasse, less.
Late, let, stop.
Lath, loth.
Lavedy, lady.
Lavendere, a laundress, or washwoman.
Lavorock, lark.
Lawnd, sward.
Lay, law, religion. Lays, laws.
Laye, bet, wager.
Layn, conceal it, be silent.
Layt, late, seek, search.
Lebard, leopard.
Leche, a leech, a physician.
Ledd, lead.
Lede, lead. Lede, Leede, any land or country, lond, and lede; law, faith, religion, man or people, S.
Leef, love.
Leende, wait, stay.
Lees, Les, lyes, or a lye; Lesinges, lyes, S.
Leeven, believe.
Lef, Lefe, loving, friendly, affectionate.
Lefsome, lovely.
Legge, lay down. S.
Leghed, laid [false accusations].
Lel, Lele, true. Lely truely.
Leman, a wife, sweetheart, mistress; a term of endearment; a concubine. Lemannys, gallants.
Leme, gleam, glisten, shine.
Glossary.

Leomede, gleamed, glistened, shone.
Lende, stay, remain.
Lene, lend, lean.
Lengell. See Lyngell.
Lengor, longer.
Lenkith, length.
Lent, leaned.
Leode, lead, bring.
Lepe, leaped.
Lepes, leaps, stories, lies.
Lere, Lere, Leren, learn, teach, inform.
Lese, leash.
Leste, please. At the leste, at the least.
Let, hinder, deprive, obstruct, fail.
Lete, lose.
Lethir, wicked, dangerous. See Lither.
Lette, delay. Lettyd, let, stayed.
Leve, beloved.
Leve, Yleve, I believe, live.
Leveth, liveness.
Levening, lightening.
Lever, Levr, rather, sooner.
Leveste, Levyste, most desirous.
Levore, lever, mace.
Lewte, loyalty.
Ley, lay, tale in verse.
Leyre, Lire, Lyre, cheek, face, colour, complexion thereof.
Libbe, lives. Lifand, living.
Lig, lie. Ligger, liar. Liggunde, lying.
Lightli, easily.
Liked, licked.
Limes, lymes, limbs.
Listes, arts, S.
Lite, little. Led with lite, treated her with indifference.
Lither, wicked, S.
Live, life.
Lodlick, loathly. Lodlokest, Lotlokste, loathliest.
Logge, lodge.
Londe. Wel londe, i.e., off or from the land.

