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ANCIENT ENGLISH
METRICAL ROMANCEËS,

SELECTED AND PUBLISH'D

BY JOSEPH RITSON.

VOL. III.

Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegîs
Nunc situs informis premit ac deferta vetustas.

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METRICAL ROMANCEËS.

LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME. *174*

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 enhabyted cuntreys clene ;
Antenowre was of that barme-teme, 10
And was fownder of Jerufalem,
That was wyght withowtyn wene.

2 LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

Helemytes hyght the thryd Troyen,
And was a ftronge man of blode and bone,

That fro Troy came to Awfryke ;

Eneas be fchyp gate to Rome,
The chefe cytè of Cryftendome,

Then was ther none hyt lyke.

Unto the tyme that the emperowr fir Garcy

Werryd on hyt, and herkenyth why,

20

That many a oon fore can fyke ;

Of Costantyne the nobull was he,

A doghtyar knyght thar not be

In batell for to fryke.

Another emperowre reigned at Rome,

Syr Otes the grawnt hyght that gome,

That wyght was undur-fchylde ;

A feyre lady he had to wyfe,

That on a day lofte hur lyfe,

That worthy was to welde,

30

And dyed of a maydyn chylde,

That aftur waxe bothe meke and mylde,

So fayre was feen but felde.

Whan the emperys was dedd,

The emperowre was wylde of redd,

He gart cryften thys 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 befelle

Abowte in cuntreys ryght :

For thre dayes hyt reyned blode,

And bestes faght as they were wode,

Bothe wylde and tame with myght ;

Fowlys in the fyrmament

Eyther odur in fondur rente,

And felle dedd to the grownde,

Hyt fygnfyed that aftur come

Grete trybulacions unto Rome, 50

Schulde many a man confownde ;

As was for that maydyn small,

Owte-takyn Troy and Rownefevall,

Was never in thys worlde rownde.

Syr Otes, the nobull emperowre,

Gart norysch the chylde with honowre,

And kept hur hole and fownde.

He fet to scole that damysell,

Tyll sche cowde of the boke telle,

And all thyng dyscrye, 60

4 LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

Be that sche was fyftene yere olde,
Wel sche cowde, as men me tolde,
Of harpe and fawtrye ;
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 dye.

When fyr Garcy herde feye 70
That the emperowre of Rome had soche a may
To hys doghtur dere,
He waxe hafty as the fyre,
And gart sembyll the lordes of hys empyr,
That bolde and hardy were.
He feyde, 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, 80
Y wyll hur have to my fere.

As the romans trewly tolde,
He was a hundurd yerys olde,
And some boke feyth mare.

He was arayed in ryche parell,
 Of fylke and golde wythowtyn fayle,
 All whyte was hys hare.

He feyde, Syrs, wendyth ovyr the fee,
 And bydd the emperowre of Rome fende me

Hys doghtur fwete and fware, 90
 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 lypes 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, 100

Then any maydyn for to wedd,

And gode encheson why,

For he was bresyd and all to-brökyn,

Ferre travelde in harnes, and of warre wrokyñ :

He tolde them redyllye ;

When ye have the maydyn broght,

That ys so feyre and worthely wroght,

Sche schall lygg be my fyde,

And taſte my flankys with hur honde,
That ys fo feyre y undurſtonde, 110

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 hys cytè,
And thorow hys remes ryde.

A prowde garſon that hyght Acwrye,
He was borne in Utalye,

The emperowre aftur hym ſende ; 120

And forty lordes 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 fir Otes the graunt,
And byd hym ſende me his doghter avenaunt,
That ys curtes and hende.

He cawfyd them to hye as they were wode, 130

Wyth ſchyppes ſoone into the flode,

They rechyd ovyr the depe ;

Spaynyfch stedys with them they ledd,
 And clothys of golde for back and hedd,

That men myght undur flepe.

Aye the wynde was in the fayle,
 Over fomes they flett withowtyn fayle,

The wethur them forthe can swepe.

The furste havyn that ever they hente
 Was a towne they calde Awtrement,

140

That folke them feyre can kepe.

Soon ther trefowre up they drowe,

And ther stedys ftrong ynowe,

And made ther fchyppys tome;

They lefte a burges feyre and wheme,

All ther fchyppys for to yeme,

Unto ther gayne-come.

They pafsed thorow Pole and Chawmpayn,

Evyr fperyng ther gatys gane

Unto the cyté of Rome;

150

They entyrde yn at the yatys wyde,

Full ryally thorow the cyté they ryde,

And dredyd no wrang dome.

The fourti mesfengerys, as y yow fay,

Every oon rode in feyre array,

Ther fadyls fchone full bryght;

8 LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

Ther brydyls glyteryng all of golde,
Ther was never frefcher upon molde,
 Made be day nor nyght.

A stede of Spayne, y undurftande, 160
Every lorde ledd in hys hande,
 Bothe full prest and wyght ;
All was covyrde wyth redd fendell,
The caryage behynde, as y yow telle,
 Came wyth the trefur ryght.

Thorow the towne the knyghtes fange,
And ever ther bryght brydyls range,
 Makeyng fwete mynstralcy ;
Lordys and ladyes of grete astate,
And odur many, well y wate, 170
 At wyndows owt can lye ;
And ever the formaft speryd the wayes
Unto the emperowrs paleys,
 Full ryall was that crye ;
Feyre they were resfeyvyd thore
Wyth him that was full wyfe of lore,
 Hys doghtur fate hym bye.

In a robe ryght ryall bowne,
Of a redd fyclatowne,
 Be hur fadur fyde ; 180

A coronell on hur hedd sett,
 Hur clothys wyth bestes and byrdes wer bete,
 All abowte for pryde.
 The lyghtnes of hur ryche perrè,
 And the bryghtnes of hur blee,
 Schone full wondur wyde.
 There were kynges in that halle,
 Erls and dewkys, who rekenyth all,
 Full a hundurd that tyde.

Thes fourti mesfengerys at ones 190
 Entyre into thes worthy wones,
 And came into the halle:
 Syr Acwrye haylfed 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, fyrrys, mote yow befallè.”

“A present we have broght in hye,

Fro owre emperowre, fyr Garcy, 200

Stedys into thy stalle,

And fourty horsys chargyd ryght,

Wyth clothys of golde, and besawntes bryght,

Into thy trefory.

10 LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

He byddyth, wythowte avyfeiment,
That thy doghtur be to hym fent,
For to lygg hym by ;
Hys body ys brefyd, hys bones are olde,
That sche may kepe hym fro the colde,
Have done now hastelye. 210
In comely clothyng sche schall be cledd,
I have grete hope he wyll hur wedd,
Sche ys a feyre lady :

And yf thou fende hur not foone,
Hastelye, wythowten wone,
Then ryfeth ther a stryfe :
Ellys wyll he nygh the nere,
Wyth hys ryche powere,
And feche hur as hys wyfe.
He wyll dystroye thy bygly landys, 220
And flee 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."

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 thyng that they have nede 230
 Serve them at ther wylle;
 They are fyr Garcys mefsengerys,
 And go we to owre cowncell perys,
 And leve them bydyng styllle,
 To loke what beste ys for to doo,
 Soche tythyngys ys comyn us too,
 ¶. Loke whedur we wyll fulfyllle."

The emperowre hys doghtur be the hande hent,
 And in a chaumbur they wente,
 Hys cowncell aftur hym yede, 240
 And askyd yf sche wolde sent ther-tylle,
 For to be at fyr Garcyes wylle,
 And sche feyde, Jhesu forbede !
 Sche feyde, Be god, that boght 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, 250
 So dud hys cowncell every dele,
 And blefsyd hur for hur sawe.

12 LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

They seyde, Yf that Garcy come,

In evyll tyme he hedur nome

Hedurward for to drawe.

The garfons be not fo doghtye,

But mony of them soone schall dye,

Yf we togedur plawe ;

Go we hens, owre reldys tane,

Odur councell kepe we nane,

260

Be ryght nodur be lawe.

The emperowre came into the halle,

The mesfengerys had etyn all,

And stode to byde an answare :

He seyde, Syrs, wendyth hame,

For here schall ye have no game,

God forbede hyt fo ware !

Take the trefowr that ye broght,

But my doghtur gete ye nocht,

For all yowre bostefull fare ;

270

We schall stonde owre chawnce unto,

Whedur he come, or not fo do,

Full mekyll we schall not care.

Then Acurye can fay,

In the begynnyng of Maye,

My lorde will buske hym to ryde,

And take the fomer before hym clene,

And dystroye thy londys all be deene,

Who ys he that schall hym byde ?

Then anfweryd fyr Egraveyne, 280

We schall founde to knok ageyne,

For all hys grete pryde.

The emperowre comawndyd no man schulde do

Harme the mesfengerys unto,

They toke ther leve that tyde.

Then the mesfengerys all togedur,

Wyth the trefowre that they brought thedur,

Went home agayne.

Al so tyte as fyr Garcy fawe,

Wyt ye well he lyfte not to lawe, 290

But mornyd in mode and mayne ;

Alther furste he toke hym come

To spere 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 Cryfte me fave and fayne ;

And ther lorde fyr Otes the graunt,

Wyth mekyll worschyp they hym avaunt,

Of curtesye he ys the welle ; 300

14 LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

And therto trewe as any fele,
 For thy, fir, men love hym wele,
 Mony wyth hym to dwelle ;
 He ys bothe ware and wyfe,
 And gevyth them gyftys of pryce,
 The certen sothe to telle ;
 And hys doghtur, the feyrest thyng,
 That ever was feen wolde or yunge,
 Made of fefche and felle.

Thogh a man fate on a wyght palfraye 310

All the longe fomers-day,
 Avyfyd 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 320
 Longyth to that cytè.

Of the emperowrs pales y wyll yow fay,
 Ther ys no foche 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 peynted wythynne and over,
 The dedly fynnes fevyn ; 330

There was peyntyd wyth thynges fere,
 That men myght mewfe on many a yere,
 Or he hyt scryed wyth stevyn.

There comyth watur in a condyte,
 Thorow a lyon rennyth hyt,
 That wrought ys all of golde,
 And that standyth in the myddys of the halle ;
 A hundurd knyghtes and ladyes smalle
 Myght wasche there and they wolde
 All at ones on that stone ; 340

Many other waturs come thorow the town,
 That frefche are upon folde ;
 In myddys the cyté ys oon rennande,
 Tyger hyt hyght, y undurftande,
 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, 350

Ne noght y wyll begynne,"

But, fir, he feyde, al fo mote y the,
Thyn eyen mon fche never fee,

To welde yyt nodur to wynne.

Full grete othys Garcy hath sworne :

“ Many a thousand schall dye therforne,
Or y of my brethe blynne ;

Or thre monythys and a halfe be gone,
I schall dyftroye hys landys everychon,

And wynne hys doghtur with were. 360

Then he made to fende owt wryttes wyde,
In hys londe on every fyde,

Mesfengerys can them bere ;

And Florence fadur at haine

Ordeygned hys men on the fame,

With armowre, fchylde, and spere :

And thus begynneth a bale to brewe,

Many a man therfore myght rewe,

And wemen hyt dud grete dere.

Syxyt thousand fembelde then 370

Of garfons, and of odur men

To Garcy in that stownde,

They fet up feyls, and forthe they rode,
 And ay hymfelfe, wythowten bode,

The formaſte forthe can fownde.

Syxy 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 Garcyes pavylon ſtode :

All the clothys were of fylke,

The ryche ropys were ryght ſwylke,

The boofys were redd as blode.

Ther was no beeft that yede on fote

But hyt was portreyed there, y wote,

Nor fyfches ſwymmyng in flode ;

Fyftene pomels of golde there ſchoon,

An egyll and a charbokull ſtone,

390

Wyde the lyghtnes yode.

The emperowre of Rome lay on his walle,

And hys doghtur gente and ſmall,

Florence the feyre ſche hyght ;

And fy the garfons asfay ther ftedys,

Sterne men in ftele wedys,

The medow all can lyght.

400

He feyde, Y have golde ynogh plentè,

And fowdears wyll come to me,

Bothe be day and nyght;

Now fchall y never my golde fpare,

But fafte upon thys warre hyt ware,

God helpe me in my ryght.

The kyng of Hungary that tyme was dedd,

And lefte hys fonnes wylde of redd,

Syr Mylys and fyr Emere;

Ther modur was weddyd to a ftedd,

Agensie all the baronage redd,

410

As ye fchall further here,

To a lorde that wonnyd thereby,

Syr Justamownde of Surry,

That fterne was to ftere.

The kyng of Naverne toke thes chyldur two,

And made them knyghtys bothe tho,

And manhode can them lere;

Tyll hyt felle oones on a day

They wente to a medowe to playe,

To lerne them for to ryde:

420

Syr Emere bare in hys fchylde
 A whyte dowve, whofo behelde,
 A blakk lyon besyde :

The whyte dowve fygnfyed
 That he was full of knyghthedd,
 And mekenes, at that tyde ;
 The lyon, that he was ferse and felle,
 Amonge hys enmyes for to dwelle,
 And durste beste in batell byde.

A wery palmer came them by, 430
 And seyde, Syrrys, y have ferly
 That ye wyll not fare.

I have bene at grete Rome,
 To seke feynte Petur, and thens y come,
 Straunge tythyngys harde y thare.
 Ther ys an emperowre, that hyght Garcy,
 Is logyd in the Narumpy,

Wyth fyxty thousande and mare,
 He feyth the emperowre of Rome schall not leve
 But yf he to hym hys doghtur geve, 440
 That ys so fwete of fware.

Than fyr Mylys, and fir Emere,
 Toke wyth them forty in fere,
 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 ofte and ther oftès,

Of ther tythyngys more and leffe,

Or evyr they wolde blynne.

450

They fownde hyt as the palmer tolde,

They seyde with Otes dwelle they wolde,

Whedur hyt were to lose or wyne.

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 ysfewed owte,

For to juste in werre.

That fawe fyr Mylys and Emere,

460

Wyth ther ferys bothe in fere,

They thocht them for to feere;

They pafsyd owt at a posterne,

Os men that schoulde of batayle lerne,

Wyth armowre schylde and spere.

Thes fyfty had forjusted soone,

And flewe them down withouten mone,

All that wolde abyde;

Oon came prekyng owt of the prees,
 To fyr Emere evyn he chese, 470

But foone was fellyd hys pryde.

Syr Emere reyfyd hys spere on hyght,
 Thorow the body he bare the knyght,

And downe he felle that tyde.

Than they faght hand oury hedd,

Many oon there ther lyvys levydd,

That came on Garcyes fyde.

The emperowre of Rome lay on hys wall,

And hys doghtur gent and small,

Florence feyre and free ; 480

Sche feyde, Fadur, with mylde stevyn,

To us ys comyn helpe fro hevyn,

Fro god in magestè ;

Yondur ys a nobull knyght,

That styrryth hym styfly in the fyght,

Beholde and ye may see ;

Wyth the whyte dowve and the blak lyon,

The beste that cometh he stryketh down,

Helpe that he rescowde bee.

The emperowre calde fyr Egravayne, 490

And fyr Sampson, that was hym gayne,

Armed well and ryght,

A hundurd men with them he toke,
 Up they lepe, so feyth the boke,
 On stedys stronge and wyght.
 All that were lefte onflayne,
 Fledd unto ther strenkyth agayne,
 Hyt was a femely fyght.
 Then fwere Garcy, in full grete yre,
 That he wolde brenne all Rome with fyre, 500
 On the morne yf that he myght.

Then fyr Mylys and fyr Emere,
 Wyth ther forty felows in fere,
 Come the emperowre before;

They salutyd hym full ryally,
 And hys doghtur that stode hym by :
 He askyd where they were borne.
 They anfweryd hym full curteslye,
 We were the kynges fonnes of Hungary,
 Owre fadur hys lyfe hath lorne, 510
 And hedur are we come to the,
 As fowdears, yf mystyr bee ;
 We speke hyt not in skorne.

God, and feynt Petur of Rome,
 Yylde yow yowre hedur-come,
 The emperowre can sey ;

So doghtely as ye have begonne,

Was never men undur the fonne

So lykyng to my paye.

Then the maydyn thankyd them este, 520

He them wythhelde with them they leste,

To mete then wente thay ;

The emperowre fet fyr Mylys hym by,

Emere cowde more of curtesye,

And he etc with the maye.

Sche thocht hym a full curtes knyght,

Feyre, yonge, femely, and wyght,

Hur harte to hym can yylde.

Syr Mylys feyde the emperowre too,

And ye wolde at my counsell doo, 530

Ye schoulde 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 feyde Mylys unto,

So myght a fypull grome do,

Kepe an holde wythynne ;

540

But we wyll manly to the felde,

And fyr Garcy batell yelde,

To morne or that we blynne.

Then they made crye thorow the cytè,

That no man schoulde fo hardy bee,

That waryfon wolde wyne,

But folowe the standard wher hyt goys,

And freschly fyght upon owre foys,

Bothe the more and the mynne.

Than fyr Garcy, wyth mekyll pryde,

550

Made to crye the same on hys fyde,

Amonge the barons bolde ;

The kynge of Turkay he feyde than,

Thou art a fulle madde man,

And faylete wyt for elde ;

Syr Otes the graunt hath uoght gylte,

Let therfore no blode be spylte,

For hym that all schall welde ;

Nay he warnyd me hys doghtur schene,

And that hath tymberde all my teene,

560

Full dere hyt schall be felde.

A Roman stode besyde and harde,

To the towne full soone he farde,

And tolde the emperowre ;

The maydyn mylde up sche rafe,
 With knyghtes and ladyes feyre of face,
 And wente unto a towre.

There sche fawe ryght in the feldys
 Baners brode and bryght scheldys

Of chevalry the flowre, 570

They nowmberde them forty thousand men,
 And a hundurd moo then hur fadur had then,
 That were ryght styffe in fowre.

Allas ! feyde that maydyn clere,
 Whedur all the yonde folke and there

Schoulde dye for my sake,
 And y but a fypull woman !

The terys on hur chekys ranne,
 Hur ble beganne to blake.

“ Put me owt to olde Garcy, 580

Yf all thes men schulde for me dye,
 Hyt were a dolefull wrake.”

Hur fadur feyde hyt schulde not bee ;
 Hors and armowre askyd hee,
 And foone hys fwynde can take.

He lepe on hys stede Bandynere,
 And in hys honde he hent a spere,
 And rode abowte all nyght,

To the lordys of the towne,
 And bad they schulde be redy bowne, 590
 Tymely to the fyght.

They fet ther standard in a chare,
 And feele folke with hyt can fare,
 That hardy were and wyght,
 Syxe lordys and fyr Egravayne
 To be all ther chefetayne,
 And kepe hyt well and ryght.

The standarde was of whyte yvore,
 A dragon of golde ordeygned therfore,
 That on the ouyr ende stode; 600
 That fygnifyed that Otes ware
 In the felde as bolde as any bare,
 And a sterne man of mode.

The vawe-warde and the myddyll foone,
 And the rere-warde owte of Rome
 The grete ooft removynd and yode;
 Be then had Garcy takyn hys place,
 And foone wythynne a lytyll space,
 Ranne bowrnes all on blode.

Than fyr Otes the graunt can calle 610
 On herawde and hys knyghtys all,
 In myddys of the prees,

Whofo beryth hym beste to-day,
 Ageyne fyr Garcy, as y yow fay,
 That wyrkyth me thys unpees,
 I schall geve hym a feyre flowre,
 Of grete Rome to be emperowre,
 Aftur my dysfees,
 And wedde Florens my doghtur bryght,
 As y am trewe crysten knyght, 620
 Certen wythowtyn lees.

Syr Emere askyd hys lorde the kynge,
 Yf he myght have the furste rydyng,
 And he grauntyd hym tulle.
 Owt of Garcyes ooft came oon,
 A prowde garfon, hyght Brefebon,
 A wykkyd man of wyllle ;
 When fyr Emere with hym mett,
 A stronge dynte on hym he sett,
 Thorow hys armowre stulle. 630

He fonde no focowre at hys schylde,
 But dedd he felle downe in the fylde,
 Hys harte blode can owte spylle.

Be that the grete ooft began to sembyll,
 Trumpes to blowe, and stedys to trembyll,
 Harde togedur they yede.

Ryche harbürgens all to-rufched,
 And flele helmes all to-dufched,
 And bodyes brake owt to blede ;
 Hedys hopped undur hors fete, 640
 As haylestones done in the firete,
 Styckyd was many a fiede.
 For Florence love, that feyre maye,
 Many a doghty dyed that day,
 In romance as we rede.

Then fyr Garcy, with mekyll pryde,
 Made knyghtys on hys own fyde,
 Syxty yonge and feyre ;
 The warfte of ther fadurs were barons,
 And oght bothe towres and townes, 650
 And all were they ryght heyre.
 When Emere and hys men with them mett,
 Stronge dyntys on them he fett,
 Among them can they store ;
 At the furfte wynnyng of ther fchone,
 So tyte of lyvys were they done,
 That all deryd not a pere.

Then Garcy yede nere wode for yre,
 And arayed hys batels in that bere,
 And fared as he wolde wede ; 660

He bad ther dyntes schulde be wele wared,

That no Roman on lyve be spared,

Thowe they wolde rawnfome bede.

Ageyne hym came fyr Otes the graunt,

A doghty knyght and an aveaunt,

On Bondenore hys stede ;

When Garcy fye that hyt was hee,

He feyde, Syrrys, al fo mote y the,

We two muste do owre dede.

Thou art wele strekyn in age, y trowe,

But y am ferre elder then thou,

We two muste juste in werre ;

Hyt ys fethyn y armyd ware

Sevyn yere and fome dele mare :

And eyther toke a spere.

So harde togedur can they ryde,

Owt of ther fadyls they felle besyde,

And graspyd to odur gere ;

With scharpe swyrdys faght they then,

They had be two full doghty men,

Gode olde fyghtyng was there.

Garcy hyt Otes on the helme,

That upon hys hedd hyt can whelme,

Hyt fate hym wondur fare.

“ 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 fchame and vylenee,
 Then wyll y of hur no mare,
 But geve hur to my chaumburlayne.”
 Tho wordys made Otes unfayne,
 And tyte he gaf an anfware :

690

God and feynt Petur of thys towne,
 Let never Rome come in thy bandoune,
 And fave my doghtur fownde ;
 Owre fyghtyng ys not endyd yyt.
 On the helme Garcy he hyt,
 That he felle to the grownde.
 There had fyr Garcy bene tane,
 But ther came garfons many oon,
 And rescowd hym in that fownde.
 Syr Emere horfyd hys lorde agayne,
 And loovyd god he was not slayne,
 And faste to fyght they fownde.

710

Syr Emere lokyd a lytyll hym fro,
 And fawe hys brodur suffer woo,
 In a fowre fyghtande :

The Grekys had fyred hym abowte,

That he myght on no fyde owte,

But styffely 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 falsyfyt lede

That evyr levyd in lande.

When he had rescowde hys broder Mylon,

Of hys fomen camen thretty bowne,

Stelyng on hym styll ;

720

All ther sperys on hym they fett,

He drewe hys swyrde, wythowten 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 fryked yn at a nodur stowre,

And mett hys lorde the emperowre,

Layeng on wyth gode wylle.

Mylys, he seyde, where ys thy brodur ?

730

At the devyll, quod the todur,

I trowe beste that he bee.

He ys belefte wyth fyr Garcy
Ageyn yow, he tolde me why,

He myght geve more then ye.
Be god, he feyde, 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 fothe fee;

740

Forthen then lokyd the emperowre,
And fawe fyr Emere in a stowre,
Fyghtyng agenste hys foys;
He stroke the stede with the spurrys,
He spared nodur 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;

750

And there was Mylys prevyd false,
Wyth hym and odur lordys alse,
And losfe all hys gode losfe.

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 beste doyth he,
 Wyth the whyte dowve yn hys schylde,
 And therto the black lyoun. 760

Sche cryed to hym, wyth grete fowne,
 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 waxe full hate;
 Hur fadur nere hande can talme,
 Soche a fweme hys harte can fwalme, 770
 For hete he waxe nere mate.

When that they had so done,
 A quarell came fleynge foone,
 And thorow the hed hym smate,
 They sende aftur the pope Symonde,
 And he schrofe hym and hofelde on that grounde,
 And asfoyled hym, wel y wate.

As foone as the emperowre yyldyd the gaste,
 A prowde garson came in haste,
 Syr Synagote hyght hee, 780

And broght an hundurd helmes bryght
 Of hardy men that cowde well fyght,
 Of felde wolde never oon flee.

Emere stroke in to that stowre,
 And many oon made he for to cowre,
 And slewe them be two and thre;
 Soone threastur was he tane,
 And knyghtes kene wolde hym have slayne,
 But ther fovereygn bad let bee,

“ Unto fyr Garcy have hym seen, 790
 I trowe hys lyfe he wyll hym leen,
 He ys fo feyre a knyght.”

Leve we fyr 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, 800
 Hys own dere doghtur bryght.

Soone the standard yn they dud lede,
 And baners bryght that brode dud sprede,
 The Romans lykyd ylle.

And feyde they schulde upon the morne
 Fyght wyth Garcy yf he had sworne,
 That hyely was on hylle.

Florence lay in a cornell,
 And hur maydyns, as y yow telle,
 That was curtes of wylle ;

810

They feyde men brynge yn a bere,
 And that wyth a full mornyng chere,
 But all was hofcht and ftylle.

Then can feyre Florence fayne,
 Yondur ys be gonne an evyll bargayn,
 Y fee men brynge a bere,
 And a knyght in handys leede,
 Bondynowre my fadurs stede,
 Then all chawngyd hur chere.

Sche and hur maystres Awdygon

820

Went into the halle allone,
 Allone wythowten fere,
 And caste up the clothe, then was hyt fo,
 The lady fwowned, and was full woo,
 Ther myght no man hur fiere.

Allas, sche feyde, that y was borne !
 My fadur for me hys lyfe hath lorne,
 Garcy may have hys wylle,

All my brode landys and me,
That y welde yn Cryftyante! 830

Ther myght no man hur styлле.
Lordys and ladyes that there ware
Tyll hur chaumbur can they fare,
Lorde that them lykyd ylle;
Knyghtes and squyers that there was
Wrangle ther hondys and feyde, allas!
For drede sche schulde hur spyлле.

Dewkys and erles ther hondys wronge,
And lordys forowe was full stronge,
Barons myght have no roo: 840

“ Who schall 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 froye up the towne,
“ My byddyng that ye doo:

Slo them down where ye them mete, 850
And fyre fasten in every frete,
Loke now that taste:

I schall wyke, 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 wyne,

And barryd them full faste,

And they wythowte yngynes bende,

And stones to the walles they fende,

860

And quarels wyth alablaste.

They wythynne wolde have gone owte,
Ther fovereygn marred them for dowte,

And made them to kepe ther holde,

They fygned to the yatys of the towne,

An hundurd men in armes bowne,

That hardy were and bolde.

The pope came wythowten delyte,

And enteryd the emperowre tyte,

They wepte bothe yonge and olde.

870

The boke seyth, god that us boght

Many myrakyls for hur he wroght,

Many a oon and thyck folde.

So longe logyd the fege 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 880

Oon of thes lordys to be hur make,

That doghty were of dede ;

For to mayntene and upholde

Agayne fyr Garcy that burne bolde,

The towne levyth all in drede,

And Awdegone hur cowncelde foo

Oon of thes lordys for to too,

Syr Mylys or fyr Emere ;

“ And let hym wedde yow wyth a rynge ;

Ther fadur was a ryche kyng, 890

Knowyn bothe farre and nere.”

Ye, but now ys fyr Emere tane,

And Garcys men have hym slayne,

Seyde that maydyn clere.

“ Ye behove to have a nodur,

Take Mylys, that ys hys eldyft brodur,

Ilyt ys my cowncell wythowten were.”

To fyr Mylys Awdegon went,

And askyd yf he wolde asfent

To wedde that maydyn free, 900

That ys whyte as lylly-flowre,

And be lorde and emperowre,

The grettyft yn Cryftyante.

“ But god for bede, and feynt Myghell,

That thou undurtake hyt but thou do well,

And trewe man thynke to bee.”

To hys speche anfweryd he noght,

But ftylle he ftode and hym be thoght,

And feyde, Y fchall avyfe me.

Avyfe the, feyde that maydyn feyre,

910

For to be my fadurs heyre ?

Lyghtly may y thynke.

Be hym that fuffurde woundys fyve,

I fchall nevyr be thy wyfe,

To fuffur dethys dynte.

Kyngys and dewkys have me afkyd,

And all ther londes wolde have geve me at the lafte,

And many a ryall thynke.

Forth he yede wyth fyghyng and care,

That he had gevyn that fowle anfware,

920

For forowe nere wolde he fynke.

Thys whyle had Synagot takyn Emere,

And broght hym before fyr Garcy in fere,

And feyde, We have tane a knyght

Agensfe yow fyghtyng in the fowre,

We refte hym hors and armowre,

But he ys an hardy wyght.

Felowe, he feyde, what dyd thou there?

“ Syr, wyth my lorde on the to were,

That now to dedd ys dyght ;

930

As fowdears, my brodur and y,

We have nocht ellys to leve by,

Owre fadur fordyd owre ryght.

Syr Phelyp of Hungary owre fadur was,

Now ys he dedd, therfore allas !

Owre modur weddyd ys newe,

In to Surry to fyr Justamownde,

That ys abowte us to confownde,

And owre bytter bales to brewe.

He hath dysherytet us, wythowt lees,

940

That we had levyr warre nor pees,

Per chawnce that may hym rewe.”

Syr Synagot cowncelde fyr Garcy foo,

Syr, delyver hym qwyte, and let hym goo,

He femyth covenawnt and trewe.

Than anfweryd fyr Garcy,

When y toke trewage of Turkey

Thy fadur in stede stode me,

Therefore y schal let the goo,
 And geve hym all ye toke hym fro. 950

Emere knelyd on hys kneec :

“ Syr, when y come into the towne,
 I and my men muſte be bowne

To greve bothe thyn and thee.”

Ye, godys forbode that thou ſpare,
 But of thy warſte wyll ever mare :

Garcy, thus fayde he.

“ What wenyſt thou wyth thy bragg and boofi
 For to dyſtroye me and myn hooft ?”

He toke hys leve and yede ; 960

Syr Synagot gave hym all togedur,
 Be the leſte thonge that he bare thedur,

Emere lepe on hys ſtede.

He ledd hym thorow the pavylons all,
 Tyll he came nere to Romes walle,

And paſte the mooft drede.

Than they wythynne were full fayne,
 That they had getyn the gome a gayne,

Ther blyſſe be ganne to brede ;

And agayne fyr Emere they went, 970
 And broght hym before that lady gente,

And aſkyd yf he wolde

42. LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

Wedde the beste of hur elde,
And all hur londys for to welde,
 Agayne Garcy to holde ;
And helpe to venge hur fadurs dedd.
He dud ryght as the lady bedd,
 That hardy was and bolde.
He feyde, Prevely muste me do,
Tyll the baronage be sworne us to, 980
 Bothe the yonge and the olde.

Syr Sampfon, and fyr Egrāvayne,
Syr Clamadore, and fyr Alayne,
 Wyfte of that bargen newe.
They went astur fyr Geffrey of Pyfe,
And fyr Barnard of Mownt-devyse,
 Tho syxe were gode and trewe ;
They made them to swere they schulde be lele,
And fyr Emers counsell heyle,
 And Florence feyre of hewe : 990
Thus he tylleth them be sowre and fyve,
All they had sworne to hym be lyve,
 Then Mylys hymselfe can rewe.

The pope came, as ye may here,
For to crowne fyr Emere,
 And [wedd] them wyth a ryng.

- Sche feyde, Now are ye emperowre of Rome,
 The grettyft lorde in Cryftendome,
 And hedd of every kynge ;
 Yyt fchall ye never in bedde me by, 1000
 Tyl ye have broght me fyr Garcy,
 For no maner of thyng ;
 Or lefte hym in the felde for dedd,
 Be hym y fawe in forme of bredd,
 When the preeft can fynge.

Emerc the emperowre can fay,
 I fchall do all that y may,
 But charge me wyth no mare,
 Then they wyfche, and to mete be gone :
 " Of mynftalcy we kepe none, 1010
 We have no fpace to fpare ;
 Nodur harpe, fedyll, nor geeft,
 But ordeygn yow wyth mooft and leeft,
 That wyth me wyll fare ;
 And brynge my ftede Bondynere,
 And feche me forthe bothe fchylde and fper :"
 Full tyte then were they thare.

Than was there no lenger bode,
 But up they lepe and forthe they rode,
 To preke aftur ther praye. 1020

When worde came to fyr Garcy,
 A fory man was he forthy,
 That weddyd was that may,
 That was whyte as lylly-flowre,
 And fyr Emere crowned emperowre,
 Allas ! then can he fay,
 That ever y let that traytur goo,
 When he was in my bandoune foo,
 Me dawyd a drery day !

Ther was leste no man in that town 1030

To kepe the lady of renowne,

 That was of temporalte,

• That myght wyth ony wepon wyrke,

Owt-takyn men of holy kyrke,

 At home they let them bee.

They beganne at the nerre fyde,

And flewe down all that wolde abyde,

 Trewly trowe ye me ;

On felde they faght as they were wode,

Ovyr the bentys ranne the blode,

1040

 All tho dyed that wolde not flee.

Then on the felde they freschely faght,

Many oon ther dethe there caght,

 That came on Garcyes fyde.

Syr Garcy toke hym to the fyght,
 Wyth an hundurd in harnés 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 ; 1050
 They set up fayle and forthie are gone,
 To Costantyne the nobull towne,
 Al so faste as they myght glyde.

Al so foone as syr Emere wyfte
 Wel nere for sorowe hys heite breste,
 That he in schyppe can lende,
 He bad syr Mylys turne agayne,
 Syr Sampson and syr Egravayne,
 “ For y wyll aftur wende :
 Take an hundurd men of armes bryght, 1060
 And kepe my lady day and nyght,
 That ys curtes and hende ;
 Say to hur y am on the see,
 Chafyng aftur myn olde enmye,
 That slewe hur derrest frende.”

Syr Mylys seyde to thes hundurd all,
 Thys herytage to me wyll falle,
 My brodur comyth never a gayne.

I wylle wedde the yonge bryde,
 He flepyd nevyr be hur fyde, 1070

Nor hath hur not by layne.

All that wyll asfent to me
 Grete lordys schall they bee :

To graunt hym they were fayne.
 Sampson feyde, That wyll y never doo,
 Falfhedd my lorde unto ;

The fame feyde Egravayne.

All they asfentyd but they two,
 The todur parte was the moo,

And that was there well feen. 1080

Soche wordys among them can falle,
 They presyd abowte fyr Sampson all,
 And slewe hym in that tenc.

They made fyr Egraveyne to swere soon,
 Or they wolde wyth hym the fame have done,

To wote wythowten wene ;

Sone a bere have they ordeygned,
 And the dedd corse theron leyde,

The forte was false and kene ;

And fethyn to Rome they hym broght, 1090

And tolde Florence worthyly wroght,
 That Emere laye there dedd ;

When that sche had swowned twyes,

And thereafter fyghed thryes,

Sche wepyd in that stedd.

Mylys seyde, My lady fre,

Thy councell wyll that y wedde the,

Hyt was my brodurs redd.

Sche seyde, Y wyll weddyd bee

To a lorde that never schall dye, 1100

That preeftys schewe in forme of bredd.

Furste then was my fadur slayne,

And now my lorde ys fro me tane,

Y wyll love no ma,

But hym that boght me on the rode,

Wyth hys swete precyus blode,

To hym y wyll me ta.

Then Mylys made seven armed knyghtes

To kepe the pales day and nyghtes,

Sche myght not come them fra, 1110

And also swythe fyr Egravayne,

Went to the pope, the sothe to fayne,

To telle he was full thra,

How that Emere was ovyr the see,

Chasyng Garcy to hys cuntre,

And Mylys wolde have hys wyfe,

He had a hundurd to hys asfent,
 And hyght them londys, lythys, and rente ;
 But Sampson hath lofte hys lyfe,
 And broght hym home upon a bere, 1120
 And tolde Florence hyt was Emere,
 All Rome he hath made ryfe ;
 And certys y am iworne them too :
 Holy fadur, what schall y do,
 That turned were all thys stryfe ?

Then the pope was not lothe
 To asfoyle hym of hys othe,
 For hyt to falsehed can clyne :
 “ Syr, y schall telle the a fekyr tale,
 Hyt ys bettur brokyn then hale, 1130
 I fet my fowle for thyne.”

Than he gart arme of the spyrytualte,
 And of the feculors hundurdys thre,
 Or evyr wolde he blynnne ;
 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 ; 1140

Mylys fet hys backe to a pyllere,
 And feyde all schulde dye that came hym nere;
 But finartely was he tane,
 And put in an hye towre,
 Be the reverence of the emperowre,
 That was made of lyme and flane;
 And twenty of thes odor ay in a pytt,
 In strokkes and feturs for to fytt, 1150
 Or evyr pope Symonde blanne.

Than the pope and Egravayne
 To telle the lady were full fayne
 Hur lorde was on the see,
 To Costantyne 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 fye Sampson,
 That femely was to see; 1160
 They dud wyth hym as wyth the dedd,
 They beryed hym in a ryall stedd,
 Wyth grete solempnyte.

All thys whyle was fyr Emere
 Chafyng Garcy, as ye schall here,
 As the romans tolde;

But Garcy had getyn hys palés before,

And vetaylyd hyt wyth warme flore,

Hys wyls were full olde.

Syr Emere fet hys sege therto, 1170

Full doghtely there can he doo,

That hardy was and bolde,

Wyth men of armes all abowte,

That he myght on no fyde owte,

But hamperde hym in hys holde :

And thus they fegyde Garcy wyth firenkyth,

In hys palés large of lenkyth,

The Romaynce had ther wylle

Of Cofiantyne the nobull cytè

In ther poscescon for to bee, 1180

That many oon lykyd ylle.

Syr Emere comawndyd every man

To brooke wele the trefur that they wan,

So myght they ther cofurs fylle.

When syr Garey sawe all yede to schame,

He callyd to Emere be hys name,

Downe at a wyndowe styll :

Syr, he seyde, al so mote y the,

Thou holdyft full wele that thou byghtyft me,

When y let the goo,

1190

Ayeyn to Rome as men may lythe,
 Had y wetyn what schulde be fythe,
 Thou schuldyft not have skapyd foo ;
 But syn y qwyte-claymed the thore,
 Yyt muste thou be of mercy more,
 Thou graunt that hyt be foo.
 Nine thowfand pownde y schall geve the
 To wende home to thy cuntre,
 And wyrke me no more woo.

“ Nay, be hym that lorde ys beste, 1200
 Tyll y have thys londe conquete,
 And este be crowned newe ;
 And yf my men wyll so als,
 For y trowe ther be noon fals,
 And yf ther be themfelfe schall rewe.”

Synagot feyde, Be godys wayes,
 He wyll holde that he fays,
 He ys hardy and trewe :
 I rede we do us in hys wylle,
 And yylde thys empyre hym tylle, 1210
 Or he us more bale brewe.

Ther ys not, y undurstonde,
 An hundurd 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 madyfte us to rowe,

And boght thy pride full dere;

1220

Many a chylde left thou thore

Fadurles for evyrmore,

And wedows in cuntreys fere.

There they openyd ther yatys wyde,

Syr Garcy came down that tyde,

Wyth a drawyn fwyrd in hys hande,

And wyth a keye of golde clere,

And yeldyd unto fyr Emere,

Hyt fygnfyed all the lande.

They ledd yn hys baner wyth honowre,

1230

And fett hyt on the hyst towre,

That they [in] castell fande;

And soone upon that odur day,

They crowned hym emperowre, y faye,

Ther durste no man agenste hym stande.

Then he gaye londys to knyghtys kydde,

And newe men in offyce dydd,

The lande to stabull and fere:

He feyde unto fyr Garcye,
 Syr, ye muste wende home wyth me, 1240
 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 lese,
 Forthe they wente in fere.

Soche a navé as ther was oon
 Was never seen but that allone,
 When hyt was on the see ; 1250
 Then Emere thocht on Mylys hys brodur,
 And on Florence feyreste of odur,
 At them then wolde he bee.

He feyde unto fyr Garcy,
 And to odyr lordys that stode hym by,
 To Hungary soone wyll wee,
 Justamownde for to forfare,
 And crowne Mylys my brodur thare,
 For kyndyft heyre ys hee.

A mesfengere to londe wanne, 1260
 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 wyne;
 And wyth hym bryngyth olde Garcy,
 The lady fayne was fche for thy,
 Sche was comyn of gentyll kynne.
 Sche gafte hym, for hys newe tythandys,
 Worthe a barony of landys, 1270
 Or evyr wolde fche blynne.

Lorde, that ys bothe god and man,
 Gyf the emperowre had wetyn than
 The trefon of hys brodur,
 That he dud in hys abfence;
 To Sampfon and to feyre Florence,
 And Egravayne the todur!
 The lady went up to a towre,
 Be reverence of the emperowre,
 And wyth hur many odor, 1280
 And toke hym downe that curfyd thefe,
 That afturward dud hur grete grefe,
 Ther was nevyr nō fawe fotheyr.

The lady preyed fyr Egravayne,
 And odor lordys, that they wolde layne
 The trefon of the knyght,

And all that he hath done to me,

All forgevyn schall hyt bee,

For godys love moſte of myght.

Sche fet hym on a gode palfray, 1290

And bad hym wende upon hys way,

Agenſte hys brodur ryght.

When that he came to the ſee,

A falſe leſyng there made hee

Of Florence feyre and bryght.

Syr Egravayne ſadyld hys ſtede,

And hyed hym aſtur a gode ſpede,

He hopyd that he wolde lye ;

When Mylys ſawe the emperowre,

He felle downe in a depe fowre, 1300

Fro hys hors ſo hye.

Emere, ſeyde Mylys, what eylyth the ?

“ Syr, thus thy wyfe hath dyght me,

For y feyde y ſchulde hur bewrye,

When y fonde Egravayne lygyng hur by,

In preſon yut ſche me forthy,

And forowe hath made me to drye.”

The emperowre ſmote down wyth hys hevydd,

All hys yoye was fro hym revydd

Of Florence that he hadd, 1310

All the lykyng of hys longe travayle
Was away wythowten fayle,

In forowe was he fadde.

All the lordys that were hym by,
Recowmforde hym full kyndely,

And bad hym not be adradd

Tyll we the fothe have enqueryd,
Bothe of lewde and of lernydd ;

Thes wordys yyt made hym gladd.

Then came Egravayne, wythowten lees, 1320
Faste prekyng into the prees,

The fothe he wolde have tolde,

But Mylys owte wyth a swyrde kene,
And wolde Egravayne tene,

But he a mantell can folde

Ofte fythys abowte hys arme.

And kepyd hym wele fro any harme,

That hardy was and bolde.

The emperowre bad put them in fondur,

And of yow schall bye thys blundur 1330

Whych hath the wronge in holde.

Syr Egravayne feyde, Syr, now y schall

Tell yow a full fekyr tale,

And ye wyll here hyt wele.

Syr, when ye went unto 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 Sampfon flayne,
 And wrought hath myn unhele. 1340

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 asfente,
 And hyght them londys and ryche rente ;
 That made fyr Sampfon flonc :
 And broght hym home on a bere-tree, 1350
 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 wach abowte hur lay ;

And certys y was to them sworne,
 And ellys had my lyfe be lorne, 1360

The certen sothe to faye.

I went to the pope and tolde hym fa
 And he asfoyled 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 pryfon caste them, god hyt wote,
 And ther yn can them thrynge; 1370

And Florence let owt Mylys nowe,
 For to wende agenste yow,
 Be Jhesu, hevyn kynge;
 Thys wyll wytnes pope Symond,
 He wolde not for a thousand pownde,
 Telle yow a lefyng;

Ye schall come home, as y yow fay,
 Be to-morne that hyt be day,
 And thys was at the none.
 The emperowre in thys whylys, 1380

Drewe a swyrde to fyr Mylys,
 But lordys helde hym soone;

He badd, Falso traytur, flee!

That thou nevyr thy brodur see,

For wykkydly hast thou done.

Evyn to Rome ageyne he rode,

Hastely wythowten bode,

Or cvyr he wolde away gone,

To feyre Florence can he saye,

A lesyng that hur wele can paye, 1390

My lorde byddyth that ye schall

Come agayne hym in the mornynge.

Blythe therof was that maydyn yynge,

And trowed hys falso tale.

Sche fente to the pope over nyght,

And bad he schulde be tymely dyght,

Wyth mony a cardynale;

And sche ordeygned hur meyné als,

And went wyth hym that was falso,

And pafsyd bothe downe and dale. 1400

When they came wythowte the cytè

Mylys seyde, My lady free,

We two muste ryde faste;

And let the pope and hys meynè

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 wyll,

And be nothyng agaste.

For when the emperowre the pope can see, 1410

Mekyll speche wyll ther bee,

And that full longe wyll laste.

Mylys, sche feyde, god yylde hyt the,

That y soone my lorde may see,

Thou makyft me full fayne.

The ryght wey lay evyn este,

And he lad hur fowthe-weste,

And thus he made hys trayne,

Tyll they came downe in a depe gylle ;

The lady feyde, We ryde ylle,

1420

Thes gates they are ungayne ;

I rede we lyght unto the grownde,

And byde owre fadur the pope a stownde.

He feyde, Nay, be goddys payne,

Thou schalt hym see nevyr mare.

Tho the lady fyghed wondur fare,

And felle of on hur palfray.

He bete hur wyth hys nakyd swyrde,

And sche caste up many a rewoffull rerde,

And feyde ofte Wele a faye !

1430

Schall y nevyr my lorde fee ?

No, be god that dyed on tre,

The false traytur can faye.

Up he hur caste, and forthe they rode,

Hastely wythowten any abode,

Thys longe somers day.

They were nyghtyd in a wode thyck,

A logge made that traytur wyck,

Undurnethe a tree.

There he wolde have leyn hur by,

1440

And sche made hur preyer specyally,

To god and Mary free,

Let nevyr thys false fende

My body nodur schame nor schende,

Myghtfull in magestè!

Hys lykyng vanyfched all away,

On the morne, when hyt was day,

Ther horsys bothe dyght hee,

Up he hur caste, and forthe they rode,

Thorow a foreste longe and brode,

1450

That was feyre and grene.

Tyll eyder odur mekyll care,

The lady hungurd wondur fare,

That was bryght and schene ;

She had levyr a lofe of bredd
 Then mekyll of the golde redd
 That fche before had feen,
 To hyt drewe to the evenyng,
 Then they herde a belle ryng,
 Thorow the grace that godd can lene, 1460

A holy armyte fownde he there,
 To greve god full lothe hym were,
 For he had fervyd hym aye.

Thedur they wente to afke mete.
 The armyte feyde, Soche as y ete
 Ye fchall have, dere damyfell, y fay.

A barly lofe he broght hur too,
 And gode watur : full fayne was fcho,
 That fwete derworthe maye.

Therof the yonge lady ete, 1470
 Sche thocht never noon fo fwete,
 Be nyght nodur be day.

Mylys ete ther of als,
 He feyde, Hyt ftekyth in my hals,
 I may not gete hyt downe.
 Chorle, god yf the fchames dedd,
 Brynge us of thy bettur bredd,
 Or y fchall crake thy crowne.

Be god, he feyde, that boght me dere,
I had no bettur thys seven yere. 1480

The wykkyd man tho made hym bowne,
In at the dore he hym bete,
And fethyn fyre upon hym fete,
Ferre fro every towne.

The holy armyte brente he thare,
And lefte that bygly hows full bare,
That femely was to fee.

The lady beganne to cry and yelle,
And fayde, Traytur, thou schalt be in helle,
There evyr to wonne and bee. 1490

He made the lady to swere an othe,
That sche schulde not telle for lefe nor lothe,
Nevyr in no cuntre,

Fro whens thou came, nor what thou ys,
Nor what man broght the fro thy blyffe,
Or here y schall brenne the.

To make that othe the lady was fayne,
And there he wolde by hur have layne,
But sche preyed god to be hur schylde;

And ryght as he was at asfaye 1500
Hys lykyng vanyfcht all awaye,
Thorow the myght of Mary mylde.

Tymely as the day can dawē,
 He led her thorow a feyre schawe,
 In wodes waste and wylde;
 Evyn at undurne lyghtyd he
 Downe undur a chesten tre,
 The feyrest in that fylde.

He seyde, Thou haste wychyd me,
 I may not have to do wyth the, 1510
 Undo or thou schalt abyē.

Sche answeryd hym wyth mylde mode,
 Thorow grace of hym that dyed on rode,
 Falsē 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,
 Sche gaf many a rewoffull crye. 1520

There was a lorde that hyght Tyrry
 Wouned a lytyll there by,
 In a foreste fyde,
 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 fo faste as they myght ryde;
 When Mylys was warre of ther comyng, 1530
 He lepe on hys hors and forthe can spryng,
 And durste no lenger byde.

The feyrest 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 stonè,
 The feyrest in that thede.
 Sche was the feyrest creature,
 And therto whyte as lylly flowre, 1540
 In romance as we rede;
 Hur feyre face hyt schone full bryght,
 To se hyt was a femely fyght,
 Tyll hur full faste they yede.

Then they lowfyd hur feyre faxe,
 That was yelowe as the waxe,
 And schone also as golde redd.
 Sche myght not speke, the romance feyde,
 On a lyter they hur leyde,
 And to the castell hur ledd. 1550

They bathyd hur in erbys ofte,
 And made hur fore fydes softe,
 For almoſte was ſche dedd :
 They fed hur wyth full ryche fode,
 And all thying that hur nede ſtode,
 They fervyd 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, 1560
 And all hur odur gere they dud lede,
 Unto a chaumbur dere.

The lorde had a doghtur 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 leſyng.
 Florence that was feyre and yynge, 1570
 Yf any man hur beſoght
 Of love, ſche gaf them ſoche anſware
 That they wolde never aſke hur mare,
 That was ſo worthely wroght.

Sche preyed to god that boght hur dere,
 To fende hur fownde to fyr Emere,
 That hur full dere had boght.
 Be that he was comyn to Rome,
 He thocht hyt a full carefull come,
 Where fche was he wyfte nocht. 1580

Off Garcy y wyll telle yow mare,
 That was cawfer of hur evyll fare,
 And cawfyd 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 nocht to bee,
 And foone there-aftur dyed he,
 The fothe ys not to layne ;
 Sche fawe hym never wyth hur eye, 1590
 That cawfyd hur all that forowe to drye,
 Of hur have we to fayne.

Wyth fyr Turry dwellyd a knyght
 That hardy was, and Machary he hyght,
 He was bolde as any bare :
 To hys lemman he wolde have had that bryght,
 And spyed hur bothe day and nyght ;
 Therof came mekyll care.

Tyll hyt befelle upon a day,
 In hur chaumbur stode that maye, 1600

To hur than can he fare ;
 He leyde hur downe on hur bedd,
 The lady wepyd fore for dredd,
 Sche had no focowre thare.

Before hur bedd lay a stone,
 The lady toke hyt up anon,
 And toke hyt yn a gethe,
 On the mowthe sche hym hyt,
 That hys for tethe owte he spytt,
 Above and also benethe. 1610

Hys mowthe, hys nose, brafte owt on blood,
 Forthe at the chaumbur dore he yode,
 For drede of more wrethe ;

And to hys chaumber he hyed hym ryght,
 And dwellyd forthe a fowrtenyght,
 And then he came agayne,
 And tolde hys lorde that he was schent,
 Evyll betyn in a turnement,
 The sothe ys not to layne :

The tethe be smetyn owt of my mowthe, 1620
 Therefore my forowe ys full cowthe,
 Me had levyr to be slayne.

He wolde have be vengyd of that dede,
 Florence myght full fore hur drede,

Had sche wetyn of hys trayne ;
 A scharpe knyfe he had hym boght,
 Of yron and stele well ywrought,
 That bytterly wolde byte.

And evyn to hur chaumbur he yode,
 And up behynde a curten he fode, 1630

Therof came forowe and fyte ;
 When he wyfte they were on flope
 To Betres throte can he grope,
 In sonder he schare hyt tyte.

And yyt the thefe, or he wolde leeve,
 He put the hafte 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. 1640

Hur fadur thocht in a vyfyon,
 Hys doghtur schulde be strekyn downe,
 Wyth a thonder blaste ;

And as a thyck leyghtenyng abowte 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 thrafte ;

And fonde Betres hys doghtur dedd, 1650

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 fore wepeande ;
 Gentyll wemen fore dud wepe,
 And evyr can feyre Florence slepe,

That was so feyre to fande.

Sche glyfte up wyth the hedeows flore,
 A sorowfull wakenyng had fche thore, 1660

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 set a stake.

Wythowte the towne a fyre to make,

And Florence thedur lede.

Ye myght see, be hur feyre clothyng,

That fche was no erthely thyng,

And be hur grete feyre-hede. 1670

But some false fende of helle
 Ys comyn thy doghtur for to qwelle,
 Let me quyte hur hur mede.

They dyght hur on the morne in fympull atyr,
 And led hur forthe unto the fyre,

Many a oon wyth hur yede ;
 Sche feyde, God, of myghtys moost,
 Fadur and sone, and holy goost,

As y dud nevyr thys dede,
 Yf y gyltles be of thys, 1680

Brynge me to thy bygly blys,
 For thy grete godhede.

All that ever on hur can see,
 Wrangle 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 feyde, Florence, al so mote y the,
 I may not on thly dethe see, 1690

For all the worlde to wyne.
 To hur chaumber he can hur lede,
 And cled hur in hur own wede,
 And feyde, Y hold hyt fynne.

They fet 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 leste hur thare. 1700

And betaght hur god and gode day,
 And bad hur wende on hur way,
 And then sche fyghed fare ;

Syr, sche seyde, for charytè,
 Let none of thy men folowe 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, 1710
 All glemed there sche glode
 Tyll sche came in a felde.

Sche fawe men undur a galows fiande,
 Thedur they ledd 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 feyde ye schall wete of me no mare

But as a woman dyscownfortyd fare 1720

Wythowten bote or belde ;

No levyng lefe wyth me y have,

Wolde ye graunt me to be my knave,

The thefe that ye thynke to hynge.

The more buxum wyll he bee,

That he were borowyd fro the galow tree,

I hope be hevyn kynge.

Then ther councell toke thay,

They were lothe to feye hur nay,

Sche was so feyre a thyng. 1730

They gaf hym to hur of ther gyfte,

He was full lothe to leeve hys thefte ;

Sche thankyd them olde and yunge.

Sche feyde, Wolde thou ferve me wele,

I schulde the quyte every dele.

He feyde to hur, Yaa,

Ellys were y a grete fole,

And worthy to be drowned in a pole,

The galowfe thou delyvyrd me fra.

Sche thynkyth, Myght y come ovyr the see, 1740

At Jerufalem wolde y bee,

The dur to ryde or ga ;

Then myght y spy tythandes of Rome,
 And of my lordys home come ;
 But now wakenyth hur waa.

A burges that was the thefys reyfet,
 At the townes end he them mett,
 The lady rode ovyr an hylle,
 I wende thou hadyft be hangyd hye,
 And he twynkylde wyth hys eye, 1750
 As who feyth, holde the styllle :
 Thys gentyll woman hath borrowed me,
 For y schulde hur knave bee,
 And ferve hur at hur wylle ;
 And fythyn he rowned in hys eere,
 I beliete 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. 1760
 On the hye deyse he hur fett,
 And mete and drynke he hur fett,
 Of the wyne redd as cherye.
 The burges wyfe welcomed hur ofte,
 Wyth mylde wordys and wyth softe,
 And bad hur ofte be merye.

The two falſe wyth grete yre,
 Stode and behelde her ryche atyre,
 And beganne to lagh and flerye.

The burges wyfe wyte ther thought, 1770
 And feyde in feyth we do for noght,
 Yf ſo be that y may.

