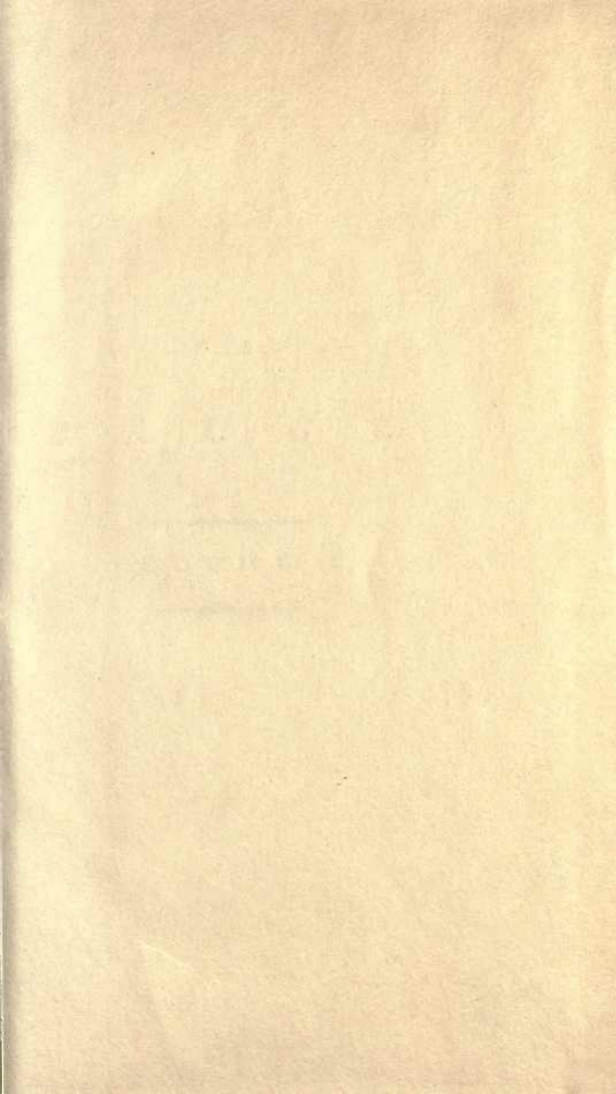


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THE

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VOLUME I.

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THE

B. R. U. C. E.

VOLUME

T H E B R U C E ;
O R,
THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I.
KING OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE
By JOHN BARBOUR.

THE FIRST GENUINE EDITION,
PUBLISHED FROM A MS. DATED 1489;
WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY
By J. PINKERTON.

VOLUME I.



III. 347.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY H. HUGHS,
FOR G. NICOL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS MAJESTY.
M.DCC.XC.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



AMERICAN TO THE
21st 20th

P R E F A C E.

THE publication of ancient monuments of their poetry seems now to interest most nations. In France the best poets of the fifteenth century were published at Paris, in the year 1723*. Since which time, not to mention editions of the *Roman de la Rose*, a work completed in the end of the thirteenth century, have appeared the poems of Thibaut king of Navarre, who wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century; and the songs of Raoul de Coucy, composed in the twelfth, about the year 1190. Barbazan has also given specimens of the short romances in verse, or tales: and M. Le Grand has published a good translation of the best

* Oeuvres de Villon, written about 1450. Farce de l'Avocat Pathelin, about 1450. Poesies de Coquillart, 1470. Martial d'Auvergne, 1480, 2 vols. Oeuvres de Jean Marrot, 1500. And the Poesies de Guillaume Cretin, 1510. Legende de Pierre Faifeu, by Bourdigne, 1531.

The works of Allain Chartier, which are large, written about 1440, were published by Du Chesne, Paris, 1617, 4to.

It is surprizing, however, that the poems of Froissart, the only poet, it is believed, France has of the fourteenth century, should still remain MS. The fifteenth century is barren of poetry in Italy and England.

PR
1833
B23
1790
V.1

he could find, from the twelfth century to the fifteenth, in 5 vols. 12mo. with prefaces, in which he shews the great superiority of these *fabliaux*, which originated in the northern parts of France, to the insipid love-songs of the Provençal troubadours, the offspring of the south; and goes so far as to say, that all the great poets, and most of the great men of France, have been born in the northern parts of that kingdom. Any reader may indeed judge, by comparing his very curious and interesting work with the account and translation of the works of the troubadours, published by P'Abbé Millot, that one of these old tales full of incident, imagination, and life, is worth all the drawling efforts of the Provençal muse, the lifeless daughter of metaphysical love.

In Spain, the late publication by Sanchez * shews that this kind of literature is not totally neglected. Italy needs not be mentioned, as the publication of her ancient poets has been constant and perpetual: but the *Filostrato* and *Teseide* of Boccace should be reprinted. In Germany diffe-

* This very curious work is intituled, *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV.* &c. Por D. Thomas Antonio Sanchez, Bibliotecario de S. M. En Madrid, por Don Antonio de Sancha: 1779—1782, 3 vols 8vo. published. The first volume contains the poem of the Cid; and prefixt is a letter of the marquis de Santillana, written about 1455, on the origin of Spanish poetry, with long notes by the editor, forming almost a history of Spanish poetry preceding the year 1400; and well written, if we except some oddities, as the examination whether Adam spoke first in verse or prose, &c. The Inquisition still exists in Spain! Vol. ii. contains the poems of Berceo. Vol. iii. Alexander the Great. All are accompanied with glossaries.

rent productions of this sort have lately been given : and in Denmark the poetical Edda, containing the oldest Icelandic poetry, has at last appeared in print. Nor has England neglected this study, as the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, the late excellent edition of Chaucer's Tales, and other works in this line may testify.

The poem now presented to the reader for the first time, in it's genuine ancient dress, has already gone thro' about twenty editions in Scotland since the year 1616, in which the first edition which can be discovered, was printed at Edinburgh, 12mo. But all these editions are modernized ; and it was impossible to judge of the real ancient poem from them. The editor, zealous to give an edition of this interesting work, the most ancient production of the Scottish muse extant, in the very language, and orthography, of it's author, had recourse to a manuscript written in the year 1489, preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh ; a collection which does great honour to that respectable society, and to their country. The society having, with much politeness, permitted a copy to be taken for publication, the editor was equally fortunate in the condescending assistance of the Earl of BUCHAN, a nobleman well known as the founder of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries ; and as the friend of the ancient literature, and present welfare and honour of his country. This public-spirited peer caused the transcript to be taken under his own eye ; and accompanied it with this attestation : " I David
 " Steuart, Earl of Buchan, have compared this
 " transcript of the MS. dated 1489, in the Law-
 " yers'

“yers’ Library at Edinburgh, with the original, “and find it to be a true copy, having corrected “such errors as I have been able to observe, in “the course of a very minute investigation and “comparison;” (*signed*) “BUCHAN:” and dated, “Edinburgh, September 27th, 1787.”

The transcript, taken *literatim* from the MS. has been sent to the press, as it came; and printed from with the utmost exactness, even to the retention of small errors, which might easily have been amended. The only alteration from the original is the division into Twenty Books, with their arguments, now adopted and given for the first time; but which injures not a particle of the original text, and is an improvement, which, it is believed, every reader will approve: for the perusal of such a long work of about 12,000 verses, without any pause, or illustration, would have proved tiresome to the most patient reader; not to mention the superior clearness which such a division, and analysis, lend to a work of length, and the universal practice of ancient and modern times in such cases. It is indeed much to be wished that division, and argument, were more attended to in all publications of old language. Nævius and Ennius, the most ancient Roman poets, composed their long works in one entire piece; and antiquity has been so idle as to let us know that Lampadio first divided the poem of Nævius into books, and Vargunteius that of Ennius. Some old editor has indeed given riming titles of chapters to large divisions of this poem; but they are ill-placed, and ill-chosen: and, in spite of Mr. Hume’s History, every man of reading must know that a
chapter,

chapter, or *caput*, is the proper name of a short division, properly treating of but one *bead*, or incident.

The original MS. from it's orthography, appears to have been copied from one co-eval with the author ; for the spelling is more barbaric, and uncouth, than that of a copy of Winton's Chronicle, written about the year 1410, in the Cotton Library. At the end of this edition the reader will find fac-similia of the MS. particularly of the colophon, which is in these words: "*Finitur codicellus de virtutibus et actibus bellicosissimi viri domini Roberti Broys quondam Scottorum. Regis illustrissimi raptim scriptus per me Johannem Ramsay ex jussu venerabilis et circumspetti viri vere magistri Symonis Lochmaleny de Ouchternunnse vicarii bene digni Anno Domini Millesimo Quadringsimo Octuagesimo Nono.*" "Here ends the book of the virtues, and acts, of the most warlike man, the lord Robert Bruce, sometime king of Scotland, written at different times by me John Ramsay, at the command of a venerable and prudent man, and real master, Simon Lochmaleny, most worthy vicar of Ouchternunnse, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighty-nine." The name *Lochmaleny* is so uncommon, that it seems unknown in any other Scottish record ; and *Ouchternunnse* the editor cannot find. The same MS. contains the life of Wallace, by Henry the minstrel, written about 1470 ; and tho' it be a mere wild romance, while this poem of Barbour's is mostly real history ; and far inferior in every merit to this ; yet, for the sake of the language, and manners, it would be worth while to
print

print it from the MS. But this the editor must leave to some gentleman residing in Scotland, and curious in such matters.

It is with no small pleasure that the editor has at last procured the genuine publication, and, by the spirit and liberality of the bookseller, the elegant publication, of the oldest monument of the Scottish language. A monument which may well bear company with the best early poetry which any modern country can boast. Perhaps the editor may be accused of nationality, when he says that, taking the total merits of this work together, he prefers it to the early exertions of even the Italian muse, to the melancholy sublimity of Dante, and the amorous quaintness of Petrarca, as much as M. Le Grand does a *fabliau* to a Provençal ditty. Here indeed the reader will find few of the graces of fine poetry, little of the Attic dress of the muse: but here are life, and spirit, and ease, and plain sense, and pictures of real manners, and perpetual incident, and entertainment. The language is remarkably good for the time; and far superior, in neatness and elegance, even to that of Gawin Douglas, who wrote more than a century after. But when we consider that our author is not only the first poet, but the earliest historian of Scotland, who has entered into any detail, and from whom any view of the real state and manners of the country can be had; and that the hero, whose life he paints so minutely, was a monarch equal to the greatest of modern times; let the historical and poetical merits of his work be weighed together; and then opposed to those of any other early poet of the present nations in Europe.

It

It is indeed posterior in time to the earliest poetry of most modern nations; but it must be considered that Scotland hardly had one writer till the thirteenth century*; and this poem was written in the fourteenth. If we pass over the Slavonic nations † of Europe, whose poetry is little known; and the Celtic, and Finnish, concerning whose poetry all we know at present is, that what some regard as ancient is certainly very modern; we may consider the rest of Europe as divided into two grand languages, the Gothic of Germany, the Netherlands, and the Northern kingdoms; and the corrupted Latin of France, Spain, Italy. The English forms a medium between these two grand divisions; a circumstance which contributes much to it's energy, and richness, for it has chosen from either the words which are most expressive, and which best accord with it's genius. In the Gothic division of Europe the monuments of national poetry extend to very early times. The earliest riming poet in any modern language, as Mr. Tyrwhit remarks, is Otfrid, a German, about the year 870: from which period there are remains of

* See the editor's Enquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the year 1056, Part vi. chap. 2.

† Le Clerc, in his *Histoire de la Russie*, Paris, 1783, 5 vols. 4to. has in vol. iv. or i. of the modern part, given a good idea of Russian literature. Russian songs exist as old as the tenth century: they have burdens, and are much in the Asiatic style. Nestor, the first Russian historian, was born in 1056: but from 1223 till the fifteenth century, there are no Russian writers. The editor cannot specify any collection of old Russian or of Polish poetry.

German

German poetry almost of every century*. The poetical Edda, compiled in the thirteenth century, contains some pieces of Scandinavian poetry surely as old as the ninth century. Of Anglo-Saxon, or English, poetry, a specimen might be produced of every century, since the eighth. There is in the Cotton Library a noble specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry of the tenth century, being a romance on the wars between Denmark and Sweden; and it is much to be wished that it were published, with a translation. It is to be observed that rime is not known in Anglo-Saxon poetry till the eleventh century, as Mr. Tyrwhit shews: and in Scandinavian poetry, it appears not till the twelfth, as is clear from Snorro's History, written in the thirteenth, in which numerous specimens of the works of the northern scalds are adduced. Whether rime originated from the Arabs, among whom poetry of this kind appeared even before Mahomet, and, upon their conquest of Spain in the year 712 †, spread first to France, and thence to the

* Mabillon has published a beautiful German song, written in the year 883. See in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, vol. xli. an account, by the Baron Zurlauben, of a MS. containing poems by Swabian minstrels, from about the year 1100 till 1330. But poems of the eleventh century are very rare both in Gothic and Romance.

† The Saracens did not seize Sicily till the year 828; and they held it for about 230 years, or till 1058. According to Crescimbeni, the Italian poetry passed from the troubadours to the Sicilians. The first Italian poet is Ciullo d'Alcamo, a Sicilian, about the year 1200, of whom only a song is extant,

Rosa fresca aulentissima, &c.

the rest of Europe, as Salmasius and Huet think; or whether it began among the monks of Italy, in the eighth century, as some others suppose; for these are the only two opinions, which now divide the literati upon this subject; certain it is that this mode of versification may be regarded as foreign to the genuine idiom of any European language, and of very late appearance in most. Whence they who believe in the riming Welch poetry, ascribed to Talieffin and other bards of the sixth century, may enjoy their own credulity.

To pass to the Southern or Latin division of Europe, the key to all the languages of which is the Latin tongue, as the key to the other half is the German, our first attention is due to France. The Latin language used in these countries may be strictly called Latin, tho' gradually corrupting, till the tenth century. About that period the Latin of different countries began to assume different forms, and to branch out into distinct and determinate dialects. It is in vain therefore to expect French, Italian, or Spanish poetry, preceding the tenth century. Nay, France can hardly shew a specimen of her poetry, preceding the twelfth cen-

In 1250 lived Guittone d'Arezzo. The earliest Italian romances are in prose, beginning after the year 1300: the first in verse are the *Filoftrato* and *Teseide* of Boccace, about 1350. The next worth notice is the *Morgante* of Luigi Pulci, 1460. Let me here remark that Cervantes was not the first who turned the romances into ridicule. This work of Pulci, and the *Orlando Inamorato* of Berni, were written with the same intention; and in this century Carteromaco has pursued and completed the plan in his *Ricciardetto*.

ture, of which period long romances are extant; and it is surprizing that none of these genuine old romances have been published in their original dress*. Italy can, it is believed, shew little or no poetry till the thirteenth century, her poetry being borrowed, as is said, from that of the troubadours, who began about the year 1100, and continued till 1300; and the fourteenth century has Dante and Petrarca. In Spain, a country vying with Italy in every branch of literature, there is no poetry extant more ancient than the *Life of Rodrigo de Bevar*, more known by the epithet of the *Cid*, written in about 3800 long lines, by an unknown author, near sixty years after the death of that hero, or in the year 1160; and first published by Sanchez, in the year 1779. The next poet is Gonzalo de Berceo, about 1220, who wrote lives of saints, and other pious works, in stanzas of four alexandrine lines, to the same rime; a mode of

* *Le Roul*, or the History of Normandy, by Wace, so called from Rollo the first duke, would form about 300 pages 4to. double columns. This poet, however, gives no account of Rollo, William I. nor Richard I.; because their wars were against France. From Richard II. A. 996, he is full and curious, but fabulous. All of Rollo is;

Ai jeo de Roul lunges cunté,
 E de sun riche parenté,
 De Normandie que il cunquist,
 E des proefces que il i fist;
 E de Guilleaume Lunge Espee,
 Auum lestoire avant menee,
 Tant que Flameng cum a felun
 Le tuerent par traifun;
 De Richard sun fiz auum dit, &c.

MS. Reg. 4: c. xi.

poetry

poetry generally prevalent in Spain till the year 1400. Then follows the long poem of Alexander the Great partly translated from Gualter, by Juan Lorenzo of Astorga, about the year 1250, in the same disagreeable stanza. In the same century king Alfonso the Wise wrote poems, not to mention his books of philosophy, and code of laws in prose: and in Portugal under king Dionis, himself the earliest Portuguese poet, lived Vasco Lobeira, the author of the famous romance of *Amadis de Gaula*. The prose chronicles of Spain, in Spanish, also begin in this century. The fourteenth century produced in Spain Juan Ruiz, the archpriest of Hita, a pious rimer; the Jew Don Santo, a moral one; Don Juan Manuel, the biographer in verse of the Conde Lucanor; and him of the Conde Fernan Gonzalez; Pero Gomez; the historian of Alfonso XI. in verse; Pero Lopez de Ayala, who wrote his satire on courts in England, in prison; and toward the end of this, or beginning of next, century, Mosen Jordi, and Mosen Febrer. The fifteenth century has excellent Spanish poets, Villafandino, Juan de Mena, Jorge Manrique, Ausias March, who wrote in the Valencian dialect, the famous marquis of Santillana, Diego de St. Pedro, who wrote the *Carcel de Amor*, and Juan Alonso de Baena, who compiled the lyric poems of his predecessors under the usual title of *Cancionero*, MS. in the Escorial. To this century also most of the short Spanish romances belong; and particularly those in the history of the civil wars of Granada.

When we consider that the poetry of even the
most

most southern, and civilized, countries of Europe begins thus lately, we shall rather wonder, that a country so remote, and distant from civilization, as Scotland, can boast of so respectable a poem as this at so early a period. Indeed the hero seems to have inspired the author; and hardly have ever great actions been performed, without some author's arising to celebrate them. Chaucer, our poet's great cotemporary, was little known to fame, when Barbour wrote in 1375, as he tells us himself, B. xiii. v. 700; and he never mentions, and perhaps had not heard of, that celebrated writer. Certain it is that Chaucer afforded no model to Barbour; who seems to have had no subjects to imitate, but the old metrical romances, to which he refers. Let us not however reason from this that his poem is itself romantic; for, tho' two or three fictitious incidents are surely admitted in the first seven books, the truth of all, or most, of the rest can be evidenced from the best historians, English and Scottish: and the reader who wishes to be convinced of this, without much trouble, has only to compare the history of king Robert I. in Dalrymple Lord Hailes's valuable Annals of Scotland, with our author's account. His writing in verse is no argument against the veracity of his facts. In most countries history has first been written in verse. In all countries memory is more ancient than writing; and poetry than prose. Greece, as is well known, had early poetical historians. The poem of Nævius on the first Punic war, written about 238 years before Christ, was the earliest known among the Romans; and the
beginning

beginning of it puts us in mind of the harsh orthography of Barbour;

Quei terrai Latiai hemones tuserunt
Vires frudesque Poinicas labor.—

The next poet was Ennius, who about thirty years after wrote in heroic verse, (not in the *Saturnius*, or a kind of Iambic, as Nævius did, resembling the short quick verse of our Barbour) the annals of Rome; and afterward the acts of Scipio Africanus. In modern Europe, the Saxon poet of the life of Charlemagne is well known, and the history of the Britons was translated into French verse from Geoffrey of Monmouth, by Wace in the twelfth century; and a history of Normandy was given by the same writer, in the same style. Not to mention the history of France in French rime of the thirteenth century; nor the English histories of Robert of Glocester, Robert de Brunne, &c. the earliest native historian of Sweden is a chronicler in rime, about the year 1360. Our Winton wrote a vast history of the world, with Scottish affairs intermixt, about the year 1420, but is a bad Ennius after our excellent Nævius Barbour: tho' it be remarkable, that as Ennius omitted the first Punic war because Nævius had written it, so Winton does the life of Robert I.

As to any account of our author, little can be added by the editor to what he has already said in another place *, except some curious information,

* List of Scottish poets, prefixt to Ancient Scottish Poems from the Maitland MS. London, 1786, p. lxxix.

from Winton's Chronicle, concerning another work of his. It being proper and necessary, however, to give some account of our poet here, it is hoped the reader will excuse a repetition of the information formerly given, tho' not in the same words.

JOHN BARBOUR seems to have been born about the year 1326. In 1357 it appears, from a passport published by Rymer, dated the 13th day of August that year, that he was then archdeacon of Aberdeen. This passport permits him to go to Oxford, there to place three scholars to pursue their studies, and scholastic exercises. By a deed, dated the 13th of September in the same year, also published by Rymer, we find our author appointed by the bishop of Aberdeen one of his commissioners, to meet at Edinburgh concerning the ransom of David II. king of Scotland, then a prisoner in England. In 1365 Rymer gives us the title of another passport for John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, to go thro' England, with six knights in company, to St. Denis, near Paris. All we find further evidenced relating to our author is that he died aged, in the year 1396, as we learn from the chartulary of Aberdeen.

He informs us himself, B. xiii. ver. 700, that he wrote this poem in the year 1375; and about 1440 Bower or Bowmaker, the continuator of Fordun's history of Scotland, gives him this praise, lib. xii. c. 9. speaking of king Robert I. "*Magister Johannes Barbarii Archidiaconus Aberdenensis in lingua nostra materna, diserte et luculenter satis, ipsa ejus particularia gesta, necnon multum eleganter, peroravit.*"

To these particulars the editor now adds the following, from Winton's metrical chronicle, written between the years 1410 and 1420*.

This NINUS had ane son alsua,
Schir DARDANE, Lord of *Fregia*,
Of quhome the ARCHDENE suttely
Has maid proper Genealogie,
Till ROBERT, our second king,
That *Scotland* had in governing.
MS. Edit. p. 63.

And speaking of the progress of the Scots from Ireland:

Bot be the BRUTE, yitt BARBAR sayis
Of Erischry all uthir wayis;
That GURGUNT BADRUK quhile was king,
And *Brettane* had in gouerning, &c.
p. 81.

Agreeable to Geffrey of Monmouth, lib. 1. c.
20.

Again,

Of BRUTUS' lynnage wha will heir
He luik the treteis that BARBEIR
Maid intill a Genealogy,
Reyt weil, and mair perfyty
Than I can in any wise,
With all my wit for til devise.
p. 129.

* From a MS. in the editor's possession, compared with three old ones, and prepared for the press by Robert Seton, 1724.

Again, speaking of Brennus and Belinus ;
 Thai reid the BRUTE, and thai fall see
 Ferleis feir of thair bounté.

p. 184.

Again,

OCTAVYUS than into thai dayis
 As of BRUTE the storrye fayis,
 Of all *Brettane* hail was king.

p. 329.

The following passage, not immediately to the purpose, is inserted on account of its singularity :

Bot of the BRUTE the storrye fayis
 That LUCIUS HYBER in his dayis
 Was of the hie stait procuratour,
 Nouthir callit king na empyour.
 Fra blayme wes than the author quyte,
 As he before him fand, to wryte ;
 And men of gude discretioun
 Suld excuse and loiff HUCHEONE,
 That cunnand was in literature.
 He maid a gret gest of ARTHURE :
 And the awenturis of GAWANE :
 And the 'pistill als of fueit SUSANE.
 He was curious in his style,
 Fayr, and facund, and subtile,
 And ay to plesance had delyte ;
 And maid in metyr meit his dyte,
 Littill or nocht nevertheles
 Wawerand fra the suthfastnes.
 Had he callit LUCIUS procuratour,
 Qhair that he callit him empyour, &c.

p. 364.

And

And HUCHONE of the *Aule Ryall*
Intill his gest historiall. Ib.

Sen HUCHEONE of the *Awle Ryall*
Intill his gest historicall. Ib.

HUCHEONE baith, and the author. Ib.

There is every reason to believe that the BRUTE, in the passages above quoted, after p. 184, is quite different from Barbour's Genealogy of the kings of Scotland, in which the lineage of Brutus was given, as appears from the passage p. 129, above: and is either Geffrey of Monmouth's book, or Wace's *Le Brut*. Of Hutcheon the editor knows nothing. He once suspected that the short history of Scotland, in prose, down to the end of Robert the Second's reign, to be found at the end of Winton, and which is a curious remain of old Scottish prose, was the book of Barbour above mentioned; but there is no mention of Dardanus or of Brutus in it: and he believes that Barbour's work is lost.

To return to the present work, Winton not only repeatedly quotes it, but omits the whole reign of Robert I. as Barbour had already written it in the same metre which he uses.

In book viii. chap. 139, p. 601, Winton begins to give long extracts from Barbour's poem. He there presents us with an extract from B. i. ver. 37—170. After a long and often fabulous account of the controversy between Baliol and Bruce, and the sentence of Edward, he says, p. 627,

Bot luik quhat followit eftirwart;
How ROBERT our king recoverit his land,
That occupyit with his faysis he fand;

And

And it restoryt in all fredome,
 Quyt till his airis of all thraledome;
 Quha that lykis that till witt
 To the BRUYSE' buke I thaim remitt.
 Quhair maister JOHNE BARBEIR, Archdene
 Of *Aberdene*, as mony has seyne,
 His deidis deitit mair vertuusly,
 Than I can think in all study;
 Haldand in all leill suthfastnes,
 Set all he wrait nocht his prowes.

Winton then gives an account of the Cummins, and of the Bruces, and of the affairs of Scotland down to the year 1304, at which year, p. 680, he says,

The Archdekin in BRUCES buke, &c.

and quotes B. i. ver. 187, &c. Then in p. 682 he gives another extract from B. i. ver. 483, to B. ii. ver. 36, with slight omissions, additions, and alterations. After which, p. 686, he says,

Quhat eftir this the BRUCE ROBERT
 In all his tyme did eftirwert,
 The Archdene of *Abirdene*
 In BRUCE's buke has gart be fene,
 Mair wyslie tretit into wryte,
 Than I can think in all my wyte.
 Thairfore I will now thus lychtly
 Ourpafs att this tyme his story.

Winton then, chap. 157, excuses the lameness of his work, and recapitulates the years till David II.: chap 158 has the betraying of Wallace by Menteith, 1305; and the dedication of the new cathedral of St. Andrews, 1318; both very briefly told.

told. Chap. 159 bears the birth of king David II. 1320, and the deposition of Edward II. of England, 1326, by his reckoning. Chap. 160 gives the wedding of David II. 1328, and the death of Robert I. Chap. 161 begins the reign of David II. at length. Tho' Winton's work will not bear a total publication, it would be worth while to publish this latter part, from David II. till 1414, as forming with Barbour a chain of memoirs in Scottish verse, for the history of Scotland, almost down to the commencement of our memoirs in Scottish prose, in the history of Lindsay of Pittscottie. The space from 1414 till 1437, when Lindsay begins, might be supplied from Bellenden's translation of Boethius, which varies from the original, and of which Lindsay's work was meant to be a continuation, as we learn from himself. This part of Winton and Bellenden would form two large octavo volumes.

This preface shall be closed with one little remark, to wit, that the name of **THE BRUCE** is given to this poem, as its genuine ancient name, as appears from the list of ancient Scottish poems in Wedderburn's Complaint of Scotland, 1549, and from the above passages of Winton *.

* It is worth observation that, tho' the edition of this work 1616 be the oldest discovered, yet there must have been at least one more ancient: for Gordon, in his *Historie of Bruce*, a poem printed at Dort 1615, 4to. mentions this poem, as "the old printed book," in his preface; where he also speaks of a MS. on vellum, containing a poetical life of Bruce by Peter Fenton, a monk of Melrose, written in 1369; from which he borrows some incidents. It ended, as Gordon's, with the battle of Bannocburn. The MS. belonged to Donald Farquharson.

... 1750 bears the date of King David II. 1750 and the date of Edward II. 1750 by the reckoning. Chap. 100 gives the reign of David II. 1750, and the reign of Robert I. Chap. 101 begins the reign of David II. at length. The Winton's work will not bear a total inspection, it would be worth while to publish this tract from David II. till 1750, as follows with Barrow a chain of medals in Scotch verse, for the history of Scotland, which down to the commencement of our memoirs in Scotch verse, in the history of Lanarkshire. The tract from 1750 till

**ANNIUM SICUT SACROS VETUSTATE LUCOS
ADOREMUS, IN QUIBUS GRANDIA ET ANTIQUA
ROBORA NON TANTAM HABENT SPECIEM,
QUANTAM RELIGIONEM.**

QUINTILIAN.

This tract shall be closed with our little re-
mark to say that the name of the tract is
given to this poem, as its former ancient name, as
appears from the list of ancient Scotch poems in
Wedderburn's *Complains of Scotland*, 1750, and
from the above passages of Winton.

* It is worth observation that the edition of this
work is to be the chief difference, which you will have seen
at least one more edition, for Gordon, in his history of
Scotland, a great number of Latin verse, and mentions the
poem as "the old Scotch poem," and that which was his
and part of a Latin volume, containing a history of the
history of the nation, a work of 100 lines, written as
I speak from the old Scotch poem, which is the
of Gordon, and the work of Gordon. The list of
poems in Gordon's history.

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE I.

VOL. I.

B

A R G U M E N T.

*Proeme. — Stait of Scotland at the deth of
ALEXANDER III.—Storie of DOUGLAS.—The
historie beginis with the cunand maid between
ROBERT DE BRUYSE, afterward King, and
Schir JOHN CUMIN.—Traitory of CUMIN,
quha betrays ROBERT til EDWARD I. of Eng-
land.*

Swa that na tyme of lenth it let, 15
 Nor ger it haly be forget.
 For auld storyse, that men redys,
 Repraifents to thaim the dedys
 Of stalwart folk, that lywynt ar,
 Rycht as thai than in presence war. 20
 And certes thai suld weill have pryse
 That in thair tyme war wyght and wyse;
 And led thair lyff in gret trawaill,
 And oft, in hard flour of bataill,
 Wan rycht gret price off chawalry, 25
 And war woydyt off cowardy.
 As was King ROBERT off Scotland,
 That hardy was of hart and hand,
 And gud Schyr JAMES OFF DOUGLAS,
 That in hys tyme sa worthy was, 30
 That off hys price, and hys bounté,
 Into far lands renownyt wase he.
 Off thaim I thynk this Buk to ma:
 Now God gyff grace that I may swa
 Tret it, and bryng it till endying, 35
 That I say nought bot suthfast thing.

When ALEXANDER the King was deid,
 That *Scotland* haid to steyr and leid,

Ver. 37. Alexander III. died 16 March 1286. Margaret his grand-daughter reigned till 1290: an inter-regnum followed, till 30 November 1292, when John Baliol was crowned; who was deposed by Edward I. of England, in 1296. Another inter-regnum succeeded, till 27 March 1306, when Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, ascended the throne.

The

The land sax yer, and moyr perfay,
 Ley defolat after hys day. 40
 Till that the Barnage at the last
 Assemblyt thaim, and fayndyt fast
 To choyse a king, thair land to ster,
 That off awncestry cumyn wer
 Off kings, that aucht that roawtie, 45
 And mayst had rycht thair king to be.
 Bot Enwy, that is sa feloune,
 Maid amang thaim great descenseoun,
 For sum wald haiff the BALLEOLL king,
 For he was cumyn off the offspryng 50
 Off hyr that eldest systir was.
 And othir sum nyt all that case ;
 And said that he thair king suld be
 That war in als ner degre,
 And cumyn war of the neist male, 55
 And in branch collaterale :
 Thai said succession of kyngrik
 Was nocht to lawer feys lik ;
 For ther mycht succed na female,
 Quhill foundyn mycht be ony male, 60
 Thow that in hir ewyn descendand,
 Thai bar all other wayis on hand ;
 For than the neyft cumyn off the seid,
 Man or woman, suld succed.