Longe, lungs.
Loos, wyckkede loos, bad reputation.
Looveyd, praised.
Lorayns, reins.
Lore, learning. My lore, my speech, what I am about to say.
Lorell, a scoundrel.
Lorn, lost.
Los, Lose, Loos, praise, fame, report, in a good or bad sense.
Losed, lost.
Losenjoure, flatterer, parasite, deceiver.
Louding, lauding, praising.
Loure, sad, discontented, downcast.
Loverd, lord.
Loverd-suyke, treacherous, guilty of high treason.
Lowe, a fire, blaze, or flame; hill.
Lowth, loud.
Luef, love. Luftom, Lufsume, lovely. Lufsummer, lovelier.
Lust, desire, wish.
Lut, few. A lute wiht, a light blow.
Lyfand, living.
Lyfe. See Leve.
Lylothe, livelihood.
Lygg, lie, or lie with.
Lyghted, lightened, made lighter.
Lyghthe, aighted.
Lyghtly, readily.
Lygyng, lying.
Lyht, lyeth.
Lym, lime.
Lynde, lime, and hence, figuratively, a tree, or a clump of trees, in general.
Lynne, stop, cease.
Lyre. See Leyre.
Lythe, Londes or lythes, Londys lythys, and renne, plains.
Lythe, listen, attend.
Lythyr. See Lither.
Lyte, light.
| Lytte, little.       | Merlyon, merlin, a species of hawk; emerillon, F.       |
| Lyve, life.         | Mess, mass.                                             |
| Ma, more, make.     | Mese, dishes, dinner.                                  |
| Maad, mad.          | Meselle, a leper.                                      |
| Maght, might.       | Mester, mystery, business; mester, F.                  |
| Main, force, strength. | Meteles, meatless.                                |
| Maistri, mastery, mastership, superiority, perfection. | Mette, mate.                                           |
| Make, make.         | Mewse, to muse, or meditate.                          |
| Mall, mallet.       | Mid, Mide, Myd, with. Mitte, with thee.               |
| Malmesyne, malmsey; malvoisie, F. | Misforschapen, misshapen. |
| Malt, melted.       | Mister. See Myster.                                    |
| Manne, mean, moan.  | Mo, Moo, more.                                         |
| Maner, manor.       | Mody, moody.                                           |
| Mane sworn, mansworn, perjured. | Moght, might. |
| Mangere, feast. Mangeri, feasting. | Mold, Molde, mould, earth; head, or crown of the head. |
| Mankyn, mankind.    | Mon, must.                                             |
| Mas, Mase, makes.   | Monhede, manhood.                                      |
| Masertre, maple, or wild ash. | Moni falde, many fold. |
| Mate, dead, stupified, confused senseless. | Morning, mourning. |
| Mametes, Mammettes, idols. | Mote, might, may; moot, contend. |
| Maumetrie, idolatry, or idolworship, Mahometism. | Mountance, Mountawnse, Mountenaunce, amount. |
| Marlin, the merlin. | Mowne, may.                                            |
| Mavis, thrush.      | Moyles, mules.                                         |
| May, maid, damsels, virgin. | Munstral, minstrel. |
| Mayne. See Main, Mayne, Menye. | Munt, mind. |
| Maystereye, magic, necromancy. | Muscadell, a French wine. |
| Meate, meet.        | Mustre, minster.                                       |
| Me, men.            | Mut, might.                                            |
| Mede, mead, recompence, reward. | Myddyllerd, Mydle-erde, the earth. |
| Mellé, medley, quarrel, disturbance. | Myld, merciful. |
| Meng, mix, mingle.  | Myn owe, mine own.                                     |
| Menske, decency.    | Myn, Mynne, less.                                      |
| Minstralcy, minstrelsy, musical performance. | Mynge, himself reminded, or mention made, S. |
| Ment, knew.         | Mynt, threatened, attempted, threat, attempt.         |
| Meny, attendants, servants. | Myrght, mirth. |
| Menye, family, household, attendants. | Myslikeing, Myslykyng, dislike, or disgust. |
|                      | Mysrede, misadvise, misteach.                         |
Glossary.

Myssay, to belie, wrong.
Myster, Mystyr, need, want.

Nakyn, no kind of.
Name, Namm, Nom, Nome, took.
Nanes, for the nanes, for the none.
Nast (ne hast), hast thou not.
Nay, neigh.
Neeve, nieve, fist, or clasped hand.
Neghed, nighed, drew near.
Neght, nigh.
Nell, will not.
Nempne, name. Nempnede, named.
Nere, were not.
Nerre, nearer.
Nese, a nose.
Nessche ne harde, soft nor hard, S.
Nete, an ox.
Nevyn, name, Nevys, names.
Ney, eye.
 Nobillary, nobleness, nobility.
Nolde, ne wolde, would not.
Nome, name.
Nomeliche, namely.
Nones, Noonys. See Nanes.
Noon, none.
Noonré, a nunnery.
Nortour, nurture.
Not, ne wot, wot not, know not.
Noth, Nothe, oath.
Nouthe, now, nothing.
Nower, no where.
Nowther, neither.
Noyes, noise, grief, lamentation.
Nully, ne will I, I will not.
Nuste, Nyste, twist not, knew not.
Nuthake, nuthatch.
Nycke, neck.
Nyghyng, approaching, drawing near.
Nys, nice, foolish; niais, F.
Nythyng, a wicked or good-for-nothing man.