At nyght to chaumber 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 fee ſo graye ;

Yf any ſchepe wende ovyr the ſtreme
 To the cyté of Jeruſalem, 1780
 Gode ſone wytt me to ſaye.

Clarebalde feyde the burges tulle,
 Thys nyght had we not owre wulle,
 We muſte caſte a nodur wyle.

To the fee they went in fere,
 And fold hur to a marynere,
 Wythynne a lytyll whyle ;

On covenawnt ſche ys the feyreſt thyng,
 That evyr ye ſye olde or yynge,
 And he at them can ſmyle. 1790

So mekyll golde for hur he hyght,
 That hyt pafsyd almoost hur weyght,
 On eyther parte was gyle.

“ Take here the golde in a bagg,
 I schall hyt hynge on a knagg,
 At the fchypp borde ende :
 When ye have broght that clere,
 Put up yowre hande and take hyt here :”
 Aftur hur can they wende.

They feyde a fchypp ys hyred to the, 1800
 That wyll to Jerufalem ovyr the fee,
 Sche thankyd them as fche was hende,
 Sche gaf the burges wyfe hur palfray,
 Wyth fadyll and brydyll, the fothe to fay,
 And kyfte hur as hur frende.

Alther furfte to the kyrke fche went,
 To here a maffe verament,
 And preyed god of hys grace,
 That he wolde bryng hur to that ryke,
 That evyr more ys yoye in lyke, 1810
 Before hys worthy face ;
 And or fche dyed Emerc to fee,
 That hur own lorde schulde bee,
 In Rome that ryall place.

To the fchypp 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; 1820

The burges feyde to Clarebalde,
 Thou hafte made a fory frawde,
 God gyf the fchames dedd :
 For certenly, wythowten wene,
 Thou haft begyled a lady fchene,
 And made hur evyll of redd.

To the fee hyed they fafte,
 The fayle was up unto the mafte,
 And remevyd was fro that ftedd.

All men that to the fchypp can longe, 1830
 They went Florence to leman have fonge,
 Ylke oon aftur odur had done ;

But they faylyd of ther praye,
 Thorow grace of god that myghtes may,
 That fchope bothe fonne and moone.

Sche calde on Clarebalde hur knave,
 The marynar feyde, Y hope ye rave,
 And tolde how he hade doone :

Sche prayde god schulde hym forgeve,
 A dreryer woman myght noon leeve, 1840
 Undur hevyn trone.

The maryner fet hur on hys bedd,
 Sche hadd soone aftur a byttur spredd,
 The schypp fayled belyve;
 He feyde, Damyfell, y have the boght,
 For thou art so worthely wrought,
 To wedde the to my wyve.
 Sche feyde, Nay that schall not bee,
 Thorow helpe of hym in trynyte
 That suffurde woundys fyve; 1850
 In hys arnes he can hur folde,
 Hur rybbes crakyd as they breke wolde,
 In struglynge can they stryve.

Sche feyde, Lady Mary free,
 Now thou have mercy on me,
 Thou faylyft 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, 1860
 And that upon a dolefull 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 blyne,
 All mun be drowned that be hereynne,
 Then was that lady fayne ;

Sche had levyr to have be dedd
 Then there to have losfe hur maydynhedd, 1870
 Or he had hur by layne.

Then the schypp clave in fondur,
 All that was yn hyt foone went undur,
 And drowned bothe man and fwayne.

The yonge lady in that tyde,
 Fletyd forthe on the schyp fyde,
 Unto a roche ungayne ;

The marynere fate upon an are,
 But nodur wyfte of odur fare,
 The todur were drowned perdè. 1880

The lady steppyd to a ston,
 Sche fonde a tredd and forthe ys gon,
 Loudyng the trynyte,
 To a noonre men calle Beverfayre,
 That ston dyth on the watur of Botayre,
 That rennyth into the Grekys see.

A stepull then the lady fye,
 Sche thocht the wey thedur full drye,
 And thereat wolde fche bee.

Syr Lucyus Ibarnyus was fownder there, 1890
 An hundurd nonnes theryn were,

Of ladyes wele lykeande.

When that fche came nere the place,
 The bellys range thorow godys grace,
 Wythowten helpe of hande.

Of feynt Hyllary the churche ys,
 The twenty day of yowle y wys,
 As ye may undurstande.

They lokyd and sawe no levyng wyght,
 But the lady feyre and bryght 1900
 Can in the cloystur stande.

The abbas be the honde hur toke,
 Annd ladd hur forthe, so feyth the boke,
 Sche was redd for ronne.

Sche knelyd downe before the croffe,
 And looveyd god wyth mylde voyce,
 That fche was thedur wonne.

They askyd hur yf fche had ony fere.
 Sche feyde, Nay, now noon here
 Leveyng undur the sonne. 1910

Sche askyd an hows for charytè,
 They broght an habyte to that fre,
 And there sche was made nonne.

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 hur ryght
 Unto the roche of stone.

A fystur of the hows was feke, 1920
 Of the gowte, and odur evyls eke,
 Sche myght not speke nor goon ;
 Florence vyfyted hur on a day,
 And helyd hur or sche went away,
 Sche wolde ther had wytten therof none.

The abbas, and odur nonnes by,
 Tolde hyt full openlye,
 That hyt was fo verraye,
 Ther was noon fyke nor fare,
 That come there the lady ware, 1930
 But they went sownde away.
 The worde sprang in mony a cuntrè,
 And into Rome the ryche cytè,
 There hur lorde in laye,

Whych had an evyll in hys hevedd,
 That all hys yoye was fro hym revedd,
 Bothe be nyght and daye.

He was so tuggelde in a toyle,
 For he werryd on the kyng of Poyle,
 And he on hym agayne ; 1940
 And as he schulde hys helme avente,
 A quarell smote hym verament,
 Thorowowt bothe bonne and brayne.
 The leche had helyd hyt ovyr tyte,
 And hyt was festurd wythowte delyte,
 Theryn he had grete payne ;
 He had levyr then all hys golde,
 That he had ben undur the molde,
 Or flyly had be slayne.

He calde Egravayne hym too, 1950
 And seyde, What ys beste to do ?
 Myn evyll encrefyth yerne.
 “ Syr, at Beverfayre dwellyth a nonne,
 The weyes thedur we ne conne,
 But we schall spyr and lerne.”
 Mekyll golde wyth them they toke,
 And went forthe, so feyth the boke,
 Prevely and derne ;

And yyt for all ther mekyll fare,
 Hyt was a grete whyle or they came thare, 1960
 Thogh all they haftyd yerne.

The emperowre toke hys ynne therby,
 Alther next the nonnery,
 For there then wolde he dwelle;
 And Mylys hys broder, that graceles fole,
 Dwellyd wyth oon Gyllam of Pole,
 And was woxyn a fowle meselle.
 He harde telle of that lady lele,
 And thedur was comyn to seeke hys hele,
 The certen fothe to telle; 1970
 He harberde hym far therfro
 All behynde men, y telle yow foo,
 Hys fekenes was fo felle;

And Machary was comyn alse,
 Agenste the lady that was so false,
 That flewe Betres and put hyt hur too.
 God had fende on hym a wrake,
 That in the palsye can he schake,
 And was crompylde and crokyd therto.
 He had geten fyr Tyrry thedur, 1980
 And hys wyfe bothe togedur,
 Dame Eglantyne hyght schoo,

The holy nonne for to praye,
 For to hele hym and fche maye,
 That oght fche evyll to doo.

Syr Tyrrye the chaftlayne
 Harbarde the emperowre full gayne,
 On the todur fyde of the ftrete;
 And the marynere that hur boght,
 That wolde have had hur hys leman to a wroght,
 That on the oore can flete, 1991
 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 maffe in gode entent,
 Hende, as ye may here; 2000
 When that the maffe was done,
 The abbas came and haylesyd hym foone,
 On hur beſte manere,
 The emperowre feyde, Well thou bee,
 The holy nonne wolde y fee,
 That makyth the fyke thus fere;

An evyll in my hedd smetyn ys,
 That y have losfe all odur blys;
 They sente aftur that clere.

At hur preyers there as fche ware, 2010
 When fche sawe hur own lorde thare;

Sche knewe hym wele ynogh:
 So dud he hur he wolde not so fayne,
 Abowte the cloystur goon are thay,
 Spekyng of hys woghe.

Then was fche warre of the four thare,
 That had kyndylde all hur care,
 Nere to them fche droghe.

They knew hur not be no kyns thyng,
 Therof thankyd fche hevyn kyng, 2020
 And lyghtly at them loghe.

Mylys that hur aweye ledd,
 He was the fowleft mesell bredd,
 Of pokkys and bleynes bloo;
 And Machary, that wolde hur have flayne,
 He stode schakyng, the sothe to fayne,
 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. 2030

They put Clarebalde in a whelebarowe,
 That strong these, be stretys narowe,
 Had no fote on to goo.

Sche feyde, Ye that wyll be hale,
 And holly broght owt of yowre bale
 Of that ye are ynne,
 Ye must schryve yow openlye,
 And that wyth a full lowde crye,
 To all that be here bothe more and mynne.

That they thocht full lothe to doo, 2040
 Mylys feyde, Syth hyt muste be foo,
 Soone schall y begynne.

I lykyd never wele, day nor nyght,
 Syth y ledd away a lady bryght,
 From kythe and all hur kynne.

Than he feyde to them verament,
 How he the lady wolde have fchent,
 And tolde them to the laste ;
 And that he wolde have be emperowre,
 And weddyd the lady whyte as flowre, 2050

And all hys false caste ;
 And sythe away he can hur lede,
 “ For y wolde have reft fro hur hur maydynhede,
 That sche defendyd faste.

I had never wyth hur to doo,
 For y myght not wyne hur to,
 But clene fro me fche paste :”

And sythyn he tolde them of the barley bredd,
 And how he brent the armyte to dedd,
 And hangyd hur up be the hie : 2060
 “ Then y fye men and howndys bathe,
 And to the wode y went for wrathe.”

There Tyrry gaf answare :
 Then came y and toke hur downe,
 And had hur wyth me unto the towne,
 And that rewyd me full fare ;
 Sche flewe Betres my doghtur fchene,
 That schulde my ryght heyre have bene,
 And yyt let y hur fare ;

For fche was fo bryght of blee, 2070.
 And fo femely on to see,
 Therefore let y hur goo,
 Then Machary, for he muste nede,
 “ Sche dyd me oonys an evyll dede,
 My harte was wondur throo.
 When y wolde have leyn hur by,
 My for tethe fmote fche owt for thy,
 That wakenyd all my woo ;

I flewe Betres wyth a knyfe,
 For y wolde fche had lofte hur lyfe, 2080
 Trewly hyt was foo."

'Then Tyrry farde as he wolde wede,
 And feyde, Falso traytur, dyd thou that dede ?

 Then wepyd dame Eglantync,
 And feyde, Allas that we came here,
 Thys falso traytur for to fere,
 That wroght us all thys pyne.

Yyt y am warfe for that feyre maye
 That was fo unfrendely flemed away,

 And was gytles thereynne. 2090

Clarebalde feyde, Sche came be me,
 I stode undur a galowe-tree,

 And a rope abowte hals myne ;

Fro the galowfe fche borrowed me,
 For y schulde hur knave have bee,

 And ferve hur to hur paye.

We were togedur but oon nyght,
 At the see y folde that bryght,

 On the feconde day.

'Then spake the maryner that hur boght, 2100

When y wolde hur to wyfe have wroght

 Soone fche feyde me naye ;

Sche brake my schypp wyth a tempeste,
 Sche fletyd fowthe and y north-weste,
 And fyth sawe y never that maye.

Upon an ore to londe y wanne,
 And ever fyth have be a drery man,
 And nevyr had happe to hele;
 And fyth y have be in sorowe and fyte,
 Me thynkyth we four be in febull plyte, 2110

That cawfyd hur to wante hur wylle.
 She handylde them wyth hur hande,
 Then were they hoole, y undurstande,
 And odur folke full feele.

Hur own lorde, alther laste,
 The venom owt of hys hedd brafte,
 Thus can sche wyth them dele;

The venome brafte owt of hys ere.
 He feyde, Y fynd yow four in fere.

Hys herte was full throo. 2120

He made to make a grete fyre,
 And caste them yn wyth all ther tyre,
 Then was the lady woo.

The emperowre toke 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.

Soche a feste as there was oon, 2130
 In that lande was never noon,

They gaf the nonnes rente,
 And all ther golde, wythowt lesyng,
 But unnethys that that myght them home bryng,
 And thankyd them for that gent.

Florence seyde, Syr, wyth yowre leeve,
 Tyrrye some thyng muste yow geve,
 That me my lyfe hath lente.

He gaf hym the cyté of Florawnce.
 And bad hym holde hyt wythowt dystawnce: 2140
 They toke ther leve and wente.

Tyrrye wente home to hys cuntrè,
 And the emperowr to Rome hys ryche cytè,
 As faste as evyr they maye.

When the pope harde telle of ther comyng,
 He went agayne them wythowt lesyng,
 In full ryall arraye.

Cardynals were fomed be ther names,
 And come syngyng *Te deum laudamus*,
 The certen sothe to faye;

They loovyd god bothe more and leffe,
 That they had getyn the emperes,
 That longe had bene 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 gyftys also gevyn,
 Bothe golde and robys schene ;

Soone aftur, on the fowretenyth day, 2160
 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 furfte nyght,
 A sone that fyr Otes hyght,
 As the boke makyth mynde ;
 A nobull knyght, and a stronge in stowre,
 That aftur hym was emperowre, 2170
 As hyt was full gode kynde.

Then the emperowre and hys wyfe,
 In yoye and blyffe they lad ther lyfe,
 That were comyn of gentyl frynde.

Pope Symonde thys story wrate,
 In the cronykyls of Rome ys the date,
 Who fekyth there he may hyt fynde.

For thy schulde men and women als
 Them bethynke or they be falſe,
 Hyt makyth ſo fowle an ende. 2180

Be hyt nevyr ſo flylye caſte,
 Yyt hyt ſchamyth the mayſtyr at the laſte,
 In what londe that ever they lende.

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 blyffe us fende,

THE ERLE OF TOLOUS.

JHESU Cryste, 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 unknowthe lede ;
 How a lady had grete myschefe,
 And how sche covyrd of hur grefe ;
 Y pray you take hede.

10

Some tyme ther was in Almayn
 An emperroure of moche mayn,

Syr Dyaclyfyon he hyght ;
 He was a bolde man and a fowte,
 All Cryftendome of hym had dowte,
 So stronge he was yn fyght.
 He dysherytred many a man,
 And falsely ther londys wan, 20
 Wyth maystry and wyth myght ;
 Tyll hyt be felle, upon a day,
 A warre wakenyd, as y yow fay,
 Betwene hym and a knyght ;

The erle of Tollous, fyr Barnard,
 The emperroure wyth hym was harde,
 And gretly was hys foo ;
 He had rafte owt of hys honde
 Thre hundurd poundys worth be yere of londe,
 Therefore hys herte was woo. 30
 He was an hardy man and a stronge,
 And sawe the emperour dyd hym wronge,
 And other men also ;
 He ordeyned hym for batayle,
 Into the emperours londe faunfayle,
 And there he began to brenne and floo.

Thys emperour had a wyfe,
 The fayrest oon that evyr bare lyfe,
 Save Mary mekyll of myght ;
 And therto gode in all thyng,
 40
 Of almesdede and gode berynge,
 Be day, and eke be 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 seyde, let that bee,
 That day schalt thou nevyr see,
 50
 Yf y may ryde on ryght ;
 That he schall have hys londe agayne,
 Fyrste 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 fowretenyght.
 Hé sent abowte every whare
 That all men schulde make them yare,
 Agayne the erle to fyght. 60

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

70

The emperour had bataylys fevyn,
 He spake to them wyth sterne stevyn,
 And sayde, so mote he thryve,
 Be ye now redy for to fyght,
 Go ye and bete them downe ryght,
 And leeveth non on lyve.
 Loke that none raunfomyd bee,
 Nothyr for golde ne for fee,
 But sle them wyth swerde and knyfe :
 For all hys bofte he faylyd yyt,
 The erle manly hym mett,
 Wyth strokys goode and ryfe.

80

They reryd batayle on every fyde,
 Bodely togedur can they ryde,
 Wyth fchylde and many a spere :
 They leyde on fafte, as they were wode,
 Wyth fwerdys and axes that were gode,
 Full hedeous hyt was to here.

90

There were fchyllys and fchaftys fchakydd,
 Hedys thorough helmys crakydd,
 And hawberkys all to tere ;
 The erle hymfelfe an axe drowe,
 An hundurd men that day he flowe,
 So wyght he was yn were.

Many a ftede there ftekyd was,
 Many a bolde baron in that place
 Lay burland yn hys own blode ;
 So moche blode there was fpylte
 That the felde was ovyr hylte,
 Os hyt were a flode.

100

Many a wyfe may fytt and wepe,
 That was wonte fofter to flepe,
 And now can they no gode ;
 Many a body and many a hevyd,
 Many a doghty knyght ther was levyd,
 That was wylde and wode.

The erle of Tollous wan the felde,
 The emperour stode and behelde, 110
 Wele faste can he flee,
 To a castell there befylde,
 Fayne he was hys hedd to hyde,
 And wyth hym erlys thre :
 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 fyftyth in trynyte. 120

There were slayne in that batayle,
 Syxty thousand wythowte fayle,
 On the emperours fyde ;
 Ther was takyn thre hundurd and fyfty,
 Of grete lordys fekyrly,
 Wyth woundys grymly wyde.
 On the erlys fyde ther were slayne,
 But twenty, fothely to fayne,
 So boldely they can abyde ;
 Soche grace god hym fende, 130
 That false quarell cometh to evell ende,
 For oght that may betyde.

Now the emperour ys full woo,
 He hath losfe men and londe also,
 Sore then fyghed hee ;
 He fware, be hym that dyed on rode,
 Mete nor drynke schulde do hym no gode
 Or he vengedd bee.

The emperes feyde, Gode lorde,
 Hyt ys better ye be acorde, 140
 Be oght that y can fee ;
 Hyt ys grete parell, fothe to telle,
 To be agayne the ryght quarell,
 Be god thus thynketh me.

Dame, feyde the emperoure,
 Y have a grete dyshonoure,
 Therefore myn herte ys woo ;
 My lordys be takyn, and some dede,
 Therefore carefull ys my rede,
 Sorowe nye wyll me floo. 150
 Then feyde dame Beulybon,
 Syr, y rede, be feynt John,
 Of warre that ye hoo ;
 Ye have the wronge and he the ryght,
 And that ye may see in fyght,
 Be thys and othyr moo.

The emperour was evyll payde,
 Hyt was sothe the lady sayde,
 Therefore hym lykyd ylle ;
 He wente away, and fyghed fore,
 Oon worde spake he no more,
 But helde hym wonder styлле.
 Leve we now the emperour in thoght,
 Game ne gle lyked hym noght,
 So gretly can he grylle,
 And to the erle turne we agayn,
 That thanked god wyth all hys mayn,
 That grace had fende hym tylle.

160

The erle Barnard of Tollous,
 Had fele men chyvalrous
 Takyn to hys prefon,
 Moche gode of them he hadd,
 Y can not tell, so god me gladd,
 So grete was ther raunfome.
 Among them had he oon
 Was gretteft of them everychon,
 A lorde of many a towne,
 Syr Trylabas of Turkey,
 The emperour hym lovyd sekurly,
 A man of grete reuowne.

170

180

So hyt befelle upon a day
 The erle and he went to play,
 Be a rever fyde,
 The erle feyde to Trylabas,
 Telle me, fyr, for goddys grace,
 Of a thyng that fpryngyth wyde;
 That youre emperour hath a wyfe,
 The fayrest woman that is on lyfe,
 Of hewe and eke of hyde :
 Y fwere by boke and by belle,
 Yf fche be fo feyre as men telle,
 Mekyll may be hys pryde.

190

Then fayde that lord anon ryght,
 Be the ordre y bere of knyght,
 The fothe y fchall telle the,
 To seeke the worlde more and leffe,
 Bothe crystendome and hethynneffe,
 Ther ys none fo bryght of blec :
 Whyte as fnowe ys hur coloure,
 Hur rudde ys radder then the rofe flour,
 Yn fyght who may hur see ;
 All men that evyr god wrought
 Myght not thynke nor cafte in thought
 A fayrer for to bee.

200

Then feyde the erle, Be goddes grace

This worde in mornyng me mas,

Thou feyest sche ys so bryght ;

Thy raunfom here y the forgeve,

My helpe my love whyll y leve,

Therto my trowthe y plyght,

210

So that thou wylt brynge me

Yn safe garde for to bee

Of hur to have a fyght,

An hundurd pownde wyth grete honoure,

To bye the horses and ryche armour,

Os y am trewe knyght.

Than anfweryd fyr Trylabas,

Yn that covenant in this place

My trowthe y plyght thee,

Y schall holde thy forward gode,

220

To brynge the, wyth mylde mode,

In fyght hur for to see ;

And therto wylt y kepe counfayle,

And never more, wythowte fayle,

Agayne yow to bee ;

Y schall be trewe, be goddys ore,

To lose myn own lyfe therefore,

Hardely tryste to mee.

The erle answeryd wyth wordys hende,

Y tryfte to the as to my frende,

230

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 feynt 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.

240

Thefe knyghtes never stynte nor blanne

Tyll to the cyté that they wan,

There the emperes was ynne,

The erle hymfelfe for more drede

Cladd hym in armytes wede,

Thogh he were of ryche kynne;

For he wolde not knowen bee,

He dwellyd there dayes three,

And rested hym in hys ynne.

The knyght bethoght hym on a day

250

The gode erle to betray

Falsely he can begynne.

Anone he went in a rese
 To chaumbur to the emperes,
 And sett hym on hys knee ;
 He feyde, Be hym that harowed helle,
 He kepc yow fro all parelle,
 Yf that hys wylle bee.

Madam, he feyde, be Jhefus,
 Y have the erle of Tollous,
 Our moost enemye ys hee.

260

Yn what manere, the lady can say,
 Ys he comyn? y the pray,
 Anone telle thou me.

“ Madam, y was in hys prefon,
 He hate forgevyn me my raunfom,
 Be god full of myght ;
 And all ys for the love of the,
 The sothe ys he longyth yow to fee,
 Madam, onys in fyght.

270

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,
Therefore y rede that we hym floo,
He hath done us grete grylle."

The lady feyde, So mut y goo, 280

Thy foule ys lofte yf thou do so,
Thy trowthe thou schalt fulfyllen.

Sythe he forgaf the thy raunfom,
And lowfydd the owt of pefon,

Do away thy wyckyd wylle ;

To-morne, when they ryng the mas-belle,
Bryng hym in to my chapelle,

And thynke thou on no false flouthe.

There schall he see me at hys wylle.

Thy covenaunt to fulfyllen, 290

Y rede the holde thy trowthe.

Certys, yf thou hym begyle,

Thy foule ys in grete peryle,

Syn thou haft 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 foule schente,

For hys wyckyd thocht ; 300

He feyde, Syr, fo mote y the,
 To-morne thou schalt my lady fee,
 Therefore dysmay the noght.
 When ye here the mas-belle,
 Y schall hur brynge to the chapelle,
 Thedur sche schall be broght.
 Be the oryall-fyde stonde thou styllle,
 Then schalt thou see hur at thy wylle,
 That ys fo worthyly wroght.

The erle feyde, Y holde the trewe, 310

And that schall the nevyr 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 he restyd that nyght,
 On the morne he can hym dyght,
 Yn armytes array ;

When they ronge to the maffe,
 To the chapell conne they passe, 320
 To see that lady gay.

They had stonden but a whyle,
 The mowntaunfe of halfe a myle,
 Then came that lady free ;

Two erlys hur ladd,
Wondur rychely fche was cladd,
 In golde and ryche perrè.
Whan the erle fawe hur in fyght,
Hym thought fche was as bryght
 Os blosfome on the tree :
Of all the fyghtys that ever he fye
Rayfyd never none hys herte fo hye,
 Sche was fo bryght of blee.

330

Sche stode styll in that place,
And fchewed opynly hur face,
 For love of that knyght ;
He behelde yuly hur face,
He fware there, be goddys grace,
 He fawe never none fo bryght.

Hur eyen were gray as any glas,
Mowthe and nose fchapen was

340

 At all maner ryght ;
Fro the forhedd to the too,
Bettur fchapen myght non goo,
 Nor none femelyer yn fyght.

Twyes fche turnyd hur abowte,
Betwene the erlys that were stowte,
 For the erle fschulde hur fee ;

When sche fpake wyth mylde stevyn,
 Sche femyd an aungell of hevyn, 350

So feyre sche was of blee.

Hur fyde longe, hur myddyll small,
 Schouldurs, armes, therwythall,

Fayrer myght non bee ;

Hur hondys whyte as whallys bonne
 Wyth fyngurs longe and ryugys upon

Hur nayles bryght of blee.

When he had beholden hur welle,

The lady wente to hur chapell

Maffe for to here ; 360

The erle stode on that odur fyde,

Hys eyen fro hur myght he not hyde

So lovely sche was of chere.

He feyde, Lorde god, full of myght,

Leve y were so worthy a knyght

That y myght be hur fere ;

And that sche no husbonde hadd,

All the golde that evyr god made

To me were not so dere.

When the maffe come to ende, 370

The lady, that was feyre and hende,

To the chaumbur can sche fare ;

The erle fyghed, and was full woo,
Owt of hys fyght when fche schulde goo,

Hys mornynge 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 fee,

380

Hyt wolde covyr me of my care.

The erle knelyd down anon ryght,
And askyd gode for god allnyght,

That dyed on the tree,

The emperes callyd a knyght :

Fourty floranse, that ben bryght,

Anone brynge thou mee.

To that armyte fche hyt payde,

Of on hyr fyngyr a rynge she layde

Amonge that golde so free ;

390

He thankyd hur ofte, as y yow fay,

To the chaumbyr wente that lady gay,

There hur was leveste to bee.

The erle went home to hys ynnys,

And grete yoye he begynnys.

When he founde the rynge ;

Yn hys herte he waxe blythe,
 And kyfsyd hyt fele fythe,
 And feyde, My dere derlynge,
 On thy fyngyr thys was, 400
 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 fo foone os hyt was day
 Toke hys leve, and wente hys way,
 Home to hys cuntrè ;
 Syr Trylabas he thanked faste,
 Of thys dede thou done me haste, 410
 Well qwyt schall hyt bee.
 They kyfsyd 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 fyghtys,
 Bothe were of hys kynne ; 420

Syrs, he feyde, wythowt fayle,
 Yf ye wyl do be my counfayle,
 Grete worschyp schulde ye wynne.
 Knowe ye the erle of Tollous ?
 Moche harme he hath done us,
 Hys bofte y rede we blynne ;
 Yf ye wyll do aftur my redd,
 Thys day he schall be dedd,
 So god me save fro fynne.

That oon knyght Kamiters, that odor Kaym 430
 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 mett,
 Wyth harde strokes they hym befett,
 As men that were hys foo ;
 The erle was a man of mayn,
 Faste he faght them agayne, 440
 And foone he slew twoo.

The thrydd fledd, and blewe owt faste,
 The erle ovyrtoke hym at the laste,
 Hys hedd he clofe in three ;

The cuntrey gedyrd abowte hym faste,

And aftur hym yorne they chaste,

An hundurd there men myght fee.

The erle of them was agaste,

At the laste fro them he paste,

Fayne he was to flee ;

450

From them he went into a waste,

To reste hym there he toke hys caste,

A very man was hee.

All the nyght in that foreste

The gentyll erle toke hys reste,

He had no nodur woon ;

When hyt dawed he rose up soone,

And thankyd god that fyttith in trone,

That he had scapyd hys foon.

That day he travaylyd many a myle,

460

And ofte he was in grete parylle,

Be the way os he can gone,

Tyll he come to [a] fayre castell,

There hym was levyft 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, 470
 And warre on us no mare.

Thus dwellyd the erle in that place,
 Wyth game myrthe and grete solafe,
 Ryght os hym levyft 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 fo moche os hys own lyfe,
 And more yf he myght; 480

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;
 Nothyr of othyr wyfte ryght noght,
 So derne love on them wroght,
 To dethe they were nere dyght.

So hyt befelle upon a day 490
 That oon can to that othyr say,
 Syr, al fo muste y thee,

Methynkyth thou fadyfte 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 farefte thou,

Why fo evyr hyt bee ;

Telle me thy cause, why hyt ys,

And y schall telle the myn, y wys,

500

My trouthe y plyght to thee.

Y graunte, he seyde, wythowt fayle,

But loke hyt be trewe counfayle.

Therto hys trowthe he plyght.

He seyde, My lady the emperes,

For love of hur y am in grete dytrefse,

To dethe hyt wyll me dyght.

Then seyde that othyr, Certenly,

Wythowte drede, so fare y

For that lady bryght ;

510

Syn owre love ys on hur fett,

How myght owre bale beste be bett ?

Canste thou rede on ryght ?

Then seyde that othyr, be seynt John,

Bettur counfayle can y noon

Methynkyth then ys thys ;

Y rede that oon of us twoo

Prevely to hur goo,

And pray hur of hur blys ;

Y myfelfe wyll go hur tulle,

520

Yn cafe y may gete hur wylle,

Of myrthe fchalt thou not mys ;

Thou fchalt take us wyth the dede,

Lefte thou us wrye fche wyll drede,

And graunte thy wylle, y wys,

Thus they were at oon asfent,

Thys falfe thefe forthe wente,

To wytt the ladyes wylle ; .

Yn chaumbyr he founde hyr fo free,

He fett hym downe on hys knee,

530

Hys purpofe to fulfyllen.

Than fpake that lady free,

Syr, y fee now well be the,

Thou hafte not all thy wylle ;

On thy fekenes now y fee,

Telle me now thy prevytè,

Why thou mornyft fo ftylle.

Lady, he feyde, that durste y nocht.

For all the gode that evyr was wrought,

Be grete god invyfybylle ;

540

But on a booke yf ye wyll swere

That ye schull not me dyskere,

Then were hyt posfybyll.

Then seyde the lady, How may that bee,

That thou durste not tryfte to mee?

Hyт ys full orybylle :

Here my trowthe to the y plyght,

Y schall heyle the day and nyght,

Al fo trewe as boke or belle.

“ Lady, in yow ys all my tryfte,

550

Inwardely y wolde ye wyfte,

What payne y suffur 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 nevyр fay,

My mornyng ys the more ;

But ye do aftur my rede,

Certenly y am but dede,

560

Of my lyfe ys no store.”

Than answeyrd that lovely lyfe,

Syr, wele thou wottyst y am a wyfe,

My lorde ys emperoure,

He chafe the for a trewe knyght,
 To kepe me bothe day and nyght,
 Undur thy focowre.

To do that dede yf y asfente
 Y were worthy to be brente,
 And broght in grete doloure ; 570
 Thou art a traytour in thy fawe,
 Worthy to be hanged and to-drawe,
 Be Mary that swete floure.

A, madam, feyde the knyght,
 For the love of god almyght,
 Hereon take no hede,
 Yn me ye may full wele tryfte ay,
 Y dud nothyng but yow to affray,
 Al so god me spede.

Thynke, madam, your trowthe ys plyght, 580
 To holde counfayle, bothe day and nyght,
 Fully wythowte drede ;
 Y aske mercy for goddys ore,
 Hereof yf y carpe more
 Let drawe me wyth a ftede.

The lady feyde, Y the forgeve,
 Al so longe os y leve,
 Counfayle schall hyt bee ;

Loke thou be a trewe man,
 In all thyng that thou can, 590
 To my lorde so free.

“ Yys, lady, ellys dyd y wronge,
 For y have feryd hym longe,
 And wele he hath qwytt mee.”

Here of spake 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? 600

Ryght nocht, feyde that othyr,
 Syth y was börne, lese brothyr,
 Was y nevyr 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 pafsyd ovyr, os y you fay, 610
 Tyl aftur, on the thrydde day,
 Thys knyght hym bethoght,

Certys, spede os y may,
 My ladyes wyllle that ys fo gay,
 Hyt schalle be thorowly focht.
 When he sawe hur in beste mode,
 Sore syghyng to hur he yode,
 Of lyfe os he ne roght :
 Lady, he feyde, wythowte fayle,
 But ye helpe me wyth yowre counsayle,
 Yn bale am y broght.

620

Sche anfweryd full curtesly,
 My counsayle schall be redy,
 Telle me how hyt ys.
 When y wott worde and ende,
 Yf my counsayle may hyt mende,
 Hyt schall, fo have y blyffe.
 Lady, he feyde, y undurftonde
 Ye muste holde up yowre honde
 To holde counsayle, y wys.
 Yys, feyde the lady free,
 Thereto my trouthe here to the,
 And ellys y dude amys.

630

Madam, he feyde, now y am in tryfte,
 All my lyfe thogh ye wyfte,
 Ye wolde me not dyskere ;

For you y am in fo grete thocht,

Yn moche bale y am broght,

Wythowte othe yfwere :

And ye may full wele see

640

How pale y am of blee,

Y dye nere for dere ;

Dere lady, graunt me youre love,

For the love of god that fytteth above,

That spongen was wyth a spere.

Syr, sche feyde, ys that youre wylle ?

Yf hyt were myne then dyd y ylle ;

What woman holdyft thou me ?

Yn thy kepeyng y have ben,

What haste thou herde be me or sene

650

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 counfayle,

Thou schouldest be honged, wythowt fayle,

Upon a galowe-tree.

The knyght was never fo fore aferde,

Syth he was borne into myddyllerd,

Certys os he was thoo :

660

Mercy, he feyde, 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 feyde, Y graunte wele

Hyt schall be counseyle every dele,

But do no more foo.

Now the knyght forthe yede,

670

And feyde, 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 tonge ys evell to tryfte,

Certys and my lorde hyt wyfte,

Ety n were all owre bredd.

Felow, so mote y ryde or goo,

Or sche wayte us wyth that woo,

680

Hur felse schall be dedd.

How myght that be ? that othur fayde,

Yn herte y wolde be wele payde,

Myght we do that dedd.

Yys, fyr, he feyde, so have y roo,

Y schall brynge hur wele thertoo,

Therof have thou no drede ;

Or hyt passe dayes three

In mekyll forowe schall sche bee,

Thus y schall qwyte hur hur mede.

690

Now are they bothe at oon asfente,

In forow 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,

700

To the chaumbyr they went soone,

Knyghtys cladd in palle.

They daunfed and revelyd os they noght dredd

To brynge the lady to hur bedde,

There foule muste them falle.

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, 710
 In londe was none fo free.

“ Syr, wylt thou do os we the fay ?
 And we schall ordeygne us a play,
 That my lady may fee ;
 Thou schalt make hur to lagh foo,
 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 fayne ; 720

And hyt wolde my lady plese,
 Thogh hyt wolde me dysefe,
 To renne yn wynde and rayne.
 “ Syr, make the nakyd, save thy breke,
 And behynde the yondur curtayn thou crepe,
 And do os y schall fayne ;

Then schalt thou see a yoly play.”
 Y graunte, thys yonge knyght can fay,
 Be god and seynte Jermayne.

Thys chylde thoght on no ylle, 730
 Of he caste hys clothys styll,
 And behynde the curtayn he went ;

They feyde to hym, what so befalle,

Come not owt tyll we thee calle ;

And he feyde, Syrs, y asfente.

They revelyd forthe a grete whyle,

No man wyfte of ther gyle,

Save they two veramente ;

They voyded the chaumber fone anon,

The chylde they lafte syttyng alone,

740

And that lady gente.

Thys lady lay in bedd on flepe,

Of trefon toke fche no kepe,

For therof wyfte fche nocht ;

Thys chylde had wonder ever among

Why these knyghtys were so longe,

He was in many a thought :

Lorde, mercy, how may thys bee !

Y trowe they have forgeton me

That me hedur broght ;

750

Yf y them calle fche wyll be adredd,

My lady lyeth here in hur bedde,

Be hym that all hath wrought.

Thus ne fate styll as any ston,

He durst not store, nor make no mone,

To make the lady afryght ;

Thes false men, ay worthe them woo!

To hur chaumbur can they goo,

And armyd them full ryght.

Lordys owte of bedd can they calle,

760

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 all 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 with swardys bryght,

770

Brennyng them before.

Behynde the curtayne they wente,

The yonge knyght, verrament,

Nakyd founde 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 afryght,

Whan sche sawe the grete lyght,

Before hur beddys fyde.

780

Sche feyde, *Benedycyte!*

Syrs, what men be yee?

And wonder lowde sche cryedd.

Hur enemyes mysanfweyrd thore,

We are here, thou false hore,

Thy dedys we have afpyedd;

Thou haste betrayed my lorde,

Thou schalt have wonduryng in thys worde,

Thy loos schall sprynge wyde.

The lady feyde, Be feynte John,

790

Hore was y nevyr none,

Nor nevyr thocht to bee.

Thou lyeft, they feyde, thy love ys lorne,

The corse they leyde hur before;

Lo here ys thy lemman free:

Thus we have for the hym hytt,

Thy horedam schall be wele qwytt,

Fro us schalt thou not flee.

They bonde the lady wondyr faste,

And in a depe preston hur caste,

800

Grete dele hyt was to fee.

Leve we now thys lady in care,

And to hur lorde wyll we fare,

That ferre was hur froo:

On a nyght, wythowt lette,
 In hys flepe a fwevyn he mett,
 The story telleth us soo :
 Hym thocht ther come two wylde berys,
 And hys wyfe all to-terys,
 And rofe hur body in twoo ;
 Hymfelfe was a wytty man,
 And be that dreame he hopyd than
 Hys lady was in woo.

810

Yerly when the day was clere,
 He bad hys men all in fere,
 To buske and make them yare ;
 Somer-horfys he let go before,
 And charyettys stuffud wyth store,
 Wele twelve myle and more.

He hopud wele in hys herte
 That hys wyfe was not in querte,
 Hys herte therfore was in care ;
 He styntyd not tyll he was dyght,
 Wyth erlys, barons, and many a knyght,
 Homeward can they fare.

820

Nyght ne day nevyr they blanne,
 Tyll to that cyté they came
 There the lady was ynne,

Wythowt the cyté lordys them kepyd,
 For wo in herte many oon wepyd, 830

There teerys myght they not blynne.

They supposyd wele yf he hyt wyfte
 That hys wyfe had feche a bryfte

Hys yoye wolde be full thynne.

They ladder stedys to the stall,

And the lorde into the halle,

To worfchyp hym wyth wyne.

Anon to the chaumbur wendyth he,

He longyd hys feyre lady to see,

That was so fwete a wyght; 840

He callyd them that schoulde hur kepe,

Where ys my wyfe? ys sche on slepe?

How fareth that byrde bryght?

The two traytours answeryd anon,

Yf ye wyfte how sche had done,

To dethe sche schulde be dyght.

A, devyll! he feyde, how foo?

To dethe that sche ys worthy to goo,

Telle me in what manere.

Syr, he feyde, be goddys ore, 850

The yonge knyght, fyr Antore,

That was hur kervere,

Be that lady he hath layne,
 And therefore we have him flayne,
 We founde them in fere.

Sche ys in prefon, verrament,
 The lawe wyll that sche be brente,
 Be god that boght us dere.

Allas ! feyde the emperoure,
 Hath sche done me thys dyshonoure, 860
 And y lovyd hur so wele ?

Y wende, for all thys worldys gode
 That sche wolde not have turned hur mode ;
 My yoye begynnyth to keele.

He hente a knyfe wyth all hys mayn,
 Had not a knyght ben he had hym flayn,
 And that traytour have brought owt of heele ;

For bale hys armes abrode he bredd,
 And fell in fwowne upon hys bedd ;
 There myght men see grete dele. 870

On the morne, be oon asfent,
 On hur they sett a perlyament,
 Be all the comyn rede ;
 They myght not fynde in ther counfayle,
 Be no lawe, wythowt fayle,
 To fave hur fro the dede.

Then bespake an olde knyght,
 Y have wondur, be goddys myght,
 That fyr Antore thus was bestedd ;
 In chaumbyr thogh they naked were, 880
 They let hym gyf none answere,
 But flowe hym, be my hedd.

Ther was nevyr man, fekurly,
 That be hur founde any velary,
 Save they two, y dar wele fay ;
 Be some hatered hyt may be,
 Therefore doyth aftur me,
 For my love y yow pray.

No mo wyll prove hyt but they twoo,
 Therefore we may not save hur fro woo, 890
 For sothe, os y yow fay,
 In hyr quarell but we myght fynde
 A man that were gode of kynde,
 That durst fyght agayn them tway.

All they asfentyd to the sawe,
 They thocht he spake reson and lawe,
 Then answeryd the kyng wyth crowne,
 Fayre falle the for thyn avyfe ;
 He callyd knyghtys of nobyll pryce,
 And badd them be redy bowne, 900

For to crye, thorow all the londe,
 Bothe be fee, and be fonde,
 Yf they fynde mowne
 A man that ys so moche of myght
 That for that lady dar take the fyght,
 He schall have hys warefon.

Mesfangerys, y undurftonde,
 Cryed thorow all the londe,
 In many a ryche cytè,
 Yf any man durfte prove hys myght, 910
 In trewe quarell for to fyght,
 Wele avaunfed schulde he be.
 The erle of Tullous harde thys telle
 What anger the lady befelle,
 Thereof he thought grete pytè;
 Yf he wyfte that sche had ryght,
 He wolde aventure hys lyfe to fyght
 For that lady free.

For hur he morned nyght and day,
 And to hymfelfe can he fay 920
 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 feyde, Be feynte John,
 Ynto Almayn wyll y goon,
 Where y have fomen ryfe;
 I prey to god full of myght,
 That y have trewe quarell to fyght,
 Owt of wo to wyne that wyfe.

930

He rode on huntyng on a day,
 A marchand mett he be the way,
 And asked hym of whens he was.

Lorde, he feyde, of Almayn.
 Anon the erle can hym frayne
 Of that ylke cafe :

“ Wherefore ys yowre emperes
 Put in fo grete dystresse ?

 Telle me for goddys grace ;
 Ys sche gylté, fo mote thou the ?”

940

“ Nay, be hym that dyed on tree,
 That schope man aftur hys face.”

Then feyde the erle, wythowte lett
 When ys the day fett

 Brente that sche schulde bee ?
 The marchande feyde, Sekyrlyke,
 Evyn thys day thre wyke,
 And therefore wo ys mee.

The erle feyde, Y schall the telle,
 Gode horfys y have to felle, 950

And stedys two or thre ;
 Certys, myght y felle them yare,
 Thedur wyth the wolde y fare,
 That fyght for to fee.

The marchand feyd wordys hende,
 Into the londe yf ye wyll wende,
 Hyt wolde be for yowre prowre ;
 There may ye felle them at your wylle.

Anon the erle feyde hym tylle,
 Syr, herkyn me nowe ; 960

Thys yurney wylt thou wyth me dwelle ?
 Twenty pownde y schall thee telle,
 To mede y make a vowe.

The marchand grauntyd anon.
 The erle feyde, Be feynt John,
 Thy wylle y alowe.

The erle tolde hym in that tyde
 Where he schulde hym abyde,
 And homeward wente hec ;
 He busked hym that no man wyfte, 970
 For mekyll on hym was hys tryfte :
 He feyde, Syr, go wyth mee.

Wyth them they toke stedys fevyn,
 Ther were no fayrer undyr hevyn,
 That any man myght fee :
 Into Almayn they can ryde ;
 As a corefur of mekyll pryde
 He femyd for to bee.

The marchand was a trewe gyde,
 The erle and he togedur can ryde,
 Tyll they came to that place ;
 A myle befyrde the castell
 There the emperour can dwelle

980

 A ryche abbey ther was.
 Of the abbot leve they gatt
 To foyorne, and make ther horfys fatt ;
 That was a nobyll cas :

The abbot was the ladyes eme,
 For hur he was in grete wandreme,
 And moche mornyng he mafe.

990

So hyt be felle upon a day
 To churche the erle toke the way,
 A maffe for to here ;
 He was a fayre man and an hye,
 When the abbot hym fye,
 He feyde, Syr, come nere ;

Syr, when the maffe ys done,
 Y pray yow ete wyth me at noone,
 Yf youre wylle were.

The erle grauntyd all wyth game, 1000
 Afore mete they wysche all fame,
 And to mete they wente in fere.

Aftur mete, as y yow fay,
 Into an orchard they toke the way,
 The abbot and the knyght ;
 The abbot feyde, and fyghed fare,
 Certys, fyr, y leve in care
 For a lady bryght.

Sche ys accusyd, my herte ys woo,
 Therefore sche schall to dethe goo, 1010
 All agayne the ryght ;
 But sche have helpe, verrament,
 In fyre sche schall be brente,
 Thys day sevenyght.

The erle feyde, So have y blyffe,
 Of hyr methynkyth grete rewthe hyt ys,
 Trewe yf that sche bee.
 The abbot feyde, Be seynte Poule,
 For hur y dar ley my foule,
 That nevyr gylté was sche ; 1020

Soche werkys new fche wroght,

Neythyr in dede, nor in thoght,

Save a ryngge fo free,

To the erle of Tullous fche gafe hyt wyth wyinne,

Yn efe of hym, and for no fynne,

In fchryfte thus tolde fche me.

The erle fayde, Syth hyt ys foo,

Cryfte wreke hur of hur woo,

That boght hur wyth hys bloode !

Wolde ye sekyr me, wythowt fayle, 1030

For to holde trewe counfayle,

Hyt myght be for youre gode.

The abbot feyde, be bokes fele,

And be hys profesyon, that he wolde hele,

And ellys he were wode.

“ Y am he that fche gaf the ryngge,

For to be oure tokenyngge,

Now heyle hyt for the rode.

Y am comyn, lefe fyr,

To take the batayle for hyr, 1040

There to stonde wyth ryght.

But fyrste myfelfe y wole hur fchryve,

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." 1050

The abbot was never fo gladd,
 Nere for yoye he waxe madd,
 The erle can he kyffe ;
 They made meré, and flewe care,
 All that fevenyght he dwellyd thare,
 Yn myrthe wythowt myffe.
 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, 1060
 That he myght that lady schryve,
 Anon reseceyved he ys.

He examyned hur wytyrly,
 As hyt feythe [in] the story,
 Sche was wythowte gylte,
 Sche feyde, Be hym that dyed on tree,
 Trespas was never none in me,
 Wherefore y schulde be spylte ;

Save oonys, wythowte lefyng,
 To the erle of Tollous y gafe a ryng; 1070

Asfoyle me yf thou wylte;

But thus my destanye is comyn to ende,
 That in thys fyre y muste be brende,

There godd wylle be fulfyllt.

The erle asfoyled hur wyth hys honde,

And fythen pertely he can up stonde,

And feyde, Lordyngys pefe!

Ye that have accused thys lady gente,

Ye be worthy to be brente.

That oon knyght made a rees, 1080

Thou carle monke, wyth all thy gynne,

Thowe youre abbot be of her kynne,

Hur forowe schalt thou not cees;

Ryght so thou woldest fayne,

Thowe all youre covent had be hyr layn,

So are ye lythyr and lees.

The erle anfweryd, wyth wordys free,

Syr, that oon y trowe thou bee

Thys lady accused has;

Thowe we be men of relygyon, 1090

Thou schalt do us but reson,

For all the fare thou mas.

Y prove on hur thou fayft not ryght,

Lo here my glove wyth the to fyght,

Y undyrtake thys cafe ;

Os falfe men y fchall yow kenne,

Yn redd fyre for to brenne,

Therto god gyf me grace.

All that ftofen in that place

Thankyd god of hys grace,

1100

Wythowte any fayle.

The two knyghtys were full wrothe,

He fchulde be dedd they fwere grete othe :

But hyt myght not avayle.

The erle wente there-befyde,

And armyd hym wyth mekyll pryde,

Hys enemyes to asfayle ;

Manly when they togedur mett,

They hewe thorow helme and bafenet,

And martyrd many a mayle.

1110

They redyn togedur wythowt lakk,

That hys oon fperere on hym brakk,

That othyr faylyd thoo ;

The erle fmote hym wyth hys fperere,

Thorow the body he can hym bere,

To grounde can he goo.

That sawe that odyr, and faste can flee,
 The erle ovyrtoke hym undyr a tre,
 And wrought hym mekyll woo.

There thys traytour can hym yylde, 1120
 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 feyde, We thocht hur to spyllē,
 For sche wolde not do oure wylle,
 That worthy ys in wonnys.

The erle answeryd hym then,
 Therefore, traytours, ye schall brenne 1130
 Yn thys fyre, bothe at onys.

The erle anon hym hente,
 And in the fyre he them brente,
 Flefche, felle, and boonys.

When they were brent bothe twoo,
 The erle prevely can goo
 To that ryche abbaye,
 Wyth yoye and procesfyon
 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 fo 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 feyde, 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 undurftonde.

Syr, quod the emperoure,

To me hyt were a dyshonoure,

Soche wordes y rede thou wonde ;

Anone yn haste that y hym fee,

Or thou schalt nevyr have gode of me,

And therto here myn honde.

Lorde, he feyde, fythe hyt ys foo,

Aftur hym that y muste goo,

1160 -

Ye muste make me fewrtè,

Yn case he have byn youre foo,

Ye schall not do hym no woo,

And then, al fo mote y thee,

Aftur hym y wyll wynde,
So that ye wyll be hys frende,

Yf youre wylle bee.

Yys, feyde the emperoure full fayne,
All my kynne thogh he had flayne,

He ys welcome to mee.

1170

Then spake the abbot wordys free,
Lorde, y tryfte now on thee,

Ye wyll do os ye fey ;

Hyt ys fyr Barnard of Tollous,
A nobyll knyght and a chyvalrous,

That hath done thys journey.

Now certys, feyde the emperoure,
To me hyt ys grete dyshonoure ;

Anon, fyr, y the pray,

Aftur hym that thou wende,

We schall kyffe and be gode frende,

Be god that owyth thys day.

1180

The abbot feyde, Y asfente ;

Aftur the erle anon he wente,

And feyde, Syr, go wyth mee ;

My lorde and ye, be feynt John,

Schull be made bothe at oon,

Goode frendys for to bee.

Thereof the erle was full fayne,
 The emperoure came hym agayne, 1190
 And fayde, My frende so free,
 My wrath here y the forgeve,
 My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,
 Be hym that dyed on tree.

Togedur lovely can they kyffe,
 Therof all men had grete blyffe,
 The romaunfe tellyth foo ;
 He made hym steward of hys londe,
 And sefyd agayne into hys honde
 That he had rafte hym froo. 1200

The emperoure levyd but yerys thre,
 Be alexcion of the lordys free
 The erle toke they thoo,
 They made hym ther emperoure,
 For he was styffe yn floure,
 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 chyldyr fyftene 1210
 Doghty knyghtys all bedene,
 And femely on to fec.

Yn Rome thys gēste ys cronyculyd, y wys,

A lay of Bretayne callyd hyt ys,

And evyr more schall bee.

Jhesu Cryfte to hevyn us brynge,

There to have owre wonnyng:

Amen, amen, for charytee !

THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

IT was a squyer of lowe degrè
 That loved the kings doughter 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 .fyll mornyng,
 And no man wyfte for what thyng ;
 And all was for that ladyè,
 The kynges doughter of Hungryè.

10

There wyfte no wyghte in Chriftentè
 Howe welle he loved that lady fre.
 He loved her more then feven yere,
 Yet was he of her love never the nere.
 He was not ryche of golde and fe,
 A gentyll man forsoth was he. 20
 To no man durft he make his mone,
 But fyghed fore hym felfe 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 ;
 And in the garden, as i wene,
 Was an arber fayre and grene,
 And in the arber was a tre,
 A fayrer in the world might none be ; 30
 The tre it was of cypresse,
 The fyrst tre that Jesu chese ;
 The fother-wood, and fykamoure,
 The reed rose, and the lyly-floure,
 The boxe, the beche, and the larel-tre,
 The date, also the damyfè,
 The fylbyrdes 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, 40
 With brode braunches all aboute,
 Within the arbar, and eke withoute ;
 On every braunche fate byrdes thre,
 Syngynge with great melody,
 The lavorocke, and the nightyngale,
 The ruddocke, the woodwale,
 The pee, and the popinjaye,
 The thruftete fange both nyght and daye,
 The marlyn, and the wrenne also,
 The fwalowe whippyng to and fro, 50
 The jaye jangled them amonge,
 The larke began that mery fonge,
 The sparowe fprede her on her fpraye,
 The mavys fonge with notes full gaye,
 The nuthake with her notes newe,
 The fterlynge fet her notes full trewe,
 The goldefynche made full mery chere,
 Whan fhe was bente upon a brere,
 And many other foules mo,
 The ofyll, and the thruftete also ; 60
 And they fange wyth notes clere,
 In confortynge that fquyere ;

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 fayd, Alas, that i was boꝛne !
 That i were ryche of golde and fe,
 That i myght wedde that lady fre ! 70
 Of golde good, or some treasure,
 That i myght wedde that lady floure !
 Or elles come of fo gentyll kynne,
 The ladyes love that i myght wynne !
 Wolde god that i were a kynges sonne,
 That ladyes love that i myght wonne !
 Or els fo bolde in eche fyght,
 As was fyr Lybius that gentell knyght,
 Or els fo bolde in chyvalry,
 As fyr Gawayne, or fyr Guy ! 80
 Or els fo doughty of my hande
 As was the gyaunte fyr Colbrande !
 And [it] were put in jeoperdè,
 What man shoulde wynne that lady fre,
 Than should no man have her but i,
 The kinges doughter of Hungry.