Ver. 61, 62. *Sic MS.*—Editions read, with equal obscurity,
 That were in line even descendand ;
 They bear all otherwise in hand ;

Be this resoun that part thought hale, 65
 That the Lord of *Anandyrdale*,
 ROBERT the BRWYSE Erle off *Carryk*,
 Oucht to succeid to the kynryk.
 The Barownys thus war al discord,
 That on na maner mycht accord: 70
 Till at the last thai all concordyt,
 That all thair spek suld be recordyt
 Till Schyr EDUARD off *Yngland King*,
 And he suld swer that, bot fenyeyng,
 He suld that arbyter disclar, 75
 Of thir twa that I tauld off ar,
 Quhilk succeid to sick a hycht,
 And lat him ryng that had the rycht.
 This ordynance thaim thocht the best,
 For at that tyme was pese and rest 80

Ver. 68. David Earl of Huntingdon, grandson of David I. was the source of the claimants, Baliol and Bruce. The former was grandson of Margaret, eldest daughter of Earl David; the latter was son of Isabella, the second daughter. Sir David Dalrymple, to whose valuable labours on Scottish history these notes will often be indebted, has shewn that Baliol was undoubtedly the legal heir of the Scottish crown. Barbour, in speaking of Bruce as the male heir only, opposes him to Dervorgil, the mother of Baliol, who was alive. Baliol was son of Dervorgil, daughter of Margaret, daughter of Earl David. Bruce was son of Isabella. But it is clear that Margaret, and her daughter Dervorgil, and their descendants, must have enjoyed the crown before Isabella, or any of her descendants. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, competitor with John Baliol, was grandfather of our hero.

Betwyx

Betwyx *Scotland* and *Yngland* bath,
 And thai couth not persawe the skaith,
 That towart thaim was apperand;
 For that as the King off *Yngland*
 Held swylk freyndshipp, and cumpny 85
 To thair king, that was swa worthy,
 Thai trowyt that he, as gud nyghbur,
 And as freyndsome compositur,
 Wald hawe jugyt in lawté.
 Bot otherways all yheid the gle. 90

A! blynd folk full off all foly!
 Haid ye unbethocht you enkerly,
 Quhat perell to you mycht apper,
 Ye had not wrocht on that maner.
 Haid ye tane keip how at that King 95
 Always, forowtyn sojournyng,
 Trawayllyt for to wyn senyhory,
 And throw his mycht till occupy
 Lands, that war till him marcheand,
 As *Walis* was, and als *Ireland*; 100
 That he put to swylk thrillage,
 That thai, that war off hey perage,
 Suld ryn on fute, as rebaldaill.
 Quhan he wald our folk assaill
 Durft nane of *Walis* in bataill ride, 105
 Nor yhet fra ewyn fell abyd,
 Castell or wallyt toune within,
 That he ne suld lyff and lymys tyne.

Into swilk thrillage thaim held he,
 That he ourcome throw his powté. 110
 Ye mycht se he suld occupy
 Throw slycht, that he ne mycht throw maistiry.
 Had ye tane kep quhat was thrillage,
 And had confideryet hys usage,
 That grypyt ay, bot gayne gevyng, 115
 Ye suld, forowtyn his demyng,
 Haff chosyn yow a king, that mycht
 Have haldyn veyle the land in rycht.
Walys ensample mycht have bein
 To yow, had ye it forowsein, 120
 That be othir will him chasty,
 And wyse men sayes he is happy.
 For unfayr things may fall perfay,
 Alsé weill to morn, as yhistirday.
 Bot ye traistyet in lawté, 125
 As sympile folk, but malvyté,
 And wyft not quhat suld estir tyd:
 For in this world that is sa wyde,
 Is nane determynat that fall
 Knaw things that ar to fall, 130
 Bot God, that is off maist powesté,
 Refewyt till his maiesté,
 For to knaw, in his prescience,
 Off allryn tyme the mowence.

In this maner assentyt war 135
 The Barowns, as I said you ar.

And throch thair aller hale assent,
 Messingers till hym thair sent,
 That was than in the haly land,
 On *Saraceny's* warrayand. 140

And fra he wyft quhat charge thair had,
 He buskyt hym, but mar abad,
 And left purpos that he had tane;
 And till *England* agayne is gane.

And syne till *Scotland* word send he, 145
 That thair suld mak ane assemblé,
 And he in hy suld cum to do
 In all things, as thair wrayt him to.

Bot he thocht weill, throuch thair debate,
 That he suld flely fynd the gate 150
 How that he all the senyhowry,
 Throw his gret mycht, suld occupy.

And to ROBERT the BRWYCE said he,
 " Gyff yow will hald in cheyff off me,
 " For evirmar, and thyne offspryng, 155
 " I fall do swa yow fall be king."

' Schyr,' said he, ' sa God me save,
 ' The kynryk I yharn I not to have,
 ' Bot gyff it fall off rycht to me;
 ' And gyff God will that it sa be; 160

' I fall als frely in all thing
 ' Hald it, as it affer to king.

Ver. 139. A mistake. Edward was in England. He returned from the Holy Land in 1272, or eighteen years before this time.

' Or

' Or as myn eldrs forouch me
 ' Hald it in freyast rowaté.'
 The tothir wreyth him, and swar 165
 That he suld have it nivir mar :
 And turnyt him in wreth away.
 Bot Schyr IHON the BALLEOLL perfay
 Assentyt till him, in all his will,
 Quharthrouch fell eftir mickill ill. 170
 He was king bot a little quhile,
 And throuch gret futelté and ghyle,
 For litill enchefone, or nane,
 He was arestyt syne and tane.
 And degradyt syne was he 175
 Off honour and off dignité.
 Quhythir it was throuch wrang or rycht,
 God wat it, that is maist off mycht.

Quhan Schyr EDOUARD, the mychty King,
 Had on this wyse done his likyng 180
 Off JHONE the BALLEOLL, that swa sone
 Was all defawtyt and undone,
 To *Scotland* went he than in hy,
 And all the land gan occupy :
 Sa hale that bath castell and tounne 185
 War intill his possessione,
 Fra *Weik* anent *Orkenay*,
 To *Mullyrsnwk* in *Galloway*.
 And stuffyt all with *Inglife* men ;
 Schyrreffys and bailyheys maid he thain, 190

Ver. 183. July 1296.

And

And allryn othir officers,
 That for to gowern land affers,
 He maid of *Inglis* nation.
 That worthyth than fa rych fellone,
 And fa wykkyt, and cowatouse, 195
 And swa hawtane, and dispitouse,
 That *Scottsmen* mycht do nathing
 That ever mycht pleyse to thair liking.
 Thair wyffs wald thai oft forly,
 And thair dochtrys dispitously; 200
 And gyff ony off thaim thairat war wrath,
 Thai watyt hym wele with gret skaith.
 For thai suld fynd sone enchefone,
 To put him to destructione.
 And gyff that ony man thaim by 205
 Had ony thing that was worthy,
 As horse, or hund, or othir thing,
 That war plesand to thair liking,
 With rycht or wrang it have wald thai.
 And gyff ony wald thai withfay, 210
 Thai suld swa do, that thai suld tyne
 Othir land, or lyff, or leyff in pine.

Ver. 195. Edward I. was a brave and warlike prince,
 yet had the innate cruelty of a savage; so that the maxim,
 that cowards are always cruel, will not bear to be reversed.
 This cruelty was a part of his disposition, not of his poli-
 tics: for nothing can be more impolitic in a conqueror than
 cruelty; as the Roman empire, which stood upon clemency,
 and many other examples on both sides, prove. Scotland might
 perhaps have remained annexed to England, if Edward had
 even had political clemency.

For

For thai dempt thaim eftir thair will,
 Takand na kep to rycht, na skill.
 A quhat thai dempt thaim felonly ! 215
 For gud knychts that war worthy,
 For litill enchefowne, or than nane,
 Thai hangyt be the nek-bane.
 Als that folk, that evir was fre,
 And in fredome wount for to be, 220
 Throw thair gret myschance, and foly,
 War tretyt than fa wykkytly,
 That their fays thair jugis war ;
 Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar?

A ! fredome is a nobill thing ! 225
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking ;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis :
 He levys at ese, that frely levys !
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him plese, 230
 Gyff fredome failyhe : for fre liking
 Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht know weill the propyrté,
 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome, 235
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt ;

Ver. 225. Our poet here gives into a moving digression, in
 praise of liberty ; and exposes, in striking colours, the mis-
 eries of slavery.

And

And fuld think fredome mar to pryse,
 Than all the gold in warld that is. 240
 Thus contrar things evirmar,
 Discoweryngs off the tothir ar.
 And he that thryll is has not his;
 All that he hafe enbandownyt is
 Till hys lord, quhatevir he be. 245
 Yheyt hafe he not fa mekill fre
 As fre wyll to leyve, or de,
 That at hys hart hym draws to dre.
 Than mayse clerks questioun,
 Quhen thai fall in disputioun, 250
 That gyff man bad hys thryll oucht do,
 And in the samyn tyme come hym to
 His wyff, and askyt hym hyr det,
 Quhithir he hys lords neid fuld bet,
 And pay fryft that he owcht, and syne 255
 Do furth hys lords commandyne;
 Or leve onpayit hys wyff, and do
 The things that commandyt is hym to.
 I leve all the solutioun
 Till thaim that ar off mar renoun. 260
 Bot sen thai mak sic competying
 Betwixt the detts off wedding,
 And lords bidding till hys thrill,
 Ye may weile se, thought nane you tell,
 How hard a thing that thryldome is. 265
 For men may weile se, that ar wyse,
 That wedding is the hardest band,
 That ony man may tak on hand.

And

And thryldom is weill wer than deid,
 For quhill a thryll his lyff may leid, 270
 It mervys him, body and banys,
 And dede anoyis him bot anys :
 Schortly to fay is nane can tell
 The halle condition off a thryll.

This gat levyt thai, and in sic thryllage 275
 Bath pur, and thai off hey perage.
 For off the lords sum thai slew ;
 And sum thai hangyt, and sum thai drew :
 And sum thai put in presoune,
 Forowtyn cause, or enchesoune. 280
 And amang others off DOUGLASE
 Put in presoune WILYAM wafe,
 That off DOUGLASE wafe Lord and Syr.
 Off him thai makyt a martyr ;
 Fra thai in presoune him sleuch, 285
 His lands that fayr inewch,
 Thai the Lord off *Clyffurd* gave.
 He had a sone, a litill knave,

That

Ver. 281. There was no Earl of this great family till 1357. *Annals of Scotland*, II. 224. Barbour uses *Syr* for *Lord*, being a contraction of *Seigneur*. Our application of *Sir* to knights only is of modern date : and anciently even priests had the *Sir*, a translation of *Dominus*, implying either Lord or Master. The chiefs of Douglas were barons ; and the title of *Sir* prefixt to their names, and to others by modern writers, following the ancient, is improper, because that prefixture now belongs to knights only, whereas in ancient times even kings had it ; *Schir Edward the nobil King*. Baron
 William

That was than bot a litill page ;
 Bot syne he was off gret waflage, 290
 His fadyrs dede he wengyt sua,
 That in *England*, I underta,
 Was nane off lyve that him ne dred ;
 For he fa fele off harnys sched,
 That nane that lyvys thaim can tell : 295
 Bot wondirly hard thing fell
 Till him, or he till state was brocht.
 Thair was nane aventur that mocht
 Stunay his hart, na ger him let
 To do the thing that he wer on fet ; 300
 For he thocht ay entirly
 To do his deid awyfelly.
 He thocht weil he wis worth na feyle,
 That mycht of nane anoyis feyle ;
 And als for till escheve gret things, 305
 And hard trewalys, and bargangings,
 That suld ger his price dowblyt be.
 Quhairfor, in all his lyvetyme, he

William Douglas was the first nobleman who joined Wallace, May 1297, in the heroic attempt to free his country, over-run in 1296 by Edward I. an attempt utterly ruined at Falkirk, July 1298 : so that Wallace's progress was terminated in a twelve-month, or so ; and Henry's poem on him is but the history of two years, while this of Barbour embraces twenty-four. Wallace was taken, and beheaded, 1304—5 ; but William Douglas had deserted him, August 1297, and yielded himself prisoner to Edward I. *Annals*, I. 249. Baron James Douglas, whose deeds grace this poem, was his son.

Was

Was in gret payn, and gret trewaill,
 And nivir wald for myscheiff fail, 310
 Bot dryve the thing rycht to the end,
 And tak the ure that God wald fend.
 His name was JAMES OF DOUGLAS:
 And quhen he herd his fadyr was
 Put in presoun fa fellounly, 315
 And a his lands halyly
 War gevyn to the CLYFFURD perfay,
 He wyft not quhat to do na fay;
 For he had natthing for to dispend,
 Na thair was nane that evir kend 320
 Wald do sa mekill for him, that he
 Mycht sufficiently fundyn be.
 Than wis he wondir will off wane,
 And sodanly in hart has tane,
 That he wald trewail our the se, 325
 And a quhile in *Paryse* be,
 And dre myscheiff quhar nane him kend,
 Till God sum succours till him fend.
 And as he thocht he did rycht sua,
 And sone to *Paryse* can he ga, 330
 And levyt thair full sympolly,
 The quhair he glaid was and joly;
 And till swylk thowtesnes he yeid,
 As the course asks off yowtheid.
 And umquhill into rybbaldaill, 335
 And that may mony tyme awaill,
 For knowlage off mony stats,
 May quhile awailye full mony gats.

As

As to the gud Erle off ARTAYIS
 ROBERT, befell in his dayis. 340
 For oft feynyeyng off rybbaldy
 Awailyeit him, and that gretly.
 And *Catone* fays us, in his wryt,
 That to fenyhe foly quhile is wyt.
 In *Paryse* ner thre yer duellyt he; 345
 And then come tythands our the fe,
 That his fadyr was done to ded.
 Then wis he wa, and will of red;
 And thocht that he wald hame agayne,
 To luk gyff he, throw ony payn, 350
 Mycht wyn agayn his heretage,
 And his men out off all thryllage.
 To *Saint Andrews* he come in by,
 Quhar the Byschop full curtasly
 Refavyt him, and gert him wer 355
 His knyvyys forouch him to scher;
 And cled him rycht honorabilly,
 And gert ordayn quhar he suld ly.
 A weile gret quhile thair dwellyt he;
 All men lufyt him for his bounté; 360
 For he was off full fayr effer,
 Wyse, curtaife, and deboner;
 Larg, and luffand, als was he,
 And our all things luffyt lawté.

Ver. 339. Two Roberts, Earls of Artois, are famous;
 R. I. 1237, R. II. 1250. It seems uncertain to which our
 author alludes.

Ver. 353. William of Lamberton.

Lawté to luff is gret wily, 365
 Through lawté liffs men rycht wisly;
 With a wertu, and lawté,
 A man may yeit sufficyand be.
 And but lawté may nane haiff pryse,
 Quhither he be wycht, or he be wyse; 370
 For quhar it failyeys, na wertu
 May be off price, na off valu,
 To mak a man sa gud, that he
 May symply callyt gud man be.

He was in all his deds lele, 375
 For him dedeynyeit not to dele
 With trechery, na with falsset.
 His hart on hey honour wis fet:
 And him cuntentyt on sic maner,
 That all him luffyt that war him ner: 380
 Bot he was not sa fayr, that we
 Suld spek gretly off his beauté;
 In wyfage wis he sum deill gray,
 And had black har, as I hard say;
 Bot off lymys he wis weill maid, 385
 With bānyys gret, and schuldrys braid.
 His body war weill maid, and lenye,
 As thai that saw him said to me.
 Quhen he wis blyth he wis luffy,
 And meyk, and sweyt in cumpany. 390

Ver. 390. Does Mr. Home allude to this passage, in his admirable tragedy of Douglas?

—————mild with the mild,
 But with the froward he was fierce as fire.

Bot

Bot quha in battaill mycht him se
 Anothir cuntenance had he.
 And in spek ulispyt he sum deill;
 Bot that sat him rycht wondre weill.
 Till gud ECTOR of *Troy* mycht he 395
 In many things liknyt be:
 ECTOR had blak har as he had,
 And stark lymys, and rycht weill maid,
 And ulyspit alsua as did he,
 And wis fulfillt in leavté; 400
 And wis curtaise, and wyse, and wycht.
 Bot off manheid, and mekill mycht,
 Till ECTOR dar I nane comper,
 Off all that evir in wardys wer.
 For in hys tyme sa wrocht he, 405
 That he suld gretly luvyt be.

He duellyt thair, quhill on a tid,
 The King EDUARD, with mekill prid,
 Come to *Strevillyne* with gret mengye,
 For till hald thair ane essemble. 410
 Thyddirwart went mony barowne,
 Byschop WYLYAME off LAMBYRTOUNE
 Reid thyddyr als, and with him was
 This Squyer IAMIS of DOWGLAS.
 The Byschop led him to the King, 415
 And said, " Scheyr, I to you bryng

Ver. 412. For the actions of this double and designing prelate, see *Annals of Scotland*.

“ This child, that clemys your man to be,
 “ And prays you per cheryté,
 “ That ye refave his homage
 “ And grants him his heretage.” 420
 ‘ Quhat lands clemys he?’ said the King.
 “ Schyr, gyff that it be your liking,
 “ He clemys the lordschip off *Douglas*,
 “ For lord thiroff hys faddyr was.”
 The King then wrethyt him entirly, 425
 And said, ‘ Schyr Byfconp, fekyrly
 ‘ Gyff you wald kep ye fewté,
 ‘ Yow maid nane sic speking to me.
 ‘ His faddyr ay wis my fay feloune,
 ‘ And deyt thairfor in my presoun, 430
 ‘ And wis agayne my Maiefté:
 ‘ Quharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.
 ‘ Ga purchis land quhar eir he may,
 ‘ For thairoff haffys he nane perfay;

Ver. 417. *Cbild* was a term for a *Damoiseau*, or noble youth, before he was knighted. Whence *Horn Cbill*, an old English romance; and *Cbild Maurice*, a fine Scottish ballad. The later is sometimes called *Gil Maurice*; and *Gil* has the same meaning, tho’ now used for *cbild* in the Buchan dialect. *Gil* in proper names is Gothic, not Irish, as some imagine: *Gilimer*, *Gilbert*, &c. &c. are known Gothic names. So our Gillies, *filius Jesu*; Gilchrist, *filius Christi*; Gilbride, *filius Brigida*; and others. The Irish is full of Gothic words, because the Danes and Norwegians settled in Ireland, and our highlands: but no Irish ever went to Scandinavia.

‘ The

‘ The CLYFFURD fall thaim haiff, for he 435
 ‘ Ay lely has ferwyt to me.’

The Byschop hard him swa ansuer,
 And durst than spek till him na mar ;
 Bot fra hys presence went in hy,
 For he dred fayr his felouny: 440
 Swa that he na mar spak thairto.
 The King did that he com to do ;
 And went till *Ingland* syn agayn,
 With mony man of mekill mayn.

LORDINGS! QUHA LIKS FOR TILL HER, 445
 THE ROMANYS NOW BEGYNYS HER,

Ver. 446. This word *Romanys* does not mean what we now term a *romance*, or fiction; but a narration of facts in *romance*, or the *vulgar tongue*. This use of the term is the genuine one, while we abuse it. Decrees of councils, and other remains of the ninth and tenth centuries in France, shew that the Francic, or German, was the court language; while the common people spoke the *lingua Romana rustica*, or *romance*. When this last language had prevailed, as that of the greater number always does, and began to be written, it was long called *romance*, but laterly *French*. Such was also the case in Spain and Italy. See *Hist. de la langue Franc.* prefixed to the *Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, Paris 1742. As tales were first written in *romance*, the name of the language passed to the subject. Barbour begins, ver. 8, &c. with telling us, that his narration is *suthfast*, or true: and the reader needs only peruse *Dalrymple's Annals*, to see the veracity of most, if not all of it.

Off men that war in gret distres,
 And assayit full gret hardynes,
 Or thai mycht cum till thair entent ;
 Bot syne our Lord sic grace thaim sent, 450
 That thai syne, throw thair gret walour,
 Come till gret hycht, and till honour,
 Magre thair foyis ivir ilk ane,
 That war sa fele, that ane till ane
 Off thaim thai war weill a thousand ; 455
 Bot quhar God holpys quhat may withstand ?
 Botand we say the suthfastnes,
 Thai war sum tyme ev'n mar than les ;
 Bot God that maist is off all mycht,
 Preferwyt thaim in hys forsycht, 460
 To weng the harme, and the contrer,
 All that fele folk and pantener
 Dyd till sympill folk and worthy,
 That couth not help thaimselfs forthy.
 Thai war lik to the *Machabeys*, 465
 That, as men in the Bibell seys,
 Throw thair gret worschip and walour,
 Faucht into mony stallwart stour,
 For to delyvir thair countré
 Fra folk that, throw iniquité, 470

Ver. 458. As being not only few, but discomfited, divided, dispirited.

Ver. 462. The editions read :

To venge the harmes, and the contrares,
 That they fell folk and oppressares.

Hald

Hald thaim and thairs in thrillage :
 Thai wroucht sua throw their wasselage,
 That, with few folk thai had victōry
 Off mychty Kings, as fays the story,
 And delyveryt thair land all fre ; 475
 Quharfor thair name suld lovyt be.

This Lord the BRWYSE I spak of ayr,
 Saw all the kynryk swa forfayr,
 And swa trawlyt the folk saw he,
 That he thairoff had gret pité. 480
 Bot quhat pité that e'er he had
 Na cuntenance thairoff he maid,
 Till on a tyme Schyr IHONE CUMIN,
 As thai come ridand fra *Strewillyn*,
 Said till hym, ‘ Schyr, will ye not se, 485
 ‘ How that gowernyt is thys countré ?
 ‘ Thai fla our folk, but enchesoune,
 ‘ And hald thys land agayne resoune,
 ‘ And ye thairoff suld lord be ;
 ‘ And gyff that ye will trow to me, 490
 ‘ Ye fall ger mak thairoff king,
 ‘ And I fall be in your helping :
 ‘ With thy ye giff me all the land,
 ‘ That ye haiff now intill your hand ;
 ‘ And gyff that ye will not do sua, 495
 ‘ Na swylyk a state upon you ta,

Ver. 483. John Cumin, of Badenoch, a branch of the powerful family of Cumin ; as was the earl of Buchan at this time.

‘ All hale my land fall yours be ;
 ‘ And lat me ta the state on me :
 ‘ And bring thys land out of thyrlage.
 ‘ For thair is nothir man, na page, 500
 ‘ In all thys land bot thai fall be
 ‘ Fayn to mak thaimselfys fre.
 The Lord the BRWISE hard hys carping,
 And wend he spak bot suthfast thing.
 And, for it likit till his will, 505
 He gave his assent sone thairtill :
 And said, “ Sen ye will it be swa,
 “ I will blythly upon me ta
 “ The state, for I wate that I have rycht ;
 “ And rycht mayse oft the feble wycht.” 510

The Barownys than accordyt ar,
 And that ilk nycht writyn war
 Thair endenturs, and athyis maid,
 To hald that thai forspokyn haid.

Bot off all things wa worth trefoune ! 515
 For thair is nothir duk ne baroune,
 Na erle na prynce, na king off mycht,
 Thoch he be nivir sa wyse na wicht,
 For wyt, worschip, price, na renoun,
 That ivir may wauch hym with trefoune. 520
 Wis not all *Troy* with trefoune tane,
 Quhen ten yers off the wer wis gane ?
 Thain slayn wis moné thousand
 Off thaim withowt, throw strenth of hand ;

As

As DARES in hys buk he wrate, 525

And DYTTS that knew all thair state,

Thai mycht not haiff beyn tane throw mycht,

Bot tresoune tuk them throw hyr flycht.

And ALEXANDIR the Conquerowr,

That conqueryt *Babylonys* tour, 530

And all this warld off lenth and breid,

In twal yher, throw his douchty deid,

Wis syne destroyit throw pusoune,

In hys awyne house, throw gret tresoune.

Bot or he deit hys land delt he ; 535

To se hys dede wis gret pité.

JULUS CESAR als that wan

Bretane and *Fraunce*, as douchty man,

Affryk, *Arrabe*, *Egipt*, *Surry*,

And all *Europe* halyly, 540

And for hys worschip and ualour

Off *Rome* wis fryst maid Empirour ;

Syne in hys capitole wis he,

Throw thaim off hys consaill privé,

Slayne with pusoune, rycht to the ded ; 545

And quhen he saw thair wis na rede,

Hys eyn with hys hand closit he,

For to dey with mar honesté.

Ver. 539. *Surry* is *Syria*.

Ver. 545. for *pusoune*, the editions rightly red *bodkins*,
that is daggers :

————— might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin.

Shaksp. Hamlet.

Als

Als ARTHUR that, throw chevalry,
 Made *Bretane* maistris and lady 550
 Off twal kinricks that he wan;
 And alsua, as a noble man,
 He wan throw bataill *Fraunce* all fre,
 And *Lucius Yber* wencusyt he,
 That thain off *Rome* wer Empirour; 555
 Bot yeit, for all hys gret valour,
 MODREYT hys systirs son hym slew.
 And gud men als ma then inew,
 Throw tresoune, and throw wikkitnes.
 The BROICE bers thairoff witnes: 560
 Sa fell off this conand making,
 For the CUMIN raid to the King

○ Ver. 549. Our poet here, as usual in his time, blends the most childish fables with history. This account of Arthur is borrowed from Geoffrey of Monmouth; and it appears from Winton that Barbour wrote a book on this subject. Arthur is now known to be a non-existence, being a mere epithet given by the Welsh to Aurelius Ambrosius, *Art-uir*, 'The Great Man.' Gildas was cotemporary with the mock Arthur, 530, but knew nothing of him, tho' in his Epistle (*Gale Script. Angl.*) he mentions five kings of Britain in his time. Nennius, who wrote 858, says nothing of Arthur, the chapter concerning him being an addition after the words, *explicit opus Nennii*. In short, till Geoffrey wrote, 1150, Arthur was unknown. *Arthur's Seat*, *Arthur's Round Table*, &c. are all names derived from the romances, and tournaments; and unknown, till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Arthur was the Fingal, the Roland, of Wales; nay, of Britain, after Geoffrey's time.

OFF

Off *England*, and tald all this case;
 Bot, I trow, not all as it was.

Bot the endentur till him gaf he, 565

That soun schawyt the iniquité:

Quharfor syne he tholyt ded,

Than he couth set thairfor nà rede.

Quhen the King saw the endentur,

He wer angry out of mesur, 570

And swour that he suld wengeance ta

Off that BRWYSE, that presumyt swa

Aganys him to brawle or ryse,

Or to conspyr on sic a wyse.

And to Schyr IHON CUMYN said he 575

That he suld, for his lawté,

Be rewardyt, and that hely:

And he him thankit humyly.

Than thought he to have the leding

Off all *Scotland*, but gane saying, 580

Fra at the BRWYSE to ded war browcht.

Bot oft failyes the ful's thought:

And wise menys etling

Cumys not ay to that ending

That thai think it fall cum to, 585

For God wate weill quhat is to do.

Off his etlyng rycht swa it fell,

As I fall astirwarts tell,

He tuk hys leve, and hame is went.

And the King a parlyament 590

Gert

Gert fet thaireftir haftely;
 And thydder fomownys he in hy
 The Barownys of his roalté.
 And to the Lord the BRWYSE fend he,
 Bydding to cum to that gadryng. 595
 And he that had na perfawyng
 Off the trefoune, na the falset,
 Raid to the King but langir let.
 And in *Lundon* him herberyd he,
 The fyrft day of thair affembly; 600
 Syne on the morn to court he went.
 The King fat into parlyament,
 And forouch hys cunsaill privé,
 The Lord the BRWYSE thair callyt he,
 And schawyt him the endentur, 605
 He wis in full gret aventur
 To hym hys lyff; bot God of mycht
 Preferwyt hym till hyer hycht,
 That wald not that he swa war dede.
 The King betaucht hym in that steid 610
 The endentur, the feyle to fe,
 And askyt gyff it enfelyt he?
 He lukyt the feyle entently,
 And answeryt till him humyly,
 And sayd, "How that I simpell be, 615
 "My feyle is not all tyme with me;
 "Ye have ane othir it to ber,
 "Quarfor gyff that your wills wer,

Ver. 615. The editions read *throw that*.

Ver. 617. The same read *I have*.

"I ask

" I ask you respyt for to se
 " This lettir, and thairwith awyfit be, 620
 " Till to morn that ye be fet :
 " And then, forowtyn langer let,
 " This lettir fall I entyr heyr,
 " Before all your cunsaill planer ;
 " And thairtill into borwch draw I 625
 " Myn herytage all halily."
 The King thought he was traist enewch,
 Sen he in borwch hys lands drewch :
 And let hym with the lettir passe,
 Till entyr it, as forspokin was. 630

THE END OF BUKE I.

THE

650

652

650

"I'll you say
 "The same
 "Till to mind
 "And then, know
 "This later
 "before all
 "And thus
 "My
 "The King
 "Some
 "And he
 "Till only

THE END

THE

ARGUMENT

THE

B R U C E .

B U K E II.

ARGUMENT.

ROBERT flees to Scotland, and kills CUMIN at Dumfries.—DOUGLAS meets him near Lochmaban, and they become sicker friends.—ROBERT is crowned at Scone—gangs to Perth, and challenges Schir AYMER DE VALLANGE, Wardan of Scotland, to battle—is refused, and lodges in Methven Park—is entirely defeated by Schir AYMER—retraits to the Grampian Hills—gaes to Aberdeen, quhar the Quene, and uther ladeis meet him.—Praise of lube and women, ensampled fra Theban storie.—The Inglis advauncing, the King agane retraits suth-west to the Grampian hills.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E II.

THE BRWYSE went till hys innys fwyth,
 Bot wyt ye weile he wis full blyth,
 That he had gottyn that respyt.
 He callit his marschall till him tyt,
 And bad him luk on all maner ; 5
 That he ma till hys men gud cher ;
 For he wald in hys chambre be,
 A weill gret quhile in priuaté,
 With him a clerk forowtyn ma.
 The marschall till the hall gan ga, 10
 And did hys Lordys comandng.
 The Lord the BRWYSE, but mar letting,
 Gert priuely bryng stedys twa,
 He and the clerk forowtyn ma,
 Lap on, forowtyn persawng, 15
 And day and nycht, but soiournyng,
 Thai raid ; quhill, on the fyfte day,
 Cumyn till *Louchmaban* ar thai.
 Hys brodyr EDUWARD thai thair fand,
 That thought ferly it tak on hand,
 VOL. I. D That

That thai come hame fa priuely:
 He tald hys brodyr halyly
 How that he thair foucht was,
 And how he chapyt wis throw cafe.
 Sa fell it in the samyn tyd, 25
 That at *Drumfresse*, rycht thair beside,
 Schir IHONE the CUMYN, fojournyng maid,
 The BRWYSE lap on, and thydir raid;
 And thought forowtyn mar letting,
 For to qwyt hym hys discoueryng. 30
 Thyddir he raid, but langar let,
 And with Schyr IHONE the CUMYN met,
 In the *Frers*, at the hye awter,
 And schawyt him, with lauchand cher,
 The endentur: syne with a knyff 35
 Rycht in that sted hym rest the lyff.
 Schyr EDUARD CUMYN als wis slayn,
 And oddirs mony off mekill mayn.

Ver. 26. Dumfries, the celebrated *Castrum Puellarum*:
Dun, mons, castellum; Fre, *puella nobilis*: See the Glossaries
 of Wachter, Verelius, &c. Edinburgh is erroneously thought
 the *Castrum Puellarum*, as it was thought the *Castra*
Alata, tho' the later be Inverness. Nothing can be
 more risible than to see Irish etymologists tell us, that *Dun*
Edin, the Irish name of Edinburgh, implies *Castra Alata*;
 but, if they had seen Ptolemy, and known that Inverness
 was the *Castra Alata*, doubtless they would have told us
 that *Inverness* was Irish for *Castra Alata*.

Ver. 33. The church of Minorites, or Gray Friars.

Ver. 37. Sir Robert Cumin, not Sir Edward. But for
 this, and other particulars concerning this affair, see Annals
 of Scotland, I. 291.