Occient, occident, west.
Odoun, down, or adown.

Odur, Odyr, other, others.
Ofte-sithes, oft-times.
Ogains, against.
Ogayne, again.
Oght, owed, owned.
Olyfant, elephant.
Olyroun. See the note on Launfal, V. 1023.
Olyve, alive, life.
Omell, among.
On, one.
Onane, anon.
Onde, hate, hatred.
Oo, Oon, one.
Oolde, old.
Oones, once.
Oost, host.
Ord, point, beginning.
Ore, grace, favour.
Orgenes, organs.
Oryall, Oryall-side, a recess.
Orybyle, horrible.
Os, as.
Ostel, Ostell, an inn.
Osylt, ousel.
Other, or.
Ou-selven, Ou-seluen tueie, your two selves.
Out-beode, be ordered out.
Out-take, Owt-takyn, except, or excepting.
Over-blenche, overset.
Over-geld, over-gilt.
Overt, open.
Overtwert, overthwart.
Ovyr-hylte, covered over.
Ovyr-tyte, over soon.
Ow, you.
Owthe, owe.
Owther, either.

Paid, paid, satisfied, content.
Paiens, Payens, Payenes, Paynes,
Payns, Pagan, heathens, Saracens, Danes.
Pales, Paleys, a palace.
Palle, fine cloth.
Palmere, a pilgrim.
Glossary.

Panele, stuffed cushion.
Panter, an officer of the pantry.
Parage, kindred.
Parayle, rank, pareille, F.
Parell, peril, dangers.
Pase, pass.
Paynime, in the manner of the Pagans; à la Payenne, F.
Paytrelle, poitrinal, pectoral, or breast-plate; poitrail, F.
Pece, a cup, or drinking-vessel.
Pee, magpie.
Pell, fur.
Pelyne, pilgrim, or palmer; pelerin, F.
Pelvred, furred.
Pende, hond.
Pensel, penon, banner.
Pere, pear.
Perfay, by my faith.
Perfounde, profound.
Perré, Perry, jewels, precious stones; piergeries, F.
Perys, pears.
Pese, peace.
Pine, pain, punishment.
Plawe, play.
Playn pase, full speed.
Playnere, Plener, Pleyner, full, fully, plentiful, complete.
Plevyne, warranty, assurance; pleuine, F.
Plex, shield.
Pleye, play, disport.
Plyght, pledge, assure.
Pole, a pool. Poles, pools.
Polmes, balls, apples.
Polmely, dappled, Pomelee, F.
Popinjayes, parrots.
Poscescon, possession.
Pouste, Pouste, power.
Pover, poor; pauvre, F.
Poverly, poorly, pitifully, sneakingly.
Povert, poverty.
Poyle, apulia.
Poyn, point.
Praye, prey.

Pres, a press, or crowd.
Preke, Frike, to prick, spur, ride, gallop. Prekand, pricking.
&c.
Presand, presented it to.
Present, presence.
Presoun, Prisoun, Prysoun, prisoner, captive.
Prest, prompt, ready.
Presyd, pressed, thronged.
Prime, three o'clock.
Prow, Prowe, advantage, prowess, honour.
Pryse, price, value.
Puple, people.
Purchace, acquisition.
Puryd, furred.
Purpur, purple.
Puste, pushed.
Pych, pitch.
Pyght, pitched.
Pytle, bet, bruised; pilan, S.
Pyment, a mixture of wine, honey, and spices.
Pysane, some part of the coat-armour.
Quarell, the dart of the cross-bow.
Qued, the damned.
Quelle, kill. Quelthe, killed.
Queue, to please.
Quere, guire, choir.
Quert, heart, coeur, F.
Quest, inquest, assise, trial.
Queynete, quaint, skilful.
Queynete, quaint.
Quit, rewarded. Quite, quit.
Questeroun, cooks.
Quoke, quaked.
Quyn, whin, furze.
Quyt, quit.
Quyte-clayed, discharged.
Quytt, rewarded.
Qwelle, to kill.