But ever he fayde, Wayleawaye !
 For poverte pafeth all my paye !
 And, as he made thys ruffull chere,
 He fowned downe in that arbere. 90

That lady herde his mournyng all,
 Ryght under the chambre wall ;
 In her oryall there fhe was,
 Clofed well with royall glas,
 Fulfilled it was with ymagery,
 Every wyndowe by and by,
 On eche fyde had there a gynne,
 Sperde with many a dyvers pynne.
 Anone that lady, fayre and fre,
 Undyd a pynne of yverè, 100

And wyd the windowes fhe open fet,
 The funne fhone in at her clofet,
 In that arber fayre and gaye
 She fawe where that fquyre lay.
 The lady fayd to hym anone,
 Syr, why makeft thou that mone ?
 And whi thou mourneft night and day ?
 Now tell me, fquyre, i thee pray ;
 And, as i am a true lady,
 Thy counfayl fhall i never dyfcry ; 110

150 THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

And, yf it be no represe 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 fayde, 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, 120
 And come ye be of so hye kynne,
 No worde of love durst i begynne.
 My wyll to you yf i had fayde,
 And ye therwith not well apayde,
 Ye might have bewraied me to the kinge,
 And brought me fone to my endynge.
 Therefore, my lady, fayre and fre,
 I durst not shewe my harte to thee ;
 But i am here, at your wyll,
 Whether ye wyll me fave or spyll ; 130
 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 forfake both lande and lede,
 And become an hermyte in uncouth stede;
 In many a lande to begge my bread,
 To feke where Christ was quicke and dead;
 A staffe i wyll make me of my spere,
 Lynen cloth i shall none were; 140
 Ever in travayle i shall wende,
 Tyll i come to the worldes ende;
 And, lady, but thou be my bote,
 There shall no sho come on my fote;
 Therefore, lady, i the praye,
 For hym that dyed on good frydaye,
 Let me not in daunger dwell,
 For his love that harowed hell.
 Than sayd that lady, milde of mode,
 Ryght in her closet there she stode, 150
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 Thou shalt never be deceyved for me;
 Though i for thee should be slayne,
 Squyer, i shall the love agayne.
 Go forth, and serve my father the kynge,
 And let be all thy styl mournynge;
 Let no man wete that ye were here,
 Thus all alone in my arbere;

If ever ye wyll come to your wyll,
 Here and fe, and holde you fyll. 160

Beware of the ftewarde, i you praye,
 He wyll deceyve you and he maye ;
 For, if he wote of your woynge,
 He wyl bewraye you unto the kynge ;
 Anone for me ye fhall be take,
 And put in pryfon for my fake ;
 Than muft ye nedes abyde the lawe,
 Peraventure both hanged and drawe ;
 That fyght on you i would not fe,
 For all the golde in Chriftentè. 170

For, and ye my love fhould wyne,
 With chyvalry ye muft begynne,
 And other dedes of armes to done,
 Through whiche ye may wyne your fhone ;
 And ryde through many a peryllous place,
 As a venterous man to feke your grace,
 Over hylles and dales, and hye mountaines,
 In wethers wete, both hayle and raynes,
 And yf ye may no harbroughe fe,
 Than muft ye lodge under a tre, 180
 Among the beaftes wyld and tame,
 And ever you wyll gette your name ;

And in your armure muft ye lye,
 Every nyght than by and by ;
 And your meny everychone,
 Til feven yere be comen and gone ;
 And paffe by many a peryllous fee,
 Squyer, for the love of me,
 Where any war begynneth to wake,
 And many a batayll undertake, 190
 Throughout the land of Lumbardy,
 In every cytie by and by ;
 And be avifed, when thou fhalt fight,
 Loke that ye ftand aye in the right ;
 And, yf ye wyll take goode hede,
 Yet all the better fhall ye fpede ;
 And, whan the warre is brought to ende,
 To the Rodes then muft ye wende ;
 And, fyr, i holde you not to prayes,
 But ye there fyght thre good frydayes ; 200
 And if ye paffe the batayles thre,
 Than are ye worthy a knyght to be ;
 And to bere armes than are ye able,
 Of gold and goules fete with fable ;
 Then fhall ye were a fhelde of blewe,
 In token ye fhall be trewe,

With vines of golde fet all aboute
 Within your shelde, and eke without,
 Fulfilled with ymagery,
 And poudred with true loves by and by. 210
 In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be fet
 A ladyes head, with many a frete,
 Above the head wrytten shall be
 A reafon, 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, fykerly,
 A croffe of reed therin shall be,
 In token of the trynyte. 220
 Your basenette shall be burnysshed bryght,
 Your ventall shal be well dyght,
 With starres of gold it shall be fet,
 And covered with good velvet.
 A coronall cleene corven newe,
 And oystryche fethers of dyvers hewe.
 Your plates unto your body shal be enbrafte,
 Sall fyt full femely in your waste.
 Your cote armoure of golde full fyne,
 And poudred well with good armyne. 230

Thus in your warres shall you ryde,
 With fyxe good yemen by your fyde,
 And whan your warres are brought to ende,
 More fether behoveth to you to wende,
 And over many perellous ftreme,
 Or ye come to Jerufalem,
 Through feytes, and feldes, and forestes thicke,
 To feke where Chrifte were dead and quycke;
 There muft you drawe your fwerde of were,
 To the fepulchre ye muft it bere, 240
 And laye it on the ftone,
 Amonge the lordes 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, fyr, thus have done,
 Than are ye worthy to were your shone;
 Than may ye fay, fyr, by good ryght,
 That you ar proved a venturous knyght. 250
 I shall you geve to your rydinge
 A thoufande pounce to your fpendinge;
 I shall you geve hors and armure,
 A thoufande pounce of my treasure;

Wherethrough that ye may honoure wynn,
 And be the greateft of your kynne.
 I pray to god and our lady,
 Sende you the whele of vyctory,
 That my father fo fayne may be,
 That he wyll wede me unto thee, 260
 And make the king of this countrè,
 To have and holde in honeftè,
 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 fo pure ;
 And if we may not fo come to,
 Otherwyfe then muft we do ;
 And therefore, fquyer, wende thy way,
 And hie the faft on thy journey, 270
 And take thy leve of kinge and queene,
 And fo to all the courte bydene.
 Ye fhall not want at your goyng
 Golde, nor fylver, nor other thyng.
 This feven yere i fhall you abyde,
 Betyde of you what fo betyde ;
 Tyll feven yere be comen and gone
 I fhall be mayde all alone.

The squyer kneled on his kne,
 And thanked that lady fayre and fre ; 280
 And thryes he kyfsed that lady tho,
 And toke his leve, and forth gan go.
 The kinges steward stode full nye,
 In a chambre fast them bye,
 And hearde theyr wordes wonder wele,
 And all the woynge every dele.
 He made a vowe to heaven kynge,
 For to bewraye that fwete thyng,
 And that squyer taken shoulde be,
 And hanged hie on a tree ; 290
 And that falsse stewarde full of yre,
 Them to betraye was his defyre ;
 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 therefore dyd her great envye.
 Alas ! it tourned to wroth her heyle
 That ever he wyfte of theyr counsayle. 300
 But leve we of the stewarde here,
 And speke we more of that squyer,

Howe he to his chambre wente,
 Whan he past from that lady gente.
 There he araied him in scarlet reed,
 And fet his chaplet upon his head,
 A belte about his sydes two,
 With brode barres to and fro ;
 A horne about his necke he caste ;
 And forth he went, at the last, 310
 To do hys office in the hall,
 Among the lordes both great and small.
 He toke a white yeard in his hande,
 Before the kyng than gane he stande,
 And sone he fat hym on his knee,
 And serued the kyng ryght royally,
 With deynty meates that were dere,
 With partryche, pecoke, and plovere,
 With byrdes in bread ybake,
 The tele, the ducke and the drake, 320
 The cocke, the curlewe, and the crane,
 With sefauntes fayre, theyr were no wane,
 Both storkes and snytes ther were also,
 And venyson freshe of bucke and do,
 And other deyntés many one,
 For to fet afore the kyng anone :

And when the squyer had done so,
 He ferved the hall to and fro,
 Eche man hym loved in honestè,
 Hye and lowe in theyr degre, 330
 So dyd the kyng full fodenly,
 And he wyft not wherfore nor why.
 The kyng behelde the squyer wele,
 And all his rayment every dele,
 He thought he was the femlyest man
 That ever in the worlde he sawe or than.
 Thus fate 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, 340
 And soone he tolde unto the kyng
 All theyr wordes and theyr woyng;
 And how she hyght hym lande and fe,
 Golde and fylver 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, 350

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 fayd to the steward tho,
 I may not beleve it should be so ;
 Hath he be so bonayre and benynge,
 And served me fyth i was ynge,
 And redy with me in every nede,
 Bothe true of word, and eke of dede, 360
 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 ;
 But yf he myght that lady wyne,
 In wedlocke to welde withouten fynne, 370
 And yf she asfent hym tyll,
 The squyer is worthy to have none yll.
 For i have fene that many a page
 Have become men by mariage ;

Than it is femely that the squyer
 To have my doughter by this manere,
 And eche man in his degre,
 Become a lorde of ryaltye,
 By fortune and by other grace,
 By herytage and by purchace: 380
 Therefore, stewarde, beware hereby,
 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 doughter dere,
 For chaungyng of that ladyes chere;
 I woulde not, for my crowne so newe,
 That lady change hyde or hewe;
 Or for to put thyfelfe in drede,
 But thou myght take hym with the dede: 390
 For yf it may be founde in thee,
 That thou them fame for enmyte,
 Thou shalt be taken as a felon,
 And put full depe in my pryson,
 And fetered fast unto a stone,
 Tyl twelve yere were come and gone,
 And drawn wyth hors throughe the cytè,
 And foone hanged upon a tre;

162 THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

And thou may not thyselfe excufe,
 This dede thou shalt no wise refufe; 400
 And therefore, steward, take good hed,
 How thou wilt answere to this ded.
 The stewarde answered, with great envy,
 That i have sayd that i wyl stand therby;
 To suffre death and endlesse wo,
 Syr kynge, i wyl never go therfro;
 For, yf that ye wyl graunt me here
 Strength of men and great power,
 I shall hym take, this fame nyght,
 In the chambre with your doughter bright; 410
 For i shall never be gladde of chere,
 Tyll i be venged of that squyer.
 Than sayd the kynge, full curteysly,
 Unto the stewarde, that stode hym by,
 Thou shalte have strenght ynough with the,
 Men of armes thirty and thre,
 To watche that lady, mucche of pryce,
 And her to kepe fro her enemyes.
 For there is no knyght in Chrystentè,
 That wold betray that lady fre, 420
 But he should dye under his shelde
 And i myght se hym in the feldd;

And therefore, stewarde, i the pray,
 Take hede what i shall to the fay;
 And if the squiere come not to-night,
 For to speke with that lady bryght,
 Let hym fay whatsoever he wyll,
 And here and se and holde you styll;
 And herken well what he wyll fay,
 Or thou with him make any fray; 430
 So he come not her chambre within,
 No bate on hym loke thou begyn,
 Though that he kyffe that lady fre,
 And take his leave ryght curteysly,
 Let hym go, both hole and founde,
 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,
 For to betraye that fayre lady. 440
 Loke he be taken foone anone,
 And all his meyné everychone,
 And brought with strength to my pryfon,
 As traytour, thefe, and false felon;
 And yf he make any defence,
 Loke that he never go thence;

164 THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

But loke thou hew hym al fo small,
 As flesshe whan it to the potte shall:
 And yf he yelde hym to thee,
 Brynge him both faufe and founde to me. 450
 I shall borowe for seven yere
 He shall not wedde my doughter dere:
 And therefore, stewart, i thee praye,
 Thou watche that lady nyght and daye.
 The stewart fayde the kyng untyll,
 All your byddyng i shall fulfyll.
 The stewart toke his leave to go,
 The squyer came fro chambre tho,
 Downe he went into the hall,
 The officers fone can he call, 460
 Both usher, panter, and butler,
 And other that in office were;
 There he them warned, fone anone,
 To take up the bordes everychone.
 Than they dyd his commaundement,
 And sythe unto the kyng he went;
 Full lowe he fet hym on his kne,
 And voyded his borde full gentely;
 And whan the squyre had done so,
 Anone he fayde the kyng unto, 470

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 knyght.

The kyng sayd to the squyer tho,
 Thou shalt have good leve to go; 480
 I shall the gyve both golde and fe,
 And strength of men to wende with thee;
 If thou be true in worde and dede,
 I shall thee helpe in all thy nede.

The squyer thanked the kyng anone,
 And toke his leve and forth can gone;
 With joye, and blyffe, and much pryde,
 With all his meyny by his fyde.
 He had not ryden but a whyle,
 Not the mountenaunce of a myle, 490
 Or he was ware of a vyllage,
 Anone he sayde unto a page,
 Our fouper foone loke it be dyght,
 Here wyll we lodge all to-nyght.

They toke theyr ynnes in good intente,
 And to theyr supper foone they wente.
 Whan he was fet, and ferved at meate,
 Than he sayd he had forgete
 To take leve of that lady fre,
 The kynges doughter of Hungre.

500

Anone the squyer made him ayre,
 And by hym felfe forth can he fare,
 Without strength of his meynè,
 Unto the castell than went he.
 Whan he came to the pofterne-gate,
 Anone he entred in thereat,
 And his drawen fwerd in his hande,
 There was no more with him wolde ftande :
 But it ftode with hym full harde

As ye fhall here nowe of the ftewarde.

510

He wende in the worlde none had be
 That had knowen of his pryvitè,
 Alas ! it was not as he wende,
 For all his counfayle the ftewarde [kende].
 He had bewrayed him to the kyng
 Of all his love and his woynge;
 And yet he laye her chambre by,
 Armed with a great company,

And befet it one eche fyde,
 For treason walketh wonder wyde. 520
 The fquyer thought on no mystruffe
 He wende no man in the worlde had wyfte,
 But yf he had knowen, ne by faynt John
 He had not come theder by his owne;
 Or yf that lady had knowen his wyll,
 That he fould have come her chamber tyll,
 She would have taken hym golde and fe,
 Strength of men and royaltè;
 But there ne wyft no man nor grome
 Where that fquyer was become; 530
 But forth he went hymfelfe alone
 Amonge his fervauntes everychone.
 Whan that he came her chambre to,
 Anone, he fayde, Your dore undo!
 Undo, he fayde, nowe, fayre lady!
 I am befet with many a fpy.
 Lady, as whyte as whalès bone,
 There are thyrty agaynft me one.
 Undo thy dore! my worthy wyfe,
 I am befette with many a knyfe. 540
 Undo your dore! my lady fwete,
 I am befet with enemyes great;

And, lady, but ye wyll aryfe,
 I shall be dead with myne enemyes.
 Undo thy dore ! my frely floure,
 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; 550
 For i wyll not my dore undo
 For no man that cometh therto.
 There is but one in Christentè
 That ever made that forward 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,
 Whan he is proved a venterous knyght;
 For we have loved this seven yere,
 There was never love to me so dere. 560
 There lyeth on me both kyng and knyght,
 Dukes, erles, of muche might.
 Wende forth, squyer, on your 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 fayde,
 For me, lady, be not dysmayde.
 Come i am full pryvely
 To take my leave of you, lady. 570

Welcome, she fayd, my love fo dere,
 Myne owne dere heart, and my squyer ;
 I shall you geve kyfses thre,
 A thousande pounce unto your fe,
 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 flee you foone.
 I am the kynges doughter of Hungrè,
 And ye alone that have loved me, 580
 And though you love me never fo fore,
 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,
 Myfelfe therto shall not fay nay ;
 And yf ye may not do fo,
 Otherwyse ye shall come to.
 Ye are bothe hardy, stronge, and wight,
 Go forth, and be a venterous knight. 590

I pray to god, and our lady,
 To fend you the whele of Victory,
 That my father so leve he be
 That wyll profer me to thee.
 I wote well it is lyghtly fayd,
 Go forth, and be nothyng afrayde.
 A man of worshyp may not do so,
 He must have what neds him unto ;
 He must have gold, he must have fe,
 - Strength of men and royaltè. 600
 Golde and sylver spare ye nought,
 Tyll to manhode ye be brought ;
 To what batayll soever ye go,
 Ye shall have an hundreth pounce or two ;
 And yet to me, fyr, ye may saye,
 That i woulde sayne have you awaye,
 That profered you golde and fe,
 Out of myne eye-fyght for to be.
 Nevertheleffe it is not so,
 It is for the worshyp of us two, 610
 Though you be come of fymples kynne,
 Thus my love, fyr, may ye wyne,
 Yf ye have grace of victory,
 As ever had fyr Lybyus, or fyr Guy,

Whan the dwarfe, and mayde Ely,
 Came to Arthoure kyng fo fre,
 As a kyng of great renoune
 That wan the lady of Synadowne.
 Lybius was graunted the batayle tho,
 Therfore the dwarfe was full wo, 620
 And fayd, Arthur, thou art to blame;
 To bydde this chylde go fucke his dame,
 Better hym femeth, fo mote i thryve,
 Than for to do thefe batayles fyve,
 At the chapell of Salebraunce.
 Thefe wordes began great distaunce,
 They fawe they had the victory,
 They kneled downe and cryed mercy;
 And afterward, fyr, verament
 They called hym knyght abfolent. 630
 Emperours, dukes, knyghtes, and quene,
 At his commaundement for to bene,
 Suche fortune with grace now to you fall,
 To wyne 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 approched nere and nere,

Foure and thyrty, armed bryght,
 The steward had arayed hym to fyght. 640
 The steward was ordeyned to spy,
 And for to take them utterly.
 He wende to death he should have gone,
 He felled feven men agaynst hym one ;
 Whan he had them to grounde brought,
 The stewarde at hym full sadly fought,
 So harde they smote together tho,
 The stewardes throte he cut in two,
 And fone he fell downe to the grounde,
 As a traitour untrewe with many a wound. 650
 The squyer fone in armes they hente,
 And of they dyd his good garmente,
 And on the stewarde they it dyd,
 And fone his body therin they hydde,
 And with their swordes his face they share,
 That she should not knowe what he ware,
 They cast hym at her chambre-dore,
 The stewarde that was styffe and store.
 Whan they had made that great affraye,
 Full pryvely they stale awaye ; 660
 In arme they take that squyer tho,
 And to the kynges chambre can they go,

Without wemme or any wounde,
 Before the kyng bothe hole and founde.
 As foone as the kyng him spyed with eye,
 He sayd, Welcome, sonne, fykerly;
 Thou hast cast thee my sonne to be,
 This seven yere i shall let thee.

Leve we here of this squyer wight,
 And speake we of that lady bryght, 670

How she rose, that lady dere,
 To take her leve of that squyer;
 Al so naked as she was borne,
 She stod her chambre-dore before.

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. 680

Now all 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 foone she dyd out-drawe,
 And buryed them in goddes lawe.

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She fered that body with specery,
 With wyrgin waxe and commendry ;
 And clofed hym in a mafer-tre,
 And fet on hym lockes thre. 690
 She put him in a marble-ftone,
 With quaynt gynnes many one ;
 And fet hym at hir beddes head,
 And every day ſhe kyft that dead.
 Soone at morne, whan ſhe uprofe,
 Unto that dead body ſhe gofe,
 Therefore wold ſhe kn̄cle downe ou her kne,
 And make her prayer to the trynite,
 And kyffe that body twyfe or thryfe,
 And fall in a ſwowne or ſhe myght ryfe. 700
 Whan ſhe had ſo done,
 To chyrche than wolde ſhe gone,
 Than would ſhe here mafses fyve,
 And offre to them whyle ſhe myght lyve :
 “ There ſhall none knowe but heven kyng
 For whom that i make myne offrynge.”
 The kyng her father anone he fayde
 My doughter, wy are you dysmayde ?
 So feare a lady as ye are one,
 And ſo femely of fleſhe and bone, 710

Ye were whyte as whalës bone,
 Nowe are ye pale as any fstone;
 Your ruddy read as any chery,
 With browes brent, and eyes full mery;
 Ye were wont to harpe and fyng,
 And be the meriest in chambre comyng;
 Ye ware both golde, and good velvet,
 Clothe of damaske, with faphyres fet;
 Ye ware the pery on your head,
 With fstones full oryent, whyte, and read; 720
 Ye ware coronalles of golde,
 With diamoundes fet many a foulde;
 And nowe ye were clothes of blacke,
 Tell me, doughter, for whose fake?
 If he be fo poore of fame,
 That ye may not be wedded for fhame,
 Brynge him to me anone ryght,
 I shall hym make squyer and knight;
 And, yf he be fo great a lorde,
 That your love may not accorde, 730
 Let me, doughter, that lordyngge fe,
 He shall have golde ynoughe with thee.
 " Gramercy, father, fo mote i thryve,
 For i mourne for no man alyve.

Ther is no man, by heven kyng,
 That shal knowe more of my mournynge."
 Her father knewe it every deale,
 But he kept it in counfele :
 " To-morowe ye shall on hunting fare,
 And ryde, my doughter, in a chare, 740
 It shal be covered with velvet reede,
 And clothes of fyne golde al about your hed,
 With damaske white, and asure 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 ; 750
 Ye shall have harp, fautory and fonge,
 And other myrthés you amonge ;
 Ye shall have rumney and malmefyne.
 Both ypocraffe, and vernage wyne,
 Mount rose and wyne of Greke,
 Both algrade, and respice eke,
 Antioche, and bastarde,
 Pymment, also, and garnarde ;

Wyne of Greke, and muscadell,
Both claré, pyment, and Rochell. 760

The reed your stomake to defye,
And pottes of ofey fet you by.
You shall have venifon ybake,
The best wylde foule that may be take.
A lefe of grehound with you to stryke,
And hert and hynde and other lyke,
Ye shal be fet at such a tryft
That herte and hynde shall come to your fyft.

Your dyseafe to dryve you fro,
To here the bugles there yblow, 770
With theyr begles in that place,
And sevenfcore raches at his rechafe.

Homward thus shall ye ryde,
On haukyng by the ryvers fyde,
With goshauke, and with gentyll fawcon,
With eglehorne, and merlyon.

Whan you come home, your men amouge,
Ye shall have revell, daunces, and songe ;
Lytle chyldren, great and fmale,
Shall fyng, as doth the nyghtyngale. 780
Than shall ye go to your evenfong,
With tenours and trebles among ;

Threfcore of copes, of damafke bryght,
 Full of perles they fhall be pyght;
 Your aulter clothes of taffata,
 And your ficles all of taffetra.
 Your fenfours fhall be of golde,
 Endent with afure many a folde.
 Your quere nor organ fonge fhall wante,
 With countre note, and dyscant, 790
 The other halfe on orgayns playeng,
 With yonge chyldren full fare fyngyng.
 Than fhall ye go to your fuppere,
 And fytte in tentes in grene arbere,
 With clothes of aras pyght to the grounde,
 With faphyres fet and dyamonde.
 A cloth of golde abought your heade,
 With popinjays pyght with pery reed,
 And offycers all at your wyll,
 All maner delightes to bryng you till. 800
 The nightingale fitting on a thorne,
 Shall fyngye you notes both even and morne.
 An hundreth knightes, truly tolde,
 Shall play with bowles in alayes colde,
 Your difeafe to drive awaie,
 To fe the fifshes in poles plaie;

And then walke in arbere up and downe,
 To se the floures of great renoune,
 To a drawbrydge than shall ye,
 The one halfe of stone, the other of tre; 810
 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 maner to se, or ye come home,
 With eighty shyppes of large towre,
 With dromedaryes of great honour,
 And carackes with fayles two,
 The swetest that on water may goo, 820
 With galyes good upon the haven,
 With eighty ores at the fore staven.
 Your maryners shall synge arowe
 Hey how and rumby lowe.
 Than shall ye, doughter, aske the wyne,
 With spices that be good and fyne,
 Gentyll pottes with genger grene,
 With dates and deynties you betwene.
 Forty torches, brenynge bryght,
 At your brydges to brynge you lyght. 830

Into your chambre they shall you brynge,
 With muche myrthe and more lykyng.
 Your costerdes 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 hyllynges with fures of armyne,
 Powdred with golde of hew full fyne. 840
 Your blankettes shall be of fustyane,
 Your shetes shall be of clothe of rayne.
 Your head-shete shall be of pery pyght,
 With dyamondes fet and rubyes bryght.
 Whan you are layde in bedde so softe,
 A cage of golde shall hange alofte,
 With longe-peper fayre burning,
 And cloves that be swete smellyng,
 Frankenfence, and olibanum,
 That whan ye slepe the taste may come. 850
 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 fownyng fone anone,
 With much forow and fighing fore,
 Yet feven year she kept hym thore.

But leve we of that lady here,
 And speake we more of that squyer, 860

That in pryfon fo was take,
 For the kinges doughters fake.

The kyng hymfelfe, upon a daye,
 Full pryvely he toke the waye,
 Unto the pryfon fone he came,
 The squyer fone out he name,
 And anone he made hym fwere
 His counfayl he should never diskere.

The squyer there helde up his hande,
 His byddyng never he should withftande. 870

The kyng him graunted ther to go
 Upon his jorney to and fro,
 And brefely to paffe the fea,
 That no man weste but he and he,
 And whan he had his jurnay done,
 That he wolde come full foone :
 “ And in my chambre for to be,
 The whyles that i do ordayne for thee :

Than shalt thou wedde my doughter dere,
 And have my landes both farre and nere." 880

The squyer was full mery tho,
 And thanked the kynge, and forth gan go.
 The kyng hym gave both lande and fe.
 Anone the squyer pased the fe.
 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 : 890

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 offeryng foone,
 Right as the kinges doughter 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. 900
 Unto the kynge foone he rade,
 As he before his covenauce made,

And to the kyng he tolde full foone
 Of batayles bolde that he had done,
 And so he did the chyvalry
 That he had fene in Lumbardy.
 To the kynge it was good tydande,
 Anone he toke him by the hande,
 And he made him full royall chere,
 And fayd, Welcome, my foune so dere. 910

Let none wete of my meynè
 That out of prifon thou fhuldeft be,
 But in thy chamber holde the ftyll,
 And i fhall wete my doughters wyll.
 The kynge wente forth hymfelfe alone,
 For to here his doughters mone,
 Right under the chambre-window,
 There he might her counfeyle knowe.
 Had ſhe wyft, that lady fre,
 That her father there had be, 920
 He fhulde not, withouten fayle,
 Have knowen fo mucche of her counfayle,
 Nor nothing ſhe knew that he was there
 Whan ſhe began to carke and care.
 Unto that body ſhe fayd tho,
 Alas, that we ſhould parte in two!

Twyfe or thryfe she kyfſed that body,
 And fell in fownynge by and by.
 Alas! than ſayd that lady dere,
 I have the kept this ſeven yere, 930
 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 vanytè! 940
 Farewell golde, pure and fyne ;
 Farewell velvet, and fatyne ;
 Farewell caſtelles, and maners alſo ;
 Farewell huntynge, and hawkyng to ;
 Farewell revell, myrthe, and play ;
 Farewell pleaſure, and garmentes gay ;
 Farewell perle, and precyous ſtone ;
 Farewell my juielles everychone ;
 Farewell mantell, and ſcarlet reed ;
 Farewell crowne unto my heed ; 950

Farewell hawkes, and farewell hounde ;
 Farewell markes, and many a pounce ;
 Farewell huntynge at the hare ;
 Farewell harte and hynde for evermare.
 Nowe wyll i take the mantell and the rynge,
 And become an ancreffe in my lyvynge :
 And yet i am a mayden for thee,
 And for all the men in Chrystentè.
 To Chryft i shall my prayers make,
 Squyer, onely for thy fake ; 960
 And i shall never no maffe heare,
 But ye shall have parte in feare :
 And every daye whyles i lyve,
 Ye shall have your mafses fyve,
 And i shall offre pence thre,
 In tokenynge of the trynytè.
 And whan this lady had this fayde,
 In fownyng she fel at a brayde.
 The whyle she made this great mornynge,
 Under the wall stode har father the kynge. 970
 Doughter, he fayde, you must not do so,
 For all those vowes thou must forgo.
 “ Alas, father, and weleawaye !
 Nowe have ye harde what i dyde faye.”

“ Doughter, let be all thy mournynge,
Thou shalt be wedede to a kynge.”

“ 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.”

980

My doughter, he sayde, dere derlynge,

I knowe the cause of your mournyng :

Ye wene this body your love should be,

It is not so, so mote i the.

It was my stewarde, fyr Maradose,

That ye so longe have kept inclose.

“ Alas ! father, why dyd ye so ?”

“ For he wrought you all thys wo ;

He made revelation unto me,

That he knewe all your pryvytè ;

990

And howe the squyer, on a day,

Unto your chambre 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 chambre bryght,

With men of armes hardy and wyght,

For to take that squyer,
 That ye have loved this seven yere ; 1000
 But as the stewartde strong and stout
 Befeged your chambre rounde about,
 To you your love came full ryght,
 All alone about mydnight,
 And whan he came your dore unto,
 Lady, he fayde, undo ;
 And foone ye bade hym wende awaye,
 For there he gate none other praye :
 And as ye talked thus in fere,
 Your enemyes drewe them nere and nere, 1010
 They smote to him full foone 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 enemyes 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, 1020
 And than they toke him everichone
 And layd him on a marble stone

Before your dore, 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 stewarde there,
 That ye wist not what he were:
 Thus ye have kept your enemy here
 Pallyng more than seven yere: 1030
 And as the squyer there was take,
 And done in pryson for your sake,
 And therefore let be your mourning,
 Ye shal be wedded to a kyng,
 Or els unto an emperoure;
 With golde and fylver 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? 1040
 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;
 And ye had tolde me who it had be,
 My love had never be dead for me:

Anone she tourned her from the kyng,
 And downe she fell in dead fownyng.
 The kyng anone gan go,
 And hente her in his armes two ; 1050
 Lady, he fayd, be of good chere,
 Your love lyveth and is here ;
 And he hath bene in Lombardy,
 And done he hath great chyvalry ;
 And come agayne he is to me,
 In lyfe and health ye shall him fe.
 He shall you wede, my doughter bryght,
 I have hym made squier and knyght ;
 He shal be a lorde of great renowne,
 And after me to were the crowne. 1060
 Father, she fayd, if it fo be,
 Let me foone that squyer fe.
 The squyer forth than dyd he brynge,
 Full fayre on lyve and in lykyng.
 As sone as she sawe him with her eye,
 She fell in fownyng by and by.
 The squyer her hente in armes two,
 And kyfsed her an hundreth tymes and mo.
 There was myrth and melody
 With harpe, getron and fautory, 1070

With rote, ribible and clokarde,
 With pypes, organs and bumbarde,
 With other mynstrelles them amonge,
 With fytolphe and with fautory sounge
 With fydle, recorde, and dowcemere,
 With trompette, and with claryon clere,
 With dulcet pipes of many cordes,
 In chambre revelyng all the lordes,
 Unto morne that it was daye,
 The kyng to his doughter began to faye, 1080
 Have here thy love and thy lyking,
 To lyve and ende in gods blefsinge;
 And he that wyll departe you two,
 God geve him forow and wo.
 A trewer lover than ye are one
 Was never fleshe ne bone;
 And but he be as true to thee,
 God let him never thryve ne thee.
 The kyng in herte he was full blithe,
 He kised his doughter many a fith. 1090
 With melody and muché chere,
 Anone he called his mesfengere,
 And commaunded him soone to go
 Through his cities to and fro,

For to warne his chevalry
 That they should come to Hungry,
 That worthy wedding for to fe,
 And come unto that mangerè.
 That mesfenger full fone he wente,
 And did the kinges commaundement. 1100
 Anone he commaunded 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 foone as ever they herde the crye,
 The lordes were full foone 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, 1110
 And knyghtes and squyers of that countre,
 And sith with all the comunaltè:
 And certaynly, as the story faves,
 The revell lasted forty dayes;
 Tyll on a day the kyng himfelfe
 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 ; 1120
 And all the lordes everychone,
 They made him homage fone 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 blyffe they led theyr lyfe ;
 For al so farre as i have gone,
 Suche two lovers fawe i none : 1130
 Therefore blefsed may theyr foules be !
 Amen, amen, for charytè !

THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND
THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

IN Faguell, a fayre countrè,
A great lorde fomtyme dyd dwell,
Which had a lady fo fayre and fre
That all men good of her dyd tel.

Fayre and pleasaunt she was in fight,
Gentyl and amyable in eche degre,
Chafte 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.

10

Also in that lande was a knight bolde,
Ryght wyse, and ful of doughtineffe.

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 fo curteys was and bolde,
 That the lorde herde therof anone,
 He sayd that speke with him he wolde,
 For hym the mesfengere is gone, 20

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

He praieth you in all hastyng
 To come in his court for to dwell,
 And ye shal lake no maner of thyng,
 As townes, towres, and many a castèll.

The curteyse knight was sone content,
 And in all dilygence that might be 30
 Wyth the mesfyngere anone he went
 This lorde to serve with humylitè.

THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL. 195

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

He gave hym towenes, castelles and towres,
Wherof all other had envye,
They thought to reve him his honoures,
By some treason or trechery. 40

This lady, of whome i spake before,
Seyng this knight so good and kynde,
Afore all men that ever were bore
She fet 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 chaftytè,
As chydren that together are kynde.

This knight also curteyfe and wyfe,
With herte and mynde both ferme and fast, 50
Lovyd this lady wythouten vyfe,
Whyche tyll they dyed dyd ever laste.

196 THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND

Both night and day these lovers true

Suffred great paine, wo, and grevaunce,
How eche to other theyr minde might shewe;
Tyll at the last, by a fodaine chaunce,

This knight was in a garden grene,

And thus began him to complayne,
Alas! he sayd, with murnynge eyen,
Now is my herte in wo and payne.

60

From mournyng 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 colde as any stone,
She wyft nat what to do nor faye
Whan she herde the knightes mone.

Sore fighed that lady of renowne,

In her face was no colour founde,
Than into the gardein came she downe,
And sawe this knight lye on the grounde.

70

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

So sadly that the knyght awoke,
 And whan that he sawe her so nere,
 To hym comforte anone he toke,
 And began the lady for to chere. 80

He sayd, Lady and love, alas,
 Into this cure who hath you brought?
 She sayd, My love, and my folas,
 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 chastytè.

Our love, he sayde, shal be none other
 But chaste and true, as is betwene 90
 A goodly fyster 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 fimpele herte in chastitè
 Shall ever more lady with you abide.

This lady, white as any floure,
 Replete with feminine shamefastnesse,
 Begayn to chaunge her fare coloure,
 And to hym fayd, My love, doubteleffe, 100

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

Eche of them kyfsed 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, 110
 Awaye was all theyr wofull mone,
 The one had lyghted the others herte.

THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL. 199

Than this spye, 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: 120

Therefore 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 spye him tolde,
He sware he would rydde him fro that [lande],
Were he never so stronge and bolde.

He sware an othe, by god almyght,
That he should never be glade certayne 130
While that knight was in his fight,
Tyl that he by some meane were flaine.

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

The lorde was at the table fet,
 And his lady by him that tide,
 The knight of curtesy anone was fet,
 And fet downe on the other fyde. 140

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

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

Therefore, fyr knight of curtesye,
 This thinge wyl i you counfeyll, 150
 To ryde and go throughe the countrè,
 To feke adventures for your avayle.

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

Than 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. 160

If i dyd nat i were to blame.
 Than fighed the lady with that worde,
 In dolour depe her herte was tane,
 And fore 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, 170
 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 fothely nowe am i sure,
And all worldly joye i shal fet asfyde.

A payre of sheres than dyd she take,
And cut of her here bothe yelowe and bright;
Were this, than sayd she, for my fake,
Upon your helme, moche curteyse knight. 180

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

For grete pytè i can not wryte
The forowe that was betwene them two ;
Also i have to small respyte
For to declare theyr payne and wo.

The wofull departinge and complaynt
That was betwene these lovers twayne 190
Was never man that coude depaynt,
So wofully did they complayne.

The teres ran from theyr eyen twayne,
 For doloure whan they did departe ;
 The lady in her castell did remayne,
 Wyth langour replenyfshed 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. 200

Unto hymself this knight fayd he,
 Agaynst the chryften i wyl not fyght,
 But to the Rodes wyl i go
 Them to fusteyne with all my myght.

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

Full richely his shelde was wrought,
 Wyth afure stones and beten golde, 210
 But on his lady was his thought,
 The yelowe heare whan he dyd beholde.

Than forth he rode by dale and downe,
 After adventures to enquirye,
 By many a castel. cyté and towne,
 All to batayl was his defyre.

In every justyng where he came
 None so good as he was founde,
 In every place the pryce he wan,
 And smote his adverstaryes to the grounde. 220

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

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

Alas! he sayd, my lady swete,
 God wote in what case ye be; 230
 God wote whan we two shall mete,
 I feare that i shal never you fe.

THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL. 205

Than as he loked hym aboute,
Towarde a hyll that was fo hye,
Of this dragon he harde a shoute,
Yonder is a feaft, he fayd, truly.

The knight him blefsyd, and forthe dyd go,
And fayd, I shall do my travayle,
Betyde me well, betyde me wo,
The fyers fynde i shall asfayle. 240

Than wyth the dragon dyd he meate,
Whan she him sawe she gaped 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 asfayle,
He gave her stokes ful of myght,
Stronge and mortall was the batayle.

The dragon gave this knight a wounde,
Wyth his tayle upon the heed, 250
That he fell downe unto the grounde,
In a fowne as he had ben deed.

206 THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND

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

Than fertc he wyth a fayrfe courage,
Unto the dragon without fayle,
He loked so for his advauntage,
That [quyckely] he smote of her tayle. 260

Than began the dragon for to yell,
And tourned her upon her syde,
The knight was ware of her right well,
And in her bodi made his sworde to flyde.

So that she coud nat remeve scarcely,
The knight, that feinge, approched nere,
And smote her heed of lyghtly,
Than was he escaped that daungere.

Than thanked he god of his grace,
Whiche, by his goodnes and mercye, 270
Hym had preserved in that place,
Through vertue of hys deytè.

Than went he to a nonrye there besyde,
 And there a surgean 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 fusteyne with all his might,
 For his promyffe he wil not breke. 280

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

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, 290
 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 have a fyght
 Afore my dethe, i defyre no more.

Alas! what trefon or envye
 Hath made my love fro me to go?
 I thynke my lorde for ire truly
 By trefon him to deth hathe do. 300

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 chafte alwaye.

Our love was clene in chastytè,
 Without fynne ftyl to endure,
 We never entended vylanye;
 Alas, moost curteyse creature!

Where do ye dwell? where do ye byde?
 Wold god i knewe where you to fynde! 310
 Wher 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 pleafure is fro me gone,
 Unto the time i may you fe,
 Without comferte fill must i monc. 320

Thus this lady, of coloure clere,

Alone mourninge did complaine,
 Nothinge coulede her comferte ne chere,
 So was she oppresed with wo and paine.

So leve we her here in this traine,

For her love mourning alwaye,
 And to the knight tourne we againe,
 Which at Rodes abideth the day

Of bataile, fo whan the daie was come,

The knightes armed them eche one, 330
 And out of the citie wente ail and some,
 Strongly to fight with goddes fone.

210 THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND

Faire and femely was the fight,
To fe 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. 340

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 founde,
The speres ranne and brake the raye;
The noise of gonnes did rebounde,
In this metinge there was no plaie.

Great was the bataile on everi side,
The knight of curtesy was nat behinde, 350
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, Traitour, i thee desie.

They ranne together, with speres longe,
 Anone the Sarazin lay on the grounde,
 The knight drewe out his sworde so stronge,
 And smote his head of in that founde. 360

Than came twelve Sarazins in a rought,
 And the knight did fore asfaile,
 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, 370
 They gave him woundes so depe and wide,
 That to the grounde downe did he fall.

212 THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND

The Sarazins went, and let him lye,
With mortall woundes piteous to se,
He called his page haftely,
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 praie: 380

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 croffe waie.
The page was fory and dolent.

The knight yelded up the goost anone,
The page him buried as he had him bad, 390
And towarde Faguell is he gone,
The herte, and here, with him he had.

THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL. 213

Somtime he went, somtime he ran,
With wofull mone and fory 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 meynè,
With this page anone he met:

Page, he said, what tidinges with thee? 400

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 page for feare that he had,
The herte unto the lorde he toke tho,
In his courage he was full fad,
He toke the heere to him also.

He tolde him trothe of everi thinge,
How that the knight in bataile was flaine, 410
And how he sent his lady that thinge,
For a speciall token of love certaine.

The lorde therof 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 wife that may be; 420

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

Therof fayd 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 fet,
 And this lady not farre him fro, 430
 The hert anone he made be fet,
 Wherof proceded muche wo.

Madame, eate hereof, he fayd,
 For it is deyn-teous and plesau-te.
 The lady eate, and was not dismayde,
 For of good spyce there dyd none wante.

Whan the lady had eaten wele,
 Anone to her the lorde fayd there,
 His herte have ye eaten, every dele,
 To whom you gave your yelowe here. 440

Your knight is dead, as you may fe,
 I tel you, lady, certaynly,
 His owne herte eaten have ye,
 Madame, at the laft we all must dye.

Whan the lady herde him so fay,
 She fayd, My herte for wo shall braft;
 Alas, that ever i sawe this day!
 Now may my lyfe no longer laft.

Up she rose, wyth hert full wo,
 And streight up into her chambre wente, 450
 She confesed her devoutly tho,
 And shortely receyved the sacrament.

In her bed mournyng she her layde,
 God wote, ryght wofull was her mone:
 Alas! myne owne dere love, she fayd,
 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 forowe, alas, now must i dye:
 A, noble knight, withouten fere!

460

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

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

Than fayd the lord, My lady fayre,
 Forgive me if i have misdome,
 I repent i was not ware
 That ye wolde your herte oppresse fo sone.

470

The lady fayd, I you forgive,
 Adew, my lorde, for evermore ;
 My time is come, i may not live,
 The lorde fayd, I am wo therefore.

Great was the forowe of more and leffe,
 Bothe lordes and ladyes that were there,
 Some for great wo fwounded doubtleffe ;
 All of her dethe full wofull were. 480

Her complaynt pyteous was to here,
 Adieu, my lorde, nowe muste we discever,
 I dye to you, husbände, 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 fave you alone.

My lorde, ye were to blame truely,
 His herte to make me for to eate, 490
 But fythe it is buried 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 fyght,
Yelded up her spyrit, making her mone :
The hyghe god moost of myght
On her have mercy and us echone !

ORIGINAL READINGS,

CORRECTED IN THIS EDITION.

VOLUME I.

YWAIN AND GAWIN.

- | | |
|--|---|
| V. | V. |
| 33. bitwne. | 1057. tiyng. |
| 44. Thar. | 1394. spere ^d ; <i>the d above,</i>
<i>in a modern hand.</i> |
| 53. <i>Illegible.</i> | 1529. anger.] <i>So in the</i>
<i>MS. but query</i>
<i>danger.</i> |
| 207. te. | 1748. And than.] <i>So in</i>
<i>the MS. but query</i>
<i>that.</i> |
| 353. tlorne. | 1899. ye. |
| 471. finestly. | 1900. stikes. |
| 575. brring. | 2040. boght. |
| 641. feldes. | 2232. unharmed, <i>with a</i>
<i>dot over the h, as</i>
<i>if intended to be</i>
<i>erase'd.</i> |
| 712. Ye wil, | 2237. murnyg. |
| 723. favefe. | 2842 name. |
| 881. y ane; <i>on an erasure</i>
<i>in a modern hand.</i> | 2877. Luned. |
| 989. <i>Between that and</i>
<i>weded is a sylla-</i>
<i>ble of two letters,</i>
<i>interline'd, illegi-</i>
<i>ble, and unneces-</i>
<i>sary to the sense.</i> | 2924. Of fyes. |
| 998. bo. | |
| 1056. kins. | |

V.	V.
3160. thawang.	<i>parently, later hand,</i>
3230. nowyr.	<i>upon an erasure.</i>
3238. murnyg.	3853. mydlerde.
3481. elder.] <i>So, doublets,</i>	3912. alyns.
<i>the MS. originally;</i>	3916. akyns.
<i>the word zonger</i>	3930. faght.
<i>being written by a</i>	3995. misworoght.
<i>different, and, ap-</i>	

LAUNFAL.

58. ylyke.	669. un Rryzt.
141. tofour.	675. marnere.
149. the.	799. fcluld.
272. thefchon.	828. tydinde.
450. kyztes.	933. wordly.
616. let.	1084. er.
656. fch.	

VOLUME II.

LYBEAUS DISCONUS.

103. <i>After Artour, the</i>	213. hestes.
<i>word fete is im-</i>	220. Gweyn.
<i>properly inserted in</i>	260. fwyw.
<i>the margin, as if</i>	328. lay.
<i>an omission in the</i>	331. fte.
<i>text.</i>	438. wellyng.
134. name.	523. twayne.
146. knyzte.	529. bandwon.
172. spyng.	770. vus.
181. answerede.	781. fchylle.
196. Yef he thyngyth the	819. leng.
not wyght.	887. he.

V.	V.
904. be.	1347. wt.
926. defcoverons.	1376. strout.
961. regge.	1394. heed.
1018. ynge.	1430. thouz.
1043. y.	1439. falf.
1125. her.	1448. thouz.
1139. though.	1456. sterne.
1169. Though.	1586. though.
1199. foward.	1705. hys.
1230. A.	1785. Brennyge.
1295. tours. <i>The poet certainly intended a rime, if ever so bad.</i>	1786. yede.
	2119. dwellede.

THE GESTE OF KYNG HORNE.

169. onfuerede.	443. thralhede.
169. Whenne. <i>Query</i>	640. woldest.
<i>Whence; at least that must be its meaning.</i>	778. bridel, <i>spoils the rime, and bride, in French, has the same meaning.</i>
207. onfuerede.	
214. bront, or brout, <i>where the u has, every where, the shape of an n, as in the MS.</i>	821. ourc. } See 823 and 822. ore. } 824.
216. Bi dales and bi halles.	944. Wheso er.
240. wyfsteft.	1007. felawe.] <i>Knave would have been better for the rime.</i>
330. shende.	1119. shenk.
	1203. lothe.
	1237. froth.

KING OF TARS.

V.	V.
30. ryg.	398. thouzte.
119. bi epac.	399. And.
120. him.	421. thouzte.
155. baneer.	770. That day that day.
257. munt.	775. yin.
316. wende.	

EMARE.

218. dou.	730. fhewed.
264. thorne.	780. the.
287. un.	792. Lor.
496. stward.	867. Mentrelles.
529. she.	943. wat.
593. drynke.	950. Wax.
594. kygh.	968. non.
635. blolde.	989. A.
639. hond ⁹ .	1024. Egramour.
659. thonge.	1034. wene.

SIR ORPHEO.

29. fir Pilato.	302. Thidey.
30. Yno (king Juno, <i>Au- chinleck MS.</i>)	305. came.
272. he saw he hym.	366. fo.
	465. mystrel.

CHRONICLE OF ENGLELAND.

V.	V.
244. caste out.	352. fuch.
340. y the.	889. reignc.
350. repreofing.	

VOLUME III.

LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

V.	V.
128. aveaunt.	1248. or.
598. yvar.	1308. hedd.
695. bandome.	1442. and Mary and.
778. gooft.	1769. flyre.
866. And.	1916. loove.
883. For mayntene.	1935. hedd.
1028. bandome.	1993. deyll.
1140. oon.	2181. flylylye.

ERLE OF TOLOUS.

91. tore.	635. dyskever.
288. fleythe.	834. ftabyll.
297. rewthe.	863. kelee.
379. Myght y not gete.	973. fayre.
479. Alfo fo.	1201. alexcon.
481. thofe.	

SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

15. chriftente.	158. arbery.
32. chofe.	207. yet.
33. lycumoure.	226. oytriche.
39. one.	227. yon.
48. faynge.	282. he gan.
69. goldy.	298. he dyd.
83. icopede.	328. they.
85. goughter.	357. benyngne.
124. dan.	358. younge.
150. clofed.	392. enuyte.

V.	V.
398. vopn.	771. bugles.
428. made.	784. thy.
456. bydgyng.	798. read.
511. bene.	824. rumbylawe.
552. Duke.	835. curtianes.
564. he.	868. discure.
627. The.	888. stan.
654. thy.	981. mournyg.
661. the.	992. her.
690. lacks.	1009. And lady.
714. bent.	1013. bastarde.
743. damske.	1063. be fo.
754. yprocraffe.	1087. trewe....that.
765. therounde...streke.	1103. yonge.

KNIGHT OF CURTESY.

17. curtesy.	211. tohught.
76. swonne.	265. scartely.
87. kynght.	274. a surgē and.
92. For.	299. truley.
121. suffce.	306. Wichout.
122. loue.	408. herte.
128. where.	427. though.
145. My...fyttinge.	462. recived.
160. me.	463. My lorde and hus-
163. hirte.	bande.
180. cutuyfe.	500. us.

NOTES.

VOLUME I.

YWAINE AND GAWIN.*

THE original of this romance is that of "*Le chevalier au lion*," by Chrestien, or Christian, de Troyes, an eminent French poet, who dye'd in 1191. That original, which is stil extant, though not in this country, consists of 7784 verseës. See the *Bibliothèque universelle des romans*, Avril, 1777, *premier volume*, p. 95. It is presume'd to be the same with that which Du Fresnoy calls "*Le roman d'Yvain*, in folio, *manuscrit*."

This *Ywaine*, *Ewen*, or *Owen*, was the son of Urian, the brother of Augufel, king of Albania, now Scotland, and of Lot, the consul of Loudonesia, being himself honour'd by king Arthur with the sceptre of Murray, according to that veracious historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who calls him *Eventus*: Augufel, king of Albania, he says, who fel in the battle of Camblan [*anno* 542], was succeeded in his kingdom by *Eventus*, his brother Urians son, who afterward perform'd many famous exploits in these wars." (B. 11, C. 1). In *Mort d'Arthur* he is call'd *Ewen as blanches mains*.

The Welsh have the story of *Ouen ab Yrien*, in their

* The MS. reads "Here bigyns Ywaine and Gawin."

own language; but whether an original, or a translation from the French or English, cannot be ascertain'd. See Lhuyds *MSS. Britan. Cata.* (Archæologia Britan. P. 265.) He is mention'd, however, by Taliesin and Llywarch Hen, two celebrate'd British bards, of the sixth century; both of them his contemporaries, and the latter, his relation. (*Ibi.* P. 259, 264; Lewis's *History of Great Britain*, P. 201, &c.; and "Heroic Elegies &c. of Llywarch Hen," P. 29, &c.) Urien, the father of Owen, petty king or prince of Reged in Cumbria, a little kingdom, part of Engleland and the south-west of modern Scotland, was treacherously slain about the year 567. He was one of the greatest encourageers of the bards of his age. Owen, his son, is celebrate'd in the ancient Welsh *Triades*, a composition, it is pretended, of the seventh century, as one of "The three blest princes of the isle of Britain," and one of "The three blest burdens of the womb of the isle of Britain." The name of his bard was *Dygynelw*, one of the three "who tinged spears with blood" (Lly. Hen, P. xix.) In a curious fragment of the life of St. Kentegern, written by an unname'd authour, at the instance of Herbert bishop of Glasgow (1147 to 1164), the lover of that saint's mother is pointed out in these words: "*Erat namque proculus ejus juvenis quidam elegantissimus, Ewen videlicet, filius Erwegende, nobilissima Britonum profapia ortus....In gestis hystrionum vocatur Ewen filius Ulien [r. Urien].*" (*Vitæ SS. qui habitaverunt in Scotia*, p. 203.) Kentegern, who was born about 516, is, in the Welsh pedigrees, made the son of this Ewen or Owain, the son of Urien: so that he would seem to have come into the world before his father, no unusual anticipation in

Welsh pedigrees. (See Owens account of Llywarch Hen, &c.) Carte, speaking of Ida, king of Northumberland, says, "He was slain in battle by Owen, son of Urian Rheged, as Taliesin says in an elegy which he composed upon the death of this gallant Britain, to whose bravery, vigilance, and conduct, his country had been chiefly indebted for its defence and security." (History of England, I, 209.)* The actual existence, therefor, of these two persons seems unquestionable. *Urien* [*Urbgen*] is mention'd by Nennius, or his interpolatour, C. 64: and this misnomer seems to have given birth to the "*Urbgenius Badonensis*" of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

King *Urience*, in the old romance of *Mort d'Arthur*, is the husband of *Morgan le fay* (half-sister to king Arthur), who unnaturally attempts to kill him sleeping; but is prevented by their son *sir Ewaine*.† Now, it seems, the death of *Urien* was actually procure'd by the instigation of *Morgant Mwynvaur*, another of the four princeës of *Cumbria*. *Urien's* wife, however, was not the sister of Arthur, but *Modron*, daughter of *Avallach*. *Owain* himself was twice marry'd, first to *Penarwen*, daughter of *Cul Vanawyd Prydain*, and,

* The death of *Ida* is place'd by the Saxon chronicle in 560; but it does not appear, from that authority, to have hapen'd in battle. The pretended antiquitys of the Welsh abound with imaginary victorys.

† The old romance of *Merlin*, (vo. I, fo. 116.) calls *Yvain* a bastard, son, it ads, to king *Urien*, whom he begot on the wife of his seneschal, who was of such great beauty that for the love of her he forgot his wife, and left her for more than five years, and held her in his castle in splte of his steward so long that he begot this child: but all this is scandal.

secondly, to *Denyw*, daughter of *Lleuddyn Luyddawg* of Edinburgh: according to what the literary Welsh idiots publish, in the eighteenth century, as authentick history; and which Geoffrey of Monmouth, lyeër as he was, would have disdain'd to retail in the twelfth. See the Life of Llywarch Hen, prefix'd to his "Heroic elegies, &c." P. vii.

Gawain, call'd, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Walganus*, was another nephew of Arthur, being the son of Lot of *Loudonesia*, the nephew and succesor of *Sichelin*, king of the Norwegians, who had marry'd Anne his sister. According, however, to *Mort d'Arthur*, when Uther-Pendragon marry'd the lady Igrayne (or *Igera*), the widow of Gorlois, "king Lot of Iowthan and of Orkeny then weded *Margawse* [one of her three daughters by Gorlois], that was Gawayns mother." (Part I, C. 3.) This Gawain, or *Walwenus*, as we learn from William of Malmesbury, reign'd in that part of Britain which is call'd *Walwertha*, and his burying-place was found in the time of king William I. in the province of Ros, in Walcs, upon the margin of the sea, being fourteen feet long; * he haveing, as was aserted by some, been wounded by enemys, and cast up by shipwreck; or, by others, been kil'd, by the citizens, at a publick feaft. (*De gestis regum*, L. 1.) He appears to have been highly celebrateëd. His death, of course,

* This seems the establish'd size of an ancient hero. "In Murray-land," according to that most veracious historian maister Hector Bois, "is the kirke of Pette, quhare the banis of LYTIL JOHNNE remanis in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes bene fourtene fut of hycht, with square membris effering theirtio." (*Historie of Scotland, translatit be maister Johnne Bellenden*, Edin. fo. b.1.)

is otherwise represented by the old romanceërs, who were not particularly conversant with William of Malmesbury.

Sir Ewaine and sir Gawain were sincere friends; and, when the latter knew that sir Ewaine was banish'd from court by king Arthur, on suspicion that he was of council with his mother Morgan, who was constantly practising treason against that monarch, he accompany'd him into banishment. See *Mort d' Arthur*, P. 1, C. 75.

The only ancient copy of the present poem is contain'd in the Cotton MS. Galba E. IX. which seems to have been written in the time of Richard II. or toward the close of the fourteenth century; and not, as appear'd to Warton, who knew nothing of the age of MSS. and probably never saw this, "in the reign of king Henry the sixth" (III, P. 108). The language of all the poems in this MS. is a strong northern dialect, from which it may be reasonably infer'd that they are the composition of persons, most likely monks, resident in that part of Engleland, where, in former times, were several flourishing monasterys. One singularity of this MS. is that the *y* is generally use'd at the commencement of a syllable for *th*, instead of the Saxon *þ* [properly *þ*], (as *Yai, yat, ye, &c.* for *thai, that, the, &c.*) which sometimes, though rarely, occurs: a singularity which is stil in use for the abbreviations *yt, yy, ym, &c.* The letter *z* also is frequently use'd for *y* consonant at the begining of a syllable.* These,

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that in the MSS. made use of in this collection, and most others in Engleish of the same age, this letter or character *z*, beside its usual pronunciation, as in *grantz*, is used with the powers of

however, have not been retain'd, though the ancient orthography is carefully preserve'd in every other respect.

The present, or some other, romance on the story of sir Ywain, may possibly have been printed, though no copy of it is known to be preserve'd. In Wedderburns *Complainte of Scotlande*, St. Andrews, 1549, among the "storeis" or "flet taylis," rehearse'd by the shepherds, whereof "sum vas in prose and sum vas in verse," we meet with "The tail of syr Euan, Arthours knyght." See also the adventures of sir Percival in *Mort d'Arthur*.

A romance of "Syr Gawayne," mention'd in Lanehams *Letter from Killingworth*, 1575, was "Imprynted at London in Paules churcheyarde at the sygne of the Maydens heed by Thomas Petyt" (4to. b. l.) It was in six-line stanzas, but no more than the last leaf is known to be preserve'd. "A jesse of syr Gawayne," probably the same book, was license'd to John Kyng, in 1557-8. Two other romanceës on the same subject, but in a dialect and metre peculiar to Scotland, are printed in Pinkertons *Scotish poems*; the one from an edition at Edinburgh in 1508; the other from a MS. the property of the present editour, which the say'd Pinkerton came by very dishonestly.