Not

Not for this yeit sum men sayis,
 That that debat fell othirwayis : 40
 Bot quhatfaevyr maid the debate,
 Thair throuch he deyt, weill I wat.
 He mysdyd that gretly but wer,
 That gave na gyrth to the awter.
 Thairfor sa hard myscheiff hym fell, 45
 That I've herd never in Romanys tell,
 Off man sa hard frayit as wis he,
 That eftirwart com to sic bounté.

Now agayne to the King ga we ;
 That on the morn, with hys barné, 50
 Sat intill hys parleament ;
 And eftir the Lord the BRWYSE he sent,
 Rycht till his in with knyghtys kene.
 Quhen he oft tyme had callit been,
 And hys men eftir hym askit thai, 55
 Thai said that he, sen yhyistirday,
 Duelt in hys chambyr ythanly,
 With a clark with him evirly.
 Than knokyt thai at hys chambyr, thair,
 And quhen thai hard nane mak ansuer, 60
 Thai brak the dur, bot thai fand nocht,
 The quheyir the chambre hale thai foucht.

Ver. 44. *Gyrth* is a sanctuary in Icelandic. To give no gyrt, implies, 'to refuse the place that privilege.'

Ver. 49. Edward of England.

Ver. 58. *Clericus*, a Clergyman? As such alone could write, they were the usual secretaries of the time.

Thai tauld the King than hale the case,
 And how that he eschepyt was.
 He wis of hys eschap sary; 65
 And swair in ire, full stalwartly,
 That he suld drawyn and hangyt be.
 He menaufyt as he thocht, bot he
 Thought that suld pase ane oythir way.
 And quhen he, as ye hard me say, 70
 Intill the kyrk Schyr IHONE haid slayn,
 Till *Louchmabane* he went againe;
 And gert men with hys lettres ryd,
 To freyns upon ilk sid,
 That come to hym with thair mengye, 75
 And hys men als assemblyt he:
 And thocht that he wald mak hym king.
 Our all the land the word gan spryng,
 That the BR WYSE the CUMYN had slayn;
 And amang othyr's lettres ar gayn 80
 To the Byfchop of *Androuse* towne,
 That tauld how slayn wis that baroune.
 The lettre tauld him all the deid,
 And he till hys men gert reid,
 And sythyn said thaim sekyrly, 85
 ‘ I hop THOMAS prophocy
 ‘ Off HERSILDOWNE, weryfyd be
 ‘ In hym; for fwa our Lord help me !

Ver. 86. Thomas Rymour, of Ercildon, a famous poet in his time, 1276, and author of the Romance of Tristram, now unfortunately lost. He was already, 1304, celebrated as a prophet, as Orpheus, Linus, and other early poets.

‘ I haiff

‘ I haiff gret hop he fall be King,
 ‘ And haiff this land all in leding.’ 90

◊ JAMES off DOWGLAS that ay quhar
 Allways befor the Byschops char,
 Had weill hard all the lettre red,
 And he tuk alsua full gud hed
 To that the Byschop had said. 95

And quhen the burdys doun war laid,
 Till chamyr went thai then in hy;
 And JAMES of DOWGLAS priuely
 Said to the Byschop, ‘ Schyr, ye se
 ‘ How *Inglifmen*, throw thair powsté, 100

‘ Dysheryeys me off my land,
 ‘ And men has gert you undirstand,
 ‘ Als that the Erle off *Carryk*
 ‘ Clamys to govern the kinryk :
 ‘ And, for yon man that he has slayn, 105

‘ All *Inglifmen* ar hym agayn,
 ‘ And wald disheryse him blythly,
 ‘ The quethyr with hym duell wald I.
 ‘ Thairfor, Schyr, gyff it war your will,
 ‘ I wald tak with hym gud and ill : 110

‘ Throw hym I trow my land to wyn,
 ‘ Magre the *CLYFFURD*, and hys kyn.’
 The Byschop hard, and had pité,
 And said, “ Swet son, sa God help me !
 “ I wald blythly that yow war thair, 115
 “ Bot at I not reprowyt war.

Ver. 96. When the tables were removed.

D 3

“ On

" On thus maner weile wyrk ye may,
 " You fall tak Ferrand my palfray,
 " And for thair is na horse in this land
 " Swa swycht, na yeit fa weill at hand, 120
 " Tak hym as off thine awyne he wid,
 " As I had gevyn thairto na reid.
 " And gyff hys yhemar oucht gruchys,
 " Luk that yow tak hym magre his ;
 " Swa fall I weill affonycit be. 125
 " Mychty God, for hys powsté,
 " Graunt, that he that yow passe to,
 " And yow in all tyme sa weill to do,
 " That ye yow fra your fays defend !"
 He taucht hym silvir to despend, 130
 And syne gaiff hym gud day,
 And bad him pase furth on his way,
 For he ne wald spek till he war gane.
 The Dowglas than hys way has tane
 Rycht to the horse, as he hym bad ; 135
 Bot he that hym in yhemself had,
 Than warnyt hym dispitously ;
 Bot he that wreth hym encrely,
 Fellyt him with a suordys dynt.
 And syne, forowtyn langar stynt, 140
 The horse he fadyt hastely,
 And lap on hym delybritiy,

Ver. 130. Perhaps *raucht*, reached to him, held out to him.

Ver. 139. That is, knocked him down with the back of his sword, or with it undrawn.

And

And passyt furth but leve taking.
 Der God, that is off Hevyn King!
 Sauff him, and scheld hym fra hys fayes! 145
 All hym alane the way he taes
 Towart the towne of *Louchmabane*;
 And, a litill fra *Aryk Stane*,
 The BRWYSE with a gret rout he met,
 That raid to *Scone* for to be fet 150
 In kings stole, and to be king.
 And quhen DOWGLAS saw hys cumyng,
 He raid, and hailfyt hym in hy,
 And lowtyt hym full curtally;
 And tauld hym haly all hys state, 155
 And quhat he was, and als how gat,
 The CLYFFURD held hys heretage:
 And that he come to mak homage
 Till hym as till hys rychtwise King,
 And at he boune wer, in all thing, 160

Ver. 150. *Scone*, the residence of our ancient kings. Towns of the same name are frequent in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. In the Saxon dialect of the Gothic, it is *Sheen*, the old name of Richmond. Both words imply *shining, splendid*.

The chief palace of our Pikiish monarchs was at *Forteviot*, where *Kenneth* died 860, according to our old chronicles published by *Innes*, in that best work on our antiquities, his *Critical Essay*. *Forteviot* is south of the river *Ern*, opposite to *Dupplin*. See *Fordun*, xiii. 23. It is a pity that the site and remains of the palace of *Forteviot* are not investigated. Perhaps curious antiquities may be found buried there. A work on the history and antiquities of *Perthshire* would be very acceptable.

To tak with hym the gud and ill.
 And quhen the BRWYSE had herd hys will,
 He refawyt him in gret daynté,
 And men, and armys, till hym gaff he.
 He thought weile he fuld be worthy, 165
 For all hys eldrs war douchty.
 Thus gat maid thai thair aquentance,
 That nivir fyne, for na kyn chance,
 Depertyt quhill thai lyffand war;
 Thair frendschip woux ay mar and mar; 170
 For he serwyt ay lelely,
 And the toddyr full willfully,
 That wis bath worthy, wycht, and wyse,
 Rewardyt him weile hys seruice.
 The Lord the BRWYSE to *Glasgow* raid, 175
 And fend about hym, quhill he haid
 Off hys freynds a gret menyhe.
 And fyne to *Scone* in hy raid he,
 And was maid king but langer let,
 And in the kings stole wer fet: 180

As

Ver. 175. According to Jocelin, in his *Life of St. Kentegern*, the old name of Glasgow was *Cathures*. In the same production are several curious anecdotes concerning this city. The story of the queen of Strath-Clyde's ring, and the falmon, which make part of the arms of Glasgow, shews that even heraldry is indebted to the Lives of Saints, the chief erudition of the middle ages.

Ver. 180. The famous stone was sent into England by Edward I. so that the *king's stool* here implies a regal chair. The Irish churchmen, old fathers of our history, (as all our priests came from Iona, or Icolmkill) fabled that this stone

came

As in that tyme wis the maner.
 Bot off thair noble gret offer,
 Thair seruice, na thair roalté,
 Ye fall her na thing now for me ;
 Owtane that he off the barnage 185
 That thyddir com, tok homage :
 And syne went our all the land,
 Friends, and frendschip purchesand,
 To maynteyn that he had begunyn.
 He wyft, or all the land war wounyn, 190
 He suld find full hard barganyng
 With hym that wis off *England* King :
 For thair wis nane off lyff sa fell,
 Sa pantener, na sa cruell.

And quhen to EDUARD King was tauld, 195
 How at the BRWYSE, that wis sa bauld,
 Had broucht the CUMYN till ending,
 And how he syne had maid hym King,
 Owt off hys wyt he went weill ner ;
 And callyt till hym Schyr AMER 200

The

came from Ireland. But I find no trace of such a practice in Ireland ; while in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all the old kings were placed on a stone, in the midst of a plain, and crowned in view of the people. Such stones were called *Morasten*. See Olaus Magnus, Loccenius, Mallet, &c. &c.

Robert the Great (if ever king deserved that title) was crowned 27 March 1306.

Ver. 200. Aymer de Vallange, Earl of Pembroke. The reader must not be surprized at this period to find nobles more frequently designed by their names than by their titles. Titles had only become hereditary in the eleventh century.

The WALLANG, that was wyfe and wycht,
 And off hys hand a worthy knycht,
 And bad hym men of armys ta,
 And in hy till *Scotland* ga,
 And byrn, and flay, and raise dragoun: 205
 And hycht all *Fyfe* in waryfoune,
 Till hym that mycht othir ta or fla
 ROBERT the BRWYSE, that was his fa.
 Schyr AMER did as he hym bad,
 Gret chewalry with hym he had; 210
 With hym was PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 And INGRAM the UMFRAWELL perfay,
 That was bath wyfe and awerty,
 And full of gret chewalry;
 And off *Scotland* the maist party 215
 Thai had intill thair cumpany.
 For yheit then mekill off the land
 Was intill *Inglismenys* hand.
 Till *Perth* then went thai in a rout,
 That then was wallyt all about 220

With

century. The first *Earls* were merely sheriffs of counties; and the popular mouth was not yet accustomed to the innovation.

Ver. 205. I know not the meaning of *dragoun*; the editions seem rightly to read *dungeoun*, that is, *keeps* or forts to bridle the rebels.

Ver. 211. Of the Moubrays, a Norman race, there were powerful families both in England and Scotland. The name is still common in the later country.

Ver. 212. Inghiram de Umfraville.

Ver. 219. A town noted in the old annals of war, and
 now

With feile towrs, rycht hy battulyt,
 To defend gyff it wer assaylit.
 Thairin dwellyt Schyr AMERY,
 With all hys gret chawalry;
 The King ROBERT wyft he wer thair, 225
 And quhat kyn chyftanys with him war,
 And asssemblyt all hys mengye;
 He had feyle off full gret bounté,
 Bot thair fayis wer mar than thai,
 Be fifteen hundred, as I've hard say. 230
 The quhere he had thair, at that ned,
 Full feill that war douchty of deid;
 And barownys that war bauld as bar.
 Twa Erles alsua with hym war,
 Off LENYVAX and ATHOLL war thai; 235
 EDUARD the BRWYSE was thair alsa,

THOMAS

now for the arts of peace. It seems to have been the *Victoria* of the Romans, according to Ptolemy's map. It is needless to inform the reader, that the *Bertha* of Hector Boyce never existed, but in that forger's brain. If Mr. Pennant had seen Innes's Essay, or at all known the character of Hector, he would not have stained his amiable pages with many an error from that fabulist.

Ver. 235—240. These heroic friends of Bruce are Malcom, fifth Earl of *Lenyvax*, or Lennox, now part of Dunbartonshire. John of Strathbogie, tenth Earl of Athol, a country noted as a grand division of Scotland from early times: (*Descr. Albania apud Innes*). Edward the king's brother, Thomas Randel, afterward Earl of Moray. Hew Hay, brother of Gilbert Hay, of Errol; a family palpably of Norman extract, *de la Haye*, 'of the hedge,' in spite of Boyce's fables concerning it, and Douglas. Such families stand

THOMAS RANDELL, and HEW DE LE HAY,
 And Schyr DAVID the BERCLAY,
 FRESALE, SUMMIRWILE, and INCHMERTYN;
 JAMES of DOWGLAS thair wis syne, 240
 That yheyet than wis bot litill of mycht:
 And othir fele folk forsyne in fycht,
 Bot I cannot tell quhat thai hycht. }
 Thought thai war quheyn thai war worthy,
 And full of gret chewalry. 245
 And in bataill, in gud aray,
 Befor Saint *Ihonystoun* com thai,
 And bad Schyr AMERY isch to fycht;
 And he, that in the mekill mycht
 Traistyt off thaim that wis hym by, 250
 Bad hys men arme thaim hastily.
 Bot Schyr INGRAM THE UMFRAWILL
 Thought it war all to gret perill
 In playne bataill to thaim to ga,
 Or quhill thai war arrayit fa. 255
 And till Schyr AMER said he,
 ‘ Schyr, giff that ye will trow to me,
 ‘ Ye fall not ische thaim till affaile,
 ‘ Till thai ar purwayt in bataill;

stand in no need of fictions to adorn them. David Barclay,
 of Cairns in Fife. Alexander Fresal, (or Frazer in modern
 spelling,) brother of Simon Frazer, of Oliver-castle. Wal-
 ter de Somerville, of Linton and Carnwath. David of
 Inchmartin. James Baron Douglas. See *Ann. of Scotl.* II. 2.

Ver. 247. Saint John's town is well known to be ano-
 ther name for Perth.

‘ For

- ‘ For thair ledar is wycht and wyse, 260
 ‘ And off hys hand a noble knyght is;
 ‘ And he has in hys cumpany
 ‘ Mony a gud man, and worthy,
 ‘ That fall be hard for till assay,
 ‘ Till thai ar in sa gud aray. 265
 ‘ For it suld be full mekill mycht,
 ‘ That now suld put thaim to the flycht:
 ‘ For quhen folk ar weill arayit,
 ‘ And for the bataill weill purwait,
 ‘ With this that thai all gud men be, 270
 ‘ Thai fall fer mar be awisé,
 ‘ And weill mar for to dreid, than thai
 ‘ War set sum dele out off aray.
 ‘ Thairfor ye mayse say thaim till
 ‘ That thai may this nycht, and thai will, 275
 ‘ Gang herbery thaim, and slep and rest;
 ‘ And at to morn but langar lest
 ‘ Ye fall isch furth to the bataill,
 ‘ And secht with thaim, but gyff thai faile.
 ‘ Sa till thair herbery went fall thai, 280
 ‘ And sum fall went to the forray,
 ‘ And thai that duellis at the logyng,
 ‘ Sen thai cum owt off trewelling,
 ‘ Sall in schort tyme unarmyt be.
 ‘ Then on owr best maner may we, 285
 ‘ With all owr fayr chewalry,
 ‘ Ryd towart thaim rycht hardyly;
 ‘ And thai that wenys to rest all nycht
 ‘ Quhen thai se us arayit to fycht,

‘ Cumand

‘ Cumand on thaim fa sudanly, 290
 ‘ Thai fall affiriyit gretumly.
 ‘ And or thai cumyn in bataill be,
 ‘ We fall speid us swa gat that we
 ‘ Sall be all redy till affembill.
 ‘ Sum man for erynest will trymbill, 295
 ‘ Quhen he assayit is sudanly,
 ‘ That with awifement is douchty.’

As he awysit now have thai done;
 And till thaim utouth fend thai sone,
 And bad thaim herbery thaim that nycht, 300
 And on the morn cum to the fycht.
 Quhen thai saw thai mycht no mar,
 Towart *Meffayn* then gan thai far;
 And in the woud thaim logyt thai:
 The thrid pert went to the forray; 305
 And the lave sone unarmyt war,
 And skalyt to loge thaim her and ther.

Schyr AMER then, but mar abaid,
 With all the folk he with him haid,
 Ischyt in forcely to the fycht, 310
 And raid intill a randoun rycht,

Ver. 304. *Meffayn*, the vulgar pronunciation of *Methven*.
 The *th*, so familiar to the Goths, Saxons, Icelanders,
 Greeks, as to form but one letter, is apt to be corrupted by
 some nations into *d*. But the Russians corrupt it to *f*, say-
 ing *Feodor* for *Theodor*; as the English change *gb* to *f*, in
laugh. *Methven* is a village between Tibber-moor and Al-
 mond-river, not far from Perth, on the north-west.

The

The strawcht way towart *Meffen*.
 The KING, that wis unarmyt then,
 Saw thaim cum swa enforcely,
 Then till hys men gan hely cry, 315
 “ Till armys swyth, and makys you yar!
 “ Her at our hand our fayis ar!”
 And thai did swa in full gret hy;
 And on thair horse lap haftily.
 The KING displayit hys baner, 320
 Quhen that hys folk assemblyt wer,
 And said, “ Lordings, now may ye se
 “ That yone folk all, throw futelté,
 “ Schapis thaim to do with flycht,
 “ That at thai drede to do with mycht. 325
 “ Now I persawe he that will trow
 “ His fa, it fall hym sum tyme row.
 “ And noucht for this, thought thai be fele,
 “ God may rycht weill our werds dele;

Ver. 320. The banner of Scotland, as may be supposed; the lion with a tressure of spear-heads, facetiously called *fleurs de lis*, tho' used by William the Lion, A. D. 1165, as appears from his seal, while the *fleur de lis* is only known in the time of Philip the Hardy, king of France, A. D. 1270, and was taken from the gold coins of Florence, with that flower; in imitation of which *florins* were coined in France, after a long cessation of gold coinage. See *Le Blanc, Monnoyes de France, &c.* It appears, from Sir George Mackenzie's book on heraldry, that Bruce's own arms were an *Orle*, so called from *Orula*, 'a little border;' and is a tressure within a shield, the field appearing in the middle.

Ver. 322. This speech is not devoid of soldierly eloquence.

“ For

" For multitud mayse na victory; 330
 " As men has red in mony story,
 " That few folk has oft wencusyt ma.
 " Trow we that we fall do rycht sua.
 " Ye are ilkan wycht and worthy,
 " And full of gret chewalry; 335
 " And wate rycht weill quhat honour is.
 " Wyrk yhe then apon fwylk wyse,
 " That your honour be sawyt ay.
 " And a thing will I to you say,
 " That he that deis for hys cuntré 340
 " Sall herbryit intill hewyn be."

Quhen this wis said thai saw cumand
 Thair fayis ridand, ner at the hand,
 Arayit rycht awisely,
 Willfull to do chewalry. 345
 On aythir fyd thus war thai yhar,
 And till assemble all redy war.
 Thai strawcht thair spers, on aythir fyd,
 And swa ruydly gan samyn ryd,
 That spers at so fruschynt war, 350
 And feyle men dede, and woundyt far,
 The blud owt at thair byrnys brest.
 For the best, and the worthiest,
 That wilfull war to wyn honour,
 Plungyt in the stalwart stour, 355
 And routs ruyd about thaim dang.
 Men mycht haiff seyn into that thrang

Knychts

Knychts that wyght and hardy war,
 Undyr horse feyt despulyt thair;
 Sum woundyt, and sum all ded, 360
 The grese woux off the blud all rede.
 And thair that held on horse in hy
 Swappyt owt swerds sturdily;
 And swa fell strakys gave and tuk,
 That all the reuk about thaim quouk. 365
 The BRUYSE's folk full hardely
 Schawyt thair gret chewalry:
 And he hymself, atour the lave,
 Sa hard and sa hewy dints gave,
 That quhar he come thair maid hym way. 370
 Hys folk thaim put in hard assay,
 To stynt thair fais mekill mycht,
 That then so fayr had off the fycht,
 That thair wan feild ay mar and mar:
 The KINGS small folk ner wencusyft ar. 375
 And quhen the KING hys folk has sene
 Begyn to faile, for proper tene,
 Hys assenyhe gan he cry,
 And in the stour sa hardyly

Ver. 378. The *ensenyie*, or *assenyie*, is the word of war. It was generally the name of the leader, as *A Bruce! A Bruce! Douglas! &c.* Sometimes that of the chief's residence, or of a noted victory gained by his ancestors. The grand word of France, when the *oriflamme*, or royal banner, was displayed, was *Saint Dennis!* of England, *Saint George!* I know not if *Saint Andrew* was ever used in Scotland.

He ruschyt, that all the semble schuk : 380
 He all till hewyt that he ourtuk ;
 And dang on thaim quhill he mycht drey.
 And till hys folk he cryt hey,
 " On thaim ! On thaim ! Thai feble fast !
 " This bargane nevir may langar last ! " 385
 And with that word sa willfully
 He dang on, and sa hardely,
 That quha had sene hym in that fycht
 Suld hald hym for a douchty knycht.
 Bot thought he wis stout and hardy, 390
 And othyr als off hys cumpany,
 Thair mycht na worschip thair awailye ;
 For thair small folk begouth to failye,
 And fled all skalyt her and thar.
 Bot the gude at enchaufyt war, 395
 Off ire abide, and held the flour
 To conquyr thaim endles honour.

And quhen Schyr AMER has sene
 The small folk fle all bedene ;
 And sa few abid to fycht ; 400
 He releyt to hym mony a knycht,
 And in the flour sa hardyly,
 He ruschyt with hys chewalry,

Ver. 384. The king, as appears from the sequel, only
 uses these words to encourage his men, for the foe was far
 from drooping.

That

That he ruschyt his fayis ilkane.
 Schyr THOMAS RANDELL thair wis tane, 405
 That then wis a young bachelor ;
 And Schyr ALEXANDIR FRASEYR ;
 And Schyr DAVID the BREKLAY,
 INCHMERTYNE, and HEW DE LE HAY,
 And SOMIRWEIL, and othyr mā ; 410
 And the KING hymselff alsua,
 Was fet untill full hard affay,
 Throw Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 That raid till hym full hardyly,
 And hynt hys rengye, and syne gane cry, 415
 “ Help ! help ! I have the new maid King ! ”
 With that come gyrdand, in a lyng,
 CRYSTALL of SEYTOUN, quhen he swa
 Saw the KING sesyt with hys fa,
 And to PHILIP sic rout he raucht, 420
 That thocht he wis off mekill maucht,
 He gert hym galay disyly,
 And haid till erd gauē fullyly.
 Ne war he hynt hym by hys sted
 Then off hys hand the brydill yhed ; 425

Ver. 405. Randel, to secure his life, ‘ turned Englishman,’ as the phrase of the times was ; that is, he for a time acceded to the English interest. But he soon after returned to his duty, as the sequel will shew.

Ver. 418. Christopher Seton, of Seton, ancestor of the Duke of Gordon, Earl of Winton, Earl of Dunfermlin, and Vicount Kington. *Annals*, II. 2.

And the KING hys effenye gan cry,
 Releyt hys men that war hym by,
 That war sa few that thai na mycht
 Endur the forse mar off the fycht.
 Thai prikyt then out off the prese; 430
 And the KING that angry was,
 For he hys men saw fle hym fra,
 Said then, " Lordings, sen it is swa
 " That wre runnys again us her,
 " Gud is we pass off ther daunger, 435
 " Till God us send estsone hys grace;
 " And yeyt man fall, giff thai will chace,
 " Quyt thaim combat sum dele we fall."
 To this word thai assentyt all,
 And fra thaim walopyt owyr mar; 440
 Thair fayis alsua wery war,
 That off thaim all thai chafeyt nane:
 Bot with prisoners, that thai had tane,
 Rycht to the towne thai held thair way,
 Rycht glaid and joyfull off thair pray. 445

That nycht thai lay all in the toun,
 Ther was nane off sa gret renoun,

Ver. 426. The king's presence of mind and courage are here very conspicuous. Instead of concealing himself, or desponding, he proclaims who he is; and endeavours to rally and protect his scattered band.

Ver. 434. Editions read *weir*; perhaps *ure*.

Na yeit fa hardy off thaim all,
 That durst herbery without the wall.
 Sa dred thai far the gayne cumyng 450
 Off Schyr ROBERT, the douchty King.
 And to the King off *England* sone,
 Thai wrate haly as thai haid done ;
 And he wis blyth off that tything,
 And for dispyte bad draw and hing 455
 All the prifoners, thought thai war ma.
 Bot Schyr AMER did not swa ;
 To sum bath land and lyff gaiff he,
 To leve the BRWYSE fewté,
 And serve the King off *England*, 460
 And off hym for to hald the land :
 And werray the BRWYSE as thair fa.
 THOMAS RANDELL was ane off tha,
 That for hys lyff become thair man.
 Off othyr, that war takyn than, 465
 Sum thai ranfowmyt, sum thai slew,
 And sum thai hangyt, and sum thai drew.

In this maner ROBERT was
 The BRWYSE, that mekill murning mayse
 For hys men that war slayne and tane. 470
 And he was als fa will off wane,
 That he trowyt in nane sekyrly,
 Owtane thaim off hys company ;

Ver. 463. Randel, as after seen, became very faithful to his new friends, to whom gratitude attached him.

That war fa few that thai mycht be
 Five hunder ner off all mengye. 475
 Hys brodyr alwayis was hym by,
 Schyr EDUARD, that was fa hardy;
 And with hym was a bauld baroun,
 Schyr WILYAM THE BOROUNDOUN;
 The ERLE of ATHOLE als was thair. 480
 Bot ay syn thai discomfyt war,
 The ERLE off the LENEUAX wis away,
 And was put to full hard affay,
 Or he met with the KING agayn:
 Bot allways, as a man of mayn, 485
 He maynteinyt him full manfully.
 The KING had in hys cumpany
 JAMES alsua of DOWGLAS,
 That wycht, wyse, and worthy was;
 Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alsua; 490
 Schyr NELE CAMBELL, and othyr ma,
 That I thair namys can not fay,
 As utelausy went mony day;

Ver. 479. This name of Borundon does not, I believe, occur in any other monuments of our history. Perhaps he was a foreigner, a Fleming.

Ver. 491. Niel Campbell, predecessor of the noble house of Argyle. This name, Niel, is latinized *Nigellus* by the barbarous writers of the time; but is really the Scandinavian *Nial*, which passed to Ireland and Scotland with the Danes. The great house of Campbell is of Norman extract: and the highland senachies, so utterly fabulous in most other genealogies, allow this,

Dreand

Dreand in the *Month* thair payne ;
 Eyte flesch, and drank water syne. 495
 He durst not to the planys ga,
 For all the cummownys went hym fra ;
 That for thair liff war full fayn
 To pass to the *Inglis* pes agayn :
 Sa fayrs ay cummounly ; 500
 In cummownys may nane affy :
 Bot he that may thair warrand be.
 Sa fur thai then with hym, for he
 Thaim fra thair fais mycht nocht warrand :
 Thai turnyt to the tothyr hand. 505
 Bot thredome, that men gert thaim fele,
 Gert thaim ay yarne that he fur wele.

Thus in the hyllis levyt he,
 Till the maist pert off hys menyne
 Wer rewyn, and rent, na schoyne thai had, 510
 Bot as thai thaim off hydys mad.

Ver. 494. Editions read,

Dreeing in the mountains payne.

The *Month*, or *Moanth*, is a term in our old writers for two great chains of mountains; one in Caithness, *Mons Mound dividit Cathanesiam per medium*: Descr. Albanix, apud Innes, script. cir. 1180: the other the famous Grampian chain, reaching from the top of Lochlomond into Aberdeenshire. The later is here meant; the *Month* is the *Mons Grampius* of Tacitus. The name seems from *Gram*, Icelandic, 'a warrior;' hence all warlike works are called *Grams Dikes*, from that twenty miles north of London, even to the north of Scotland.

Thairfor thai went till *Abyrdeyne*,
 Quhair NELE the BRWYSE come, and the QUEYN,
 And othyr ladyis fayr, and farand,
 Ilkane for luff off thair husband; 515
 That for leyle luff, and loawté,
 Wald pertenerys off thair paynys be.
 Thai chesyt tyttar with thaim to ta
 Angyr, and payn; na be thaim fra.
 For luff is off sa mekill mycht, 520
 That it all paynys maks licht.
 And mony tyme mafe tender wycht
 Of swilk strenthtes, and swilk mycht,
 That thai may mekill paynys endur,
 And forsakis nane auentur 525
 That euer may fall, withthy that thai
 Thairthrow succur thair luffys may.

Men redys when *Thebes* wis tane,
 And King ARISTAS men war flane,

Ver. 512. Aberdeen, the *Divana* of Ptolemy, the *Apurden* of Icelandic writers. Scottish names in *Aber* are ridiculously supposed Welch; but they abound in Germany, and there is an *Aberden* in the duchy of Bremen, *Aberburg* in Livonia, &c. &c. The word *Aber*, or *Ober*, in German, implies *over*, *beyond*, *upon*. See Wachter.

Ver. 513. Niel de Bruce, second brother to the King. The Queen so known for her misfortunes was Elizabeth, daughter of Aymer de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, second wife of King Robert. His first was Isabella, daughter of Donald, Earl of Mar. *Annals*.—King Robert at this time was aged thirty-two, being born 11 July 1274.

Ver. 528. See this story in the last book of the *Thebais* of Statius.

That

That affailt the cité, 530
 That the women off hys cuntré
 Come for to fech hym hame agayne,
 Quhen thai hard all hys folk was slayne.
 Quhar the King CAMPANEUS,
 Throw the help of MENESTEUS, 535
 That come per cafe rydand tharby,
 With three hunder in cumpany,
 That throw the King's prayer affailt,
 That yeit to tak the toune had failyeit.
 Then war the wiffys thyrland the wall 540
 With pikks, quhar the affailyers all
 Entryt, and dystroyit the tour,
 And slew the peipill but retour.
 Syn quhen the Duk hys way wis gayne ;
 And all the Kings men war slayne ; 545
 The wiffis had him till hys cuntré,
 Quhar was na man leiffand bot he.

In women mekill cumfort lysis ;
 And gret solace on mony wise.
 Sa fell yt her for thair cumyng 550
 Reiosyt rycht gretumly the KING ;
 The quheyr ilk nycht hymfel wys wouk,
 And hys rest upon dayis touk.

A gud quhile ther he foiournyt then,
 And esyt wondir weill hys men ; 555
 Till that the *Inglis* men herd say
 That he thair with hys mengye lay,

All

All at ese. And fykerly
 Assemblyt thai thair oft in hy;
 And ther him trowit to surprife. 560
 Bot he, that in hys deid wis wyse,
 Wyft thai assemblyt war, and quhar;
 And wyft that thai fa mony war,
 That he mycht not agayne thaim fycht,
 Hys men on hy he gert be dycht, 565
 And buskyt, off the toune to ryd:
 The ladyis raid rycht by hys syd.
 Than to the hill thai raid thar way,
 Quhar gret defaut of mete had thai.
 Bot worthy JAMES off DOWGLAS, 570
 Ay trewailland and besy was,
 For to purches the ladyis mete;
 And it on mony wise wald get.
 For quhile he venesoun thaim brocht:
 And with hys hands quhiles he wrocht 575
 Gynnys, to tak gedds and salmonys,
 Trowts, elys, and als menownys.
 And quhill thai went to the forray;
 And swa thair purchesyng maid thai:
 Ilk man treweillyt for to get 580
 And pourchefs thaim that thai mycht etc.
 Bot off all that evir thai war,
 Thar wis not ane among thaim thar,

Ver. 576. *Gedds*, a small fish rather larger than minnows;
elys, eels; *menownys*, a small fresh-water fish, called in
 Scotland *minnows*, in England *menons*.

That

That to the Ladyis profyt was
Mar than JAMYS off DOWGLAS.
And the King oft cumfort was,
Throw hys wyt, and hys befynes.
On this maner thaim gouernyt thai
Till thai come to the hed of *Tay*.