Rach, a bitch hound.
Radde, red.
Rafe, rowe, tore.
Glossary.

Raft, rest.
Raked, walked apace.
Rampand, rampant.
Randoun, at random.
Rappes, blows.
Rase, rose.
Rath, quick, soon.
Ray, Cloth of ray was cloth not coloured.
Raye, a title.
Rayne, cry out against, S.
Rayne, cloth of Rennes.
Real, royal.
Recce, Recke, care.
Recomforde, recomforted.
Recorde, recorder.
Recreant, coward.
Red, advised, counselled.
Redd, Rede, advice, counsel.
Redies him, makes himself ready.
Rees. See Rese.
Reft, bereaved.
Relygys, monks, hermits.
Reme, rim, imbank, S.
Remes, realms.
Ren, ran. Rennande, Renin, running. Rennyth, runneth.
Renable, reasonable.
Represe, Reproofing, reproof.
Rerde, cry, roar.
Reryd, reared, raised.
Rese, race, course, with force.
Respice, a wine.
Reuthe, ruth, sorrow.
Reykyd, raked, went hastily.
Reve, bereave, rob.
Reven, torn.
Reyset, receiver of stolen goods.
Reyn, rain.
Ribible, a sort of fiddle, with three strings.
Rinand, running.
Roche, rock.
Rochell, a French wine.
Rod, Rode, rood, cross.
Rode, colour, complexion.
Rofe, rove, tore.
Roght, recked, cared.
Romaynce, Romans.
Rope, cry out.
Rose-reed, Rosyne, rosy, rose-coloured.
Rote, a mandolin or hurdy-gurdy.
Rothe. See Rod.
Roune, murmur.
Rouse, red.
Rowme, roomy, wide.
Rowthe, ruth.
Rowncy, a road, or cart horse.
Rowned, whispered.
Rudde. See Rode.
Ruddock, a red-breast.
Rumney, a wine, Romanée.
Rustus, rust.
Ryall, royal.
Ryche, realm, kingdom.
Rydyght, ridest.
Ryfe, rife, common, plentiful.
Ryg, back.
Rygge, ridge.
Rygith wes, Ryght wyse, Ryht wes, righteous.
Rys, Ryse, branch, twig.
Ryle. See Ryche.
Ryne, hoar frost.
Ryve, shore; rive, F.; to tear, arrive. Ryved, arrived.

Sagh, saw.
Saght, sight? Saghteled, settled.
Saghtelyng, a settling, or agreement.
Saint, cincture, girdle; ceinct, or ceinture, F.
Sakles, sackless, innocent.
Sal, shall.
Sale, Salle, a hall; salle, F.
Salmes, psalms.
Sambus, saddle-cloth; sambué, F.
Same, Samen, Samin, Samyn, In or Yn same, together.
Samyte, a rich silk.
Sar, Sare, sore. Sari, sorry, sorrowful. SARily, sorrowfully.
Saugh, saw.
Sawe, speech, words, sayings.
Sawnfaile, without doubt.
Sawtew, the psalter.
Sawtry, a psalter.
Say, a sort of stuff.
Sayn, say. Sayne, sign. Sayned him, crossed himself, or made the sign of the cross.
Sayde, assayed.
Scath, harm.
Schalmuses, salms.
Scharle, Share, shore, cut.
Schawe, shade, grove.
Sche, she.
Schend, put to death, kill.
 Schende, defame, injure, hurt.
 Schent, ruined, undone.
 Schene, shining.
 Schepe, a ship.
 Schere, free, clear.
 Schilde, shield. Schelde, shield, prevent.
 Scho, she.
 Schold, Schud, should.
 Schome, shame.
 Schop, formed, made.
 Schrede, screen, dress himself.
 Schrew, shrew, atrocious rascal.
 Schrive, Schryve, confess (to a priest).
 Schyre, clear.
 Scill, skill, cause, reason, advice, art, knowledge.
 Sclawe, slain.
 Scleg, sty.
 Sclo, to be slain.
 Scryed, discovered, described.
 Scyverede, shivered.
 Se, see, look to, regard, preserve.
 Seek, seke, sick.
 Segge, say. Seggeth, says.
 Seh, saw.
 Seker, Sekyr, certain, sure.
 Sekernes, certainty.
 Selcouth, strange.
 Selde, seldom.
 Selly, silly, foolish; folly.
 Selve, self, same.