The history of Ywaine seems to have been popular in the north. In the library of Stockholm is a MS.

y consonant, and *gh*, as in *ze*, *zing*, *rixz*, *knyzth*, &c. and, to avoid a false or equivocal pronunciation, those letters, in the proper instanceës, have been substituteed in its place. Though, probably, a corruption of the Saxon ȝ , it never, as some pretend, had the power of that letter in old English; which is the more evident from the words *zef*, *zong*, &c. being in contemporary MSS. actually written with a *y*, as *yef*, *yong*.

intitle'd "*Sagan af Ivent Eingland kappe: Historia de Ivento regis Arturi in Anglia pugile inter magnates carissimo: continens ejus cum gigantibus atque Blamannis plurima atque periculosa certamina. Cap. 12.*" (*Hichesti Thesaurus*, III, 315.) Two modern copys of the same, or a similar article ("*Artur kongs og Iventi saga*," and "*Ivents saga*"), exprefsly from the French ("*Von Franseysen i Norrænu*"), are in the B. Museun (Sloanes MSS. 4857, 4859). The *sig*, or tale, of *herr Ywan und herr Gawan*, was extant in German in the year 1450. (*Symbolæ ad literaturam Teuto. Hauniæ*, 1787, 4to, P. xxxvi.)

V. 7. Arthur, *the kyng of Yngland.*]

This monarch was the son of Uther-Pendragon, king of Britain, by Igera, the beautyful wife of Gorlois, duke of Cornwall, into whose semblance (like another Jupiter) he was metamorphos'd, by a miracle of the enchanter Merlin. Gorlois being slain in battle by the kings troops, while the monarch himself was passing his time with Igera, they were shortly afterward unite'd in the bands of holy wedlock. Arthur, haveiug succeeded his father, conquers the Saxons, Picts and Scots; ads to his government Ireland, Ise-land, Gothland, and the Orkneys; subdues Norway, Dacia, Aquitain, and Gaul; and even the Romans in a pitch'd battle.* But, hearing, upon his march to Rome, that his nephew Modred, or Mordred, whom he had left vice-gerent, had, by tyrannical and treasonable practiceës, fet the crown upon his own head, and that his queen *Guanhumara*, or Guenever, was

* The French, or English, romance supposeës him to come to Rome, and be there "crowned emperor by the popes own hands." *Mort d'Arthur*, P. 1, C. 99.

wickedly marry'd to this undutiful relation, he return'd with speed to Britain; and, after a dreadful engagement, in which Modred was slain, being himself mortally wounded, and carry'd to the ile of Avalon (now Glastonbury) to be cure'd of his hurts, he resign'd the crown in favour of his kinsman Constantine, the son of Cador, duke of Cornwall, in the year 542. Such, at least, is the account given by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the *British history*, which he professes to have translate'd from a very ancient book in that tongue, brought out of Armorica, and presented to him for the purpose by Walter [*Calenius*] archdeacon of Oxford, in or about the year 1138. It is unquestionably fabulous and romantick; but that "Arthur was merely a name given by the Welch to Aurelius Ambrosius," or that "the Arthur of Welch history is a non-existence," as asserted by the authour of "An enquiry into the history of Scotland" (I, 76), is a much more impudent and unqualify'd falsehood than any in that book. That he was a brave warrior, and, in all probability, a petty king, is manifest from authentick history, which this mendacious impostour pretends to have consulted. See Nennius, C. 61; William of Malmesbury, *De gestis regum Anglorum*, L. 1; Henry of Huntingdon, *Historiæ*, L. 2; *Vita S. Gildæ, per Caradocum Llancarvanensem*, among the kings MSS. 13 B VII; and Cartes history of Engleland, I, 202. Of these authours Nennius was dead three hundred years, at least, before the publication of *The British history*,* which the monk of Malmesbury never saw, nor

* The writeer already mention'd has the impudence to assert "that the chapter on Arthur is not of Nennius, but an addition taken from Geoffrey's romance:" the falsehood of which

the archdeacon of Huntingdon til after he had publish'd his own. Carádoc, also, a contemporary writeër, certainly borrows nothing from Geoffrey; and Carte, though a modern, seems to have made use of good materials. His sepulchre, if we may believe Girald Barry, surname'd *Cambrensis*, who professes to have seen the cross and bones found therein, was discover'd at Glastonbury in the reign of king Henry II.—after that monarchs death. He has been the subject of innumerable romanceës, as wel French as Welsh and Engleish; and old songs, in the time of Malmesbury, fable'd that he was yet to come.*

latter asertion will be manifest to every one who consults the two books: and, it is univerfally admitted, that Samuel, the interpolatour of Nennius, was nearly of the same age.

* An interpolatour of the *Scotichronicon* observes that “because in the monasterial church of *Glasinberi* he is say'd to be bury'd with this sort of epitaph,

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam atque futurus,

it is believe'd by the vulgar that he stil lives, and, as is sung in comedys, is hereafter to come to restòre the disperse'd and exile'd Britons to their own.” (Hearnes edition, P. 218.) This tradition is mention'd by Girald and other old writeërs; but the epitaph found at Glastonbury is very different, and the cross delineateëd by Camden, if not the whole transaction, a palpable forgery. Cervantes, upon whatever authority, makes don Quixote report, as an ancient and common tradition in the whole kingdom of Great-Britain, that king Arthur did not dye, but, by art of enchantment, was converted into a crow; and that, in process of time, he is to return again to reign, and recover his kingdom and scepter; for which reason, he ads, it cannot be prove'd that since that time any Engleishman hath ever kil'd a crow.” (Part 1, chap. 13.) The French have an old MS. intitl'd “*Roman d'Artur le Rethoré*” (i. e. *le restauré*: Arthur restore'd, or revive'd).

That there were storys, and perhaps romanceës and ballads, upon the subject of Arthur, in the Welsh language, anterior to the publication of Geoffreys British history, is manifest, not onely from that very work, where he says “*cum et gesta eorum [Arthurii, scilicet, &c.] à multis populis quasi inscripta mentibus et jucunde et memoriter predicantur;*” but also from William of Malmesbury: “*Hic est Arthurus de quo Brittonum nugæ hodieque delirant.*” *Maistre Wace*, likewise, a writeër of the same age or century, says,

“*Fist Artur la ronde table,*

Dunt Breton dient meinte fable.”

Even William of Newbrough allows that the fables of Arthur in Geoffreys history were partly takeën “*ex priscis Britonum figmentis.*” Nothing of this kind, however, appears to be now extant.

V. 9. Als says the buke.]

The book alludeëd to is probably Geoffrey of Monmouths *British history*, which gave rise, within a very short period, to a multitude of voluminous romanceës on the subject of Arthur. The phrase, however, is common in the old French historys of the round table, &c. in which a chapter is frequently introduce’d with “*Or diët le compte, &c.*” So, likewise, in *La mort d’Arthur*: “*And as the boke telleth, &c.*” or, sometimes, “*As the French booke faith.*”

V. 15. He made a feste, *the soth to say,*

Opon the Witsononday.]

It was the custom of the ancient monarchs of France and Engleland, to hold what was then call’d a *cour plenièr*, or plenary court, at the three principal feasts of Easter, Whitfuntide, and Christmas; at which they were attended by the earls and barons of the kingdom,

their ladys, and children; who dine'd at the royal table with great pomp and eclat; minstrels flocking thither from all parts; jousts and tournaments being perform'd, and various other kinds of divertisement, which lasted several days. A very elaborate description of the coronation of king Arthur, at the feast of Pentecost, is giveën by Geoffrey of Monmouth (B. ix, C. xii); which has serve'd as a model to his successors; and the ceremony is frequently notice'd by our early historians, as Roger Hoveden, Matthew Paris, &c. &c. It is, of course, still more common in the old romanceës.

V. 17. At Kerdyf that is in Wales.]

Now Cardiff, in Glamorganshire.

V. 43. Ya, said the mayden, sawn fayle.]

This affirmation, which recurs in *Le bone Florence of Rome* (V, 1736):

“ He seyde to hur, Yaa,”

may be regarded as a curious instance of affinity between the English idiom and the Low-Dutch.

In the old *Coventry Corpus-Christi-play* (Vespasian D. VIII.) *za* (*ya*) is every where use'd for *yea*, or *yes*:—“ *et clamabunt omnes, magna voce dicentes, za, za, za, (i. e. ya, ya, ya)!*” fo. 178, b.

The burges, in *Emare*, replies, *Yoo*.

V. 49. And also went with him the quene.]

Guenever, in the old French romanceës, is the daughter of king Leodegrance of the land of Camelard. Geoffrey of Monmouth calls her *Guanhumara*,* and says she was descended from a noble family of Romans; had been educateëd under duke Cadur; and in beauty surpass'd all the women in the island (B. 9, C. 9). According to this authour, during Arthurs absence in

* *Guenureui*, Winifred. Lhuyd, P. 255.

Gaul or Italy, ſhe marry'd his nephew Mordred (whom the romance alſo makes his ſon†); they having been left joint-regents of the kingdom by Arthur; upon whoſe return ſhe fled from York to Cheſter, where ſhe reſolve'd to lead a chaſte life, among the nuns, in the church of Julius the martyr, and enter herſelf one of their order. The romance, however, ſuppoſeës her to have takeën refuge in the tower of London, which was beſiege'd by Mordred; and to have, afterward, become a nun at Ambresbury,* where ſhe dye'd, and whence ſhe was brought, by ſir Lancelot, her former paramour, then a prieſt, and his eight fellows, to Glaſtonbury, to be there inter'd in one and the ſame tomb with the king her husband. It appears from the inſcription on the croſs mention'd by Girald Barry, as found with her and her husbands remains, to have been Arthurs ſecond wife: and the Welch antiquarys, never deficient in abſurdity, aſert him to have had three wives, all of the name of *Guenever*.† We know, at the ſame time, from better authority, that ſhe was actually violateëd and raviſh'd by Melvas, king of *Eſtiva*, or Somerſetſhire, and takeën to Glaſtonbury, as a place of ſecurity, which Arthur beſiege'd for a twelvemonth, til, by the mediation of the abbot, and Gildas, ſurname'd *ſapiens*, ſhe was peaceably reſtore'd.

† By his ſiſter *Margauſe*, the wife of king Lot, whom he did not, however, at the time know to be ſo. *L. du lac*, tome 3, fo. 16, b.

* The French romance of *Launcelot* does not name the nunnery to which the queen retir'd, and onely ſays it was near London.

† See *Prifei Hiftoriæ Britan. deſenſio*, P. 134, and Lewis's *Hiſtory of Britain*, P. 185,

See the life of St. Gildas, by Carádoc of Lancarvan (*MSS. regia*, 13 B VII). He calls her *Guennimar*. This *Melvas*, in all likelihood, is the *Meleagant* of the old French romance, who achieves the queen in single combat with sir Kay, and carries them both off to his fathers castle. In *La mort d'Arthur*, where the story is differently relateëd, he is call'd *Meliagrance*. He was, afterward, slain by sir Lancelot.

V. 55. Sir Dedyne and sir Segramore.]

Sir Dedyne is probably the same with *Dynadam* or *Dinadan*, surname'd *de Estranger*, one of the knights of the round table.

Sagremors le desree, or *Segramour le desirous*, was also a knight of the round table, and is to be met with in *Lancelot du lac*, *Mort d'Arthur*, &c.

V. 56. Sir Gawayn and sir Kaye sat thore.]

This sir Kay, the *Caius seneschallus* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, or *sire Keux le seneschall* of the old French romanceës, was the son of sir *Ector*, or *Authon*, young Arthurs tutor, and was, of course, that kings foster-brother. He has the same character in *Mort d'Arthur* (P. 1, C. 120, &c.) and is elfewhere call'd to his face "the shamefullest knight of his tongue" that was then living in the world.

V. 58. And Colgrevance of mekyl mayn.]

So, in *Mort d'Arthur*, where he is say'd to be a knight of the round table. In the French romance of *Lancelot du lac*, he is call'd *Gallogrenant*. In the former book (P. 3, C. 80), he is slain by sir Lionell: the sir Colgrevance of Gore, slain by sir Lancelot, in C. 145, being, apparently, a different person.

V. 85. Madame, he said, by goddes dome.]

Oaths are frequent throughout these poems, and in

most kinds of ancient poetry; being, manifestly, in common use amongst our ancestours, and even with young ladys, and princefses of the blood-royal; by all of whom, it is presume'd, they were regarded as perfectly innocent. Our ancient monarchs had their peculiar oaths: William the conquerour usually swore, By the resurrection of god; William the red, By gods face, By the holy face of faint Luke; John, by the feet of the lord; Henry the third, By gods head; Edward the first, By the blood of god, As the lord liveëth; Edward the third, By gods foul; Edward the fourth, By gods blest lady; Richard the third, By faint Paul; Henry the eighth was by no means sparing; and his daughter Elizabeth had *By god* in her mouth as frequently as a fishwoman. Chaucers fellow-pilgrims have their several oaths, which are accurately enumerateëd by the historian of Engleish poetry: see volume II, fig. f 3. Oaths and curseës, in fact, are, at this day, common to most nations in the world, as they were, formerly, to the Greeks and Romans.

V. 368. *I toke the bacyn sone onane.]*

This incident is introduce'd into "The noble history of kyng Ponthus of Galyce," 1511, 4to. b. 1. (a translation from the French): "The knyght toke a cuppe of golde, and put it in the well, and wette the stone withall; and the water sprang abroad; and it began to thonder and to hayle, and to be a stronge tempest; but it dured not long; and moche mervaylled the straungers of that well, for alway he spryncled it tofore that he went to fyghte."

V. 601. *Than was he seker for to se
The wel and the fayre tre
The chapel saw he at the last
And theder hyed he ful fast.]*

The poet, in this place, has either forgot himself, or mistakeen his original. Sir Ywain, according to sir Colgrevance's relation, as well as to the story, neither could, nor did, see these wonders til afterward. See V. 352. He means to say that sir Ywain came in sight of the palace or castle, where sir Colgrevance had been so kindly entertain'd, and where he himself finds so much curtesy and honour. The mistake may be, in part, corrected by reading *castel* for *chapel*.

V. 839. *Als Lunet thar stode in the thrang.*]

Lynet is the name of the damsel, in *Mort d'Arthur*, sister of dame Liones, who comes for a champion to the court of king Arthur, where she obtains sir Beaumains, and accompanys him back. See Part 1, C. 132.

V. 1420. *And so is sir Gawayne the curtayse.*]

This line seems alludeed to by Chaucer, where he speaks of

“ Sir Gawain with his olde curtesie.”

It is, however, his constant character.

V. 1651. *Unto the wod the way he nome.*]

A similar adventure is relateed in *Mort d'Arthur*, from the old French romance of sir Tristram (P. 2, C. 59, &c.); and of sir Lancelot du lake (P. 3, C. 9, &c.): and to one or other of these storys was Ariosto indebted for the idea of Orlando's madness.

V. 1753. *Morgan the wise gaf it to me.*]

By Morgan the wise she probably means *Pelagius*, the heretick, abbot of Bangor, and a man of great learning for his age, whose proper name was *Morgan* (*Marigena*), which, indeed, is, merely, latinise'd in *Pelagius*, implying, in the British tongue, one born from,

or upon, the sea, or, perhap, by the sea-side.* He is say'd to have flourish'd in 418, and, consequently, must have been well stricken in years when acquainted with this good lady.

V. 2181. For a knyght led oway the quene.]

Queen Guinever, haveing riden a maying, along with certain knights of the round-table, clothe'd all in green, was, after a sharp conflict, takeen prisoner by sir Meliagrance, and led away to his castle. See *Mort d'Arthur*, Part 3, chap. 129, &c.

V. 2428. Praied ful hertly for the knyght.]

Between this and the next line the MS. reads "Here es the myddes of this boke."

V. 2439. Thai helpid to lace him in his wede.]

This is an ordinary incident in old romanceës; in allusion to which don Quixote was disarm'd by the ladys of the castle. See B. 1, C. 2.

" *Nunca fuera caballero*

De damas tan bien servido,

Como fuera don Quixote,

Quando de su aldea vino

Doncellas curaban del,

Princesas de su rocino."

Never was there *cavallero*

So wel served by a dame,

As the famous knight, don Quixote,

When he from his village came:

Care of him took damsels dainty,

Princesses of Rozinante.

* From *mor*, the sea, and *gana*, Armorican, to beget, procreate or bring forth. Thus *Glamorganshire* (anciently *Morganwg*) is so call'd from its being upon the sea-coast; and, in *Basse-Bretagne*, a mermaid is call'd *Mary-Morgan*. See *Uthers Antiquitates* (folio), p. 112.

V. 2735. *Two maydens with him thai laſt,
That wele war lered of leche-craft.]*

A knowlege of medicine ſeems to have been part of the education of the fair ſex in ancient times. See *Memoires ſur l'ancienne chevalerie*, I, 14, and note 17. In *Mort d'Arthur*, ſir Tristran is put in the ward and keeping of *La beale Ifoud*, king Anguiſhes daughter, "because ſhe was a noble ſurgion." Her nameſake, *Iſeult aux blanches mains*, was equally expert and ſucceſſful. See, likewiſe, the *Histoire de Gerard comte de Nevers & de Euriant de Savoye ſa mye*, T. 1, C. 19, 20.

V. 3111. *And thar thai herd a mes in haſte.]*

This was uſual:—"he had with him right good chere, and fared of the beſt, with paſſing good wine, and had merry reſt that night; and on the morrow *he heard a maſſe*, and after dined, &c." (*Mort d'Arthur*, P. 1, C. 56.) Again: "On the morrow the damoſell and ſir Beaumains *heard maſſe*, and brake their faſt, and ſo tooke their leave." (P. 1, C. 132.)

V. 3471. *Hir elder ſiſter ſtode hyr by.]*

So, doubtleſs, the MS. originally red; the word *zonger* being written by a different, and, apparently, lateer, hand, upon an erasure.

Here is, likewiſe, another miſtake, either of the author or of the tranſlatour. The younger ſiſter, being in ſearch of ſir Ywain, falls ſick, and comes to the ſame caſtle where he and his lion had been cure'd of the wounds they got in their engagement with the ſteward and his two brothers. Here ſhe ſtays, to be heal'd of her malady; and, in the mean time, the lord of the caſtle diſpatches a damſel to proceed in the ſearch. This

damfel goes to the chapel, and meets with Lunet, who tells her of the combat, and fir Ywains wounds; and brings her to the place where she had parted with him. The damfel rides forward, and comes to *the castle where he had been heal'd of his wounds*; whence, she is inform'd, he was *just departed*. This contradiction has, most likely, ariseñ from the inaccuracy of the translatur; and, by the first castle, we should, no doubt, understand that where Ywain fought and slew the giant, before he went to assist Lunet.

At the end of the work, either the poet or the copyist ads this distich:

“ Ywain and Gawayn thus makes endyng:
God grant us al hys der blyfsing. Amen.”

* * Mister Warton, from whatever motive, has been particularly liberal in his extracts from this poem; which he allows to have “ some great outlines of Gothic painting.” See his *History of English Poetry*, III, 109, &c.

LAUNFAL MILES.

The onely ancient copy of this excellent romance, known to be now extant, is contain'd in a manuscript of the Cotton-library, (Caligula A. II.) written, it would seem, in or about the reign of Henry VI. in which the translatur is, by Tanner, who, most absurdly, stiles him “ *unus regis Arthuri equitum rotundae tabulae*,” suppose'd to have live'd. Two co₁ys are preserve'd, in our own libraris, of the French original,

by *Marie de France*, a Norman poetess of the thirteenth century; one in the Harleian MS. Num. 978; and the other in the Cotton, Vespasian B. XIV. The latter begins,

“ *Laventure de un lay;*”

the former (being a collection of such pieceës)

“ *Laventure dun autre lai.*”

The English poem, which, by the way, is much enlarge'd, containing a surplus of near three hundred lines, appears to have been printed under the name of “*Sir Lambwell;*” being license'd, in the register of the stationers-company, to John Kynge, in 1558, and expressly mention'd in Lanehams “*Letter, whearin part of the entertainment unto the queenz majesty at Killingworth castl, 1575, iz signified.*”

M. Le Grand has giveën the extract of a *Lai de Gruélan*, of which, he observes, the subject is precisely the same with that of *Lanval*; though the details are alltogether different. See *Fabliaux ou contes*, A, 92.

V. 1. *Be douzty Artours dawes.*] Doctor Percy, by mistake, gives it (from Ames?)

“ *Le douzty Artours dawes;*”

and says that it is in his folio MS. P. 60, begining thus,

“ *Doughty in king Arthures dayes.*”

V. 4. *Of a ley that was yfette.*] A lay (suppose'd to come from the barbarous Latin *leudus*, which occurs in the epistle of Fortunatus to Gregory of Tours :

“ *Barbaros leudos harpâ relidebat,*”)

was what is now call'd a song or ballad, but generally of the elegiack kind, tender and pathetick, (in French

lai, in German *lied*, in Saxon *leod*), which was usually sung to the harp; and of which many instances may be found in the prose *Roman de Tristan*, 1488, and elsewhere: See more of these ancient Breton lays in a note to *Emare*.

V. 5. *That hyzt Launval, and hatte yette.*]

Thus Mary:

“*Laventure dun autre lai
Cum ele avient vus cunterai,
Fait fu dun mut gentil vasfal
En Bretans lapelent Lanval.*”

V. 8. *Kardeuyle.*] Thus in the MS. and mister Ellises edition; but read, as afterward, *Kardeuyle*. It is Carlisle, in Cumberland, where king Arthur is fable'd to have had a palace and occasional residence. “On this ryver,” says Froisfart, mistakeing the Tyne for the Esk, “standeth the towne and castell of Carlyel, the whiche some tyme was kyng Arthurs, and helde his courte there often-tymes.” (Engleish translation, 1525, fo. vii, b.) Thus, also, in an ancient Scottish romance, furtively printed by Pinkerton:

“In the tyme of Arthur an aunter bytydde,
By the Turne-Wathelan, as the boke telles,
When he to Carlele was comen and conquerour
kydde, &c.”

Two old ballads, upon the subject of king Arthur, printed in the “*Reliques of ancient English poetry*,” suppose his residence at *Carleile*; and one of them, in particular, says,

“At Tearne-Wadling his castle stands.”

“*Tearne-Wadling*,” according to the ingenious editor (and which, as he observes, is evidently the Turne-Wathelan of the Scottish poem), “is the name

of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition," he adds, "that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible:" Tearn, in the dialect of that country, signifying a small lake, and being stil in use. The tradition is that either the castle, or a great city, was swallow'd up by the lake, and may be stil seen, under favorable circumstanceës, at its bottom.

It is *Kardoel* in the original, and elsewhere *Cardueil*. The old romance of *Merlin* calls it "*la ville de Cardueil en Galles.*"

V. 13. Sire Perfevall.] Sir Perceval le Galois, or Percival de Gales, was one of the knights of the round table. His adventures form the subject of a French metrical romance, compose'd, in the twelfth century, by Chrestien de Troyes, or, according to others, by a certain Manecier, Mennefier, or Menesfier, and of an English one, in the fifteenth, by Robert de Thornton. The former, extant in the national library of France, and in that of Berne, is say'd to contain no less than 60,000 verses; a number, however, which has been reduce'd by others to 20,000, and even to 8,700 and 4,500. It appear'd in prose at Paris, 1530, 8vo. The latter is in the library of Lincoln-cathedral.

V. 14. Syr Gyheryes and syr Agrafrayn.]

Gaheris (*Gueherries*, or *Guerefches*), and Agravaïne, surname'd *le orgueilleux*, were brothers to sir Gawain, and both knights of the round table.

V. 15. And Lancelot du Lake.]

This hero was the son of Ban, king of Benock, in the marches of Gaul and Little-Britain, and a knight-

companion of the round table. He is equally remarkable for his gallantry and good fortune; being never overcome, in either just or tournament, unless by enchantment or treachery; and being in high favour with the queen, whom he love'd with singular fidelity to the last; doing for her many magnanimous deeds of arms, and actually saving her from the fire through his noble chivalry. This connection involve'd him in a long and cruel war with king Arthur; after whose death he became a hermit. His adventures, which take up a considerable portion of *Mort d'Arthur*, are the subject of a very old French romance, in three folio volumes, beside a number of MSS.

V. 19. *Kyng Ban-Booght, and kyng Bos.*] *Ban* was king of *Benoic*, and *Boort* (not *Bcozt*) king of *Gannes*. They were brothers, and both knights of the round table. *Ban* was the father of sir Lancelot. *Boort* in *Mort d'Arthur*, is called *Bors*. There is no king *Bos*; nor, in fact, does any of these names occur in the French original. There was, indeed, another *Boort*, or *Bors*, afterward king of *Benoic*; but the translatour has evidently misappose'd *Ban-Boozt* to be the name of one king, and *Bos*, that of the other. A "*roman des rois Bans & Beors freres germains*," fo. is among the MSS. of the French national library (*Bib. du roi*, 7184).

V. 22. *Syr Galafre.*] No such name occurs among the knights of the round table, or is to be met with in any old romance. It is, probably, a corruption of *Galehaut*, *Galahalt*, or *Galahad*, of whom in *Mort d'Arthur*.

V. 38. *Marlyn was Artours counsalere.*]

Merlin, a powerful magician, was begoten by a devil, or incubus, upon a young damfel of great beauty, and daughter, as Geoffrey of Monmouth asferts, to the king of Demetia. He remove'd, by a wonderful machine of his own invention, The giants-dance, now Stone-henge, from Ireland, to Salisbury-plain, where part of it is ftill ftanding; and, in order to enable Uther Pendragon, king of Britain, to enjoy Igera, the wife of Gorlois duke of Cornwall, transform'd him, by magical art, into the likenefs of her husband; which amorous connection, (Igera being render'd an honeft woman by the murder of her fpoufe, and timely intermarriage with king Uther,) enlighten'd the world, like another Alcmena, with a fecond Hercules, *videlicet*, the illuftrious Arthur. This famous prophet, being violently enamour'd of a fairy damfel, in the march of Little-Britain, name'd *Aivienne*, or *Viviane*, alias *The lady*, or *damfel, of the lake*, taught her fo many of his magick fecrets, that, once upon a time, fhe left him afleep in a cave within the perilous foreft of *Darnantes*, on the borders of the fea of Cornwall, and the fea of *Soreloys*, where, if the creditable inhabitants of thofe countrys may be believe'd, he ftill remains in that condition: the place of his refofe being effectually feal'd by force of grand conjurations, and haveing himfelf been never feen by any man, who could give intelligence of it; even that courteous knight fir Gawin, who, after his enchantment, had fome converfation with him, not being permitted the gratification of a fingle look. (See *Lancelot du lac*, fo. 6.) Her enchantments, however, are relateëd with fome difference, and more particu-

larity, in the romance of her venerable gallant, or, rather, unfortunate dupe, *tome 2, fo. 127*, whereby it appears that, after being enchanted by his mistress, as aforefay'd, he found himself, when he awoke, in the strongest tower in the world, to wit, in the forest of *Broceliande*, whence he was never able to depart, though she continue'd to visit him both by day and night at her pleasure. The divine Ariosto, by poetical licence, has plac'd the tomb of this magician in some part of France; and our admirable Spenser, after an old tradition, in Wales, which, in fact, seems to have the best title to him. His prophecys, which were first publish'd in *The British history*, have since experience'd repeated editions, in Latin, French, and English.

V. 40. To kyng Ryon of Irlond ryzt.]

This king *Ryon*, or *Ryence*, was also king of North-Wales, and of many isles. He sent to king Arthur, for his beard, to enable him, with those of eleven other kings, whom he had already discomfited, to pursue his mantle. See *Mort d'Arthur*, B. 1, C. 24. According, however, to Geoffrey of Monmouth, this insulting message proceeded from the giant *Ritho*, whom Arthur slew upon the mountain *Aravius*. Ryon was afterward brought prisoner to Arthur (C. 34); and is name'd among the knights of the round-table. The authour is singular in making Guenever his daughter.

V. 56. But he wer prelat, other baronette.]

There was no *baronet*, properly so call'd, before the

reign of James the first. The word, at the same time, is by no means singular in ancient historians; but whether a diminutive of *baron*, or a corruption of *banneret*, is uncertain.

V. 88. Karlyon.] *Caerleon* (the *Urbs Legionum* of Geoffrey), formerly in Glamorganshire, but now in Monmouthshire, upon the river Usk, near the Severn-fa. The district, in which this city stood, was call'd *Gwent*, of which Arthur is say'd to have been king. See Carte. *Caerlegion*, or *Cair Lleon* (*Civitas Legionum*), is, likewise, the ancient name of Chester upon Dee. There is nothing of this in the original.

V. 114. *That arn of Lytyll-Bretayne.*]

Little-Britain, or Britany, call'd, by the French, *Basse-Bretagne*, and, by the ancients, *Armorica*, on the coast of France, opposite to Great-Britain, where certain refugee Britons are say'd to have fled, and establish'd a settlement, on the success of the Saxons, in or about the year 513. See Vertots *Critical history*, &c. I, 103. Bede, however, by some strange mistake, supposees the Southern Britons to have proceeded *from* *Armorica*. There was a succession of British kings in this little territory, who are famous in the old French annals. These British emigrants seem to have been chiefly Cornish, not onely from their haveing giveen the name of *Cornwall* to a part of their new acquisition, where they, likewise, had, as in their old possessions, a *Mount St. Michael*, but from the affinity of the two dialects, one of which is extant in its literary remains, and the other is stil spokeen.

V. 278. *The kynges doughter of Olyroun.*]

Oleron is an ile of France, on the coast of Aunis,

and of Saintonge. It was known to the ancients under the name of *Ubarus*, as appears from Pliny. Sidonius Apollinaris calls it *Olario*. The maritime laws of France and Engleland hence receive'd the appellation they still retain of *La ley Olyron*; and here it was that king Richard the first stop'd, in his return from the holy land, to correct them. In 1047 it belong'd to Geoffrey de Martel, earl of Anjou, and Agnes his wife. See Martiniere, and Cokes *4th institute*, 144.

V. 279. *Dame Tryamour*.] This lady's name is not mention'd in the original. *Tryamour*, at the same time, is, elsewhere, that of a knight, and the subject of a metrical romance, certainly from the French.

V. 280. *Her fadyr was kyng of fayrye*.] The following description of a female fay, or fairy, is given in the romance of *Lancelot du lac*, Paris, 1533, fo. C. 8.

“*La damoiselle qui Lancelot porta au lac estoit une fée, et en celluy temps estoient appellees faées toutes celles qui sentremettoient denchantemens et de charmes. . . et scavoient la force et la vertu des parolles, des pierres, et des herbes, parquoy elles estoient tenue en jeunesse et en beauté, et en grandes richesses comment elles devisoient.*” These fairys, not unfrequent in the old romanceës, uniteëd the ideas of power and beauty; and it is to such a character that Shakspeare alludes, where he makes Antony to say of CLEOPATRA,

“To this GREAT FAIRY i'l commend thy acts.”

Milton, too, appears to have had an accurate notion upon this subject:

“Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer then feign'd of old, or fabl'd since

Of fairy damfels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."

It is perfect ignorance to confound the fairys of romance either with the pigmy race of that denomination, of whom the same great poet has giveen a beautiful and correct description, or with the fancyful creation of Spenser.

V. 326. *I yeve the Blauncharde my stede lel,
And Gyfre my owen knave.]*

No such names occur in the original. Giflet (or Girflet) *le filz Mu (alias Do)* is a character in the old French romance of *Lancelot du lac*.

V. 393. *Than seyde the boy, Nys he but a wrecche ?
What thar any man of hym recche ?]*

Mister Ellis, who publish'd this romance, for the first time, at the end of the second volume of "the *fabliaux* or tales," of his deceas'd friend, G. L. Way, esquire, hath strangely misconceive'd this simple passage; supposseing *awreche*, as it is there printed, to be one word, and the meaning, "He is not without his *revenge*, (i. e. *compensation*) whatever any man may think of him." The boy, however, manifestly intends our seedy knight no compliment in the question he asks: "Is he aught," says he, "but a wretch (or begerly rascal?) What does any one care for him?"

V. 505. *A knyght ther was yn Lumbardye.]*

This episode, the introduction of the mayor of Carleon, and his daughter, even the name of that place, and several other incidents, are entirely oweing to the English poet, there being nothing of this sort in the original.

V. 750. *And the, that me is worst fore,
Thou blysful berde yn bour.]*

“These two lines,” at least in mister Ellises edition, he says, “are rather obscure;” but that obscurity was merely occasion’d by his printing THAN for THOU. The perspicacious editour, nevertheless, saw how the original must have been. Another typographical error, in that edition, has been the cause of his explaining *sotk* (misprinted *for*) by *sure*.

VOLUME II.

LYBEAUS DISCONUS.*

THIS ancient romance is preserve'd in the Cotton MS. already mention'd, mark'd Caligula A. II. from which it is here giveen. About the latter half of another copy is in one of sir Matthew Hales MSS. in the library of Lincolns-inn, apparently a different translation, but onely containing, as usual, numberless various readings, of little consequence; a third is say'd by doctor Percy to be in his folio MS. It was certainly printed before the year 1600, being mention'd, by the name of "*Libbius*," in "*Vertues common wealth: or The highway to honour*," by Henry Crosse, publish'd in that year; and is even alludeed to by Skelton, who dye'd in 1529:

“ And of sir *Libius* named *Disconius*.”

The French original is unknown.

A story similar to that which forms the principal subject of the present poem may be found in the "*Voiage and travaile of sir John Maundeville*" (London, 1725, 8vo. P. 28). It, likewise, by some means, has made its way into a pretendedly ancient Northhum-

* i. e. *Le beau desconnu*, or the fair unknown. The running-title is ever after uniformly *Desconus*; but the editour thought himself at liberty to follow the head, which bears *Disconus*; and had proceeded too far before he began to doubt the propriety of his conduct. It is never *Disconus* in the text. Mister Tyrwhitt, however, so prints it.

berland ballad, intitle'd "The laidly worm of Spindleston-heugh," writen, in reality, by Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham, authour of *The history of chefs*, &c. who had, however, hear'd some old stanzas, of which he avail'd himself, sung by a maid-servant. The remote original of all these storys was, probably, much older than the time of Herodotus, by whom it is relateëd (*Urania*).

Chaucer, in his *Rime of sire Thopas*, among the "romances of pris" there enumerateëd, mentions those

"Of sire Libeaux and Pleindamour,"

(as Tyrwhitt reads after all the MSS. truly, and the old printed copys haveing *Blandamoure*, or *Blaindamoure*); upon which the learned and ingenious editour of the "Reliques of ancient English poetry," in the first three editions of that work, remarks that "As fir [*Pleindamour* or] *Blandamoure*, no romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word occurs in that of *Libeaux*, 'tis possible Chaucer's memory deceived him:" a remark, in which he is implicitly follow'd by his friend Warton, who says, "Of *sir Blandamoure*, i find nothing more than the name occurring in *Sir Lebeaux*" (*History of English Poetry*, I, 208): which he, most certainly, did not there find. "Even the titles of our old ROMANCES," he says, "such as *SIR BLANDAMOURE*, betray their French extraction." (*Ibi*. 139.) From the fourth and last edition, however, of the say'd *Reliques*, we now learn that the word in question is neither *Pleindamour* nor *Blandamoure*, but *Blaudemere*, which is foreign to the purpose; neither does any such name occur in the present copy; nor, as the pasage is carefully suppress'd by the right reverend possessor, can one venture to imagine whe-

ther it be that of a man, a woman, or a horse.* This sort of tergiverſation has, to uſe the worthy prelates own words, “deſtroyed all confidence.”

Generally ſpeaking, the Cotton MS. has *z* for *y* or *gh*, and *p* for *th*. The rimes, alſo, of the third and ſixth lines of every two ſtanzas are the ſame, except in a few inſtanceës, which have render'd it neceſſary to diſregard that circumſtance.

V. 11. *With Artour of the rounde table.*]

This famous table, to which were attach'd one hundred knights, was the property of Leodegrance, king of Camelard, who appears to have had it from Uther Pendragon, for whom it had been made by the forcerer Merlin, in token, as the book ſays, of the roundneſs of the world, (or, according to his own romance, in imitation of one eſtabliſh'd by Joſeph of Arimathea, in the name of that which Jeſus had made at the ſupper of the twelve apoſtles), ſee vo. I, fo. 40, &c. and came to king Arthur, as the portion of his wife Guenever, daughter of that monarch. Every knight had his ſeat, in which was his name, written in letters of gold. One of theſe was “the ſiege perillous,”

* This *venerabilisſimus episcopus* had the addreſs to perſuade a gentleman to whom he ſhew'd his folio MS. and whoſe testimony was to convince the ſkepticism of the preſent editour, that he actually ſaw the word *Blandamour*, which, it now turns out, does not exiſt; though he would not ſuffer him to tranſcribe the line in which it occur'd: he wil eaſely recolleſt his name: upon a different occaſion he gave miſter Steevens a tranſcript from the above MS. of the vulgar ballad of *Old Simon the king*, with a ſtriſt injunction not to ſhew it to this editour (who ſuſpected, as the fact turn'd out, that he had ſophiſticateëd it, in a note to the laſt edition of Shakspeare), which, however, he immediately brought to him.

where no man was to sit but one : an honour reserve'd for sir Galaad, the son of Lancelot du lake. " King Arthur," according to the history, " stablish'd all his knights, and gave them lands that were not rich of land, and charge'd them never to do outrage nor murder, and alway to fle treason. Also, by no means, to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked mercy, upon paine of forfeiture of their worship, and lordship of king Arthur, for evermore, and alway to do ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen, succour upon paine of death. Also that no man take no battailes in a wrong quarell for no law, nor for worldly goods. Unto this were all the knights sworne of the round table, both old and young." *Mort d'Arthur*, Part 1, C. 59. It is not once mention'd by Geoffrey of Monmouth, though master Wace, not twenty years after the time of that unworthy prelate, thus speaks of it :

" *Fist Artur la ronde table,
Dunt Breton dient meinte fable.*"

V. 19. *And for love of hys fayr vyys,
Hys modyr clepede hym Bewfys,
And no nothyr name.]*

V. 69. Giglan, the natural son of Gawain and the fairy *Blanchevallee*, appears at the court of king Arthur; and, being ask'd his name, says that his mother (who had carefully conceal'd it) had never call'd him any thing but *Beaufils*; in consequence of which the queen gives him that of *Le bel inconnu*. (*Histoire de Giglan*, n. d. 4to. g. l.) In this romance the lady is call'd *Helen*; but the main incidents bear little or no resemblance to those of *Lybeaus*. See also the episode or adventure of *Beaumains*, in sir Thomas Malorys *Mort d'Arthur*.

In the *Promptorium parvulorum* (Har. MS. 221) *Befyce*, is explain'd *filius*.

V. 99. Whesch and yede to mete.]

It was a constant custom, in former times, to wash the hands before siting down to, and after rising up from, table. Thus, in *Emare*, V. 217 :

“ Then the lordes that wer grete,
They wesh and feten down to mete,
And folk hem served swyde.”

Again, V. 889 :

“ Then the lordes, that wer grete,
Wheschchen ayeyn after mete,
And then com spycerye.”

Again, in *Sir Orpheo*, V. 473 :

“ The steward washed and wente to mete.”

Again, in *Le bone Florence of Rome*, V. 1009 :

“ Then they wysche, and to mete be gone.”

Thus, also, in *Robyn Hode and the potter*, the sheriff says,

“ Let us was, and go to mete.”

V. 259. Beaumains, in his expedition to relieve the lady Lioness, is treated in a similar manner by her sister Linet: it is a very entertaining adventure. See *Mort d'Arthur*, P. 1, C. 122, &c. See, also, that of the damsel *Maledisaunt*, and the young knight nickname'd *La cote male tailé*, P. 2, C. 44.

V. 1240. Yle dore.] *L'isle d'or*, The ile of gold, or golden island; but whether design'd for French or English seems rather doubtful.

V. 1301. *That levede in Termagaunt*,] So, afterward, in the *King of Tars* :

“ Of Tirmagaunt and of Mahoun.”

“ TERMAGAUNT,” says doctor Percy, “ is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens:

in which he is constantly linked with MAHOUND or Mahomet." (i, 76.) "This word," he adds, "is derived by the very learned editor of Junius from the Anglo-Saxon Týp very, and Magan mighty. As this word had so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true god, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps Týp-magan or *Termagant* had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be implied [*r.* applied] to the true god. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the cruades into the east, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the christian law were necessarily pagans and idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of *Termagant* to the god of the Saracens: just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of *Sarazen* to express any kind of pagan idolater." (77.) "I cannot," says he, afterward, "conclude this short memoir, without observing that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word *Termagant* from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into *TERVAGAUNTE*.* This may be added to the other proofs adduced in these volumes of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each others romances" (78). In a note, at

* See, below, L. 7; and, afterward, P. 269, L. 7.

P. 379, he, likewise, observes that "The old French romancers, who had corrupted **TERMAGANT** into **TERVAGANT**, couple it with the name of Mahomet as constantly as ours. As **TERMAGANT**," he says, "is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and can only be explained from the elements of that language, its being corrupted by the old French romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours." In another note (III, xxii), in order to support his hypothesis, that "The stories of king Arthur and his round table, of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English minstrels," he has the following words: "That the French romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word **TERMAGANT**, which they took up from our minstrels, and corrupted into **TERVAGAUNTE**... What is singular, Chaucer, who was most conversant with the French poets, adopts their corruption of this word. SEE TYRWHITT'S EDIT."

In this pursuit the venerable prelate (though he might not be one at that time) has suffer'd himself to be misled by an *ignis-fatuus*. All that he has say'd, about Týp-magan or *Termagant* being the name of a Saxon deity, remains to be prove'd. The learned editor of Junius impos'd upon him: the combination Týp magan, is not to be found even in his own Saxon dictionary, neither, according to that authority, is Týp very; and maga, not magan, is mighty: and, after all, this is onely in effect the *ter-magnus* of former etymologists. As little foundation is there for supposing that the French romanceërs not onely borrow'd the word *Termagant* from the English, but, likewise, corrupted it into **TERVAGAUNTE**: which is contrary to every authenticate'd fact. The English

romanceers not onely servilely follow'd the French, but even themselves corrupted the word *TERVAGANTE*, after they had got it. This corruption, however, must have takeen place before the time of Chaucer, who, notwithstanding what doctor P. has aserted, even in mister Tyrwhitts edition, gives the Engleish *CORRUPTION*, and not the French *ORIGINAL*:

“ He sayde, Child, by *TERMAGAUNT*.”

(II. 235; and see IV, 318.)

A much greater mistake than the present editour made, by inadvertently quoteing his own book, by which the worthy doctor (forgetful of his own hallucinations) was please'd to say “ all confidence [had] been destroyed.”

But, in the *King of Tars*, a romance, in all probability, antierour to Chaucers time, as preserve'd in the Edinburgh MS. we find

“ Be Mahoun and *TERVAGANT* :”

and had we more copies of that age, we should, doubtless, recover many other instancees of the word; as, in fact, there may be in that identical MS.

With respect to the etymology of the original name *TERVAGANTE* (for it is perfectly ridiculous to seek for that of the corruption *Termagant*), it may, possibly, be refer'd to the two Latin words *ter* and *vagans*, i. e. the action of going or turning thrice round, a very ancient ceremony in magical incantation. Thus Medea, in Ovids *Metamorphosis* (L. 7, V. 189):

“ *Ter se convertit; ter suntis flumine crinem
Irroravit aquis; ternis ululatus ora
Solvit.*” —

“ She turn'd her thrice about, as oft she threw
On her pale tresses the nocturnal dew,
Then yelling thrice, &c.”

Vago, indeed, in pure Latin, means to wander, but, in barbarous times, the classical sense of a word was not much regarded: of this, however, one cannot be confident. *Tip*, or *Tÿp*, in Saxon, and the ancient Cimbrick, was the name of Odin, or some other northern deity, and, metonymically, any great leader, prince, lord, or emperor; and is occasionally apply'd, in composition, to god the creator. See Lyes dictionary, and Hickses *Thesaurus*. But, admitting *Tervagante* or *Termagant* to have some connection with the Saxon or Cimbrick term, it will, by no means, prove that we did not obtain the word from the French, whose language, every one knows, was as much a dialect of the ancient Cimbrick as that of the Anglo-Saxon. The word *three* had some mystick signification with the ancients:

“*Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae.*”

Vir. Æ. IV.

Termagant, therefore, has been corrupted, by the English, from *Tervagant*, precisely in the same manner as we have corrupted *cormorant* from *corvorant*, and *malmsey* from *malvesie*. The Italian poets have it *Trivigante*. Thus Ariosto:

“*Bestemmiando Maccone, e Trivigante.*”

It, likewise, occurs in the *Gierusalemme liberata* of Tasso. They, too, doubtless, were indebted for it to the French.

* * King Herod, in the Coventry *Corpus-Christi* play, constantly swears by Mahomet, but never by *Termagant*. So in fo. 173.

“Now be Mahound, my god of grace.”

One of the soldiers, who are set to watch the sepulchre, calls him “*Seynt Mahownde.*”

“*Tervagant, l'un des dieux prétendus des Mahomé-*

tans," is a character in "*Le jeu de S. Nicolas*," a very ancient French mystery (see *Fabliaux ou contes*, II, 131); but no such personage, or even name, occurs in any English mystery or morality now extant, or of which we have any account; though, from the following passage, in *Bales Acts of English votaries*, it would seem that some such character had, in his time, been known to the stage:

"Grennyng upon her, lyke *Termagautes* in a play."

V. 1333. *Fram the our of pryme*

Tyll hyt was eve-song-tyme

To fyghte they were well thro.]

It was customary with the christian kings, knights, and foldiers, to cease fighting at even-song, or vespers, observe'd at six o'clock. Thus, in the ancient Catalan romance of *Tirant lo blanch*, Barcelona, 1497, folio, it is say'd, "*E continuant tostemps la batailla era ja quasi hora de vespres, &c.*" So, likewise, in the *Histoire de Guerin de Montglave*, Lyons, 1585, 8vo. "*Et maintint la guerre jusques à l'heure de vespres.*" In the old ballad of *The hunts of Cheviat*:

"When even-song-bell was rang the battell was nat
half done;"

and it became sinful, of course, to fight any longer. The same circumstance is thus notice'd in the more modern ballad of *Chevy-chace*:

"The fight did last, from break of day;

Till setting of the sun;

For, when they rung the evening-bell,

The battle scarce was done."

Doctor Percy has confounded the *vesper-bell* with the *curfew*. The reason of this temporary cessation of bloodshed, proceeded from respect to the virgin Mary;

for, at this hour, the angelical salutation was sung; whence it was sometimes call'd *The Ave-Maria bel*. It is still customary, upon the Spanish stage, for the actors, in the midst of the grossest and most indecent buffoonry, to fall down on their knees, and pul out their beads, at the sound of this bel.

*V. 1337. Lybeaus thurstele fore,
And seyde Maugys, thyn ore.]*

Thus, in Chaucers *Milleres tale*, *V. 3724*:

“ Lemman, thy grace, and, fwete bird, *thyn ore.*”

In the learned editours note on this passage he explains *ore* to signify “ *grace, favour, protection:*” and cites, as an additional instance, in support of that explanation, the present text, “ where,” he says, “ *thyn ore* must be understood to mean *with thy favour*, as in this passage of Chaucer.”

The same phrase occurs frequently in *Syr Bevys*, though not precisely, at least, in every instance, with mister Tyrwhitts signification :

“ She saide, Bevys, lemman *thyn ore*,
Thou art wounded wonder fore.”

“ Mercy, saide Bradmodde, *thyn ore.*”

“ There is no man, by goddys *ore.*”

“ Then sayd Bevys, for Crystes *ore.*”

Thus, likewise, Robert of Gloucester, *P. 39* :

“ The maister fel adoun on kne, and criede *mercy*
and *ore.*”

Again :

“ Therefore the erl of Kent he bysought *milc* and *ore.*”

Again, in *The erl of Tolous*, *V. 583* :

“ *Y* aske *mercy* for goddys *ore.*”

V. 1423. For thys fayr lady, &c.]

This lady bears a strong resemblance to the no less

magical than beauteous fairys, the Calypso of Homer, and the Alcina of Ariosto; both of whom deludeëd and detain'd Ulysses and Rogero in the manner *la dame d'amour* here treats Lybeaus.

V. 1998. This is the onely stanza in which the poet has neglected the recurrent rimes; in other respects it appears to be perfect.

THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

This romance, the most ancient, it is believe'd, that exists in the Engleish language, (unless we except the *Tristrem* of Thomas Rymour), and of which no more than one single copy is extant, is preserve'd in a MS. of the Harleian library, in the British museum, number 2253, and writen, apparently, in the time of king Edward the second, by some French or Norman scribe, by whom, likewise, the poem itself may have been compose'd in the precedeing reign. Doctor Percy, indeed, brings it down as low as king Richard II. which is utterly improbable; and Warton placeës it in the reign of Edward I. which is absolutely impossible; since, as he wel knew, it contains an elegy upon the death of that monarch. The present poem, for the salvation of parchment, is writen with two lines in one. The letters *t* and *y* (vowel) are in the Saxon form (τ , \hat{y}); β is everywhere use'd for *th* and *z* for *y* (consonant), or, occasionally, *gh*. The use of the *z* might have been retain'd, after the example of respectable editours; but, with the Saxon characters, is sacrifice'd to publick taste or prejudice.

This romance is mention'd, among many others, in Chaucers *Rime of sir Thopas*,

“ Men speken of romaunces of pris,
Of *Horn-child* and Ypotis,
Of Bevis and Sir Gy ;”

as wel as in an old metrical translation, in the Bodleian library, of Guido de Colonna, on the Trojan war, quoteëd by Warton,* but not writen, as he supposeës, by Lydgate :

“ Many speken of men that romaunces rede, &c.
Of Keveloke, *Horne*, and of Wade, †
In romances that of them be made,

* *History of English poetry*, II, n. 9. *Keveloke*, in the extract, should be *Haveloke*, the hero of a famous story, not entirely perisn'd.

† We, unfortunately, have lost the writings, and even the history of this celebrateëd personage ; except as to a very few anecdotes or allusions, which onely serve to whet our anxiety for the rest : Chaucer, in his *Merchaunts tale*, has this couplet :

“ And eke thise olde widewes (god it wote)

They connen so moch craft in *Wades bote*.” V. 9297.

“ Upon this,” quoth the worthy Tyrwhitt, very haply,

“ Speght remarks as follows : “ Concerning Wade, and his bote called Guingelot, as also his straunge exploits in the same, because the matter is long and fabulous, i passe it over.”—

“ *Tantum rem tam negligenter?* Mr. Speght probably did not foresee, that posterity would be as much obliged to him for a little of this *fabulous matter* concerning *Wade* and his *bote*, as for the gravest of his annotations” (IV, 284). “ The story of *Wade*,” he ads, “ is mentioned again by our author in his *Troilus*, iii, 615 :

“ He songe, she playde, he tolde *a tale of Wade*.”

Sir Francis Kinaston, in his *Commentary* on “ The loves of *Troilus* and *Cresseid*,” says that “ Chaucer means a ridiculous romance...for, in his time, there was a foolish fabulous legend

That gestours dos of him gestes,
 At mangerés and at great festes,
 Here dedis ben in remembraunce
 In many fair romaunce."

The story itself, if not actually printed, is suspected to have been wel known in Scotland above two hundred years ago: as, in Wedderburns *Complainte*, which appear'd at St. Andrews, in 1549, we find "the tayl quhou the kyng of Estmureland mareit the kyngis dochtir of Vestmureland." These seem the *Estneffe* and *Westneffe* of the present poem, and apparently signify *Engleland* and *Ireland*. No country, at the same time, in Britain, was ever call'd *Eastmoreland*; and, from an old rime, citeed by Usher (P. 303), *Westmoreland* receive'd that appellation from a fabulous king:

"Here the king *Westmer*
 Slow the king *Rothynger*."

A "king *Estmere*," likewise, is the subject of one of Percys ballads (I, 62), whose native country appears to be *Spain*.

In a large and valuable manuscript, of the fourteenth century, in the library of the faculty of advocates, Edinburgh, number'd W. 4. 1. and being a present from the late lord Auchinleck, is an excellent, but, like allmost every other in the volume, imperfect,

of one Wade and his boate Guingelot, wherein he did many strange things and had many wonderfull adventures." He is suspected to have been either a Scot or a Piët (or *Pik*, as mister Pinkerton wil have it), and to have been the chief or leader in an irruption through the Roman wall; in which was a chasm known, in old time, by the name of "*Wades-gapp*." See Wallises *History of Northumberland*, II, 3, n (c).

romance, very different from the present, of "*Horn-childe & maiden Rinnild* [not *Rinivel*]", in stanzas, beginning,

"My leve frende dere."

This curious fragment will be found at the end of the present notes.

An imperfect copy of the original French romance, a performance of great merit, is preserve'd in the Harleian MS. Num. 527. It is, to all appearance, as old as the twelfth century, but, unfortunately, defective both at the beginning and at the end. The poem is in couplets, of which every ten, twelve, or fifteen, terminate in the same rime.

The English romance, here giveën, which contains no more than 1546 lines, is rather an abridgement than a translation of the French copy, the fragment of which consists of no less than 2760. Most of the names, also, are entirely different; nor can the identity of the two poems be easily ascertain'd, so that, it is possible, there may have been another French romance on this subject; since it would be very singular to find a translator indulging himself in such excessive libertys. Doctor Percy, therefor, had very little reason to asert that "the old metrical romance of *Horn-child* appears of genuine English growth;" and this after the judicious Tyrwhitt had giveën his decisive opinion, "that we have no English romance, prior to the age of Chaucer, which is not a translation or imitation of some earlier French romance" (IV, 68). Any peculiar instanceës of "Anglo-Saxon language or idiom," which should induce him to imagine that it "can scarce be dated later than within a century after the conquest" (I, lxxviii), wil be rather difficult to

discover; since, in fact, it favours much more of the Norman idiom than the Saxon.

* * The title prefix'd in the original manuscript, "Her bygyneþ þe geste of kyng Horn," though written in a different ink from the poem itself, is of the same age and character, and, apparently, by the same hand. It was, therefor, thought right to prefer it to "Horn child," which, however, appears to have been its popular name, unless Chaucer actually meant another romance on the same subject, which will be mention'd elsewhere.

V. 5. *Kynge he wes by weste.*]

This country, in other placeës call'd *Sudene* or *Sudene*, appears, from the French MS. (in which the latter name occurs) to be *Bretaine*.

V. 11. *For reyn ne myhte by ryne*

Ne sonne myhte shyne.]

Mister Ellis ingeniously conjectures the meaning to be, "For rain might not rain upon, nor sun shine upon, fairer child than he was:" he conceives that *by-ryne* is *be-rain*, a prefix to verbs, which stands in lieu of many prepositions, as in *be-dawb*, to dawb all over, &c. It might be difficult, at the same time, to find an instance of *by ryne* for *berain*; so that we may conjecture the signification was intended to be of Horn, that, neither could rain or frost fall (see *Ryne* in the glossary), or sun shine, upon a "Feyrorę child then he was."

V. 61. *So fele myhten ethe*

Bring thre to dethe.]

In the old French fragment, already describe'd, Aaluf is say'd to have been slain, in one place, by Romuld *le molfé*, in another, by Rollac, the son of

Godebrand, and nephew of Hildebrand and Herebrand, two African Saracen* kings, who, afterward, invade Westness or Ireland.

V. 85. *Horn* child.] Doctor Percy, in a note upon Shakspeares tragedy of *King Lear* (Steevenses edition, P. 172), aserts "The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *knights*, &c." and that "The same idiom occurs in Spensers *Faery queen*, where the famous *knight for Tristram* is frequently called *Child Tristram*." In this asertion, however, he has been somewhat too hasty; *Child Tristram*, in Spenser, being no *knight* at the time, but onely just dub'd *squire* by sir Calidore. His reference, also, to "B. V. C. ii. ft. 8. 13." is inaccurate; neither does B. VI. C. 8. ft. 15. relate to *Tristram* but to *prince Arthur*. Its proper signification seems to be a *youth* or *young man*, or, perhap, *man* in general. Sir Tryamour, in the romance under that title, is repeatedly call'd "the *chylde*," before he was made a knight. See fig. D. 4, 6.

V. 150. And feythene hethene kyng.]

This king is suppose'd to be *Mody*, the Saracen, whose death he here threatens, and whom he afterward slew. In the original his name is *Romund*:

"*Kuant il fu od Romund en Suddene la lee.*" F. 59.