585

THE END OF BUKE II.

THE

That to the Ladies power was
 More than James oil flowers.
 And the King of emulsi was,
 Thru the eye and the helix.
 On this exact chain gummy thin
 Till that come to the head of the

50
 55
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THE END OF OURS II.
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DOCUMENT

THE

BRUCE

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The King cumyng be Loch Tay to Lorn, the Lord of LORN, newew of CUMIN, assembles the men of Lorn and Argyle to assail him. — The King retreats — but kills thrie faes quha attack bim. To solace his men, he tells the storie of Rome and HANNIBAL. — The Erle of ATHOLE gangs with the Quene and Ladeis to Kildrumy. — The King sayls our Loch Lomond — meits his frend the Erle of LEVENAX — sayls be the ile of Bute to Kintyre, and is weil recevit be ANGUS of Ilay — proceids to the ile of Rachrin, quhar he remanes hale wyntir.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E III.

THE Lord of LORN wenytharby,
 That wis capitale ennymy
 To the KING, for hys Emy's sak,
 JOHN COMYN. And thocht for to tak
 Wengeance, upon cruell maner, 5
 Quhen he the KING wyft wis sa ner.

Ver. 1. 'Alexander of Argyle, Lord of Lorn, had married the aunt of Comyn,' says Sir D. Dalrymple, *Annals*, II. 6. for this Fordun, XII. 2. is quoted. But I cannot find the passage; and it is clear from Barbour, that Alexander, Lord of Argyle, was the father of John, Lord of Lorn, here mentioned. See Book X. These Lords of Argyle, Lorn, Ross, and the Isles, were all Norwegians, as are the chief families in these countries at this day: nor can they be regarded as really subject to Scotland, till the sixteenth century. Rymer, in his *Fœdera*, VIII. 415, 527, has published an alliance between Henry IV. and the Lord of the Isles, 1408. The great Mac Donalds were of direct Norwegian race; and the *Mac* is by no means a mark of the contrary, being an usual abbreviation among their subjects for *son of*; and doubtful if not from the Norwegian *Magd, filius vel filia*. Our *Macbeth* is called *Magbeth* by Icelandic writers.

He

He assemblyt hys men in hy,
 And had intill hys cumpany
 The barownys off *Argyle* alsua;
 Thai war a thousand weill or ma: 10
 And come for to surprise the KING,
 That weill wis war off thair cumyng.
 Bot all to few with him he had,
 The quheyir he bauldly thaim abaid;
 And weill ost, at thair fryst metyng, 15
 War layd at erd, but recoveryng:
 The KINGs folk full weill thaim bar,
 And slew, and fellyt, and woundyt far.
 Bot the folk off the tothyr party
 Fawcht with axys sa fellyly, 20
 For thai on fute war evir ilk ane,
 That that feile off the hors has slayne;
 And till sum gaiff thaim wounds wid.
 JAMES off DOWGLAS was hurt that tyd;
 And als Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY. 25
 The KING hys men saw in affray,
 And hys ensonye can he cry;
 And among thaim rycht hardly
 He raid, that he thaim ruschyt all,
 And fele of thaim thar gert he fall. 30
 Bot quhen he saw thaim war sa feill,
 And saw thaim fwa gret dynts deill,

Ver. 20. The pol-ax, an old Norwegian weapon. See
 Bartholin, &c. The Lochaber ax is the *lang-bard* used in
 war, as the *bal-bard* in the halls of princes.

He

He dred to tyne hys folk, for thy
 Hys men till hym he gan rely,
 And said, ' Lordyngs, foly it war 35
 ' Tyll us for till affebill mar,
 ' For thai fele off our horse has slayn ;
 ' And gyff ye fecht with thaim agayn
 ' We fall tyne off our small mengye,
 ' And ourselffs fall in perill be. 40
 ' Tharfor me thynk maist awenand
 ' To withdraw us, us defendand,
 ' Till we come out off thair danger,
 ' For our strenth at our hand is ner.'

Than thai withdrew thaim halely ; 45
 Bot that wis not full cowardly,
 For samyn intill a fop held thai,
 And the King him abandonyt ay
 To defend behind hys mengye.
 And throw hys worschip sa wroucht he, 50
 That he reskewyt all the flears,
 And styntyte swa-gat the chassars,
 That nane durst owt off bataill chafe,
 For alwayis at thair hand he was.
 Sa weile defendyt he hys men, 55
 That quhasaevir had seyne hym then
 Prowe sa worthely wasselage,
 And turn sa oft sythis the wisage,
 He suld say he awcht weill to be
 A King of a gret rowaté. 60

Quhen that the Lord of LORN saw
 Hys men stand off hym ane sik aw,
 That thai durst not folow the chafs,
 Rycht angry in hys hart he was ;
 And for wondyr that he suld swa 65
 Stot thaim, hym ane but ma,
 He said, " Methink, MARTHOKYS son,
 " Rycht as GOLMAKMORN was wone
 " To haiff fra hym all hys mengye :
 " Rycht swa all hys fra us has he." 70

He set ensample thus mydlike,
 The quheyir he mycht, mar manerlik,
 Lyknyt

Ver. 67. This curious passage in the edition of Glasgow, 1737, 12mo, p. 35, stands thus :

He said, Methink Martheokes son,
 Right as Gowmakmorn was won
 To have from Fyngal his menzie :
 Right so from us all his hes he.

It appears to me that the transcriber of this MS. not knowing *Fyngal*, has by mistake put *hym all*; for the passage is not sense as it stands in the text. Martheok's son seems the person to whom Lorn speaks. Gol Mak Morn is Gaul son of Morni, so famous in Irish tradition.

The passage also stands as in this note in the Edinburgh edition, 1616, 8vo, the earliest known, and in all the others which the editor has seen.

Ver. 71. Barbour having no prophetic view of Ossian, and little suspecting that Scotland would in the eighteenth century produce a Geoffrey of Monmouth, has here spoken with great contempt of the comparison used by Lorn.

Mr. Pennant, III. 14, mentions, that a brotch which
 Bruce

Lyknyt hym to GAUDIFER DE LARYSS,
 Quhen that the mychty Duk BETYSS
 Affailyeit in *Gadyrrs* the forrayours. 75

And quhen the King thaim maid recours,
 Duk BETYSS tuk on hym the flycht,
 That wald ne mar abid to fycht.

Bot gud GAUDIFER the worthy
 Abandonyt hym so worthyly, 80

For hys reskew all the fleiers,
 And for to stonay the chassiers,
 That ALEXANDER to erth he bar ;

And alsua did he THOLIMAR,
 And gud CONEUS alsua, 85

DANKLINE alsua, and othyr ma.
 Bot at the last thar slayne he wis :
 In that failyeit the liklynes.

For the KING, full chewalrusly,
 Defendyt all hys cumpany, 90
 And wis set in full gret danger ;
 And yeit eschapyt haile and fer.

For twa broythers wer in that land,
 That war the hardiest off hand

Bruce lost on this occasion was long preserved in the Mac Dougal family. A watch, said to have belonged to Robert Bruce, is now in the King's possession. See an account of it in the *Archæologia*. From the best authority, that of a Professor in the University of Glasgow, the public is informed that this watch was made by a pedlar and engraver of Glasgow, about fifteen years ago.

That war intill all that cuntré: 95
 And thai hav sworn, iff thai mycht fe
 The BRWYSE, quhar thai mycht hym ourta,
 That thai suld dey, or then hym fla.
 Thair surname was *Makyne Droffer*;
 That is also mekill to fay her 100
 As the *Durwarth sonnys* perfay.
 Off thair cowyne the thrid had thai;
 That wis rycht stout, ill, and feloun.
 Quhen thai the KING of gret renoun
 Saw sua behind hys mengie rid, 105
 And saw hym torne sa mony tid,
 Thai abaid till that he was
 Entryt in ane narrow place,
 Betwyx a louch syd and a bra;
 That wis sa straict, I underta, 110
 That he mycht not weill turn hys sted.
 Than with a will till hym thai yede;
 And ane hym by the bridill hynt:
 Bot he raucht till hym sic a dynt,
 That arme and schuldyr flaw hym fra. 115
 With that ane oythir gan hym ta
 By the lege, and hys hand gan schute
 Betwix the sterap, and hys fute:
 And quhen the KING feld thar hys hand,
 In hys sterapys stythly gan he stand, 120
 And strak with spurs the stede in hy,
 And he lansyt furth delyvirly.

Ver. 109. *Louch*, the old Saxon *lub*, a lake. See Lye's
 Dict. Sax. Goth. Hence our *loch*.

Sa that the tothyr failyeit fete,
 And not forthy his hand wis yeit
 Undyr the sterap, magre his. 125

The thrid with full gret hy with this
 Rycht till the bra syd he yeid,
 And stert behynd hym on hys sted :

The KING wis then in full gret press,
 The quheythir he thocht as he that wes 130

In all hys dedys awisé,
 To doe ane owtrageous bounté.

And syne hym that behynd hym was,
 All magre hys will hym gan he rafs

Fra behynd hym, thoch he had sworn, 135
 He laid hym ewyn hym befor.

Syne with the suerd sik dynt hym gave,
 That he the heid till the harnys clave :

He rouschit doun off blud all rede,
 As he that stound feld off dede. 140

And then the KING in full gret hy,
 Strak at the toythir wigorously,

That he estir hys sterap drew,
 That at the fyrst strak he hym flew.

On this wifs hym delyverit he 145
 Off all the felloun fayis thre,

Qhen

Ver. 146. It must be remarked, that Barbour here makes Robert kill *three* men; other *three*, book v.; other *three*, book vij.; *five*, book vi.; *fourteen*, *ibid*. There is a shocking improbability in these events: Alfred, and *Henri Quatre*,

Qhen thai off *Lorne* has sene the KING
 Set in hymself sa gret helping,
 And defendyt hym sa manlely;
 Wis nane amang thaim sa hardy 150
 That durst assailye hym mar in fycht:
 Sa dred thai for hys mekill mycht.
 There was a Baroun MAKNAUGHTAN,
 That in hys hart gret kep has tane
 To the KINGs chewalry, 155
 And presyt hym in hert gretly.
 And to the Lord off *LORNE* said he,
 ‘ Sekyrly now may ye se
 ‘ Betane the starkest pundelayn,
 ‘ That ewyr your lyff tyme ye saw tane. 160
 ‘ For yone knycht, throw hys douchty deid,
 ‘ And throw hys outrageous manheid,
 ‘ Has fellyt intill litill tyd
 ‘ Thre men of mekill mycht and prid:
 ‘ And stonayit all owr mengye sa, 165
 ‘ That eftir hym dar na man ga;
 ‘ And tournys sa mony tyme hys stede,
 ‘ That semys off us he had na dred.’

never met with such. The repetition of *three* would be nauseous in a romance, in history it is impossible and false. If the reader looks on all these tales as fabulous, he has reason on his side.

Ver. 153. The Mac Naughtans were powerful in Cowal.

Ver. 159, 160. Editions read,

Betane the starkest pondelayne

That in your lifetime ye saw anc.

Then

Then gane the Lord of LORNE say,
 “ It semys it likis the perfay, 170
 “ That he slayis yon gat our mengye.”
 ‘ Schyr,’ said he, ‘ sa our Lord me se!
 ‘ To sauff your presence it not swa,
 ‘ Bot quhythir he be freynd or sa,
 ‘ That wynnys pryfs off chewalry, 175
 ‘ Men suld spek tharoff lelyly.
 ‘ And sekырly, in all my tyme,
 ‘ Ise hard nevir, in sang na ryme,
 ‘ Tell off a man that swa smertly
 ‘ Eschewyt swa gret chewalry.’ 180

Sic speking off the KING thai maid:
 And he estyr hys mengye raid;
 And intill sauffté thaim led,
 Quhar he hys sayis na thing dred.
 And thai off *Lorne* agayn ar gayn, 185
 Menand the scaith that thai haiff tain.

The KING that nycht hys wachis fet,
 And gert ordayne that thai mycht et;
 And bad conford to thaim tak,
 And at thair mychts mery mak. 190
 ‘ For disconford,’ as then said he,
 ‘ Is the werst thing that may be.
 ‘ For throw mekill disconforting
 ‘ Men fallis oft into disparyng.
 ‘ And fra a man disparyt be, 195
 ‘ Then trowly utterly wencusyt is he.

- ‘ And fra the hart be discumfyt,
 ‘ The body is not worth a mit.
 ‘ Tharfor,’ he said, ‘ atour all thing,
 ‘ Kepys yow fra dyspar yng: 200
 ‘ And thynk thouch we now harmys fele,
 ‘ That God may yeit releve us weill.
 ‘ Men redys off mony men that war
 ‘ Fer hardar stad then we yhet ar,
 ‘ And syne our Lord sic grace thaim lent, 205
 ‘ That thai come weill till thair intent.
 ‘ For *Rome* quhiles sa hard was stad,
 ‘ Quhen HANNIBALL thaim wencufyt had,
 ‘ That off ryngs with rich staynys,
 ‘ That war off knychts fyngyrs taneys, 210
 ‘ He fend thre bollis to *Cartage*.
 ‘ And syne to *Rome* tuk hys woage,
 ‘ Thar to distroye the cité all;
 ‘ And thai within, bath gret and small,
 ‘ Had fled, quhen thai saw hys cumyng, 215
 ‘ Had not bene SCIPIO the king;
 ‘ That or thai fled wald thaim haiff slayn,
 ‘ And swa gat turnyt he thaim agayn.
 ‘ Syne for to defend the cité,
 ‘ Bath serwands and threllis mad he fre; 220
 ‘ And maid thaim knychts evir ilkane.
 ‘ And syne has off the templis tane

Ver. 220. A *tbrell* is a slave. *Tbral*, *servus*, Icelandic. It is a common term in that curious work *Islands Landnamabok*, Hafn. 1774, 4to.

‘ The

- ‘ The armys, that thair eldrys bar,
 ‘ In name of wictory offerayt thar.
 ‘ And quhen thai armyt war, and dycht, 225
 ‘ That stalwart karlis war and wycht,
 ‘ And saw that thai war fre alsua,
 ‘ Thaim thocht that thai had leuir ta
 ‘ The dede, na lat the toune be tane.
 ‘ And with comowne assent, as ane, 230
 ‘ Thai ischyt off the toune to fycht,
 ‘ Quhar HANYBALL hys mekill mycht
 ‘ Aganys thaim arayit was.
 ‘ Bot, throw mycht of Godds grace,
 ‘ It ranyt sa hard, and hewyly, 235
 ‘ That thar wis nane sa hardy
 ‘ That durst into that place abid;
 ‘ Bot sped thaim intill hy to rid:
 ‘ The ta pairt to thair parlyownys,
 ‘ The tothyr pairt went in the toune is. 240
 ‘ The rayne thus lettyt the fechtyn:
 ‘ Sa did it twifs thareftir syne.
 ‘ Quhen HANIBALL saw this ferly,
 ‘ With all hys gret chewalry,
 ‘ He left the toune, and held hys way; 245
 ‘ And syne wis put to sik assay,
 ‘ Throw the power off that cité,
 ‘ That hys lyff and hys land tynt he.
 ‘ Be thyr quheyne, that so worthily
 ‘ Wane sic a king, and sa mychty, 250
 ‘ Yo

' Ye may weill enfampill fe,
 ' That na man suld disparyt be :
 ' Na lat hys hart be wencusyt all,
 ' For na myscheiff that euir may fall.
 ' For nane wate, in how litill space, 255
 ' That God umquhile will fend grace.
 ' Had thai fled, and thair wayis gane,
 ' Thair fayis swith the toune had tane.
 ' Tharfor men that werrayand war,
 ' Suld fet thair etlyng euir mar 260
 ' To stand agayne thair fayis mycht,
 ' Umquhile with strenth, and quhile with flycht,
 ' And ay thynk to cum to purpos :
 ' And giff that thaim war fet in chofs,
 ' To dey, or to leyff cowardly, 265
 ' Thai suld evar dey chewalrusly.'

Thus gat thaim cunfort the KING ;
 And, to cunfort thaim, gan in bryng
 Auld storiys off men that war
 Set intill hard assayis fer ; 270
 And that fortune cuntraryit fast,
 And come to purpos at the last.
 Tharfor he said, that thai that wald
 Thair harts undiscumfyt hald
 Suld ay thynk ententely to bryng 275
 All thair enpres to gud endyng.
 As quhile did CESAR the worthy,
 That traweillyt ay se besyly,

With

With all hys mycht, folowing to mak
 To end the purpofs that he wald tak; 280
 That hym thocht he had doyne rycht nocht
 Ay quhill to do hym levyt ocht :
 Forthy gret things efchewyt he,
 As men may in hys ftory fe.
 Men may fe be hys ythen will, 285
 And it fuld als accord to skill,
 That quha taifs purpos fekyrly,
 And followis it fyne ententily,
 Forowt fayntin, or yheit faynding,
 With-thy it be conabill thing, 290
 Bot he the mar be unhappy,
 He fall efchew it in party.
 And haiff he lyff, dayis weill mar fall,
 That he fall efchew it all.
 For this fuld nane haff difparing 295
 For till efchew a full gret thing :
 For giff it fall he tharoff failye,
 The fawt may be in hys trawailé.

He prechyt thaim on this maner,
 And fenyeit to mak better cher, 300
 Than he had mattir to be fer :
 For hys caufs yeid fra ill to wer.
 Thai war ay in fa hard trawail,
 Till the ladyis began to fayle,

Ver. 281, 282. A translation of

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

That

That mycht the trawaill drey na mar, 305
 Sa did othyr als that thar war.
 The Erle IHONE wis ane off tha,
 Off ATHOLE, that quhen he saw sua
 The KING be discumfyt twis,
 And sa feile folk agayne him ryfs; 310
 And lyff in sic trawaill and dout,
 Hys hart begane to faile all out.
 And to the KING, apou a day,
 He said, " Gyff I durst to yow say,
 " We lyff into sa mekill dreid, 315
 " And haffs odfyfs off met sik ned,
 " And is ay in sic trawailing,
 " With cauld, and hungir, and waking,
 " That I am sad off myselwyn sa,
 " That I count not my liff a stra. 320
 " Thyr angrys may I ne mar drey,
 " For thought me tharfor worthit dey,
 " I mon soioune, quharewyr it be,
 " Wepys me tharfor per cheryté."
 The KING saw that he sa wis failt, 325
 And that he ik wis for trawailt.
 He said, " Schyr Erle, we fall sone se,
 " And ordayne how it best may be.
 " Quharewyr ye be, owr Lord yow fend
 " Grace, fra your fayis yow to defend." 330
 With that in hy to hym callt he
 Thaim, that till hym war maist priué:
 Then amang thaim thai thocht it best
 And ordanyt for the liklyest,

That

That the Queyne, and the erle alsua, 335
 And the ladyis, in hy fuld ga,
 With NELE the BRUYSS, to *Kildromy*.
 For thaim thocht thai mycht sekylry
 Duell thar, quhill thai war wictaillit weill:
 For swa stalwart wer the castell, 340
 That it with strenth war hard to get,
 Quhill that tharin wer men and mete.
 As thai ordanyt thai did in hy,
 The Queyne, and all hyr cumpany,
 Lap on thair hors, and furth thai far. 345
 Men mycht haiff sene, quha had bene thar,
 At leve takyng the ladyis gret,
 And mak thair face with ters wet:
 And knychts, for thair luffs sak,
 Bath sich, and wep, and murnyng mak: 350
 Thai kyffit thair luffs, at thair partyng.
 The KING umbethocht hym off a thing;
 That he fra thynce on fute wald ga,
 And tak on fute bath weill and wa.
 And wald na horssmen with hym haiff; 355
 Tharfor hys hors all haile he gaiff

Ver. 337. See a curious description of Kildrummy-castle, in Mr. Cordiner's valuable *Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*. The style of the building is of the twelfth or thirteenth century. It stands about thirty miles west of Aberdeen, in the country anciently called *Mar*, and was the seat of the Earls of *Mar*. Isabella, Robert's first wife, was daughter of Donald, Earl of *Mar*: and Christian, sister of Robert, was mother of Regent *Mar*, slain at Dupplin 1332.

To

To the ladyis, that mystir had,
 The Queyne furth on her way is rade,
 And sawffly come to the castell,
 Quhar hyr folk war refawyt weill; 360
 And esyt weill with meyt and drynk.
 Bot mycht nane eyfs let hyr to think
 On the KING, that wis sa far stad,
 That bot Twa Hundir with him had.
 The quheyir thaim weill cumfortyt he ay: 365
 God help hym, that all mychts may!

The Queyne duelt thus in *Kildromy*:
 And the KING, and hys cumpany,
 That war twa hundir, and na ma,
 Fra thai had fend thair horfs thaim fra, 370
 Wandryt emang the hey muntanys.
 Quhar he, and hys, oft tholyt paynys;
 For it wis to the wintir ner;
 And sa feile fayis about him wer,
 That all the cuntré thaim werrayit; 375
 Sa hard anoy thaim then assayit,
 Off hungir, cauld, with schowrs snell,
 That nane that levys can weill it tell.

The KING saw how hys folk wis stad,
 And quhat anoyis that thai had, 380
 And saw wyntir wis cumand ner,
 And that he mycht on na wyfs der
 In the hillys, the cauld lying,
 Na the lang nychts waking.

He

He thocht he to *Kyntyr* wald ga, 385
 And sa lang foiorwryng thar ma,
 Till wyntir weddyr war away :
 And then he thocht, but mar delay,
 Into the manland till arywe,
 And till the end hys werds dryw. 390
 And for *Kyntyr* lysis in the fe,
 Schyr NELE CAMEL befor fend he,
 For to get hym nawyn and meite ;
 And certane tyme till hym he sete,
 Quhen he fuld meite hym at the fe. 395
 Schyr NELE CAMEL, with hys mengye,
 Went hys way, but mar letting,
 And left hys brothyr with the KING.
 And in twalf dayis sua trawaillyt he,
 That he gat schyppyne gud plenté, 400
 And wictalis in gret aboundance ;
 Sa maid he nobill chewifance.
 For hys sib men wynnyt tharby,
 That helpyt him full wilfully.

The KING, eftir that he wis gane, 405
 To *Lowchblomond* the way has tane,
 And come thar on the thrid day :
 Bot thar about na bait fand thai,
 That mycht thaim our the watir ber ;
 Than war thai wa on gret maner. 410
 For it wis fer about to ga ;
 And thai war into dout alsua,

Ver. 385. *Kintyre*, the southern chersonese of *Argyle*.

To

To meyt thair fayis that spred war wyd.
 Tharfor, endlang the louch side,
 Sa befyly thai socht, and fast, 415
 Tyll IAMYS of DOWGLAS, at the last,
 Fand a litill sonkyn bate,
 And to the land it drew ful hate.
 Bot it sa litill wis, that it
 Mycht our the wattir bot thresum flyt. 420
 Thai send tharoff word to the KING,
 That wis joyfull off that fynding;
 And fyrst into the bate is gane,
 With hym DOWGLAS. The thred wis ane
 That rowyt thaim our deliverly, 425
 And set thaim on the land all dry.
 And rowyt sa oft fyfs, to and fra,
 Fechand ay our twa, and twa,
 That in a nycht, and in a day,
 Cummyn owt our the louch ar thai. 430
 For sum of thaim couth swome full weill,
 And on hys back ber a fardele.
 Swa with swymmyng, and with rowyng,
 Thai brocht thaim our, and all thair thing.

The KING, the quhiles, meryly 435
 Red to thaim, that war hym by,
Romanys off worthi FERAMBRACE,
 That worthily ourcummyn was,

Throw

Ver. 437. I know no English romance of this name; but
 there is a French one, *Le Roman de Fierabras le Geant*, Ge-
 neve, 1478, fol. Cat. Bib. Reg. Gall. Tom. II. N^o 142.

This

Throw the rycht douchty OLYWER,
 And how the Duk *Peris* wer 440
 Affegyt intill *Egrymor*,
 Quhar King LAWYNE lay thaim befor,
 With ma thousands then I can say.
 And bot elewyn within war thai,
 And a woman: that war sa stad, 445
 That thai na mete tharwithin had,
 Bot as thai fra thair fayis wan.
 Yheyte sa contenyt thai thaim than,
 That thai the tour held manlily,
 Tyll that RYCHARD off *Normindy*, 450
 Magre his fayis, warnyt the King,
 That wis joyfull off this tything:
 For he wend thai had all bene slayne.
 Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne,
 And wan *Mantrybill*, and passit *Flagot*, 455
 And syne LAWYNE, and all his flot,
 Dispituusly

This romance has been modernized, and is still a popular book upon the Pont Neuf at Paris. A copy now lies before me, under the title of *Conquestes du Grand Charlemagne, Roi de France. Avec les faits heroiques des douze Pairs, et du Grand Fierabras, &c. A Troyes, chez Jean Ant. Garnier*; no date, but printed about 1750, 8vo. pp. 175.

The title of *Fierabras*, like that of many other romances, is improperly given: only fourteen chapters of seventy-seven relating to *Fierabras*. It is the story of the eleven Paladins and *Florippa*, imprisoned in the tower of *Aigremont*, by *Baland* (here called *Lawyne*) king of the Saracens. The story perfectly agrees with *Barbour's* account; only, ver. 440, for *Duk Peris*, we should read, *Duks of Paris*.

Ver. 455. An old Scottish Tale called *The Brig of the Mantribil*,

Dispituſly diſcumfyt he:
 And deleuiryt hys men all fre.
 And wan the *naylis*, and the *ſper*,
 And the *crown*, that Ihus couth ber; 460
 And off the *croece* a gret party
 He wain throw hys chewalry.

The gud KING, upon this maner,
 Comfort thaim that war hym ner;
 And maid thaim gamyn and ſolace, 465
 Tyll that hys folk all paſſyt was.
 Quhen thai wer paſſit the wattir brad,
 Suppoſs thai fele of ffayis had,
 Thai maid thaim mery, and war blyth;
 Not forthy full fele ſyth, 470
 Thai had full gret default off mete,
 And tharfor venefoun to get
 In twa partyſ ar thai gayne.
 The KING hymſelff wis intill ane;
 And Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS 475
 Into the tothyr party was.
 Then to the hycht thai held thair way,
 And huntyt lang quhill off the day;
 And ſocht ſchawys, and ſets fet;
 Bot thai gat litill for till ete. 480

Mantribil, is mentioned in Wedderburn's Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, 12mo.

Ver. 460. Ihus is Jeſus.

Ver. 479. *Scharwys*, the thickeſt groves in hollows of the wood, where deer are moſt apt to be found.—*Sets*, gins or ſnares.

Then

Then hapnyt at that tyme per cas,
 That the Erle of the LENEUAX was
 Amang the hillis, ner tharby;
 And quhen he hard sa blaw and cry,
 He had wondir quhat it my be, 485
 And on sic maner spyrit he,
 That knew that it wes the KING:
 And then, forowtyn mar duelling,
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,
 He went rycht till the KING in hy. 490
 Sa blyth and sa joyfull, that he
 Mycht on na maner blyther be,
 For he the KING wend had bene ded,
 And he wes alsua will off red,
 That he durst not rest into na place. 495
 Na sen the KING discumfyt was
 At *Meffan*, he herd newir thing
 That euir wis certane off the KING.
 Tharfor into full gret daynté,
 The KING full humyly haylist he, 500
 And he hym welcumyt rycht blythly,
 And askyt hym full tendyrly.
 And all the lords, that war thar,
 Rycht joyfull off thair meting war,
 And kyssyt hym in gret daynté; 505
 It wis gret pite for till se
 How thai for joy, and pite gret,
 Quhen that thai with thair falows met,

Ver. 507. *Gret is weeped.*

That thai wend had bene dede, forthy
 Thai welcumyt hym mar hartfully. 510
 And he for pité gret agayne,
 That neuir off meting was sa fayne.

Thoch I fay that thai gret sothly,
 It wis na greting propyrly,
 For I trow traiftly that gretying 515
 Cumys to men for mysliking.
 And that nane may but angry gret,
 Bot it be wemen, that can wet
 Thair chekys quheneuir thai list with ters,
 The quheyir weill oft thaim nathing ders. 520
 Bot I wate weill, but lesyng,
 Quhat euir men fay of sic greting,
 That mekill joy, or yheit peté,
 May ger men sua amowyt be,
 That wattir fra the hart will ryfs, 525
 And weyt the eyne on sic a wyfs,
 That is lik to be greting,
 Thoch it be not sua in all thing.
 For quhen men grets enkrely,
 The hart is sorowfull or angry. 530
 Bot for pité I trow gretyng,
 Be na thing bot ane opynnyng
 Off hart, that schawis the tendirnes
 Off rewth that in it closyt is.

The barownys apou this maner, 535
 Throw Godd's grace, assemblyt wer,

The

The Erle had mete, and that plenté,
 And with glaid hart it thaim gaiff he.
 And thai eyt it with full gud will,
 That foucht na othyr fals thartill 540
 Bot appetyt, that oft men takys,
 For rycht weill scowryt war thair stomakys.
 Thai eit, and drank, sic as thai had ;
 And till our Lord fyne lowyng maid,
 And thankyt hym, with full gud cher, 545
 That thai war mete on that maner.
 The KING than at thaim speryt yarne,
 How thai, sen he thaim feyne, had farne ;
 And thai full petwysly gan tell
 Auenturs that thaim befell ; 550
 And gret anoyis, and powerté.
 The KING tharat had gret pité.
 And tauld thaim petwisly agayne
 The noy, the trawaill, and the payne,
 That he had tholyt, sen he thaim saw : 555
 Wis nane among thaim, hey na law,
 That he ne had pité and plesance,
 Quhen that he herd mak remembrance
 Off the perellys that passyt war.
 Bot, quhen men oucht at liking ar, 560
 To tell off paynys passyt by,
 Plesys to heryng petiusly,
 And to rehearfs thair auld disese,
 Dois thaim oftsyls cumfort, and ese :

Ver. 561. Et hæc meminisse juvabit.

Withthy tharto folow na blame, 565
 Dishonour, wikytnes, na schame.

After the mete sone raifs the KING,
 Quhen he had lewyt hys speryng,
 And buskyt hym, with hys mengye,
 And went on hy towart the se. 570
 Quhar Schyr NELE CAMEL thaim mete,
 Bath with schippis, and with meyte;
 Saylys, ayrs, and othyr thing,
 That wis spedfull to thair passyng.

Then schippyt thai, forowtyn mar, 575
 Sum went till ster, and sum till ar,
 And rowyt be the ile of *But*.
 Men mycht se mony frely fute
 About the cost, thar lukand,
 As thai on ayrs raifs rowand; 580
 And nevys that stallwart war and squar,
 That wont to spayn gret spers war,
 Swa spaynyt ars, that men mycht se
 Full oft the hyde leve on the tre.
 For all war doand, knycht and knave, 585
 Wis nane that euir disport mycht have
 Fra steryng, and fra rowyng,
 To furthyr thaim off thair fletyng.

Bot in the samyn tyme at thai
 War in schippyng, as ye hard me say, 590
 The

The Erle off the **LENEUAX** was,
 I cannot tell yow throw quhat cas,
 Lewyt behynd with his galay,
 Till the **KING** wis fer on hys way.
 Quhen that thai off his cuntré 595
 Wyft that so duelt behynd wis he,
 Be se with schippys thai hym focht;
 And he that saw that he wis nocht
 Off pith to fecht with these traytours,
 And that he had na ner focours, 600
 Then the **KINGS** flote; forthy
 He sped him efter thaim on hy.
 Bot the tratours him followit sua,
 That thai weill ner hym gan ourta.
 For all the mycht that he mycht do, 605
 Ay ner, and ner, thai come him to.
 And quhen he saw thai war sa ner,
 That he mycht weill thair manauce her,
 And saw thaim, ner and ner, cum ay,
 Then tyll hys mengye gan he say, 610
 ‘ Bot giff we fynd sum futelté,
 ‘ Ourtane all sone fall we be.
 ‘ Tharfor I rede, but mar letting,
 ‘ That, owtakyn owr armyng,
 ‘ We cast our all thing in the se: 615
 ‘ And fra our schip swa lychtyt be,
 ‘ We fall swa row, and speid us sua,
 ‘ That we fall weill eschaip thaim fra;
 ‘ With that thai fall mak duelling
 ‘ Apon the se, to tak our thing; 620

‘ And we fall row but resting ay,
 ‘ Till we eschapyt be away.’
 As he deuifit thai have done ;
 And thair schip thai lychtyt fone :
 And rowyt syne, with all thair mycht, 625
 And sche, that swa wis maid tycht,
 Rakyt flydand throw the se.
 And quhen thair fayis gan thaim se,
 Forowth thaim alwayis, mar and mar,
 The things that thar fletand war 630
 Thai tuk ; and turnyt syne agayne,
 And be that thai lefyt all thair payne.