Sembelde, assembled.
Sembland, semblance.
Semblant, welcome.
Sembyll, assemble.
Semedant, resemblance.
Semelych, seemly.
Sen, since.
Sendell, a thin silk.
Sent, consent.
Sensours, censers, incense-pots.
Ser, Sere, several, different.
Sere, sir. Serlys, sirs.
Sered, cered (with a cere-cloth).
Serewe, Serwe, sorrow.
Serke, sark, shirt.
Servandes, servants.
Sese, sees; cease.
Sesowne, season, time.
Sete, sat.
Seth, seethed, boiled.
Sethen, Sethyn, Seththe, Seythen, since, afterward.
Sevé, seven.
Seygh, saw.
Seylyss, sails.
Shame, ashamed.
Share, scar, cut.
Shaws, coppices.
Shenche, serve.
Shene, shining.
Shete, shoot.
Sho, she.
Shonde, harm, mischief.
Shoophe. See Schop.
Shrede, to clad, or clothe.
Sibbe, related, allied.
Sith, Sithes, time, times.
Skalde, scold, ill tongued.
Skapy, to escape.
Skath, harm, loss.
Skere, free, clear, quit, acquit.
Sket, ready, apt, S.
Skeyre, squire.
Slake, to cool, slacken, decline.
Slape, sleep.
Slen, slay.
Slik, Slike, such.
| Slo, slay. Slogh, slew. Slo, Sloo, slay. | Sterve, starve, die. |
| Slod, slid. | Sterye, steer. |
| Slope, asleep. | Stevene, Stevyn, voice, sound, speech. |
| Slouthe, sloth. | Stigtheled, strengthened. |
| Smertyly, quickly. | Stirt, started. |
| Snell, quick, sharp, active. | Stoken, stuck, fastened. |
| Snytes, snipes. | Stokkes, stocks. |
| So, as. | Stonayd, astonished. |
| Sote, sought. | Stor, Store, loud, blustering. |
| Sold, Solde, Suld, should, should be. | Store, stir, stark. |
| Solers, upper rooms, garrets. | Stour, Stoure, Stowr, Stowre, difficulty, danger, battle. |
| Somers, Somer-horses, sumpter-horses, loaded, or carrying baggage; sommiers, F. | Stownde, space of time. |
| Sommed, summoned. | Strath, straight. |
| Sond, Sonde, a message, or messenger. | Stre, straw. |
| Sonde, sand. | Strekk, stretching, passing, S. |
| Sote, sweet. | Stroye, destroy. |
| Soth, truth. | Stryndo, strain, race, descent. |
| Sothely, trulyely. | Stude, steeds, horses. |
| Sothen, sodden. | Sture, steer. |
| Sotheyr, soother, more true. | Sturn, stern. |
| Sowdears, soldiers. | Sty, place, house, building, S. |
| Sowpeth, supped. | Styk, stitch, wounded, S. |
| Soyorne, sojourn. | Stynete, stint, stop, stay. |
| Sparryd, shut, fastened, bolted. | Stythe, strong, S. |
| Spec, spoke, or bespoke. | Suere, Swere, Swyre, neck. |
| Spell, speech, story, tale. | Sugerneth, sojourneth. |
| Sper, Spire, to ask, or enquire. | Suggeth, say. |
| Sperd, Sperred. See Sparryd. | Suithe, Suythe, Swith, quick, speedily, very. |
| Spreteth, spreadeth. | Sumwet, somewhat. |
| Spylyle, die, be put to death. | Suykedom, treachery, treason. |
| Spyr. See Sper. | Swa, so. |
| Stabull, establish. | Sware, neck (as an adjective, its meaning is unknown). |
| Stad, Stadde, bested, circumstance. | Swart, black. |
| Stak, stuck, pulled to. | Swayne, inferior servant. |
| Stall, place, passage, entrance. | Sweme, qualm. |
| Stark, strong. | Swevenying, Swevyn, dream. |
| Stat, state. | Swier, squire. |
| Sted. See Stad. | Swilk, such. |
| Stedd, Stede, place, or country. | Swogh, swoon. |
| Stekyth, sticketh. | Swyke, hole, ditch. |
| Stepul, steeple. | Sylatowne, a circular robe of state. |
| | Sye, Sygh, saw. |
Sygh, Syght. See Sythe.
Sygned, assigned.
Syke, Syken, sick, sigh.
Sykyrlyke, certainly, surely.
Symplyté, simplicity, or simplicity.
Syrrys, sirs.
Sytole, a citole (a kind of dulcimer).
Sythe, side, afterward, since.
Syttand, sitting.