* By these odious appellations the old Engleish writeers understood the Pagan *Danes* or *Norwegians*, who, in the ninth century, ravage'd Great-Britain and Ireland in every part. Geoffrey of Monmouth, it is remarkable, calls *Gormund* (a well-known king of the *Danes*, defeated, and baptise'd by king Alfred) king of the *Africans* (B. 11, C. 8): and, in the spurious laws of Edward the confesfour, it is aserted that king Arthur defeated the *Saracens* (meaning, peradventure, the pagan Saxons).

V. 161. *By dales and by dounes,
The children eoden to tounes,
Metten hue Eylmer the kyng,
Christ him yeve god tymyng,
Kyng of Westnesse.]*

Horn and his play-fellows have arrive'd in this country, from *Sudene*, by sea. *Westnesse* and *Sudenne* owe, therefor, to be different countrys, more especially as Horn sends a mesfage back from the former to the latter. (V. 149.) That *Aylmer*, however, the father of *Rymenild*, who is here king of *Westnesse*, is, in the French MS. *Hunlaf*, the father of *Rimel*, (king of *Sudene*,) who is elfewhere fay'd to have reign'd in *Bretaigne*, where he had resideëd at *Lions* (*Caer Leon*?) a brave city. "*Li rois a Lions kest cité vaillant.*" At V. 954. Horn says of himself

"Ich feche from *Westnesse*
Horn knight of *Estnesse*."

He is now in Ireland, whence he returns to *Westnesse* (V. 1021); where *Rymenild* was (V. 960).* He calls himself, in another place, "*Horn of Westnesse*" (V. 1215). There are two placeës, in *Holderness*, *Yorkshire*, call'd *East-ness* and *West-ness*, at this day; but *ness*, in that county, signifys, merely, an inlet of water; in *Scotland* it means a *nose*, promontory, or head-land, jutting out into the sea; as *Buchan-ness*, *Fife-ness*, &c.

V. 170. *Whenne be ye, gomen.]* A mistake, it is possible, for *whence*, unless *whenne* can be found elfewhere with the same signification.

* The French MS. makes Horn say he wil go to see her in *Bretaigne*, (where, it elfewhere appears, *Hunlaf*, her father, reign'd): so that *Britain* seems to be the same with *Westness* or *Sudene*.

V. 174. Felanrade] rightly *felaurode*.

V. 184. *Ther hue servede Crist,
That the payenes hit nuft;]*

Mist would better suit the rime, but not the sense; the characters being legible either way.

V. 233. *Steward tac thou here
My fundling for to lere
Of some mestere
Of wode and of ryvere.]*

Thus, Robert of Brunne, in his version of *Le Brut le maistre Wace* (see Hearnes edition of *Robert of Gloucester*, P. 622):

“Marian faire in chere
He couthe *of wode and ryvere*,
In alle maner of venerie, &c.”

It is explain'd, in *The rime of sire Thopas*:

“He coude *hunte at the wilde dere*,
And *ride on hauking for the rivere.*”

See, likewise, *The squyr of low degree*, V. 774; and *The frankleins tale*, V. 1752.

V. 236. *And toggen othe harpe
With his nalis sharpe.]*

This is an ordinary accomplishment of the heroes of romance. In the original fragment, at the table of king Gudred, his daughter Lenburc, her two brothers, and Horn, pass the harp to each other: the latter particularly distinguishes himself:

“*Lors print la harpe a sei si commence a temperer
Deu ki dunc lesgardaft, cum il la sot manier!
Cum ses cordes tuchot, cum les feseit trembler,
A quantes faire les chanz a kuantes organer,
Del armonie del ciel lie pureit remembrer*

*Sur tuz ceus ke i sunt fait cist à merveillier,
 Kuant celes notes ot fait prent sen amunter,
 E par tut autre tuns fait les cordes soner :
 Mut sefmerveillent tuit quil la sot ci manier,
 E quant il ot ci fait comenca a noter
 Le lay dunt orains dis * de Batolf haut e cler
 Si cum sunt cil Bretun de tel fait customer."*

Sir Tristram, in his youth, was sent into France for his education, and there "learned to be an harper, pasing all other, that there was none such called in no cuntry." *Mort d'Arthur*, P. 1, C. 3. See also C. 59, and more instances in the *Roman de Tristan*, Rouen, 1489. In mister Douce's MS. he says to Yfolt :

*"Od ma harpe me delitoie,
 Je noi confort ki tant amoie,
 Ben tost en oist parler,
 Ke mult savoie ben harper.*

* * * *

*Bons lais de harpe vus apris,
 Lais Bretuns de nostre pais."*

V. 531. *Rymenild welcometh sire Horn.*]

The parallel passage of the original is at fo. 60, b.

"Rimel la fille le rei bien en oi parler, &c."

V. 580. *The knyght hire gan to cusse.*]

In the original, Rimel gives him a kifs along with the ring, saying,

"Cest anel prendrez, od trestut cest baisfer."

V. 644. *And Fykenyld bi is fyde.*]

This Fykenild, in the original poem, is name'd

- * *"Batolf le fiz Hunlaf rei de nobleté,
 Ki en Bretagne maint, ke cest sun herité,
 Le fist de sa sorur Rimel od la grant leuté," &c.*

Wikele. Being refuse'd a horse by Horn, he betrays his love to the king, as in *V. 690, &c.*

V. 704. Aylmer gan hom turne, &c.

King Hunlaf (the Aylmer of the present poem) and Horn have a much larger dialogue in the French original.

V. 747. He toc Athulf is fere

Aboute the swere.]

Athulf is never once mention'd in the French.

V. 761. The wynd bigon to stonde

And drof hem up-o-londe.]

The country, in which he now lands, is, in the original fragment, call'd *Westir*, which is there explain'd to mean Ireland.

“*Ki ore Hirland lors Westir fu apelee.*”

V. 767. That one wes hoten Athyld,

And that other Beryld.]

In the French fragment the names of the two sons of king *Guddred* of *Westir*, who meet Horn, on his arrival in that kingdom, are *Gofer* and *Egfer*. The latter's question is nearly the same with that in the present poem. Part of his reply is as follows:

“*De Sutdene sui nez, si ma geste ne ment*

Fiz sui dun vavosur dun povere tenement.

* * * * *

“*Ne me deura nul blasmer per le mien escient,*

Gudmod sui apelé en mun baptisement:

Or vus ai tut rendu vostre demandement.”

It would seem, from the first of these lines, that there had been a still more ancient romance on this subject, to which Horn is thus awkwardly made to refer. It seems alludeëd to in two other passages:

“ *Joe sui veraïement Horn, dunt parolent la gent.*”

“ *E Horn si a torné cum dit le parchemin.*”

V. 785. *Godmod he lad to halle.*]

The parallel pasfage of the old fragment is in fo. 63, b. and begins

“ *Kuant li reis Guddred vit ses fiz ke sunt entrez.*”

V. 800. *Ther thou haft munt to wyfe,*

Awey he shal the dryve ;

For Godmodes feyrhede

Shalt thou never spede.]

These lines answer to the following of the original :

“ *Je vus alez donneer kot vus nel amenez,*

Kas il est de beute is si illuminez,

Ke vus la ou il est petit ferre preïsez,

Ki tuz homes einz oes de beute pusfiez.” Fo. 63, b.

V. 809. *Ther com in, at none,*

A geaunt suythe sone.]

This giant is not so call'd in the French ; where he is name'd *Rollac*. He was the son of Godebrand, and the nephew of Hildebrant and Herebrant, two African, or Saracen, tyrants, who now arrive in Westir, and had slain Aaluf the father of Horn.* They fend him to the court to demand tribute, but Horn fights with, and kills him, and cuts off his head. The battle is describe'd at some length. The two princeës are slain by Hydebrant ; but their death is revenge'd by Horn. In a former part, mention is made of a similar visit to king Hunlaf by a giant name'd *Marmorin*. Fo. 59.

V. 906. *Me buriede hem with ryche won.*]

* It is, however, say'd, afterward, to Horn, by Gudred :

“ *Si vus vengez bien de Romuld le malfé,*

Ki vostre pere Aaluf ocist par grant pecché.”

Mister Ellis, in his criticism on Robert of Gloucester, says "The oddest peculiarity in his style is the strange use of the word *me*, which," he adds, "we have seen once by Layamon, but which here occurs as a mere expletive in every page."* In fact, however, the use of this word is, by no means, a *peculiarity* in the honest monk, since it occurs in Layamon, in the present poem, and would be found, no doubt, in other productions of that age if we had them to consult: neither is it ever once an *expletive*; and that this ingenious, but rapid, writer, did not perfectly understand his own objection is evident from his having quoted a single passage in which it is neither *od*, nor *peculiar*, nor *strange*, nor *expletive*, but is merely a vulgar substitution of the accusative *me*, instead of the nominative *i*; a vulgar corruption common enough at this day. ME, in fact, as most frequently and certainly use'd by Robert of Gloucester, as well as by Layamon, and in the above text, means nothing more or less than MEN, as could be prove'd from a hundred citations; but will be sufficiently so from Hearnes glossary: "ME, *men, me, i, to me, my*. ME CLUPETH, *men call*; ME BERE, *men carried*; ME NOM, *men took*; ME NOT, *men know not*; ME SEITH, *men say*."

V. 915. *Dochter ich habbe one,*

* * * *

Ermenild *that feyre may*.]

Gudreds daughter, in the original, is named *Lenburc*, whom he there offers as wife to Horn, who politely declines the gift, as being engage'd to one of his own condition, the daughter of a vavasour in Britain; a refusal which the king deems proper to a madman.

* Specimens, I, 104.

V. 947. *A page he can mete.*]

Instead of a page, we have, in the French fragment, a palmer or pilgrim (*un palmer pelerin*), in fact, the son of Herlant, his foster-father, and his name turns out to be *Jocerant*. He gives him an account of the treachery of *Wikele*, and the intended marriage of *Rimel*, the daughter of Hunlaf, to the king of *Fenoie* or *Fenice*, afterward name'd *Modun*.

V. 991. *Horn com to Thurston the kyng.*]

This interview takes place in the French fragment; which gives the kings speech, and the suppliants harangue, at great length. His name is, there, not *Thurston*, but *Gudred* or *Guddrec*.

V. 1030. *Ne mihte he come no latere.*] Because, had he come lateër, he would have come too soon. This seems to be the meaning.

V. 1033. *His folk he made abyde
Under a wode-syde.*]

So, in the French fragment :

“*Bois avoit environ ou einz sunt enbuschez
Ki trestuz les coveri quil ne furent avisee.*” Fo. 72.

V. 1037. *On palmere he y-mette.*]

This adventure is allso in the original, fo. 72.

“*En sa voie encontra un paumer penant.*”

V. 1059. *Quoth Horn, So Crist me rede,
We wolleth change wede;
Tac thou robe myne,
Ant ye sclaveyn thyne.*]

A similar exchange occurs in the copy of *Sir Orpheo*, in the Auchinleck-manuscript (Num. lii), which wil be found in a note on the poem of the same title hereafter printed.

In “The noble hystory of the moost excellent and

myghty prynce, and hygh renoumed knyght, kyng
 Ponthus of Galyce, [and the fayre Sydoyne, daughter
 of the kyng] of lytell Brytayne, Enprynted at London
 in Flete strete at the fygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de
 Worde, In the yere of our lorde god, M.CCCCC.XI,"
 4to, b. l. fig. L 6 : is this pasage : " And as he [Pon-
 thus] rode he met with a poore palmer, beggyng his
 brede, the whiche had his gowne all to-clouted, and an
 olde pyllled hatte ; so, he alyght, and fayd to the pal-
 mer, Frende, we shall make a chaunge of all our gar-
 mentes, for ye shall have my gowne, and i shall have
 yours and your hatte. A, fyr, fayd the palmer, ye
 bourde you with me. In good fayth, fayd Ponthus, i
 do not. So he dyspoyled hym and cladde hym with
 all his rayment, and he put upon hym the poore
 mannes gowne, his gyrdell, his hofyn, his shone, his
 hatte, and his bourdon."

In the ancient poem of " Robyn Hode and the pot-
 ter" they change clothes in the same manner (see *Robin
 Hood*, London, T. Egerton, 1795, I, 86), as the former
 does again, in the ballad of his " rescuing the widows
 three sons from the sheriff when going to be executed"
 (II, 153).

" Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
 With a link, a down, and a day,
 And there he met with a filly old palmer,
 Was walking along the highway.

* * * * *

" Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
 Come change thy apparel for mine ;
 Here is forty shillings in good silver,
 Go drink it in beer or wine."

“ Oh thine apparel is good, he said,
 And mine is ragged ;
 Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
 Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn.

“ Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
 Come change thy apparel with mine ;
 Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
 Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

He, elfewhere, changeës clothes with an old woman.
 (See *Robin Hood and the bishop*, II, 19.)

V. 1060. *We wolleth chaunge wede ;*
Tac thou robe myne
Ant ye [i] sclaveyn thyne...
Sclaveyn he gon down legge
And Horn hit dude on rugge.]

A *sclaveyn* seems to have been the coarse frock of a palmer or pilgrim. It is say'd in *Syr Orphéo*, *V.* 221 :

“ Alle his kyndam he forfoke,
 And to him a *sclaveyn* anon he toke.”

Again, *V.* 328 :

“ His sclaveyn dede he on his bak.”

Thus, too, in *The chronicle of Engleland*, *V.* 33

“ Scheth he heden as hors gret,
 That beren wolle ase her of get,
 Thereof hy maden hem *sclaveyns*,
 Ase *palmeſs* that beth *paynyns*.”

Cotgrave, refering from *Sclavine* to *Eſclavine*, or *Eſclamme*, describes it as “ a long and thicke riding cloake to bear off the raine ; a *pilgrims cloake*, or *mantle* ; a cloake for a traveller ; a sea-gowne ; a coarse, high-collered, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the midleg, and used most by sea-men, and saylers.”

V. 1082. *He threw him adoun the brugge.*]

His treatment of the porter is much the same in the original:

“*Sur le pont le jeta el parfund des paluz.*”

V. 1106. *Rymenild rose of benche.*]

Much circumstantial narrative, in the original, is here omitted: but the following passage seems to be the one alludeed to; though too long to cite entire:

“*En la butelrie Rimel apres coe entrée
Un corn prist grant dunt la liste est gemmée,
Kentur la bouche est bien demi pie lée,
Si est dor Affricain, à merveille bien overée.
De piment lad empli beivre k bien agrée,
A sun dru le porta cum est la custumée,
E les autres ensemment od vesfele dorrée,
Servent al manger en la sale curtinée
Katre turs unt ja fait ke ne funt arestee,
De ci ke vint al quint ke Horn la alifachee,
Al trespas kele fist par la mance orfreisee
Puis li a en riant tele parole mustree.*”

Then he recommends it to her, for the love of god, to be good to the poor, and give somewhat to himself and his companions: upon which, after returning a pretty answer, she fetches a family cup of great value, replenish'd with wine, and sets it before Horn; who, to her astonishment, refusees either to drink, or to restore the cup. He then discovers himself, in an obscure and equivocal manner, and proposees that each should drink half the wine. Once more she delivers to him the cup, into which he drops a ring, which, on drinking her part, she receives in her mouth, and knows to be that which she had formerly giveen to Dan Horn; and here ends this curious fragment.

V. 1134. *Y wis icham a fysshere.*]

Nothing of this is in the original, at least in Horns conversation with Rimel. He only says to her,

“ *Bele, sachez de fi joe fu jadis custumer*”

Ke plus riches vesfens me foleit Rom aporter.”

Modun takes him for a minstrel, who had come to perform on his tabour at the marriage :

“ *Ali piert quil est las un lecheur,*

Ki a ces noces vient pur juer od tabur.”

He, however, afterward tels that monarch,

“ *Jadis servi ci un home de grant valor,*

Dirai vus mun mester, joe fus un pescur.

Une rey ke joi bone est a tel labur,

En une ewe la mis peiscuns prendre a un jur.

Pres sunt seth anz alez ke ne fis ca retur,

Ore sui ca venuz fin ere regardeur.

Si ele pescuns ad pris james navera mamur,

E fi uncore sanz ec dunc en ere porteur.”

V. 1203. *To flaine mide hire kyng Lothe.*]

The final word appears in the manuscript with a small l; but what its precise meaning is has not been discover'd: the context is, that Rimenild fought after knives to slay with her [therwith] the king, and herself both: but the kings name was not *Lothe* but *Mody*. The construction would be scarcely less violent, that though she were determine'd to kil the king, at the same time with herself, she was *loth* to do it.

V. 1305. *The ship bigan aryve*

Under Sudennes fide.]

Horn, who has just arrive'd in this ship, from *Westness*, it would seem, where he has been marry'd to *Rymenild*; and, in an address to king *Aylmer*,

her father, says, in answer to an old calumny, that he had attempted to lye with his daughter,

“ Y wys ich hit with fugge,
Ne shal ich hit ner agynne
Er ich *Sudenne* wynne ;
Thou kep hyre mi astounde,
The while that ich founde,
Into my *heritage*.”

He is now arrive'd, in a ship, “ under *Sudennes* side.”
He, afterward, tels the knight, Athulfs father,

“ Icham icome into *Sudenne*,
With fele *Yriffhemenne*.”

So that, it is evident, that the poet has either, in some placeës, confounded the two kingdoms of *Westnesse* and *Sudenne* (or Britain) with each other ; or, in others, has split that of *Sudene* otherwise *Westnesse* into two.

V. 1499. *He made Rymenilt a lay,*
And hue feyd weilaway.]

A lay, as before observe'd, is generally an amorous, tender, and elegiack song. He seems, on this occasion, to be acting the part of a minstrel.

The interjection of sorrow, *weil-a-way*, which mister Tyrwhitt found variously orthographise'd in the MSS. of Chaucer, he, uniformly, spels *walawa*, conformably to its Saxon etymology *pa la pa*, which was not only inexcusable, but inconsistent with his own practice, as a MS. is very rarely uniform in its orthography. It seems to have been the burthen of some ancient popular song. Thus, in the *Coventry-play*, Abraham says to Isaac,

“ Thy meckenes, childe, makes me afreay,
My songe maye be *waille-a-waye*.”

HORN CHILDE AND MAIDEN RIMNILD.

Mi leve frende dere,
 Herken, and ye may here,
 And ye wil under-sonde,
 Stories ye may lere
 Of our elders that were
 Whilom in this lond.
 Y wil you telle of kinges tuo,
 Hende Hatheolf was on of tho,
 That weld al Ingelond ;
 Fram Humber north than walt he,
 That was into the wan fee,
 Into his owen hond.

He no hadde no child, as ye may here,
 Bot a sone that was him dere,
 When that he was born.
 The king was glad, and of gode chere,
 He sent after frendes fer and nere,
 And bad men calle him Horn.
 Eight knave childer he fought
 To Horn his sone bitaught,
 Alle were they frely born,
 With him to play and lere to ride,
 Five yer in that ich tide,
 With baner him biforn.

Hende, and ye me herken wold,
 The childer name as it is told
 Y wil you reken aright :

Hathrof* and Tebau[l]de,
 Athelston and Winwold,
 Garüs, wife and wight,
 Wihard that was ever trewe,
 Seththen first him Horn knewe,
 To ferve with al his might,
 Witard, and his brother Wikel,
 Sethen Horn fond hem ful fikel,
 Lefinges on him thai light.

Arlaund, that al thewes couthe,
 Bothe bi north and bi fouth,
 In herd is nought to hide,
 On hunting was him most couthe
 For to blowe an horn with mouthe
 And houndes lede bifide;
 To harpe wele, and play at ches,
 And al gamen that used is,
 And mo was in that tide;
 Hathrolf Arlaund bitaught,
 Horn and his children aught,
 To lern hem to ride.

Out of Danmark coman here
 Opon Ingland for to were,
 With stout oft and unride,
 With yren hattes, scheld, and spere,
 Alle her pray to schip thai bere,
 In Clifland bi Tese-side. †

* Hayidf, MS. *but in p. 13*, &c. Hatherof.

† Now *Cleveland*, in the north-west corner of Yorkshire.

Schepe and nete to schip thai brought,
 And al that thai have mought,
 In herd is nought to hide ;
 When Hatheolf it herd fay,
 He busked bothe night and day,
 Oyain hem for to ride.

Within that ich fourtennight,
 Barouns fele, and mani a knight,
 Al were thai redi boun,
 With helme on heved, and brini bright,
 Alle were thai redi to fight,
 And rered gonfeynoun,
 On Alerton-more al they mett,
 Ther were her dayes sett,
 Failed hem no roum ;
 Seth then to Clifland thai rade,
 Ther the Danis men abade,
 To fel the feye adoun.

In a morning thai bigan,
 Of al that day thai no blan,
 That baleful werk to wirke,
 Sides thai made blo and wan,
 That er were white so fether on swan,
 Whiche gamen man aught irke.
 When that even bicam,
 The Danis men were al slan,
 It bigan to mirke.
 Whofo goth or rideth therbi,
 Yete may men see ther bones ly,
 Bi feynt Sibiles kirke.

Hende Hatheolf, as y you fay,
 Duelled ther the nighen day,
 The folk of him was fain ;
 Thai toke anon that ich pray,
 Schepe and nete that ther slain lay,
 And yaf it the folk oyain ;
 Armour and brini bright,
 He yaf to squier and to knight,
 To fervaunt and to swayn ;
 Schipes he dede to lond drawe,
 And yaf to bond men on rawe,
 For her catel was slayn.

Tho he feye that were wight,
 With helme on heved, and brini bright,
 And wele couthe prike a stede,
 And tho that were doughti in fight,
 Sexti dubbed he ther to knight,
 And yaf hem riche mede.
 Sum baylis he made,
 And sum he yaf londes brade,
 His yiftes were nought guede ;
 And feth then he dede chirches make,
 To sing for the dedes sake ;
 God quite him his mede !

Setthen king Hatholf fore,
 For to huntten on Blakeowe-more,*
 With a rout unride,

* *Blackmore*, in the wapontake of Rydale, in the north-riding of Yorkshyre, whence Helmsley obtains the addition of *Blakamore*.

In frethe and in foreft thore,
 To telle the dere strong it wore,
 That he felled that tide,
 Anon after, withouten leſing,
 He held a feſt at Pikering,
 Ther his knightes ſchuld ride,
 And ſeththen to York, was nought to layn,
 Arlaunde com him oyain,
 And Horn his ſone with pride.

King Hatheolf tok the children aught,
 That he had his ſone bitaught,
 And gan to wepe anon ;
 Ich ave won mi ſon with maught,
 That we oyein in batayl faught,
 And now thai ben al ſlon ;
 And your faders ben ſlawe thare,
 That of-thinketh me ful fare,
 And other mani on.
 The lond that thai held of me
 Alle i give you here fre,
 Ward no kepe y non.

With Horn mi ſon y wil ye be
 As your faders han ben with me,
 And othes ye ſchul him ſwere,
 That ye ſchal never fram him fle,
 For gold no ſilver, lond no fe,
 Oyein outlondis here ;
 To Horn his ſone he hem bitoke,
 And dede hem ſwere opon the boke.
 Feuté thai ſchuld him bere ;

While that thai live might,
 With helme on heved, and brini bright,
 His londes for to were.

Heude Hatheolf, that was fo fre,
 Bot nighen moneth sojourned he,
 No lenge no hadde he pes ;
 Out of Yrlond com kinges thre,
 Her names can y telle the
 Wele, withouten les.
 Fer wele and Winwald wern thierto,
 Malk an king was on of tho,
 Proude in ich a pres,
 At Westmer land stroyed thay,
 The word com on a Whisfon day
 To king Hatheolf at his des.

He bad the harpouren leuen his lay,
 For ons bihoveth another play,
 Buske armour and stede,
 He sent his fond night and day
 Al so fast as he may
 His folk to batayl bede.
 " Bid hem that thai com to me
 Al that hold her lond fre,
 Help now at this nede.
 Better manly to be slayn
 Than long to live in forwe and pain
 Oyain our londis thede."

Thai busked hem wel hastily
 To com to the kinges cri
 With elleven night,

That everiche strete and everi sty
 Glifed ther thai riden by
 Of her brinis bright ;
 And seththen to Staynes-more thai rode,*
 The rout was bothe long and brod,
 To fel tho fay in fight ;
 Alle that night duelled thay
 Til a morwe that it was day,
 The barouns of gret might.

The Irife oft was long and brade,
 On Staines-more ther thai rade,
 Thai yaf a crie for pride.
 Hende Hatheolf hem abade,
 Swiche meting was never made,
 With forwe on ich aside.
 Right in a litel ffounde
 Sexti thousand wer layd to grounde,
 In herd is nought to hide,
 King Hatheolf slough with his hond,
 That was comen out of Yrlond,
 Tuo kinges that tide.

King Hatheolf was wel wo,
 For the Irife oft was mani and mo,
 With scheld and with spere.
 Ful long seththen man feyd so,
 When men schuld to batayl go,
 To men might on dere,
 Thei king Hatheolf faught fast
 King Malkan stiked attelaft
 His stede that schuld him bere.

* Between Brough and Bowes.

Now schal men finde kinges fewe
 That in batail be so trewe
 His lond for to were.

When king Hatheolf on fot stode
 The Yrife folk about him yode,
 As hondes do to bare,
 Whom he hit upon the hode,
 Were he never knight so gode
 He yave a dint wel fare.
 He brought, in a litel stounde,
 Wele fif thousende to grounde,
 With his grimly gare ;
 The Yrife oft tok hem to red
 To ston that douhti knight to ded,
 - Thai durst neighe him na mare.

Gret diol it was to fe
 Of hende Hatheolf that was so fre,
 Stones to him thai cast ;
 Thai brak him bothe legge and kne,
 Gret diol it was to fe,
 He kneled attélast.
 King Malcan with wretthe out stert,
 And smote king Hatheolf to the hert,
 He held his wepen so fast,
 That king Malkan smot his arm atuo,
 Er he might gete his swerd him fro,
 For nede his hert to-braft.

Tho king Malkan wan the priis,
 Oway brought he no mo y wis
 Of his men bot thrittèn,

That wounded were in bak and sîde,
 Thai fleghie, and durst nought abide,
 Dathet who hem bimene.
 To Yrlond he com oyain,
 And left her fair folk al slain,
 Lieand on the grene.
 Tharf hem noither night no day,
 Make her ros thai wan the pray,
 Bot flowe the king y wene.

An erl of Northumberland,
 He herd telle this titheand,
 He busked him to ride ;
 Alle he fefed in his hand
 Al that he to-forn him fand,
 Right to Humber-sîde.
 When that Arlaund herd sâin
 That hende Hatheolf was slain
 He durst no lenge abide,
 Thai busked bothe night and day,
 As falst as thai may,
 Her hevedes for to hide.

Fer soute in Inglond,
 Houlac king ther thai fond,
 With knightes stithe on stede,
 He toke him Horn bi the hand,
 When he hadde told his titheand
 Mennes hertes might blede :
 " When hende Hatheolf was slan
 And his londes fram him tan,
 And we ben flowe for drede,

Of myself is me nought,
 Bot Horn his sone ichave the brought,
 Help now in this nede."

Houlac king was wel hende,
 Resfaived hem nighen Herlaund the tende,
 Her maister for to be :
 " Mete and drink y schal hem fende,
 And ever when ich out wende
 Thai schal wende with me.
 Horn schal be me leve and dere."
 He bad Harlaund schuld him lere,
 The right for to fe,
 The lawes bothe eld and newe,
 All maner gamen and glewe,
 In bok thus rede we.

Thus in boke as we rede
 Alle thai were in court to fede
 Sweteliche at lare,
 Alle were thai clothed in o wede,
 To ride on palfray, other on stede,
 Whether hem lever ware.
 Horn was bothe war and wise,
 At hunting oft he wan the priis,
 Loved he nothing mare ;
 Harpe and romaunce he radde aright,
 Of al gle he hadde in fight
 That in lond ware.

The word of Horn wide sprong
 Hold he was bothe michel and long,
 Within fiftene yere ;

Ther was no knight in Ingland
 That might a dint stond of his hond,
 Noither fer no nere.
 Michel he was, and wele ymaked;
 As white as milke he was naked,
 And ever o blithe chere;
 Meke he was, and trewe so stiel,
 Alle games he couthe wel,
 As ye may forward here.

Houlac king, y wene,
 Hadde no child bi the quene,
 Bot a maid bright,
 Al thai seyde that hir sene
 Sche was a feir may, and a schene,
 And maiden Rimneld she hight.
 When sche herd Horn speke
 Might sche him nought foryete,
 Bi day no bi night,
 Loved never childer mare
 Bot Tristrem or Yfoud it ware,
 Who so rede aright.

That miri maiden wald nought wond
 Dern love for to fond,
 Yif sche it might winne;
 Forthi sche sent with hir fond
 For to speke with Arlund,
 For Horn schuld cum with him.
 And Arlund him bithought,
 Yif he Horn with him brought,
 Lefinges schuld biginne;

Forthi he lete Horn at hame,
 And toke Hatherof in his name,
 To maiden Rinneld [in].

The miri maiden, al so fone
 As Hatherof into chamber come,
 Sche wend that it wer Horn,
 A riche cheier was undon
 That feiven might sit theron,
 In swiche craft ycorn;
 A baudekin theron was spred,
 Thider the maiden hadde hem led,
 To fiten hir biforn,
 Frount and spices sche hem bede,
 Wine to drink, wite and rede,
 Bothe of coppe and horn.

Than a ferjaunt sche bad ga,
 A gentil goshauk for to ta,
 Fair he was to flight,
 Therwith herten* gloves to,
 Swiche was the maner tho,
 And yaf Hatherof of his yift.
 Sche wende bi Hatherof Horn it wore
 That loved hunting nothing more,
 On him hir love was light,
 A les of grehoundes forth thai brought
 And he forfoke, and wald it nought,
 And feyd Hatherof he hight.

“ What ever thi name it be,
 Thou schalt have this houndes thre,
 That wele can take a dere ;

* Buckskin.

And, Hatherof, for the love of me,
Com to-morn, and Horn with the :”

He lay her hert ful nere :
And Harlaund, that was hende,
Toke his leve for to wende,
With a blithe chere,
And com anon on the morn,
And brought with him hende Horn,
As ye may forward here.

The maiden bour was fair spred,
Atired al with riche wedde,
Sche haylett them with winne ;
The mirie maiden hir bithought
In what maner that sche mought
Trewelove for to ginne.
Sche fett hir hem bituene,
The maiden was bright and schene,
And comen of kinges kinne ;
Anon hir felve hadde hem lede
To sitten opon her owen bedde,
Arlaund, and Horn with him.

Hendeliche sche to him spac,
A poumgarnet ther sche brak,
And spices dede sche calle ;
Wine to drink, after that
Sche lete fet forth a stede blac,
Was covered al with palle.
The stiropes were of silke wite,
Bridel and fadel al was slike,
And feyd, Horn, hende in halle,

It was me told thou schult be knight,
 Y the yif here a stede light,
 And a queyntife of palle.

Horn, fche feyd, is thi name,
 An horn i schal yive the ane,
 A michel and unride,
 Al yvore is the bon,
 Sett with mani a riche ston,
 To bere bi thi fide.
 The baudrike was of filk right,
 The maiden self it hadde ydight,
 Layd with gold for pride:
 "What that ever be with me,
 Horn, at thi wille schal it be,
 In herd is nought te hide."

Than fche lete forth bring
 A fwerd hongand bi a ring,
 To Horn fche it bitaught:
 "It is the make of Miming,*
 Of all fwerdes it is king,
 And Weland it wrought.
 Bitterfer the fwerd hight,
 Better fwerd bar never knight,
 Horn, to the ich it thought;
 Is nought a knight in Inglond
 Schal fitten a dint of thine hond,
 Forfake thou it nought.

* *Meming* was a satyr, or silvan deity, in the forests of Lapland, who posses'd a sword and bracelet of inestimable value, which *Hoder*, brother of *Adils* king of Sweden, in vain endeavour'd to wrest from him. See *Saxo*, V. 3, P. 40, where he is call'd *Mimring*. It is, at the same time, *Mimming* in *Olaus Magnus*, L. 3, C. 12.

Hendelich than thanked he
 The maiden of hir yift fre,
 And feyd, So god me spede,
 Rimnild, for the love of the,
 Y schal juſte that thou ſchalt ſe
 Opon this ich ſtede.
 Horn, in that ich ſtounde,
 Yaf the maiden love wounde,
 So neighe hir hert it yede,
 And ſche wel trewely hath him hight,
 Yif that he be dubbed knight,
 Hir maidenhod to mede.

Within that ich fourtenight,
 Horn was dubbed to knight,
 And Hatherof, as i wene,
 And other mani that were light,
 Has Houlak king hadde hem hight,
 So were thai ful fiſtene.
 A turnament the king lete crie,
 Thider com wel on heye
 Knightes that wer kene.
 Maiden Rimneld biheld the play,
 Hou Horn wan the priis that day,
 To wite and nought to wene.

Houlac king yaf Horn leve
 In his bour for to acheve
 The maidens that were fre,
 Riche of kin and hondes ſleye,
 Thai hadde frendes fer and neighe,
 He might avauced be,

And maiden Rimnild him bede
 That he schuld take non other rede
 No nother than chose he,
 For sche wel trewely hath him hight,
 Yif that sche live might,
 His leman wald sche be.

Tebaud went beyond se,
 And Winwald, that was so fre,
 To leren hem to ride;
 With the king of Fraunce duelled he,
 Mani time thai gat the gre*
 In turnament that tide.
 The king feighe that thai wer wight,
 Bothe he dubbed hem to knight,
 With wel riche pride;
 Wiif thai toke, and duelled thare,
 In Ingland com thai no mare,
 Her werdes for to bide.

Gariis into Bretein went,
 And Athelstou with him was lent,
 To an erl so fre;
 At justes, and at turnament,
 Whiderward so thai went,
 Ever thai gat the gre;
 And th'erl hem bothe knightes made,
 And yaf hem londes wide and brade
 With him for to be:
 Thus thai duelled ther in pes,
 While that Cristes wil wes:
 In boke so rede we.

* The degree, or prize.

Houlac king yaf gold and fe
 To hem, that thai might the better be,
 And bad thai schuld wive ;
 Hatherof, a knight fre,
 And, Horn, he feyd, i love the,
 Man most olive :
 And Wiard, treuly, he hath hight,
 That he schal dubbed be to knight,
 At another sith ;
 Wigard and Wikel hem bithought
 How thai Horn bitray mought,
 God lete hem never thrive !

On a day, as Houlak king
 Schuld wende on his playing,
 To late his haukes flewe,
 Horn than, withouten lesing,
 Bilaft at hom for blode-leteing,
 Al for a maladye.
 Wikard bi the king rade,
 Wikel that lesing made,
 Horn gan thai wray,
 And feyd, Sir, y feighe yisterday
 Hou Horn by thi douhter lay,
 Traitours bothe be thai.

The king leved that thai fede,
 Forthi yaf sche him the stede,
 Lesing it is nought ;
 He went hom as he wern wode
 Into boure anon he yode,
 And maiden Rimmild he fought.

He bete hir fo that fche gan blede,
 The maidens fleighe oway for drede,
 Thai durst help hir nought ;
 Giltles fche was of that dede,
 Horn hadde nought hir maidenhede,
 Bot in word and thought.

Houlac his awerd hath tan,
 And feyd Horn schuld be slan,
 For wretthe he wald wede ;
 “ He hath me don michel schame,
 Y wende wele have suffred nane
 For mi gode dede.”
 Knightes com the king biforn,
 Alle prayd thai for Horn,
 No might ther non spede ;
 The king into his chaunber is gon,
 And schet himself therin alon,
 Til his wretthe overyede.

Thei that Horn was fore adrad,
 Into boure he was ladde,
 The maiden for to fe,
 He fond hir liggeand on hir bedde,
 Mouthe and nose al for-bled :
 “ This hastow for me.”
 “ Bi god of heven that me bought,
 Of mi selve is me nought,
 Way is me for the.
 Fals men hath on ous leyd,
 And to mi fader ous biwraid,
 Y drede he flemes te,

Bot, Horn, yif it so schal bitide
 That thou schalt out of lond ride,
 And flemed schaltow be,
 This seven winter y schal abide,
 Mi maidenhed to hele and hide,
 For the love of the ;
 Thei an emperour come
 King, other kinges sone,
 For to wedde me,
 Of no love ne schal he spede,
 That y ne schal kepe mi maidenhede,
 So help me god to the.

Horn, to morwe in the morning
 Thou schalt fare on hunting,
 To take the wild ro,
 Yif god the spede an hunting,
 Loke thou bring it bifor the king,
 What so thou may do,
 As he fittes at his des,
 Yferved of the first mes,
 Haughtel the now so,
 Fare as thou wist nought,
 And he schal telle the al his thought,
 Er thou fram that bord go."

A morwen Horn to hunting is gan,
 To take the wilde with the tan,
 In the morwening ;
 Fine hertes hath he tan,
 Bi midday brought hem ham,
 Bifor Houlak king.

The king feyd, It is for nought,
 Traitour, thou hast trefoun wrought,
 To-morwe yf y the finde,
 Bi mi croun thou schalt be flawe,
 With wilde hors al to-drawe,
 And fetthen on galwes hing.

To Rimneld he com withouten lesing,
 And sche bitaught him a ring
 The vertu wele sche knewe :
 " Loke thou forsake it for no thing,
 It schal ben our tokening,
 The ston it is wel trewe.
 When the ston wexeth wan,
 Than chaungeth the thought of thi leman,
 Take than a newe ;
 When the ston wexeth rede
 Than have y lorn mi maidenhed,
 Oyaines the untrewe.

Horn feyd, In thine erber is a tre,
 Ther under is a wel fre,
 Ygrowen al with yve,
 Rimnild, for the love of me,
 Everi day that thou ther be,
 To se the water lithe,
 And, when thou fest mi schadu thare,
 Than trowe thou me na mare,
 Than am y bon to wive,
 And, while thou fest mi schadu nought,
 Than chaungeth never mi thought,
 For no woman olive.

Houlac king wald nere wede,
 There he sat opon his fede,
 And seyð, Traitour, fle!
 Horn tok his leve, and yede,
 With him he toke his gode stede,
 And grehoundes bot three;
 And alle his harneys, lasse and mare,
 Hatherof durst nought with him fare,
 So wroth the king was he.
 Maidens in the boure gan crie,
 And seyð Rimmild wald dye,
 "Now swoneth that fre."

When Horn com fer out of that fight,
 He seyde, Godebounde he hight,
 When he gan ani mete;
 Wiard rode after, day and night,
 Al so fast as he might,
 Horn for to seke.
 Of Godebounde herd he speke,
 Horn no might he never gete,
 Bi way, no bi strete.
 Wiard rode fouth, and Horn rode west,
 To Wales Horn come attélest,
 Wel long er thai so mete.

Thurth a forest as he schuld fare
 An armed knight mett he thare,
 And bad Horn schuld abide,
 To yeld his harneise lesse and mare,
 Other juste, whether him lever ware,
 The lawe is nought to hide;

And Horn of justing was ful fain,
 And seyde to the knight oyain,
 Ful leve me were to ride.
 The knight toke a schaft in hand
 And Horn wele under fand
 That he couthe ride.

Horn tok on al so long
 A ful tough and to so strong,
 Oyaines him that tide;
 The knightes scheld he cleve atuo,
 And of his plates he brac tho,
 And frused alle his fide.
 Out of his fadel he bar him than,
 He brac his arm, and his schulder ban,
 He hadde a ful unride.*

When he of fwoning bicam
 He asked after Hornes nam,
 Whider he wald gang:
 “ In Walis lond is ther nan
 Man ymade of flesche no ban,
 Oyain the may stand.”
 Horn answered onan,
 Godebounde is mi nam,
 I cham comen to fand.
 For to win gold and fe,
 In servise with your king to be,
 That lord is of this land.

* Either this or the precedeing stanza is defective by the omission of three lines.

" Our kinges name is Elidan,
 In al Wales is ther nan
 So strong a man as he ;
 While the seven days began
 Everich day with fundri man
 Justing bedes he the.
 The eighten day, be thou bold,
 Yif thou the seven days mai hold,
 The king than schaltow fe
 Com rideand on a stede broun,
 With a foket o feloun,
 For to win the gre."

Horn seyde, withouten lesing,
 For to speke with the king,
 For nothing wil y bide.
 The knight teld him na mare
 The king at Snowedoun he fond thare,
 Sir Elydan that tyde.
 He justed al that seven night
 Everi day with fundri knight,
 He gat the fairest pride ;
 The eighten day with Elidan,
 And wan her stedes everilk an,
 In herd is nought to hide.

He smot the king upon the scheld,
 Of his hors he made him held,
 And feld him to the grounde,
 Swiche on hadde he founde feld,
 That so had feld him in the feld,
 Bi for that ich founde.

The king asked him what he hight,
 And he him answerd anon right,
 My name is Godebounde.
 " Y wil the yif gold and fe,
 Yif that thou wil duelle with me,
 Bi yere a thousand ponde."

Mesfangers com out of Yrland,
 And toke the king a letter in hand,
 And bad he schuld rede,
 Fro a king, that men dede wrong,
 His owen sone ich understond,
 That axed help at nede.
 He lete write a letter oyain,
 He schuld han help is nought to layn,
 With knightes stithe on stede.
 Horn to batayl was ful boun,
 And folwed the mesfangers out of toun,
 Into Irlond thai him lede.

Hem com an haven wele to hand,
 That Yolkil is cleped in Irland,
 The court was ther bifide.
 Finlawe king ther thai fande,
 For to here titheande
 Oyain hem gan ride.
 The letter told that he brought,
 Help schuld him failē nought
 Oyaines thilke tide.
 King Finlak dede to Malkan fay,
 Whether he wold bi night or day,
 The bataile wald he bide.

The kinges fones riden bathe,
 To hayles Horn when thai him fathe,
 And welcomed him, that fre,
 Anon thai gun to strive rathe,
 Whether of hem him schuld have
 To duelle in her meinè.
 Horn anwerd hem than as hende,
 And seyde to hem, My leve frende,
 The king than wald y fe,
 And afterward y wille you telle,
 Where me levest is to duelle,
 And femlyest to me.

The mesfanger told Hornes dede,
 Hou he hadde ywon the stede,
 And hou he feighe him ride :
 “ Sir, mightestow hold him to thi nede,
 King Malkan tharf the nought drede,
 Batayle might thou bide.
 Hour king boden him gold and fe,
 With that he wil with him be,
 At this ich nede ;
 And Horn ful trewely hath him hight,
 For to stond in stede of knight,
 In herd is nought to hide.

In Yrlond was ther nan,
 That alle thai be to Malkan gan,
 So michel was his poustè,
 Bot Finlak king him alan
 Has the batayl unuertan,
 Yif Crist wil that it be.

King Malkan dede bede out here
 Opon the king Finlak towere,
 Now than schal we fe,
 Yif he wil fight he schal be slan,
 Yif he wil bide he schal be tan;
 Y trowe best he wil fle.

Bot thre woukes were ther sett,
 That alle this folk schal be mett
 And batayle schal ther be;
 The Walis king hadde gret lett,
 With windes and with watres bett,
 Sir Elidan the fre.
 He no might into Irlond come,
 For to helpen his sone,
 For stormes on the fe,
 King Finlak seyde, Is nought to hide,
 This batayl dar y nought abide,
 Mi rede is tan to fle:

And than was Horn as fain o fight,
 As is the foule of the light
 When it ginneth dawe:
 " Sir king, for to held thi right,
 Y rede thou bede riche yift,
 The folk wil to the drawe.
 Geder to the folk that thou may,
 And baldliche hold thi day,
 Batail schal we schawe,
 To fle me think it is gret schame,
 Ar dintes be smiten or ani man slan,
 For drede of wordes awe.

The kinges fones wer knightes bold,
 And feyd thai wald the batail hold,
 Her lives for to lete.
 Finlak king, thei he wer ald,
 Bletheli he feyd fight he wald,
 To hold that he bihete.
 Thus thai riden out of toun,
 With spere oloft and gomfaynoun,
 Malkan king to mete,
 With speres fsharp, and fwerdes gode,
 Thai slough mani a frely fode,
 So grimly gun thai grete.

Ther Horn feighe the mest thrang,
 In he rides hem amang,
 And lays on wel gode won ;
 It was no man of Yrland
 Might stond a dint of his hand,
 At ich stroke he slough on.

(A leaf, at least, appears to be here wanting. It should seem that there had been a battle, in which Horn was wounded, and the kings sons were takeën prisoners.)

Maiden and wiif gret forwe gan make,
 For the kinges fones fake,
 That were apoint to dye.
 Finlac king oyaines him come,
 And his armes of him nome,
 The blode ran over his eighe.
 He cleped his douhter Acula,
 And bad sche schuld a plaster ta,
 Of woundes was sche fleighe.

The maiden taft* Hornes wounde,
 The kinges douhter, in that ftonde,
 Of him hye is ful fain:
 "Thou fhalt be fone hole and founde,
 Haftow Malkan brought to groundet"
 He feyd, Ya, oyain.
 King Malkan was mi faders ban,
 And now for fothe ich have him flan,
 The fothe for to fain.
 Mi fader fwerd y wan to day,
 Y kepe it while y live may,
 The name is Blivain.

Thai birid the folk that wer flan,
 And her armour thai ladde ham,
 With hors white and broun;
 Finlac king him bithought,
 Hou he Horn yeld mought,
 To yif him his warifoun;
 He tok Malkan kinges lond,
 And fefed it into Hornnes hond,
 Bothe tour and toun.
 Erles, barouns, everichon,
 In Irlond was ther non,
 That 'he' no com to his fomoun.

The kinges douhter, Acula,
 Loved hende Horn fa,
 Sche durft it nought kithe;
 Whether fche feighe him ride or go,
 Hir thought hir hert brak atuo,
 That fche no fpac with that blithe.

* Taffeëd, touch'd, or felt, a Gallicifm.

On a day sche made her feke,
 Horn com, and with hir speke,
 Sche might no lenger mithe ;
 To him spac that maiden fre,
 And feyd, Horn, y love the,
 Man most olive.

Over al Horn the priis him wan,
 He feyd it was for o wiman,
 That was him leve and dere ;
 Acula wende for than
 That Horn hir loved, and most gode an
 Of ani woman that were.
 Of another was al his thought,
 Maiden Rinnild foryat he nought,
 Sche lay his hert ful nere ;
 The ring to schewen hath he tan,
 The hewe was chaunged of the stan,
 Forgon is seven yere.

Horn wald no lenger abide,
 He busked him for to ride,
 And gedred folk everi whare ;
 An hundred knightes by his side,
 With stedes fele, and michel pride,
 Her schippes were ful yare.
 Thai fayled over the flode so gray,
 In Ingland arived were thay,
 Ther hem levest ware ;
 Under a wode ther thai gan lende,
 Horn feighe a begger wende,
 And after he is fare.

Horn fast after him gan ride,
 And bad the begger schuld abide,
 For to here his speche ;
 The begger answerd in that tide,
 Vilaine, canestow nought ride?
 Fairer thou might me grete.
 Haddestow cleped me gode man,
 Y wold have teld the wennes i cam,
 And whom y go to feche ;
 Horn to seke have i gon,
 Thurthout londes mani on,
 And ay schal while we mete :

And now be min robes riven,
 And me no was no nother yeven,
 Of alle this feven yere ;
 Y go to seke after him ay,
 And thus have done mani a day,
 Til that we mete yfere.
 To day is Moding the king
 With Rimmild at spoufeing,
 The kinges douhter dere ;
 Mani fides schuld be babled
 Er he bring hir to his bed
 Yif Horn in lond were.

Wiard schaltow calle me,
 Gentil man, yif thou be fre,
 Tel me thi name.
 Thi knave wald y fain be
 That fair fest forto fe,
 Me thenke thatow hast nane.

Horn answerd him oyain,
 Ich hat Horn is nought to lain,
 And elles were me schame ;
 Bot, yif ich held that thou hast feyd,
 Er that thai ben in bed layd,
 Five thoufende schal be slain.

Wiard, oyain schaltow ride
 To mi folk, and there abide,
 Have here mi robe to mede ;
 And y wil to court gon,
 Forto loke what thai don,
 In thi pover wede.
 Bring hem under yon wode-side,
 Al so yern astow may ride,
 The way thou canst hem lede ;
 And i schal heighe me wel sone,
 Y com oyain er it be none,
 Yif Crist me wil spede.

When Horn fro fer herd glewe,
 With tabournes bete, and trumpeſ blewe,
 Oyaines hem he yede ;
 Mucing king ful wele he knewe,
 He tok him bi the lorein rewe,
 Oyain he held his stede.
 Wikard com, and smot him so,
 And feyd, Traitour, lat the bridel go ;
 The blode out after yede.
 Horn ful trewely hath him hight,
 He schal him yeld that ich night,
 A box schal ben his mede.

Mojoun king was ful wo,
 That he had smiteñ the pover man so,
 And feyd, Lat mi bridel be.
 Withthi thou lat mi bridel be,
 What so thou wilt aski me,
 Blethelich yeve i the.
 ‘ Porter,’ quath Horn, thatow wilt*
 Yive me maiden Rimnild,
 That is so fair and fre.
 The king was wroth, and rewe his yift,
 “ Thou askest wrong, and no thing right,
 Sche may not thine be.”

Horn feyd, Y fett a nett o time,
 Yif ani fische is taken therinne,
 Of al this seven yere,
 No schal it never more be mine,
 Y wold it were fonken in helle-pine,
 With fendes fele on fere.
 And yif it hath ytaken nought,
 Y schal it love in hert thought,
 And be me leve and dere.
 Thus thai went alle y fame
 Unto the castel, with gle and game,
 A fole thai wende he were.

Of beggers mo than sexti,
 Horn feyd, Maister am y,
 And aske the the mete,
 That y mote, and other thre,
 To-day in thine halle be,
 When folk is gon to fete;

* The MS. evidently reads *Peter*; for what reason cannot be conceiv'd.

Than y wil folwe the ham,
 And that y mot with the gan,
 In atté castel-yete.
 The king him hight fikerly,
 “Thou schalt in the halle by,
 To have ther ‘thi’ mete

Ther was mani riche gest
 Dight unto that frely fest
 Of douhti folk in lond,
 Atté yate was strong thraſt,
 Horn wald nought be the laſt,
 In forto gange.
 The porter cald him herlot ſwain,
 And he put him oyain
 Therout for to ſtand;
 Horn bruſt upon him ſo
 His ſcholder bone he brak ato,
 And in anon he thrange.

Kokes hadde the mete grayd,
 The bord was ſett, the cloth was layd,
 To benche yede tho bold;
 The trompes ‘blewe,’ the glewemen pleyd,
 The biſchopes had the grace yſeyd,
 As muri men of mold.
 Ther was many a riche man,
 Mete and drink wel gode wan
 To alle that ete wolde;
 Horn ſat, and litel ete,
 Michel he thought, and more he ſpeke,
 For ſole men ſchuld him hold.

Than was the lawe, sothe to fay,
 The bride schuld, the first day,
 Seruen atté mete ;
 Hendelich than served scho,
 As a maiden schuld do ;
 Horn bigan to speke.
 " Maiden, yif thi wille be
 To godes men schultow fe,
 Thou no oughtest hem nought foryete,
 And feththen the knightes schul turnay,
 For to loke who so may
 The maistri of hem yete.

Forth sche went, that maiden fre,
 And feched drink that men might fe,
 To that beggere :
 " For Hornes love y pray the
 Go nought ar this drunken be,
 Yif ever he was the dere."
 The maiden by him stille stode,
 To here of Horn hir thought it gode,
 He lay hir hert ful nere ;
 Of the coppe he drank the wine,
 The ring of gold he kest therinne,
 Bitokening lo it here.

" A fely man, the threstes fare,
 Thou schalt have a drink mare,
 Gode wine schal it be ;
 Another drink sche him bare ;
 Sche asked yif Horn therin ware,
 Ya, certes, than feyd he.

Nas sƒhe bot a litel fram him gon,
 That sƒhe ne fel adoun anon,
 Now swoneth that fre.
 Knightes hir to chaunber ledde,
 When sƒhe lay opon hir bedde,
 Sƒhe feyd, Clepe Hatherof to me. :

Knightes, goth into halle swithe,
 And bid the kinges make hem blithe,
 That y wold wel fein ;
 Hatherof, go into the erber swithe,
 And geder parvink and ive,
 Greses that ben of main.
 Certeynli, as y you fay,
 Horn is in this halle to day,
 Y wende he hadde ben slain,
 Mojoun king schal never spede,
 For to have mi maidenhede,
 Now Horn is comen oyain.

Hatherof, go into halle and se,
 In sƒeli pover wede is he,
 Y pray the knowe him right,
 Say him, Treuthe-plight er we,
 Bid him, sƒhe feyd, as he is fre,
 Hold that he bihiht.
 Bidd him go, and me abide
 Right under yon wode-side,
 As he is trewe knight ;
 When al this folk is gon to play,
 He and y schal stele oway,
 Bituene the day and the night.

Hatherof into halle yode,
 For to bihald that frely fode,
 Fule wele he knewe his viis,
 Opon his fot hard he stode,
 Horn thought the tokening gode,
 Up he gan to arife,
 Forth thai yede tho knightes bold,
 Hatherof the maidens erand told,
 Of trewe love Horn was wiis :
 “ Y schal com into the feld with pride,
 An hundred knightes bi mi side,
 Milke white is mi queintife.

Bot, Hatherof, thou most me schawe,
 Wharbi y schal Wikard knawe,
 His buffeyt schal be bought.”
 “ He hath queintife white so snawe,
 With foules blac as ani crawe,
 With filke werk it is wrought.
 Mojoun queintife ‘is’ yalu and wan,
 Sett with pekok and with swan,
 That he with him hath brought ;
 “ Wikeles queintife is yalu and grene,
 Floure de liis fett bituene,
 Him foryete thou nought.”

Now is Hatherof comen oyain,
 And feyd he hath Horn fain,
 And what folk he hath brought,
 And after ‘ wisarmes’ he gan frain,
 Was never Rimnild ere so fain,
 In hert, no in thought.

" Hatherof, go into halle swithe,
 And bid mi fader make him blithe,
 And say icham fike nought.
 Wikard that is leve to smite,
 Horn schal him his dettes quite,
 To night it schal be bought."

When thai hadde eten than were thai boun,
 With spere oloft and gonfainoun,
 Al armed were tho bold;
 With trump and tabourun out of toun,
 Thus thai redde the right roun,
 Ich man as he wold.
 An erl out of Cornwayle
 Oyain Mojoun faun faile,
 The turnament schal hold,
 And Horn com into the feld with pride,
 An hundred knightes bi his side,
 In rime as it is told.

Horn of coming was wel wise,
 And knewe hem bi her queyntise,
 Anon thai counterd tho.
 Mojoun king hath tint the priis,
 Under his hors fete he liis,
 Horn wald him nocht flo.
 To fir Wigard his sward he weved,
 Even atuo he cleve his heved,
 His box he yalt him tho.
 Out he smot Wigles eighe,
 Traitours that er leve to lighe
 Men schal hem ken so.

That day Horn the tournament wan,
 Fro Mojoun and mani a man,
 With knightes stithe on stede,
 He toke the gre, that was a swan,
 And sent to Rimmild his leman,
 To hir riche mede.
 To Houlac king Horn gan wende,
 And thonked him as his frende,
 Of his gode dede :
 "Thou feddest me, and forsterd to man :"
 He maked Wikel telle out than
 His lesfinges, and his falshed.

Mojoun king is ivel dight,
 Tint he hath that fwete wight,
 And wold ben oway,
 Horn, that hadde hir treuthe-plaint,
 Wedded hir that ich night,
 And al opon a day.
 Now is Rimmild tuis wedde,
 Horn brought hir to his bedde,
 Houlac king gan say,
 Half mi lond ichil the yive
 With mi doughter while y live,
 And al after mi day.