Quhen that the Erle on this maner,
 And hys mengye, eschapyt wer,
 Eftir the KING he gan hym hy, 635
 That then, with all hys cumpany,
 Into *Kyntyre* arywyt was.
 The Erle tauld hym all hys cas,
 How he wis chafyt on the se,
 With thaim that suld hys awyn be ; 640
 And how he had bene tane, but dout,
 Na war it that he warpyt owt
 All that he had, hym lycht to ma :
 And swa eschapyt thaim fra.
 “ Schyr Erle,” said the KING, “ perfay, 645
 “ Syn yow eschapyt is away,
 “ Off the tynsell is na plenyeing ;
 “ Bot I will fay the weile a thing,

“ That

" That thar will fall the gret foly
 " To pafs oft fra my cumpany. 650
 " For felefys, quhen thow art away,
 " Thow art set in till hard affay.
 " Tharfor me thynk best to thee
 " To hald yow always ner by me."
 ' Schyr,' said the Erle, ' it fall be swa. 655
 ' I fall na wifs pafs fer yow fra,
 ' Till God giff grace we be off mycht
 ' Agayne our faysis to hald our flycht.'

And ANGUSS off *Ile* that tyme wis syr,
 And lord, and ledar of *Kyntyr*. 660
 The KING rycht weill refawyt he ;
 And undertuk hys man to be :
 And hym, and hys, on mony wifs,
 He abandownyt till hys service.
 And, for mar sekyrnes, gaiff hym fyne 665
 Hys castell off *Donabardyne*,
 To duell tharin, at hys lyking.
 Full gretumly thankyt hym the KING ;
 And refawyt hys seruice.
 Not forthy, on mony wifs, 670
 He wis dredand for tresoun ay.
 And tharefor, as Ik hard men say,
 He traistyt in nane sekyrly,
 Till that he knew hym uterly :

Ver. 659. Angus chief of the ile of Ilay.

Bot quhat kyndred, that euir he had, 675
 Fayr cuntenance to thaim he mad.

And in *Donabardyne* dayis three,
 Forowtyne mar, then duellyt he.
 Syne gert he hys mengye mak thaim yar,
 Towart *Rauchbryne*, be se to far. 680

That is ane ile in the fe;
 And may weill in myd watir be,
 Betwix *Kyntyr* and *Irland*:
 Quhar als gret stremys ar rynand,
 And als peralais, and mar, 685
 Till oursaile thaim into schip fair,
 As is the raifs of *Bretangye*,
 Or strait off *Marrock* into *Spanye*.

Thair schippys to the fe thai set,
 And maid redy, but langir let, 690
 Ankyrs, rapys; bath faile, and ar;
 And all that nedyt to schip fair.

Ver. 680. *Rachlin*, on the north-east of *Ireland*: by *Ptolemy* called *Ricina*, by *Pliny* *Ricinia*. In the year 635 *Segenius* Abbot of *Hyona*, or *Icolmkill*, founded a church here, which in 795 was burnt by the *Danes*. *Annal. Tigbern. et Ulton*. See a description of this iland, and *Bruce's* castle, in *Hamilton's* *Observations on the North of Ireland*.

In the *Annals of Ulster* at 768 we find the death of *Murgaile Mac Inea*, Abbot of *Rachlin*: at 772 that of *Aod Mac Carbre* chief of *Rachlin*.

Quhen thai war boune to faile, thai went
 The wynd wes weill to thair talent.
 Thai rayfyt faile, and furth thai far, 695
 And by the mole thai passyt yar,
 And entryt sone into the raffe,
 Quhar that the stremys sa sturdy was,
 That wawys wyd, wycht brekand war,
 Weltryt as hyllys her and thar. 700
 The schippys our the wawys flayd,
 For wynd at poynt blawand thai had;
 Bot not forthy quha had thar bene,
 A gret stertling he mycht haiff seyne
 Off schippys; for quhilum sum wald be 705
 Rycht on the wawys, as on mounté;
 And sum wald slyd fra heycht to law,
 Rycht as thai down till hell wald draw;
 Syne on the waw stert sedanly.
 And othyr schippis, that war tharby, 710
 Delivirly drew to the depe.
 It wis gret cunningnes to kep
 Thair takill intill sic a thrang;
 And wyt sic wawis; for ay amang
 The wawys rest thair sycht off land. 715
 Quhen thai the land wes rycht ner hand,
 And quhen schyppys war failand ner,
 The se wald ryfs on sic maner,
 That off the wawys the weltrand hycht
 Wald refe thaim oft off thair sycht. 720

Bot

Bot into *Rawchryne*, nocht forthy,
 Thai arywyt ilk ane sawffly;
 Blyth, and glaid, that thai war sua
 Eschapyt the hidwyfs wawys fra.
 In *Rauchryne* thai arywyt ar, 725
 And to the land thai went but mar,
 Armyt apou thair best maner.
 Quhen the folk, that thar wonand wer,
 Saw men of armys in thair cuntré,
 Aryve into sic quantité, 730
 Thai fled on hy, with thar catell,
 Towart a rycht stalwart castell,
 That in the land wis ner tharby.
 Men mycht her wemen hely cry,
 And fle with cataill her and thar. 735
 Bot the KING's folk, that war
 Deliuer off fute, thaim gan ourhy;
 And thaim arestyt hestely,
 And broucht thaim to the KING agayne,
 Swa that nane off thaim all wis slayne. 740
 Than with thaim tretyt swa the KING,
 That thai, to fullfill hys yarynyng,
 Become hys men euirilkane :
 And has hym trewly undertane
 That thai and thairs, loud and still, 745
 Suld be in all thing at hys will.
 And, quhill him likit thar to leynd,
 Euir ilk day thai suld hym seynd
 Wiſtalis for thre hundir men :
 And thai as lord suld him ken. 750
 Bot

Bot at thair possessiouns suld be,
For all hys men thair awyn fre.

The cunnand on this wyfs wis maid.
And on the morn, but langir baid,
Off all *Rauchbrine* bath man and page 755
Knelyt, and maid the KING homage ;
And tharwith swour hym fewté,
To serve hym ay in lawté.
And held him rycht weill cunnand :
For quhill he duelt into the land, 760
Thai fand meit till hys cumpany ;
And serwyt hym full humely.

THE END OF BUKE III.

THE

For all their goodness said he
 For all he seen that way he

The countess on this way his mind
 And on the more, but longer said

132 On all Katherin's pain was not
 Katherin, and said the King's daughter

And therein for her pain
 To serve him as in law

And said him right well counsel
 For shall be such into the land

136 That that will till the company
 And let her him till she

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

THE

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Quene and ladeis are tane prisoneirs be the Inglis.—Kildrumy alsua tane.—King EDWARD I. advauncing to quell the Scotis, deis at Brugh on Sand.—Ensampil af feyndis' prophecies fra Flemish storie.—DOUGLAS passes fra Rauchryn to Arran—and after him the KING, quha sends a spy to Carrick.—The KING's hostess prophecies his success.—Digressioun on Astrologie and Necromancie.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E I V.

IN *Rauchryne* leve we now the KING
 In rest, forowtyn barganyng ;
 And off hys sayis a quhile spek we,
 That, throw thair mycht and thair powsté,
 Maid sic a persecutioune, 5
 Sa hard, sa strait, and sa feloune,
 In thaim that till hym luffand wer
 Or kyn, or freynd, or ony maner ;
 That at till her is gret pité.
 For thai sparyt off na degre 10
 Thaim, that thai trowit hys freynd wer,
 Nothyr off the kyrk, na seculer.
 For off *Glasgow* Byschop ROBERT,
 And MAKIS off *Man* thai stythly sparyt,

Ver. 13. Robert Wishart bishop of Glasgow from 1272 to 1317, celebrated for his patriotism. See Keith's Catalogue of Scottish Bishops. Marcus bishop of the Isles, 1275 to 1303. *Ibid.* where it is said that he died in 1303, upon no authority; and Barbour here affords proof that he was alive in 1306.

Bath in fetrys and in presoune ; 15
 And worthy CRYSTOLL off SEYTOUNE,
 Into *Loudon* betrefyt was,
 Throw a discipill off Judas ;
 MAKNAB, a fals tratour, that ay
 Wes off hys duelling, nycht and day ; 20
 Quhom to he maid gud cumpany.
 It wes fer wer than tratoury
 For to betryfs sic a persoune,
 So nobill, and off sic renoune.
 Bot tharof had he na pité, 25
 In hell condampnyt mot he be !
 For quhen he hym betryfyt had,
 The *Inglifs* men rycht with hym rad
 In hy, in *Ingland* to the King,
 That gert draw hym, and hede, and hing, 30
 Forowtyn peté, or mercy.
 It wes gret forow fekyrly,
 That so worthy persoune as he
 Suld on sic maner hangyt be.
 Thus gat endyt his worthynes. 35
 And off CRAUFURD als Schyr RANALD wes,
 And Schyr BRUCE als the BLAIR
 Hangyt intill a berne in *Ar*.

The QUEYNE, and als Dam MAIORY,
 Hyr dochtyr, that syne worthyly 40
 Wis coupillyt into Godds band
 With WALTIR STEWART off *Scotland* ;
 That

That wald on na wyfs langar ly
 In castell off *Kyldromy*,
 To byd a fege, ar rydin raith 45
 With knychts and squyers bath,
 Throw *Rofs*, rycht to the gyρθ of *Tayne*.
 Bot that trawail thai maid in wayne.
 For thai of *Rofs*, that wald not ber
 For thaim na blayme, na yeit danger, 50
 Out off the gyρθ hame all has tayne,
 And syne thaim euirilkane
 Rycht intill *Ingland*, to the King,
 That gert draw all the men, and hing ;
 And put the Ladyis in presoune, 55
 Sum intill castell, sum in dungeoun.

It wes gret pité for till her
 The folk be troublt on this maner.
 That tyme wes in *Kyldromy*,
 With men, that mycht war and hardy, 60
 Schyr NELE the BRUCE : and I wate weill
 That thar the erle wis off ADHEILL,
 In the castell, weill wictalyt ay,
 And mete and fuell gan puruay ;
 And enforcyt the castell swa, 65
 That thaim thoct na strenth mycht it ta.

Ver. 47. The *gyρθ*, or sanctuary, of St. Duthac at Tain, whence the earl of Rofs took the Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Aymer de Burgh earl of Ulster, and Marjory the king's daughter by his former wife Isabella, and delivered them up to the English.

And quhen it to the King wis tauld
 Off *England*, how thai schup till hauld
 That castell; he wes all angry;
 And callyt his sone till hym on hy 70
 The eldest and aperand ayr;
 A young bachelor, and stark, and fayr,
 Schyr EDUARD callyt off *Carnauerane*,
 That wes the sterkast man off ane,
 That men mycht in ony cuntré; 75
 Prynce of *Walys* that tyme wes he.
 And he gert als call erlys twa,
 GLOSYSTYR and HARFURD war tha;
 And bad thaim wend into *Scotland*,
 And set a sege, with stalwart hand, 80
 To the castell off *Kyldromy*.
 And all the halders halyly
 He bad distroy, forowtyn ransoun,
 Or bryng thaim till hym in presoun.

Quhen thai the cummaundment had tane, 85
 Thai assemblyt ane oft onane,
 And to the castell went in hy;
 And it affegyt wigorously.
 And mony tyme full hard assaylyt;
 Bot for to tak it yeit thai failyt. 90
 For thai within war rycht worthy;
 And thaim defendyt douchtely;
 And ruschyt thair ffayis off agayne,
 Sum best, sum woundyt, sum als slayne.
 And mony tymys ische thai wald, 95
 And bargane at the barraifs hald;

And

And wound thair fayis oft and fla.
 Schortly thai them contenyt swa,
 That thai withoute disparyt war,
 And thought till *Ingland* for till far : 100
 For thai sa styth saw the castell,
 And with that it was warnyft weill ;
 And saw the men defend thaim swa,
 That thai nane hop had thaim to ta.

Nane had thai done all that fesoune, 105
 Gyff it ne had bene fals tresoune.
 For thar with thaim wis a tratour,
 A fals lourdane, a losyngeour,
 HOSBARNE to name, maid the tresoune,
 I wate not for quhat enchefone ; 110
 Na quham with he maid that conwyn :
 Bot as thai said, that war within,
 He tuk a cultir hate glowand,
 That yeit wis in a fir brynnand,
 And went hym to the mekill hall, 115
 That then with corn wis fyllyt all ;
 And heych up in a mow it did,
 Bot it full lang wis nocht thar hid.
 For men sayis oft that fyr, na pride,
 Bot discouering may na man hide. 120
 For the pomp oft the prid furth schaws,
 Or ellis the gret boist that it blawis.
 Na thar may na man sa cowyr
 Na low, or rek fall it discowyr.
 So fell it her, for fyr all cler 125
 Sone throw the thak burd gan apper,

Fyrst as a sterne, syne as a mone,
 And weill bradder tharestir sone,
 The fyr out syne in blefs braist;
 And the rek raisis rycht wondre fast. 130
 The fyr our all the castell spred,
 That mycht na force of man it red.
 Than thai within drew to the wall,
 That at that tyme was bataillit all,
 Within, rycht as it wer withoute. 135
 That bataillyne, withowtyn dout,
 Sawyt thair lywys, for it brak
 Blefs that thaim wald ourtak.
 And quhen the fayis the myscheiff saw,
 Till armys went thai in a thraw; 140
 And assaylyt the castell fast,
 Quhar thai durst come for fyrs blast.
 Bot thai within mystir had,
 Sa gret defence, and worthy mad,
 That thai full oft thair fayis ruslyt, 145
 For thai na kyn perall refusyt.
 Thai trawaillyt for to sauff thair lyffs:
 Bot werd, that till the end ay drywis
 The warlds things, sua thaim trawaillyt,
 That thai on twa halfys war assailyt. 150
 In with fyr, that thaim swa broilyt;
 And utouth with folk, that thaim swa toilyt,
 That thai brynt magre thaim the yat,
 Yat for the fyre, that wis swa hate,
 Thai durst not entyr swa in hy. 155
 Tharfor thar folk thai gan rely,
 And

And went to rest, for it wis nycht;
 Till on the morn, that day wis lycht,
 At sic myscheiff, as ye her say,
 War thar within the quethyr ay 160
 Thai thaim defendyt doughtely,
 And contenyt thaim fa manlily,
 That or day, throw mekill payn,
 Thai had muryt up thair yat agayn.

Bot on the morn, quhen day wes lycht, 165
 And sone wes ryssyn, schynand brycht,
 Thai withowt, in hale bataill,
 Come purwayt, redy till affaill.
 Bot thai within, that swa war stad,
 That thai wictaill, na fewell had, 170
 Quharwith thai mycht the castell hald,
 Tretyt fyrst, and syne thaim yauld
 To be intill the Kings will.
 Bot that ay to *Scotts men* wis ill;
 As sone eftyr weill wis knawin, 175
 For thai war hangyt all and drawyn.

Quhen this cunnand thus tretyt wes,
 And affermyt with sekyrnes,
 Thai tuk thaim off the castell sone.
 And intill schort tyme has done, 180
 That all a quartir off *Snawdown*,
 Rycht till the erd thai tummylyt down.

Syne

Ver. 181. The royal palace at Stirling was called *Snaw-*
doun;

Syne towart *Ingland* went thair way.
 Bot quhen the King EDUARD hard say
 How weill the BRUCE held *Kildromy*, 185
 Agayne hys son fa stalwartly;
 He gadryt gret chewalry,
 And towart *Scotland* went in hy.

And as intill *Northummyrland*
 He wis, with hys gret rowt, rydand, 190
 A feknes tuk hym in the way,
 And put hym to sa hard affay,
 That he mycht nocht ga, na ryd:
 Hym worthit, magre hys, abid
 Intill an hamillet tharby, 195
 A litill town, and unworthy.
 With gret payne thyddir thai hym broucht,
 He wis sa stad, that he ne mocht
 Hys aynd bot with gret paynys draw;
 Na spek bot giff it war weill law. 200
 The quheyr he bad thai fuld hym fay
 Quhat town wes that, that he in lay.

doun; and near it was an eminence termed Arthur's Round Table. The fame of Arthur in books of chivalry gave rise to such names in the middle ages. One of the Heralds of Scotland is termed Snowdun Herald to this day.

Ver. 189. King Edward was obliged by sickness to remain in Northumberland and Cumberland, the summer and autumn 1306; and he was at Lanercoft all the winter 1306-7. See this proved from Rymer's *Fœdera* in the *Annals of Scotland*, Vol. II. p. 5. He died at Burgh on the Sand, 7 July 1307; and his death is unchronologically here narrated by Barbour.

‘ Schyr,’

‘ Schyr, ’ thai said, ‘ *Burch in the Sand*
 ‘ Men callis this toun, intill this land.’
 ‘ Call thai it *Burch*, als ! ’ said he ; 205
 ‘ My hop is now fordone to me.
 ‘ For I wend neur to thoile the payne
 ‘ Off deid, till I, throw mekill mayn,
 ‘ The *Burch* of *Jerusalem* had tane,
 ‘ My lyff wend I thar suld be gayne. 210
 ‘ In *Burch* I wyft weill I suld de :
 ‘ Bot I was noythir wys, na fle,
 ‘ Till othyr *Burch* kep to ta.
 ‘ Now may I nowyfs forthyr ga.”

Thus pleynyeit he off hys foly, 215
 As he had mater sekyrly :
 Quhen he to wyt certanté
 Off that, at nane may certan be.

The quheyr men said he chesyt had
 A spyryt, that hym ansuer maid, 220
 Off things that he wald inquer.
 Bot he fulyt, forowtyn wer,
 That gaiff through till that creatur.
 For feyndys ar off sic natur,
 That thai to mankind has inwy ; 225
 For thai wate weill, and wittly,
 That thai that weill ar liffand her,
 Sall wyn the fege, quharoff thai wer
 Tumblyt throwch thair mekill prid.
 Quhar throw oft tymys will betid, 230
 That

That quhen feyndys distrenyeit ar,
 For till aper, and mak answar,
 Throw force off conjuratioun,
 That thai sa fals ar and feloun,
 That thai mak ay thair ansuering, 235
 Into dowbill undirstanding,
 To dissaiff thaim, that will thaim trow.
 Infample will I set her now
 Off a wer, as I herd tell,
 Betwix *Fraunce* and the *Flemyngs* fell. 240

The Erle FERANDS modyr was
 Nygramansour; and Sathanas
 Sche rasyt; and hym askyt fyn,
 Quhat suld worth off the fychtyn
 Betwix the *Fraunce* King and hyr sone? 245
 And he, as all tyme he wes wone,
 Into disflayt maid hys ansuer;
 And said till hyr thir thre werfs her.
 “*Rex ruet in bello, tumulique carebit honore,*
 “*FERRANDUS, Comitissa, tuus, mea cara Mi-*
 “*nerva,* 250
 “*Parisiis veniet, magna comitante caterva.*”

Ver. 241. Jane, daughter of Baldwin IX. earl of Flanders, married Ferrand prince of Portugal, who thus became earl of Flanders. He took arms against Philip Augustus king of France; and the emperor Otho IV. assisting him, in 1214 was fought the famous battle of Bourines, in which the emperor and earl were defeated, and the later carried captive to Paris and confined in the Louvre.

This

This wis the spek he maid, perfoy ;
 And is in *Inglis* tounge to say,
 “ The King fall fall in the fechting,
 “ And fall faile honour off erding ; 255
 “ And thy FERAND, Mynerve my der,
 “ Sall rycht to *Parys* went, but wer ;
 “ Folowand hym gret cumpany
 “ Off nobill men, and off worthy.”

This is the sentence off this saw, 260
 That the Latyn gan her schaw.
 He callt hyr hys der Minerwe,
 For Minerwe ay wis wont serwe
 Hym, till sche lessyt at hys diuifs ;
 And for sche maid the samyn seruice, 265
 Hys Minerwe hyr callt he :
 And als, throw hyr sutelté.
 He callt hyr der, hyr tyll dissaiff,
 That sche the tyttar suld confaiff
 Off hys spek the undyrstanding, 270
 That mast plesyt till hyr liking.

This dowbill spek swa hyr dislawyt,
 That throw hyr foly the ded reslawit ;
 For sche wis off hyr ansuer blyth,
 And till hyr sone sche tauld it swith. 275
 And bad hym till the bataill sped,
 For he suld wictory haiff bot dred.
 And he, that herd hyr sermonyng,
 Sped hym in hy to the fechting ;

Quhar

Quhar he discomfyt wis, and schent; 280
 And takin, and to *Parys* sent.
 Bot in the fechting not forthy
 The King, throw hys chewalry,
 Wis laid at the erd, and lawit bath;
 Bot his men helpyt hym weill rath. 285

And quhen FERANDS modyr herd
 How hyr sone in the bataill ferd;
 And at he swa wis discomfyt;
 Sche rasyt the ill spyryt als tyt.
 And askyt quhy he gabyt had 290
 Off the anfuert that he hyr mad?
 And he said he had faith suth all;
 "I said the, that the King suld fall
 "In the bataill; and say did he.
 "And failyed erding, as men may fe. 295
 "And I said that thy son suld ga
 "To *Parys*, and he did richt swa;
 "Followand sic a mengye,
 "That neur, in his lyfftyme, he
 "Had sic a mengye in leding. 300
 "Now seis yow I mad na gabbing."
 The wyff confusyt wis perfay;
 And durst na mar than till hym say.

Thus gat, throw dowbill undyrstanding,
 That bargane come till sic ending, 305
 That the ta part diffawyt was.
 Rycht sa gat fell that in thys cas:

At *Jerusalem* trowyt he
 Grawyn in the *Burch* to be ;
 The quethyr at *Burch into the Sand* 310
 He swelt rycht in hys awn land.

And quhen he to the dede wis ner,
 The folk that at *Kyldromy* wer
 Come with prisoners that thai had tane,
 And syne to the King are gane. 315
 And for to comfort hym thai tauld
 How thai the castell to thaim yauld :
 And how thai till hys will war brocht,
 To do off that quhateuir he thocht ;
 And askyt quhat men suld off thaim do. 320
 Than lukyt he angryly thaim to,
 He said grynnand, " hyngs and drawys."
 That wis wondir of sic sawis,
 That he, that to the dede wis ner,
 Suld anfuere apon sic maner ; 325
 Forowtyn menyng and mercy.
 How mycht he traist on hym to cry,
 That suthfastly demys all thing
 To haiff mercy for hys cryng,
 Off hym that, throw hys felony, 330
 Into sic poynt had na mercy ?

Hys men hys maundment has done :
 And he deyt thareftir sone :
 And syne wes eftir brocht till berynes.
 Hys sone syne King eftir wes. 335

To

To the King ROBERT agayne ga we,
 That in *Rauchryne*, with hys mengye,
 Lay till wintir ner wis gane;
 And off that ile hys mete has tane.
 JAMYS of DOWGLAS wis angry, 340
 That thai langir fuld ydill ly.
 And to Schyr ROBERT BOID said he,
 "The pure folk off thys countré
 "Ar chargyt apon gret maner,
 "Off us, that ydill lysis her. 345
 "And Ik her say, that in *Araue*,
 "Intill a styth castell off stane,
 "Ar *Inglifs* men, that with strang hand
 "Haldys the Lordschip off the land.
 "Ga we thyddyr; and weill may fall 350
 "Amang thaim in sum thing we fall."
 Schyr ROBERT said, "I grant thartill.
 "Till her mar ly war litill skill:
 "Tharfor till *Aran* pass will we,
 "For I know rycht weill the cuntré, 355
 "And the castell rycht swa know I.
 "We fall come thar fa priwily,
 "That thai fall haiff na persawyng,
 "Na yheit wityng off owr cummyng.
 "And we fall ner enbuschyt be, 360
 "Quhar we thar outecome may se.
 "Sa fall it on na manir fall,
 "Bot scaith thaim on sum wyfs we fall.

With

With that thai buskyt thaim anane :
 And at the KING thair leiff has tane, 365
 And went thaim furth syne on thair way.
 Into *Kyntyr* sone cummyn ar thai :
 Syne rowyt alwayis by the land,
 Till that the nycht wis ner on hand,
 Than till *Arane* thai went thar way, 370
 And sawfly thar arywyt thai.
 And in a glen thair galay drewch,
 And syne it halyt weill inewch ;
 Thair takyll, airs, and thair ster,
 Thai hyde all on the samyn maner. 375
 And held thair way rycht in the nycht,
 Swa that or day wis dawyn lycht,
 Thai war enbuschyt the castell ner,
 Armyt apou the best maner.
 And thought thai wate war, and wery, 380
 And for lang fastyng all hungry,
 Thai thocht till hald thaim all prevé,
 Till that thai weill thair poynt mycht se.

Schyr *Ihon* the *HASTINGS*, at that tid,
 With knychts off full mekill prid, 385
 And s quyers, and yemanry,
 And that a weill gret cumpany,
 Was in the castell of *Brathwik*.
 And oftsyfs quhen it wald hym lik,
 He went till huntyn g with his menyé. 390
 And swa the land abandownyt he,

That

That durst nane warne to do hys will,
 He was into the castell still,
 The tyme that JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 As Ik haiff tauld, enbuschit was. 395

Sa hapnyt that tyme, throw chance,
 That with wictalis and purweyance,
 And with clething, and with armyng,
 The day befor, in the ewynnyng,
 The under wardane ariuyt was, 400
 With thre bats, weill ner the place
 Quhar that the folk I spak off ar
 Preuily enbuschyt war.
 Syne fra the bats saw thai ga
 Off *Inglis men* threty and ma, 405
 Chargit all with syndry things ;
 Sum bar wyne, and sum armyngs,
 The remanent all chargyt wer
 With things off syndry maner.
 And othyr syndry yeid thaim by, 410
 As thai war maiftyrs, ydilly.
 Thai that enbuschyt war, that saw
 All forowtyn dreid or aw,
 Thair enbuschy on thaim thai brak ;
 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak. 415
 The cry rais hidwysly, and hey :
 For thai, that dredand war to dey,
 Rycht as bests gan rar and cry.
 Thai slew thaim forowtyn mercy ;
 Swa

Swa that, into the samyn sted, 420
Weill ner forty ther war dede.

Quhen thai, that in the castell war,
Hard the folk sa cry and rar,
Thai ischeyt furth to the fechting.
Bot quhen the DOWGLAS saw thair cummyng, 425

Hys men till hym he gan rely;
And went till meit thaim hastyly.
And quhen thai off the castell saw
Hym cum on thaim, forowtyn aw,
Thai fled, forowtyn mar debate. 430

And thai thaim folowyt to the yate;
And slew off thaim, as thai in past;
Bot thai thair yate barryt fast,
That thai mycht do at thaim na mar;
Tharfor thai left thaim ilkane thar, 435

And turnyt to the se agayne,
Quhar that the men war forowth slayn;
And quhen thai, that war in the bats,
Saw thair cummyng; and saw how gats,
Thai had discumfyt thair menye, 440

In hy thai put thaim to the se,
And rowyt fast with all thair mayne:
Bot the wynd wis thaim agayne,
That swa hey gert the land-bryfs ryfs,
That thai moucht weld the se nawyfs. 445

Than thai durst not cum to the land,
Bot hald thaim thar sa lang hobland,

That off the thre bats drownyt twa.
 And quhen DOWGLAS saw it was swa,
 He tuk armyng, and cleything, 450
 Wiſtalis, wyne, and othyr thing,
 That thai fand thar: and held thair way
 Rycht glaid and joyfull off thair pray.

Quhen thus JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 And hys men, throw Godd's grace, 455
 War relewyt with armyng,
 And with wiſtall, and clething,
 Syne till a ſtrenth thai held thair way;
 And thaim full manly gouernyt ay.

Till on the tend day, that the KING, 460
 With all that war in hys ledyng,
 Arywyt into that countré,
 With threty ſmall galayis and thre.
 The KING arywyt in *Arane*;
 And ſyne to the land is gane, 465
 And in a toune tuk hys herbery.
 And ſperyt ſyne ſpeceally,
 Gyff ony man couth tell tithand
 Off ony ſtrang men in that land.
 "Yhis," ſaid a woman, "Schyr, perfay, 470
 "Off ſtrang men I kan yow ſay,
 "That are cummyn in this countré,
 "And ſchort quhile ſyne, throw thair bounté,
 "Thai haiff diſcomfyt owr wardane,
 "And mony off hys men has ſlayne. 475
 "And

“ And till a stalwart place herby
 “ Repars all thair cumpany.”
 ‘ Dame,’ said the KING, ‘ wald you me wifs,
 ‘ To that place quhar thair repair is,
 ‘ I fall reward ye but lesing : 480
 ‘ For thair ar all off my duelling,
 ‘ And I rycht blythly wald thaim se,
 ‘ And swa trow I, that thair wald me.’
 “ Yhis,” said sche, “ Schyr, I will blythly
 “ Ga with yow and your cumpany, 485
 “ Till that I schaw you thair repair.”
 ‘ That is inewch, my systir fayr ;
 ‘ Now ga we forthwart,’ said the KING.
 Than went thair furth, but mar letting,
 Folowand hyr, as sche thaim led ; 490
 Till at the last sche schaw’t a sted
 To the KING, in a wode glen,
 And said, “ Schyr, her I saw the men,
 “ That yhe sper estir, mak logyng :
 “ Her I trow be thair reparyng.” 495

The KING then blew his horn in by ;
 And gert the men that war hym by,
 Hald thaim still, and all prewé ;
 And syne agayne his horn blew he.
 JAMIS off DOWGLAS herd hym blaw, 500
 And at the last alsone gan knaw.
 And said, “ Sothly yon is the KING :
 “ I know lang quhill syne hys blawing.”

The thred tyme tharwithall he blew,
 And then Schyr ROBERT BOID it knew; 505
 And said "Yon is the KING, but dreid,
 "Ga we furth till hym bettir speid."

Than went thai till the KING in hy,
 And hym inclynyt curtasly;
 And blythly welcummyt thaim the KING, 510
 And wis joyfull off thair meting.
 And kiffit thaim; and speryt syne
 How thai had farne in thair huntyn?
 And thai hym tauld all but lesing:
 Syne lowyt thai God off thair meting. 515
 Syne with the KING till hys herbery
 Went bath joyfull and joly.

The KING apone the tothyr day
 Gan till hys priwé menye say,
 "Ye know all weill, and ye may fe, 520
 "How we ar owt off owr cuntré
 "Banyft, throw *Inglifs menys* mycht.
 "And that, that suld be ours off rycht,
 "Throw thair mastyrs thai occupy;
 "And wald alsua, forowtyne mercy, 525
 "Giff thai haid mycht, destroy us all.
 "Bot God forbid it suld fa fall
 "Till us, as thai mak manasslyng!
 "For than war thar na recowering.
 "And mankind bids us that we 530
 "To procur wengeance besy be.