Ta, take, betake.
Talvace, a large shield.
Tan, Tane, take, taken. Tase, takes.
Tane, one.
Teem, sons, issue.
Telde, told; lodge.
Teme, teemed.
Teen, Tene, Teon, Teone, sorrow, passion, anger. Tene, slay. Teon, take, or betake.
Tent, heed, attend.
Tha, these.
Thartyll, there to.
Thawghte, Thawghth, taught.
Thay, day.
The, thee. The, Thee, thrive.
Thede, did.
Thede, land, nation, country, kingdom, S.
Theder, thither.
Theer, deer.
Thenche, think.
Theode, faith, belief, religion.
Thepartyth, departeth.
Therforne, therefor.
Thethin, thence.
Thewe, virtue, good manners.
They, though.
Thike, this, this same.
Thir, these.
Tho, then; do.
Thogh, doth.
Thoghte, thought.
Thoghthy, Thoughty, doughty.
Thoghtyer, doughtier.
Thole, suffer, undergo.

Thonor, thunder.
Thoo, then; those.
Thore, there.
Thores, doors.
Thorst, Thorste, durst.
Thoune, down.
Thowghter, daughter.
Thra, Thro, eager, fierce, desirous.
Thral, Thrall, slave, captive, base wretch. Thrhalhede, state of slavery or captivity.
Throw, Throo, Throw, short space of time, trice.
Thriswald, threshold.
Throo, Throew, troubled, afflicted, sorrowful?
Thrydd, Thrydhe, third.
Thrynge, throng.
Thuncketh, thinketh.
Thus-gate, thus-wise, this-way.
Thwang, thong.
Thyll, till.
Thynke, thing.
Tide, betide.
Tint, lost.
Tit, received, took.
Tite, soon, quickly. Titter, sooner.
Tithand, Tithandes, Tithyng, tidings, news.
To, thou; till; toe; too.
Too, took.
To-brest, burst.
To-drevet, driven, pursued.
Tedur, other, others.
Tokenyng, token, keep-sake.
Tome, toom, teem, empty.
Too, take; to; toe.
To-dere, too dear.
To-rent, rent, torn.
To-scwyverede, shivered.
To-terys, tears (verb). To-tore, torn.
To-whiles, meanwhile, meantime.
To-yeynes, against.
Traised, betrayed.
Traisted, trusted. Traystes, trusts.
Glossary.

Traitor, betrayer.
Trappes, Trappur, Trappure.
See Lengell. Neither can be discovered.
Tre, tree, wood.
Tredd, trod.
Trent, embraced.
Trewes, Trues, truce.
Trist, sure.
Trompours, trumpeters.
Trofels, trifles.
Trowage, Truage, tribute.
Trowes, trowest, believest.
Trowth, truth.
Tryst, post or station.
Tryste, trust.
Turmentyre, torment, torture.
Tuye, Twyes, twice.
Twyn, twine, part, separate.
Tyd, Tyte, quick, soon.
Tyger, Tiber.
Tyght, begun, pitched, fixed.
Tyre, attire, dress.