Five days fat her fest,
 With mete and drink riche and onest,
 In boke as we rede ;
 Forth, as we telle in gest,
 Horn lete fende est and west,
 His folk to batayle bedde ;

Into Northhumberland for to fare,
 To winne that his fader ware,
 With knightes stithe on stede,
 With erl, baroun, and with swain,
 To winne his fader lond oyain,
 Yif Crist him wold spede.

Mtchel frely folk was thare,
 Into Northhumberland to fare,
 With stedes wite and broun ;
 Horn wald for no man spare
 To winne al that his fader ware,
 Bothe tour and toun.
 When Thorbrond herd this,
 That Horn to lond ycomen is,

* * * *

(*The rest is wanting.*)

THE KYNG OF TARS.

This pious legend is takeen out of an immense folio in the Bodleian library, known by the title of *Manuscript Vernon*, being a present from Edward Vernon esquire, formerly of Trinity-college, who commanded a company for the king in the civil wars, and in whose family it appears to have been for many years. The writeing is, apparently, of the fourteenth century. The *th* is uniformly written with the Saxon *p* (not *þ*), and *z* generally use'd for *y* at the begining of a syllable, or for *gh* in the middle of one.

Another copy, of equal, if not greater, antiquity, but imperfect at the end, is preserve'd in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates library, Edinburgh. Scarcely two-lines together are exactly alike; but it is not, upon the whole, a better copy, except as it, in one place, supplys an omission.

The title of the Bodleian MS. is in rime:

“ Her bigenneth of the kyng of Tars,
And of the foudan of Dammas;
How the foudan of Dammas
Was icristned thoru godes grace.”

That it has been translateëd from the French is evident from the poets repeated referenceës to his original:

“ In stori as we rede:
“ As ich finde in my sawe.”

* * * Damas is Damascus, and Tars, Thrace. See bishop Douglasses *Virgile*, and Ruddimans *glosfary*.

V. 11. *That hoore rihte heir scholde ben.*]

The Edinburgh MS. reads,

“ Non fairer woman mizt ben,”

and contains variations, more or less important, in almost every line.

V. 85. *The foudan fat at his des.*]

The Edinburgh manuscript reads better:

“ As the foudan fat at his des.”

V. 93. *Hethene hound he doth the call.*]

That the christians of former ageës entertain'd an inveterate antipathy to the Mahometans (who, certainly, would not have been much less intolerant) is apparent from the ancient romanceës of chivalry, French or English, in which this equally polite and religious appellation, frequently occurs. Thus, in *Syr*

Bevys, that gallant knight, as we learn from the right reverend editour of *The Reliques of ancient English poetry*, is so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following mesage to a Paynim kings fair daughter, who had fall'n in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower :

“ I wyll not ones stirre of this grounde,
To speke with an hethene hounde :
Unchristen houndes, i rede you flee,
Or i your harte bloude shal fe.”

Indeed, he ads, they return the compliment, by calling him elsewhere “ A christen hounde.”

V. 114. This half of the stanza hath been borrow'd from the advocates copy, being omitted in the Oxford one, and being of itself, apparently, not perfectly correct.

V. 446. *Bi Jovin and Plotoun.*]

“ Sire Jovin,” a few lines below, is a different deity from “ Jubiter,” and, as Warton suggests, may mean the Roman emperour *Jovinian*, against whom St. Jerom wrote, and whos history is in the *Gesta Romanorum*, C. 59. Plotoun is Pluto,

V. 468. Appolin.] Apollo. “ *Quel dieu,*” says a Saracen to Joseph of Arimathea, “ *croyez vous ? Nous ne avons que quatre dieux, Mahom, Tervagant, Apolin, & Jupin.*” (*Lancelot du lac*, tome 2, fo. 46.) One of these Saracen deities occurs in *Syr Bevys* :

“ And if thou wylt thy god forsake,
And to *Apolyne*, our god, the betake,” &c.

V. 469. *Astrot.*] *Asttaroth*, the goddess of the Zidonians, occasionally worship'd by the children of Israel. See *I Kings*, xi, 5, 33.

EMARE.

The immediate French original of this ancient and excellent romance (here given from a unique copy in the Cotton manuscript, Caligula, A II.) is not known to be preserve'd, though so frequently refer'd to in the poem itself; for instance:

“ As i here synge in songe.” V. 2.

The story, however, is relate'd, at great length, though with some variations, and under different names, by the poet Gower, in the second book of his *Confessio amantis*, and, after him, by Chaucer, in his *Man of lawes tale*.* The former, who makes the lady, whom he calls *Constance*, or *Custen*, daughter to *Tiberius Constantyn*, a fabulous Christian emperor of Rome, refers to “ the cronike,” as his authority; and may, therfor, seem to have been indebted to some work in the nature of the *Gesta Romanorum*, in which it is not to be now found. It, likewise, occurs (much alter'd, and very concisely abridge'd) in *Il Pecorone de ser Gio-*

* This imitation affords a convinceing proof that Gower is a poet anterior to Chaucer, though many of the latters piecees hapen to appear with an earlier date than his own. He, in fact, expressly calls Chaucer his “ disciple, and poete,” for that, “ in the flowres of his youth,” he had made for his sake “ ditees and songes glade.” There could not, however, be much difference in their agees; as Chaucer was “ nowe in his daies olde;” and Gower himself, in 1396, both old and blind; though he survive'd Chaucer about two years, which short period he made use of to damn his own reputation to all eternity.

vanni Fiorentino, say'd to have been compose'd in the year 1378 (see *Gior. X. No. 1*); the authour of which may seem to have been indebted to a MS. of the national library, Paris, (Num. 8701, a paper-book written in 1370), intitle'd "*Fabula romanensis de rege Francorum, cujus nomen reticetur, qui in filia sua adulterium & incestum committere voluit.*" After all, the primary source of this popular history is, most probably, to be found in the legendary life of a spurious Offa the first, king of the West-Angles, attribute'd to Matthew Paris (see Watses edition of his *Historia major*, &c. P. 965): and, in support of this conjecture, it may be observe'd, that even Gower lays part of his scene in Engleland.

V. 104. *Sertes thys ys a fayry,*

Or ellys a vanytè.]

The old queen, in V. 446, says,

—"Sone, thys ys a fende,

In this wordy wede."

Gower, in his legend of *Constance* (the *Emare* of the present poem), makes Domilde, the kings mother, write, in the forge'd letter to her son,

"Thy wife, which is of *fairie*,

Of suche a childe delivered is,

Fro kinde, whiche stant all amis."

In another pasage, of the same tale, he says,

"The god of hir hath made an ende,

And fro this worldes *fayrie*

Hath taken hir into companie:"

but what he means, by "this worldes *fayrie*," is not eafey to surmise.

V. 122. *Idoyne and Amadas.]*

The story of these loveërs is mention'd by Gower (*Confesio amantis*, fo. 133):

“ Myn ere with a good pitance
 Is fed, of redinge of romance,
 Of *Idoyne* and of *Amadas*,
 That whilome were in my cas.”

It is, likewise, as mister Warton has observe'd, citeëd in the prologue to a collection of legends, call'd *Cursor mundi*, an ancient poem, translateëd from the French :

“ Men lykyn jettis for to here,
 And romans rede in divers manere,

* * * * *

Of king John, and of *Ifenbras*,
 Of *Ydoine* and *Amas*.”

Their names allso occur in the old *fabliau* of *Gautier d'Aupais* (*Fabliaux ou contes*, C, 335). The adventures of “ *la belle Ydoyne*” are contain'd, according to M. De Bure (*Cata. de la bib. du D. de la Valliere: additions*, 53), in the last part of the MS. *Roman d'Aymeri de Narbonne*: but this is a mistake; “ *Le viel* [not *La belle*] *Ydoine*,” being actually, in that romance, a king of Arabia :

“ *Le fils Guyon suz le vair iert asfis,*
Et fiert Ydoine qui fu rois darrabiz.”

“ *Pris fu Ydoine & Margaris li roys.*”

“ *Le viex Ydoine du chief de son pais.*”

“ *Le viel Ydoine apela en se croi.*”

“ *Le roy Ydoine a pris baptizement.*”

(*MSS. Reg. 20 D XI.*)

Another instance has been allready mention'd of a knights name in one romance being a ladys in another.

V. 134. *Trystram and Ifowde.*]

Two famous loveërs; the subject of many an ancient romance. A valuable fragment of one in French verse is in the possession of Francis Douce esquire; and another, very curious, and, possibly, stil older, but

unfortunately, imperfect, the composition, it is conjecture'd of Thomas of Learmont, or of Ercildon, *alias* Rymer, a celebrate'd prophet, whether Scottish or Engleish, is preserve'd in the Edinburgh manuscript, and wil be speedily, and ablely, publish'd, by a gentleman every way qualify'd to do it justice. Of the prose romance are several editions, the first of which, with a date, was printed, at Paris, in 1489, though there is another, possibly stil more ancient. There is, likewise, a manuscript copy in the kings library in the Museum (20 D II); in an account of which, by the learned and accurate *mister* Pinkerton (*Ancient Scottish Poems*, P. lxxvi), he has very ingeniously converted *Ifcult la blonde*, the heroine, into a certain *Seult Labonde*, the authour of the romance. Another is in the possession of *mister* Douce. Their adventures are, likewise, imperfectly relate'd in *Mort d' Arthur*.

V. 146. Florys and dam Blawncheffour.]

The romance of Floris and Blancheffleur is one of the most ancient and popular in the French language. It is in verse, and copys are extant in the national library, Paris (*Bib. Colber.* 3128, and *Bib. Cois.* 733), and was in that of St. Germain-des-près. (See *Bib. universelle des romans*, Fevrier, 1777, and *Fabliaux ou contes*, A, 254.) The French history in prose, (Paris, 1554, and Lyons, 1571,) is a translation from the Spanish, *Flores y Blancaflor*, Alcala, 1512, 4to. An Engleish version was formerly in the Cotton library (Vitellius, D. III. destroy'd by the fatal conflagration of 1731), and is enter'd, in the catalogue, under the title of "*Versus de amoribus Florisii juvenis & Blancheffloræ puellæ, lingua veteri Anglicana.*" An imperfect copy, however, is preserve'd in the Edinburgh manuscript.

The adventures of *Florio* and *Biancafiore*, which form the principal subject of the *Philocopo* of Boccace, were famous long before the time of that authour, as he himself informs us. *Floris* and *Blancaflor* are mention'd as illustrious loveërs by Matfres Eymengau de Bezers, a Languedocian poet, in his *Breviari d'amor*, dateëd in the year 1288. See Tyrwhitts *Introductory discourse*, n. 25.

V. 218. *They wesh, and seten down to mete.*]

It was an invariable custom, in ancient times, for all the guests to wash their hands before siting down to table; many other instanceës whereof occur in these romanceës.

V. 248. *Dozughtyr, y woll wedde the.*]

This incestuous propofal is unnotice'd by Gower and Chaucer, who relate this part of the story in a different way; but Matthew Paris supposeës the daughter of the petty-king of York, whom Offa finds in a forest, to give him this account of herself: "*Hujus incomparabilis pulchritudinis singularem eminentiam, pater admirans, amatorio dæmone seductus, cepit eam incestu libidinoso concupiscere, et ad amorem illicitum, sæpe sollicitare, ipsam puellam minis, pollicitis, blanditiis, atque muneribus adolescentulæ temptans emolire constantiam. Illa autem operi nefario nullatenus adquiescens, . . . pater itaque . . . præcepit eam in desertum solitudinis remotæ duci, vel potiùs trahi, et crudelissima morte condemnatam, bestiis ibidem derelinqui.*" As it may be objected that this princess is banish'd into a forest, instead of being expose'd upon the ocean, the legendary appears to have reserve'd the latter incident for the pretended life of another Offa, king of the Mercians, where we are told that a certain lady,

cousin to Charlemagne, with a beauteous face, but no better than she should be, was, for a flagitious crime which she had committed, put into a boat, without tackling, and expos'd to the casualty of the winds and waves; but, landing on the British coast, she became, in a short time, the wife of this Offa.

*V. 271. She moſte have with her no ſpendyng,
Nother mete ne drynke.]*

It is very ſingular that theſe lines ſhould nearly occur again in *V. 593*:

“ And lette her have no ſpendyng,
For no mete, ny for drynke.”

Thus in the original; but as the word *drynke* by no means answers in rime to *ſpendyng*; and either line is too ſhort for the metre; though the poem is ſufficiently correct, in every other place; the editour has taken the liberty to inſert, after *drynke*, in the firſt paſſage, [*givynge*], and to alter it, in the other, to *drynkyng*; being reduc'd to the unpleaſant alternative of either ſuffering both defects to remain, or hazarding theſe very unſatisfactory conjectures.

*V. 649. The lady and the lytyll chyld
Fleted forth on the water wyldede...
And when the chyld gan to wepe,
With ſory hert, the ſonge hit aſlepe.]*

This is the ſecond time our heroine has been expos'd at ſea, in an open boat, and the firſt, with her little child. Danaë, the daughter of Acrifus, king of Argos, with Perſeus, her infant ſon, (by Jupiter, as it is pretended, in a ſhower of gold, while ſhe was confin'd by her father, for the preſervation of her chaſtity,)

was expose'd, in like manner, by that monarch, in a chest; and, being save'd by some fishermen, on the coast of the island of Seriphus, was carry'd to Polydectes, king of that country, who, afterward, fell in love with her. There is a beautiful fragment remaining of an elegiack song, by the poet Simonides (a *trouvreur*, likewise, at once, according to Huet, and *chanteur*), which she is suppose'd to make, and, like the disconsolate Emare, sing to her child, while shut up in the chest; thus elegantly translate'd by the ingenious doctor Burney:

“ Sweet child! what anguish does thy mother know,
 Ere cruel grief has taught thy tears to flow!
 Amidst the roaring winds tremendous found,
 Which threats destruction, as it howls around,
 In balmy sleep thou lyest, as at the breast,
 Without one bitter thought to break thy rest.—
 The glim'ring moon in pity hides her light,
 And shrinks with horror from the ghastly sight.
 Did'st thou but know, sweet harmonist! our woes,
 Not opiates pow'r thy eye-lids now could close,
 Sleep on, sweet babe! ye waves in silence roll,
 And lull, o lull to rest, my tortur'd soul!”

This fable may, reasonably, be thought the germ of all the stories in which a similar event is introduce'd; for nothing seems more probable than that the composeers of romance were well acquainted with the ancient Greek and Latin poets.

V. 796. *By my crowne she shall be brent.*]

Gower, in his legend of *Constance*, having relate'd

this circumstance, which he supposeës to have actually takeën place, ads,

“ Which through the londe was after songe ;”

and it may be further remark'd that our minstrel here, toward the commencement of his romance, says,

“ Her namè was called Emare,
As i here syng in songe ;”

and, again :

“ As y have herd menstrelles syngyn saw.”

So that we are, by no means, at the end of our researches.

V. 876. *Lord, he seyde, y hyghth Segradowres.*]

In Gowers legend he has the name of *Moris*. Chaucer seems to have change'd it to *Maurice*; and says,

“ In the old Romane gestes men may find
Maurices lif, i bere it not in mind.”

It is not, however, in any printed copy or manuscript of the *Gesta Romanorum* now known to exist.

V. 1030. *Thys ys on of Brytayne layes.*]

Brytayne is generally suppose'd to mean Armorica or Basse-Bretayne. The *lays* of this country, admitting that construction, were anciently very celebrateëd, although not one, nor even the smallest vestige of one, in its vernacular language (a dialect of the britanno-Celtick), is known to exist; so false are the assertions of mister Warton, that “ no part of France can boast so great a number of antient romances ;” of which the Bretons cannot produce a single specimen; and that

“ many poems of high antiquity, composed by the American bards, still remain, and are frequently cited by father Lobineau in his learned history of Basse-Bretagne.”*

Chaucer, in his *Frankeleines prologue*, has the following lines :

“ Thise old gentil Bretons in hir dayes
Of diverse adventures maden layes,
Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tonge ;
Which layes with hir instruments they fonge,
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance,
And on of hem have i in remembrance,—
In *Armorike*, that called is Bretagne, &c.”

See, too, what is say'd on this subject in the prologue to the romance of *Sir Orpheus* (or *Orpheo*).

Chaucer, certainly, in the above instance, and, perhaps, the authour of *Sir Orpheo*, allude to the Armorican Britons.

Again, in *The erle of Tolous* :

“ A laye of Bretayne callyd hyt ys.”

The old Engleish *Ballad of sir Gowther* (Royal MSS.

* *History of English poetry*, Dissertation I. fig. a 2. In all this there is not a word of truth, any more than in his pretended migration into this country of a colony or army of the Welsh under Maximus, in the fourth century. The Bretons, as elsewhere mention'd, have but one single poem, of any consequence, in their native idiom, ancient or modern: the predictions of a pretended prophet, name'd Gwinglass; the MS. whereof is date'd 1450. According to the preface to Pelletiers dictionary, they never cultivatc'd poetry; and the language they speak seems incapable of the measure, sweetness and harmony of verse.

17 B XLIII), as mister Tyrwhitt has remark'd, is say'd by the writeër to have been takeèn out of one of the *layes of Britanye*: and, in another place, he says *the first lay of Britanye*. (Introductory discourse, n. 24.

In the old French romance of *Merlin*, that prophet comes into the presence of king Arthur and his court at a great feast, in the form of a beautiful blind harper, and harps "*ung lai de Breton*." (Fo. cix.)

There is a curious and valuable collection of French *lais*, or short metrical tales, by *Marie de France*, most of which are aserted to have been made by the Bretons. See Warton's *History of English poetry*, Dissertation I. n. d. and Tyrwhitt's *Introductory discourse*, n. 24, and note on *V.* 10985.* In the prologue to this collection we are told

* This set of old French tales of chivalry in verse was writen, as Warton pretends, by the bards of *Bretagne*. That it was the composition, but not the publication, of Mary the poetess, who, likewise, profess'd to translate the fables of Æsop from an English or Saxon version of king Alfred, is manifest:

"*Oez seignurs ke dit Marie,
Ki en son tens pas ne foblie:*"†

whence it appears she was then dead; the editour, whose address it is, persisting to praise her, though she were defame'd by persons of great consequence. In the lays themselves she speaks of herself in the first person:

"*Marie ai nun, si sui de France.*"

The *Variæ Britannorum fabulæ*, in the library of the university of Upsal, which mister Tyrwhitt took to be a translation of these lays into one of the northern languageës, seems rather to be a copy of the original French. A metrical version of *Lay le freine* is extant in the Edinburgh manuscript, but still imperfect.

† Soblie (*f'oublie*) for *soblia*, *rythmi gratiâ*.

“ *Les contes ke io sai venais
Dunt li Bretun unt fait les lais.*”

This, or a similar expression, occurs repeatedly; and *Eliduc* is expressly call'd

“ *Un mut ancien lai Bretun.*”

The scene, also, is frequently lay'd in *Bretayne*, which, in one place, is expressly called *Bretaigne la menur*; and, in another, is ascertain'd by the mention of *Nantes*.* She must, however, mean *Great Britain*, in the lay of *Lanval*, where she mentions *Kardoel*, and that of *Ywenet*, where she speaks of *Carwent* (i. e. *Venta Silurum*, now *Chepstow*), which she placeës upon the *Dulas*, instead of the *Wye*. She, likewise, in others, mentions *Suht-Wales*, *Toteneis*, and *Excestre*. Another of her scenes is lay'd in *Normendie*. There are other lays of the same description, not attributeëd to *Mary*; as the *Lai de Gruelan* (*Fabliaux ou contes*, A, 125), which is likewise a *lai de Bretagne*. In the same book is the extract of another lay of *Bretagne*, intitle'd “ *Lai du bûisfon d'épine.*” In the old prose romance of *Merlin*, that magician introduceës himself before king *Arthur* under the appearance of a handsome, young, and blind minstrel, “ *Et il harpoit,*” says the story, “ *ung lay de Breton, par telle façon que cestoit melodie de louyr.*” (Volume II, fo. 109.) The *Roman de Tristan*, an an-

* One of her lays, also, is intitle'd *Laustic*, by mistake for *Eaustic*, or *E'austicg*, which in *Breton* signifies a nightingale. See the dictionarys of *Pelletier* and *Rostrenen*. Another is called *Bisclaveret*, a corruption, or intentional alteration of *Bleiz-garv*, a *loup-garou*, or wer-wolf. See *Rostrenen*, voce **GAROU**. The words of the tale are,

“ *Bisclaveret ad nun en Breton,
Garwaf lapelent li Norman.*”

Fo. 152.

cient manuscript already mention'd, has the following passage; part of Tristans address to Ysolt:

“ *Bons lais de harpe vous apris*
Lais Bretuns de nostre pais.”

This proves, what one might naturally enough have suspected, that the *Bretagne*, or *Bretuns*, spokeën of in these lays are not the country and people of Armorica, but those of Great-Britain; Tristan being a native of Liones, an imaginary district, which adjoin'd to Cornwall, and, as Carew pretends, was devour'd by the sea.

Tristan himself was famous for his lays, some of which are preserve'd in his prose history; and, upon the death of this hero, says one of the manuscripts, “ *li rois Artus en fist un lai, qui fu apellé le lai roial, & Lancelot en fit deus autres* ” (20 D II.) In the *Lai du buisson d'épine*, of which an extract is giveën by Le Grand (*Fabliaux ou contes*, D, 103), the authour says, of these lays, “ They have been chanted in *Bretagne* and elsewhere. They preserve the originals at *Carlion*:” and, *Carlion*, or *Caerleon*, was one of Arthurs palaceës in modern S. Wales, as was also *Caerwent* already alludeëd to. So that it is far from being certain that, by the *Breton lays* of the French romanceës, are intended the productions of Armorica; and, much more probable, that they generally, by *Bretagne* and *Bretons*, mean the island and inhabitants of Great-Britain, render'd famous upon the continent by the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It does not, at the same time, appear that any such lays are preserve'd in Wales any more than in *Basse-Bretagne*, if, in fact, they ever existed in either country.

-V. 1032. *Men callys playn the garye.*]

Playing the garye would seem, from this passage, to mean the publick recitation of such a story as the present, accompany'd by correspondent action, and the melody of the harp. We are told by Carew, that "The Guary-miracle, in English, a miracle-play, is a kinde of enterlude, compiled in Cornish, out of some scripture-history, with that grossenes which accompanied the Romanes *vetus comedia*. For representing it," he ads, "they raise an earthen amphitheatre, in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some 40 or 50 foot. The country-people flock from all sides, many miles off, to heare and see it: for they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the eare: the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the booke in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud." (*Survey of Cornwall*, fo. 71, b.) Some of these *ordinalia*, or interludes, in the Cornish language, are extant in manuscript.

SIR ORPHEO.

This lay, or tale, being rather too concise to be denominateed a metrical romance, is a Gothick metamorphosis of the clasfical episode of Orpheus and Eurydice, so beautyfully relateed by Ovid. It professes, like the tales of Mary of France, to be a lay of Britain, (whether Great-Britain or Armorica, has been allready discuss'd;) 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 copys of this poem; one, from which it was transcribe'd, among the Harleian manuscripts, number 3810; and another in the Auchinleck manuscript (W. 4. 1. number lii), in the Advocates-library, Edinburgh: each more or less imperfect. The latter, which omits the prologue, and commenceës, abruptly,

“ Orpheo was a ryche king,”

is much longer than the poem here printed, which seems abridge'd from it, by considerable omisions, 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 mean to ascertain. Another fragment in the same MS. (num. xxxv), though upon a different subject, begins, precisely, like the Harleian copy, but is intitle'd *Lay le freine* (The tale of the ash), and, apparently, a version of Marys poem under the same title.

Among the “ pleyfand storeis,” enumerateëd 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 ascertain'd. “ 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 gaisit,” quoteëd, by mister Leyden, from the Bannatyne MS. the “ gaisit” is marryd to “ the Spenzie flie,

And crownd him kyng of Kandelie;

And thay gat them betwene

Orpheus king, and Elpha quene.” (P. 283.)

V. 29. *His fadre was come of king Pluto,
And his modur cam of quene Juno.]*

The original pasfage of the Harley MS. reads thus :

“ His fadre was come of *fir Pilato*,
And his modur cam of *Yno* ; ”

which do not accord fo wel with the following couplet,

“ That in time were *goddys* holden,
For wordys that they dedyn and tolden, ”

as thofe of the Edinburgh one :

“ His fader was comen of *king Pluto*,
And his moder of *king* [r. *quene*] *Juno*. ”

V. 47. *Orpheo fujerneth in Crasfens.]*

The correfponding lines of the Edinburgh copy are

“ This king fojournd in *Tracens*
That was a cité of noble defens, ”

to which it ads

“ For Winchester was cleped tho
Traciens withouten no. ”

V. 140. *Then com her kyng alfo blyve.]*

This monarch, (who is anonymous), it appears, from a fubfequent verfe was “ kyng of Fayré,” his attendants are numerous, his riches and magnificence immense ; and fuch fair knights, as the thoufand and more who accompany’d him, Erodys had never feen : no notice, therefor, being takeën of their verdant vesture, or diminutive fize, the charaeterifticks of Engleifh fairys, it may be fairly concludeëd that the poem was not invented or compofe’d in this country ; the fairys of the French and Italian romanceës being essentially diftinct, and, in fact, generally females, endow’d with fingular beauty and fupernatural powers. See an account of this fort of fairy in the *roman d’Ogier*

le Danois, or that of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, of which there is an English version.

V. 179. *The kyng of Fayré with his route,
Com to hunte all aboute,
With dunnyng and with blowyng,
And houndys cryeng;
But forsothe no best they nome,
Ne he wist wher they becom.]*

In Chaucers *Marchantes tale* he speaks of

“*Pluto, that is the king of Faerie.*” V. 10101.

V. 336. *And asked what wilt thou do?
Parfay, y am a mynstral lo.]*

Thus, in the Auchinleck copy:

“And asked what he wold have ydo.
Parfay, quath he, icham a minstrel lo.”

The Harley MS. reads *so*, in the first line.

V. 510. *Explicit Orptheo regis.*

The Edinburgh copy ends thus:

“Now king Orfeo coround is,
And his quen game 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 nempned it after the king;
That lay Orfeo is yhote,
Gode is the lay, swete is the note.
Thus com fir Orfeo out of his care:
God graunt ous al wele to fare.”

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For wordys that they dedyn and tolden,”

as thofe of the Edinburgh one:

“ His fader was comen of *king Pluto*,
And his moder of *king [r. quene] Juno.*”

V. 47. *Orptheo fujerneth in Crasfens.]*

The corresponding lines of the Edinburgh copy are

“ This king fojourned in *Tracens*
That was a cité of noble defens,”

to which it ads

“ For Winchester was cleped tho
Traciens withouten no.”

V. 140. *Then com her kyng also blyve.]*

This monarch, (who is anonymous), it appears, from a fubfequent verfe was “ kyng of Fayré,” his attendants are numerous, his riches and magnificence immense; and fuch fair knights, as the thoufand and more who accompany’d him, Erodys had never feen: no notice, therefor, being takeèn of their verdant vesture, or diminutive fize, the characteristicks of Englifh fairys, it may be fairly concludeëd that the poem was not invented or compofe’d in this country; the fairys of the French and Italian romanceës being essentially diftinët, and, in fact, generally females, endow’d with fingular beauty and fupernatural powers. See an account of this fort of fairy in the *roman d’Ogier*

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That lay Orfeo is yhote,
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Thus com sir Orfeo out of his care :
God graunt ous al wele to fare.”

In the library of Geneva (Num. 179) is “ *Description de la descente d’Orphée aux enfers, lorsqu’il alla pour y chercher sa femme Eurydice.*” MS. en vers “ *tres ancien.*”

CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.

Of this old metrical chronicle (transcribe'd from a manuscript of the royal library (12 C XII) there is another copy in that of the faculty of advocates, already notice'd, to which are prefix'd the following lines by way of title :

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

At the end is “ *Explicit liber regum Angliæ.*”

There can be no doubt that this and similar chronicles were compose'd for the purpose of being sung in publick to the harp. “ Our modern ballads,” according to Hearne, “ are, for the most part, roman-tick; 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 giveen by Warton, are as follows: “ *Quando ob dei reverentiam aut sue matris, vel alterius sancti cujuscunque, tempore yemali, ignis in aula fociis ministratur; tunc scolaribus et sociis post tempus prandii aut cene, liceat, gracia recreationis, in aula, in cantilenis et aliis solaciis honestis, moram facere condecen-tem; et poemata, regnorum chronicas, et mundi hujus mirabilia, ac cetera que 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 afterward “adopted into the statutes of Magdalen college;” and from thence, if he recollects right, “copied 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 lower. Matthew Paris, in his legend of Offa the first, says that king War-mund, his father, is celebrateed with the chief praise of commendation by those who had use’d historys of the Engles, not onely to utter by relation, but also to insert in writeings. (P. 961).

Even Robert of Brunne, though he professes to have

—“mad nocht for no disours,
Ne for no feggens no harpours,”

says, at the same time,

“And therefore for the comonalte
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 mister 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 Hearnes appendix to Robert of Gloucesters chronicle (P. 505), in the glosfary to which work (P. 731) he introduceës an extract from the fragment of a similar performance.

The present bears internal evidence of haveing been compose'd in the reign of Edward the second; and that the manuscript itself is of the same age seems no less certain; haveing the pointed ψ , and the β , both Saxon characters, the latter of which is rarely use'd at a lateër period, a different letter, ρ , being adopted in its stead. As to the rest, the hand is, apparently, that of a Norman-law-scribe, and bears the closeëst resemblance to that of the Harleian MS. 2253, which contains *King Horn*, &c.

V. 178. Four tonnes, &c.] The fragment of this chronicle printed by Selden, in a note upon the third song of Draytons *Poly-Olbion*, reads,

“Two tunne, &c.”

and contains other slight variations in almost every line. It does not appear whence he had it.

VOLUME III.

LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

THE onely copy of this excellent old romance is extant in a paper MS. in bishop Mores collections, in the publick 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 hope'd, carefully, transcribe'd. No French original is known, though repeated referenceës 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 copys of the Latin *Gesta Romanorum* (Harley, 2270, &c. C. 101), as well as in the English versions of that work (*Ibi.* 7333, Num. 69, and Robinsons edition, fig. O b). This, which is likewise told in the *Speculum historiale* of Vincentius Bellovacensis (L. 7, C. 90), was dilateëd in pro-faick stanzas by Thomas Hoccleve; and a material incident, common to both (that of the bloody knife), is introduce'd into Gowers legend of Constance, and Chaucers *Man of lawes tale*; though it does not occur in *Emare*, which, as wil be elsewhere observe'd, is substantially the same narrative.* See Wartons *History of English poetry*, III, lxxxiii. The same story, in French verse, exists in a MS. of the twelfth and thirteenth

* This incident has, likewise, found its way into the *Histoire de Gerard comte de Nevers*; see tome 2, C. 4.

century, in the library of Berne (Num. 634). See Sinners catalogue (III, 389), and Le Grand, *Fabliaux ou contes*, V, 164. It is also in the *Patrañas de Timoneda*, fo. 21. The MS. has every where the Saxon *p* for *th*.

* * * The name of the romance, or its heroine, would be more properly written *La bonne Florence of Rome*, but our ancestours, who acquire'd their French, like Chaucers priores,

“ After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,”
seem to have pay'd little or no attention to gender. We stil call the parish of St. Mary *la bonne*, as, grammatically, it owes to be, St. Mary *le bone*.

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

V. 33. A fourth part of this stanza is wanting: all the rest are perfect.

V. 198. “ Feyre, fyrrys, mote you befallle.”]

This interruption in the embasadours address seems to be a compliment, or welcome, on the kings part; after which the embasadour proceeds.

V. 655. *At the furste wynnyng of ther schone.*]

A young or new-made knight was say'd to *win his spurs* when he first achieve'd some gallant action. To *win his shoes* is a phrase of similar import, but of less dignity. It occurs again, in *The squyre of low degre* :

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

Again:

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

At the battle of Cresfy, the prince, Edward, being hard beset, "sent a mesfanger 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 Camfert, sir Reynolde Cobham, and other suche as be about the prince your son, are fiersly fought withal, and are fore handled; wherfore they desyre you that you and your bataile wold come and aide them, for if the Frenchmen encrease, as they dout 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 hardely matched, wherfore 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 alyve; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day TO WINNE HIS SPURRES; for, yf god be pleased, i will this iourney be his, and the honour therof, and to them that be about hym." (*Froisfarts Cronycles*, by sir John Bourchier, lord Berners, 1525, P. 65 See also *Fabliaux ou contes*, D, 107.)

V. 1340. The three last lines of this stanza are apparently missing: every other consisting of twelve, of which the rime of every third line is uniform.

THE ERLE OF TOLOUS.

This romance is printed from a transcript made, for the editour, by his amiable and accomplish'd friend the late John Baynes, from the MS. in the publick library of the university of Cambridge already de-

scribe'd. There is another copy of it in the Ashmolean museum (45, 4to), of which doctor Percy has got a transcript, and a third (imperfect) in the library of Lincoln-cathedral. This last is intitle'd as follows: "Here bygyunes the romance of Dyoclecyane the emperour, and the erle Berade of Tholous, and of the emprice Beaulilione;" and commenceës, unmetrically,

"Jhu Criste god and lorde in trynyte."

No French original is known: the "*Roman de Diocletian*" (as it is occasionally call'd) 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 authour 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 believe'd, has been equally fortunate.

V. 355. *Hur hondys whyte as whallys bonne.*]

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

"The erle had no chylde but one,

A mayden as white as whalës bone."

Again, in *Syr Ifembras*:

"His wyfe as white as whalës bone."

Again, in *The squyr of low degre*:

"Lady as white as whalës bone."

It even occurs in Skeltons, and Surreys Poems, and, what is still more extraordinary, in Spensers *Faërie quene*, and Shakspeares *Loves-labours-lost* (if, in fact, that part of it ever receive'd the illuminateing touch of our great dramatist). Mister Steevens, in his note on the last instance, observes that *whales* "is the Saxon genitive case," meaning that it requires to be pronounce'd as a disyllable, (thus, *whalës*, or, more properly, *whaleës*,) which it, certainly, is in every instance.

V. 522. *Thou shalt take us with the dede.*]

That is, *with the manner* (a law-phrase, *cum manu opere, ovesque le main œuvre*), *flagrante delicto*, or in the very act, and, in what the Scots call'd, in respect of their deer-stealers, the *reid*, or *bluidy*, hand.

V. 1213. *A lay of Bretayne callyd hyt ys.*]

See *Emare*, V. 1030, and the note upon that passage.

THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

This strange and whimsical, but genuine English, performance is here giveën from a copy in quarto, and black-letter, without date, "Imprinted at London by me Wyllyam Copland," extant among mister Garricks old plays, now in the British museum (K. vol. 9). That it was printed before 1575 is evident from Lanehams "Letter," already mention'd; and, in fact, as Copland dye'd in 1568, or 1569, could not be later than one of those years. It was, moreover, licens'd 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 introduce'd "The squire of

lowe degrec;” and, in Shakspeares play of *King Henry the fifth*, captain Fluellen 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 ascertain’d; for, though it has been thought even anteriour, in point of date, to the time of Chaucer, it is never mention’d by any one writeër, before the sixteenth century; nor is it known to be extant in manuscript; and, in fact, the Museum copy is the onely one that exists in print.

V. 1. *It was a squyer of lowe degre.*]

A squire was a state or condition inferiour, 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 I, P. 11, &c. A most curious and interesting account of the education, employments, and progress, of a page, varlet, or squire, wil be found in the *Histoire et plaisante cronicque du petit Jehan de Saintré*, an excellent romance of the fifteenth century (Paris, 1523, 1724).

V. 29. *And in the arber was a tre, &c.*]

Warton, who conjectures this poem to be “ coëval with Chaucer,” says, in a note, “ From this passage, and another of the same sort, an ingenious correspondent* has taken occasion to consider Chaucers *Rime of*

* This ingenious correspondent turns out to be mister, afterward doctor Percy, since dean of Carlisle, and now bishop, of Dromore. See a note in his *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, London, 1794, III, xxiii.

fir Thopas in a new light ;” and transcribes his words. “ The rhyme of *fir 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 degre* : * where it is remarkable that the author has reckoned the *lily*, the *piany*, the *fether-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 clove gelofer,
 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 *sferhawke*, and the *popinjaye*,
 That joye it was to here ;
 The throstell eke made his laye,
 The *wood-cocke* upon the spraye,
 She song full loud and clere.

* Though this “ ingenious correspondent” has already say’d, that, in what he is please’d 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 squyr of lowe degre*, which, after all, is not prove’d to be one of these “ old ballad-romances ;” none of which, in fact, contains any such impertinencees.

The "ingenious correspondent" ads that Speght and Urry have "substituted *wood-larke*, instead of *wood-cock*, not considering that Chaucer is jocose." Tyrwhitts edition, however, indisputably the best, reads *wood dove*; and as *Lybeaus Disconus*, one of the romanceës enumerateëd by Chaucer, is alludeëd to in *The squyr of lowe degre*, it is not, probably, allso, of his age. (See *Observations on the Fairy queen*, I, 139.)

Bottom, the weaver, in Shakspeares *Midsummer-nights-dream*, after he has receive'd Robin Good-fellows favour of an afses head, sings part of one of these "old ballad-romances," to convince his companions, whom he supposeës to be within hearing, that he is not afray'd :

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

Dureing the performance of this singular melody, the queen of Fairys, allure'd out of her nap by such harmonious strains, exclaims,

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

V. 51. *The jaye jangled them amonge.*]

Thus, in *The cherrie and the flae* :

"The jargon of the *jangling jays*."

Again, in *The houlate*, a stil more ancient poem, by Holland :

"Thus jowkit with juxters the *janglane ja*."

Again, in Wedderburns *Complainte of Scotland*, St.

Andrews, 1549; "the jargolyne of the fuallou gart the *jay jangil*."

V. 82. *As was the giaunte fyr Colbraunde.*]

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 elaborately describe'd 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 Engleish romance of "Sir Guy," or the Latin one of a certain imaginary *Girardus Cornubiensis*, for whom see Hearnes appendix to the *Chronicon de Dunstaple*, Num. XI, and who was translateëd, in drawling stanzas of *balade royal*, by dan John Lydgate, monk of Bury; though it hapens not to be mention'd by any historical writeër of or near the time of action. Warton, indeed, an admirable judge, to be sure, of literary antiquitys! seems to have no doubt of both Bevis and Guy being "Engleish heros," and actually refers, for the latter, to "*Will. Malmesf. Gest. Angl.* ii. 6. where it would, probably, be somewhat difficult to find him. Camden, indeed, a profess'd antiquary, and even the more learned Selden, are nearly as credulous as "honest Tom."

V. 140. *Lynen cloth i shall none were.*]

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 labours lost*, says, "The naked truth of it is, i have *no shirt*; i go *woolward* for penance."

Again, in *Ywaine and Gawain*, V. 267:

“ It was a wonder wede,
That the cherle yn yede,
Nowther of *wol*, ne of *line*.”

V. 148. *For his love that harowed hell.*]

This means Jesus Christ, who, in the interval between his crucifixion and ascension, is say'd, in the apostles creed, to have “descended into hel.” This visitation is relateëd, most at large, in *Nichodemuse's gospel*. In Hearn's appendix to Fordun's *Scotichronicon* (P. 1402-3), is a singular engraving from an old illumination, in which “*Ihesus Christus (resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum,*” not faint Patrick, as doctor Johnson mistakes) “is represented,” as he says, “visiting hel, and puting the devils into great confusion...of whom one...[with a prong and a horn] has a label isfuing out of his mouth, with these words, “*Out out arongzt!*” (Note in *Shakspeare*, 1793, VII, 342.) The *harowing of hel* (which seems to mean *sacking* or *plundering*, as Christ goes arm'd with his cross, and releaseës Adam, his children, and all the saints) is frequently mention'd in the ancient mysterys. In one of *The Coventry Corpus-Christi-plays* (Cotton MSS. Vespasian, D, VIII, fo. 185, 6) *Belyall* crys when Christ's soul is at the gates of hel,
“ Alas, alas, out and harrow!”

In one of *The Chester-Whitsun-plays* (Harley MSS. Num. 2015), call'd *The harrowing of hell* (fo. 5), the second dæmon exclaims,

“ Out harrowe! where is our mighte?”

“*Haro*,” according to Warton, “is a form of exclamation anciently use'd in Normandy [*clameur de Haro*], to call for help, or to raise the *Hue and cry* [erroneously, suppose'd by some, on that account, to be a corruption of *Ha Rou!* *i. e.* Rollo, D. of Normandy]. (*Ob. on the F. Q.* I, 171.) In fact, however, *Pharroh* was the old war-cry of the Irish (see *Camden's Britannia*, 1695, P. 1047; and *Spensers View of Ireland*, P. 39). The word, too, or *crie de guerre*, of Joan of Arc, “was *Hara ha!*” (*Howells Letters*, P. 113.)

V. 171. *For, and ye my love should wyinne,
With chyvalry ye must begin.]*

In like manner Horn-child, before he wil agree to marry Rymenild, thinks it necessary to spend seven years in knightly adventures. See, also, the advice giveen to *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, by *la jeune dame des belles cousines* (P. 169, &c.) and his subsequent conduct.

V. 175. *Through which ye may wyinne your shone.]*
See *Le bone Florence of Rome*, V. 656; and the note upon that pasage.

V. 215. *Both O and R shall be therein,
With A and M it shall begynne.]*

His device would resemble that of Chaucers priores:—

“Of smale coral about her arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded alle with grene,
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which there was first ywriten a crowned A,
And after, AMOR vincit omnia.”

V. 306. *And set his chaplet upon his head.]*

A chaplet, it is presume'd, was a garland of flowers.

V. 390. *But thou myght take him with the dede.]*

Unless, that is, thou should'st take him *with the manner*. See before, *The erle of Tolous*, V. 522; and the note on that line.

V. 541. *Undo your dore, my lady swete.]*

From this repeated exclamation of the poor terrify'd squire, he seems to have acquire'd it as a nickname, the printers colophon being—“Thus endeth *Undo your dore*, otherwise called the squyr of lowe degre.” 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 Shakspeare, who, in the

fragment of an old song, suppose'd to be sung by *Ophelia*, has

“—dupt the chamber-dooer.”

V. 591. *I pray to god, and our lady,
To send you the whele of Victory.]*

This couplet has allready occur'd. This illustrious princefs, however, is here made to confound the wheel of *Fortune* with that of *Victory*, a goddess who had no wheel.

V. 614. *Whan the dwarfe and mayde Ely.]*

See *Lybeaus disconus*, *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 Engleish, or the present minstrel has misreciteëd the one we have.

V. 714. *With browes brent, and eyes ful mery.]*

The printed copy reads “browes bent:” the emendation is founded on the authority of an old Scottish song:

“In January last,
On munāday 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 in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.”

Again, in *The silken-snooded lasie*:

“Fair her hair, and brent her brow.”

In the glosfary to *Ramsays Poems* *Brent-brow* is explain'd “smooth high forehead.”

V. 773. *Homward thus shall ye ryde,
On haukyng by the ryvers side.]*

This is an ordinary pastime in the old romanceës.

Thus Adam Davie, in his *Lyf of Alysaunder* :

“ In green wood and of huntynge,
And of ryver of haukyng.”

So, likewise, Chaucer, in his *Rime of sire Thopas* :

“ He couth hunt al the wild dere,
And ride an hawking by the rivere.”

Again, in *The frankleins tale* :

“ These fauconers upon a faire rivere,
That with the hawkis han the heron slain.”

V. 824. *Your maryners shall syng arowe
Hey how and rumbylawe.*]

Some song, with this burthen, seems to have been, formerly, peculiar to seamen. Thus, in *Cocke Lorelles bote*, b. 1.

“ For joye theyr trumpettes dyde they blowe,
And some songe *heve and howe, rumbelowe.*”

Skelton, too, in his *Bowge of court* has the following lines :

“ Holde up the helme, loke up, and lete god stere,
I wolde be merie, what wind that ever blowe,
Heve and how rumbelow, row the bote, Norman, rowe :”

alludeing, 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 rideing to Westminster, like his predecesors, “ was rowed thither by water.” Its high antiquity is further manifested by the fragment of a very ancient Scottish song, preserve’d by the same Fabian, and other older chronicleërs, on the battle of Bannock-burn, in 1314 :

“ Maydens of Englande, fore may ye morne,
For your lemans ye have lost at Bannockys-borne,
With *heve alowe* :

What weneth the king of England
 So foone to have wone Scotland?
 With *rumbylowe*."

Again, in another old fragment:

" I saw three ladies fair, singing *hey and how*,
 Upon yon ley land, hey:
 I saw three *mariners*, singing *rumbelow*,
 Upon yon sea-strand, hey."

V. 941. Farewell golde, *pure and fyne*,
 Farewell velvet, *and fatyne*; &c.]

This list of adieus might have been reasonably presume'd to have been parody'd 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 editours had not allready provide'd, for the illustration of their inimitable authour, a sufficient quantity of those exclamatory perorations. (See the edition of 1793, XV, 542.)

THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY AND THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

The history of which we have here a simple and romantick, but, at the same time, interesting and pathetick, narrative, is relate'd, with some prolixity, by Fauchet, from an old chronicle, written about the year 1380, and is generally believe'd to be founded on facts. *Le chastelain de Couci*, the constable, that is, of *Couci-castle* (so strangely perverted in the present poem

to "The knight of *Curtesy*")*, and *la dame de Faiel* (Gabrielle de Vergi, or de Levergies), here call'd "the lady of Faguell," are celebrateëd loveërs, 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 accomplish'd hero was a poet of singular merit for his age, several of his passionate and tender songs being preserve'd, and in the hands of the publick. He appears to have accompany'd his lord, uncle, and name-fake, *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 loveër of the fair Gabrielle, with his *chastellain*, who receive'd his mortal wound at the same siege. It is, however, say'd, in the ancient romance, that he did not arrive in Palestine, with king Richard, til after the capture of Acre, where his uncle Raoul had been kil'd. The husband of this unfortunate lady was Aubert de Faiel, lord of the castle and feignory of that name, near the town of St. Quintin. See Fauchet, *Recueil de l'origine de la langue & poësie Françoisse*, 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 is say'd, in the French romance, that Faiel, fearing lest the relations of his wife should avenge her death, cause'd

* His name was *Raoul*, though mistakëenly call'd, both by Fauchet, and the French romance, *Regnaud* or *Regnault*.

† Le Grand, who lowers this MS. to the fifteenth, allows it may be the copy of one of an earlyer age.

her to be inter'd with a great deal of honour, and departed for the holy-land. The remembrance, however, of his barbarity pursue'd him every where: after he return'd home he was never seen to laugh, and survive'd 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 loveër "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 remain'd fresh to that day. In the above *Memoires* is a small view of it.

The present poem, some sort of translation, it is presume'd, from the French (but not, it seems, the *Roman du chastellain de Coucy & de la dame de Faïel*, before-mention'd, unless with great libertys), is now republisk'd 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 onely 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" mention'd to have been seen by the editour of "Reliques of ancient English

poetry," III, xlii. The story appears to be still preserve'd by tradition at St. Quintin and Faïel.

The romance of *La châtelaine de Vergy*, which seems to have been confounded, by Froisfart 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 circumstanceës, to this of Raoul de Coucy, is relateëd of William de Cabestaing, a Catalan or Provençal poet of the same age. See *Histoire littéraire des troubadours*, I, 134. Boccaccio has made it the subject of one of his novels (*Gior.* 4, No. 9).

V. 32. *This lord to serve with humylitè.*]

The authour 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 Rousillon, 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 Faïel 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 Faïel, he was press'd by Aubert to remain there in his absence.

V. 177. *A payre of sheres &c.*]

V. 205. *Than did he her heer unfold, &c.*]

This incident is notice'd both in the French romance and the chronicle citeëd by Fauchet. "*La dame de Faïel*," says the latter, "*quand elle sçeut qu'il s'en*

devoit aller, fist un lags de soye moult bel & bien fait, & y avoit de ses cheveux ouvrés parmi la soye; dont l'oeuvre semlot moult belle & riche: dont il lioit un bourrelet moult riche par desus son heaume: & avoit longs pendans par derriere, a gros boutons de perles."

V. 222. So when he came to Lumberdye.]

This adventure with the dragon is unnotice'd both in the extracts from the French romance, and by Fauchet.

V. 277. Towarde the Rodes.]

It was Acre, not Rhodes.

V. 375. He called his page hastely.]

The name of this page is Gobert in the French romance. He had been in the service of Aubert.

GLOSSARY.

ABADE, *abode*.

Abayst, *abash'd, ashamed*.

Abbas, *abbess*.

Abenche, *upon a bench*.

Abohte, II, 149, Aboth, 305, *bought*: aboht, S.

Abothe, *abode*.

Abought, II, 84, *bought*.

Abfolent, III, 171, *absolute*.

Abugge, Aby, *suffer, or atone for*.

Ac, *but*: ac, S.

Achon, *each one*.

Acketoun, II, 50, Actoun, *frequently use'd for the hauberk, corslet, or complete coat of mail, but, strictly, a leathern or stuff'd jacket, worn under it. Thus, in Ywaine and Gawin, V. 2616:*

“*Both haubert and his actoun:*”

acqueton, or hoqueton, F.

Acyce, *asfize*.

Admyrold, Amerayle, *a corrupt title giveen by some ancient historians to the Saracen kings; whence, it seems, our admiral: the original Arabick is ameer al omrah, or prince of the princeës.*

Adrad, Adradd, Adred, *afraid, terrify'd*.

Adrenche, II, 95, Adrynke, 97, 132, *drown, drink*.

Adronque, 132, *drown'd*: adronc, S.

Adyght, II, 31, *dight, deck'd*.

- Afeng, II, 60, *receive'd*: anþengan, S.
 Afert, II, 173, *afear'd*, *afray'd*.
 Afurste, II, 137, *at first*.
 Afyn, I, 184, Afyne, II, 242, *in fine*, *at last*.
 Agast, *afray'd*.
 Agethe, *go'th*.
 Aght, *eight*; *aught*; *owe'd*.
 Agramed, II, 81, *angery*, *furios*: зрам, S.
 Agrayde, I, 209, *graith*, *dress*, *decorate*.
 Agros, II, 80, 146, *shuder'd*, *tremble'd*.
 Agryse, II, 85, *shuder*, *tremble*; *be frighten'd*, *terri-
 fy'd*, *angery*, *or in a passion*: агрыян, S.
 Agye, I, 197, II, 87, *to guide*, *manage*, *govern*, *act for*.
 Agynne, *begin*: агиннан, S.
 Ah, *but*.
 Ahte, *eight*.
 Aknen, *upon his knees*.
 Alablast. *See* Arblast.
 Alayes, *alleys*: allées, F.
 Albidene, I, 3, 22, 37, 88, 125, 149, 151, 156, Al-
 bydene, Allbedene, III, 143, All bedeene, III, 13,
 143, 157, *altogether*, *wholly*, *entirely*, *one after another*.
 Thus, too, Robert of Brunne, P. 45:
 “*Lyndesie he destroyed all bidene.*”
This phrase is of inscrutable etymology. See Bydene.
 Alde, *old*.
 Alexcion, *election*.
 Algrade, [*r. 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, Alfe, *also.* Al-fone, *forthwith.*

Alther-furste, Alther-last, Alther-next, &c. *the first, last, next, of all.*

Alweldand, *all-wielding, all-governing; omnipotent:*
alpolda, S.

Amall, *enamel; emaille, F.*

Ameraud, *emerald.*

Amerayle. *See Admyroid.*

An, *ou.* An, Ane, *one.*

Anamered, *enamour'd.*

Anblere, *on an ambleër, or ambleing nag.*

And, I, 73, III, 152, *an, if.*

Ande, *the breath: ond, S.*

Anes, *once.* Anly, *only.* Ant, *and.*

Antioche, *some kind of wine, probably imported, or introduce'd, from that country.*

Apayde, *please'd, satisfy'd, content.*

Apertly, *openly, plainly.*

Aplight, Apliht, Aplyght, II, 87, 161, 164, 178, *complete, perfect. The etymology of this word cannot be ascertain'd.*

Apryse, II, 26, *enterprize, attempt, adventure.*

Aquelde, *quel'd, kil'd.*

Ar, Are, *ere, ever, before.*

Arafte, II, 48, *rest, smote.*

Arblaste, *a cross-bow: arbaleste, F.*

Arber, Arbere, *arbour.*

Are, *oar: ap, S.*

Areche, II, 119, *expound, explain, interpret: apēc-*
can, S.

Arere, *raise.*

Arefon, *reason with, address, talk to, convince by argument.*

Arewe, *rue.*

Armyne, *ermine.*

Armyte, *hermit.*

Arfoun, *saddle*; Arfouns before and behind, forther^r arfoun, hinder arfoun, *The bows or elevations at each end of the saddle*: arçon, *F.*

Arst, *erst, first, sooner.*

Arunde, *errand-*

Afcry, *descry, discover, betray.* Afcryed.

Afowr, *azure, blue.*

Asfaye, *esfay, trial.*

Asfoyle, *absolve.* Asfoyled.

Astrote, III, 85, *bulging, strutting out.*

Afwogh, Afwowe, *in a swoon.*

At, *that*; to. At ane, At on, A ton, *at one, agree'd, or atone'd.*

Ateoned, II, 270.

Ateyned, I, 68, Ataynte, 203, *attainted.*

Ath, *oath.*

Atrayyed, II, 181, *poison'd*: attped, *S.*

Aught, II, 44, *owe'd, own'd, posses's'd.*

Aunterous, *adventurous, abounding with adventures.*

Avaunt, *boast, extol*: avant, *F.*

Aveaunt, III, 29, Avenant, I, 163, Avenaunt, III, 6, *comely, handsome, graceful, wel-belove'd.* Avenant, I, 133, 158, *promise, agreement, condition.*

Aventayle, II, 69, *aperture in a close helmet, through which the wearer was to breathe*; otherwise, according to Cotgrave, "the sight of the beaver [or visor]:" ventaille, *F.*

Avente, III, 82, *open (for the purpose of breathing through).*

Aventurs, *adventures.*

Avesé, avysé, I, 6, 31, *advise'd, wary, discreet, or the like: aviser, F.*

Avyse, III, 39, *consider, think of it.*

Avysement, *advice, deliberation: avisement, F.*

Avysyd, III, 14, *advise'd.*

Aw, I, 5, 6, *owes, or owns, owe or own. Aw, 101, awe, power, tyranny.*

Awede, II, 27, 41, Awyede, II, 17, *be mad or furious: apedan, S.*

Awreke, *revenge'd: appecan, S.*

Axfy, *ask. Axede, ask'd: acryan, S.*

Aye, *ever.*

Ayen, Ayens, ayeynes, *again, against.*

Ayre, *heir. Ayre, III, 166, probably for Yare, which see.*

Bacinet, Bacinette, Bafenet, Basnet, *a kind of helmet, or arm'd covering for the head, differing, in some respect, from a salade, a banniere, or a heaulme. See Histoire de petit Jehan de Saintré, P. 650. Basinet, F.*

Balde, I, 8, *bold, certain, well-assure'd: bald, S.*

Bale, *evil, mischief, sorrow, misdeed, and the like; in the plural, balys: beal, S.*

Band, I, 75, *bound.*

Bandoun, I, 81, Baundoun, *government, bonds, power, hands, confinement.*

Bane, *death, misery, evil, mischief, curse: bana, S.*

Baptyste, *baptism.*

Bare, *a wild-boar: bar, S.*

Barme, II, 25, *bosom, lap, womb: bearm, S.*

Barme-teme, III, 1, *brood*.

Barn, I, 23, *child*: bearn, S.

Barnage, I, 53, *baronage, pcerage, nobility*.

Baslarde, III, 187, *a sword, or dagger*. So, in *Pierce Plowman*, fo. 16, b.