"For

- " For ye may se we haiff THREE things
 " That maks us oft monestings
 " For to be worthy, wyfs, and wycht,
 " And till anoy thaim at our mycht. 535
 " ANE is our lyffs sawfté,
 " That on na wyfs suld sawft be,
 " Giff thai had us at thair liking.
 " The TOTHYR that makys eggyng,
 " Is that thai our possessioun 540
 " Halds strently, agayn resoun.
 " The THRID is the joy that we abid,
 " Gyff that it happyn, as weill may tid,
 " That we wyn wictour, and maistry
 " Till ourcum thair felony. 545
 " Tharfor we suld our harts rais,
 " Swa that na myscheyff us abais ;
 " And schaip always to that ending
 " That bers in it mensk, and lowing.
 " And tharfor, lordings, gyff ye se 550
 " Amang you, giff that it speidfull be,
 " I will send a man in *Carrik*,
 " To spy and speir our kynrik,
 " How it is led, and freynd and fa.
 " And giff he seis we land may ta, 555
 " On *Turnberys Inuke* he may
 " Mak a fyr, on a certane day,
 " That mak takynnyng till us, that we
 " May thar arywe in sawfté.
 " And giff he seis we may not swa ; 560
 " Luk on na wyfs the fyr he ma.

“ Swa may we tharthrow haiff witting
 “ Off our passage, or our duelling.”

To this spek all assentyt ar.
 And than the KING, withowtyn mar, 565
 Callyt ane, that wes hym prewé,
 And off *Carrik* hys countré.
 And charyt hym in les and mar,
 As ye hard me diwifs it ar.
 And set hym certain day to ma 570
 The fyr, giff he saw it war swa
 That thai had possibilité
 To maynteyne the wer in that countré.

And he, that wis rycht weill in will
 His lord's yharnyng to fullfill, 575
 As he that worthy wis, and leile,
 And couth rycht weill secrets conseill;
 Sake wis boune intill all thing
 For to fullfill hys cummanding.
 And said he suld do sa wisely, 580
 That na repruff suld eftir ly.
 Syne at the KING hys leiff has tane;
 And furth apon hys way is gane.

Now gais the messynger hys way,
 That hat *CUTBERT*, as I herd say. 585
 In *Carrik* sone arywyt he,
 And passyt throw all the countré.

Bot

Bot he fand few tharin, perfay,
 That gud wald off hys maistir say:
 For fele of thaim durst not for dreid; 599
 And othyr sum rycht into deid
 War fayis to the nobill KING,
 That rewyt syne thair bargaynyng.
 Baith hey and law, the land wis then
 All occupyt with *Engliffmen*; 595
 And dispytyt, at-our all thing,
 ROBERT the BRUCE the douchty KING.
Carrik wis giffyn then halyly
 To Schyr HENRY Lord the PERSY;
 That in *Turnbergis* castell then 600
 Was, with weill ner three hundir men.
 And dawntytt fa gat all the land,
 That all wis till hym obeyfand.

Thus CUTBERT saw thair felony:
 And saw the folk fa halyly 605
 Be worthyn *Engliff*, baith rich and pur,
 That he to nane durst hym discour.
 Bot thought to leve the fyr unmaid:
 Syne till hys maister went but baid,
 And all thair cowyng till hym gan tell, 610
 That wis fa angry and fa fell.

The

Ver. 606. By *being become Engliff* our poet only implies that they were attached to the English cause.

Ver. 609, 610. The expressions are inaccurate, but do not

The KING, that intill *Arane* lay,
 Quhen that cummyn wis the day,
 That he set till hys messenger,
 As Ik dewifyt you lang er, 615
 Eftyr the fyr he lukyt fast.

And, als sone as the none was past,
 Hym thocht weill he saw a fyr,
 Be *Turnbery* byrnand weill schyr;
 And till hys menye it gan schaw: 620
 Ilk man thocht weill that he it saw.

Then with blyth hart the folk gan cry,
 ‘Gud KING! speid you deliuerly,
 ‘Swa that we sone in the ewynnyng
 ‘Aryve, forowtyn perfsaywing.’ 625
 “I grant,” said he, “now mak you yar.
 “God furthyr us intill our far!”

Then in schort tyme men mycht thaim fe
 Schute all thair galayis to the se,
 And ber to se baith ayr and ster, 630
 And othyr things that mystir wer.
 And as the KING apone the sand
 Was gangand up and down, bidand
 Till that hys menye redye war,
 Hys oft come rycht till hym thar. 635
 And quhen that sche hym halyft had,
 A priwé spek till hym sche made;

not mean that Cuthbert went to the king, but only that he intended to go, as appears from the sequel.

And

And said, "Takis gud kep till my saw,
 " For or ye pas I fall you schaw,
 " Off your fortoun a gret party. 640
 " Bot our all specially
 " A wyttring her I fall yow ma,
 " Quhat end that your purpos fall ta.
 " For in this land is nane trewly
 " Wate things to cum fa weill as I. 645
 " Ye pas now furth on your wiage,
 " To wenge the harme, and the owtrage,
 " That *Inglistmen* has to yow done ;
 " Bot yow wat not quhat kyne forton
 " Ye mon drey in your werraying. 650
 " Bot wyt ye weill, withoutyn lesing,
 " That fra ye now haiff takyn land,
 " Nane fa mychty, na fa strenthtlie of hand,
 " Sall ger yow pas owt of your countré
 " Till all to yow abandownyt be. 655
 " Within schort tyme ye fall be KING,
 " And haiff the land to your liking,
 " And ourcum your fayis all.
 " Bot fele anoyis thole ye fall,
 " Or that your purpos end haiff tane ; 660
 " Bot ye fall thaim ourdryve ilkane.
 " And, that ye trow this sekyrly,
 " My twa sonnys with yow fall I
 " Send to tak part of your trawaill ;
 " For I wate weill thai fall not fail 665
 " To be rewardyt weill at rycht,
 " Quhen ye ar heyit to your mycht."

The

The KING, that herd all hyr carping,
 Thankyt hyr in mækill thing,
 For ſche cumfort hym ſum deill, 670
 The quheyir he trow that not full weill
 Hyr ſpek, for he had gret ferly
 How ſche fuld wyt it ſekyrly.
 As it was wondirfull perſay
 How ony manys ſcience may 675
 Knaw things that ar to cum,
 Determynabilly, all or ſum,
 Bot giff that he inſpyrit war
 Off hym, that all thing euirmar
 Seyis in hys prefens. 680
 As was DAUID, and JEREMY,
 SAMUELL, JOELL, and YSAI,
 That at, throw his haly grace, gan tell
 Fele things that eftir fell.
 Bot the prophets ſa thyn ar ſawyn, 685
 That nane in erd now is knawyn.

Bot fele folk ar ſa curyouſs,
 And to wyt things cowatouſs,

Ver. 668. Robert may perhaps have uſed a ſtratagem in this buſineſs, to encourage his adherents; for as he had all the prowefs of an ancient hero, ſo he had all the wiſdom, and art, and conſummate policy. This old woman may have been to him as Egeria to Numa, or the white hind to Sertorius.

Ver. 687. Our poet here goes into a digreſſion, very ſenſible for the time, on aſtrology, and thence paſſes to necromancy, ver. 747.

That

That thai, throw thair gret clergy,
 Or ellys throw thair dewilry, 690
 On thir twa maners maks fanding
 Off things to cum to haiff knawing.
 Ane off thaim is astrologi,
 Quhar clerkys, that ar witty,
 May knaw conjunctions off planets, 695
 And quheyir that thair cours thaim setts,
 In soft segs, or in angry;
 And off the hewyn all halyly
 How that the dispositioun
 Suld apon things wyrk hyr doun; 700
 On regiones, or on climats,
 That wyrkys not ay quhar agats,
 Bot sum quhar lefs, and sum quhar mar,
 Eftyr as thair bemys strekyt ar,
 Othir all ewyn, or on wry. 705
 Bot me thinks it war gud maistry
 Till ony astrolog to fay
 This fall fall her, and on this day.
 For thought a man hys lyff haly
 Studyt swa in astrology, 710
 That on sternys hys hewid he brak,
 The wys man sayis he suld not mak
 All hys lyff certane, dayis thre;
 And yheit suld he ay doute quhill he
 Saw how that it come till endyng; 715
 Than is that na certane demyng.
 Or giff the men, that will study
 In the craft off astrology,

Knew

Know all menys natioun,
 And knew the constellatioun 720
 That kynd lik maners gifs thai till,
 For to inclyne to gud or ill ;
 How that thai throw science of clergi,
 Or throw slycht off astrology,
 Couth tell quhat kyn perill appers, 725
 To thaim that haldys kynd lik maners ;
 I trow that thai fuld faile to say
 The things that thaim happyn may.
 For quhethir fa men inclynit be
 To vertue, or to mawyté, 730
 He mycht rycht weill refrenye hys will,
 Othir throw nurtur, or throw skill :
 And to the contrar turne hym all.
 And men has mony tyme sene fall
 That men kyndly till ill will gewyn, 735
 Throw thair gret wit away has drewyn
 Thair ill ; and worthin off gret renoun
 Magre the constellatioun.
 As ARISTOTILL, giff as men redys,
 He had folowyt hys kyndly deds, 740
 He had bene fals and cowatoufs ;
 Bot hys wyt maid hym vertuoufs.
 And sen men may on this kyn wyfs
 Wyrk agayne that cours, that is
 Pryncipail caufs off thair demyng, 745
 Methink thair deyme na certane thing.

Nygmromancy

Nygromancy the othyr is,
 That kennys men on fyndry wyfs,
 Throw stalwart conjourationys,
 And throw exortiyationys, 750
 To ger spyrits to thaim apper,
 And giff anfuers on fer maner.
 As quhylum did the Phitones,
 That quhen SAUL abaysyt wes
 Off the *Phelystynys'* mycht, 755
 Rayfyt, throw hyr mekill slycht,
 SAMUEL's spyrite als tite,
 Or in hys sted the iwill spyrite,
 That gaiff rycht graith anfuers hyr to.
 Bot off hyrfelff rycht nocht wyft sche. 760
 And man is into dreding ay
 Off things that he has herd fay;
 Namly off things to cum quhill he
 Know off the end the certanté.
 And sen thai ar in sic wenyng, 765
 Forowtyne certanté off wytting,
 Methink quha fayis he knawis things
 To cum, he makys gret gabbings.

Bot quheythir sche that tauld the KING
 How hys purpofs fuld tak ending, 770
 Wenyt, or wyft it uttirly,
 It fell eftir all halyly
 As sche said. For syne KING was he;
 And off full mekill renounné.

THE HISTORY

THE

B R U C E .

B U K E V .

A R G U M E N T.

The KING arrives in Carric; and with four hundred men beginnis the deliveraunce of his kingrik fra the Inglis garrifouns.—Schir HENRY de PERSY flees.—DOUGLAS be stratagem takis his awin castel in Douglasdale.—Schir AYMER de VALLANGE sends UMFRAVILLE till quell the KING.—UMFRAVILLE bribis three of the KING's men to murder him, bot he kills the traitours.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E V.

THIS wis in ver, quhen winter tid,
 With hys blafts hydwyfs to bide,
 Was ourdrywyn: and birds smale,
 As turtule and the nyctyngale,
 Begouth rycht fariolly to syng; 5
 And for to mak in thair singyng
 Swete nots, and sownys fer,
 And melodys plesand to her.
 And trees begouth to ma
 Burgeans, and brych blomys alfua, 10
 To wyn the helying off thair hewid,
 That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid.
 And all gressys begouth to spryng.
 Into that tyme the nobill KING,
 With hys flote, and a few mengye, 15
THRE HUNDIR I trow thai mycht be,

Ver. 1. Spring, 1307. *Ver* is Icelandic as well as Latin for spring. The description is pretty.

Is to the se, oute off *Arane*,
A litill forouth ewyn gane.

Thai rowyt fast, with all thair mycht,
Till that apou thaim fell the nycht, 20
That wou x myrk apou gret maner,
Swa that thai wyft not quhar thai wer.
For thai na nedill had, na stane ;
Bot rowyt alwayis intill ane,
Styrand all tyme apou the fyr, 25
That thai saw brymand lycht and schyr.

It was bot auentur thaim led :
And thai in schort tyme sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr arywyt thai ;
And went to land bot mar delay. 30
And CUTBERT, that has sene the fyr,
Wis full off angyr, and off ire ;
For he durft not do it away ;
And wis alsua dowtand ay
Thai hys lord fuld pafs to se, 35
Tharfor thair cummyn waytit he :
And met thaim at thair arywing.
He wis weile sone broucht to the KING,
That speryt at hym how he had done.
And he with sar hart tauld hym sone, 40
How that he fand nane weill lyffand,
Bot all war fayis, that he fand.
And that the Lord the PERSY,
With ner thre hundir in cumpany,

Was

Was in the castell thar besid, 45

Fullfellyt off dispyt and prid.

Bot ma than twa parts off hys rowt

War herberyt in the toune without;

“ And dispytyt yow mar, Schir KING,

“ Than men may dispyt ony thing.” 50

Than said the KING, in full gret ire,

‘ Tratour, quhy maid yow than the fyr?’

“ A! Schyr,” said he, “ sa God me se!

“ The fyr wis newyr maid for me.

“ Na, or the nycht, I wyft it not; 55

“ Bot fra I wyft it weill I thoct

“ That ye, and haly your mengye,

“ In hy suld put yow to the se.

“ Forthy I cum to mete yow her,

“ To tell perills that may apper.” 60

The KING wes off hys spek angry,

And askyt hys priwé men, in hy,

Quhat at thaim thoct wes best to do.

Schyr EDUARD fryft ansueryt tharto,

Hys brodyr that wis swa hardy, 65

And said; “ I fay yow sekyrly

“ Thar

Ver. 45. The castle of Turnberry in Carrick, the patrimonial country of Bruce, whose ancestors were earls of Carrick; and who thence expected to find the people there more attached to him, than those of any other part of Scotland.

Ver. 65. Prince Edward's character will appear to the reader, from the account of his actions in Ireland detailed in

“ Thar fall na perill, that may be,
 “ Dryve me estsonys to the se.
 “ Myne auentur her tak will I,
 “ Quhethir it be esfull or angry.” 70
 ‘ Brodyr,’ he said, ‘ sen yow will sua,
 ‘ It is gud that we samyn ta,
 ‘ Dissese or ese, or payne or play,
 ‘ Eftyr as God will us purway.
 ‘ And sen men say that the PERSY 75
 ‘ Myne heritage will occupy;
 ‘ And hys menyne fa ner us lysis,
 ‘ That us dispyts mony wyfs;
 ‘ Ga we, and wenge sum off the dispyt.
 ‘ And that may we haiff done als tite; 80
 ‘ For thai ly traistly, but dreding
 ‘ Off us, or off owr her cummyng.
 ‘ And thouch we sleping slew thaim all,
 ‘ Repruff tharof na man fall.
 ‘ For werrayour na forfs suld ma, 85
 ‘ Quheythir he mycht ourcum his fa
 ‘ Throw strenth, or throw futelté;
 ‘ Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.’

Quhen this wis said thai went thair way;
 And to the toune sone cummyn ar thai, 90
 Sa priwily, but noyifs making,
 That nane persawyt thair cummyng.

this poem, to have been bold to excess, and untempered by
 the prudence which shines in that of his brother the king.

Ver. 87. *Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirit.*

Thai

Thai skalyt throw the towne in hy;
 And brak up durs sfurdely,
 And flew all that thai mycht ourtak; 95
 And thai, that na defence moucht mak,
 Full petowfly gan rar and cry;
 And thai flew thaim dispitowfly.
 As thai that war in full gud will
 To wenge the angyr, and the ill, 100
 That thai, and thairs, had thaim wrocht;
 With sa feloun will thaim foucht,
 That thai flew thaim euir ilkane,
 Owtane MAKDOWELL hym allane,
 That eschapyt, throw gret slycht, 105
 And throw the myrknes off the nycht.

In the castell the Lord the PERSY
 Hard weill the noyis, and the cry:
 Sa did the men, that within wer,
 And full effraytly gat thair ger. 110
 Bot off thaim wis nane sa hardy,
 That euir ischyt fourth to the cry.
 In sic effray thai baid that nycht,
 Till on the morn, that day wes lycht;
 And than sesyt into party 115
 The noyis, the slawchtyr, and the cry.

The KING gert be depertyt then
 All hale the reff among the men,
 And duellyt all still thar dayis thre.
 Sic hanfell to that folk gaiff he, 120
 K 3 Rycht

Rycht in the fyrst begynnyng,
Newlings at hys arywyng.

Quhen that the KING, and hys folk, war
Arywyt, as I tauld yow ar,
A quhill in *Karryk* leyndyt he, 125
To se quha freynde, or fa, wald be,
Bot he fand litill tendyrnefs.
And nocht forthy the pupie wes
Inclynyt till hym in party;
Bot *Inglifs men* fa angrely 130
Led thaim with daunger, and with aw,
That thai na freyndschip durst hym schaw.
Bot a lady off that cuntré,
That wis till hym in ner degre
Off cosynage, wis wondir blyth 135
Off hys arywyng; als wyth
Sped hyr till hym, in full gret hy,
With fourty men in cumpany:
And betaucht thaim all to the KING,
Till help hym in hys werraying. 140
And he refawyt thaim in daynté,
And hyr full gretly thankyt he;
And speryt tythands off the QUEYNE,
And off hys freyns all bedene,
That he had left in that cuntré, 145
Quhen that he put hym to the se.
And sche hym tauld, sichand full far,
How that hys brothyr takyn war

In

In the castell off *Kyldromy*,
 And destroyit sa welanyfly : 150
 And the Erle of *ATHALL* alsua.
 And how the *QUEYNE*, and othyr ma,
 That till hys party wer heldand,
 War tane, and led in *England*,
 And put in feloun prifoune. 155
 And how that *CRISTOLE* off *SETOUN*
 Was slayn, gretand sche tauld the *KING*,
 That sorowfull wes off that tithing.
 And said, quhen he had thoct a thraw,
 Thir words, that I fall yow schaw. 160
 "Allace," he said, "for luff off me,
 "And for thair mekill lawté,
 "Thaise nobill men, and thaise worthy,
 "Ar destroyit sa welanyfly!
 "Bot and I leyff in lege powyfté, 165
 "Thar deid rycht weill fall wengyt be.
 "The King the quheyr off *England*
 "Thocht that the kynryk off *Scotland*
 "Was to litill to thaim, and me,
 "Tharfor he will it myn all be. 170
 "Bot off gud *CRISTOLE* off *SETOUN*,
 "That was off sa nobill renoun,
 "That he suld dey war gret pité,
 "Bot quhar worschip myt prowyt be.

Ver. 151. The earl of Athole was executed as a traitor at London. See *Annals*, ii. 14.

Ver. 156. Sir Christopher Seton, who had married the king's sister, was executed at Dumfries. *Ibid.*

The King sichand thus maid hys mayn; 175
 And the lady hyr leyff has tayne:
 And went hyr hame till hyr wennyng.
 And fele fyf comfourt the KING
 Bath with filuer, and with mete,
 Sic as sche in the land mycht get. 180

And he oft ryot all the land,
 And maid all hys that euir he fand;
 And syne drew hym till the hycht,
 To ftynt bettir hys fayis mycht.

In all that tyme wis the PERSY, 185
 With a full sympill cumpany,
 In *Turnberys* castell lyand,
 For the King ROBERT swa dredand,
 That he durst not isch furth to fayr
 Fra thence to the castell off *Ayr*, 190
 That wis then full off *Inglisfen*;
 Bot lay lurkand as in a den.
 Till the men off *Northummyrland*
 Suld cum armyt, and with strang hand
 Conwoy hym till hys cuntré, 195
 For hys faynd till thaim send he.
 And thai in hy assemblyt then,
 Passand, I weyne, a thousand men;
 And askyt awisement thaim amang,
 Quheythir that thai fuld duell or gang, 200
 Bot

Bot thai war skowurand wondir far,
 Sa far into *Scotland* for to far.
 For a knycht, Schyr GAWTER the LELE,
 Said it wis all to gret perill
 Sa ner thir sodjourys to ga. 205
 This spek discomfourt thaim swa,
 That thai had left all thair wyage,
 Na war a knycht off gret corage,
 That Schyr ROGER off SAINT IHON hycht,
 That thaim comfourt with all hys mycht. 210
 And sik words to thaim gan say,
 That thai all samyn held thair way
 Till *Turnbery*, quhar the PERSY
 Lap on, and went with thaim in hy
 In *England* hys castell till, 215
 Forowtyne distrowblyne or ill.

Now in *England* is the PERSY,
 Quhar I trow he a quhill fall ly,
 Or that he schap hym for to fayr
 To werray *Carryk* ony mar. 220
 For he wyft he had na rycht;
 And als he dreid the KINGS mycht,
 That in *Carryk* wes trawailland,
 In the maist strength off the land.

Quhar JAMYS off DOWGLAS, on a day, 225
 Come to the KYNG, and gan hym say,
 " Schyr, with your leve, I wald ga se
 " How that thai do in my cuntré;

" And

“ And quhow my men demanyt ar.
 “ For it annoyis me wondir far 230
 “ That the **CLYFFURD**, sa pefabyllly,
 “ Brukyis and haldys the senyowry,
 “ That suld be myne with all kyn rycht.
 “ Bot quhill I lyff, and may haiff mycht
 “ To lede a yowman, or a swayne, 235
 “ He fall not bruk it but bargayne.”
 The **KING** said, ‘ Certs I cannot se
 ‘ How that yow yhet may fekyr be
 ‘ Into that countré for to far,
 ‘ Quhar *Inglifs men* sa mychty ar ; 240
 ‘ And yow wate nocht quha is thy freynd.’
 He said, “ Schyr, nedways I will wend,
 “ And tak the auentur God will gyff,
 “ Quithyr it be to dey or lyff.”
 The **KING** said, ‘ Sen it is swa, 245
 ‘ That you sic yarynyng has to ga,
 ‘ Yow fall pass furth with my blyssing.
 ‘ And giff the hapnys ony thing
 ‘ That anoyis or scaithfull be,
 ‘ I pray ye sped ye sone to me ; 250
 ‘ And tak we samyn quhateuir may fall.’
 “ I grante,” he said : and tharwithall
 He lowtyt ; and hys leve has tane.
 And towart hys cuntré is he gane.

Now takys **JAMES** hys wiage 255
 Towart *Dowglas*, hys heritage,
 With

With twa yemen, forowtyn ma;
 That wis a simple stuff to ta,
 A land or a castell to wyn.
 The quheyr he yarnyt to begyn 260
 To bring purposis till ending;
 For gud help is in gud begynnyng.
 For gud begynnyng, and hardy,
 Giff it be solowit wittily,
 May ger oftsyfs unlikly thing 265
 Cum to full cönabill ending.
 Swa did it her; bot he wis wyfs,
 And saw he mycht, on na kyn wyfs,
 Werray hys fa with ewyn mycht,
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht. 270
 And in *Dowglasdale*, hys cuntré,
 Apon an ewynnyng entryt he.
 And then a man wennyt tharby,
 That was off freynds weill mychty,
 And rych of moble, and off cateill; 275
 And had bene till hys fadyr leill;
 And till hymselff, in hys youthed,
 He haid done mony a thankfull deid.
 THOM DICSON wis hys name perfay.
 Till hym he send; and gan hym pray 280
 That he wald cum all allenarly,
 For to spek with hym priuely.
 And he bot daunger till hym gais;
 Bot fra he tauld hym quhat he wais,
 He gret for joy, and for pité, 285
 And hym rycht till hys houfs had he.

Quhar

Quhar in a chambre priuely
 He held hym, and hys cumpany,
 That nane had off hym persawing.
 Off mete, and drink, and othyr thing, 290
 That mycht thaim eyfs, thai had plenté.
 Sa wroucht he throw futelté,
 That all the lele men off that land,
 That with hys fadyr war duelland,
 This gud man gert cum, ane and ane, 295
 And mak hym manrent cuir ilkane,
 And he hymself fyrst homage maid.
 DOWGLAS in hart gret glaidship haid,
 That the gud men off hys cuntré
 Wald swagate till hym bounden be. 300
 He speryt the conwyne off the land,
 And quha the castell had in hand.
 And thai hym tauld all halyly;
 And syne amang thaim priuily
 Thai ordanyt, that he still suld be 305
 In hiddillis, and in priweté,
 Till Palme Sondag, that wis ner hand,
 The thrid day eftyр folowand.
 For than the folk off that cuntré
 Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be, 310
 And thai, that in the castell wer,
 Wald als be thar thair palmys to ber;
 As folk that had na dred of ill;
 For thai thocht all wis at thair will.
 Than suld he cum with hys twa men, 315
 Bot, for that men suld not hym ken,
 He

He suld a mantill haiff auld and bar,
 And a flaill, as he a threfscher war.
 Undir the mantill not forthy
 He suld be armyt priuely. 320
 And quhen the men off hys cuntré,
 That suld all boune befor hym be,
 Hys ensonye mycht her hym cry,
 Then suld thai full enforcely,
 Rycht in the myddys the kirk, assaill 325
 The *Inglismen* with hard bataill,
 Swa that nane mycht eschaip tharfra;
 For tharthrough trowyt thai to ta
 The castell, that besid wis ner.
 And quhen thys, that I tell yow her, 330
 Was deuifyt, and undirtane,
 Ilk ane till hys houfs hame is gane;
 And held this spek in priuity,
 Till the day off thair assembly.

The folk apou the fermoun day 335
 Held to Sayint Brides kyrk thair way;

Ver. 317. The close vest with sleeves, and mantle or cloke over it, in the Spanish fashion, were long the drefs of the men in Scotland, poor as well as rich. See *Peblis to the Play*, and other old Scottish poems.

Ver. 323. The *ensigny* was the word of war, generally the name of the leader.

Ver. 336. The Irish Saint Brigit was much revered in Scotland: and one of the earliest churches in the country was dedicated to her. See the *Chronicon Pictorum* in Innes's Essay.

Palm-funday was the 19th of March, in 1307.

And

And thai that in the castell war
 Ischyt owt, bath les and mar,
 And went thair palmys for to ber ;
 Owtane a cuk and a porter. 340

JAMES off DOWGLAS off thair cummyng,
 And quhat thai war, had witting.
 And sped hym till the kyrk in hy ;
 Bot or he come, to hastily
 Ane off hys cryt, DOWGLAS ! DOWGLAS ! 345
 THOMAS DICKSON, that nerrest was
 Till thaim that war off the castell,
 That war all innouth the chancell,
 Quhen he DOWGLAS ! swa hey herd cry,
 Drew owt hys fwerd ; and fellely 350
 Ruschyt amang thaim to and fra ;
 Bot ane or twa, forowtyn ma,
 Then in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill DOWGLAS come rycht at hand.
 And then enforcyt on thaim the cry ; 355
 Bot thai the chanfell sturdely
 Held, and thaim defendyt wele,
 Till off thair men wis slayne sum dell.
 Bot the DOWGLAS swa weill hym bar,
 That all the men, that with hym war, 360
 Had comfort off hys weill doying ;
 And he hym sparyt na kyn thing,
 Bot prowyt sa hys force in fycht,
 That throw hys worship, and hys mycht,
 Hys

Hys men sa keynly helpyt than, 365
 That thai the chanfell on thaim wan.
 Than dang thai on sa hardely,
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 The twa part dede, or than deand.
 The lave war selyt sone in hand. 370
 Swa that off threty levyt nane,
 That thai ne war slayne ilkan, or tane.

JAMES off DOWGLAS, quhen this wis done,
 The prisioners has he tane alsone ;
 And, with thaim off hys cumpany, 375
 Towart the castell went in hy,
 Or noyis, or cry, suld ryfs.
 And for he wald thaim sone surpryfs,
 That lewynt in the castell war,
 Thai war but twa forowtyn mar, 380
 Fyve men, or sex, befor send he,
 That fand all opyn the entré.
 And entryt, and the porter tuk
 Rycht at the yate, and fyne the cuk.
 With that DOWGLAS come to the yate, 385
 And entryt in, forowtyn debate ;
 And fand the mete all redy grathit,
 With burdys fet, and clathis layit.
 The yhattis then he gert sper,
 And fat, and eyt all at layser. 390
 Syne all the guds turssyt thai,
 That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away.
 And

And manly wapnys, and armyng,
 Siluer, and tresour, and clethyng;
 Wyctallis, that mycht nocht turyst be, 395
 On this maner destroyit he;
 All the wictallis owten salt,
 Als quheyt, and flour, and meill, and malt,
 In the wyne sellar gert he bring;
 And samyn on the flur all flyng. 400
 And the prisioners that he had tane
 Rycht tharin gert he heid ilkane;
 Syne off he townnys the heids outstrak;
 A foule mellé thar gane he mak.
 For meill, and malt, and blud, and wyne, 405
 Ran all togeddyr in a mellyne,
 That wes unfemly for to se.
 Tharfor the men off that countré
 For swa fele thar mellyt wer,
 Callyt it the *Dowglas Lardner*. 410
 Syne tuk he salt, as I hard tell,
 And ded horsis, and forded the well.
 And brynt all, outakyn stane;
 And is forth, with hys mengye, gayne
 Till hys resett; for hym thocht weill, 415
 Giff he had haldyn the castell,
 It had bene affegyt raith;
 And that hym thocht to mekill waith.
 For he ne had hop off reskewyng.
 And it is to peralous thing 420

Ver. 403. He dashed off the tops of the tuns of wine.

In

In castell affegyt to be,
 Quhar want is off thir things thre,
 Wicktail, or men with thair armyng,
 Or than gud hop off rescuyng.
 And for he dred thir things suld faile, 425
 He chesyt furthwart to trawaill,
 Quhar he mycht at hys larges be ;
 And swa dryve furth hys destané.

On this wyse wis the castell tan,
 And slayne that war tharin ilkane. 430
 The DowGLAS syne all hys menyé
 Gert in ser placis depertyt be ;
 For men suld wyt quhar thai war,
 That yeid depertyt her and thar.
 Thaim that war wowndyt gert he ly 435
 Intill hiddillis, all priuely ;
 And gert gud leches till thaim bring,
 Quhill that thai war intill heling.
 And hymselff, with a few menyé,
 Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhile thre, 440
 And umquhill all hym allane,
 In hiddilis throw the land is gane.
 Sa dred he *Inglifs mennhys* mycht,
 That he durst not weile cum in sycht.
 For thai war that tyme all weldand 445
 As maist lords, our all the land.

Bot tythands, that scals sone,
 Off this deid that DowGLAS has done,

Come to the CLIFFURD his ere, in hy,
 That for his tynsaill was sary; 450
 And menynt hys men that thai had slayne.
 And syne has to purpofs tane,
 To big the castell up agayne.
 Tharfor, as man of mekill mayne,
 He assemblyt grèt cumpany, 455
 And till *Dowglas* he went in hy.
 And biggyt up the castell swyth;
 And maid it rycht stalwart and styth;
 And put tharin wiçtallis, and men.
 Ane off the THYRWALLYS then 460
 He left behind hym capitane,
 And syne till *Ingland* went agayne.

Into *Carryk* yis the KING,
 With a full symple gadryng;
 He passyt not TWA HUNDER men. 465
 Bot Schyr EDUARD, hys brodyr, then
 Wes in *Galloway*, weill ner hym by,
 With hym ane othyr cumpany,
 That held the strenthis off the land.
 For thai durst not yeit tak on hand 470
 Till ourrid the land planly.
 For off WALENCE Schyr AMERY
 Was intill *Edynburgh* lyand,
 That yeit was wardane off the land,

Ver. 463. The eastern woods and wilds of Carrick were long the refuge of our hero.

Undirneyth

Undirneyth the *Inglifs* King. 475
 And quhen he herd off the cummyng
 Off King ROBERT, and hys mengye,
 Into *Carryk*; and how that he
 Haid slayne off the PERSYS men;
 Hys cunsaill he assemblyt then. 480
 And, with assent off hys cunsaill,
 He sent till *Ar*, hym till assaill,
 Schyr INGRAME BELL, that wis hardy,
 And with him a gret cumpany.