Uche, each.
Umage, homage.
Umbithought, bethought.
Umbraydest, upbraiest.
Umstrade, bestrode.
Undersonge, serve, catch, take, meet with.
Under molde, under earth.
Undertane, undertake.
Undo, open. Undone, prepared, made ready for the spit.
Undern-tyde, Under-tyde, Under-durne, nine o'clock in the morning.
Undur-lace, a woman, from her lace.
Undur the molde, under ground, dead and buried.
Unemement, ointment.
Ungayne, not near.
Unhele, ill-health, unhappiness.
Unhende, uncivil, unpolite.
Unkunand, not cunning, unknowing, ignorant.

Unnese, Unnesethes, scarcely.
Unpees, no peace, war.
Unryde, base, iniquitous, S.
Unsely, unhappy, unfortunate.
Unshet, Unsteke, unshut, open.
Unsyght, unseen.
Unther, under.
Unther-gare, Unther-kelle, Unther-lyne, Unther serke, Unther-wede, all figurative appellations for young women.
Unto, until.
Unwelde, unwieldy.
Umare god, a good runner.
Umeth, runneth.
Us, Uus, use, habit, custom.
Usedenn, used.

Vacche, Vecche, watch.
Valour, value, importance.
Vassage, Vasselage, knight service, valour, courage.
Vayage, voyage, journey, adventure.
Velany, Vylanaye, villainy, evil, baseness, impertinence, impropriety, mischief, injury.
Veneri, hunting, the chase.
Ventall. See Aventayle.
Vernage, a wine.
Verraye, true. Verraiment, Verrament, truly.
Vurste, worst.
Vys, Vyys, face, countenance. Swych vys, so powerful.

Wajcur, wagger.
Wald, would.
Wan, grow pale.
Wandreme, joylessness, tribulation, agony of mind, S.
Wane, plenty.
War, wary, prudent, were, aware of.
Ware, expend, spend, lay out.
Ward, Wared, expended, were.
Warisown, Warisowne, Waryson, help, cure, reward.
Warist, cured.
Warm, worm, serpent.
Warye, curse.
Wate, know.
Wax, Waxe, Wex, Wox, waxed.
Wawe, wave.
Wayte, serve.
Wedde, gage, pledge.
Wedewede, widowhood.
Wede, armour, apparel, dress, robe, garment; mad.
Weders, wind, hail, rain, &c.
Welde, wield, rule, govern. Me to spouse welde, take me to wife.
Wele-lykeand, well-looking.
Wele-rinand, swift.
Welk, walked.
Wemme, fear, S.
Wend, Wende, Wendes, Wendyth, Wending, going, go, depart.
Went, go, gone, turned, S.
Wene, think; Wenes, thinkest; Wend, Wende, thought; S.
Wepe, wept, weeping.
Wer, Were, Werie, defend, fight for; rescue, protect; where.
Were, war, wear.
Werne, warn, prohibit.
Werr, worse.
Werry, fight, make war, or battle.
Wet, what.
Wete, know; Wetyn, known; S.
Weved, waved.
Wha-sum, whosoever. Ware-sum, wheresover. What-sum, whatsoever.
Whate, hot.
Wher, Wherein, were.
Whesch, washed (their hands).
Whide-war, far and near.
White the non, do not torment thyself.
Whosé, whoso.
Whychyd, bewitched.
Whyght. See Wight.
Whythe, wight.
Wight, strong, powerful; person.
Wightly, speedily, boldly, resolutely.
Wiht, a blow.
Wik, Wike, week.
Willes, will, desire.
Wis, show me, take me.
Wist, knew.
Wit, Wite, learn, know, blame.
Withsugge, gainsaid.
Wittes, sense, wisdom.
Wive, wife.
Wobigane, woeg-begone.
Wode, mad.
Wode-schawe, coppice.
Wogh, wrong?
Wolde, old.
Wolte, wilt thou?
Won. Good won, often, many times; A worldly won, a worshipful mansion-house.
Wonde, wait, stay, desist from, refused, withstood.
Wone, delay. Woned, wont; dwelled, lived. Wones, palaces, houses, dwellings.
Woodwale, the woodpecker.
Worth, what, wroth, were, was. Worthest, wert.
Woso, whoso.
Wottyst, knowest.
Wowe, wall or window.
Woxyn, waxen.
Wrake, wreaked, revenged.
Chaucer has wyrake in the same sense.
Wrangdome, wrong.
Wrecche, wrack, mischief, wretch, caitif.
Wreche, wretched, wretch.
Glossary.