“*All that beareth baslarde, brode fwerde, or launce :*”

Again, fo. 79 :

“*A baselard, or a ballocke-knife, with bottons over gilt.*”

“*Baselard, sica.*” *Promptorium parvulorum* (Harleian MS. 221).

Bastarde, *a wine of Corsica, so call'd, as is conjecture'd, from being mix'd with honey. It was a common beverage in London, so late as Shakspeares time.*

Bate, I, 56, *bit*.

Bay, best broght to bay, II, 66, *at his last gasp, or when the deer, when weary of runing, turns upon the hounds, and holds or puts them to bay*: abbois, F.

Bayn, *ready, near*.

Be, I, 170, *by*. *In would have been better; but, as the judicious Tyrwhitt has observe'd that BY is sometimes use'd by Chaucer, with the signification of IN; that may, likewise, be the case here. See his Glos. under the former word.*

Bede, I, 41, *offer, afford*; bædan, S.

Beden, II, 290, *prayers*.

Bedene, I, 125, 142, 160, *all, alltogether, together*; III, 156, *one after another*.

Beende. *See Bende*.

Befyll, *befel*: befealen, S.

Behete, Bihete, *promise, as sure*: behatan, S.

Bekeand, *beeking, warming, or sweating*.

Bel and boke, I, 127. *A solemn curse, or anathema, in the popeish religion, denounce'd at high mass, with the ringing of a bel, and the reading of a book.*

- Belamy, *good friend*: Bel ami, *F.*
 Beld, II, 90, Belde, I, 52, *help, protect, defend.*
 Belde, III, 73.
 Belyfe, Belyve, bilive, *afterward, soon, by and by.*
 Bemess, I, 188, *horns, trumps*: byme, *S.*
 Bende, II, 11, *bondage, bands, bonds, prison*: bænde, *S.*
 Bente, III, 148.
 Benynge, *benign.*
 Bentys, *bents, grounds near the sea, on which bent, a coarse large grass, grows.*
 Ber, Bere, *bier; bear.*
 Befawntes, III, 9, *a piece of gold, so call'd because first coin'd at Byzantium, now Constantinople, worth, in French money, fifty pounds Tournois*: Befant, *F.*
 Besofte, *besought, entice'd.*
 Beste, *deer.*
 Bestadde, *bestead, circumstance'd.*
 Besterede, *bestir'd.*
 Bet, *beter; beter'd, or made beter, amended*: betan, *S.*
 Bete, III, 9, *beaten, plaited, inlay'd, embroider'd.*
 Beth, *be.*
 Bewrye, III, 55, *bewray, betray, accuse.*
 Bewtesse, I, 129, *civilitys, ceremonys.*
 Beye, II, 95, *aby, revenge, atone for.*
 Beyete, *begot.*
 Beyke, *to beek, or warm, as before a rousing fire.*
 Beyne, II, 128, *bain, soon?*
 Bical, bikalles, *impeach, accuse.*
 Bicaugt, II, 176, *deceive'd.*
 Bicollede, *colly'd, blacken, or blacken'd.*
 Bide, *abide, await.*
 Biforn, *before.*
 Big, *build.*

- Bigonne, *began*.
 Bihete. *See* Behete.
 Bilive. *See* Belyfe.
 Biment, II, 200.
 Birful, I, 70, *roaring*.
 Bitoke, *betook, committed to*.
 Bityme, *betimes, in time*.
 Blan, *stop'd, cease'd*. *See* Blynne.
 Blauner, II, 6.
 Blawand, *blowing*.
 Ble, Blee, Bleo, Blo, *hue, colour, complexion*. Blo, II, 217, *black-blue*: bleo, *S. lividus, luridus*. P. P.
 Blew-out, *breathe'd hard, puff'd*.
 Blist, I, 133.
 Blome, Blossle, bloom, blosfom.
 Blyn, Blynne, *stop, cease; put a stop to*: blinnan, *S.*
 Blyve, I, 200, III, 137, *blithe; corrupted, occasionally, from both belyve, and blithe*.
 Bo, *both*.
 Bodely, III, 97, *bodyly*.
 Bonaire, *debonair*.
 Bone, boon, *reward*.
 Boones, *bones*.
 Boofys, III, 17, *bosses, or tufts*: boce, or boos, *P. P.*
 Boot, *boat*.
 Bord, Barde, *board, dining table*: bord, *S.*
 Borjaes, I, 178, *burgesses*.
 Borken, *barking*: beorcan, *S.*
 Borrowed, III, 74, Borwyth, I, 187, *borrow'd, pledge'd, redeem'd*: borgian, *S.*
 Borows, I, 82, borwes, *pledgeës, suretys*: borsh, *S.*
 Boscage, *wood, underwood*: boscage (*now* bôcage), *F.*
 Bost, *boast*.

Bote, *boot*; *good*; *remedy*; *recompence*, *amendment*, *purpose*: *bot*, *S*.

Bote, *boat*. Bote, *but*.

Boteles, *bootles*, *without remedy*.

Bother: Thair bother wil, *the wil of both*.

Boun, Bowne, *ready*, *prepare'd*; *redi*, or *redy boun*, *a pleonasm*.

Bour, *chamber*. Bowrys, *chambers*.

Bour-wemen, *chamber-maids*.

Bourd, I, 81, *jest*, *fun*, *a pasage of humour*, or *pleasantry*. Bourding, *jesting*, or *ridiculeing*.

Bourned, *gilded*, *burnish'd*.

Bowrnes, *burns*, *rivulets*.

Bowsum. See BUXUM.

Boyst, *a box*: *boiste*, *F*.

Brade, I, 8, 12, *broad*. Bradder, *broader*.

Brand, *a sword*.

Brayde, *drew quickly*.

Brayded, I, 87, *roar'd*.

Brayn-wode, *stark-mad*.

Bredde, *bread*.

Bregge, *a bridge*.

Breke, *breeches*: *bræc*, *S*.

Breme, *brim*, *fierce*. Wel breme, I, 208, *very clear*.

Bremly, I, 133, *fiercely*.

Brenne, *burn*: Brenning, *burning*. Brent, Brente, *burn'd*: Brente it do, *cause'd it to be burn'd*.

Brere, *brier*.

Brefyd, *bruisse'd*.

Bretife, *a bretife brade*, I, 8, *a gateway*, or *portal of defence*, *in the rampire*, or *wall*, *of a castle*, or *town*: *bretesque*, *F*.

Brether, *brothers*, *bretheren*.

Breyde, *start, hurry.*

Briddes, *birds.*

Bride, *bridle*: bride, *F.*

Bright, *as byrde bright, 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 slink like a brock," *is proverbial.*

Brond. *See Brand.*

Brondys, *brands, faggots.*

Brooke, III, 50, Brouk, II, 100, Brouke, 134, *brook, employ wel, make the best of, use, enjoy*: bpučan, *S.*

Brudale, *brideale.* Brude, *bride.*

Brugge, or Brygge, *a bridge.*

Brunie, II, 121, *a cuirass, or coat of mail*: brugne, or brunie, *F.*

"Mid helme, ne mid brunie, ne mid non other gere."

Cot. MS. Caligula A. IX.

"Fierent i paiens on hiaume quere brunis."

Enfances d'Ogier, fo. 245. MS.

Bryd, *a bird.* Bryd on bowe, *bird on bough.* *See Bright and Byrd.*

Brym. Besyde that river brym, II, 59, *Beside the brim, margin, or bank, of that river*: bryým, *S.* *See Breme.*

Bud, *beho've'd; as in Laurence Minots poems, P. 20:*

"Fer might thai noght fle, bot thaire bud tham bide."

Bueth, *be'th, be, are.*

Bumbarde, III, 190.

Bun, Bunden, *bound.*

Burland, III, 97, *burling, weltering.*

Burne, III, 38, *baron.*

Bus, I, 46, *behoves*.

Buske, *to prepare, or make ready*. Buske her, *make her neat and trim*. Buskyd, *dress'd, prepare'd*.

Buskes, *bushes*.

But, I, 199, *without, unless*.

Buxum, *buxome, yielding, obedient*: bocrum, S.

Byd, *to pray*.

Bydene, II, 52. *See Bedene*.

Byger, *a builder*. Bygged, *builded*. Bygginge, *building, house*: byggan, S.

Bygly, Bygly blys, III, 71, Bygly hows, 63, Bygly lands, 10.

Byht, *beeth*.

Byker, *to bicker, fight, or skirmish*.

Bylast, *left behind*.

Bylayne, III, 46, *lain by*.

Byn, *within*.

Byradden, II, 271, *advise'd*.

Byrd, *a damsel, young lady or woman*. *See Bright and Bryd*.

Byrke, *birch*.

Byronne, *overrun*.

Bys, Purpur bys, I, 182, *purple colour*: bis, F.

Byfeke, *beseech*.

Bysnare, I, 210, *dishonour, derision, infamy*: bismen, S.

Bysuyke, II, 103; Byfwike, Byfwyke, *betray, beguile, deceive*: beppycan, S.

Byt, *bite*.

Byttur spredde, III, 78.

Calle, *caul, cap, hood, or head-dress*.

Camaca, III, 180, *according to Spelman, a kind of*

cloth, a kind of cloth (whether woolen, linen, or cambrick, he professes not to know), of which, under the age of Edward III. they made the church-vestments; sometimes white, sometimes red.

Carackes, *large ships*: carraque, F.

Cardevyle, Cardelof, Carlile.

Carke, *cark, care*: capc, cæpcian, S.

Carped, *talk'd, converse'd*

Caste, III, 59, 86, *purpose, contrivance, intention*; 112, *occasion, opportunity.*

Cees, *cease.*

Celli, *felly, filly.*

Certes, *certainly.* Certeys, *courteous.*

Chamberer, I, 38, *chamber-maid.*

Changy, *change.*

Charbokull, III, 17, *carbuncle*: escarboucle, F.

Chare, *chariot.*

Chafe, *chofe.*

Chastlayne, *the constable of a castle*: chastelain, F.

Chafy, *to chafe.*

Chauntemente, Chaunterye, *enchantment.*

Chavyl, I, 84, *jaw.*

Chepyng, *a market.*

Cher, *countenance.*

Cherel, cherl, *churl, carl, clown, old fellow*: ceopī, S.

Chese, *chofe.*

Chesten-tre, Chesteyn-tre, *chesnut-tree.*

Cheverd, *shiver'd.*

Child. *See the note on King Horn, V. 85.*

Choll, I, 84, *jowl, head.*

Chorle. *See Cherel.*

Chrystendome, Chrystenté, *all countrys collectively in which christianity prevails.*

- Claré, I, 184, *clary*, a mixture of wine and honey:
 claret, *F.*
- Cleche, II, 131, *click*, *catch*, *lay hold of.*
- Clese, *cleave'd*, *cleft*, *clove.*
- Clene, III, 217, *chaste*, *pure*, *innocent.*
- Clepede, *call'd*, *name'd*: *clopian*, *S.*
- Clere, *a clear*, *chaste*, *pure*, *beautifful young lady.*
- Cleth, *to clothe*, *or drefs.*
- Clippe, *clasp*, *embrace.*
- Clodes, *clothes.*
- Clodeth, *clothe'd.*
- Clokarde, III, 190.
- Clongyn, III, 114, *clung*: *clingan*, *S.*
- Clyne, III, 48, *encline.*
- Clyve, *clif*, *rock.*
- Coliede, *colly'd*, *black.*
- Come, I, 4, *comeing*; *elfewhere came.*
- Commendry, III, 174.
- Comunalité, III, 190, *commonalty*, *community*, *people in general*, *or common.*
- Corefur, III, 134, *horse-scourfer*, *horse-dealer.* See *To-scourse in Sherwoods* English-French dictionary.
- Cornall, Cornell, Coronall, Coronell, *a crown*, *coronet*, *iron-point*, *or head of a spear*, *a spear-head*: *as in Lybeaus*, *V.* 1603:
- “*Tho he tok a schaft rounde,*
Wyth cornall scharp y grounde:”
- which proves they were not allways “a contrivance,” as captain Grose thinks, “to prevent penetration,” at a tilting-match.*
- Cornell, III, 35, *Florence lay in a cornell*, “*the forepart of a house.*” *Coles.*
- Carven, *carve'd.*

Costantyne the nobull, III, 2, *Constantinople*.

Costerdes, II, 180. " Duo costers panni magni de velveto, pro principalibus festis."—" Do & lego Ricardo de Nevil filio meo...unum lectum de arvas, cum *costeris* paled de colore rubeo, qui solebant pendere in magna camera. *Du Cange*, II, 1123.

Courage, III, 213, *heart*: coraçon, *Spa*.

Covenaunce, III, 182, *covenants*.

Covenawnt, III, 40, *faithful*.

Cover, I, 90, III, 109, *recover*.

Covering, I, 126, *recovery?*

Cowre, *crouch*, " *ruch down*," *Coles*.

Cracche'd, *scratch'd*.

Crapawtes, II, 210, Crapowtes, II, 208, *the stone chelonites, or toad-stone*: crapaud, *a toad, or crapadine, the stone*, F. crepawnde, *or crapawnde, a precious stone, smaragdus, P. P.*

Creant, I, 133, Creaut, *recreant, craven*.

Crompyld, *crumple'd*.

Cronde, II, 145,

Cropoun, I, 104, Croupe, *back, tail*. Croupiere, *the buttock-piece*.

Crouth, II, 7, *a crowd, or string'd instrument, lately known to the Welsh, and formerly to the English; whence Butlers Crowdero*: cпуѣ, S. (*Lelands Col.*)

Crowlande, III, 36,

Croyz, II, 145, *cross*.

Culde, II, 163, *kil'd*.

Culpons, I, 28, *shreds, splinters*.

Culvard, II, 303, *treacherous, infamous*: culvert, F.

Cumand, Cumandes, I, 5, 6, *command; come, coming*, I, 13. Cumen, I, 21, *come*.

Cumlyng, I, 69. *Robert of Gloucester makes king*

Goffar thus exclaim against Brut and Corineus, who had plunder'd his country:

“ Ori! he seide, the grete despite, that ise to me here,
That this file and komelynges castelles leteth rere.”

Thomas Hearne, his industrious editour, explains it “ a comeling, one newly come.” It is writen comlyng by Robert of Brunne, on the capture of Hengist:

“ Sir erle this honde, this comlyng,
On my halve present him the kyng.”

“ Comelyng, new-cuin-man or woman.” P. P.

Cumvay, convey.

Cun, II, 294, kine, cows.

Cunne, II, 98, kin.

Cure, care.

Curtayse, Curtes, courteous.

Cusse, kifs. Custe, kifs'd.

Cuttet, cut, split, form'd or shape'd.

Da, a doe.

Dampny, condemn.

Dang, I, 133, smote (plural of Ding).

Dawe, dawn. Dawed, Dawyd, dawn'd.

Dawes, days.

De, the, thee.

Ded, Dedd, Dede, dead, deatn.

Defull, a defull dede, II, 229, a diabolical ael:
deofol-dæd, S.

Dele, dolour, sorrow, grief.

Dele, to part; to deal.

Deme, deem, judge, judgement: deman, S.

Denketh roun, II, 20, think to run.

Dentys, dints, strokes, blows.

Der, *dear*. Der, Dere, Derye, *harm, hurt, damage, distress, mischief*. Derid, *harm'd*: *depe, S.*

Deray, II, 17, *noise*: *desroy, F.*

Derne, *secret, secretly, obscure, obscurely*.

Derworthe, III, 67, *precious, value'd at a high rate*. T.

Dese. See Deys.

Destrer, II, 25, *a destrier, war, or tilting, horse*: *dextrier, F. dextrarius, L. from being led on the right side, or with the right hand.*

“Unto a swier gan he saye,
Go swith, and sadel my palfray,
And so thou do my strang stede.”

Ywaine and Gawin.

His “*palfray*,” therefor, was his ordinary road-horse; his “*strang stede*” the destrier, or led-horse, which he onely mounted in battle or single combat. It is singular, if not improper, to find a damsel upon a destriere, as in Lybeaus Disconus, V. 120.

Describe, *describe*.

Destruyt, *destroy'd*.

Dewkys, *dukes*.

Dey, II, 56, *they*.

Deye, *dye*.

Deys, I, 208, *hye deyse, III, 74, an elevateed 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 collegges and ins of court. Both the elevation and the canopy were call'd indifferently by the name of the Dais. See Warton's H. E. P. I, 422, n.*

Dight, I, 18, *decorateed, deck'd*.

Discrif, *describe'd, form'd*.

Diskere, Dyskere, III, 119, *discover*.

Do, I, 2, *done*.

Doftyr, *daughter*.

Doght, I, 208, *thought*.

Dole, I, 36, *sorrow, grief*.

Dolys, *doles, deals, or money distributeed to the poor, from a religious motive*.

Dome, *judgement*.

Donder, *thunder*.

Donked, I, 195, *thanked*.

Donne, I, 213, *dun, dim*.

Dorth, I, 214, *through*.

Dough, I, 178, *though*.

Dour, *endure*.

Dowe, II, 189,

Dowte, *doubt, awe, fear*.

Drake, II, 173, *dragon*: дрaca, S.

Drawe, I, 196, *thraw, throw, time, space*.

Drede, *dread, fear, terrour*.

Dreche, I, 21, *vex, trouble, torment*: дречан, S.

Drench, II, 138, *drink*.

Drewries, I, 59, *jewels*. Thus, Lawrence Minot (P. 30):

“ Quite ertou, that wele we knaw,

Of catell, and of drewries dere.”

Dreye, Dreygh, II, 41, *Drye, bear, sustain, endure, suffer*: adneogan, S.

Drof, *drove, drifted, sail'd*.

Drogh, Droghe, Drowe, *drew*.

Dromedaryes, I, 179, *large ships, more properly dromonds or dromants, F*.

Drowe; quike to drowe, *to draw alive*.

Drury, I, 213, *gallantry, illicit love*. Drury, II, 238, *dreary*.

Druye, II, 284,

Drye, III, 80, *tedious, irksome.*

Drynge, *throng.*

Dryve, I, 204, *driveën.* Twelve knyghtes wer dryve to boke, not, as mister Ellis surmifseës, "*Were ordered to consult the law;*" but were compel'd to be sworn on a book, or, in other words, to take their oath as the jury or asfize.

Dulcemere, *a dulcimer.*

Duere, *dear.*

Durstede, II, 57, *thirsted.*

Dwergh, Dwerk, *a dwarf.*

Dy, *thy.*

Dydyrward, II, 71, *thitherward.*

Dyght, I, 10, Dyghte, 204, *cut and serve; 11, drefs'd, prepare'd.*

Dyke, *a ditch.*

Dykke, II, 19, *thick.*

Dyne, I, 187, *thine.*

Dynge, *din, noise, clash of arms.*

Dyscry, *describe, discern?*

Dyskere, III, 119, *discover.*

Dyfour, II, 7, *talker, or tale-teler.*

Dysfees, *decease.*

Dystawnce, III, 90, 171, *discord, pride.*

Echadell, *each a deal, very much.*

Ede, II, 96, Eode, 107, Eoden, 97, *went.*

Eem, Eme, *uncle.*

Eft, Este, *after, afterward.*

Effect, III, 15. See Estyrs, for which it is, probably, a corruption. Possibly both estyrs, ways, gallerys, entrys, walls. Skinner.

Eglehorne, III, 177. An egkyl appears to be a species of hawk: see Strutts Manners, &c. III, 124.

- Egyll, III, 17, *eagle*. See Launfal, V. 268, 271.
 Elde, *age*.
 Encheson, Enchesowne, *cause, occasion, reason*.
 Endose, I, 62, *sitting at home, as it were with his back against a chair*: endosfer, F.
 Enoynt, *anointed*.
 Enterement, *interment*.
 Envye, *dislike, hatred, malice*.
 Er, Err, *are*.
 Erdyly, *earthly*.
 Ern, *an eagle*: eapn, S.
 Ernde, II, 142, *yearn, desire'd*.
 Errour, *course, runing*.
 Erst, *before*.
 Ertou, Ertow? *art thou?*
 Erynde, *errand*.
 Effe, *ease*.
 Estyrs, III, 13, *the inward parts of a building; or, according to Hearne, "states, conditions, things;"* estres, F.
 See Effect.
 Ethe, *easyly*.
 Eveneliche, *evenly, equally*.
 Everuchen, *every one*.
 Evyl, *a disease, a disorder, a fit of madness*.
 Eyer, Eyr, *air*.
- Fa, *a foe, enemy*.
 Fachon, *a faulchion, a sword*.
 Faderfowl, I, 23, *fathers soul*.
 Falde, *fel*.
 Fale, II, 43, Fel, Fele, Feole, *many*.
 Faleweden, II, 274, *fallow'd*.
 Fame, III, 161, *defame*.

Famen, *foemen, enemys.*

Fand, Fande, *found.* Fande, I, 14.

Fang, I, 13, *catch, seize, lay hold of;* III, *catch, take, receive.*

Farde, *fare'd.*

Farn, *fare'd:* How has to farn this day? *How hast thou fare'd to day?*

Faun plate, II, 66, Vamplat, or Avant plat, *an iron-plate, which defended, in front, a cavity for the reception of the hand, near the but-end of a tilting-spear:* avant and plat, F.

Faunfere, II, 77.

Fafe, *foes.*

Fafoun, Fasfyoune, *fashion, form.*

Faunt, *infant.*

“*And confirmen fauntekyns, and other folk learned.*”

Pierce Ploughman, *fo.* 67, b.

Faxe, *hair.*

Fawe, II, 194, *glad, as fain.* T. See Fayn.

Fawtede, I, 178, *faulted, fail'd, was wanting to.*

Fay, II, 23, *faith.*

Fayn, Fayne, *fain, joyful, glad, gladly:* fagen, S.

Fayne, *joy, gladness.*

Fayntife; I, 4, *idleness, lazyness, sloth (which might prevent their riseing):* faineantife, F. Q.

Fayrfe, Fyers, *fierce.*

Fayry, II, 208, *a fairyism, or appearance of the imaginary spirits so call'd.* Fayrye, I, 215, II, 72, *fairy-land; magick, illusion.*

Feare, *fair.*

Fecche, *fetch:* feccan, S.

Feer, *fierce; fire.*

Felaurade, II, 98, Christen felaurede, 168, Felaw-

rede, 195, 201, *a fellowship, or company; few or many; a christian nation; an army of 60,000 knights; probably from þela, many, or þelap, fellow, and þad or þade, an inroad on horseback.*

Feld, *folded.*

Fell, *a mountain.* Felle, *skin:* þell, S.

Feloun, *wicked, fierce, cruel.*

Feltred, *felter'd, hairy, shaggy.*

Felwet, *velvet.*

Felyoles, III, 180.

Femyn, *venom.*

Fen; fowyll fen, II, 64, *mud, mire, filth:* þenn, S.

Fend, *defend.* Fendes, *fiends, devils.*

Fenell, *fennel.*

Feorlych, *ferly, wonderful.*

Fer, Fere, *fear; fire.*

Fer, Feor, *far.* How fer schall all this good? (I, 186) i. e. *How far shal it go? and not "Fare—to whom shall it go?"*

Ferd, Ferde, *fare'd, hapen'd:* þeop, S.

Fere, In fere, *in company, together, as companions:*

Fere, II, 97, *healthy, sound; cure, heal; wife, companion.*

Feren, Feres, *companions, friends, fellows.* Fendes fere,

II, 58, *companion of devils.* Withouten fere, III, 216, *without equal.*

Ferly fayne, *wonderously glad, or joyful.* Ferly fare, *strange chance.*

Felt, I, 84, *fasten'd.*

Fete, Fett, *fetch'd;* Fette, *fetch.*

Fewté, *fealty.*

Feyre, *fair.* Feyrhade, Feyrness, *fairness, beauty.*

Feytes, III, 155.

Fith, *fight.*

Flankys, Taste my flankys, III, 6, *feel my flanks, sides, or loins.*

Flaugh, Flawe, Fleigh, *flew, fled.*

Flemed, *banish'd*: flyman, S.

Fleon, *flee.*

Fleoten, *float, or sail.* Fleted, Fletten, *floats.*

Flet, I, 212, *parlour, antechamber*: plet, S.

Flette, *flood, fleet.*

Flites, *scolds.* Flyt, *scolding, scandal, or ill words.*

Flyte, I, 44, *chide*: phtan, S.

Flo, *flay, flea.* Flogh, *flay'd.*

Flome, II, 10, *river.*

Floranse, Florences, *florin, florins, or francs, ancient coin of France.*

Floryfseth, *flourish'd.*

Flottered, *hover'd, swum, floated*: flotter, F.

Flufte, *flush'd, or push'd.*

Fode, *food.* Fode, Foode. So fals a fode, I, 68, *so false a man* (Iwain); My doughter, fayrest fode o lyve, 95; My child, my oune fode, II, 147; Mony a freoly foode, 163, *many a free man*; Freely was that fode, 225 (*Emarcës son*); That fode to longe with no foly, III, 160; *freely fed, gently nurture'd, wel-bred* (sub. *child, youth, or person, spokeen of*); foedan, S. *to feed*; a frequent epithet in these and all other old metrical romances. It is, even, use'd by Wyntown, the Scottish rimeing historian (*speaking of queen Mald*):

“ Syne Saxon and the Scottis blude

Togyddyr is in yhon frely fwde.”

The phrase Fayr food occurs, also, in The Coventry corpus-christi-plays of Vespa. D. VIII, fo. 84, b), as does that of Fayerest food in The Chester Whitfun-plays, (Har. MSS. 2013, fo. 44). It seems to answer to

the old French phrase la belle née, which occurs in the Fabliau du sot chevalier.

Folde, III, 15.

Folow, I, 29, *follow'd.*

Fon, Foon, *foes.*

Fonde, II, 97, *meet with, receive.*

Fonge, *take: ƿenzan, S.*

Forbode, *injunction, prohibition: ƿorƿod, S.*

Force, mak na force, I, 33, *take no heed, have no care.*

Forfare, *lose, forfeit, ruin, destroy.* Forfard, II, 63, *lost, &c.* Forfarn, *lose, throw away: ƿorƿaran, S.*

Forkarf, *cave'd through.*

Forleose, *to lose entirely: ƿorleosan, S.*

Forlete, II, 100, *to give over; to quit: ƿorlætān, S.*

Forlore, *lost: ƿorlopen, S.*

Formast, *foremost.*

Forne, *for.*

Forord, *fur'd.*

Forows, *furrows.*

For-tethe, *fore-teeth.*

Forther fete, *fore-feet.*

Forthy, *therefor, for this, for that: ƿorði, S.*

Forward, I, 82, *promise, covenant, condition, agreement: ƿoreƿearð, S.*

Foryaf, *forgave.* Forref, *forgive.*

Foryelde, *reward, recompense, make amends.*

Founde, I, 63, 90; III, 13, *endeavour, attempt.*

Fous, II, 13.

Fowre, III, 55

Fraisted, I, 136.

Frayned, *ask'd, demanded, enquire'd.*

Fredde, II, 115, *free'd.*

Frek, man: ꝑꝑec, S.

Fremede, *stranger*: ꝑꝑemed, S.

Fristele, I, 59.

Frith, I, 7, Fryght, *wood, forest*. Frythes, *woods, forests*.

Froted, II, *rub'd, or scrub'd*.

Fu, *ful*.

Fun, Funden, *found*. Fundling, *foundling*.

Furryth, *fur'd*.

Fufoun, *foison, plenty*.

Fylde, *field*.

Fyle, I, 203, II, 46, *vile, foul*. Fyle ataynte tray-tour! *Vile attainted traitour!* Aventurus fyle, II, 52. Thus Lawrence Minot:

“ Philip the Valas was a file,

He fled, and durst nocht tak his dole.”

It is here use'd for coward.

Fyne, III, 48, *finish'd, accomplish'd*: finé, F.

Fythelers, *fiddleers*.

Gabbest, II, 306, *sayest*.

Gabuls, *cables*.

Galowe-tre, *gallows*: zenlȝ, S.

Game, Gamin, *pleasure, sport*: zamen, S.

Gan, *began to*; Gane, I, 34, *go, or have gone*.

Gane, Gayne, Gaynest, *near, nearest*.

Garnarde, *a wine of Granada*.

Garson, *youth or young man, knight or soldier*; in the plural Garfoun: garçon, garçons, F. These words, in English, are almost peculiar to the romance of Le bone Florence of Rome.

Garye. See the note on Emare, V. 1032.

Gafe, *goes*.

Gate, *way*. Gatys, *ways*. Thus in Syr Bevys :

“ He ranne fast on his gate,
Tyl he cam to the castel-yate.”

Gateward, *porter*.

Gayne-come, *comeing-again, return; or, possibly, meeting, from zean cyme, S.*

Gedering, *gathering*. Gedyrd, *gather'd*.

Ger, Gar, *cause, make*. Gert, *cause'd, made*.

Gertte, *girt, girded*.

Gent, Gente, *neat, pretty*. F.

Ger, Gere, *geer, apparel, necessaries*.

Gest, *a romance*. Gestours, *minstrels*.

Gestes, I, 188, *guests*.

Get, her of yet, II, 271, *goat, goats hair*.

Geth, *goeth*.

Gethe, III, 68.

Getron, *gittern, cittern*.

Gilry, I, 68, *deceit*.

Gle, *glee, mirth, minstrelsy*.

Glede, II, 27, *a bright fire, a burning coal, blaze, flame, or spark*.

Glemed, III, 72, *gleam'd, glitter'd, shone*. See Leo-
mede.

Gleynge, *melody, minstrelsy*.

Glod, I, 185.

Glode, III, 72, *glid, glideëd*.

Glyste up, III, 70.

Gode, III, 109, *good, alms*.

Godelé, *godly*: zodlec, S.

Godneday, *good-day*.

Gome, II, 47, *man*; Gomen, Gomes, *men*.

Goo, *go*.

- Gore, II, 63, *mud, mire, dirt.*
 Gorgete, *a gorget, armour for the neck: gorgurette, or gorgerin, F.*
 Gram, I, 127, *mischief, injury, anger, fury.*
 Gramercy, *many thanks.*
 Gray, II, 36. *See Grys.*
 Grayd, I, 36, 124, *graith'd, array'd, fited up.*
 Graythly, I, 55, *readily.*
 Grede, II, 141, *cry'd, wept; Grede, cry: ȝrædan, S.*
 Grenes, I, 16, *grennefs.*
 Gret, *greeted. Grette, wept.*
 Greves, II, 24, 27, *groves?*
 Griht, Gryght, *peace: ȝrið, S.*
 Grim, I, 70,
 Grifely, I, 161, *dreadful.*
 Gro, I, 180, *a kind of fur, similar to Grys, which see.*
 Grome, *a man-servant.*
 Groued, *grew.*
 Growht, II, 232,
 Gruf, II, 231, *grave? groveling?*
 Grunden, I, 29, *ground, sharpen'd.*
 Grylle, II, 79, III, 105, *harm.*
 Grym, I, 92, *out of humour, stern, austere. Grym agros, II, 80.*
 Grys, I, 180, *fur, from a kind of weasel, or little animal, so call'd, of a grey colour: gris, F.*
 Gulde, *gold.*
 Gurden, *girded, girt.*
 Gyf, *if.*
 Gyle, *guile.*
 Gylle, *a gil, or glen, a narrow valley between two steep hills.*
 Gyn, Gynne, *contrivance.*

Gynnynge, *begining*.

Gypell, II, 10, 50, *an outward garment*.

“*Of fustian he wered a gipion,
Alle besmottred with his haubergeon.*”

Chaucers Pro. V. 75.

So me wold ben armed in an haubergeon

And in a brest plate, and in a gipion.”

Idem. V. 2121.

Gippon, F. Gipffel, T.

Gyfarmes, II, 47, *a sort of halberd, which emitted two pikes with a shoot*: Guifarme, F.

“*With swerde, or sparthe, or with gifarme.*”

Romant of the rose, V. 5975.

See Spel. Glos.

Ha, *have*.

Habbe, *have*.

Habergeons, *coats of mail, either of plate, or chain-mail, without sleeves*.

Habide, Habides, *abide*.

Haby. See Aby.

Hailsed, Haylsed, *saluteëd*.

Halde, *hold, prison, castle*.

Hale, Hoole, *whole*. Halely, Holly, *wholly*.

Hales, *halls*, Hales in the hall, II, 95, *holes*.

Halp, holpe, *help'd*.

Hals, I, 87, *neck*; III, 62, *throat*: haly, S.

Halt, *held*.

Halt, II, 71, *holds*.

Halvendel, *half*.

Haly gast, *holy ghost*.

Ham, *them*.

Hame, *home*.

- Han, *have*.
 Happe, III, -6, *cover, or bind, with the bed-clothes*.
 Har, *their*.
 Harbroughe, Harburgerye, *harbour, lodging*.
 Harburgens. *See Habergeons*.
 Harowed, *harry'd, plunder'd, ravage'd*. *See the note on V. 148 of The squyr of lowe degre*.
 Hafe, *hoarse*.
 Hat, *order'd, commanded; call'd*.
 Hate, *hath; hot*.
 Hattc, *hight, call'd, name'd; is call'd*.
 Hauberke, Hawberk, *coat of mail*. *See Brunie*.
 He, I, 191, *she, they: never "Her," as mister Ellis improperly explains it*.
 Heare, Heere, *hair*.
 Hedur-come, *hither-coming, arrival*.
 Hedurward, *hitherward*.
 Heed, *head*.
 Heele, *danger*.
 Heire, *higher*.
 Hele, I, 209, *cover*; III, 136, *conceal, hide*.
 Hele, *health, welfare*.
 Helt, I, 16, *pour'd*.
 Hem, *them*.
 Hende, *kind, civil, gentle, obligeing, polite, courteous*.
 Hendest, I, 4, *most polite or courteous*.
 Hendely, *kindly, &c*.
 Henge, *hung*.
 Hening, II, 313.
 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, lodgëes*. Herberd, *harbour'd, lodge'd*.

Here, *hair*; *hear*.

Heried. *See Harowed*.

Herlotes, I, 191, *base varlets, worthless knaves*.

Hern-pan, *brain-pan, scul*.

Heryn, I, 135, *hern, cave, secret place*: epn, S.

Heste, *to command*.

Hete, *to promise, or assure*.

Hethin, *hence*.

Hette, *commanded*; *was call'd*.

Hevyd, *head*.

Hilles, I, 32, *protects, preserves*.

Hire, *her*.

Heyle, III, 42, 116, 136, *conceal*.

High-dayes, I, 3, Hyegh-deys, II, 75, *great feasts*.

Hight, *promise'd, undertakein*.

Hingand, *hanging*.

Hinde. *See Hende*.

Ho, *who*. Ho, Hoo, III, 99, *stop, cease, desist*.

Hodur, II, 6, *hudder, hug*.

Hol, *whole, sound*.

Holde, II, 143, *firm, faithful*: hold, S.

Holtes hore, I, 177, Holtys hore, II, 256, *hoary holts*, To chafy yn holtes hore, *to chase in grey woods*.

In *Lyes Saxon dictionary* "holt, holte," is explain'd "An holt. Lucus, sylvā, nemus:" a grove, forest, or wood. Thus, too, in *Chaucers Prologue*, V. 6:

"Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe."

Again, in *Troilus and Creseide*, B. 3, V. 352:

*“ But right so as these holtes, and these hayis,
That han in wintir dedde yben and drie,
Devestin hem in grene, whan that Maie is.”*

*Bishop Douglas seems to use holtes as hills: so, in P. 365,
L. 7:*

“ Than throw the woddis, and thir holtyes hie.”

Again, P. 373, V. 16:

*“ Thay hard hillis hirftis for till ere,
And on thir wild holtis hars also
In faynt pastome dois thare beiftis goe”*

*Ruddiman, however, though he explains his authours words
“ hills, higher ground, from the F. hault, haut, Lat.
altus, high, a high place, hight;” ads “ Or rather holt
may signify a wood or forest, as in Lincolnshire: ab AS.
holt, sylva, Belg. hout. Teut. holtz, lignum, Isl. holt,
falebra.”*

In Robyne and Makyne, Robert Henryson says,

*“ Makyne went hame blyth enough
Outowre the holtis hair.”*

*Turberville, likewise, in his “ Songs and sonnets,” 1567,
12mo, fo. 56, seems to consider them in the same light:*

*“ Yee that frequent the hilles,
And highest holtes of all.”*

*In a very ancient Scottish song, however, citeed in the royal
ballad of Peblis to the play, it seems to be use'd for wood
or forest:*

“ Thair fure ane man to the holt :”

*as, in fact, it is, in another instance, by bishop Douglas,
P. 201, C. 15:*

*“ Woddis, forestis with naket bewis blout,
Stude stripit of thare wede in every hout.”*

Honder, a hundred.

Hone, I, 154, *shame: honte, F.* “*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*”

Honge, *hang.* Hongeth, *hang'd.*

Hope, I, 17, *expect, suppose, fear, am afraid.* Hoped, Hopid, Hupud, *expected, &c.*

Horde, I, 3, *Swilk lose thai wan with speres horde; Ord, Mid speres ord hue stonge, II, 149; i. e. sharp or pointed speers: ord, S. That speres horde, or ord, is synonymous with speres scharp, seems clear from both these pasfageës, compare'd with another:*

“*With speres scharp, and swerdes gode:*”
and with I, 56:

“*Thai rade togeder with speres kene.*”

Hore, II, 39, *hoary, grey.* See Holtes.

Hore, *whore.*

Horedam, *whoredom.*

Hos, *hoarse.*

Hofcht, *hush'd.*

Hofé, *whofo.*

Hofelde, III, 33, *houfel'd him, i. e. administer'd the eucharist: huylan, S.*

Hostell, I, 143, *in, lodging.*

Hote, Hoten, *call'd, name'd.*

Hoth, I, 180, *heath.*

Hove, II, 144, *dub'd.*

Hovede, *hover'd, stay'd, stood stil.* Hoveth, *hovers, stays, stands stil.*

Hue, *he, she, they.* Huem, *them.* Huere, Hure, *their.*

Huert, *heart.*

Hulde, I, 381.

Hulles, *hil.*

Hurne, II, 148, *cave, hole, corner, or niche: hÿpn, S.*

Hutte, *hit.*

Huyde, Huyden, *hide*.

Hy, *she, they*. In hy, I, 19, *in haste*.

Hyde, *hide, skin*.

Hydofe, *hideous*.

Hyght, Hyghth, *call'd or name'd, or am, is, or was, so*.

Hyghynge, II, 225.

Hyllynge, III, 180.

Hyne, *it*.

Hyng, *hang*.

Hyre, *her*.

Ibite, *taste, drink*.

Ibore, *born*.

Ichul, *i shal*.

Icore, II, 179.

Iheled, I, 182, *cover'd*.

Ikarneled, *kernel'd, castellate'd, embattel'd*.

Ilk, *same*.

Ilka, *each, every*. Ilkane, *each one, every one*.

Ipelvred, I, 180, 187, *fur'd*.

Is, *his*.

Ifclayne, *slain*.

Iwent, *gone*.

Jennettes, *mares*.

Jerfawnc, *a species of hawk*.

Jewyse, I, 90, *capital punishment, execution*: ber
jewyse, *suffer punishment*.

Jogelers, *jugglers, minstrels*.

Jolyf, *jolly*.

Jorne, *journey, walk*.

Juell, *jewel*. *Mister Ellis, who prints quell, ads "I cannot understand this phrase."* It occurs, however, in Lybeaus, V. 879:

“ *With many a juall.*”

Again, V. 1025:

“ *Ne saw i never no juell.*”

Justus, *justs.*

Kan, *knows.*

Kantell, *cattle, piece.*

Kardevyle, I, 170, Karlof, II, 35, Karlyle, 46,
Carlile. See the note on Launfal, V. 8.

Karl. *See Carl.*

Karlyoun, *Caerleon.*

Karpet, *say'd, pratcëd.*

Karping, I, 6, *talk, prate, intemperate.*

Kayme, *Cain.*

Kaytyf, *caitif, wretch.*

Kecche, II, 148, *catch.*

Kedde, I, 185, *knew; 195, shew'd.*

Keele, *cool. Kelde, cold.*

Kelle, II, 217, *calle, cawl, cap, hood, or head-drefs.*

Ken, *know; inform, make or let know. Kend, knew.*

Kende, Kenne, *kind, kin, kindred.*

Kennes, I, 185, *kind, sort of.*

Kepe, I, 75, *care, heed, notice.*

Kerteles, I, 180, *kirtles, uper, or outer, petticoats.*

Kervore, *carver.*

Kest, *cast, threw.*

Keste, I, 185, *kiss'd.*

Keth and kende, II, 17, kyth and kin, *acquaintance
and kindred.*

Kevechers, *kerchiefs.*

Kevere, *recover. Kevered, Keverede, Koverede,
recover'd.*

Kirk, *church.*

- Kind, I, 85, *nature*.
 Kith, I, 96, *shew*.
 Kleke, *click, catch, snatch*.
 Klypped, *clip'd, clasp'd, embrace'd*.
 Knagg, III, 76, *the tine of a hart, or wooden pin, use'd to hang any thing upon*.
 Knave, *a boy, page, or man-servant*: *снара, S.*
 Kopeth, II, 6.
 Kownand, *covenant*.
 Kowrs, *covers*.
 Kowth, *could, knew how*.
 Kroupe, *croup, the ridge of the back*. See *Cropoun*.
 Kun, I, 42, *can, wil, knows how*.
 Kurtull, II, 220, *a kirtle, outer-pettycoat*.
 Kufs, *kifs*.
 Kyd, Kydde, *known*.
 Kyght, II, 229, (*Kyth*) *country*: *Гыѳѳе, S.*
 Kynde, *kind, race*.
 Kyndeli, *naturally*.
 KyrteU, III, 69, *bed-gown*.
 Kyth, Kythe, *shew, try, prove*.
- Lac, I, 12, 48, *fault, defect*.
 Ladd, *led*.
 Laft, *left*.
 Lagh, *laugh*, Laght, Lawe, Logh, Lowe, Lowgh, *laugh'd*.
 Lahte, II, 101, *latch'd, caught, acquire'd, learn'd*.
 Laine, At laine, Layne, *to conceal*. Layned, *conceal'd*.
 Lake, *lack, want*.
 Lange, *to long*; Langes, I, 146, *belong*. Me langes fare him for to fe, I, 45, *I long fore to see him*. Langing, I, 37, *longing*.

- Lappe, *enfold, embrace.*
 Large, I, 198, *generous, liberal, bountyful.*
 Largeffe, *generosity, liberality.*
 Laffe, *less.*
 Late, II, 66, *let, stop.* Lates, I, 22, *let.*
 Lath, *loth.* Lathly, *lothly.*
 Lancer, II, 69. Lybeaus hytte Lambard yn the
 lancer of hys helm so bryght. *It is unnotice'd by Grose,
 nor mention'd by any one else.*
 Lavedy, *lady.*
 Lavendere, *a laundress, or washerwoman.*
 Lavorock, *lark.*
 Lawnd, *a plain in a forest.*
 Lay, *law, religion.* Lays, *laws.*
 Laye, *bet, wager.*
 Layn, I, 25, *conceal it, be silent.* Layne, 92, *conceal.*
 Layned, III, 34, *conceal'd.*
 Layt, I, 11, *late, seek, search.*
 Lebard, *leopard.*
 Leche, *a leech, or physician.* Leche-craft, I, 115,
medicine. Lecheing, I, 119, *under cure.*
 Ledd, *lead.*
 Lede, *lead.* Lede, I, 37, Leede, II, 233, *any land or
 country, 161, lond and lede; 11, law, faith, religion;
 III, 31, man or people: leod, S.*
 Leef, *love.*
 Leende, *wait, stay.*
 Lees, Les, *lyes, or a lye; Lesinges, lies, foolish storys.*
 Lesyng, Lesyng, *lying: lear, learyng, S.*
 Leeven, *believe.*
 Lef, Lefe, *loveing, friendly, affectionate; Lefe, desirous,
 belove'd, wiling.*

- Leffome, *lovely*.
 Legge, II, 53, *lay down*: legan, S.
 Leghed, I, 120, *lay'd* [*false accusations*].
 Iel, Lele, *true*. Lely, *truely*.
 Leman, *a wife, sweetheart, mistress*; *a term of endearment*; *a concubine*. Lemannys, *gallants*.
 Leme, *gleam, glisten, shine*. Leomede, *gleam'd, glisten'd, shone*.
 Lende, *stay, remain*. Lended, *stay'd*.
 Lene, I, 32, *lend*; *lean*.
 Lengell. *See* Lyngell.
 Lengor, *longer*.
 Lenkith, *length*.
 Lent, II, 221, *lean'd*.
 Leode, *lead, bring*.
 Lepe, *leap'd*.
 Lipes, I, 4, *leaps, storys, lyes*.
 Ler, Lere, Leren, *learn, teach, inform*. Lered, *learn'd*.
 Lese, *leash*.
 Leste, *please*. *At the leste, at the least*.
 Let, *hinder, deprive, obstruct*; I, 64, *fail*.
 Lete. Hem ne dude in lete, II, 153, *He did not let them in*. Lete, *lose*. Lete, I, 85, 183.
 Lethir, I, 27, *wicked, dangerous*. *See* Lither.
 Lette, *delay*. Lettyd, *let, stay'd*.
 Leve, *belove'd*.
 Leve, Yleve, *i believe*; *live*. Levyth, *liveëth*.
 Levening, *lightening*.
 Lever, Levyr, *rather, sooner*. Leveste, Levyst, *most desirous*.
 Levore, *lever, mace*.
 Lewté, *loyalty*.

Ley, *lay*. Leyre,

Ley, *a lay, or tale in verse*.

Leyre, Lire, Lyre, *cheek, face, colour, complexion thereof*. The mayden with the lily lire.

Libbe, *lives*. Lifand, *liveing*.

Lig, *lye*. Ligger, *lycër*. Liggunde, *lyeing*.

Lightli, *eafely*.

Liked, *lick'd*.

Limes, lymes, *limbs*.

Listes, II, 101, *arts*: lɪʃt, S.

Lite, I, 48, *little*. Led with lite, 68, *treated her with littleness, or indifference*.

Lither, *wicked*: lɪðɪr, S.

Live, *life*.

Lodlick, *loathly*. Lodlokest, Lotlokste, *loathlyest*.

Logge, *lodge*.

Londe. Wel londe, i. e. *off or from the land*.

Longe, *lungs*. Longe, III, 160.

Loone, III, 81.

Loos, wyckede loos, II, 2, *bad reputation*.

Looveyd, III, 30, 80, 90, 91, *praise'd*.

Lorayns, *reins*.

Lore, *learning*. My lore, III, 116, *my speech, what i am about to say*.

Lorell, II, 12, *a worthless fellow, a scoundrel*.

Lorn, *loft*.

Los, I, 204, Lose, I, 3, Loos, wykked loos, II, 2, *praise, fame, report, in a good or bad sense*: los, F.

Lofed, *loft*.

Lofenjoure, I, 68, *flatterer, parasite, prateër, deceiveër*.

Louding, *lauding, praiseing*.

Loure, II, 102, *sad; discontented, downcast*.

Loverd, I, 80, *lord*.

Loverd-snyke, II, 313, *treacherous, guilty of high treason?*

Lowe, I, 15, *a fire, blaze, or flame*. See Logh.

Lowe, II, 43, *hil*.

Lowthe, *loud*.

Luef, *love*. Luffom, Luffume, *lovely*. Luffumer, *lovelyer*.

Lust, *desire, wish*.

Lut, II, 116, *few*. A lute wiht, II, 112, *a light blow*.

Lyfand, *liveing*.

Lyfe. Then answeryd that lovely lyfe, III, 116, *the empress*). See Leve.

Lyflothe, *livelyhood*.

Lygg, *lye, or lye with*.

Lyghted, *lighten'd, made lighter*.

Lyghth, I, 183, *alighted*.

Lyghtly, III, 206, *readyly*.

Lygyng, *lyeing*.

Lyht, *lyeth*.

Lym, *lime*.

Lynde, II, 45, *lime, teil, or linden-tree; and hence, figuratively, a tree, or a clump of trees, in general*.

Lyngell and trappure, II, 37, 54.

“Of the selve colours,
And of non other floweres,
Was lyngell and trappure.”

“Lyngell armes trappur was swych,
Thre mammettes therynne wore,
Of gold gaylyth geld.”

It is say'd, when they are arming Lybeaus Disconus (III, 10, V. 223, &c.)

"*They caste on hym a fcherte of felk,
A gypell as whyte as melk,
In that femely sale.*"

Hence *Mauugeys* (V. 1280) "*cryde to hym yn despyte,*"

"*Say, thou felaw in whyt ;*"

(haveing himself

"*Hys scheld as blakke as pych,*"

to which *Lybeaus* replies,

—" *thou devell yn blak,*

Make the redy now."

Lynne, stop, cease.

Lyre. See Leyre.

Lythe, III, 36, londes or lythes, Londys lythys, and rente, 48, plains.

Lythe, I, 173, listen, attend ; sometimes her and lythe, and sometimes lythe and lysten ; smile, calm, soften. The wether was lythe of (or on) le, II, 218, 239, mild or calm on lee, the lee, or lee-side, of a ship, being that from which the wind blows.

Lythyr. See Lither.

Lyte, I, 178, light.

Lytte, little.

Lyve, I, 19, life.

Ma, more ; make.

Maad, mad.

Maght, I, 152, might.

Main, force, strength.

Maistris, I, 155, mastery, mastership, superiority, perfection.

Make, make.

Mall, mallet.

Malmefyne, malmsfy: malvoisie, F.

Malt, I, 202, *melted*.

Mane, *mean, moan*.

Maner, *manor*.

Mane sworn, *manfsworn, perjure'd*.

Mangere, *feast*. Mangeri, *feasting*.

Mankyn, *mankind*.

Marred, III, 37.

Mas, Mafe, *makes*.

Maser-tre, *maple, or wi'd-ash*.

Mate, *dead, stupefy'd, confusè'd, senseless*.

Mametes, Mammettes, *idols*. Maumetrie, *idolatry, or idol-worship, Mahometism*. *The Christians, who invented this falsehood, were allways image-worshippers, but the musulmans, or moslem never.*

Marlin, III, 146, *if the minstrel intended a singing-bird, the merle, or black-bird; if, as it is suggested, he ignorantly or designedly mistook, then the merlin, a species of hawk.*

Mavis, *thrush*.

May, *maid, damsel, virgin, young lady, or young woman*.

Mayne. See Main. Mayné. Menyé.

Maysterye, 211, *magick, necromancy*. Maystri, I, 168, *mastership, superintendence, controll*. Maystrrie, II, 72, *mastery, mastership, mechanisn, workmanship, any thing superlatively clever*.

Meate, *meat*.

Me, I, 189, 190, 214, II, 54, 62, 128, 130, *men*. See the note on

Mede, *meed, recompence, reward*.

Mekyl, *much*.

Mellé, *medley, quarrel, disturbance*.

Meng, I, 73, *mix, mingle*.

Menske, *mence, decency*.

Menstralcy, *minstrelsy, musical performance.*

Ment, I, 110, *knew?*

Meny, *attendants, servants.*

Menyé, I, 9, *family, household, domesticks, attendants, servants.*

Merlyon, III, 177, *merlin, a species of hawk: eme-rillon, F.*

Mefs, I, 131, *mefs.*

Mese, *the menses, dishes, dinner, or arrangement of the table.*

Mefelle, *a leper.*

Mester, *mystery, busyness: mestier, F.*

Meteles, *meateles.*

Mette, *mate.*

Mewse, *to muse, or meditate.*

Mid, Mide, Myd, *with. Mitte, with thee.*

Misforchapen, *misshapeën.*

Mister. *See Myster.*

Mo, Moo, *more.*

Mody, *moody.*

Moght, *might.*

Mold, Molde, I, 42, *mould, earth; also, head, or crown of the head, as in 210, V. 940:*

“*Sche hadde a croune upon her molde,
Of ryche stones and of golde,
That lofsom lemede lygt:”*

Mister Ellis, indeed, has been please'd to put this construction and punctuation upon these lines, with the utmost violation of sense and reason:

“*Sche hadde a croune upon her, molde
Of ryche stones and of gold,
That lovesome lemed lygt:”*

as if MOLDE were the verb moulded, or model'd; of

which, it is believe'd, no parallel pasfage can be produce'd from any ancient poet: but whether or not, it is, certainly, not fo in this inftance; as wil be manifested by feveral fimilar or appofite pasfageës, as, for example, from Lybeaus disconus, V. 841, 877, and 2083:

“ A fercle upon her molde;
Of ftones and of golde,
The beft yn that enpyre.”

“ A fercle upon her molde,
Of ftones and of golde,
With many a juall.”

“ Whan the lady was come to towne,
Of golde and ryche ftones a krowne,
Upon her hedde was fette.”

Again: Already, in Launfal, V. 238: “ coronell on hur hedd fett.”

“ Hur heddys were dyght well withalle,
Everych had oon a jolyf coronall
With fyxty femmys and mo.”

So, in The fquyr of lowe degre, V. 719:

“ Ye ware the pery on your head,
With ftones full oryent, whyte and read.”

Again:

“ Farewell crown unto my hede.”

Again, in Sir Orpheo, V. 147:

“ The king had a crowne on his hede,
It was no felver ne gold rede,
All it was of precious ftone.”

Molde is ftill apply'd by nurfeës to the form of a child's ftul. Other fynonyms for head are cawl, choll, costard, jowl, nowl, poll.

Mon, *muft.*

Monhede, *manhood.*

Moni falde, I, 25, *many fold*.

Mornyng, *mourning*.

Mote, *might, may*. Mote, I, 140, *moot, contend*.

Mountance, Mountawnse, Mountenaunce (III, 165), *amount, space of time it would take to walk or ride*. Chaucer has, *likewise, mountance*; but, in Syr Tryamour, it is *mountenaunce* :

“ He had not ryden but a whyle,
Not the mountenaunce of a myle.”

Mowne, *may*.

Moyles, *mules*.

Munstral, *minstrel*.

Munt, II, 124, *mind*.

Muscadell, *a French wine*.

Mustre, II, 290, *minster*.

Mut, *might*.

Myddyllerd, Mydle-erde, I, 161, *the earth, world, or globe*.

Mykel, *much*.

Myld, II, 94, *merciful*.

Myn owe, *mine own*.

Myn, Mynne, *lefs*.

Mynge, II, 243, *himself reminded, or mention made*: myngian, S.

Mynt, I, 35, 144, *threaten'd, aim'd, attempted*. Mynt, I, 110, *threat, attempt, aim*.

Myrgh, *mirth*.

Myslikeing, Myslykyng, *dislike, or disgust*.

Mysrede, *misadvise, mistetch*.

Mysfay, *to belye, wrong, or say what is amifs*.

Myster, I, 33, Mystyr, *need, want*.

Nakette, II, 208, 210.

Nakyn, *no kind of*.

Name, Namm, Nom, Nome, *took*.

Nanes, I, 47, for the nanes, *for the nonce, for the purpose, or occasion*; pro nunc, *L.*

Nast, (ne hast,) *hast thou not*.

Nay, *neigh*.

Neeve, III, 69, *neif, fist, or clasp'd hand*.

Neghed, *nigh'd, drew near*.

Neght, *nigh*.

Nell, *wil not*.

Nempne, *name*. Nempnede, *name'd*.

Nere, *were not*.

Nerre, *nearer*.

Nese, *a nose*.

Neische ne harde, II, 63, *soft nor hard*: neye, *S.*

Nete, *an ox*.

Nevyn, *name*. Nevys, *names*.

Ney, *eye*. *This, and similar words, are corrupted by changing the situation of the final n of the precedeing word; as my ney, for instance, or a newt, a nothe, instead of myn ey, an ewt, or an othe; and others, by removing the first letter of the second word to the end of the first, as an apron, an ouche, both which would be properly writen a napron, a nouche, as they are in the original French.*

Nobillary, I, 150, *noblenefs, nobility*.

Nolde, ne wolde, *would not*.

Nome, *name*.

Nomeliche, *namely*.

Nones, Noonys, *nonce, purpose, occasion*. See Nanes.