And quhen Schyr INGRAME cummyn wis thar,
 Hym thocht not speidfull for till far, 486
 Till assaile hym into the hycht.
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht;
 And lay still in the castaill than,
 Till he gat speryng that a man 490
 Off *Carrik*, that wes sley and wycht,
 And a man als off mekill mycht,
 As off the men off that countré
 Was to the King ROBERT maist priué.
 And he that wis his sib man ner, 495
 And quhen he wald, forowtyn danger,
 Mycht to the KINGs presence ga.
 Thar quheyr he, and hys sonnys twa,
 War wonnand still in the cuntré,
 For thai wald not persawyt be, 500
 That thai war speciall to the KING,
 Thai maid hym mony tyme warnyng,

Quhen that thai hys tynsaill mycht se.
 Forthy in thaim affyit he.
 Hys name can I not tell perfoy. 505
 Bot Ik haiff herd syndry men fay
 That he wis the maist dowitz man
 That in *Carrik* lewyth than.

And quhen Schyr INGRAME gat witting
 Forsuth this wis na gabbing, 510
 Eftyr hym in hy he sent;
 And he come at hys cummandment.
 Schyr INGRAME, that wis slei and wifs,
 Tretyt with hym than on sic wyfs,
 That he maid sekyr undirtaking 515
 By tresoune for to slay the KING.
 And he suld haiff for hys seruice,
 Giff he fullfilyt thair diuice,
 Weill fourty pounds worth off land
 Till hym, and till hys ayrs ay lastand. 520

The tresoune thus is undirtane;
 And he hame till hys hous is gane,
 And wattyt opportunité
 For to fullfill hys mawyté.

In gret perill than was the KING, 525
 That off this tresoune wyft na thing.
 For he, that he traisted maist of ane,
 Hys dede falsly has undertane:

And

And nane may betreyfs tyttar than he
That man in trowis leawté. 530

The KING in hym traistyt: forthy
He had fullfilyt hys felouny,
Ne war the KING, throw Godds grace,
Gate hale witting off hys purchyace;
And how, and for how mekill land, 535
He tuk hys slauchtyr apon hand.

I wate not quha the warnyng maid;
Bot on all tyme sic hap he had,
That quhen men schup thaim to be baifs,
He gate witting tharoff alwayis. 540
And mony tyme, as I herd say,
Throw wemen, that he wyth wald play,
That wald tell all that thai mycht her.
And swa mycht happyn that it fell her.

Bot quhow that euir it fell, perdé, 545
I trow he fall the warrer be.
Not forthy, the tratour ay
Had in hys thocht, bath night and day,
How he mycht best bring till ending
Hys trefounabill undertaking. 550

Ver. 542. Robert was, like Henry IV. of France, of an amorous complection, but even this his prudence turned to his interest, whereas Henry's would have ruined his affairs, if he had not been much indebted to fortune. Cæsar is also said to have used Cupid's bow as a political machine.

Till he unbethinkand hym, at the last,
 Intill hys hart gan undercast,
 That the KING had in custome ay
 For to ryfs arly ilk day,
 And pafs weill far from hys menye, 555
 Quhen he wald pafs to the prewé,
 And sek a cowert hym allane ;
 Or at the maist with hym ane.
 Thar thocht he, with hys sonnys twa,
 For to surprys the KING, and fla. 560
 And syne went to the wod thair way ;
 Bot yheit off purposis failit thai.
 And not forthy thai come all thre
 In a cowert, that wis priwé,
 Quhar the KING oft wis wont to ga, 565
 Hys priwé nedys for to ma.

Thair hid thai thaim till hys cummyng.
 And the KING, into the mornyng,
 Raifs quhen that hys liking wes,
 And rycht towart that cowert gais, 570
 Quhar liand war the tratours thre,
 For to do thar hys priueté.
 To tresoun tuk he than na heid :
 Bot he was wont, quhareuir he yeid,
 Hys sward about hys hals to ber ; 575
 And that awaillyt hym gretlé ther.

For

Ver. 575. The long two-handed sword was usually hung
 round the neck, as its length forbad any other mode. In
 battle

For had not God all thing weldand
 Sic help intill hys awyne hand,
 He had bene dede, withowtyn dreid.
 A chamber page thar with hym yeid. 580
 And swa, forowtyn falowis ma,
 Towart the cowert gan he ga.

Now bot God help the nobill KING,
 He is nerhand till hys ending.
 For that cowert, that he yeid till, 585
 Wes on the tothyr sid a hill,
 That nane off hys men mycht it se.
 Thydderwart went hys page and he.
 And he cummyn wes in the schaw,
 He saw the thre cum all on raw 590
 Agaynis hym, full sturdely:
 Than till hys boy he said in hy,
 "Yon men will slay us, and thai may.
 "Quhat wapyn has yow?" 'Ha Schyr, perfay,
 'I haiff bot a bow, and a wyr.' 595
 "Giff me thaim smertly bath." 'A! Schyr,
 'How gate will you that I do?'
 "Stand on fer and behald us to.
 "Giff yow feis me abowyn be,
 "Yow fall haiff wappynys gret plenté: 600
 "And giff I dey withdraw yow sone."
 With thir words, forowtyn hone,

battle the shield was generally suspended from the neck,
 that both hands might be used in offence.

Ver. 595. A *wyr* is an arrow.

He tite the bow owt off hys hand,
 For the tratours wer ner cummand.
 The fadyr had a fwerd bot mar; 605
 The tothyr bath fwerd and hand ax bar;
 The thred a fwerd had and a sper.
 The King perfawyt, be thair affer,
 That all wes as men had hym tauld.
 "Traitour," he said, "yow has me fauld. 610
 "Cum na forthyr; bot hald thee thar.
 "I will you cum na farthyr mar."
 'A! Schyr, unbethink yow,' said he,
 'How ner that I suld to yow be.
 'Quha suld cum ner yow bot I?' 615
 The KING said, "I will sekerly
 "That yow, at thys tyme, cum not ner;
 "Yow may fay quhat yow will on fer."
 Bot he, with fals words flechand,
 Was with hys twa sonnys cummand. 620
 Quhen the KING saw he wald not let,
 Bot ay come on fenyeand falsset,
 He taiffyt the wyir, and let it fley,
 And hyt the fadyr in the ey,
 Till it rycht in the harnys ran, 625
 And he bakwart fell doun rycht than.
 The brodyr, that the hand ax bar,
 Swa saw hys fadyr liand thar,
 A gyrd rycht to the King couth he maik,
 And with the ax hym ourstraik. 630
 Bot he, that had hys fwerd on hycht,
 Roucht hym sic rout, in randoun rycht,
 That

That he the hede till the harnys claiff,
And dede doun till the erd hym draiff.

The tothyr brodyr, that bar the sper,
Saw hys brodyr fallin ther,

And with the sper, as angry man,
With a raifs till the KING he ran.

Bot the KING, that hym dred sumthing,
Waytyt the sper in the cummyng,

And with a wyfk the hed off strak;
And or the tothyr had toyme to tak
Hys swerd, the King sic swak him gaiff,
That he the hede till the harnys claiff.

He ruschyt doun off blud all reid,
And quhen the KING saw thai war deid,

All thre lyand, he wepit his brand.

With that hys boy come fast rynnand,

And said, ‘ Our Lord mot lowyt be,

‘ That grauntyt yow mycht and powsté

‘ To fell the felny, and the prid,

‘ Off thir thre in swa litill tid.’

The KING said, “ Sa our Lord me se,

“ Thai had bene worthy men all thre;

“ Had thai not bene full off tresoun:

“ Bot that maid thair confusioun.”

113

That in the land of the living
And that the land of the living

114

The land of the living
The land of the living

115

The land of the living
The land of the living

116

The land of the living
The land of the living

117

The land of the living
The land of the living

118

The land of the living
The land of the living

THE END OF BOOK I

THE

A R O T H E R A

B R U C E .

B U K E VI.

ARGUMENT.

The KING alane be nicht disconfits twa hundred Galwegians, and kills fourtein.—The poet feiling the miraculous bew of this tale, the onlie sik in his wark, gies a like ensampil fra Theban storie.—Prais of worship or curage. — DUGLAS kills THIRLWALL.—Schir AYMER de VALLANGE, and JOHN of LORN, advaunce again the King, quha retraits, but kills five of LORN's men.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E VI.

TH E KING is went till hys lodgyng.
 And off this deid sone come tythyng
 Till Schyr INGRAME the UMFRAWILL,
 That thocht with futelté, and with gyle,
 Haid all failyeit in that place. 5
 Tharfor anoyit swa he was,
 That he agayne to *Lothyane*
 Till Schyr AMER hys gate has tane.
 And till hym tauld all hale the cas
 That tharoff all for wondryt wafs, 10
 How ony man sa sodanly
 Mycht do so gret chewalry,
 As did the KING, that tyme allane
 Wengeance off thre tratours has tane,
 And said, " Certs I may weill se 15
 " That it is all certanté
 " That Hewyn helpys hardy men:
 " As be this deid we may ken.
 " War he not outrageous hardy
 " He had not unabasytly 20
 " Sa

" Sa smertly sene hys awantage.
 " I drede that hys gret wassalage,
 " And hys trawail may bring till end
 " That at men quhile full litill wend.

Sic speking maid he off the KING.

25

Quha ay, forowtyn sojournyng,
 Trawailyt in *Carrik*, her and thar,
 His men fra hym sa scalit war,
 To purches thair necesseté;
 And als the countré for to se; 30
 That thai left not with hym sexty.
 And quhen the *Gallowaifs* wyft suthli
 That he wis with sa few mengye,
 Thai maid a priwé assemblé
 Off weill twa hundir men, and ma, 35
 And slewth-hunds with thaim gan ta,
 For thai thocht hym for to surpris;
 And giff he fled on ony wyfs,
 To folow hym with the hunds swa,
 That he suld not eschaip thaim fra. 40

Thai schup thaim, in an ewynning,
 To surprys sedanly the KING.
 And till hym held thai straucht thair way.
 Bot he, that had hys wachis ay
 On ilk sid, off thair cummyng, 45
 Lang or thai come, had wytting:
 And how fele that thai mycht be.
 Tharfor he thocht, with hys mengye,

To

To withdraw hym out off the place,
 For the nycht weill fallyn was. 50
 And for the nycht he thocht that thai
 Suld not haiff sicht to hald the way,
 That he war passyt, with hys menyē.
 And as he thocht rycht swa did he,
 And went hym down till a morrafs, 55
 Our a wattyr that rynnand was ;
 And in the bog he fand a place
 Weill strait ; that weill twa bow-drawcht was
 Fra the wattyr, thai passyt haid.
 He said, “ Her may ye mak abaid, 60
 “ And rest yow all a quhill, and ly.
 “ I will ga wach all priuely,
 “ Giff Ik her oucht off thair cummyng ;
 “ And giff I may her ony thing
 “ I fall ger warn you, sa that we 65
 “ Sall ay at our awantage be.

The KING now takys hys gate to ga ;
 And with hym tuk he sergeands twa.
 And Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY left he
 Thar, for to rest with hys menyē. 70

To the wattyr he come in hy,
 And lysnyt full entently
 Giff he herd oucht off thair cummyng :
 Bot yheit mocht he her na thing.
 Endlang the wattyr than yeid he 75
 On aythyr sid gret quanteté,

And

And saw the brayis hey standand,
 The wattyr how throw slik rynnand:
 And fand na furd that men mycht pass,
 Bot quhar hymselfwys passit was. 80
 And swa strait wes the upcummyng,
 That twa men mycht not samyn thring,
 Na on na maner pres thaim swa,
 That thai togyddir mycht lang to ga.

And quhen he a langir quhill had bene thar, 85
 He herknyt, and herd as it war
 A hund's questionyng on fer,
 That ay come till hym ner and ner.
 He stude still, for till herkyn mar,
 And ay the langer he wis thar, 90
 He herd it ner and ner cummand;
 Bot he thocht he thar still wald stand,
 Till that he herd mar takynnyng.
 Than, for a hund's questiounyng,
 He wald not wakyn hys menyne. 95
 Tharfor he wald abid, and se
 Quhat folk thai war; and quethir thai
 Held towart hym the rycht way;
 Or passyt ane othyr way fer by.
 The moyne wis schynand clerly; 100
 Sa lang he stude, that he mycht her
 The noyis off thaim that cummand wer.

Ver. 87. A hound's *questing* is the eager yell he utters,
 when in *quest* of his prey.

Then

Then hys twa men in hy fend he
 To warne, and wakyn hys menye.
 And thai ar furth thair wayis gane;
 And he left than all hym allane. 105
 And swa stude he herknand,
 Till that he saw cum at hys hand
 The hale rout, intill full gret hy.
 Than he unbethocht hym hastily 110
 Giff he held towart hys menye,
 That, or he mycht reparyt be,
 Thai suld be passit the furd ilkane.
 And than behuffyt he chofs ane
 Off thir twa, othyr to fley or dey. 115
 Bot hys hart, that wes stout and hey,
 Confaillyt hym hym allane to bid,
 And kep thaim at the furds sid;
 And defend weill the upcummyng;
 Sen he wes warnyt off armyng, 120
 That he thair arowys hurt not dreid.
 And giff he war off gret manheid,
 He mycht stunay thaim euirkane,
 Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane.
 And did rycht as hys hart hym bad. 125
 Strang outrageous curage he had,
 Quhen he sa stoutly, him allane,
 For litill strenth off erd, has tane
 To fecht with twa hunder and ma!
 Tharwith he to the furd gan ga. 130

And thai, upon the tothyr party,
 That saw hym stand thar anyrly,
 Thrangand intill the watty rad,
 For off hym littill dout thai had;
 And raid till hym, in full gret hy. 135
 He smate the fyrst fa wygorusly
 With hys sper, that rycht scharp schar,
 Till he down till the erd hym bar.
 The lave come then, intill a randoun,
 Bot hys hors, that wes born down, 140
 Combryt thaim the upgang to ta.
 And quhen the KING saw it wis swa,
 He stekyt the hors, and he gan flyng,
 And syne fell at the upcummyng.

The laiff with that come with a schout; 145
 And he, that stalwart wes and stout,
 Met thaim rycht stoutly at the bra;
 And sa gud payment gan thaim ma,
 That fyvesum in the furd he slew.
 The lave then sumdele thaim withdrew, 150
 That dred hys strakys wondre far,
 For he in na thing thaim forbar.

Then said ane, " Certs we ar to blame,
 " Quhat fall we say quhen we cum hame,
 " Quhen a man fechts agayne us all? 155
 " Quha wyft euir men sa foully fall,
 " As we, giff that we thus gat leve?"
 With that all haile a schout thai geve; .I. .xv.

And

And cryit, "On hym! he may not last!"
 With that thai pressyt hym sa fast, 160
 That had he not the better bene,
 He had bene dede withowtyn wen.
 Bot he sa gret defence gan mak,
 That quhar he hyt ewyn a strak,
 Thar mycht na thing agayn stand. 165
 In litill space he left liand
 Sa fele, that the upcummyng wes then
 Dyttyt with slayn hors and men.
 Swa that hys fayis, for that stopping,
 Mycht not cum to the upcummyng. 170

A! der God! quha had then bene by,
 And sene how he, sa hardyly,
 Addressyt hym againe thaim all,
 I wate weill that thai suld hym call
 The best that levyt in hys day. 175
 And giff I the suth fall say,
 I herd neur in na tyme gane
 Ane stynt sa mony hym allane.

Suth is quhen to **ETHIOCLES**
 Fra hys brodyr **POLNICES** 180
 Was

Ver. 179. The author, sensible that the story he has just told has more the air of fable than any other incident of his work, attempts to vindicate it, by giving us a similar exploit of Tydeus, from the Thebais of Statius, lib. ii. Statius was a favourite poet both with our author and with Chaucer, who, in his House of Fame, puts Statius before Homer.

Was send **THEDEUS** in mēssage,
 To ask haly the heritage
 Off *Thebes* till hald for a yer.
 For thai twynis off a byrth wer,
 Thai strave, for ayther king wald be; 185
 Bot the barnage off thair countré.
Gert thaim assent on this maner,
 That the tane suld be king a yer;
 And then the toythir, and hys menyé,
 Suld not be fundyn in the toune,
 Quhill the fyrst brodyr regnand wer.
 Syne suld the tothyr regne a yer;
 And then the fyrst leve the land,
 Quhill the tothyr war regnand.
 Thus ay a yer suld regne the tane; 195
 The tothyr a yer fra that war gane.

To ask halding off this assent
 Wis **THEDEUS** to *Thebes* sent.
 And swa spak for **POLNICES**,
 That off *Thebes* **ETHIOCLES**
 Bad hys constabill with hym ta
 Men armyt weill, and furth ga,

A better apology would have been that the panoply of a knight gave him vast advantage over a multitude slightly armed. When an army of French peasants arose against the nobles, it is well known how few knights defeated them.

Ver. 190. This line rimes not, except by founding the final *e*. Editions read better:
 Suld not be found in that countrie.

To

To met THEDEUS in the way,
And flay hym but langer delay.

The constabill hys way is gane, 205
And nine and fourty with hym tane,
Swa that he with thaim maid fyfty.

Intill the ewennyng, priuely,
Thai fet enbuschement in the way,
Quhar THEDEUS behowyt away 210

Betwix ane hey crag and the se.

And he, that off thair mawyté
Wyft na thing, hys way has tane,
And towart gret bargane is gane.

And as he raid into the nycht, 215

Sa saw he, with the monys lycht,
Schynnyng off scheldys gret plenté ;
And had wondre quhat it mycht be.

With that all hale thai gaiff a cry,
And he, that hard sa suddanly 220

Sic noyis, sum dele affrayit was.

Bot in schort tyme he till hym taes

His spyryts, full hardely ;

For hys gentill hart, and worthy,

Affuryt hym into that nede. 225

Then with the spurs he strak the sted,

And ruschyt in amang thaim all.

The fyrst he met he gert hym fall ;

And syne hys swerd he swappyt out,

And roucht about hym mony rout, 230

And flew sex-sum full sone, and ma;
 Than under hym hys horfs thai slaw.
 And he fell; but he smertly rais,
 And strykand rowen about hym maifs;
 And flew off thaim a quantité. 235
 Bot wowndyt wondre far was he.

With that a litill rod he fand,
 Up towart the crag strekand;
 Thyddir went he, in full gret hy,
 Defendand hym full douchtely, 240
 Till in the crag he clam sumdell;
 And fand a place enclosyt weill,
 Quhar nane bot ane mycht hym assaill.
 Thar stud he, and gaiff thaim bataill;
 And thai assaylyt euir ilkane; 245
 And oft fell, quhen that he flew ane,
 As he doun to the erd wald dryve,
 He wald ber doun weill four or fyve.
 Thar stud he, and defendyt swa,
 Till he had slayne thaim half, and ma. 250
 A gret stane then by hym saw he,
 That throw gret a mawyté,
 Wes lowfyt redy for to fall.
 And quhen he saw thaim cummand all,
 He tumblyt doun on thaim the stane; 255
 And aucht men thar with it has slayne,
 And swa stonayit the remanand,
 That thai war weill ner retreand.

Then

Then wald he prisone hald na mar,
 Bot on thaim ran with suerd all bar. 260
 And hewyt, and flew, with all hys mayn,
 Till he has nine and fourty slayn.

The constabill fyne gan he ta,
 And gert hym swer, that he suld ga
 Till King ETHEOCLES, and tell 265
 The awentur that thaim befell.
 THEDEUS bar hym douchtyly
 That hym allane ourcome fyfty.

Ye, that this redys, cheyfs ye,
 Qhethyr that mar suld pryfit be 270
 The KING, that, with awisement,
 Undirtuk sic hardyment
 As for to stynt, hym ane, bot fer,
 The folk that twa hunder wer ;
 Or THEDEUS that suddanly, 275
 For thai had raiffyt on hym the cry,
 Throw hardyment that he had tane,
 Wane fyfty men all hym allane.
 Thai did thair deid baith on the nycht ;
 And faucht bath with the mone lycht. 280
 Bot the KING discomfyt ma ;
 And THEDEUS then ma gan sla:
 Now demys quhethyr mar lowing
 Suld THEDEUS haiff, or the KING.

In this manner, that Ik haiff tauld, 285
 The KING, that stout wis and bauld,
 Wis fechtand on the furd's syd,
 Giffand and takand rowts reid.
 Till he sic martyrdom thar has maid,
 That he the furd all stoppyt haid, 290
 That nane off thaim mycht till hym rid;
 Thaim thocht than foly for to byd;
 And halely the flycht gan ta,
 And went hamwarts quhar thai come fra.
 For the KINGs men, with the cry, 295
 Walknyt full affrayitly,
 And come to sek the lord thair KING.
 The *Galloway-men* hard thair cummyng;
 And fled, and durst abid na mar.
 The KINGs men, that dredand war 300
 For thair lord, full spedyly
 Come to the furd; and sone in hy
 Thai fand the KING syttand allane,
 That off hys bassynet has tane,
 To awent hym, for he wis hate. 305
 Then speryt thai at hym off his state;
 And he tauld thaim all hail the cas,
 Howgate that he assailyt was;
 And how that God hym helpyt swa,
 That he eschapit hale thaim fra. 310

Then lukyt thai how fele war ded,
 And thai fand lyand in that sted

Fourtene,

Fourtene, that war slayne with hys hand.
 Then louyt thai God fast, all weildand,
 That thai thair lord fand hale and fer. 315
 And said thaim byrd on na maner
 Dred thair fayis, fen thair chyftane
 Wis off sic hart, and off sic mayne,
 That he for thaim had undertane
 With swa fele for to fecht allane. 320

Sic words spak thai off the KING.
 And for hys hey undertaking
 Ferlyit, and yarnyt hym for to fe,
 That with hym ay wes wont to be.

A! quhat worschip is perfytt thing! 325
 For it mayfs men till haiff loving,
 Giff it be folowit ythenly.
 Bot pryce off worschip not forthy
 Is hard to wyn. For gret trewaill,
 Oft to defend, and oft assaill, 330
 And to be in thair deds wyfs,
 Gers men off worschip wyn the pryfs.
 And may na man haiff worthyhed,
 Bot he haiff wyt to ster hys deid;
 And fe, quhat is to leve or ta. 335
 Worschip extremyteys has twa.
 Fule-hardyment the formost is,
 And the tothyr is cowartyfs.
 And thai ar bath for to forsak.
 Fule-hardyment all will undertak, 340
 Als

Als weill things to leve as ta.
 And cowardys dois nathing swa;
 Bot utterly forsakis all.
 Bot that war wondir for to fall,
 Na war faute off discretioun. 345
 For this has worschip sic renoun,
 That it is mene betwixt thais twa,
 And takys that is till underta;
 And levys that is to leve. For it
 Has fa gret warnisbing off wyt, 350
 That it all perills weile gan se,
 And all awantage that may be.
 I wald till hardyment hald haly,
 With this away war foly;
 For hardyment with foly is wice. 355
 Bot hardyment that mellyt is
 With wyt, is worschip; ay perdé,
 For, bot wyt, worschip may not be.

This nobill KING, that we off red,
 Mellyt all tyme with wyt manheid. 360
 That may men by this mellé se;
 Hys wyt schawyt hym the strait entré
 Off the furd, and the uschyng alfuá,
 That, as hym thocht, wis hard to ta
 Apon a man, that war worthy. 365
 Tharfor hys hardyment hastily
 Thocht it mycht be weill undretane,
 Sen at anys mycht assaill bot ane.

Thus

Thus hardyment gouernyt with wyt,
 That he all tyme wald samyn knyht, 370
 Gert hym off worschip haiff the pryce;
 And oft ourcum hys ennymyis.

The KING in *Carrik* duellyt ay still:
 Hys men assemblyt fast hym till,
 That in the land war trewailland, 375
 Quhen thai off this deid herd tithand.
 For thai thair ure wald with hym ta,
 Gyff that he eft war assaylyt swa.

Bot yeit the JAMES off DOWGLAS
 In *Dowglasdaile* trawailland was, 380
 Or ellys weill ner hand tharby,
 In hyddillys sumdeill priuely.
 For he wald se hys gouerning,
 That had the castell in keping.
 And gert mak mony juperty, 385
 To se quhethyr he wald ische blythly.
 And quhen he persawyt that he
 Wald blythly ische with hys meny;e;
 He maid a gadring priuely
 Off thaim that war on hys party; 390
 That war sa fele, that thai durst fycht
 With THYRWALL, and all the mycht
 Off thaim that in the castell war.
 He schupe in the nycht to far.
 To *Sandylands*: and ner tharby 395
 He hym enbuschyt priuely,

And

And fend a few a trane to ma ;
 That sone in the mornyng gan ga,
 And tuk catell, that wis the castell by,
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily 400
 Towart thaim that enbuschit war.
 Than THYRWALL, forowtyn mar,
 Gert arme hys men, forowtyn baid ;
 And ischyt with all the men he haid :
 And folowyt fast estir the cry. 405
 He wis armyt at poynt clenly,
 Owtyn hys hede was bar :
 Than, with the men that with hym war,
 The catell folowit he gud speid,
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid ; 410
 Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.
 Than prekyt thai with all thair mycht,
 Folowand thaim owt off aray ;
 And thai sped thaim fleand, quhill thai
 Forby thair buschement war past : 415
 And THYRWALL ay chassyt fast,
 And than thai that enbuschyt war
 Ischyt till hym, bath les and mar,
 And rayssyt sudanly the cry.
 And thai that saw sa sudandly 420
 That folk come egyrly prikand
 Rycht betwix thaim and thair warand,
 Thai war into full gret effray.
 And, for thai war owt off aray,
 Sum off thaim fled, and sum abad. 425
 And DOWGLAS, that thar with hym had

A gret

A gret menye, full egrely
 Affaylyt, and scalyt thaim hastily:
 And in schort tyme ourraid thaim a,
 That wiele nane eschapyt thaim fra. 430

THYRWALL, that wis thair capitane,
 Wis thar in the bargane slayne:
 And off hys men the maist party.
 The lave fled full effrayitly.

DOWGLAS hys menye fast gan chafs; 435
 And the flears thair wayis tays
 Till the castell, in full gret hy,
 The formast entryt spedly.

Bot the chassers sped thaim sa fast,
 That thai ourtuk sum off the last, 440
 And thaim forowtyn mercy gan fla.

And quhen thai off the castell swa
 Saw thaim fla off thair men thaim by,
 Thai sparyt the yatts hastily;
 And in hy to the wallis rane. 445

JAMES off DOWGLAS' menye than
 Sefyt weill hastily in hand
 That thai about the castell fand;
 To thair resett then went thair way.
 Thus ischyt THYRWALL that day. 450

Quhen THYRWALL on this maner
 Had ischit, as I tell yow her,
 JAMES

JAMES off DOWGLAS, and hys men,
 Buskit thaim all samyn then,
 And went thair way towart the KING 455
 In gret hy; for thair herd tithing
 That off WALENCE Schyr AMERY,
 With a full gret chewalry,
 Baith off *Scotts* and *Inglis men*,
 With gret felny war redy then 460
 Assemblyt for to sek the KING,
 That wis that tyme with hys gadring,
 In *Cumnok*, quhar it straitast was.
 Thyddir then went JAMES off DOWGLAS;
 And wis rycht welcum to the KING. 465
 And quhen he had tauld that tithing,
 How that Schyr AYMER wis cummand
 For till hunt hym owt off the land
 With hund and horne, rycht as he war
 A woulff, a theyff, or theyffs fer. 470
 Than said the KING, "It may weill fall,
 " Thoch he cum, and hys power all,
 " We fall abid in this cuntré;
 " And giff he cummys we fall hym fe."

The KING spak apon this maner. 475
 And off WALENCE Schyr AYMER
 Assemblyt a gret cumpany
 Off nobill men, and off worthy,

Ver. 463. Cumnock castle and village are in the most eastern part of Ayr-shire, near the head of the river Nith.

Ver. 476. About the month of April 1307.

Off

Off *England*, and off *Lowthiane*.
 And he has alsua with hym tane 480
 IHONE off *LORNE*, and all hys mycht:
 That had off worthy men, and wycht,
 With hym aucht hundir men, and ma.
 A slouth hund had he thar alsua,
 Sa gud that change wald for nathing. 485
 And sum men sayis yeit, that the KING
 As a traytour hym noryft had,
 And sa mekill off hym he maid,
 That hys awyn hands wald hym feid.
 He folowit hym quhareuir he yeid; 490
 Sa that the hund hym folowit swa,
 That he wald part na wyfs hym fra.
 Bot how that IHON off *LORN* hym had,
 Ik herd never mentioun be mad.
 Bot men sayis it wis certane thing 495
 That he had hym in hys sefing;
 And throw hym thocht the KING to ta;
 For he wyft he hym luffyt swa,
 That fra that he mycht anys fele
 The KINGS sent, he wyft rycht weill 500
 That he wald chaung it for na thing.
 Thus IHON of *LORNE* hattyt the KING
 For IHON CUMMYN hys emys sak.
 Mycht he hym aythir sla, or tak,
 He wald not pryfs hys lyff a fra, 505
 Sa that he wengeance off hym mycht ta.
 The

The wardane then, Schyr AMERY,
 With this IHONE in cumpany,
 And othyr's of gud renoun alsua,
 THOMAS RANDELL wis ane off tha, 510
 Come intill *Cumnok* to sek the KING,
 That wis weill war off thair cumming.
 And wis up in the strenthys then,
 And with hym weill four hundir men.
 Hys brodyr that tyme with hym was, 515
 And alsua JAMES off DOWGLAS.
 Schyr AMERY'S rowte he saw,
 That held the plane ay, and the law;
 And in hale bataill always raid.
 The KING, that na supposyn had 520
 That thair war ma than he saw thar,
 To thaim, and nothyr ellys quhar,
 Had ey; and wrocht unwittily.
 For IHON of LORNE full futelly
 Behind thocht to supprys the KING. 525
 Tharfor, with all hys gadring,
 Aboute ane hill held the way,
 And held hym into cowert ay;
 Till he sa ner cum to the KING,
 Or he perfawit hys cumming, 530
 That he wis cummyn on hym weill ner.
 The tothyr ost, and Schyr AYMER,

Ver. 510. Afterward the celebrated earl of Moray. He was the king's nephew; but in the English interest, and his bitter enemy for some time after he was taken prisoner, fighting for his uncle's cause, in the battle of Methven.

Pressyt

Pressyt upon the tothyr party.
 The KING was in gret japerty,
 That wis on athyr sid umbeset 535
 With fayis, that to fla hym thret.
 And the leyft party off the twa
 Was starker than he, and ma.

And quhen he saw thaim pres hym to,
 He thocht in hy quhat wis to do; 540
 And said, " Lords, we haiff na mycht,
 " As at thys tyme to stand and fycht.
 " Tharfor departs we in thre,
 " All fall not sa affailyt be:
 " And in thre parts hald our way." 545
 Syne till hys priwé folk gan he say,
 Betwix thaim into priueté,
 In quhat sted thair repayr suld be.

With that thair gate all ar thai gane,
 And in thre parts thair way has tane. 550
 IHONE off LORNE come to the place,
 Fra quhar the KING departyt was.
 And in hys trace the hund he fet,
 That then, forowtyn langer let,
 Held ewyn the way estir the KING, 555
 Rycht as he had off hym knawing.
 And left the tothyr partyfs twa,
 As he na kep to thaim wald ta.
 And quhen the KING saw hys cummyng,
 Estir his rowte intill a ling, 560
 VOL. I. N He

He thocht thai knew that it was he :
 Tharfor he bad till hys meny
 Yeit then in thre depertyt thaim sone ;
 And thai did swa forowtyn hone ;
 And held thair way in thre partyfs. 565
 The hund did thar sa gret maistrys,
 That held ay forowtyn changing,
 Eftre the rowte quhar wes the KING.