Wreke, wreak, revenge. Wroken, revenged.
Wreth, Wrethe, Wreththe, re-
venge, wrath, harm, mischief.
Wreye, Wrye, betray. Wreyede, betraied.
Wroght, wroth.
Wrothe hele, Wroththerheyle, 
malediction.
Wrte, were.
Wryt, writing, letter.
Wyrmmanne, women.
Wyck, wicked.
Wylde of redd, regardless of 
counsel.
Wyght, whit.
Wyn, win, obtain.
Wys, advisest. Wyst, knew.
Wyste, wistest, knew.
Wyt. See Wit.
Wyte, know, blame.
Wythe, wight, strong.
Wytherlyng, adversary, enemy, S.
Wyttyrly, utterly, thoroughly.

Y, Yaa, yes.
Yaf, gave.
Yalde, yielded, surrendered.
Yapys, japes, jests.
Yar, Yare, ready, S.
Yate, gate.
Ybake, baked.
Ybe, been.
Ybore, born.
Ycham, I am. Ychulle, I shall 
or will.
Yclepte, embraced.
Yede, went.
Yef, if.
Yelde, yield, reward, recompense.
Yelp, outrey, boast.
Yeme, take care of. Yemed, 
governed.
Yen, eyes.
Yend, Yent, through.
Yeode, went.
Yerly, early.
Yern, eager, eagerly, earnest.

Yerne, earn, desire, wish, S.
Yeve, give.
Yfre, companions.
Ygelt, gilded, gillt.
Yghen, eyes.
Yharnesysyth, harnessed.
Ying, young.
Ylerde, learned.
Yleste, lasted.
Yleve, believe.
Ylome, lately.
Ylore, lost.
Ylyche, alike.
Ylythe, listen.
Yment, meant, intended, de-
signed.
Ympe-tre, grafted tree.
Ymone, companion?
Ynome, taken.
Ynowe, enough.
Yode, went.
Yolde, yielded, recompensed.
Yoly, jolly.
Yore, Yorne, heretofore, for-
merly, S.
Yowle, Christmas.
Yoye, joy.
Ypocrasse, hippocras.
Yrke, weary.
Yre, iron.
Yrels, earls.
Yrest, rested.
Yrthe, earth.
Ysé, sea.
Yschent, degraded, ashamed.
Yslawe, slain.
Yswowe, in a swoon.
Yteld, coloured, painted, dyed, S.
Ytyn, lost.

Yuly, handsome, beautiful. In 
the edition of "Drunken 
Barnaby's Four Journies to 
the North of England," 
printed at London in 1723, 
that facetious travelsays:—

"Thence to Worton; being lighted 
I was solemnly invited 
By a captain's wife most yewly;"
though it must be confessed that the original (about 1640) has not *yewly*, but *vewlie*, unless the tail of the "y" has been broken off at the press.  

Yurne.  See Yern.

| Yurney, journey.  
| Yveré, Yvère, ivory.  
| Ywent, gone, turned.  
| Ywime, succeed.  
| Yylde, yield. |
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