Noon, *none*.

Noonré, *a nunry*.

Nortour, *nurture*.

Not, ne wot, wot not, *know not*.

Noth, Nothe, *oath*.

Nouthe, II, 7, *now*; 273, *nothing*.

Nower, *no where*.

Nowther, *neither*.

Noyes, *noise, grief, lamentation*.

Nully, II, 138, *ne wil i, i wil not*.

Nuſte, Nyſte, *wiſt not, knew not*.

Nuthake, III, 147, *nuthatch, nut-jobber, wood-cracker*.

Nycke, *neck*.

Nyghyng, *approaching, drawing near*.

Nys, *nice, foolish*: *niais, F*.

Nythyng, II, 99, *a wicked or good for nothing man, an outlaw or vagabond*.

Occient, *occident, west*; *much more probable than ocean*.

Odoun, *down, or adown*.

Odur, Odyr, *other, others*.

Ofte-sithes, *oft-times*.

Ogains, *againſt*.

Ogayne, *again*.

Oght, *owe'd, own'd*.

Ohtoun, II, 148.

Olyfant, *elephant*.

Olyroun. *See the note on Launfal, V. 1023*.

Olyve, *alive, life*.

Omell, *among*.

On, *one*.

Onane, *anon*.

Onde, II, 313, *hate, hatred*.

Oo, Oon, *one*.

Oolde, *old*.

Oones, *once*.

Ooſt, *hoſt*.

Ord, I, 183, Ord and ende, *begining and end; birth and life.*

Ord, II, 81. His sword was scharp of egge and ord, *i. e.* of edge and point; 149, Mid speres ord hue stonge, *with sharp or pointed spears*; 117, A boven othen orde, *set up on his sword the head above at the point.*

Ore, *grace, favour.* See the note on Lybeaus, V. 1423.

Orgenes, *organs.*

Oryall, III, 149, Oryall-side, 106. *The word Oriel, which has various significations, seems, in both these instances, to imply a recess in a chamber, hall, or chapel, form'd by the projection of a spacious bay (corruptly bow)-window, from top to bottom, occasionally, it would seem, ornamented with painted glass, illuminateëd by the rays of the sun. This kind of window is stil to be seen in ancient halls and the ins of court, and hence, it is probable, the name of Oriel-college. It should be notice'd, at the same time, that the Alder, by the compileër of the Promptorium parvulorum (Harleian MS. 221) is allso call'd the "Oryell tre."*

Orybylle, *horrible.*

Os, *as.*

Ostel, Ostell, *an in.* *There are some small collegeës in Cambridge, which were formerly call'd hostels, and stil preserve the name. It is the modern French and Engleish word hotel.*

Osylt, *oufel, a different species from the black-bird, but of the same colour.*

Other, *or.*

Ou-selven, Ou-selven tueie, *Your two selves.*

Out-beode, *be order'd out.*

Out-take, Owt-takyn, *except, or excepting.*

Over-blënche, II, 150, *overfet.*

Over-geld, *over-gilt.*

Overt, *open*.

Overtwert, *overthwart*.

Ovyr-hylte, *cover'd over*.

Ovyr-tyte, *over-soon*.

Ow, *you*.

Owthe, *owe*.

Owther, *either*.

Paid, *apay'd, satisfy'd, content*.

Paiens, Payens, Payenes, Paynes, Payns, Pagans, heathens, Saracens, Danes.

Pales, Paleys, *a palace*.

Palle, I, 211, *fine cloth, use'd for the robes of kings, princeës, and persons of rank or consequence: generally purpel, or purpur. Thus Milton:*

“Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.”

In Langhams Letter, 1575, we meet with a “pall of white silk.” It is now confine'd to velvet, blackness, and funeral processions.

Pallyng, III, 188,

Palmere, II, 134, *a pilgrim, who walk'd to Jerusalem, probably from the palm-branch he wore on his hat.*

Pane, I, 9,

Panele, I, 21, *pannel, a stuff'd cushion, lay'd upon the saddle.*

Panter, III, 161, *an officer, or servant, who has the care of the pantry, now call'd a pantler: pannetier, F. It is use'd, likewise, by Robert of Gloucester, P. 187:*

“He yef that lond of Aungeo Kaye ys panter.”

Parage, I, 53, *kindred*.

Parayle, II, 198, *rank: pareille, F.*

Parell, *peril, dangers*.

Parred, I, 135.

Pafe, II, 12, *pass*.

Paynime, *in the manner of the Pagans; à la Payenne, F.*
See Paiens.

Paytrelle, I, 211, *poitrinal, pectoral, or breast-plate:*
poitrail, *F.*

Pece, I, 33, *a cup, or drinking-vesfel.*

Pee, *magpie.*

Pell, II, 60, *fur.*

Pelryne, II, 138, *pilgrim, or palmer:* pelerin, *F.*

Pélvred, *fur'd.*

Pende, II, 138, *hond.*

Penfel, *penon, banner, ensign, or banderole, near the*
point of a lance.

Pere, III, 28, *pear.*

Perfay, *by my faith.*

Perfounde, *profound.*

Perré, III, 9, 107, Perry, I, 47, *jewels, precious*
stones: pierreries, F. *The latter instance, however, distin-*
guishes it from "preciows stanes." Ye ware the pery
on your head, III, 175. Your fester pery at your hede,
Your head-shete shall be of pery pyght, 180.

Pert, I, 182, II, 6, 157, *brisk.* Pertly, *briskly.*

Perydotes, II, 210.

Perys, *peers.*

Pese, *peace.*

Pine, *pain, punishment.*

Plawe, *play.*

Playn pafe, I, 129, *ful speed.*

Playnere, Plener, Pleyner, *ful, fully, plentyful,*
complete.

Plevyne, I, 53, *warranty, assurance: pleuvine, F.*

Plex, II, 6. "Loricam habuit in corpore, *plectas in*

pectore ferreas, ocreas in tibiis, &c." *Spelman, under Plecta.* "Plecta, parma, clipeum, scutum, defenfaculum." *Du Cange.* *The text is* To hys gerdell henge the plex, which was, likely, the usual disposition of the shield, while the knight was peaceably rideing along the road.

Pleye, *play, disport.*

Plyght, I, 81, *pledge'd; 171, pleaige, asfure.*

Pole, *a pool.* Poles, *pools.*

Pomels, III, 17, *balls, apples.*

Pomely, II, 36, *a pomely palfray, a palfray spotted with round spots like apples; dapple'd: Pomelee, F.*

Pomet touris, II, 55.

Popinjayes, *parrots.*

Poscescon, *possession.*

Pousté, Powsté, *power.*

Pover, I, 124, *poor: pauvre, F.*

Poverly, I, 179, *poorly, pityfully, sneakingly, "to avoid the spectators;" and not, as mister Ellis conjectures, "powerfully," which was, surely, never signify'd by poverly.*

Povert, I, 178, *poverty.*

Poyle, *Apulia.*

Poynt, II, 219, *point.*

Praye, *prey.*

Pres, *a press, or croud.*

Preke, Prike, *to prick, spur, ride, gallop.* Prekand, *pricking, &c.*

Prefand, I, 56, *presented it to.*

Present, I, 53, *presence.*

Prefoun, I, 82, Prifoun, Pryfoun, *prisoner, captive.*

Prifons, Pryfouns, *plural.*

Prest, *prompt, ready.*

Prefyd, *prefs'd, throng'd.*

Prime, I, 97, *the first quarter of the artificial day; or three o'clock.*

Prow, Prowe, I, 49, II, 55, *advantage, prowess, honour.*

Pryse, *price, value.*

Puple, *people.*

Purchase, *acquisition.*

Puryd, *fur'd.*

Purpur, *purple.*

Purft, I, 54. His prowde wordes er now al purft.

Puste, *push'd.*

Psych, *pitch.*

Pyght, *pitch'd.*

Pylte, II, 150, *bet, bruise'd: pilan, piled, S.*

Pyment, I, 184, *an artificial wine, resembling clary or hippocras: a mixture, that is, of wine, honey, and spiceës.*

Pyfane, II, 69, *some part of the coat-armour. Grose cites "3 coleretes pizaines de jazeran d'acier."*

Quarell, *the arrow, or dart of the cross-bow.*

Qued, II, 279, *Wende to the qued, went to the bad, i. e. the damn'd; 288, mischief.*

Quede, II, 56.

Quelle, II, 93, *kil; Quelthe, II, 51, quel'd, kil'd.*

Queme, I, 208, *to please. Quemeth, II, 111, pleaseëth.*

Quere, *quire, choir.*

Quert. My joy, my comfort, and my quert (I, 63), *my heart, in a tender or affectionate manner; My lady wend he had hir hert, Ay for to kepe and hald in `quert (68), My lady thought he had her heart, to keep and hold for ever in affection, tenderness, or the like; Madame,*

and he were now in quert (73), *if he were now in good health, or condition, in his sound senseës, or, in heart or spirits, as he should be*; Thai said, He sal never rise in quert (136), *The bystanders, at an equestrian combat between Lybeaus disconus and two glotownes, haveing observe'd one of them brayd downe to the earth by Libeauses lion, say, as above, He shal never rise again, in life, health, strength, vigour, comfort, good condition, or the like*; Al swilk joy tharof sho had in hert, Hir thoght that sho was al in quert (141), *She had such joy in her heart, she thought she was all in joy and spirits*; Him liked it wele in his hert, That he saw her so in quert (145), *He was please'd to see her so jocund or spirited*; He hopud wele in hys herte That hys wyfe was not in querte (III, 127), *He suspected, or was afray'd, That his empres was not in health, spirits, or comfort, or, as he says, a few lines before, from a dream he had,—“ he hopyd than Hys lady was in woo.”—This word has not been found explain'd, or etymologise'd, in any glosfary hitherto publish'd, or, at least met with: possibley from quert, cuer, or, coeur, F.*

Quest, *inquest, asfize, trial.*

Queynte, II, 16, *quaint, skilful.*

Queynte of gynne, II, 78, *quaint, or cuning, of engine, or contrivance.*

Quit, *rewarded.* Quite, *quit.*

Qvesteroun, I, 101, *cooks, or scullions.*

Quoke, *quake'd.*

Quyn, *whin, furze.*

Quyt, *quit.*

Quyte-claymed, *quit-claim'd, acquitted, discharge'd.*

Quytt, *rewarded.*

Qwelle, *to kil.*

Rach, II, 46, *a bitch-hound*. Raches, *hounds*.

Rad, I, 21,

Radde, *red*. Radder, *reder*.

Rafe, *rove, tore*.

Raft, *rest*.

Rakede, III, 136, *walk'd apace*.

Rampande, III, 36, *rampant*.

Randoun, *at random, a swift or violent course*: randen, *F*.

Rappes, II, 50, *blows, thumps, strokes*.

Rafe, *rose*.

Rath, I, 46, *quick, soon*. Rathly, *quickly, soon*.

Ray, I, 194, *a robe of ray*. Cloth of ray *was cloth not colour'd or dye'd, and is mention'd, in many old statutes, in contradistinction to cloth of colour*. See 17 E. 3. c. 1. 7 H. 4. c. 10. 11 H. 4. c. 6. 1 R. 3. c. 8. Stow, however, under the year 1352, says M. Adam Frauncis, mercer, mayor of London, "procured an act of parliament, that no known whore should weare any hooode, or attire on her head, except reied, or striped cloth of divers colours, &c." (Survey, 1598, p. 430). In the Lytell geste of Robyn Hode, V. 106, his yeomen are describe'd with

" — everych of them a good mantell,
Of scarlet and of raye."

Certainly, therefor, "a robe of ray," is, very improperly, explain'd "array."

Raye. Ryche yn ray, II, 221, Ryche raye, 222, *a title giveen to the king of Galis, in Emaré*.

Rayme, III, 111, *cry out against*: hpeam, *S*.

Rayne, Clothe of rayne, III, 180, *cloth of Rennes, a city of Britany*. This cloth is notice'd by Chaucer for its particular softness:

“ *And many a pilowe, and every bere
Of clothe of raynes to slepe on softe,
Him thare not nede to turnin oste.*”

Real, I, 131, *royal*. See the note. Really, 66, *royally*.

Recche, Recke, *care*. Ne recchi, *I care not*.

Rechafe, III, 177.

Recomforde, *recomforted*.

Recorde, III, 190, *recorder*.

Recreant, I, 138, *coward*.

Red, *advise'd, counsel'd*.

Redd, Rede, *advice, counsel*. Rede, *to advise or counsel*.

Redde for ronne, III, 80.

Redies him, *makes himself ready*.

Rees, III, 138. See Refe.

Reft, *bereave'd*.

Relygyons, I, 188, *religious persons, monks, friers,
hermits*.

Reme, II, 154, *rim, imbank*: *peoma, S*.

Remes, *realms*.

Ren, *ran*. Rennande, Renin, *runing*. Rennyth,
runeth.

Renable, I, 10, *reasonable*.

Reprefe, Reproofing, *reproof*.

Rerde, I, 87, *cry, roar*.

Reryd, III, 97, *rear'd, raise'd*.

Refe, I, 136, III, 104, *race, course, with force*. So, in
The tale of Gamelyn, V. 1085 :

“ *How Gamelyn and Adam had ydon a forry res.*”

Again, in the Prologue to that of Beryn, V. 498 :

“ *Wherfor he fill sodenlich into a wood refe.*”

Again, in Troilus and Creseide, B. 4, V. 350 :

“ *But in a rage to Troilus he wente.*”

In some MS. “in a refe.” See Tyr. glos. 275. Ræy, S.

Respice, *a wine now unknown.*

Reuthe, *ruth, sorrow.*

Reykyd, *rake'd, went hastily.*

Reve, *bereave, rob.*

Reven, *torn.*

Reyset, III, 74, *receiveër, (of a thief), or, rather, the place of receipt; according to an old Scottish proverb, "The refett is as ill as the thief." See Ruddimans glossary.*

Rofe, *rove, tore.*

Reykyd, III, 70, *rake'd, strode, step'd hastily.*

Reyn, II, 91, *rain.*

Ribible, *a sort of fiddle, with three strings.*

Rinand, *runing.*

Roche, *rock.*

Rochell. *A French wine, exported from that place.*

Rod, Rode, *rood, cross, Christs cross.*

Rode, *colour, complexion, redness of the cheek.*

Roght, I, 41, III, 119, *reck'd, care'd.*

Romayne, *Romans.*

Ronne, III, 80.

Roo, III, 36, 122.

Rope, I, 11, *rowp, cry out, or, loud. A roup, in Scotland, is, elsewhere, call'd a canting or out-cry.*

Rose-reed, II, 61, Rosyne, II, 38, *rosy, rose-colour'd, roseat: rosin, F.*

Rote, III, 75, *a musical instrument, by the French, at present, call'd la vielle (which formerly signify'd a violin), and by the English mandolin or hurdy-gurdy; being sufficiently common both in Paris and London, chiefly, however, in the hands of Savoyards.*

Rothe. *See Rod.*

Roune, II, 42, *murmur, ruful roun, lamentation; 145, kynges roune.*

Roufe, I, 49, *red*.

Rowne, I, 6, *roomy, wide*.

Roumede, II, 273.

Rowthe, III, 105, *ruth, as in Chaucer*.

Rowncy, *a road, or cart, horse*.

Rowned, III, 74, *whisper'd*.

Rudde. *See Rode*.

Ruddock, *a red-breast*.

Rumney, III, 753, *a wine which may have obtain'd its name, from being imported into that place; or, possibly, from la Romanée, a province, or vineyard, of Burgundy, famous for its wine*.

Rustus, *rust*.

Ryall, *royal*.

Ryche, *rike, realm, kingdom*.

Rydyght, *rideëth*.

Ryfe, *rife, common, plentyful*: III, 48.

Ryg, *back*.

Rygge, *ridge*.

Ryghtes. Anoon ryghtes, *right anon*.

Ryght wes, Ryght wyse, Ryht wes, *righteous*.

Rys, I, 210, Ryse, II, 53, *branch, twig*.

Ryke. *See Ryche*.

Ryne, II, 91, *rine, the white covering of a nocturnal frost*.

Ryve, II, 155, *the bank, or shore, of the sea*: rive, *F*.

Ryve, *to tear*.

Ryve, *arrive*. Ryved, *arrive'd*.

Sagh, *saw*.

Saght, II, 44, *fight?*

Saght, I, 163, Saghtel'd, 166, *settle'd*. Saghtelyng, I, 166, *a settling, or agreement*.

Saint, *cincture, girdle*: ceinct, *or ceincture, F*.

Saket, II, 66,

Sakles, I, 106, *sackles, innocent, guiltless.*

Sal, *shal.*

Sale, I, 191, *Salle, a hall: falle, F.*

Salmes, *psalms.*

Sambus, I, 211, *a housing, or saddle-cloth: sambué, F.*

Same, Samen, Samin, Samyn, In or Yn fame, *together.*

Samyte, II, 36, *a rich silk, or stuf, more precious than Saye. See Memoires de chevalerie, II, 223.*

Sarazynes, *Saracens, Pagans, heathens, Danes, Northmen.*

Sar, Sare, *fore.* Sari, *sorry, sorrowful.* Sarily, *sorrowfully.*

Saugh, *saw.*

Savage, I, 946, *wild.* Savagelych, I, 175, *wildly, inconsiderately. Mister Ellis prints it san gelyth, and supposees this unintelligible word may possibly "be a mistake in the MSS." [MS.] which, however, is not the case. If savagely mean sagely, the poet must be ironical.*

Sawe, *speech, words, sayings.* Sawes, *speeches, sayings.*

Sawnfaile, *without doubt.*

Sawter, *the psalter.*

Sawtry, *a psalter.*

Say, II, 4, *a sort of stuf.*

Sayn, I, 63, *say.* Sayne, III, 13, 120, *sign.* Sayned him, 26, *cross'd himself, or made the sign of the cross.* So Cryste me save and sayne (III, 13).

Sayde, *as say'd.*

Scath, *karm.*

Schalmufes, II, 75, *shalm.*

Schare, Share, *shore, cut.*

Schawe, II, 48, III, 64, *shaw, shade, grove, copse, within a wood.* Schawys, II, 258, *shaws, &c. pced, S. Q.*

Sche, *she*.

Schend, II, 86, *put to death, kil, slay*; Schende, I, 193, *defame, degrade, injure, hurt*. Schent, *ruin'd, undone*.

Schene, *shining*.

Schepe, *a ship*.

Schere, I, 188, *as skere, free, clear*.

Schilde, *shield*. Schelde, I, 177, *shield, prevent*.

Scho, *she*.

Schold, Schud, *should, should go*.

Schome, *shame*.

Schop, *shape'd, form'd, made, create'd*.

Schrede, I, 187, II, 2, *screed, screen, clothe, dress himself*.

Schrewe, II, 80, Shrewes, *shrew, shrews, atrocious rascals*.

Schrive, Schryve, *confess (to a priest)*. Schrofe, *Shriveën*.

Schyre, I, 180, III, 5, *clear*.

Scill, *skill, cause, reason; advice, counsel; art, knowlege*.

Sclaveyn, II, 135. *See the note on V. 1060 of King Horn*.

Sclawe, *slain*.

Sclegh, II, 16, *sly*.

Sclo. *To sclo, to be slain, or put to death*.

Scryed, III, 15, *discover'd, describe'd*.

Scyverede, *shiver'd*.

Se, *see, look to, regard, preserve*.

Seek, Seke, *sick*.

Seende, II, 162.

Segge, II, 297, *say*. Seggeth, 297, *says*.

Seh, *saw*.

Seker, Sekyr, *sicker, certain, sure*. Sekyr me, *as sure me*.

Sekerly, *surely*. Sekernes, *certainty, surety, assurance*.

Selcouth, *strange*.

Selde, *feldom*; II, 108, Of kunde me ne felde.

Selly, I, 5, 147, *filly, simple, foolish*. A grete felly, 147, *a great folly*.

Selve, I, 4, *self, same, self-same*.

Sembelde, *assemble'd*.

Sembland, *semblance, appearance*.

Semblant, *welcome*.

Sembyll, *assemble*.

Semelant, II, 261, *resemblance*.

Semelych, *seemly*.

Sen, *since*.

Sendell, III, 8, *a thin silk like cypress*.

Sent, III, 11, *asent, consent*.

Senfours, *censers, incense-pots*.

Ser, I, 61, Sere, *several, different*.

Sere, I, 181, *fir*. Serrys, *firs*.

Sered, *cere'd (with a cere-cloth)*.

Serewe, Serwe, *sorrow*.

Serke, II, 225, *sark, shirt*.

Servandes, *servants*.

Sefe, *sees; cease*. Sefed, *cease'd*.

Sefowne. This day was us set sefowne, *This day was the season, or time, appointed to us*.

Sete, *fat*.

Seth, *seeth'd, boil'd*.

Sethen, Sethin, Seththe, Seythen, *since, afterward*.

Sevé, *seven*.

Seyde, I, 195, V. 569. *Mister Ellis perverts Seyde to Geyde, and explains it, upon whatever authority, "Thought."*

Seygh, *saw*.

Seylys, *sails*.

Shame, I, 10, *ashame'd*.

- Share, *scar, cut.*
 Shaws, *coppiceës.*
 Shenche, II, 106, *serve, minister (wine or other drink).*
 Shene, *shining.*
 Shent, Shente, *hurt, vex'd, ruin'd, undone, blame'd.*
 See Schend.
 Shete, *shoot.*
 Sho, *she.*
 Shonde, *harm, mischief.*
 Shoope. See Schop.
 Shrede, *to clad, or clothe.*
 Sibbe, II, 94, *relateëd, ally'd.*
 Sicles, III, 178.
 Sith, Sithes, *time, times.*
 Skalde, I, 4, *scold, speaker of scandal, il tongue'd.*
 Skapy, *to escape.*
 Skath, *harm, loss.*
 Skere, I, 204, 208, 213, II, 13, *sheer, free, clear, quit, acquit.* Mister Ellis explains it "secure, asure."
 Sket, II, 21, *ready, apt: γρεοτ, S.*
 Skyere, *squire.*
 Skyll, II, 78.
 Slake, I, 199, *to cool, slacken, decline.*
 Slape, *sleep.*
 Slen, *slay.*
 Slik, Slike, *such.*
 Slo, *slay.* Slogh, *slew.* Slon, Sloo, *slay.* Slogh, I, 86,
 Slod, *slid.*
 Slope. On slope, III, 69, *asleep.*
 Slouthe, III, 105, *sloth.*
 Smertly, *quickly.*
 Snell, *quick, sharp, keen, swift, nimble, active: ifnel, F.*

- Snytes, *snipes*.
 So, *as*.
 Softe, *fought*.
 Sold, Solde, Suld, *should, should be*.
 Solers, I, 35, *uper rooms, enjoying the light and heat of the sun, for the purpose of retirement; garrets, lofts*.
 Somers, Somer-horfes, *sumpter-horseës, loaded, or carrying baggage*: Sommiers, F.
 Somned, *summon'd*.
 Sond, Sonde, *a mesfage, or mesfenger*.
 Sonde, *sand*.
 Sote, *sweet*.
 Soth, *truth*. *Mister Ellis has printed this word, corruptly, for, and explain'd it, absurdly, sure*.
 Sothely, *truely*.
 Sothen, *sodden*.
 Sotheyr, *soother, more true*.
 Sowdears, *soldiers*.
 Sowles hele, Sowle-hele, *the health, or salvation, of the soul*.
 Sowpeth, *sup'd*.
 Soyorne, *sojourn*.
 Sparryd, *spar'd, shut, fasten'd, bolted*.
 Spec, *spoke, or bespoke*.
 Spell, I, 37, *speech, narrative, relation, story, tale*:
 Lutel spelle, *few words*.
 Sper, Spir, *to ask, or enquire*. Speryd, Spird, *ask'd, enquire'd*. Evyr speryng ther gatys gane, *ever asking their near ways*.
 Sperd, Sperrd. *See Sparryd*.
 Spred, A bytter spred, III, 78.
 Spreteth, I, 181, *spreadeth*.
 Spylle, *dye, be put to death*. For drede sche schulde

hur spylle, III, 36, *for fear she should make away with herself.*

Spyr. *See* Sper.

Stabull, *establish.*

Stad, Stadde, *bestad, bested, circumstance'd.*

Stak, *stuck, put'd to.*

Stall, I, 30, *place, passage, entrance, inclosure.*

Stalworth, I, 65, 146, *strong, stout, lusty; " & stalworth knight als stele." R. of Brunne.*

Stark, *strong.*

Stat, *state.*

Sted. *See* Stad.

Stedd, III, 18, *Stede, place, or country.*

Stekyth, *sticketh.*

Stepul, *steeple.*

Stere, *steer, govern, manage.*

Sterin, I, 135.

Sterve, *starve, dye.*

Sterye, *steer.*

Stevne, II, 148, Stevyn, III, 15, *voice, sound, speech.*

Stighteld, I, 136, *strengthen'd, recover'd?*

Stirt, *started.*

Stoken, I, 30, *stuck, fasten'd.*

Stokkes, III, 49, *stocks.*

Stonayd, *astonish'd.*

Stor, I, 55, Store, *loud, blustering.*

Store, III, 124, *stir: 172, stark.*

Stour, Stoure, Stowr, Stowre, *difficulty, embarrassment, jeopardy, danger, extremity, disorder, tumult, battle, skirmish, and the like.*

Stownde, I, 1, *space of time, more or less.*

Strath, *straight.*

Stre, *straw.*

Strekk, III, 49, *stretching, passing*: γρεccan, S.

Stroye, *destroy*.

Strynde, III, 91, *strair, race, descent*. Thus Wyntown (I, 237):

“ He is na man, of swilk a kynd
Cummyn, bot of the dewylis strynd.”

Stude, II, 305, *steeds, horseës*.

Sture, *steer*.

Sturn, *stern*.

Sty, I, 26, 83, *place, house, building*; a word common in Scotland, and stil preserve'd with ourselves in hog-sty: Stige, S.

Styk, I, 128, *stitch*. Styke, II, 44, *stick'd, wounded*: γτικαν, S.

Stynte, *flint, stop, stay*.

Stythe, II, 170, *strong*: γτιδ, S.

Suere, Swere, Swyre, *neck*.

Suert, II, 120.

Sugerneth, *sejourneth*.

Suggeth, *say*.

Suithe, Suythe, Swith, *quick, speedily, very*.

Sumwet, II, 119, *somewhat*.

Suykedom, *treachery, treason*.

Swa, *se*.

Sware, III, 5, Hys doghtur swete and *sware*. The signification of the word *sware*, as it occurs in this passage, has never, it is believe'd, been explain'd; if, in fact, it occur anywhere else. Sware, III, 19, *neck*, is a different word.

Swart, *black*.

Swayne, I, 65, *some kind of inferior servant*.

Sweme, III, 33, *a swimming, or qualm*. See the next word.

Swevenyng, Swevyn, *dream*.

Swier, *squire*.

Swilk, *such*.

Swogh, *swoon*.

Swyke, I, 29, *fike, hole, ditch*.

Syclatowne, III, 8, *is, by Chaucer, call'd chekelatoun, but seems, rather, in the judicious Tyrwhitts opinion, to be merely a corruption of the French Ciclaton; which, he says, originally signify'd a circular robe of state. Some MSS. however, he allows, read Ciclaton, and Spenser, he observes, writes Shecklaton.*

Syde. “*And yode ayen the thrydde fyde,*” i. e. *went again the third time. See Sythe.*

Sye, Sygh, *saw*.

Sygh, Syght. *See Sythe.*

Sygned, *assign'd*.

Syke, Syken, *sick, sigh*.

Sykyrlyke, *certainly, surely*.

Symplyté, I, 179, *simplicity, or simpleness?*

Syrrys, III, 9, 19, 29, *firs*.

Sytole, II, 75, *a citole; a kind of dulcimer, according to sir John Hawkins. Sytolys, I, 199.*

Sytolphe.

Syte, III, 69,

Sythe, *side; afterward; since.*

Syttand, *siting*.

Ta, *take, betake*.

Taffetra, II, 178.

Talme, III, 33.

Talvace, I, 132, *call'd, likewise, pavais, or pavache, a large shield, or rather, as Grose ads, portable mantle, capable of covering a man from hand to foot.*

Tan, Tane, *take*. Tane, *takeen*. Tase, *takes*.

Tane, *one*.

Teem, II, 276, *sons, issue, offspring*.

Telde, *told*

Telde, I, 86, *lodge?*

Teme, *teem'd*.

Teen, Tene, Teon, II, 106, Teone, *sorrow, passion, anger, il-wil*. Tene, *slay*. Teon, II, 128, *take, or betake*.

Tent, I, 41, *heed, 141, attend, pay attention*.

Tha, I, 43, *these*.

Thartyll, *thereto*.

Thawghte, Thawghth, *taught*.

Thay, I, 199, *day*.

The, *thee*. The, Thee, *thrive*.

Thede, II, 43, *did*.

Thede, III, 11, 65, *land, nation, country, kingdom*:
þeod, S.

Theder, *thither*.

Theer, II, 48, *deer*.

Thenche, *think*.

Theode, II, 197, *faith, belief, religion*.

Thepartyth, *departeth*.

Therforne, *therefor*.

Thethin, *thence*.

Thewe, *virtue, good manners*. Doctor Percy, who knew "Thewes" to mean "manners," and, accordingly, so explains it in the Glossary to the 3d volume of his Reliques, *ads, immediately*, "In p. 12, it signifies LIMBS;" a decisive proof of the forgery, or interpolation, of the ballad refer'd to. Shakspeare was singular in this mistake.

They, *though*.

Thilke, *this, this same*.

Thir, *these*.

Tho, *then*; do (I, 204; not "For thole, *suffer*," as *Mister Ellis* thinks); to (II, 226); *those*. Tho, *for* do recurs in *Lybeaus*, V. 160, 309, 532, 835, 1076, 1510.

Thogh, II, 27, *doth*.

Thoghte, I, 192, *thought*. In *mister Ellises* edition, the text has "Hym pozte," the comment, "In posté, Fr. in power;" *than* which nothing can be more ridiculous.

Thoghty, II, 8, Thoughty, 178, *doughty*. Thoghtyer, *doughtyer*.

Thole, *suffer, undergo*; Tholed.

Thonor, *thunder*.

Thoo, *then*; *those*.

Thore, *there*.

Thores, II, 76, *doors*.

Thorh-reche, II, 145.

Thorst, Thorste, II, 49, 72, *durst*.

Thoune, I, 196, *down*.

Thowghter, *daughter*.

Thra, I, 150, III, 47, Thro, II, 200, *eager, fierce, desirous*.

Thral, Thrall, *slave, captive, base wretch*. Thralhede, *state of slavery or captivity*.

Thraw, Thro, Throo, Throw, *short space of time, trice*.

Thriswald, *threshold*.

Throo, Throwe, III, 87, 187, *trouble'd, afflicted, sorrowful?*

Throteboll, I, 84,

Thrydd, Thrydde, *third*.

Thrynge, *throng*.

Thuicketh, *thinketh*.

Thus-gate, *thus-wise, this-way*.

Thwang, *thong*.

Thyll, *til*.

Thynke, *thing*.

Tide, *betide*.

Tint, *lost*.

Tit, II, 147, *receive'd, took?*

Tite, I, 5, *soon, quickly*. Titter, *sooner*.

Tithand, Tithandes, Tithyng, *tideings, news*.

To, *thou* (I, 39); *til; toe; too*.

Toc, *took*.

To-breste, I, 190, *burst*.

To-drevert, II, 202, *driveën, pursue'd*.

Todur, *other, others*.

Tokenyng, *token, keep-sake*.

Tome, *toom, teem, empty*.

Too, *take; to; toe*.

To-dere, *too dear*.

To-rent, *rent, torn*.

To-scyverede, *shiver'd*.

To-terys, *tears* (verb). To-tore, *torn*.

To-whiles, *mean-while, mean-time*.

To-yeynes, *against*.

Traised, *betray'd*.

Traisted, *trusted*. Traystes, *trusts*.

Traitour, II, 306, *betrayer*.

Trappes, II, 13, Trappur, II, 54, Trappure, 37.

See Lengell. *Neither can be discover'd*.

Tre, *tree, wood*. Goddes tre, *Christs cross*. Trefe, *trees*.

Tredd, III, 79, *trod*.

Trente, II, 109, *embrace'd*:

“Bitrent and writhin is the sweet wood binde.”

Troilus & Creseide, B. 3, V. 1237.

Trewes, Trues, *truce*.

Trist, *sure*.

Trompours, I, 183, *trumpeters*.

Trofels, *trifles*.

Trowage, I, 127, *Truage, tribute*.

Trowes, *trowest, believeest*.

Trowth, *truth*.

Tryst, III, 177, *post or station*.

Tryste, *trust*.

Tuafte, II, 272.

Turmentrye, II, 73, *torment, torture*.

Tuye, *twice*.

Twyes, *twice*.

Twyn, *twine, part, separate*.

Tyd, Tyte, *tite, quick, soon*.

Tyger, III, 15, *Tiber*.

Tyght, I, 6, *begun*; III, 17, *pitch'd, fix'd*.

Tymberde all my teene, III, 24. So in *The aunter of sir Gawane* :

“*Thus shall a Tyber untrue tymber with tene.*”

Again, in *Minots Poems* :

“*Towrenay zow has tight
To timber, trey, and tene.*”

Tyre, *attire, drefs*.

Uche, *each*.

Umage, *homage*.

Umbithought, I, 67, *bethought*.

Umbraydest, *upbraidest*.

Umstrade, I, 55, *bestrode*. Thus *Minot* :

“*The king of Beme had cares colde,
That was ful hardy and bolde,
A stede to umstride.*”

Uncouth, *Uncouthe, unknown, strange, foreign*.

Underfonge, *seize, catch, take, meet with.*

Under molde, II, 104, *under earth.*

Undertane, *undertake.*

Undo, *open. See the note. Undone, prepare'd, made ready for the spit.*

Undern-tyde, I, 179; Under-tyde, II, 251; Undurne, III, 64; *the third hour of the artificial day; nine of the clock in the morning; and not, as mister Ellis thinks, "after-noon."* So Robert of Brunne:

“*Bituex underon and non was the feld alle wonnen.*”

“*Died that lady bituex undron and prime.*” (243.)

Undur-lace, III, 77, *a woman, from her lace.*

Undur the molde, III, 82, *under-ground, dead and bury'd.*

Unement, *ointment.*

Unfawe, I, 201,

Unfayne,

Ungayne, III, 60, *These gatys they are ungayne, These ways are not near, or in the right road; III, 79, a roche ungayne, an aukward rock.*

Unhele, *il health, unhapynefs.*

Unhende, *uncivil, unpolite, disobligeing, rude.*

Unkowth. *See Uncouth.*

Unkunand, *not cuning, unknowing, ignorant, uninform'd.*

Unlek, II, 77,

Unnese, Unnethes, *scarcely.*

Unorne, II, 105,

Unpees, *no peace, war.*

Unryde, II, 162, *base, iniquitous: unriht, S.*

Unfely, *unhapy, unfortunate.*

Unshet, Unsteke, *unshut, open.*

Unfyght, II, 57, *unseen (by each other, on account of their helmets).*

Unther, *under*; not "*besides,*" as it is explain'd by *mister Ellis*, who says, it is use'd by the authour of *Launfal* "*with great latitude,*" which does not appear.

Unther-gare, II, 212, Unther-kelle, II, 217, Unther-lyne, II, 240, Unther ferke, II, 225, Untherwede, II, 214: *all figurative appellations for young women.*

Unto, *until.*

Unwelde, III, 5, *unwieldy.*

Unwrest, II, 308.

Urnare god, II, 307, *a good runer.* Urneth, *runeth.*

Us, Uus, *use, habit, custom.*

Ufedenn, *use'd.*

Vacche, Vecche, II, 142, 148, *watch.*

Valour, I, 212, *value, importance.*

Vasfage, I, 105, 122, Vasfelage, I, 53, *knight-service, valour, courage.*

Vayage, *voyage, journey, adventure.*

Velany, Vylanye, *villainy, evil, baseness, impertinence, impropriety, mischief, injury.*

Veneri, *hunting, the chace.*

Ventall. *See Aventayle.*

Vernage, *probably Vin de Vernou, a district in Touraine.*

Verraye, *true.* Verraiment, Verrayment, *truely.*

Vurste, *worst.*

Vys, II, 3, Vyys, *phyz, face, countenance.*

Vys, II, 12, *fwych vys, so powerful.*

Wajour, *wager.*

Wald, *would.*

Wan, I, 76, *got.* Arst yif him wan and wrake, II, 159; *If he should even first grow pale and wretched.* The foudan swart and wan, II, 168, *black.*

Wandreme, III, 134, *joylesnesf, tribulation, agony of mind: pan, and dream, S.*

Wane. Gude wane, I, 60, *great many, plenty.* Wil of wane, I, 69.

War, I, 1, *wary, prudent; 53, were; 68, war with, aware of.*

Ware, *expnd, spend, lay out.* Ward, Wared, *expnded, spent, lay'd out.* Ware, *were.*

Warifown, I, 39, Warifowne, I, 101, Waryfon, III, 24, *help, cure, remedy, reward, recompence.*

Warift, I, 111, *cure'd.*

Warm, II, 84, *worm, serpent.*

Warned, *apprife'd, inform'd, caution'd, or haveing notice.*

Warye, *curse.*

Wate, I, 19, *thought; 31, think; know; knows.*

Wax, Waxe, Wex, Wox, *wax'd.*

Wawe, *wave.*

Wayes. Be godys wayes, III, 51.

Wayte, III, 121. Or sche wayte us wyth that woo, *before she can serve us fo.*

Wedde, *gage, pledge.*

Weddewede, *widowhood.*

Wede, *armour, apparel, drefs, robe, garment.*

Wede, I, 153, III, 71, He ferd right as he wald wede, *behave'd as if he were mad. See Awede.*

Weders, *weather, of different sorts; wind, hail, rain, &c.*

Welde, *wield, rule, reign, govern; II, 104, Me to spoufe welde, take me to wife.*

Wele-lykeand, *wel-looking.*

Wele-rinand, *wel-runing, swift.*

Welk, *walk'd.*

Wemme, III, 163, *wem, scar*: pemme, S. Thus, in Syr Bevys:

“ Syx hundred men he felled to grounde,
Yet had neyther wemme nor wounde.”

Wend, Wende, Wendes, Wendyth, Wending, *going, go, depart.*

Went, *go, gone*; II, 109, *turn'd*: pendan, S.

Wene, *ween, think*; Wenes, *think't*; Wend, Wende, *ween'd, thought*: penan, S. Without wene, I, 200.

Wepe, *weep'd, wept*; *weeping.*

Wer, I, 44.

Wer, Were, Werie, *war (verb), defend, fight for; rescue, protect* (I, 164); Wer, *where.*

Were, *war.* Were, Werie, *wear.*

Werne, *warn, prohibit*, II, 128, 129.

Werr, *worse.*

Werry, *fight, make war, or battle*; II, 42.

Wet, *what.*

Wete, *know, Wety, known, suspected, been aware of*: pitan, S.

Weved, *wave'd.*

Wha-sum, *whosoever.* Whare-sum, *wheresoever.*

What-som, *whatsoever.*

Whate. Wel-whate, II, 74, *hot, very hot.*

Wheme, III, 7.

Wher, Wherein, *were.*

Whesch, *wash'd (their hands).*

Whide-war, I, 158, *wide-where; widely far and near.* Chaucer, in his Man of lawes tale, speaks of—

—“ Chapmenrich, and therto sad and trewe,
That wide-where senten hir spicerie.”

White the non, II, 152, *do not torment thyself.*

Whofé, *whofo.*

Whychyd, *bewitch'd*.

Whyglit. *See* Wight.

Whythe, *wight*.

Wight, I, 35, *strong, powerful; person, man or woman*.

Wightly, *speedily, boldly, resolutely*. That wyght was undur schylde (III, 2), *That was strong under a shield*.

Wiht, II, 112, *a blow*.

Wik, Wike, *week*.

Will of rede, I, 17.

Willes, *wil, desire*.

Wis, I, 77, *shew me, take me*.

Wisse, II, 108, 152.

Wist, I, 154, *knew*.

Wit, Wite, *learn, know*; I, 38. Wite, *blame*, I, 38.

Withfugge, *withsay'd, gainsay'd*.

Wittes, *sense, wisdom*.

Wive, I, 39, *wife*.

Wobigane, I, 140, *woe-begone*.

Wode, *mad*.

Wode-schawe, II, 48, *coppice in a wood*.

Wogh, I, 38, *wrong?*

Wolde, *old*. Yn wolde, II, 221.

Wolte, *wilt thou?*

Won. Good won, *often, many times*; A worldly won, II, 31, *a worthy, or worshipful mansion-house*, II, 128.

Wonde, II, 122, *wait, stay*; III, 141, *desist from*; *also, refuse'd, decline'd, hesitate'd, withstood* (II, 105).

Wone, *delay*. Woned, *wont*; *dwel'd, live'd, or lain*.

Wones, *palace's, house's, dwellings, erections*. Wonie, *dwel*. Wons, *lives, resides*. Won, Woon, Wonyng, *dweling, residence, lodgeing*.

Woodwale, III, 147, *woodwele, witwall, hickway, or heighaw, yellow-peak, goldammer, or golden merle, call'd*,

allso, the oriol, and thence, corruptly, in French, lorion, or loriot, a species of the woodpecker. It is mention'd in Chaucers Romaunt of the rose, V. 657 :

“ *In many placis nightingales;
And alpes, and finches, and wodewales,
That in their sweté song deliten,
In thilke placis as they habiten.*”

It is frequently notice'd in the old French romanceës, and say'd to make a crying noise: as, for instance, in Fouque de Candie, (Kings MSS. 20 D IX) :

“ *Ce fut el mois de May que la rose est fleuris,
Que li rousfeignols chante et li oriolle crie.*”

Word, II, 17, Worde, III, 119. See Ord and ende. Wordes, II, 238, *worthys, things of worth.* Wordylye, *worthyly.*

Worth, I, 24, 39, *what*; I, 201, *wroth.* An hongeth worth thou hye and hard (I, 200). *Worthly, I, 9, worthyly.* *Wortheft, II, 105, wert, wast.* *Worth, II, 119, 135, were, was.*

Woso, *whofo.*

Wottyft, *knowest.*

Wowe, II, 132, *wall, or windowe.*

Woxyn, *waxen.*

Wrake, III, 26, 83, II, 162, *wreak'd, revenge'd.* *Chaucer has ywrake in the same sense.*

Wrangdome, *wrong.*

Wrecche, *wrack, mischief; allso, wretch, caitif, or miserable creature* (I, 144).

Wreche, I, 123, *wretched; wretch.* See a note on Launfal, V. 393.

Wreghed, I, 120.

Wreke, *wreak, revenge.* *Wroken, wreak'd, revenge'd.*

Wrath, Wrethe, Wreththe, *revenge, wrath, harm, mischief.*

Wreye, Wrye, *bewray, betray* Wreyede, *betray'd.*

Wroght, I, 200, *wroth.*

Wrothe hele, II, 161, Wrothherheyle, III, 157, *lofs of health or salvation, malediction.* Wrothe hele *is use'd by Robert of Gloucester; though Mannyng has, repeatedly, wrotherhaile, and wrotherheile; as, for instance, P. 201:*

" Therfor the pape of Rome cursed them wrotherheile."

Wriyyng, II, 186.

Wrthe, II, 94, *were.*

Wryt, *writeing, letter.*

Wymmanne, *women.*

Wyck, III, 61, *wicked.*

Wylde of redd, III, 2, *regardless of counsel, or advice.*

Wyne of Greke. *Le vin Grec is mention'd by M. Le Grand d'Ausfy, who (and not, as mister Ellis says, M. de Paumy [meaning the marquis de Paulmy] was the authour of " La vie privée des François," which has even his name in the title-page.*

Wyrhale, II, 43,

Wys, *advise'st.* Wyft, *knew.*

Wyght, I, 185, *whit.*

Wyn, I, 38, *win, obtain.* So have i wyn, 93.

Wyfte, *wifest, knew.*

Wyt. *See Wit.*

Wyte, I, 198, *know.* Wyte, III, 69, *blame.*

Wyth, *wight, strong.*

Wytherlyng, II, 97, *adversary, enemy: piðepling, S.*

Wyttore, *whiteër.*

Wyttyrly, *utterly, thoroughly.*

Ya, Yaa (III, 73), *yes*. See the note on Ywaine and Gawin, V. 43.

Yaf, *gave*.

Yalde, *yielded, surrender'd*.

Yapys, *japes, jests*.

Yar, Yare, *ready*: ȝape, S.

Yarked yore, II, 218, 232.

Yate, *gate*.

Ybake, *bake'd*.

Ybe, *been*.

Ybore, *born*.

Ycham, *i am*. Ychulle, *i shal or wil*.

Yclepte, *embrace'd*.

Yede, *went*.

Yef, *if*.

Yelde, I, 97, *yield, reward, recompense*. God yelde the dy whyle, II, 85, *god yield, or grant, thee thy wil*.

Yelp, *outcry, blabing; boast* (I, 201).

Yeme, I, 50, III, 7, *take care of*. Yemes, 65. Yemes it wele, *take great care of it*. Yemed, II, 276, *govern'd*.

Yën, *eyes*, III, 7.

Yend, Yent, II, 133, 140, *through*.

Yeode, *went*.

Yerly, *early*.

Yern, I, 135, *eager, eagerly, earnest*; Yerne, II, 129, *earn*; II, 18, 19, 22, III, 82, 83, *fast*. Yerne, *desire, wish*. Yernes, I, 53, *desires, wishes*: ȝyppnan, S.

Yeve, *give*.

Yfere, *companions*.

Ygelt, *gilded, gilt*.

Yghen, *eyes*.

Yharneyfyth, *harnes's'd*.

Ying, *young*.

Ylerde, *learn'd.*

Yleste, *lasted.*

Yleve, II, 114, *believe.*

Ylome, II, 99, *lately.*

Ylore, *lost.*

Ylyche, *alike.*

Ylythe, II, 91, *listen.*

Yment, I, 187, *meant, intended, design'd.*

Ympe-tre, II, 251, *grafted tree.*

Ymone, II, 113, 126, *companion?*

Ynome, *takeën.* This word is once use'd by Robert of Gloucester:

“ He grette him anon, and seyde, Hayl thou be kyng one,
So nys yt noght, quath the kyng, for my kynedom ys ynome,
Vor an felawe ych abbe therto that ych love ynou.”

Hearne rather obscures, than explains, it: “ in many, in more than one.”

Ynowe, *enough.*

Yode, *went.*

Yolde, *yielded, recompense'd, return'd.* Yolden, *yielded, &c.*

Yoly, *jolly.*

Yore, I, 174, II, 29. Yorne, II, 139, *heretofore, formerly, of old, before, already:* *gearna, S.*

Yowle, *Christmas.*

Yoye, *joy.*

Ypocrasse, *hippocras, a mixture of wine, honey, and spiceës, so call'd from Hippocrates, who was suppose'd to have invented it; or, because it was made in what physicians call his sleeve.*

Yrke, *weary.*

Yrecchie, II, 106.

Yre, *iron.*

Yrels, *earls*.

Yrest, *rested*.

Yrthe, *earth*.

Ysé, *sea*.

Yschent, *degradeed, ashamed*.

Yflawe, *slain*.

Yfwowe, *in a swoon*.

Yteld, I, 181, *colour'd, painted, dye'd*: Uetelged, S. Mister Ellis explains Yteld "constructed," and derives it from the French: but the French etymon of a Saxon word, it is believe'd, would be somewhat difficult to discover.

Ytynt, *lost*.

Yuly, III, 107, *handsome, beautiful*. In the edition of "Drunken Barnabys Four journeys to the north of England," printed at London, in 1723, that facetious traveler says,

"Thence to Worton; being lighted,

I was solemnly invited

By a captains wife most yewly:"

though, it must be confes'd that the original (about 1640) has not yewly, but vewlie, unless the tail of the y have been brokeen off at the press.

Yurne. See Yern.

Yurney, *journey*.

Yveré, Yvöre, *ivory*.

Ywent, *gone; turn'd*.

Ywinne, *succeed*.

Yylde. God yylde hyt the, III, 60, *god yield, or reward, it thee*.

CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Verse.</i>	<i>Errour.</i>	<i>Correction.</i>
3	45	ſpereshorde	ſperes horde
7	136	I	i
19	438	by come	bycome
24	548	ſend	ſend
28	653	Hauberkeser	Hauberkes er
29	673	entrè	entré
30	700	hindewordes	hinde wordes
32	736	naman	na man
33	763	he he	he
	765	overall	over al
35	823	alto drogh	al to-drogh
37	868	ſwownyg	ſwownyng
41	964	alto breke	al to-breke
47	1109	alredy,	al redy,
53	1250	alwiſe	al wiſe
56	1323	bere,	bere
57	1336	faid	faid
62	1458	levesal	leves al
72	1697	alſone	al ſone
78	1851	frame	fra me
86	2042	Of	Of
92	2194	Bow	Bot
98	2323	faid	faid
106	2511	n	In
110	2619	alto rent	al to-rent
	2620	noman	no man
122	2918	nomar	no mar
123	2942	alſtyte	als tyte
133	3169	aparty	a party
139	3318	I	i

Page.	Verse.	Errour.	Correction.
140	3339	If	If
146	3489	alday	al day
149	3551	alto torn	al to-torn
152	3632	alto reven	al to-reven
170	8	Kardeuyle	Kardevyle
171	34	of	of
172	46	bos	los
	51	Up on	Upon
173	62	drawnen	drawen
	72	That grevede	That— <i>should have been indented.</i>
	88	Karlyown,	Karlyoun,
174	105	neuer	never
176	140	to rent	to-rent
177	144	Thane	Thanne
178	154	Tell ye	Tellyd
		out	out.
	159	Gwenore	quene Guenore
	202	for	for
181	257	wylle fere,	wylle, fere,
	321	} <i>Both lines should have been indented.</i>	
	324		
185	353	me in any	me any
	428	delyverede pry- founs	delyverede povere pryfouns
188	430	Fytfy	Fyfty
	441	also	al so
189	448	y fe	yfé
190	488	Lanfaul	Launfal
192	509	That that he	That he
193	523	leman,	lemman,
196	594	thonne	thoune
198	647	fche	fche
200	694	woman, also	woman al so
202	749	And the that	And the, that
204	782	a redy	aredy
	799	fchuld	fchild
205	813	twayn	tway
207	862	a redy	aredy

CORRECTIONS.

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Page.	Verse.	Errour.	Correction.
	866	y wyte	ywyte
209	905	clodes and	clodes, and
213	988	also	al fo
	990	A day	Aday
215	1035	yn to	ynto

VOLUME II.

6	117	Rowme	Rowmé
8	171	yfent	yfentl
10	213	heghes	heghtes
11	246	for	for
20	460	yn to	ynto
25	585	therwete	ther wete
33	761	They tok har yn the toune	They tok har yn [yn] the toune.
	765	ros	ros,
	777	prykyde	prykynde
	894	dyscryve	dyscrye
41	957	a wede	awede
43	993	Of	Of
48	1134	After	After
49	1154	four	fourth
60	1401	A feng	Afenge
68	1609	fmot	fmot
70	1662	ff	fs
74	1756	glad.	glad
	1757	nam	ham
80	1894	Before forther arfoun	Before [hys] forther arfoun
92	32	Also	Al fo
95	94	his	thife
98	174	felanrade	felaurode
103	296	byfnyke	byfuyke
116	616	olyve,	olyve.
	618	byreved.	byreved,
124	790	ast	aft
129	912	hey,	heyr,
142	1229	fprong	fprong

Page.	Verse.	Errour.	Correction.
148	1371	iore	joie
151	1448	Seide	Sende
152	1462	Horns	Horn
	1471	non	nou
	1482	tot	toc
156	7	wyf	wyf
	55	wof	wolt
159	74	fers.	fers,
161	121	what to rede	what to rede ?
167	254	i sent	ifent
169	316	com	can
170	346	Bi taughten	Bitaughten
172	381	<i>should have been indented.</i>	
179	559	a fyn	afyn
183	656	And leove, fire,	And, leove fire,
185	698	ibleset	iblefset
188	780	a fyn	afyn
189	812	wriste	wifte
191	855	bi com	bicom
192	876	Sent	Send
197	1005	bi ment	biment
202	1129	a weiward	aweoward
208	85	knyght hyghte	knyght,
213	221	fadur	fadur
219	357	poynt	poynt
221	406	mete whyle	mete-whylye
237	803	lyf lothe	lyflothe

VOLUME III.

26	600	ouyr	ovyr
39	907	hys	hyr (or thys)
41	955	forbode	forbode
42	992	be lyve	belyve
46	1071	by layne	bylayne
49	1150	strokkes	stokkes
55	1306	yut	put
	1326	Ofte	Ofte
56	1330	And	Ane
58	1365	ame	amre

CORRECTIONS.

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Page.	Verse.	Errour.	Correction.
60	1424	Thou schalt, &c.	<i>These three lines are part of the next stanza.</i>
	1430	Weleafaye!	Weleawaye!
67	1585	strenkyth full stedd,	strenkythfull stedd,
75	1771	we	ye
84	2029	a strote	astrote
115	537	fo	fo
124	748	Lorde,...wroght.	"Lorde,...wroght."
	154	ne	he
144	1218	Amen—	Amen—(<i>should have been indented.</i>)
152	1482	tot	toc
157	299	wroth her heyle	wrothherheyle
159	349	come, in	come in,
189	1066	fell	fell

CONJECTURAL EMENDATIONS

OF

PRESENT READINGS.

VOLUME I.

YWAINE AND GAWIN.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Verse.</i>	<i>Present reading.</i>	<i>Conjectural emendation.</i>
8	174	cumanded	cumand (<i>as in P. 5, V. 110, and elsewhere.</i>)
10	218	effe	efe (<i>efed, P. 11, V. 232.</i>)
	221	baken	bake
65	1529	anger	danger
92	2194	Bow	Bot
99	2347	neght	negh

LAUNFAL.

176	154	kenne	kin
181	257	thy wyllefere,	thy wylle, fere,
201	721	worth	wroth

VOLUME II.

LYBEAUS DISCONUS.

20	462	baye browne,	baye [and] browne,
22	503	hedde	hevedde
34	779	And ayens	Ayens
85	2004	afere	a fere
87	2117	yftes	yyftes

GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Verse.</i>	<i>Present reading.</i>	<i>Conjectural emendation.</i>
120	699	dohter	dohte
132	983	wowe	windowe
151	1448	Seide	Sende

EMARE.

216	293	that i hit am I	that i am I
228	594	kyght	kyth
	597	gryght	gryth
	600	fryght	fryth

VOLUME III.

LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

21	475	hedd	hevydd
30	711	oon	ane

ERLE OF TOLOUS.

97	86	Bodely	Boldely
	99	hys own blode	hys blode

SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.

162	404	i wyll stand thei by	i wyll stand by
171	617	kyng	knyght
184	936	treasure	treafere

KNIGHT OF CURTESY.

203	201	Unto hymself this knight fayd he,	Unto hymself this knight fayd, Ho!
-----	-----	--------------------------------------	---------------------------------------

E R R O U R S
IN
T H E D I S S E R T A T I O N
C O R R E C T E D .

<i>Page,</i>	<i>Line.</i>	<i>Errour.</i>	<i>Correction.</i>
x,	1,	<i>omission,</i>	<i>After necessarily, insert</i> have been acquainted with it.
lii,	23,	Henry the third,	Francis the first.
lxxiv,	8,	This,	Thus,
lxxxviii, N.*		Langefoft	Langetoft
lxxxix,	6,	brought it away	brought away
xcì,	28,	where	whence
xcviii,	6,	language or which	language or idiom," which (<i>see Percys Reliques, Notes on the Esfay, P. lxxviii, N. (S. 2)</i>)
cv,	8,	maneree	manere
ccxv,	15,	Meogorgus,	Nageorgus,

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