And quhen the KING had sene thaim swa
 All in a rowte eftir hym ga, 570
 The way, and folow nocht hys men,
 He had a gret persawying then
 That thai knew hym. For this in hy
 He bad hys men rycht hastily
 Scaile ; and ilk ane hald hys way 575
 All hymselff ; and swa did thai.
 Ilk man a fundry gate is gane.
 And the KING with hym has tane
 Hys fostyr brodyr, forowtyn ma,
 And samyn held thar thai twa. 580

The hund folowyt always the KING,
 And changyt for na deperting ;
 Bot ay folowit the KINGs trace,
 Bot waweryng, as he passyt was.
 And quhen that IHON off LORNE saw 585
 The hund eftre hym draw,
 And folow strak eftre thir twa,
 He knew the KING wis ane off tha.

And

And bad fyve off hys cumpany,
 That war rycht wycht men and hardy, 599
 And als of fute spediast war,
 Off all that in thair rowte war,
 Ryn estre hym, and hym ourta,
 And lat hym nawyfs pass thaim fra.

And fra thai had herd the bydding, 595
 Thai held thair way estre the KING.

And folowyt hym sa spedely,
 That thai hym weill sone gan ourhy.
 The KING, that saw thaim cummand ner,
 Wis anoyit in gret maner, 600

For he thocht, giff thai war worthy,
 Thai mycht hym trawaille and tarry,
 And hald hym swa gate tariand,
 Till the remanand com at hand.
 Bot had he dred but anerly 605

Thaim fyve, I trow all sekylly
 He suld haiff had na mekill dred.
 And till hys falow, as he yeid,
 He said, "Thir fyve ar fast cummand:

"Thai ar weill ner now at owr hand. 610

"Sa is thar ony help at the?

"For we fall sone assaillyt be.'

'Ya Schyr,' he said, 'all that I may.'

"Yow sayis weill," said the KING, "perfoy.

"I se thaim cummand till us ner. 615

"I will na forthyr, bot rycht her

“ I will byd, quhill it I am in aynd,
 “ And se quhat force that thai can faynd.”

The KING than stude full sturdily,
 And the fyve-sum, in full gret hy 620
 Come, with gret schar and manassing.
 Then thre off thaim went to the KING;
 And till hys man the tothyr twa,
 With swerd in hand gan stoutly ga.
 The KING met thaim that till hym socht; 625
 And till the fyrst sic rowte he roucht,
 That er and chek doune in the hals
 He schar, and off the schuldrs als.
 He rusht down all disyly.
 The twa that saw sa fudanly 630
 Thair falow fall, effrayit war,
 And stert a litill owyr mar.
 The KING with that blenkit hym by,
 And saw the twa-some sturdily
 Agane hys man gret mellé ma. 635
 With that he left hys awyn twa,
 And till thaim that faucht with hys man
 A loup rycht lychtly maid he than;
 And smate the hed off the tane.
 To mete hys awne syne is he gane. 640
 Thai cum on hym full sturdely:
 He met the fyrst sa egrely,
 That with the swerd that scharply schar,
 The arme fra the body he bar.

Quhat strakys thai gaiff I cannot tell, 645
 Bot to the KING fa fayr befell,
 That thoch he trewaill had and payne,
 He off hys fa men four has slayne.
 Hys foster brodyr thareftir sone
 The fyrst owt off dawys has done. 650

And when the KING saw that all fyve
 War, in this wyfs, brocht owt of lyve,
 Till hys falow than gan he say,
 "Yow has helpyt weill, perfay."
 'It likys yow to say fwa,' said he: 655
 'Bot the gret pairt to yow tak ye,
 'That slew four off the fyve, yow ane.'
 The KING said, "As the glew is gane,
 "Better than yow I mycht it do,
 "For Ik had mar layser tharto. 660
 "For the twa felowys, that delt with the,
 "Quhen thai saw me assailyt with three,
 "Off me rycht na kyn dout thai had;
 "For thai wend I sa straytly war stad.
 "And for this that thai dred me noucht, 665
 "Noy thaim forout the mar I moucht."

With that the KING lukyt hym by,
 And saw off LORNE the cumpany

Ver. 650. *To do out of days* is to kill, as we say *to cut off his days*.

Weill ner, with the slouth hund cumand.
 Than till a wod, that wis ner hand,
 He went with his falow in hy.
 God sayff thaim for hys gret mercy!

670

THE END OF BUKE VI.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E VII.

A R G U M E N T.

The KING escapis to a wod. — Adventure of the thrie thieves. — DOUGLAS finds the KING in a but. — With one hundred and fiftie men thair disconfit part of Schir AYMER's host. — The KING kills thrie men — defeats Schir AYMER at Glenrulle; after quhilk success attended him.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E VII.

THE KING towart the wod is gane,
 Wery for swayt, and will off wane.
 Intill the wod sone entryt he;
 And held doune towart a walé,
 Quhar, throw the woid, a wattir ran; 5
 Thyðder in gret hy wend he than,
 And begouth for to rest hym thar:
 And said he mycht ne forther mar.
 His man said, ‘ Schyr it may not be;
 ‘ Abyd ye her, ye fall sone fe 10
 ‘ Fyve hunder, yarnand yow to slaw;
 ‘ And thai ar fele aganys us twa.
 ‘ And, sen we may not dele with mycht,
 ‘ Help us all that we may with flycht.’
 The KING said, “ Sen that yow will swa, 15
 “ Ga furth, and I fall with ye ga.
 “ Bot I haiff herd oftymys say,
 “ That quha enlang a wattir ay,
 “ Wald waid a bow-draucht, he suld ger
 “ Bathe the slouth hund, and hys leder, 20
 “ Tyne

" Tyne the flench men gret hym ta.
 " Prowe we giff it will now do fa.
 " For war yond diwilis hund away,
 " I roucht not off the lave perfay."

As he dewisyt thai haiff doyn ; 25
 And entryt in the wattir sone ;
 And held down endlang thair way :
 And syne to the land yeid thai,
 And held thair way, as thai did er.
 And IHON of LORNE, with gret offer, 30
 Come with hys route, rycht to the place,
 Quhar that hys fyve men slayne was.
 He menyt thaim quhen he thaim saw ;
 And said, eftre a litill thraw,
 That he suld wenge thair bloude. 35
 Bot othyrwyfs the gamyn yowde.
 Thar wald he mak na mar duelling ;
 Bot furth in hy folowit the KING,
 Rycht to the burn thai passyt war.
 Bot the slouth hund maid stynting thar ; 40
 And waweryt lang tyme, ta and fra,
 That he na certane gate couth ga.
 Till at the last, that IHON of LORNE
 Persawit the hund the slouth had lorne :
 And said, " We haiff tynt this trawail. 45
 " To pass forther may nocht awaill.
 " For the woid is bath braid and wyd,
 " And he is weill ser by this tyd. " Tharfor

" Tharfor is gud we turn agayne,
 " And wayste na mar trawaill in wayne." 50
 With that relyt he hys mengé;
 And hys way to the oft tuk he.

Thus eschapyt the nobill KING.
 Bot sum men sayis this eschaping
 Apon an othyr maner fell, 55
 Than throw the wading. For thai tell
 That the KING a gud archer had;
 And quhen hys Lord he saw sua stad,
 That he wis left sa anerly,
 He ran on syd allwayis hym by, 60
 Till he into the woude wis gane.
 Than said he, till himselff allane,
 That he a rest rycht thar wald ma,
 To luk giff he the hund mycht fla.
 For giff the hund mycht left in lyve, 65
 He wyft rycht weill that thai wald dryve
 The KINGs trace, till thai hym ta.
 Than wyft he weill tha wald hym fla.
 And for he wald hys Lord succur,
 He put hys lyff in awentur. 70
 And stud intill a busk lurkand,
 Till that the hund come to hys hand;
 And with an arow sone hym slew;
 And throw the woud syne hym withdrew.
 Bot quithyr this eschaping fell 75
 As I tauld fyrst, or now I tell,

I wate

I wate weill, without lesing,
That at the burn eschapit the KING.

The KING has furth hys wayis tane.
And IHON of LORNE agayne is gane 80
To Schir AYMER, that fra the chace
With hys men then repayryt was,
That sped litill thair chaffing;
Thocht that thai maid gret folowing,
Full egrely, thai wan bot small. 85
Thair fayis ner eschapyt all.
Men fayis Schyr THOMAS RANDELL than,
Chassand, the KINGs baner wan.
Quharthrow in *England* with the King
He had rycht gret price and lowing. 90

Quhen the chassers relyit war,
And IHON of LORNE had met thaim thar,
He tauld Schyr AYMER all the case
How that the KING eschapyt wase.
And how that he hys fyve men slew, 95
And syne to the wode hym drew.
Quhen Schyr AMYR herd this, in hy
He fanyt hym, for the ferly:
And said, "He is gretly to pryfs;
" For I knaw nane that lyffand is, 100
" That at myscheyff gan help hym swa:
" I trow he suld be hard to sla,
" And he war bodyn ewenly."
On this wys spak Schyr AMERY.

And

And the gud KING held forth hys way, 105

Betwix hym and hys man, quhill thai

Passyt owt throw the foreft war;

Syne in the more thai entryt thar.

It wis bathe hey, and lang, and braid;

And or thai halff it passyt had, 110

Thai saw on syd thre men cummand,

Lik to lycht men and wawerand.

Swerds thai had, and axys als;

And ane of thaim, apon hys hals,

A mekill boundyn wyddir bar. 115

Thai met the KING, and halist hym thar.

And the KING thaim thair halfying yauld;

And askyt quithyr thai wauld?

Thai said, ROBERT the BRUYSS thai foucht;

For mete with hym giff that thai moucht, 120

Thair duelling with hym wald thai ma.

The KING said, "Giff that ye will swa,

"Haldys furth your way with me,

"And I fall ger yow sone hym se."

Thai persawit, be hys speking, 125

That he wis the selwyn ROBERT King.

And changyt cuntenance, and late;

And held noucht in the fyrst state.

Ver. 127. *Late* is gesture. *Lait, gestus.* Ill.

And lasses licht of *laittis.*

Christ's Kirk.

For

For thai war fayis to the KING,
 And thought to cum into skulking; 130
 And duell with hym, quhill that thai saw
 Thair poynt, and bring hym tharoff daw.
 Thai grantyt till hys spek forthy.
 Bot the KING, that wis witty,
 Perfawit weill, be thair hawing, 135
 That thai luffyt hym nathing.
 And said, " Falowis you mon, all three,
 " Forthyr aqwent till that we be,
 " All be your selwyn furth ga.
 " And on the samyn wyfs we twa 140
 " Sall folow behind, weill ner."
 Quoth thai, ' Schyr it is na mister
 ' To trow in us ony ill.'
 " Nane do I," said he; " bot I will,
 " That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we 145
 " Better with othyr knawin be."
 ' We graunt,' thai said, ' sen ye will swa.'
 And forth upon thair gate gan ga.

Thus yeid thai till the nycht wis ner.
 And than the formaft cummand wer 150
 Till a waist housband hous; and thar
 'Thai slew the weythir that thai bar.
 And strak fyr for to rost thair mete;
 And askyt the KING giff he wald ete,
 And rest hym till the mete war dycht. 155
 The KING, that hungry was, Ik hycht,

Assentyt

Assentyt till thair spek in hy,
 Bot he said he wald anerly
 At a fyr ; and thai all thre
 On na wyfs with thaim tillgyddre be. 160
 In the end of the houfs thai suld ma
 Ane othyr fyr : and thai dyd swa.
 Thai drew thaim in the houfs end,
 And halff the weythir till hym fend.
 And thai rostyt in hy thair mete ; 165
 And fell rycht freschly for till ete.
 For the King weill lang fastyt had ;
 And had rycht mekill trawaill maid :
 Tharfor he eyt full egrely.
 And quhen he had etyn hastily, 170
 He had to slep fa mekill will,
 That he moucht fet na let thartill.
 For quhen the wanys fillyt ar,
 Men worthys hewy euirmar ;
 And to slep drawys hewynes. 175
 The KING, that all for trawaillit was,
 Saw that hym worthy slep nedways ;
 Till hys fostyr brodyr he sayis,
 “ May I traift in the, me to waik,
 “ Till Ik a litill slepung tak ? ” 180

Ver. 158. Editions read,

But he said he would alanerly
 Betwixt him and his fellow be
 At a fire ; and they all three, &c.

The meaning is, that he and his man would have a fire
betwixt them, to themselves.

'Ya Schyr,' he said, 'till I may drey.'
 The KING then wynkyt a litill wey;
 And slepyt not full entrely;
 Bot gliffnyt up oft sedanly.
 For he had dreid off thaise thre men, 185
 That at the tothyr fyr war then.
 That thai hys sayis war he wyft;
 Tharfor he slepyt, as foule on twyft.

The KING slepyt bot a litill than,
 Quhen sic slep fell on his man, 190
 That he mycht not hald up hys ey,
 Bot fell in slep, and rowtyt hey.
 Now is the KING in gret perille:
 For slep he swa a litill quhile,
 He fall be ded, forowtyn dreid. 195
 For the thre tratours tuk gud heid,
 That he on slep wis, and hys man:
 In full gret hy thai raisis up than,
 And drew thair suerds hastily;
 And went towart the KING in hy, 200
 Quhen that thai saw hym slepe swa,
 And slepand thocht thai wald hym sla.
 The KING upblinkit hastily,
 And saw hys man slepand hym by,
 And saw cummand the tothyr thre. 205
 Deliuerly on fute gat he;
 And drew hys sward owt, and thaim mete.
 And as he yeide hys fute he set

Apon hys man, weill hewily.

He waknyt, and raifs difsly : 210

For the fleep maiftryt hym fwa,

That or he gat up ane off tha,

That come for to flaw the KING,

Gaiff hym a ftrak in hys ryfing,

Swa that he mycht help hym na mar. 215

The KING fa ftraitly ftad was thar,

That he wis neur yheit fa ftad.

Ne war the armyng that he had,

He had bene dede, forowtyn wer.

Bot not forthy on fic maner 220

He helpyt hym, in that bargane,

That the thre tratours he has flane,

Throw Godds grace, and hys manheid.

Hys foftyr brodyr thar wis deid.

Then wis he wondre will off wayne, 225

Quhen he faw hym left allane.

Hys foftyr brodyr menyt he ;

And waryit all the tothyr thre.

And fyne hys way tuk hym allane,

And rycht towart hys tryft is gane. 230

The KING went furth way, and angrely ;

Menand hys man full tendrely.

And held hys way, all hym allane,

And rycht towart the houfs is gan,

Quhar he fet tryft to meit hys men ; 235

It wis weill in with nycht be then.

He come sone in the houfs, and fand
 The houfswyff on the benk sittand,
 That askyt hym quhat he was,
 And quence he come, and quhar he gas. 240
 "A trawailand man, dame," said he,
 "That trawailys her throw the cuntré."
 She said, 'All that trewailand er,
 'For ANE hys fak, ar welcum her.'
 The KING said, "Gud dame quhat is HE, 245
 "That gers yow haiff fik specialté
 "To men that trawailis?" 'Schyrr, perfay,'
 Quoth the gud wyff, 'I fall yow say;
 'The KING, ROBERT the BRUYSS, is he,
 'That is rycht lord off this cuntré. 250
 'Hys fayis now hald hym in thrang;
 'Bot I think to se or echt lang,
 'Hym lord and KING our all the land,
 'That na fayis fall hym withstand.'
 "Dame, luff yow hym sa weill?" said he. 255
 'Ya Schyrr,' said sche, 'sa God me se!
 "Dame," said he, "lo hym her yow by;
 "For Ik am he, I say the foithly."
 'Ha!' said the dame, 'and quhar ar gane
 'Your men, quhen yow ar thus allane?' 260
 "At this tyme, dame, Ik haiff na ma."
 Sche said, 'It may na wyfs be swa.
 'Ik haiff twa sonnys, wycht and hardy;
 'Thai fall becum yowr men in hy.'

As sche deuifit thai haiff done. 265
 Hys fuorne men become thai fone.
 The wyff fyne gert hym fyt, and ete.
 Bot he has fchort quhill at the mete
 Syttyn, quhen he hard gret ftamping
 Abowt the houfs. Then, but letting 270
 Thai ftert up, the houfs for to defende.
 Bot fone eftre the KING has kend
 JAMES off DOWGLAS: then wis he blyth,
 And baid oppyn the durs fwyth:
 And thai cum in, all that thar war. 275
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE wis thar;
 And JAMES alsua off DOWGLAS,
 That wis efchapyt fra the chace,
 And with the KINGS brothyr met.
 Syne to the traift that thaim was fet 280
 Thai fped thaim, with thair cumpany,
 That war ANE HUNDIR and weill FYFTY.

And quhen that thai haiff fene the KING,
 Thai war joyfull off thair meting.
 And askyt how that he efchapyt was? 285
 And he thaim tauld all hale the cafs;
 How the fyve men hym preffyt fast,
 And how he throw the wattir past;
 And how he met the thewis thre,
 And how he fleepand flane fuld be, 290

Ver. 272. The narration is abrupt. Douglas furely spoke
 before the king knew him.

Quhen he waknyt, throw Godds grace ;
 And how hys foftyr brodyr was
 Slayne ; he tauld thaim all haly.
 Than lowyt thai God comunly,
 That thair lord wis eschapyt swa. 295
 Than spak thai words, ta and fra,
 Till at the last the KING gan say,
 “ Fortoun us trawaillyt fast to day,
 “ That scalyt us sa sedanly.
 “ Our fayis to nycht fall ly traistly, 300
 “ Bot wachys, tak thair ese and ly.
 “ Quharfor, quha knew thair herbery,
 “ And wald cum on thaim sedanly, }
 “ With few mengye, men mycht thaim scaith,
 “ And eschaip forowtyn waith.” 305
 ‘ Perfay,’ quoth JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 ‘ As I come hyddyrwart, per cas
 ‘ I come sa ner thair herbery,
 ‘ That I can bring quhar thai ly.
 ‘ And wald yow speid yow yheit or day 310
 ‘ It may swa happyn, that we may
 ‘ Do thaim a greter scaith weile sone
 ‘ Than thai us all day has done.
 ‘ For thai ly scalyt, as thaim lest.’
 Than thought thaim all it wes the best 315
 To speid thaim to thaim hastily.
 And thai did swa in full gret hy,
 And come on thaim, in the dawing,
 Rycht as the day begouth to spring.

Sa fell it that a cumpany 320
 Had in a toune tayne thair herbery,
 Weile fra the oft a myle, or mar.
 Men said that thair twa hundir war.
 Thair assemblyt the nobill KING.
 And sone eftre thair assembling 325
 Thair that slepand assayllyt war,
 Rycht hidwysly gan cry, and rar;
 And other sum, that herd the cry,
 Raifs sa rycht effrayitly,
 That sum off thaim nakit war, 330
 Fleand to warand, her and thair;
 And sum hys armys with hym drew.
 And thair forowtyn mercy thaim slew.
 And sa crwyll wengeance gan ta,
 That the twa parts of thaim, and ma, 335
 War slayne, rycht in that ilk sted.
 Till thair oft the remanand fled.

The oist that hard the noyis and cry,
 And saw thair men sa wrechytyly,
 Sum nakit, fleand her and thair, 340
 Sum all hale, sum wawndyt far;
 Into full gret effray thair raifs,
 And ilk man till hys baner gayis.
 Swa that the oyst wes all on fter.
 The KING, and thair that with hym wer, 345
 Quhen on fter the oyst saw swa,
 Towart thair warand gan thair ga.

And thar in saweté come thai.
 And quhen Schyr AYMER herd say
 How that the KING thair men had slayne; 350
 And how thai turnyt war agayne;
 He said, ' Now may we clerly se
 ' That nobill hart, quhar cuir it be,
 ' It is hard till ourcum with maystry.
 ' For quhar an hart is rycht worthy 355
 ' Agayne stoutnes it is ay stout.
 ' Na, as I trow, thar may na dowte
 ' Ger it all owt discomfyt be,
 ' Quhill body lewand is and fre.
 ' As be this mellé may be sene. 360
 ' We wend ROBERT the BRUCE had bene
 ' Swa discumfyt, that be gud skill
 ' He suld neur haiff haid hart, ne will,
 ' Swilk jupartly to underta.
 ' For he put was at undre swa 365
 ' That he was left all hym allane,
 ' And all hys folk war fra hym gayn.
 ' And he sa gat for trawaillyt,
 ' To put thaim off that hym assailyt,
 ' That he suld haiff yarnyt resting 370
 ' This nycht, atour all othyr thing.
 ' Bot hys hart fillyt is off bounté,
 ' Swa that it wencusyt may not be.'

On this wyfs spak Schyr AMERY.
 And quhen thai off hys cumpany 375
 Saw

Saw how thai trawaillyt had in wayn,
 And how the KING thair men had slayn,
 And that hys men wes gane all fre ;
 Thaim thoct it was a niceté,
 For to mak thar longer duelling, 380
 Sen thai mycht not anoy the KING.
 And said sua to Schyr AMERY ;
 That unbethocht hym hastely
 That he to *Carlele* wald ga,
 A quhill tharin sojourn ma, 385
 And haiff hys spyis on the KING,
 To knaw always hys cuntenyng.
 And quhen that hys poynt mycht fe,
 He thoct that, with a gret menyé,
 He suld schute apon hym sedanly. 390
 Tharfor, with all hys cumpany,
 Till *England* he the way has tane,
 And ilk man till hys houfs is gane.

In hy till *Carlele* went is he.
 And tharin thinkis for till be, 395
 Till he hys poynt saw off the KING ;
 Quha then with all hys gadring
 Wis in *Carryk*, quhar he was wont,
 He wald went with hys men till hunt.

Sa happynyt that, on a day, 400
 He went till hunt, for till assay

Ver. 379. *Niceté* is folly, perhaps from the French *niais*.
 The message was not *nice*. Shak. Rom. and Jul.

Quhat gamyn wis in that cuntré.
 And swa hapnyt that day that he
 By a woud-fyd to hunt is gane,
 With hys twa hundys hym allane. 405
 Bot he hys fuerd ay with hym bar.
 He had but schort quhill fittyn thar,
 Quhen he saw fra the woud cumand
 Thre men, with bowys in thair hand,
 That towart hym come spedely. 410
 And he that perfwyt that in hy,
 Be thair affer and thair hawing,
 That thai luffyt hym na kyn thing ;
 He raifs, and hys leysche till hym drew he,
 And leyte hys hunds gan all fre. 415

God help the KING now, for hys mycht !
 For bot he now be wyfs and wycht,
 He fall be fet in mekill pres.
 For thir thre men, forowtyn lefs,
 War hys fayis all uterly. 420
 And wachyt hym fa besyly,
 To se quhen thai wengeance mycht tak
 Off the KING, for IHON CUMYN his fak.

And thai thoct than thai leyfur had ;
 And, sen he hym allane wes stad, 425
 In hy thai thoct thai fuld hym fla.
 And giff that thai mycht chewyfs fa,
 Fra that thai the KING had slayne,
 That thai mycht wyn the woud agayn,

Hys

Hys men thaim thocht thai fuld not dreid. 430
 In hy towart the KING thai yeid,
 And bent thair bowys, quhen thai war ner;
 And he, that dred on gret maner
 Thair arowys, for he nakyt was,
 In hy a spekyng to thaim maes. 435
 And said, " Yow oucht to schame, pardé,
 " Sen Ik am ane, and yow ar thre,
 " For to schute at me apon ser.
 " Bot had ye hardyment to cum ner,
 " And with your suerds till affay, 440
 " Wyn me apon sik wyfs giff ye may,
 " Ye fall weill owte mar presyt be."
 ' Perfay,' quoth ane then off the thre,
 ' Sall na man fay we dreid ye fwa,
 ' That we with arowys fall ye fla.' 445

With that thair bowys away thai kest,
 And come on fast, but langer frest.
 The KING thaim mete full hardyly,
 And sinate the fyrst sa wigorusly,
 That he fell dede doun on the gren. 450
 And quhen the KINGS hund has sene
 Thaise men assaillie hys maister fwa;
 He lap till ane, and gan hym ta
 Rycht be the nek, full sturdely,
 Till top our tale he gert hym ly. 455
 And the KING, that hys suerd oute had,
 Saw he sa fayr succur hym maid,

Or

Or he that fallyn wis mycht ryfs,
 He hym assailyt on sik wyfs,
 That he the bak strak ewyn in twa. 460
 The thryd, that saw hys falowis fwa,
 Forowtyn recowering, be slayne,
 Tuk to the wode hys way agayne.
 Bot the KING folowit spedly;
 And als the hund, that wes hym by, 465
 Quhen he the man saw fle hym fra,
 Schot till hym sone, and gan hym ta
 Rycht be the nek, and till hym dreuch.
 And the KING, that wis ner eneuch,
 In hys ryssing sik rowt hym gaff, 470
 That stane dede to the erd he draff.

The KINGS men war than ner,
 Quhen that thai saw, on sik maner,
 The KING assailyt sa sedanly,
 Thai sped thaim towart hym in hy. 475
 And askyt how that cas befell?
 And he all haly gan thaim tell,
 How thai assailyt hym all thre.
 ‘Perfay,’ quoth thai, ‘we may weill se
 ‘That it is hard till undertak 480
 ‘Sic melling with yow to mak,
 ‘That sa smertly has slayn thir thre,
 ‘Forowtyn hurt.’ “Perfay,” said he,
 “God, and my hund, has slayn the twa,
 “The thryd eschapyt nocht alsua; 485
 “Thair

“ Thair tresoun cumbryt thaim perfay,
 “ For rycht wycht men all thre war thai.”

Quhen that the KING, throw Godds grace,
 On this maner eschapyt was,
 He blew hys horne, and then in hy 490
 Hys gud men till hym gan rely.
 Than hamwarth buskyt he to far,
 For that day wald he hunt ne mar.

In *Glentruell* a quhill he lay;
 And went weill oft to hunt and play, 495
 For to purchefs thaim venesoun,
 For than der war in fesoun.

In all that tyme Schyr AMERY,
 With nobill men in cumpany,
 Lay in *Carlele*, hys poynt to se. 500
 And quhen he hard the certanté,
 That in *Glentruell* wis the KING,
 And went till hunt, and till playing,
 He thought, with hys chewalry,
 To cum apon hym sedanly. 505

Ver. 502. The wood of Glentrule is in the eastern part of Ayrshire.

Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, advanced to encounter Bruce in June 1307, as would seem. The death of Edward, 7 July, appears to have been one cause that his measures became embarrassed, and unsuccessful.

And

And fra *Carlele* on nychts ryd ;
 And in cowert on dayis byd.
 And swa gate, with syk tranenting,
 He thought he suld surprys the KING.
 He assemblyt a gret mengye 510
 Off folk off full gret renouné,
 Bath off *Scotts* and *Inglis men*.
 Thair way all samyn held thai then,
 And raid on nycht swa priuely,
 Till thai come in a wod, ner by 515
Glentruelle, quhar logyt wis the KING,
 That wyft rycht nocht off thair cumming.

Into gret perille now is he,
 For bot God, throw hys gret powté,
 Save hym, he fall be slayne or tane, 520
 For thai war sex quhar he wis ane.

Quhen Schyr AMERY, as Ik haiff tauld,
 With hys men, that war stout and bauld,
 War cummyt swa ner the KING, that thai
 War bot a myle fra hym away ; 525
 He tuk awisement with hys men,
 On quhat maner thai suld do then.
 For he said thaim that the KING was
 Logyt into sa strayt a place,
 That hors-men mycht not hym assaile. 530
 And giff fute-men gaiff hym bataille,
 He suld be hard to wyn, giff he
 Off thair cummyt may wittyt be.

‘ Tharfor

- ' Tharfor I rede all priuely
 ' We fend a woman, hym to spey, 535
 ' That powerly arrayit be.
 ' Sche may ask mete per cheryté;
 ' And se thair cowyn halily,
 ' And apon quhat maner thai ly.
 ' The quhill we, and ovr menye, 540
 ' Cummand owt throw the wod may be
 ' On fute, all armyt as we ar.
 ' May we do swa, that we cum thar
 ' On thaim, or thai wyt our cummyng,
 ' We sall find in thaim na sturting.' 545

This cunsaill thocht thaim wis to best.

- Then fend thai furth, bot langer frest,
 The woman, that suld be thair spy.
 And sche her way gan hald in hy
 Rycht to the loge quhar the KING, 550
 That had na dred off surpryffing,
 Yeid unarmyt, mery and blyth.
 The woman has he sene alfwyth.
 He saw hyr uncouth; and forthy
 He beheld her mar entrely. 555
 And be hyr cuntenance hym thocht
 That for gud cummyn was sche nocht.

- Then gert he men in hy hyr ta.
 And sche, that dred men suld hyr sla,
 Tauld how that Schyr AMERY, 560
 With the CLYFFURD in company,

With

With the flour off *Northummyrland*,
War cummand on thaim at thair hand.

Quhen that the KING herd that tithing,
He armyt hym, bot mar duelling. 565
Sa did thai all that euir was thar ;
Syne in a sop assemblyt ar.

I trow thai war THREE HUNDER ner.
And quhen thai all assemblyt wer,
The KING hys baner gert display, 570
And set hys men in gud aray :

Bot thai had standyn bot a thraw
Rycht at thair hand quhen that thai saw
Thair fayis, throw the wod cummand,
Armyt on fute, with sper in hand ; 575
That sped thaim full enforcely.

The noyis begouth sone, and the cry.
For the gud KING, that formast was,
Suttely towart hys fayis gayfs,
And hynt owt off a manys hand, 580

That ner besid hym was gangand,
A bow, and ane arow braid als ;
And hyt the formast in the hals,
Till thropill and wefand yeid in twa,
And he doun till the erd gan ga. 585

The laiff with that maid a stopping.
Than, bot mar bad, the nobill KING
Hynt fra hys baneour hys baner ;
And said, " Apon thaim ! for thai ar

" Discomfyt

"Discomfyt all!" With that word 590
 He swappyt fwyftly owt hys fwerd,
 And on thaim ran fa hardely,
 That all thai off hys cumpany
 Tuk hardyment off hys gud deid.
 For fum, that fryft thair wayis yeid, 595
 Agayne come to the fycht in hy,
 And inete thair fayis wigorufly;
 That all the formaft ruschyt war.
 And thai that war hendermar
 Saw that the formaft left the sted, 600
 Thai turnyt sone thair bak, and fled.
 And owt off the wod thaim withdrew.
 The KING a few men off thaim slew,
 For thai rycht sone thair gate gan ga.
 It discomfortyt thaim al sua 605
 That the KING, with hys mengye, was
 All armyt to defend that place,
 That thai wend, throw thair trawenting,
 Till haiff wonyn, forowtyn fychting.
 That thai effrayit war sedanly; 610
 And he thaim foucht fa angrely,
 That thai in full gret hy agayne
 Owt off the wod, rane to the playne:
 For thaim faillyt off thair entent.
 Thai war that tyme fa foully schent, 615
 That fyften hunder men, and ma,
 With a few mengye war rebotyt swa,
 That thai withdrew thaim schamfully.
 Tharfor amang thaim sedanly

Thar

Thar rais debate, and gret distance, 620
 Ilk ane wyte othyr off thair myschance.
 CLYFFURD and WAUSS maid a mellé,
 Quhar CLYFFURD roucht hym routs thré.
 And aythir syne drew till partyfs.
 Bot Schyr AMER, that wis wyfs, 625
 Departyt thaim with mekill payn.
 And went till *Ingland* hame agayn.
 He wyft, fra stryff-rafs thaim amang,
 He suld thaim not held samyn lang,
 Forowtyn debate or mellé; 630
 Tharfor till *Ingland* turnyt he.
 With mar schame than he went off town;
 Quhen sa mony, off sic renoun,
 Saw sa few men bid thaim bataill,
 Quhar thai ne war hardy till assaill. 635

Ver. 632. The expression bears a proverbial appearance; the *town* may be Carlisle.

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